

ISSUED MONTHLY

Vol. 46

No. 11

THE

MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
OF AMERICA

NOVEMBER, 1915

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

SUBSCRIPTION, 50CTS. PER ANNUM

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, 1896

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## THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, 50c. a year. Life members will receive the MISSIONARY LINK gratuitously by sending an *annual request* for the same.

"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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Checks payable to Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, 67 Bible House, New York

"The Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" was organized in November, 1860, and incorporated in New York February 1, 1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1878 by the "WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA." in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

# THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLVI.

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 11

## WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

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

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

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

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

IN the Marathi district whole villages are ready for Christianity, and the mission is unable to send permanent teachers for lack of means. If the Board were to respond to these special appeals—and there are hundreds of them—it would be at the cost of the general treasury. The mass movements in India are among the great problems that Christian missions must face to-day.

DR. Goucher, as representing the Edinburgh Educational Continuation Committee, is putting forth special efforts for union educational institutions in the Far East. At a meeting, a day before the opening of the conference, in Seoul, he gave an address on problems in China, Korea and Japan. His faith in the future of China is unbounded. He worked out a theory, setting forth his opinion that, at the end of this century, there will be as many Chinese on earth as the entire present population of the world. If India should grow practically in the same proportion, and all the other Oriental countries, we would, at the end of the century, have a pretty full world.

A MISSIONARY in Shantung has harnessed the motor-cycle to his work, and organized his preachers into a cycle corps. He secured some second-hand cycles in Tientsin. Each preacher has paid for his

own, and they have learned to ride very quickly. A journey that formerly took all day by mule can be made in three hours. The motor-cycle has solved the problem raised by the reduction in appropriations, which had necessitated discharging seven of the seventeen native preachers. Mr. Littlewood says: "This meant that we must either close up seven places, with their out-stations, or find means of transit by which the remaining men could superintend them. The bicycles have made that possible, and though seven men have been discontinued, not a single place had been closed."

OUR visiting delegate Mrs. Dauchy and our Mrs. Bronson, have arranged to be in Shanghai early in October, returning to Yokohama in November, and sailing for home later in the month.

MISS Norton and Miss Evans arrived at Yokohama the twelfth of September looking very well, and glad to be on land for a while. They had two full days in Japan, at 212 Bluff and in Tokyo, then went by train to Kobe to retake their steamer for Hong Kong. As no through passengers were allowed to land at Shanghai, they could not visit the Bridgman School. They were due to reach Calcutta about the twenty-fifth of October.

DR. Clara B. Whitmore, under appointment to the Margaret Williamson Hospital, was able to secure passage on the Canadian *S. S. Monteaagle*, sailing the eleventh of October. The engagement and marriage of Dr. Newell has left increased care and responsibility upon Dr. Garner and Dr. Wood, and Dr. Whitmore's arrival will be welcomed.

MISS Tarver sailed for San Francisco on the *S. S. Manchuria*, returning home by medical advice, as her strength was not equal to the work for which she was sent to Japan.





RESCUE FAMILY AT FĀTEHPUR.

## IN EASTERN LANDS.

INDIA—FĀTEHPUR  
WAYSIDE DISPENSARIES  
By DR. MINA MACKENZIE

AS soon as we had returned from the hills, Dr. Spencer and I began the village work in the district, and I will ask you now to visit, with me, the Wayside Dispensaries between Fātehpur and Allahabad. Dr. Spencer will some day, I am sure, take you to see the Caroline Woodbridge, the Princeton and "His Friend's" dispensaries on the Cawnpore side of our district.

We start on Friday morning about nine o'clock, with a nurse and needed medical supplies, as well as a parcel of Gospels and tracts. A short drive brings us to the station, where we get the train going east. It is usually crowded, especially the long third-class

Zenana carriage which we wish to take, both for the purpose of giving the Gospel message to its occupants and to economize expense. Some one is willing to occupy just a little less room, or we find a seat on top of some of our numerous packages, and soon the train starts.

