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Vol. XXXV

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JANUARY China.	JULY { Review of the year—The Home Base—Orientals in the U. S. A.
FEBRUARY Chosen.	AUGUST China.
MARCH Japan.	SEPTEMBER { India—Home Base—Outlook for the Year.
APRIL Africa.	OCTOBER India.
MAY Latin America.	NOVEMBER Siam.
JUNE Philippine Islands.	DECEMBER Moslem Lands—Syria and Persia.

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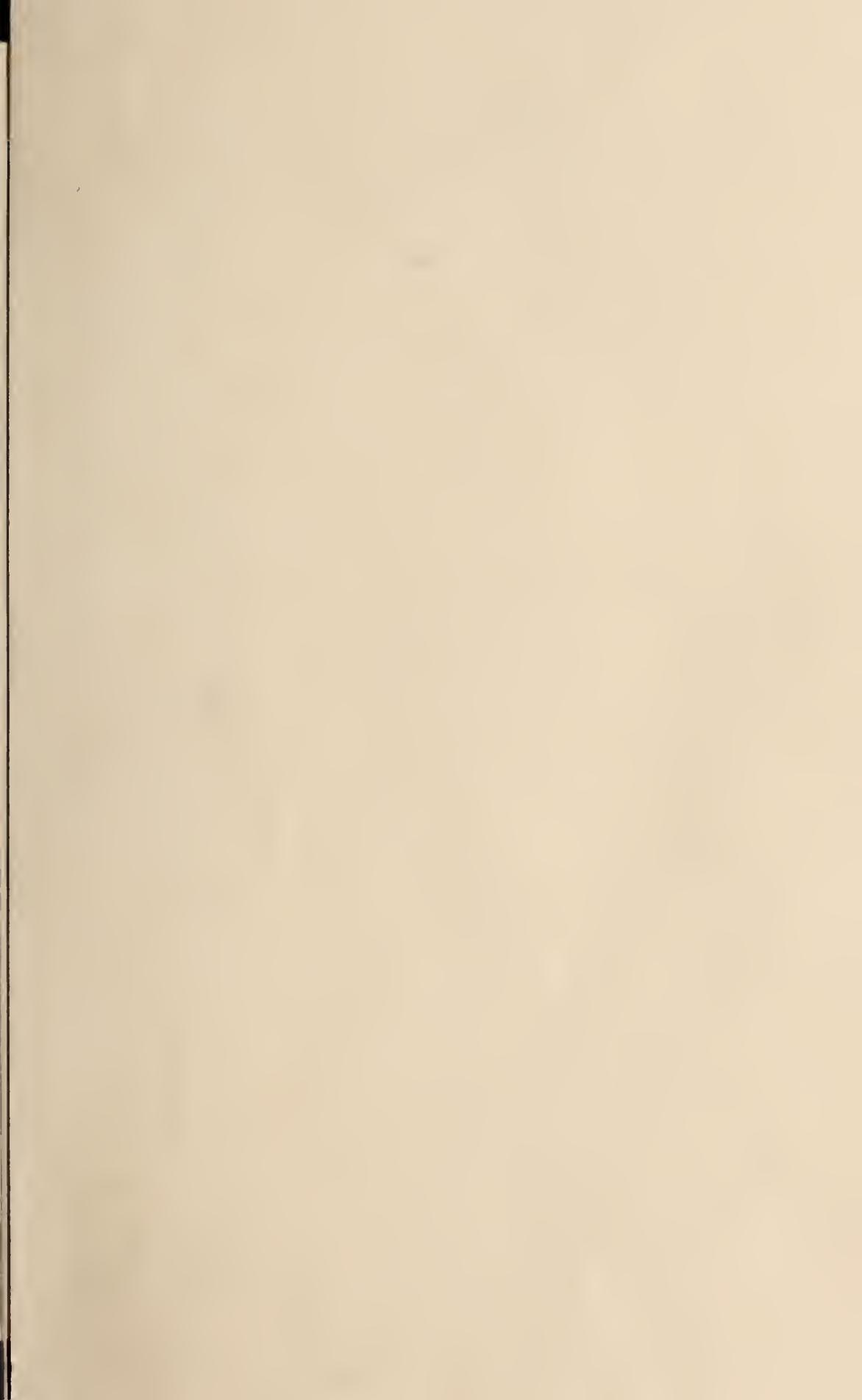
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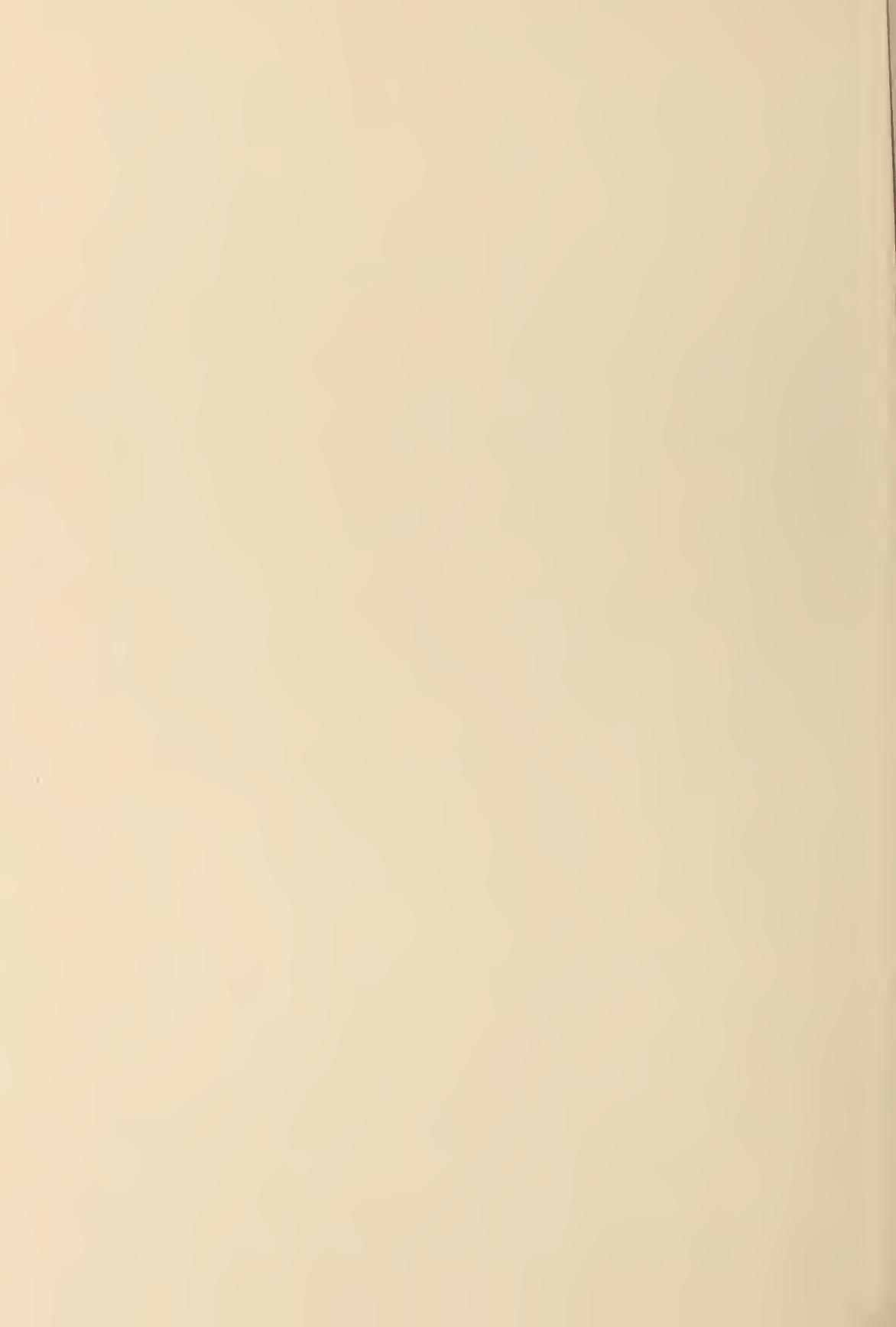
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WOMAN'S WORK

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No. 5



The Turner-Hodge School.

“A Study in Black and White”

JESSIE R. BERGENS

How I wish that I might sketch for you the contrasts of light and shadow in Mexico's summerland, Yucatán! Before you have disembarked from the tug which traverses the three miles between the steamer's anchorage and the shore, the heat of the gleaming white beach-sands reaches you,—doubtless in welcome, albeit an uncomfortably warm one. You have not been in Progreso, the soiled port town, an hour, however, before you suspect that the dominating local color is *black*, for there is *not one respectable hotel room* to be found, in which to incorporate your heated bones during the long, languid hours between the ten-thirty morning train (which you have invariably “just missed,” by the time your baggage is “chalked”) and the five-thirty P. M. train out of the town.

Good indeed it is, at last, to find yourself on the twenty-two-mile way to Mérida, the capital of the state, even though behind a smoky wood engine! Between white salt marshes, weather-

beaten, gray-barked trees, and heavy-leaved *henequen* plants, you follow the baked, sandy road to the city.

Some “light” impression is almost certain to be your first one in Mérida, whether it be of the well-lighted streets, the cement, concrete, or white-wash of the walls and houses, or of the asphalt pavement of the streets, which in the next morning's sun you find glaringly bright, and suggestive of the need of a wide-brimmed hat, a sun-shade, or dark-colored glasses.

At once you are aware that the dress of the Maya Indians, of the *mestizos*, and of many of the “upper class,” is white,—*very* white. You presume that every day must be wash-day in some homes, because of the ever immaculate, frequently uncreased whiteness of the Maya's bell-shaped sailor or pajama-like trousers, of his coat-shirt, and of his wife's comfortably loose “*guipil*,” with its gorgeous cross-stitch yoke and skirt borders. The Preacher said, “Let thy garments be al-

ways white," typical of the purity of your lives—but, alas for the pallid leper spots, the abhorrent mental pictures, and the appalling soul sickness of many of these benighted, white-clad sons and daughters of the King!

. . . One of Mérida's gleaming asphalt roads, the historic and aristocratic *Paseo de Montejo*, takes you *part way* to Itzimná, our "Turner Hodge" suburb. The rest of the way, your *flotingo* (Ford), or coach, gravitates between the dusty (or muddy) dirt road, and the stones, which form the bed-rock of Yucatán, and which are worn white-edged by the wheels of countless vehicles. Or else you jolt along in the *tranvia* behind dusky mules and a driver who is no less so, past jumbled one-story dwellings and palatial residences of alabastine whiteness.

The school itself is painted a pale, pale blue without, and is white-walled and white-doored within, with glazed tile floors which shine with cleanliness, thanks to Ignacio's daily washing of them. How desirable that the building should make a white impression—to typify purity of ideals, of teaching, of influence, of precept and of practice, which our Christ bids us demonstrate, in telling us, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your FATHER."

