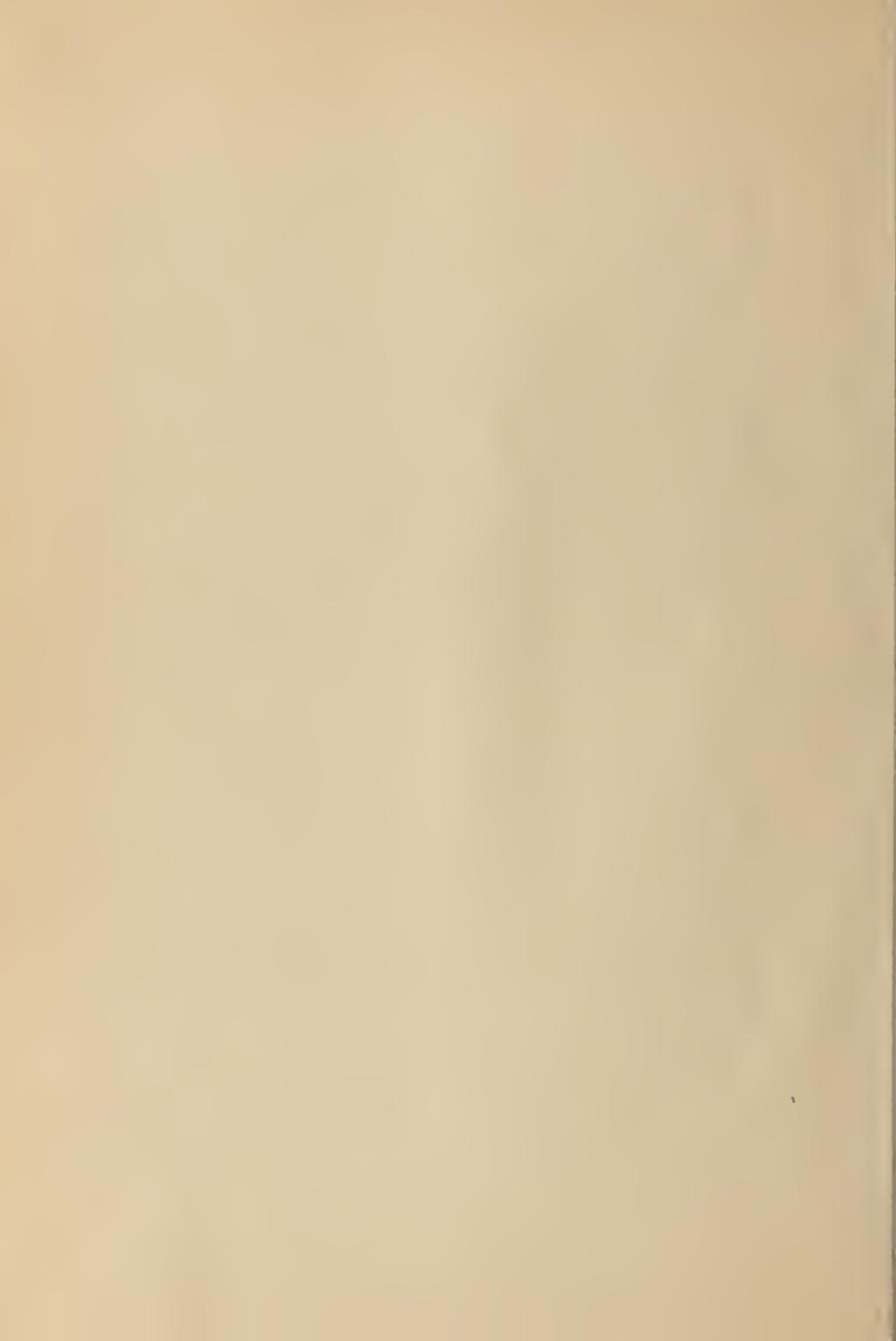






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# Life and Light for Woman

Double Your Dollar

Lucy Fairbanks Alvord

Salaams from Sulochanabai

India's Developing Self-Realization

M. Pauline Jeffery

Africa Viewed by a Newcomer

Margaret Walbridge

The Gift of the Loving Heart

Estelle Hynes Warner

Congregational Woman's Boards  
of Missions

PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

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## A Prayer for the Coming Year

Year follows year to make our lives complete,  
And each is Thine, before whose mercy seat  
We come in faith and hope, O Heavenly Friend,  
Joyful and confident Thy love to meet.

And when Thy people cry from age to age,  
"Have mercy, Lord! and bless Thy heritage!"  
O listen Thou on whom our hopes depend  
And with our efforts let Thy care engage.

Enrich our memories with old thoughts of cheer.  
With new forgiving set each conscience clear.  
Let our glad vision see Thy kingdom rise  
Through all the changes of the moving year.

O Thou, who goest before us in our way,  
With whom is neither doubting nor delay,  
Leader and Lord of all life's great allies,  
Be Thou our guide in every passing day.

—ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

# Life and Light

Vol. LII

January, 1922

No. 1

## Double Your Dollar

By Lucy Fairbanks Alvord

**D**DOUBLE Your Dollar"—"Double Your Dollar!" Everywhere Mrs. Marsden went the slogan rang out. Now across the Boulevard in flaming red letters, now emblazoned on the side of the trolley car, now shrieking itself from each utterance of the eager campaigners. The drive was on for Carruth College, the Rockefeller Fund having guaranteed to duplicate every cent raised elsewhere. "Double your dollar," sniffed Mrs. Marsden, "my eyes fairly ache with their saucy signs—." She couldn't bear Carruth since a football accident there had killed her only son who was preparing for the mission field. "Who cares about doubling their old dollars? If I could double myself now, have twice as much time and twice as much strength, *that* would be worth talking about. 'Twould be like the man with two talents making them four, and the man with five getting up to ten. Why, there are clothes to be sorted out for the home missionary box and the cake made for the reception to the new pastor, and my paper that must be written for Tuesday's auxiliary meeting—I can't begin to make one pair of arms meet round it all! If only there were two of me or a half a dozen of me, just think how much I might do for our church and our missionary family and the Woman's Board."

Smiling whimsically at her own fancy, she snatched up her tiny Angora kitten and threw herself on the couch by the fire. Yes, she was tired—tired of trying to do everything all at once and accomplishing next to nothing anyway. Besides, she was all too conscious that it was the eve of her fiftieth birthday.

"Terrible to grow old when you haven't any one to live after you—any one of your own, I mean," she confided to Butterball, in the habit as she was of burying her sorrows in his golden fluff. "If Henry were only here ready to pick up and carry on the stints, his father and I have started,—but with him gone,—"

A tear baptized the kitten's upturned nose as his mistress felt for the well-thumbed Testament always within reach of her "comfy-spot." It fell open at the first of Acts—"Jesus began to do and to teach,"—Mrs. Marsden gasped. "Was it true that the Man Jesus only began his job in those all-too-short thirty-three years? The Son of Man had no earthly sons. Did He ever struggle with her problem—He who was in all points tempted like as we are? What did He do about it?"

A faint remembrance flashed over her of a paragraph in this year's study-book,—“Christ trains twelve to carry on His work,” when the trot, trot, trot of childish feet on the veranda announced her little neighbor.

"Won't you teach me my number work, Auntie Marsden,"

"Why, Joey, what a big boy you are! Have you really got all through addition and subtraction and into multiplication?"

"Yes'm, and I likes multiplying better."

"Do you, dear? Isn't it harder?"

"Yes'm, but things gets bigger so much faster. See here—5 and 1 and 1 and 1 is only 8, but 2 times 5 is 9, no, 10, is it, Auntie?"

"And do you want things to get big so fast?"

"Course I do. Daddy gave me a shiny silver dollar and I planted it in my garden so 'twould grow bigger, but it didn't grow one mite bigger, only just stopped being shiny."

"Auntie" tried to hide her smiles as she replied, "You must put money in the bank, darling, if you want it to grow."

