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Section 1

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THE
Spirit of Missions

Vol. LXXXVI

JULY, 1921

No. 7

CONTENTS

Frontispiece: A Busy Street in Soochow.....	426
Editorial: The Progress of the Kingdom.....	427
The Centennial	430
The Sanctuary of Missions.....	431
Just Like Other Boys..... Reverend H. A. McNulty	433
Success Which Cannot Be Measured..... Archdeacon Steel	443
Our Oldest Indian Mission..... Reverend William Watson	449
Among the Virginia Mountains..... Ora Harrison	454
A Library Without Books..... The Reverend Harold Spackman	457
Epiphany Hall, Cuttington..... Reverend W. C. Cummings	459
Recruits for the Field.....	461
The Literature of Missions	462
News and Notes.....	463
Missionary Speakers	464
Our Letter Box. Letters from: Four Domestic Missionary Bishops; the Reverend Benjamin Ancell, Yangchow, China; an Englishwoman in Liberia; a Correspondent in Manila; a Missionary on Furlough.....	465
The Silent Mission: In New England..... Preston Barr, Jr.	468
Foreign-Born Americans Division, Department of Missions.....	469
Educational Division, Department of Missions.....	470
Departments:	
Religious Education	471
Christian Social Service.....	475
The Woman's Auxiliary:	
A Day in the Ancon Children's Home..... Estelle S. Royce	479

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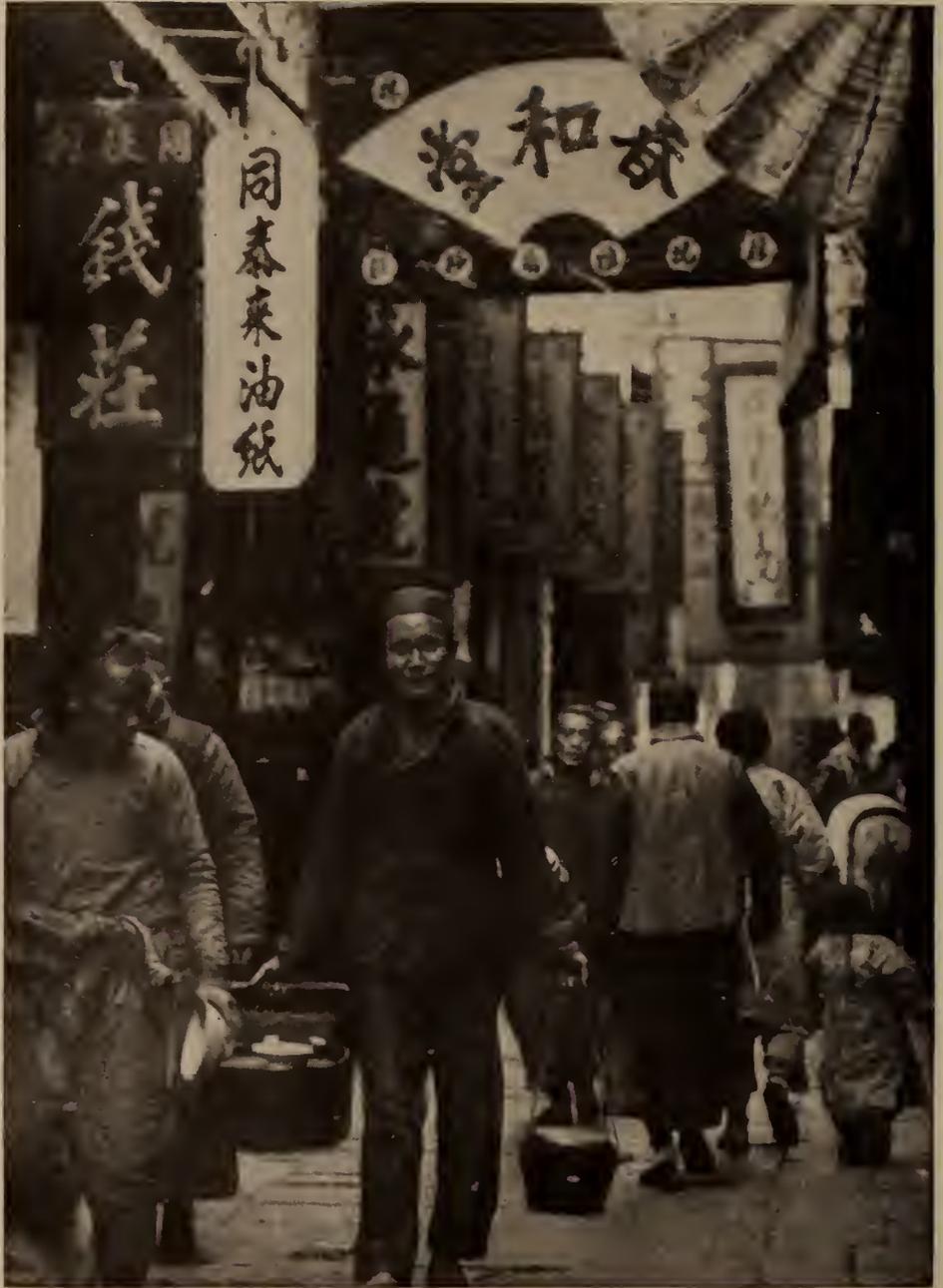
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A BUSY STREET IN SOOCHOW, CHINA
See "Just Like Other Boys" page 433

The Spirit of Missions

CHARLES E. BETTICHER, Editor

VOL. LXXXVI

July, 1921

No. 7

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

MR. McNULTY'S work at Soochow Academy, China, has been followed with keen interest by many, both at home and abroad. Before going to China in 1909 he served as secretary of the Church Students' Missionary Association and was an inspiration to many an individual. Now he is at home on furlough and has a story compelling in its interest and appeal. **Just Like Other Boys** Using Soochow Academy as an example—and his experiences there are sufficient to warrant his expressing an opinion—Mr.

McNulty, as every other member of the Church in China, is interested in the opportunity of the Church as a whole and the national and international rather than the purely local application or result. "These mission schools are worth visiting when one is touring the East for pleasure and stimulate a world vision. They are a real factor in modern China and must not be overlooked."

"Growing boys—hundreds of them—and never a religion, even a weak or pitifully superstitious one to be some guide and light as manhood with its perplexities faces them!" This is Mr. McNulty's summary of conditions, and his conclusions in the matter emphasize the special opportunities for service in the Name of Christ and reflect the stimulating faith and zeal of the individual missionary.

AS we went to press last month we were able to barely announce that Bishop Lloyd had been elected suffragan in the diocese of New York. The election in itself had no official connection with the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society or THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, but no plan whatever or work of **Bishop Lloyd** Bishop Lloyd's could fail to be of very real interest to us all. For twenty years an officer of the Board of Missions and for two years the editor of this magazine, Bishop Lloyd is loved in the many parts of the world in which he is known.

It is surprising what distances can be found in a diocese so compact as New York; it is appalling what problems demand at least a tentative solution; it is stimulating what opportunity presents itself to serve mankind. Bishop Lloyd brings to his new work a missionary zeal and experience which have made him a recognized authority, and a genial nature which makes him a veritable Father in God. We heartily congratulate New York and we bespeak your prayers that God will bless Bishop Lloyd in his new responsibility.

The Progress of the Kingdom

THIS is a year of anniversaries. While the Church at large is commemorating the centennial of its Missionary Society and the semi-centennial of the Woman's Auxiliary, the Oneida Indians are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the Oneida mission. Led by the Reverend **Our Oldest Indian Mission** Elezeur Williams they left their home in the state of New York and traveled to Wisconsin, looking for a location in which to settle. On the fifth of August, 1821, they landed on the shore of Green Bay, Lake Michigan, from the boat *Walk in the Water*, and selected the site they now occupy. They will have a three days' celebration of the event, beginning on the fifth of August and ending on Sunday with services in the hall, on the mission grounds and amid the ruins of their church.

The article in this issue is a vivid picture of the faith and zeal of these Indians and the response which they themselves have made in the face of difficulty to every opportunity for service. A people as courageous and self-reliant as the Oneidas certainly deserve the help of their more fortunate fellow Churchmen in this time of their need. They have already succeeded in raising \$12,000 toward rebuilding their church, and there is \$4,000 insurance available. This gives \$16,000 of the \$30,000 necessary at the present cost of construction. Bishop Weller gladly commends their cause to all who read these lines. Further information will be furnished by Dr. John W. Wood, executive secretary of the Department of Missions, at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

TWO examples of loyalty to the mission in Cuba on the part of the people themselves are most refreshing. In Bacuranao the owner of the lot on which our chapel stands moved away from the place and sold his property, but "although he had a very good offer for the land as a whole, he positively refused to sell it except on the condition that the lot on which the chapel stood should be ceded to the use of our Church for religious purposes forever." As the Church lot was in the middle of his property, it greatly prejudiced the sale of the whole, but he stood to his determination and accepted a reduced price for the remainder of the land. The second example was that of a carpenter and his young son, members of Calvario Chapel in Havana, who took their tools, together with an alcohol lamp as a cook stove, and two bags which they filled with leaves for beds, and camped out in Bacuranao, working on the chapel until it was fully repaired, braced and painted. Read Archdeacon Steel's article for yourself and get the picture as he paints it.

OFFICIAL notice has been given by the American Committee on China Famine Relief, terminating the campaign for the raising of further funds. This follows recent cable advices that unexpectedly large Chinese contributions and abundant rains had made further relief from this country unnecessary.

The China Famine As this campaign comes to an end, we take the opportunity of commending Church people for their whole-hearted response. This has been repeatedly emphasized by our bishops and workers in the field.

There are probably few of our Church people who did not share in this relief. It is not for us to attempt to express the gratitude of the Chinese, but it is not amiss to say that in this generous giving of almost seven millions of dollars Christian people have once more shown their allegiance to the Christ, and have experienced anew the fact that we are all one in Him.

The Progress of the Kingdom

EVERYONE who has had the slightest first-hand experience in the mission field will so heartily endorse Miss Foley's article that he will wish every young woman to read it, particularly everyone who has the slightest hope of some day enlisting in the Church's army of workers. So often the one

A Glorious person who can save the situation on the mission field is the nurse.
Vocation So often, with physicians few and far between, the nurse is obliged to assume entire responsibility that there can be no possible question as to the value of training. Again and again and again, owing to lack of funds or workers, our missionary bishops have to place women in isolated stations and ask them single-handed to care for every activity of the mission. It requires no argument to prove that, other things being equal, the nurse will average better as a teacher than the teacher will successfully stem the tide of an epidemic or save a life after a serious accident. The spirit of devotion in both cases is identical and surely God's Holy Spirit guides and directs those who seek guidance. To those of us who have been privileged to serve as missionaries and have been called upon, untrained, to do what we could to cope with emergencies, it is commonplace to say that the day of miracles is not past. But more and more the value of technical, careful training is emphasized. May we commend to every young woman who has the slightest inclination toward active service as a missionary the careful consideration of Miss Foley's article? Almost every missionary district both at home and abroad needs more nurses.

MRS. ROYCE will charm everyone who reads her description of a United Thank Offering worker's day in the Panama Canal Zone. Every woman who had a part in the last United Thank Offering will be the happier. Every woman who had no part will, so far as she is able, remove any cause
"Faith Home" preventing. We men are glad and happy in the fact that our prayers are acceptable in behalf of the offering and its workers, and that indirectly we are allowed to have a part in the gift itself. Mrs. Royce is but one from many. The United Thank Offering missionary is at work at home and abroad, north, south, east and west. Large as the offering was at Detroit in 1919—over \$468,000—every penny of it is pledged! The offering in Portland in 1922 will be larger than any previous one and it is a concrete example such as "Faith Home" gives us, which illustrates the tremendously practical value of the offering and stimulates new and enlists fresh interest. The individual worker in the field is doing her share; it remains for those of us at home to accept a larger and larger privilege.

DEAN DAVIS has accepted his election as domestic secretary of the Department of Missions and plans to take up his work on October 1st, after which date he may be addressed at the Church Missions House. It is with genuine pleasure and satisfaction that we make this announcement, and
Dean Davis in the name of the Church Missions House welcome Dean Davis into our midst. The domestic field is a very real one and there is much to occupy a secretary whose primary duty is correspondence relating to this special endeavor. There are twenty-two domestic missionary districts, seventeen of which—Arizona, Asheville, Eastern Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, North Texas, Oklahoma, Salina, San Joaquin, South Dakota, Southern Florida, Spokane, Utah, Western Nebraska and Wyoming—are in the United States proper and are grouped under the domestic secretary.

May God bless Dean Davis as he undertakes this important work and guide and inspire his every endeavor!



One Hundred Years



CENTENNIAL

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society

1821-1921

ONE HUNDRED YEARS!



THIS CHAIR WAS PRESENTED FOR THE SPECIAL USE OF BISHOP WHITE WHEN PRESIDING AT THE MEETINGS OF THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND WAS SO USED BY HIM FOR SEVERAL YEARS AT THE MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY IN PHILADELPHIA. IT IS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF CHRIST CHURCH IN THAT CITY.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS!

In this century, in spite of our weakness, what great things God has permitted us to do in His Name!

Plans are well under way for the celebration of a Centennial Week, culminating in a Service of Thanksgiving on Sunday, November the sixth, 1921.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS!



What Hath God Wrought





SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

LORD God of hosts, Whose mighty hand Dominion holds on sea and land, In peace and war Thy will we see Shaping the larger liberty; Nations may rise and nations fall, Thy changeless purpose rules them all.

For those who minister and heal, And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal; Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith, And guard them from disease and death; And in Thine own good time, Lord, send Thy peace on earth till time shall end. —John Oxenham.

THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee— For the one hundred years of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society and its countless opportunities for service. (Page 430.)

For the work of Soochow Academy in China. (Page 433.)

For the success which cannot be measured in mission work, especially for the examples of loyalty and unselfish devotion in our little mission at Bacuranao. (Page 443.)

For the response which the Oneida Indians have repeatedly made in the face of need and disaster. (Page 449.)

