PARKER, BISHOP AND MRS. EDWIN W.
Parker, Lois S. (Mrs. Edwin W.)

see Woman's Missionary Friend, Aug. 1925, p. 233-4
Dear Brother:

The Secretaries have constant need of the information asked for in this circular. It was sent to all our foreign missionaries in 1896, and the replies are on file. But new missionaries go to the field, and additional information is needed from those who kindly made response five years ago.

Will you fill out the blanks for yourself and family and return to this office promptly?

Yours sincerely,

THE MISSIONARY SECRETARIES.

(Please answer these questions AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE with the data at hand.)

1. Place and date of answer. Moradabad, India, July 16th, 1902

2. Full name of missionary and date of birth. Lois E. Parker, July 9th, 1834

3. Nationality. American

4. Date of appointment to our work. 1858


6. Date of departure from home to engage in our work. April 15, 1859

7. Date of arrival on the mission field. August 21, 1859

8. Has service under this Society been continuous since your first appointment? If not, when, why, and how long was it interrupted?


11. Employment at the present time

12. Date of marriage

13. Wife's full name

14. Date of wife's birth

15. Children's full names and date of birth respectively (and date of death, if any have died)

RETURN HOME.

16. Names of persons returning, dates, and reasons of return (if more than one return state these particulars in each case)

17. Dates of leaving to return to the field, and names of persons returning

18. Name and address of person who is your representative in the United States in family matters

19. Code name to indicate said representative in cable messages
FINANCIAL.

20. Salary, past and present...

21. Received this year for children...

22. Special aid asked, dates and amounts...

23. Aid granted, dates and amounts...

24. Outgoing expenses each time...

25. Home-coming expenses each time...

26. Home salary, for self and family...

27. Name and address of person who is your representative in the United States in business matters...

28. Code name to indicate said representative in cable messages...
Dear Sir Leonard,

I have ridden out to
the garden, there is
nothing to be seen
there. Can you be
here to lunch to-day
or shall I come to
you? The weather
seems very pleasant.
There's a small island
in the middle of the
lake.

I cannot ride the other
afternoon.

Yours very truly,

[Signature]
I am not able to understand the text on this page. It appears to be a series of handwritten notes or characters.
The small band of Christian Workers of Haridwar assembled at the home of Mrs. L.S. Parker, on Monday the 16th instant to celebrate her 82nd birthday. After a brief service of thanksgiving conducted by the Rev. Prot Singh, the District Superintendent, tea and cakes were served, and Mrs. Parker shook hands and talked with each one of her friends and co-workers present. Mrs. Parker in spite of her old age is active and full of life, and does her work as usual. Her eyesight and memory are remarkable for her age. The work of the Haridwar District says it is a benediction to have her in their midst. Bishop Thomson and Mrs. Parker are now the only survivors of the missionary party which arrived on August 29th, 1889. May they be spared long in our midst.

Mrs. Lois S. Parker, widow of Bishop E.W. Parker, of India, went to India in 1859, in a large company of which she and Bishop Thomson were the only survivors. Her eightieth birthday was fitfully observed at Naini Tal, India, Mrs. Easton, of the Girls’ High School, being the chief spirit in the arrangements. Mrs. Parker, as guest of honor, Bishop Warner and family, together with several of the oldest missionaries, were entertained at the school. On Thursday afternoon, July 9, over a hundred friends, adjourned, and smiled, offered their congratulations to the old lady; sat down to refreshments and finished the evening listening to a very entertaining concert given by the school. Among the guests was the Governor, Sir James Watson, who asked for an invitation for himself and Lady Watson.
### Centenary Standing

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**Total:** $1,273,589

### XE STANDING

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**Total:** $1,273,589

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Fifteen Districts "Over the Top"

Olean District, Genesee Conference,

...
J. W. Robinson, who made a brief statement regarding its history and purpose.

The Isabella Thoburn High School is the oldest daughter of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been founded by Mrs. Thoburn, at the request of Indian Christians, on April 18, 1854, near the Amilabad bazaar. This first school had an enrollment of six girls. When the school was moved to its present site, Mrs. Thoburn and those associated with her thought the buildings they erected would last for sixty or seventy-five years. They were women of great faith, but even their faith did not foresee how soon the number of girls would outgrow those buildings.

"During the Indian Mission Jubilee of 1900-1907, Mrs. Stevens, who was here from the Baltimore Branch, received the suggestion that this new building, which must be provided soon, should be made a memorial to Mrs. Parker. Mrs. Stevens acted upon the suggestion, and with the hearty support of Mr. Thomas, the official correspondent for North India, the plan was perfected. The building, completed, with its furniture, represents a cost of a little and ten thousand rupees over $36,000, of which 60,000 ($30,000) has been given by the government.

"In making this building a memorial to Mrs. Parker, the Society is honoring her who is largely responsible for the existence of that Society. For it was Mrs. Parker who, on March 29, 1869, with a few other faithful women, organized the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It is unnecessary for brick and stone to speak Mrs. Parker's name, for all over the land influences are felt that will make the name of Parker fragrant for generations to come. Our object then, in giving her name to this building, is to show that we love and honor her. There is a tendency to let the deeds of our friends go unrecorded until their death, and then heap cut flowers upon their coffins to show our regard. We are glad to honor Mrs. Parker while she is still with us. May a double portion of the spirit that brought Mrs. Parker from her home to labor here fall upon every girl who enters the portals of this institution."

Mrs. Parker responded with an address in which all were impressed by her strength and vigor. She told a little of the founding of the Society, and expressed deep gratitude for two things:

"First, for the privilege I have had of more than fifty years of service in India, and second, for the great changes I have seen, especially in female education."

"I have been in contact with people whose language was different from mine. I have taught two hundred and fifty village girls the alphabet, as they sat on a mat. I had no vision then of the necessity for a high school, much less a college. The contrast between that mat and this building shows the progress made in the education of women."

"The influence of Miss Thoburn still lives throughout India. Her teaching that all who go out from her may go ready for Christian service is my prayer today. There are wonderful opportunities now, with wide-open doors all about. There is a strong call for educated young men to devote their lives to winning souls for Christ. The greatest sadness that befall me this year was when some village men came to ask me to send a Christian messenger to their wives, and I had to refuse, for there was no one to send."

"We need the spirit of Phoebe Ryan and Lilian Smith, that she may have many more years..."
to the school in Peking. There she was almost beside herself with grief at the news of the death in England of Mrs. Wood and tormented herself, helped on by her schoolmates, with the thought that her own troubles had been the cause of this death. There were four years when her life was unfairly uneventful and then came the next trouble.

During the summer preceding the Boxer trouble, many Christian Chinese families flocked together for the sake of protection. Some of the families that came to live in the courtyard where Chin Chu was staying, consisted of a father and his son and daughter. Now these three children, all in their early teens, were thrown together a good deal. The boy was a boy, even if he was a Chinese boy, and shouldn’t have known that there was such a person as a girl in existence. He became attracted to this quiet, self-possessed girl and the next year, when he was writing to the old woman who had the care of her, he sent her a message of greeting, a most un-Chinese-like thing to do! And she—oh, listen to the tale!—she sent a message back! Late one summer she visited in their home, and though the boy, then a youth of seventeen was seldom at home, yet he nervously did not lose any of his early interest, and perhaps used his wayward eyes as proper Chinese youths should not do. When she was in the Peking School, one day he heard, through his sister, also in the school, that Chin Chu wanted certain books. Accordingly he sent them to her with a very decorous note to the Chinese matron of the school. Now as it chanced, this woman had a daughter whom she was anxious to betroth to this boy, whose name was En Tsing. Accordingly she thought this a good opportunity to further her own ends by getting rid of the girl of whom she was jealous. So she told her to write a note of acknowledgment, and then, with the two notes, she went to the principal of the school with these proofs that the girl had broken one of the strictest rules of the school. The girl, with her usual self-accusing silence, said nothing in her defense and accordingly was expelled at this, the end of her second year of high school. She went back down to her childhood’s home where the second Mrs. Wood was now living, and there she began to teach a day school.

When the young man heard what had occurred, he immediately asked permission to marry her, which was denied him. “No,” said the father, “no son of mine shall marry a slave girl!” Boys in China mind their fathers as long as they live so there was nothing to be done but submit. The girl heard of it, and was comforted; but her troubles were not yet over.

(to be continued)

The Lois Parker Memorial

By Harriet Finch, Lucknow, India

The opening of the Lois Parker building of the Isabella Thoburn High School, on May 1, was a unique event, in that Mrs. Parker was herself present to respond to the tributes paid her.

This building, which represents the love and sacrifice of thousands of women in the homeland, is a princely gift to the education of the girls of India. It occupies the site of the old building, which had long been outgrown by its big family. In addition to a large assembly room, it contains twenty-three rooms, twelve of which are for the twelve grades of the school, and the rest for special purposes. The wide verandas that surround the building furnish space for calisthenics, and serve to keep the rooms cool during the heated term of the year.

A number of rooms bear in brass plates on the doors the names of special donors, but besides these, there are a host of others whose faith and prayers are wrought into the building, and who share in the joy of this gift to their sisters of the East. In the assembly hall hangs a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Lois Parker, with whom the building will be forever associated. What this building stands for can be best understood from the words of Bishop
serrated young women who will say, 
‘Here am I; send me. I don't care for the 
salary, nor how I live, so long as I can 
serve God.’ I wish that all these girls 
might have the joy of service that I have 
had in trying to do something for India.”

Tributes were paid to Mrs. Parker by 
some of her fellow-missionaries. Bishop 
J. E. Robinson told how, on his first arrival 
in India, he received a welcome into the 
Parker household. Bishop Warne reminded 
us that Mrs. Parker is the senior living 
effective missionary of our church.

At the close of the program, Bishop 
Warne pronounced the words that com-
pleted the formal opening: “In behalf of 
the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society 
of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 
behalf of the womanhood of India, and in 
the name of the Father, Son and Holy 
Spirit, I now declare that the Lois Parker 
High School is open.”

After inspecting the building, the guests 
gathered on the upper verandah to watch a 
drill done by eighty of the high school girls 
on the lawn.

The usual closing exercises were then 
held on the main lawn, and Miss Davis 
presented the high school report. The 
total enrollment for the year has been 208, 
of whom 145 have been boarders. Five 
Hindu girls have been with us as boarders, 
with special arrangements for food. There 
are also five Mohammedan girls as regular 
boarders. Many more attend as day-
scholars.
must have been in the company I was permitted to share. I had indeed one of the great times of my life.

Then, one day in the midst of it all, I slipped on some muddy ground. There was a ripple of laughter from the girls as I fell, but the instant they saw I was hurt their faces sobered and took on an expression of the deepest concern. The nurses hurried to my side and slipping off my shoe, began daintily and gently massaging the aching ankle. Opening the box of medicine they had brought with them for the relief of the sick and suffering along the way, they took out lint, bandages and quickly made me as comfortable as possible.

When it became evident that I must return at once to Kinkiang, our Chinese man helper hurried away to find a sedan chair. We were right out in the open country, far from any town large enough to possess any such luxury, and it seemed as if the search would prove fruitless.

But our Chinsman realizing our need was great, would not give up. He hurried from village to village until he finally found a farmer who owned the desired article. It was a rickety old affair that looked as if a puff of wind would blow it to pieces, but to its owner it was a treasured possession which, however, he gladly loaned for the use of the suffering foreign lady. Moreover, he and a neighboring farmer consented to leave their work and act as chair bearers. This meant real sacrifice on their part, for it was a very busy season. Heavy rains had fallen and might begin wheelbarrow. In spite of my protestations, she insisted on seeing me safely home. The girls were to be left behind to continue the work, until Miss Hughes joined them the next day. They begged us to pray for them, then stood, a subdued little group, waving us goodbye, as our queer procession moved along the narrow ridge between the paddy fields. These farmers were not accustomed to chair carrying and in nearly every village we passed through, they were obliged to set the chair down and rest, but always lowered it very gently so as to avoid a jar. Their shoulders soon became pitifully red and chafed, but there was never a word of complaint; instead, as they wiped their dripping faces, they would turn to me with such kind reassuring smiles that they seemed positively beautiful.

My chair, when first caught sight of by the village people, was a great puzzle to them. When viewed from the front, where the white sheet was a conspicuous object, it was taken for a mourner’s chair, but when looked upon from the rear, with the red quilt hanging over the back, all said, “Surely this is a bride’s chair.” As soon as it was known that I was hurt, the sympathy expressed by these simple folk was most touching. Indeed the women and girls understood only too well from their own sad experience what it is to suffer in the feet. The man who pushed Miss Hughes’s wheelbarrow, hearing her talk to a crowd on the evils of footbinding (for whenever we stopped for five minutes, she began preaching), it is her way, you know,
IT is away up on the mountain side where Wellesley sits breathing hospitality. Sunshine over all, deely clouds and blue skies mirroring themselves in the lake beneath, crowds of people by two and by threes and by bigger companies brightening the roads leading down and leading up, all bound for one spot that is what you might have seen had it been your good fortune to be a guest that day, the ninth day of June, nineteen hundred and fourteen, at our popular girls' school in Naini Tal.

Missionaries came, everybody who could get there, and friends who were not missionaries were only too glad of an invitation. One, Sir James Merton, the lieutenant governor of the province, wrote especially to ask for an invitation; for, when a young man, he had known our senior missionary and ever since has prized her friendship. He "honored her religion," he said, and admired her genius." Other dignitaries were present, Archdeacon Chapman and Mrs. Chapman among them.

For this is a great and never-to-be-repeated day. Today Mrs. Lois Parker is eighty years old, more than that she has been a missionary fifty-five good years, and is still as vigorous as many a younger woman who to-day greets her with love and reverence. There she sits by the side of her hostess, Miss Easton, who more than two

years ago celebrated her eightieth birthday anniversary, as they together receive the greetings of the guests. Bright and alert and smiling she sits, crowned with the dainty white cap which we have not been used to seeing upon her head, but which suits her well.

It is usual on occasions as notable as this to have a set program with addresses and speeches of more or less interest, according to the performers, but today there are to be none. Everybody is free to mingle without constraint with the company, chatting with old friends and greeting new ones, and the hour passes so very quickly that we are almost reluctant to move to the chapel where a wonderful lunch is spread for our cheer. And then we all troop down to the music hall on the terrace below to listen to a delightful program by the girls of Wellesley. The first number (not on the program) is a song of congratulation to Mrs. Parker by a crew of captivating little girls.

No wonder that several persons were overheard afterwards expressing the fervent hope that they might celebrate their eightieth birthdays at Wellesley.

It seemed to us who were there that nothing was needed to make the day a perfect one. Nature herself, smiling and bright, and all the more charming because for days she had been weeping with such abandon, joined hands with mortals to make the day we celebrated all that heart could wish.

For a week Wellesley had been the scene of an abounding hospitality, for a house party had been in progress, to which a number of specially favored ones were selected, old friends who gathered there had opportunity for much good fellowship, and could do much to help in the preparations for the festival. It was all Miss Easton's own plan. She had been thinking it out ever since, at her own eightieth birthday celebration, she had told Mrs. Parker she would give her a party on her coming to four-score years.

There were no speeches, but slips had been sent to a large number of missionaries who inscribed upon them their greetings, and then these were bound into a thick volume which I am certain will be, to her for whom it was lovingly prepared, the most precious among her gifts.

The next day Mrs. Parker returned to her work in Ileso which she had only left for the few brief days that included the house party and the birthday. Her vigor in being able to do it the journey is no less one must have been the envy of younger women.

How proud we are of our veteran missionary! Is there any other in any mission field, man or woman, who can boast a like term of service! Fifty-five full years and still in the harness at fourscore! We look upon her as the mother of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and we love and admire her sweet and gracious womanhood. May she have yet many years of service before she is called up yonder where her life's companion awaits her!
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND

OCTOBER

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND

The missionary at last told them that unless they would sell all and end the controversy by tearing down their house and removing it, she would do it with her own hands, after a date named. She did it—but only a few minutes of a very mild pretence at pulling down the house, sufficed. They moved out, and built again very near our boundary on the outside.

This was five years ago. The consumptive has been in fairly good health most of the time since, and always says that his days were lengthened through the grace of the Lord Jesus in answer to prayer, but now he is again suffering a very severe attack of that dread disease, which certainly threatens to be the last.

Not many days ago a Bible woman, who has been faithful in urging the claims of the Saviour whenever she met the family, went in to inquire how the sick man fared, and found him very low. She asked him if she might prepare some eggs for him to eat. He said that he had been years since he ate eggs, and that he had so longed for them, but was afraid to eat them.

Some time later she went in again (indeed she called almost every day on her ministry of mercy) and when the sick man heard her voice she said, "You have come again, have you, Mrs. Wu?"

He told her that that day he had seen something wonderful. He said, "I closed my eyes and I saw Jesus. He said to me, 'I sent someone to prepare food for you and you were afraid to take it.' I talk with Jesus a great deal now, and pray to him to save my soul."

Mrs. Wu told him that the eggs she had bought for him were still at his command, and if he wanted them now she would prepare them. He gratefully accepted her kindness, apologizing for the trouble he takes us something over three years to reach all the villages and towns in which our more-than-twenty-thousand Christians live. Of course there are preachers and teachers who visit the people, but the force is always small compared with the field.

"If you were not able to read, how much would you know of Jesus, if you only heard a parable or a miracle or a few facts from his life or a few points in his doctrine once in months, or in some cases, especially among non-Christians, once in years? It is not an easy thing in America to lead an old man or woman to Christ, even though the only root that holds them from him is love of the world. As the proverb says, "That which did not bend at five will not be bent at fifty,"—still less at sixty or seventy. When a soul in India is held down, not by one root only but by many roots, who is sufficient to deliver it? Only He who overturns the mountains by the roots." So says Miss Carmichael, and we agree.

Someone has said, "I can no more convert a soul than create a star," and when I realize how the Indian people from every direction are turning to Christ I feel with Isaiah, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the Lord, the Lord of hosts." It is God's work, and with it we seem to have comparatively little to do.

Living in Indian houses and adapting myself, in a measure at least, to the life around, I am amazed at the complexity of our western life—a thing I certainly did not fully appreciate. What would you think if you saw black gloves on a person's hands for the first time? The women looked at mine and said, "She has colored her hands this morning." But when I proceeded to remove the "color" they said, "Oh, it's only a bag she wears!"

Amaraji has told me of the first train that came to Bareilly years ago. When the people saw the engine they thought it was the goddess Kali, and the police had to restrain them from throwing their children before it. They brought it enormous quantities of sweets and sacrificed goats to the "goddess" and called the railway station the house of the goddess. Free passage was offered to anyone who would ride on the train. The Mohammedans were the bravest, and first tried the new thing. Later, when the Hindus saw nothing happened to their neighbors, they also had a ride.

Village hospitality is very pleasant to see. The women often come out to meet us, or they go on ahead to announce our coming, get out the rope beds for us to sit upon and (if they are Christians) call in their non-Christian neighbors. So, very soon after our arrival, all the Christians and a large number of non-Christians are assembled.

At district conference we all learned to sing the popular song, "King Jesus has come," and now all over the district the village people have learned it and are singing it joyfully. We sing and talk and have prayer, and before we leave we visit each Christian house to see if there are any signs of idolatry or superstition. Among
Lois S. Parker: An Exemplar of “The One Thing”

BISHOP BAYLEY THOMAS BUCKLEY

The life of Mrs. Lois S. Parker was more than distinguished—it was illustrious. In the nature of things, it can be possible for very few to have such a share in any enterprise as was hers in the establishment of the work of the Methodist Episcopal church in India. While the phenomenal length of her nearly sixty-six years of service attracts special attention, the quality of her work and the significance of her achievements are equally remarkable.

Comming with her husband to India in 1899, Mrs. Parker had a prominent share in laying the foundation of our work both in evangelistic and educational matters. When, out in the villages in the region of Bijnow, Mrs. Parker gathered a few girls about her and began teaching them to read and write, using the sand of the ground as her blackboard, curious Hindu men gathered and enquired what she was doing. When told by her that she was teaching them to read and write, they retorted with a sneer, “You will next be teaching our cows to read and write.” Mrs. Parker lived to see the day when repeatedly, in the government examinations, girls stood higher than boys. She saw established in the province the first college for women in all Asia, her own honoured name being given to the High School building of that institution. She witnessed the establishment of madras schools for Muslim girls in cities of the province, and heard the increasing demand on the part of Hindus and Mohammedans for compulsory primary education.

Mrs. Parker and her husband were leaders in the movement in 1889 that led to the establishment of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society. She not only lived to share in the fiftieth anniversary of the Society, but for some years before that event and for six years after it, she remained the only survivor of the group of seven Methodist women who in Boston on March 23rd, 1830 took the step that brought this unique and marvellously successful Missionary Society into existence. The event stands as one of outstanding importance in the long career of Mrs. Parker, and though the service in connection with it was rendered at the Home Base, nothing more valuable to the cause of missions and to the India work was ever accomplished by her.

Mrs. Parker was singularly devoted to the “one thing.” She had no “outside” interests. From 1879 to 1925 she thought only of Christ’s kingdom in India, she worked ceaselessly for it and lived wholly for it. Nothing that related to its success was foreign to her interests. Even after her surprising recovery from the serious illness that kept her so close to death’s door from near the close of last year until April of this year, she was thinking of and planning only for “the work.” A letter from her dated Barrackpore, May 14th, 1925, is characteristic of her unchanging concern for the cause of her Lord in this land. After a paragraph on personal matters, and another telling of her illness and recovery, she takes up the subject of her work, and her plans:

“My wish is to spend my remaining days on earth among the people I know and love. My heart is there and I know the people there and the work there as no one else does. I have not been allowed to go there yet (Hardoi) for fear I couldn’t have proper care. It is not much that I require these days. I will wait and see what the Lord’s will may be. Pray for me that I may be guided to do that which will help most in the work we all love so much. It is a privilege to live in these days of the ‘New Era.’”

Her reference to the “New Era” brings out another interesting side of her life and character. Mrs. Parker was ever alert. She was progressive, and always looking out for everything that would advance the cause. Increasing years did not dull her interest in affairs or make her feel out of date. She kept abreast of things and was glad to move forward with the onward march of events. When as General Secretary of the Epworth League in this field, I published any new booklet or printed help for the young people’s work, among the first orders invariably was one from Mrs. Parker. She read the church papers and knew what was happening in our world-wide work. Yet there are some missionaries of our church in India who scarcely find time to read the “Indian Witness”!

Bishop Parker and Mrs. Parker were both hard workers. They wrought not only faithfully but constantly. In this respect they have had no superiors in the work of our mission in India. They were not, however, in any sense fanatical. In the hot weather, the midday rest was as regularly taken as chhati hara. Their contacts with life were normal and their interests were broad. It was always good to meet them.

The Parkers were both very fond of children, and were frequently called upon to speak to them in public meetings. My earliest recollection of them is when as a boy of six I met them at Almora when they had come to “Epworth.” This was within a hundred yards or so of the spot where I now sit writing. Forty-three years have not robbed memory of the fragrance of the fresh earth that the stalwart Parker turned up as he helped me to dig the road that runs on the north side of “Epworth,” or of the nasturtiums that Mrs. Parker loved. As far back as the recollection of any of our missionaries now in upper India can go, Mrs. Parker has been to us all, and to some of us, in a very special and dear sense, “Auntie Parker.”

We can all work with greater fidelity and enthusiasm because Mrs. Parker has toiled so long among us. Her love and zeal have made Hindustan a still more holy land for us. It is fitting that her body should rest in Bareilly, where Indian Methodism baptized her first convert in India—the first of that great multitude in our Church that now numbers near half a million. As often as we think of her, whatever the years may bring, all of us who have been privileged to love her and to have her love, will instantly feel our “hearts are brave again and arms are strong.”
THE INDIAN WITNESS
June 17, 1885

F. P.

A Plea for Preaching.

From the Presidential address of Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bombay, to the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

If even evangelical preaching is to be effective, there must be passion in it. I cannot myself imagine anybody preaching the gospel of the Cross in a cool, detached way. Preaching is not the reading of a nice, correct little essay. Preaching is the proclamation of the most amazing message that ever fell upon mortal ears. We have not begun to preach until the fire in our hearts has kindled an answering fire in the hearts of those who listen to us. I happened in a recent sermon to refer to a volume of sermons just issued by a Scottish preacher. A friend of mine who heard the reference wrote to a friend of his who happened to live in the same town as the preacher, asking his opinion of him. The answer came back that he was an excellent preacher, but "too intense for my taste!" Too intense! I wonder what that superior person would have said of St. Paul, passing from land to land like a flame, spending himself out for souls, crying, in the passion of his soul, to King Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, might become such as I!" Too intense! Nobody can be too intense in preaching this Gospel. It is more intensity in the preaching of it that I desire. Passionless preaching is powerless preaching. Coolness in the pulpit creates coldness in the pew. But who can be cool when preaching the Gospel of deliverance and redemption?

