

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

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THE terrible tornado in St. Louis spared the Locust Street headquarters but, we are very sorry to learn, several officers and other fellow-workers of the Southwest Board had their houses unroofed or otherwise damaged. Blessed they, who are able to meet such a test in the spirit which, Mrs. Burg writes us, was manifested by one of her friends: "She said to me as we looked at the complete wreck of her home, *These are not the things that can hurt us.*"

THE name first given to the Christian Endeavor Society in Germany has been altered in order to preserve the monogram "C. E." It is now called *Jugend Bund fur Entschiedenes Christenthum* (Young People's Society for Decisive Christianity).

THERE were ten thousand Presbyterian Christian Endeavorers present at the Denominational Rally in Boston, last summer; how many will report at the Convention in Washington, next month?

THIS is the season of Annual Reports, and we take pleasure in reminding our readers how easy it is to get one. A polite request on a postal card to the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions secures a copy of the new Report, free. There were two hundred and fifty copies of the last Report never called for, that any of you might have had. If you like to ponder the statistics of our missions, here they are (and much more) complete. A copy is sent *without application* to every pastor in the Presbyterian Church, so if, having none of your own, you want to consult the Report of any Board of our Church, you have only to apply to your helpful minister. There might possibly be a case where such an application would help the pastor by reminding him that a Report is for use.

THE new Shah of Persia took the throne at Tabriz the day following his father's death and, so far, all has been quiet from Tabriz to Teheran.

It does not surprise us that the new Shah at once invited Dr. Holmes, of Tabriz, to resume his former relation to himself, that of private physician. It is rather more unexpected that he should also have been asked to conduct the royal harem to the Capital. Both these distinguished compliments were declined for the sake of being a humble missionary.

SIXTEEN new pupils were received into the girls' school at Sapporo, Japan, in the month of April. That does not look like opposition to the Bible.

THE gentleness of Japanese character was illustrated at the time of Mr. Porter's serious accident, mentioned last month. Still in an unconscious condition when his wounds were dressed, he was held all the time in the arms of the Chief of Police, who had come from Tsuruga ten miles distant. Japanese members of Presbytery showed tender sympathy and earnestly prayed for Mr. Porter's recovery, and when the missionaries offered a small present of money to several policemen who had been of great assistance, it was refused by every one with the assurance that they had only done their duty.

IN connection with Paotingfu Station, N. China, is a faithful colporteur, "full of the spirit," who has pastoral oversight of Mau Chéng village. Up to April 1, thirty-five men from his inquiry classes had gone to Paotingfu to receive further instruction in Christianity. Mr. Miller writes that these men are all respectable and seem honest. One begged for early baptism, on account of his extreme age, and thus becomes the first fruits of our Mission in that place. The preacher rents a room for himself, but a large reception room in which to hold services is granted, free of charge, by one family—evidence of hearty interest in the truth, especially on the part of the women of that household.

CHINANFU Station was gladdened, a few months ago, by receiving a petition signed

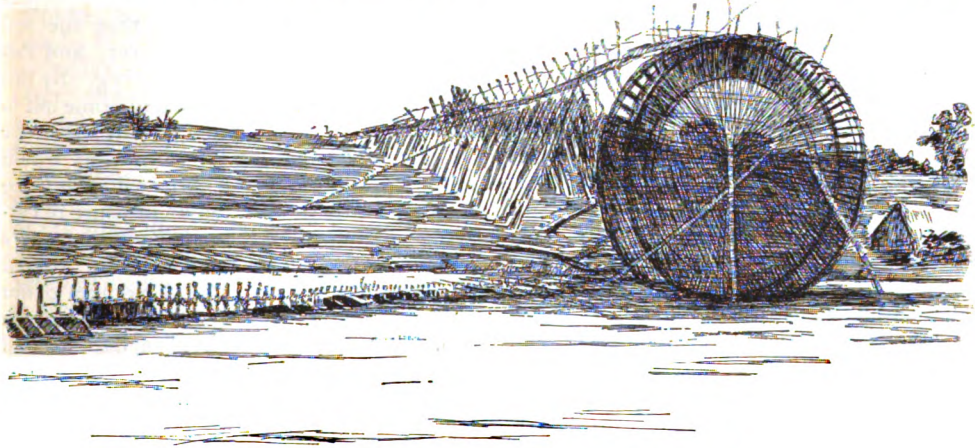
Year's time and white is their color for mourning.