For the work being done at Epiphany Hall, Cuttington, and for the many men trained within its walls for work in Liberia. (Page 459.)

INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee— To direct and guide all members of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, especially those who at this time have the responsibility of arranging the details of the Centennial celebration.

With Thy favour to behold and bless Thy servant, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and all others in authority.

To bless all those who are serving the girls and boys of China through our mission schools. (Page 433.)

That Thy blessing may rest upon the work being done for orphans in the Panama Canal Zone. (Page 479.)

To raise up many Churchwomen who will recognize nursing as a vocation and who will be able to devote some time in service in one or another of the Church's missions. (Page 475.)

To bless the members of our oldest Indian mission and to lead many to help them in their pressing need. (Page 449.)

That Saint Paul's library shelves may be filled with books. (Page 457.)

PRAYERS

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, Who hast given unto us Thy servants grace, by the confession of a true Faith, to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity; We beseech Thee that Thou wouldst keep us steadfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, Who livest and reignest, one God, world without end. Amen.

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SOOCHOW ACADEMY IN 1920
In the fall of 1920 there were two hundred and five students



SOOCHOW ACADEMY IN 1904

Compare this with the group on the opposite page

JUST LIKE OTHER BOYS

By the Reverend Henry A. McNulty

SOME weeks ago a foreign banker and his wife paid a visit to Soochow. They were shown about the city and were much interested in what a Chinese city could show to western eyes. On Sunday afternoon they attended the service in the church and saw a building nearly filled with students—girls and women on one side, boys and young men on the other, as is still the necessary custom here. It was interesting to see the faces of the two strangers after the service. It was evident that they had seen and heard something they had not expected. They had just been "seeing China" as strangers do see it. They had been visiting the temples and climbing the big pagoda and generally absorbing impressions; and suddenly, in the midst of alien things, they had in some strange way seen Christ in

the midst of His Chinese children. They had heard the old familiar Christian hymns sung, far from perfectly, but with a vigor and freshness that were startling and disturbing. They had not understood all that had been done; they had understood not one word of what was read and sung and prayed; but at the close of the service both said that nothing they had seen in Soochow had made such an impression upon them as had this short service of Evening Prayer.

Our Christian school, Soochow Academy, with its 200 students, is but one of many influences in modern China for bringing light and inspiration to these keen, eager young minds who are facing their own social and international troubles, even as the West is doing. Five years ago we had about 130 students. This fall, at the open-



SOOCHOW ACADEMY SECTION OF ARMISTICE DAY PARADE

ing of the school, more than 120 young men asked admission as new students, and more than half were turned away because practically not one of the old boys, excepting the graduates, had not returned. These mission schools are worth visiting when one is touring the East for pleasure and stimulus and world-vision. They are a real factor in modern China not to be overlooked.

Some time ago a certain student—not one of ours, to our regret, for he would have been worth having—when describing the life of Samuel the Prophet, said, “Samuel ‘oiled’ two kings.” One may well imagine that neither Saul nor David would have appreciated this somewhat crude description of a sacred rite! But nevertheless that is not altogether a bad way of putting what the early prophets did. There was something that needed more speed and less friction: more “hot heart”, as the Chinese expression has it. And one who is out here in China in these glorious needy days feels that it is oil of a very real quality and fine-

ness that is needed to make this nation run for God, instead of waiting, and going a little way forward and stopping, and then going slowly on again. What but God’s own power is there that will make this huge human machine take its rightful place in the life and the work of the modern world? Truly it is only those who do not know that can bravely say, “Let China’s own religions be their inspiration and stimulus.” China’s own religions do not interest the mass of thinking men. Far less do they stimulate them. We think of a “Church” at home and believe that China has its Church or Churches. But the thought is but the child of ignorance. Outside of the Buddhist and Taoist orders—the priests and monks and nuns—there is no Buddhist or Taoist Church. There is no Confucian Church. The highest official in any given city is the high-priest at the semi-annual Confucian rites: but of Church there is none. Practically all educated Chinese would doubtless style themselves Confucian-



CHINESE REPUBLIC AND SOOCHOW ACADEMY FLAGS IN CENTER

ists: but to each his beliefs would be his own, and truly his Confucianism would not lead him to God.

But what has all this to do with Soochow Academy and our more than two hundred boys? To the writer these things touch the very heart of the *raison d'être* of this and other mission schools. Again and again has the question been put to the older classes of thinking students, "Are you a Buddhist? Are you a Taoist? Is Confucianism a religion to you?" And the answer is an invariable "No!" Growing boys—hundreds of them—and never a religion, even a weak or pitifully superstitious one, to be some guide and light as manhood with its perplexities faces them!

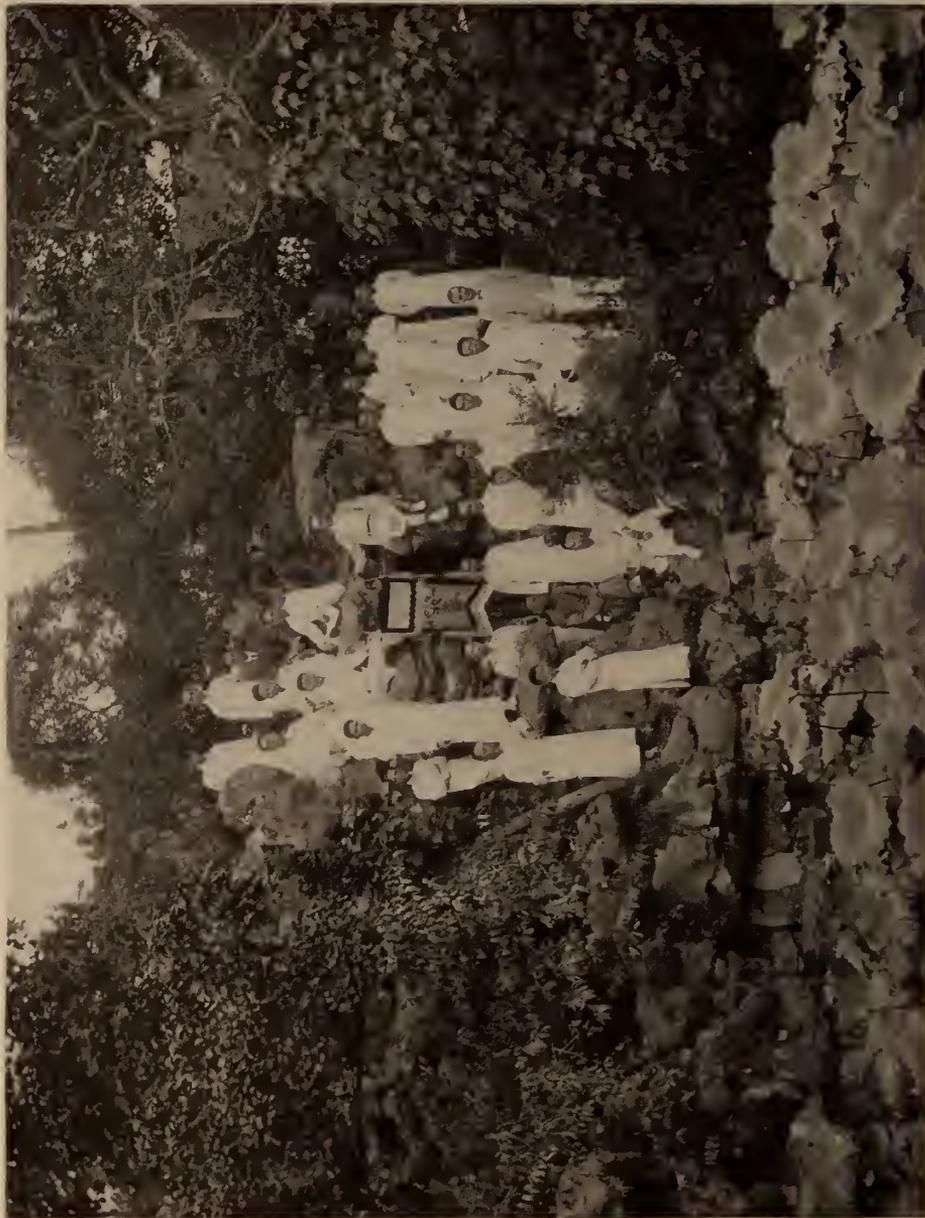
Is there then any picture that one may give to make more clear to a western mind the eastern ethical and religious background? From the burning ruins of an old-world city comes a hero, bearing on his back his aged father; and Aeneas thus set for every Roman boy an example of piety. But the family penates are not forgotten;

and in these two one has almost exactly the counterpart of what is most vivid to an educated non-Christian Chinese to-day. Only to the Chinese young man there is no Venus guiding and guarding the hero; no Neptune fighting for or against; no Jupiter holding at last the destinies in his hands. The mother may indeed have her *Kwanyin* (Goddess of Mercy), but not the son. He does not believe in the *Veh* and the *Busa*, the *Buddhas* and the *Bodhissatvas*, and to him his reverence to his parents and family penates are his all in all, so far as any religious expression goes. How can there be reverence in its truest sense—reverence of God, that alone brings real reverence—or holiness of life and thought—holiness that depends for its very existence on the All-holy—where God is not? That is the appeal of a Christian school in a non-Christian land.

It is not that the boys are bad. They are splendid. It is not that they have no interest in the graver matters of life. They have, and perhaps in China

SOME OF THE
ALUMNI OF
SOOCHOW
ACADEMY AT
THEIR ANNUAL
MEETING

*This group of
alumni was taken
in a private gar-
den belonging to
the family of one
of the teachers.
The garden ex-
tends for acres
and is most beau-
tiful. Note the lo-
tus in the fore-
ground*





ANCELL HALL, SOOCHOW ACADEMY

of to-day there can be found more earnestness of life and desire for knowledge, knowledge, knowledge, than we of the West, even after the Great War, will find among our students. But—and here is the pity of it—the vision fades and dies, and the pull of the old ways draws and draws back from the “vision splendid” for all too many of the students as they leave the school and go out to fight in the world, because there is really no highest hope, and no Christ to teach them sacrifice to the end. Here in Soochow are many schools: schools of all grades and kinds, technical, medical, agricultural, normal; in many, so far as equipment alone is concerned, there may be much better material than might be found in the mission schools; but one thing they do not and cannot have, and that is, the inspiration that comes from the knowledge that God is all in all. One may venture to say without contradiction, that the non-Christian student, as he goes on his first Sunday to the Christian church, has for the first time in his life come into contact with an unseen something, a Presence, that compels reverence and a sense of holiness not his own. Outside of a Christian church the most reverence-inspiring thing I have seen in China is the semi-annual Confucian sacrifice, when, in the dead of night, with great torches

glowing and strange, weird music and solemn ritual of olden days, the chief magistrate of the city enters the wide-spread doors of the Confucian temple and offers, for himself and the people, his prayers and reverence before the tablet of Confucius. But what is the other side of that picture? It is of a golden-roofed temple deserted by all but thousands of bats, who have made the floor inch-deep with filth; and no one cares, excepting those who later collect this filth and sell it as a special medicine, because it came from such a place. It is not a pretty reverse of the former picture but it is all too true, and as such is its own allegory.

One of the students of Soochow Academy was asked some time ago to examine the foot-ball suits, and report on anything that needed mending. In his written report he said, “Some of the suits have no buttons, and some have less.” Is this, perhaps, young non-Christian educated China? Some have no religion. Some have less. It is this state of affairs that Christian missions, by their schools, are trying hard to remedy. It is not preaching Christianity all the time. Boys are boys the world over and no boy in the world wants religion thrust at him at every turn. But it is the creating of an atmosphere where religion has a chance to touch the hearts of those



SOOCHOW ACADEMY BOYS AS ACTORS



CHINESE GRADUATING CLASS, 1920

Five of these boys are Christians. The one at the end on right is going to study for the ministry. Next to him is the best tennis player. The one at the end on left was captain of the football and track athletic teams. Next to him is the manager of athletics for the school. Third on the left is the managing editor of the English department of the school magazine and the head of the anti-fly and mosquito league



THE FACULTY OF SOOCHOW ACADEMY, 1920

The foreigners are the Reverend H. A. McNulty and Mr. W. M. F. Borrman



THE MAIN CONFUCIAN TEMPLE IN SOOCHOW

who care: and the response is always forthcoming. During the year just passed thirteen of our students became catechumens, and at present seven others are waiting to take the same step. What does this mean? Among other things it means a realization that life without religion is barren and that China needs religion. For the individual it means a definite, brave, public acknowledgment, in church, before all his fellow-students, many of whom are not Christians, that there is a God, and that He is to be worshiped and obeyed and prayed to; and that His Word is to be studied, not because He is an ethical Teacher, but because He is God. It is not until one has lived years in a non-Christian land, and has felt the dead weight of a system that does not recognize God and is content to have it so, that the full potential power of a mission school is felt.

At the present writing Soochow Academy has sixty-five students who

are Christians or studying to become Christians. This does not include a large number who would be Christians if their families did not oppose it: and our policy is never to force an issue in the case of a minor. Three days ago a new student, who had himself become an enquirer at the opening of the term, led to the principal's office a student friend who had decided also to become a Christian. This was the fifth young man whom this one new student had this term led to the threshold of Christianity. This is Brotherhood of Saint Andrew spirit at its best. It is one proof—if proofs be needed—that educational work in China is a direct evangelizing agency.

