

# THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



AUGUST, 1914



HOME  
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN  
EDUCATION  
AND  
MINISTERIAL  
RELIEF



FOREIGN  
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION  
AND  
SABBATH  
SCHOOL  
WORK

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.  
AT HOME AND ABROAD

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# THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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spoke the language perfectly, also eleven of their native church members, thus enabling us, before we had been at our new station two weeks, to organize a church and begin evangelistic services.

When they had finished with us there, they put us on the "Lapsley," giving us an encouraging and inspiring ovation as we left, and sent us on to another of their stations, Lusambo, several hundred miles closer to our work.

At Lusambo were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon and Rev. R. D. Bedinger. The latter had already been appointed to receive and store our goods as they came up the river from Stanley Pool. Lusambo is the base of our overland travel; it is therefore an important point and entails much work on Mr. Bedinger. We were given the best rooms in the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon; we were assisted in getting up a caravan of 200 men to carry us and our effects to Wembo-Niama, an exceedingly difficult journey of 250

miles. Mr. Bedinger left important duties of his own to come with us, taking upon himself ungrudgingly a thousand duties and responsibilities rightfully belonging to us. He stayed at Wembo-Niama two weeks, assisting us in the language, in the staking off of our concession, in settling "palavers" with the chief, and in organizing the first Methodist Church in Central Africa. Five weeks of his time he gave to us as freely as if we were of his own Church.

But we must stop here, though the half has not been told. Better than anything that has been spoken of is the promise of over 10,000 native church members to remember our mission daily in prayer, prayers which are already being richly answered. Comment on all this is unnecessary. The relationship between these two missions is as beautiful as it is inspiring and must fill with joy the great heart of Jesus himself, who prayed the matchless prayer "that they all may be one."

*Wembo-Niama, Congo Belge.*

## TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF GINTER PARK CHURCH.

R. D. BEDINGER.

**T**HIS letter should be in your hands at this moment but a set of circumstances over which I had no control prevented the finishing of a letter which I had begun early in January. Believing that you are as deeply interested in the launching of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission as we out here are I have abandoned the old letter in order to give you some account of our Methodist brethren and their establishment at Wemba-Niama.

The founding of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission, like that of the American Presbyterian Congo Mission is the outgrowth in large measure of the prayers and plans of one man. The difference between the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D. D., and the Rev. Bishop

Walter R. Lambuth, D. D., is, that the former was never permitted to witness the consummation of his longing desires whereas the latter has seen the successful fruition of his plans.

No account of the opening of Mission work in the Congo by the Methodists will be complete without at least a brief sketch of its chief pioneer and founder. In 1854, two years after failing health necessitated the termination of the missionary labors of Dr. Wilson on the West Coast of Africa, there was born in the then great Empire of China, one whose life was destined to touch in no small way the entire missionary world. Born of missionary parents, the grandson and great-grandson of missionaries, it is not strange that Dr. Lambuth early consecrated his life and talents to the

great cause of Foreign Missions. His first interest in the "Dark Continent" dates from his twelfth year when he read the biography of Robert Moffat. From that time his interest in Livingstone and the evangelization of Africa never waned. In 1877 he rejoined his father and mother in China as a medical missionary. His interest in Presbyterian Missions dates from the time when Drs. Stuart, Painter and Houston, our pioneers to China, took their first meal in China, at his mother's table. He was afterwards in medical charge of our Soochow station. I suppose that his interest really began long before for all his maternal ancestors were Presbyterians. In 1886, the same year which marked the death of Dr. Wilson, he was made Superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Japan which he and his father had founded. In that same year, fired by the reading of Stanley's expedition through Africa, he wrote an article to the organ of his Church urging the opening of a Mission in Central Africa and offering to go pioneer the way. Severing his relations with the Japan Mission in 1890 he again offered himself to his Board as a pioneer missionary to Africa. In 1892 he was made Secretary of the Board of Missions. The hearing of Shepperd and the reading of Lapsley's life deepened his conviction that his Church should do something for the colored race in the land of its nativity. In 1910, largely through the influence of its secretary, the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions resolved to accept the frequent extended invitations of the Southern Presbyterian Board to open a Mission in Africa. In its action the Board arranged for its Secretary to explore the field and to report as touching the Mission to be founded. In that year Dr. Lambuth was elected to the College of Bishops and, in addition to the work of exploring the Congo, was placed in charge of the Mission work of his Church in South America. The latter part of 1911 he started for the

