

ENVELOPE SERIES

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ABUNDANT LIVES

Miss Luella Miner	China
Pastor Santiagu	India
Mrs. Mary Edwards	Africa
Dr. G. C. Raynolds	Turkey

AMERICAN BOARD & COMMISSIONERS
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• A QUARTERLY •

Foreword

These sketches by Mr. Eddy and Miss Emerson, were prepared for special use in missionary education in Congregational Sunday Schools this autumn.

It was felt they deserved a wider reading and would be of particular interest to the constituency of the *Envelope Series*.

They are, therefore, issued in this form also, and commended to all who like a good life-story. Portraying both men and women, with dissimilar circumstances and backgrounds, dwelling in four different lands and working in very unlike ways, these crisp biographies yet reveal one animating spirit which attains life "more abundantly."

Read and pass along.

W. E. S.

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WHERE LIFE COUNTS MOST

MISS LUELLA MINER'S INVESTMENT.

By Brewer Eddy.



WHAT is the one deepest satisfaction that life offers? *Usefulness* is the vote of every Christian heart. To accomplish the most possible good for a needy world is "life abundant." The story that follows meets this test. A woman of fine talents invests her life in multiplying influence. Her life satisfies. Watch for one other element in the unfolding story. Others labor as faithfully and with as great heroism, but

this life was strategically placed. History was being made where its lines fell. God adds to but few this surpassing blessing, that they are given the chance of doing their bit just when and where it counts the most. Then life is multiplied indeed. Then the hundred-fold fruitage over-weighs the vines. God is there. So Miss Miner is living out her life at one of the vital points in the battle line "for truth and God." She was prepared for China's most rewarding decade, when new thoughts ran and were glorified.

THE BEST PREPARATION.

There are many wars and rumors of wars in the span of Miss Luella Miner's life. She was born just before her father enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War. She passed through the stirring days of the Japan-China war. She was a prominent figure during and after the Boxer riots in Peking in 1900 and in the Chinese Revolution of five years ago, while the present war overshadowing all others is bringing an unknown future to China with the rest of the world.

Both her parents were students of Oberlin, the greatest of missionary training camps. After the Civil War, they threw in their lot with the cause of reconstruction in the South, where Mr. Miner taught one of the earliest schools established for the colored people. The passion for freedom and justice marked the spirit of the home. When she graduated from Oberlin in 1884, she needed experience in teaching and spent three years under the American Missionary Association. Many of the strong missionary lives have thus bridged the gulf, if any gap really exists, between home and foreign missions. Each reacts upon the other.

Trained a Christian, the choice of a life of service was as natural as breathing. In applying for work in the Orient under the Woman's Board of the Interior, this sentence typified her whole spirit, "I have been a Christian since I was a little child and it seems almost too simple and natural a thing to describe. . . I want to give my whole life to the Master, and to do whatever He would have me do."

THIRTY YEARS IN CHINA.

When she reached China in 1887, her first experience was in evangelistic work in the celebrated Paotingfu Station, where the personal contact with the homes and villages of the people was of greatest possible value.

Her evident qualifications as a teacher drew her into the Academy and College at Tungchow, and there for fifteen years she had a hand in moulding the character of the boys who were to become the leaders in Christian service in the Mission. Not all of us could see the Kingdom strategy in the quiet routine of the class room in a small mission college but the moulding of the lives of a few leaders is the most direct way of influencing the coming generation. All missionary education rests on this vital foundation. The conversions may be small in number, but characters are being trained that will bring undreamed of standards and unimagined multiplication of influence within two decades.

In 1900, the quiet routine of these missionary educators was rudely disturbed. The story of that year includes six stirring weeks from June to August spent within the protecting walls of the British legation in Peking. The little circle of twenty-two pupils came bravely through that testing time in spite of the hail of bullets and shells that fell in the very rooms where they were given refuge. Eagerly from day to day the besieged awaited the sound of the bugles of the American relief force.

We must go back to 1857 in the Indian Mutiny to find another incident as thrilling, only in this case the relief was prompt and effective, and some joy is left to be mingled with the tears that remind us of the sacrifice and martyrdom of our faithful force in China. God was ever mindful of that little band. They would surely have starved to death, had it not happened that thousands of bushels of wheat were stored in the government granary near by, two weeks before the siege began. Time and again the changing wind turned aside the fires that had been set to consume them. Those who passed through the Boxer siege will often think of God's protecting care as the deepest reality of their experience.

When the storm had passed Miss Miner published in the *Outlook* her articles "A Woman's Journal of the Siege;" and afterwards wrote two books that brought her prominently to the front as an author: "China's Book of Martyrs" and "Two Heroes of Cathay."

AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The work of reconstruction brought Miss Miner into a place of greater leadership and prominence. With indemnity funds the girls' school in Peking was developed into the North China Union Woman's College and Miss Miner was looked upon as the natural selection for its head. American Board missionaries have always stood ready to make any sacrifice in behalf of union education movements, for they do not cherish their denominational differences beyond the point of efficiency.

This college draws its pupils from a wide area. As long ago as 1912, ten different provinces were represented in the student group. As the first institution to give college degrees to women in China, its leaders have done the work of pioneers, steadfastly maintaining their high standards of scholarship, and yet seeking to avoid the dangers that await the "new woman" in the sudden transformations of a land like China. It is difficult to uphold standards of modesty, self-control and earnestness in a period when many women are casting off the conservative restraints of their training.

Miss Miner's work has always brought her into contact with the leading classes of the population. She has had the chance of touching the lives of prominent families, and her personal acquaintance with both men and women who were seeking the best for their people gave opportunity for presenting the spirit and claims of Christianity. While sympathizing with many of the progressive elements of the modern day her task has been to multiply

her own quiet and firm character through the lives of her pupils. In this country where our girls have a background of Christian motherhood, centuries of cultivation and restraint, as well as the full liberty and freedom of modern days, it is difficult for us to realize the vast service rendered by a college like this. The educated leaders of China recognize their debt to women like Luella Miner, who are shaping the thought and life of the best womanhood of China.

MULTIPLIED LIFE.

Upon the hearts of the pupils in the college, the spirit of service and the social gospel is deeply impressed. The girls from the school and the college are teaching about four or five hundred children every Sunday in various parts of Peking. The regular Y. W. C. A. carries on its Bible classes and its prayer meetings for the training of the spiritual life. The college students are virtually self-governing, working practically without rules as to time and place of study, and there are few cases of discipline ever to report.

No wonder was it that Oberlin College did itself the honor of conferring upon Luella Miner the degree of Doctor of Letters in the summer of 1914. When the Dean presented her name, his words were as follows:

"It is eminently fitting that Oberlin College should honor the work of woman for other women, and those women citizens of the Great Chinese Nation, in whose welfare the College feels so special an interest and to which it has already given sacrifices so costly.

I have the privilege of presenting to you the name of a woman who, for upwards of twenty years, has given herself to the women of China; whose Christian womanhood, whose courage in peril, whose high

scholarship, whose power as a teacher and executive, and whose signal success in the cause of Christian Missions make her worthy of the highest honors that her alma mater can bestow. I present to you for the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature, the name of Luella Miner, of the class of 1884; president of the North China Union Woman's College, the first institution in the Republic to give collegiate degrees to women."

But we are not content to leave the story of the college with the words of any other than its own president. This brief extract from Miss Miner herself in a letter of November, 1915, suggests the ideals, the growth, the need and value of the work she has been doing:

"And do you know that we have here the only college for women in North China, and that means wonderful possibilities for influence? They come from Korea to the north, from Canton to the south, from Shansi, and when they go back to their homes, some will be the only college graduates among a million of people. You who have been led to think that it means a sacrifice to work among the Chinese should see our college girls. They are attractive, lovable and eager. I feel ashamed to have so little to offer when I listen to them conducting and taking part in Y. W. C. A. meetings. They have executive ability, are quick mentally, very capable in many ways. They will be what we all long to be when we leave college — powers in the community."

THE NEW DAY IN CHINA.

For centuries, the Chinese people have had a high regard for learning, but the only education offered was in the ancient Confucian classics and this was accessible only to the few. As a whole, the nation is illiterate.

Perhaps only fifty men in a thousand can read and among the women the number is negligible. A decade ago a system of government education was planned, based upon the model of the missionary schools. But text-books, well trained teachers, normal schools and the necessary public spirit cannot be secured in a day. From among the 138,000 enrolled pupils now in missionary schools must come thousands of teachers whose training in Christian faith and character will mould this next generation in the Republic.

Government officials appreciate that China's schools need the firm training of Christian character as well as modern educational standards. They have welcomed our pupils as teachers and our missionaries as supervisors. They have permitted the teaching of the Bible along with our American sciences and athletics. Leading business men and the gentry have become the patrons of this progressive movement in many towns and villages. They have even turned over their own abandoned temples to be used as schools and have provided the entire support of some schools from their own pockets.

Of all the great opportunities offered to Christian strategy since apostolic days, it is doubtful if the present chance in China was ever equalled. We can reach the New China if we enter this wide open door. The whole story is strongly told in this letter from Rev. Frank Warner, written last year after his first tour through Chinese towns.

