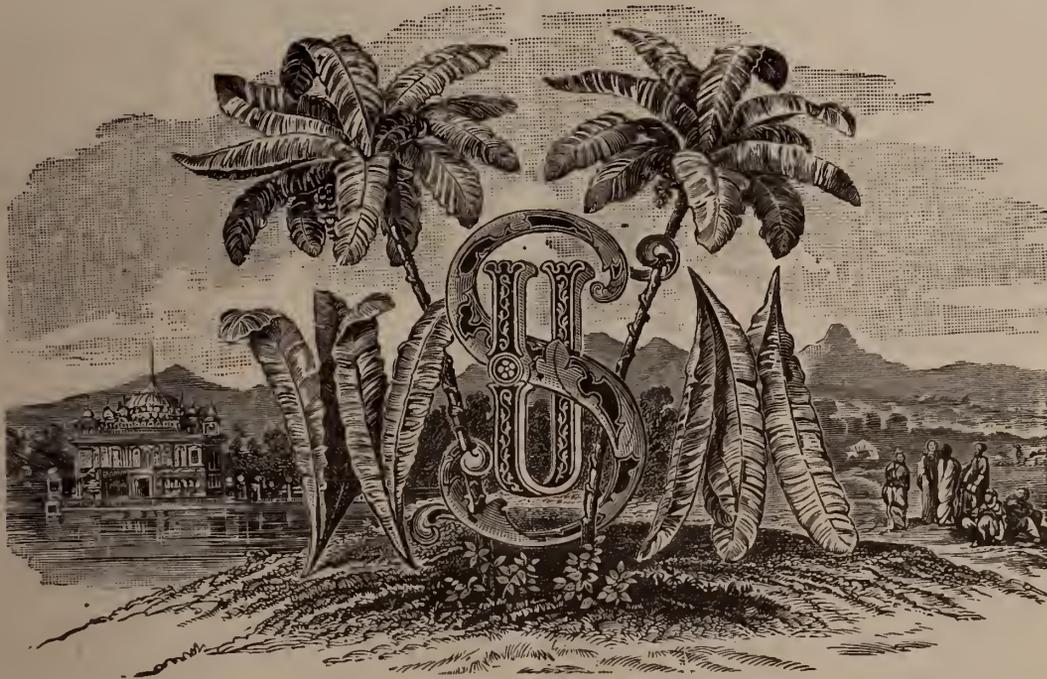


Vol. 47

No. 11

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THE
MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE
WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

NOVEMBER, 1916

ADDRESS.—MISSIONARY LINK, ROOM 67, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLVII.

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 11

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

Educated Chinese Women.—The Rev. H. V. S. Peeke, a missionary to Japan under the Dutch Reformed Board, in a letter to the *Christian Intelligencer*, recounting some of his experiences in a visit to China, writes thus of his impression of young Chinese women:

"The young, educated Chinese women impressed me greatly. Many of them were handsome; most looked as if they were good, and it is a rare Chinese woman that does not impress one as being immensely efficient. I do not mean simply efficient as an Oriental. They look as though, with proper training, they could take their places among the strongest and most advanced women of the world, and adorn it."

Dr. Peeke was very much impressed with "the possibilities of the individual Chinese." He goes on to say: "My impression was that something great *ought* to happen in China; that something great *may* happen in China; that it is unthinkable that something stupendous *will not* arise upon the ruins of the old order that is passing away. But will it? There seems no limit to the possibilities of the individual Chinese, but when we think of the vast expanse of territory, of the prodigious total of people, and the apparent lack of something analogous to a nervous system with which to galvanize the great inert mass into action, it is then that one's vision fails. It takes very unusual gifts for one set down in the great agglomeration called China to qualify as a prophet.