It is not the purpose of this little article to draw a morbid picture, or a false picture, of whatever may be the religious atmosphere in our mission schools. It would not be fair to those who are watching mission work in the Orient to give the false impression that

Just Like Other Boys

there is anything of a halo floating about in the air over the heads of our all too angelic students. If the students as a whole were not more interested in winning a foot-ball match than in going to church I should myself think that they needed medicine. If, as a whole, the daily "getting their lessons" and then going out and having a good time, and hating the evening study-hour, and saying that the cook was not giving them the proper kind of rice, and other such-like boarding-school tactics, did not occupy the minds of our students here, it would after all be a sorry kind of affair to teach boys, even here in China. One day not very long ago a little boy was noticed doing all he could, between his anger and his embarrassment, to keep from crying. When asked what the trouble was he replied, "That boy over there called me a *Fah-li-se nyung!*" (that is, a "Pharisee man".) To those who do not understand the gentle art of reviling, which is often in China the sorry substitute for a good square fight, this remark of the little boy would not seem so comical. But it was presumably the climax of a long string of invectives, hurled at all the boy's ancestors and at last reaching him as the last generation. The boy who used the expression had been studying his Bible for about a year, and had gleaned therefrom, not Christianity as yet, but some good expressions to add to his vocabulary of invective. The incident shows that the students are far from

perfect and at the same time has its warning for the writer should he over-stress the good qualities of our mission schools. No. There are some terrible evils here. That is one reason why those trained in Christian principles through long generations should find a reason for coming here. Chinese students have certain ways of facing moral problems that are hateful to the westerner. There are indifference and unresponsiveness to appeals for help, and selfishness, that are sometimes very hard to bear. But in and through it all there is the same human nature that is open to what is right and true.

May one say, then, that work among young men and boys in China has its peculiar stimulus? To any one who would come to patronize these students it would be well to say, "Do not come". Neither boys nor teachers need patronizing. Eager to learn, bright and full of fun, hard and earnest workers, interested greatly in many forms of athletics, interested also in all that the West has to give, including the Christianity that seems somehow to give the mission schools a peculiar power in the community, these boys are here, waiting for the teacher who may and can give to them the power to fight China's modern battle. If the young men at home have learned through the Great War to love their fellow men, then there is no place in all the world where that love can better be shown, and no place where it is more needed, than among these young men of China.





ARCHDEACON STEEL ON A WALKING TRIP IN CUBA



COMMUNICANTS AT BACURANAO, 1921

The girl in black near the altar made the flowers

SUCCESS WHICH CANNOT BE MEASURED

By Archdeacon Steel

SOME of the readers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS may remember the imaginary trips, personally conducted, they have made from time to time to Bacuranao, Cuba, the little village a few miles to the east of Havana. There are others who will surely remember the real trips they made in the times of the *guagua* or country omnibus drawn by mules.

An automobile *guagua* now carries the passengers from Guanabacoa to Campo Florido passing through Bacuranao, and the trip is made in less than half the time but greatly at the expense of one's feelings and clothing and at the risk of his life; for the machine rushes at frightful speed along the rough and dusty roads, just missing the trees and

kilometer posts by the roadside, and the headings of culverts and bridges, while the passengers swing and sway and bump and bounce, holding on for dear life. If railway travel is dangerous in Cuba, that in motor cars is doubly so, for the roads and streets are full of cars. Their speed is great, and the drivers are reckless.

Now although the readers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS have made many trips actually, or in imagination, to Bacuranao, it is probable that no one is acquainted with the history of the work in that little village. I am sure that you will be glad to read it.

Just when I do not know, but sometime before the year 1905, a Mr. C. J. Huelsenkamp with his wife and two

Success Which Cannot Be Measured



The Chapel braced up

daughters, an American family, came to Cuba, and went to live in Bacuranao on a little *finca* they had purchased in the heart of the village. They were devoted members of our Church. They made themselves one with the villagers, soon became very familiar with the language, and quickly gained the affection and confidence of all the people, of whom there were perhaps three hundred. Now the people of this *pueblo* are all very poor; there is not a rich family among them. Some of the houses have wooden floors; many others are sided with the sheaths of the palm leaves, and thatched with the leaves themselves, and the floors are just the natural dirt of the land. Every effort is made to keep the houses clean, and the little children and the *señoritas* will come out of them as fresh as you please, mostly in white wash dresses, and much be-ribboned, and looking as sweet as lilies or roses. They see but little money and have less. They work hard seven days in the week, some of them, and very rarely have any kind of enjoyment or amusement. Once in five or six years there is a tournament in the neighborhood, and once in a generation some small circus may pitch its little tent on a vacant lot; these are occasions long anticipated and remembered forever. Their dates serve as mile posts in the monotonous passage of time in Bacuranao.

When Mr. Huelsenkamp went to cast his lot among them, the people of Bacuranao had neither church nor chapel. No religious services had ever been held there other than a few Baptisms by Roman Catholic priests. The sick were sick, and sometimes they died, with no ministrations of clergy. The children grew up with never a word of instruction other than those given them by their overworked and unlettered parents. Their ignorance was appalling.

So "Clemente", as Mr. Huelsenkamp was affectionately called, and as he still is fondly remembered by his Cuban friends, determined to start a Sunday School, and he did so, making use of his *sala* or parlor for the purpose. In a very short time the school outgrew its quarters and it was difficult to know what to do for there was no money for the erection of a church building. However, on the *finca* there was a hut with a dirt floor, palm sheathed sides, and a thatched roof full of holes and lizards and scorpions. It had also a bad reputation; for some horrid thing



Two of our girls

Success Which Cannot Be Measured

had happened in it, a suicide, or a murder, or something of the sort. It was "haunted" the people said and the children were afraid of it.

However, Clemente, and the Reverend C. W. Frazer, who was then the missionary in charge of the work there, set to work and laid a floor in the hut, repaired the roof, whitewashed the building inside and out, and made an altar, and then transferred the Sunday School to it. Little by little the fears of the people were laid and the children came to the *doctrina*, as Sunday Schools are sometimes called in Cuba. Clemente contributed a parlor organ, his wife played it, and the whole family united in teaching the children hymns and the Church Catechism in Spanish; and the organized work of the mission thus began.

In course of time the hut was replaced with a new building, the present one, very "cheap" in every sense of the word, but representing much hard work and self-denial on the part of Clemente and his family and of Mr. Frazer, who was still in charge of the mission. The materials were brought out from Havana and the labor of construction was carried through by these two men; and in spite of its cheapness the chapel was very creditable.

The years passed by, but there was never a Baptism in the chapel; for while the children knew practically nothing of any other form of religion, their parents did, and these have never changed nor do they ever attend any of the services in the "protestant chapel" except that in connection with the Christmas tree. Two young girls were confirmed, of whom one was the daughter of Clemente, but in the course of time they both left the neighborhood.

The work was encouraging and discouraging. We had possession of the whole village; practically every child attended the Sunday School; some of our good friends in the United States having heard of the mission sent down



Congregation at Bacuranao, 1921

money for the Christmas celebrations. Some of the people removed from Bacuranao and others came in and took their place. In the course of time Clemente also removed and sold his *finca*; but although he had a very good offer for it, if sold in one piece, he positively refused to sell it excepting on the condition that the lot on which the chapel stood should be ceded to the use of our Church for religious purposes forever. As this lot was in the middle of the street side, it greatly prejudiced the sale of the *finca* as a whole, but Clemente stood by his determination, deeded the lot and the building to "The Church in Cuba" and then sold the remainder of the *finca* at a reduced price.

The years passed by. Occasionally a Roman priest would come out from Guanabacoa to Baptize a child, and our missionary would be seated on the front porch, smiling but saying nothing, while the service was in progress; but there had never been a confirmation in our chapel, nor a Baptism except one in a family that came from a distance and from another congregation.

The years passed by; then one day a young girl who had received all she knew of the ways and teachings of our Mother Church in the little Bacuranao chapel, and who had been living for a number of years a league or so from this village, returned to live there again

Success Which Cannot Be Measured



BISHOP HULSE

for a time. She asked for confirmation, and after receiving as much instruction as it was possible to give her, Martini Orta was finally confirmed in the chapel by Bishop Hulse. That broke the ice, and although Martini again moved away, she had unconsciously done her good work in Bacuranao.

At that time a young Cuban student, Antonio Curbelo Valdersmith, a postulant for Holy Orders, was, and he still is, in charge of the work in Bacuranao, under the direction of the Archdeacon of Havana. He has had a strong influence for good among the people there and making use of the example of Martini Orta he has succeeded in bringing fourteen others to confirmation. Now when the Blessed Sacrament is administered there is an average of twelve who receive the Holy Communion.

When Clemente and his devoted family left Bacuranao the family of Felix Rodriguez, all Cubans, living next door to the chapel, assumed the care and the protection of the little place of worship. Two little daughters, Teresa and Bienvenida, and later their sister Esperanza, have been sweeping the chapel and decorating it with wild flowers when they could be found. More than once this has resulted in a fight with honey bees and many a burning sting.

The chapel is only a shell of a house. In many places one can see clearly through the sides of the building. It is very frail. We have heavy winds in Cuba; cyclones, tornadoes and hurricanes. One great wind came and twisted one end of the building to the right; another day another wind twisted the other end to the left, so that the chapel looked like a huge corkscrew. The months passed, and the paper roof rotted, and was first torn to tatters by the winds, and then carried off to other parts. The rains poured into the building, rotting the floors and joists, rafters and studding. The white ants, called here *comejenes* or "great eaters," attacked the wood in various parts of the edifice. In tropical countries the very greatest pests are these *comejenes* which are everywhere, eating up all wooden things, in or out of the houses—chairs, tables, sills, rafters, walls, ladders, book-cases, books, trees, telegraph poles, everything wooden—and these pests got busy in the building. Together with the rains and the winds, they had full sway for nearly two years, owing to lack of money to take care of the building.

But at last there came a time when it became possible to "reform" the chapel. A carpenter and his young son, members of our congregation of Calvario Chapel in Jesus del Monte, Havana, went out with their tools, an alcohol lamp as a cook stove and two sacks which they filled with leaves for beds. They stayed there day and night, working on the chapel until it was all fully repaired, well painted without and within and so braced that it cannot fall down again.

Then the archdeacon went out with designs made of gilt paper and a large sheet of "Upson board", and Felix and his two elder daughters, Teresa and Bienvenida, and their cousin Isabela, and Celina, another most faithful member of the congregation, all got busy. Felix did the heavy work; the girls pasted the designs on the altar and



FELIX RODRIGUEZ AND HIS FAMILY

redos. Maria had made a lot of paper flowers, which were placed about the cross. So the building was made ready again for the services—the building which was rotting away, and being eaten up, or *down* by the ants; the building which had been just a nest for rats and lizards and scorpions.

Did I say “paper flowers”? Yes. Indeed we do know that in the house of God there should be no imitation, nothing false; and yet these paper flowers not only took the place of real ones which are not now to be had, but they represent a deal of labor and devotion on the part of a poor girl who was glad to make such an offering for the Church, and that, too, although she was not a member of it.

The chapel boasts no bell to call the people together for worship. The roar

of the *auto-guagua* takes the place of a bell, for all the people know about when it should come along bringing the missionary, and as soon as it passes they hurry to cover their heads with the customary veils, so as to get to the chapel in time for service.

The measure of visible success in this mission has been very small indeed; but the invisible good accomplished, the little hearts made more happy, the sorrowful lives brightened—that is a form of success which cannot be weighed or measured by any earthly means. The secret of this success, such as it is, is a quiet perseverance and patience; no attacks on the Church of Rome, but the accentuating of points of contact; clear cut teaching, infinite tact, an insistence of reverence in the building, love for the people, and constant prayer.



HOBART MEMORIAL CHURCH BEFORE THE FIRE



HOBART MEMORIAL CHURCH AFTER THE FIRE OF JULY 17, 1920



THE REVEREND WILLIAM WATSON, THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NATIVITY, MISS SCHLICHTING AND MISS WATSON
The only white people on the Oneida Reservation

OUR OLDEST INDIAN MISSION

By the Reverend William Watson

TEN miles from Green Bay in the northern part of Wisconsin, in the diocese of Fond du Lac, is the oldest, and formerly the most successful, of our Indian missions.

The original home of the Oneidas was in the state of New York and our first organized missionary work among Indians was begun there by Bishop Hobart. When in 1823 they were removed by the government to Wisconsin, two-thirds of them were Christians and the majority were Churchfolk. Arrived at their new habitation they used to gather for worship under the trees until they had erected a little chapel of hewn logs. Then in 1839 they built a larger and a better church. This also became too small for them, so they planned to erect a stone church for eight hundred people. The men gave one day each week to quarrying and

hauling the stone. They worked for fourteen years and in 1884 they had the stone on the ground, the timbers hewn and \$6,000 in the bank. Then the contract was signed. A week later the bank failed and their savings were lost! They set to work again gathering money and in 1886 the church was dedicated as a memorial to Bishop Hobart. On Saturday night, July 17th, 1920, this church was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire and once more the Oneida Indians need the sympathy and help of their friends.

It would be difficult to find a congregation which would feel more keenly the loss of their church. Wind, rain, snow or blizzards do not keep them away. Since the church was destroyed they have only had a large parish room for services, poorly equipped for the purpose; no easy chairs; no cushioned



ONEIDA BOYS WHO WENT OVERSEAS WITH THE A. E. F.

pews; rough planks placed on bottomless chairs for seats; no nice kneeling benches. Nevertheless they have attended fairly well on Sunday mornings, walking or driving, but chiefly walking, long distances over the worst roads in the state. Occasional visitors express astonishment that the Oneidas could have such services amid such mean surroundings. "If you could have this service in some central church in New York City", exclaimed an enthusiastic visitor last Sunday, "you would get all the money you need to rebuild your church!"

At the offertory on Sunday mornings four stalwart Oneidas pass native baskets for the offerings of the people, which they bring to the missionary at the altar, while the whole congregation rises to sing *Praise God from Whom all blessings flow*. The Oneidas are among the poorest people in the Church but they are beginning to contribute to the support of their own mission; one hundred and seventy of them are giving sums of money of at least ten cents a week to the local mission fund, although six months ago they had

scarcely heard of the Nation-Wide Campaign. The congregation has sent money to the Chinese famine fund, to European children's fund, to the mission to the Jews. The children and their friends gave in their Lenten mite boxes about forty dollars.

For many years the Woman's Auxiliary has helped missions in remote parts of the American Church. They sent a box to Alaska; they are now preparing a box of clothing for Negroes in the South. They have contributed in small sums to domestic missions, to general missions, to diocesan funds. In many ways the Oneidas observe the scriptural custom of having all things in common, and when there is a brother in distress, it is the custom for the interpreter to give notice that a collection will be taken up for the needy family.