"The opportunity before us in school work seems to be staggering. I do not believe a day goes by but what there come in two, three or even as high as five applications from different villages and cities about here for the starting of primary schools. In each case they offer to turn over the best temple the place affords and to renovate it. In some cases, they can

raise the entire support, in most, however, they would need a little financial aid to make the start. It is estimated that in the last few months we could have started and had complete supervision over at least 300 schools, if we had been ready and had from two to four hundred dollars at our disposal for giving them a start. The opportunity stands open here to develop a great school system on modern lines and to inject into that system the spirit of Christianity, and all this with almost a minimum expenditure of material resources."

The great evangelistic campaign of two years ago gathered 18,000 names of students and leading young men who thus signified their desire to join Bible classes and learn what Christianity offered to the New China. Her soul as well as her mind are thrown wide open to welcome our message.

There is the story of *Multiplied Life*. Leaders like Miss Miner have laid sure foundations. God has shaped the circumstances of China's history for just this hour. Who would not envy the chance of investing life and money in such a work. Our strongest college graduates will find no higher challenge in the world than such a career.

A Christian business man in one of our churches sent an extra gift two years ago to open new work in the leading cities of a great valley. Within one year, 267 souls were won, schools were opened, churches are being gathered. St. Paul never found so vast an opportunity as we are facing today. May we answer with him, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

A GREAT ADVANCE IN INDIA

OUR INDIAN LEADERS.

By Brewer Eddy.

THIS is a strange time for a great advance step in the work of our Christian churches in India. Surely one would think that the work of the Kingdom of Peace would falter while half the world struggles in the death grapple of war, but war or no war, we seem to be on the eve of a great spiritual awakening in the very mission field that has seemed backward in comparison with rest of the Orient.

Japan astonished the world with the marvel of its transformation in industrial and political strength. Korea has buttressed the faith of all Christendom by the devotion and heroism of her Christian zeal. China offers the most unparalleled opportunity for Christian conquest ever noted on the page of world history since Paul started from Antioch.

Scenes of the past year will soon persuade the world that India also is capable of a vigorous and vital awakening. A continent-wide evangelistic campaign cannot be built on bare ground. The foundations have been in the laying for some years past. Best of all the leading laymen of the churches have been drawn into this personal service. It is just as easy for a new Indian church deacon to think that all the work is to be done by the paid pastor as it is for a New Englander.

But glance at a typical mission station down in the southern tip of India in this year of new life. It is early on a Sunday morning. Coming from their simple mud-walled homes, lining the road that winds beneath the palm

trees by the river, you can see members of the little congregation gathering in front of the church. It is not later than six o'clock, though the sun is up and traffic is already streaming down the highway. The jolting, two-wheeled bullock bandies bump along at their break-neck pace of two miles an hour without fear of the "speed cop." In the distance, the shrill fife and the bang of the tom toms are heard in the temple, while this little band with hymn book and Bible set out upon their task of genuine Apostolic service. Together they sing a hymn. The pastor leads in prayer. Then the groups, well trained and well led, divide into the villages that lie from five to ten miles away.



Christian Musicians at Street Evangelistic Service.

It is not difficult to gather a crowd. A little music will bring the leisure population to attention in the village square, but this time it is different, for it is not the foreign "chota durrai" that has come to preach with the boys from the Theological Seminary, but here are the business men that they know and respect. The villagers surely will think, "There must be something in this thing that makes successful, well regarded men take it so seriously."

What unbounded good it would do if the Board of Trustees and the Board of Deacons of each Congregational Church in America could be told off, group by group, to go with one of these preaching bands in India. If we could enter some of these 3,700 villages that have been reached by these bands, where never before has the name of Christ been preached! If we could talk with some of the 6,000 converts who have already accepted Christ since the campaign started! A good many of us church members and Sunday School members are like the little girl that fell out of bed and explained to her mother that she must have fallen asleep too near the place she got in! We need the very reflex stimulus that India's new devotion supplies.

In addition to new converts, there were some 10,000 signatures given in the first few weeks of the campaign by young men who wanted to become inquirers after the Truth; to join a Bible class, and to learn what Christ offers them. Of course we recognize that these figures are the very least of the results. The great thing is the renewed spirit that will be found within the churches that have been at work for Christ.

The one outstanding factor in building up the church on the mission field is the trained Christian leader. India's average church member can hardly read or write. He has no initiative in leadership, but our missions there are strong in the splendid group of devoted men who are now at the helm.

Since it is impossible to become closely acquainted with the life story of all these men, equally worthy, whom we remember in prayer but whose names are not mentioned, perhaps it is best to look at the life of one Indian Christian though we do not know enough of the details of it to present a full biography.

