

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 person's mouth always full, and this nut discolors the mouth, leaving the teeth black. The women use it much more than the men.

At mission meeting, in September, Mr. Post was given charge of the school, though we had been here only about ten months; there seemed no one else to take it up. He teaches four to six classes in English daily, and the confinement and nervous strain was almost too much for him, at first. He threw away his cares one day each week, and went out by railroad to neighboring towns and sold books. He sold 300 Christian books inside of one month. Much of the time I have taken two of the English classes in order to lighten his work.

MISS EDNA BISSELL wrote from BANGKOK:

My return from Pitsanuloke by launch was ideal. I made the trip in two days, coming down, that took me three weeks and two days going up; the best of it was that I stopped off in Paknampo ten days and I never received a more hospitable welcome in any part of the world. It seemed hard to part with the kind Siamese friends in Pitsanuloke, but it is good to get back to my "first love" in Bangkok. I think I have had a little taste of what it must be when one comes back after a furlough.

I wish you knew our young people here. To be back among them again is a great joy. One dear girl never missed but one week in writing to me during those seven months that I was away. On my birthday, Friday, when it was yet hardly light, a man stood outside my door with a tray—a gold pin, flowers, and a delicious Siamese dish. Living an hour and a half distant from Wang Lang this girl must have started the man off at three or four o'clock in the morning. She also sent a Siamese poem that she composed.

It is settled that I am to be in my chosen house-to-house visitation work in Bangkok. You ask if God can use me in larger measure in this work. Can we not trust Him that He is able to open the way? It is going to be difficult in many ways, and it will seem little I can do, but the need is great, and if I only have health and strength to use the gift which I may have in God, I shall be so thankful.

You did not hear much from me after that awful illness.* I felt so keenly the loss of time that I set myself to studying and improving my Siamese, before I was hardly able to sit up. Abusing my eyes in that way, in so weak a condition, I had to pay for it. I thought I had such strong eyes, but finally had to stop all studying and letter writing. I

* At Pitsanuloke; began with a fall from a horse.—Ed.

will say one last word about that terrible illness and then close that book. For three months and a half I was not out of the front gate. I did fight to keep up my courage, but everything seemed against me. In the protracted hot season, provisions gave out and I had to almost live on rice. If you could see me eat now you would think I was making up.

INDIA.

Our genial friend, DR. JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS, on his journey around the world, wrote from CAWNPORE, Feb. 24:

"Miss Parsons went to Sangli."

"Then order a *tonga* for Sangli."

"And she went to Kodoli, too."

"Then order two *tongas* for Kodoli."

And that is how I went to Sangli and to Kodoli. But wasn't it hot? But didn't it pay?

Last Sunday we spent in Allahabad with Miss Mary Forman—a treat you missed, for she was not here when you were. She has 100 bright girls in her Mary Wanamaker School, but they need a school building very badly. Mr. Wanamaker very generously provided a site and a beautiful dormitory for scholars and teachers, but the bungalow that was thought to be satisfactory should be replaced by a school building with classrooms and an assembly room. The men at the Jumna Mission are building wisely and well also. I was very much pleased with Dr. Ewing's work. To-morrow we go to Jhansi. We are both in excellent health, though passing through plague districts every day.

PERSIA.

[The following letter was written three months before the death of Mr. Labaree.—Ed.]

MRS. BENJ. W. LABAREE, having returned last October from Germany, where she had been ordered for medical treatment, wrote from URUMIA:

We joined Rev. Wm. Shedd and his family and Miss Cochran in Berlin and came on together. . . I was more than thankful when on the twenty-second day we reached the old familiar Bridge, twelve miles out from Urumia, where missionaries and native friends were waiting to greet us. There was a big procession to wind its dusty way back to the city, where our houses and yards were beautifully decorated, and thoughtful Father Labaree and our faithful servants had had the house cleaned and everything put in nice order.