A woman asks us to sing or to tell the wonderful story of God's love in His Son, Jesus Christ. Usually one hymn will not satisfy; another and another of those beautiful messages in song must be given, although, amid the noise and din of the moving train, the voice may tire. Those who can read usually ask for Gospels and tracts, and many interesting friends are made when our train stops at Khaga, twenty miles from Fātehpur. Kindly salaams are given to us as the veils drop, and we make our way through the station to the row of waiting ekkas without. These are little two-wheeled, springless carts, drawn by tiny ponies. It is a twenty-mile

drive to Mrs. Elbridge Torrey's dispensary and back, and time is very precious, so we try to choose as good a traveler as possible, but often Babus, going but a short distance get the pick, and our nerves and sympathies are severely tested as our poor little pony is urged with voice and whip to perform an almost impossible task. Occasionally, as he takes a few minutes' breathing spell, a nearby village is visited. Hymns are sung, and when the people gather, a Scripture lesson is read and prayer offered. Then after a few pleasant remarks are exchanged, we continue our journey.

The road is good, lined in many places with beautiful trees, and the fields are beautiful and refreshing. After a couple of hours we reach a large town on the banks of the Jumna. It is bazaar or market day, and the narrow street is packed with people from the surrounding villages. We turn aside a few yards up a steep little hill, where we walk to relieve our tired pony, and arrive at the dispensary, a small white cottage, with a platform in front.

Here numerous patients are awaiting us. The room inside, which is divided by a curtain, is quickly set in order, and a crowd of women, and usually a large number of children from a nearby school, are seated quietly on the floor; hymns are sung and a lesson from the Bible, pointing all to our blessed Saviour, is given; Gospels are distributed and sometimes bought. Then the sick are carefully and tenderly treated, and medicines, ointments and dressings are given to them, which will last till we return the next week, and they go away comforted.

Our room is again put in order and a hasty lunch from our basket eaten. After inquiring if our pony has also had refreshment, we start on the return journey. This must be quickly made, as the sick at Khaga, Mr. Ketchum's dispensary, will be waiting for us. It is three o'clock in the afternoon when we drive up the street, packed so closely that we have to alight and walk, while the pony goes around the longer way, for it is market day here also.

A few minutes is spent talking with those we have come to know, then we turn aside through the narrow street, and spend two and a half to three hours teaching and treating those who come to the dispensary, and inviting all to partake of the water of Life. Here, also, Miss Jones spent a month last winter and made some very real friends. Kashmi, one of our graduate nurses, is married to one of the Indian home missionaries here, and has a flourishing little Sunday School. The

children, who used to come to the dispensary and learn hymns and Bible verses, were one of the pleasing features of this work.

It is late now, almost half-past six, and we must catch the Fātehpur train at the station, a mile away. At the station there may be some one else to visit, or a few who need medicine. Then our train comes in, and again we take our places in the crowded carriage and try to use the opportunities the Master opens to us, in giving the Bread of Life to those who are spiritually starving.

It is after eight o'clock when our train reaches Fātehpur, and we are welcomed by Daisy and her driver, who carry us quickly home to comfort and fellowship at the Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital.

Perhaps you will be too tired next morning to come out with me to visit the Margaret Tiebout and the Cecelia Jennings dispensaries, so we will postpone these visits to another time. Pray with us earnestly, that the Word of Truth may find place in many hundreds of hearts here, and bring forth much fruit to God's honor and glory.

## ONE OF OUR VILLAGES

By DR. GRACE SPENCER

THE work in Khajuha, a village in the Fātehpur district, was coming to its close, and as we visited our big Hindu mansion for the last Dispensary day, it was with sadness and a bit of heartache that we reviewed our winter's work.

The big house, where the Dispensary was held, had been idly nicknamed "Ghosts' Palace," because the people of that town had long ago abandoned it as a place infested by "bhuts" or ghosts, and its big, heavy doors were barred, except for the admission of an ungainly idol of the god Gavesh, which stared with its elephant eyes, into the deserted courtyard. On renting the house for sixty-six cents a month, we had said to the owner that this image must be removed. One bright boy along side nodded thoughtfully as I said, "Your god did not keep you from being frightened, did he? Our Jesus came with us, and we slept here all alone and were not afraid." Dear little chap, he said, "Oh, make me a Christian!"

The plague came to that village, with its consequent terrors, and some of the people blamed us for bringing it. It seemed as if curiosity were changed to indifference and distrust.

That last day we drove down through the hot sun, and on arrival I lay down to rest, the nurse with me reading a tract on Hinduism, while I slept. After a little while a tall Brahman woman came in dressed in her simple sari. There was a troubled, almost haunted, look about her eyes as she gave us a grave salaam and sat down. Ratan sat quietly beside her, and she then began to tell her troubles.