Long before Miss Bonine, the inspirer, founder, and zealous first principal of "The Turner-Hodge," had the slightest inkling as to where or how, or when, the school should be established, one mother, voicing the heartache of many another, asked her, "Oh, when will you open school here, so that we will have a place to send our daughters, where they will come in contact with something besides *black, black sin*?" Now, that mother's daughter, and a large number of the other girls who entered the school when it opened for the first time on September second, 1918, are still with us, and many new ones have joined them. They come in spite of black superstition and ignorance, in spite of threats by local priests

(which, however, they could not fulfil) to excommunicate the Catholic parents who continued to send their daughters to us, and in spite of warnings that they would see *demons* here!

When the Turner-Hodge opened its doors for its second school year, sixty girls, fair and olive-skinned, rich and poor, former students and new, came to us through those open doors, in spite of an entirely undependable money situation, every one paying *some* tuition. The paper *peso* was worth only eighteen centavos, and metal money (Mexican and American) became the medium of currency. Prices, however, have remained practically unchanged, but the parents of the girls have made every effort to keep them in school, and if necessary, have been allowed a special tuition rate.

We hoped and hoped (and are still hoping) for Miss Niederhauser to come and start a Kindergarten, but when she did not arrive, we could resist the pleadings for the department no longer, and have seven dear little boys, and three precious *ninitas* (Rosita, Mimi, and Dulce María), with an efficient little teacher.

Oh, the deplorable lack of trained evangelical teachers here! This is one of our *big* problems. Normal, academic, and commercial departments are all possibilities, if we just had the room and reinforcements. Whatever else we lack, there is no lack of vision, for we see the Turner-Hodge well-"manned" and well-equipped when she will have outgrown *one permanent* building, with new departments, including music and boarding departments, and mothering any number of district schools, which will in turn be "feeders" of the pioneer school.

Our seven little boys *must* presage a boys' school at no distant date, since we can not hope to accommodate them more than another year. And how can we be deaf to such appeals as that of the father of a bright-faced, ten-year-old lad, who said, "I am sending Roberto back to New Orleans to school (Catholic, to be sure); the Turner-Hodge is a fine school, but

there is nothing like it here for boys, and I will not have my son learn to be a bandit."

Our "Preparatory to the First Grade" department (the name given to our not full-fledged Kindergarten), I have named for Mrs. Turner, whose name the school also bears. Just the day before the fine, strong, little cedar chairs and tables were delivered for the *parvulitos*, a dear little note in Mrs. Turner's own hand-writing came to me, with a check for one hundred dollars enclosed, since she wished to be a partner not only in name, and knew that there must be a need for further equipment. How surely the Lord directs the thoughts and gifts of those who live close to Him!

At Christmas-time the children again brought splendid "white gifts" for the poor and needy and sick,—dresses, toys, dolls, dress-goods, soap, stockings, shoes, nuts, candy, and oranges, besides making brightly-colored scrap-books for the hospital children. For our *fiesta*, one of our teachers, a Roman Catholic, wrote the speaking parts for the older girls, who represented the Wise Men, Angels, and Shepherds, and used our Protestant Bible to base them upon.

In the last local elections, the so-called Liberal party was victorious over the Socialist party, and took possession of the House of Deputies. Influential Romanists head the party, and since they

have returned to power, new saloon, lottery, and bull-fight licenses have been granted, Catholic churches closed by the Socialists have been re-opened, and the nuns are being allowed to return to renew their educational propaganda. One of their schools has already been re-opened, and though *not one* of our girls has yet been reclaimed by them, He alone knows whether any shall be.

Because of a law which is in force in Yucatán (and in some other states) forbidding the teaching of religion in any Primary school, we have been unable thus far to introduce a Bible course into our curriculum. How, then, teach the girls the Truth that will make them free?—By being as nearly as possible "living epistles known and read of all men;" by inculcating the principles of right and of righteousness, of obedience, of loving kindness, of justice and by answering frankly, freely, the questions they ask us as to what we believe, what the difference is between our religion and theirs, and such definite questions as, "Is not Good Friday a sad day?" and, "Are you not afraid to die?"

Pray, then, that we shall indeed be "a light shining in a dark place," bringing "to light hidden things." And as you pray and give, forget not the Lord's "Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are *white, already* to harvest!"

TWO GIRLS graduated in November; they are both Christian girls, made an excellent record in their last year's work, and give promise of being useful Christian women either in home or school . . . The cooking class in caps and aprons, proudly presided over the display of cold meats, bread, cake, pickles, jams and jellies. Three of the local papers paid us warm tribute, one in particular expressing the hope that other schools would follow the example set by the American School. The keenest interest however, centered about our graduates, and one day was given to them. They were publicly examined in such subjects as bookkeeping, study of foods, history of education, pedagogy, the Story of Colombia, English and Spanish Grammar. Their graduating essays were on: "Development in Modern Methods of Education" and "The Bible." Each had on exhibition dresses made by herself in the sewing class. What do you think of a little mission church that sends out at one time five members to do home missionary work? Besides giving men, our little church is giving money, having subscribed nearly enough for the support of two. And we are not rich, we are not even "comfortably well off," we are poor, and feeling the pressure of the "high cost of living" very keenly just now.

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA.

MARTHA BELL HUNTER.

"FOR CHILE, the world war, like a scorpion, carries a sting in its tail. Economic pressure has become cruel. What the European peoples suffered during the war we are bearing now as a result of the collapse of the nitrate and copper industries and the paralysis of exportation. Prices have increased almost twofold within the past three months. All the attendant train of poverty are following fast: epidemics, crime and staggering squalor. The streets are full of mendicants."

atical Catholic, and did her best (and the best of a woman in religious matters is not at all feeble), to kill the faith of Andrés. At first, he talked. Then he left his Bible on the table and prayed, Curiosity (they say) killed a cat. It has done other things. It was the means of saving Francisca Antonia Key. She wondered what made her brother so patient and so different in every way. She read his Bible, being careful always to put it exactly where it had been. At last, she told her brother she could no longer be an idolatrous Roman Catholic, and that his Saviour was also hers. They then cleaned a trunkful of images off the walls of the house, took them out and smashed them with an ax.

Manuel, the younger brother of Andrés and Francisca Antonia, could not live with them. He loved to drink and dance and fight. He would go to the dances, get drunk with the rest, and in the fights that followed he always came out best. He just laid them out!

At one dance (the Lord's time had come again!) he was arrested because one of those present was hurt. In jail, he began to think. Then his family found out where he was, visited him and took him a New Testament, and Jesus Christ got hold of him. He worked a year among bricklayers who insulted him, his religion and (worst of all), his Saviour, and he did not fight once, because Christ would not have fought and he was following Christ. He went home each noon to pray and at night he prayed and in the morning. He is now studying with Dr. Pond and doing wonderfully. He is also studying the first arithmetic, grammar and geography books, as he had no education. He will make a wonderful worker. You will notice a line from Carmen de Roldán to Saturnino Gonzalez and his wife Luisa de Gonzalez. A line from Andrés to the Gonzalez, and also from Francisca Antonia Key. The mother of Roldán and the two Keys had part in preaching the Gospel to the Gonzalez. Señor and Señora Gonzalez were not married when converted, but were mar-

ried before entering the Church. Already they had five or six children. There was no happiness for the woman who is now legally Mrs. Gonzalez. She was never sure of the man and he was hard to live with. Their house is a heaven now. He is a policeman and is guard in the Prefect's office. He got ninety cents a day when we came home, and gave nine cents of it to the Lord first of all each day. He gives away about twenty-five Gospels each week, a large number of tracts, visits ten or twenty unconverted people and is always preaching to people he meets. His wife is like him, always at work. They are always praying and seeing their prayers answered.

Once we were able to give Roldán and wife a vacation at the seashore. There was another family there or the women members of it, Mrs. Arias and her mother. Roldán preached to them as did also his wife. They listened and promised to visit the chapel in Caracas and to read the Bible.

Mrs. Arias had been a very fanatical Catholic and especially was a great believer in Mary, not the mother of Jesus as a man, but the Mary that was invented by Rome—the mother of God, more merciful than our Saviour. She used to bow down before the images of Mary and pray, with tears rolling down her cheeks, that Mary would cover her with a corner of her mantle in the Day of Judgment.

They went home to Caracas and found that Señor Arias had had a Bible for some years. They began with Genesis. When they got as far as the genealogies they began to wonder where Roldán got what he preached. He directed them to the New Testament and Christ got Mrs. Arias. She appeared at the Chapel at seven A. M. (being used to early masses, thinking that it was in the morning at seven-thirty instead of at night that we had services). She returned that night, and left, saying, "I believe what they say." The mother was doubtful, but not for long, and now Señor Arias is a deacon;—the mother died hoping in

Christ; the boy is asking to be educated for the ministry, and Mrs. Arias is always preaching—preaching—preaching. They give the front room of their house to be used as a Chapel and services are held there every week.

They had another family in the house—renters. All but one of the four members are in the Church—through Mrs. Arias. The day these people entered, ten people united with the Church also, most of them brought by Mrs. Arias.

As I have said, this is only a very small part of the results of the saving of

a Venezuelan. Roldán continues to preach in the Candelari Chapel—the first object for South America under the Jubilee. We must buy that Chapel and let Roldán build up a strong work there. Many others have come in through him and we are sure they will continue to come.

I am sorry that I have had to make the stories of the life of these people so short. Each one of them could be much longer—showing even more clearly that it is worth while to save the souls of one of the least of these Venezuelans.



Graduating class, 1919, *Escuela Normal*.

San Angel Normal School Girls Begin Their Life Work

JENNIE WHEELER

THE SCHOOL YEAR closed November twenty-fifth, 1919, terminating with the graduating exercises that evening, although during the week preceding several exercises had taken place, and for two weeks the final examinations had been going on. Several special religious meetings were held with the girls, a very marked interest among them was created,

and a desire in them all to take part during the vacation in the work of evangelizing Mexico. Several committees were formed among girls living in outside places to do definite work, and they are to report at the re-opening of school.

An entertainment given by the junior class to the graduates was really entertaining and well attended. There was a

class of nine graduates with the five of the class of the year before, making fourteen to receive diplomas. The group of fourteen girls made a pretty picture on the platform, and the enthusiasm was great as each one went forward to receive her diploma. In fact, the enthusiasm throughout the exercises was sufficient to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the school. An address by Dr. Barranco, a member of the committee of education of the public schools, was most excellent and well received.

Dr. Wallace, of our Mission, gave the parting words to the class; Mr. Petran had, on the Sunday previous, preached the Baccalaureate sermon. And thus the girls of the graduating class of nineteen hundred and nineteen left the school, well prepared, we trust, for work and life among their people. Each girl goes out with great desire to work and each one hopes to obtain that work soon. One will work in our Mission in Orizaba. One has been asked to go to Cuba for our church-work there; one has been asked to work in the Episcopal Mission School in the city. Some will find places in the Government schools.

Three of the last year's class taught in the mission and two in public schools.

The school hopes to reopen the first of February and will probably have more than the ninety-two enrolled the past year. Eighty-five were boarding pupils throughout the year. The only problem is how to finance the school. The full tuition now asked is thirty *pesos* a month, but not many of the class of girls who wish to come can pay that amount although a large number can pay and do pay half price or will the coming year if they enter. We have not money enough on hand to reopen the school yet, but pray the way may open for us to do so. We shall have a large class to graduate the coming year, and all want to return. There is also a large class ready to enter the first year Normal. The Normal department numbered forty-eight the past year, and only four out of the number were not members of the Church.