The unspeakable joy of coming back so well and strong to our dear home which I had feared never to see again, and of being wel-

comed with such overflowing cordiality, made speech almost impossible. There are many fascinating lines of work open to me, that I long to take up immediately. There are many hungry souls to whom I long to tell of what Christ has done for me, many sad ones who need to know personally the great Comforter, many lonely ones to whom I long to be a friend who will reflect Christ and His sympathy.

Since our return we have had over a hundred calls of welcome. I cannot say how many dresses I have helped to make during the year for Moslem and Syrian women, including a small gown for the daughter of the Crown Prince. These women are growing more and more anxious to adopt the European mode of dress, and the opportunities for soul-winning, while we bend over patterns and cut out linings, seem worth the time spent on the dresses. Paul's "All things to all men that I may gain some" is a very comprehensive motto.

Mr. Labaree has the care of the evangelistic work of the Plain this winter, so he has to be off in the villages a good deal. Father Labaree is engaged almost wholly in literary work, and it is such a comfort to have him here with us, especially to have his help and presence when my husband is away.

JAPAN.

DEATH OF MISS ALEXANDER.

MISS MILLIKEN wrote from TOKYO, March 2:

Miss Alexander's illness seemed at first like influenza, accompanied by a fever which did not run high but was hard to shake off. She was confined to her room for more than a month, and then, though able to be about the house, her strength returned but slowly. She was anxious to be at work and resumed her Bible class. She wished to do more, but yielded to our persuasions to be careful. She taught this class for three days, and then, on Feb. 4, was taken sick again with what the doctor pronounced meningitis. Dr. Macdonald, who had known Emma from childhood, and knew her frail constitution, did everything in his power for her. He also called in the best medical authority in Tokyo. Feb. 19, it was evident that she could not recover and on the following Monday morning she passed away. She bore her sufferings with quiet fortitude. She did not know that the sickness was her last, for the loss of consciousness came more rapidly than had been anticipated. But she needed no special preparation. The life that she lived in the flesh she lived by the faith of

the Son of God, and when her mind began to "wander" it wandered in the accustomed pathways. Her words were words of prayer. She spoke of "faith, assurance, love." It was a peaceful home-going.

It is hard to realize that the life so full of promise and high resolve is over; the course so well begun, already run. She was with us for only a year, but it was a year full of good works. From the first she claimed our respect as well as our affection. A girl of singular dignity and modesty, she entered upon her work with cheerful enthusiasm. She understood the girls and loved them and was loved by them. Her room, her time, her interest were always at their disposal. She was interested in all our plans for the school, and had a good understanding, too, of the broader aspects of mission work. She had taken a Bible class of young men, on Sundays, and two of them had recently become Christians. The language was easy to her. She seemed prepared for a long career of usefulness. As gifted as she was modest, retiring yet courageous, unselfish and gentle, she was a lovely and beloved presence. We wanted to keep her, but God counted her worthy of the higher service.

As she lay in the white casket, prepared by the ladies of the mission with their own hands, long-stemmed blue violets about her, the traces of suffering gone from her peaceful face, she looked almost as if asleep. The girls came in little groups and looked tearfully at their beloved *sensei* and went away with their faces touched with something of the sweetness that was in hers.

MISS GIBBONS, who went out in 1902, wrote from KANAZAWA:

This was the first time that I could not return to my home for the holidays. To tell the truth I was really dreading the time, as I expected to be homesick and lonely, but I can truthfully say, "My cup runneth over." I have seen children excited over the Christmas season at home but I never saw them so excited, or work as hard as our girls here. They made three hundred yards of cedar ropes, six large bells, and mottoes both in English and Japanese. The chapel seemed like fairyland but the best part was the sweet spirit that prevailed. The programme was well carried out and we had all the guests that could be crowded into the chapel.

You will rejoice with me that three of our girls, one from day school, were baptized at the Christmas services in the church.