Her heart was very sad, and for comfort she began rapidly repeating the stories of their Hindu lore—how Ram had warred to bring back Sita, and his exile in obedience to his father's commands. Our nurse listened, till the old lady grew a little quieter.

"Ram is praised for the remarkable strength he showed and his obedience, but that didn't help you or me." The old lady was too troubled and excited to be surprised at that suggestion, so I quietly prayed, while Ratan patiently repeated, in several different ways, her one message—that Jesus Christ came down to save us all from sin and from death.

I came down beside them and started the Hindu hymn, "Our Hearts Drawn to Jesus."

The simple air caught her arrested attention, and we pressed the message home. A look of absolute wonder came in her eyes. Oh, the beauty of the love of Jesus!

Hungrily she listened now, as her soul awakened to the wonderful Gospel, so new to her, and the tears came to our eyes as she caught, with trembling eagerness, the refrain. She came back in the morning for the words of the hymn, and the little group, gathered in the old mansion, wondered as they heard her singing them over and over. Ratan and I left Khajuha that morning with a quiet joy in our hearts, for we felt assured that this seed had fallen into good ground, and that Khajuha would yet realize that blessing had come to their little town.

#### ALLAHABAD

SAROJINI

By LILLIE RODERICK

**S**AROJINI was a Zenana pupil of mine, who had studied the Bible with me.

She had a sweet and gentle disposition, but according to Bengali ideals, was not pretty, so it proved difficult to find her a husband of equal birth and social status among the youths of her caste. Hindu parents arrange marriages for their children according to the horoscope drawn up by the priest, so by a substantial

gift of money to the bridegroom's family a desirable husband was at last obtained for her, and she was married with all the intricate ceremonies of a Hindu wedding, first at her own home and then at her husband's. After the marriage she was permitted to stay with her parents for a year, after which she went to her husband's home; but she was sent back to her mother before she had been there a month. The reason was that the young wife had been asked by her mother-in-law to worship the idol in the house and she had refused, saying that the lady who taught her at home had told her to worship only one true and living God, the Saviour who redeemed her. But for a bride to disobey her mother-in-law regarding her religious duties is counted a sin.

She was, however, recalled within a month, and when she had returned, her husband spoke to her in confidence, telling her that he was in sympathy with her, and begging her to be obedient to his mother until he had graduated and could make a home for her. But, when his mother again asked her to worship the idol, she bravely refused, and was sent back once more to her home. The mother-in-law, seeing the young husband's attachment to his gentle, faithful wife, and his grief at the thought of losing her, was induced to recall her again.

Sarojini was desirous of confessing Christ openly by baptism, but her husband could not then take this step without being cast off by his family, and it did not seem right to separate them when he had been so loyal to her. But we know that God will care for His own, and open the way.

#### JAPAN—YOKOHAMA

VACATION DAYS AT 212 BLUFF

By JULIA HAND BRONSON

**O**UR Board has a rule—unwritten I think—that is handed down in this mission from one to another, that is kept joyfully. It is, that during vacation days some one of the missionaries must always be here at "212," so that the work may never be left quite alone. It is a good rule, and when the summer holiday is divided by four, one's allotted fortnight seems brief enough and not at all a burden. It is such a good time to practice at the game of "catching up." These halls, that during the school year echo the sound of so many hurrying feet, seem strangely quiet



now. No longer do the garden paths ring with the clang of the wooden shoon, nor the playgrounds blossom with merry faces and gay kimonos. One can read one's favorite books with no disturbing bells to give warning that it is time to attend to the Case of the Appositive or the Sacking of Rome. One can darn one's stockings, and make small dents in that tall heap labelled, "Unanswered"; one can sit in the shaded parlor and embroider, or plan next term's work in peace, or just "loaf and invite one's soul." One can write to the LINK. Just now it is my turn, and I find it good fun.

The Bible School is quite densely populated, for all the city work goes on as usual, but here, in the girls' dormitory quiet reigns. I have a young Japanese teacher as assistant, and seven dear, small left-overs, who haven't a home to go to for these vacation days.

