

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

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THE meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies and Boards, in connection with the General Assembly at Buffalo, will be held Monday, May 23, both morning and afternoon. Congregational Church people have kindly offered the use of their building, corner Elmwood Avenue and Bryant Street, for the purpose. Railroad rates for all visitors will be the same as are accorded to Commissioners to General Assembly and are published in the religious papers.

MORE uneasiness is just now felt about receipts of the Board of Foreign Missions than for several years. May 1st will see the footing up, and between now and then there is time for earnest prayer and eleventh-hour offerings. We must not sleep, nor even nod. Send all moneys to *Chas. W. Hand, Treasurer, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.*

As we go to press, a cablegram from Beirut, Syria, announces the death of Mrs. W. W. Eddy. She never recovered from her accident, in January, and all who loved her must rejoice that her weary waiting and suffering are ended.

No letter has been received from Urumia since the murder of Mr. Labaree, but a few further circumstances are known. Miss Margaret Dean, who has been in Urumia three years, teaching the missionaries' children, was to return to America this spring, via the Jerusalem Convention. Mr. Labaree was to escort her, on horseback as he always traveled, as far as Khoi where she would join some German missionaries. It is supposed that he had left her safe in Khoi and was on his way back, when robber Kurds attacked him. His only traveling companion, a Nestorian servant, was found dead on the roadside near Salmas, and a search discovered Mr. Labaree's body, stripped, off in a valley. The Persia missionaries carry little money on the road and no firearms, and while they have occasionally been

the victims of robbery, no murder of an American has been before committed.

It is very gratifying that our war news was received in time to pass it on this month. The fact of Russian troops being at Syen Chun has not yet been reported in the newspapers. In addition to Mr. Whittemore's account (p. 107), several items are gathered from a letter by Rev. Cyril Ross. The first Russian appearance at Syen Chun was three hundred cavalry, on Saturday, Feb. 20. They left the next morning and, a few hours later, chair carriers arrived from Pyeng Yang, bringing a telegram from Minister Allen desiring American women and children to leave the town. Communion was celebrated in the afternoon, one hundred Koreans or more communing. Some of them belonged to the Bible Class which had just convened and enrolled four hundred men; three walked twelve days, to be present. Monday morning, took place the grand departure southward.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. Sharrocks on her courage in staying in Syen Chun. With her husband a physician, remaining may be permissible for her when it would not be for other women.

THE King of Siam introduced an important change, last year, by the appointment of an American citizen to the position of "Foreign Adviser in Chief to His Majesty." This post of honor has always, hitherto, been filled by a European. The man selected is Edward Henry Strobel, professor of international law at Harvard University. It was the King's own wish to have an American, and no better evidence of royal appreciation of our missions in Siam could be asked for. Nearly all the Americans with whom the King has been acquainted were missionaries. They have been in his kingdom for more than two generations. Their lives and influence, their schools, hospitals and books are under His Majesty's own observation.

A young boy had a great tray of the beautiful purple iris which is now in bloom, and these and flowers from our homes were laid on the graves. When the service was over, father, Israil's brother and cousin, and I stood together, while the people filed by to express their sympathy by a pressure of our hands and a loving look from tear-dimmed eyes. We must have shaken hands with two or three hundred people. We missionaries drove down to the college, while native friends stayed there to a dinner which we provided, for it was one o'clock before we could get there, and many had come long distances.

Thank God we have such a wise, strong, self-controlled man as Dr. Cochran, whom the officials trust and respect, who is attending to all necessary telegrams and government business. I can never tell you what the missionaries are to us, and there is not a Christian here whose time and strength are not at our disposal for help in any way possible. The printers and gatekeepers who were devoted to Ben have almost killed them-

selves working and helping us, in the many arrangements and errands that were necessary. At the funeral, all other missions here were fully represented and the Russian Consul and Turkish Vice-Consul attended. One or two Moslem noblemen offered to send caparisoned horses to be led before the coffin, but Dr. Cochran declined for us with thanks.

God is very close to us and His help is real and wonderful. As I realize more and more what He is to me, it makes my whole heart yearn to teach these people of this poor, wicked land to know Him. Do not grieve and mourn too much for us, dear ones, but pray that we may be able to bear it and that this overwhelming sorrow may be to the glory of God. Do not worry about our health. Father Labaree is better, the children are well, and I am quite well, too.

March 19.—It is wonderful how our strength is holding out these days and how the Lord gives me quiet and refreshing sleep which enables me to go on quietly with the many duties.

Mary Schaufler Labaree.

From Urumia, by Rev. Benj. Labaree, D.D.