The three mightiest preachers the world has ever known—judging by the effects produced by them—were Paul and Luther and John Wesley. The secret of the power of all of them was a mighty passion born of a great experience. Paul went through the world preaching the gospel of redemption from sin and death through Christ. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," was the mighty message he proclaimed. And he himself was the proof and verification of his gospel. "If I am not a liar—" he used to add, I am chief." Luther's gospel centred in the same place—it was a gospel of forgiveness through the free grace of God. And it was his own experience of forgiveness that constrained him to preach. Luther might have remained a droning monk in a German monastery to the end of his days, and the world might never have known his name, had it not been that one day he had the tremendous experience of knowing himself forgiven and redeemed man. That experience lent such passion and power to his preaching that he revitalised religion in half Europe. John Wesley's gospel was the gospel of the grace of God to sinful men. It was preached out of his own experience of Christ's saving and releasing power. As he listened, in the little meeting-house in Aldersgate street, to the reading of the essay to the Epistle to the Galatians, he felt his heart "strangely warmed," and entered into the assurance that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins—even his. He might have remained a prim and respectable curate all his days but for that great experience. It was that "warming of the heart," that personal experience of Christ's redeeming love and power that made him the mightiest preacher this land has known.
The Last of the ‘Immortal Eight.’

Bishop F. W. Warne.

I rejoiced for Mrs. Parker on the receipt of a telegram announcing her promotion to heavenly service. For years she has earnestly longed to join her beloved husband in his service “over there,” and now her desire has been gratified. Never can I forget my last interview with Bishop Parker, I was permitted to be the first to see him in the morning. As I entered the sick room, though he was unable to raise his head, his countenance was all illumined with heavenly joy because of sight vision from his Saviour. He at once began, “I have been given a new appointment.” In wonder I asked, “what is it?” He answered, “To train the Christians from India, who have had little chance on earth, for higher and yet higher realms of glory.” The full story is that his Saviour visited him in the night and gave him the choice of remaining longer on earth in sickness, or of entering on this new work. He had chosen the latter. Is there anything in scriptural revelation to cause us to doubt the truth of his vision? Should this be his heavenly service, and who can doubt that it is, with what boundless joy will Mr. Parker join him? How infinitely larger will be her sphere of service than that in Hardoi, which she so dearly loved? How can I forget hearing Mrs. Parker tell of their first three years in India! Of how “we went to Lucknow, Shahjahanpur, Budon, Bareilly, Moradabad, Bijnor, Naini Tal and Faunia, and everywhere met only angry faces, not an Indian Christian in all this northern land.” Then who that knows Mrs. Parker has not heard her exultantly tell of the marvelous and miraculous changes she has seen—Indian Christians by the hundreds of thousands. Neither can we fail to remember the very large part she and her devoted husband had in the organization of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society. She was the last of the “immortal eight.” Try to imagine what it meant to her to see that Society with its ministering service encircling the earth. Who beside Mrs. Parker, in India, and around the world has been permitted to witness such marvelous triumphs from such small beginnings, in which she and her translated husband were among the chief originators?

As missionaries we do not, at Mrs. Parker’s departure, have to “Sorrow as those who have no hope.” for all these wonders that she has seen are but a brief earthly prelude to her mansions and mission in service in glory for endless ages. Amid all the society and associations of the heavenly world. We who are left have a divine right to rejoice in the heavenly reunion of “the Parkers,” and each in his place to be inspired anew to “Be faithful unto death,” that we each, in our turn, may also receive our “crown of life.”

The Last Days of Mrs. Parker

J. N. West.

It has frequently been remarked that Mrs. Parker seemed to be almost as wonderful in her death as in her life. There seemed to be in her physical make-up such strength—reminding one of the granite hills of “New England” where she was born—that she put up a great battle for life. It was thus with her sainted husband Bishop Edwin W. Parker who passed away in Naini Tal just twenty-four years ago. They were like two great strong trees that had sunk their roots deep into India and would not easily be displaced. She was very near death’s door three months ago, and then gradually and to the surprise of everybody she seemed to take on new life and improved to such an extent that she was allowed to attend the Graduation Exercises of the Theological Seminary in Bareilly. She had a great ambition to return to Hardoi and complete some “work” that she felt was there for her to do and she definitely planned for this, when just within a step of being ninety-one years of age. But a fall occurred when she was attempting to walk alone and her arm was broken. She then began to think that she was near her end.

She was in a dying condition for three days but breathed her last on the morning of Monday, June 1st, 1925 at 2:45 o’clock. A simple funeral service was held at the Clara Swain Hospital on Monday morning and then she was laid away to rest in the beautiful cemetery by the side of fellow missionaries, Dr. Knowles, Dr. Bare, Dr. Rockey, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Blackstock, Miss English.

A life like that of Auntie Parker from beginning to end speaks so loud that any tributes at funeral or memorial seem faint. She lives today in thousands of lives in India.

As Bishop Parker in his last days was dictating to the writer a letter to be sent to the Conference he said, “Tell them to take good care of Auntie Parker—I know they will.” These words verified in all the long years since in the love and honour in which she was held have had their crown and consummation in the faithful, tender loving care of fellow missionaries, doctor and nurses who all smoothed and soothed her last days on earth.
She arrived in India in November 1922 when the Central Provinces Conference was in session at Raipur. Her appointment for two years was to work in Raipur Girls' Boarding School, and time was allotted for language study. She finished the two years' course in Hindi with much credit. At the last session of the Conference she was appointed to the Boarding School and took over full responsibility in January.

She gave herself unreservedly to her work, developing plans for both the hostel and educational departments and studying the needs of the individual girls in order to further the growth of their Christian characters.

The missionary group grieve that her work was cut short yet the Heavenly Father does all things well and He permitted her to depart. A beautiful life of self-sacrifice and loving service has gone from us. We miss the happy smile, the quiet earnestness and the joyous eagerness that endeared her to her co-labourers.

Her home church gave her a Local Preacher's license before she left for India and it has been renewed each year by the Raipur District Conference. She was interested in all kinds of Christian work.

The sympathies of Miss Ovenhouse's India friends go out to her parents and to her brother and sister. May they find comfort in the memory of her beautiful life, her devoted service and her faith in God.

The Cut A Blessing?

C. H. Conley

Please observe, the title is a question, not a statement. In the Ahmedabad district it meant removing a number of workers who had recently entered a new field, where hundreds of villages have seldom, if ever, been reached with the Gospel message; and where for the present at least, the victory seems to have been won by the enemy.

It meant closing a number of schools and Sunday-schools, leaving Christian children to grow up in ignorance, and also leaving the communities with no pastor who could regularly administer to their needs.

All workers have had a fifteen per cent reduction in their salaries, and for the most part have suffered willingly, as they realize that it is their duty to sacrifice in this emergency. But they will not be happy to continue thus for more than a year, and must not be expected to do so. Unless relief comes next year, the morale will suffer greatly.

But what about the opportunity to push self-support? Well, the Centenary gave that opportunity and the push has been made, about to the limit. The increase in giving has been over a hundred per cent in five years, and the average is five rupees a family per year. More rapid development along this line cannot be expected, and should not be asked of a Church so young and so poor.

And to say that the cut gave opportunity to dismiss workers who were not satisfactory, only means a confession of inefficiency in former administration. Having so confessed, we must still point out that some had to go, who were really valuable men, and we want them back again. But getting them back may be not so easy when they are settled in other work. Some will never come. And recruiting, always difficult, may, as the result of the cut, be far more difficult in the next few years.

As a matter of fact, we are slow to realize the extent of the calamity. Perhaps we were dazed by it. Even if the amount of the cut be next year fully restored it will still take years to recover from the set-back and regain the lost ground. Some of damage can never be repaired. We desperately needed a twenty-five per cent increase. A thirty-five per cent cut was in no wise a blessing.
THE ONLY SURVIVING FOUNDER
OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN
MISSIONARY SOCIETY

It is a noteworthy fact that the only survivor of the eminent group of ladies who founded the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1859 is still a missionary in active service in India, as she had been for ten years when, at home on furlough, she met with the other ladies and helped organize the society in Boston.

Mrs. Parker was the wife of the late

Dr. E. W. Parker, afterward Bishop Parker. They went out to India in 1859, three years after Dr. and Mrs. Butler, the pioneer missionaries of our Methodist Episcopal Church in India, and only two years after the famous Sepoy rebellion. To have been for fifty-eight years continuously in service on the firing line of missionary effort, and still in the active harness at the age of eighty-three, is perhaps the most unique experience in our Methodism. Mrs. Parker is not able to be present at the General Executive meeting in Detroit, but she is held in most affectionate esteem, and the greetings of the gathering will be sent to her.

Ninety Years Old—Still Busy

NINETY years old, sixty-six years on the field, still connected with the Board and in service, Mrs. Lois Parker writes from India:

"I wonder if I ever properly thanked you for putting that notice in Missionary News that I wanted pictures. I have received such a nice lot of many kinds, all useful. Up to date I have acknowledged all I have received with a few words of thanks and greetings. I thought that better than thanks in the paper. At our District Conference we had a Sunday school meeting and at the close, the District Superintendent called forward the nine preachers in charge in the circuit, and I had the pleasure of giving to each a big picture roll and a bundle of smaller pictures such as they could use in their work.

"The next day I was at home to the local preachers, Bible women and others, and all carried back bundles to use in their work, so the pictures are in many places and I have a good stock for future use.

"My hobby is pictures and Christian literature, as all know who come in my office; even the postman looks to see what new thing I have to give him.

"When I arrived in India, in 1859, there was not much demand for literature, even for men, and none for women in the part of the country to which we were sent. When I was permitted to enter a home, the first question the women asked was: 'What is that in your hand?' I replied: 'It is a book.' 'What is a book?' was their next question: 'we have never seen books.' It was hard to explain the use of books, as no woman in that part of the country had learned to read. When schools were opened and some women and girls had learned to read, we found that there was nothing suitable for women to be had in all the literature of India.

"Lady missionaries, seeing this condition, began to prepare simple stories. Mrs. Mallens in Calcutta and Mrs. Humphreys in our mission were pioneers in this work; also the 'A. L. O. E.' and others in other parts of the country. Then, in our mission came the Woman's Friend, in Urdu and Hindi. One argument I used for the establishment of a woman's college was the need of educated Indian ladies to prepare literature for Christian and non-Christian women. I am glad that I have lived to see this want met. I am constantly met with requests from women of all classes for something new to read. So the preparation of literature for women is one of the most important departments of mission work.

"By literature, women in their secluded homes, in far-away places, are learning of the Gospel message, as well as of many things of the outside world. Thanks to the government and missions for providing so many schools for women and girls; so that, now, not many can be found who have not seen books!"
Five Life Service Recruits

Sacramento Mexican Methodists are preparing for leadership in the future. A service was held during the year in the small Mexican church at which the invitation for life service was given. Two young women and three young men responded immediately to the invitation, pledging themselves to prepare for intelligent service. As a fulfillment of this promise, Consuelo Flores and Pita Zarza have just entered the San Francisco National Training School. The young men are planning to enter the Plaza Christian Training School, Los Angeles.

Their First Ride

Some of our frontier missionaries work long distances from the railroad, and although the number of young people whom they serve in any given community is not large, the needs are just as urgent. Last year a home mission pastor on one of our frontier fields, one hundred miles from the railroad, arranged to send several of his young people to an Epworth League Institute. They attended the institute and for the first time in their lives had the privilege of riding on a railroad train after completing their one hundred mile trip to the station.

345 San Domingo Members

Securing three well prepared Porto Rican ministers in the beginning of the Santo Domingo Mission, three years ago, gave a great impetus to the evangelistic work in that island. These men were able to make a profound impression on the general public, and the size of the congregation, the activities of the various societies in the churches, give an impression of churches organized for a much longer period than they have been. The total present membership is 345, of whom 185 are at San Pedro de Macoris; 104 in the capital; 57 in La Romana, and 51 in San Cristobal.

Villa's Soldier Now Preaches

Francesco Quintanillo has turned his zeal from war against men to preaching the gospel. In his past, he was a soldier in Villa's army, but he became converted in a little Methodist church and gave his life over to service. The result of his new allegiance is shown in the fact that during June and July of this year, he had sixteen conversions among the Mexican people to whom he preached in Watt, California—this sixteen bringing the total of conversions for the first half of the mission year up to thirty-six.

"He who helps a little child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness which no

 Tent meetings, which would not have been received by subscribers on Friday, were not distributed to them until Tuesday or Wednesday. Other cases are reported, where delivery was similarly delayed.

Now, let us say, the Advocate, in spite of the added work in the enlargement, was mailed on usual time for both weeks, October 6 and 13. The upper peninsula lists were sent out on Wednesday evening, and the remainder was all at the postoffice on Thursday evening. All subscribers (except those in far away states) should have received their papers before Sunday.

No one can regret these annoying delays more than ourselves. The fact is, war conditions, or local congestion in some growing cities, have more or less demoralized the railway and postal service. We ask everyone to be patient with us and U. S. (Uncle Sam). We are doing our best, and must assume that Uncle Sam is also. If the paper is not received promptly, inquire diligently of your home postmaster, and see if he can trace the trouble; then, if it is not remedied, write us.

NOTICE

The Methodist preachers of Saginaw and Bay City and the pastors of adjacent charges will meet next Monday, October 29, at First Church, Saginaw, at 11 A.M., for the purpose of perfecting an organization for monthly meetings to be held alternately in these cities. Bring your lunch and we will eat together with pastor Nixon as host who will furnish the table and coffee. Plans for an aggressive united forward movements will be discussed following the election of officers. The pastors of nearby towns are urged to attend the meeting.

John Dystant.
A. B. Leonard.

Bishop Welch is returning from Korea and will speak at the General Executive, in Detroit, October 22 to November 1. Dr. and Mrs. Bratton Bailey of India, Dr. and Mrs. Spence Lee of Peking, China, Mrs. Frank Mason North are also on the program.
FIFTY YEARS OF NOBLE ACHIEVEMENT

"Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year... for it is the jubilee"

The Year of Jubilee Has Come

It is fifty years, on March 10, since the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in Tremont Street Church, Boston. The service will be attended by several thousand people Sunday afternoon, and in connection with the service several of the leaders will hold a farewell meeting in St. Mark's Church. The Young Men's Christian Association will also be represented. Several addresses will be delivered, and the service will conclude with the reading of missals and all who attend will be presented with a program. There will also be a unique feature to the service.

Jubilee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

MRS. LOIS S. PARKER

Eight Years of Age, Fifty and SSu.

Student Leader in the Young Men's Work in the

St. Louis World's Fair.
THE MAN IN THE TOWER

"Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh!"

Books Which Break Down Faith

WHEN a person wishes to popularize some fact, it is quite the thing to weave it into a story. This has been done by the social faddist, the political faddist, the economic faddist, and the theological faddist.

But of all the faddists the work of the theological faddist has been the most subtle. Malignant attacks upon the Bible and the doctrines of Christianity have been woven into the chapters of the most fascinating stories, and in that guise have been eagerly read by multitudes. So ingeniously has the poison been disguised that even the most devout Christian readers have failed to realize that they were reading assaults upon their faith.

The book was read through, however, there has come over them a vague feeling of unrest. Questions have arisen which even troubled them before. They have wondered whether or not, after all, the church did not make too much ado over doctrine, and laid too little stress upon "beautiful living." They have been half inclined to agree that this whole matter of the abatement of and conversion is more vague than they had supposed, and of much less importance than the old-fashioned values which they believe. The characters of the books they have been reading have been so fine—and yet, there were not church members. Were they not infinitely better than many who professed to be saved in the orthodox way? And so the poison of unbelief has begun to produce its deadly work.

Several years ago a farmer living not far from this city grew very sick. At first his ailment was a mystery. Soon, however, it was discovered that he had put his hand, after night, into a mess of leaves where his hogs were in the habit of laying eggs. As he did so he felt the prick of a pin. Soon his finger began to swell, and then his arm and body. Presently he became delirious, and the doctor thought he must die. The prick was from a rattlesnake. This fact slowly emerged from a distance from novels of high literary merit which struck the Christian's faith. Between the leaves of such books the rattlesnake had been hiding. It was more deadly than the most poisonous reptile of the jungle. The ancient Romans made companions of serpents. They crept on their altars, and over their tables, and adored them as gods about their seats. Better do this hospitable and intercession and stewardship, I predict that next year we shall have the greatest gathering in Methodist Episcopal history.

No Cause for Alarm

The Man in the Tower is not at all disguised by the figures which show that a small numerical increase in the membership of our church last year. Our ministers have their hands full with other real duties. Methodist ministers and laymen are leaders in all sorts of war activities—major-generals of Liberty Loan, Red Cross, and other organizations. They drive trains. Then the overshadowing Centenary crusade has for months filled brain and heart church. We have extra time for the usual evangelistic activities. That our great membership did not seriously shrink is a surprising thing. With the emphasis we have placed upon intercession and stewardship, I predict that next year we shall have the greatest gathering in Methodist Episcopal history.

The Way of the Cross

We make much of the cross now; we seek the wrong way. It dangles from the ear and waistcoat. It is visible in the songs we sing. It is woven into some of our most popular fiction. The story of the death of the hero on the battlefield or in the hospital lifts the multitude into a mighty enthusiasm. Self-sacrifice is glorified. All this is well. But it is also well for us to inquire whether in our Christian service there is that which is really heroic and self-sacrificing. This is no time to have a cas in Zion. Such an attitude is out of joint with the dominant temper of our day. "I have that high father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me: and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me."

Our Youthful Specialists

The modern church is producing some wonderful youthful specialists. A few of them are temporary, and others have been discarded. Most of them are out in the field seeking to promote the Centenary. It is hilariously amusing to listen to them while they gravely imply that we must have sold out to the world, that we have ruined the church with our "progressive" methods, and that we have lost our soul. They are fond of saying that the "old-time religion" is the "true religion," and that the "old-time preachers" are the "true preachers." They seem to forget that the "old-time" preachers were not always "true preachers," and that the "old-time religion" was not always "true religion."

Conclusion

The man in the tower is not at all disguised by the figures which show that a small numerical increase in the membership of our church last year. Our ministers have their hands full with other real duties. Methodist ministers and laymen are leaders in all sorts of war activities—major-generals of Liberty Loan, Red Cross, and other organizations. They drive trains. Then the overshadowing Centenary crusade has for months filled brain and heart church. We have extra time for the usual evangelistic activities. That our great membership did not seriously shrink is a surprising thing. With the emphasis we have placed upon intercession and stewardship, I predict that next year we shall have the greatest gathering in Methodist Episcopal history.

The Church Member Worth While


Conclusion

"I have labored in a place of many people... to tell the people of the power of Christ. And I am of the opinion that if we should have won the love and confidence of the people, we should have been able to do more for them. We have come to realize that the secret of the success of the church is the love and confidence of the people. And we have come to realize that the church should be a place of love and confidence."
CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

RETURN TO AMERICA AFTER THEIR FIRST THIRTY YEARS OF SERVICE, AND IT WAS DURING THIS FURLONG THAT THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED, WITH MRS. PARKER AS ONE OF THE LEADERS. IT WAS DR. PARKER WHO CONCEIVED THE IDEAS OF THE CO-ORDINATE BRANCHES OF THE SOCIETY WORKING FOR A UNITED PURPOSE, AND WHO WROTE THE CONSTITUTION.

MRS. LOIS LEE PARKER

For sixty-one years a mother and advisor of East Indian women and the only surviving founder of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Lois Lee Parker, widow of the late Bishop Edward W. Parker of India, who is expected soon to arrive in New York from Calcutta, is one of the outstanding figures in the missionary world of the last half century. She is coming to attend the jubilee celebration of the founding of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which she was largely instrumental in forming, just a half century ago. She is the sole survivor of the small group of noble, saintly women who stated this great missionary movement at the old Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston, in 1869.

For sixty-one years Mrs. Parker has been one of the leaders of the Christian activities in India. With Dr. Parker, she left England in April, 1869, and after a voyage of 100 days on a sailing vessel and 100 days overland from Calcutta, they arrived at their first charge in Bijnor. Almost immediately, Mrs. Parker started a school for girls which, beginning with only twenty girls, has since grown to a large institution, the Lois Lee Parker Memorial, which was dedicated in 1916. The fruitage of these first hard years has been increasingly evident. Just fifty years after the arrival of the Parkers in India, Mrs. Parker was present and spoke at the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the beautiful Lois Parker High School, which recently has been erected at Lal Bakh.

Several other institutions owe their inception to the indefatigable zeal of Mrs. Parker for Christian education and practical Christianity. The school for girls in Moradabad was founded by Mrs. Parker and she was an interested friend and adviser of Miss Thuburn in her plans for the development of the Isabella Thuburn College in Lucknow, one of the best known and most successful colleges for women in India.

Mrs. Parker took a vital interest in the daily life of "her people" and was always ready to serve them as "mother" and adviser. Her home was a rendezvous for the young people of the vicinity who were striving for intellectual and spiritual enlightenment, and the latter part of the 19th century, she helped to prepare for service and of the boys who, under her influence, grew to be preachers and teachers. The material, as well as the spiritual, affairs of the native people appealed to the Parkers, and they were largely instrumental in introducing new methods of agriculture. They were successful in teaching the natives how to farm so that they could support themselves and become self-sustaining. They were also successful in teaching the natives how to farm so that they could support themselves and become self-sustaining. They were successful in teaching the natives how to farm so that they could support themselves and become self-sustaining. They were successful in teaching the natives how to farm so that they could support themselves and become self-sustaining. The work was eminently successful.

Ill health forced the Parkers to re-
rusaders as World Rebuilders

ust Back from France, Says Returned Fighters Can
Church as Well as the Church Help 'Em

s motto, carried to victory by Amer-
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d accompaniments
America or of their homes won a glowing response
from the soldiers. This means that on their return they
will answer eagerly to the religious call, if we make
it natural and vital. The Church now has a wonderful
chance for dealing with these returning thousands. It
is the time beyond all others for quick and deep and
genuine work."

Bishop Hughes finds a new spirit and energy as a
result of the war's influence upon the American citizens
who become soldiers and are returning again to their
citizenship.

"The soldiers love their country more loyalty," he
said, "because they have invested in it now so much
of time and hardship. Some of them have given it the
very bloom of their youth. And where their treasure
is, their heart is also. The sight of other lands has
only increased the love for one land, and they are
repeating with a new emphasis Sir Walter Scott's

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land.""

THE Stars and Stripes have for the soldiers an
added luster in the red, white and blue symbolic
colors. It is really 'Old Glory' made new by the great
struggle. The soldiers return with a desire to make
the flag mean more to the United States and to the
world. Our statesmen should take advantage of that
desire, using it for the country and not for the party.

"There are offsets, of course; and there will be
forces in the period of reconstruction. But I have the
largest faith in our young soldiers. No nobler army
ever went out to battle. I have seen the camps every-
and Germany. Our soldiers are not
ever and over there I have been made
the ambassadors of God, sent out
now coming back to report as ser-
ference to their task, and to enlist
God and home and native land. I,
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Her in the crusade of the Church,"
is Bishop Hughes' appeal to the

'soldier returns from a war," he said.
make him feel that he is coming
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Church, and which is represented
the Methodist Episcopal Centenary,
symbolizing the campaign of the
for the world, offers to every last sol-
ity for that courage and sacrifice
de a part of him. And it gives him
continue that spiritual crusade that
Europe."
Honour to Whom Honour is Due
Bishop Warne’s Tribute to Mrs. Parker

BY FRED FERRILL.

Ninety-five pages of tribute to a triumphant life of ninety-one years! This is Bishop F. W. Warne’s, "A Tribute to the Triumphant." It was fitting that Methodism’s senior bishop should be asked to write this tribute to Methodism’s senior missionary. But it appears even more fitting when we realize that during the twenty-four years that Bishop Warne was in charge of northern India he was Mrs. Parker’s presiding bishop while his friendship and acquaintance extended through many years before. We would expect that his tribute to her would be shot through and through with personal touches and bear the marks of their many years of missionary association. Our expectations are abundantly fulfilled in what we read.

Lois Lee Parker, widow of Bishop E. W. Parker, died just over a year ago in Bareilly when almost ninety-one years old, having spent sixty-six years as a missionary. A full account of her life and service must be forthcoming in order to do justice to her place in Methodist history, but Bishop Warne has admirably performed the task of giving to the Church this brief yet remarkably comprehensive story of her life.

The "Tribute" was doubtless written with the American reader in mind but every missionary on the field will profit by reading carefully this account of our missionary undertakings, from their beginnings down to the present, as these are traced in Mrs. Parker’s life. No Methodist missionary library could be called complete without this handbook.

The style of the book is that of a running narrative which carries the reader on with the story. It is broken up into twenty-eight chapters but they are evidently for appearance sake only, for strictly speaking they are not chapters, for there are no chapter headings and there is no attempt to bring the material under clear-cut divisions of any sort. For the most part a chronological order is followed but whenever an opportunity presents itself a moral is pointed out or we are given an analysis of some phase of her personality. This method of the author tends to keep up the reader’s curiosity as to what is coming next. There is no index of table of contents. The book is its own index and table of contents and you find out what is in it by following the story from page to page in a interesting game of biographical hide-and-seek. But in the end you realize that you have found a rich fund of information regarding the issues of the Kingdom which we so vitally touched through over half a century, by this one life.