If all girls return next year there will be more than sixty in the Normal School department. It is difficult to think the school will not be able to go on for lack of financial aid.

AVENAL 34, SAN ANGEL, D. F., MEXICO.

CONSCRIPTS OF CONSCIENCE

CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

(Concluded)

XIV.

The sun streamed through a row of pink and white tulips set in the alcove window; the white curtains billowed back and forth in the breeze; the fragrance of a jar of mignonette on the sill was wafted about the two who sat to break bread together as if they had been friends of long standing.

"First of all," Mary began. "you are not yet at the end of your troubles, Major Balfrey. You are now at my mercy. Have I thus far bored you with congratulations?"

"Indeed you have not;" the Major spoke with slight asperity. "I have felt your silence keenly."

"Not until half an hour ago have I heard a word of these honors which are falling thick and fast upon your head. Why have you not informed me of them?"

"There was something about it in the papers," he said, frowning.

"Do I have time to read papers?" she cried. "Please realize that I am getting ready for graduation—it is only two weeks off."

"Ah, I see. Unluckily for myself I have never been able to devise measures by which I could gain personal admission to your pres-

ence, not having been invited to visit your house. You could hardly have looked for me to send you announcement——"

"Hardly!" Mary interrupted, then stretched out her hand, her face beaming with unfeigned pleasure. "I am perfectly delighted that you have received such recognition, Dr. Balfrey, that you are going in for such splendid service. My congratulations."

"My thanks—they are honest to match."

"When do you sail?"

"Day after tomorrow."

For a while their talk was of work in France, the necessitous and dreadful conditions, the demand for reconstruction in the habits of life of the people, and the like, then of the Major's interesting prospect of collaboration with French surgeons. But at last, perceiving that he was not minded to hold the conversation over-long on himself, Mary, with a little toss of her head, declared that Major Balfrey was by no means to imagine that she envied him.

"I have honors and opportunities myself, if you please," was her challenge.

"I have not the slightest doubt of that," he

answered. "*Cum laude* for your diploma—that goes without saying.—"

"Something better than that," Mary broke in, flushing high; "here it is, right in my pocket," and opening a small leather bag which lay beside her she took out a letter and laid it before her companion.

"Am I to read it?" he asked gravely.

"You can, but I am afraid that you are not interested enough for that. Simply, it is, in effect, my commission from our Mission Board to go out to China in September, there to engage as a Christian Missionary in the practice of Christian medicine and surgery."

"My honors, so called, are small beside that, Dr. Earle," the Major said gently, handing her back the letter. "Perhaps only you and I, being together as we were in caring for Ilien Siu, can comprehend the full significance of this commission. I am glad your way to go to China is clear."

Mary's eyes gave her response.

"How about your family?" Major Balfrey asked, presently. "This must have a painful side for them, I am sure, as well as for you."

"They are made of the right stuff, if I do say so," Mary replied. "Of course it is not precisely easy for any of us. I sent them word of my change of plans the week that Ilien died. The next morning I received a telegram from my really illustrious grandmother, a message of two Latin words: "*Nunc Dimittis.*"

"Now that was good, very good," responded Balfrey.

"My mother wired, too, saying that if I am to practice medicine she considers China preferable to America. That sounds as if she felt it better to have me out of sight. That really isn't her point of view: she meant exactly what she said. My brother wrote me a rather humorous letter, with a serious touch, though. The gist of it was: if a good time in life is what you're after, stay here; if it's service of fellow-men, China is all right."

"Very well put, and true enough in a way," commented the Major, thoughtfully. "But I haven't a doubt that a 'good time in life' would also be your portion, Mary Earle,—if you'll excuse my leaving off the title this once—were you to be in Labrador or Madagascar or China. 'The mind is it's own place.' Perhaps you have heard that mentioned before."

Mary smiled happily and turned to receive the maid entering at the moment with a tray containing enticing service of luncheon for two.

Uppermost in Mary's mind, however, was the sense that she really hardly knew this man facing her now at short range: that like a craven coward, she shrank from intruding upon his personal life in pursuance of her commission. Moreover, the spur which her courage had received from the melancholy, never before, she thought, absent from his eyes, failed her now. Something of buoyancy in his mood seemed to have touched even that haunting shadow; for the moment it had vanished. None the less she had given her word to do this thing and must not falter.

"Major Balfrey, may I talk with you of my friend; Constance Chilton?" she began valiantly

enough as she perceived the Major's interest in strawberries flagging.

Surprise was distinctly perceptible.

"Most certainly," was the answer, "but it is strange to find that you know each other."

"I met her on the *Cumberland* when we crossed, you know, or perhaps . . ."

"Yes, it is true. I did know later that she was on the ship but not at the time. That was on the whole fortunate, perhaps."

In her heart Mary thanked the Major for this opening. Quick in the uptake, she remarked.

"You will not, I am sure, think ill of me if I am so bold as to let you know that Miss Chilton confided in me on ship-board the story of the very sad affair . . ." Mary hesitated, then advanced again to the attack, the Major showing no disposition to give further openings. "I was convinced of her very real distress of mind, Major Balfrey, and of the sincerity of her regard for you."

He bent his head in acknowledgment of her statement, a plait of perplexity between his brows, but he did not speak.

"Her sense of duty in severing your relations, however mistaken it may now seem, struck me as honest."

"I see," commented the Major dispassionately. "Miss Chilton is a very charming girl."

Some quality in this comment seemed to augur ill for Mary's errand. Goaded to action, she plunged resolutely ahead.

"Yes, she is a charming girl, but she is also a brave girl, brave enough to dare to do the unusual—"

"Why is she not brave enough to speak for herself instead of laying upon you an uncongenial task?"

"I do not blame her for that, Major Balfrey. Any sensitive girl would shrink from herself approaching,—in her own behalf, a man—"

"A man whom she had once promptly—released—so to speak, for reasons sufficiently obvious, no doubt. Yes, Mary Earle, I agree with you on that entirely, and we must not allow the charming Miss Chilton to approach such a *faux pas* by the twentieth part of one poor scruple."

Mary was silent in her turn. Obviously the initiative had passed to the Major. He did not appear to find it embarrassing.

"Let me help you. Miss Chilton has been, we will say, so brave, or unusual, as to ask you to mediate between herself and me with a view to restored relations."

A pause, but no comment.

"But thus far you have not carried out her commission, have not stated her position, finding it not altogether easy. That is right. Now, I have known Miss Chilton longer than you have; probably I know the reactions of her temperament better. For her own sake you must refrain from performing her errand in order to save her from inevitable awkwardness. If Miss Chilton knew the future to which I stand committed she would necessarily have to beat a second retreat."

"But indeed, Major Balfrey, I think there you are mistaken. Although she did not mention it to me, I can see now, looking back

at this last conversation with her, that Miss Chilton must have known then of your being called to go to France. I do not think that would cause her the slightest hesitation."

"Very true. How about China? I am going to China, Dr. Earle, when I have done a year's work in France."

Mary was blankly astonished.

"As an investigator?" she asked. "On the Rockefeller Foundation?"

"Not in the very least," was the quick response. "Under the Red Cross? Under the Cross of Christ. There is for me no other name. If they will take me I am to go out, just as you are going now, as a medical missionary. I have worked more or less among the Chinese in this city and have become strongly interested in them, have got a little hold on their language. There is real character foundation there to build upon. But China needs Christian religion more than she needs modern medicine—and that is a good deal to say. I should not care to go on a simply scientific or humanitarian basis."

Before Major Balfrey had finished speaking Mary had definitely withdrawn Constance Chilton from the running. There was nothing more for her to say on that head. But a few words still belonged to the Major.

"And so we will save Miss Chilton from all further embarrassment by letting you report to her that you learned, before committing yourself in this regard, that I was pledged to go to China, after a year or so in France, as a missionary, and that learning this you felt it wiser not to proceed further. She will be very grateful to you. So shall I, Mary Earle. But I am grateful to you for very much higher service than this. Until I met you I did not quite know how divine a thing a woman may become when her life is inspired by the love of Christ."

As he spoke with a solemnity she had not known in him hitherto, Minot Balfrey's face showed the reality of his homage.

"I have much to thank you for," he continued. "You have helped me to become, like yourself, a conscript of conscience. Surely if the war has taught me anything,—and if it has not, we are incapable of learning, it is that life is given us not for self-gain, self-pleasing, self-ministration, but for service. The question for a mature Christian man or woman becomes simply, where is the need greatest for the kind of service I can render?"

"And looking into this question you have found China the answer?" asked Mary, finding her voice at length. "It might almost seem as if you ought to remain on in France on this tuberculosis commission. You can do so much."

"There is, of course," he answered seriously. "a prodigious work to be done in France and I am glad to have a part if only a very small one, in that. It is possible I may find it best to remain beyond the year I have set for myself, but I think not."

"My heart aches for France."

"Yes, France appeals to us poignantly because we see her ravaged to the verge of apparent peril of sinking from a high plane of national life to a lower. This peril is not, I believe, a real one. France has wonderful resiliency, she will spring back to her proper level as tempered steel will spring after compression. The case is wholly different with China. There is a non-Christian nation which has never risen to a high plane of human life, but beholds it from afar and reaches out for it. The disaster should the Church of Christ fail to go to her aid now and help her up to the higher plane would be enormous."

"Yes, it would be too dreadful to think of," Mary echoed, then, with emotion added. "How I wish Ilien could have known that you are to go and work among her people, Major Balfrey."

"She did know it."

Mary's joy and wonder did not need the words they could not find.

"Yes in that hour I had with her, the evening before she died, you remember? I told Ilien that I had fully decided, soon or late, to go to China as a medical missionary."

"Was she able to speak? to make you know what it meant to her?"

For a moment Balfrey did not reply, then, with an irrepressible quiver in his voice he said very low,—

"Her eyes said all . . . but after a little I heard the child murmur words of Scripture . . . brokenly . . . they were not easy to recognize, but in the end I divined them . . ." lower still his voice fell as he repeated, "*Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*"

When he spoke again the Major said in his wonted, matter-of-fact manner:

"When you think of it, if there had been no other reason, a man in my place could have done no less than volunteer for this service." Noting Mary's questioning glance, he added, "I shall always have the thought to carry with me that it was the shock of unexpectedly seeing my poor, shot-up countenance, after the long interval in which we had not met, which caused the accident to Ilien. Now I suppose it may be time to look at our watches."

Mary rose. The moment surcharged with emotion, must fortunately, be shaped by the outward conditions about them.

"Yes, you may have a few things to do, sailing day after tomorrow," she remarked, smiling faintly. "I shall not see you again," she added. They moved together to the door.

"No, not on this side. But in 1920 or '21, if I am, as I hope to be, in China, then we shall meet there, is it not so?"

"China is a very large country, Major Balfrey."

"But that is unimportant. We shall meet, Mary, if you permit it. That is a privilege which only you could deny me."



Clinic hour at the Free Medical Dispensary of the Presbyterian Church at Vera Cruz.

