

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 Martyr Missionary in Persia.

STATEMENT.—The murder of Mr. Labaree, on the road between Khoi and Salmas, was announced two months ago, and whatever further information could be obtained from cablegrams was printed last month. Full letters having now been received, we are able to present the outline of events, as follows:

March 4.—Mr. Labaree left Urumia in charge of a party of several persons bound for Khoi.

March 9.—Murder of Mr. Labaree and servant, by a Persian and three Kurds.

10 or 11.—Rev. Wm. Shedd with escort of soldiers went to Ula to bring the bodies of the dead to Urumia.

11.—The Governor of Urumia sent a long, sympathetic telegram from Tabriz, assuring Dr. Cochran that he would heartily do all in his power to find the murderers.

14.—Funeral at the College, one mile and a half outside the city, and burial at Seir, six miles farther out. See picture and verses, *WOMAN'S WORK*, Oct., 1901.

LETTERS FROM MRS. LABAREE TO HER FAMILY.

[Published by permission of her Father, Rev. H. A. Schaffler.]

URUMIA, *March 12, 1904.*

How can I ever write this letter and where can I begin the story of these awful days? It is only at odd moments that I can write a few words between the calls of our sympathizing friends and the demands of the home, which are greater than ever just now. Thank God that he is fulfilling His promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be," and is giving Father Labaree and me the needed physical strength for the awful strain that is on us every moment.

The last mail took my letter telling how Ben had started Friday, March 4, for Khoi, a city three days' journey away, . . . taking as his servant Israil, a good Christian fellow who has been in our service for some years, and who was delighted at the idea of this trip. I had a letter from Ben from Salmas, telling of difficulties which he had encountered on the way, chiefly from the fighting horses of the German woman who was in the party and the delicate condition of the young Swede who has consumption. Ben and Miss Dean spent Sunday on the Salmas Plain in the village of Ula, where good Kasha (Pastor) Yohannan is. Others of the party were in a village near by. Monday they reached Khoi and Ben stayed there until Wednesday, when he started back as planned. That evening some travelers brought word to Kasha Yohannan and one of our young doctors that they had seen a body near the road which looked like a foreigner. Kasha started out as early as possible next morning with Dr. Shlemon and government servants. In the road on the pass they found the body of Israil. They had to search a long time before they came upon Ben in a little

valley about two miles away, killed with dagger thrusts, and stripped of his outer clothing. They took the bodies to Ula and telegraphed to Dr. Cochran. He happened to be here in the city and had seen us a few minutes before, and father was most surprised to have him come up to his room. Then they both came down to me, while I was singing with the children, and father told me. Can you imagine how absolutely stunned we were and how we had to be assured over and over that there was absolutely no mistake in the telegram? . . . It was only on our knees before God as a stricken family that we could begin to think at all calmly. The poor little children—how shall I tell of their grief and their beautiful child-faith? Leonard said, as I kissed him good night, "Mamma, do you remember that verse I found last Sunday, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you?' That is good for us now, isn't it?" And little Clara during a restless night kept whispering words of comfort, and one time awoke from her troubled sleep with the words, "God knows best, mamma, doesn't He?"

The news spread like wildfire that night, and when the death bell tolled from the seminary, people were out on their roofs, lining the streets and filling our yards, all sobbing and mourning. In the nearly seventy years of this mission no foreign-born person has ever been killed in this part of Persia, and all who hear of it are stunned. Yesterday and to-day we have had 254 calls of sympathy, and this is only the beginning. Hard as it is to see the people, it is a great comfort to feel this universal and heartfelt sympathy. They are all broth-

ers and sisters in this awful sorrow. Conditions in our mission of late years have been such that it seemed as if there were a gulf between missionaries and the people, no matter how they strove against having it so. We have worked and prayed and wept over this, and begged God to show us if we could in any way remedy it. It seems as if He were using this awful affliction to accomplish this end, and for this reason, and others, we would not if we could avoid the strain that these calls involve. Moslems, Armenians, Syrians, Englishmen, French, Russians and Germans vie with each other in expressing their sympathy. The Russian Consul called yesterday to express both privately and officially his deep feeling in the matter.

It seems to me that I am stating all these facts very coldly, as if it were some one else whose story I am telling. But there are no words in the language to tell the anguish and terribleness of it all, and if there were it would not be right to afflict you with them. . . . Mr. Shedd with a strong mounted guard has gone out to meet them. I had hoped to be able to have Ben brought to our own dear home once more, but in Persia there is an unwritten law against bringing dead bodies into a city. When I found how it would probably aggravate the feeling of Moslems against Christians, I felt it was only right to give up our wishes in the matter, and Father Labaree fully agreed with me. So they will be taken immediately to the college, where our carpenter is making the coffins and Dr. Emma Miller is lining them. It is not probable that I shall be able to take a last look at my dear one.