A few days ago a woman applied for a remedy for a disease that is certainly out of the reach of a doctor's lotions. She had walked a great many miles to find the foreign physician, for she had a son and daughter-in-law who quarreled from morning till night, and she wanted to give them some medicine that would make their hearts more peaceful. Dr. Vanderburgh told her that none of his medicines had that much-to-be-desired power, but if her son and daughter would come and listen to the Gospel they would soon learn of a sure cure for their trouble. She seemed quite disappointed, for of course she knew nothing of Him who has power to soften hard hearts. Our Hainanese

teacher then suggested a remedy. He told her to go home, get two women to cook a bowl of rice each and, each one taking a different road, both make their way to the home of the two belligerents, then clap the bowls of rice together and compel the man and his wife to eat it all. After that they would never quarrel. He announced this remedy in all sincerity, but it was hard to believe that an educated man could have faith in such nonsense.

They all need to have their eyes opened that they may see. These women need Christ in their homes. And we need the Holy Spirit in our hearts as we work among them, that we may really love these unlovely women and be fit to lend them a helping hand.

Eleanor B. Vanderburgh,



IRRIGATING WHEEL, COMMON NEAR KIUNGCHOW, HAINAN.

Drawn by Mrs. Gilman.

ONE of the commonest sights of the Deng-ag River (see map) is the big irrigating wheel. It is used to elevate the water of the river over the banks, to the fertile rice fields beyond. The wheel is turned by the current of the river, which is collected by means of a dam across it. The water is

raised in joints of bamboo attached to the rim of the wheel, so that they will empty when they reach the top as the wheel revolves. Each joint will hold nearly a gallon and each wheel, at moderate speed, raises quite a stream of water.

F. P. Gilman.

CALIFORNIAN AND OTHER CHINESE MET ON A COUNTRY TRIP.

I HAVE at last made my trip into the country and am now on my way home. I left Canton ten days ago, one of the women from the training school and our former cook with me. The passage boat had been newly repaired and painted, and according to some superstition they were not willing for the first month to give a room to only three people. It was lucky to have the room crowded. So we had trouble in getting our little room.

The boat anchored at San Cheng at two or three in the morning, but we concluded not to bestir ourselves until day light. The preacher came down to the boat to see us and said that Fong Ki was expecting us at his village. So we took a boat that Mr. Fulton is in the habit of using, for this is Mr. Fulton's parish. We felt that we were in safe hands with the boatman, his wife and baby. When we reached Chung Wan, Fong Ki was start-

ing out marketing. He took us right to his house. His mother, brother and two sisters-in-law gave us a welcome. They took us to the next village where a returned Californian invited us to his house. The man is not a Christian but we held a meeting there, the incense burning all the time. A house full of women came in and we all took our turn in addressing them.

Next day we went to Weng Lok, three miles up the stream. Up to this time it had been raining, but that day was beautiful. There was not a cloud in the sky, and it was a luxury after the rain and cramping in boats to be walking in clear sunshine between fields which later will be full of rice. I started to say we walked *through* fields, but that was impossible as they were flooded with water, and we would have been knee deep in mud if we had attempted it. Fong Ki's sister-in-law dressed up in her best and went with us. She had not been married a year and so had quite a little finery. Her hair dressing was trimmed with artificial flowers, she had on a bright blue mohair jacket and dark skirt. She raised her umbrella if she thought any men were going to look at her. Her husband has been in California and expects to return there. He chose his wife for himself. As he wished to have a Christian he went to the school in Hong Kong for one. Weng Lok was reached at last, and the people remembered me. The old lady who had entertained us was out at the back of the village, frying things in the open space, and came forward and took us to the house, inquiring after those who had gone there before. A crowd followed us and we had a little meeting, each talking in turn and singing several hymns. I was sorry the man Tam was not at home. He used to be Mrs. Thwing's pupil in Brooklyn, N. Y., and had professed Christianity, but after returning to his native place had found he could not encounter persecution and had not acknowledged his former profession. I wanted to urge him to remember Mrs. Thwing's instruction and prayers. I left a message for him and then we went back to Chung Wan.

On the way we stopped to talk to a company of women, and had quite a little audience by the wayside. The next day we went about a mile to visit two Christian sisters in Tung Hong, members of the Congregational Church. The husband has been in California. Five years ago I went there with Mrs. Thwing. We had a meeting together. These two Christian families alternate for Sabbath

services, one Sunday at Chung Wan, the other at Tung Hong.