Light Out of Darkness

(MRS. THOS. E.) ETHEL T. BARBER

WHAT we ordinarily call our parish is just about the size of all the New England States and the State of New York, but you may add a great deal more to it if you wish, for there is plenty of territory lying around unclaimed, and no one seems to be in a hurry to claim it. Within a radius of fifty miles here at our station there is a population of 450,000 souls. Do you not think there is quite enough to do?

In Cruces, on his last itinerating trip, the missionary found a group of people studying the Bible, learning to sing hymns, and very enthusiastic at receiving a visit from him. The man who was directly responsible for this has an interesting history.

When a small boy there were no schools in those remote sections, but a woman who moved into the neighborhood and knew how to read, held a little school for her own boys and taught these neighbor boys to read also. Years afterwards, when his father was an old man and very

sick, so that it seemed he would die soon, this son went to the priest in the nearest town, where they attended mass, and asked him to come out and confess his father before he died. The priest said he had urgent business to attend to, and would not go. The son went to the town on the other side, but farther away, with the same success. The priest could not go, he was too busy and it was too far. A few days later, the son returned to the first priest and begged him to come out to his father. The priest spoke very crossly and said he could not go so far to see a sick old man. Several times before the father's death the son returned to the priest with the same result.

Afterwards he went to the priest, and said, "You say that if a man dies unconfessed he is condemned, no?" "Yes," answered the priest. "Then," said Mr. Cardona, "who condemned my father? Who sent him into eternal punishment? You, the priest of the Church!"

When Mr. Barber made his first trip to

Dabeiba, four years ago, a friend of this man heard him speak and went back to the mountains and told Mr. Cardona. Mr. Cardona went down to Dabeiba and said to one of his friends, "I hear you have bought a Bible. I want it, am willing to pay any price for it, but I want it. You can read those of your friends and some day the missionary will return." His friend answered, "I paid fifty cents for the Bible, you may have it for that." Mr. Cardona took the Bible home and began to read. It was a reference Bible and he hunted up the references. At first his wife was not interested, but finally he interested her and read to her and his children.

As a result of his study and work over one hundred persons attended the meeting one night on Mr. Barber's last trip and all stayed until after midnight, some having to walk several hours afterwards to reach home. Mr. Barber was astonished at the gospel truths that Mr. Cardona had grasped from his study of the Word. The old lady who had taught him to read also listened to these last services in Dabeiba. Who will go into these



Harlan and Soflora Barber, Medellin, Colombia.

and other regions and give all these people a chance to know the Bible?

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA.

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"AN OLD MEXICAN was speaking, a gray-haired laborer who had worked for twelve years in California. "Yes," he said, "I am going home; I have been here long enough. It is true that wages are better, but money is not everything; to be content a man needs some esteem. Here I can never be more than a Mexican, who must be watched to see that he does an honest day's work. I do not believe that I am lazy,—I have done my best for my employers—but it is hard for us to please the Americans. One of my friends told me of a Mexican who was traveling through Arizona with his grandson. They had a donkey which the old man rode while the boy walked behind. After a time, they passed some Americans on the road. 'Look at

that man,' said one, 'riding his burro while the little boy walks—just like a lazy Mexican!' The old man understood a little English, so he dismounted and let the little boy ride. Presently, a party of cowboys cantered by. 'Mexicans are a shameless people,' they said; 'see how that lazy boy rides while the old man walks behind in the dust.' Hearing this, the Mexican mounted behind his grandson, and the donkey went on, carrying double. At the foot of a hill they met a stage. 'Lazy Mexicans!' exclaimed the passengers, scornfully, 'both riding that poor little burro!'"

"There is a germ of truth in this view of our attitude towards the Mexicans. We are inclined to believe that difference from ourselves implies inferiority—an insular weak-



"Fifth of May" Street, Vera Cruz. Photos. given by Rev. N. J. Elliott.

ness which has been the chief obstacle to cordial relations with the Latin-American republics. Whatever the outcome of the present situation, a little tolerance will do no harm—a little effort to see the good in a race we do not at present understand. . . . The philosophy of the modern Mexicans is as foreign to us as the customs of ancient Mexico. The chief incentive which drives the European races on to struggle and progress is the desire for material gain, but in the life of the Mexican this motive plays only a secondary part. At a cane plantation in the State of Vera Cruz, it was time to cut the sugar-cane, and as usual, there was a shortage of labor. Ordinary wages were the equivalent of forty cents a day. The manager made calculations and found that he could double the rate for cane-cutting and still be ahead, because the running time of his mill would be cut in half. So announcement of double pay was made and long lines of peons came trudging in—but they worked only half-time. . . . Both the Spanish and the Indians with whom they have intermarried are people of inherent good manners and of thoughtfulness for the feelings of others. We are too apt to sneer at such amenities as 'My house is yours,' etc., not realizing that to the Mexican there is no duty more sacred than that of hospitality. The poorest peon with only a handful of corn in his grass hut, will share it with a belated traveler who asks for shelter, and will sleep on the floor while the stranger enjoys the comfort of a bed. . . . In Latin-

America, little courtesies have their part in business—the Mexican will often pay a greater price in order to deal with a man whose manner and personality inspire confidence . . . Charity is nowhere more universal than in Mexico. In the peon's hut, when the family sits down to a scanty meal, there is always room for one more at the table—the thought of turning away the needy never enters his mind.

There is good in the Mexican people in spite of nine years of turmoil and excess . . . they are struggling blindly but they are struggling to remedy conditions which had become intolerable.

"I was at the ranch of a border cattleman. We had come in at dusk, leaving our horses at the corral. Walking towards the house we met the Mexican chore-boy, a pleasant-faced lad, fresh from Sonora. The cattleman stopped him and pointed towards the corral. 'You vamos down yonder,' he ordered, 'and drive them *caballos* over to the creek for a drink. *Pronto* now!'

"The boy listened respectfully, his intelligent eyes bright with the desire to understand. Finally he shook his head.

"*No entiendo, señor!*" he said.

"The American looked at me in disgust. 'Can you beat it?' he remarked, 'that Mexican don't even understand his own language!'"

—From *The Human Side of Mexico*, by Charles Bernard Nordhoff, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

AN EVENING PRAYER

E. VAIR MACDONALD

OUR GRACIOUS GOD, we would implore
 Forgiveness from Thy bounteous store;
 We follow far behind, and stray
 In many paths of selfish way.

Quicken our hearts, that we may see
 Thy will alone, in following Thee.
 Grant grace, each day, to cast aside,
 All things which draw us from our Guide.

So oft, we've proved Thy wondrous care,
 That all our sorrows, Thou dost share;
 Knowing we never can repay,
 Help us give Thee our best each day.

MRS. ALLISON AND I completed our sixteen years as missionaries in Guatemala, November 20, 1919. We have never before seen such soul hunger among our people, nor been face to face with such an opportunity for missionary work. REV. W. B. ALLISON, in *Guatemala News*.



Three brothers who are third-generation Presbyterians at Senges, Parana, Brazil. The one at the left is an elder, in the middle is a deacon. Photo. sent by Rev. G. L. Bickerstaph.

BABSON, the well known statistician, tells this incident in proof that "the greatest factor in business life today is religion." "A short time ago I was in South America, the guest of the President of the Argentina Republic. Between smokes, one day, he broke a long silence, in this way: 'Mr. Babson, can you tell me why it is that South America, with so much greater natural advantages and having been settled before North America, is so backward compared with your reason?' He replied: 'Mr. Babson, South America was settled by Spaniards seeking gold. North America was settled by the Pilgrim fathers who went to your land to seek God.'"

country?' I said: 'Mr. President, what do you think is the reason?' He replied: 'Mr. Babson, South America was settled by Spaniards seeking gold. North America was settled by the Pilgrim fathers who went to your land to seek God.'—*Interchurch World News*.

One Woman's Story

This thrilling narrative is kindly sent to us by Miss Georgia L. McKinney, now in this country, but expecting to return to Persia. Miss McKinney received the story from Mrs. Shedd, who had translated it into English from the Syriac, in which it had originally been written.—EDITOR.

THE FIRST DAY that our people fled from Urumia, we went with the crowd, but it seemed so impossible to go on that we returned, thinking we could stay with Moslem friends. There were my husband, my little son Johnnie, and myself. We had protected certain Moslem neighbors in our home during the time they were in danger so we thought we would now be safe with them. We had left all our goods in our house in Gulpashan, and these men said to my husband, "Let us go bring your things to our house and we will keep them safe for you!" My husband went with them and was killed in our own village. When I heard this I took my boy and hid in a barn, but the Moslems showed the Kurds where we were hiding. They took my boy to kill him. I implored them to spare him, so one said, "I will not kill your son, but I will take you for my wife."

He took me to a Moslem house and placed a guard over me. The women of the house showed us to other Moslems and they carried us off to another house where there were about forty other Christian women who were waiting their death. Shortly afterward these were all massacred. Praise be to God! there was a man there who knew me and saved me from this awful fate. He took me to a roof, then four young men came and tried to take me from him. He said, "If you want women I will get them for you, but don't touch this one." He then brought four young women and saved me these outrages. While he went to bring a *chudra* (Moslem woman's veil) for me, some Turkish regulars came through the streets. I knew their voices to be Turks, and heard them pound on the door. They opened it and I ran and kissed their hands and besought them to save me. They took me with them and I told them that there were a lot of other captive women in the village and asked them to gather them all together and take

them out. We went from house to house and found a number, both women and children. About two hundred and fifty Christian women and children were killed in that village. Then we all went with the Turks to the city of Urumia. On the way we meet a Kurd who, when he saw me, said, "This woman belongs to me. I will take her for myself." He compelled me to go with him and when I saw there was no escape just then, I acted as if I were willing to go with him and asked him to get a donkey for me and my boy to ride. This he did. All the way I was planning how to make my escape. I told him I would go first and get a letter from the Turkish commander giving him permission to take me so that there would be no trouble afterwards. He let me go, and of course I did not go back to him. The Turkish commander there protected me and I stayed in the Mission yards where there were about five hundred other Christian refugees. We were all lying on the cold, bare ground, so I went to the commander and quoted some verses of Scripture, then he felt sorry for us. All the things belonging to the missionaries were piled up in their yards ready to be taken away. He ordered that clothes and bedding be given to us from these things and we slept that night more comfortably. In the morning some of those who had been taken away by Persians were brought back by Turks, stripped of their clothing. I took some clothes from those of the missionaries and gave them to these women. The next morning the Turkish soldiers each chose as many women and girls for himself as he wished. I could save only a few of them.

Our bread was the black bread used by the army, full of sticks and straw. I went to the Turkish Chief, asked permission to take charge of the bread baking, and he agreed to this. I could find no sieve for sifting the flour, so I used

a screen door from one of the mission houses as a sieve, and our bread was a little better. Now our names were written down and we were sent to Salmas with children and babies, all going by foot like a flock of sheep. When we reached the village of Garasanlu, seventy of our men were bound hand and foot until morning. We started on our way again, but we were not allowed to drink any water. They beat any one who tried to go near a stream. Everyone was suffering intensely from thirst. I went and kissed the Chief's feet and entreated him to give me permission to bring water to these captives. He sent a soldier with me, we brought water and gave it to all. I had a little bread which I gave to Odishu Khan, a very rich man, but then dying of hunger. I did not think that I might be hungry myself, for I believed in the verse which says, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." As we went on our journey I saw that it would be impossible for me to walk all the way to Salmas with my little boy, so I again went to the Chief and said, "Long live my Lord! I have one dear son who if he walks all this long way will die." After much entreaty he gave me a pass to go back to the city in a wagon with some Catholic priests. These priests were put in prison and I was able to help them by taking them some bread.