Congo accompanied by Professor J. W. Gilbert, who represented the Colored Methodist Church which was anxious to do something for the Africans under the auspices of the M. E. Church, South.

The thrilling story of their arrival at Luebo, their reception by our missionaries; their decision to turn towards the north and to the tribes of the strong, warlike Batetelas; their tedious, dangerous march of forty-one days; their arrival at the village of Wemba-Niama, at that time the strongest chief of that section ruling over forty-six villages; the gracious providences which led to the selection of this village as the site for their Mission, has been graphically described in our Church papers by Bishop Lambuth. I do not think he mentions the incident that took place in the courtyard of that heathen king as he and Professor Gilbert stood there in the soft moonlight telling him the story that never grows old, of redemptive love and vicarious sacrifice. After listening long this cannibal chief of a cannibal race passionately exclaimed, "White men from the far-off land, do not leave us here in our darkness. Remain with us and teach us to know and love your God. I place this village, or any of my villages, at your disposal, only go not away." Deeply touched they replied that it was impossible for them to remain then, but that at the end of eighteen months, God willing, they would return with others to commence work in their midst. The chief



Miss Margaret Van Lecourt and Her Parrot  
Enroute From Luebo to Mutoto.

then pointed to their shadows on the ground and said, "At the end of the eighteenth moon I want to see your shadows by the side of mine, even as to-night, and I shall cut a notch on my stick at each appearance of the moon until your return." It is not strange that, twenty-four moons later to the night, when the Bishop again stood in that courtyard, this time with six others who had come to stay, casting their shadow lengths alongside that of the stalwart chief, he was seized with an emotion which could hardly be restrained. One other heart at least thrilled and beat in sympathetic understanding. What it meant to that old sensual chief, who can tell? But we do know that it will mean light and hope and life to thousands of his people that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

In the short period of two years Bishop Lambuth had returned to America, had thrilled his Church with the opportunities and possibilities of the Congo field, had secured six volunteers and sufficient money to launch the new enterprise, had made two trips to South America, had personally conducted the volunteers to Wemba-Niama and had laid the corner-stone on the first site of the Methodist Episcopal Congo Mission. I wonder if any Mission on earth ever had so auspicious a beginning?

The selection of those who are to lay the foundations and commence to build thereon the superstructure shows the wisdom and foresight of the Bishop in charge. They form a combination calculated to produce the most happy results and to place their work in its very beginning upon a solid and efficient basis. Let me introduce them to you: Dr. D. L. Mumpower, A. B., graduate of Central College, Missouri, A. M. of Yale, and M. D. of the Vanderbilt University, a self-made man, a man of poise and of remarkable self-possession, of quiet but winning personality. Mrs. Mumpower, a woman of rare

intellectual gifts and a trained nurse. Rev. C. C. Bush, A. B., graduate of Randolph-Macon College and graduate of Vanderbilt Theological Seminary, energetic and "every inch a man." Mrs. Bush, eminently qualified to teach, having had more than ten years' experience in the school room. Mr. J. A. Stockwell, a man of inventive genius, who has been successful as a carpenter, builder, farmer and as one of Uncle Sam's trusted servants in the Postal Service where he served ten years. Mrs. Stockwell, like Mrs. Bush, is an experienced teacher. Preacher, physician, mechanic and agriculturist, teacher and trained nurse. What finer combination could be desired? Moreover these brethren are practical and each has a sense of humor, a fine qualification for any one, but especially for an African Missionary. But above all they are Spirit-filled, they love the Master and they love lost, ruined humanity.