She Made Methodist History

One thing that will certainly strike the reader is the repeated way in which Mrs. Parker was instrumental in starting enterprises. The fact that she was on hand when there was the chance to start things was, of course, significant, but the fact that she was characteristically inclined to begin what she felt were necessary undertakings was far more largely responsible for her part in the beginnings of so many enterprises. Much space is given to telling the part she had in founding the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society of our Church. This is certainly an interesting chapter in her life and probably she will be long remembered because of this than for any other single undertaking. But we also read of her part in starting the Epworth League in India, the village home in Moradabad and Hardoi, the one in Bareilly being the first school for girls in our work and among the first in all India. We learn, too, that she was among the first to urge the claim of women to laity’s privileges in the Church, and she was herself elected a lay delegate to General Conference in 1896, when with the few other women delegates she was refused a seat.

In all this we find her interested in matters of first importance. She seldom followed a wrong scent. She lived to see the Isabella Thoburn College for Women in Lucknow grow into a great institution known round the world. She saw the day when women were regularly seated as delegates in General Conference and besides her election in 1890 she was twice again elected a lay delegate from North India, in 1904 and 1908. On this point Bishop Warne writes, "She was three times elected to General Conference, an honor not given to any other woman in Methodism."

One Great Mistake

Missionaries today who read of her part in widening the scope of our missionary operations may be inclined to feel that such opportunities do not greet our successors in a day when cuts have become almost an annual occurrence and when the spectre of retrenchment hovers everywhere. But we need to remember that Mrs. Parker and those who began things with her simply learned as they went along and had no access to Divine guidance that is closed to us today. And they were not always right. Bishop Warne tells of the failure of the Wesleypore settlement enterprise. The location selected for this Christian Settlement was in the hilly and marshland area which was malaria-infested. It was here that Mrs. Parker was infected with the fever that harried her for six years and finally forced her to leave India with very slight prospects of ever being able to return. No doubt considerable money was wasted on the Wesleypore scheme. Of it, Bishop Warne says, "About thirty of our Christians had died of fever and the Parkers had narrowly escaped with their lives, it was given up and is looked back upon as the outstanding mistake of our Church in feeling its way for the best methods of mission work among the farmers of India."

It is interesting to contemplate what a Finance Committee’s action might be in reference to the advisability of the return to India of a missionary and his wife who to-day had engineered such a failure. But yet the Christian Settlement idea has been slow to die. Many Christian leaders continually suggest it as a solution for the poverty barrier that confronts so many Christians. Every Mission of any importance has, at some time, gone forth with songs in the morning, on settlement undertakings bent, but few if any have returned at evening bearing any sheaves but those of disillusion, disaster and defeat. We hear of Christian Settlements in the Punjab that, to date, have been successful, but the fact remains that all over India are to be found the grim evidences that many missions have launched what Bishop Warne calls "an outstanding mistake." Some have been grimmer than others but maybe one more grim than the one at Wesleypore. The moral would seem to be to keep as far as possible from the Christian Settlement idea. Perhaps as likely as not the thing that will finally most noticeably impress India with the soundness of Christian ethics and economics, will be some triumphant achievement where a group of Christians have banded together and demonstrated the practical democracy that underlies the Christian belief in the equality of soul and the brotherhood of man. The Parkers failed, others have failed, and very probably such can be found who think Jesus also failed them. All the final chapter in the Christian Settlement idea has not yet been written.
Many methods used by the early missionaries are to-day in the discard. As we read Bishop Warne's warm words of approval of Mrs. Parker's efforts we may wonder if we should turn back and seek more guidance from the past. Mrs. Parker would have been the first to condemn any such foolishness. She rejoiced that "new occasions teach new duties" and that "time makes ancient truths good uncouth." She would say, "We wrought the best we could with the light and experience we had, it is for you to profit by both our successes and failures and achieve more perfect results."

The Parker Stamp on North India

The success of the Parkers in leaving their stamp so indelibly upon our North India field, is attributed by Bishop Warne to the fact that they were, "permitted to spend around twenty-five years in service" in one station. The case of Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Buck, who spent about the same number of years in Meerut, is also cited to prove the Bishop's contention that continuity of service is essential in order to exert that "personal influence that raises up leaders from among the people of the country to carry on the work."

Our Methodist system has often been condemned because as a rule it does not result in extended terms of service in one appointment. It would seem that Bishop Warne is lining himself up with those who stand for long uninterrupted terms of service in one place. If this is true his conviction has been reached too late for any practical results, for with his administrative residence in North India extending for twenty-four years, he had an opportunity unequalled by that of any other bishop in Methodist history, to put into practice a policy of keeping missionaries in one place for long terms of service. He writes in reference to the Buck's and Parkers, "None other of whom I can now think was fortunate enough to carry on such work for so long a time in one station."

Some whose terms of service in various stations in northern India were briefer than they wished, may be inclined to read with some questioning the words, "fortunate enough" in the same particular. If the Bishop could relieve the past twenty-five years, would he favour longer terms of service in one station? His pronouncement here seems to indicate that he might.

Slow to Tire and to Retire

Mrs. Parker continued to receive a missionary appointment till she had reached the unprecedented age of ninety. No Methodist missionary had ever equalled that record. When this is read in the homeland what will the impression be? She with sixty-six years of service and others with a paltry thirty or forty years to their credit. We all unite in our admiration of Mrs. Parker's great life achievement as a missionary. But it should be clearly understood that the last fifteen or twenty years of her service were abnormal and that it is not expected or desired that missionaries continue in active service to such an age. Her position and her antecedents made her immune from the laws that ordinarily operate to retire missionaries when they have reached the usual limit of effective service. She was alone and did not wish to return to America, which had become for her almost a foreign land. All she asked was to be allowed to remain among the people she loved and work as she felt led. This would seem a reasonable request. She had such physical and mental strength that her case seemed different from others. But all who lived near her knew the reality of the Bishop's statement when he says, "The missionaries so adored Mrs. Parker that for years they feared she might die some night in Hardoi without any missionary near." The Bishop might have related even more "history" bearing upon those last years of her service. The impression is given that Hardoi was her uninterupted appointment from the time of her husband's death until she passed away. This is practically true but it is not quite technically so. From year to year it became more a question in the minds of the missionaries and of the bishop himself, as to whether Mrs. Parker should be allowed to live alone in her bungalow at Hardoi and be given responsibility for regular work. Finally, some ten or twelve years ago, it was decided to request her to retire and to receive a nominal appointment to some station where she could live with other missionaries and thus be relieved of direct duties and be assured of good care and a comfortable home. She was over seventy years of age when this decision was reached and yet it came to her as a crushing blow. She saw no rhyme or reason in it. But she was a loyal Methodist and agreed to go to her appointment, which was to be at Bijnor. Thus she wrenched herself from Hardoi. But it was to no avail. She left her heart in Hardoi and went physically to Bijnor to fret and spend her days longing to be back in Hardoi. Those who knew her realize that the one thing happened that could possibly happen and soon she was back in Hardoi again and was supremely happy. From that time she remained at Hardoi until she was removed to hospital at Bareilly. But during those last years everyone knew that she should have been somewhere else where a woman of eighty or ninety could be properly cared for and might work or rest as the mood suggested.

Bishop Warne quotes someone as writing of her, "She could not realize that her physical strength had diminished, for her spirit burned with the inextinguishable determination of youth." And so it was to the very end. She could think of nothing and plan for nothing but work, not realizing that physically she had become an old woman crippled by rheumatism and needing constant care. It is a safe and sane rule that lovingly but firmly accomplishes the retirement of a missionary at three score years and ten or thereabouts.

Rich in Humour, Fond of Reading and Very Versatile

Repeated reference is made to Mrs. Parker's rich vein of humour and her full enjoyment of the life she lived. She was indeed a worthy model for us in this respect and evidently the bishop would not have us take ourselves too seriously. But apparently he has reasons for being extremely cautious about letting down the bars to missionary mirth and laughter. He wants us to "relax and have a laugh," but twice over in one paragraph he re-iterates that it must be only "at proper times" that we so indulge ourselves. I suppose no one is in a better position to realize this than a bishop who for almost thirty years has moved out and in among missionaries of all sorts and descriptions, from those who laugh at nothing, to those who laugh at nothing, which, very curiously, would seem to mark the two extremes towards which missionaries are prone to tend.

It was almost beyond belief the way Mrs. Parker maintained her grip on the thought of the world, right down to the last. She read widely and remembered everything she read. Bishop Warne states that she was a model for all missionaries in this respect. But some may wonder just what he had in mind when he wrote, "If Mrs. Parker's example should lead to its being a requirement that every Methodist missionary should read weekly one of our home church papers and take and read the Methodist Review, this writer would have an abundant reason for the writing of this brochure on Mrs. Parker." I hope that the home societies may make it a feature of this. We doubtless agree with the bishop in emphasizing the value of such reading, but are we to take him seriously when he suggests that it be made a "requirement"? Just how would it be enforced? Would it lead to an annual, current events, intelligence test for all of us? Possibly the fact that a number of missionaries have recently been favour-
ed with complimentary subscriptions to the Zion's Herald may be a result of the bishop's suggestion. If this is true, there will be little opposition to a continued and even a widened application of this particular "feature."

Most missionaries have unexpected duties thrust upon them at times. Mrs. Parker was no exception. For six years, (1892 to 1898), she was editor of the Kaukab-i-Iftihar. After the death of Miss Thoburn she acted as Principal of the Woman's College until she was relieved by the newly appointed Principal. Probably not many of us knew these facts till Bishop Warne brought them out. But they speak volumes regarding Mrs. Parker's all-round ability. Such missionaries are always at a premium.

It will be easily realized that Bishop Warne's little book has had to compass a subject of no small proportions and its brevity leaves the reader with the sense of having been only initiated. He would be a curious person who could read the book and not be stirred with a desire to be more fully admitted to the secrets of a life so rich in efforts and accomplishments.

Only One Thing Lacking

The book is put out by the Methodist Book Concern in America. The workmanship would be a credit to any publishing house. The introduction is written by Mrs. Nicholson, President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. This fact is, in itself, a fitting tribute from the Society which Mrs. Parker helped to found. And the introduction is, in its own right, a production of distinct literary charm. There are nine illustrations including a very fine picture of Mrs. Parker at eighty, looking to the life as we remember her, and a facsimile copy of a very characteristic letter written four years ago to Bishop Robinson. To me only one thing is lacking to make the volume complete. There should have been a map of at least the northern part of India, giving the larger cities, showing the centres of our work and marking the places where Mrs. Parker lived and served. This would not only add to the reader's interest but would help him comprehend the extent of our missionary undertakings in northern India. Possibly such a map can be included in future editions.

We congratulate Bishop Warne on his success in producing this "Tribute." We know he laboured under a handicap of impaired health. But we are glad he did undertake the task and was able to carry it through. He has written of Mrs. Parker and for this we thank him, but in the writing he has given us much that we will cherish all the more because in it we also find our Bishop of the Great Heart.
WITNESS

July 14, 1926

"dry" will support Senator Borah with all his power if he desires the nomination in 1928 as the Republican candidate for the presidency. Certainly there is no "wet" candidate who could compare with him in ability. He does not have to fight, this year, for his seat in the Senate, and is free to devote his spare time to the larger contest which he sees ahead; it may be that in him the Prohibition forces will have found the great national leader they so badly need.

* * *

The Sins of Nationalism

It is instructive to note how many of the dangerous problems that the world is trying to solve in these years after the War have been created by the selfish and intriguing nationalism of the last few generations. And the worst of it is that the nations, or most of them, seem to learn nothing by bitter experience, but are quite as willing as before to sow the wind and forget the harvest. It crops up in all sorts of ways. There was a time when the world could be stirred to pity for the wrongs of the Poles, a people divided by arbitrary "national" boundaries into Russians, Germans and Austrians, and compelled by "nationalisation" programmes to forget their ancient language with its remarkable literature, to forget the history of a once proud and independent kingdom, to plot in secret for the independence which alone could restore their cultural freedom. The accident of war set Poland free, and now Poland has its own "nationalisation" programme for the dissolution of minority peoples. The present boundary of Poland on the German side corresponds fairly well with the actual racial frontier; but to the north, east and south it includes so many peoples who are not Polish as to make the erection of the state seem a gross travesty of the idea of self-determination. Merely for the sake of pushing Bolshevism Russia as far back to the east as possible, the Polish frontier on that side was so drawn as to include a White Russian area nearly as great as what could properly be Poland; it would have been far more logical and just to give Poland all of Czechoslovakia than the present territory. So the Allies recognised in 1920, and drew the line accordingly, but then came the war with Russia, and Poland was allowed to keep all that Poland could win—over to the Pinsk Marshes. In the north, the Vilna district was torn away from Lithuania, though the Poles there make a small minority, simply because Pilsudski had been born near Vilna and wished to rule over his birthplace. In the south Poland holds Galicia, which is not really Polish at all. It is true that Eastern Galicia is to have a referendum in 1924 as to whether or not it shall remain Polish; and it is also true that a vigorous campaign of Polonisation is being carried on there to the end that by 1924 the outcome of the vote shall not be in doubt. But Poland though a typical case is not the only present-day offender. Rumania has recovered her "unredeemed" people, and with them large numbers of Germans, Magyars and Ukrainians who are to be "nationalised" as quickly and thoroughly as possible. In Jugoslawia it is the same story. The Serbian politicians who still more or less dominate the situation are determined that the unified monarchy, of course is Serbland, shall not yield place to a Serbo-Ucranian federation in which the new kingdom would become something else than a "Greater Serbia." And Russia, the whole way from Armenia to Mongolia, is trying to make Russians of peoples who are not so. It is the same old game though the board has been painted over and the lines redrawn. And the end of it all is more revolutions and more wars till a time shall come when the very idea of nationality shall be a hissing and a by-word.

* * *

The Chinese Civil War

To keep in touch with events in China is something like watching them through a fog. For an instant there is a glimpse of vivid action, but before there is time to realise its meaning the mist closes again and perhaps for a considerable time. It is now about three months since it was possible, from the disturbances
Mrs. Bishop Parker's Eightieth Birthday.

To live eighty years and then look forward to added years of active service, is in itself notable. But to spend fifty five years of the eighty as a missionary in India is certainly a marvelous achievement. On July 9th Mrs. Bishop Parker was eighty years old, and for fifty five years she has been a missionary. In India we celebrated, we are loyal Americans, all of us, yet I fear that for those who were at the Birthday Party, July 9th loomed up even bigger than the Glorious Fourth.

It is not easy to make Mrs. Parker the center of a celebration, she doesn't take to that sort of thing as hilariously as some of the rest of us might. But the ingenuity of our missionaries at Wellesley Girls' School, Maini Tal, proved effectual. The venerable Miss Easton, Principal Emeritus, with Miss Sellers, the Principal, invited Mrs. Parker to spend a week as their guest at the school. A few of the older missionaries with Bishop and Mrs. Warner were to form a house party and when the ninth came the other friends who were handy would drop in. There would be nothing formal, this arrangement suited Mrs. Parker exactly. She delights to meet her friends and she doesn't seriously object to being the center of their mild admiration, but it must remain mild.

The plan as conceived was carried out. Mrs. Parker actually left her station at Haroi, on the plains, and went to Maini Tal. Miss Easton having passed her eightieth birthday three years ago was fully qualified to act as hostess. A most charming hostess she proved, and though late illnesses have somewhat enfeebled her, still she was able to set her part and we all rejoiced that she could.

Of the week of quiet enjoyment that Mrs. Parker and the senior missionaries spent at Wellesley, I do not speak. I was not there. The sum I can only mention is that eight years of service to my credit, that should intrude, I would not presume. But I know enough of missionary life and I know enough about those noble missionaries who were there so I can pass final judgment that the week was one of delight and profit.

But when the ninth finally came even I was counted in. I had been spending a few weeks with my family in Amora, some thirty miles across the mountains; I contrived to have the return to my station so work out that I could spend 'the ninth' in Maini Tal. I was not only missionary guilty of that sort of scheming. A goodly number of us stretched both our consciences and pocket-books in our determination to attend Mrs. Parker's birthday party.

I don't think it seriously hurt our consciences and our pocket-books are so used to being stretched that they will survive. They will only have to contract a little more closely for a while. I don't know much about fiscal matters, and when I read about the need of an elastic currency I am somewhat puzzled. But I have about concluded it must be something like that which we missionaries handle. Ours certainly stretches — it has to. Of course it won't stretch too far. If it does something happens, I suppose this is where we get the expression "broke".
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I eased the strain on the elasticity of my currency by walking those thirty-three miles through the mountains from Almora to Naini Tal. It was really delightful even if I was rained upon for three solid hours the first day and reached the rest house wet as rop. I had no gloomy thoughts that night. There was no danger of my melting and I knew that beyond the next mountain ridge lay Naini Tal. I was thither bound and the next day climbing the four thousand feet still to go, found myself on the ridge along side of our Thieland 6th College for boys; the beautiful lake nestled in the valley below and across up the slope of the mountain on the other side, I could see Wellesley. I had arrived and felt it was worth while.

These experiences of mine are not given because they were exceptional, for they were not. Bishop Warner and his party fared much worse than I. On going the same distance by dandles and ponies, they were held up three days at one rest house by the violent mountain rains. These experiences only typify what many of us gladly underwent in order to be at the birthday party. And why not? Who would view the personal inconvenience of participating in such a gathering, and who would at the mere cost of a little time, money and inconvenience fail to bring their memories of creating and pay their respects to the noble lady who is the senior missionary of all our missionaries this whole world over, I count it all gain that by any hook or crook I could get there. The simple significance of having been present will grow more meaningful, ye more powerful as the years go.

The day was ideal. After a week of rain we had a day of glorious
sunshine. The mountains were looking their best, even the wished to rise to the occasion. With the afternoon our thoughts and footsteps turned to Telleesley. From everywhere, almost as it seemed out of doors in the mountains, came missionaries. Everyone was in the best of spirits. It was a veritable gala day for all. The little girls ran about in sile or stood in joyous groups. It didn't seem half bad this being a missionary. Who ever mentioned the privations we must suffer? That sort of talk would not have sounded well in the care free, joy charmed atmosphere around Telleesley! Strange you may think! Were there none there who have grave responsibilities to be tussled with? Yes there were, Bishop Warne has on his burdens enough to crush several ordinary mortals. But he was light hearted enough that day. And the men and women there who are bearing the burden and heat of the day in our great northern India field. Each has responsibilities enough to tussle with, But that day they were not tussling. Ordinary days are plentifully enough, why should any one lag along responsibilities to an eightieth birth day party? The fellow who does will never celebrate his own eightieth birthday, that is sure.

Aside from our own missionaries there were not many present. It was rather an exclusive affair — exclusively Methodist. Among those not of our 'connection', the most notable was of course, His Honor Sir James Weston, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, who with Lady Weston was present. Years ago as a young official he knew Bishop and Mrs. Parker in Moradabad. Since those early days the friendship has continued. When Sir James learned that a celebration was to be held in Mrs. Parker's honor he took the liberty of asking that he and Lady Weston be invited. In this country where gold brads and officialdom stand for everything and where Hindus and Mohammedans yes and Christians, contrive in any and every way to get official recognition for their enterprises, it is really very significant to have the highest official in the province himself seek an invitation. By so doing he paid the highest possible compliment to Mrs. Parker and through her to the mission she represents.

The Government has been a loyal and generous supporter of our work in India. We have fared well at its hands and are appreciative. But such personal consideration and kindnesses as Sir James and Lady Weston have shown warm our hearts so nothing else could. They presented Mrs. Parker with a handsome walking-stick which, however much she may prize, in no sense an actual necessity. She walks erect and free from all encumberances.

Among the other friends were noticed several members of our Hindi English congregation, who for years have upheld the hands of our missionaries in this most difficult and trying work.

So we were all gathered there, the Governor, our Bishop, Lady Weston, Mrs. Warne, the Archdeacon of the Church of England, and a host of missionaries and other friends. And we were there with no other thought than that of honoring her, who for fifty five years has, without ostentation but with efficiency and zeal, given herself to India in the name of her
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Mrs. Parker deserves recognition as one of the most distinguished personages in world-wide Methodism. She will never ask such recognition, but in giving it Methodism is simply honoring itself. Mrs. Parker's missionary career and our mission work in India ran side by side. She came first to India only three years after Mr. Butler founded the mission here. Her service spans practically the entire period and her efforts have been in small part in the work we have done. She was one of the organizers of the "Melcher Foreign Missionary Society," and has remained a wise counselor through the years.

One might expect that her age would be more or less wrapped up in the past. You might expect her to revel in what she has seen and experienced. But it is not so. Her heart is in the present and her vision is towards the future. She has witnessed the marvelous growth of our mission, but she has expected it and she looks for still more. She is in every way a part of what is going on, her fifty-five years of service not only as health to steady her judgment.

To me one of the most interesting things about Mrs. Parker is the way she keeps track of the younger missionaries. She would be excused if she noticed us much. My station is far from hers and she seldom sees me, but she always remembers me, even the missionaries' children have a place in her attention. She always remembers a well son and been delighted to see him. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Parker holds such a large place in our hearts?

At the celebration there was no speech-making, but each knew what the others felt and there was no need to multiply words. After all had treated Mrs. Parker, refreshments, American and Indian, were served.
Then the girls of the school treated us to a musical which no one appreciated more than did Mrs. Parker. As evening drew on we went our own ways again realizing that the occasion had been in every way unique.

Thus passed her eightieth birth-day. The next morning found her beginning the journey back to her station at Hardoi. She is supervising there the construction of a building for the Girls' School. She knows all too well the danger of leaving such matters long in the hands of irresponsible persons and so was impatient to be back at her post. Here you have a glimpse into her busy life. With difficulty could she spare time enough to celebrate her eightieth birth-day. Truly a marvelous woman. She is the senior missionary of Methodism, but that is not all; she is a living model for all the rest of us, which is vastly more.

Arrah, India.

Frederick
MRS. E. W. PARKER
(LOIS LEE PARKER)

MISSIONARY TO INDIA

Price Three Cents

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society
Methodist Episcopal Church
Publication Office
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Mrs. E. W. Parker
(LOIS LEE PARKER)
BY FLORENCE L. NICHOLS

So associated with India is the life history of Mrs. Parker that we almost forget her early years in Vermont; her splendid family heritage; her experience as a school teacher. In March, 1856, Lois Lee married Edwin Wallace Parker. Mr. Parker’s theological course was not completed, but the young wife joined him in his work at the Bible Institute in Concord, N. H. After graduation, the first pastorate was an uncomfortable one; the parsonage was extremely poor and the parish small and scattered. “But my good wife,” so writes Mr. Parker, “said it was all right and good, and we went to work.”

In that spirit, Mrs. Parker has been at work ever since. Sixty-one years of continuous service at home and in India have been characterized by cheerful, energetic consecration to the Master’s service and Mrs. Parker is still at work.

The call to India came during the first year of pastoral work. Mr. Parker was commisioned in February, 1859, and April of that same year they sailed from Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Parker had no thought of ever returning to the home land, so it was a final farewell to friends and family. A hundred days in a sailing vessel, fifty days over land from Calcutta brought them to Lucknow. Although suffering much bodily discomfort on the voyage, yet “the Parkeras” completed during that tedious trip an extended course of history and studied Hindustani.

In telling of the next forty years, it is impossible to separate the work of Mrs. Parker from that of Bishop Parker. To the Indian missionaries, they were always “the Parkers.” Wherever they lived, there was always a New England home, comfortable, economically and efficiently managed; with an atmosphere of Christ-like service. Fortunate were the young missionaries who could have a few days of rest in that home. Bishop Parker at his desk, Mrs. Parker making cookies in the dining-room—that is a picture many love to recall. But the periods of cookie-making were all too few, Mrs. Parker did her full share of missionary work.

To return to the early days in India, Mrs. Parker’s first home was in Bijnour, a new station opened that year, 250 miles from Lucknow. The journey was made in a wagon drawn by horses part of the way but the last weary 186 miles the travellers were carried in a palanquin at the rate of three miles an hour. Almost immediately Mrs. Parker started a school and soon had twenty girls in her classes. In October, 1916, the Lois Lee Parker Memorial was dedicated, a new school building in Bijnour. Mrs. Parker was present and compared the work of Bijnour with that tiny beginning fifty-seven years before. Almost the first day in the Parker’s new home, family prayers were held with the servants. This custom is still con-
continued and each morning Mrs. Parker gathers
her Indian family around her at a household
altar. If there were time to speak of the
many Indian men and women who can truly
call her "mother," of the girls whom she has
helped to prepare for service, of the boys
who have grown up to be preachers and
teachers under her influence, it would be a
long, inspiring story.