"But did I see nothing really attractive, really compelling? Indeed I did! To a missionary there are few things to compare

with it. Surely a skilled and sympathetic physician must thrill when called to the bedside of a splendid young man entering upon a struggle with typhoid. Your efficiency expert must kindle when he takes in hand a factory whose disorganization speaks even to the eye. Similarly, the Christian who sees what the Chinese are and knows what they may become when Jesus Christ shall have made them free must be stimulated to the very highest pitch of unselfish endeavor. In China certain developments are happily so advanced, certain others are happily so retarded, that the field for the application of the most devout and most intelligent missionary effort is such as exists probably nowhere else in the world. Oh, yes! Even a traveler such as I could understand the thrill of being a part of China's great missionary movement."

Advance in Self-Support.—In the Annual Report of the Bridgman School, Shanghai, for 1915 is this sentence: "The policy of the school is to encourage and develop self-support."

Is this policy being carried out? Bridgman Memorial School first opened its doors as a boarding-school in February, 1883, but our books show no report of tuition or other school fees received on the field until 1885, when we were able to report the receipts for that whole year of "one dollar and twenty cents for board of pupils." Last year, with fifty boarders and as many day pupils, the amount paid the school for board and tuition was about twenty-four hundred dollars (Mexican).

In our Yokohama school the first recorded receipts from Japanese sources were ten dollars for a year. At present receipts on the field are about two hundred dollars (American money) monthly.

A Message.—In an earnest address given recently before a body of departing missionaries, the speaker urged them to carry with them the certain knowledge of two things: that "what they were doing was infinitely worth doing," and that "the power of the Lord would be with them every day." He closed his address with the reminder that God would win the world, not we; we are only transmitters of power and love.

IN EASTERN LANDS

SCHOOLS OF THE WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOARDING-SCHOOLS

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN:

Girls' Boarding and Day School

Miss Mary E. Tracy (on furlough).

Miss Clara D. Loomis.

Miss Grace McCloy.

Miss Elizabeth Cummings.

SHANGHAI, CHINA:

Bridgman Memorial School

Miss Katherine Abbey.

Miss Anne G. Hall.

Miss Marguerite Dodds.

CALCUTTA, INDIA:

Gardner Memorial School

Miss Lillian Norton.

Miss Bessie M. White.

ORPHANAGES

CALCUTTA, INDIA:

Calcutta Orphanage

Miss Aramintia Evans.

CAWNPORE, INDIA:

Mary A. Merriman School

Miss Frances Webb.

DAY-SCHOOLS, INDIA

ALLAHABAD—Miss Emma M. Bertsch.

CAWNPORE—Miss Clara M. Beach (on furlough).

CALCUTTA—Miss Bessie M. White.

SHONAPUR—Village School.

JHANSI—Miss Elizabeth J. McCunn.

"DAUGHTER OF MY HEART"

LILLIAN NORTON

ONCE, about thirteen years ago, in a village of Bengal, lived a Hindu man with his wife and his little son and daughter. The little girl was three; the boy a few years older. Every morning their father went in a little boat across the river to attend to his lands, for he was a rich man. Every night he came home promptly at the same time. But one evening, when his wife and children were waiting for him, he did not come home. It got quite dark, and still he did not come. After waiting a long, long time, a commotion was heard in the village. The boat had been found empty. Search was made, and close to the shore they found his body. Then they discovered a blow on his head, which some one must have given him as he was about to step out of his boat. But who the enemy was no one has ever found out.

And so the wife was left without a husband, and the children without a father, and there were no relatives. Although this family was

Hindu, the whole village was Mohammedan, and they have no love for each other. Little "Daughter-of-my-Heart" was too young then to know what "Hindu" or "Mohammedan" meant, but she knew that some Mohammedan men came to her mother and told her that they would look after her and her children, but she must be Mohammedan like them. So a strange man came to live in the house. But it was not many years before all the lands and all the possessions of the poor woman had disappeared, and also the strange man, and there began to be want. "Daughter-of-my-Heart's" mother had been to school for a little while as a young girl, and being very clever, had learned enough to be able to teach in the village school, a Government school. She applied for the position and was appointed. Her pay was small, but after some years missionaries came to that place and found the little school, and told her that if she would teach the children the Catechism and the Bible

they would give her two rupees more. This she agreed to do. One day she went to the missionaries and said: "What is this beautiful thing you have given me to learn and to teach? Tell me more about it."