Every morning I am awake at six, and at seven go down to the study room to have prayers with my little family. We are having daily readings in the Gospels, and oh! to sit and talk with these girls face to face, from their Bible, in their language! Can I ever cease to thank God for the privilege? We have come to that most solemn part of all—the story of the betrayal and the crucifixion. Yesterday morning the girls were ready with a new hymn I had asked them to practice, "He was Despised and Rejected," a simple arrangement from Handel's own wonderful music. They sang it so reverently and feelingly that I was deeply moved.

After prayers our Japanese "Brother Lawrence" brings me breakfast. He is both cook and maid now, for Chiyo is away in the Hakone mountains helping Mrs. Dauchy and Miss Tracy keep house. As I came into the dining-room this morning, what do you think caught my eye? Had a bit of Oriental sky really fallen down into our sober room? No. But what cook other than a Japanese one would have thought to have that bit of glorious color—a single, exquisite morning-glory, with its tender green leaf, smiling up at me from my finger bowl. And then came cook himself, bringing fruit, smiling gratefully because I noticed and thanked him for the morning-glory (morning-faces, the Japanese call them), and lingering about, fairly bursting with something he wanted to tell. I knew the symptoms and waited inquiringly, and it was soon out. Our two maids in the Japanese kitchen, both comparatively new, have asked to be baptized, and the church will receive them in just two weeks.

"The Shepherd of the Bluff," as they call him, stood there in his fresh cotton dress, with his face all aglow! "Isn't it grand, Sensei," he went on, "that they found the way right here in our school, that one never has to go outside to learn it?"

Then I told the cook how last evening I had been dining with some friends, in our consular service here, and how they asked me if our servants were Christians, and how I said, "Yes," and how my host said, "Must they be Christians in order to get you to employ them?" and how I said, "No, oh, no!" that they had come to us not knowing Christ at all, and had gradually come into the Great Family. This interested our Brother Lawrence very much, for it was not so many years ago that he was sitting in darkness and saw the light.

After breakfast I came upstairs to read and to write for the mail, not forgetting our school children, away on their long vacation.

Some of the letters this summer have said, "I remember to say the little prayer you gave us on the last day of school." One girl sent us the joyful news that her parents would allow her to unite with the church. She has wanted it so long.

Oh, how these letters and these bits of beautiful news, each coming like a "handful of purpose," refresh us in the midst of these humid dog days! The newspapers with their daily tale of bloodshed, starvation, misery and hatred are ever with us. Always somewhere in the back of our conscious minds is the nightmare of the war. Heathenism is all about us with its terrible sights and practices and its harvest of despair. But we have our work, thank God, and we are trying to make some mothers for new Japan who shall train up their sons to help bring in a better day.

#### PERSONALS

*China, Shanghai.*—Miss Abbey writes: This looks as if it were going to be a fine year, and we are anticipating great things. All the beds occupied last year have been taken, and more, too, even before the school opens, so we are adding extra room for our boarding pupils. Some of our old girls have just come back for a little visit. Two are in training to be nurses, and the other two have been teaching this last year. Perhaps you know that Dr. Garner and Miss Hall went west to Tsingtau for two delightful weeks? I wish, for the doctor's sake, it had been three. The climate there was just right, and the sea bathing was of value.

## HERE AND THERE

### REMINISCENCES. III.

IT was the latter part of May, 1884, that Mrs. Pruyne left China for America, and it fell to my lot to see her safely to the Mission Home in Yokohama, of which she had been one of the founders, and where she received a royal welcome from the other "founders"—Mrs. Pierson and Miss Crosby, as also from her many pupils, who had attended that first mission school for the girls of Japan. After a few days there, I returned to Shanghai, as the Dispensary, opened so recently, had, of course, to be closed during my absence. Miss McKechnie was busy with the language and with the minor ills of the pupils of the Bridgman School. The building of the Margaret Williamson Hospital was much on Mrs. Pruyne's heart, and it was Mrs. Pruyne who secured the first piece of ground, at the time the only available spot anywhere near the Bridgman Home.

As English is taught so freely now in all the girls' schools in the East, it may be of interest to state that Mrs. Pruyne had been one of the first to have English taught to the girls in Japan. She was also a strong advocate of having this study introduced into the Chinese schools, and wrote an article in its favor, which appeared in the fall edition of *Woman's Work* in 1883, but her arguments met with opposition on all sides. There were but two editions a year at that time, and the spring number contained several strong articles against the teaching of English; yet less than ten years after, in what is now one of the leading schools for Chinese girls in all the land, English was taught, and since then it has been one of the regular branches in all of the principal schools.