But Joey, hearing "Uncle" outside, had rushed off to get a ride pick-a-back, leaving her to study up "what the Bible has to say about arithmetic anyway."

"Here's addition—'Add to your faith virtue'—That's our way! But over here is multiplication—'God shall multiply your seed

sown'—that's God's way! Why, Joey, I believe *I* like multiplication better, too. 'Things gets big so much faster.'"

So she scribbled on the fly-leaf of the worn volume: "Adding penny by penny is slow, painstaking work, and burying your talent just takes the shine off—the real way to 'double your dollar' is to drop it in God's bank."

The next Sunday night found Mrs. Marsden back on the couch, cuddling Butterball and explaining to that sympathetic listener:

"The new minister preached on Paul's children today—think of it, Paul, that confirmed bachelor! He said the text, 'My little children,' meant the quarrelsome Corinthians, the conceited Galatians and the affectionate Ephesians, bearing his imprint though not his name—his living 'epistles' nevertheless. Weren't they truly his spiritual offspring, carrying on his job long after Nero's axe struck him? How many little Pauls were there after all? 'Twould take some arithmetician to calculate, and even he couldn't do it for centuries, so Dr. A. affirmed, for the ball Paul set rolling in his prayer-closet hasn't stopped yet. True he began by adding humility to his native zeal and broad love to bigotry, but he wasn't content with addition. In every city he trained helpers to be themselves missionaries. By God's grace he multiplied himself over and over!"

Butterball purred his appreciation and wasn't one bit surprised, when the minister called that week asking his mistress to take a Sunday school class of girls, that she demurred not a moment. All those old excuses about no time and no strength and no ability slid out of sight when Dr. A. suggested, "Remember, these girls will go where you cannot, those they reach will reach others and those will reach others still. Christ had His twelve, Paul had his Aquila and Priscilla, his Timothy, his Tychicus and his Titus, and you—why, you, Mrs. Marsden, may profit by their example. What you say in the Sunday hush of your classroom may be the word 'heard round the world.'"

Mrs. Marsden stuck in her mirror that night a quotation from Alice Freeman Palmer, "I want to put my life into people—it's

people that count." The lesson for that very first Sunday was the tale of the lad who, giving Christ his five loaves and two fishes, found them multiplied into food for a vast company.

"That's what the Master can do with the crumbs I put in His hands," she gloried, preparing thoughtfully for her girls, "I'm an arithmetic teacher—not just dull, poky addition but swift, glad multiplication is my forte!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The eve of Mrs. Marsden's sixtieth birthday she was hugging old Butterball in the same couch-corner but this time smiles, not tears, were raining on his long yellow fur.

"Yes, I'm growing older but my girls—my daughters in Christ—are young and they are doing all the things I have always wanted to do myself and couldn't. There's Susan, strong and practical, helping at Mrs. Edwards' Inanda—think of the wild African girls she's training into faithful Christian mothers! There's Isabelle, the intellectual, how proud I've been of her A.M. and Ph.D.! but I was prouder yet the day she announced, 'I want to teach where there are just hordes of ignorant people—China for me!' There's Dr. Grace—driving ahead in her profession—looking for a big job and finding it in the Ahmednagar Hospital. There's Eulalie, my neighbor, whose mother hesitated till I ventured, 'You know Japan isn't half so far a country as heaven where my treasure has gone,'—Eulalie brightening the lives of scores of factory girls in the Land of the Rising Sun. There's Josephine, the president of the Georgia Branch, and Agnes, deep in the slums of New York City. Forty more were right in class last Sunday—it doth not yet appear what they shall be. They are still X, the unknown quantity, but we've graduated from arithmetic into algebra and I'm working out with them their life problem—how best to double their dollar."

Butterball's great amber eyes gleamed at the glad prospect, while his mistress went meditatively on:

"I had a lovely dream last night—it doesn't seem as if it ever

could come true; and yet—and yet it somehow sounds just like God.

“‘Eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared’ for them that work for Him. I seemed to have been some five hundred years in heaven when one day a group of dark-skinned folk loomed up over the hill. Their garb was strange to me till I remembered the silk *sari* Dr. Grace brought home from India on her first furlough. Salaaming way down to the ground, they explained that the doctor had healed their souls as well as their bodies and they wished to thank me for putting it into her heart to cross the seas to them.

“Behind came another group similarly clad, declaring they had heard of the Great Physician through the first lot; behind them a third whom their words had brought there; then a fourth—till, just as I was wondering how many more there were, my attention was attracted to a cloud of black heads, thick-lipped and kinky-haired. ‘Teacher Susan told us about Jesus,’ they rejoiced, ‘and these with us, being born into the Christian homes she taught us to set up, were also born into the kingdom of Heaven; those following are the ones they have led to Christ and those—!’

“Again I could see no end of the procession but from the other side a band of slit-eyed maidens in gay kimonos sang out to me, ‘We are they who have come out of great tribulation—out of the horrible conditions of Japan’s factories—and, because Sister Eulalie befriended us, have washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ Back of them others hurried whom they had told of the Working Man of Nazareth and back of them still others, all rushing to press my hand and tell me in trembling accents their gratitude.

“‘But,’ I protested, ‘what have I done to deserve all this? I only took my class Sunday after Sunday—.’

“‘Yes,’ broke in a stumpy figure in a gorgeous mandarin coat, whose huge company was just approaching from behind, ‘Professor Isabelle told us all about it. You only talked missions every

minute you had a chance; you only pleaded with the class one by one to go across; you only prayed for every single girl every single day, you only—'

"'It was only you,' broke in her companion of the wadded clothes, a light breaking over her stolid face. 'My Chinese Bible tell things like that. It was only you, multiplied by God.'

"And suddenly I heard a voice out of heaven, as the voice of many waters, saying, 'This great multitude which no man can number of all nations, and kindreds and people and tongues, this vast host—this is you! You were born onto earth one. You were born into heaven a legion!'

"In weakness, in fear and in much trembling—in perseverance, in patience and in earnest petition, I had placed myself in God's hands and, five hundred years later, I found that a million times I had *doubled my dollar*."

---

## Editorials

Miss Catherine Quickenden, who has been spending part of her furlough year in America, sailed December 6 for England, where she will stay with relatives until her return to Madura. Miss Katie Willcox, who joined the Madura Mission in 1915 and has been teaching at Capron Hall, sailed about December 1 for her first furlough. Miss Willcox' home is in Chester, Connecticut, and she is supported by the New Haven Branch. Miss Eva Swift (W. B. M. I.), so well known in connection with the Bible Woman's Training School, Madura, sailed later in December. Dr. Harriet E. Parker is planning to sail early in January, returning to the Madura Hospital. During her brief furlough Dr. Parker has spoken over one hundred times, but has been wholly unable to accept invitations from all the societies who have been eager to greet her. Miss Isabelle Phelps of Paotingfu, North China, who was seriously ill during the summer months with sciatica, is making but slow progress towards recovery and is

### Personals.

unable to take up the touring work in her big field. Miss Breck, her associate, who went out in 1917, has been carrying much responsibility in the absence of Miss Chapin and during Miss Phelps' illness, and expects to begin her furlough in the summer.

Mrs. M. Lois Sibley of Wai, who has been spending several months at the Auburndale Home, has now returned to her sister's home in Toledo, Ohio.

Dr. and Mrs. James L. Barton, who reached Boston December 4, report very interesting experiences in connection with their visits to our Japan and China Missions. Their daughter, Miss Maude, who accompanied them and who is a trained nurse, remained at the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking. Dr. Barton will give some account of his trip at the Friday meeting in Pilgrim Hall, January 6.

Miss Mary E. Moulton, who went out to Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia, in 1920, was married September 27 to Mr. Carl W. Phelps. The wedding ceremony was performed by her brother, Rev. Joseph Moulton, who is a member of the Sholapur station. Miss Carolyn Welles was bridesmaid and Mr. Edward G. Nichols, best man. Mrs. Phelps writes very happily of their welcome to Jaffna College, Ceylon, where Mr. Phelps is to teach, though she puts in an earnest plea that someone be sent to take her place at Mt. Silinda.