There were two other members of this party whom we must not forget to mention. The one was little Mary Elizabeth, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Mumpower, eleven months old, easily the most charming of the party, the pet of all, the wonder of the natives, and who did not have a sick day from the departure in far off America to the arrival at Wemba-Niama. The other was Rev. J. T. Mangum, now pastor of the Methodist Church, Union Spring, Ala., a graduate of Auburn and Vanderbilt, volunteer and Captain in the Spanish-American war, of engaging and charming personality and an inimitable story teller. His Uncle Remus tales and flashes of humor kept the party bright and cheerful and helped us to forget the fatigue and hardships of the long over-land marches. His interest in Africa grew out of his relations to Dr. Lambuth, in co-operation with whom he has been largely responsible for the raising of a great sum of money for the opening of this African Mission. His wife is the daughter of

Major Hooper, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, Selma, Alabama.

It was on the tenth day of January, towards dusk, that we heard the unmistakable whistle of "The Steamer of God" as the Samuel N. Lapsley is familiarly called by the natives along the rivers, and in another half hour we were aboard shaking hands with the Methodists, Mr. Scott and Mr. Dowsett. For one week we had the pleasure and blessing of their presence in our home, then commenced the fifteen days' march "over the hills and far away." Since these brethren were dependent upon the broken English of a "personal boy" who had come from Luebo to act as interpreter, it was thought wise for one of us to accompany them. To me was allotted this privilege. On January 16th, Dr. Lambuth departed with the missionaries and a caravan of over 100 men. On the 19th, Mr. Mangum and I followed, having drummed up another caravan of 100 natives. The third day we overtook them. Our combined caravan numbered 235 souls, about four times as many as should ordinarily compose a caravan, simply because it is impossible to look after so many men, who become ungovernable. They know no authority save that of brute force. Obedience is a quality yet to be imbibed. The Missionary, who is here for no other purpose than to impart the lessons of love, obedience and joyous service, is undoubtedly the most imposed upon man in the Congo. A special providence seemed to hover over us each day and, on the fifteenth day, we arrived at our destination without having suffered any serious mishaps.

For two days we trailed our way through one of those great forests for which this country is noted. Two feet removed on either side of the trail the thick vines and undergrowth formed an almost impenetrable mass, which we discovered on frequent occasions when compelled to make detours around fallen trees over which it was impossible to climb. The thought often came to

mind as to who was the more to blame for the wretched condition of the path, the natives, whose forefathers did not inculcate into them the value of good roads, or the State which gobbles up the tax money without making an appreciable return in the way of public improvement.

Magnificent trees which would make the lumberman's heart rejoice reared their massive trunks towards the blue sky until they became lost in the rich foliage above. Gay troops of monkeys played and chattered in the tall tree tops, always just keeping without the range of the guns. Those two days in the cool, grateful shade of the forest were delightful, but the next six were days of great physical fatigue and weariness on account of the numerous hills, many of which were at an angle of more than fifty degrees. Only the constantly changing scenery revived our spirits and gave us courage for the next hill. Three miles from the State Post, Lubefu, overlooking the valley of the Lubefu River one's eyes fall upon a scene which, for grandeur and solemn impressiveness, almost beggars description. It seems as if these great hills had rolled from the hands of the Creator, who, in order to hide their nakedness, clothed their summits and slopes with a cloak of green, soft as plush, and filled the valleys with flowering shrubs and blossoming trees in profuse varieties. Crossing the Lubefu on a remarkable native constructed swinging vine bridge we at once entered upon a great plain on which the village of Wemba-Niama is located, about eighty miles northeast of Lubefu. The scenery here, while not so awe-inspiring as that described above, is nevertheless as pleasing to the eye and exhibits an even greater variety. The open veldts rise, fall and roll like great sea-billows. Here and there long lines of palm trees, than which there are no trees more beautiful, silhouetted against the blue sky line, stretch like sentinels along the distant ranges.

