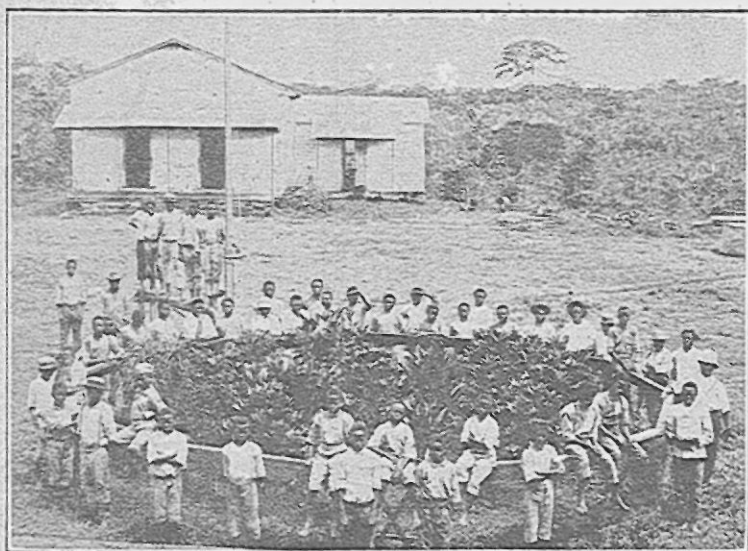




LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK



O EARTH, EARTH, EARTH, HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD

Lutheran Woman's Work

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS

Entered as second-class matter, December 30, 1907, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Lutheran Woman's Work

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The official organ of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, authorized by the General Convention and the General Synod, published for the Society by The Lutheran Publication Society, S. E. Cor. Ninth and Sansom Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Send subscriptions and remittances to The Lutheran Publication Society, S. E. Cor. Ninth and Sansom Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

TERMS.—50 cents each, a year, in advance, with one free copy for every five new subscriptions paid for. Orders for Binders may be sent with subscriptions, only 25 cents, postage extra.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS.—Free on application.

LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK

VOL. XI

AUGUST, 1918

No. 8

The Factors of the Kingdom

NOTHING in this world is absolutely single—unless it be the first of the numerals, of which someone has said that it is evidently “the number of the beast” mentioned in the book of Revelation, as evinced by the narrowness and selfishness displayed in the phrase, “Looking out for number one.” All things we know which are useful or beautiful are complex; they are made up of several, sometimes of many factors, combined in harmony to produce the common result. In fact, it may be said that a person or a thing unable to enter into harmonious combination with some other persons or things is neither useful nor ornamental, and contributes nothing to the welfare of the world.

The kingdom of God is marvelously complex. One of the wonders of all time is that a spirit of harmony has come into the world which has been able to unite men of all races, colors and tongues, people of high and low degree, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, into one common brotherhood.

But let us not lose ourselves in details; for these are mere details, after all. The great indispensable factors of the kingdom are only two. The psalmist mentions them both when he says, “Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.” God’s power and our willingness—these are the factors which make up the kingdom.

In one sense, the day of God’s power is always. He can, whenever He will; and His will never ceases to operate for the uplift of men. Yet there are special times when His power seems almost visible, and we can trace the spinning of the Potter’s wheel as He fashions new eras of opportunity. Such a time, we cannot doubt, is upon us to-day. World conditions at the present moment are not a mere game of “upsetting the fruit basket,” when everyone is scrambling for the vacant seat. It is an earthquake upheaval that rends the rocks, and produces, through storm and stress, the fertile subsoil of a new age of hope and progress. It is a day of His power such as earth has never seen before.

How about the other factor? Are His people willing? How far are they consecrated to His purposes? How fully are they offering themselves for His service? For all this power shall be manifested in vain, and every door swing shut again in our indifferent faces, if we fail to meet His demand, to honor His claim.

What is the multiplication sign that unites these factors of the kingdom? It is the cross of Christ—the symbol of uncalculating love. Between the God of power and His willing people stands One who clasps the hands of both in palms that bear the scars of sacrifice; and the product of that union of divine and human shall be—in no far-off, uncertain dream, but in visible reality—a new heaven and a new earth.

“Loud rings on sea and land to-day
The challenge of a work to do,
As in the furnaces of time
God molds this worn-out world anew.
Oh, strip us of our love of ease,
Send full on us Thy challenge clear,
And let us catch the far-off glow
Of Thy great walls—then let us go
And build their splendor here!”

The Call to Advance

Is this the time, O Church of Christ, to sound
Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap and blunt
The men and women who have borne the brunt
Of truth's fierce strife and nobly held their ground?

Is this the time to halt, when all around
Horizons lift, new destinies confront;
Stern duties wait our nation, never wont
To play the laggard, when God's will was found?

No! Rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords,
Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
And to thy kingdom come for such a time!
The earth with all its fullness is the Lord's;
Great things attempt for Him, great things expect,
Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime!

—Selected.

Africa's Pagan and Mohammedan Women

By H. K. W. KUMM, Ph.D., F.R.G.S.

IN our countries of liberty and civilization, where some of the outstanding characteristics of our Saxon forefathers have not disappeared, woman is still more or less the priestess of the family, the honored one, the mother and mistress of the home. It is well to compare the treatment of the weaker sex in our land with the treatment of women in the darkest region of the earth. Men may forget the salvation of others, and think that even heathen people are happy enough in their darkness and ignorance; but women in our Christian lands, one and all, if once their eyes are opened to the actual state of affairs of womanhood in heathen darkness, must and will rise to a realization of their high privilege and responsibility of carrying or sending the light to their benighted sisters and speeding their husbands and their sons as missionaries, to the men who degrade womanhood in the non-Christian world.

As long as the men are heathen in Central Africa woman stands more or less on the same level with the man. In fact, where the woman is the stronger the man is the servant. Where the woman is the weaker, of course, the man is the lord.

At our Pioneer Camp in Northern Nigeria, at the foot of the Murchison Range, it was an unwritten law that no woman should be beaten. A number of our station people were

married, and one or two of them were treated sometimes pretty badly by their wives, especially my horse-boy.

A number of men were busy making straw mats for the walls of the huts when I first made my acquaintance with the wife of my doki-boy (horse-boy), a nominal Mohammedan, but in reality a heathen. The head man brought her to me, and she was crying in great distress. Her husband had beaten her. Would I beat her husband or have him beaten? The husband was called, looking depressed. "Why did you beat this woman? You know that no woman is to be beaten in camp." "Please, white man, the woman is my wife, but she will not cook for me. She will do nothing for me. I have had no food yesterday. She takes all my money, and I do not know what to do."

"Have you treated him in that way?" I inquired of the woman. No answer. "Have you cooked for your husband?" She looked at me obstinately, her eyes dry, and again she asked, "Will you beat him?"

It was a difficult question, evidently, and I felt some hesitation in deciding it one way or the other. I ordered them to live in peace, and told the man not to beat the woman again if she behaved badly, but to come and tell me. Then I sent the man away and gave the woman a lecture on the duties of a wife. That

if her husband treated her kindly it was not her business to make life a burden to him. He was working hard and trying to earn money so that she could have good clothing and good food; and for her to treat him badly when he came home tired out was disgraceful. She should be ashamed of herself. "Go back and behave better," and she went.

A few days afterwards, as I was sitting in my hut writing (just in front of my table was a little air hole through which I could look down the village street), not many yards from me sat my horse-boy cleaning saddles in front of his hut. I saw his wife come out and begin scolding him. He sat still and paid no attention. She went up behind him and pushed him. He looked around very meekly, and then turned back to his work. I saw her take a calabash and beat him with it, and only heard him say, "Why can you not leave me alone? You see I am busy earning our living. Do not beat me. Why should you beat me? I have not beaten you."

She got furious. She broke the calabash in her hand and behaved like a mad thing, breaking all the cooking utensils. I thought she had gone about as far as she might, and I walked out of my hut, paid no attention to them, but went across to the stables. As soon as she saw me she disappeared, and there was sudden, perfect silence. I said nothing at the time, but reserved my judgment for a future date.

A few days afterwards the king of Wase came up to call, and, as we were talking, suddenly the woman came up screaming. I turned to my head boy and told him to ask the woman to be quiet, but she would not be silenced. She came right up to where we were, gesticulating with her hands in front of our faces. As the white man's prestige, according to the government idea, is something which at all costs will have to be maintained, and as I myself thought that the woman had gone as far as she might go; and as, furthermore, the king of Wase sitting by my side looked most astonished, I ordered the head man and the head boy to remove the woman, make her take her things, and march her right

back to the next town, where her mother lived and from whence she had come, and tell her that she must not return to our compound.

Half an hour later, when I walked over to the doki-boy's house, I found him whistling and smiling as happy as a schoolboy out of school. He looked as if life was worth living. "Would he like me to send in a week's time to ask his wife to return?" "No, please, white man, I will do anything for you, but please do not ask my wife to come back." She



A NATIVE KROO WOMAN

had evidently treated him too outrageously.

One day one of my boys came to me. He was going to get married. Would I marry him? He had a lady living in town, and he was going to pay her mother a certain sum of money, as is the custom in the country. I said, "Have you money enough?" "No, I have borrowed it from my friends." I advised him not to borrow money to get married

with, but he refused to listen. He would get married. So I asked him to bring his good lady and I joined their hands. He had paid about sixteen shillings to her mother in cloth and silver, and they went away to the newly-built house in our village very happy.

As I had to start on a journey that night, the finale of this wedding was related to me a few weeks afterwards by one of the missionaries. On the morning after his wedding the bridegroom was working with the laborers in the compound, and when he returned to his house he found his newly-married companion gone. She had disappeared and gone back to her mother in town. So off he marches to inquire why she had run away, why has she not cooked his food? Answer—"I do not like to stay alone in the house. If you have to go away to work I am not going to live with you any longer." Here was a distressing case. He had borrowed a good deal of money to get a wife, and the money was spent and the wife was gone. A great palaver ensued, and the missionary judged that the mother of the wife should give back half the money, as the wife would not stay with her husband.

One might multiply stories like this, showing that as long as the people remain heathen women enjoy a comparative freedom. In fact, sometimes they usurp all the authority.

When down on the river at a village called Dempar I heard about one of the great gods of the country, named Dodo. I inquired after the worship of this god and was informed that he was a god to frighten women with, as otherwise it would be impossible to keep the women in order or make them do anything. From time to time they have great dances in honor of Dodo. They have a large juju-house, where Dodo lives, and no women are allowed to come near this house. "If a woman is found trespassing there all the men combine, and either drive her out of the village and beat her or kill her. They take this question of maintaining a certain amount of authority over the women so seriously that one boy, when he allowed his mother to go near the juju-house and peep in without telling the men of it was, by common consent of

the men of his family and the elders of the village, burned to death."

Thus women amongst the pagans are only treated badly if they are the weaker, but as soon as the men become Mohammedans the women become slaves and worse than slaves. In lands under the sway of Islam the woman is a chattel in her husband's hands, whom he is authorized to punish for wrong doing by beating, stoning or imprisonment till death. In case a woman is guilty of breaking the marriage tie the Koran provides (page 52, Sale's translation)—"If any of your women be guilty . . . produce four witnesses from among you against them, and if they bear witness against them, imprison them in separate apartments until death releases them." The punishment in the beginning of Mohammedanism was to be immured until they died, but afterwards that cruel death was mitigated, and married women were allowed to be stoned. (Sale, page 55.)

"Honest women are obedient, but those whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke and remove them into separate apartments and chastize them" (page 58). Mohammedans are allowed, and even commanded, to beat their wives. What a contrast to the law of love and the law of Christ! As a result we have scenes like the following:

A missionary lady in North Africa, some distance away from the coast, in one of the Mohammedan towns, used to repair during the evening to the roof of her house to enjoy the cool air. Night by night as she rested she heard curious wailing from the next courtyard. So one evening, when there was nobody near, she stepped over the low parapet wall, walked to the edge of the roof and peered down into the next courtyard. And what did she see? On the opposite side of the wall she saw a hole the size of the door of a dog's kennel, and by the side of this hole a woman chained, hand and foot, to the wall, weeping. The missionary called out, "Why are you weeping?" but the poor thing got frightened and hid away in the hole. With many words the missionary coaxed her out again, and at last drew the following sad

story from the miserable creature:

"Many months ago I disobeyed my husband. He beat me frightfully. He chained me to the wall. He has beaten me every day since, and he has said he is going to beat me to death, and that is why I am crying."

And there is no law in any Mohammedan country to protect this woman.

Notice the following illustration, which is taken from Sir Samuel Baker's experiences on the Upper Nile:

"I was asleep in my tent when I was suddenly awakened by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in the tent, and I could distinguish a dark object close to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed me that my wife also noticed the object, as this was always the signal that she made if anything occurred at night that required vigilance. Possessing a share of sangfroid admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a screamer, and never even whispered; in the moment of suspected danger a touch of my sleeve was considered a sufficient warning. My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under my pillow and noiselessly pointed it within two feet of the dark, crouching object before I asked, 'Who is that?' No answer was given, until, upon repeating the question with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied, 'Fadeela.' Never had I been so near a fatal shot. It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum. Upon striking a light I found that the woman was streaming with blood, being cut in the most frightful manner with the coorbach (whip of hippopotamus's hide). Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, I found my angels in the act of flogging two women. Two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and head, while two men with powerful whips operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces and they were literally covered with blood. The brutes had taken upon themselves the task of thus punishing the women for a

breach of discipline in being absent without leave. Fadeela had escaped before her punishment had been completed, and narrowly escaped being shot by running to the tent without giving warning. Seizing the coorbach (whip) from the hand of one of the executioners, I administered them a dose of their own prescription, to their intense astonishment, as they did not appear conscious of any outrage—"they were only women."

I have sometimes sat at my window in the native quarter in Alexandria, Egypt, and watched the Arab women in the lane below. One of them had a little boy who seemed to be very fond of making mud pies in front of the house. She was standing in the doorway and called out to the little fellow, "Come in, darling; don't get your clothes so dirty. Come in, sweet one." But no answer from the four-year-old in the street. So she stepped out into the road, after having looked about to see whether there were any men near. She laid hold of the little boy with kind, motherly hands to take him into the house. "Come, little one, I will give you sweets; come!" Her husband was at that moment walking around the next corner, and stood still to see what would happen. What did happen was this. The child turned around on his mother, and, doubling up his little dirty fist, he beat her right in the face, and snarled at her, "*Bint el kelb*" (Thou daughter of a dog), and tore himself loose.