More than fifteen hundred members of our Church are scattered throughout the reservation and in the towns adjacent. The work of the missionary among them can not be shown by a kodak. For eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, the priest ought



THE JUNIOR AUXILIARY WHO SEWED THE STARS
ON THE SERVICE FLAG

The flag was burned with the church

to be on duty. Interviews on every conceivable subject are often interpreted by calls to drive considerable distances for the visitation of the sick and to take the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, the aged and infirm, at their homes.

In the conduct of affairs, especially in ecclesiastical affairs, they show keenness and intelligence. I am sometimes asked whether it is worth while supporting missions among the Indians. I have to reply that I have charge of many hundreds of Indians who are clean, industrious, sober, honest and religious, and who will soon be able to support their own missionary work. They have advanced in civilization under the influence of the Church until many of them have a high standard in manners, morals, and education. Is there another congregation of farmers which would be represented by seventy-five adults, mostly men, at an annual meeting in January for the election of

wardens and vestrymen; who would come in the morning and remain until evening to conduct the business affairs of the parish? How many rectors would give notice of a "Bee" to be held on the following day, and expect to meet fifty to a hundred men and women willing to work for six or seven hours with no pay; chopping down trees, hauling logs, sawing, splitting, piling them, digging post holes, erecting and repairing fences, and cleaning up generally; and this not once only, but again and again?

Many honored names are connected with the Oneida mission. Close to the church stands the monument to the Reverend Cornelius Hill, the last chief and first priest among the Oneidas. Another cross marks the last resting-place of Father Goodnough, missionary to the Oneidas for thirty-six years, while still another bears the name of the Reverend Solomon S. Burleson. Bishop Burleson of South Dakota spent



ASSEMBLED AT THE MISSION HOUSE FOR A "CLEANING-UP BEE"

his boyhood on this reservation and is proud of being an adopted member of the Oneida tribe. Father Burleson built the hospital in 1893. For several years it was of great value in caring for the sick and aged, but it was closed



JOSIAH A. POWLESS, M.D.

about fifteen years ago. The present missionary has had the old building repaired and cleaned and hopes to use it for some of the purposes for which it was built. Meanwhile the constant need is for a resident doctor and a graduate nurse. The only Oneida Indian physician, Doctor Josiah A. Powless, died, from wounds, in France; his body is interred in our burial ground. We have some hope that a nursing sister will come to help us in our need.

On last Ascension Day the picturesque service known as "beating the bounds" was held. This observance, which used to be universal in rural England and is still kept in some localities, needs a word of explanation here. Originally designed to preserve the boundaries of the parishes, it became in course of time a religious ceremony in which the blessing of God was asked on the growing crops. At Oneida the procession began at noon, after service. Led by the missionary, the cross bearer and servers, the school and congregation walked past the ruins of the church, ascended the hill and halted for a service of prayer and benediction. Then they struck up a metrical litany



"BEATING THE BOUNDS"

The Sunday School children leading the procession

and an Indian hymn, *Jad kah*, to a wonderful Indian tune as they marched past the grave of the first Oneida priest and last Indian chief. Halting near the monument to the memory of Father Goodnough, the missionary led them in prayer for the divine blessing on the seed which had been sown in the surrounding fields. Resuming their walk, chanting as they went, they paused again near the Burleson monument to invoke again the blessing upon more seed sown. Finally the procession re-

turned to the starting place, where an open-air luncheon followed and the annual sale and meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary were held.

As we read the daily papers, which are almost our only link with the outside world, we feel that the people of the world could find a solution for their troubles and unrest if they would only learn a lesson from the quiet Christian lives and simple faith of the "People of the Stone" on this obscure Indian Reservation.



THE END OF THE PROCESSION



THE MISSION HOUSE AT ENDICOTT, VIRGINIA

AMONG THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS

By Ora Harrison

THE work of the Church among the Southern Mountains demands our attention for many reasons. First of all comes the abundance and quality of material. When one visits the mountains one of his first observations is the abundance of live material for schools and Sunday Schools. As he goes from house to house he is impressed with the large number of children found in nearly every home. The mountain section is indeed the land of children. The quality of this material is equally as interesting as the abundance. The average child in the mountains is as bright as the average child on the plains, and when given the opportunity these children develop into some of our best citizens, soldiers, statesmen, and Christians.

Then the hindrances to the work challenge our best efforts. In many sections there is a prejudice against Sunday Schools. The local preachers

do not believe in them and many of the parents are so prejudiced that they will not let their children attend them. Most of the parents have never had the opportunity of attending a Sunday School and so do not realize its value. The best means at our disposal, therefore, for the successful development of the work is the mission day school. Someone has said that "The Church that does not educate must abdicate". The one hope for our mountain work is to give the younger generation Christian training in our mission schools so that they will become efficient leaders in the Sunday Schools of tomorrow.

To pass from generalities to concrete facts, let me show you the little mission of Saint John's-in-the-Mountains, at Endicott, in Southwestern Virginia. This is one of four missions begun by the Reverend W. T. Roberts, the founder of mountain missionary enterprise in this diocese. It is beautifully



SUNDAY SCHOOL BOYS WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

situated in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The Mission House was completed in the spring of 1914. Since then we have had a day school, lasting ten months of each year, a Sunday School every Sunday conducted by the teachers of the mission, and preaching on the second Sundays by the rector. At present there are two teachers at the mission, the writer and Miss Lydia Newland, both United Offering workers. Sixty-five pupils are enrolled in the mission day school. It is carefully graded and the pupils are given two years of high school work. The average attendance at the day school is very good.

The Sunday School is much larger than the day school, the enrollment having been as many as one hundred and thirty. Many of the fathers and mothers and several grandmothers come quite regularly to Sunday School. The mothers bring their babies with them and often have to walk quite a distance. It is hard for them to come regularly for all of them do their own work. To get up Sunday morning and do the "things" as they say, get the

family ready, walk two and even three miles to Sunday School, then walk home and get dinner, requires some courage it seems to me, but some of our



Runnet Bag Creek near the Mission



SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRLS WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

mothers do that and carry a baby in their arms, and often lead another little one who is too small to get along alone.

- We train the children for a Christmas entertainment to be had in connection with the Christmas tree. Last Christmas we did not have the entertainment as usual. We have always been so crowded for room which makes it difficult to have an entertainment for there is always such a large crowd present. We hoped to be able to use the new stone school house, but it was not near enough finished, so we postponed the entertainment and just had some Christmas songs at the Christmas tree. The Church Service League provides our Christmas boxes. Last Christmas they were sent from Massillon, Ohio, and Ivoryton, Connecticut. They sent us nice things, and enough for all. Some of the pictures show the people with their Christmas packages. The Christmas entertainment and the Christmas tree are a great incentive for the children to come to Sunday School regularly as well as for the grown people. This year I have offered to

give a Bible to everyone who does not miss a Sunday during the year. So far ten have not missed.

When I first came to these mountains ten years ago as a public school teacher there had never been a Sunday School near here. None of the people had ever been to one, and of the sixty-five pupils enrolled in the public school that winter not one of them had even heard of the Lord's Prayer. There is such a difference in this community now, but it will take years to bring about a lasting change.

In addition to the educational and Sunday School work we find much to do to help the sick and needy. The boxes sent us by the Woman's Auxiliary are of inestimable value and we could not get along without them. We also find use for books, magazines, pictures, cards, etc., and as for quilt scraps, the women are simply delighted to get them. The "children of the hills" are our neighbors, our kith and kin. Let us do what we can for them and they in turn will help us in our work throughout the world.



A LIBRARY WITHOUT BOOKS

By the Reverend Harold C. Spackman

EDUCATION is the great mother of "wants". In the olden days of our Middle School in the city of Tokyo we seemed to get along with a handful of much-bethumbed text books, but now that Saint Paul's University crowns the growth of the school and a very fine library building stands on one side of our entrance quadrangle, facing the chapel on the other side, we feel the need of better equipment.

It is a joy to us to have a beautiful chapel, fitted out by the free-will offerings of those who have wished to dedicate to the Lord the memory of their loved ones, but we owe a further duty to those whom we are undertaking to educate. We must supply them with the tools for their mental as well as their spiritual development, and we

look for help to those who are seeking to dedicate to the service of God the best the West has to give educationally.

The necessity is urgent. Our professors are handicapped at every turn by our almost complete lack of up-to-date books. Japan, perhaps more than any other country, calls out for the latest books on a subject. She is the Rip Van Winkle of nations and has only within this generation been opened up to all the influences of the West. She comes into a world of knowledge and invention unknown to her. The Japanese student cannot be expected to work through all the stages of our development. We must not ask him to wade laboriously through a book written in a foreign language, only to be told when he has finished that all the



MORRIS HALL, THE ACADEMIC BUILDING
On the left is the library; the chapel is at the right

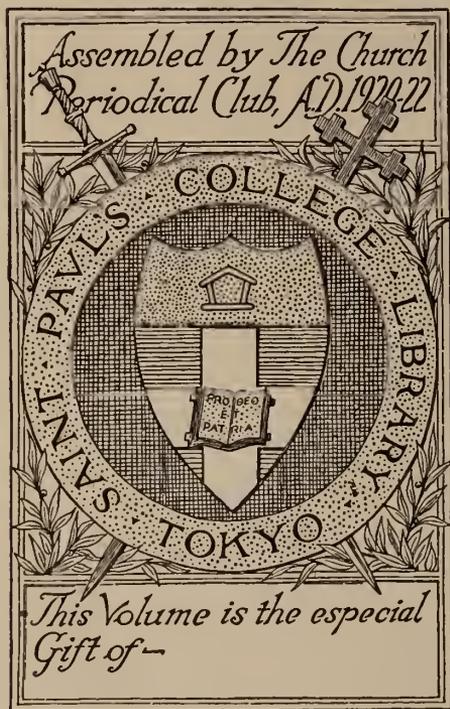
theories are out of date and not accepted today.

And so we are asking that the books of today may be sent to us; the books asked for in the universities at home; books on religion, on history, on literature, on sociology, on science; books which give the best the West has to

give; books filled with the love of God and of His world.

The Church Periodical Club has kindly promised to attempt to raise \$15,000 in three years to supply our most pressing needs. We cannot too heartily thank them, but we must not look to the Church Periodical Club to shoulder the whole of our burden, and so we are asking for the privilege of voicing through THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS a wider claim upon the Church. A burden too heavy for a few becomes a pleasure when shared by many. This is not an appeal to the wealthy. It is an appeal to any who have the Christian education of Japan at heart to share in the great work of reflecting back to the Orient the glory which comes from the knowledge of the Son of God, our noble heritage from the East.

Information as to special needs can be obtained from the secretary of the Church Periodical Club, 2 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y. Money may be given unconditionally or for special books. The books resulting from such offerings will be regarded as personal gifts and the name of the donor inscribed on the book plate. We hope by this means to make a small personal link between the giver in America and the reader in Japan.





EPIPHANY HALL, LIBERIA'S DIVINITY SCHOOL

EPIPHANY HALL, CUTTINGTON

By the Reverend W. C. Cummings

THE past history of this institution, the excellent work done by the noble men who have left it a record unsurpassed by any of the kind in this country, is of great credit to the Church's work in Liberia. Cuttington still offers a challenge to all who doubt its physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual energy and power, to train the youths of Liberia and West Africa and mould them into strong, forceful characters prepared for the Master's use.

Owing to lack of space and shortage of funds, we have had to refuse many applicants, but we can safely say that we have had a larger number of boarders under tuition for the last term than we have had in these walls during the last fourteen years. Last term we had 110 boarders beside day pupils.

We have the school properly graded, and if every thing works well for us,

we hope to have a graduating class at the close of this year, and with no serious obstruction we can hope for a graduating class every succeeding year. December the fourteenth was the day we gave the public a chance to see what we are trying to do. The inspection was quite a surprise to all who attended, and all said that the results were excellent.

Bishop Overs desires this institution to demonstrate the power and efficiency of the Liberian Church, by putting a larger number of men in the ministry and in other avenues of life. There is a general awakening through the country of all elements and along the whole West Coast, a hungering after education, and our possibilities for greater achievements are evident. We have boys from all parts of Liberia and from the French Ivory Coast.



MISS M. L. BARTBERGER
Alaska
From Pittsburgh



MISS M. K. MONTEIRO
Anking
From Virginia



MISS F. I. L. BERG
Shanghai
From New York



MISS E. G. STEDMAN
Hankow
From Massachusetts



THE REV. JOHN MCCARTHY
Cuba
On the field



MISS L. B. TOWNER
Hankow
From Albany



MISS G. D. FAUNTLEROY
Tokyo
From Southwestern Virginia



MR. F. A. GRAY
Hankow
From Southern Virginia



MISS ALICE JEFFER
Anking
From Newark

RECRUITS FOR THE FIELD

WE present this month short sketches of fourteen recruits for the field, although to our regret we have not been able to procure photographs of all of them.

Alaska: Miss Marguerite L. Bartberger has gone to help Dr. Chapman at Anvik. She was a member of Calvary Church, Pittsburgh, and is a graduate of the Philadelphia Training School. She has also had experience at the Booth Memorial Hospital.

Anking: Two nurses and a teacher have gone to Anking. Miss Alice Jeffer is a native of Holland, who went to the field from Saint Paul's parish, Paterson, N. J. She was a surgical nurse in the Paterson General Hospital for three years, and for two years did war nursing both at home and abroad, taking a special course in anesthetics in France. She is stationed at Saint James's Hospital, Anking.

Miss Hannah B. Ogden, who also goes to Saint James's Hospital, is a native of Philadelphia and was trained in the Philadelphia General Hospital.

Miss Margaret K. Monteiro comes from Saint Andrew's Church, Richmond, Virginia. She has a degree of B.A. from Richmond College, and has had much experience in Church work.

Cuba: The Reverend John McCarthy has been a missionary of other communions for twenty-six years in South America and Cuba. He has recently been admitted to Holy Orders and is stationed at La Gloria.