When the commander saw I had returned, he called me and said, "Where did you come from?" I replied, "From Garasanlu, because I could go no farther, I have returned to die here." He asked me where I would stay as all the Christians had been sent away. I said I would go to the house of a certain Moslem whose wife had been a Syrian and had become a Moslem. She gave a letter of responsibility to the Turkish commander and he sent me with her. As I entered the house her husband said, "I will marry you." For one whole month he pressed and threatened me to make me become a Moslem and marry him. He would often beat me and say, "Why do you touch our water and bread and dishes and so defile them if you will not

become a Moslem?" I thought it better to die than to deny my Saviour. At last he took hold of my arm and put me into the street.

There we found two kind Kurds who took us to Tajir Bashee's house. These Kurds asked me for one hundred *tomans* (about \$200) and as I had no money, I gave them a note. For three months they kept us there. Though they never tried to force us to become Moslems, they often talked of their religion to us. I told them that their prophet was mistaken and though they could rob us of all our worldly possessions they could not take our Scriptures from us.

After three months we were all gathered together in the missionary yards by Judith Khanem, where we were kept safe for eight months. Then the Kurds and Moslems fought. The Persians came into the Mission wards, looting and killing. We all ran to the treasury building where Dr. Packard was. (Dr. Packard had just returned after spending a winter in Tabriz, to which city they had been roughly deported). Then the Persians fell upon us, stripping the women and girls to the skin and separating the young men to murder them. About twenty children were trampled to death under foot. The Persians with drawn swords, sickles, axes, hatchets, clubs and any thing they could find, came in to hack the people to pieces. Then Mashadi Bagar came and saved Dr. Packard, and a great many others were saved by their Moslem friends. Myself and Johnnie were providentially saved by giving a sum of money to a Persian to take us out. We went to the governor's house and all who were saved stayed there for twenty-one days, though often hungry.

God heard our prayer and brought us salvation by the hand of Mr. Paddock, the American Consul, by whom we were brought safely to Tabriz. My hope is in my Heavenly Father and I thank Him for His wonderful goodness to me though He has taken my husband and all I had. He has blessed me here and I believe will bless me in the life to come, so I dedicate my life to Him and His service.

EDITORIAL NOTES

FOR MORE THAN A GENERATION one of the outstanding personalities among missionary women has been the dear lady whom her friends knew as "Grettie Holliday." To her keen intelligence and whole-hearted devotion to her work she added a certain individuality which made a lasting impression upon those who knew and appreciated her. Margaret Yandes Holliday went to Persia in the service of our Board in 1883. During all these years of arduous activity she took but three furloughs in this country, her life was wholly given to the cause of Christ in Persia. Her especial work was that of an evangelist, but she not only carried the Good News to those who had never heard it, she also instructed and trained in the faith, many, many, both men and women, who had been brought into the light through her influence. "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness," she spent herself unsparingly for Persia. Even in the midst of most untoward circumstances, Miss Holliday was an untiring correspondent. Though she saw so little of her friends in this country, she never lost her interest in them, and by her long and detailed letters, patiently hand-written, she kept those at home closely in touch with the details and the results of her activities. It was only last December that Miss Holliday came home, seventy-six years old and shattered in body and mind by the fearful experiences of the last few years in devastated Persia. Of what she had seen, she would not speak, feeling that the sights were too repulsive to be described. Her release came on March 17th, at a sanatorium in Indianapolis, by cerebral hemorrhage. Through the kindness of a friend in Kokomo, Ind., we have received the comments upon Miss Holliday's life and death, which appeared in *The Indianapolis News*, and we quote the closing paragraph of this notice in a daily newspaper:

"It is well for people to meditate on such a

life as this, and to realize that there are even yet many men and women in the world whose interest in salaries and wages is slight—if it exists at all—but whose devotion to the truth as they see it is absolute. With them the kingdom of God comes first. There can be no permanent elevation of our life except as it is infused with the spiritual—with that influence which has ever led men and women to put aside the thought of material gain, and made them realize that godliness is the only true gain, and that it is only through a dying to all that is selfish that life can be won. Such a life was that of Miss Holliday."

IT IS INTERESTING to those who have been through this year studying especially Medical Missions, to recall that in this month of May, one hundred years ago, in a lovely home in the green and flowery English country, was born the fair little girl who was the mother of modern, humane nursing, Florence Nightingale. So much does her name seem a part of bygone history that it is difficult to realize that her death occurred as recently as 1910, when she was ninety years of age. Though the heroically self-denying work to do which she turned her back on the charm of cultivated English life was before the development of the modern war correspondent, yet fortunately, Miss Nightingale had herself the literary gift which found expression in diaries and letters. She wrote of the "Horror and Misery of a Military Hospital. A London Hospital is a Garden of Flowers to it. The wounded are treated in a manner worthy only of savages. Four miles of beds, not eighteen inches apart, steeped up to our necks in blood, not one murmur, not one groan. The men bear pain and mutilation with unshrinking heroism, which is really superhuman, die or are cut up without a complaint." Bitterly opposed in her purpose to give herself to nursing, she wrote in her diary: "Oh, God, Thou putttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful. I offer it to Thee. Do with it what is for Thy service." So she cleared the path for the long procession of trained and competent

women who have made nursing their life work.

ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES, now in this country in shattered health, writes to her Secretary in response to his letter announcing that the salaries of the missionaries were to be increased to meet their greatly increased expenses, as mentioned in our March issue. What she says no doubt expresses what most of the missionary wives and mothers are feeling: "In your letter announcing the increase in salary, you said you could imagine with what 'relief' the news would be received. That was certainly the exact word for it. It seemed as though a great weight had suddenly been lifted from both head and heart. I felt as though I *must* say thank you to somebody, so I am saying it. To you and to the others responsible we surely do want to express our most heartfelt thanks and appreciation. We have thanked the good Lord often enough, but must thank you, too."

AS LONG AGO as the period of the Civil War, Mrs. John Newton first sailed for India, where she worked with her husband, who was one of our pioneer medical missionaries. Recently, at the age of eighty-one, Mrs. Newton passed away at Doylestown, Pa., where she has made her home since her retirement from active missionary work. Mrs. Newton's influence as an educator on the girls of India, was of a deep and lasting character. Two years after the death of Dr. Newton, in 1880, she returned to this country for the purpose of educating her children, but in a few years went back to her loved work in India, where she remained until she retired from active service. Mrs. Newton's daughter, Mrs. Henry Forman, died several years ago. Only one of her four children survives her, a son, who lives in Princeton, N. J.

READING THE NARRATIVES of results achieved by our teachers in Mexico, makes us realize more deeply the truth of the statement made recently by the

Rev. Dr. Earl Taylor, at an Interchurch Conference, where he was cordially applauded when he declared that a band of adequately equipped missionaries could do more, through education, to pacify Mexico than an army of soldiers could ever accomplish with all their martial equipment.

HERE IS HOW the Rev. Mr. Molloy feels about the progress of the Gospel of which the preaching has so lately extended to Yucatan: "The very atmosphere seems to be charged with signs of the favor of Providence. I heard a sermon preached recently by the Mexican pastor. The Lord certainly was with that man. Of comely form, a bright mind, gifted in speech, dead in earnest, talking out of his soul about the 'Dignity of the Ministry.' I thought of his father, one of the Maya Indians of Ticul, and I said to myself, 'Here is a specimen of what the Gospel has done in Yucatan,' and I was greatly encouraged and comforted."

WRITING in *The Guatemala News*, Mr. Allison speaks of the fact that ten million dollars are annually spent in the United States for lessons and lesson-helpers for Sunday-schools, and contrasts this lavish expenditure with the almost complete lack of Christian literature for the pressing and deplorable needs of Central America. He says that Russellites, Christian Scientists, Seventh Day Adventists, and other theorists, pour their literature into those countries, literally by the ton, whole freight cars being filled with loads of it. The demand for and the welcome to Christian literature is eager and increasing, but the supply is pitifully limited though "the printed page often gets in and preaches its message where it would be impossible for the human voice to have a hearing. There is no presumption about handing a traveling companion some message, but it would be if one started in to preach to him in a station or on the train, but the distributed leaflet often opens the way naturally for a conversation on the subject of salvation."

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

SYRIA

MISS HELEN JESSUP is the daughter of our long-time missionary in Syria, the Rev. William Jessup. She is not herself a missionary, but has been engaged in a special industrial work under the British Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, at Brummana. The work was formerly in charge of the Friends' Mission and it is expected that they will resume its direction after this spring. Miss Jessup writes to relatives in this country of what she is doing, and adds some graceful lines describing conditions in that part of Syria: "This morning I gave my first lesson in design to the lace-making department, where I had two classes full of willing girls. We came up here from Beirut in a motor lorry, bringing with us some friends of the Danish Mission, who are to help here also. We started off briskly; the man at the wheel having first seen that each was seated on his own baggage covered with a thick sackcloth bag to induce springiness in the bumpy lorry. We bounded up and down through the city streets, then traveled up and up, catching glimpses of rain clouds, sea, sky, and pine trees.

Dusk grew into evening, and by the headlights' glare a mountain village came to view. We joggled into a gateway, stopped at a group of buildings and alighted, stepped into a cold, dimly-lighted hall, then to the living-room, where a cheerful fire crackled with a pitchy deliciousness and where we greeted our friends. One Miss Johanna, a Danish lady, assured me it was late and supertime, and as my home was to be further on, I followed her down the outer stairs and out into the moonlight. . . .

The broken-down houses in the village are not so much careless lack of attention as necessitated selling of all the wood in roofs, doors and windows for fuel at the water-works and other plants in Beirut. So the poor people, those who were strong enough and not starved, walked down to the city in the small hours of the morning and sold chopped pine boughs, their house beams, and thus got food enough for a short, very short, while. But some people were not strong enough to roll their roofs and endure the cold outdoors to repair their homes, and so in fell the roof and their bones were found inside their own four walls, gone with their life and past happiness. One sees children here in our orphanage just getting fatter from their former skeleton condition, and the gongs we use to call the children to class and meals are shell-cases of brass with a military hum and dong! The children beg to come here, but each case must be thought over as the storehouse contains only a certain amount of grain, lentils, beans, flour, etc. (all closely guarded), and the oven bakes enough for three hundred people every few days, so great is our number in orphans, hospital staff, patients, relief workers and servants.

Our Industrial Trade School is to help all these people, when relief has left them and they are on their own, to earn a living wage and an industry. By lace-making, filet crochet, toy-making, weaving of rugs, basket-making and garment production, we soon will have for sale in Beirut beautiful things to help make this a self-supporting Industrial School.