By this time "Daughter-of-my-Heart" had become a brilliant pupil in the little school, so promising that she was given a Government scholarship to study in a Calcutta school for two years. Somehow her mother got the address of our Gardner Memorial School and sent her here.

After a few months she wrote to her mother and said: "Mother, this Christian religion is really a beautiful thing, and I am going to be a Christian. I want to be baptized. Have you any objections?" The mother wrote back: "No, I have no objections. I want you to be a Christian. I myself have a great desire to be, but for me it cannot be, for I am bound by the Mohammedans."

The two years' scholarship was finished in December of 1915, and the poor child was heart-broken because she thought she must give up her school. But just then her prayers were answered, and one of our kind friends in

America stepped in and offered to continue the scholarship. You should have seen the girl's face when she got the news!

She is sixteen now, and as dear and sweet and bright and lovable a child as you ever saw.

So "Daughter-of-my-Heart" is still with us, and we believe she is going to be one of God's best in India. Here is a letter from her:

Gardner Memorial School,
Calcutta, India.
August 24th, 1916.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

It is a pleasure to me to write to you. I do not know many English, but I am trying to write a English letter. I like English very much, and I will try that I may quickly learn English. It is three years since I came to school. I like this school because we learn Bible, and I am baptized here. I thank God for keeping me in such a good school.

Our principal is very kind. In India our school is the best. We thank you all for your help. I hope that you all, too, will pray for this school and for India, that all Indian people believe to Jesus.

Now close this letter with love,

Your Indian friend,

AMIRANESSA CHONDBERG.

INDIAN CHILDREN

GRACE SPENCER, M.D.

WHEN a little Indian boy-baby comes into a home there is a clanging of bells and a loud noise of breaking earthenware vessels as they are being hurled to the floor by relatives, loudly calling and shouting the while. These are all meant to give expression to the wild spirit of joy because the gods have been kind and a son has been born.

The home? It is usually a little mud house of one story, with a central courtyard, a circular veranda, no windows and an outside door. From the courtyard one looks up into a blazing Indian sky, or the blue coolness of an Indian night. The slanting sides of the roof are of grass, and here rats, scorpions and insects home. In front there may be an entry or porch—it is the stable for the family goats, cows and buffalo. Visitors must stumble over the grass and feeding-troughs and sidle past the often badly frightened cattle to get into the room where Baby lies.

Mother does not want to take her little one out of doors for many months because she has

been terrified by stories of imaginary spirits and evil influences that may trouble her little boy. If at any time, however, it is absolutely necessary to go out she superstitiously carries an iron spoon or knife for the baby's protection.

Soon there is the great festival in celebration of the boy's birth, when all the relatives come together to feast and congratulate, and thus Master Baby is started on the journey of life. His mother is especially proud if her child can have a gay little cap of bright colors, adorned with gold and tinsel. She hangs and keeps around his neck a cord for a necklace, heavily laden with lockets, shells and charms.

When he is eight months old he sits in the dust and plays and coos, and is as happy and content as heart could wish. If he cries too hard he is given rice and scraps of chapatis and a great many doses of opium, for Mother has neither the patience nor intelligence to attend properly to his needs. If he becomes delicate or ill he is supposed to be the object

of the gods' wrath, and must endure suffering in order to be made free. He is usually carried from one cruel Hindu priest to another, and may even have his thin little hands burned with hot irons to cure him.

There is very little furniture in this average Indian home—a few rope beds, with dirty coverings; bagging for curtains, and over by the fire-place a collection of iron cooking implements, a pile of earthenware jars, filled with rice, grains or flour, and one or two brass drinking vessels.