Famine came to Bijnour in 1860 and
a fever to both Mr. and Mrs. Parker. Mrs.
Parker was seriously ill and Mr. Parker had
smallpox. Their appointment was changed
while Mr. Parker was recovering in the hills
and Mrs. Parker alone moved their goods to
Lakhimpur, settled affairs in Bijnour and
started the Christian farmers from Bijnour
to Lakhimpur, for this new appointment was
the founding of a Christian agricultural
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A Woman's Unparalleled Service in India

THE Divine leading in the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India is seen in no particular more clearly than in the selection of the missionaries who first went to the field. And this selection is seen not only in the men who first went, but quite as clearly in their wives.

We have read much of the peculiar fitness of Dr. E. W. Parker to be a leader in mission work, particularly in pioneer work; but his fitness is not one whit more apparent than that of his wife, Lois S. Parker, who for years was his right hand in counsel and effort. Much of his success he himself attributed to the wise and safe counsel of his wife, and he frequently would reserve his decision on important matters until he had had time to consult with her. But not only in advising and helping her husband was she an important factor in the work of the mission. In original work, in initiative and executive ability, in the capacity of planning for the future, she was not one whit behind the foremost of the leaders of the mission.

She derived these qualities from her ancestors, who were among the first settlers in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Her father's people were nearly all Methodists, but her father himself was a Congregationalist, with his wife, and Mrs. Parker joined this church when she was a girl of eleven years, and remained a member until her marriage, in 1859, to Edwin W. Parker.

After her marriage they both went to the Theological School at Concord. Concerning this plan she wrote:

"Our plan at first was for me to finish the course at the Woman's College in Newbury, as I was within two terms of graduation, while he studied at the Biblical Institute at Concord. But in view of the probability of becoming missionaries, we thought I might get a better preparation for work by going on with many of the studies he would take. In those days there were many married students at Concord. So we were married, and went on studying together while he remained at Concord. I have always been thankful for those days at Concord, not only for the opportunity for study, but for the association we had with Bishop and Mrs. Baker, with the professors and their families, and with the other students, among whom were Albert L. Long and Stephen L. Baldwin."

She thus went out well equipped to be a missionary, and to undertake any work that might be given her to do. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were appointed as missionaries to India at the close of 1858, and sailed for that land, April 16, 1859; and, after a voyage of four and a quarter months, they arrived at Calcutta, Aug. 21. The "Life of Bishop Parker," by Dr. J. H. Mesmore, contains much that is connected with Mrs. Parker's labors as well, but, as is natural, it makes very little reference to the important part she had in connection with the woman's work.

It is not unfair to say that in the inception and organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society Mrs. Parker had probably more to do than any other single person.

When the company of which she was a member arrived in India in 1859, very little had been done in our mission for the women and girls. A little school had been opened in Naini Tal by Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Humphrey while waiting for the country to be settled after the Mutiny. Mrs. Pierce had a small school in Lucknow for wives of preachers who had come to our mission from other missions, servants' wives, and two or three orphans. In those early days these were all that were available. And Mrs. Parker with the rest began work as best she could for servants' wives and children, and any others they could persuade to come.

When the first famine came, all gathered girls, who were in time sent to the girls' orphanage, and the Missionary Society provided for their support. Later they were able to open schools in the cities for Hindi and Mohammedan girls, and a few Seminaries were open. Mrs. Parker opened the first boarding school for girls in our mission in Moradabad. Concerning the origin of this school, she writes:

"Early in the beginning of our work the Christians were scattered over the district, only one or two families living in a village, so it was not possible to have schools for the children in the villages. Mrs. Dr. Humphrey, who was here in Moradabad for a time, suggested the plan of a boarding school for ten girls; but it was not until 1867 that we could get even one girl to come. The people all said: 'It is not our custom to have girls leave home until they are married.' At last two little girls, whose parents had died, leaving them to the care of an uncle too poor to care for them, came, ready to be taught. Gradually girls came in, so that in May, 1866, when we were ordered home, there were eleven girls in the school, and they were sent to Amroha, to be cared for by Mrs. Bahur ul Haq during my absence. On my return at the close of 1866, there were fifteen girls. One of those was a preacher's wife with grown-up sons and daughters. Dr. Thoburn found in a village looking after goats.

"We had to commence teaching the alphabet, and at first progress in learning was very slow, but gradually the grade of the school came up. Special pains were taken in the religious teaching, and many of those first girls went out from the school to become valuable workers. One was called home by a false report that her mother was dying, and that she must go to live with the husband to whom she had been married as a child. The family to which she went were opposed to Christianity, burned her books, forbade her to pray, but she remained true, and led her husband, and I believe, the whole family, to become Christians. Government asked us in building the schoolhouse, and when it was opened we had a great gathering of women. Hindu, Mohammedan, and a Hindu woman read an essay."
General Conference---A Pivotal Event

TODAY in Baltimore the twenty-fifth quadrennial session of the delegated General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church convenes. It marks the close of one era, and the opening of another. A century of history has been recorded since provision was made for the formation of a delegated Conference, to take the place of the assemblages of ministers which had convened from time to time under the former régime. The contrast between May, 1858, and May, 1898, so far as Methodism is concerned, will make this meeting in Baltimore memorable and monumental. To make the anniversary more striking, the opening day of each session was May 6, although a century ago that date fell on a Friday, while this year it falls on Wednesday. Bishop Ashley was the solitary Bishop, his colleague, Whatcoat, having died two years before the session opened. There were 129 members, representing about 900 itinerant preachers, 2,000 local preachers, and about 140,000 lay members.

Today the General Conference consists of over 800 delegates, back of whom, scattered all over the world, stands a constituency of 3,200,000 members, and a body of ministers, traveling and local, aggregating 40,000. In round numbers, our foreign mission fields furnish 300,000 of the aggregate, and the twenty colored Conferences the same number, and our German work in this country and in the fatherland 106,000. To make the contrast between then and now at all adequate to the facts in the case, we would have to sum up the forces and resources of other branches of American and Canadian Methodism, nearly all of which are offshoots of the parent stock which took deep root, as a newly organized polity, a century ago—summing up a total of about 7,000,000 Methodists, the lineal descendants of the men who assembled in Baltimore, May 6, 1858.

Surely, when we consider this growth, the great leaders who have been developed, the levelling influence that has been wrought on the life of the nation, the ministry of our Methodist putting of Gospel truth and of our revival methods on other Protestant bodies, the doors of opportunity which are opening for us all round the world, the educational institutions which have been nourished to greatness, the millions who have been gathered into the heavenly mansions as the fruitage of itinerant toil—we may say with grateful faith and new courage, What hath God wrought!

The time of the meeting, the historic city in which the Conference has convened, the commemorative addresses which are to be delivered, the noble and inspiring associations which are to be awakened, and the heroic figures which are to be revived as the present body is called upon to study the example, the influence, the self-denying diligence, and the wise planning which characterized our denominational fathers to whom we owe so much—all these features of the opening General Conference in Baltimore combine to make it a session of extraordinary interest. When we add to these salient elements a consideration of the personnel of the body, a glimpse of the peculiar opportunities which are afforded them for doing work with dispatch, the incentives for diligence which abound, the questions which press for solution, the fields, white unto the harvest, which stimulate zeal and call for fresh consecration, we begin to realize with vividness the fact that the session now begun will have crowded into it inspirations, kindling influences, and arousing opportunities never heretofore set before such a body in our denominational history.

One of these new opportunities consists in the fact that the General Conference is now organized for speedy, effective and immediate work as no former session ever was. The Rules of Order at the last two quadrennial sessions have been considered, revised, replete, and perfected by the assiduous service of the best parliamentarians in our church, in the light of the experience of our own General Conference, and in view of the best forms of procedure followed in legislative bodies in English-speaking lands. Much time has been given to this matter of perfecting the rules at former sessions; they are now as correct, as helpful, as satisfactory, as logical and coherent as any set of rules can be made. If here and there a minor change needs to be made, it can be done without delay or debate. The time given to this matter at former recent sessions was well spent, although to many it seemed as if the body were wasting its opportunities to give hours and, in the aggregate, days of the perfecting of its forms of procedure. The fact that the parliamentary machinery is complete, once for all, so to speak, is an advantage gained not only for this body, but for all other sessions to follow.

Further, the committees are already formed, and each man knows his assignment. He has had a chance to study up in advance the work of these great subordinate bodies, and there will be no need to waste a fraction of an hour in the work of forming them. The saving of time under the new régime will impress all who recall how many hours used to be taken up years ago in this preliminary task of organization.

The Make-Up of the Body

In this General Conference there are a little more than 180 presiding elders and about 355 pastors, making over one-quarter of the ministerial delegates who come from the pastoral function and field to make the laws for the church. The educational institutions of the church are handsomely recognized. Among the college presidents and professors who are in the body are the following: Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University; President Arms, of our college in Concepcion, Chili; Dr. J. F. Goucher, founder and president of Woman's College, Baltimore; President Huntington, of Boston University; Chancellor Hamilton, of the American University; President C. W. King, of Cornell College; President NIcholson, of Dakoda Wesleyan University; President Crawford, of Alleghany College; President Rice, of the University of Chattanooga; President...
Mrs. Lois Lee Parker
The Senior Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
Born July 9, 1831. Landed in India, August 21, 1856. Died Nov. 1, 1925.
Mrs. Lois Lee Parker Crowned

J. W. Robinson

In the death of Lois Lee Parker the missionary body in India loses one of its oldest members and the Methodist Episcopal Church loses its senior missionary. To her friends her passing brings mingled grief and joy. In age and feebleness extreme, she herself had longed for release, and it is a relief to those who knew her to know she has now laid aside all the weaknesses of the flesh, and that the frail body no longer lies down to earth the soul that longed for the open vision of God. Our joy is that we know her joy is now made complete. Our sorrow is that ties of friendship that were blessed have been broken and we will see her face no more in this world.

Lois Lee was born in Vermont, July 9, 1834, so had almost completed ninety-one years of life on earth when she was called to enter into the fullness of the life beyond. Of a religious nature from her childhood, she early identified herself with the Congregational church. Her marriage to a Methodist preacher, Edwin W. Parker, brought her into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and with him she went to the joys and sorrows of a minister’s life until his lamented death in 1901. Their wedded life was a singularly happy one, and since the first day of her widowhood her constant thought and anticipation has been of the reunion that was coming and of the re-summption of a companionship that to her mind was worthy of eternity. Among her last words was a statement to those caring for her that she would tell her husband, when she met him, how kind and tender her friends and his had been to her through her long illness.

Mrs. Parker and her husband, under appointment as missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, came to India in 1901, in the days when the voyage had to be made around the Cape in sailing vessels. They landed in company with Thoburn, Waugh, Downey and others, at Calcutta, August 21, 1859, and their first appointment was Bijnor. Shortly afterwards the mission undertook the establishment of a Christian settlement in the Kheri district, and the energetic and practical Parker were chosen to launch the enterprise at a place to be named Wesleyapur. But in that torrid region malaria is a foe to be reckoned with, and soon both of the young people were incapacitated for work, and the devoted husband was instructed to take the sickly wife to Amritsar that she might die among her own people.

However, instead of succumbing to the illness her doctor had thought fatal, she made a good recovery, returned to India with her husband, spent long years with him in the work at Morlab, Lucknow, and Shajahanpur, and the joy and satisfaction of seeing her husband elected to the office of Missionary Bishop, survived him almost a quarter of a century, and lived to almost complete sixty-six years of active and effective missionary work in the land of her adoption.

It was not, however, the length of her term of service alone that made her an outstanding character among her fellow laborers, nor was her success only that which grew out of her faithful and loving support to her husband. That she was a real helper was evident to all their fellow-workers knew, and with no doubt it was her local cooperation that helped him attain to the success that was a stepping stone to the high office ultimately given him by the Church. But from the time they arrived in Bijnor, where she at once began teaching a group of women and children, she had a work of her own. On her arrival her heart was touched by the intellectual and spiritual destitution of her Indian sisters and she devoted all her time to such work as would secure their uplift. Until her last illness she was faithful to her consecration, and even when stricken and helpless her one desire was to get back to her Harodi appointment—her “work,” as she loved to call it.

So deep was her consecration to the welfare of India’s women, and so pressing did she feel the need, that on her way to America as an invalid she worked out plans to help in securing the ends that seemed imperative to her. It was while there, in Boston, and in consultation with another elect woman who had a burden for India, Mrs. William Butler who had helped her husband establish the work here, that the little band of six women got together an a stormy writer day, and in faith and with prayer, launched that organization that has been so singularly used of God in accomplishing the work for which it was intended—the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her connection with this Society, as well as her own and her husband’s successful work on the field, made her name one of the most widely known and the most highly revered in American and Indian Methodism.

All of the later years of her life Mrs. Parker had the great satisfaction of knowing the organization she helped launch was accomplishing in a wonderful way the thing she most desired, the enlightenment and uplift of the womanhood in India in whom she was intensely interested.

It is well-known to missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the present generation that Mrs. Parker founded the Bijnor Girls’ School, the Morabad Girls’ High School and the Harodi Girls’ School, all of which are yet flourishing institutions, and that she was a keen supporter of other schools as well as zazen and evangelical work, but it is not so well known that for many years she most acceptably edited the Rajasthan Hind, and that after the death of Miss Thoburn she for a short time, was acting Principal of the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, holding that difficult position acceptably until permanent arrangements could be made for this important work.

It was Mrs. Parker’s love for the people of India, her long years of persistent and self-sacrificing work for them, and her great wisdom and tact in dealing with them and the problems that grew out of work for them, that to the day of her death gave her the living regard and complete confidence of the missionaries and Indian people alike. To the former she became, in loving accents, “the Mother of us all,” and to the latter a saint and an angel of mercy. Worthy memorials to her name were erected long since left us. When pressed by her fellow workers to consent to some memorial bearing her name, with a characteristic modesty she asked that the Mission Home at Harodi be so designated. But her co-workers were not satisfied with this, and the splendid “Lois Parker High School Hall” at Lucknow, and the “Lois Lee Parker Girls’ School” at Bijnor, where she first taught the little girls, the precursors of the great multitude of Indian girls, now in Methodist schools, are more worthy memorials to her name. But the real monuments and memorials of this blessed woman are not to be found in brick and blood, thousands of girls and women who passed through her capable hands and under her generous affection, and passed out into life, wiser, better, healthier, happier, and with an attitude toward their own Indian sisters which was but a repetition of what she had bestowed on them. Bless her the name of Lois Lee Parker! After almost a century of loving toil, she rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.
MRS. E. W. PARKER
(LOIS LEE PARKER)

MISSIONARY TO INDIA

Price Three Cents

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society
Methodist Episcopal Church
Publication Office
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Mrs. E. W. Parker
(Lois Lee Parker)
By Florence L. Nichols

So associated with India is the life history of Mrs. Parker that we almost forget her early years in Vermont; her splendid family heritage; her experience as a school teacher. In March, 1856, Lois Lee married Edwin Wallace Parker. Mr. Parker's theological course was not completed, but the young wife joined him in his work at the Bible Institute in Concord, N. H. After graduation, the first pastorate was an uncomfortable one; the parsonage was extremely poor and the parish small and scattered. "But my good wife," so writes Mr. Parker, "said it was all right and good, and we went to work."

In that spirit, Mrs. Parker has been at work ever since. Sixty-one years of continuous service at home and in India have been characterized by cheerful, energetic consecration to the Master's service and Mrs. Parker is still at work.

The call to India came during this first year of pastoral work. Mr. Parker was commissioned in February, 1857, and April sixteenth of that same year they sailed from Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Parker had no thought of ever returning to the homeland, so it was a final farewell to friends and family. A hundred days in a sailing vessel, fifty days over land from Calcutta brought them to Lucknow. Although suffering much bodily discomfort on the voyage, yet "the Parkers" completed during that tedious trip an extended course of study and studied Hindustani.

In telling of the next forty years, it is impossible to separate the work of Mrs. Parker from that of Bishop Parker. To the Indian missionaries, they were always "the Parkers." Wherever they lived, there was always a New England home, comfortable, economically and efficiently managed; with an atmosphere of Christ-like service. Fortunately were the young missionaries who could have a few days of rest in that home. Bishop Parker at his desk, Mrs. Parker making cookies in the dining-room—that is a picture many love to recall. But the periods of cookie-making were all too few; Mrs. Parker did her full share of missionary work.

To return to the early days in India; Mrs. Parker's first home was in Bijapur, a new station opened that year. 250 miles from Lucknow. The journey was made in a wagon drawn by horses part of the way but the last weary 180 miles the travellers were carried in a palanquin at the rate of three miles an hour. Almost immediately Mrs. Parker started a school and soon had twenty girls in her class. In October, 1916, the Lois Lee Parker Memorial was dedicated, a new school building in Bijapur. Mrs. Parker was present and compared the work of Bijapur with that begun in January nineteen and seven years before. Almost the first day in the Parker's new home, family prayers were held with the servants. This custom is still con-
continued and each morning Mrs. Parker gathers her Indian family around her at a household altar. If there were time to speak of the many Indian men and women who can truly call her "mother," of the girls whom she has helped to prepare for service; of the boys who have grown up to be preachers and teachers under her influence, it would be a long, inspiring story.

Famine came to Bijnour in 1860 and fever to both Mr. and Mrs. Parker. Mrs. Parker was seriously ill and Mr. Parker had smallpox. Their appointment was changed while Mr. Parker was recovering in the hills and Mrs. Parker alone moved their goods to Lakhimpur, settled affairs in Bijnour and started the Christian farmers from Bijnour to Lakhimpur, for this new appointment was the founding of a Christian agricultural colony.

We cannot speak more of the next few years—years so full of disappointments and illness that stouter hearts would have been dismayed. Finally, it was decided that they must return home. Mrs. Parker had had fever almost continuously for six years. "We do not leave India," so wrote Dr. Parker in his diary, "because we are afraid to die, but because we love India and want to live for India."

During their furlough in America, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was organized. It was Dr. Parker who conceived the idea of the co-ordinate Branches and who wrote the constitution. All through his life, he joined Mrs. Parker in helpful council and loyal support of this Society both at home and in India.

Mrs. Parker regained her health sooner than did her husband but at last they were able to return to India. During this second period of service—twelve years and three months—Mrs. Parker's home was in Moradabad and there she founded the girls' school. Again the fever, and in 1883 "the Parkers" were obliged to come home. The journey through Palestine was a great joy to Mrs. Parker but how she sorrowed to leave her hundred and sixteen girls of the Moradabad school. In September of 1884, however, she was back in the old home and school. For nearly thirty years her home was in Moradabad. The first conference after Bishop Parker's death, Mrs. Parker was appointed to city evangelistic work there. A woman less brave, could not have gone back to a station so full of memories.

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August 21, 1909, the cornerstone of the Lois Parker
High School was laid in the Lal Bagh compound, just fifty years after the arrival of the Parkers in India. Mrs. Parker was present and spoke at the ceremony and again in May, 1913, she spoke at the dedication of the completed building.

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Mrs. Lois S. Parker: An Appreciation

By Oscar MacMillan

A LITTLE woman—frail, face scamed and wrinkled, trembling hands, almost totally deaf—yet refusing to surrender to old age and to retirement from her beloved “work.” Such was Lois S. Parker, Missionary Extraordinary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From her twenties to her nineties—for sixty-six years—she “traveled” for Christ in North India, and over the oceans back and forth. She was known everywhere. In sixty-six years’ time the fragrance of a life becomes penetrating. To us who knew her from our infancy she has been “Aunty Parker” or “Grandmother Lois.” What woman missionary of any church, of any age, has ever received greater devotion and love than this little Vermont woman who added year to year, and decade to decade and quarter century to quarter century in her untiring service, until her “children” and “grandchildren” and “great-grandchildren” have become as the children of Abraham’s promise—as numerous as the sands on the sea shore. 

I’p in North India they date time from the Parkers. Ask any old Christian and he will tell you, “I am of Pulpit’s zaman (Parker’s time).” He goes back to Parker, who so laid impress of his great life on the new-born Methodist Church that it built itself about him. And “Pulpit” was not only Edwin W.—later Bishop—but Lois S. as well.

She with him laid the foundations of our work, she with him built the first great district, she helped him carry his great load, she “carried on” when he had left her side, she established herself in the district of an Indian superintendent and for almost twenty years conducted her girl’s school and made evangelistic tours among the village women.

She was frail in the beginning of her missionary career and frail to the end. I have before me a letter of hers written in India sixty-one years ago. She speaks of her “bad lungs” and of the weather thus: “This damp weather is very bad for me. I can’t be well anywhere this weather.” Yet in her later years, unable to stand the high altitude of the mountains where other missionaries sought relief from the heat, she stuck it out, hot or cold, damp or dry. Her eager eyes and her quick smile were proof of a secret vitality that resisted “lungs” and weather.

With two cities in North India the name of Parker is associated. Our early work in India was laid out in two adjoining divisions of what is now the United Provinces— the divisions of Rohilkund and Oudh. In Rohilkund is the city of Moradabad; in Oudh is Hardoi.

To Moradabad first went the Parkers. In the Moradabad District came the first “break.” In and around Moradabad the Methodist Episcopal Church, not in its institutions but in its membership, began to rise rapidly from its foundations.

The Parkers set the pace for all our North India work. Great of body and equally great of soul, he was the master-builder. She looked after the women’s work. Together they made the Parker home. Having no children of their own; they proceeded to father and mother everybody. They soon became “Uncle and Aunty Parker” and so remained to the end. I have before me a letter of Edwin W. Parker, dated Moradabad, June 6, 1872. It reads:

“A happy peaceful home is the missionaries’ great earthly comfort. So much to try us, to perplex us, and almost dishearten us in this work that a home is a wonderful institution. A Christian home is such a contrast to a heathen world that it seems glorious in the comparison. How often do we thank the good Lord for each other?”

From Moradabad to the episcopacy and from the episcopacy to the other world, to teach, according to his vision in those last hours, those who had had no opportunity on earth to know the Christ—passed Edwin W. Parker.

His widow, eager to follow him, yet more eager to carry on his work, went to Hardoi in Oudh. In this little and neglected yet important district she settled down and mothered it. She began the school for Christian girls, and carried it until others relieved her of the heavy responsibilities. She gave herself not only to the school but to the evangelistic work of the district—not ceasing her efforts until within a few months of her death. How often this woman of eighty and eighty-five and ninety “roughed it” over the roads of this district, living in tents and Indian houses, as she continued the task of a lifetime! How often she was sympathetic counselor to her Indian Superintendent!

And now they lay her away in Bareilly, this last of the founders of our Indian Mission. Reverently her coffin will be carried to the burying-ground. Tenderly and slowly, amid the tears of a great multitude, it will be lowered into the soil of the land she loved. Few to welcome her to India. Many to bid her farewell! The day will be a holy day. Men will speak in whispers. The “Pulpit zaman” has come to an end.

Madison. New Jersey.
Piety and the Modern Mind

ONE of the finest memories of our youth was that of the old-fashioned class meeting. Oh yes, there was much to criticize. There was the elderly brother who sang through his nose and whose voice was heard above all the others. There was the brother whose social conscience was inadequate. But those class meetings were nevertheless a place where God seemed real and near.

We well remember an hour in our theological school days when our professor, one of the most honored men in Methodism, discussed the relative values of various types of Christian worship. He appraised the elaborate ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church and of the Greek Church. He estimated the ordinary Protestant service. He then went on to claim that studied from the standpoint of type and fitness the very highest form of worship was a Methodist class meeting, where people came to give expressions to their religious experience and where through scripture and song and testimony worship of God came to seem very real. A class meeting, ideally conducted, he claimed was a higher type than any other form of worship.

The people who attend it are human; the leaders are human; and all the frailties of humanity will find their way into a class meeting. Nevertheless ideally it is the highest in type. The best psalms express the mood of the class meeting—"Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright." The finest of old hymns express it—

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;"

recently published a booklet on "What Ails the Young People?" In the article he speaks of piety as follows: "A respectable, sincere piety that is not without good fruits, yet not the determining motive or principle where life is most active, most new, most a struggle, most swift in its movement; a religion that saves many individuals from many a thing that is evil, and to many a thing that is godly; but a religion that, though it contains a germ of infinite possibilities, is not yet developed into a form that could produce a Christlike society."

Professor Coe has here discovered to us both the weakness and strength of piety. It is not unreal or unworthy. Its weakness is that while it dominates the soul at given periods and leads to much real virtue, it does not dominate the more active and intense interests of life. They seem to exist and move apart from the moods and purposes of the devotional hour. This lack of accord between the different interests of life has largely remained undiscovered, even unsuspected, by the pious soul.

But piety has a germ of infinite worth. The cure for the evils of piety is more piety. We make no gain by abandoning it and developing a church maintained by programs and sensations. We get our gain by making the mood and purpose of our periods of piety the moods of every period and interest of our lives. Then the activity of the Christian individual gradually produces a Christian social order, where the individual may realize the joy and uplift of the sense of God's presence in the activity of the factory, the shop, the office, as well as in the quiet of his hours of devotion; and where piety penetrates and molds every experience of life and crowns them all with moments of ineffable sense of the great Presence.