From Tung Hong we took boat for San Cheng. It was five o'clock when we got there. We cooked our supper and spread ourselves out for the night. We did not care to go up to this town lest we should get a shouting rabble at our heels. Before daylight our boat started and it was about dark when we reached Shun Kok. The old boatman, a Tsoi, went up to the chapel to announce our arrival and when he came back and said the chapel was locked, I was quite mystified as to what we were to do next. A man said the preacher had gone to his village and the chapel was not a fit place for a woman to stay, being in the market where there were many roughs. After a good deal of talking to cross purposes, it dawned upon my mind that the real chapel was a mile from the river, and this place was only for street preaching. By this time it was dark. Two men had come out to see us, and I said I wanted to call some one to carry our bedding. "Oh, that would never do; they did not know who was to be trusted, but *they* would take pleasure in carrying our things." It turned out one was a member of the Wesleyan church and worked in a shop near by, the other, a member of our church, a boy of twenty, who sold salt fish for a living. So we lighted a lantern and set out on our muddy walk. The men seemed pleased to assist us, and when we got to the place would not think of taking pay. I was quite ashamed, as I had expected to pay them.

The basket weaver and his wife were at home, the old man with his hymn-book before him, though I soon learned that every hymn went to the same tune. When we found we had got to the right place for the night we were thankful. The empty school-room was given us and we took possession. The elder, who has been a Christian for a number of years, lives in the chapel. He used to have a shop in Chek Hom, but, years ago, that business was broken up by persecution and he was taken before the magistrate for Christ's sake. Shun Kok is his native place, and his old mother, ninety-eight years old, lives in the adjoining village. The chapel is separated from the village by a grove of bamboo, which is his. From this grove he gets bamboo for his baskets. He also does some farming, raising rice and other vegetables.

Saturday, Lai Chi Po came to see us bright and early. She is an elderly woman on whose eyes I operated for cataract, several years ago. She has always lived in this vil-

lage and when she became blind, having no children or means, she begged for a living. She became a Christian five years ago, and Dr. Thomson brought her to the hospital where she stayed three months till she had good vision in both eyes. I must confess I thought her at that time a stupid woman and never seemed to get anything out of her. When I heard Mr. Fulton say that the brethren had contributed two dollars a month to support her in helping in the church work, I wondered what she could do. But I found that in her own place and in her own dialect she quite blossomed out. She was very happy to see me and read her primer all through. She took us around calling with the greatest glee, announcing to every one that I was the doctor who had cured her eyes. She took us to her house and it soon filled up with people, so we had quite a time to talk.

Sunday the preacher, who used to be a sorcerer, came, and a number of others, and we had services. The preacher asked me to speak but I thought it not best.

Monday, Lai Chi Po escorted us three miles away to see the mother of Kim Oi, one of my little blind pupils. I carried my umbrella for fear of sun and put a wet handkerchief on my head. Our guide was in gay spirits and seemed to know everybody by the way. She was very ready to tell the little she knew, and I was surprised to see how much that was. As soon as we appeared, Kim Oi's mother commenced to wash sweet potatoes and put on to boil for us. It is a very common lunch, but, if for the two meals of rice are substituted sweet potatoes, the people consider themselves very poor. All the neighbors came in till the house was full. There was a woman who had lived in San Francisco. She understood very well and her daughter of fifteen was a bright looking girl who wanted a book. Kim Oi's mother brought out the sweet potatoes and we all sat down and ate and drank her tea. I thought it would be nice for Kim Oi to leave Canton and come home for a month, but her mother said they had not rice enough now, but if she came in the eighth month they would have rice.

On our return journey a girl called us to stop and see her mother's eyes. The woman had granular lids and the Chinese doctor on Mr. Fulton's boat had treated her, much to her satisfaction. We told her she must come out to Shun Kok as I had no medicine with me. I saw a number of patients there, under a large tree which was full of small boys who had climbed up to get a better view. The

woman had brought out a pot full of hot tea, so we partook of her hospitality, the spirit of which I truly appreciated, and wished we had more time to talk with the crowd of women and children which had gathered. We chose a shorter route home, but we had a bridge to cross. I said I was not afraid of a bridge, so on we went. However, when I saw it I was rather frightened, as part of the way it consisted of only one beam on which to walk. There was a bamboo support to the hand on one side. I was thankful when I got across without catching my skirts anywhere.

The next day we started home, a good many following us a little way, Tong Ying's mother among the rest. The water was being drawn off some of the fields and in places there was quite a rivulet to cross. I had overshoes but I wondered how the Bible woman would manage, so, seeing a stone by the pathway, I quickly picked it up and laid it in the stream for her to step upon. The children screamed out "it's an idol," and looked at me horror-struck, and there was an old woman sitting by the roadside with her offerings worshipping it. I was very sorry I had done it, but the stone had no distinguishing mark that I could see, and it never occurred to me that the old lady was at worship. A Shin used it for her stepping stone and Tong Ying's mother came and set it back in its place.