In the center of the small courtyard there may be an altar to some mythical god. At

certain seasons of the year all the relatives come together to worship and feast. This family worship consists of the offering of flowers and Ganges water. The walls are usually adorned with repulsive pictures of Ganesh or Kali and fantastic drawings of strange figures, all grotesque and gruesome to look upon. The little one's mental horizon is peopled with imaginary demons and spirits which terrorize him. For our little Hindu children there is not one glimpse of the great loving Father, no knowledge of His care, nor of a heavenly home.

THE BAT IN THE VILLAGE THAT HAD NO BIRD

JULIA H. BRONSON

HAVE you heard the Japanese expression, "The bat in the village that has no birds"? Of course, you understand its meaning—in a village where birds are not known even the ugly bat is appreciated and prized.

This is a story of a party of young missionaries in India, who went on a summer holiday to the lovely vale of Kashmir and, finding a village destitute, played at being birds.

These young women came in their slow travels to a place among the hills where only one white woman had ever been seen before—a lady physician who had once tarried there. And because she was the only one, these people naturally supposed that all foreign women were doctors. Indeed they were so sure of it that they could not be convinced that it was not so. Therefore when our journeying pilgrims struck camp you can easily fancy what happened. The whole place gathered at their door. They came to these inexperienced laywomen, bringing their sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, and they simply would not be denied. But the missionaries never dreamed of wanting to deny them. They began to treat the sick as vigorously as if they all had their P. and S. sheepskins carefully framed and hanging in offices below. They washed and disinfected wounds, they examined for temperature, they dealt out salves, medicines and advice with liberal hands and hearts. The medicine? Why, of course every traveling missionary in India has her own little kit of remedies—it would be fool-

hardy to do without them. But they gave away their stores right royally, and soon their quinine was all gone, their aspirin was gone, their boracic acid was gone, their plasters and bandages and ointments were gone. Their cupboards were bare. And still those trusting people came. One poor soul walked thirty miles, and she was really quite ill.

Finally came parents bringing a little boy with a terrible arm. He had fallen from a tree and cut his elbow badly, and the natives had made a horrible plaster of mud and I know not what beside, and had filled the wound with it. This treatment had been repeated until the arm was badly infected clear to the bone. A member of the missionary party told me this story, and when she came to that infected arm she shuddered. "Even now," she said, "I can't bear to think of it, it was so dreadful." They all felt sure the arm would be lost. Very likely the child would die. Already the boy's face was deathly pale and his great Indian eyes shadowy with suffering. "But he was the bravest lad I ever saw," said my friend, "never making a sound as we did what we could for the poor arm."

There was just one hope, one slender hope—to get him with all speed over the hills and far away to a mission hospital. But the parents would not hear of it.

"Never, never, never!"

They had heard about these Christian hospitals and what terrible things were done to their victims, and they were afraid.

"But," pleaded the missionaries, "your boy will surely die if you don't let him go."

"Well, then he must die. Far better to die than go into a *hospital!*"

"But if he dies you will be responsible; you will be murderers. Perhaps you could be arrested and put in prison."

"Well, that would be bad, very bad, to be murderers, but not so wicked as it would be to allow the child to go into the hospital. No, he simply could not go."

The missionaries were almost in despair, but they looked at the boy, and their fighting blood was up and they would not be beaten. So what do you think they did? Those good, proper, orthodox young missionary teachers of the heathen broke the eighth commandment! They broke it deliberately, and they broke it hard, for they kidnapped the boy. They went with him as fast as their feet and the feet of their faithful vassals would carry them, straight to the mission hospital, the parents in hot pursuit. And they reached their goal first, and went in and shut the gate, and shut the great door, and placed their

patient on a bed and begged the doctor to save his life. So the poor little boy who fell among thieves found those same thieves to be the best friends he ever had, for they really saved his arm and saved *him*. Of course there was a great battle. In fact, there were two battles. Within those quiet walls the doctor and nurses fought and won, and gave the boy back to his parents as good as new. But every day whilst he was in the hospital, the enemy laid seige outside. Such callings and threatenings! Such pounding at the gates by the friends and relatives of the patient. Such fear and hatred, that lasted until the day it was all turned to gratitude and trust by their son's restoration!