Psychology and Religion

THE Commonwealth Club of San Francisco recently devoted an evening to a program prepared by the Section on Education. On this occasion addresses were given by Senator M. B. Harris of Fresno, the Hon. Will C. Wood, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and by Professor William Chandler Bagley of Columbia University. Professor Bagley's subject was "Do our Schools Educate?" In the course of his remarks he made the following statement: "Finally the psychologists have come with a brand new instrument of precision called the intelligence-test, and some of them have quite fairly decided that only a relatively small proportion of the people can profit by education." After taking issue with that claim and also the claims made by the pro-Nordic propaganda, he adds: "Nor do I need to say that he psychologists greatly overshot the mark, and that they themselves now admit that their instruments of precision are far less precise than they at first thought." The sentence which is significant is this: "The psychologists greatly overshot the mark, as they themselves now admit."

This statement was made concerning psychology and secular education. We wonder if it has any application to psychology and religious education. We have heard a great deal in recent years about psychology and religion. We have had treatises on the psychology of religion.
a woman in our church! Let us pray that others like her may be made up to carry on the great work after she has received her coronation.

Auburndale, Mass.

Lucy M. Sinclair

At a dinner party, given in honor of Mrs. Parker, I met her for the first time, and found her a quiet, gracious woman. The ladies present were discussing a rather tragic event which had just transpired, saying that she could not work in India, but she added: "I was twice as happy in the States, because I was with my husband." At that time she was in her 70s.

Mrs. Parker feels today, as she looks back and says, "What hath God wrought!" and her great hopefulness as she looks forward! She has freed India's women from their prisons. She has given them schools and so on to live. She has given them medical missionaries, and so reached their souls. India's women are her crown. This modest, quiet woman has been too busy with doing great things to talk much, but the children of her spirit will not fail to sing her praises while they endure. They reverence her as their mother beloved, and all Christendom with grateful hearts cries out, "Hail, Mary, blessed of God."

Pasadena, Cal.

Mrs. O. W. Scott

Mrs. O. W. Scott paints a picture of a woman who is not afraid to do what she believes is right. She has worked hard and never been afraid to speak her mind. Her words are full of encouragement and hope. She has faced many challenges and has never given up. She is a true leader and an inspiration to all who know her.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Rev. Dr. James Mudge

No one could have lived and labored for ten years in North India, as I did, without coming to know and respect the very highest manner Mrs. Parker. We were all one great family, for the mission was small, with almost all missionaries and associates and experiences in common, and being thrown together in such a way that each was so well known to me. Mrs. Parker was one of those whom I knew to be loving and loving to her character, her dependability, her goodness, the absence of all pretense, all self-seeking, all desire to be conspicuous or praised or favored. Truly, she was the Lord's, and — just as much as possible — and to say a little as possible about it, she was our way, as it was that of her husband. Such people are rare — commoner in missionary circles than elsewhere, but none too plentiful anywhere.

"Auntie Parker" she was to the children of the mission, for she couldn't read them, having none of her own. And this fact was, of course, one reason why she could not do so much more than those women who had families to take their time and strength. Her adopted family was an exceedingly large one. We never reared the same child she did, but she was much confered at and we were much to her at conferences and such places, and I would give much to see her again.

Rutland, Vt.

Mrs. C. H. Hanaford

I was at that memorable session of the New England Conference in Lynn Common Church in 1893, when Rev. B. W. Parker, J. W. Waugh, C. W. Judd, J. R. Downey, and J. M. Thoburn were ordained and sent to India to reinforce Dr. Butler. Missionary enthusiasm was at a white heat, and these young men were followed by many prayers. Mrs. Parker has shown great wisdom, unselfish devotion, unselfish zeal, and unselfishness in her work. Her wisdom was seen in her efforts for the organization of the W. F. M. S. Surely she and her associates had worked better than they knew, when they commenced their work destined to bless so many women, not only in Christian lands — but in the home of their forebears, whose lives have been made full and richer by service for others. Her wisdom and foresight have also been seen in the teaching of the church, in choosing young women for important positions, training them along lines that would fit them for the greatest usefulness, and leading them into earnest Christian lives.

How faithfully she stood by her husband's side in all his trials and responsibilities, accompanying her work with him by the supervision of the W. F. M. S. Work! How bravely she has stood at his post during the years of widowhood and loneliness, longer than I, and bearing burdens in her advancing years from which many, stronger women would pray to be excused! How many of India's girls and women have been saved and uplifted by her influence and example, will never be known, yet the book is opened. I venture the assertion that no life has ever been touched by her that has not been made better thereby. May her coming be long delayed!

South Bennington, Vt.

Mrs. Israel Luce

While I have been privileged to meet Mrs. Parker several times in the homeland and was especially grateful to her husband, Bishop Parker, for his influence in bringing us to Portland, yet my acquaintance with her was not very close. She was very quiet and unassuming, giving none the impression that she must ever be about her Father's business, and her absorbing thoughts seemed intent upon the mission given her. I was quite touched to be remembered by her soon after the giving away of my dear husband. That she, in far-off India, could think of a poor Master in higher service than earth can give, I am glad for health and strength to work for the poor people here, while he serves the same Master in higher service than earth can give. In India forty-five years ago only three remain — Bishop Thoburn, Dr. Waugh and myself. I am the only missionary in this district of a million of people, having the supervision of about fifty Bible women scattered through the district, and having charge of the food and clothing for the boys in our boarding school.

What a record of sixty years' faithful service for the Master. As I interpret the initials W. P. M. S. of our organization to mean "Woman's faith means success," much was due to her faith that the work was done, and in a distance of twenty-five miles in one of the most prosperous areas of the season, she arrived at the appointed meetings on twenty-third day of March. Her husband tried to dissuade her from going, saying that no one would be there. Mrs. Parker hesitated, as if recalling those soul-stirring women of heaven's "helpers" had done, giving them much praise for their faithful helplessness.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Mrs. J. M. Jeffords

The first that I knew of Bishop Parker and his wife was when he was pastor at Lunenburg, Vt., and my father, Rev. Peter Merrill, was preaching at St. Johnsbury. I can just remember his coming to our house, to have father recommend him as a missionary to India. I also remember of the farewell meeting at St. Johnsbury. After addresses had been given by my father and others, and after the closing hymn, Mrs. Parker came forward and stood by her husband, when father asked him by the hand, in behalf of the preacher of the Vermont Conference and other Christian friends, bade them affectionate farewell. They have always visited at our house when they have returned to America.

Rutland Falls, Vt.

A Memorial to Mrs. Parker

On the fiftieth anniversary of Mrs. Parker's arrival in India, the cornerstone of the Lake Park Memorial High School was laid at the occasion of its dedication, May 1, 1914, Bishop D. W. Robinson, in the course of the historical address which he delivered:

"In making this building a memorial to Mrs. Parker the society is honoring her who is largely responsible for the existence of this society. For it was Mrs. Parker, who, on March 29, 1869, with a few other faithful women, organized the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It is unnecessary, for brick and stone to speak Mrs. Parker's name, for all over this land missionaries are felt that will make the name of Parker famous for generations to come. Our object, then, in giving her name as the right to show that we love and honor her. There is a tendency to have the rest of our friends go unmourned until their deaths, and then leap out flowers upon their tombs in our own behalf. We are glad to honor Mrs. Parker in this way and to join with you. May a double portion of the spirit that brought Mrs. Parker home to labor here fall upon every girl who enters the portals of this institution!"
EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A few, a mist, and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly fish and a sunning
And a cave where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the god,
Some call it evolution,
Others call it God.

A mist on the far horizon,
The tender, infinite sky,
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfields
And the wild geese calling by;
And all of them blend and upheld
The charm of the golden rod;
Some of us call it autumn,
Others call it God.

Like waves on a crescent sea breast
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our souls great yearnings come,
Welling and surging in;
Come from that mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot hath trod,
Some of us know that it is long,
And others call it God.

A packet frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her bread,
Sorrows drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
And thousands who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard path have trod.
Some call it conscience,
And others call it God.

— William Hervey Curtis.

THE PASSION FOR PEACE
BISHOP E. R. BENDIX

The Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, after contributing more than her share to the world's wars, is now appearing in a new rôle as a fighter for peace. She is making war on war itself, and is about holding a great council of war in Constance, Germany, whose delegates are Christians. It has been truthfully said that “more Christian blood has been shed by Christians than by all the pagan and Mohammedan armies ever enlisted against the Christians.” For centuries the European wars have largely been religious wars. Germany, France, the Netherlands, England, Scotland and Ireland have fought under the cross, while Eastern Europe has witnessed the cross and the crescent arrayed against each other on many a bloody field and in many a disastrous war. Even when, as in Napoleon’s wars, the real issue was not religious, the combatants were nominally Christian. Not only so, but England’s bloodiest wars have been with Protestants, whether in South Africa or in America. And in the great civil war of history was between Protestant patriarchs of the North and Protestant patriarchs of the South.

What has brought about the change of sentiment that leads to our now making war on war? Doubtless, in part it is due to the weapons of precision and the various kinds of smokeless powder and other explosives, such as shells dropped from aeroplanes, that make destructions only for the scrap-heap before their first broadside can be delivered or their fourteen-inch guns can even be heard. When the airship and aeroplane bomb a battle site, it is as if the shadows of the dead had risen from the grave to smite the living. With smokeless powder the enemy is ever fighting in ambush, and the most seasoned of veterans become demoralized when they do not even know the direction of their deadly foes. Rapid-firing guns sweep out of existence whole regiments and make war too horrible to contemplate. War has invented its own instrument of self-destruction. Bloch’s “Future of War,” when read by the Czar of Russia, led the ruler of the least civilized European power to beg for a Hague Conference, where nations could settle their differences by arbitration.

War has been its own deadlock. Perhaps the pencil of the cartoonist has equalled the brush of the artist in making war hideous. The workingman is no longer willing to be forced for powder, and it is increasingly difficult to fill the ranks of the soldiers or the marines. Men must know what they are fighting for to feel justified in aiming the deadly weapon that is now a sure means of carnage.

It is a gratifying fact that the largest gifts toward making arbitration triumph over war have come from the United States. The great Peace Palace at The Hague, the home of the Hague Arbitration Council with its wide-reaching influence, was the smallest part of gifts aggregating $15,000,000 in the interest of peace, from all one genuine philanthropist in our land, whose name is the synonym for peace. In making his first gift of $10,000,000 to found the Endowment for International Peace, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, addressing the able trustees, said, “I am willing to stake my fortune, I am willing to stake my existence, I am willing to stake my hope of eternal salvation on my confidence in the power of the cause of arbitration.” His view so powerfully stated is that warp and woof of nations adopting the principle of arbitration, the lesser nations will follow their example. England, Germany, and America, the three great Protestant Powers, hold the peace of the world in their hands. It is most significant that the International Peace Congress meeting in Constance, Germany, early in August emanated from the Church Peace Union that was founded by Mr. Carnegie last February in the belief that the churches were the most dependable of all peace agencies. The belief that the sword is to be turned into plowshares and the spear into the pruning hook only by the help of such agencies was frankly acknowledged by the founder. Other agencies are bringing to bear light from the fearful waste of war, its economic effects on industry and health and human vitality, from international law as thus far determined and the arbitration treaties already formally entered into. The churches have a distinct mission of influence and persuasion. They have the ear of the God of battles and also of the people, without whose ultimate consent there can be no shedding of human blood in battle. These moral and religious influences that have made impossible the deadly duel between men can be depended on to stop the very deadly duel between nations.

Leading churchmen and Christians from the great Protestant nations are not the only delegates. Protestants, Romanists, and Jews meet in the old Dominican monastery, now turned into a great hotel, on the shores of Lake Constance, where, 2,000 years ago John Huss was confined awaiting his death sentence, and counsel with delegates from every church largely responsible for the wars of the world, to bring about the happy era when people shall learn war no more, when the highest office in any cabinet shall be that of secretary of peace.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

CAN IT BE TRUE?
REV. J. RALPH MAGEE

I was much attracted by the Memorial Day utterances of Speaker Champ Clark. Can it be possible that what he says is true? Here are his words, as taken from the National Tribune: “Despite the positive command of the Saviour, few, even of the best of us, ever pray for our enemies. If we do, it is with an elastic mental reservation.” Had he left out the qualifying clause, “even of the best of us,” and taken the people as a whole, good, bad and indifferent, then he might have said “few.” It does not seem to me that to say “few, even of the best of us,” is holding to the truth. I believe there are large numbers of the “best” people that are praying for their enemies. It seems to me, from my acquaintance with the people, that there are many of the people that have the spirit of forgiveness.

Opinion on that subject may be altered somewhat by the company that you keep, and your estimate of what constitutes the “best.” From some of the direful scenes that have evidently taken place in the national House of Representatives the Speaker may have reason to pause the judgment he has expressed. That judgment could only be formed on the basis that an election to Congress is always one of the “best.” Some of us might demur from the estimate of what constitutes the “best.” But that is not the whole purpose of this article.

I believe that the Speaker made his statement a little strong for my acceptance, yet it is true that after three years of Gospel preaching, forgiveness is none too common an experience in human affairs. It is hard to find a church anywhere without some parties in it who have never learned to forgive and pray for their enemies. It makes us wonder if there are enough people that have gotten to the basic truth of Christianity, or merely have an outward acquiescence to some church creeds. We believe that the Gospel has not lost its power to take hate out of the heart. If we doubt its power, then is our preaching vain. We still have a sufficient number of cases occurring, where Christianity has chased out hatred. We prove therefore that the power is still there. There can, then, be only one conclusion—that the person who holds in his heart has not the full power of the Gospel of Christ operative in his life. The world can excuse and will excuse us for our errors committed on the spur of the moment, but the world will not, and ought not, excuse us for harboring a grudge, or permitting any other sin to continue unconfessed in our life.

There is certainly no evidence of greatness of soul in hating. It cannot even be defended on the grounds of personal rights, for there are other protections. Hatred is not an accomplishment, but evidence of the failure to develop into that broader and more accomplished self. A man is great in doing what it takes no effort to do. A great soul is not made without its terrific battles. Greatness lies in the ability to make a fight against the thing that ought not to be, and the struggle to do the thing that ought to be, regardless of cost. To carry long enough at the cross to secure the power to forgive, as we would be forgiven, and then to go out to keep that power by using it, is an accomplishment worthy of a great soul. I suppose that, when the hour of reciting time shall come and the record of lives are laid bare, wealth and position of office and external valuations shall cease to have any effect as to who is “best,” and the man who has been able to pray for his enemies and forgive, will be reckoned among the great souls of that kingdom. It seems to me that every member of the Church of Jesus Christ should see to it that no public man shall ever be able to say, or even dare to say, that “few, even of the best of us, ever pray for our enemies.”

TACOMA, Wash.
in Bishop Andrews and Foster, and then things were talked over. Bishop Andrews made the remark that India had rules that fixed the relation of the single ladies to the Missionary Society, and that if those rules were observed in all countries, there would be no friction. Mr. Parker said the ladies of the General Executive had adopted those rules. Bishop Andrews said, "That is all I want to know." They appointed a committee to draft rules for the General Conference. Bishop Wylie, Mr. Parker, and others, with great care, prepared the document. Mrs. Keen sent a lawyer to the lobby to meet Mr. Parker, and Sir R. Parker gave him this paper that the ladies had asked him to present. Near the end of the Conference, this lawyer, when there was a hush, got the floor and read the paper. One man got up and asked, "Is that what the ladies want?" The lawyer answered, "Yes." "Well, that is all I want to know."" And the paper went through. I suppose there was never a happier lot of women."

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was therefore tidied over its last crisis by "The Parker," and has since gone smoothly on with its glorious work.

The Lois Parker Memorial High School

May 1, 1905, was a great day in Lucknow, when a high school building in connection with the Isabella Thoburn College was completed. Rs.150,000, of which the government of India gave Rs.45,000, was opened in Lucknow as a memorial to Mrs. Parker. She was at her best, and spoke before a crowded audience with distinctness and force, and told of when and how she taught two very poor girls to write on a mat, and then made them into the girls that were the first of all northern India to learn to read. But what a contrast was there between her as she spoke, and a crowded hall, the audience made up mostly of educated Indian Christian women, in a great building, but one of those on the campus of a college for Indian women. She rejoiced with joy unspeakable and gave thanks to God, not only for the past, but for such a foundation for a future educated womanhood in India.

"Mrs. Parker is a wonder" is often heard in India. Wonderful that the weakest of the "Boston party," the founder of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the one who made the first of our Christian girls, should be here in health and vigor doing full missionary work. Her eighty-fifth birthday celebration in India will be given by Miss Eaton, who is eighty-three, in Wellesley Girls' School, Naini Tal, Mrs. Parker is well and strong, and doing more work than many a younger missionary. We in India cherish a hope that we shall have the honor of speaking to her. We have the honor of speaking to Miss Eaton. We have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Parker. We have the honor of speaking to the Lord. And then we may not think it is a perfect nonsense to bother about people getting old.

Lucknow, India.

Personal Appreciations of Mrs. Parker

Mrs. William F. McDowell

If you were to turn the pages of the Forty-third Annual Report of the North India Woman's Conference, you would read:

"Hard District, Mrs. Parker, Missionary. 
"Hard District, city, village and village work, Mrs. Parker, Miss Eaton.

"Hard District, Girls' Boarding School, Mrs. Parker, Missionary."

The only missionary of the society in the district, this woman had done the work of three. It may be true that, as mortals count time, Mrs. Parker is eighty years old, but age with its decrepitude and failing powers has not touched her. She is almost the youngest member of the Woman's Conference today, and she does as much work as the strongest.

Before the founding of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Parker started a Christian school for girls in India. She did not dream of high schools and colleges then—who did? But her name adorns our beautiful new high school building in Lucknow, and we are greatly honored in having it there. We are happy also to participate in the present celebration by voting to place the name of "Lois Parker" on the new school building to be erected in Naini Tal, India.

From the first inception of our society, Mrs. Parker's name has been associated with its work. She was one of the little band of women who formed the organization that rainy day in Boston, nearly fifty years ago. We thank God for Mrs. Parker and for the other noble women who laid the foundations, "garnished with all manner of precious stones." With unshaken faith, and by unfailing prayer, and through heroic sacrifice they tilled and labored.

May God grant that those of us who are now building on those foundations may rear a structure which shall be worthy, and that "the nations of which are saved shall walk in the light of it."

Evansville, Ill.

Rev. Dr. William F. Warren

"Eights precious years completed! Let us all thank God for the woman who has done more for the evangelization of India's millions than any other now living and, if I mistake not, more than any that ever lived.

Here often I think of her in a certain modest parlor in Cambridge, Mass., seated close beside a congenial fellow-worker by the name of Harriett, the two shaping and revising, sentence by sentence, and article by article, the first constitution of the then projected but not yet organized Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Since that memorable spring of 1890 what wonders hath God wrought in answer to their prayers!

Anna recall to her at Cleveland in 1906, delegate duly elected and duly credentialed to the General Conference of our world-wide church, but met at the opening session by the rude challenge of a dominating party bolted in their ideas, but never in their obstructive activities. What sweet and strong and beautiful dignity characterized and brooded communica in, which on the third day, she and her associated sisters state their claim, and then in the interest of peace and unity of counsel selflessly retire from the high tribunal! In the very act they expressly safeguard the future of the cause they represent. Taken into counsel, they address their last letter to the church in principle for which they freely bore their sacrifice.

But it is in India, her loved field of effort for more than half a century, that our thought often finds her. Changing the one word "England" to "India," Longfellow's lines picture the saint he saw carrying saving light to "the great army of the dead," perfectly apply:

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand In the great history of the land, A noble type of good, A hero womanhood.

"On India's annals, through the long Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light the lamp shall cast From portals of the past."

That lamp has already lighted unknown multitudes of others, and the process is going forward with ever multiplying effects. May God yet grant her many a fruitful year that side the veil which hides from her eyes her treasures in the heavens.

Brookline, Mass.

Louise Manning Hodgkins

It was at Wellesley Academy in the days of "girls" when an announcement was made in chapel one morning that, at 7 o'clock in the reading room, Mrs. Parker, of India, would talk to the girls of the academy about the girls of India. I doubt if a single girl of us had any special interest for missionaries, for it was before the Student Volunteer Movement had raised to keen interest every live student in the land. But the land of color, light, and mystery attracted us, and here was one who lived in it. Mrs. Parker had just come from that memorable meeting in Townsend Street Church that saw the W. P. M. S. organized and, visiting her friend, Mrs. Cooke, wife of Dr. Edward Cooke, saw an opportunity to form the first school auxiliary. Neither she nor we realized that she was speaking to a group that held, in our, two Conference secretaries, one Branch president, and a future editor of the Portal, that had but just issued a single number. But she won us, as well as many hundreds more in the years to follow, who should believe because of our word.

The Girls' Missionary Society ceased to live only when "girls" were banished from Williams a few years ago. Meanwhile, thousands of dollars went from the society to the various fields entered by the organization, and, greater than all, many a missionary went to the mission schools under the auspices of the W. P. M. S. Four of these at least are now in China and South America, whose aggregated years of service amount to over ninety years. It was a fruitful hour, and the end is not yet.

Wellesley, Mass.

Mrs. James P. Magee

"It is a privilege to me to add a flower to the wreath which you are preparing for the recognition of the eightieth anniversary of my dear friend, Mrs. Parker. My contribution can be but a word of remembrance recalling the active days of the long ago. Our acquaintance began when so many other good things began—with the formation of the W. P. M. S. in 1869. For many years thereafter, by personal contact and correspondence, I was in touch with Mrs. Parker at home and abroad. The members of that original band of founders have nearly all passed to their reward, and their works have followed them around the world. My active days have passed, but my heart still warms to the work which I have always loved, and to the workers who are striving so loyally and successfully to extend the kingdom of God on this earth.

Of this number I know none more deserving of our honor than this noble woman who at four-score years still stands at her post. My love goes to her across the seas, with best wishes for great happiness as she gathers her sheaves and calmly faces the sunset days.

Malden, Mass.

Mrs. Carrie F. Harvey

I was born a Congregationalist, and in my childhood home in Greensboro, Vt., used to hear our pastor, Rev. James P. Bumke, speak of a former parishioner of his, a young girl named Lois Lee, who was convicted under his preaching at St. John's Cemetery. She had developed a beautiful Christian character, and had married a Methodist minister, Rev. Edwin Parker. These devoted young people had heard the call of the foreign field, and had taken up work in India, from whence Mrs. Parker sent back to the beloved pastor of her youth, extracts of her letters, accounts of the work there. With the purpose of interesting the children of the Sunday school in missionary work, portions of these letters were read to them. We felt special interest, I remember, in two particularly bright little Indian boys, who had become Christians and were to be educated and trained for Christian work. At Mrs. Parker's request, our pastor named
ZION'S HERALD

Mrs. Charles Parkhurst

In the long years that I have been so deeply interested in the work of the W. F. M. E. — and this interest was greatly intensified when I was privileged to study our work in Eastern lands — no one has stirred my affections more and grateful admiration for Mrs. Parkhurst. That she should be doting perhaps her host, most successful and

sizable. During one of these rare visits I

personally. During one of these rare visits I

inspired of Mrs. Parkhurst as to whether James P. Stone and Peter Merrill were still living and was much pleased to hear that both had become able and useful native preachers, strong in the
councils of their church and worthy of the honor
dead names they bore.

The years have passed, and Bishop Parker has
gone to his reward; but Mrs. Parker, in spite of
advancing years, bravely carries on the work!
I praise God for this noble woman, for the
wonderful work she has wrought, and for the which
is to be!

Washington, D. C.

Rev. Ralph R. Lowe

Mrs. Parkhurst's sister-in-law, Mrs. Coley Marshall, the oldest living member of the Methodist Church in St. Johnsbury, says that many years ago, perhaps seventy years, Mrs. Parker was greatly influenced by her aunt, a Miss Lee, who went into the American Northwest to do missionary work among the Indians. Miss Lee was strongly opposed by her family, but pursued the work. The then very young Mrs. Parker, thorough in her name was not Parker then approved of her aunt's course.

Mrs. Butler, with Mrs. Parker's help, founded the W. F. M. E., and Mrs. Butler and her gospels on the younger and more vigorous woman. The work was not well received, yet it bore fruit in the Indian work. Mrs. Parker spent a winter in Boston, boarding on Pinckney Street, and

took medical lectures in order that she might minister to the sick when she returned. At the same time she was working with Mrs. Butler, organizing the W. F. M. E. While in St. Johnsbury she was greatly opposed by the presiding elder, who feared that the new organization would hurt the part.

As Mrs. Marshall is very old and her memory
is failing, one cannot depend too much on her
statements, but in the main I judge she got

things in my right.