Hankow: Mr. Francis A. Gray goes to serve as treasurer of the mission in the Hankow district. Mr. Gray is a native of Maryland and a member of Galilee Chapel, Virginia Beach.

Miss Edith G. Stedman was appointed for evangelistic work in the woman's department of the Church General Hospital. She is a native of Boston and a graduate of Radcliffe College. Miss Stedman has held re-

sponsible positions in social service work in this country and abroad.

Miss L. B. Towner also served with the army in France. She is a member of Saint Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y. She will assist with the secretarial and evangelistic work in the Church General Hospital.

Porto Rico: At the time of his appointment the Reverend George A. Griffiths was rector of Saint Barnabas's Church, Leeland, Maryland. He is now in charge of All Saints' Church, Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Miss Irene M. Moore, who comes from South Carolina, has been a teacher in the Blue Ridge Industrial School at Dyke, Virginia. She is stationed at Saint Andrew's School, Mayaguez.

Shanghai: Miss Frances I. L. Berg is a graduate of the California Deaconess School, who has done parish work in Saint George's Church, New York. Her acquaintance with the Chinese in San Francisco led her to volunteer for work in China.

Miss Lillian E. Minhinnick also goes as an evangelistic worker. She is a native of Michigan, a graduate of Saint Faith's Training School in New York, and has been a worker in the day nursery of Grace Church, New York.

Miss Mabel G. Piper, who goes to reinforce the nursing staff in the district of Shanghai, is a Canadian and a sister of Mrs. H. A. McNulty, the wife of our missionary at Soochow. She is a graduate of the Philadelphia Training School and has taken special courses in nursing at Saint Luke's and the Sloane Hospital in New York.

Tokyo: Miss Gladys D. Fauntleroy is a native of Virginia, who was educated in Chatham Episcopal Institute and Randolph Macon Woman's College. She has had experience in teaching in this country and is now at Saint Margaret's School, Tokyo.

THE LITERATURE OF MISSIONS

BOOK REVIEWS

The Southern Highlander and His Homeland.
John C. Campbell. Issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, New York. \$3.50.

Those who have been interested in the southern highlander and his home have long felt the need of a book such as that just issued by the Russell Sage Foundation. There are books and good ones, too, written by men who have gone into the mountains and gathered material for the purpose of writing a book. Others have taken some incident and woven around it a romance which has made most interesting reading, but *The Southern Highlander and His Homeland* was written from an entirely different motive. Though urged to do so many times Mr. Campbell refused to write a book, as he would not be classed as merely an investigator but looked upon himself as a coworker with all agencies, foreign and native. Mr. Campbell was finally persuaded to begin the preparation of a book which should contain some of the information he had accumulated in twenty-five years of life and work in the mountains. He did not live to complete it. Fortunately his wife, who had been his companion on many of his trips and who has herself written of the folk songs of the southern highlander, was able to edit his material and give the present book to the world, and for this we owe her a great debt.

The book takes up such interesting subjects as a definition of the southern highlands and the southern highlander. It devotes a chapter to the ancestry of these people. It describes their routes of travel and early settlements when they came to this country. Taking up the present highland population, Mr. Campbell writes of them as one who knew them intimately and loved them. He makes you realize, as few writers have been able to, the splendid qualities of the highlander. He recognizes, as few have, the deep and sincere interest in matters of religion found in the southern mountains. "The infidel," he says, "is so rare that the term is almost anathema. Even he who is confessedly wicked believes in the Deity, and has a rather definite theory of life, and of the course necessary for salvation—a state to which he intends, in a general way, to attain some day."

In his chapter on living conditions and health he tells the facts frankly but sym-

pathetically. He is always constructive in his statements, his great desire in calling attention to these facts being to have them remedied. While he speaks of the resources of the mountains and their development he does not confine himself to the enumeration of the rich forests and mines—of the coal and coke, oil and gas, gold, marble and mica—and the abundant water power for the development of these resources; but he speaks first of the human asset, especially as represented in the children, and he follows this with a chapter on education, a subject in which he was so deeply interested and to which he gave a large part of his energy.

The book contains a complete bibliography. It is beautifully illustrated, and it contains many maps and charts. Many books, no doubt, will be written about the highlander and the highlands, for it is a subject full of romance, but Mr. Campbell's book will remain the standard as long as this generation shall last.

Twenty-one Years in the Mountains of Tennessee. The Venerable W. S. Claiborne, Archdeacon of Sewanee. With a foreword by Bishop Gallor. The University Press, Sewanee, Tennessee. 25c.

The little pamphlet which bears the above title is a record of the author's twenty-one years of untiring work among the mountains of eastern Tennessee—work prompted by affection and inspired by devotion to his fellow men. Archdeacon Claiborne began to minister to the mountaineers in 1897, while he was still a student at the University of the South. For some years he was rector of the Otey Memorial Church at Sewanee, resigning that position to take up the work of archdeacon of the surrounding district. Many churches, chapels, rectories and parish houses, a hospital and schools for mountain boys and girls bear witness to his energy. The gradual development of the work, how one mission after another was opened and new friends were enlisted, is told in an entertaining, informal way. A conversation with a local preacher led Mr. Claiborne to take a trip to Jump Off, where later he established the mission of Our Saviour. "The present bishop of Porto Rico was our first lay reader there, but everybody at Jump Off loves Charlie Colmore to this very day." The book may be read in half an hour, and it will be half an hour well spent.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Pittsburgh has made a gift of \$4,000 to build a residence for women doctors at the Church General Hospital, Wuchang, China. Doctor Mary L. James is at present in charge of the woman's department of this hospital.

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AT the invitation of Viscount Shibusawa, of Tokyo, a group of men prominent in the public life of Japan recently gathered to organize an Advisory Board for Saint Luke's Hospital. Viscount Shibusawa was made chairman, and among the members were Baron Goto, Baron Isasaki, Mr. D. Inouye, president of the Bank of Japan, Viscount Kaneko, an Imperial privy councillor, and Baron Sakatani, a member of the upper house of the Diet.

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WOULD an American Sunday School like to send vegetable seeds to Liberia?

A year and a half ago, at the request of Bishop Overs, the Department of Missions appointed Mr. E. H. Robison as an agricultural missionary in Liberia. Mr. Robison is a member of Emanuel Church, Newport, R. I. He took his agricultural course at Cornell. After carefully studying the agricultural possibilities in western Liberia, he is now working out plans to introduce a number of American vegetables and fruits, from carrots to corn and from mustard to watermelon. He has placed an order for certain quantities of seeds to be forwarded to him from this country every three months. These quarterly shipments will cost \$5.05 each.

Any school that would like to plant a crop in Liberia at a cost of \$5.05 may send a gift to Doctor John W. Wood, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE London *Spectator*, reviewing Archdeacon Stuck's *A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast*, commends it to all readers as a "manly, bracing and invariably entertaining narrative of travel in an almost unknown district." It is all this and more, as everyone who has read the book well knows. All Archdeacon Stuck's books can be purchased from the Educational Division of the Department of Missions, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. The titles and prices are: *A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast*, \$6.00; *Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries*, \$6.00; *Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled*, \$3.00; *The Ascent of Denali*, \$2.00; *The Alaskan Missions of the Episcopal Church*, \$1.00 (paper), \$1.50 (cloth).

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A PATHETIC appeal comes from one of the missions in the Southern mountains, in the district of Asheville. One of the workers writes: "We certainly do need a bell for our church, one that can be heard on the mountain top. We try to keep railroad time at the mission house; then we have sun time, saw-mill time—which is half way between railroad time and sun time—and many have no timepiece at all. Not knowing the time, the children often begin to arrive at eighty-thirty and must be looked after until time for Sunday School at half-past ten. If I had a bell that could be heard, I could ring it on Sunday morning, so that the people would know when to get ready to come." Those of us who have struggled with daylight-saving time and standard time will appreciate the difficulties of others who have "saw-mill time" and no time at all as well to reckon with. Can anyone suggest a way to meet this need? The Editor of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS will gladly put anyone in touch with the mission in question.

WORD comes from Saint Matthew's Mission, at Fairbanks, Alaska, that they had hardly any magazines for distribution this past winter, so that they were obliged to refuse many who came for them. The friends of the Mission have been so kind in the past in supplying like needs that doubtless this notice will be all that is necessary to remedy this condition. Magazines should be sent by mail, addressed simply to Saint Matthew's Mission, Fairbanks, Alaska.



THE Reverend Doctor A. B. Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, who gave so many years of service to Saint Augustine's School, at Raleigh, North Carolina, have been spending the winter in Florence, Italy, where Doctor Hunter has been in charge of Saint James's (American) Church. True to their missionary traditions, Doctor and Mrs. Hunter have organized the congregation for missionary work. The women are taking part in the United Thank Offering, and the congregation on Whitsunday made a missionary offering.



THE American Church Relief Committee of Munich has issued an appeal for funds and warm clothing. During the past year the committee has relieved numerous cases of distress and sent a number of badly undernourished children into the country to farmers' families, where they could have fresh air and abundant milk. Practically all the children came back improved in weight, and many were saved from threatened tuberculosis. All checks should be made payable to the American Church Relief Committee of Munich, and should be addressed to the committee at Salvatorplatz 1, Munich, Germany. Packages of clothing can be sent by parcel post up to eleven pounds. Heavier packages must be sent through international forwarding agents, via Hamburg. All boxes and packages should be marked "Liebesgaben".

THE Hon. Edward Iverson, formerly mayor of Laramie, Wyoming, has given the Iverson home in that city to the Church in Wyoming to be used as a hostel for young women. The building occupies the center of a city block and is surrounded by well-kept lawns, trees and shrubbery. It is completely furnished.

This generous gift meets a long-felt need. It means that young women of Church families who come to Laramie from all parts of the state to attend high school or university may be surrounded by the influences of the Church and the atmosphere of home.

MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

It is hoped that, so far as possible, provision will be made for the travel expenses of speakers.

The secretaries of the Department of Missions are always ready, so far as possible, to respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Dr. John W. Wood, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ALASKA

The Reverend E. P. Ziegler.
The Reverend Guy D. Christian.

CHINA

The Reverend Lloyd R. Craighill
Miss Alice Gregg.
The Reverend Y. Y. Tsu, Ph.D.
The Reverend C. F. McRae.

JAPAN

The Reverend W. J. Cuthbert.
The Reverend Norman S. Binsted.
The Reverend F. C. Meredith.

LIBERIA

Bishop Overs.
The Reverend W. M. Ramsaur.
Mrs. Ramsaur.
Miss M. S. Ridgley.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Mrs. A. B. Parson.

OUR LETTER BOX

Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field

The following extracts from letters from four of our continental domestic missionary bishops give a most encouraging picture of the strenuous life of our missionary bishops.

BISHOP HUNTING, of Nevada, writes: "I have just returned from a trip to the southern part of the state. On this trip I purchased a saloon, a billiard hall and a store. The saloon has already been moved bodily ten miles and is being fitted up as a church at Goodsprings. The store is torn down by this time, will be shipped 158 miles and be used in the building of a stucco church at Caliente. The billiard hall will remain where it is and be remodeled into a church at Beatty.

"I leave this week on my annual missionary trip by auto over practically the whole state. Will be on the road about seven weeks, visiting many places where no minister ever goes, as well as ranches and prospectors, etc. Mail will be forwarded occasionally. Hold a good thought over the old missionary automobile, the bishop and the archbishops!

"P. S.—The actual purchase price of the three buildings above was \$319.75. The \$19.75 was for the billiard hall, and it is twenty by fifty feet!"

From Bishop Touret, of Idaho, comes this good word: "I have just come back from a two weeks' visitation in northern Idaho. During this period I have re-established ten points of contact, tried to give constructive advice in ten different missions, had ten distinctive chances to make the Kingdom of God more real in Idaho. It has been a great trip, and I am tremendously encouraged by the present situation of

the Church. Being a missionary bishop is great fun. I am home for four days, and then I am starting out again. You will be interested to know that by the time our convocation meets the last of this month I will have confirmed two hundred and fifty persons. I sincerely hope there is some quality to this large addition to the Church, for quality interests me more than quantity."

"During the last three weeks of almost constant traveling and visitations," says Bishop Faber, of Montana, "I have certainly had many and great encouragements. I will say that. Large classes for confirmation, large numbers of communicants, sometimes unexpected. So we go on."

Bishop Moulton of Utah says: "You will be interested to hear about the second confirmation class in two months, held yesterday at the cathedral, bringing the total number up to seventy. In this class were several entire Mormon families".

When the Reverend Benjamin Ancell, D. D., of Yangchow, China, was in the United States in the winter of 1920 he called attention to the great need for a larger church and to the splendid giving of the Yangchow people. The amount needed to build the church is \$10,000. Of this, the Yangchow people have already given or pledged \$1,500. Dr. Ancell was obliged to return to China before the fund had been completed. A recent letter from him says:

WE do so need that church. I am hardly yet recovered from the tremendous strain it involved to have to provide for getting the people into church here on Easter. A large percentage of all those who are in any

Our Letter Box

stage of connection put in an appearance that day, and I had to find means to get nearly 370 people in where 240 were normally a full congregation. Miss Putnam had sent the day before a pitiful plea for more space. The aisle was completely obliterated, and the vestry and choir room was packed, and still folks were not satisfied. I tell you, we simply must have that church before another Easter or even Christmas comes around, or I shall have to run away. The strain was equal to a month's work, and really nearly put me in bed. But it was rather thrilling to see to what we have grown.

For the church, we still need nearly two thousand gold dollars more. I have been getting out from time to time that form you sent me for an application for a final thousand dollars from the Church Building Fund Commission, and looking it over, but we seem too far off yet from the rest to justify sending that form in. I wish our good friends could be aroused to one more effort that would carry us to the goal. We do need the church so much. I shall build for six hundred, and have no doubt that we can fill it within five years.

There is a new spirit of interest in the Church in Mahan School now. On a recent Sunday nineteen boys made their Christian professions, and since then half a dozen more have come in. Many of them come from homes that have hitherto been closed to our efforts.