Because of the resignation of Miss Webb and Miss Morrison, our long time workers at the Colegio Internacional, the school opened this fall with a new principal and with

**Our School  
at Barcelona.**

a staff of young and comparatively new workers. The Board has sent Miss Melissa Cilley, a New Hampshire girl, who received her B.A. at New Hampshire State College and who has been teaching recently in the high school at Newport, New Hampshire. She will be acting principal for the present and will have as associates Miss Alice Kemp, another New Hampshire girl, Miss Ruby Viets, Miss Aldyth Eaton and Miss Eleanor Sykes. A letter from Miss

Kemp, who has been longer in Spain than the other teachers, reports that the school is growing so rapidly that even with the extra house that was taken over last year, every nook and corner is now put to use.

Last year it was a problem how to accommodate all the boarders in the dining rooms. Miss Kemp says, "We almost considered having each teacher hold one of the little tots at dinner time on account of lack of space, but finally by pressing into service the class room where drawing is taught and where there is a long table, we managed to accommodate everybody. I am still as enthusiastic about the Colegio, the people and the work as I was last year. The longer I am here the more worth while it seems to me."

Miss Charlotte DeForest, president of Kobe College, has just attended the organization meeting of the Board of Directors of the Matsuyama Girls' School. She writes of her **Miss DeForest** very favorable impressions of this important **Visits** school as follows: "I think it is such a hopeful **Matsuyama.** and inspiring work. The new site is charming, and Miss Hoyt is so capable and devoted. Yesterday was a holiday in honor of the Emperor's birthday, and I saw the whole school together in the ceremony of the day—such a nice looking lot of girls! It makes one take a deep breath to think of the potentialities in that group—what they may mean for the island of Skhikoku (it is the only girls' school on that island), and also for the Empire. I wish you could have heard their good singing of the patriotic songs for the day. Of the Japanese members of the Board of Directors, the alumna representative was not there, but the two others were, both Kumiai pastors from a long distance. They had splendid ideas about the school. They were very strong in feeling that the first thing to do for the development of the right kind of student body is to get government recognition for the school. The two essentials for government recognition are equipment and teachers. The expense of securing these things is

all that stands in the way of a speedy rise to the recognition grade."

We are delighted to record the formation of two new Missionary Conference Associations. In May the Carolinas, whose connection with the Southeast Branch has been nominal because of the prohibitive conditions of **New State Organizations.** travel, decided to form a Missionary Union of the two states, combining in one organization the work for both home and foreign missions. The president is Mrs. C. L. Emerson of Salisbury, N. C. In October, the Georgia women followed their example, organizing in the same way and electing as president Mrs. Lewis E. Keller of Atlanta, Georgia. We are very happy in welcoming these states into closer missionary fellowship with the Woman's Board and shall rejoice in watching their development into full-fledged (or *leaved*) "Branches."

Yes, *Everyland* has come back and the Christmas number is a *beauty!* Congratulations to the Editor-in-Chief, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, and to all her associates. Surely boys and girls, once they see it, will "cry for it," and we certainly hope many thousands will find it in their Christmas stocking. The stories, the poems, and the artistic setting are all worthy of praise. We cannot refrain from quoting one of the verses by our own Evelyn Worthley Sites, formerly of Dionglloh, now in the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Shanghai.

"Everyland."

" 'Twas only a poor little home they had,  
The broken walls were dingy and bare,  
The table and chairs were battered and old,  
What matter? For Love lived there.  
And when they sat by the wee dim lamp  
And told long tales in the quiet night,  
Then Love looked in with her shining face  
And filled all the room with light!"

In addition to the sketch of Miss Graffam with portrait reprinted from "Lone Sentinels," which may be had for free distribution, there are two new attractive leaflets for sale at five cents each—"The Women of the Philippines," and "The Loving All Institution," describing Miss Adams' settlement in Okayama, Japan. Both are illustrated. There is also a new catalogue of Woman's Board publications which is free.

We confess we looked forward a little apprehensively to the report of contributions in the first month of this new year. After the wonderful gain during those last six weeks before the books closed, would there not be a reaction? How is our lack of faith rebuked! Look at the financial statement and see the splendid record of the Branches. Nearly \$2,000 of this gain came to us through the Congregational World Movement, from which we were receiving last year at this time only gifts in fulfillment of Emergency Fund Pledges. Even without this help the Branches have done wonderfully. We must expect our legacy column will show a deficit perhaps for the whole year because the Reserve Legacy Fund has been so depleted in 1921. Our hope lies in the living donors and they have begun the year in a manner that fills our hearts with thanksgiving.

#### THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, OCT. 18—NOV. 30, 1921

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1920 .....	\$8,429.10	\$1,119.06	\$13,651.97	\$424.18	\$23,624.31
1921 .....	14,217.67	1,739.42	8,397.11	472.74	24,826.94
Gain.....	\$5,788.57	\$620.36		\$48.56	\$1,202.63
Loss .....			\$5,254.86		

## Unauthorized Fears

Fear is undoubtedly a wholesome factor in the life of each one of us. Not to be fearful or afraid of anything, anywhere, or at any time, would be calamitous for us as well as unworthy of us. "The devils believe and tremble." That fact, as Dr. George A. Gordon says, "is highly creditable to the devils."

And yet how many fears there are that are unjustifiable and unsubstantial. One of the trials of the railway engineer's work is said to be the moonlight shadows on the track. As the locomotive speeds its way over the track, the engineer is often perplexed to tell whether a seeming impediment is a shadow or not. Shadows have a way of taking on the appearance of rocks or of animals or of the bodies of sleeping or dead men, and so the engineer is often kept in a constant state of anxiety and fear by these shadows that lie across the track. Ofttimes the man at the throttle reaches the end of his run on a moonlight night weary in body and mind because of his constant fight with shadows.

Is it not so in relation to many of the fears of us all? Fears of disaster and defeat; fears of hostility and enmity; fears of hardship and poverty. Many of these fears are as inconsequential in reality as the shadows that lie across the railroad track on a moonlight night, but they do occasion much anxiety and the expenditure of considerable vitality.

The fears of pastors and of leaders in relation to the promotion of missionary causes in their churches may sometimes be justified. We cannot deny that here and there among the members of our churches are those who stand in the way of any effective promotion of the missionary apportionment. They resent any effort to secure from the church as a whole its share of support for the church's benevolences.

And yet it is undeniable that many of the fears felt by pastors and others concerning the promotion of the missionary cause in their churches are as unsubstantial and ineffective as the shadows that lie across the track of the locomotive as it hurries along its way. In this category are the fears that money raised for mis-

*(Concluded on page 13)*

## A Sermon Six Hundred Miles Long

Extract of letter from C. C. Fuller, Chikore, Africa.

I wish that I had the time to write you fully of the recent tour which I made into Portuguese territory for the purpose of seeing for myself the conditions there and the possibilities for immediate occupation. If possible, I hope soon to write to Mr. Bell about the matter; and, if you read the minutes of the special meeting just held at Mt. Silinda, you will see how the report struck the members of the mission.

As six of our Christian girls made the journey with me, as well as six of the evangelists and three Christian carriers, you will be especially interested. I hope that Miss Craig has written to you of the expedition, for dire misfortune was predicted by many,—even some missionaries,—if the girls were allowed to go. But the Lord seemed to be calling them to make the effort to carry the gospel to the women and girls of that great unoccupied field, and I did not have the heart to refuse them.

We travelled almost six hundred miles in twenty-eight days of actual travel, were gone thirty-four days, and reached the sea at historic old Sofala, the oldest settlement on the East Coast of Africa south of the equator. From Sofala we followed south

along the coast till we reached the mouth of the Sabi River at Mambone, then turned west along the river for two days, then struck right out through the dry interior for home. We travelled seven days, 135 miles, without seeing running water, and often had to buy what water we got for cooking from the women of the kraals, who had to



The Six Girls Who Preached the Sermon.

go from three or four to six or eight miles for it. All of the people in that region depend upon deep wells, lagoons or water holes for their water supply, and the women often leave home in the night in order to get to the water hole and back with their big earthen pots full of water before noon. In some places the water runs in so slowly that they have to wait for hours to fill the pot. At one deep well we saw four women who had been waiting all day to fill their pots and it was about four o'clock in the evening then.