In the meantime our missionary party, having used much time and strength that was to have been given to their precious holiday, having finished the business of doctoring and kidnapping, turned with never a murmur and went on their way with cheerful hearts until they reached the lovely vale of Kashmir.



A QUESTION—IF ONE DOLL CAN CAUSE SO MUCH INTEREST AND PLEASURE, WHAT WOULD IT BE IF THERE WERE ENOUGH TO GO AROUND?

HERE AND THERE

"I WILL DO BETTER UNTO YOU THAN AT YOUR BEGINNINGS"

OUR GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS

"THEN"

EARLY DAYS IN CALCUTTA.

The educational part of our work was a beginning of very small things. Then much time was spent in fancy work, and bright woools were needed as a decoy. . . . Our knowledge of the Bengali language was so limited that the simplest reading was all we could teach the pupils. . . . In those days our schools numbered ten or twelve, and twenty was considered a good school.

Annual Report of Miss L. M. Hook, 1881.

OUR SCHOOL IN YOKOHAMA, 1872.

Number of pupils in boarding-school, 5.

I think I never saw five happier children in my life. Even the youngest, who has only been with us five or six weeks, knows "Jesus Loves Me" and several other tunes. I doubt if she ever sang before she came to our "Home," for Japanese children never sing.

Even these little heathen children have already conceived a correct idea of prayer.

Miss J. N. Crosby, in Missionary Link, 1872.

We have organized a little Japanese Sunday-school. Our average attendance is thirty. Mrs. Pruyn is superintendent and the other three ladies of our mission are the teachers.

Miss Crosby, in Missionary Link, 1873.

We have reason to expect a few more ladies (pupils) in a short time, the daughters of excellent families, who are very anxious to come to us *if we will take them without compensation.*

Mrs. Pruyn, in Missionary Link, 1873.

"NOW"

THE GARDNER MEMORIAL SCHOOL, CALCUTTA, 1916.

Our school numbers fifty girls, all but four of whom are boarders. . . . We can truly say that every girl is a Christian. We have several new girls from heathen families, but even these confessed Jesus Christ in special meetings, held on Sunday afternoons during the winter.

We are glad to report that all the girls who were sent up for the Government examinations last spring passed well. One girl took the matriculation and two girls I. A. examinations (corresponding to two years of college work). These I. A. girls, having been assisted while here by our scholarship fund, are now teaching our advanced classes for us at a reduced salary.

Miss Bessie M. White, in last Annual Report.

OUR SCHOOL IN YOKOHAMA, 1916.

Number of pupils enrolled, October, 1916, of whom about fifty-five are boarders, 160.

Our teachers and older girls continue to help the music and Sunday-school work of three Yokohama Japanese churches (playing church organs, choir work and teaching).

The members of the school Y. W. C. A. have been faithful in the work of the Association, and the older students have shown unusual zeal in the class prayer meetings of the younger girls, and are trying earnestly to lead them to Christ. The music committee of the Association has organized a choir that is helpful in the daily Chapel service.

During the year forty-one of our pupils, many of them from among the day scholars, have united with the church.

The Sunday-school for neighborhood children, held in Doremus Hall and managed by our girls has increased in numbers and regularity of attendance, and for the first time has held its sessions throughout the summer.

Miss Mary E. Tracy, in last Annual Report.

"THEN"

THE FIRST YEAR IN BRIDGMAN SCHOOL,
SHANGHAI.

The boarding-school opened on the nineteenth of February, which was the twelfth of the Chinese New Year. There are now five pupils and will soon doubtless be more. . . . In starting the school we have taken only those who will unbind their feet . . . you can understand some of the difficulties we find when you hear that in Shanghai the custom of foot-binding is almost universal.