An English woman who accompanied her husband to Liberia in 1919, wrote from Liverpool in the fall of 1920:

LAST fall I was with my husband in Liberia and whilst there I went with my daughters to the bishop's house in Monrovia to see an exhibition of needlework done by the pupils of the Bromley School. We were delighted and impressed by the quality and neatness of the work.

A few days later we had the pleasure of visiting Bromley for the closing exercises before Christmas, and were able to see for ourselves other branches of the work—housework, cooking, etc., reading, recitation, scripture—in fact the usual curriculum of school work; all of which was highly praiseworthy, especially when one realizes that those children and the teachers do all the services of house and school.

We were impressed with the beautiful little chapel, the reverence and general conduct of all concerned.

Prince Momolu Massaquoi, a friend of my husband, was with us, and addressed the children, in fact, we were all asked to say a few words of encouragement. After this Mrs. Moort and her staff very kindly offered us refreshments and showed us around the building, and a Mr. Dennete, who was out in Liberia on a commission from *The African World*, took photographs and later wrote a most interesting account of the day, which appeared in that paper.

We also visited the American Mission at Cape Mount, as we know well some of the nurses there, and we received a kind reception. Indeed we brought away with us many very touching and agreeable impressions of the little republic, and are hoping that the time may not be far distant before we can revisit Liberia.

I cannot speak too highly of the kindness and help rendered us by Prince Massaquoi and his wife. I noticed all the time I was there that he always gave all assistance in his power to the furthering of the Mission.

A correspondent who does not sign her name sends us the accompanying picture and a little note dated Bagoio, P. I., April 22nd, which says:

THE Woman's Auxiliary of the cathedral in Manila held seven sewing meetings, beginning the Wednesday before Ash Wednesday, and made ninety-nine garments for Saint



THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY OF THE CATHEDRAL, MANILA

Luke's Hospital and Easter School. The girls at Easter School are too busy weaving and studying and doing cooking to sew, so we made eleven dresses for them; and I saw them in them after Easter when I came to Baguio.

Here we are doing it!

On reading a letter like the following from a missionary at home on furlough, one can appreciate as never before the difference between conditions of life in this country and in China:

IT is glorious to be at home! No one who has not spent a number of years in a land of heathen darkness can appreciate one's feelings upon the return to the U. S. A. Everything seems so big: the trees, the horses, the houses, cows, eggs, and the huge pitchers of cream that never saw a tin can! The water is neither boiled nor filtered; it is quite safe to eat fresh fruit that has not had a bath in disinfectant; people easily understand what I say, and I am no longer a "foreigner", but a really, truly native.

The wastefulness in all directions disturbed me at first, until I worked

out in my mind that if we were as frugal as the Chinese we would doubtless be in the same iron grip of poverty that they are. The American has no time to be properly saving, for he uses his time for things of really greater value to himself and to the world.

The greatest joy I can think of at present is to have been born in America, and so would you if you had lived for four years on "the rickety edge of the earth". To have Sunday—that is, to have the whole country keeping its day of rest—was something I had quite forgotten. To see little villages turning out in Sunday dress at the ringing of the bells, the church spires dotting the horizon everywhere, the quiet, happy family groups sitting out in the yard of a Sunday afternoon, the men there, too—well, you cannot at all tell how it made me feel. In China such a day has never even been dreamed of. And in my dreams I had many times pictured our own lovely chapel, but the first time I went in after my return it was so much lovelier than even my dreams had made it that I really did not believe I was at home at all!

THE SILENT MISSION

In New England

By Preston Barr, Jr.

NEW ENGLAND in general, and the state of Connecticut in particular, has the honor of being the home of the first school in this country for the education of the deaf, founded at Hartford in 1817. The Clarke School for the Deaf, the first school to educate the deaf children in the pure oral method, was founded at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1867. The American School for the Deaf at Hartford, being the pioneer in the field, had the honor of first giving religious instruction to its little deaf charges.

The field in New England (not counting Vermont and New Hampshire, the only two states where the Reverend George H. Hefflon does not conduct any silent mission) is very large—some 47,614 square miles in area—with an estimated deaf population of 9,000. It is one of the hardest fields for missionary work because there are so many cities and large towns where the deaf people live that the missionary cannot visit them all, and insufficient financial aid prevents the establishment of more missions. The missionary often has to go to the out-of-the-way places when cases of sickness or death call him.

I give herewith a brief historical sketch of the work kindly furnished me by Mr. Hefflon. "The Reverend Thomas W. Gallaudet of New York City, whom the deaf people almost worship as a saint because of his noble pioneer work among them, began a mission in Boston in 1870, coming up from New York occasionally for services. In 1872 monthly services began, the late Doctor John Chamberlain, also of New York, then an assistant to Doctor Gallaudet, coming up to hold them. Services begun by these two

pioneer workers lasted until about 1886 when the Reverend J. Stanley Searing took up the work and held services every Sunday at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Cortes Street. In 1890 services were held at the old Saint Andrew's Mission, of Trinity Parish. Mr. Searing began conducting services in several cities of Eastern New England, including Providence in Rhode Island, Worcester, Lowell, Haverhill, Springfield and Pittsfield in Massachusetts."

In 1909 Mr. Hefflon took up the work in Connecticut and a few months after the death of Mr. Searing, in 1911, took entire charge of the work in New England. He is now holding services in fourteen cities in the five dioceses of Connecticut, Western Massachusetts, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. The largest mission is naturally in Boston where there live some 250 mutes. Saint Andrew's Silent Mission has services every Sunday morning or afternoon, as the case may be, in the chapel of Trinity Parish. It is flourishing and the people have collected a fund of over \$1,500 with which they hope to build a chapel of their own in the near future. The work in and around Boston is getting to be larger and more complex so that it will be necessary some day to have a clergyman regularly stationed there.

This field offers splendid opportunity for a real man's job with its possible results. There are 9,000 deaf people living hereabouts, and only 1,000 have been reached, and some 250 are communicants. Here are some of the most intelligent and industrious as well as law-abiding deaf people whose lot would be far happier if there were more workers to minister to them.

FOREIGN-BORN AMERICANS DIVISION

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS

The Reverend Thomas Burgess, Secretary

THE Reverend Sisto J. Noce has been doing valuable work in surveying the Italian situation, being sent by the Division at the request of two dioceses, namely, Pittsburgh and Michigan. Some account of this will be given later in an article.

* * *

THE fifteen-week trip of Doctor Emhardt, field director, will be described in a special article. We will merely mention here that this tour has resulted in definite and effective projects of work among Mexicans, Orientals, Italians and others, and cooperation with Greek and Russian Orthodox.

* * *

REGULAR courses have been or will be given by representatives of the Division at nearly all the summer schools. These courses are intended to give practical advice on how to reach the foreign-born in the parish. *Foreigners or Friends* will be used as a text-book, and it is hoped that a large number of parish classes using this book will be started in the autumn.

* * *

THE Reverend Lloyd B. Holsapple is visiting Serbia on the invitation of Bishop Nicholai for the purpose of bringing a spiritual message to the Serbian people. He also is studying religious conditions in Serbia at the request of our Division and will be of much assistance when he returns in dealing with the Serbian Orthodox in America. Bishop Nicholai just before his return to Serbia told the secretary that he had instructed his people in America to go to our Churches where they could not find their own. He also said one of the best things we could do was to furnish Bibles in the Serbian

language for his people. Bibles can be obtained through the office of the Division at 75c a copy; New Testaments, 35c; single copies of separate Gospels, 3c.

* * *

THERE is a new and valuable member of the Division, the Reverend John William Török, D. D. He is a Magyar, well-known and honored in governmental and ecclesiastical circles in Hungary. He was in Roman (Uniat) Orders and was distinguished by the title of *Monsignore*. He was professor of canon law in the Uniat, or Greek Catholic, College in Rome, and during the war was a chaplain in the Hungarian army. Less than a year ago he came to America on a semi-diplomatic mission. Dissatisfied as he had been for some time with the Roman Catholic organization, he renounced his allegiance to Rome and asked to be received into our Church. He has taken out his first papers as an American citizen. On June 9, Bishop Murray, of Maryland, received him in Baltimore into our Ministry and has placed him under the direction of the Foreign-Born Americans Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICE

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS finds itself short of the numbers for April and May of this year. Will any who read this notice and have copies of such issues to spare be so good as to send them to the Editor at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. In times past our friends have responded generously to appeals of this nature—which we dislike repeating but which seemed unavoidable under the circumstances.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

Department of Missions

William C. Sturgis, Ph.D., Secretary

ONE of the most significant achievements in education during the nineteenth century was the establishment in the leading countries of the world of compulsory attendance at an elementary school. One of the most promising movements of the early twentieth century is the tendency to extend educational facilities and opportunities beyond the compulsory school age. Democracy, if it is to fully realize itself, must provide greater and richer opportunities for the education of those who are responsible for its progress. The optimism which saw in universal elementary education the cure for all social evils has not been justified by events. The complex political, social, and economic conditions of to-day demand considerably more, and it is beginning to be realized, even if only faintly, that education is a life-long process.

One of the great accomplishments of the Church during recent years has been Her progress toward a realization of the vital importance of properly training the child, and the development of adequate materials, methods and teachers for the furtherance of this task. Cannot the Church during the next decade take the lead in recognizing that education in the Church must be a life-long process and that the content of such courses should be much broader and more varied than we have hitherto imagined? The Church now has a remarkable opportunity to help not only Her own people but the people of the world to find the Light and the Truth for which they are beginning so earnestly to seek. That way lies the Kingdom.

In the field of adult education the Church has long carried on a pro-

gramme of missionary instruction, the aim of which was to aid in the establishment of the Kingdom. This programme is being expanded as rapidly as possible to meet the new demands for a wider range of courses that will include not only the fields, but the Bible in its relation to the Kingdom, comparative religion, Church history by biographies, and books on fundamentals intended to aid in the development of that deep spiritual consciousness in which lies the vitality of the Church and the hope for the prosecution of Her Mission.

Missionary education, important as has been its contribution to the life and leadership of the Church, is on the eve of still greater things. At a recent meeting of representatives of the so-called forward movements of the several communions the constantly recurring theme was that these great movements which have done so much to arouse the Church must rapidly eventuate in a broad, diversified and sustained programme of missionary education. The dominant question in all the world to-day is as to how man can be saved from himself, and the answer is that laid down by the Master over nineteen centuries ago—God gave His only begotten Son that “whosoever believeth on Him” might be saved. It is still as true as ever it was that to the Kingdom of God—call it what you will—“I am the Way”. To understand this in all its implications is the purpose of missionary education.

SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK LIST

- How Can We Know the Way?* Doctor W. H. Jeffries. Paper, 60c.
Tales of the Great South Seas. For Juniors. Dorothy Giles. (In press), 35c.
Suggestions to Leaders for each course will be available at 25c each.

THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

WILLIAM E. GARDNER, D.D., EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

CONFERENCE OF DIOCESAN LEADERS

By the Reverend Gabriel Farrell, Jr.

THEY were two busy days, the seventeenth and eighteenth of May, when nearly sixty representatives from as many dioceses and missionary districts gathered at Saint Peter's parish house, Pittsburgh, to confer on educational problems and policies. It was a working conference where the conferees settled down to business and kept right at it.

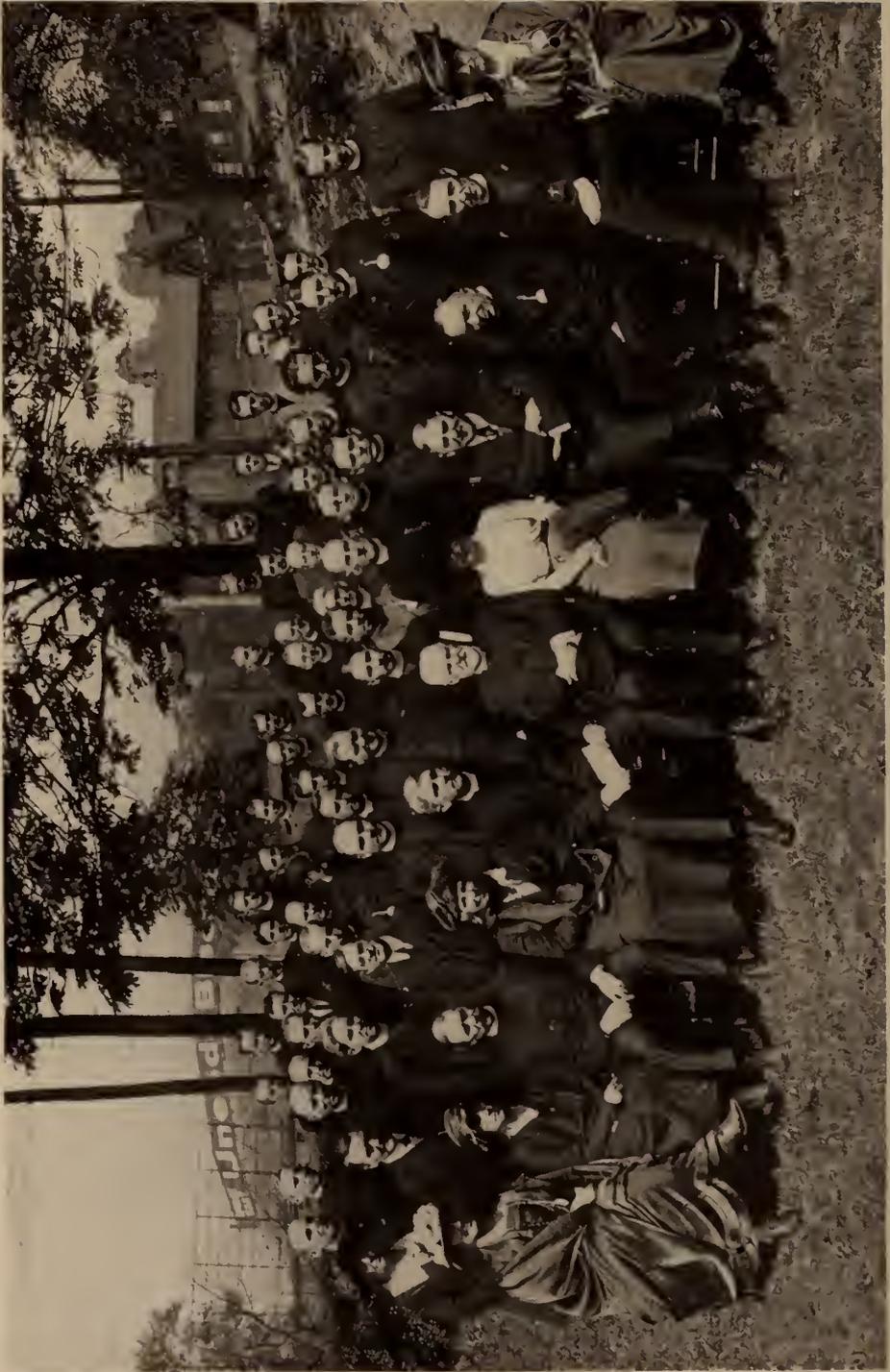
The second day began like the first with Holy Communion at eight and it continued with undiminished earnestness until there was just time to catch trains for New York and way stations, for Vermont and Los Angeles, for Louisiana and Marquette and many places in between. It was a very representative gathering, the most representative and the biggest that has ever been held. It was called by the Department of Religious Education following very profitable though smaller conferences in the past two years.

