

# WOMAN'S WORK

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The Tomb of Esther at Hamadan.

A PERSIA MISSIONARY tells of the excitement of crowds in the streets of Hamadan when an aeroplane arrived from Kermanshah, having made in an hour and a quarter the journey which for the missionary is one of three to five days. After a stay of about four hours, the great bird rose in the air, circled round and disappeared. Interesting in-

stances were mentioned of Persian Christians who, in the time of dire need, shared their scanty supplies with those who had nothing. "The hospital watch dog, not unmindful that he himself was once a child of the street, brought into the premises a huge dog and, fondling and caressing him, asked by his actions as plainly as he could

we are just beginning to make things habitable for a large group of refugees which we hope to have under cover before the rains come. I went around with one of the doctors to visit his clinic. Oh, the sore and sightless eyes he treated, and the doses of quinine he administered, and the pathetic cases brought to him! One could appreciate something of the scenes when the multitude brought their sick to Christ and pressed about the door to come unto Him. And the patience of the people!

We have begun cleaning up the Bucharlea. Then I turned the people out of the unfinished into the clean side, and it was necessary to pass their bedding through a most careful

inspection. I told them what to expect and was surprised to see how much cleaning they were able to do themselves. The clothes of those who were still dirty we passed through a sterilizer. It took much courage for the first family to let us have their few belongings and put them in that mysterious barrel. When their things came out O. K. and reasonably bugless, the others began to bring their things voluntarily, which is what I want. And I have been greatly pleased to see how quickly they get the idea of cleanliness, when things are worth keeping clean. I went my round this morning and marveled at the change a week's work has wrought in conditions.

### BUYING CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Oh, happy folk, contented folk, and ye that go with gold  
 To seek within the noisy mart the gifts to mark the day,  
 Jolly toys and gems and lace and trinkets manifold,  
 Here be better wares to buy along the crowded way.

*Buy a pair of red cheeks to give a little lad again,  
 Buy a pallid woman's face the bright eyes of health,  
 Buy a broken man a hope, buy the strength he had again,  
 Here are bargains wonderful awaiting on your wealth.*

Oh, happy folk and careless folk, the world's bazaar is piled  
 With lovely gifts and lasting gifts to mark a holiday.  
 You who seek the fairest thing for lover, friend and child,  
 Surely ye shall pause awhile and buy the while ye stay.

*Buy a mother back her bairn, buy a man his wife again,  
 Buy a lad the right to love, a child the right to play,  
 Buy the wistful kindred all, home and health and life again,  
 And God be with you, gentlefolk, who purchase these to-day.*

—Theodosia Garrison.

*Written for Red Cross Week in Minneapolis.*

## The Missionary Wife

(At the conference with outgoing missionaries last June Mrs. Chas. R. Pittman of Persia read a brief paper on the opportunities and the ideals of work of the missionary wife. Mrs. Pittman took as a concrete example of living up to these ideals and making the most of these opportunities a missionary wife and mother well known to the women of the Presbyterian Church—Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson, now the widow of the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Wilson, and with him for many years a worker in Persia. It is not usual to print in WOMAN'S WORK a detailed appreciation of a missionary who is still living, but the truth of what Mrs. Pittman says is so universally recognized by all of Mrs. Wilson's associates in this country as well as in Persia, that it seemed not inappropriate to ask Mrs. Pittman to allow the use of her paper in the magazine.—EDITOR.)

TO PERSIA as a bride, in 1886, came Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson. She was the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Rhea, missionaries in Persia, and was herself born in that country. It was natural for her to return to her native heath, where from the first she felt at home, and for thirty years she has been an inspiration to her co-workers and an example of what a missionary's wife who has the true missionary spirit can accomplish.

Dr. Wilson was the principal of our Boys' School, and her coöperation was of inestimable value to him and to his



Persian woman in street costume, the veil over the eyes lifted.

personality, deep consecration, and an untiring zeal for the work of the Master. She built up around her a work that will go on to the end, even though at present she is not able to return to her beloved Persia.