REV. V. SANTIAGU.

Pastor Santiago is one of the leaders of the whole evangelistic campaign throughout the Madura Mission. He has been set apart from his important pastorate to pass from one station to another organizing the bands, training the leaders, outlining the policy, and everywhere inspiring the workers to a new earnestness. Think of him for one moment as one of the strong men in the Madura Mission for the present day and then glance into the shadows of his background.

Some fifty years ago, you might have discovered a small boy in a poverty stricken pariah village. He was the son of Christian parents, but his village had never had a chance. For generations these pariahs had been called the "untouchables," the "outcasts." They were driven beyond the borders of the town where caste families lived. They were absolutely ignorant, not a man nor a woman could read nor write. It was thought as impossible to teach them as to train a cow to read. The whole intolerable weight of India's caste system bore hardest on them. Before England's rule bettered their condition they had been serfs, sold with the soil for \$4 or \$5 each. A generation ago his parents were not allowed within a hundred paces of the temple. If a pariah passed a Brahmin on the open road, he must withdraw twenty paces and call behind his upraised hand, like the lepers in Ben Hur, "Unclean," "Unclean."

Even in Santiago's boyhood, the poverty of that typical village was so great that the income of the average *family* would not equal *one dollar per month*. I do not mean per capita, but for a whole family. How can soul be kept within the starved shell of the body under such poverty! The boy's home was a thatched mud hovel. His people were called by the despised word "Carrion eaters." Surely before a boy from such a background, there could be no bright future, but listen.

First Santiago went to a village school; then he was selected from among the others for further training in the boarding school where he lived under the earnest care of the missionary. Afterward, there came perhaps two years of a college course, and last of all his years under our own Dr. Jones, in the Theological School. Thus in every step of his development, he was the product of our own mission.



Where Leaders Get their Start
Typical Village School, India

But now we pass the intervening years, and we can only look at just one bright scene that stands out in his later experience, when he has become a trained and dependable Christian pastor — leader of all the native forces in a great mission station. For the missionary has been called home to America, and there is no one to take his place. The work is too great to fall to the ground. It needs wise handling.

Few people in America have any conception of the work of a mission station, but there in Battalagundu, there are five churches and over twenty congregations besides eighteen village schools and the boarding school. All this

work is in the hands of thirty-five native workers, men of education and of training, whose belief in prayer and whose confidence in faith would put most of us to shame. The work must be measured not only by its size, but by its needs, for around these churches there is a heathen population of over 200,000, waiting to be reached. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Where can men be found in the absence of the American missionary to guide and administer this plant? The one man considered is Pastor Santiago. He has come to his hour of opportunity.

Soon he is recognized as the greatest force for righteousness in the town. This station is largely Brahmin, yet it elected pastor Santiago mayor of the town because he is considered the neutral leader of the practical affairs of the district.

A WISE INVESTMENT.

There is one man who has not been mentioned in the story, and he had a most important part to play. Here in a western church an earnest leader wanted to do something for a friend in the Madura Mission. For years he sent in \$12 annually to pay the support of a boy in the school. Later, he increased it to \$20, at the boarding school, and a little more was added to help the boy through college. Some years ago, the missionary who had left Santiago in charge of his own great station, talked face to face with this man whose gift of \$12 a year had made possible the training that brought him to his present usefulness.

Such work is being done in every mission station. In one generation, a child can be picked from the mire and

can be trained into leadership. Every mission station in India offers to us a score of villages where groups of such boys as this could be gathered into schools.

All Sunday School classes that read these words can make a gift to our great station in Aruppukottai, South India, where just such opportunities are pressing close upon us. Others could place their money under the care of Rev. and Mrs. Burleigh Mathews in the city of Battalagundu where Pastor Santiagu conducted the station work for some time. Others can send their gifts to support the work in the Madura Mission, that it may go forward in the present evangelistic campaign, conscious that we are standing behind it and rejoicing in its courage.



**The Promise of the Future
Village School Boys, India.**

INSTEAD OF THE BRIAR

THE STORY OF MRS. MARY K. EDWARDS.

By Mabel E. Emerson.

A LITTLE northwest of Durban, almost at the southern tip of Africa, is a place called Inanda. Down there went Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, the first missionary ever sent out by the Congregational women of America and there, after forty-eight years of noble service, she still lives. In the story of her life at Inanda, we can get some idea of the work our missionaries are doing in Africa, for her life is fairly typical of the consecrated service which many others have given.