At that moment the father stepped up. To do what? You would say to give that little scoundrel a solid thrashing. No, to pat his brave little son on the back, smile upon him and say, "You brave little boy! You magnificent little fellow." Proud of a son that could treat a woman thus!

It was distressing to see motherhood treated like this under one's very eyes.

It is the fault of Mahomet, the fault of the faith of Islam. According to the Koran, there is no heaven for our mothers, no paradise for old women.

Some time ago a lady missionary in Egypt had visited the house of a rich Bey to preach the gospel to the women of the house. Quite

a little crowd of women were seated around her as she was reading to them out of the Scriptures. Suddenly the chief wife stood up, "What is that to us; we are only women? Why do you not go to the men with this teaching, this religion, and this book? There is no *ganat el fardous* (paradise) for us. We are like cattle; when we die, we are gone. We have no souls."

The very idea that they are human beings has been driven out of them; and these are our sisters.

The pagan women of the Sudan are in our generation in the serious danger of being handed over to Islam to a worse slavery than that land has ever known since the curse of Ham has rested on the children of Ham.

Summit, N. J.

Personal Reminiscences of David A. Day

By GEORGE SCHOLL, D.D.

III

ONE could not be intimately associated with Dr. Day for any length of time without discovering that he was a many-sided man. While the spiritual uplift of his people was the main work in hand, on the doing of which he concentrated all the powers of his being, it must not be supposed that there was anything of narrowness either in his ideas or methods of work. His was a symmetrical, well-balanced and many-sided nature. There

with the savages of the jungle. Something more was needed.

Accordingly schools were organized for their intellectual development and training, that they might not only be Christians, but intelligent Christians. But he did not stop with church and school. Out of the rude barbarism of their jungle life a new civilization had to be created. Industrial operations were accordingly made a prominent feature of the work at Muhlenberg. Through donations by the Liberian government and by purchase a farm of several hundred acres was acquired, one hundred of which were planted in coffee trees. Largely through the generosity of a Christian business man in New York City, who became interested in the work through the representation made by Dr. Day, a blacksmith, carpenter and machine shop was furnished, together with the necessary tools and other appliances, and all the boys brought under the influence of the mission were required to learn one or the other of the occupations represented by the farm and the shop. A skilled mechanic, Clement Irons, a colored man from the States, was put in charge of the industrial work of the mission, and under his training a number of fairly competent mechanics were developed. These native mechanics and their foreman, under the direction and with the assistance of Dr. Day, built a small steamboat that for a number of years plied between Millsburg, the mission landing,



INTERIOR OF DAY CHAPEL

have been, and still are, missionaries who take the position that they have been called of God simply to preach the gospel to the heathen. That is their one and only work. Early, however, in his long-sustained and successful work in Liberia, Dr. Day recognized the fact that this was not sufficient in dealing

and Monrovia, about twenty-eight miles down the river. The engine for the side-wheeler,



SCENE ALONG THE ST. PAUL RIVER

the first steam craft that ever navigated the St. Paul River, was shipped from this country, while all the rest of the work was done at the mission shop.

"The 'Sarah Ann,' named in honor of Mrs. Irons," wrote Dr. Day, "is a nondescript affair of a boat, but nevertheless she paddles up and down the river two or three times a week, with much puffing and groaning, carrying both freight and passengers. The 'Smoke-Canoe,' as the natives call the craft, has completely revolutionized the traffic of the river. I can now make the trip to Monrovia and return for fifty cents, and in less time, whereas I was formerly compelled to pay a crew of natives five dollars to row me in their dugout."

The evolution of Alex. Harris furnishes an interesting illustration of what has been and is still being done at Muhlenberg Mission toward helping those people up to a higher plane of living. The case shows the wisdom of the missionary in combining the church, the school and the various forms of manual labor in dealing with the difficult problem by which he was confronted. This boy, along

with a number of others, came out of the woods naked as the day he was born, and as ignorant as the other creatures that live in the jungle. He was suitably clothed and placed in a primary school, where, in the course of time, he acquired the rudiments of an education. In the Sunday school he advanced from the position of a scholar to that of a teacher of a class, and later on became the superintendent of the school and a deacon in the church.

He married one of the mission girls, moved out several miles from the mission farm, preempted a tract of land, built himself a cabin and settled down to the occupation of a pioneer farmer. Soon after he was settled in his new home, Mr. Harris wrote to the Secretary of the Board, requesting that a supply of primary books be sent to him, as he proposed to start a school for the benefit of the neglected children in his neighborhood. The letter was fairly well written, the spelling was correct and the sentences were grammatically constructed. The writer expressed the belief



SCENE ALONG THE ST. PAUL RIVER

that he could teach the children at night after his day's work on the farm. At any rate, he was going to see what could be done. The

books were promptly sent and Mr. Harris paid for them, although they were offered to him as a donation from the Board.

Some seven or eight years later I received another letter from Harris enclosing a bill of exchange on a London bank for an amount sufficient to pay for a small steam engine and some other machinery. I was not a little surprised and gratified to learn, in the further reading of the letter, that Mr. Harris's farm had produced a good crop of coffee, rice and sugar cane, and that he needed a coffee and rice huller, a winnowing machine, rollers and evaporating pans for making molasses, and a steam engine to run his machinery with. On relating the story of the young African farmer to Mr. Farquer, of York, Pa., he said, "I believe in helping those fellows who are trying to help themselves," and at once instructed the foreman of his shop to carefully pack and ship the entire outfit to Mr. Harris at forty per cent reduction.

A few years later there came a letter from Dr. Day in which he said, "Last Sunday we dedicated a new church over in Alex. Harris's neighborhood, which grew out of the school which he organized some years ago. He

shipped his coffee to Baltimore and his molasses to Liverpool, and with the proceeds built the church all himself. He sent to England for corrugated iron for the roof and siding of the building, so that it would the better stand this trying climate. A large number of people assembled to attend the dedicatory exercises, some of them coming a distance of many miles. The little church was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and as others continued to come the men went out and gave their seats to the women until the church was entirely filled with women, while the men gathered about the door and windows to listen to the service. On a certain occasion when I preached in a native town a number of women came to the service. The petty chief or head man, with his 'king whip,' as it is called, laid on vigorously right and left and drove them all away, saying, 'This God-palaver is not for women.' On this occasion, however, the men voluntarily gave up the entire church while they stood on the outside. This will give you an idea of the change wrought by the work of Alex. Harris. The entire neighborhood has been revolutionized."

BALTIMORE, MD.

Benares

By MISS HELEN H. BRENNEMAN

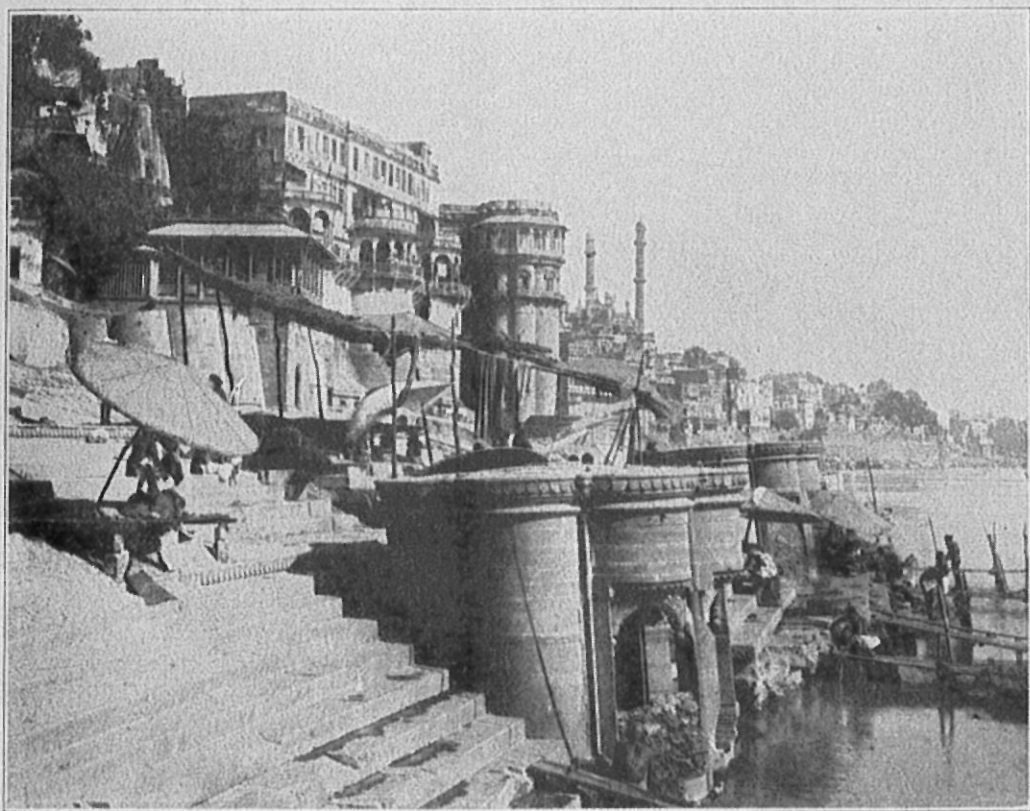
WAS it possible that the train was really approaching Benares? Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, of which weird, gruesome tales had made an ineffaceable impression on my mind in childhood days! A picture of the burning ghats in an old geography came vividly before me. Was it going to be the quaint, historic old Benares such as I had pictured in my fancy, or was it going to be a Benares changed and colored by western influences, as is the case in nearly all the large oriental cities to-day? So far no features appeared to cause the traveler to doubt whether this was West or whether it was East. Eagerly my eyes scanned the horizon for a

first glimpse of the sacred city, and with childish delight beheld the Ganges, whose banks were crowned with ghats and palaces and temples—a great white city. Truly, an enchanted city in a fairy tale could not have looked more charming.

That glimpse which promised so many lovely and attractive places of interest caused us not to lose much time in disposing of our baggage and securing a gharry. Had we been in search of the "rattliest" and noisiest vehicle in India, I don't think that we could have been more successful in the accomplishment of our object. With such an accompaniment one member of our party screwed her courage

and her voice to their highest pitch as, for another time, she read what "Murray" had to say about the wonderful places we were soon to see. A few minutes later we had gleefully extricated ourselves from the "music-box" and found ourselves strolling through the brass bazaar in the old native quarters of the city. Old brass! New brass! Polished brass! Beaten brass! For an hour we reveled in brass, at the end of which time, with arms laden with brass, with even greater difficulty

than Benares with its three-storied buildings to the throngs of pilgrims who surge through its streets. Furthermore, those streets twisted and turned so many times that I felt as bewildered as if I had been in a labyrinth. Then suddenly one went up a few steps, then down a few steps, but invariably these ins and outs and ups and downs suddenly brought one face to face with some new and curious object of interest. Cows! Cows! Cows! Cows everywhere! I mention them first because they are



BENARES FROM THE SACRED GANGES

than before, we elbowed our way through the crowded streets.

How I wish that you could have seen those streets! Little, narrow, flag-stoned streets lined with imposing skyscrapers; that is, Benares skyscrapers. The typical Indian village containing but one house with a second story is entitled to distinction. So I feel quite sure that New York with its skyscrapers is no more awe-inspiring to its hosts of visitors

sacred cows, and therefore privileged to first right of way in the narrow thoroughfares.

As there is always a fascination in watching a passing crowd, it was particularly so that morning. Some halted before the huge bowls filled with bright red and yellow powders. They weren't groceries, and they weren't drugs, but if you watched that crowd for a moment only you readily understood the demand for the gay powders. On every fore-

head a bright red mark—the sign of caste; finger nails, toe nails prettily stained a bright red hue; ankles and feet wore a yellow hue. Others were choosing the sacred beads; some bought garlands of marigolds. The venders bearing trays filled with the bright green leaves and betel nuts were equally as popular as a chewing-gum vender. Many a passerby was bearing oil or ghee or milk or flowers, some offering for the deity to whose temple he was wending his way.

Here and there at every convenient corner and niche there was a little shrine containing an idol, before which many a man and many a woman stopped to cast a few flowers or a few coins or a bit of food. At one town we came upon a bed of nails. We were told that the "holy" fakirs sat upon them in order to do penance. Curiosity prompted me to feel those nails, and right there and then I knew what fraudulent fakirs they were. Immediately one of those holy rascals wanted to perform on the nails. I did not know the vernacular, but I did know the hand sign for "no," and a violent sign I made, for it really was not worth a tip.

Presently we came to what our guide informed us was the Golden Temple. After wandering about up stairs, down stairs, in and out through alleys and dark passageways, we saw nothing to suggest any reason for calling it a golden temple. Idols there were, sitting and grinning hideously in their cages, besmeared with paint and oil, garlanded with marigolds, rice and milk and ghee and fruit scattered in front of them in such a way that it might make a tempting feast for a pig, but surely not a feast "fit for a god." At least, it was not my notion of a fine feast. Yes, the temple cows were there too, dozens of them, scores of them, whose presence, I should say, was rather unfavorable to sanitary conditions. At length one member of our party, becoming very skeptical, sought to convince the guide that he had made a mistake and implored him to take us to the Golden Temple. There really was one, because Murray said so too. But it was useless to remonstrate with the guide, who seemed to think that he knew more, at least

about Benares, than we did. Again we stumbled up a dark, narrow flight of stairs, but when we emerged from the darkness, lo and behold, two golden spires gleamed before our eyes, their brightness only being eclipsed by the smile which radiantly beamed on the face of the guide!

The next morning at seven o'clock found us shivering on the bank of the river and ready to take a survey of the city from one of the queer little river boats. It would have been quite improper for the boatman to state at once the actual fee for boat hire, and it would have been just as improper for us to have paid at once the exorbitant sum which he asked. So the customary "bargaining" and warfare of words had to take place before we could board the little boat and be off. Oh, what a wonderful sight that was! The steep bank of the river for several miles was built up compactly with ghats, temples and palaces. The ghats are a kind of landing-places which consist of long flights of steps leading from the water's edge to the great pile of edifices majestically reared above them. Somehow or other those endless flights of steps, surmounted by temples and palaces, and the vast crowds gathered on them, reminded me of a huge, ancient theatre, where people were wont to gather to witness some great spectacle. However, in this case, we, sitting on the little boat, were the spectators. What a gay scene it was as the crowds descended and ascended the ghat! Where but in India could you see such brilliant orange and red, green and purple blended so perfectly? But when Dame Nature dresses the birds and trees so fine and gay, will not the children of men vie with them? But here and there you detected a white garment. In many cases, if you looked closely, you found the wearer to be a woman with a shaven head—the poor, despised Brahman widow.