Then, again, many of the people do not comprehend our motive in the least degree, and will persist in believing that we want to get children that we may cut out their eyes and hearts to use in making foreign medicine.

Miss Burnett, in Missionary Link, 1883.

"NOW"

BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL SCHOOL, SHANGHAI,
1916.

Number of pupils enrolled, 1916, of whom about sixty are boarders, 135.

The Young Women's Christian Association of the school is conducted by the pupils, with the help of the teachers, who are especially interested. Beside their weekly service there are special prayer groups that meet just before retiring each night. Membership in this organization is entirely voluntary, and the Christian girls have for their aim the winning of the new pupils to Christ. . . . At a Decision Meeting, led by Mrs. Sherwood Eddy, ten girls signified their desire to unite with the church. . . . Seven joined the church in the spring.

Every Sunday afternoon a teachers' prayer meeting is held for united, specific prayer for the needs of individual pupils. . . . They (the Chinese Christian teachers) decided to use the time available in neighborhood visitation work. They also started neighborhood Sunday-schools, our pupils assisting in the teaching. Monthly meetings for pupils' mothers have been held, and visits to students' homes made by teachers, both for the purpose of reaching the homes and gaining a sympathetic understanding of the backgrounds of our girls.

Miss Katherine Abbey, in last Annual Report.

WHAT THEY SAID

THEY all looked down into the world and saw sin, strife, sorrow—and the Angel of Prayer said:

"How strange those humans are! They deliberately choose sin with its consequent suffering, when if they would only listen as the loving Father sends His messages into their souls they would be saved all the sorrow they so bitterly resent."

Then spoke the Angel of Comfort:

"And when they have made the choice of sin and are suffering its natural consequences, not even then will they listen to the comforting words of life, 'I will not leave you desolate, I will come to you.' That greatest comfort, the Master's presence, they rarely realize or accept. Yet when the wonder of the Father's love is born in a soul, how good to watch its growth and power."

And the Angel of Hope, with radiant, far-seeing eyes, said:

"And then at last my messages that 'all things work together for good,' and the Master's own words, 'Fear not, for I have overcome the world,' strengthen the soul for the great fight for truth and righteousness."

Then said the Angel of Prayer:

"Oh, if each and every one of them, instead of stupidly turning to his own way, would turn in every problem, sorrow or joy to the great God and Father of us all." Then added, with joyful reverence: "Then the world at last would be flooded with the sunshine of His love and mercy, and the blackness of sin would vanish as the night. Oh, that the Father may lighten these stupid ones, that they may know the infinite joy, power and peace of prayer."
(Contributed.)

FOR MISSION BANDS



THE spirit of Christmas is already in the air, and here is a tree all ready to be trimmed for our own big family across the seas. The Woman's Union Missionary Society is like the old woman who lived in a shoe—she has so many children she doesn't know what to do, unless each one of us helps a little. Perhaps some are saying: "How can I help?" So here are a few suggestions:

Bibles for Prizes

The only prizes ever given in the Yokohama Girls' School are Bibles and hymn books, which are awarded for memorizing several long portions of Scripture. Many of these Bibles are won by day pupils, who carry them into non-Christian homes. Some day the LINK will tell you a story of a Bible that was carried into one such home by a new pupil, and how it reached a heart. No more precious gift to the missionary Christmas tree than money, to help purchase Japanese Bibles, could be offered.

A Piano for the Bible School in Shanghai

Do you remember Miss Irvine's appeal in the September LINK? Perhaps some one would like to help this or the automobile fund for our medical work in Jhansi.