Back in her girlhood days, in a Quaker household in Ohio, she had her first preparation for work in Africa. Hers was one of those homes of moderate means which so often bless richly the children in them. Father, mother, brothers, sisters — all pulled together. By her mother's side in the home, she learned lessons in thrift and economy and with her father, in his cotton factory, she learned so much about the machines that when she was eight or nine years old, she could supply the place of an absent worker. Later, with the exception of the three or four months in winter when school was in session she worked there regularly.

But the school room lured her on. She wanted to teach. One winter, she took a country school of twenty-five pupils and so thoroughly enjoyed the work that she determined to get further training. By borrowing from her father and grandfather and by teaching for a term now and then she managed to meet her expenses. She graduated in 1851 completing the four years' course in two and a half years.

Five years later, she married Mr. Edwards, principal of a school in Troy, Ohio. There followed eleven years of married life, in which she shared with him in happy comradeship the work of the school.

At her husband's death in August, 1867, Mrs. Edwards, then thirty-eight years old, faced the question of service in some foreign field because she longed to have her life count for Christ in one of the most needy places. She wrote to Secretary Street of the American Board, offering her services. The Secretary's reply told her of a providential opening in Inanda, South Africa, for which the Board had been seeking a worker for two years. Congregational women had just organized the Woman's Board of Missions and Mrs. Edwards would be the first missionary of the Board.



There were no palatial "liners" in those days to carry her to England and make connections with steamships for South Africa. Only twelve seamen and nine passengers sailed in the vessel of 375 tons which went down Boston Harbor that day. It took seventy-nine days to reach the destination and Mrs. Edwards had sailed across the Atlantic practically three times in order to catch the trade winds that would carry the ship to its port. From Durban a few minutes in a train and several hours in an ox-wagon brought her at last to Mr. Lindley's home at Inanda. This was November, 1868.

The following March found Mrs. Edwards busily engaged in the girls' school at Inanda with nineteen Zulu girls as her pupils. So eagerly did she take hold of her

work that Mr. Lindley wrote of her "She is the right *man* in the right place." She had an inconvenient building, she was ignorant of the language, and around her were untaught, lazy girls, the product of heathen degradation. What a task to transform these girls into noble Christian women whose influence would help to uplift all Zululand! Yet nothing short of this was the purpose which led Mrs. Edwards to Africa.

DARK DAYS.

It would be hard for us to imagine the discouragement of those early days. "There have been hours when the darkness is so thick that I cannot see the pathway, but only cry 'Lord, take my right hand,' " so wrote Mrs. Edwards in one of her early letters. From the very first, many girls ran away from the heathen kraals to this place of refuge, frequently to escape being sold as wives. Twenty such came in one year, some of them covered only with filthy blankets that could be snatched up as they left the kraal by night, and with their bodies smeared with grease and red clay. Many times fathers, enraged because they were to lose money paid them for their daughters, came to Inanda to demand the girls. At such times, Mrs. Edwards calmly faced the crowd of Zulu warriors, brandishing their spears and knob-kerries in her face and told them that they could not go over her threshold to force the girls to leave the school. Only by gaining the girl's consent could they take her away.

Heroic work and planning was necessary to build up such a school at Inanda as the Zulus needed. Teaching the elementary studies of our American schools was not enough. The very foundations of Christian civilization must be laid. These Zulu girls must learn the simplest lessons of cleanliness and industry. They must not only be taught to make clothing and care for a house, but also

be given the standards of purity and virtue that demand clothing and decent houses. What better plan could be devised than to start in the seminary a miniature school of domestic science where sewing, cooking and general housework would be taught? It was a difficult task to teach sewing and orderliness to girls who knew nothing but wild life in the fields and in the thatched, kennel-like huts of Zululand.

Mrs. Edwards introduced new agricultural methods and under her direction the Inanda girls raised thousands of bushels of corn, beans, peanuts, sweet potatoes and other foods which reduced the cost of living at the school. She became an authority on farming, consulted by British and Boer farmers as well by the Zulus. She started a poultry farm. She installed a water system and superintended the new buildings for the seminary. When nearly eighty years old, she took a correspondence course in nursing and then passed on the instruction to groups of Zulu women.

For years she has made a practice of traveling through the region to visit "her girls." On foot and on horseback or sometimes in a carriage drawn by oxen, she has gone out into the country to the homes of the girls who have been at Inanda, to encourage them to stand for Christ in the midst of heathenism. Fearlessly she has again and again faced the anger of heathen relatives who were ill treating the girls. She has appeared before chiefs and even before English magistrates and governors to plead for the rights of individual girls, always taking a positive stand against polygamy and the sale of women in marriage.

Many changes have come into life in Zululand since 1868. The country is dotted with Christian homes, models of orderliness and family virtue in heathen darkness.