The girls preached a sermon as long as the journey, and reached the hearts of the women folk as no evangelist can hope to do. They endured the hardship without one complaint, and made us all more proud of them than ever. Thank God for the fine work which has been done here all these years by the noble lady teachers among the girls of the schools. It shows more and more as the years go by.

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### UNAUTHORIZED FEARS

*(Concluded from page 11)*

sionary purposes will interfere in the slightest degree with the raising of the amount needed for home expenses. To meet the difficulties and dissipate the fears in connection with this and other questions that will inevitably arise in promoting the missionary enterprise, it will only be necessary in most instances to face the situation with courage and assurance. Under the guidance of leaders characterized by such a spirit the shadows on the track will disappear before they are actually encountered.

JAMES E. McCONNELL.

## Africa Viewed By a Newcomer

By Margaret Walbridge

Miss Walbridge, whose home is in Kansas, reached Inanda in May. The accompanying photograph shows the pupils of the seminary welcoming her. She is living in a Zulu home, "as neat as a new pin," in order to make more rapid progress with the Zulu language.—*The Editor.*



WE are staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Nembula. They have no children of their own, but a nephew of about thirty and a niece of twelve live with them. The latter attends school. Mrs. Nembula is an old Inanda girl and Mr. Nembula went to Adams in 1888. Mr. Nembula is a descendant of the first Christian convert of the American Board in South Africa. His father was one of the first Christian native ministers in Natal. He preached for forty years, twenty of these here at Adams. One of the older brothers, John Mavuma Nembula, went to America in the year 1880-1888 or thereabouts. He studied at Oberlin and later took the full medical course at Chicago University and also took work at the University of Michigan. We saw the certificates and diplomas, evidently treasured family keepsakes. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nembula are hardworking people and are well-to-do for natives. They are earnest Christians and Mr. Nembula is a deacon in the church here. They both speak English well, but as we went to their home to learn Zulu especially, we asked them not to talk English. However, now and then (I am afraid it is rather often in my case) Zulu words fail to convey much meaning and English must be used.

I had my first native callers yesterday, the old man we met on last week's tramp and his wife. They brought me a bunch

of bananas as a gift. I tried to talk to them in Zulu, but my vocabulary is too limited, so finally called in a girl to interpret. The old man enjoyed himself very much, apparently. He certainly exceeds the speed limit when he talks. I brought out my family pictures and he was most interested; he was especially taken with father because he had such a fine mustache. It seems that is considered a very manly thing among the Zulus. He was much surprised that I was the oldest of such a large family and when I accused him of flattery, through the interpreter, of course, he indignantly denied it. The woman didn't talk much. She didn't have much of a chance with her husband around. When he was looking at the pictures he said he would not like to have his taken because people would look at him after he was dead. I offered to take a snap of him, but he didn't think he wanted it, so I did not press the matter. His wife was properly dressed and neat, but he still wore the soldier's pants and nothing else, and had his beard tied with grass as before. They said they would come again some time.

This past week I attended my first wedding in Africa. It was a native one and very interesting from many viewpoints. All Christian weddings are held in the churches if possible. They seem to be more or less public affairs and one may attend without an invitation. When we arrived the wedding party was waiting for the minister, a native. They were all singing to pass the time away. In about five minutes the minister came in; he was dressed in the regulation ministerial garb, long frock coat, and a clerical collar. He picked up one of the short pews in front of the church and put it directly in front of the pulpit. The bride and maid of honor, the bridegroom and best man sat in this seat, facing the pulpit. All were very nicely and simply dressed. The bride wore a simple, thin silk dress, a short veil, artificial orange blossoms and gloves. The last three articles are considered absolutely necessary for a native wedding. Why, I do not know. The maid of honor wore a very simple white cotton dress and orange blossoms. Both the bridegroom and the best man wore

dark suits, stiff white collars, flowers in the buttonhole, and the bridegroom carried light gloves. The service was all in Zulu and far too deep for me. They sang a hymn or two. Then they had a prayer and a sermon and the wedding service proper was something like the ring service. Then the minister made out the wedding certificate. This took some time. A boys' quartette, belonging to the bride's party, sang several songs. Some were in English, some in Zulu, and one was a mixture. What governs the selection of songs I do not know, anything to amuse the audience, I should judge. The English songs were "Lord have mercy upon Daniel" (the bridegroom's name was Job), and "Over the rolling billows." The Zulu songs seemed to amuse the audience a great deal. At the end of any song that they liked they applauded vigorously. It is the custom, so I am told, for the bride's party to sing a song and then the bridegroom's party. They sing alternately, each trying to outdo the other. In this case the bridegroom's party did not sing, much to the disgust of the guests. Their disapproval was quite openly expressed by word and gesture. When it came time to sign the wedding certificate, the bridegroom went first by himself. Then he came back, took the bride by the wrist, pulled her to the table, placed her in the chair, lifted the veil from her face, presented her with a pen, and stood at her right hand while she signed. He then led her, by the wrist, proudly back to the seat. The bride seemed to enjoy all the attention. The best man followed the same tactics with the maid of honor. Then the benediction was pronounced. We hurried out of the church to see the people come out. Outside the two parties formed two processions with the couple leading the bridegroom's party. The bride carried a white sunshade. This also is considered essential. The two processions went off singing loudly. They live about two miles from the mission station and I was told that they would sing all the way. At home they would have a feast and make merry for the rest of the day.

Perhaps you would like to know something of the Zulu young-

sters. They are dear things, very well behaved and shy. We see so many of them now. The neighbors' children come over all the time. They have many interesting games. I do not think that they are all Zulu games, however, for some, I am sure, are taken from our English games. They have a game with stones that is much like our "jackstones." A stone is thrown into the air instead of a ball. The variations of the game are not like any I have seen before. They use many words that I do not know. A game that I know is Zulu is a sort of sham battle, fought with sticks. The boys alone play this. They are very clever at it. It is something like fencing. They are as quick as lightning and children give and get some terrible blows now and then. All of the children can do folk dancing. Those I have seen so far are like jigs, only a little more graceful. The children have no music of any kind, do not even sing, but they have wonderful rhythm. It is most interesting to watch them.



Welcoming Miss Walbridge to Inanda.

## Conferences and Co-operation

Bertha P. Reed, Peking

THE yearly conferences give a great deal of help to the Chinese and are especially welcome to missionaries from the interior, where they have seen very few outside their own number, and have missed the larger gatherings. The generous use of the Blackstone Fund makes it possible for Chinese to come from distant places, and to be helped by this wider acquaintance, as well as by the meetings of the conference.

We are now just at the end of two Chinese conferences here. The first was that of the Chinese Home Missionary Society, which had over a hundred delegates, from the south as well as the north. The growth of this society among the Chinese has been rapid. It was started by some workers about three years ago, and their first effort was to send a small company into Yunnan for missionary work. Interest in them has kept increasing, and the leaders have spoken and written in regard to them. Last summer some Chinese who had been there made a tour of important cities, north and south, speaking of the work, and received much help and support for the mission. Now it has grown into an important and widely known Chinese work. They have been received with great interest in Yunnan, and the success there gives much ground for their hopefulness. The number of missionaries sent has grown to nine, with twenty-one persons altogether, if one counts women and children. They are starting kindergartens and schools for children, as well as preaching, and the work grows rapidly. There has been little missionary work done in Yunnan, so the field is a clear one. The work is all done by Chinese contributions, planning, and workers. Of their missionaries, four are from our American Board numbers in the north, students who have been trained in our schools. At this conference the leaders have made many plans for the work.

