

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

Vol. XVI

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 10.

By the time this issue of WOMAN'S WORK has been distributed through the mails, the editor expects to have reached the Mediterranean on her way towards Beirût and Jerusalem. Thence, in realization of what has hitherto been only a beautiful dream, she hopes to see missions and missionaries in India, Siam, China, Korea and Japan. In sending back her good-by to the co-workers and friends of this magazine, she takes the opportunity to publicly express the joy she has had during sixteen years of mutual service with the woman's societies, and to heartily thank the Editorial Committee, presidents, secretaries and other officers, who have all cordially consented to her leave of absence for one year. How soon may she be met, on her journey, with the happy announcement that the aimed-for 20,000 subscription list has been attained?

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, so widely known and loved through both her verse and prose, will have direct charge of WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN during the absence of the editor. She brings to her task a broad acquaintance and deep sympathy with foreign missions, and committee and constituency are to be congratulated upon the arrangement made with her.

AN article offered for publication and a note by the writer, signed "F. B. R.," but without date or clue to any address, have been received at the office of this magazine. All we can make out of the blurred postmark is "Mo.," therefore we shall be obliged to ask "F. B. R." to communicate again if she wishes an answer.

It has already been mentioned that the New York Women's Board is about issuing a Hymnal for use in missionary meetings. The first two editions, of 3,000 each, were absorbed by the Y. M. C. A. convention in Boston and the Stu-

dent Volunteers' convention in Canada. The Board's regular edition is now ready. There are about sixty hymns with tunes,—many of them devotional, old favorites, stirring ones like "Fling out the banner," a few appropriate for children, and a few choice hymns, like "Lift up your heads ye gates of brass," which are not found in ordinary collections.

MISS HOLLIDAY writes: "I often covet for Persia the honor of being the first Moslem nation to greet the Morning Star, even as her magi of old came to lay their gifts before the Babe of Bethlehem, while yet unrecognized and unhonored by his own nation. Shall not history repeat itself and his star again be seen in the East?"

WE learn, not at all from himself but from a friend in California, that an address made by Rev. J. H. Laughlin, at Los Angeles, as he was on his way back to China, was the three hundredth which he delivered during his furlough in America. If every listener on those three hundred occasions, or half of them, will put up a prayer of faith for the lonely missionary and his solitary companion, Dr. Lyon, in the great heathen city of Chiningchow, who knows how swiftly the golden oil will be driven through the golden pipes, from the living olive branches?

WHEN the persecutions in China were being represented in theaters of Japan, one enthusiastic actor, having to play the foreign missionary, bought a New Testament in order to train himself for his part. He says he read the book through once, read it again, and I. Cor. chap. xiii caught him. He went to a Japanese helper to inquire into Christianity and, at last accounts, had lost all heart in his profession, though still sticking to it as he had no other employment.

terprise of you Franks! This road has done us for generations, and who would have lifted his hand to improve it?"—
E. C. P.

A QUEER WOMAN.

Saideh Khanum* made me a visit a little more than a week ago—not coming in an automobile, but on the back of her nephew, a deaf and dumb boy. It was my first visit, but we got well acquainted as she stayed about two hours. She said she came because she was 'anxious to hear the Word of God—and get some charcoal, and some things to eat.' We talked about Dr. Holmes and I asked if she realized what he had done for her. She thought she did, and said she wanted us just to keep her until she got her strength, then we should see what she would do (to prove her gratitude I understood). "What will

* A Moslem woman upon whom Dr. Holmes performed a major operation, the last thing before he left Persia. See account, *WOMAN'S WORK*, March 1900, p. 60.

you do?" I asked. But she only said, "You will see."

She wanted some soap to go to the public bath, some rice to make soup, some charcoal, etc., etc. I gave her a bag of each, and as she was leaving she said, "Have you given me the round rice or the slim?" "You wanted to make soup," I replied, "so I gave you the round." "Well, what can I do with rice alone? It needs meat. And how am I to take the charcoal? This boy has to carry me." "Saffar," I said, "accompany this woman, carry the charcoal, get her a *charak* of meat at the butcher's, and go with her to her home." "But," I said to her, "you must return the bag as they need it in the stable."

To-day she has sent back the charcoal bag saying she would like some more, and some lemon water.

(*Mrs. J. W.*) *Belle S. Hawkes.*

Urumia Boys and Their Band.