The conference opened on Tuesday evening with registration and general welcome followed by a service in the church with intercessions for religious education and a meditation in preparation for the Holy Communion. At the first business session on Wednesday morning an agenda was presented together with the programme of the conference. Thirteen subjects or problems were suggested and a committee was assigned to each of these to prepare a report for presentation to the conference as a whole. The Reverend

William E. Gardner, D.D., executive secretary of the Department of Religious Education, presided at the sessions. The Reverend John W. Suter, Jr., educational secretary of the diocese of Massachusetts, acted as secretary, assisted by the Reverend Gardiner Tucker, field secretary of the province of Sewanee.

The first two committees were concerned with further treatment of the *Suggested Diocesan Programme for Religious Education*, published as Bulletin No. 3 of the Presiding Bishop and Council. With the exception of a few changes in the suggested committees and emphasis laid on the desirability of cooperation with other departments of the Church having educational work the programme was endorsed as printed. The committee on Teacher Training considered the pamphlet *A Field Plan for Teacher Training* and made recommendations for several changes in phraseology but otherwise endorsed the plan. The committee urged the preparation of Unit No. 26, *Methods and Materials for Adult Classes*.

This resolution accorded with the earnest interest that was aroused over the report of the committee on the religious training of adults. The report called for a more definite effort to inform the adult members of the Church of their duties and responsibilities and it further recommended that the conduct of all educational work within the Church should be in



PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, MAY 17-18, 1921

Department of Religious Education

charge of the Department of Religious Education. Closely related to the report of this committee was that of the committee on the Home Department. This committee recommended the creation of a Home Division of the Department for "the cultivation of religion in the homes and for the religious education of Church people not in Church Schools." It further recommended the formation of a commission to study the problem and to take steps looking to the preparation and publication of suitable lesson material taking into consideration that published by the General Board of Religious Education in Canada.

A most enlivening report and one that aroused the widest interest concerned weekday instruction and cooperation with the public schools. The report begins:

Be it resolved that it is the sense of this committee that the growing importance of week-day religious instruction be called to the attention of the clergy, and that they become informed on the outstanding need for more time for the children of the Church to receive instruction in and to express the Christian ideals. And that such time shall compare in the content and method with work done in the public schools, and further, that it be recognized that school time is the best time for such instruction.

The committee recommended the following types of schools as found most successful in the field:

(a) Denominational: Each denominational school a unit.

(b) Community denominational: In which the denominational clergy agree upon a time programme for regular week-day denominational instruction on a single day of the week. (Applicable for small cities.)

(c) Mixed: Denominational and federated groups of denominations using a single school, working side by side.

The Reverend Robert S. Chalmers of Saint Mark's Church, Toledo, Ohio, described the first type of school as conducted in his city and explained the advantage of Church control of week-day instruction, as compared with a

common inter-denominational curriculum, adding that the Church control plan makes for entire Church friendliness as well as for better teaching. The Reverend Victor Hoag was introduced as the man who has made the second plan of community denominational school a success through his conduct of one at Batavia, Illinois.

Upon the subject matter of this report many questions were put to Mr. Sargent. He pointed out that in order to inaugurate week-day religious instruction it is necessary to enlist the consent and cooperation of three parties: Public school authorities, the clergy, and the home. He added that every public school superintendent with whom he has dealt has admitted the soundness of this principle.

Next in interest, though perhaps exceeding in intentness, was the report of the committee on the Church School Service League. The desirability of making the League a national organization was referred to a later meeting.

Another report of interest was that of the committee on Church School offerings. Interest in this was augmented by the statement of Doctor Gardner that these offerings amounted to over a million dollars a year. The committee went on record as favoring vestry support of Church Schools and the use of single envelopes for contributions for work in the fields of service; or for the use of double pocket envelopes with the offerings divided, so that those on one side will go to the parish and those on the other will be distributed in the other four fields. They also endorsed the Lenten Offering which "should be devoted to the work of the Presiding Bishop and Council," and the Birthday Thank Offering. In these matters they were sustained by the conference. The committee's proposal to change the time of the offering for missions and of mission study from Lent to the Epiphany season was rejected with decision.

Department of Religious Education

The question of the relation of the Church Schools with the International Sunday School Association presented a problem that concerned all. The report recommended that the Department of Religious Education suggest to the diocesan leaders that they "avail themselves of whatever opportunities are offered to assist in the shaping of the Association programme in religious education, if this submits itself to their judgment," and in the matter of financial support of the International budget it was suggested that if an appeal is made it be referred to the local school or constituency directly, and not through the national Department of Religious Education.

Other matters that were considered were young people's societies, which were endorsed with the resolution that parishes do all that they can to encourage them; pageantry commissions, which were recommended with a suggested programme for all dioceses; and problems concerning small schools, which were legion.

One of the most interesting and valuable features of the conference was the period devoted to one-minute reports from all dioceses. These were exceedingly enlightening, bringing forward many new and worthwhile suggestions. Perhaps the most encouraging feature of these reports was the fact that many dioceses have formed and organized boards of religious education under the guidance and inspiration of the suggested *Diocesan Programme* in Bulletin No. 3. They showed above all the awakened interest in the Church in religious education.

Many items could be gleaned from these reports which would make thrilling articles in themselves. Who would not like to know fully about the mountain-white schools in Asheville which send Christmas boxes to other missions; of Utah where they have weekday instruction as a matter of course because the Mormons have it

and have only four people to the square mile; of Nevada which says that Utah has six times as many people as it has and where they want a programme for weekday instruction; of Los Angeles which is opening its summer school for the eighteenth year; of Arkansas where they are making a drive to put business men in the Church Schools; of Western Michigan where they have a wonderful Junior Communicants' League; of Ohio where they have a convention of young people's societies or of Tennessee, where fifty percent of the schools have under fifty members but in every other respect they proclaim themselves with much conviction one hundred percent? All these and many others would make "stories" that would thrill.

The conference was a success. It voted to meet next year in Chicago and to recommend provincial conferences in the autumn or at the time of the synods. One of the things that made it a success was the fact that it was a working conference. Every man and woman gave what he or she had and everyone must have taken home much that will help in the year to come. Another thing was the fine spirit that prevailed. The Pittsburghers were gracious hosts. Nothing more could have been desired in hospitality. All meals were furnished in the parish house by guilds of the neighboring parishes and they were bountiful.

The greatest feature of the conference was the expressed appreciation for the leadership of the Department and the personal inspiration of Doctor Gardner. The wide response to his call to the conference shows the place that he holds in the Church's life, while the fine spirit that prevailed throughout the conference bespeaks the place that he holds in the hearts of all those who, under his guidance, are carrying the children's challenge to the Church.

THE DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN SOCIAL SERVICE

THE REVEREND C. N. LATHROP, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

NURSING AS A VOCATION

By *Edna L. Foley*

Superintendent, Visiting Nurse Association of Chicago

NURSING as an occupation, a profession or a means of livelihood for women is at least one field which has not been accused, during our present period of economic depression, of usurping positions formerly held by ex-service men. For obvious reasons nursing is peculiarly woman's work. It is also her opportunity. As a means of livelihood, it is no better—nor worse—than its representatives make it; a poor trade, perhaps, but a glorious vocation. Conceived in the spirit of service to unfortunate people—and what sick person would not prefer health?—nursing is more than one of the seven acts of mercy; it enjoys the unique distinction of having a part in each one. And since this is true, what better vocation offers itself to Churchwomen, sincere in their desire to prove their faith by their works?

Just now the world is undergoing its periodic season of housecleaning, but so clumsily are the homely tools of speech misused that many people read the word as muck-raking. With more than a hundred million people in the United States, there is a shortage of workers in every field requiring personal sacrifice, as well as brains and muscle. Our schools are half-staffed and under-taught; college presidencies as well as first-grade class-rooms are seeking recruits. With thousands of our class-rooms closed or only giving future citizens half-day sessions, it should occasion little surprise, perhaps, that hospitals are being closed because

our schools for nurses are also in need of volunteers.

Nursing as a field requiring training and education is a recently recognized profession in comparison with teaching, but if *trained nursing* as an act of personal service were more generally understood, preparation for some branch of it would make an irresistible appeal to Churchwomen.

For nursing is pre-eminently woman's work, and only those who have served it jealously know why its novices are asked to dedicate themselves to its strict discipline. If voluntary service were all that it required, few women would hold back; but nursing means more than such service, it involves trained service, and training requires time, energy and education.

There are two types of nursing: one prompted by desire and sentiment, a mixture of pillow-smoothing and sleepless nights for both watcher and watched; the other, infinitely more valuable, less well understood, the nursing backed by rigid, careful, technical training. Perhaps the following true stories will illustrate my meaning.

In 1914, in a German military hospital in which some American Red Cross nurses were working, a soldier had had his leg amputated just below the hip. There was constant danger of serious and fatal hemorrhage, consequently the surgeon gave orders that a rubber tourniquet, a bandage to be applied in just such emergencies, should be left on this patient's bedside table

Department of Christian Social Service

day and night. On the third day the anticipated happened, the hemorrhage occurred, the tourniquet was sought but not found and in ten minutes everything was over. The man lost his life simply because the one thing most needed was lacking. When a volunteer worker who had charge of the patients on that side of the ward returned from her hours off duty, she was asked about the tourniquet. She replied promptly, "Why, it is in my cupboard and I have the keys here." When asked why she had removed it, she said, "I was told not to let it get lost, that it was very valuable and that they were very scarce, consequently whenever I left the ward I locked it up first." This woman was a person of intelligence, good intentions, warm heart, untrifling in her service to the wounded men, but to her medically-untrained reasoning there was no distinction between the two orders, the one that an expensive bandage should not be lost, the other that a bandage needed to save a human life should never be removed from a certain spot.

Not so very long ago a nurse new in district work came into her sub-station at the noon hour and prepared to go out again directly. As the nurses ordinarily stop to complete the clerical work of the previous day, the supervisor asked why she was in such a hurry. The visiting nurse explained that she was going back to see a certain maternity case. When asked why, she said that she did not really know, pulse, temperature, respiration were normal, the young mother felt well, but her color wasn't good, something was wrong—at least the nurse thought so. In fact, everything had gone so smoothly that the doctor had dismissed the patient the day before, promising to return if he were called. The supervisor, as much to quiet the unnecessary anxiety of a nurse new in the field as well as to see for herself if the nurse were right, accompanied her.

When they got to the house, the kindly mother-in-law, much surprised to see them, asked if the nurse had forgotten anything on her earlier visit. She added that the patient was all right, pretty quiet but quite all right. When the nurses went into the bedroom they found that the patient was anything but all right. To the trained eye it was easily seen that she was in a state of collapse. Examination proved that she was suffering from a profuse hemorrhage. While one nurse went for the physician, the other started treatment, and before an hour was over, the physician and the two nurses had succeeded in saving the young mother's life. Forty-eight hours later the mother was almost as good as new, and later she was dismissed, with her well baby, to the Infant Welfare Society.

When the nurse was asked just how she knew that this young mother was in such bad shape, she said rather vaguely, "I didn't know, I couldn't tell, but one can't work over and with hundreds of such cases and not know when a woman's color is abnormal. One can't always explain but experience helps to recognize danger almost before it begins to assert itself."

The treatment of these two patients shows the difference between untrained and trained nursing service; nursing prompted by desire, sentiment or some other reason, and the nursing which follows careful preparation.

For just what is nursing—the care of the sick, filling hot water bottles, shaking down thermometers, wearing a becoming uniform? It is all this and a great deal more. Nursing—trained nursing—implies a co-ordination of head and hand and heart, a necessary sequence of observation, detection and action. The study and recognition of symptoms, what is significant and to be treated as an emergency or as something to be reported to those higher in authority; what can with safety be

Department of Christian Social Service

apparently overlooked—this is the biggest part of nursing.

Next in importance is the ability to do a given amount of work within a stated time, to be so trained that certain routine duties become automatic, leaving the mind free for greater responsibilities. This slow but steady training in speeding up, stiffens one's mental and moral as well as one's physical caliber; then when the big test comes—a heavy day in the surgery, more new citizens than usual in the maternity ward, an *Eastland* disaster or a German advance along the whole front—the trained worker is the one who best stands the long hours, the inevitable strain and the frightful weariness. The hardships of training are not arbitrarily fixed by the powers above, they are frequently deliberately planned as endurance tests of a girl's pluck as well as of her strength.

When one has learned the simpler procedures, daily bedside care, handling and feeding of helpless patients, care of the ward and supply rooms, responsibilities come quick and fast. Special training calls for all the nerve and poise and grit a girl has; the ascent looks less steep to those who have made, the climb and being chief surgical nurse in casualty, or temporary night supervisor or head nurse of a heavy ward, with younger nurses to train and supervise, bring thrills as well as heavy responsibilities. The born nurse doesn't exist. Florence Nightingale prepared ten years before her chance came in the Crimean war.