SUJ. J. 31, 15


SIX OF THE EIGHT IMMORTAL WOMEN WHO ORGANIZED THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, MARCH 26, 1839

Mrs. William Butler, Mrs. William H. Merrill (standing) — Mrs. Louis Flood. The two standing are Mrs. H. J. Stockard and Mrs. F. T. Floy.

MRS. GEORGE S. BUTTERS

It seems to me that Mrs. Parkhurst has not had all the recognition that her remarkable work has so richly deserved. It is very true that she would have been one of the last to seek praise or demand the honor that belongs to her, for her unselfishness and sacrifice are the best qualities of all. To serve our church as a missionary for sixty years is a great honor. To have had such a prominent part in the founding of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church is equally great. I know of no woman who deserves more from the church of her choice than this able lady, who

so I am thankful for the work she is doing.

"You will be glad to know that the Bishop has sent Miss Hadden here to help me. She is one of the new missionaries. She will take over as much of the educational work of the school as she can in July. She is in the hills for a week, so I am alone now during the school vacation, and, if spared, will take my vacation later. I am to spend a week with Miss Easton at Nantucket, to spend my eightieth birthday there. Miss Easton's eightieth came two years ago, so she is in her seventy in age, but no; in missionary service. I am very thankful to live and see the work going on, as it is all ever India.

"I had a short visit from Mr. and Mrs. Loyd, near when they were here. I saw the Gar-

nocks in Lucknow. People who come here see the work in the large places, but don't get much idea of the great work going on in the villages, where work begins.

"I am well and happy in my work here, where the work is all native. The native preachers are very good to me, and I feel that I can help them more than a younger person could. Most of them knew me and loved my husband. We have eighty girls in the school — seventy-five boarders and five day scholars. There are a few Europeans here in government service. Just now most of them are Catholic. They and the native ows are very kind and helpful.

"We are having service again in this part of the country. Everything is at service, but I fear it will be hard to feed all the people, but they are very good, and have given up some of their food to give in the Children's Day collection and the Holy Eucharist. And I must close, again thanking you for your letter and kind help. Please give my kind regards to Mr. Parkhurst, and tell him I enjoy the Hunter's weekly visits."

The Log Cabin Memorial High School,

stated with Sabella Thomas College, Lucknow, India.
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illness. She has built a neat bungalow for her own residence and a new school building for the girls. She also looks after a large boys' school. Yet technically she is on the "retired" list.

She is held in high honor throughout the length and breadth of India. On Aug. 21, 1909, the fiftieth anniversary of her landing in India, was laid, with distinguished ceremonies, the cornerstone of the Louis Parker Memorial High School in connection with the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow, thus linking together most happily these two foremost names of the India Methodist Mission—Thoburn and Parker. And now, on this eightieth birthday, there will be a great gathering at Naini Tal to celebrate with fitting words and gifts the deeds and words, the spotless life and heroic labor of this most venerable veteran, who still so blithely serves in the cause which nearly sixty years ago began to take full possession of heart and mind.

We cannot be present in person, but our prayers can rise for God's richest blessings on this justly honored laborer. May He grant her, for India's sake, many more years of usefulness in her chosen employ, many more souls won for the Master, and then in due time a glad reunion in the eternal mansions with him who awaits her coming! We deem it a privilege to send across the seas from far America this inadequate tribute to one so worthy in every way of the best things that can be said. Her modesty equals her merit, and both are far beyond ordinary language.

SOME REMINISCENCES

L. S. PARKER

The year 1853 found us in the parsonage at Lunenburg, Vt., busy in church work. There had been a revival, and a large number of young people and others had been added to both the churches there. We were all working together for the people living scattered among the hills around, with no other thought but of work right there. But one day we read Dr. Butler's call for six men for India. We had expected sometime to enter the mission field, when older and more experienced. But this call came to us, and though there seemed many reasons why we could not go then, we could not rest until we had done our part in responding to the call by offering ourselves to the Missionary Society, leaving the responsibility there. Early in 1858 we received our appointment, with orders to be ready to sail soon. So we left the church we had learned to love so well, and Rev. D. C. Haleck was sent to finish the Conference year.

We sailed from Boston April 14, 1859, on the sailing vessel "Boston," in company with the others who had been appointed—a company of nine, and no other passengers on the ship. We reached Calcutta Aug. 21. We were met by Dr. Butler, who had made arrangements for our journey to Lucknow, which was accomplished in eight days. The first annual meeting was held the week after our arrival and our appointments made; but one of our number, Rev. Joseph Downey, had made his last journey, and with great sorrow we saw him laid away in the little cemetery at Hassannah, Lucknow.

Our appointment was to the district of Bijnor, which we reached Oct. 11, six months from the time we sailed from Boston. The first Sabbath, while the farmers were working in a field near us, we five gathered under a tree and had a Christian service. Mr. Parker conducted the service in English, and the native preacher translated for his wife and the enquirer. We had prayer and class meetings regularly, having both languages translated. Of course, our first great work was to learn the language. We had made a little beginning on the long voyage from Boston to Calcutta, and on Christmas Day Mr. Parker gave his first talk in the language in the bazaar. The few Europeans in the station asked for an English service, and that was kept up as long as we remained there.

In company with the native preachers we visited all the large places in the district, and looked forward to the time when each of these would be a center for a Christian church, with a native pastor and his helpers working in all the near villages. That vision has become a reality, and now from each of these centers the Gospel message goes out, and in the district there are some 8,000 Christians, and at this time rewards are going on in some of the circuits.

At that time there were no church buildings in all our mission field. As we saw the Hindu temples and Mohammedan images all around us, we longed to see one place dedicated to the service of the living God. So as soon as we had a few Christians we began to plan for this, and with the help of the few Europeans we collected $15, and in a few weeks we had a mud chapel built, which Dr. Butler dedicated on his first visit to us. I doubt if any people at home were more happy over a new church building than we were over that mud chapel, the very best we could
offer for God’s worship. Now there are great church buildings in most of our mission stations, having a place among temples and mosques.

At that time there were no schools for girls and very few for boys. In all that part of the country I never found a girl or woman who could read, and the men were not willing that the women should be taught. So there seemed to be an impossible barrier to this part of the work we had hoped to have a part in. But now more than fifty years have passed, barriers have rolled away, and there are between two and three thousand girls and women enrolled in our schools from the primary to the Woman’s College in Lucknow. There are also in all our stations schools for Hindu and Mohammedan girls supported by the Government. In some of these we have Sunday schools, and we can reach many women and girls in their secluded homes with the printed page, as in all large cities we find women who can read.

In the early days we often longed for help such as we had in the young people in Vermont, and we wondered if we should ever see Christian young people in India. Last Sunday, Easter, found me the only missionary in this district, but when I went to our church—a nice brick one—I found it beautifully decorated, and all the exercises for Easter and Children’s Day had been prepared by the young people. The church was well filled, a large proportion being children and young people. And this was only one small company of the young people who are in our mission today.

So, after more than fifty years, I have been permitted to see what we had long hoped and prayed for. Meanwhile, many have given their lives in this service, and perhaps from the battles of heaven are permitted to see what they longed for while on earth. There is still a great work to be done, and we are praying that many more may be called to the blessed service, to this field white for the harvest.

Herodot, India.

Especially Interesting to Wesleyan Graduates

G R A D U A T E S of Wesleyan University and friends of that sweet singer, Freshie Lawrence Knowles, will be pleased to learn that “Wesleyan View,” a generous collection of verses culled from the college periodicals of the past several decades, and dedicated to the memory of Mr. Knowles, has been edited by Wesleyan alumni, Carl F. Price, ’02, and Rev. Dr. Ralph Wells-Kreider, ’01, of New York city, and Charles N. Rudkin, ’11, of Middletown, and published by the Wesleyan State. Some twenty years since such a volume, now out of print, was edited by Mr. Knowles. The present edition is based on and includes a large part of the first edition, together with the best that has appeared during the intervening years. The edition has a valuable introduction by Prof. C. T. Winchester, ’03, and contains poems by Herbert Welch, ’05, Louis Jones Magr, ’05, Ferris Greenleaf, ’07, Harry Arthur Thompson, ’08, William Howard Mitchell, ’08, Frank Elwood San

J O H N D. Rockefeller passed his seventy-fifth milestone July 8, in excellent health and in fine spirits.

Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, who has been compelled to cancel his engagements and take a prolonged rest, is recovering at his home in Portland, Ore.

Rev. Donald H. Gershon, who has done so fruitful work at St. Paul’s Church, 1,100, has declined the invitation to go to Honolulu.

The church at large will tenderly sympathize with Bishop Cooke, who has been called from Portland, Ore., to Athens, Ga., New Hampshire, has filed with the New Hampshire, has filed with the committee of state his declaration of candidacy for renomination as United States Senator. His election is by no means assured.

Rev. E. M. Antrim, D. D., of First Church, Peoria, Ill., is at Bay View, for his well-earned vacation. On Easter Sunday the attendance at the Sunday school was 1,300. The average attendance is 1,000. The prohibition movement in the city is being heartily sustained.

Bishop E. R. Hendrix, whose able and pertinent contribution we are gratified to present to our readers in this issue, sailed July 11 for Constance, Germany, to attend the International Peace Congress. He expects to return, via Boston, Aug. 19, on the “Cleveland,” of the Hamburg- American Line.

Subject to the approval of the trustees, President Murfin has appointed Dr. Charles P. Huse assistant professor of economics and social science in Boston University, in place of Prof. F. Spencer Baldwin, who has been made chairman of the Workmen’s Compensation Commission of the state of New York. Professor Huse will begin his services at Boston University in September. Dr. Huse is a graduate of Harvard University, and holds the degrees of A. B., A. M., and Ph. D. from that institution. He has served as instructor in economics at Dartmouth and at Radcliffe. He has also acted as assistant in the department of economics at Harvard. During the last three years he has been assistant professor of economics in the State University of Missouri.

President Carl G. Doney, of West Virginia Wesleyan College, who, with his wife and two sons, has been traveling a year in Palestine, Egypt, Greece, and other European countries, is expected to return in August.

Rev. Dr. Joel M. Leonard has such a large list of devoted friends in and about Greater Boston that our faculty publishes the following paragraphs from a personal communication to the editor, bearing date of July 11:

“I am having the trial of my life. I am doing some work, but I am compelled to go slow, or, as it seems to me, to be sentenced to constant watchfulness, is not according to my habit or liking. Last month my brother kindly took Mrs. Leonard and myself on an automobile trip. We did the Berkshires, the Catskills, Niagara Falls, the Adirondacks, the Green and White Mountains. We were on the road seventeen days, and traveled in the auto 1,100 miles. It was in the best of weather and over the finest roads. It was enough to make any one forget his troubles. I guess it did me good—at least, they say it did.

“I have never realized until now what a joy it was to me to be able to work on any problem, or lift an arm, which I could get hold of. I am planning next week to go to my camp in Friendship, Me., for a little stay.”

We are gratified to announce that Rev. Dr. Milton S. Rees is to preach in Dudley Street Baptist Church Aug. 2 and 3, and also in Second Congregational Church, Dorchester, Aug. 16.

President Wilson has accepted the chairmanship of the honorary council of the International Lord’s Day Congress, to be held in connection with the Panama Exposition next year, thus again showing his interest in the Christian Church and the institutions for which it stands.

Bishop Tuckfield, who was required to give up his appointments on account of enforced rest, will be in condition for full work in several weeks. He plans during August to meet the district superintendents of the Ohio, Southern Illinois, St. Louis and Missouri Conferences for pre-Conference consultation, and will take up important church interests in the South, including the deferred formal opening of the new Italian Church in New Orleans.

It is interesting as well as instructive to examine the list of important immortals belonging to the Hall of Fame of Toaster, published last week. Of course the Adams head the list. Phillips Brooks is there, as he should be; so are Hosea Ballou, Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, and, of course, Garfield and Phillips. Anne Hutchinson, “religious teacher, leader of antinomians,” and Lucy Stone Blackwell, “reformer,” are in the list. The only Methodist we note is “Edward T. [Elders] Taylor, 1792-1861, missionary to sailors.” As only individuals who died not later than 1830 were considered, such names as Patrick A. Collins,
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Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., and Julia Ward Howe are eliminated. It is suggested that the next consideration of the list be in 1920 and then every ten years. Thus the list would gradually increase and reflect the development of the city.

We noted last week the decease of Rev. Dr. W. B. Palmore, editor and owner of the St. Louis Christian Advocate. An exchange says that he bequeathed his farm at Malta Bend to the Central Female College at Lexington, Mo. The property is valued at $40,000. The balance of his estate, $150,000, will go to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Attention is called to the death, on July 9, of Thomas B. Rice, a veteran abolitionist and personal friend of Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, at his home in Barre, at the age of ninety-seven years. His father was one of the original abolitionists in Massachusetts, and early in the movement the son associated himself with it. It was during his residence in Boston that he made the acquaintance of the great leaders of the party.

The Rev. Christian Advocate, of Portland, Ore., says, in its issue of last week: "Rev. Burton St. John, of Tientsin, China, returned home with his family in February, on sick leave. After visiting some little time at the home of his parents in Canby, Ore., he went to Minneapolis. There he underwent a surgical operation. He returned to Canby in time to be with his mother during her last sickness and death. He will make his home there during his convalescence."

Rev. George W. Jones, pastor of Perrin Memorial Church at Newton Lower Falls, with Mrs. Jones, sailed on Saturday for a trip to Europe, to be gone until Sept. 16. Beginning their itinerary in Italy, they will visit several European countries, ending with England and Scotland. Before leaving, Mr. Jones arranged a calling list among his members, and expects that more than 250 calls in the interest of his church will be made during his absence.

Rev. Jacob Finger, pastor of the Methodist Church at Idaho Falls, Idaho, and formerly of the Vermont Conference, is visiting Rev. F. W. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis at Groton, Vt. Mrs. Finger is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Mr. Finger will remain until about the first of August. His family will make a more extended visit. The church at Idaho Falls is preparing to a marked degree under the present pastor.

Very strong pressure is being brought to bear by representatives of all parties in New York upon Ex-President Roosevelt, to induce him to accept the nomination for governor of that state. But up to this hour he has stated, with characteristic vehemence, that he will not be a candidate. It is to be regretted that he declines. He knows the Empire State as scarcely any other man does, and he would do splendid service as governor. And he could do nothing that would so greatly assist him politically.

We should like to see him governor of New York, and, if he should be elected, as is probable, and devote himself, as he would conscientiously to serve the state, it would make him logically a leading and strong candidate for re-election to the Presidency.

Rev. George W. Tupper, Ph. D., immigration secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Boston, has recently returned from the Balkans. While in Athens he was the guest of George Fred Williams, late United States minister to Greece. Rev. Tupper is reported as saying that Williams' recent exploits were a decided shock to the diplomats of Europe. He defended the course of the six great powers, severely criticized by Minister Williams.

Rev. Dr. E. J. Lockwood, who has just dedicated a new $100,000 church at Cedar Rapids, Ia., is in Boston and vicinity.

A PROTEST FROM CHICAGO

"METHODES"

We Methodists of Chicago have been humiliated once more, and again it is at the hands of the Rock Concern. We are beginning to wonder if those in authority have anything particular against this city. Some time ago our headquarters were sold over our heads, and the denominational interests located in one of the most inconvenient, out-of-the-way, and undesirable sections of the city imaginable. Only after strenuous and repeated protests was an adjustment made that was at all commensurate with the local standing of Methodism.

And now the official axe has fallen once more, this time striking our official organ, the Northwestern Christian Advocate. Announcement has just been made that the paper is to be cut down from thirty-two to twenty-four pages. In the name of our Methodism, what can the committee be thinking of? It does not help matters to be told that the Western, of Cincinnati, and the Central, of Kansas City, are in the same boat. What do they mean to do? Do they intend to place Methodism in Chicago and this Western section in the rear rank among the denominations? Must our great church be reduced to this kind of diminutive official organ, while the Congregationalists in the Middle West have the Advance, and the Presbyterians the Livingstone? Does not the Book Committee know that Chicago is the center of over twenty Methodist church members? Many of us have been firmly convinced for some time that Chicago and the Methodism hereabouts will never get just and fair consideration in such matters until it has a local book committee, just as is now given New York and Cincinnati. And this latest unwarranted and unfair act but intensifies the conviction.

They tell us in the announcement that the papers are losing money. Did they not know that they would lose when they slashed the price down to 25? Who can be deluded enough to think that a paper that is high class in its contributions and in its general appearance can be produced and sold for a dollar? The editor is all right. We like him. But he cannot do all. He must have money to pay for contributions which are of a high order, and must have resources to illustrate and make the paper attractive. And if he tries to do this, and receives only a dollar for the paper, of course there will be a big balance on the wrong side of the sheet.

Are we to blame for the shortsightedness of those leaders who stamped the General Conference in its closing hours, in passing such an ill-considered piece of legislation? The whole denominational will by an act that encourages stinginess in church affairs instead of developing generosity and liberality.

What possible reason can there be for launching a dollar in this worthy section? Why should our people be encouraged, yes, aided and abetted, in putting all their economy into their church papers? If there is one interest that should be loyally and generously supported, it is the denominational organ.

Meanwhile, we are humiliated. A twenty-four page Northwestern! Is this the paper made mighty by the pen of Edwards, of Thompson, and of Stuart? Is this Chicago? Is this the Rock River Conference? Is this that great Middle West where Methodism is often spoken of in such glowing terms?

I do not know as anything can be done now. We do not happen to have the whip-hand—just at present. But Saratoga is coming.

Chicago, Ill.

Ministers Ask Enforcement of Prohibitory Law

The Protestant ministers of Bangor, Me., are to be commended for the position which they have taken relative to the enforcement of the prohibitory law in their city. At a recent meeting a petition was signed by all the ministers of the city and vicinity and sent to Mayor Utterback, in which the clergy expressed their approval of the steps which he has already taken for the moral betterment of the city, but stated it as their conviction that "the present enforcement of the prohibitory law in the city of Bangor is not sufficiently strict." They asked the mayor to use his power, as chief executive, to see that the police force of the city does its duty in this respect, and pledged their moral support to secure the proper enforcement of this law. When presented with the petition, the mayor said that he would take it under advisement, and would have something to say on the subject at a later time. The ministers signing the document and their official relations are as follows:

Rev. T. Livingston, Columbia Street Baptist Church; Rev. R. C. Brown, Forest Avenue Congregational Church; Rev. E. S. Smith, First Methodist Episcopal Church; A. B. Hyde, Casa Street Free Baptist Church; George C. Ford, First Baptist Church; Christopher W. Collier, Hammond Street Church; E. M. Conu, First Congregational Church, Brewer; E. B. Deni, Warren J. Moulton, Calvin M. Clark, David N. Beach and John J. Martin, all of Bangor Theological Seminary; Fred K. Glibb, Grace Methodist Episcopal Church; Abra R. Scott, Unitarian Church; Albert E. Locke, Methodist Church, Old Town; Albert E. Norris, superintendent Bangor district, Methodist Episcopal Church; Joseph H. Lyman, Congregational Church, Orono; Thomas Whiteside, Methodist Church, Orono; James A. Wood, First Methodist Church, Brewer.
A Historic Missionary Character

BISHOP JAMES H. THORNBURY

IT was my privilege to be a fellow passenger with Bishop Parker and Mrs. Parker on their first voyage to India in the spring and summer of 1870. We sailed from Boston on April 13 and arrived in Calcutta on Aug. 21. Here Dr. Parker met us, and escorted us to Lucknow, where our India Mission was formally organized. It was my good fortune to be appointed to a station not very far distant from the Parkers, and in the long years which followed the love and close friendship which had commenced on board ship suffered no change, except to take deeper root and develop greater strength.

In those far-off days, the term "woman's work" was not in general use in missionary circles in India. A prevailing opinion of some good women was often quoted: "I did not come to India to become a missionary; my duty is that of taking care of my husband." This was well enough in its way, and within its narrow limits, but a broader view and a deeper conviction began to be recognized a generation or more ago, and is generally expected on the part of active missionaries. Mrs. Parker did not tolerate such a view for a moment. She was a woman of clear vision, and a genuine desire to show how clearly that great work would be needed among the women around her—a work which must be done by Christian women, or else never done at all. The situation was grave, the case urgent, and no time was to be lost. She at once gathered a few girls and women around her, and entered upon what was to become her life work. It is impossible for intelligent persons in Christian countries to realize the ignorance, the wrong-headedness, and the moral stupidity of the great majority of the people in what we are accustomed to call heathen countries. Over and over again I have heard men of average intelligence oppose the introduction of girls' schools on the ground that women cannot be taught. "They have no brains and cannot learn, no morals and cannot be trusted, and no religious nature and cannot be taught to love God or keep His commandments." The task of the missionary in a new field is really a challenge to his courage, faith, and endurance. In and Mrs. Parker accepted the challenge, and in the time won a great victory.

Many good people came forward to offer help. Even Queen Victoria heard of it, and sent word to the vicerey of India to assist in the good work of training young women in the practice of medicine, and now all over India this good work is going forward.

The election of Dr. Parker as missionary bishop in 1870 gave him much satisfaction to our missionaries in India, and it was hoped that in his new position he would be able to render valuable assistance to the great work in which so many women had become enlisted; but it was not to be. After a heroic, but brief effort to assume the great responsibilities of his office, this strong and brave leader heard his Master's call for him to go up higher, and silently entered into his eternal rest. Mrs. Parker was left alone in India, but no thought of leaving the country seems to have entered her mind. A home was found for her at a station called Hardoi, where she was placed in charge of the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. But no suitable society can place a limit to her activity.

Strange enough, a story, in some way, got into circulation, to the effect that, owing to advancing years and increasing infirmities, she was about to withdraw from active work. The source of this statement is correct. In all her long and active life she has never been constantly occupied with her Master's work as at the present time. The missionaries who were associated with her at the organization of our India Mission, with a few exceptions, have all "passed over the flood," and the exception in this case is that of one who has left the field and given up active work. But to this chosen band of missionaries who are given the rich privilege of serving their Master with a vigor and activity which reveal those who have known her of the day of her youth.

Monsoons, 1875.

There is a habit that Mrs. Parker formed early in her Indian life that she has never left off, and it clings to her after those fifty years. I refer to her habit of picking up a Hindoo or a man, caring for him, getting him converted, teaching and training him, and in due time turning him into a Methodist preacher. Many able ministers of the New Testament, now members of our North India Conference, got their start in this "Parkerian Seminary." Rev. J. N. Wight, D. D., in Women's Missionary Fund.
Honour to Whom Honour is Due

Bishop Warne's Tribute to Mrs. Parker

By Fred PiRilll.

Ninety-five pages of tribute to a triumphant life of ninety-one years! This is Bishop F. W. Warne's, "A Tribute to the Triumphant." It was fitting that Methodism's senior bishop should be asked to write this tribute to Methodism's senior missionary. But it appears even more fitting when we realize that during the twenty-four years that Bishop Warne was in charge of northern India he was Mrs. Parker's presiding bishop while his friendship and acquaintance extended through many years before. We expect that his tribute to her would be shot through and through with personal touches and make the marks of their many years of missionary association. Our expectations are abundantly fulfilled in what we read.

Lois Lee Parker, widow of Bishop E. W. Parker, died just over a year ago in Bareilly when almost ninety-one years old, having spent sixty-six years as a missionary. A full account of her life and service must be forthcoming in order to do justice to her place in Methodist history, but Bishop Warne has admirably performed the task of giving to the Church the brief yet remarkably comprehensive story of her life.

The "Tribute" was doubtless written with the American reader in mind but every missionary on the field will profit by reading carefully this account of our missionary undertakings, from their beginnings down to the present, as they are traced in Mrs. Parker's life. No Methodist missionary library could be called complete without this handbook.

The style of the book is that of a running narrative which carries the reader on with the story. It is broken up into twenty-eight chapters but they are evidently for appearance sake only, for strictly speaking they are not chapters, for there are no chapter heads and there is no attempt to bring the material under clear-cut divisions of any sort. For the most part a chronological order is followed but whenever an opportunity presents itself a moral is pointed or we are given an analysis of some phase of her personality. This method of the author tends to keep up the reader's curiosity as to what is coming next. There is no index or table of contents. The book is its own index and table of contents and you find out what is in it by following the story from page to page in an interesting game of biographical hide-and-seek. But in the end you realize that you have found a rich fund of information regarding the issues of the Kingdom which were so vitally touched, through over half a century, by this one life.

She Made Methodist History

One thing that will certainly strike the reader is the repeated way in which Mrs. Parker was instrumental in starting enterprises. The fact that she was on hand when there was the chance to start things was, of course, significant, but the fact that she was characteristically inclined to begin what she felt were necessary undertakings was far more largely responsible for her part in the beginnings of so many enterprises. Much space is given to telling the part she had in founding the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church. This is certainly an interesting chapter in her life and probably she will be long remembered because of this than for any other single undertaking. But we also read of her part in starting the Epworth Leagues in India, that she started the Girls' Schools in Dilsor, Moraabad and Haroli, that she was in Bijnor being the first school for girls in our work and among the first in all India. We learn, too, that she was among the first to urge the claim of women to laymen's privileges in the Church, and she was herself elected a lay delegate to the General Conference in 1896, when with the few other women delegates she was refused a seat.