One sees what this place must have been when there was no relief for these poor people. All the time new bits of experiences are told and the whole weaves itself into an interesting story, very sad and strange, for times were good before the war. My first impression came from a memory of what was and might be again some day, on an evening last week, when I had walked to the village and seen the poverty and desolation and then the view up the valley as it was of old; so I wrote this bit called

PROMISE

Bells in the valley, soft glow on the hills,
And a silent peace at the sunset hour;
Pines gently stirring, a ribbon of road,
Pink, shy, little wayside flower.

As I look to the crest of the hill nearby
The beauty fades and reality brings
The truth that touches my soul with pain,
With a wish for the days of former things.

For I see the village folk go by,
Back from a day of honest toil;
Laden with grapes and fruit and grain,
Workers each with their labor's spoil.

The young men chant their mountain songs
As they climb the hill to their homes at night,
The women are baking the evening meal,
Their day is over, their faces bright

With the happiness of well earned rest,
So they chat by the braziers of glowing coal;
Seated on mats on their clean stone floors,
Each dipping his food from the supper bowl.

But now—I hear no evening song,
Nor see the laborers homeward bound;
Where are the women to bake and brew?
I wonder—and then I look around.

And see on the hill,—a house, it was,
But the roof has gone, the walls caved in;
No one around to ask but a child,
Scantily clad and with limbs so thin.

I give him food and his eyes search mine,
To see if I understand how long
He has tried to live; to have courage and faith
That right would overcome this wrong.

And—I think of the life of long ago
When he used to play in thoughtless glee,
When the world was happy for those who
worked
And I look ahead to what is to be!

HOME DEPARTMENT

A Glimpse of the Jubilee Program

RACHEL LOWRIE

PERHAPS we thought we were busy when, in 1910-11, many denominations of us celebrated joyously together the Jubilee of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. But our own Presbyterian Jubilee, now due, is not to be celebrated in a corner, nor does simplicity characterize its doings. Listen!

The Jubilee of 1910-11 swept from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and had the whole United States for its reception room, but on May 24th and 25th, all the United States is coming to Philadelphia! That is, the Presbyterian United States of America part of it is coming (representatively) since the General Assembly, the Woman's Home Mission Board and all the Woman's Foreign Boards will be disporting themselves in the same place at the same time. Philadelphia is trying to live up to her privileges and hopes that all deficiencies will be overlooked, since they will not occur again for fifty years. Will our guests be patient if our joys and responsibilities may seem to go to our heads?*

Most of the Jubilee meetings will be held in Calvary Church, Locust Street, above Fifteenth. On Monday morning there will be greetings from potentates of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions, the Assembly's Board, Woman's Home Board, the Philadelphia Board, New Era Movement, Interchurch World Movement, the missionary body, the native church and others. Also, there will be missionary addresses and a Devotional Service. On that afternoon we shall have more addresses by

missionaries and by Home Base Pioneers; Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe will "Visualize the Decades" for us, following which will be a reception at the Acorn Club. The Pageant of the Lifted Cross will be given that evening in the Metropolitan Opera House.

On Tuesday will take place the election of the national Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, United States of America, and we hope to have further talks from our missionaries. On that day, also, there will be official Recognition of Synodical and Presbyterian Jubilee Attainments, and the afternoon will close with the communion service, Rev. Dr. George Alexander, President of the Board of Foreign Missions, officiating. There will be an offering at this service. That evening we go to the Academy of Music to the Popular Meeting of the General Assembly, where the visiting missionaries will be introduced; Dr. Robert E. Speer will make an address and the pictorial Surveys of the Interchurch World Movement will be thrown upon the screen.

Thus will close the blessed history of the first fifty years of our Woman's Foreign Mission Boards, and without intermission we all—National Board and District Boards, with every individual member thereof, begin with alacrity to weave the new half-century, setting ourselves "zealously to learn God's plan for the making of a new world."

* Information as to delegates and entertainment was printed in WOMAN'S WORK for April.

WHAT SHALL WE STUDY IN 1920-21?

"PLEASE TELL ME what is the new foreign mission textbook for next year? We are preparing our programs for the year and we want to know *at once!*" Many such letters come to the Board secretaries a long time before the books are printed, usually assuming that there

is but *one* new text-book which everybody is to study. The books are published in April, or in time for study in Summer Conferences. Advance information is not always possible to secure and if it is in hand is not always final, as titles and manuscripts are often radically

changed at the last moment. Many societies now, in view of this fact, are preparing their programs in the summer time, beginning the first program with the month of September. This solves the difficulty of the local leader. Would it not be a good plan for others to follow? For a number of years there have been issued two adult text-books for the study of foreign missions. The leaders of classes should make their choice between these books, after careful consideration of both, choosing the one best suited to their needs. Also in these days of Church Schools of Missions it is most desirable that the leaders in the local churches should know something of all of the books published for the year's study. It is with this in mind that the following mention of each of the new text-books is made. The New Era Department of Missionary Education has printed a free preliminary announcement of all of the study courses, both home and foreign, which is being distributed by all of the Boards. A later and fuller announcement will be published in August.

The Near East; Crossroads of the World, by William J. Hall. Price, postpaid: cloth, 60c; paper, 40c; concluding chapter by James L. Barton, is the book strongly recommended as the major mission study course of the year for men, women, young people and Westminster Guild chapters. Reasons: The attention of America and the Christian church is being focussed today on the Near East. It is the crucial time for this study. Our Presbyterian Church has a responsibility for work in Syria and Persia, and an increasingly large one, which must be met by a more thorough understanding of the present situation. The book is one of intense interest in itself; it is full of material for discussion and will make an admirable book for study class work. The chapter titles are as follows: The World War and the Near East; The People of the Near East; Old Religions in the New Day; Home Life and Industries; A Century of Missions; Education; The Gift of the West to the East; Crossroads of the World; Shall the Land Be Healed? Mr. Millikin is preparing Helps for this book.

Shepard of Aintab, by Alice Shepard Riggs. Price, postpaid: cloth, 75c; paper, 50c. Fol-

lowing the same theme of *The Near East* is the biographical sketch of Dr. Fred Douglas Shepard, the "big little doctor," as he was so often called by the people to whom he gave his life. He was a hunter, an adventurer, a doctor and above all, a Christian whose first thought was to relieve suffering as Jesus did and then tell of the Great Physician. Dr. Shepard was a strong, brave, remarkable man, and the book written by one who had intimate knowledge of his every day life is full of story and incident. It is recommended for Westminster circles and all of intermediate age.

Fez and Turban Tales, by Isabel M. Blake. Price, postpaid: cloth, 60c; paper, 40c. Third in the series on the Near East. It is a book of Junior stories. Special helps will be prepared for leaders of children using this book.

The Bible and Missions, by Helen B. Montgomery. Price, postpaid: cloth, 65c; paper, 45c. This is the fourth book which Mrs. Montgomery has given us and will be of the greatest interest in view of the fact that the year 1920 has been chosen as Bible year. The first two chapters give a study of the missionary message of the Old and New Testament. They will make fine material for the devotional studies of the woman's meetings. The balance of the book treats of the Bible at work in the nations of the world, through Bible translations, "every man in his own tongue"; through the great Bible Societies; the wonderful effect of the Bible itself on individual lives; and lastly, "The Leaves of the Tree," the work that is being done in giving the newly awakened reading public a suitable literature. This book is full of interesting material for program work, and is recommended for all programs in woman's missionary societies.

Lamplighters Across the Sea, by Margaret Applegarth. Price, postpaid: cloth, 60c; paper, 35c. The Junior book on the Bible, following the theme of the adult book. It should be used not only in Junior missionary societies, but would be admirable for work in Sunday-schools.

The usual helps for the study of these books will be ready for autumn distribution. Enroll your classes by filling out an enrollment card and mailing to Board headquarters.

SUMMER REST FOR MISSIONARIES

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSOCIATION, Chautauqua, N. Y., has the finest equipment on the Chautauqua grounds, combining headquarters, reading, writing and assembly halls, and includes a Presbyterian Home for the free occupancy of home and foreign missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Chautauqua season opens about July first, and closes the last of August. It offers unequalled advantages for health and rest and unexcelled platform of sermons, Bible studies, lectures, concerts and classes. Missionaries find here the opportunity needed for repair of wasted mental and physical energy. The Missionary Home is open from June to September. Its management is in the hands of the Woman's Auxiliary, and applicants for rooms should write early to the Corresponding

Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Travis, 1008 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C., stating their services as missionaries of our Church, the date they would like to arrive and the desired length of stay, and forwarding a certificate from the secretary of the Board under which they are working.

THE WOMAN'S BOARDS have even surpassed their own records by their Jubilee achievement. It is just announced that the total of the Jubilee Fund brought in by the six Boards is \$100,000 above the amount set as their goal.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

- , —Rev. A. V. Gray of the Kiangnan Mission. Address, Toledo, Ohio.
 At San Francisco, Mar. 3—Rev. H. K. Reischauer from Japan. Address, Care Dr. C. R. Adams, 841 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill.
 At New York, Mar. 23—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Gale of Chosen.
 At New York, Mar. 24—Rev. and Mrs. Wm. H. Hezlep from N. India. Address, 170 La Crosse, Edgewood, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Moore from N. India. Address, 1212 Main St., Middletown, Ohio.
 At New York, Mar. 25—Rev. and Mrs. Chas. R. Murray from E. Persia. Address, 314 Seminary St., Wheaton, Ill.
 At Vancouver, Mar. 29—Miss Juniata Ricketts from Hangchow. Address, Pana, Ill.

DEPARTURES:

- From New York, Mar. 20—Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Edwards, returning to Chile; Miss Minnie B. Taylor, to join the Mexico Mission.

RESIGNATIONS:

- Rev. and Mrs. Harry L. Smith, of the N. China Mission. Appointed 1916.
 Miss Jeanie Leeson, of the Philippine Mission. Appointed 1917.
 Dr. Joseph W. Cook, of the E. Persia Mission. Appointed 1912.

DEATH:

- At Indianapolis, Ind., Mar. 17—Miss Margaret Y. Holliday, of the W. Persia Mission. Appointed 1883.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

From Philadelphia

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting on the third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING May 18th. TOPICS: *Our Missionaries and Their Families, Latin America.*

THE CORPORATION MEETING of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will be held in Westminster Hall, Witherspoon Building, Tuesday, May 4, 1919, at 10.30 a. m. All the women of our constituency have the privilege of voting at this meeting for officers for the ensuing year and a large attendance is desired.

MAY MUSSER PEARCE,
Recording Secretary.

TOTAL RECEIPTS for the year just closed, \$486,292, of this \$248,681.77 was for Regular Funds; \$232,157.03 for Jubilee; \$2,231.70 Special; \$3,075.50 from Legacies and Annuities; the remainder War Emergency. Total Jubilee Fund to date is \$250,816.80.