The second conference was one for Chinese leaders in the churches, and had over two hundred delegates from churches

in North China. Dr. Kyle, the archæologist, and Dr. Torrey were the chief speakers from America, and there were some fine speakers from among the Chinese. It has been very helpful to all who came.

A different form of activity reaches still another class this year. This also is helped by the Blackstone Fund, and starts from those who plan its use. All through the country they have tried to arrange that students should give some time during the summer to teaching the very poor and ignorant, who have no other chance to learn, and who could not in any way fit into the regular schools. Students have taken up the idea wonderfully, for the idea of social service has taken root among them, and has been helped by their famine work this year. So a committee has organized a number of such schools in and near Peking, and many students are working cheerfully through vacation, in their teaching. I cannot give exact numbers now, but I know that in the school at our Ch'i Hua Men place, in the east suburb, over a hundred of the poorest children take advantage of this opportunity. If all places respond in this way, it means that a wonderful work is being done this summer.

We have sometimes been surprised at the offers of work. One who is teaching is a college girl of a wealthy family, who has always seemed to care most for what her money could get for her, and who did not seem likely to choose the hard things to do. But the ideal of service has reached her, too, and she is teaching those very poorest and raggedest of children all these days. We rejoice that she is ready for this, and hope strongly that this means much service from her in some form in the future. There is a great deal for Chinese women with money to do in this city, for poverty keeps increasing, and nothing is done to provide employment for the poor.

You would be interested in some of our work going on now in the country. It has been wonderful to have both Mrs. Stelle and Margaret Smith giving time and skill and consecration to those places, and the tent work of the fall, in which they had a

part, is still showing its results. Later the famine work claimed attention, and this spring a great feature has been the schools established for famine sufferers. From seventy to a hundred little girls with some women, are brought together in them, and four large schools and one small one have been opened, so that over four hundred girls are being helped and taught. They are mostly in the western part of our field, half a day's trip from Peking. This is one of the best ways to feed and care for these sufferers, but the part we rejoice over in getting them together is the chance for teaching them. There is a Bible woman in charge of each school, and each has one or two of our school girls to do the teaching. These country children are very happy over their opportunity, and have been learning rapidly. Their progress in many cases has been astonishing.

One chief subject has been the new phonetic system. It does not seem hard to them, and many of them are already able to read it quite easily. Mrs. Stelle, who has had charge of planning and opening these schools, found in a recent examination that one class could read in any place in Mark, whether they had read it over before or not. This showed that they really understood it. This means that the whole New Testament is now open to them. If they had to read it all in character, it would take a long time for them to learn enough to read as readily as they can now. It is wonderful that such an opportunity is opening for the illiterate to learn to read the Bible. That should mean new life for the Church, especially in the country. In one of the towns, the villagers are trying in every way to have a school continued after the need for relief work is over, and we hope it may be accomplished.

We think that a time of increase in work has come to our central church at Teng Shih Kou. This church has met with misfortune in the loss of both foreign and Chinese pastors, and there has been great need of a vigorous leader. He seems to have come now in the person of the new preacher, Mr. Preng, a young Chinese of great energy, and also a man of much consecration

and real power. He is carrying out many new plans and works well with others, drawing them also into the new activities. He has had some experience in other churches, and has done much student work, and his thoughtfulness and power have made him a leader among the teachers of student classes. We feel already the new life in the church. Our church has also taken a new step, which they have had in mind for some time, of inviting themselves a young woman as church assistant. A Miss Li, a recent college graduate, has accepted this position, and begins her duties this summer. Her salary is furnished by the church, and she is responsible to them, so this step shows another advance in the power of the Chinese church to stand by itself. This particular church is more advanced in this way than others that we have. We foreigners will work with them, and there will still be need of our work, but it is going to be an interesting study in this particular case to see just where our work comes in, so that we may not hinder the new movement, but yet may give just the help we should. And this gain—this coming of age—is really the goal toward which we have all been working.

It seems a help to have very near the church the center of the work for social service for the community about us. This band, including others as well as workers from the American Board, started various forms of helpful work for the community about the church, both for the good of that community and to serve as a model for similar bands in other parts of the city. Both ideals are being accomplished to some extent. Other bands have been started for such work, for many Chinese see the need about them and are ready to serve. And very many opportunities have come to help the poor about us. This winter they employed many in making warm garments, using contributed funds, and they distributed these to a great many poor in the city, and to some of the famine districts. This spring a large amount of grain was given to them for distribution, and was given out according to a careful plan. We who were on the outside only knew that on the appointed days we saw the streets lined with crowds evi-

dently of the poorest, kept in line by the police, and waiting patiently, bag in hand, until the grain could be given them to take away. But we know that those who came were carefully chosen, with investigation of their homes, and that the most needy were the ones served. This, and other forms of work, bring many into connection with the church, and make another opening for evangelistic efforts.

## Salaams from Sulochanabai

Miss Fowler's able assistant, Sulochanabai, has written a long letter in the Marathi script to her old friend, Mrs. Theodore Lee, formerly of Satara, now one of the Board's Secretaries. We quote extracts from the English translation which Mrs. Lee has made. The letter was written in the fall of 1921.—*The Editor.*



Miss Fowler and Sulochanabai.

Last year the girls and teachers certainly worked faithfully. God gave us the fruit of our effort in an increased government grant. This encouraged everyone. The girls and teachers are saying that this year, too, they mean to put forth every effort in work and are asking God to help them carry out their purpose. They are longing now to set eyes upon Miss Fowler's face; yet they say she must not come till the doctor gives permission. When any of the girls are sick, the others do the work of nursing in addition to their regular school and domestic work. When the girls see

that their mother has no money with which to do various things, they address themselves the more faithfully to their tasks.

Because of the abnormal prices, many are literally begging for food. You no doubt remember the last famine. Many parents have brought their little girls to us. Many relatives have brought girls to us from the Mogalai. What to do with them was the

question. If we turned them away, they must starve; if we took them, how was Miss Fowler to support them? For those who brought the girls to us were unspeakably poor. The parents who came with the girls were clothed in rags, and were like mere skeletons for want of food,—utterly unable to take care of their children. Finally I wrote to ask Miss Fowler what I should do for such cases. She replied, that we might increase our numbers up to 125, but no more. I told our girls Miss Fowler was taking these needy ones out of compassion, to be sure, but as the members increased the expense would also increase. Then what was to happen? Then I told them we should have to rely on faith and prayer. The girls and teachers are earnestly praying. There is a saying in Marathi: “He who made the hill, made also the food for it,”—God will not let His children be in want. This is the Lord’s work; will He not provide for it?



Very Little Ones at Sholapur.

It is a happy fact that the girls are ready to sacrifice themselves for the sake of others. Their offerings, taken up after the summer vacation in their society, "Sun's Rays," amounted to ten rupees,—earned by their own work or saved through sacrifice. They have voted to use this toward the support of one of the poor girls. They want to work and earn some more money for the support of this girl. The Christian Endeavor Society is a means of working for God, is it not?

On account of my own illness, I have not been able to do much among the non-Christian women. Still they kept asking for me. When I returned to Sholapur from Hyderabad, they said, "Now Miss Fowler's house seems natural once more," for they love to see the two of us together. When I got well and Miss Fowler was critically ill, these Hindu women would say: "How is this? You seem to be taking turns getting sick. Just as the Lord has made you well so will He restore Miss Fowler and bring her back to us, for we get much cheer and inspiration from you both." Some two weeks ago they invited me to the celebration of the third anniversary of the beginning of one of their organizations, and even sent a tonga to take me there. I was interested to see how much they had grown in their ability to plan a program and carry it through. I was particularly pleased when one of the women in her address made use of one of Christ's parables which I had told a year ago. Surely the Kingdom of God is coming in the hearts of the non-Christians. The son of one of my friends said to me, "Through your visits to our house we have learned that real joy lies in living for others."

The teachers and girls send many salaams. Tell those who are working in the Woman's Board that every morning at eleven o'clock, when we gather for prayers—both in the Anglo-Vernacular and Vernacular schools—we pray for them, for they are praying for us, remembering us, and sending us money. We never can reward them for what they are doing for us; but we ask God to repay them, and to enable them to send more help.