Only last year there were some thirty young women from different parts of China, who came to the hospital for their physical examination, but as only ten of this number were entitled to the Indemnity Fund, the best ten, from an educational point of view, came for the second examination, and are now in American colleges. This incident, in regard to the giving of English to Chinese girls, is related in order to show what great changes have taken place in that once great *empire*, and now republic or monarchy, of China.

The medical work in the Dispensary had been well started in March, but after two months had to stop. July 4, 1884, it was again

opened, and was kept going until the Margaret Williamson Hospital was ready in June of '85, when, of course, all medical work was centered there. That summer of '84 was a very trying one to mind and body. It was hot, and the way to and from the Dispensary trying in many ways, especially were the sights and smells most unpleasant and offensive. During that summer the Franco-Chinese war was on, and while the trouble was mainly at Foochow, still there was unrest at Shanghai, and several times we foreigners were asked to go into the settlement at night, and Mrs. J. W. Lambuth kindly took us in, although she had a number of refugees from Foochow with her at the time. Mrs. Lambuth always had time for a kind word or a kind act, and was one of the busiest women I have ever known. It was vacation time at the school, hence no pupils to worry about. We had to go to the settlement in jinrikishas, about three miles distant. It was on our second trip and at the West Gate village that a foreigner, driving rather recklessly, knocked over my jinrikisha, and I said to Mrs. Thomson, "If we are going to be killed, I prefer to be at home." So we went no more to the settlement.

Of course the West Gate was guarded by soldiers and most decrepit cannon, but no harm ever befell us from either. The patients increased in numbers with every visit made to the Dispensary—three afternoons in the week. How pleased we were one afternoon in the late fall to have Mrs. Griffith John come to see us there. And how pleased Mrs. John was to see a work opened under the auspices of the Society, not a few members of which were well known and beloved. As Mrs. John was a dear friend of Mrs. Pruyne, and visited her at the Bridgman Home, I got to know this wonderfully used servant of God, who became one of my earliest and best friends in China.

—ELIZABETH REIFSNYDER, M.D.

### A FRESH-AIR SCHOOL IN CAWNPORE

SINCE freedom and variety are inevitable attendants of Protestantism, it is no surprise to find some of the most valuable experiments carried on in the smaller and less widely known schools. In Cawnpore, for example, is the boarding school supported by the Woman's Union Missionary Society, the oldest Woman's Board in America.

Here we find a charming American girl in charge of a girls' school numbering one hun-



dred and sixty pupils. As we entered the compound, shaded by groups of noble trees, we saw, dotted here and there over the campus, classes reciting in the open, under the shade of the trees. Although there are well-built recitation halls, the school work is done, for the most part, out of doors whenever the weather permits. All the girls sleep, not in the dormitories, but in the large, airy porches which surround them.

Miss Webb said that she began this practice because of the prevalence of tuberculosis, which is one of the scourges of India. This practice of life in the open air has so cleaned up tuberculosis in her school that no new cases have developed in two years. The school hospital is empty; we saw the low Indian beds all out in the hot sun, getting their daily airing. The pupils seemed infectiously happy, vigorous and jolly. Each child has a glowing little bed of flowers and a tiny vegetable garden, all her own to make and tend. The girls do all the work of the house, except that done by the Dhoby woman in the compound.

Readers of *The King's Highway*, who are members of our Woman's Union Missionary Society, must have felt sincere satisfaction when they came upon this pleasing little sketch of our Orphanage in Cawnpore. Mrs. Montgomery gives only one phase of our mission there, but that is so attractive that it is given here for the sake of those who have not yet read her latest book in the United Mission Study Series.

E. W. B.

## HIGHER GRADE MINISTRY IN THE INDIAN CHURCH

THE heading as given above is not meant to disparage or depreciate the work of the native ministry in the Indian Church. Considering the resources it has had at its disposal, it is no exaggeration to say that miracles have been wrought and the world has been turned upside down through the ministry of the devoted and consecrated soldiers of the Cross; although "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." There has been a divine purpose running through this plan, and to our mind the purpose has been more than fulfilled.