Paint

Oh, how the wooden buildings in our Yokohama compound are crying out for paint! Doremus Hall, Pierson Chapel, the missionaries' house and girls' dormitory, Peace Cottage—they all need it. Paint! Does it seem very prosaic? Yet paint and dolls and Bibles and Bible-women's salaries are all for the one great object, our *only* one—to win souls for our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dolls and Toys

Thousands of children are taught every week by our Bible-women and Christian nurses and teachers in India, China and Japan. How these teachers would rejoice over little packages of gifts for their little ones. Here are a few

DIRECTIONS FOR SENDING

For *India*, gifts of money to purchase little gifts on the field will be more acceptable this year, for it is too late to send Christmas parcels now. Checks should always be made payable to the Woman's Union Missionary Society and sent through Room 67, Bible House.

There is still time to send parcels to China and Japan, but they should be on their way as soon as possible.

Choosing Gifts

No one gift for our native schools and Sunday-schools should cost over ten cents. The five-and-ten-cent stores are rich in possibilities. Did you ever try them? No games requiring a knowledge of English should be included. The following are suitable:

Ribbons, handkerchiefs, small dressed dolls, simple games and toys, pencils and pencil-

cases, little knives and purses, soap, picture books, scrap books, paper dolls and other paper cut-outs, paint boxes, colored crayons, blunt scissors.

Preparing Packages

Gifts should not be heavy or bulky, as the Society sends no freight this year, and all packages should go directly from friends or auxiliaries to mission stations by parcels-post. Addresses of our missionaries are on the third page of the MISSIONARY LINK cover. Parcels-post costs twelve cents per pound. Packages weighing up to eleven pounds are accepted by the post-office. The maximum dimensions allowed are: Length, 3 feet, 6 inches; combined width and depth, 72 inches.

Declaration-tags can be had from the local post-office, and it is useful to state under "Description of Contents" that they are for benevolent purposes and for free distribution.

Will any who send Christmas gifts to our stations please notify us at the Mission Room, 67 Bible House, stating what parcels have been sent and to which mission station?

Last year was an interesting one in the foreign missionary work of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Ten prayer bands were maintained during the year. Twelve students left for the foreign field, making a total thus far of seven hundred and fifty-four. The pledges and gifts of the Missionary Union totaled \$1,778.08. The membership of the Student Volunteer Band was fifty-seven.

Among the missionary representatives who addressed the students during the year were Board Secretaries from America and England, and missionaries from many lands.