The country abounds in wild game. Here you find the antelope, the buffalo, the man-eating leopard, of which more later, and a little further south both the elephant and the lion. The wild pigeons, doves, pheasants and guinea fowls come almost to your tent door with an impudence that is too much for one who loves that kind of sport.

After crossing the Lubefu River we were in the Batetela country proper, the bulk of the tribes being found between the Lubefu and Lomami Rivers, having migrated westward from the Lualaba River. They are similar to the Zappo Zaps in that they are strong, warlike, cannibalistic and very immoral. Advancing into the country one is struck with the contrast of its agricultural products, its villages and its people with those of the Kasai District. The main article of diet seems to be millet. We passed through mile upon mile of millet fields without once seeing a corn patch or a manioc field until we arrived at Wemba-Niama, where we found very small patches of the manioc. We heard that corn and manioc are raised further on towards Katoko Kombe. The villages are cleaner, the houses larger and more substantially constructed than among the Baluba and Lulus. The houses are built in long straight rows with streets between, some of them as much as one hundred and fifty feet wide. Physically both men and women are largely framed. The average man seen along the route is six feet tall. In one village through which we were passing, six out of eleven men who came running to the path to see us stood over six feet in their bare feet. Wemba-Niama himself, like the first king of Israel, stands head and shoulders above his fellows. In his young days he must have presented a magnificent specimen of manly vigor and physical prowess. He is authoritative, dictatorial, tyrannical. He is the only hereditary chief in that immediate section. Two years ago he proudly named to Dr. Lambuth his forty-six

villages. To-day outwardly he rules over only his principal village which now contains scarcely 3,000 people, but he claims that the people at heart are all his. Why this change? The State has merely reduced his power, placing over his other villages ex-soldiers whom they can control. It seems to be a fixed policy of the State to reduce the authority and power of all the important large chiefs and even to play one against the other. From the viewpoint of the State it seems to be a wise policy for if several of the more powerful chiefs were to form a coalition against the State they could, to say the least, create a very ugly situation. The people, of course, do not like it, but submit because they have no other recourse. They seem to realize that the old order of things, murder, intertribal warfare and bloodshed, cannibalism and brute force is past. A new era is dawning. Civilization and Christianization are here and to stay. Whatever charges of atrocious crimes and sickening mal-administration may be laid at the door of Belgium, it is a fact that the Colonial Government is now making an honest endeavor to retrieve the past. Only when they replace the present type of administrators in the Congo with cleaner and nobler men will the real advance commence.

Roughly speaking the village of Wemba Niama is 185 miles northeast of Lusambo, has an altitude of 1,850 feet, is 4 degrees and 15 minutes south latitude, and 24 degrees 45 minutes east longitude. It is a model village in its plan and beautification. The chief's harem stands in the center. It is a compound about 75 yards square. His house consisting of three large rooms and several smaller ones is something like 80 feet long by 30 high. He has his own carpenter who, from several samples of his handiwork, does fair work. Radiating north, east, south and west from the compound are four principal streets, each over 150 feet wide. Various decorations of border grass and flowers are



to be seen. I was so astonished at the artistic planning of the village that I asked the chief whether some State officer had not assisted him. He seemed to be offended that I should bring his ability into question. He afterwards admitted that he had gotten his ideas from a State post, but insisted that he himself had executed the design. During our stay of ten days I learned to regard the old fellow as really possessing more than ordinary native intelligence. All the State officials wag their heads at the mention of Wemba Niama and declare that he is a shrewd politician, that he is playing a deep game and that when he finds that he cannot subserve the missionaries to his own purposes he will drop them sure and quick. He may have such ideas. Dr. Lambuth says that he has, in a remarkable way, fulfilled every promise made to him two years ago. We, who have seen him, who have listened to his earnest questionings about God, and his pathetic appeals to be taught to read that he may himself read God's word, who have noticed the openness and readiness of the Bateteia all along the route to receive the Gospel message, strongly believe and are persuaded that there is a power moving upon his heart stronger, nobler, purer than sordid, self-interested motives; a power that can cause him to cease brooding and pining over lost earthly possessions and make him rejoice and hope in the promise of an inheritance in the Heavenly kingdom that fadeth not away. That power is the Holy Spirit who has been breathing on this Kasai District and causing its dry bones to stir and become instinct with life. "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth," said the Ascending One. "Go ye therefore and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It is our duty to preach the word, to teach this nation, relying on the promised power to quicken and to save.