But things have been changing rapidly in India. India is in a state of transition. "The

old order changeth, yielding place to the new." The present state of agitation and restlessness shows that the people of our country are more alert and active than they have ever been before. The signs of awakening are noticeable in political, social and religious departments, and the glow of patriotism is filling all hearts. To our mind, India is passing through a crisis, at least in the religious realm, and much depends upon how the Church of Christ seizes her opportunities, which are in an especial sense unparelled. The Mohammedans seem to have been imbued with a remarkable religious zeal and missionary spirit. They are fondly dreaming of proselytizing not only India, but the very strongholds of Christianity, namely, England and America. The Pan-Islamic movement has been welcomed most enthusiastically by all Mohammedans; and we think we are not quite wrong when we say that the Indian Mohammedan at present thinks more of his religious associations than of political organization. Very nearly the same is the condition among the Hindus. Deeper forces are at work within Hinduism, pointing in many directions to progress and reconstruction. New sects and *Samajes* are being organized all over the country, and the most aggressive of them is the Arya Samaj, a proselytizing Hindu sect, whose meat and drink is to oppose the Christian religion and check its advance whenever and wherever they find it possible.

One of the reasons why Christianity is not making its own way into the hearts and homes of the educated people is that we haven't enough of educated Indian ministers to work among them, and they will not respect or listen to an insufficiently educated or untrained man. The more our country advances the more imperative will be the need for a higher grade ministry. Our non-Christian friends themselves realize the need of training of the best type for national service. The Servants of India Society is a sufficient proof of this. One casting a cursory glance at the prospectus of this society cannot help noticing the large number of educated men who have sacrificed themselves at the altar of national service. How the departments of law, medicine, engineering and other technical pursuits require superior education, training and experience. How much more imperative it is that the Lord's ministry, the noblest of all vocations, should have men and women of education and training of the highest type.—*The Indian Witness*.



THE CHRISTIAN NURSING STAFF OF THE W. U. M. S. HOSPITAL AT JHANSI, INDIA.

## FOR MISSION BANDS.

### OUR PATIENTS AND OUR NURSES

By TENA McLEAN

THE cold season has its merits, and we who have been accustomed to real winters thoroughly enjoy this time of the year, and feel that the days are not long enough to do all we would like. But the poor Indian people, who are never ready for the cold weather, suffer greatly, as their homes are dark and damp, and they themselves are scantily clad, and have no way of keeping warm, except by getting out into the sunlight and letting its warm rays overshadow them. This, however, can only be for a few hours in the day, and the remaining time, the only means they have to keep warm is by an Augithi (a small, open stove), which they can pick up and carry around with them. Often two or three may be seen sitting over one of these stoves, not realizing that they are inhaling the poisonous gases thrown off by the burning coals.

Under these conditions can you wonder that it is the usual thing, at this time of the

year, to admit a number of pneumonia patients into our hospital wards? Every child who comes has her mother with her, and it is a joy to see their faces change from expressions of anxiety and worry to those of rest and assurance as they see their little ones recover.

The work in the hospitals is very encouraging, as we have about as many in-patients as we can care for with our present staff of nurses, and if you could be here, you would realize what a busy family we are, and would rejoice in our wonderful privileges and opportunities, not only to give relief from physical pain, but to give also the word of life, and to tell of the Great Physician. Many of the patients are willing to pay something for their care, and some of them desire a special nurse. Not long ago we had three or four who wanted a special nurse, and were willing to pay a rupee a day for her, but we do not have a large enough class of nurses to meet the demand, yet that branch of our work is rapidly developing.

The examiner, who came to the Nurses' Training School to report on the practical

work, said that it was the best of any hospital that she had been to, and it was a satisfaction to know this. But did we not see spiritual growth as well, we would be disappointed, but God is certainly moulding their lives and characters for His service.

### SCHOOL DAYS IN ALLAHABAD

By EMMA M. BERTSCH

**S**CHOOL work has continued steadily, with good attendance. One thing which helps retain the high average is the coming prizes and the interest in terminal examinations. As the girls progress they become more interested in making a good showing.

I recently visited every class in Central School, calling each child individually to tell at least one of the Bible stories taught during the year. The results showed real progress. Many asked to be allowed to tell more than one. The answers showed thought on the part of scholars as well as of teachers.