OUR LAST BIENNIAL ASSEMBLY, in 1916, was held in Philadelphia, and adjourned to meet in Nashville, in 1918. But in 1917, our country threw herself into the European war, and difficulties of transportation obliged us to cancel our engagement with Nashville. Therefore, this year, on May 22nd and 23rd, just before the National Jubilee begins, we are to have our Biennial. The oldest board (the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society) will hold a quiet Jubilee Hour of its own, followed by an Open Conference, addresses by our missionaries and a Consecration Service. That evening (Saturday), there will be a supper and meeting for young women and the rest of us will be invited to the reception given to General Assembly by the Social Union. On Sunday, we will spend "An Evening With Our Missionaries," and be ready on the following morning to celebrate the National Jubilee with the arriving delegations from the other woman's boards. The Biennial will be held in the Tenth Church, Spruce and Seventeenth Streets, and the National Jubilee in Calvary Church, Locust,

above Fifteenth, where in 1870, the Philadelphia Board was organized. It is hardly necessary at this late date to repeat that entertainment is offered to all delegates and that names should be sent to Mrs. E. Boyd Weitzel, 501 Witherspoon. Every synodical, auxiliary and young people's organization contributing through the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society may send a delegate.

THE FOLLOWING ASSOCIATE missionaries were adopted at Directors' meeting: Miss Lucy Niblock, to go to N. Siam; Miss Lulu B. Gillie, fiancée of Dr. Russell D. Busdicker, to go to East Persia; Miss Miriam McLean Graham, to go to East Persia; Miss Ambler Fitzsimmons, to go to South Brazil.

THE RESIGNATION of Mrs. Robert W. Veach from the Board on account of removal from the city, was received with deep regret.

THE MISSIONARIES at the Prayer-meeting were: Mrs. Annetta T. Mills, of the New York Board, in charge of the School for the Deaf in Chefoo, who said that of the forty thousand children in China who should be in school, they could accommodate only one hundred; Dr. Isabella Mack Patton, of Ko-Chau, who spoke of the daily routine work of a missionary doctor; Mrs. Cavan, a native of the Philippines, who pleaded for a new dormitory for the boys who need the Christian influence of the dormitories; Miss Clyde Bartholomew, on her return to the Philippines; Mrs. W. A. Shedd, of Urumia, who spoke of the need for many missionaries for Persia; Miss Edith D. Lamme, of Persia.

From Chicago

Meetings at Room 48, 17 North State Street, every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

THESE ARE DAYS of rejoicing at Room 48. Since the tenth of March, Jubilee funds have been pouring in. The Doxology was sung with enthusiasm, when the report was made at the Executive Meeting, March nineteenth, that the Jubilee Gift of Gold had reached the astonishing total of \$153,212.14. Not only have the gifts of our women exceeded their quota, but

the Westminster Guild, Christian Endeavor and Children's organizations have also given more than was asked of them. Regular gifts have not suffered because of this wonderful effort to meet the large extra called for by the Jubilee. Our total is \$319,537.97.

AT PRESBYTERIAL MEETINGS throughout this territory, special Jubilee Celebrations are being staged. In the majority of cases either the Jubilee Pageant, prepared by our secretaries, Mrs. Mary R. Doolittle and Miss Lucy Porter, or a Birthday Celebration by Miss Porter is being presented.

PEORIA PRESBYTERIAL SOCIETY, the first organized under our Board, is to have a Jubilee dinner, at which Mrs. Robert Grier is to speak. She made the address of welcome when the Presbyterian Society was organized in 1871.

OUR JUBILEE REPORTS are not in, so the response to the other Jubilee gifts can not yet be tabulated, except the Gift of Life. That record is also one for rejoicing—*forty-two* young women have either been accepted as candidates or have gone to the field during these, our Jubilee Years. The Jubilee Drive for increased organizations and membership in the Westminster Guild, has brought in most encouraging returns—a total of one hundred and forty-two new organizations: fifty-seven Chapters and eighty-five Circles. Illinois leads with a total of thirty-two: twelve Chapters and twenty Circles. Indiana is second with a total of twenty-three: eight Chapters and fifteen Circles.

A VISIT from Miss Hodge is always a "red letter day" at our Headquarters. On Friday, March 19th, she brought us a message about the New Era Movement and also about the coming year's Budget. On the same day, Dr. A. K. Reischauer, of Tokyo, told us that the young Japanese men often argue that "it is not safe to give women higher education, man must be the master in the home." Dr. Reischauer gives high praise to the Dean of the Union College for Women of Tokyo, Miss Yasui, a thorough Christian woman educated in England.

MRS. H. L. WEBER, of Efulen, Africa, made us a farewell visit before she and Dr. Weber sailed for Africa in March. Dr. and Mrs. Shoemaker, of China, visited our meeting and Dr. Fleming made a farewell visit on the same day.

WORD has just come to us of the death in Indianapolis of our beloved missionary, Miss Grettie Y. Holliday, after thirty-seven years of service in Persia. Her death occurred in Indianapolis, among her old friends and relatives. There is a printed memorial issued by the missionaries of Indianapolis.

From New York

Prayer-meetings, first Wednesday of each month, 10.30 a. m. Assembly Room, 8th Floor, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City. Other Wednesdays, half-hour meetings, 10.30-11 a. m., for prayer and reading of missionary letters.

Literature should be obtained from Room 818.

MRS. GEORGE T. SCOTT presided at the March prayer-meeting. The first speaker was Mrs. Emilia Cavan, of the Philippines, who thanked the Board for the year it had given her at the Bible School and asked the prayers of those present as she returns to work among her own

people. Mrs. R. C. Richardson told in her breezy way of work in Western India, where she has a parish of 400,000. Missionaries present were Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, Miss A. A. Browne, and Miss Woodside, of India; Mrs. Cochran, of Persia; Miss Braskamp and Mrs. Wells, of China. Japan, the topic of the month, was presented by Mr. Wainwright, of the Christian Literature Society, which is reaching all classes of Japanese, particularly students in Government Schools, and by Rev. George T. Scott, of the Assembly's Board, just returned from an eight months' tour of our Mission Stations in the Far East. Mr. Scott brought vividly before the meeting, the problems of work in Japan and the courage with which the missionaries are "carrying-on" under great difficulties.

DURING the year, many societies have continued Red Cross war activities for the benefit of Overseas Hospitals and Near East sufferers, boxes of hospital supplies, chiefly, but also of refugee garments, having been sent to Syria, China, Africa, Korea, the Philippines, etc., by societies in Albany, Chemung, Morris and Orange, Otsego, Ebenezer, Utica and Westchester presbyterian societies; in addition, twenty-six auxiliaries in the territory of the Board have responded to Miss Gauthey's call for clothing for India famine sufferers. Utica presbyterian society has led in all this work, twelve local societies having combined in sending six boxes to Overseas hospitals and packages of refugee clothing to both Syria and India. Other societies are probably at work, but have not yet reported to headquarters.

IN THESE DAYS of Jubilee leaflets, we have become quite accustomed to the phrase, "Then and now." The other day a living illustration of the change of attitude toward Missions, since the days of "then," was given when an attractive, up-to-date, young married woman, who had come into the offices to consult Miss Kerr about some Westminster Guild work, remarked as if commenting on something curious and belonging to the past: "There are still some people *old-fashioned* enough not to be interested in Missions!"

THIS ENCOURAGING WORD comes from Boston: "Without exception the pastors of the Boston churches are standing back of the New Era and the new apportionments are being accepted in faith, realizing the conditions the church is facing and the need of a consecration that 'lays its money on the altar.'"

UTICA sends word that it believes the Jubilee Goals were reached because groups of women in different places were praying.

IN OSWEGATCHIE, Second Church (St. Lawrence Presbytery) all the women of the church, except three, are members of the missionary society.

NEWBURYPORT PRESBYTERIAL SOCIETY reports a new auxiliary at Barre, Vt.

From St. Louis

Room 7, Olive 807.

LETTER DAY was unusually fine. From Persia, Miss Edna Guild, Miss Jean Mills; China, Mrs. McMillen, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Selden Spencer, Miss Esther Gauss; Chosen, Mrs. Lampe, Mrs. Geo. Winn; India, Miss Carrie

Clarke, Miss Lena Boyd, Dr. McArthur. It was like a morning's visit with them, and while our auxiliaries will have copies of letters in which they are most interested, we could not help wishing the entire precious bundle could go to them.

PERHAPS the happiest Committee reporting was the Jubilee Committee. The proportion assigned to the Southwest Board, was twenty-six thousand dollars. The record closes at *thirty thousand* and something over—with our other obligations all met! While the old order is contemplating change, it is gratifying to know that up to the last moment of the last year (perhaps) the "old order" kept up its record of "no retreat."

PRESBYTERIAL MEETINGS are over and while reports are only fragmentary, we feel sure they were satisfactory in every way. They were held between March sixteenth and April twenty-fourth. In Oklahoma, Mrs. Hendron, Synodical President, and Field Secretary, Mrs. Lindsay, attended each presbyterial meeting.

WE HAD BECOME much attached to our Assembly Rooms in the Odd Fellows' Building, but we have had to vacate it owing to changes being made in the interior. It does not yet affect our two office rooms, and Mr. Patterson has placed one of his rooms in the Wright Building at our disposal. For the present, we are there and feel very grateful to him. There is just room for the usual number of ladies carrying the weight of the work, so we cannot bid others welcome to our meetings "every first and third Tuesday in the month," as has been our custom, and we shall miss them. The office force is still in the old rooms to attend to orders.

READ CAREFULLY the report of Mrs. McAfee, Chairman of Unification Committee, in March number of WOMAN'S WORK. It is the Foreword, so to speak, of much that will follow. Pray earnestly for the CHURCH, the Church at large.

THERE IS DIVISION of thought in regard to the Interchurch Movement. As you think, doubtless, His prayer "that they all may be one," will strive for a place in your heart. Perhaps, too, somewhat of guidance and comfort will come to you from the words which that wise old teacher of the law, Gamaliel, said long ago, when conflicting opinions made it hard for wise thought to prevail.

From San Francisco

920 Sacramento Street. Meetings first Monday of each month, at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session, third Monday. Prayer Service, first and third Monday at 12-12.30.

AT THE BOARD MEETING of March first, we were more than pleased to welcome Miss Margaret Hodge who, while in San Francisco, for the Interchurch conference, found time to meet with us and to give some of the latest news in Board and Interchurch plans. The Jubilee, of course, claims our proud attention, with the

hope that all the anticipated joys of its celebration may be fulfilled to the glory of God. Miss Hodge, in her address, spoke of the Jubilee, with the thought of our Board and the others as daughters of the Philadelphia Board, celebrating the birthday of their mother. It will be held in Calvary Church, Philadelphia, May 25-26. She dwelt on the bravery of those women of fifty years ago in developing the germ of missions, and hoped that we may be found doing as well as our mothers of those early days. Their plans were based on love to Jesus Christ, and we must be rooted and grounded in Christ, as they were.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of the Interchurch World Movement in the line of missions will be an accession of power—one united executive council. The men are planning larger co-operation with the women. There will be at least six districts (representing the former Boards), the men's and women's districts to be equal in strength. Consolidation will mean added efficiency in national policies without curtailing the strength of the districts.