Pray that so long as I live I may ever strive to do all for Christ's sake, to walk in His strength, according to His will.

## India's Developing Self-Realization

By M. Pauline Jeffery

I.

FORCES FROM WITHIN

**S**ELF-REALIZATION may be said to concern our dealings with our own selves—our thoughts, moods, emotions, and habits; and secondly our dealings with others—the play of the “ego” against the “alter.” If we individualize India today, we seem to find these two processes at work.

India finds herself full of diversity! In fact, so great a mixture is she with her diverse languages, many dialects, her castes, and her 3,000,000 gods, that some look askance at her ever being qualified for self-government. But others regard this multiplicity as the best evidence that she is qualified to become unique as a nation among nations. Just as truly as it takes a lot of data to furnish the definition or discovery or conclusion, so it takes a variety of experiences to make the unique individual. Perhaps this is Tagore's argument when he writes, “The four great religions of the world are here together—Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity. It is evident that India is God's chemical factory for the making of a supreme religious synthesis.”

Home rule enthusiasts in India realize the handicap of the many tongues and advocate making some language like Hindustani the universal language of India.

Inroads into caste barriers were made long ago,—the creation of innumerable castes is itself partially a result of the breaking of the laws of the four original caste divisions. The Brahma-Samaj and the Arya-Samaj are not recent organizations; but they represent the minority always found in the pioneer stage of any reform movement, and the masses still seem to cling tenaciously to caste distinctions. But we are forced to halt in surprise when we find that Mahtma Gandhi, who is described in American

newspapers as "swaying the public opinion of 330,000,000 people"—"shows no hesitation in making a public attack against caste distinctions." He says that when Hinduism triumphed in his own struggle to choose between Christianity and Hinduism, he did not regard "Untouchability" as a part of Hinduism; "even if it is a part of Hinduism," he adds, "I will have nothing to do with it." It is also an Indian paper that seems to show great pride in reporting "The Bengal Vaishnavite Movement started in the interest of inter-dining and inter-marriage among castes," and of the "Brahmins and non-Brahmins who ate together at the 25th anniversary dinner of the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association." In fact, the Council of Indians are reported to be legislating against all observances of caste distinctions!

It is still less difficult to argue India's 3,000,000 gods out of the way of the path leading to self-realization and unity of spirit. Philosophical Hinduism is not devoid of the vision of monotheism. When such "ordinary" laity as a Vellala widow declares that idols are a joke, or a police inspector declares that there is nothing in them, or an Indian student of forestry declares that the Arya Samaj is the only true religion, for it says that there is one true god,—one is forced to ask whether after all the million gods of India are so much of an obstacle to unity as the West supposes.

We can find evidence of hundreds of other telling incidents which remain secret experiences in the lives of Indians whose convictions lead them to ignore traditional caste and religious distinctions. I am giving one instance which is a typical illustration not only of this break in caste observance in India, but also of a break in the rigid laws against social intercourse between men and women. The letter is from an Indian Christian woman, a teacher in South India, given in her own words:—

"I happened to travel in the railway compartment with a Christian lady and two Brahmin men. One of them had something nice to say on missions. This is what he said: 'If it were not for the missions in India, she would not have come to this

stage, neglected as she had been—especially in the education of her people—by the government.’ He seemed to say what missions should do next, for he said that they should give people vocational training and open up schools for that purpose. The man who said this was middle-aged and looked kindly. The other Brahmin with me did not look at all pleasant. He appeared to be cynical. But I was glad to find that he was a man who examined things and valued them in the right way. We all talked about missions, non-cooperation, international problems, chiefly economics, and came to religious and social problems. He questioned me on many Christian beliefs and found my answers (thank God) satisfactory and I was really glad. I believe he was surprised to find an average Christian to possess *sane* ideas on the fundamentals of religion and not bigoted truths.

I questioned him on the principles of Hindu society. I attacked especially the one on widowhood. I asked him why child widows should not be allowed to have their hair and dress and food as others do. The explanation he gave me is something I never heard before. He says that by shaving their heads and changing their dress, they enter into something like nuns—they renounce the world and devote themselves wholly to meditate on God, and serve Him and others. This is a good explanation and a good system, if it is the real idea at the back of India's Brahmin widowhood. The gentleman further said that the Hindus revere these widows and that most of them do not like remarriage advocated for them.

After discussions like this, can you guess what happened? I have not had the courage to tell it to anyone except my own sisters. As it was about mid-day and time that we took something to eat, we broke up our conversation, and everyone got ready to eat his or her breakfast. I hesitated for I was thinking of what we had conversed. Then, what happened? The elder gentleman put a leaf near me, and served rice and other preparations he had brought with him. I explained to him that I had brought my own breakfast, and to tell the truth I did

feel shy to eat anything before those men. I was afraid more of the younger man. But *he* cut the knot and solved the solution by saying that I need not feel shy nor think it immodest to eat before them and have the other man's food and that the other gentleman "saw God in me" and therefore wanted to share the food with me—what could I say? Men of Hindu Orthodox stamp—to say that the fellowship of spirit over-rides every barrier and brings people closer! Sex or religion could not stand before it—therefore, I could not think of a better "finis" or epilogue to our conversation and exchange of thoughts than partaking of their food! How my soul ached for expression that day!"

These illustrations are only hints of the stir of soul within India today. The forces playing on India from "the West" make another chapter.

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## Editorials

The California Southern Branch and the Missionary Union held their last quarterly meeting in the Hollywood church. Mrs. James

D. Eaton presided in the morning and Mrs. Los Angeles Weitekamp in the afternoon. Mrs. L. O. Wright District Meeting. spoke upon "Our Work in Mexico" and Miss

Bertha Allen presented the Foochow Kindergarten Training School. There was a symposium full of practical suggestions regarding missionary education in the Church School, and the entertaining church gave "The Veteran and the Dough-

boy." The story of the Rio Grande Industrial School was of surpassing interest, and one of the features of the day was the rendering of plantation melodies by a quartette from the Lincoln Memorial Church to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of our American Missionary Association.

One who has put her consecrated talents and great enthusiasm into our Union Kindergarten Training School of Foochow is Miss Alice Lacy of the W. F. M. S. of the Methodist Church. The daughter of missionary parents, she spoke the language naturally, and comparatively few years of her short life had been passed in the United States. She and Miss Bertha Allen were very happy in their co-operation building the kindergarten work and were most successful in it; and it is a sad blow to all that she must so soon be taken from this field of such great promise. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the parents of this beloved daughter, to the Board who gave her so generously to this work, and especially to her colleagues, Miss Phillips of the Anglican Mission and Miss Bertha Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis P. Elwood sailed from New York on the City of Valencia in November, returning to their field in Southern India where they have already spent thirty years. It has been a great privilege to know these devoted workers. In spite of severe handicap of illness, they have earnestly presented their needs in many places east and west. One of the gifts they carry back is a Ford for their touring. Dindigul is an important center with excellent roads in all directions, so that a machine has been recognized as invaluable and greatly desired. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Martin have cared for the various interests of the Dindigul station.

**Death of Miss  
Alice Lacy.**

**Return to  
Dindigul.**

## Field Correspondents

Miss Emily McCallum of Smyrna writes of a happy summer experiment:

I have been feeling very happy lately over a summer experiment of mine and I thought you might like to hear about it. I suppose you knew that we took several Armenian orphans from the Rescue Home here. When they came they were very pathetic looking,—they had passed through dreadful experiences, and had been so cruelly treated—all were taken out of Turkish houses, one had been beaten every day on the head and really seemed stupid. However, with kindness and the school life and the change of thought, they have quite brightened up and look so much younger and prettier—you would hardly take them for the same girls.