March 18.—In all the history of our mission, no event has been the occasion of such a demonstration of regard and sympathy for us from the Nestorian people as this has been. During the last ten days, May and I have received over four hundred calls, some sixty from non-Nestorian Christians or from Moslems. The latter were chiefly officials from civil and military departments. Nestorian callers were Russian Church, Catholic, Old Nestorian and, most largely, Protestant. With all, the prevailing sentiment has been that this unprecedented calamity has brought missionaries and people nearer together than ever before. When we recall the intensity with which we have pleaded with the Lord for wider openings to preach His gospel in Persia, the solemn moments when we have offered ourselves to the Lord as willing sacrifices, if He should need such—and He has now taken us at our word, accepting one of our choicest lives as a whole burnt offering—we cannot but believe that He means to use Ben's death directly for the advance-

ment of His cause among the Moslems. At the same time, we realize how possible it is that He will call on us for yet other victims. We talk the matter over among ourselves calmly and trustfully. We cannot blind ourselves to the dangers which may come to us through the attempt to secure justice for these murders. The appeal which May and I sent to the Majd-i-Sultanah, as he set out to track the murderers, that he conduct the investigation in such a way as not to harm the innocent, has been reported widely and created a favorable impression. In every way we repose our case with the Almighty God, whose we are and whom we serve.

May feels that she wants to stay right on, here, if the Mission and Board approve,* carrying on her work for women, both Christian and Moslem. It was touching to learn of the grief of her young music pupil. The morning after the news arrived, she veiled herself as a servant and came across the city to our gate to have the story con-

* Approved by Board and Mission.—EDITOR.

firmed from our own servants. Going back home, she arrayed herself in black and returned, accompanied by servants

and, coming in to see May, wept like a child. It is for such as she, that May feels she has a mission.

Rev. Robert M. Labaree, pastor of the church in Doylestown, Pa., has asked the privilege of taking up the work of his martyred brother in Persia.

Wartime at Pyeng Yang, Korea—March 25.

“Exciting times!” as our son John remarks in his journal. We are in the midst of military preparations on a large scale; thousands of Japanese soldiers, cannon, ammunition, pontoons, carts loaded with baggage of every description necessary for an army, and pulled by men, all streaming up north in an endless procession from early morning until late at night. They are under perfect discipline, and all is quiet and orderly. What we notice as strange is the absence of martial music or display of any kind, not a flag to be seen nor a drum heard, and only very occasionally the notes of a bugle.

It goes to the heart to see these men marching out so quietly, many of them to certain death. Each one has a little metal plate fastened to his breast, giving his name and address, for purposes of identification on the battlefield. Numbers of men march by at the foot of our garden, and as we go out to watch them, I often wish that I knew the Japanese equivalent of a good stiff American “Hurrah!” If I did, I would feel tempted to line our three boys up and give the soldiers the benefit. Our hopes and prayers are with them.

This military occupation is dreadfully hard on the Koreans. In the first place, thousands fled from the town in anticipation of it. It was sad to see them streaming by, women with babies on their backs and leading larger children by the hand, and men with what they could carry of their worldly possessions on their backs, having abandoned everything else. Those that stayed are now having the Japanese soldiers quartered on them, and that is great hardship, too. If this keeps on and the farmers are prevented from getting in their crops, we are likely to have famine added to other horrors of war.

It would make you sad to see our church services, the weekly prayer-meeting reduced to a mere handful and Sabbath services cut down to compara-

tively few. By Minister Allen’s advice no itinerating is being attempted, and it would all seem very forlorn if it were not for two or three silver linings. It has been possible so far to keep the academy going, and that is one thing to be thankful for. Then breaking up of regular work enables us to get down once more to hard study of the Korean language, and that is what some of us have been longing to do for a long time. It is an endless undertaking to master a foreign tongue, and there is great danger of sticking fast at a given point and never getting any further. Another cheering thought is that, scattering of the Christians is sure to have the same effect as of old. They will go “everywhere preaching the word,” and by-and-by, when all this disturbance is over, we hope to reap a rich harvest.

What we are more thankful for than anything else is that we are all here at Pyeng Yang. We hardly dared breathe until that gunboat came and went away again, for fear something would happen at the last moment that would oblige us women and children to leave. It seemed as if we could not go, for the Korean Christians were just waiting for us to depart to be perfectly panic-stricken. “Next to God we are putting our trust in you,” they told us over and over again.

So here we are, and so thankful for the mere privilege that we are ready to put up with almost any inconvenience in order to stay. Just what we are going to live on we do not know, as the arrival of our usual spring order of stores from America is very uncertain. We are all counting greatly on our gardens.

Letters came down last night from Syen Chun. While we are hobnobbing more or less with Japanese officers here, Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and Mr. Whittemore are entertaining Russian officers up there.