The fundamental mission of the Church is not to bestow alms, but capacity; not to offer temporary comforts, but a sound, permanent, spiritual health. This is to be the Church's distinction, as it was ever the distinction of our Lord. She is to be the herald and minister of a unique and altogether unshared service. Her blessed work in Christ Jesus is to make the lame man leap, and to make the dumb man sing, and to make the wounded spirit whole and to make all moral cripples like unto angels, which excel in strength.—*Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from October 1 to October 31, 1916.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Life Line Mission Ch., Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, Treas., for Bible Woman,	30 00
Mich.—Detroit, A Friend, to Miss Bertsch, with Christmas greetings, 3.50; Mrs. Jacob Bertsch, Christmas gift for her daughter, 10.00,	13 50
Total,	43 50
CALCUTTA	
Gardner Memorial School	
Conn.—New Haven, Rev. G. L. Paine, for Prio Mukhie,	25 00
N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen Eliza White Scholarship,	5 00
Ill.—Winnetka, Mrs. J. R. Leonard, for Shorno, 50.00; toward piano fund, 5.00,	55 00
Total,	85 00
CAWNPORE	
Mary Avery Merriman School	
Conn.—Bristol, Mrs. D. E. Mills—"Welcome,"	10 00
N. Y.—Albany, Mrs. E. M. Vrooman, Charity, 3.75; New Brighton, Mrs. J. J. Wood, Parbulia, 2.00; Schenectady, Mrs. G. V. N. Lyle, Kahira, 4.00; N. Y. City, Miss. and Aid Society, Sea and Land Ch., Miss M. S. Dodd, Treas., Neermola, 10.00; Yonkers, Mr. L. W. Ketchum, two children, 50.00,	69 75
N. J.—Lakewood, Miss Laura Pell, for Miss Harris' salary, 60.00; Passaic, Mrs. C. H. Demorest, Anandi, 7.50,	67 50
Pa.—Germantown, Mr. F. E. Woodruff, Christmas gift, Rosie, 2.50; Clara, 2.50; Phila., Market Sq. Presb. Ch., Adult Class, support of Clara, 20.00,	25 00
Total,	172 25
FĀTEHPUR	
Mass.—Weymouth, Miss F. A. Simpson, Christmas gift, to Dr. Mackenzie,	5 00
N. J.—Plainfield, Miss E. W. Beers, sale of lace for Rescue Work,	6 29
Pa.—Westchester, Miss Catherine Shee, Rescue Work,	1 50
Total,	12 79
JHANSI	
Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospital	
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Miss A. T. Van Santvoord, Miss McLean's salary,	600 00
Pa.—Shippensburg, Normal S. School collection, Miss A. V. Horton, Treas.,	5 67
Total,	605 67
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, quarterly payment for station, 15.00; Corona, Leverich Mem'l Band, Mrs. M. Le Fort, Treas., for their Bible Woman, 15.00; Geneva, Miss Margaret Hutchins' "Share" in Girls' School, 25.00,	55 00
Pa.—Philadelphia, Ref. Epis. Ch. W. F. Miss. Soc., Miss M. L. Brearly, Treas., Mrs. Jos. Barton's quarterly for Bible Woman,	15 00
Total,	70 00
GENERAL FUND	
N. Y.—Blue Point, Missionary Garden, 25.00; Brooklyn, Miss A. H. Birdseye, 10.00; Friends, for leaflets, 2.00; Friends, per Mrs. F. S. Bronson, 20.00; N. Y. City, Miss M. E. Nixon, 5.00; Mrs. De Witt Knox, 10.00,	72 00
Total,	72 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK

Mr. L. W. Ketchum, .50; Miss Catherine Shee, .50; Baird School (Orange, N. J.) .50; Miss C. R. Hart, .50; Miss L. T. Ayres, .50; Mrs. Arnold Guyot, 1.00,	3 50
Total,	3 50

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.	
Jhansi—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, for Bible Woman,	5 00
Japan—Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel—Yasu Hayashi,	15 00
Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi,	10 00
C. L. Hutchins—Haru Yoshida,	5 00
J. H. and Mrs. Ramsburgh—Fuji-sawa,	5 00
Miss A. W. Peebles—Fumi Walsnabi,	15 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks—Hana Aikawa,	5 00
Miss H. D. Boone—Kiku Yamane,	5 00
Miss E. G. Fradley—Kotoji Ito,	10 00
Miss E. M. Weeks—Isuruyo Tezuka,	15 00
Total,	85 00
90 00	

SUMMARY

Allahabad,	\$43 50
Calcutta,	85 00
Cawnpore,	172 25
Fatehpur,	12 79
Jhansi,	610 67
Japan,	155 00
General Fund,	72 00
Link Subscriptions,	3 50
Total,	\$1,154 71

CLARA E. MASTERS, Asst. Treas.

OCTOBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH (Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.)

Interest on Eliz. Schäffer Fund,	\$54 00
" " Mrs. Earley Fund,	27 50
" " Mrs. Carroll Fund,	11 00
" " Pechin Fund,	5 50
" " Davidson Fund,	100 00
" " Fund,	175 00
Total,	\$373 00

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TO BRANCHES AND BANDS.

Under the present conditions—the great expense for transportation, the high rates of insurance and war risk—will not our friends, who so faithfully in the past prepared boxes for our mission stations, give the valuation of their goods in money?

Amounts received will be forwarded to our missionaries on the field to purchase gifts for Christmas.

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 Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
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 Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.
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 Jane Alexander Milliman—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
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 Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—
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 Mary Haines Doremus.
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 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 Alexander McLeod Memorial—by Mrs. S. M. McLeo.
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