Already hundreds of devotees were standing in the water performing the ceremonial ablutions. Some priests and "holy" men sat by the water or in little boats absorbed in pious meditation or muttering monotonous chants. Again, others having completed their ablutions, appeared to be subjecting their bodies

to rigorous massage treatments. Nor did we wonder at this as we sat with chattering teeth, in spite of sweaters, coats and steamer rugs. A little farther down stream we came to the Burning Ghat. As we drew near, the thin columns of smoke rising in the air indicated that we would have the morbid satisfaction of beholding a cremation. For the convenience of funeral parties there was a wood market nearby. We saw them bringing the dead bodies, wrapped in white, then strapped to a kind of bier, and place the feet in the water. After the wood was brought and the funeral pyre kindled the body was removed from the water and cast into the flames. Very much as a small boy delights in stirring a bonfire, a man with a big pole kept stirring the funeral pyre every now and then, exhibiting an arm or leg or some member before our bewildered senses. Again we saw others place the bodies in boats, row to midstream, then cast them overboard to float away on the sacred waters.

But to die in Benares is a much desired privilege and many a Brahman moves to Benares in order to end his days in the holy city.

In the distance two tall minarets stood out prominently. Minarets are characteristic of Mohammedan mosques, but why should there be a mosque in that citadel of orthodox Hinduism? Was it mockery? Truly, I should say it was. We were told that one of the victorious Mogul kings, an iconoclast, had destroyed a Hindu temple and with the very stones on the very same spot had erected that homely mosque to show that the Moslems had conquered the Hindus.

It was the old story of conflict. That city, hoary with age, had been the scene of India's religious life and thought and development for century upon century. To one side lay Sarnath, a great mass of ancient ruins, all that remained of Buddhist cult and teaching. Gone was the grandeur, gone was the teaching, completely effaced by Hinduism. Does the great religious struggle still rage within that city—that city whose massive pile of ghats and Hindu temples seem to cry defiance to the believer of any other creed? Yes, the

struggle still goes on. In one section of the city is situated a very large "university of theosophy," the school originally formed by Mrs. Annie Besant. Nearby is another far less pretentious little school. On its compound gate this modest sign appears, "High School for Christian Girls." To me it was like a little lamp, such as one sees in native houses, seeking to shed some light in the almost impenetrable darkness where men are groping for light and truth. The flame of that little lamp is the only power potent enough to dispel the darkness and lead men to the truth. Two thousand years ago, who, on beholding that magnificent center of Buddhist learning, would have prophesied for it that crumbled mass of ruins? Perhaps some day, too, that impregnable fortress of Hinduism must yield before the power of Jesus Christ, and when that day comes may it not be with the haughty triumph of that Mogul king, but with the spirit of love.

Benares was unique; it was impressive. The picturesque city, the great throngs, the religious fervor, the sacred river, whose waters, in spite of myriads of bright marigolds floating on its surface, could not conceal its scum and filth and decaying debris, and in many respects reflecting the unchastity of the Hindu faith which will come to the surface in spite of all efforts to conceal its loathsomeness with pedantic philosophy, have made an impression on a mature mind which will be as ineffaceable as the weird tales of childhood days.

GUNTUR, INDIA.

It is by human agency and human agency alone that the Spirit of God works universally in the world. The universal Gospel confers the missionary obligation without any distinction of home and foreign. What God intends for all men, but confers only by men who have been saved, should be brought within the reach of all men. Otherwise the saved are disowning a debt of gratitude they owe to the Saviour and a debt of compassion they owe to the sinners for whom He died and lives to save.—*A. E. Garvie.*

OUR LIFE MEMBERS

Pictures of children under fifteen years of age and women of seventy or over who are made Life Members of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, and men of seventy or over who are made Honorary Life Members by the payment of \$10 will be printed in this department. The same age limits apply to memorial memberships of men, women and children. Dues should be sent to the Synodical Treasurer and photographs to the Editor.



LUCILLE MARIE BENDER
Aged fourteen years. Daughter of Mr. Edward M. Bender and Mrs. Minnie Zinn Bender, of St. James' Lutheran Church, Gettysburg, Pa. Made a Memorial Member by her mother.



WILFRED KEPLINGER
Made a Life Member by the Mission Band of Bakersville, Md.



MRS. CATHERINE CRAWFORD BAIRD
Aged eighty-two years. Made a Memorial Member by the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Dayton, Ohio, of which she was President from 1878 to 1895.



EVELYN M. BROSEY
Aged four years. Made a Life Member by her grandmother, Mrs. C. H. Brosey, in memory of her daughter, Adaline. From St. John's Lutheran Church, Swissvale, Pa.



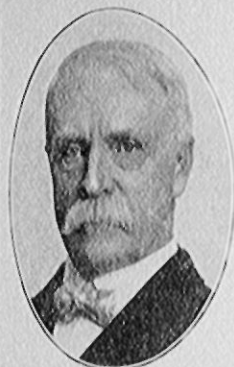
MRS. A. R. HEYLAND
Made a Life Member by her children, Mrs. Lydia E. Graham, Herman R. Heyland and Miss C. Elsa Heyland, through the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Peabody, Kan.



FRIEDA WILHELMINA FREY
Aged twelve years. Made a Life Member by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Frey, Liberty, Ill.



MRS. HELENA GREGORY BERRY
Aged seventy-seven years. Made a Life Member by the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Irving, Ill.



JOHN A. HIMES, LITT.D.
For more than forty years Professor of English at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. Made a Life Member by his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Seebach, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., in honor of his seventieth birthday.



REV. E. UNANGST, D.D.
Missionary to India, where for four years he was the only man on the Guntur field. Passed away at the age of eighty years, in Hollidaysburg, Pa., where his last years were spent. Made a Memorial Member by his namesake, the Unangst (Young Women's) Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



MR. JOHN M. ALBRIGHT
Died April 23, 1908, aged seventy-four years. Made a Memorial Member by his family.



MR. C. EDWARD FLECK
Made a Life Member by the Excelsior Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



MRS. ANN E. WESTOVER
Aged seventy-seven years. Made a Memorial Member by a friend, through the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



MARY LAURETTA SHAFFER
Aged four years. Made a Life Member by a friend, through the Unangst Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



MILDRED BRANDT LINDSEY
Aged four years. Made a Life Member by the Excelsior Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



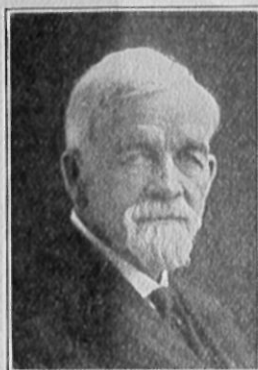
MARGERETY LOUISE REED
Aged seven years. Made a Life Member by the Lightbearers' Mission Band of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



MRS. MARGARET WARFEL
Died September 11, 1916, aged eighty-two years. Made a Memorial Member by her son, Mr. B. F. Warfel, and his wife, of Hollidaysburg, Pa.



REV. JULIUS F. SEEBACH
Pastor of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa. Now serving under the National Lutheran Commission as camp pastor at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.



MR. ROBERT WEIDENSALL
Aged eighty-two years. The well-known pioneer Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Made a Life Member by his cousin, Mrs. Lillie Lingafelt Lemon, of Hollidaysburg, Pa. Mr. Weidensall united with Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, at the age of sixteen, and has always considered it his mother church.



MRS. ELIZA JANE DUGANNE
Made a Life Member by her children and grandchildren on her eighty-fourth birthday.



MISS KATE M. STEWART
President of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; organizer (as a Mission Band, over thirty years ago) of the Excelsior Woman's Missionary Society of the same church. A pioneer of mission work in her church and Synod, and for five years Synodical President.



MRS. JULIA A. HILEMAN
Made a Life Member by the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



KENNETH KOOPER LINGAFELT
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy R. Lingafelt, Hollidaysburg, Pa. Made a Life Member by his father.



PAUL SHINGLER
Aged three years. Made a Life Member by a friend, through the Excelsior Missionary Society of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



CLYDE M. STEWART
Aged ten years. Made a Life Member by a friend, through the Lightbearers' Mission Band of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



ETHEL MAY HAINLEY
Aged fourteen years. Made a Life Member by the Lightbearers' Mission Band of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.



ANNA HAUSER SCHMIDT
Made a Life Member on her ninth birthday by the Lightbearers' Mission Band of Zion Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

THE STORY HOUR

BY ICE AND BY FIRE

The Testing of a Missionary

PART II

"William, what is that thing you are wearing around your neck?" asked Dr. Day one morning of a young native who had come to the mission to sell rice.

William was too black to blush, but his hand went guiltily to the little bag hung about his neck on a cord.

"Why—why, daddy, dat jus' a little medicine bag!" he stammered.

"And what are you wearing it for?" insisted the missionary.

"Jus' for' fun!" replied William weakly.

"Tell me the truth!" said Dr. Day sternly. "Where did you get that bag, and what are you wearing it for?"

William looked about, but saw no chance for escape; besides, his rice was not yet paid for, and the chink of the money in Daddy Day's hand sounded pleasant to his ears. He decided that an open reply would be the best.

"Why, daddy," he explained, with an air of charming frankness, "you see, dis here ol' witch doctor what done set up his house down here in de bush, he say dis here kin' ob a bag be good for roomatiz. 'Course he big liar; so I jus' wear dat bag till I get roomatiz again, den I go tell him dat bag be no good."

"O William, William!" mourned the missionary. "And you were one of the boys I taught here in the school, only a year ago. How many other foolish charms has this witch doctor sold you?"

"Jus' one mo'," William hastened to say. "Jus' one little bag he gib me, what hang up in de house fo' to keep away fire. No house ain't goin' to burn, he say, where dis here little bag be hung up."

"Well, well," said Dr. Day, handing William his money, "he must be quite a wonderful man! I think I'll have to go down and see him myself some day"—a reply which sent William away wondering whether his ears had been bewitched.

The hut of the witch-doctor had become a



MAKING HAMMOCK IN A VOCATION BIBLE SCHOOL

THE LITTLE DOS AND DON'TS

Two companies of soldiers go

A-marching through the world;

The one, with gay flags streaming out,

The other, banners furled.

Each child must travel with them,

In spite of wills and won'ts;

And march among his comrades,

With the little Dos and Don'ts.

The pleasant things, the helpful things,

The worth-while things, and true;

Are what their pledge requires of

Each loyal little Do.

They tread on merry music, and

They're busy as the bees;

And they freshen tired people,

Like a jolly ocean breeze.

The Don'ts do nothing, lazy drones!

They never try to fill

The empty minutes, hours and days;

They've neither strength nor will.

The world must turn without their aid;

For help it spin they won't!

Oh, I hope that you will never be

A useless, idle Don't!

—Pauline Frances Camp.

very popular place, since the man of many charms had appeared a few months before, from nobody knew where. The natives of Liberia, with just enough knowledge of the white man's wonders to make them believe almost anything (as they know just enough of his language to speak it incorrectly), have all the native African superstitions besides, and nothing draws them so quickly as the marvelous.

One day when several dozen idle natives were lounging about the hut of the witch-doctor, Daddy Day was seen strolling toward the place. The word was quickly passed around, and all the loungers were on the alert to see what would happen.

"Well, boys," was Dr. Day's kindly greeting, "how are you all to-day? I thought I would have to come down and see what makes you all spend so much time around here."

The men looked rather foolish. The witch-doctor, arrayed in all his finery, came out, and was greeted cheerfully by the missionary.

"I am curious about these charms of yours," said Dr. Day to him. "The people about here seem to have great faith in them. This is something we do not have in America, and I am anxious to learn about it."

The witch-doctor was greatly flattered. He showed all his charms, and explained what they were good for.

"Yes, I see," said Dr. Day, examining them with interest. "This one is to keep off sickness, you say, and this kind will keep trees from falling on you; and this will save you from drowning if you fall into the river; and these will prevent leopards or snakes from biting you; and this will keep you from being attacked by enemies. But what is this for?" As he spoke he pointed to a queer-looking charm, such as he had seen lately in many of the native houses.

"Dis be fire-medicine," said the witch-doctor. "Hang him up in de house, fire no burn dat house."

"Oh, indeed!" said the missionary, apparently much impressed. "That would be a very useful kind to have around. Of course, you have some of it in your own house?" he added,

going into the grass-thatched hut.

Proudly the witch-doctor pointed up to the rafters, where a similar charm hung.

"Fire no burn dis house," he repeated.

"Why, that is quite wonderful!" said Daddy Day. "If I were quite sure it was so, I would get some to hang in my own house."

By this time the men who had been listening were crowding into the little hut to see the missionary buy a charm from the witch-doctor. They were much excited, for if Daddy Day bought one he could never again find fault with them for using such things. The witch-doctor also was in fine spirits; the white man's purchase would be as good as gold to him, for it would make the natives still more eager to get his wares. He had been a little afraid this white man would make fun of him or get angry and chase him away, but now he seemed really to approve of the whole proceeding.

"But you know," continued Dr. Day, "white men always like to be sure before they buy. Now, if you were in my country with something to sell, and a man thought of buying, he would say, 'Show me what you can do with it.' Then you would show him what the thing you were selling was good for.

"When I was getting ready to come over here I wanted to buy a waterproof coat—one that the rain would not go through. So I went to a man who sold them, and I said, 'Show me your waterproof coats.' He put one on me—over all my other clothes—and then he had his men pour buckets of water over me. When I took the coat off my clothes were not at all wet. So I said, 'Your coat is a good one; it will do what you say it does; I am ready to buy it.' I brought it along, and I can show it to you any day, and let you pour water over me when I have it on if you want to. That is the way the white man buys.

"Now, you say this charm will keep a house from catching fire. You say fire will not burn this house as long as the charm hangs there. If that is so, of course you will not object to proving it."