In all this we find her interested in matters of first importance. She seldom followed a wrong scent. She lived to see the Isabella Thoburn College for Women in Lucknow grow into a great institution known round the world. She saw the day when women were regularly seated as delegates in General Conference and besides her election in 1909 she was twice again elected a lay delegate from North India in 1904 and 1908. On this point Bishop Warne writes, "She was three times elected to General Conference, in honour not given to any other woman in Methodism."

One Great Mistake

Missionaries today who read of her part in widening the scope of our missionary operations may be inclined to feel that such opportunities do not greet their successors in a day when 'cuts' have become almost an annual occurrence and when the spectre of retrenchment hovers everywhere. But we need to remember that Mrs. Parker and those who began things with her simply learned as they went along and had no access to Divine guidance that is closed to us today. And they were not always right. Bishop Warne tells of the failure of the Weslyanpore settlement enterprise. The location selected for this Christian Settlement was in the lowlands near the mountains and was malaria-infested. It was here that Mrs. Parker was infected with the fever that carried her for six years and finally forced her to leave India with very slight prospects of ever being able to return. No doubt considerable money was lost on the Weslyanpore scheme. Of it Bishop Warne says, "After about thirty of our Christians had died of fever and the Parkers had narrowly escaped with their lives, it was given up and is looked back upon as the outstanding mistake of our Church in feeling its way for the best methods of mission work among the farmers of India."

It is interesting to contemplate what a Finance Committee's action might be in reference to the advisability of the return to India of a missionary and his wife who to-day has engineered such a failure. And yet the Christian Settlement idea has been lost to die. Many Christian leaders continually suggest it as a solution for the poverty barrier that confronts so many Christians. Every Mission of any importance has, at some time, some forth with some plan in the morning, on settlement undertakings went, but few if any have returned at evening bearing any sheaves but those of dissension, disaster, and defeat. We hear of Christian Settlements in the Punjab that, to date, have been successful, but the fact remains that all over India are to be found the grim evidences that many missions have launched what Bishop Warne calls "an outstanding mistake." Some have been grimmer than others but none more grim than the one in Weslyanpore. The moral would seem to be to know as far as possible from the Christian Settlement idea is not just as likely as not the thing that will happen to impress India with the sinlessness of Christianity and economics. Bishop Warne tells a part of the story of how the Christians have banded together and demonstrated the practical democracy that underlies the Christian belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Parker's Jesuit sisters have failed, and very probably many can be found who think Jesus also failed even as He said, "They shall love thy neighbour as thyself." The final chapter in the Christian Settlement idea probably has not yet been written.
Many methods used by the early missionaries are to-day in the discard. As we read Bishop Warne's warm words of approval of Mrs. Parker's efforts we may wonder if we should turn back and seek more guidance from the past. Mrs. Parker would have been the first to condemn any such thoughtlessness. She rejoiced that "new occasions teach new duties" and that "time makes ancient good uncouth." She would say, "We wrought the best we could with the light and experience we had, it is for you to profit by both our mistakes and successes and achieve more perfect results."

The Parker Stamp on North India

The success of the Parkers in leaving their stamp so indelibly upon our North India field, is attributed by Bishop Warne to the fact that they were, "permitted to spend around twenty-five years in service" in one station. The case of Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Buck, who spent about the same number of years in Meerut, is also cited to prove the Bishop's contention that continuity of service is essential in order to exert that "personal influence that raises up leaders from among the people of the country to carry on the work." Our Methodist has often been condemned because as a rule it does not result in extended terms of service in one appointment. It would seem that Bishop Warne is living himself up with those who stand for long uninterrupted terms of service in one place. If this is true his conviction has been reached too late for any practical results, for with his administrative residence in North India extending for twenty-four years, he had an opportunity unequalled by that of any other bishop in Methodist history, to put into effect a policy of keeping missionaries in one place for long terms of service. He writes in reference to the Bucks and Parkers, "None other of whom I can now think were fortunate enough to carry on such a work for so long a time in any one station." Some whose terms of service in various stations in northern India were briefer than they wished, may be inclined to read with some questionings the words, "fortunate enough" in the same particular. If the Bishop could relieve the past twenty-five years, would he favour longer terms of service in one station? His pronouncement here seems to indicate that he might.

Slow to Tire and to Retire

Mrs. Parker continued to receive a missionary appointment till she had reached the unprecedented age of ninety. No Methodist missionary had ever equalled that record. When this is read in the homeland what will the impression be? She with her sixty-six years of service and others with a paltry thirty or forty years to their credit. We all unite in our admiration of Mrs. Parker's great life achievement as a missionary. But it should be clearly understood that the last fifteen or twenty years of her service were abnormal and that it is not expected or desired that missionaries continue in active service to such an age. Her position and her antecedents made her immune from the laws that ordinarily operate to retire missionaries when they have reached the usual limit of effective service. She was alone and did not wish to return to America, which had become for her almost a foreign land. All she asked was to be allowed to remain among the people she loved and work as she felt led. This would seem a reasonable request. She had such physical and mental strength that her case seemed different from others. But all who lived near her know the truth of the Bishop's statement when he says, "The missionaries so adored Mrs. Parker that for years they feared she might die some night in Harodi without any missionary near." The Bishop might have related even more "history" bearing on those last years of her service. The impression is given that Harodi was her uninterupted appointment from the time of her husband's death until she passed away. This is practical true but it is not quite technically so. From year to year it became more and more a question in the minds of the missionaries and of the Bishop himself, as to whether Mrs. Parker should be allowed to live alone in her bungalow at Harodi and be given responsibility for regular work. Finally, some ten or twelve years ago, it was decided to request her to retire and to receive a nominal appointment to some station where she could live with other missionaries and thus be relieved of direct duties and be assured of good care and a comfortable home. She was over seventy years of age when this decision was reached and yet it came to her as a crushing blow. She saw no rhyme or reason in it. But she was a loyal Methodist and agreed to go to her appointment, which was to be at Bijnor. Thus she wrenched herself from Harodi. But it was to no avail. She left her heart in Harodi and went physically to Bijnor to fret and spend her days longing to be back in Harodi. Those who knew her realize that the one thing happened that could possibly happen and soon she was back in Harodi again and was supremely happy. From that time she remained at Harodi until she was removed to hospital in Bareilly. But during those last years everyone knew that she should have been somewhere else where a woman of eighty or ninety could be properly cared for and might work or rest as the mood suggested.

Bishop Warne quotes someone as writing of her, "She could not realize that her physical strength had diminished, for her spirit burned with the insatiate determination of youth." And so it was to the very end. She could think of nothing but work, not realizing that physically she had become an old woman crippled by rheumatism and needing constant care. It is a safe and sane rule that lovingly but firmly accomplishes the retirement of a missionary at three score years and ten or thereabouts.

Rich in Humor, Fond of Reading and Very Versatile

Repeated reference is made to Mrs. Parker's rich vein of humour and her full enjoyment of the life she lived. She was indeed a worthy model for us in this respect and evidently the Bishop would not have us take ourselves too seriously. He has apparently some reasons for being extremely cautious about letting down the bars to missionary mirth and laughter. He wants us to "relax and have a laugh," but thrice over in one paragraph he re-iterates that it must be only "at proper times" that we so indulge ourselves. I suppose no one is in a better position to realize this than a bishop who for almost thirty years has moved out and in among missionaries of all sorts and descriptions, from those who laugh at nothing, to those who laugh at nothing, which, ye verily, would seem to mark the two extremes towards which missionaries are prone to tend.

It was almost beyond belief the way Mrs. Parker maintained her grip on the thought life of the world, right down to the last. She read widely and remembered everything she read. Bishop Warne states that she was a model for all missionaries in this respect. But some may wonder just what he had in mind when he wrote, "If Mrs. Parker's example should lead to its being a requirement, that every Methodist missionary should read weekly one of our home church papers and take and read the Methodist Review, this writer would have an abundant reward for the writing of this brochure on Mrs. Parker." He hopes that the home societies may make a "future feature of this." We doubtless agree with the Bishop in emphasizing the value of such reading, but are we to take him seriously when he suggests that it be made a "requirement?" Just how would it be worked? Would it lead to an annual, current events, intelligence test for all of us? Possibly the fact that a number of missionaries have recently been favour-
ed with complimentary subscriptions to the Zion’s Herald may be a result of the bishop’s suggestion. If this is true, there will be little opposition to a continued and even a widened application of this particular feature.”

Most missionaries have unexpected duties thrust upon them at times. Mrs. Parker was no exception. For six years, (1892 to 1898), she was editor of the Kaukab-i-Hind. After the death of Miss Thoburn she acted as Principal of the Woman’s College until she was relieved by the newly appointed Principal. Probably not many of us knew these facts till Bishop Warne brought them out. But they speak volumes regarding Mrs. Parker’s all round ability. Such missionaries are always at a premium.

It will be easily realized that Bishop Warne’s little book has had to compass a subject of no small proportions and its briefness leaves the reader with the sense of having been only initiated. He would be a curious person who could read the book and not be stirred with a desire to be more fully admitted to the secrets of a life so rich in efforts and accomplishments.

Only One Thing Lacking

The book is put out by the Methodist Book Concern in America. The workmanship would be a credit to any publishing house. The introduction is written by Mrs. Nicholson, President of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society. This fact is, in itself, a fitting tribute from the Society which Mrs. Parker helped to found. And the introduction is, in its own right, a production of distinct literary charm. There are nine illustrations including a very fine picture of Mrs. Parker at eighty, looking to the life as we remember her, and a facsimile copy of a very characteristic letter written four years ago to Bishop Robinson. To me, only one thing is lacking to make the volume complete. There should have been a map of at least the northern part of India, giving the larger cities, showing the centres of our work and marking the places where Mrs. Parker lived and served. This would not only add to the reader’s interest but would help him comprehend the extent of our missionary undertakings in northern India. Possibly such a map can be included in future editions.

We congratulate Bishop Warne on his success in producing this “Tribute.” We know he laboured under a handicap of impaired health. But we are glad he did undertake the task and was able to carry it through. He has written of Mrs. Parker and for this we thank him, but in the writing he has given us much that we will cherish all the more because in it we also find our Bishop of the Great Heart.
WITNESS

July 14, 1926

"dry" will support Senator Borah with all his power if he desires the nomination in 1928 as the Republican candidate for the presidency. Certainly there is no "wet" candidate who could compare with him in ability. He does not have to fight, this year, for his seat in the Senate, and is free to devote his spare time to the larger contest which he sees ahead; it may be that in him the Prohibition forces will have found the great national leader they so badly need.

* * *

The Sins of Nationalism

It is instructive to note how many of the dangerous problems that the world is trying to solve in these years after the War have been created by the selfish and intriguing nationalism of the last few generations. And the worst of it is that the nations, or most of them, seem to learn nothing by bitter experience, but are quite as willing as before to sow the wind and forget the harvest. It crops up in all sorts of ways. There was a time when the world could be afraid to pity for the wrongs of the Poles, a people divided by arbitrary "national" boundaries into Russians, Germans and Austrians, and compelled by "nationalisation" programmes to forget their ancient language with its remarkable literature, to forget the history of a once proud and independent kingdom, to plot in secret for the independence which alone could restore their cultural freedom. The accident of war set Poland free, and now Poland has its own "nationalisation" programme for the dissolution of minority peoples. The present boundary of Poland on the German side corresponds fairly well with the actual racial frontier; but to the north, east and south it includes so many peoples who are not Polish as to make the erection of the state seem a gross travesty of the idea of self-determination. Merely for the sake of pushing Bolshevik Russia as far back to the east as possible, the Polish frontier on that side was so drawn as to include a White Russian area nearly as great as what should properly be Poland; it would have been far more logical and just to give Poland all of Czecho-Slovakia than the present territory. So the Allies recognised in 1919, and drew the line accordingly, but then came the war with Russia, and Poland was allowed to keep all that Piłsudski had won — over to the Pisk Marshes. In the north, the Vilna district was torn away from Lithuania, though the Poles there make a small minority, simply because Piłsudski had been born near Vilna and wished to rule over his birthplace. In the south Poland holds Galicia, which is not really Polish at all. It is true that Eastern Galicia is to have a referendum in 1944 as to whether or not it shall remain Polish; and it is also true that a vigorous campaign of Pan-Polonia is being carried on there to the end that by 1931 the outcome of the vote shall not be in doubt. But Poland though a typical case is not the only present-day offender. Rumania has recovered her "unreopened" people, and with them large numbers of Germans, Magyars, and Ukrainians who are to be "nationalised" as quickly and thoroughly as possible. In Yugoslavia it is the same story. The Serbian politicians, who still more or less dominate the situation, are determined that the United monarchy, which of course is Serbdom, shall not yield place to a Serbo-Croat Slovene federation, in which the new kingdom would become something else than a "Greater Serbia." And Russia, all the way from Armenia to Mongolia, is trying to make Russia of peoples who are not so. It is the same game though the board has been painted over and the lines redrawn. And the end of it all is more revolution and more wars till a time shall come when the very idea of nationality shall be a byword and a byword.

* * *

The Chinese Civil War

To keep in touch with events in China is something like watching them through a fog. For an instant there is a glimpse of vivid action, but before there is time to realise its meaning the mist closes again and perhaps for a considerable time. It is now about three months since it was possible to form a connected series of events and values.
A. S. Aid
Board of Foreign Missions
Methodist Episcopal Church
160 Fifth Ave., New York City...
She with him laid the foundations of our work, she with him built the first great district, she helped him carry his great load, she "carried on" when he had left her side, she established herself in the district of an Indian superintendent and for almost twenty years conducted her girls' school and made evangelistic tours among the village women.

She was frail in the beginning of her missionary career and frail to the end. I have before me a letter of hers written in India sixty-one years ago. She speaks of her "bad lungs," and of the weather thus: "This swamp weather is very bad for me . . . . I can't be well anywhere this weather." Yet in her later years unable to stand the high altitude of the mountains where other missionaries sought relief from the heat, she stuck it out, hot or cold, damp or dry. Her eager eyes and her quick smile were proof of a secret vitality that resisted "lungs" and weather.

With two cities in North India the name of Parker is associated. Our early work in India was laid out in two adjoining divisions of what is now the United Provinces -- the divisions of Rohilkund and Oudh. In Rohilkund is the city of Moradabad; in Oudh is Haroi.

To Moradabad first went the Parkers. In the Moradabad District came the first "break." In and around Moradabad the Methodist Episcopal Church, not in its institutions but in its membership, began to rise rapidly from its foundations.

The Parkers set the pace for all our North India work. Great of body and equally great of soul, he was the master-builder. She looked after the women's work. Together they made the Parker home. Having no children of their own, they proceeded to father and mother everybody. They soon became "Uncle and Auntie Parker" and so remained to the end. I have before me a letter of Edwin . . . Parker, dated Moradabad, June 6, 1872. It reads: "A happy peaceful home in the missionary great
earthly comfort. So much to try us, to perplex us, and almost dishearten us in this work that a home is a wonderful institution. A Christian home is such a contrast to a heathen world that it seems glorious in the comparison. How often do we thank the good Lord for each other!"

From Haradsah to the episcopacy and from the episcopacy to the other world, to teach, according to his vision in those last hours, those who had had no opportunity on earth to know the Christ — pressed Edwin S. Parker.

His widow, eager to follow him, yet more eager to carry on his work went to Haradil in Cach. In this little and neglected yet important district she settled down and mothered it. She began the school for Christian girls, and carried it until others relieved her of the heavy responsibilities. She gave herself not only to the school but to the evangelistic work of the district — not ceasing her efforts until within a few months of her death. How often this woman of eighty and eighty-five and ninety "roughed it" over the roads of this district living in tents and Indian huts, as she continued the task of a lifetime! How often she was sympathetic counselor to her Indian superintendent!

And now they lay her away in Haradsah, this last of the founders of our Indian Methodism. Reverently her coffin will be carried to the burying-ground. Tenderly and slowly, amid the tears of a great multitude, it will be lowered into the soil of the land she loved. How to welcome her to India! Many to bid her farewell! The day will be a holy day. Men will speak in whispers. The "Falkel Samana" has come to an end.

Madison, New Jersey.
Sixty Years of Noteworthy Missionary Service

It may be that Mrs. Lois S. Parker, one of the noted missionary characters of American Methodism, is eighty-five years of age. The calendar solemnly proclaims this to be a fact. No one who greeted her last week, however, soon after she set foot in Boston, at the close of her fiftieth voyage across the seas, would admit that she had seen a woman of fourscore years and five. Alert in mind and in body, energetic in her movements, keen in her conversation, and intensely interested in the great currents of life, she appears like one many years her junior.

To sit with Mrs. Parker and listen to her as she discusses the great work to which she has devoted her life, and the wonderful transition that has come to India during the sixty years of her labors, is to have unfolded some of the most marvelous pages of the history of the Christian church in modern times.

It was in 1859 that Mrs. Parker accompanied her husband, Rev. E. W. Parker, later missionary bishop of India, upon the trip to that distant land beyond the seas. They went forth from Boston in a sailing vessel—Mrs. Parker made two of her fifteen trips across in sailing ships. Among the other devoted men and women in the group was he who was to become one of the great apostles of the modern church, James M. Thoburn, also to be elected in later years as missionary bishop of India.

"To think," said Mrs. Parker, as she dwelt upon those early days, "that Bishop Thoburn and I are alone left of the original group of workers who went forth in 1859!" And to Mrs. Parker alone it is given to be still in the active work.

Already, when that group of 1859 sailed, Dr. William Butler and Mrs. Butler were on the ground in India. The newcomers and those who had preceded them labored together to lay the foundations for the noble superstructure which has transformed to such a large extent the whole of Oriental life. Sixty years of magnificent achievement have those been.

Perhaps the most noteworthy result of the missionary work in India has been the effect upon the position of woman in that country. The impact of the Christian teaching has gradually made itself felt upon the leadership of the country, as well as upon people in all classes of society, and today throughout India the movement for the emancipation of woman is most pronounced.

"The emancipation of woman," said Mrs. Parker, as she discussed the work of the church in India, "is one of the wonderful achievements of our missionary work. The Mohammedans and others are erecting schools for young women, hospitals, and other institutions. Everywhere we have seen the result of our work. The attitude of the entire country toward woman has been changed."

Asked concerning the mass movement, of which we have heard so much in this country, Mrs. Parker said it was one of the most promising phases of our missionary activity, and she placed much emphasis upon this—the church is ready to take care of the multitudes that are being baptized. "We must have," she said, "sufficient missionaries to teach these people, who are ignorant and need to be instructed. If we do not have a sufficient force, the mass movement may easily be a very bad thing for India."

She then pointed to the alacrity with which Mohammedans and other religious leaders are taking advantage of every possible opportunity to reach those who are being stirred to a desire for better things by the Christian movement. It is a lofty ideal that is on in India between the various faiths.

"Mohammedanism," added Mrs. Parker, with a twinkle in her eye, "is not quite so arrogant, however, as it was before the war. Turkey has not come out of this war particularly well." Nevertheless, she made it quite plain that the Christian forces must leave nothing undone if they are to win in the struggle for India which is now being waged.

It was good to listen to Mrs. Parker as she spoke of the friendly relations which exist between the representatives of the various churches in India. "There is absolute harmony," she said. "On our boat coming over, about four-fifths of the people were missionaries, representing many different missionary boards. It was a most delightful company: Methodists, Presbyterians, Mennonites, and others mingled together. We mingled together in the same way over in India, and work together in perfect harmony, thoroughly understanding one another."

One who has watched the currents of religious life in America at all closely, and seen the unhappy results of competition and useless waste of men and resources in cities and in rural sections, could not but think, as Mrs. Parker spoke of the way in which the missionaries work together, that the mission church has a most important lesson to teach the church at home. Here we have our neglected fields and our overcrowched communities—conditions which can be remedied very largely if only the churches can come together on a plan of Christian co-operation.

Mrs. Parker is all alert over the Centenary. She is looking forward with great anxiety to her trip to Columbus. It will be one of the great events in her life, she says, worth coming all the way from India. She is here, also, for the Jubilee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the fall. These are the great events that induced her to leave her work and make the long trip across the Atlantic.

Will Mrs. Parker return to India? Of course she will. Of that there is no doubt, unless her health should become impaired between now and fall. And of that there is not the slightest indication. As a matter of fact, all her faculties are seemingly as good as ever except that her hearing is slightly impaired—a condition which can easily be remedied.

In referring to her trip to America this time, she said it was the best that she had yet made. Except for a few stormy days as the vessel rounded Cape Hatteras, it was most delightful all the way. One wonders at the courage of a woman eighty-five years of age in undertaking the trip. As a matter of fact, for nearly a year now she has been trying to come to America, but vessel after vessel upon which she had engaged passage was canceled. Finally she determined she would make one more attempt, and then if she did not succeed would give it up. The thousands in America who will have the opportunity to hear and meet Mrs. Parker will be delighted that this time she was so successful.

Mrs. Parker, as many of our readers know, is a native of Vermont. She was born in St. Johnsbury on July 2, 1834, so that she has not quite reached her eighty-fifth birthday but is near enough to be given credit for the full eighty-five years. She was united in marriage to Bishop Parker in 1856, and after three years of
service in this country, they sailed for India.

To Mrs. Parker belongs the distinction of being the last survivor of the eight women who organized the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. In that roll of noble women who launched the organization which has meant so much to the womanhood of foreign lands, hers is a place of signal honor. It has been given to her also to organize the first girls' school in the North India Conference back in 1868, which has become the Lois Lee Parker Girls' School of Bijnor, with which she is still actively associated. When she speaks of the movement for the emancipation of womanhood which has come to India as a result of missionary work, she speaks as one having authority, as one to whom it was given to contribute in no small measure to this wonderful transformation.

During her stay in Boston, Mrs. Parker is making her home with her nieces, Mrs. Frederick W. Robinson of West Roxbury. Here she has received friends and admirers who have called to greet her, and to listen to her as she speaks of the work to which she has given her life.

"When we sailed in 1868," she said, "Dr. John P. Durbin was secretary of the Missionary Society. He came on board the vessel with others, among them Mr. James P. Magee, of the Book Concern, and other friends. They bade us farewell. In those days we were told that we were appointed for life. No one ever expected to see us again." And then she added, "And I have made fifteen trips between here and India!"

"Will you go to Vermont," it was asked, "before your return?" "Yes," she said, "probably. But not until after I have been to Columbus." Columbus is her objective just now, and then the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society Jubilee. In both places she will be the center of attraction.


REV. JOSHUA A. L. RICH, D. D., a worthy member of the New England Southern Conference, died at the home of his son in Foxboro last week, after an honored career of nearly fifty years in the ministry. He was a workman who needed not to be ashamed, and who in every charge that he occupied gave full proof of his ministry.

Dr. Rich was born on Aug. 11, 1840, at Cooper, N.Y. He was educated in the local

Sterling Methodist Layman

JOHN A. DUNN of Gardner, Mass., whose death was briefly noted in these columns last week, was one of the prominent laymen of New England Methodism. He had been intimately identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Gardner for many years, and a generous supporter of the work of the denomination both at home and abroad. Mr. Dunn was for fifty-five years an active figure in Gardner business life, president of the manufacturing company which bears his name, and president of the Gardner Trust Company. He reached the age of eighty-seven years. He belonged to a group of sterling business men who established and developed industries in Gardner in the period following the Civil War. In that group he was a strong character and one of the last to survive.

Mr. Dunn possessed a good ancestry. His father was the son of John Dunn of Marlboro, a soldier of the Revolution, and his mother, Abigail Jackson, was a descendant of Edward Jackson, who was an editor of Cambridge in 1643. He was born in the old Jackson house in West Gardner Nov. 2, 1833. Early in his childhood his parents moved to Ashfield, where his early manhood was spent on the farm.

In 1852 Mr. Dunn was employed in a chair factory located near the Emergency place in East Gardner, and later he worked at chair-making in Ashfield, Fitchburg, and again in Gardner. In 1865 he became a partner in the firm of Eaton, Holmes & Co. That business had been in continuous operation since 1839 and now after eighty years of successful manufacturing and after fifty-five years of guidance from his master mind it is operating as the John A. Dunn Company.

Mr. Dunn was always an active worker in his church relations. He was a member of the building committee when

In the more than half a century of his business life Mr. Dunn was vitally interested in the prosperity of Gardner. His forward-looking mind cherished many plans for its development. Some years ago he arranged to acquire land in the Betsey Springs district that it might be preserved in its beauty for park purposes. His early education was meager and as a consequence he was always much interested in making education possible for others. His personality has been an uplifting factor in the life of the community.

Nov. 80, 1857, Mr. Dunn married Sophia Walker, daughter of Rufus and Experience Porter of Lyndon, VT. Mrs. Dunn died Nov. 15, 1915. He is survived by his children—Mrs. Seth C. Cary of Boston; George A., trustee of Boston University; Frank C., prominently identified with the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, and Dora B., of Gardner. He is survived by Knibbs Cary, a member of the church, whose infancy.