THE BOARD DINING-ROOM was taxed to its limit at this meeting when women from all around the bay spent the morning listening to Miss Hodge's inspiring address. After luncheon, Miss Ethel Higgins gave a thrilling account of the recent rescue of Bo Lon, a Chinese girl whose mind had been filled in Chinatown, with tales of the cruel treatment given by the Home to its inmates. Happily, this slander was offset and the girl's fears calmed when another young girl, lately rescued, and herself at first rebellious, gave testimony in reassuring the newest comer. "I felt just as you do, when I first came here, but now you couldn't drive me away!" The happy sequel to the case is seen in Bo Lon's smiling face, for she, too, has discovered the spirit of the Christian House on the Hill.

From Portland, Ore.

AS WE ENTERED the building to attend the last meeting of our Board of Directors before our annual meeting, we met our treasurer, whose pleasant face bore a happy smile, and we knew before we asked, that all was well with our treasury—"yes," she said, "while I cannot give you exact figures yet I know of a surety that we are clear to the top in everything and 'over the top' in some!" and we could add the joyful news that we had also exceeded the ten per cent. advance in subscription to WOMAN'S WORK and had gone clear "over the top" to nineteen per cent. advance! Surely God's blessing has been upon us and our prayers answered. We anticipate joyful meetings in April at our annual and Biennial gatherings.

WE SHALL be in the lovely month of May when these notes appear. Let success stimulate our efforts for the new year upon which we shall have entered.

RECEIPTS, FEBRUARY 15 TO MARCH 15, 1920

By Totals from Presbyterian Societies

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

ATHENS, ATLANTA	\$589.59 10.00	FRENCH BROAD, GADSDEN	\$288.60 18.50	PHILADELPHIA, PHILADELPHIA	\$26,594.13	WASHINGTON CITY	\$4,714.95
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BALTIMORE,	\$5,620.95	GRAFTON,	\$642.50	NORTH,	\$10,551.05	WASHINGTON,	
BEAVER,	1,272.45	HOLSTON,	290.19	PITTSBURGH,	19,764.12	PA.,	\$2,486.79
BELL,	71.65	HUNTINGDON,	6,717.90	REDSTONE,	3,427.36	WEST JERSEY,	3,423.34
BIRMINGHAM A	110.10	HUNTSVILLE,	212.47	PORTSMOUTH,	1,292.97	WESTMINSTER,	2,086.78
BLAIRSVILLE,	2,745.00	KITANNING,	1,265.41	ROGERSVILLE,	3.00	WEST TENNESSEE,	310.88
BUTLER,	2,349.88	KNOX,	1.00	ST. CLAIRSVILLE,	2,223.66	WHEELING,	1,885.85
CAPE FEAR,	10.00	LACKAWANNA,	6,643.55	SHENANGO,	1,798.75	WOOSTER,	1,898.91
CARLISLE,	10,756.85	LEHIGH,	3,310.07	SOUTHERN		YADKIN,	66.00
CATAWA,	21.74	LIMA,	865.72	VIRGINIA,	136.00	ZANESVILLE,	1,322.09
CHATTANOOGA,	233.75	MCCLLELLAND,	5.50	STUEBENVILLE,	2,525.20	Miscellaneous,	1,693.27
CHESTER,	4,429.68	MCMINNVILLE,	88.50	TOLEDO,	1,913.50	Annuities, Interest	
CHILLICOTHE,	814.39	MAHONING,	3,954.50	UNION,	544.20	on Investments,	653.28
CINCINNATI,	4,753.87	MARION,	1,557.54	For Regular Work,		\$85,335.76	
CLARION,	3,189.93	MERIDIAN,	70.85	For Jubilee Fund,		108,894.95	
CLEVELAND,	6,009.20	MONMOUTH,	1,347.37			—	\$194,230.71
COLUMBIA,	237.00	NASHVILLE,	398.33	Total Receipts Since March 15, 1919:			
COLUMBUS,	2,185.99	NEW BRUNSWICK,	3,630.38	For Regular Funds,	\$248,681.77		
CUMBERLAND Mt.,	11.70	NEW CASTLE,	3,697.83	From Legacies and Annuities,	3,075.50		
DAYTON,	4,204.62	NEWTON,	1,264.02	War Emergency Fund,	146.00		
ELIZABETH,	5,493.00	NORTHUMBER-		For Special Funds,	2,231.70		
ERIE,	8,182.92	LAND,	2,123.75	For Jubilee Fund,	232,157.03		
FAIRFIELD,	42.50	OXFORD,	138.54				\$486,292.00
FLORIDA,	675.08	PARKERSBURG,	359.77				

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest

<i>Colorado</i>		P. S.,	\$1,268.92	GREAT FALLS,	\$251.50	PEMBINA,	\$1,015.04
BOULDER P. S.,	\$815.01	CORNING,	732.73	HELENA,	252.50	<i>South Dakota</i>	
DENVER,	2,339.15	COUNCIL BLUFFS,	236.00	KALISPELL,	35.00	ABERDEEN P. S.,	687.00
GUNNISON,	366.40	DES MOINES,	1,061.74	LEWISTON,	10.00	BLACK HILLS,	183.82
PUEBLO,	1,124.59	DUBUQUE,	776.78	YELLOWSTONE,	237.00	CENTRAL DAKOTA,	346.50
<i>Illinois</i>		FORT DODGE,	805.10	<i>Nebraska</i>		SIoux FALLS,	902.00
ALTON P. S.,	1,287.18	IOWA,	1,213.58	BOX BUTTE		<i>Wisconsin</i>	
BLOOMINGTON,	4,405.22	IOWA CITY,	523.02	P. S.,	108.00	CHIFFEWA P. S.,	610.00
CAIRO,	206.50	SIoux CITY,	1,295.90	HASTINGS,	278.00	LA CROSSE,	168.00
CHICAGO,	30,147.14	WATERLOO,	1,038.48	KEARNEY,	695.29	MADISON,	715.25
EWING,	771.34	<i>Michigan</i>		NEBRASKA		MILWAUKEE,	1,292.32
FREEPORT,	1,266.00	DETROIT P. S.,	5,925.29	CITY,	1,246.68	WINNEBAGO,	1,017.63
MATTOON,	1,503.41	FLINT,	431.94	NIJBRARA,	356.28	<i>Wyoming</i>	
OTTAWA,	1,095.70	GRAND RAPIDS,	186.41	OMAHA,	1,644.55	CHEYENNE P. S.,	102.50
PEORIA,	1,974.00	KALAMAZOO,	353.03	MANKATO,	669.70	LARAMIE,	70.00
ROCK RIVER,	1,547.00	LAKE SUPERIOR,	365.46	<i>North Dakota</i>		SHERIDAN,	116.00
RUSHVILLE,	1,368.15	LANSING,	648.58	BISMARCK		<i>Synod of West German</i>	
SPRINGFIELD,	2,564.00	MONROE,	516.13	P. S.,	255.35	GALENA	
<i>Indiana</i>		PETOSKEY,	177.00	FARGO,	509.46	PRESBYTERY,	50.00
CRAWFORDSVILLE		SAGINAW,	1,647.08	MINNEWAUKON,	512.85	GEORGE	
P. S.,	1,676.57	<i>Minnesota</i>		MINOT,	10.26	PRESBYTERY,	29.26
FORT WAYNE,	3,653.50	ADAMS P. S.,	184.31	OAKES,	374.00	Miscellaneous,	1,017.55
INDIANA,	1,406.04	DULUTH,	1,528.00	Designated Receipts for Month:			
INDIANAPOLIS,	5,247.52	MANKATO,	669.70	Regular Work,	\$47,191.82		
LOGANSPOUT,	2,046.78	MINNEAPOLIS,	5,576.23	Jubilee Fund,	70,826.53		
MUNCIE,	1,863.88	RED RIVER,	236.60				\$118,018.35
NEW ALBANY,	904.30	ST. CLOUD,	401.80	Total Designated Receipts for Year 1919-1920:			
WHITEWATER,	1,172.89	ST. PAUL,	3,005.49	Regular Work,	\$185,270.94		
<i>Iowa</i>		WINONA,	798.25	Jubilee Fund,	134,287.03		
CEDAR RAPIDS		<i>Montana</i>					\$319,557.97
		BUTTE P. S.,	562.94				

Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

ALBANY,	\$3,687.50	LOUISVILLE,	\$1,396.63	TROY,	\$2,247.91	Miscellaneous,	\$201.00
BINGHAMTON,	737.00	LOGAN,	334.85	TRANSYLVANIA,	469.45	Interest,	143.71
BROOKLYN-		LYONS,	554.26	UTICA,	1,747.00	Legacy,	458.00
NASSAU,	7,711.95	LINCOLN,	1.00	WESTCHESTER,	1,939.10		
BUFFALO,	7,487.92	MORRIS &		Receipts from February 16th to March 15th, 1919:			
BOSTON,	579.62	ORANGE,	7,031.62	Regular,	\$23,777.49		
CAYUGA,	1,375.15	NIAGARA,	459.75	Jubilee,	51,177.26		
CHAMPLAIN,	608.05	NEW YORK,	9,827.41	Legacy,	458.00		\$75,412.75
CHEMUNG,	493.00	NORTH RIVER,	1,082.50	Total Receipts Since March 16, 1919:			
COLUMBIA,	611.00	NEWBURYPORT,	173.00	Regular,	\$166,172.62		
CONNECTICUT		NEWARK,	5,973.50	Jubilee,	111,979.13		
VALLEY,	737.00	OTSEGO,	651.00	War Emergency,	1.00		\$278,152.75
EBENEZER,	616.25	PROVIDENCE,	205.50	(Mrs. JAMES A. WEBB) NELLIE S. WEBB, Treasurer,			
GENESEE,	974.77	PRINCETON,	224.54	Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.			
GENEVA,	619.30	ROCHESTER,	5,877.51				
HUDSON,	901.90	STEBEN,	1,021.00				
JERSEY CITY,	2,423.50	ST. LAWRENCE,	610.75				
LONG ISLAND,	1,297.85	SYRACUSE,	1,920.00				

Woman's North Pacific Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

ALASKA,	\$15.00	COLUMBIA RIVER,	\$140.70	PORTLAND,	\$2,893.25	TWIN FALLS,	\$250.95
BELLINGHAM,	451.50	GRANDE RONDE,	173.23	SEATTLE,	1,436.21	WALLA WALLA,	352.50
BOISE,	315.00	KENDALL,	61.55	SOUTHERN		WENATCHEE,	83.00
CENTRAL		OLYMPIA,	617.40	OREGON,	168.42	WILLAMETTE,	791.37
WASHINGTON,	492.50	PENDLETON,	46.75	SPokane,	913.40	Miscellaneous,	16.00
						Legacy,	2,500.00
Receipts for Quarter Ending March 15, 1920:				Armenian Relief,		70.37	
Regular Work,	\$3,987.06			India Famine Fund,		116.00	
Jubilee Fund,	5,148.67			Persian Relief,		12.00	
Armenian Relief,	29.00			Legacy,		2,500.00	
Legacy,	2,500.00						\$26,414.37
			\$11,664.73				
Receipts for Year Ending March 15, 1920:							
Regular Work,	\$13,818.07						
Jubilee Fund,	9,897.93						

Mrs. C. M. BARBEE, Treasurer,
454 Alder St., Portland, Ore.