Quicker than the witch-doctor could stop him, the missionary had struck a match and held it to the dry grass that roofed the small

hut. Like a flash the flames leaped across the little house, and up through the frail roof.

"Out! Out!" cried Dr. Day, pushing the crowd of gaping natives through the door. The witch-doctor tried to save some of his charms, but the hut was like a furnace; he was glad to escape with his life.

In a few minutes hut and charms were nothing but a mass of glowing cinders. For a moment nobody spoke; the surprise had been too sudden and too complete.

"Why, the charm didn't work!" at last the missionary spoke, in tones of astonished disappointment. "I thought you said fire wouldn't burn that house! Suppose I had believed you and hung some in my big school-house upon the hill"—pointing to the mission building—"and then it had burned up, with all those little boys in it. How do I know that any of your charms are good?"

But the natives, who by this time had caught the meaning of the little play, began to gather sticks and stones.

"Witch-doctor too much humbug!" they cried. "Go! Go! Sell no mo' medicine in dis town! Go quick! Hurry plenty! Git out!"

The crowd from all the village which had gathered at sight of the flames now added their voices. The witch-doctor took to his heels without waiting to argue with them; the men chased him into the bush, and returned in triumph.

"Daddy Day, he great man!" ran the comments in the village that night. "Witch-doctor be big liar; medicine no good. Listen now to Daddy; not listen to witch-doctor, neber no mo'!"

And next morning Daddy Day found a queer assortment of rejected charms—the purchases of all the village—lying on his doorstep in the light of the rising sun. M. R. S.

A TROUBLESOME CARPET

A member of the diplomatic corps at Washington tells a story of a Persian who came to the United States on a special mission.

Among those who entertained him was a wealthy American, who invited the oriental

to his country house. On the morning of the guest's arrival the American visited him in his apartment, and was astonished to see him hopping about the floor in the strangest way imaginable. The host ventured to ask the reason for this curious action. The Persian replied, "You see, this carpet is green, with pink roses here and there. Green is a sacred color with us, so I am obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is good exercise, but rather fatiguing."

STORY OF THE RABBIT

(Told by the Indians to amuse their children, and written by an Indian student. It is interesting to see how very much it is like the Negro folk lore story.)

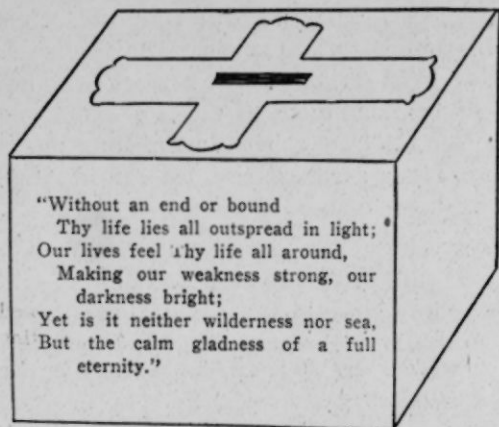
For rabbit always been around the well, throwing dirty things into it and nobody did not know what it was. But they made something like a person, put some wagon tar on it so it can catch whatever it was.

The rabbit went to the well to throw dirty things in the well, he saw like a person standing by the well and he told him to move, but he did not move and the rabbit told him he will hit him. Then his right hand stick in the tar; he said, "I have another hand to hit you"—that one stick too. He said, "I have a foot to kick you"—that foot stuck; then he said, "I have another foot to kick you," and that stuck. Then the rabbit said, "I have a head to bump you with"—his head stuck so he cannot do anything and they found out that it was the rabbit and they made box and put him in and nail him in.

"What did He command? In those very last moments, His chance for one final word, until the sky grows ruddy with the hope of His coming again, there, before the clouds caught Him up out of sight of men, He said, 'Ye shall be my witnesses unto the uttermost parts of the world.' And not even the thunder of the guns across the battlefields of northern France can drown in the heart of any Christian man the summons, the deathless abiding summons, of those last words.

WORK AND WORKERS

A CHAIN OF GRATITUDE



"Without an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light;
Our lives feel 'thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our
darkness bright;
Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full
eternity."

"AND THEY . . . FOLLOWED HIM"

(Matt. 4:20)

They followed Him, and it was morning time,
Those busiest hours—when every house is filled
With clamoring duties, fretting to be done.
But our dear Lord was there, and, lo, they willed
To leave it all; the work, the chafing cares,
And go out with Him by the sun-dipped sea
Where the cool waves lapped close against His feet,
So pressed upon by the great multitude was He.

They followed Him—when in the noontide heat
He thought to rest Himself, or chose to pray
A little while on the cool mountain side;
But, lo, they came, so hungry-souled were they!
And then in the sweet, purple twilight, when
His wearied earthly day was well near past,
They came to Him, and to the lifted cross
They followed Him—e'en to the very last.

O Master! Now the cares of life press close,
So close and fast about—I would that we
Forget them for a little while and go
Out on the mountain side or by the sea,
Where Thou art with the eager, seeking throng,
To see Thee, and to sit close at Thy feet,
Mayhap to touch Thee once and then to go
Back to it all—more brave, more strong, more
sweet.
—Grace G. Crowell.

The picture which adorns our cover this month has been called by the missionary who sent it, "A bunch of black-eyed daisies." It represents a group of the boys of our mission school in Liberia, in the

yard in front of the mission house. The building in the background is the old chapel built by Dr. Day.

GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE NOTES

By Mrs. Helen C. Beegle, Secretary

New Synodical Society.—Most gladly is the *German Nebraska Synodical Society* welcomed into the General Society.

The officers of this new society are: President, Mrs. Christian Sick, Sterling, Neb.; Vice-President, Mrs. Ernst Klotsche, Lincoln, Neb.; Secretary, Mrs. Ernst Walter; Treasurer, Mrs. Martin Schroeder, the latter two officers being of Tabitha Home, Lincoln, Neb.

Anticipating the organization of a synodical society for a number of years, the woman's missionary societies of this Synod have been united in their activities, the General Executive Committee appointing a Corresponding Secretary and a Treasurer to receive reports and contributions and to report and remit to the general officers.

This, our twenty-fourth synodical society, completes such organization in the General Synod, and we rejoice over the completeness in advance of the organization of the greater *Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society* of the United Lutheran Church of America.

Meeting of the Board of Trustees.—The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held, as usual, in April. The report of the Treasurer gave receipts for the year ending March 31, 1918, as follows: Annuities, \$4700; legacies, \$750; endowments, \$737.32; interest on invested funds, \$4705.51, making the total receipts for the year \$10,892.83. Total trust funds, \$85,788.32.

Officers elected were: Mrs. V. G. A. Tressler, President; Mrs. E. H. Dornblaser, Vice-President; Mrs. S. F. Breckenridge, Treasurer, and the writer Secretary.

"Lutheran Boys and Girls."—It is indeed gratifying to announce an increase in the subscription list for *Lutheran Boys and Girls* for the fiscal year, closing with March, 1918. Thus the deficit, which has been a disappointing feature of the annual report since the change to a weekly publication, is correspondingly reduced. Persevering effort to introduce this paper into the Sunday schools has accomplished this result, and continued endeavor will place this excellent paper for children in still more of the Sunday schools of the Church.

Missionaries' Birthdays.—The Editor of the "Monthly Meeting Department" of LUTHERAN Wo-

MAN'S WORK. Miss Sallie Protzman, introduces a very beautiful feature in the monthly prayer topics—prayer for the missionaries whose birthday anniversaries occur during the month. What a precious tie in sympathy and Christian fellowship will be thus established!

India Report.—The annual report of the India Mission, the *Diamond Jubilee* report, just from the press, is a valuable record. The opening comment of the foreword by the Editor, Rev. Victor McCauley, is impressively pertinent: "When an individual completes seventy-five years of life he is considered old, and his work near its close. A mission that completes such a period has only made a good beginning, and if its foundations have been well laid it can look forward to many more years of work and growth. This mission has made such a beginning."

From the frontispiece, a "Hindu Girls' School, Bapatla," to the closing page, "Balance Sheet," for the year ending September 30, 1917, by the mission Treasurer, Dr. Anna S. Kugler, the reader seems to be in India, so vividly is the history of past years and the account of the last year's activities presented.

Regretting that it is not possible to send a copy of this report to every member of the society, those receiving copies are asked to share the same with others, and we feel certain that pastors will cheerfully share their copies.

India.—Dr. Mary Baer writes: "We were having a good attendance at the Chirala Hospital when plague broke out in Chirala, March 21, 1918. Immediately all work stopped, except emergency cases, all sick remaining in their villages or standing horror-stricken in their homes in Chirala. People stood about in groups, frozen to the spot, and feared to hear of the new ravages of the scourge."

"Chirala is largely deserted. People boarded trains and wagons or walked out, night and day. Corpses were left unburied at times, the panic-stricken friends running for their lives—if only these people do not carry the plague to new places! For a week tom-toms were beaten, night and day, to appease the terrible goddess. Then they ceased, seeming to realize that tom-toms could not cope with this scourge. Small leaf-tents were erected at crossings here and there in Chirala, and the wicked goddess placed inside and worshiped, but only half-heartedly, people turning to the doctor instead. In the bazaar we were rather amused to see that we doctors had by far the greatest crowd."

"Inoculation, plague camps and health sheds were soon started by the government, people joining in to try to stamp out the plague. New attacks are still occurring and we are on the alert to shut off every avenue of approach. After our inoculation we shall still be careful, trying also to be a blessing to the afflicted without falling a victim. Dr. Kugler has been here several times, and we do hope that

the pest will be stamped out before many months.

"The plague is a rat disease, and when people learn not to live so near rats plague will be wiped out. It has been visiting various parts of India for twenty-one years."

Personal.—Miss Knauss's health continues unsettled. She is at her home in Galion, Ohio.

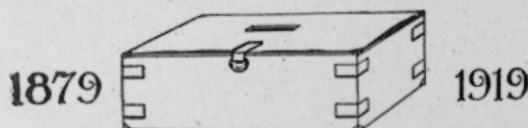
Miss Schuff is enjoying the invigorating climate of Prescott, Ariz.

Miss Rupp has had a very busy season, attending the spring conference meetings, June synodical conventions and visiting churches.

Mr. Wenrick is busy collecting materials and otherwise preparing for the completion of the E. V. Day school buildings in Africa.

No mail from Africa this month.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, June 12, 1918.



Fortieth Anniversary Chest

LEARNING TO GIVE

Our Lutheran women are learning to know their possibilities, and as their self-knowledge grows so does their self-respect. The time was when we thought our missionary activities made rather heavy demands upon us, and we even heard, here and there, murmurs of dissatisfaction with the pace that was being set for us by the Executive Committee when new work was projected. But as we gave we learned to give, and the more we gave the greater became our interest in the objects toward which we contributed.

Then, when the "Fortieth Anniversary Chest" plan was inaugurated, it looked like a large undertaking, but interest has grown with each succeeding year, until now, so near the goal—we feel that there is no doubt of success—but that, like so many great achievements of the present day—we are going "over the top." We are an interested part of this great nation that has not hesitated to pour out its treasure of men and money, in amounts before unheard of, at the call of our government; and we realize that our giving at the call of the Prince of Peace has been all too meager; that, had we put more into the work of the kingdom, we should now be much nearer our goal of carrying the gospel message into all the world. We are awake now, and willing to seize the opportunity still remaining to let our Fortieth Anniversary offering, contributed each month through our mutely appealing little chest, show the measure of our loyalty to our Church and to our Saviour, who gave His all.

Mrs. E. H. DORNBLAGER.

MORE NAMES FOR THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY CHEST

A number of inquiries have come to the Fortieth Anniversary Fund Committee asking whether a name can be placed in the Anniversary Chest when the regular offerings reach the amount of \$50 during a quarter.

The plan given in the Fortieth Anniversary leaflet, under "Special Gifts," is, that when a special gift of \$50 is given at one time to the fund, the donor's name is to be placed in the chest, and will be read at the 1919 convention.

However, at its June meeting, the General Executive Committee decided that if the offerings of any auxiliary society reach the amount of \$50 during a single quarter it will have the privilege of sending a name to the General Treasurer to be placed in the chest. We hope that every auxiliary society will be able to reach that amount, at least for one of the three remaining quarters of the biennium.

If there is someone in your society for whom you desire to express special appreciation this plan, with a little special effort, will enable you to do so.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY FUND COMMITTEE.

SEALS FOR SALE

Ethel (addressing President of Young People's Missionary Society)—"Madame President, why keep us longer in ignorance and suspense concerning that mysterious-looking package you have in your possession? Is it, perhaps, more missionary literature you wish us to read and distribute?"

President (opening package)—"Tis not exactly literature, yet the contents of this package have the same purpose—missionary information. The difference is this, you are asked to sell these. See, they are—"

Jessie—"Seals! Fortieth Anniversary Seals!"

Mary—"Sell them! My dear, there is enough there to reach from here to India."

President—"That is their mission, indeed—to reach India and Africa and our Home missions, too!"

Helen—"Do let me see one, please. To be sure, I've seen cuts of them in LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK for months and months, yet I never had one myself. Oh, aren't they attractive?"

President (passing seal to each girl)—"Indeed they are. See, they are printed in the Lutheran colors, with the date of organization of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, the goal for the Fortieth Anniversary and a picture of the chest. They were originally designed for information, but we shall use them as a source of profit."

Jessie—"Do you mean sell them and place the proceeds in our Fortieth Anniversary Fund box toward another pennant? That would be splendid.

I say, let's do it! It is a fine idea!"

Mary—"How many do you have, and how shall we sell them? There is one thing certain—everybody's buying now, tickets for Red Cross affairs, Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds—surely no one will refuse our cunning little seals. What shall we ask for them?"

President—"We had thought of asking one cent apiece, but if we are offered more we will accept it, will we not?"

Ethel—"Tisn't likely we'll refuse."

President—"I sent for one thousand of these seals, and—"

Ethel, Mary, Jessie—"One thousand!"

Helen—"One thousand! Couldn't you have bought more or less?"

President—"Oh, yes, we could have purchased one or more sheets of eighteen seals each for five cents a sheet; but, girls, the Lutheran Young People's Missionary Society does not work on a small scale, so I wrote to our Synodical President for this thousand. They cost \$2.20. If we sell them at one cent apiece we can realize \$7.80 for the Chest Fund."