Of course there are also the duties connected with the many positions calling for administrative and executive ability. These come later. A woman may be asked to serve as Jack-of-all-trades in a ten-bed sanitarium or as chief-nurse in a thousand-bed camp hospital. These positions are exacting; it is better to learn to fill them well than to get one's experience by practicing on helpless patients and student nurses. The public health field

is rich in opportunity for the experienced graduate nurse.

This is a very brief outline of what nursing is. Now just a minute for what nursing is not. It is not drudgery, is it not menial, it is not *infra dig.* When the life of a human being is at stake, no service that makes it possible for that soul to "carry on" valiantly in this world can be considered beneath the dignity of any woman. The average woman makes beds many times but not until she gets into a hospital does she discover that there are beds and beds. A nurse learns just how to handle a bed, then to manage the patient in that bed, and eventually experience in handling hundreds of such patients gives her the deftness, the gentleness and the self-assurance that means so much to the patient. No patient likes to be left constantly to the ministrations of a scared, timid nurse. Training and experience beget confidence, one does not learn manual skill in a class-room any more than one can become accustomed to the quality of a pulse by means of a correspondence course. Only by feeling literally thousands of pulses does one learn the fine distinctions known to the initiated as "thready", "bounding", "full", "even", "rapid", "intermittent" and what-not. To some people nursing has its sordid side. To be sure, the human body may be considered a little city of sewers; to some it is the temple of the Holy Spirit; no service for it is menial, degrading, nor too impossible.

Training is as necessary in nursing as in good athletics. A student who offered to be chief guard or basket man because the gymnasium suit was becoming or the honors attached agreeable, would be considered insane. We know that the student who is the big factor in winning the pennant is the one who has trained and practiced daily on the gym floor, then on the scrub team and finally on the class team. So in good nursing, it is the student who has proved her physical endurance, her

Department of Christian Social Service

level head, her ability to keep little things moving smoothly, while she meets the big things quietly but surely, who gets the heavier posts and who makes the good nurse.

Nursing offers a rare opportunity to prove one's faith by one's work for the woman is subordinated that the nurse may come first, the personality is forgotten that the patient's welfare may be considered. In his famous essay, *The Good Side of Militarism*, Donald Hankey says:

As I said before, the personal humility of the soldier has nothing in it of abject self-depreciation or slackness. On the contrary, every detail of his appearance and every most trivial feature of his duty assumes an immense significance. Slackness in his dress and negligence in his work are military crimes. In a good regiment, the soldier is striving after perfection all the time.

And it is when he comes to the supreme test of battle that the fruits of his training appear. The good soldier has learnt the hardest lesson of all, the lesson of self-subordination to a higher and bigger personality. He has learnt to sacrifice everything which belongs to him individually to a cause that is far greater than any personal ambitions of his own can ever be. He has learnt to do this so thoroughly that he knows no fear—for fear is personal.

No time need be wasted in discussion of the poor nurse. We know that she exists but some of us forget that the home made the woman. An institution can't undo in a few years the bad work of twenty years of early environment. Women to fill nursing posts in hospitals have been needed in such large numbers that quantity has frequently been given precedence over quality—the struggle for higher standards was begun by nurses and is being continued by them. No really good woman was ever ruined by a bad hospital but any number of good women have become poorly equipped nurses because they became students in hospitals where the patient's welfare was of secondary importance. Life is sweet to all of us but to have saved another's life bears a reward that no money nor

medals—in fact, nothing—can repay. To know a little about the care of the sick is a good thing, but to pass through the training-camp of several years of hard work and study is more than its own reward.

In the spring of 1919, New York City staged a vast gala for one of its deservedly popular, famous regiments. Fifth Avenue was never more gorgeously bedecked, a general holiday was declared and huge crowds turned out to view the somewhat bored recipients of this very public welcome, for young men who have known real war are not particularly impressed by the "pink tea" aspect of a long, tiresome "welcome home" parade. Special seats were reserved for the wounded, who sat in patient silence while company after company of khaki-clad, whole-footed companions swept by. Was it merely chivalry that caused these men to burst into spontaneous applause when the little group of dusty, hot nurses in the well-known, dark-blue uniform, worn alike by the nurses of the A. E. F. and the Red Cross, marched by their stand?

"The tumult and the shouting dies" but many of these men still require and have earned the best that nursing can give them. The soldiers of peacetime, men, women and children, still need it. The field is waiting. Sacrifice of self and personal courage are needed, as well as physical strength and education. It is no longer paradoxical to say that happiness comes when we have ceased to seek it. The busy nurse rarely stops to seek it, her philosophy is active rather than contemplative; she is not the only worker needed in our vast Church army but she is so very *much* needed that the small size of her division can only be because the Church girls of today have not been told the truth about the art of nursing; for that it is an art as well as a science and a profession, no patient who has ever received good nursing will deny.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP AND COUNCIL



A DAY IN THE ANCON CHILDREN'S HOME

By *Estelle S. Royce, House Mother*



ed to do something worth while after their war work was over could have done a similar thing, as it has been ten months of varied interests and new experiences.

TEN months ago I was granted the privilege of becoming a United Offering worker and was sent to the Panama Canal Zone. I only wish all women who wanted to do something worth while after their war work was over could have done a similar thing, as it has been ten months of varied interests and new experiences.

Never shall I forget my first Sunday evening here, going to vesper services at Saint Paul's Church, Panama, filled with West Indians (the rector's pew is reserved for white people), and, although the church holds 800, yet outside every window stood at least a half dozen people taking part in the service. I had been used to large city congregations mildly responding in the service, and so I was greatly impressed to hear everyone say *Amen*, and, apparently, everyone singing with the large vested choir of men and boys. Later, when Archdeacon Carson asked me to start a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary amongst these same people, I soon saw they are truly devout. It has been inspiring to go to them every Monday night and try to give them a wider

The Woman's Auxiliary

outlook on the activities of the Church. Right now we are taking an illustrated trip to every mission station in the field. I have a class of fifty, all working women, and they gladly took the United Thank Offering boxes. When we made our offering at the end of the first four months, I was amazed to see they had given thirty-two dollars.

We also have branches of the Auxiliary in Colon and Ancón amongst American women. Both of these branches meet twice a month, and are deeply interested in studying the *Survey*, feeling that we are keeping in touch with the whole Church.

Possibly the most unusual part of my work here has been going to the leper colony at Palo Seco, about an hour's ride by launch from Balboa, where, faithfully every week, in all kinds of weather, the archdeacon goes to minister to these poor people. It was rather a surprise the first time to see a big negro (formerly a prize-fighter) wade out to our boat and carry us ashore on account of the shallow water. And then another surprise came when the archdeacon said, "You will have to sit in the chancel, there is no other place except where the patients sit". One cannot see much of those terribly afflicted people without wanting to be of some help. So not only has it been a great pleasure to go there, reading to them under a shady tree after the service, but, after knowing them and how uncomplaining they are, one feels that one should never speak of the minor ills of life. Can any of you, my readers, think of anything worse than to have leprosy and lose your sight? So many of them are blind. There is one woman, a truly devout Christian, who is gradually going blind, and it has seemed so hard to walk beside her and see her stumble and so nearly fall, yet realize that one must not touch her, fearing to contract the dread disease.

The most absorbing interest I have here is a small home for destitute children, and that is where I have my own residence. Our ideal is to make it a real home rather than an institution. We have fifteen children; the smaller ones were unable to speak English when they first came to us, nor did they know anything of the Church or its form of services. Now we have sung vespers almost daily, and every child knows them perfectly. Owing to the untiring zeal of our archdeacon, we have a little chapel in connection with the home which we call the Chapel of the Holy Child. Many people call the home "Faith Home", largely, I think, because we began our work with eight children and not a cent of money except one hundred dollars given us by the local chapter of the Red Cross. Now that we have been open seven months we can see, as it has been proven so many times, that if we do our part God will surely do His. At present we are supported almost entirely by local charity, paying seventy-five dollars a month rent for an inadequate house. It was not only the best that we could find at the time, but it was the only building that could be considered for the purpose we had in view. Possibly we may have to move when our year's lease is up, and unless we can find other quarters we may have to close the Home.

There is another alternative, and that is to secure money to erect our own building. Would the Church people at home help us?

I am quite sure no one who loves little children would refuse to help if he could see these little ones and know what changes have been made in their lives by their few months' residence with us.

I have been wondering whether it is possible for me to give a picture of just one day's doings here. It is so like any home and yet so different. The

The Woman's Auxiliary

duties are so commonplace, and yet the spirit which prompts them all is what brings a realization of what "home" really means to these little ones who otherwise would be just homeless waifs.

During wartime I had experience with all the varied wants of the soldier; there were thousands and thousands of them, wants and men. But all the occupations of those days did not fill my day any more completely than the wants of these fourteen children.

Everyone is awake before six o'clock, and, with the help of an attendant, they are soon dressed and ready for the daily catechism: "Have you brushed your teeth", etc. And right after that expression of personal cleanliness come the others—hair, hands, ears, etc.

Then, daily, come our morning prayers in the lovely little oratory.

Breakfast is served at half past six. We do not have the "fall in" of the army camps, but we have instead "line up". To "line up" always means *to eat*, and so there is no delay in the formation; the little ones in front, the larger ones bringing up the rear, the household's pets, dog, parrot, squirrel, kittens, on the side lines and under feet. At the beginning of the meal there is "grace" always, and at the end their thanksgiving, which they recite together:

God is loving,
God is good,
And we thank Him
For our food.

Then each child takes up the task assigned—cleaning dining-room, sweeping, making beds, care of pets, dusting, polishing of floors—and each duty supervised to some extent by the house mother.

By eight o'clock the children of school age are all off, some to the American school at Ancón, some to the Panama school at the Exposition Grounds, and one, the largest and oldest boy, to the Panama National In-



"FAITH HOME"

stitute. By that hour, too, I am on my way to the commissary of the Panama Canal to make my purchases of the day. The Panama Canal commissary is an institution of its own kind and class. I shall not attempt to describe it. It is somewhat like a department store on a bargain day, particularly on Saturdays, or days after a holiday, when larders are low and appetites keen, and right after a steamer from the States has arrived with its fresh supplies of vegetables and fruits. The Home is at least a mile from the Ancón commissary, and my daily purchases are of such bulk that I cannot use the street cars, and a *Ford* has to be requisitioned. We are hoping some of these days to have a *Ford* of our own, and also a chauffeur, and then there will be no dark looks from dark faces because I make the passenger automobile look somewhat like a produce dealer's delivery wagon. It is always amusing to see the little ones rush out from their play when they hear the chauffeur's raucous honk, eager to lend a hand in the unloading.

Then it is, from all sides: "Oh, mother, the squirrel has bit Katy's

The Woman's Auxiliary

ear!" "Mother, Felisa has run a nail in her foot!" "Johnny has cut his finger!" The whole gamut of childhood's mishaps is run in the course of a week, and wounds have to be dressed and lacerated feelings consoled daily.

We have dinner at noon, and again "line up" is called and the empty stomachs fed. In the afternoon there is first the daily nap for the little ones, visits to the dentist, an outing on the beach about two blocks away, dressing, and meal time again.

We are fortunate in having the services of an American dentist, who is also a Churchman, who freely gives his services for two hours every Saturday. Perhaps, when the children are older and can realize the value of this labor of love, they will bless him as well as the Home.

Sometimes at half-past five and sometimes at half-past six, as other duties permit, Archdeacon Carson comes for the vesper service. Our visitors are always interested in this service, and often remark that they wish their children could have the benefit of it.

At seven the very little ones are all in bed, first kneeling at my knees and saying their prayers, concluding with the singing of *Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me*.

On Sunday mornings the children go into Ancón to Saint Luke's, where we use the splendid *Christian Nurture* system of instruction. I have six different grades for which to give assistance in the preparation of the lesson, and of all I am careful to require the learning of the "memory work". On Sunday nights the archdeacon comes to us for Evensong and an illustrated talk on our Lord's life. Everyone looks forward to this from Sunday to Sunday, and when, very occasionally, it has to be missed, there is a genuine sigh of regret and protest that they cannot have it. Some very good friends in Calvary parish, New York

City, have sent me a splendid Reflectoscope, and could they witness the pleasure it gives the children, not only on Sunday nights but also for "movies" during the week, they would feel that it is indeed "blessed to give".

As far as possible we try to eliminate all corporal punishment, and, instead of looking for punishments for misbehavior, we try to be on the outlook to reward good conduct, following the Chinese system of paying the physician as long as one is kept well. It is the Golden Rule that we try to follow. No man can be self-respecting whose pockets are empty, and so we try to encourage a proper pride of possession by seeing that everyone receives some pay on Saturday nights for the week's work. If the work is well done, it is five cents a day. If they have walked to school instead of riding, that is passed to their credit. It is their own money that pays for the mending of their shoes, and it is their own money which they offer to God in His Church. It was their own offering, too, that they made to a little black boy and girl on Thanksgiving Day last, homeless like themselves had not the Church remembered Christ's blessing on childhood. There is also candy money—two and a half cents a week. In the reading of it, it all seems so trifling, but we are sure we are on the right road to self-respecting and Christian manhood and womanhood.

At half-past eight o'clock, when each of the older children has read a few Bible verses, and after everyone is in bed, and the lights are switched off in the sleeping rooms, the house mother draws a long breath, tired in body, eager, too, for rest. But every day she feels amply rewarded by the genuine love of little children, encouraged by the wonderful changes in their lives within less than ten months, grateful for the privilege of service.

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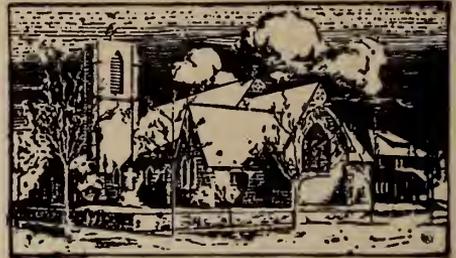
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