Churches and schools and hospitals are helping to uplift the Zulu race, one of the most virile in Africa. But best of all are the hundreds of men and women whose earnest Christian lives are blessing their fellowmen. Among them are many "Inanda girls" who caught their vision years ago under "Mother Edwards." Far and wide over South Africa, Inanda graduates, many of whom have had further training at the Normal School in Adams, are making their lives count for Christ as teachers in the day schools of Natal, now enrolling fifty-six hundred children. In their daily work, the influence of Inanda is being multiplied many fold. And other Inanda girls as Christian wives and mothers are showing the non-Christian women around them what an enlightened womanhood can do for Africa.

PRACTICAL UPLIFT.

This noble work of Mrs. Edwards is unique in a way, and yet it is typical, contradictory though this statement may seem. For all through our African Missions our workers are pioneers of civilization and are turning their hands to many tasks not labelled "missionary" in the minds of people in the homeland. At Mt. Silinda, in the heart of Rhodesia, they are running saw mills, brick kilns, carpentry shops and a domestic science department. In them they are training not only hands and brains of African boys and girls but hearts as well, and sturdy Christian characters result. And there is Dondi in West Central Africa, where in shop and field, as well as in the Bible Institute, workers are being trained to go into outlying regions to *live* the whole Gospel message.

There is a man in Johannesburg who is carrying on one of the most inspiring pieces of "social" work in all

Africa. He is Rev. Frederick Bridgman, who for several years was stationed at Durban, but in 1913, was asked by the Board to undertake a new and very important work at Johannesburg. Soon after Mr. Bridgman reached Johannesburg, he wrote "The sailing down in Durban was getting too smooth. It's rough enough here so a man must improve his seamanship or go down."

Rough indeed! Imagine if you can a city with population rapidly approaching 250,000 in the heart of the gold mines. Here are modern business blocks, autos, motor cycles, electric cars, hotels, theatres, churches, attractive residential suburbs with the palaces and parks of the "gold kings." And here too are the great black smoke stacks at the mines, belching blacker smoke, and the great mounds of the "tailings," giving a suggestion of the output of the mines, where in one year (1912), 29,000,000 tons of rock were mined and 36% of the world's gold was produced:

These mines call for cheap labor and there lies Johannesburg's problem. From the very heart of Africa, from all the territory south of the Zambezi, even from Lake Nyasa, the black men come. As many as 270,000 of them are in the "Rand" at one time, and in a year, fully 400,000 come and go. Separated from kraal and tribal associations, they are susceptible to all the evils of civilization. "They come to the Rand harmless savages from the bush. They go back devils." So writes Dr. Bridgman. And that is why he is investing his life in Johannesburg, for the thousands of men who work in the mines must be reached and if won to Christ, they go back into the interior to preach Him in the kraals.

On his motor-cycle he tours among the compounds for miles around and in and out among the slums of the

great city he and Mrs. Bridgman go, doing their transforming work. The Bible is being distributed in thirty languages. Nine chapels have been built in Johannesburg alone and the congregations range from twenty to four hundred. The influence of Johannesburg for good reaches far back into the interior. Young men who might never have been won to Christ back in the kraals are won in Johannesburg when their conservatism breaks down in their contact with city life. And, converted, they go into the interior to win others to Christ. One convert, Mvuyana, went back to his kraal 300 miles away and there won over one hundred to Christ, built two chapels and established a school. We may be very sure that there is no "smooth sailing" for him or any one else who invests his life for Christ's Kingdom in Africa.

But it pays in transformed lives, in purified family life, in whole communities uplifted. In our scores of schools, running over with children, in shops and in the field, in hospitals and churches, we are making new the lives of thousands of Africa's sons and daughters. Every missionary life, consecrated like that of Mrs. Edwards to unselfish service, has been multiplied many fold in Africa today.

THE VETERAN OF VAN

DR. G. C. RAYNOLDS.

By Mabel E. Emerson.



FAR over on the eastern edge of what we still call Turkey, where Turkey touches elbows with Persia and Russia, is the city of Van, where the American Board has had a mission station since 1872. In all these years the leading missionary of the station had been Dr. Reynolds, physician and minister. He went out to Turkey in 1869, a young physician thirty years of age, a graduate from Williams College, a surgeon in the United States navy, and for three years a practicing physician in Chicago. In 1871, he and Mr. Wheeler, a fellow missionary, set out from Harpoot for Van to open a station "farthest East."

The city lies at the foot of a great ledge of rock on the shore of beautiful Lake Van, 5,500 feet above the sea level and surrounded by snow-capped mountains that tower from five to eight thousand feet above it. The region about Van is the cradle of the ancient Armenian race. Here are the tombs of their bishops, kings and queens. An inscription carved by Darius the Great, witnesses to the fact that once his hosts swept over this part of the country.