Mary—"Great! That means almost another pennant for us."

Helen—"You speak as though they were already sold."

Mary—"Well, when we get started they soon will be. Oh, I know, let's have a contest! Each one take an equal number of seals and see who can sell hers first."

Girls (in chorus)—"Yes, do have a contest."

President—"Very well, you shall report one week from to-night. We will see, too, who can sell the most seals, for, you know, we need not stop at one thousand."

Ethel (enthusiastically)—"Wouldn't it be great if all the Young People's societies could have a contest for selling seals?"

Jessie (thoughtfully)—"A most excellent suggestion, Ethel. Perhaps the Chest Committee might arrange for one. However, let us not wait for such a project. Our local society will have such a contest. We will pray that other Young People's societies, and women's too, will follow this suggestion. If every society gets to work at once we'll keep the Chest Committee busy supplying seals."

Mary—"And we'll be increasing the Anniversary Fund, too."

President—"But, girls, remember this—almost anyone will buy these seals, but please request the purchasers to use them, not hide them away in a dark corner. These little seals have a twofold mission—to increase knowledge of the Fortieth Anniversary and to secure offerings for the Chest. It's imperative that we impart this information immediately. If people do not already know, explain to them the meaning of the seals, so they can tell others."

Jessie—"And don't forget to tell the purchasers to use them on the back of every letter."

Helen—"It seems to me, girls, that we might begin at home and use these seals ourselves. We, too, should do our part by using them on every letter we write. If the almost 7000 girls in the Young People's Department would buy ten seals each, that would mean 70,000 seals. A profit of \$7.80 a thousand would be—let me see—"

Mary—"Figure it out, Helen, and tell me later, for I'm off now to sell my seals immediately. But first I want to tell you that I shall buy one-half of my portion of seals myself, and I intend to use them too!"

Ethel—"Hurrah for you, Mary! We will do the same."

President—"Come on, girls, we will go tell the others. You see if we don't sell at least one-half these seals within an hour!"

Jessie—"And the remainder to-morrow. Why, girls, we can close that contest to-morrow night!"

ISABEL CRAWFORD SCHOCH.

ONE OF OUR NEW MISSIONARIES

Miss Alice J. Nickel, recently appointed to our India field, was born in Baltimore, Md., March 2, 1886. When seven years old she removed, with her parents, to Steubenville, Ohio. At the age of ten she returned to Baltimore, where she lived until September, 1917, when the family moved to Washington, the daughters having entered the government service as stenographers.

Miss Nickel attended public schools at Steubenville and in Baltimore. She graduated from the Western High School, Baltimore. Later she attended Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

Her religious life began when, at the age of three years, she became a member of the Sunday school

of the Church of the Reformation, Baltimore. She attended this Sunday school until the family moved to Ohio, where she attended the Sunday school of Zion Lutheran Church, Steubenville. Upon returning to Baltimore she attended the Sunday school of Trinity Lutheran Church, in which church she was confirmed. Several years later she transferred her membership to the Second Lutheran Church of Baltimore, of which she is a member at the present time.

She has taught in the Sunday school ever since her confirmation; has been teacher of the Philathea

Bible Class of Second Lutheran Sunday School, and for ten years Teacher-Training Superintendent of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Sunday School. For several years she attended the School of Religious Education conducted by the Baltimore City Sunday School Association each winter for a period of ten weeks; also attended the Summer School for Sunday School Workers conducted one summer for a period of ten days by the Maryland Sunday School Association. She has several certificates from this association. For two successive summers she attended the New Jersey Summer School of Methods for Sunday School Workers, receiving a certificate for work accomplished.

"My missionary interest," writes Miss Nickel, "seems very much like Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I cannot trace its birth to any particular time and place. It just grew. When I was in my early teens I said I was going to be a missionary. When a member of Trinity Lutheran Church I was Secretary of the Mission Band, and wrote our protégé in India, whose support we had assumed, that some day I was coming out to India as a missionary. This desire has remained with me, and shaped itself into a definite call about six years ago, but I could not take any definite steps, owing to the death of my father.

"Two agencies have influenced me considerably, viz., LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK and the Christian Endeavor Society. I have been a subscriber to LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK ever since it made its first appearance—long before anyone ever solicited my subscription. The appeals made from time to time by Dr. Kugler and others deeply impressed me and influenced me greatly in making my decision to give all my time to the Lord's work.

"The Christian Endeavor Society has also kept alive my missionary zeal. I have been a member of the Christian Endeavor Society practically ever since I was confirmed. I have always been Chairman of the Missionary Committee of my own society; have served as Chairman of the Missionary Committee of the Baltimore Christian Endeavor Union, and later as Missionary Superintendent of the Maryland Christian Endeavor Union, I directed the missionary activities of all the Christian Endeavor societies in Maryland. This work all strengthened my conviction that I was called to undertake missionary work."

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Central Student Conference, Lake Geneva, Wis.—August 20-30.

One of the plans used in the Mission Study class at New London, Ind., was the making of a map of Africa on the floor. A heavy green strip (carpet-rag) was used for the outline. The first effort was



MISS ALICE J. NICKEL

not a brilliant success, but with the help of the members it finally resembled Africa. The lake near our mission station was marked next. Then bright-colored paper pennants placed in spools marked our stations. Great interest was taken in making this unique map.—*Life and Light for Women*.

SUMMER SCHOOLS OF MISSIONS

Gettysburg Assembly—August 2-9.

Mountain Lake Park, Md.—August 13-20.

Chautauqua, N. Y.—August 17-23.

Rock River Assembly—July 27 to August 11.

TWELVE WOMEN EXCUSED FROM JOINING THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1. The back-number woman who does not desire to keep up with the times.
2. The narrow-gauge woman who is content to be a provincial.
3. The unambitious woman who aspires after a limited culture and limited equipment for her work.
4. The indolent woman who prefers to fritter away her leisure.
5. The busy woman who puts less important things before Christ's kingdom.
6. The easy-going woman who does not value her religion very highly.
7. The selfish woman whose social conscience is numb and who does not want it aroused.
8. The luxury-loving woman who prefers to live on the lower levels and does not care to enrich her religious life.
9. The prejudiced woman who "does not believe in foreign missions" and who is unwilling to take expert testimony on the subject.
10. The unthinking woman who does not like to face the issues which would be involved in studying world missions.
11. The unreasonable woman who is herself a product of missions, but who forgets that the missionaries carried the gospel from Rome to England.
12. The disloyal woman who prays, "Thy kingdom come," but withholds her time, her money and herself from helping to carry out the last command of Jesus.—*Adapted from leaflet issued by Student Volunteer Movement.*

THE ONE FIGURE THAT STANDS

The bitterness of soul, which has grown apace on both sides of the war and within the confines of Christian bodies, we must resist, as we resist the devil. With 46,000,000 Protestants on one side and 45,000,000 on the other, with 62,000,000 Catholics on one side and 63,000,000 on the other, bond after bond has snapped. Yet Jesus, who gave the command, "Love your enemies," surely released in the

world the spirit by which His behest could be obeyed. Love can conquer hate.

We have a paradox. The world is not only embittered. It has become an unselfish world. I have visited forty-six nations in the last thirty years, but this impression has come to me now for the first time. In a conversation with Ambassador Page he suddenly exclaimed to me, "You'll not find a selfish man in Europe!" And this is because everywhere men are losing themselves in a great cause, for you don't become unselfish by resolving to be so. Look at our own country, even though Canada's gifts per capita dwarf ours. In this year our people have given \$330,000,000 to causes, other than denominational, related to the war; just ten times what we gave before in a single year.

You women at home must prepare for great constructive tasks. All history shows that Mazzini was right in saying, "The morrow of victory is more dangerous than its eve." We must not only enter now into fellowship with suffering, . . . but we must brace our wills and set our minds that our love shall make these acres of crosses worth while. Beginning with our own camps, in one of which a thousand men have been led to Christ, there is not a corner of the world where we cannot get sheaves by putting in the sickle. By an awful process of exclusion the war is fastening attention upon the one figure that stands. Christ was never so necessary, so unique, so sufficient—strong among the weak, erect among the fallen, victor among the defeated, living among the dead.—*John R. Mott, in Exchange.*

NATIONAL LUTHERAN WAR COMMISSION

The recent ruling by the National Lutheran Commission concerning the furnishing of yarn to congregations for the purpose of outfitting their own boys in service with knitted garments has necessitated a change in the plan of distributing the wool. Hereafter it is hoped the congregation will not order larger quantities of yarn than will be needed for their purpose at the date of order. Conditions of the wool supply, and prices in general, add to the necessity of this change.

No order above fifteen pounds will be filled at one time, since the demands are large and the stock receives heavy drains. It is also requested that a contribution be made somewhat in proportion to the cost of the wool, which averages about \$2.75 a pound, to the Commission.

If the congregation supply their own boys the camp pastors will not require a large amount of surplus garments. This needed surplus for the camps will be secured from congregations located within reasonable distance of the Lancaster office, in order to keep the cost of yarn distribution as low as possible.

The response to the call to knit has been generous, and the willingness of our Lutheran women to work for our own boys in general is highly appreciated, but financial economy in the work of the Women's Committee must be considered and the surplus work restricted to a certain radius. Emphasis is laid, however, upon the privilege of congregations to keep their own boys properly outfitted with the Commission's yarn for a contribution as generous as the standing of the church will permit.

MRS. L. K. SANDFORD, *Chairman*,
FLORA PRINCE, *Reporter*.

AFRICA NEWS LETTER

Do you know how it feels to get back to work again from a vacation? Well, that is something of the feeling that the returned missionary has. After a few weeks back on the field, one can hardly believe she was so far away, and has to stretch her imagination quite a bit to feel that she was ever in America. Was I glad to get back? Much more so, I believe, than the fifty pickaninnies who met us on the path after midnight. The reception of the new missionary, Sister Jennie, and the old one, was everything that could be desired. How good it does seem to be back! Although my furlough time was a very restful and helpful one, yet I was very glad to sail Africaward again.

As far as changes are concerned, the new school building attracted our first attention. The large cement piazza, with its archways, was indeed an imposing sight. After greeting everybody we sat on the new porch swing while lunch was prepared. Our piazza is our dining-room, and what a nice one it is! It was about four o'clock when we got settled for the night, but what did we care? We were really here.

A few days after we came was the time for the children's annual vacation. At that time we let all go home for a period of two weeks, if they have a place to go, and if they want to go. Some of them are three days' walk from our school, so only the larger ones ever get home, and they not every year. This is always a time when there is more or less excitement getting ready and getting off. After all had gone who were going, our family numbered about twenty-two. It was necessary to go to Monrovia on business, so we decided to take about twelve of our smaller girls with us for a little outing. Early in the morning Miss Dysinger, Sister Jennie and myself started out with twelve children, bag and baggage, to spend at least one night in the city of Monrovia. It was quite a procession as we went along the path early that morning, some of the girls carrying trunks on their heads, others having other bundles, on our way to White Plains to catch the launch. We were anticipating a great deal of pleasure and amusement out of it all, so it

began when we first got into the launch. One of the little girls was quite afraid, but as we went on she got more used to it and finally was all right. When we reached Monrovia and got settled at our stopping-place, we had our dinner. Almost immediately afterward, and before we had much time to think just what we would do to entertain our little family, the youngest one spoke up and said she would like to see the president, that she had never seen a president yet. Of course, that amused us immensely, both because of the fact that she happened to think of the president and also because she seemed to feel that she ought to have seen one before. But at any rate, it gave us an idea that perhaps we might be able to have the children see him. Through our American General Receiver of Customs the missionaries called upon the president and made arrangements for him to see the children at nine the next morning. We arose early, went to the beach to see the wonders of the ocean, or, as one little boy said, "The big river that you couldn't see the bush on the other side," and to have our morning prayers. At first some of the girls were afraid, and when the waves would come in they would rush away. At last they got braver and ventured a little closer, until finally they amused themselves by gathering shells. After breakfast preparations were made to see the president, and we felt a little like Mrs. Ruggles when she was preparing the children for the Christmas dinner, for we drilled them in proper etiquette for such an unusual occasion. We marched up to the mansion, were escorted up stairs to the large reception-room, where we were told to be seated. In a few minutes the president was ushered in and we rose with one accord. He greeted us very cordially and asked us to come again. The next event of importance was a trip to the Monrovia ice cream parlor. Yes, we have ice cream in Africa; it sounds strange, but it tastes cold just the same; but the resemblance to our American product ends right here. To see the missionaries pay twenty-four cents a dish, and the willing spirit with which they did it, would be evidence enough that it was edible. To the children this was something new, so we started with half dishes and they were to have as much as they cared for. Some stopped before they got started, others waded through the first dish, and still others took a second serving. How different from American children; for where would you find one that does not like ice cream? After spending two nights in the city, we chartered a launch for the return trip and all of us were quite glad to get home.

On January 14 Miss Koenig and two of our girls started on an up-country trip to Sanoghie, our farthest interior station. They visited our stations *en route* and reached Sanoghie after a pleasant trip of six days. Rev. and Mrs. Traub and Rev. Buschman joined them at Woadée and they made the remainder of the trip together, camping one night

in the deep bush. Rev. and Mrs. Traub returned in February, but Miss Koenig remained to study the language for a few months. We expect her to return in time for conference the first week in May.

A couple of our girls did not return from their vacation, but their places were very soon filled, for we have had many requests to have children placed in the school. Only a few years ago and we were apprenticing them, but now the tables have turned. Since January 1 for the Liberian children we have been charging tuition, in some cases as much as twenty-five dollars per year. In spite of this fact, we have had many applications and some at the present time are on the waiting list. The native children, of course, are admitted free, for we cannot as yet expect them to see the value of the training as far as money is concerned. But this is coming, and the time is not far away when our schools can be at least partly self-supporting.

We are thankful for our increased force of workers. We will be able to do more extensive and intensive work among the women. The future of the women's work in Africa is very bright. Let us not forget the interior and its thousands of women and girls.

LAURA E. GILLILAND.

GIRLS' SCHOOL, March 9, 1918.