Back in the forties when Central Af-

rica was one vast unknown, unexplored tract, I have read that David Livingstone and his father-in-law, Moffat, were wont to climb the hills near the scene of their labors and, looking out o'er the grassy plains, hills and valleys, talk of and long for the time to come when those regions should be dotted with church spires and those plains, hills and valleys should ring with the praises of God from the throats of thousands and tens of thousands of redeemed savages. Start with me from the Pool and along the banks of the Kasai, Lulua and Sankuru Rivers, at State and Company posts, I will show you a line of churches, built by the natives, that stretches on to Luebo, to Ibanche, to Mutoto, to Sangulu and to Lusambo, and, were it within my power, I would gather into one great assembly the congregations from these hundreds of churches and you would hear ascending from literally ten thousand throats a great volume of praise and glory and honor to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne. But that which lifts up my soul is the fact that the line does not stop at Lusambo. It reaches on to Wemba Niama and soon, God willing, it shall extend even unto Nyangwe on the Lualaba, the furthest point north reached by Livingstone, which river he mistook to be the source of the Nile. The Methodists, Belgian Protestants and the Presbyterians now clasp hands over an area that will soon reach from Angola on the west to Rhodesia on the south, and to the various missionary societies reaching out from the great Congo River. What a prospect! What a responsibility!

February 11, 1914, will stand out in my experience as a red letter day, for it was on that day I was invited to participate in the organization of the first Methodist Church of the Congo. It was a unique and perhaps unparalleled service. A Methodist bishop, through a Presbyterian missionary interpreter, organizing a Presbyterian elder, a Presbyterian evangelist and eleven



other Presbyterian converts into a Methodist Church! Moreover, during that same hour, these thirteen native converts and the six missionaries pledged the entire support of the elder, who had that morning been licensed a local preacher, and the evangelist, thus at the very commencement of the work impressing upon the minds of all the vital principle and necessity of a self-supporting church.

In the first mission meeting Bishop Lambuth said, "It is our hope and purpose in founding and fostering this mission to follow as closely as possible the standards already set up by our Presbyterian friends." The natives know not the words "Presbyterian," "Methodist," they know all only as "Bena Mixon," the children of the Mission, in contrast with "Bena Mompe," the children of the Fathers (Catholics). We pray that in this land of sin and darkness the day may never come when the converts of the two societies shall begin to look upon each other with suspicion and to draw denominational lines. May we not pray, too, that the sweet spirit of Christian love, of comity and of co-operation which mark the beginning of our relations may never sound a discordant note? Again, it has become the burden of my prayers that the example of the two churches working so harmoniously for the redemption of the black race here may have such a reflex influence at home that they shall come together as never before in the negrounted purpose of emancipating the negro at their doors from the slavery of sin and satan.