March 14.—We have been laying

away the form of our dear one, and you can imagine the strain and fatigue have been very great. . . . When we had to send the Moslem general a full description of the horses and wearing apparel which were stolen, father and I were moved to send word also, begging him not to make this a personal matter, or of revenge for a private wrong, but only to do what is necessary for safety of the community, foreigners and Christians.



REV. BENJAMIN WOODS LABAREE.
1865—1904.

Yesterday came word that Mr. Shedd would be in, in the afternoon. The Christian population went out to meet and do honor to the dead. Dr. Cochran and Mr. Blackburn went about six miles, and met them at the very spot where they had bidden Ben and his party good-by just ten days before. All the road was lined with thousands of mourning Christians, one company of Moslem women beating their breasts, another company of Moslem men of this quarter respect-

fully saluting the cart which bore the two boxes. At the college gate Father Labaree and others met them.

Mr. Shedd came straight to me and told me the sad, terrible story. It seems that on Sunday, in Ula, Ben had preached to the little Christian community on sharing the sufferings of Christ, and Wednesday morning before leaving Khoi he led prayers with Miss Holliday and various Syrians present, and spoke on being prepared to meet God. Surely the Heavenly Father was preparing His servant for the anguish and triumphal entry just before him. There was no reason to believe there was any special danger that day; the mountain pass was full of people coming and going, and Ben and Israil had already passed the spot where guards would leave them,

when suddenly four horsemen came out upon them, shot Israil immediately, took his horse, boots and coat, and led Ben off on his horse over the mountains. There were five wounds. . . . Next day the bodies were recovered in the way I have described. The Moslem guards who went with Kasha Yohannan and Dr. Shlemon were most kind, entirely setting aside their prejudice against touching a Christian corpse and carrying Ben on their shoulders and then a long way on a ladder. In Ula our kind Syrian friends did everything possible, using antiseptics and preparing the bodies for removal in a most careful way. Mr. Shedd and his escort met Kasha Yohannan bringing them over Salmas Plain.

This morning before eight, we started out to the college. Our English service was held in Dr. Cochran's parlor, where so many have been held in joy and sorrow. It was very sweet, appropriate and comforting, Mr. Shedd leading and Mr. Blackburn taking a part. Then the pallbearers,—some of the younger Syrian pastors—bore the casket up to the college chapel, whither Israil's had already been taken. The chapel could not begin to accommodate those who came; there were benches outside and the yards were full. There were between one and two thousand people present. Ben's modest soul would never have dreamt of such universal mourning for him and such honors paid him. The Syriac service was conducted by Mr. Shedd, who from the time they were little boys here together, and again fellow students in college, has been to him like a brother. A number of Syrian pastors had been invited to take part and did so acceptably and beautifully, and the college boys sang sweetly "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" and a hymn about heaven. One very noticeable thing in the remarks made was that so many spoke of Ben's sermons in different places during the last few months, and each sermon or talk alluded to was on a different text, even when he preached the same day in different villages, showing his habit of study and preparation and the fertility of his range of preaching. He told me as he was packing to leave on this journey that he had put a whole lot of sermon notes into his saddlebags, as he was planning to spend several

days in Galavan on his return to hold special meetings. Even last summer, in Germany, when we were cramped for room in boarding-houses, and he had the care of the children and me, he was continually studying new topics and making outlines for his sermons and talks on the field.

Israil's brother had begged that the faithful servant be laid by his master in our mission cemetery at Seir, and all the station agreed to this most cordially and no difference was made between the two in all matters. We had made the one proviso that, if we had the funeral together, his relatives should try to control themselves, and they did so beautifully. The old widowed mother sat with head bowed on the coffin all through the service, and the brother crouched by her side, but they were perfectly quiet. As the coffins were being carried out, I sat down on the step by the mother with my arms around her and others of the family near, sobbing quietly, till it was time to leave. Miss Dean's buckboard carried Ben's casket and a hired *droika* that of Israil. The crowds were something tremendous, escorting us down to the river weeping but quiet, lovingly respecting our efforts at self-control. Israil's brother drove Father Labaree and me in our comfortable carriage. There were several dozen horsemen who escorted us all the way, as well as some carriages. Many went the whole six miles on foot and could not be persuaded to turn back. Crowds from the Moslem village of Heiderloo, below Seir, gathered to greet us as we passed and many fell in with the procession. The whole village of Seir was gathered at the brow of the hill and the bell tolled as we came near. The scene at the grave was very impressive. So we laid them away till the resurrection day, in that beautiful spot which I have always considered the most sacred in Persia, overlooking the rich plain of Urumia, the blue lake and the snowy mountains beyond,—the land for which my dear one gave his life. As one of the speakers said, "We have many times come to this spot to lay away the faithful workers from a foreign land, but this is the first martyr." And he added touchingly, "Our nation has also given one to be a martyr with him in this service of Christ."

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.