We have school colors—purple and gold—chosen several years ago. This year we decided to have a school song, and are struggling to learn the air of "Columbia," which was chosen instead of something familiar. However, the chorus lends itself to enthusiasm, and that is reward enough for our struggles. The children anticipate the pleasure of waving saris or handkerchiefs at "Three cheers for our Central Girls' School; three cheers for the purple and gold; three cheers for our teachers, too; three cheers for the purple and gold." The increased knowledge gained from the graded lessons is apparent. With it goes a new faith in prayer, in the sinlessness of Christ and His ability and readiness to aid His children—it cannot but tell on their characters. We are asking that they may go out to teach others, that they may be used to lead many to our Heavenly Father. "A little child shall lead them" is the basis of our hope.

### A HAPPY AFTERNOON

By SUSAN A. PRATT

**H**OW many of our number ever heard of having a Christmas tree in September? Well, I must tell of one in my brother's church, all decorated and covered with presents. The Sunday School room was filled with bright-faced little folks, who seemed to be having the best kind of a time. Shall I tell you what it all meant?

Away off in Japan we celebrate Christmas just as you do here, having a tree—sometimes it is only one big branch or bamboo—hung with simple presents. Unless the friends in America help us with gifts or money, the Japanese children must do without their treat. These children I saw wanted to give a happy time to the Sunday School children in Yokohama, and so this afternoon they had brought dolls, toys, cakes of soap, bright-colored cards and ribbons. The teachers had decorated the tree earlier in the day, and one by one the children came up with their gifts, some of which were hung on the tree and the rest piled around it. Later on in the week these were all packed in a box and sent to Yokohama, so they would get there in plenty of time for Christmas.

I was then asked to tell the children something about Japan, and they seemed interested in hearing about the street Sunday Schools, where the children gather, often carrying baby brother or sister on their backs; of the way they crowd into the small rooms, sitting upon the floor around their teachers, and of the happy Christmas time. Then I told them how we sometimes go into the country, of the queer boats we ride in, and the jinrikshas, and how we have large meetings there for both young folks and grown-ups. They were glad to hear of the many hundred children who have learned to sing, "I'm so happy," and of Rally Sunday, when these children meet in a big church, afterwards marching through the streets to the park.

Fathers and mothers, even when they do not believe in Jesus themselves, are willing to have their children go to the Christian Sunday School, for they see how they improve, and how much kinder they are to their playmates and more obedient to their parents and teachers.

Let me tell you of a nice thing that happened at this meeting. One of the boys came to the front, where I was sitting with my little nephew, and handed me a purse containing three dollars, which these children had saved during the year, asking me to use it for my work. So I asked them if they would like to have it sent to Japan as a Christmas treat for one of the Sunday Schools carried on by the students of the Bible Training School, and they said they would like that best. I think we shall be able to buy a short Life of Christ, or a portion of the New Testament for every child, besides the orange and the bag of cakes that the children look forward to at the happy Christmas time.



RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from  
October 1 to October 31, 1915.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Life Line Mission Ch., Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, Treas., for support of Bible Reader,	\$30 00
N. J.—Newark Aux., Mrs. R. H. Allen Treas., for Day School, 50.00; Miss Roderick's Clubs, 50.00,	100 00
Va.—Alexandria, Mrs. Anson Dodge, for Miss Wishart's work,	60 00
Total,	\$190 00
CALCUTTA	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Primary Dept. (Clinton Ave. Cong. Ch.), Mr. T. G. Bunker, Treas., for support of orphan,	10 00
N. J.—Newark Aux., Mrs. R. H. Allen, for orphan, 25.00; Oak Ridge Band, for Rachel (Bible Reader), 40.00; Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, for Helen Eliza White Scholarship, 5.00,	70 00
Total,	80 00
CAWNPORE	
Mary Avery Merriman School	
N. Y.—Albany, Mrs. L. M. Vrooman, for orphan, 3.75; New Brighton, Mrs. J. J. Wood, for Parbulia, 2.00; N. Y. City, Sea and Land Ch., Mrs. M. S. Dodd, Treas., for Sukhia, 10.00; Schenectady, Miss G. V. N. Lyle, for Kahira, 4.00; Yonkers, Mr. L. W. Ketchum, for two orphans, 50.00,	69 75
N. J.—Englewood, The Polygon Society, Miss A. M. Prentice, Pres., Christmas gift for orphan, 1.00; Lakewood, Miss Laura Pell, for worker, 60.00; Passaic, Mrs. C. H. Demorest, for Anandi, 7.50,	68 50
Total,	138 25
FĀTEHPUR	
Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital	
N. J.—Newark Br., Mrs. R. H. Allen, 35.00; New Brunswick, The Misses Warren, for Prite Pratt (nurse), 50.00,	85 00
Rescue Work	
Mass.—Northfield, Children's Meeting, per Miss C. Chapman, for child, 10.00	
N. Y.—Brooklyn Br., Christmas gift, 10.00,	20 00
Total,	105 00
JHANSI	
Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. W. W. Clark, for Christmas,	10 00
Pa.—Shippensburg, Normal S. S. Collection, Miss A. V. Horton, Treas.,	4 09
Total,	14 09
SHANGHAI, CHINA	
Evangelistic Work	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss N. R. Nelson, 5.00; A Friend, 5.00; Blue Point "Missionary Garden," 10.00; all for Christian literature,	20 00
Total,	20 00
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss N. R. Nelson, for Bible Reader, 60.00; Mrs. Peter McCartee, quarterly payment for Station, 15.00; Corona, Leverich Memorial Band, Mrs. M. Le Fort, Treas., for Bible Reader, 15.00; N. Y. City, Miss Julia Van Vorst, salary of Miss Loomis, 300.00,	390 00