About half way back we stopped at the village of a Christian pair, but the husband was in California and the wife in Canton. Everybody was out at work, but Lai Chi Po collected a crowd to come in and listen to the doctrine. They brought us tea and cakes and I was glad of them. They were round like cookies, made of parched rice flour and a little sugar. They had the flavor of popped corn and were hard as gingersnaps. We stopped to see a patient or two on our way. When we got home found quite a number waiting for us who had come with the woman with the granular lids. I hastened to treat them as they had a long walk to get home. Next morning before we had our rice, they were back again for a second treatment, much to my surprise. I told them I wished they cared as much for the interest of their souls as they did for their eyes.

This last day it rained and we went to visit some of the church members, a mile away. I saw a blind child whose mother wanted me to take it, but did not want to pay passage to Canton. Lai Chi Po says they are very poor and the father smokes opium, and the

mother begs a living. She is afraid the mother will throw the child into the river. She has known several in that vicinity to drown their blind daughters. We came here, wet as to outer garments and my shoes wet, which was a misfortune as I had not brought another pair. Tai So took them to the kitchen to dry and burned a hole in them.

Thursday, Lai Chi Po came at daylight bringing us cakes, oranges and tea, so I asked if she had slept at all, as she had gone to market for us the evening before, and not left us till late. The old elder, aided by another Christian man, carried my things down to the river. He must present me a chicken too, and just before we left we had prayers, as we had every evening. He was stuck in his reading at the verse, "I suffer not a woman to teach," and asked me if I would explain it.

About one, we reached Chek Hom. I had heard it was a rough place and hated to go up, but one of the graduates from the medi-

FROM an excellent article in a recent number of the *Evangelist* about the Chinese population in New York City and vicinity, we take the following statements: There are 10,000 Chinese of whom 500 are in Sunday-school and 200 are professing Christians. Besides schools in connection with many individual churches, there are special missions, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist.

The Presbyterian Mission, at 14 University Place, enrolls fifty-one men. Thirty of

cal class came down and said it was all quiet. So I went to his house. Nobody noticed me and I was very glad I went. He had rented a large shop and was comfortably situated. They have service in the house every Sabbath, and sometimes he leads, sometimes his wife. The Wesleyans have a chapel in town, but the Presbyterians do not. He used to rent a place for a chapel, but it had been torn down. Nevertheless the Doctor talks the doctrine to his patients. He has several beds for in-patients. He put on the molasses kettle and stirred in parched rice flour and made cakes for me to eat. His brother has gone to San Francisco to preach.

I was sorry not to accept the invitation to stay a few days in their village, but felt I must hurry home before Sabbath.

Mary West Niles.

On Sz Tau River, towards San Cheng, Canton Province, Feb. 29, 1896.

them constitute an "Evangelical Band" having rooms in Chinatown, where they hold meetings every Sunday night from 9 P. M. to 1 A. M. The Chinese Missionary Society continues to support a preacher in China and now pledges the support of a second preacher. A day school, Sunday-school, five services on Sunday, a Young Men's Christian Association, are all agencies of this important mission. Twelve men were hopefully converted last year.

LITTLE CONGO POLLY.

THE March number of *The Missionary* (Presbyterian Church in U. S.) contains a letter from Dr. Snyder, of their Congo Mission, recording the death of Polly. That sends us to our Africa pigeon-hole where for two years has been stored a little sketch written by Mrs. Snyder, and never printed so far as we know. Here it is:

Little Polly cannot be more than nine, and is small for that. She is not pretty but she is bright and smart as steel, has tiny hands, slender limbs, and a sweet hearty laugh. She sings prettily, too, and we just let her sing and laugh to her heart's content. When I first got her, less than six months ago, she had just been redeemed from slavery and was a little savage; you could not call her anything else. She had never seen a chair or known what a table was.

I wish you could have seen Polly with her first dress—a little Mother Hubbard belted in at the waist; what a happy little girl it

made her. Up to that time it seemed that she did not know how to smile even, and she was so stupid. "Dear me," I thought, "will I ever make anything out of this child," and now we would not part with this mite for anything. You would be surprised to know all the things she can do, and many of them she has taken up of her own accord, out of pure love for us. She rarely needs one word of reproof. Sometimes I see her, while wiping a plate, dancing around the table in the veranda and singing her native airs, at other times she is singing in her sweet little treble "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," this of course in the native language.

And now *The Missionary* says: "Our little Polly has gone to her last home; dying from blood poison superinduced by 'chigoe' bites. She was a patient sufferer, always ready to talk of Jesus. Polly came to us over two years ago, a veritable heathen, but, thank God, she left us a bright Christian."