IMPORTANT CHANGES

The Literature Committee Announce a New Plan for Next Year

Only one text-book will be used in the monthly meetings, the other one to be studied in Mission Study classes, which we trust every society will have. We have been led to do this because of requests that have come, and on the advice of those who know the situation. The study of the two books crowds the year and leaves no time free for other subjects. Hence the change for next year. It is an experiment, and we hope it may meet with favor. In December, 1918, we will begin the study of the Home Mission book, "Paths of Labor," and continue through May, 1919. This will leave four months open before we come to the Inner Mission lesson in October. The subjects for these free months will probably be Christian Literature, and Japan, Porto Rico and Rajahmundry, the fields we will acquire by the merger. The foreign text-book for Mission Study classes will be "Women Workers of the Orient."

Text-books for 1918-19

Senior Books—"Paths of Labor," the Home Mission text-book. Price, paper, 40 cents each; cloth, 57 cents each; teacher's supplement, 5 cents. "Women Workers of the Orient," the foreign book. Price, paper, 42 cents each; cloth, 57 cents each; "How to Use," 12 cents each.

Junior Books—"Jack of All Trades," Home Mission. Price, paper, 29 cents each; cloth, 45 cents each; teacher's manual, 10 cents each. "Jack and Janet in the Philippines," a sequel to "Around the World with Jack and Janet." Price, paper, 35 cents each; cloth, 55 cents each.

Synodical Conventions

The literature supplies will not be sent to synodical conventions this fall. This announcement will not be a complete surprise to those who are familiar with the very great difficulties of transportation at this time. The conditions will grow worse by September and October, and on very good advice we have concluded it will be out of the question to send by freight or express, with any certainty of the boxes reaching their destination by any given time.

The best we can do is to send by parcel post a full line of samples of everything, from which the Literature Committee can take orders at the convention. We can also send a carefully calculated number of Thank-offering boxes and free tracts.

We regret very much to take this action, but, knowing the reason for it, we depend upon the women to accept the situation cheerfully, as we have to do in almost every line in these war times.

By knowing of it in advance and by planning carefully the work need not suffer.

The Elementary Course of Lessons

For a long time we have considered the question of publishing an elementary course of missionary lessons for use in new Women's societies and Young People's societies, who may not be ready to take up the regular monthly lessons and text-book study. Such a course has been in preparation and will contain a series of separate booklets, several of which are now ready.

The complete set will include one each on, "The Scriptural Authority for Missions," "Our Organization," "Home Missions," and "South America," and a set of three on India and two on Africa. The scope of this work may be enlarged later to include all the fields of the United Lutheran Church.

Price of booklets, postpaid, 10 cents each; 60 cents a dozen.

MRS. C. E. HAY.

THE BOOK YOU WANT

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By C. Silvester Horne, M.P. Macmillan Standard Library, Macmillan Co., New York. Pages 248. 50 cents.

Everyone who is interested in missions should read, and, if possible, possess one of the many excellent biographies of Livingstone which are upon the market. The classic life of Livingstone is, of course, that written by Dr. Blaikie, who enters into

the intimate personal details of the great missionary's career as perhaps no other biographer has done. But for the busy woman it is better at least to begin with a book such as the one chosen for this review. Narrated like the fascinating tale it is, in a style of great beauty and simplicity, this little biography gives us the outstanding events of Livingstone's life, and incidents of dramatic power, such as the memory can hardly help retaining. At the same time it makes the personality of the great missionary vivid and appealing, and never loses sight of his spiritual greatness in his material achievements. The author declares in the preface that, in his belief, "Livingstone is greatest, not as a scientist nor an explorer, but as a man and a missionary." He recognizes Livingstone's own valuation of his work when he said, "The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." While we are engaged in the study of Africa, none of us should miss the chance to learn the story of this great pioneer of African missions, and mighty warrior in the defence of human liberties.

LITTLE STORIES FROM MISSION FIELDS

(Selected from Exchanges)

A missionary in China was surprised one day at the sight of some men approaching him with wheelbarrows. They were bringing petitions from two hundred villagers, urging the missionaries to come and teach them.

A young Japanese man who had heard of Christianity, but did not know anything about it, a few weeks ago wrote to a missionary as follows: "Imagining that it will be very good for us that we consist of the party who are anxious to study in the Bible, I wish you that would you not teach us the Bible and lead us to heaven, if you please or not."

A missionary asked an old woman in a Chinese village, who was wearily folding squares of common yellow paper, with gilt centers, "What are you doing?" "Oh, I'm making that idol money, untrue, untrue." And she who said this was a heathen woman who had never heard the "doctrine."

Typical of many miracles of missions in China is the experience of a Chinese scholar named Deng, who, some years ago, though not a Christian, became a teacher in the school of the Hingwa Orphanage. Now he is so zealous a Christian that he has persuaded the Deng clan of his village to set apart its Buddhist temple as a Christian church.

Miss Nellie Cramer, of Sinuk, Alaska, writes: "A young man wanted to marry Annie Byers, our oldest and best girl, this winter. Annie said 'No.' I told him Annie was too young and asked him about Mary (not in the home). He said, 'Two years ago I asked Mary's mother for her and she said 'yes,'

but when Mary go to Nome she go after boys all the time. I'm afraid after married maybe she get tired quick. That's why I want Annie. Annie good girl.' That speaks well for the mission."

A Mexican woman of the Congregational Mission at Aguascalientes is a most persistent prayer. If she gives away a second-hand garment to a family of Catholics someone usually says, "May the saints reward you." That is enough, for she replies, "No, the saints will not; get down on your knees and let us thank God." She never fails to get all to kneel. She reads with difficulty, yet no Protestant in the city has done evangelistic work in as many homes of the upper class.

I recently read of a little heathen boy who had heard of the love of God, but had not learned how to pray. He had been taught the alphabet. One morning the missionary found him out on the hillside, with his hands clasped together and his eyes closed, repeating the letters of the alphabet over and over again. When asked what he was doing, he replied, "I was praying." "But why did you repeat the letters of the alphabet?" the missionary asked. "Well," he said, "I felt I must pray; and as I know no prayer, I just said the letters of the alphabet, knowing that the great God would put them into words for me." Oh, that our prayers might ascend to God in this childlike faith! Then would God's name be glorified in answering them.

About two months ago an old woman sixty-seven years of age came to church for the first time. She was too deaf to hear what the preacher said, but when one of the Christian women explained to her the gospel message she said, "Why, that is just what I have been longing for all these years. You come and take down my idols and I will worship the true God!" We explained that she must take down her own idols. For two weeks she hesitated. Those paper idols had been revered all her life, and she was afraid to tear them from her walls. However, the victory came. Sunday morning she brought them into church. Her dear old face shone. One of the women said, "I did not know she was the same woman, her face is so changed." A number of heathen women were present to see her joy, and we trust her example will win some of them.

When the Kurds swept down over the West Persia plains, plundering and slaughtering and killing, there was one young man who was not able of himself to join the fleeing people as they hurried toward Urumiah. He was eighteen years old, but for six years he had been a helpless cripple and never once had been able to lift himself from the wide, flat board upon which he lay day and night. But he was safe and secure when the missionary found him on the daily relief rounds. "How in the world did you escape from the Kurds?" asked the missionary. The lad's mother was standing nearby—not a very

large or strong mother, at best, and now weak and drooping from worry and anxiety and lack of food. "I carried him," she said simply. Then she showed the missionary how she had tied her son securely on the board, so he would not slip, then put the back of the board on her back, and, holding it by the rope over her shoulders, bore him away. For twenty-one days she carried the boy, while the Kurds were shooting all around them and there was no time to stop for even a moment's rest. "Do you love your mother?" asks the missionary. And the one word that the lad answered, "Much!" told more than hundreds of protestations of affection could have told.

A blind woman living in a certain little village of China was converted to Christianity twenty years ago during a stay of several weeks in a mission hospital. For eight years, however, no Christian preacher had been to see her, her small town being cut off the regular itineration track. Her husband was much opposed to Christianity, but she remained faithful. He brought a concubine into the home who was very rude and unkind to the older woman; then robbers came one night and took away everything they had, even the boards on which they slept. The sorrow over the new wife and then the theft seemed the culmination of everything, and the poor woman wept until she suddenly became blind.

She was almost hopeless when the missionary found her and invited her to spend a couple of weeks at the mission station. The woman's sixteen-year-old son brought her on a wheelbarrow, and there she stayed in the Christian atmosphere for nearly half a month. From morning till night she memorized hymns, tracts and Bible passages—whatever the workers felt she could use in telling her friends about the gospel. Already her son has said to her, "Mother, I want to go the same road with you." And there will doubtless be many others. The village is very cold and indifferent toward Christianity—but when the ice is once broken there will be a rapid thaw.

LUTHERANISM AT CHAUTAUQUA

The question of summer outing is not the paramount theme in family circles this year as in the past. Thousands of teachers who have been accustomed to seek inspiration and recreation before the war in Europe are pledging themselves to war service of some active type during the summer. There is a type of summer resort, however, which gives recreation, inspiration, and possibility for war activity at the same time. This is most conspicuously represented by Chautauqua Institution, at Chautauqua, N. Y. Recent reports from that most attractive summer city indicate that preparations for a great program are as inclusive as ever and that there is little or no sign of retrenchment in antici-

pation of lessened numbers. As a matter of fact, no such decrease is expected.

People go to Chautauqua not that they may get away from the war, but in order that they may get the latest and most intelligent views concerning it. To us, although the program is exceedingly rich in general attractions, the emphasis upon the religious aspects of the war and the opportunities offered for study of the Bible and religion under great teachers, is a reason for our most cordial co-operation. Daily classes are to be conducted in such themes as the Psychology of Religion, the Philosophy of Religion, the Teaching of Jesus, the Spiritual Interpretation of History, the Literary Study of the Old Testament, Methods of Telling Bible Stories, Palestinian Geography, Life and Customs, and a Preview of the International Sunday School Lesson for 1918-19. The instructors who will carry on these courses are: Dean Shailer Mathews, Director of Religious Work at Chautauqua; Prof. Luther H. Weigle, of Yale University; Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, well known for his Sunday school publications, and Miss Georgia L. Chamberlin, Secretary of the American Institute of Sacred Literature.

During the week of August 11-16 there will be a Home Missions Institute, and much attention on the general program will be given to the relation of America to her foreign born citizens. The week beginning August 18 will be devoted to the Ministers' and Christian Workers' Institute and a Foreign Missions Institute. The general theme of this last week of the season will be the "Church's Next Step Forward." Prof. Frank C. Porter, of Yale, will give daily Bible studies in the apocalyptic literature, the wrong use of which is such a disturbing element in the Church at the present time. Worth N. Tippy, D.D., Chairman of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, will be present for three days and will discuss the next advance in the Church's work of social service. James L. Barton, D.D., Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for two days will give attention to the next step forward in the foreign expansion of Christianity. Dean Shailer Mathews will conduct the Institute and will contribute five talks on the Church's forward movement in Theology. Still other speakers are yet to be announced for this week.

Surely such a program as this promises help to many men and women who regard the present war as in some sense a religious war and the struggle essentially one which has its roots in the spiritual realm and must be settled on the basis of ideals.

The Lutherans have a large and conveniently located house, in which it is possible for Lutherans visiting Chautauqua to secure rooms. They hold their own special services Wednesday evenings and have an opportunity for an early service preceding the amphitheater service of worship on Sundays.

Convention Reports

ALLEGHENY

The Thirty-eighth Annual Convention of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society was held in Zion Lutheran Church, Meyersdale, Pa. June 11-12, with ninety delegates and many visitors in attendance. The address of welcome was given by Mrs. Conrad, Mrs. Michael, of Moxham, responding for the convention.

The President's address showed a marked increase during the past year, increase in interest, Thank-offering, the Christmas Offering and the Fortieth Anniversary Fund. It has been a banner year in finances, with a total of over \$7000.

Miss Gertrude Rupp, our missionary home on furlough from the African field, gave us a splendid insight into the work of every-day life in Africa, telling us of many of the pleasures of a missionary's life as well as of its discouragements.

The Children's and Young People's Hours were most ably conducted by Mrs. W. B. Claney and Miss Laura McGann, respectively. One Front Rank society—Friedens—was reported from the young people. Juniata Conference, for the third time, carried off the banner for having had the greatest number of magazine subscriptions in proportion to the number of members in their societies.

A beautiful pantomime, "O Zion, Haste!" was rendered by Mrs. Frantz and seven young ladies of the church. One of the most profitable features of the convention was the lecture given by Mrs. C. P. Wiles on the subject, "Yesterday, To-day and Tomorrow." Her lecture was not only instructive, but full of inspiration and a spiritual uplift that was felt by every delegate present, and we believe will be carried home to uplift others.

None of the societies attained the first place in the "Standard of Efficiency," although four societies attained Class A and thirteen Class B.

A most enjoyable feature was the offering given for Box-work, which resulted in securing \$317.35 in cash on the floor of convention and \$20 in pledges, making a total of \$337.35, to be used for the purchase of a launch for the E. V. Day School in Africa.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. H. C. Michael, Moxham, Pa.; Vice-President, Mrs. Sanford Carpenter, Johnstown, Pa.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Claney, Woodbury, Pa.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. L. Frantz, Meyersdale, Pa.; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Hanks, Friedens, Pa.; Historian, Mrs. Guy Lingafelt, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; President of Northeast Conference, Mrs. E. S. Manning; President Juniata Conference, Mrs. W. L. Van Ormer; President of Somerset Conference, Mrs. Henry Snyder.

The next convention will be held in the First Lutheran Church, Altoona, Pa.