Some one says, "The world is divided into three classes—the good, the bad, and the boys." Boys certainly are a class to be studied and dealt with by themselves, and boys in Persia are no exception to this statement. I should like to see a few New York boys and as many from Urumia meet on neutral ground. There would certainly be startling contrasts, but I think a certain boy language would help them to get on together.

The Persian boy does not remove his hat on entering a room, but he is scrupulously polite to leave his shoes in the hall, and to salute all in the room with "Peace to you." The interesting collection of shoes in my front hall during the meeting of my Boys' Band on a Sunday afternoon becomes still more interesting if the more mischievous boys get out of the door first and run off with some one's shoes, or throw them up on a high ledge over the stairway.

Sometimes the boys bring their "marbles" to meeting—not marbles which American boys would recognize, but



URUMIA BOYS AT PLAY.

little bones from the knee of the sheep, which, cleaned and polished, are often used, alas, for gambling games. Another favorite form of gambling is with Easter eggs—to see which egg will win the greatest number of others by cracking their shells—and gambling has great attractions in the melon season. The chances are about even whether the inside of the melon will be red or yellow, and the lucky guesser wins the melon.

It is most entertaining to peek into a regular Persian school, where the boys are obliged to study aloud, and see them all sitting on the floor, swaying to and fro, and vieing with each other in the noise they can make. The teacher is

sometimes provided with a long stick with which to prod the unfortunate youth who is not studying loud enough. In our mission schools other methods prevail, for the teachers have been educated in the College or Fiske Seminary, and have ideas of order and study. Though their schools might not pass muster under the eagle eye of an American inspector of public schools, yet I have realized how much the discipline of the mission school means, when my Band has reassembled after a summer vacation. I have been at my wits' ends to know how to manage twenty-five lively, mischievous boys who have been under no restraint for several months, and at the same time to give them religious instruction. Joash would pinch David, and Paul would slyly knock off Andrew's hat, and Ishmael displayed his marbles. One Sunday I became so desperate over their behavior that I stopped short in the middle of a story, and told the boys I should have to disband their society unless they would listen quietly and respectfully. I offered to try them for one more Sunday, and then closed the meeting without finishing my story. Abraham lingered to plead, "You will not disband the society for the behavior of two or three bad boys, will you?"

That week I felt greatly dejected, as I thought the Band had been a mournful failure. On Saturday we ladies of the station held our New Year's reception for the women, who came to "bless our feast." To my amazement one mother after another told me of the great pleasure and profit her boys were gain-

ing from the Band. Several said their sons would come home and repeat what had been said at the meeting. This was a great encouragement, and a still greater was in store for me on Sunday, when the conduct of the boys was something remarkable. Joash, the ringleader in mischief, was as quiet and attentive as any one could ask, and Abraham and Joel had taken it upon themselves to keep the others in order. I had no trouble for some time after that, and by winter I had reason to hope that several of the boys were trying to lead Christian lives.

I was often much exercised to find new methods for my Band. At one time we made a sand map of Palestine, each Sunday adding one or two towns, mountains or lakes, the boys studying about the places during the preceding week. Bible study has always been the important feature of the meetings, and those little fellows, without concordance or references, have reported from one to sixty verses on the subjects given them.

One series of meetings greatly pleased and interested them. As the Nestorians are very fond of using Bible names in their families, we had a large assortment of these in the Band. Each boy led the meeting when we studied about his "namesake." Extreme dejection was visible in the leader when his subject was not a model of virtue and honor. Here was a wonderful chance to let the boys themselves draw lessons from the Bible characters—lessons which we hope may help to make my Urumia boys good and noble men.

Mary Schaufler Labaree.

God's Acre at Seir.

Written for a memorable anniversary occasion.

Under the bending heavens,
 Upon a mountain side,
 With view of lake and river
 And green plains stretching wide,
 There lies a little garden,
 And from afar are seen,
 Its rows of white stones lying
 Upon a bed of green.
 Some are so small and narrow,
 And engraved upon them deep
 Are the names of little children,
 Who here lay down to sleep;
 Short was their life's sweet story,
 And soon from this world's pain
 They waked to find in heaven
 To die is only gain.

As the first to die for Jesus
 Were the babes of Bethlehem,
 So first of these who lie here
 Was a babe like one of them.
 Some in the early freshness
 Of youth and hope and love
 Left service scarce begun here—
 Transferred to that above.
 Count not their life a wasting
 Of ointment rare and sweet,
 They poured their youth's rich fragrance
 Upon the Master's feet;
 Wherever this glad gospel
 Is given among men
 Such alabaster boxes
 Break with their gift again.