The summer problem was a difficult one as they are supported for only the nine months of the school year. A year ago Miss Snell took them to the Salahane School for the summer and we had to pay for the school—it cost about 300 liras. This year I decided to find places in families for them and let them earn their own way. I was fortunate in finding nice homes for all of them, where they were to take care of little children. They felt very sorry to go out of school and although I told them they would be kindly treated they would not believe me. However, the plan worked very well, they were very happy and in each case did so well that they are being invited to come back for their holidays, and the people have been most grateful to me for finding them such nice girls. It has been a fine advertisement for the school and as I say has been a great pleasure to me. There were nine of the girls.

We have had a good opening of school and have forty boarders and over 200 day scholars now, and there are some others to come in. We are very glad to have Miss Bertha Morley of Marsovan with us. She is such a help in the school as well as in the general missionary work. Miss Gordon seems better this year. It is a great pleasure to have Miss Mills back. I suppose she has written you about the building in Geóztèpè for the

Turkish School which she has had so much to do with. We hope to have a little dedication service there this coming Saturday.

We expect Mr. and Mrs. Harry Riggs tomorrow. They are coming for evangelistic work, especially among the Armenians, and will be here to welcome the Getchells when they come. It seems as if we ought to have a year of good work with such experienced workers.

**Extracts from a Bible Woman's Letter to Miss Noyes, Rachanyapuram, India.**

Now I am going to write to you about the women of Sivagasi. Sivagasi is nearly seventy-five miles to the south of Madura. The people there are rich *Nadaars* and they are good traders. The women had studied in mission primary schools and most of them know how to read. After having finished their school life, the Bible women continue their teaching. In this way they are not neglected even after being married. Through the influence of the Bible women, they read the Bible and pray at home. Sometimes they used to go to Miss Elvin, the superintendent of Bible women's work, in groups for prayer and Bible study. Then they felt the necessity of confessing their faith in Christ, their personal Saviour. All this had been done without the knowledge of their husbands. Some of the women were restless till they received their baptism. Now, there was a question among them—that is, "Who is to be baptized first?" Then a brave woman named Latchurni, came forward and told them that she would get the baptism first of all. So she went to her husband and told him that she wanted to become a Christian and, by being so, she meant to be a better wife, more faithful, loving, patient and kind, and that, if he wanted to turn her out from being his wife, he was at liberty to do so. Then her husband was moved when he heard these words and allowed her to become a Christian. When the other women heard this, some of them, like Latchurni, told their husbands and were baptized. This way, not less than seventy women were baptized, some with their husbands' permission and some secretly. After that, these women began to win their

husbands' souls for Christ. Through the influence of their wives, some of the men became Christians. One of them was the richest man in Sivagasi.

When a few of the other important men heard this, they got angry and called a meeting for the men of the same caste. In the meeting it was determined that no man should become a Christian and that they should try to make the women give up their faith in Jesus, and that their husbands should talk to their wives about this. The women were so strong in their faith as not to listen to their men's words. The men called another meeting and decided in the meeting as follows: That on the appointed day all the women who were baptized must be taken to a *pilliar* temple and that they should be made to smear their foreheads with sacred ashes and to worship *pilliar*, and that their husbands should not interfere with this. The good women refused to do so. So the appointed wicked persons dragged them out of their houses, and on the way some were beaten with heavy sticks and pestles. When they reached the place, the men compelled them to kneel and worship the idol and to use the sacred ashes. They did not do so. So the men did it for them. Thus the women had such a bitter experience.

Among the men, the person who took active part in this disturbance went straight to Latchurni Ammal, scolded and called her bad names and abused her very much. When he returned to his house in the evening, he met on his way someone with a sword in his hand. After coming to his house, he laid himself down on a cot and screamed with horror and fright, saying, "Someone is coming to kill me with a sword." Thus he was in bed for three days. He said to the men who came to see him, "All of you must become Christians. Build the church of Christ. It is too late for me." His wife begged his relatives to go to the doctor and get some medicine for him. They refused, saying that all people might know that the God of Christians had punished him for his wickedness; and then they brought a mixture of bazaar medicine prepared by themselves to make him quiet. The man, after drinking that, passed

away gently. This frightened the people. For some time they were quiet. I hear now that all the women but Latchurni Ammal are secret believers. Latchurni Ammal left her husband and is now staying with her sister, who is a widow. I hope a time shall come for them all, for men and women, soon to confess Jesus as their personal Saviour.

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## Petitions Received at Washington for Disarmament

An analysis of the mass of memorials, petitions and resolutions which had been received by the American delegates to the arms conference up to December 1, indicated that they voiced the sentiments of more than 6,535,000 persons, the general information sections of the advisory committee said today. Numbers of communications continue to arrive daily.

The communications received to the first of the month were tabulated as follows:

Advocates of complete disarmament, 1253; advocates of limitation without the co-operation of other powers, 1611; advocates of co-operative limitation, guided by benevolence and liberality, 29,840; advocates of co-operative limitation left with confidence to the judgment of the delegation, 6,501,436; advocates of limitation with caution, 1001; against limitation none; those who beseech divine guidance for the delegates in following a Christian policy, 5,011,620; those who especially request that disarmament be made the principal issue, 499,620, and those who especially advocate an association of nations, 38,406.—*Associated Press Despatch.*

Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

## The Gift of the Loving Heart

By Estelle Hynes Warner

ONCE upon a time there was a small boy who lived in a village. Strange things had been talked of in the village streets. Strange things had been happening. People were full of excitement and curiosity. Now, no one can be as full of curiosity as a small boy and this one was getting fuller and more full every hour. So one day he made up his mind he would find out the truth in all this talk if he had to take the whole day to do it and he packed up his lunch, for he was a very wise small boy, and started on his day.

The way for him to start on his day was just to follow the crowds. For many days crowds of people from all the villages around about had been going out into the hills on the border of the desert and coming back to tell tales which set the whole country agog. "A teacher—a healer—a prophet," they cried. Some went to be cured of disease and some of sin. Some went because they thought he wanted to destroy the present government and some went because he seemed to promise to establish peace over the land. Some went because he boldly told of corruption in high places and some because he said, "Love your enemies, bless them that persecute you." Some liked to hear him tell of the awful judgment that follows sin and some loved his telling of a God who forgives seventy times seven. Some went to find a flaw in his loyalty and theology and report him to the authorities and others were ready to make him the king of their nation. They only waited for a leader to cry, "Crucify him, crucify him" or "Crown him."

The small boy, with his lunch tucked in the front of his outer garment, went after the crowd into the hills. From all points

they came, men, women and children, all seeking something to feed hungry hearts. All day they were coming and all day they pressed closer and closer to the Man who taught them. The small boy was in the front row,—small boys are always in the front row,—and he was so absorbed in the Man and what he said that he forgot to eat his lunch. All day he looked into his eyes and hung on his words. He could not understand all he meant by what he said but the language was the language of the village and was so simple that he got something he would never forget out of each turn of thought and each story that was told. And all day he grew more and more sure that this Man was henceforth to be his hero. Every small boy has a hero and here was his. And he knew that this hero would never fail to do heroically whatever there was to be done. In a boy's soul had been built that day the first and last requisite for miracles—faith.

When the shadows began to come into the valleys and the rays of the afternoon sun touched directly the western slopes of the hills the Man stopped talking. But the crowds did not move. They seemed spellbound and bewitched. The intimate friends of the Man, who stood close beside him, stepping over and around the small boy, who, like all small boys, was right under foot, urged the Man to send the people away. "They'll never leave if you don't send them away and they are hungry and a long way from any place where they can get food. Send them away." The Man turned upon them keen eyes that sought for something he was always seeking in the hearts of men and said, "Why don't you feed them?" Now, there was only one heart in that little group pressed closely together in the center of the crowd that responded to the appeal from the heart of the Man. Not his close friends and followers. Their minds were busy with many things. They were wondering, "Will he take the crown if it is offered him? What place will I have if he establishes a kingdom? Will he antagonize the religious rulers too much? If they destroy him, what will become of me?" Only one heart was simple enough and full enough of faith to understand, and that was the heart of the small boy.