Pa.—Phila. W. F. Miss. Society, Ref. E. Ch., Miss M. L. Brearley, Treas.; Mrs. Joseph Barton, for Bible Reader,	30 00
Total,	420 00
GENERAL FUND	
N. Y.—Blue Point, From "Missionary Garden," 20.00; Brooklyn, Thank Offering, 20.00; N. Y. City, Miss M. E. Nixon, 5.00; Mrs. S. J. Broadwell, for Miss Dodd's traveling expenses, 300.00,	345 00
N. J.—Newark Br., Mrs. R. H. Allen	100 00
Total,	445 00
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK	
Mr. L. W. Ketchum, .50; Mrs. Mary C. Haines, .50; Mrs. J. B. Smith, .50; Mrs. Anson Dodge, .50; Miss E. Gould, .50; Mrs. Oakley, leaflets, .25,	2 75
Total,	2 75
WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND	
Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.	
Calcutta.—Mrs. L. A. Ross, for Bible Reader,	5 00
Cawnpore.—Mrs. S. Dickson's estate, Mr. A. G. Dickson, Ex., for Lachmin, 30.00; Mrs. Sarah Hughes, for Mantuzi, 15.00,	45 00
Jhansi.—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, for Bible Reader,	5 00
China.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, for Mrs. Sung,	30 00
Japan.—Mrs. S. Dickson estate, A. G. Dickson, Ex.—Kuki Station, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh—Kozukuye Sta.,	60 00 5 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks—Suga Mori,	5 00 30 00
Mr. John Scott—Kono Onuma,	10 00
Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi,	10 00
Mr. C. W. Hutchins—Haru Yoshida,	5 00
Miss A. V. Peebles—Yamamoto	15 00
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Miss H. D. Boone—Kiku Yamane,	5 00
Mrs. J. W. Howe—Isuru Iijima,	10 00
Miss Elizabeth Weeks—Suma Murakami,	15 00
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel—Yasu Hayashi,	10 00
Mrs. Kane and S. S. Class, per Miss R. Kern, 5.00; X. B. Legacy, 50.00—both through Miss Pratt,	170 00
Total,	310 00
SUMMARY	
Allahabad,	190 00
Calcutta,	85 00
Cawnpore,	183 25
Fātehpur,	105 00
Jhansi,	19 09
China,	50 00
Japan,	645 00
General Fund,	445 00
Link Subscriptions,	2 75
Total,	1,725 00
CLARA E. MASTERS, Asst. Treas.	
OCTOBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH (Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.)	
Int. on Mrs. Earley Fund,	\$27 50
" " Mrs. Carroll Fund,	11 00
" " Mrs. Pechir Fund,	5 50
" " Miss Davidson Fund,	100 00
" " Miss Schaffer Fund,	54 00
From Miss E. Howard-Smith,	5 00
Int. on Mrs. Haddock Fund,	125 00
" " Harriet Holland Fund,	175 00
Total,	\$503 00

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