What a contrast to the conquest of Darius was the coming of these representatives of the Kingdom of Righteousness! Foot-sore, weary, they went to the khan. Curious callers came to see them; a few ventured to

take them about the city. All went well for a day or two, but when they attempted to gather a group at the khan for a service on Sunday the Armenian priests interfered. They tried to break up the meeting and told the newcomers to preach and teach no more. Mr. Wheeler replied: "As to keeping still God has given us mouths to speak and we shall not keep them shut. We have firmans from the Sultan and commands from the King of Kings. Why should we fear you?" Opposition and often real danger met them on every hand. Dr. Raynolds has been stoned in the village street. Once he was attacked by three Koords, furiously beaten and left half dead by the roadside. Years later, the Turkish government granted Dr. Raynolds an indemnity which he used to build a church, and to erect a much-needed windmill on the mission property. The Armenians point smilingly to the church as "the one the Turks built for us."

There were other troubles not embodied in the war-like Koords of the mountains. For three years the land was devastated by war and famine. An epidemic of cholera swept the Van region in 1893, and hard on its heels came a famine, demanding every atom of the missionary's strength and wisdom in directing relief work. That was followed by the terrible Armenian massacres of 1895 and 1896. For months business was suspended and shops closed. Armenian families fled to the mission premises in hourly fear of pillage and massacre. Mrs. Raynolds wrote at the time, "Every morning I have dressed so as to be ready for flight or for wandering around in the cold, and at night have made everything ready to rise and dress hastily in case of an attack." The missionaries might have left but they would not desert the Christians who were looking to them for protection.

Industrial relief work was started and the marvellous total of 15,230 people were aided. The gratitude of

the people was boundless. "Nothing can hurt you," they said to the missionaries, "The prayers of thousands of poor people make you invulnerable."

In June, 1896, the storm broke over Van and lasted a week. One-third of all the Armenian houses were burned and five hundred Armenians massacred. But within the mission premises the refugees were safe. During these days no less than fifteen thousand people found shelter there. The two acres of the compound were covered as thickly as human beings could be packed. Bread was given to nearly five thousand daily. Two hundred and fifty orphans were kept in the mission compound and an industrial orphanage was started for them. Half of the day children were in the school room; the other half they were taught trades — tailoring, shoe-making, weaving and carpentering.

The work grew steadily until there was a flourishing church, a boys' school with nearly five hundred students, and a girls' school with more than five hundred enrolled. There was a hospital, ministering to many hundreds. In the outlying district, schools had been established in eighteen villages, presided over in many cases, by teachers trained in the Van schools or orphanage. But best of all, the American Board granted the right to raise the Boys' School to college grade and Dr. Raynolds came to America in 1913 to raise funds for this college, which was to serve a district as large as Missouri and was to reach not only the young men of Turkey, but those of Persia and the Russian Caucasus as well.

THE STORM BREAKS.

In August, 1914, just as Dr. Raynolds was ready to go back to Van with funds for the college work, the Great War began. Turkey entered the struggle as an ally of Germany and Austria, and Dr. Raynolds' return was

prevented. Through the following winter he watched anxiously for every bit of news from Van. The censored letters from Mrs. Raynolds brought hints of troubled days, of the poverty and sickness among the people, of the new problems the missionaries were facing. Through the newspapers, late in the spring, came word of a massacre in Van. Then came the official word that the Russian army had captured the city. This brought the assurance that the missionaries and Armenians would be safe at least.

In July, 1915, a letter received from Mrs. Raynolds said, "You cannot come too soon." That word was enough for the veteran Kingdom Patriot. He determined to start for Van at once traveling by way of Christiania and Petrograd. With him went a new recruit, Mr. Henry White, a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, who was eager to invest his life in Van. The two reached Petrograd in high hopes, but they received word that the Van missionaries were at Tiflis, Russia, and that Mrs. Raynolds was very ill. With anxious hearts the two, veteran and recruit, hastened on. They reached Tiflis two days after Mrs. Raynolds had passed away, worn out by the terrible strain of months. Together the little group of missionaries laid her body to rest in the cemetery of the German Lutheran Mission in Tiflis.

Gradually the story of the past months in Van was told. The wild rumors which had reached America were confirmed. In April, 55,000 Armenians throughout the province of Van had been massacred by the Turks, in accordance with orders given out in Constantinople months before. Then came the "siege of Van," when for twenty-eight days, 1,200 Armenians, poorly armed, were pitted against 5,000 Turks within the city. Our mission premises were within the Armenian quarter and in direct line of the firing.