With her own little family growing up around her, I never knew her door to be closed on any one who needed her, whether one of her own fellow countrymen or a Persian. Her life was indeed a busy one. She was always planning some pleasure for her boys and for the church community; the sick, the dying, the sorrowing, as well as those who were rejoicing, were always remembered and visited. On days when she did not have guests she was out among the people. On Saturday afternoons she visited her own co-workers. On Sunday mornings, instead of attending church, she spent the hours in the homes of the smaller boys of the school, bringing the Gospel message to the mothers who could not go out to church or would not go if they could. The early part of Sunday

work. She was a born teacher, a lover of children, especially of boys, and she was untiring in her efforts to gain these boys for Christ. Mrs. Wilson was not only a musician of ability, with a gift for languages, but she had also a charming

afternoons was spent with her own children, but always about four o'clock the boarders of the school came to her home for a meeting. She taught the boys how to lead a meeting as well as how to pray. While she was at home in Amer-

ica the Y. M. C. A. of the school had special meetings, following the Week of Prayer, in which many of the boys stood up, signifying their desire to belong to Christ and when asked what influence determined this decision the answer in nearly every case was, Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson was superior to many of us perhaps in natural gifts, but her deep consecration, her zeal for her Master, her love for the people for whom she worked can belong to all of us. Dr. Wilson could not have done half of the work he was able to accomplish without her. This was true of her and it is true, too, of all of us who are missionaries' wives or who will become such. The *home* on the foreign field is of inestimable value if the home-maker has for her motto: "My home for Christ and for the people whose country I have adopted." Without the encouragement and the constant interest of the home-maker in his work, the missionary is almost sure to be a failure because of his handicap. If a woman marries a man because she loves *him* and not his work, whatever profession in life may be his, you may depend upon it that he can do just half as much good as he might—and this is about a hundred times as true in the foreign field as it is in other places.

Besides the care of the home, the children, the various meetings, visiting with the women, prayer meetings with them and the hundred and one other things to be done, the wife may be suddenly asked by her theologically trained husband, "Give me a text for my Sunday sermon!" Or it may be he is treas-

urer of the Mission. His books need posting and he is too busy to post them. Perhaps he can't get the trial balance right, so you work together at that. Or the cash is short and you are supposed to know where it is! He may be Secretary of the Annual Meeting and you may have to do all the typewriting. *But don't get discouraged!* You took all that upon yourself when you said "I will." A word of advice, too, to those who are going out unmarried: always be ready for emergencies. The men should have a wedding-ring tucked away somewhere and the women a piece of goods that will do for a wedding gown. Don't think you can escape the contagion. You can't! It is worse than being exposed to the measles and often it comes upon one suddenly like the grippe. I know a young man who bravely withstood the attractions of the opposite sex for thirteen years. The only time we thought him weakening was once when he requested the mission to ask the Board to send out thirteen young ladies "to work in pairs"—but at last he did weaken—they always do. Now we have a new home in Tabriz which bids fair to be a great influence in the community, and for actual worth in the foreign field there is nothing to beat the home. You may not be gifted or you may. If you are, you carry a larger responsibility, but we all must make the best use of our talents whether one or ten. If some one should ask you if you are a missionary or just a missionary's wife, don't be offended, but always aim to be the missionary as well as a missionary's wife and thus be doubly blest.

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THE school work is going well. We have no serious illnesses among the children thus far and the attendance has been so good that we could do fairly good, steady work. Two of my class have succumbed to the inevitable and will be married in a few weeks. It is well nigh impossible to have any advanced work done and almost as hard to get teachers to do what we have now in our course. The girls marry young and there are few left to take their places in the school. In my Sunday-school class the boys are alive, thoughtful, and earnest and I feel that I must do my very best in study and preparation to be able to help them as I ought. Some of them have been coming to the house every Thursday night and spending the evening in talking and study as a means of improving their English. I try to realize that if I cannot do all that Miss Montgomery and I used to do before she left us, it is hardly to be expected.

HAMADAN.

(Miss) Florence E. Murray.