NORTHERN CONFERENCE, CENTRAL ILLINOIS

This conference met at Mendon, Ill., April 25. The President, Mrs. A. L. Huston, of Mendon, presided. Letters from the synodical and general officers were read. Mrs. Edison, of Carthage, gave a report on the Fortieth Anniversary Fund, showing how each one must give if we are to reach the goal set for 1919. Mrs. H. D. Condon, of Quincy, reported the Thank-offering, showing, by use of a chart, the standing of each society in the conference. Mrs. Newcomer, of Carthage, gave a very instructive paper on mission study, and we all rejoiced over three societies promising to organize study classes. Mrs. Breitweiser, of Quincy, gave the news from the foreign field, and Mrs. Bingham, of Quincy, the news from the home field. A telegram of greetings was sent to the Southern Conference, meeting on the same day at Shipman, Ill. Miss Lettie Simmons gave an excellent paper on "Putting the Miss in Missions." Mrs. H. D. Hoover showed some of the effects of the merger in missionary work. Rev. M. P. Mortensen, of Liberty, gave an address on "The Tangible Returns on Home Missions," using his own family as an illustration, in which four out of six sons studied for the ministry, and an only sister is studying for a deaconess. Mrs. S. M. Leshner, of Burlington, a former Mendon pastor's wife, had charge of the closing service. Mrs. H. D. CONDON, *Reporter*.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCES

The York County Conference had a most interesting session on May 23 in Wolf's Church, Adam Stump, D.D., pastor. The afternoon meeting was given entirely to a consideration of our service to God and loyalty to our country. Dr. Stump discussed the war situation. Mrs. Bell showed how we may be loyal to our country, while Mrs. Hesse told of loyalty to our Church as part of the war program. The Story Hour, held after lunch, is proving an entertaining and instructive feature of our conference meetings. In the evening Mr. Lewis A. Wenrick addressed us on the needs of our African field. Mrs. C. F. V. HESSE, *Secretary*.

The Adams County Conference held its meeting in St. John's Church, Abbottstown, May 24. The monthly meetings of the society and Mission Band, the Thank-offering and the magazine were presented and discussed. Special emphasis marked the Fortieth Anniversary Fund and the Mission Study; the latter was presented with excellent maps and charts and by two dialogues—"Mission Study of Yesterday" and "Mission Study of To-day." Mr. L. A. Wenrick addressed a large audience in the

evening. His subject, "Africa—Its Customs, Needs and Outlook," was instructive and impressive.

MRS. HORACE D. BECKER, *President*.

An interesting and enthusiastic meeting of the Cumberland Valley Conference was held at Orrstown, Pa., May 23. Rev. Greenhoe and wife gave us a most cordial welcome, autos having met us at Shippensburg and conveyed us to Orrstown. The keynote of the conference was giving. Mrs. G. C. Henry, our Synodical Treasurer, discussed "Our Pledges" in regard to the Anniversary Fund. Mrs. H. H. Mentzer, of Carlisle, gave an interesting review of our March magazine, and Miss Margery Lilly, of Mechanicsburg, told of the "Qualifications of a Good Leader." The "Story Hour" proved a pleasing addition to the afternoon session.

MRS. M. J. HOOVER, *President*.

HARTWICK CONFERENCE, NEW YORK

It was on an ideal spring morning, May 17, when we left our home by automobile to attend the Eighth Convention of the Hartwick Conference of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the New York Synod, held in Zion Lutheran Church, Cobleskill, N. Y., Rev. F. J. Baum, pastor.

Our meeting opened at two o'clock by singing the hymn, "Christ for the World We Sing," after which Mrs. H. L. Reynolds, in charge of the devotional exercises, took her text from Luke 9:28, emphasizing faith and prayer.

One of the unique features of the meeting was the method in which the Chairman introduced the

lecture and laboratory periods. In the former two excellent papers were read, one on "Prayer as the Best Missionary Method, How and When?" by Mrs. F. S. Houck, the other, "Prayer as the Best Missionary Method, Why and What?" by Mrs. J. G. M. Ketner. The latter, in charge of Mrs. J. G. Traver, was a period devoted to explanation of and special prayer for the following objects: the Fortieth Anniversary, the Thank-offering, the May Memorial, the Christmas Fund, a Missionary Society in Every Congregation, and Guidance in the Study of Africa. Following this was the recitation period, in which we enjoyed an open conference, with Miss Gertrude Rupp, our missionary from Liberia, Africa, who then left the conference to speak to the children of the Mission Band of Zion Lutheran Church, who were anxiously waiting for her in the Sunday school rooms. The conference proceeded in the recitation period by the members exchanging personal prayer experiences.

The address of the evening was given by Miss Gertrude Rupp on "What Prayer Can Do for Africa." In it she emphasized the great need of money, men and prayer—the greatest of these *prayer*. In closing she earnestly appealed to every young soul to give attentive ears, lest God be calling them in vain, and that they be willing to say, "I'll do what God wants me to do."

The officers for the ensuing year are: Miss F. Shafer, Argusville, N. Y., President; Mrs. Chas. Aurand, Johnstown, N. Y., Vice-President; Mrs. G. Parsons, Central Bridge, N. Y., Secretary; Miss Ella Keeler, Cobleskill, N. Y., Treasurer.

SYNODICAL BULLETINS

Northern Illinois

MRS. L. A. BEARD, *Editor*
Polo, Ill.

MRS. W. F. REX, *Magazine Secretary*
75 S. Galena Ave., Freeport, Ill.

Mission Band

You will be glad to hear of the organization of a Mission Band at Augsburg, Chicago, thirteen members. We have thirty-one woman's societies and only twelve Bands. Who will be the next?

Fortieth Anniversary Fund Secretary

Mrs. W. N. King, of Nachusa, has been appointed to have charge of this fund, and I hope every society will respond to her efforts to have Northern Illinois "go over the top." We will not be satisfied to do just our share; we must do our best. Procrastination has no place in our missionary activ-

ities. Get busy! Find out if your society has given, or is trying to give, what is expected of you. Do not wait until we go to the convention to learn what is your share.

Thank-offering

Our offering to this department is less than we gave last year and we regret this very much. Let us emphasize the importance of a Thank-offering box in use in every home. If this were the case we would not have to report a decrease in the offering.

Convention

Our synodical convention will be held in Washington, Ill., in the St. Mark's Church, P. B. Holtgreve, D.D., pastor. We trust every society will be represented. Instruct your delegates so that you will derive the greatest benefit from the convention. The date has not as yet been determined. Our

Synodical Vice-President, Mrs. J. S. Maloney, has moved to Rockford, Ill. Address, 436 Jilson Ave.

Annuity

We rejoice that seven hundred dollars has been added to the Annuity Fund of Northern Illinois Synodical Society. It is a fitting way to have the work carried on after you have gone.

Pittsburgh

Mrs. G. W. ENGLAR, *Editor*
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. ELLIS B. BURGESS, *Magazine Secretary*
Connellsville, Pa.

Already we are making preparation for our fall convention, which will be held October 8-10 in Trinity Lutheran Church, Pittsburgh. This is always a glorious season, for it is at this time we come together to consider the work of the past twelve months in order to receive vision and strength for the future. We are anxiously watching the growth of our Fortieth Anniversary Chest Fund. Two thousand dollars is our Special this year. How large a share will your society have in that?

In these times of stress and war let us not lose sight of the things which alone will bring real victory—the things of God and the soul.

Home Department

Someone has said, "If God is your partner, make your plans large." Are you as a Woman's Missionary Society planning to interest all the women of your church in the work of missions? Have you a Home Department in your society? Every woman should be a member of the Missionary Society or of the Home Department.

If you have no Home Department, please appoint a Home Department Secretary to canvass your women for members. You can have a Home Department, if it consists of but one person. You know that the success of our mission work depends, to a great extent, upon the faithfulness with which we inform those not yet interested. If the Secretary of your Home Department, or her helpers, faithfully take the literature to the members, some of them will soon want to become active members of the missionary society. The contribution envelopes can be left with the literature, but the offerings are entirely voluntary. Any offerings exceeding the cost of literature are turned in to the General Fund. With her consent, any woman who subscribes to LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK and gives a thank-offering can be counted a member of the Home Department. I am sure many of our churches have women who could easily be induced to join our ranks through the Home Department. If the work of

your society seems to be at a "standstill," why do you not try the Home Department?

Please report the name of your Home Department Secretary to me. I shall be glad to give any help I can.

KATHERINE LEFEVRE CROUSE,
Home Department Secretary.

West Pennsylvania

MISS CARRIE L. MUSSELMAN, *Editor*
Gettysburg, Pa.

MISS EMMA TAUSER, *Magazine Secretary*
York, Pa.

Our next convention will be held in St. Paul's Church, York, Pa., October 23-25, 1918. The program promises to be helpful and interesting, and we hope every missionary society will be represented at this convention.

Will the treasurer and secretary of each auxiliary society kindly see that their reports for the September quarter are sent in promptly, so that proper credit for the year's work may be given? Let us try, as far as possible, before the convention, to pay the pledges made for the Fortieth Anniversary Fund.

We regret that the President of the Cumberland Valley Conference, Mrs. H. W. Snyder, has removed from our Synod. Mrs. Snyder was loyal and faithful to her trust, and we shall miss her and her work. The Executive Committee has appointed Mrs. M. J. Hoover, our efficient Young People's Secretary, as her successor. Mrs. H. D. Becker, of Hanover, who for some years served so faithfully as our Recording Secretary, has been appointed President of the Adams County Conference.

Nebraska

Mrs. R. M. BADGER, *Editor*
1409 "E" St., Lincoln, Neb.

MISS LYDIA A. BENDER, *Magazine Secretary*
Yutan, Neb.

Our last bulletin before the close of this synodical year. We cannot, therefore, refrain from again asking you for a continued faithfulness, even amidst difficulties. The Church of Jesus Christ is needed, and you, dear reader, need His word, His work and occupation of mind with His thoughts to keep yourself steady and strong for the warfare that is about us.

Annual Convention

The annual convention meets October 8-10 in Rising City, with Rev. and Mrs. Melick and their congregation. Prepare now to go, and take someone

along who will need the inspiration and contact with live workers.

Conference Committees' Meetings

The Conference Committees held meetings during May in both the North Platte and the South Platte Conferences. A program, arranged by the North Platte Conference, was used by both meetings simultaneously.

New Societies

Several new societies and organizations have been reported to the Editor this year. We welcome you all and hope we may meet your representatives at the fall convention.

A new Nebraska synodical society was organized in the German Nebraska Synod at a meeting held during April in St. John's Church, Lincoln. It was the privilege of the writer to be present at this meeting and to hear a very strong and inspiring program. The Synodical Constitution was adopted, and a delegate appointed to present the society for admission into the General Society at its convention next May.

Iowa

Mrs. A. J. BURKE, *Editor*

Iowa City, Iowa

Mrs. C. J. GILLER, *Magazine Secretary*
Tipton, Iowa

The Forty-fourth Annual Convention of Iowa Synodical Society will be held October 9-11, 1918, at the Newton Lutheran Church, Rev. W. Luther Bright, pastor.

Are we earnestly striving to make this year "our best"? May each delegate come prepared to contribute something to the success of the convention and to take back a full report to their auxiliaries. Send names of delegates by *October 1* to Mrs. W. L. Bright.

Fortieth Anniversary Fund

Let auxiliaries bear in mind that there is but a short time in which to do our good share for this fund. Cedar Rapids has given fifty dollars and has her auxiliary name in the chest. Iowa City hopes to do similarly before autumn. Burlington is making birthday offerings, and each month the hostesses also deposit an offering in the chest in place of serving the customary refreshments, which are tabooed during war time.

Mrs. George N. Mendenhall, our efficient Thank-offering Secretary for the past three years, resigns because of removal from the bounds of our Synod. Our prayers go with this good family.

A notable event of last February was the celebration by the Des Moines Auxiliary of its thirty-fifth anniversary, with picnic supper and program of

toasts as follows, Mrs. W. W. Witmer, Toast-mistress: "Looking Backwards," Mrs. Maude Grattan; "The Needs of the Hour," Mrs. Luther Bright; "The Future Outlook," Mrs. A. B. Leamer. Music, numerous greetings, a pantomime, "Send the Glad Tidings," and the ingathering of the birthday offering of \$35 for the Fortieth Anniversary Fund closed a memorable evening.

The Home Department at Des Moines is flourishing; held a pleasing Thank-offering meeting last fall, showing the good work of our Synodical Home Department Secretary.

East Pennsylvania

Mrs. C. L. FINECK, *Editor*

Riegelsville, Pa.

Miss REBECCA GORDON, *Magazine Secretary*
Lionville, Pa.

In these days of grave anxiety we need to pray earnestly for increased faith and courage. As soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ may we be faithful to our Captain, doing *our best* in His service, even though the demands of our country are very pressing. These are days of sublime sacrifice and self-denial.

Convention Box

In the packing of a Home Mission box we have experienced the joy of making others happy. May we again this year gladly participate in our convention box.

Our Finances

The Treasurer's last report was good. Let us make the next one even better. Auxiliaries, please do not forget the synodical fee. Remember the Nickel Shower for the Synodical Chest. The Fortieth Anniversary Fund is growing, but there is need of a more active growth in order that we may realize our share of the \$40,000.

Gone Home

Mrs. A. J. Hannum, a former Vice-President, and serving as President for a short time, has finished her work and gone up higher. She is remembered by what she has done.

Convention

Plans are being made for the convention to be held in Allentown, October 9-11. We hope each society will be represented by a delegate. Let us make this convention at least equal to those in previous years.

Our Magazine

As the time is fast approaching for the annual convention it is hoped the magazine secretaries are

looking after the subscriptions to LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK and *Lutheran Boys and Girls*. Reports, incomplete, however, from the respective conferences, indicate a slight decrease in some societies, but it is hoped when all are reported we shall find encouraging gains. Don't forget that in order to realize the goal set by the General Society of

25,000 subscriptions by 1919, it is necessary not only to retain the number of last year, but to make an actual gain on an average of four subscriptions to each auxiliary. Our Lutheran women can't afford to be without the valuable information found in LUTHERAN WOMAN'S WORK.

REBECCA GORDON.

MONTHLY MEETING DEPARTMENT

FOR LEADERS OF WOMAN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS, SUCCEEDING
"MISSION STUDIES," HERETOFORE PUBLISHED BY GENERAL LITERATURE COMMITTEE

MISS SALLIE M. PROTZMAN, Editor, 105 E. Twenty-first Street, Baltimore, Md.

MEETING FOR SEPTEMBER

LESSON STUDY.—The New Tribe and New Customs.

PRAYER TOPICS.—(a) That we may all show the newness of life in us, and that our birth-day missionaries may be kept of God. (b) For the converts in Africa, especially those who are the fruit of Muhlenberg Mission. (c) For our work at home.

Program

Hymn, No. 7—"Come, thou Fount of every blessing" (1).

Order of Service, No. 7, p. 27—Witnessing (1).

Bible Reading—Newness of Life.

Prayer on Topic—(a) (2).

Hymn, No. 8—"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us."

Lesson Study—The New Tribe and New Customs (3).

Prayer on Topic—(b).