Very simply and without waiting to reason it out, only believing, the small boy drew from his bosom the forgotten lunch, three small round, flat, hard barley cakes and two little dried fishes, and placed them in the hand of the disciple nearest him. His faith was so strong; his approach so direct, he left no way open to the disciple but to do this foolish thing, to offer to the Man this poor, unappetizing, miserable handful of food to feed five thousand people. If he had not been so compelled by the faith of the small boy he would have said, "This will never do. This is entirely inadequate. Here is nothing organized, no plan, nothing with which to work. This scheme will fail. It cannot succeed." But the faith of the boy was too strong, gave him no time to protest nor to argue. He took the food to the Man and offered it, just as the boy wanted it offered. Thank God for the compelling faith of the simple.

Was the boy astonished, do you think, when those three loaves and the two little fishes went on and on and on, feeding the thousands who dropped wearily to the ground and ate greedily after the long day's fast? Yes, I think his heart was filled with wonder and awe and joy. But mostly with joy. Joy that he and the Man and the men with him had done this marvelous thing. If some one had come to him early that morning and said, "Come, this is your task for today. You are to provide the food for the multitudes that are already beginning to crowd the roads on their way to wilderness. There will be something like five thousand men, besides women and children. You better begin now to make your plans and gather your helpers and your food." What would he have done? He would have run away and hidden himself, saying, "No, no. I don't want to be a worker of miracles, I only want to live the life of an ordinary village boy. I want to be just what the others are going to be. I want to go my little round of life, getting food enough for myself and going off somewhere by myself to eat it." But you see—and here is the whole point to the story—that morning the boy had not seen the Man. He had not kept his eyes on his face all day. He had not drawn

closer and closer to him as he talked. He had not listened to every word and written it all into the very fibre of his soul. He had not eaten of his love and drunk of his spirit. It was only at the close of such a day that the boy understood, "not by might nor by power," not by my loaves nor by my fishes. Only after what I have, poor feeble, inadequate, is in the hands of the Man can it feed others. And when it is there no multitude is too great, no situation too difficult, no task too hard for a small boy and a small gift to be sufficient.

## Junior Department

### Girls! Attention!

Here is a challenge for you. All Congregational girls and young women, whether already members of clubs or not, are hereby challenged to a contest to begin January 1st, 1922 and last until September 1st, 1922. It will give you a chance to show what you are made of, to test your ability as organizations or as individuals. If you are interested from this point, then, you will need the following instructions:—

1. *Who may enter the contest?* Any individual girl over twelve years of age and not more than twenty-five, interested in other girls everywhere around the world. Any club, organized class, mission circle, O. J. S., or Campfire, whose average age is within the limits noted above.

2. *How to enroll.* Write to the Young People's Secretary, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., any time before March 1st, at which date the contest is closed for new entries. Full and complete instructions will then be furnished you.

3. *What the contest is.* It includes the following points:—

#### *Individual Points—100*

a. Attendance at meetings	10	d. General activity	10
b. Taking part in play, pageant or program	20	e. Work in local church	10
c. Handwork	20	f. Missionary reading	30
			100

*Club Points—100*

a. Membership	10	e. Every member working	10
b. Attendance	10	f. Handwork	10
c. Systematic program of missionary education	10	g. Intelligent finance	20
d. Spreading knowledge	10	h. Reading contest	20
			100

For full directions and specifications as to what is included under each of these points and how much work any group has to do, write for the contest leaflet and *write at once*. Any group wishing to enroll in the reading contest only may do so under certain conditions which will be outlined in the leaflet mentioned above. The same is true of any individual wishing to enter the reading contest only.

4. *Awards.* To the club, organized class or society receiving the largest number of points in the contest, the expenses of one delegate at Northfield will be provided. In the event of a tie, part expenses of one delegate from each of the two clubs holding the tie will be given.

For the notice as to the award to be given to the individual Congregational girl who wins the highest number of points, watch this column next month when full announcement will be made. The points achieved by any individual whose society is already enrolled in the contest will count for her society as well as for herself.

Societies or individuals enrolling in the reading contest only will be made special awards, notice of which will appear in LIFE AND LIGHT next month.

Your club will find fun as well as satisfaction and a chance to show yourselves efficient in the opportunities of this contest. Try your hand at it at least. It can do you no harm and you may find in it much that is worth while. At least, send for the leaflet and learn further details.

## Are You Ignorant or Informed?

Someone has said that American girls and young women are, as a class, painfully ignorant regarding the world at large and even regarding the work for which they are themselves responsible. This is a statement of which we might well feel ashamed as girls in a denomination where education and information have always been high aims. Any young people's society, girls' club, organized class, or merely a group of friends, might well meet the challenge by organizing a mission study class. This is a splendid year to begin. We have better materials, more interesting books, more help than ever before. Even an inexperienced leader can find help more than sufficient for her needs. Have you a mission study class in *your* church? If not, try to plan for one at some time during the winter or the early spring. The Lenten season will give a wonderful opportunity to become informed on the work of the Master's Kingdom.

In *World Friendship, Inc.*, we have just the book for young people. In the Church School of Missions we have a splendid plan for every age and by way of making the work easy, we have the following offer made by all of our foreign boards to all Congregational churches.

Leaders of study groups by enrolling with the Department of Missionary Education of the Congregational Education Society will receive a package of helps free to aid in the work. These helps are, however, sent only to groups willing to enroll as definitely planning for a study class. Enrollment cards may be secured for the purpose, when the books are bought, or in advance by writing to the Missionary Education Department or to any one of the Boards.

Enroll only groups organized for definite missionary study. A Sunday School class following a definite course of missions may be enrolled but not an entire School. Use a separate card of enrollment for each group or class to avoid confusion and delay in receiving the packages of material. Be sure to give the title of the text book or subject of study. By this we mean definite study, not programs on unrelated and miscellaneous themes. We

will be glad to help you with advice and information as you plan your course, if you have not yet settled on the book. The packages of helps sent include many leaflets for which there is ordinarily a charge, all selected with a view to making them helpful in these study classes. Therefore, only one packet will be sent to a class and it cannot be sent except where the enrollment is an assured fact.

You may be giving in your class or society but are you giving intelligently? This is the time when world problems are uppermost. Are you taking your share as an intelligent member of the world family?

## A Japanese Prince Relates Missionary Story.

At a meeting held in the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., Prince Tokugawa, one of the Japanese delegates to the Conference and a member of the royal family, in a remarkable address, called attention to the fact that ninety-three years ago in Brookline, Mass., a company of interested people met to pray that Japan might be opened to receive the gospel. The sum of \$600 was collected at this time and forty years later having become \$4,004, the money was used by the American Board to send missionaries to Japan. The whole story of this early women's missionary meeting is told by Mrs. Montgomery in "Western Women in Eastern Lands."

### Summary of Receipts, October 18-November 30, 1921

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Cong'l World Movement	\$1,940.73	Eastern Connecticut Branch	\$477.80
Gifts not credited to Branches	1,778.11	Hartford Branch	794.75
Eastern Maine Branch	220.90	New Haven Branch	1,642.95
Western Maine Branch	1,417.87	New York State Branch	1,770.05
New Hampshire Branch	592.78	New Jersey Branch	544.51
Vermont Branch	1,625.47	Pennsylvania Branch	50.00
Andover and Woburn Branch	401.50	Southeast Branch	225.91
Barnstable Association	7.56		
Berkshire Branch	15.47	TOTAL	\$16,333.40
Essex North Branch	44.73		
Essex South Branch	84.25	TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18 TO	
Franklin County Branch	8.96	NOVEMBER 30, 1921	
Hampshire County Branch	211.00	Donations	\$14,016.36
Middlesex Branch	85.35	Cong'l World Movement	1,940.73
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	262.73	Buildings	219.00
North Middlesex Branch	195.00	Specials	157.31
Old Colony Branch	204.10	Legacies	1,874.82
Springfield Branch	74.02		
Suffolk Branch	1,212.50	TOTAL	\$18,208.22
Worcester County Branch	444.40		



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