You must take the brethren at Wemba Niama into your hearts even as you have taken us. Support them, lift them up out of their trials and difficulties by your daily intercessions for them. Although they begin their work under conditions far more favorable than Lapsley and Shepperd did, still they are pioneers; they have planted the banner of the Cross in the midst of a darkness blacker than night; they sit in

the midst of a savage tribe with fettered tongues which cannot be unloosed except through long, weary weeks and months of patient, laborious application to the acquisition of foreign language; they are more cut off from the outside world than we. Moreover, they face great physical danger, not from the former man-eating Wemba Niama, who has in his day slain twenty-seven white men and who laughingly told me that before the State came in he used to send his young braves towards the break of day into the villages of weaker tribes to steal human flesh for their noon-day meals, and that personally he preferred white flesh to black, but from the paw and teeth of the man-eating leopards! The day before our arrival a young girl, who had gone to the spring for water, became a sacrifice to one of these blood-thirsty beasts. Two nights later a leopard entered a native's house, seized the poor wretch, ate the flesh from the face, arms and chest and disemboweled him. We had been sleeping without guards in the lodging house of the State. We decided that it would be the better part of wisdom to have sentries. Two were secured and furnished with long knives. They were further warned to keep their fire bright and under no circumstances to fall asleep. They no doubt intended to follow instructions, but they did not; they fell asleep. Towards four o'clock of the morning we were awakened by fearful, agonizing cries. Seizing our loaded guns, we men rushed out, to be met by the two sentries rushing in, one of whom was bleeding freely from twenty wounds on his head, chest and back. While they slumbered and slept the leopard, hungry for his prey, crept up behind the men and leaped upon one with all fours. With the impact both slumberer and chair crashed to the ground. This circumstance, together with the united cries of the now thoroughly aroused men, evidently frightened the beast and prevented him from finishing the job. This happened with-

in ten feet of the veranda. The track measured four inches in width. During the rest of the week we sat on guard, two at a time, in the hope of killing at least one. Successive nights we tied out venison and young kids. Three nights we were rewarded with glimpses of three leopards, all rather small, but we did not get a fair shot at any of them.

The natives rarely attempt to kill the beasts. They believe in that section in the transmigration of the soul. It is not the leopard that slays and eats his victims, but the spirit of an enemy which has entered the beast. One night in a strange village, as we sat at supper, we were suddenly startled by the rushing forth of a dozen or more women bearing aloft flaming torches and crying out in high, shrill tones. We asked the meaning, and were told that these women had gone down to the spring, where several people had been killed by the leopards, to propitiate the

wooden image erected there and beg that he protect them from the evil spirit of the leopard.

As you pray for the protection of the missionaries, whose hearts are strong and brave, and who believe in Daniel's God, do not forget them among whom they dwell, whose lives are made up of one long succession of fears, dreads and superstitions.

It is rather a coincidence that while writing of the leopards a man should come with a baby leopard two days old. He fought with the old mother in the woods not ten miles from here, and she fled, leaving her young cub. Mr. McKinnon has bought it for five francs. It is a cunning little fellow about the size of a full grown cat, and doesn't look like it would grow to be so ferocious and blood-thirsty as to feed on human flesh. Perhaps the Lord has sent it to us in order that we may the better explain away the superstitions of the natives.

### DO YOU KNOW?

1. In what two funds have been donated for hospitals?
2. Why our Shorter Catechism should commend itself to the Chinese?
3. What noble characteristic was shown in Miss Chen's life?
4. Whose "silver anniversary" was recently celebrated in Hangchow? What other anniversary was celebrated?
5. Who was put in an abandoned tile kiln?
6. What Dr. Mott's statement with regard to fifty men who know how to make intercessory prayer, was?
7. If Korea needs our help any more?
8. Of a beautiful missionary life laid down?
9. Of a suggested church union in Africa?
10. Who proved himself a hero?

### REPORT OF TAKAMATSU STATION, FIRST QUARTER, 1914.

By MRS. S. M. ERICKSON.

**F**OUR adults and one infant have been baptized since the beginning of the year. The four who made profession of their faith were all young people, who live in the neighboring city of Marugame. We have had a chapel at this place for many years, and quite a number of people have been

baptized there, but we feel that it is still a much neglected field. We are praying and planning for a larger work and hope that the time will soon come when a missionary can be stationed there. It is a city of thirty-five thousand people, and he would find far more than one man's work to do. The