Hardly had the fighting begun when the Armenians, women, children, old people, began to flock to the mission premises for protection. Four thousand of them filled church, school buildings and every available room in the missionary residences. What problems those four weeks brought! In spite of every precaution, sickness came. Pneumonia and dysentery claimed scores, and an epidemic of measles broke out among the children. All



Refugees around the Public Oven, Van.

the missionaries had their hands full as they tried to minister to the needs of the suffering people. All this time the fighting was going on. Bullets were whizzing about the buildings; shells were falling on the premises or exploding overhead.

Four weeks this strenuous experience kept up, and then on May 18 came the Russians. With them came a sense of security to the Armenians and to the missionaries

as well, but not a cessation of work. When the four thousand Armenian refugees left the mission compound, one thousand Turkish refugees came in, brought by Armenian soldiers who knew that this was the only safe refuge for them. It was a serious problem. The Russian army of occupation was using up the city's food supply, and it was no easy matter to provide for the sick, the aged and the little children in the mission compound. From ten to sixteen of the refugees were dying daily. Then typhus, most dreaded of diseases, broke out. First Mrs. Yarrow, then Mr. Yarrow, Dr. and Mrs. Ussher and Miss Rogers fell sick. While Dr. Ussher was still unconscious Mrs. Ussher passed away. Mr. Yarrow was so ill that the Russian doctor said he could not live two hours, but later he rallied and recovered.

THE FLIGHT INTO RUSSIA.

Early in August, while Dr. Ussher and Mr. Yarrow were still very ill, the Russian general announced that the troops were to leave the city. The only safety for the distressed Armenians and the missionaries as well lay in flight across the border into Russia. With the only men of the party helpless, with two women weak convalescents and all the others nearly worn out with months of strain, and with seven little children to be looked out for, they faced the long journey of 150 miles across the mountains into Russia. They had time only to collect the bare necessities for the journey and pile them into carts. Mr. Yarrow and Dr. Ussher were tied to the tops of the loads; Mrs. Raynolds, the veteran of the party, a woman of seventy-five, rode in one of the carts with children and baggage around her. Mrs. Yarrow, Miss Rogers and Miss Bond set out afoot. Then the Russian Red Cross came to their aid. Mr. Yarrow was placed in an ambulance and Dr. Ussher in a horse litter, a kind of ham-

mock swung on a pole between two horses. With a small guard of Russian soldiers, the little party proceeded.

About three days' journey from Van, while the missionary procession was winding its way through a narrow pass, they were attacked by the rough Koords of the mountains. Resistance was impossible, the only alternative was to run the horses through the firing lines. Bullets whizzed about them as for two hours and a half they rode wildly on. To lighten the loads, clothing and whatever else could be dispensed with was thrown by the roadside in the wild dash for safety. Some of the wagons were tipped over and two of the light Arabian horses, unused to heavy loads, died from exhaustion.

It was at this time that Mrs. Raynolds met with a serious accident. Discovering that something was wrong with the horses' harness, she attempted to get out of the wagon. The horses started, she was thrown down and the wagon wheels passed over her leg, fracturing the bone. Red Cross surgeons set the bone and put her in one of the ambulances. In all the remaining days of the journey not a word of complaint came from Mrs. Raynolds although she must have suffered severely as they jounced along the road. On August 13, the party reached Tiflis, safe at last beyond the Russian boundary. And there Dr. Raynolds and Mr. White found them.

It was hard to know what step should be taken. Their work at Van, the work of years, had been practically wiped out. Some of the buildings had been burned, the Armenians for whom they had labored so faithfully had been massacred or scattered far from their homes. All of the missionaries would have gladly gone back to Van if they could have been of service there, but immediate return to America seemed to be the wise move.

Home they came. Through the following months, as soon as health would permit, all of the missionaries spoke in churches far and wide. Undismayed they declared that a better day would dawn for Turkey, for both Armenians and Turks. Dr. Raynolds believed so thoroughly that a great service among the Turks themselves lay ahead that he spent part of his time studying the Turkish language as preparation for his return.

As soon as Van came permanently under Russian control, and word was received that many thousands of Armenians who fled into Russia in 1915 were returning to the city, Dr. Raynolds insisted upon going back to the field. On July 15, 1916, he and Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow sailed from New York. They plan to settle in Tiflis for the present and from there to make the journey into Van to study conditions. Their faith is unshaken; their vision undimmed. They believe that in the near future we are to see among the Turks such a turning to Christ as will compare with the great results in China since the Boxer rebellion in 1900. If that be proved true, then our missionaries will begin to see the results which have been dreamed of and prayed for during many decades.

Literature and Leaflets of the American Board may be had by addressing:

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