Five minutes for restful change and the payment of dues.

Magazine Quiz (4).

Prayer on Topic—(c) (5).

Roll call and minutes.

Business.

Announcement of topics and leaders for next meeting, etc.

Hymn, No. 10—"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty."

Our Closing Prayer (6).

S. M. P.

"These prayer topics are not only meant for the meeting, but also for private devotions during the month. To help in our daily devotions a prayer leaflet is provided, price, 2 cents each; 10 cents a dozen. This folder contains, besides great words from the Bible and from men who believed in prayer, blank space for things to pray for. Thus everyone may make her own prayer cycle.

(1) Hymns and Order of Service from our "Missionary Services and Hymnal"; price, 40 cents each; \$4 a dozen.

(2) The missionaries who have birthdays in September are Dr. Aberly, Rev. J. D. Curran, Rev. C. H. Brosius and Miss Knauss. Have someone tell about these before the prayer.

(3) It is to be hoped that you are using the charts from "How to Use An African Trail." There are two fine ones for this lesson.

(4) To be found in September magazine.

(5) The Quiz will bring out things to pray for. There is always the merger to bear in mind, for it will involve much effort on the part of the leaders in all three branches of the Church to arrange everything.

(6) Found on page four of cover to magazine.

BIBLE READING

Newness of Life

In Bible pictures of the idols of the heathen, the most conspicuous feature is their stability.

(Isa. 40: 18-20; Jer. 10: 4)

But when we come to the true revelation of God, the word that is used is life.

(John 17: 3)

Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life"; "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

(John 1: 4)

The characteristic of life is that it is not stable.

It is ever manifesting itself in new forms. It changes. It grows. A stone, a graven image, remains the same, but a soul that has life, "it doth not yet appear what it shall be." It may be a small beginning, but it has large possibilities.

(Matt. 13:31, 32)

Men like to have things settled to feel that what they know is the ultimate truth and their ways the law for all the world. Theologians have hammered out creeds as diligently as the idol-makers.

(Isa. 41:7)

And then, when everything is fixed, life comes along and covers all their work with the mantle of its own green, young growth.

(Matt. 5:21, 22)

"Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you." Did Jesus abrogate the Ten Commandments? No, He only showed the growing life that was within them.

(Matt. 5:27, 28; Matt. 19:78)

So it is with all God's revelations. Men see a little, they think that they have seen it all; by and by the Life that is the light of men shines through and all is changed.

(Rom. 7:6)

This is the way the new heaven and the new earth are being made, by the growing life, the changing thoughts and ways.

(Isa. 65:17)

How many times have we had to change our views on this subject or that! How often have we learned a better way to do a familiar thing! How many new things we have found that have made us forget the old ones!

Sometimes we catch glimpses far ahead of the beauty of the time when He that is on the throne says, "Behold, I make all things new!" Take the question of war, for instance. It is astonishing to find anything so ancient as war near the end of the Bible, but notice the new uniform of the white cavalry.

(Rev. 19:11, 14)

It is the same material as the bride's wedding dress.

(Rev. 19:6-8)

Here it is explained: "The fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints."

"There shall be a new name which no one knows but he that receives it, and a new name even for Him who is the first and the last and the Living One; there shall be a new heart and a new song" (Rev. 2:17; Rev. 3:12; Rev. 1:17, 18; Rev. 14:3).

Some of our most familiar things shall be no more, because God has better ones.

(Rev. 21:1, 4; Rev. 22:5)

The ever-growing tree of life shall be for the healing of the nations.

(Rev. 22:2; Rev. 21:5)

SARAH C. SADTLER.

THE NEW TRIBE AND NEW CUSTOMS

Text-book, "An African Trail"— Chapters V and VI

Leader.—In our last study of our text-book, "An African Trail," we are to consider the effect of the entrance of the gospel light into the heart of the black man and black woman of Africa. God, they say, who has made all tribes, is now busy in the creation of a new tribe. He does not catch you or force you to become a member of His tribe, but He *draws* you and you turn your heart. What does our African mean by the "turning of the heart"?

Answer No. 1.—Drawn by sorrow, by illness, by the disillusion of old age, by fear, by a kind of emulation, and always—and all—by the racial thirst of life, these men and women cease their evil doing and evil habits and turn to the things of God. Perhaps they have seen a person of the tribe of God with the words of God in her mouth; perchance the way is hard, fear of death, fear of the end of things has come into the heart, then the desire for life creates a longing to "turn the heart to God."

Ans. No. 2.—There are also those that would bargain with the missionary. If the missionary would agree to pray for them if they made just one more raid on the people to the north of them and they were successful, then would they accept the Book. Thus, if God would give a sign to them, they would follow Him and be Christians. And God does help them, and even more than they expect.

Leader.—There are many thousands of the simple folk, but of another type, the chosen leader, there are many score. The leader is the man or the woman of some particular gift of whom is to be required some particular spiritual service or sacrifice. Among them are those that surprise and gladden the missionary, not that they see the fruits of their own patient labor, but rather the "immediate gifts of God." They seem "to leap over the gulf between heathenism and Christianity," not finished Christian characters at once, but they cease to be heathen after hearing the gospel the first time.

Ans. No. 3.—It is hard to turn from the old

ways of the heathen life to the life of the new tribe of God. There must be many adjustments needed by the new convert.

[Read page 144, "There is among us," to page 145, end of second paragraph.]

Leader.—We find that the change means confessions to be made, social adjustments, acknowledgment and payment of debts, together with the break with fetish, all of which must be suffered in the open. These adjustments are not once and for all time, but every hour the convert must hear the call of the old tribe, the voice of his own heart, the dark things of the past, recalling to mind the old custom, the evil things of fetish and gain, which must be beaten back and driven away out of his life. We have seen his conversion, his confession, and now what of regeneration?

Ans. No. 4.—

[Read, "The things of baptism," bottom of 153, to end of paragraph.]

Ans. No. 5.—Probation and instruction precede the baptism, for, in Miss Mackenzie's words, we have the reason—"It is as if you must make a clearing in the forest and must make a garden; yes, and must show the fruits of this garden to the eyes of the people of this world and the people of God before you may be baptized."

[Read page 155, "Of these new members," to end of paragraph.]

Leader.—But you ask, "Do these black men hold? Do they persevere?" You imagine that the black man falls, and rightly so; he does fall. There are stumblers, those who are suspended for quarreling, who break the commandments and those who are found lazy. The lazy are the least hopeful, for they are the laggards-behind, but of the sinners much more can be said. There are those that seek forgiveness for wrong done, and truly repent of their sin, and "the Lord lights their lamps" and again they are restored into His tribe. So much for the stumblers, and now what of their growth in grace?

Ans. No. 6.—It may be said of our new African, that he increases daily in grace. "Behold, I make all things new," saith the Lord, and He does, even for the African—a new heart and a new freedom, a new obedience

and a new custom, and even a new tongue and new face. He is a man of faith, relying entirely upon God for the morrow. When the way is hard there is help, for they trust in Him. Because of this faith there is also prayer. All kinds of prayers for all manner of things come from their lips, man and woman alike. And where would the Bulu's faith be if works were not also evident? Lastly, he gives, freely gives, from a little wooden spoon to offerings of greater value; yes, even to the point of sacrifice. A portion of all he has must be set aside for the kingdom. Truly, the Lord stands over against His treasury.

Leader.—It is out of the works of the new man that spring the customs of the new tribe. There are more roots than the religious root to the new customs of our Bulu. There are secular influences for change. The government, with its regard for human life, has checked intertribal wars, murder, abuse of women, until, even in the backwoods town, the power of the government is felt. There are new thoughts about labor, and the introduction of money as currency creates a new influence. What influence has the presence of the white man?

Ans. No. 7.—The ambition of the black man to imitate the white man in dress, in house and in culture has modified the aspects of the black man and his life. Out of the new custom and the coming of the white man come new needs; new industries are urged upon him. They may become tailors, carpenters, cobblers, and even till the ground like women. Along with the new opportunities come new dangers of the white man's government. Discipline breaks down, impudence, thieving, drunkenness and anarchy come down swift upon them, where the head man of the village is powerless to inflict the old penalties. But what is the new restraint?

Ans. No. 8.—

[Read page 178, "The life of the clan," to end of first paragraph on page 179.]

Leader.—"For fifty villages where there are people of the tribe of God there will be one village where the head man is a Christian." There is there an extraordinary modification

of custom, for during the week we may find the head man learning his letters with the children of his village and on Sunday leading his people in prayer under that same roof. All the Christian ambition and effort and patience of his people are encouraged by his example. But in towns where there is still a head man of the old custom, in what way has God provided for his children?

Ans. No. 9.—God has less need of new towns than of new men, with new customs, with new thoughts. He sets, therefore, a new man, of His own choosing, to lead the new congregation. This man speaks to his people with conviction about the things of God.

Leader.—New women follow the making of new men and new thoughts of sex and new customs of marriage. It is, of course, among the younger members of the tribe of God that the new marriage is most common. But the young school-bred men seek young girls that shall be pliable to the new training, and often place them in the care of a white woman, that suitable wives may be made of them. A new family is the natural outcome.

[Read about little "Isaac" on page 188.]

Among those of the old custom, often there will be found a new woman, making it hard for her to bear her burdens alone, especially if she be not willing to follow her husband into all his evil ways. "The doing that she does makes me marvel at the power of God," says the head man of a Christian wife. What results do we find surely to follow?

Ans. No. 10.—There is great emphasis laid upon the new life by the children of Christian parents; a new schooling appears, and wherever the word is life a new neighborhood grows. Those who live in that community are neighbors indeed, having hospitality even toward women and toward those who are the less "real people."

Leader.—The Bulu neighbor of the tribe of God has errands far from home, for God has given him work to do. He must carry the Bread of life to the aliens who perish; he must suffer hunger and scorn, but on he goes to carry the word to others. You can trace him by that little light—the ember—that he

carries, and "your statistics that run into thousands and hundreds of thousands—what are they but the sum of the neighbors, each with his ember, his coal off the altar!" Thus the Son of God and the Son of man shines out as they raise their faces to the skies and the Prince of Peace, the Saviour summoning the "real men and the real women" of Africa, just as He summons you, the women of the Lutheran Church of America, to-day to the work of a mighty harvest. We have lifted our eyes and looked on the harvest of this Continent of Opportunity, now we shall pray fervently and work zealously as we enter in upon the labors of those who have labored before us both here and there.

"I believe that, given the same conditions and opportunities we have, the African will stand morally and intellectually where we do."
—*Adolphus C. Good.*

MARTHA K. HOENER.

MAGAZINE QUIZ FOR AUGUST

[Answers to be found in the July number. If there is not time in the meeting to give full answers, ask members to bring magazines and pencils, and go quickly over magazines, marking where the answers are to be found.]

1. Is Liberia near enough to the Sudan to be affected by Sudanese conditions?
2. How did Dr. Day manage the native king who would not feed him and his boys?
3. How far did Mr. Wenrick go for the wood to make furniture for the new school building, and what kind of wood did they get?
4. Do the Africans believe in God?
5. What is the Hindu way of trying to get rid of an epidemic affecting people or cattle?
6. How many missions in California reduced the amount of monthly assistance given by our Home Mission funds? What missions in Illinois did the same?
7. When did Sisters Laura and Jennie arrive at Muhlenberg Mission, and were they pleased?
8. How old is Dr. Uhl?
9. How long has it been since Miss Sanford first went to India, and how is her health now?
10. Who was Howard Kelly?
11. How long have Mr. and Mrs. Dunkelberger been in India, and where are they now?
12. When was the Jubilee Tour finished?
13. What does Miss Lowe say about the friendliness of the Baptists in Vinukonda Taluk?
14. What retinue did the tourists meet in the

Vinukonda Taluk?

15. What did Sister Jennie think on first beholding Monrovia?

16. What did she think of the singing on the boat?

17. What did she think of the new buildings?

18. What visitor did Monrovia have in April?

19. How did one society introduce Miss Annie Versary Chest?

20. What are "Missionary Moments"?

21. Where and what is Sanoghie? S. M. P.

MISSION BAND NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

This is our third and last lesson on the life and works of David Livingstone, "the great adventurer." You will notice that the work of Livingstone is the beginning of a greater interest in missions. This lesson is the connecting link. Livingstone's home-coming and his devotion to the cause he loved proved an inspiration to the Christians in England, so that they too were willing to leave all and go into "darkest Africa" and tell the black man that Jesus loves him.

When David Livingstone gave his heart to God he determined to give his life to the heathen, and worked and studied with that one purpose in mind. We should all have a purpose in life, and it will help us to be more faithful in our studies. Livingstone was a diligent student, and, although he had to work in the factory, he studied at night and persevered till he had completed a course in medicine and theology. He felt that the best education possible was necessary if he wished to be a successful messenger of God.

Livingstone prepared to go to China, but God called him to go to Africa. "God's ways are not always like our ways." We should be willing to submit to His guiding.

An interesting addition to your chart for this lesson would be "The Meeting of Stanley and Livingstone," also a picture of the encounter with the lion. Explain God's purpose in this encounter with the lion.

The scars on his arm was God's mark set upon the man, by which the people of England identified the human remains that were carried there thirty years later, as the body of David Livingstone.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Mrs. JOHN D. BELT,

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MONTHLY MEETING TOPICS FOR 1918

Text Books: Senior, "Missionary Milestones" and "An African Trail"; Junior, "Bearers of the Torch" and "African Adventurers."

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

January—On New World Soil.
February—The Road of Strong Hearts.
March—Home Mission Movements, Leaders and Honor Roll.
April—Our Fortieth Anniversary.
May—The White Man in Africa.
June—The Bulu.
July—The Bulu and God.
August—The Ten Tyings.
September—The New Tribe and New Customs.
October—The Inner Mission.
November—The _____
December—New _____

MISSION BANDS

January—How Luther Lit the Torch.
February—How John Eliot Carried the Torch.
March—How Muhlenberg Carried the Torch.
April—How Whitefield Carried the Torch.
May—How William Duncan Carried the Torch.
June—How a Woman Carried the Torch.
July—Livingstone, the Great Adventurer.
August—The Great Adventurer's Book.
September—How the Adventurer Went Home.
October—A Lutheran Adventurer in Africa.
November—Review and Thank-offering.
December—Latest News from Muhlenberg Mission.

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