The final services were private and were attended by Mr. Dunn's pastor, Rev. Dr. Ernest Lydon Mills.

The Three Great Dangers

EVERY now and then some one objects to Protestant work in South America on the ground that that continent is already under adequate Christian care. L'Action Catholique of Quebec, an organ of Canadian Roman Catholicism, gives the case entirely away in a recent editorial in which it declares that Chile is in a very unfortunate condition. In part it says:

"From a Catholic point of view the future of Chile is dark. The Senate is radical, and it is expected that the coming election for the Lower House will also be bad. The three great dangers which threaten the state, in the opinion of those who are acquainted with the situation, are Protestantism, Freemasonry, and state coercion. The negligence of Catholics has allowed Protestantism to extend over the country, as they now have ten or more churches. In the one city of Santiago they
MRS. LOIS LEE PARKER

Born July 9, 1834.
Married in 1856 to Rev. Edwin Parker, later made missionary bishop.
Landed in India in 1859. Served in many places with her husband. After his death in 1901, worked in Hardra.
During a furlough, Mrs. Parker helped to organize the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society. She was the last survivor of our founders and, at the time of her death, was the oldest missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having served about sixty-six of the nearly ninety-one years of her life.
Died in India, June 1, 1925.
O the deathless life of those who fare forth upon the King's Highway His Gospel to make known, and come not back — we pay loving, grateful tribute. Some traveled many years and labored gloriously — some had journeyed but a little way when further service was denied.

Yet for each was the gift of self, for each the dedication of a life to service, for each the purpose high to endure "as seeing Him" and from each to us there is the challenge that on the way they trod the voice of the messengers shall not fail.

Most merciful Father, who hast been pleased to take unto thyself the souls of these thy servants, grant to us who are still on our pilgrimage and who walk as yet by faith, the inspiration of thy Spirit and the power of thy Love that we may constantly serve thee, to the end "that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."
Mrs. Lois S. Parker, An Octogenarian

N. L. Rockey

What a wonderful period one consecrated life can span! When Mrs. Parker came to India there were—but that story comes later. Two full years before the American Civil War began, April, 1861, she and her husband, the late Bishop E. W. Parker, left their Vermont home to join a little company of missionaries that were to sail by the good ship Boston from that port, freighted with ice and bound for Calcutta. The party consisted of four couples and one lone young man: the Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Parker, the Rev. and Mrs. James W. Waugh, the Rev. and Mrs. James R. Downey, the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Judah. James M. Thomson was the young man.

These now have all joined the Church triumphant, except Bishop J. M. Thomson, now living in Monsonville, Pa., and Mrs. Lois S. Parker, who is still in active work in India, of the North India Conference. Bishop Thomson is well into his seventy-ninth year, and Mrs. Parker passed her eightieth birthday on July 9th. Mrs. Samuel Knowles, who with her husband joined the missionary force under Dr. William Butler in 1858, has also passed her eightieth birthday. She also lives in Naini Tal, India; but she says that it is better for her and her late husband had retired from active service in 1903. So Mrs. Parker is the longest in active service; and, except for Miss S. A. Easton, she is the oldest missionary of our Methodist Episcopal Church.

Miss S. A. Easton, who graduated from the Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College in 1853, after teaching almost a quarter of a century in the homeland, came to India in the late seventies to take up educational work in an English school for mulattoes, and other European girls. She has been in charge of Wellesley Girls High School Naini Tal, for twenty-eight years. Three years ago, September 12, 1911, she passed her eightieth birthday; amidst the scenes of her labors, with numerous tokens of love and respect from teachers, pupils, missionaries, and a host of civilian friends. In the midst of her birthday festivities she turned to Mrs. Parker and said, "Two years from now I am going to give you your eightieth birthday party." To this Mrs. Parker replied, "We'll see!"

This promise Miss Easton splendidly fulfilled on Thursday, July 9th. For Miss Easton's sake, as well as for the privilege of honoring our beloved Mrs. Parker, Miss Rue Selle, principal, Miss North Waugh, and Miss Agnes Ashwill, our missionaries in charge of Wellesley High School, assisted by their staff and pupils, made bountiful and complete preparations for the long-looked-for great occasion. For five days before her birthday Mrs. Parker as guest of honor, Bishop Waugh and family, gathered with several of the oldest missionaries who had served long with Mrs. Parker, were entertained at the school preparatory to the event. On Thursday afternoon over a hundred friends, missionaries and civilians, offered their congratulations to the old lady, sat down to refreshments and listened to the evening concert given by the school. Everything passed off well, and no happier gathering could be found. It is pure delight to honor "whom the King delights to honor."

In the course of her fifty-five years of service Mrs. Parker had made friends of many officials and civilians in the stations where she and her esteemed husband had labored. Most of these long since left India, but a few remain to recall the memories of other days and offer her their congratulations. Among these the most prominent to-day is Hon. Sir James Martin, lieutenant-governor of the province—an official of higher rank and power than the governors of even our largest States of the Union. He having accidentally heard of the proposed reception, requested an invitation; for he had lived several years with the Parkers in Madras in the earliest years of his service. He and Lady Martin were present with the utmost simplicity to join in all the festivities.

And now again I say, "What a wonderful period one consecrated life can span!" India today is not the land I first saw thirty years ago, and the changes Mrs. Parker had seen in her first quarter of a century, the years before we became her colleagues in North India, were full of triumphs beyond telling; when Mrs. Parker, the first year of her service, coated a few little girls to form a school for her native Hindoo and Mohammedan girls were highly amused at the notion. One man said, "You might as well think of teaching some of our women and girls." They yielded to her invitations to let their girls learn simply out of a spirit of labor and amusement. Then there were hardly a half-dozen, if any, literate Indian women in this vast field. What wonders Mrs. Parker has seen on this one score!
Lois Lee Parker

Methodism's Senior Missionary

The senior missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church was crowned when Lois Lee Parker, widow of Bishop Edwin W. Parker, passed from earth to heaven in the early morning of the first of June. Had she lived a few hours longer her death would have occurred on the 24th anniversary of the decease of her husband and in little more than a month she would have completed her ninety-first year.

Mrs. Parker was a great missionary. She will live in Methodist history. Her record of achievement is remarkable. Coming to India in 1839 when Methodist Missions were just getting started and again after the mutiny she and her husband very quickly displayed powers of leadership and depth of consecration that gave them prominence in the missionary body. They came expecting that their lives would be cut short by one or the other of the diseases that were then so frequently fatal to foreigners who tried to live in India. Furloughs were not in their plan. They expected to stay in India without ever returning to their homeland. But fortunately the missionaries soon came to realize the necessity for furloughs if they were to render their best services to India's evangelization. After several years of work in Bijnor and in a village nea Lakhimpur, Mrs. Parker's life was menaced by severe and chronic malaria, and she and her husband were sent home. During that furlough she helped to organize the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Many years later she and her husband helped to organize the Epworth League in India. Indeed they were among the founders of the Epworth League as the young people's organization of the Episcopalian Methodism.

Mrs. Parker was an indefatigable worker. Even after she had passed the score years of age she would tour from village to village on ekkas doing work that would exhaust younger women. About six years ago she wrote a letter to the present Editor of the Witness the day she had completed a tour lasting two weeks in a remote part of the Hardoi district. She mentioned that she had ridden on ekkas nearly 200 miles, had visited more than 20 villages in which Christians were living and had taken part in more than 40 services in two weeks.

Mrs. Parker's death will bring to many missionaries and Indian Christians a sense of personal bereavement. By the church as a whole it will be regarded as the severing of one of the dearest ties the present generation has had with the early days of Methodism's greatest mission. May the influence that Mrs. Parker wielded abide in our lives to the end. It will make us holier men and women for she lived with her Lord and was like him.

Mrs. Parker from Seventy to Ninety-one

Fred Pershall

Ninety-one years of life! What possibilities are wrapped up in those years! The newspapers have lately been telling us of a number of individuals in various parts of the world who have rounded out a century. Some have achieved no distinction except to have lived a century. Possibly they were worthy citizens but the notable thing they did was simply to outlive the moat of us. That would hardly seem worthwhile. But to have begun life in those distant days of the thirties of last century, to have witnessed the coming in of the great inventions of the past seventy-five years, to have seen the highways of the nations and the world become the strolling places for the multitudes, and at the same time to have been a part of the great missionary awakening of seventy years ago and to have been vitally connected with missionary work in India for sixty-six years, that makes of a life at once a marvel of thrilling interest and a source of boundless, ever widening.

The present generation of missionaries in India knew Mrs. Parker best because of her connections with the beginnings of Methodism in this land, because of her part in the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church. We think of Thoburn, Parker, Messmore and the other leaders of the pre-Back era and Mrs. Parker is associated in our thinking with their days and deeds. Bishop Parker died about twenty-five years ago and it has been natural to think of Mrs. Parker's active connection with the larger movements of the Church to have ended then. This was probably true, at least so it has seemed to me, but of course I did not know her when Bishop Parker lived and when she was associated with his activities.

But my impression of Mrs. Parker is that she has always been a person devoted to the task she had in hand giving herself unstintingly to the problems growing out of her immediate undertaking. She was not the sort to putter about with indefinite and disconnected enterprises. She never seemed at all anxious to be mixed up in general matters; she attached herself to particular objectives and patiently and persistently moved ahead. But her tenacious attachment to her particular task is what actually led her to be a world figure in Methodism. She was interested in reaching certain individual women in India, with the Gospel. This led her to dream of an organization that would devote itself to that particular task. She journeyed to America and strove mightily along with others to create this organization and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was the result. But all the time her heart and thoughts were with the handful of women in India she was laboring to reach. She knew this handful of women stood for the unnumbered hosts that lived in the other cities and villages of India.

And when she felt the need for some organization to help her in her work among the young people she recognized in the Epworth League just the sort to need and gave herself actively to planting that League in India. But her aims were never alien. She desired to lead no general movement, but she welcomed or initiated movements that became general, in order that progress might be made.

The keynote in her life was determination. Nothing daunted her. But there was not a trace of bluster or show in her make up and in public she appeared retiring and almost reticent. The uninitiated might easily have passed her by and misjudged her. She did not like having a fuss made over her. She was probably a poor politician. But when she had decided
that something was needed and that action was required, then she became advocate, orator, publicist and financier to accomplish her ends. She was herself first ready to serve in any way possible and then she expected the stars in their courses to fight for her or else she forced them into line.

"E'en down to old age," her activities waned not. Figuratively speaking, she retired some years ago but actually she retired when she took her transfer to the Conference of Heaven. In Hardoi she had her Bible women and Day Schools and was alive to all the work of the district. During her enforced stay in the Bareilly Hospital she tried to get back to her work in Hardoi. Ninety years of good health was poor training for patience in the sick room. She could not realize that her physical strength had diminished, for her spirit burned with the inextinguishable determination of her youth. When told that she should consider her years of active work over and should adjust her thoughts and plans to a service largely limited to prayer, she replied with some ardor that this might be true but she should at least be permitted to select the place where she would live and pray, meaning that she longed to get back to Hardoi, even if she could not be up and about. And thus it was to the very end, her spirit drove her weakened body relentlessly.

I have said that most missionaries Mrs. Parker was thought of as belonging to the past; but those who were near her and were associated with her during the last twenty years know how emphatically she belonged to the present. The fact that for years her hearing was defective and steadily grew worse, made her naturally withdraw from group conversations and the circle of those with whom she conversed was consequently small. But she read widely and often surprised me by knowing more about what was actually going on than many who were in the midst of things.

When we think of the great number of missionaries who came into the circle of her life, some remaining for many years and some simply cutting across a small arc, it was really marvellous the way she remembered them all and kept each in the proper place. She was well over seventy years when she first saw me and I know no special reason why she should have noticed me at all and suppose there was none but it was her way and thus all new missionaries in her Conference were soon tutelated. And that was not all, for the missionary children of all sizes were on her list. To the last she never failed to ask about my son, whenever she saw me.

Probably all of us will remember Mrs. Parker most vividly because of her splendid voice and striking bearing. Those who hear poorly often are poor of voice also. Mrs. Parker had a voice of exceptional singing quality and used it most effectively in public address. Likewise the aged are inclined to lose their firm bearing but at the last Central Conference, when she spoke, she stood straight as an arrow with a bearing that would have done credit to any one thirty years her junior. Only a few years back she made the long trip to Boston in America, to be present at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society, which she helped to found. She was then about eighty-five years old. Of course her presence in Boston was a great attraction. Of course she was to be one of the speakers. Of course, also, no one expected this elderly lady to be more than a mere incident on the programme, to be viewed with due reverence and respect but with no mistake to give and without power to make herself heard. As it was the Jubilee of a Woman’s Society it was fitting that women should monopolize the programme. But in the large hall it was difficult for many of the lady speakers to make themselves heard. There was much complaint on this score. Then Mrs. Parker was introduced. She walked sturdily forward and greeted that vast audience in a voice that reached every corner of the room. The effect was striking. She was by right of association with the beginnings of the W. F. M. S. the heroine at the Jubilee but she became by right of voice and presence the outstanding feature of the programme.

With all her intense application to her tasks and with her unwillingness to leave her work for a holiday she was delightfully human. Her laughter did you good and she was a past master at banter. I always relished a conversation with her and she always tempted me on to a degree of hilarity that almost startled me when I would calmly recollect how I had conducted myself with one so busy.

We were all distressed when we learned that she had broken her arm. She had overestimated her ability to walk alone and tripped over a door sill. Fortunately it was the left arm that suffered so she was able to continue the letter writing that had formed such a part of her life during the months spent in the Bareilly hospital. She delighted to hear from her friends and insisted on replying. I wrote to her on the 23rd of May. I had just been out in a village and spent the night in a dilapidated mud house where the wild village cats led me a life trying to get into my tiffin basket. To frustrate their plans we put the upper stone of a hand flour mill on the basket to hold it steady. Thus I saved my cold chicken but in the morning managed to drop the stone on my toe causing considerable commotion in the immediate vicinity. I wrote her all about it thinking that the nonsense of it might afford her some diversion. She must have received the letter only a few days before the accident to her arm. I told her she must not bother to write but lo and behold in Naini Tal, addressed to me here, I received her reply written on the 22nd May. Just three days after her arm was broken. This letter written in her own hand, when the other arm was in splints, and only a week before she died, must have been among her last and shows how her marvellous determination stayed with her, how her grip on the past and the present persisted, how her love of fun never deserted her and above all how she still hoped to soon be back at her work again.

Thinking that others may be as interested in her letter as I am and with the thought also that it will give its own revealing regarding the unique personality of her writer, I venture to include it here.

Bareilly, May 22nd, 1925.

DEAR MRS. PARKER,

I was very glad to receive your letter. I suppose I am one of a few who knew you before you had a family. I remember someone telling me that there were signs that another W. F. M. S. lady was going to desert and join the Parent Board. Since then I have had the pleasure of knowing the deserter and later on the prospective missionary. So I congratulate you as a family and am glad you can have a vacation together in the mountains. I was interested in your account of saving some cold chicken but you didn’t tell me how much you enjoyed it after it was an ed.

I am glad you are still able to be part of the needed workers on the Balia district.

I have had my experience too, more serious perhaps. I was very happy getting ready to go to Shalimar when a fall resulting in a broken arm keeps me sitting here idle only as I can in the upon missions. I am not suffering as much pain as I expected to, so have much to be thankful for. The doctor says I am doing well and so I hope I may yet be able to leave the hospital that has done so much for me and do more errands for the Master.

With kind regards and best wishes for you all,

Yours sincerely,

L. M. PARKER.

But her errand days were over and within a few days she was called by her Master to enter into the joy of the Lord where no doubt she will be ruler over ten Heavenly Cities.
in Bishop Andrews and Foster, and those things were talked of. Bishop Andrews made the remark that India had riots that fed the relationship of the single ladies to the Missionary Society, and that if those rules were observed in all countries, there would be no friction. Mr. Parker said the ladies of the General Executive had adopted those rules. Bishop Andrews said, "That is what I want to know." They appointed a committee to draft rules for the General Conference. Bishop Wylie, Mr. Parker, and others with interest and care prepared the document. Mrs. Keen sent a lawyer to the lobby to meet Mr. Parker, and Mr. Parker gave him the paper that the ladies had asked him to present. Near the end of the Conference, this lawyer, when there was a lull, got the floor and read the paper. One man got up and asked, "Is that what the ladies want?" The lawyer answered, "Yes." "Well, that is all I want to know." And the paper was sent through. I suppose there was never a happier lot of women.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society was therefore aided in its last crisis by "The Par

kers," and has since gone smoothly on with its glorious work.

The Lois Parker Memorial High School May 1, 1909, was a great day in Lucknow, when a high school building in connection with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's College, costing Rs.1,10,000, of which the government of India gave Rs.4,000, was opened in Lucknow, as a memorial to Mrs. Parker. She was a strong, and spoke before a crowded audience hall with directness and force, and told of how she had talked two very poor girls, sitting on a mat, their alphabet.

The General Conference of our world-wide church, but met at the opening session by the rude challenge of a dominating party belated in their ideas, but never in their obstructive activities. What sweet and strong and beautiful dignity characterized their written communication in which, on the third day, she and her associated sisters state their claim, and then in the interest of peace and unity of sentiment unselfishly retire from the high tribunal! In the very act they expressly safeguard the future of the cause they represent. Taken into counsel in advance, and at the decisive hour, I joyfully attest that the modesty and wisdom and Christian magnanimity of these challenged and unwelcomed women were as truly historic as was the later conversion of the whole church to the principle for which they freely bore their sacrifice.

But it is in India, her bound of field for effort for more than half a century, that our thought is directed. Changing the one word "England" to "India," Longfellow's lines picture the saint he saw carrying a glad light to the "great army of the dead," perfectly apply:

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand In the great history of the land.

A noble tree of light,
Born from petals of the past.

That lamp has already lighted darkness in multitudes of others, and the process is going forward with ever multiplying reflexes. May God yet grant her many a fruitful year side by side with her her treasures in the heavens.

Broken Hill,

Louise Manning Hodgkins

It was at Winchcombe Academy in the days of "girls" when an announcement was made in chapel one morning that, at 5 o'clock in the reading room, Mrs. Parker, of India, would talk to the girls of the academy about the girls of India. I doubt if a single girl of us had any special concern for missions, for it was before the Student Volunteer Movement has roused to keen interest every live student in the land. But the bond of color, light, and mystery attracted us, and here was one who lived in it. Mrs. Parker had just come from that memorable meeting in Trenton of her church that saw the W. F. M. S. organized and visiting her friend. Mrs. Cooke, wife of Dr. Edward Cooke, saw an opportunity to form a first school auxiliary. Neither she nor we realized that we were speaking to a group that held, to a Conference secretary, one branch presidium, and a future editor of the F.M. S., but had just issued a single number. But she won us, as well as many hundreds more in the years to follow, who should believe because of our word. The Girls' Missionary Society ceased to live only when "girls" were bachelors from Winchamber a few years ago. Meanwhile thousands of dollars went into theProdigious fields entered by the organization, and greater than all, many a missionary went to the mission schools under the auspices of the W. F. M. S. I trust that at least we are now in China and South America, whose aggregated years of service amount to over twenty years. It was a fruitful hour, and the end is not yet:

Winchcombe, Mass.

Mrs. James P. Magee

It is a privilege to be asked to add a flower to the wreath which you are preparing for the recognition of the eightieth anniversary of my dear friend, Mrs. Parker. My contribution can be but a word of reminiscence recalling the active days of the long ago. Our acquaintance began when so many other good things began — with the formation of the W. F. M. S. in India. For many years thereafter, by personal contact and correspondence, I was in touch with Mrs. Parker at home and abroad. The members of that original band of founders have nearly all passed to their reward, and their works have followed them around the world. My active days have passed, but my heart still yearns to the work which I have always loved, and to the workers who are striving so zealously and successfully to extend the kingdom of God on this earth.

Of this number I know none more deserving of our honor than this noble woman who at four-score years still stands at her post. My love goes to her across the seas, with best wishes for great happiness as she gathers her sheaves and calmly faces the roam days.

Marlboro, Mass.

Mrs. Carrie F. Harvey

I was born a Congregationalist, and in my childhood home in Greensboro, Vt., used to hear our pastor, Rev. James P. W. B., speak of a former parishioner of his, a young girl named Alice Lee, who was converted under his preaching in St. Johnsbury Center. She had developed a beautiful Christian character, and had married a Methodist minister, Rev. Edwin Parker. These devoted young people had heard the call of the foreign field, and had taken up work in India, from whence Mrs. Parker sent back to the beloved pastor of her church earnest and glowing accounts of the work there. With the purpose of interesting the children of the Sunday School in the missions work, portions of these letters were read to them. We felt special interest, remember, in two particularly bright little Indian boys, who had become Christians and were editor of the F. M. S., but had just issued a single number. But she won us, as well as many others, and the result was that the missionary activities of the little group in Vermont were greatly extended.

At Mrs. Parker's request, our pastor named
ZION'S HERALD

these boys, calling one James P. Stone and the other Peter Merrill for one of the honored pastors of the Methodist Church.

Later, when I, too, had married a Methodist, and with him become a member of the Methodist Church in St. Johnsbury, I learned more of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Parker and their work, and, as they returned to their home church from time to time, I was privileged to know them personally. During one of these rare visits I inquired of Mrs. Parker as to whether James P. Stone and Peter Merrill were still living and so much pleased to hear that both had become able and useful native preachers, strong in the counsels of their church and worthy of the honored names they bore.

The years have passed, and Bishop Parker has gone to his reward, but Mrs. Parker, in spite of advancing years, bravely carries on the work I praise God for this noble woman, for the wonderful work she has wrought, and for that which is to be!

Washington, D. C.

Rev. Ralph F. Lowe

Mrs. Parker's sister-in-law, Mrs. Caleb Marshall, the eldest living member of the Methodist Church in St. Johnsbury, says that many years ago, perhaps seventy-five years, Mrs. Parker was greatly influenced by her aunt, a Miss Lee, who went into the American Northwest to do missionary work among the Indians. Miss Lee was strongly opposed by her family, but persisted. The then very young Mrs. Parker (though her name was not Parker then) appeared at her aunt's course.

Mrs. Butler, with Mrs. Parker's help, founded the W. F. M. S. and Mrs. Butler depended a good deal on the younger and more vigorous woman. As there were no medical missionaries for women in India, Mrs. Parker sent a nurse to Boston, boarding on Franklin Street, and took medical lectures in order that she might minister to women when she returned. At the same time she was working with Mrs. Butler, organizing the W. F. M. S. While in St. Johnsbury she was greatly opposed by the preaching elders, who feared that the new organization would hurt the pastors.

As Mrs. Marshall is very old and her memory is failing, she cannot recall much about the opinions, but in the main I, who have been things rather right.

Mrs. Charles Parkhurst

In the long years that I have been so deeply interested in the work of the W. F. M. S. — and this interest was greatly intensified when I was privileged to see my work in Eastern lands for the first time — I have marveled at the aforesaid and grateful admiration like Mrs. Parker. That she should be doing perhaps her best, most successful and

s SIX OF THE EIGHT IMmORTAL WOMEN WHO ORGANIZED THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, MARCH 27, 1830

Left to right: Mrs. Thomas A. Rhin, Mrs. E. W. Parker, Mrs. Thomas J. Marshall, Mrs. William Beamer, Mrs. William H. Merrill, Mrs. Louis Flanders. The woman missing are Mrs. H. J. Hood and Mrs. P. F. Tufts.

so I am thankful for what she is doing. You will be glad to know that the Bishop has sent Miss Hadden here to help me. She is one of the new missionaries. She will take over as much of the educational work of the school as she can in July. She is in the hills for a week, so I am alone now during the school vacation, and, if possible, will take Miss Easton in Naini Tal to spend my eightieth birthday there. Miss Easton's eightieth came two years ago, so she is in her second year, but not in missionary service, I am very thankful to live and see the work going on, as it is all over India.

I had a short visit from Mr. and Mrs. Lefferts when they were here. I saw the Crawford's in Lucknow. People who come here see the work in the large places, but don't get much idea of the great work going on in the villages, where work begins.

I am well and happy in my work here, where the work is all native. The native preachers are very good to me, and I feel that I can help them more than a younger person could. Most of them know and love my husband. We have eight girls in the school — seventy-two boarders and five day scholars. There are a few Europeans here in government service. Just now most of them are Roman Catholics. They and the native officials are very kind and helpful.

"We are having famine again in this part of the country. Everything is at famine prices, so I fear I will be hard to feed all the girls, but they are very good, and have given up some of their food to give in the Children's Day collection and on cold Sunday.

"But I must close, again thanking you for your letter and kind help. Please give my kind regards to Mr. Parkhurst, and tell him I enjoy the Herald's weekly visit.

Sincerely, Mrs.

Mrs. George S. Butter

It seems to me that Mrs. Parker has not had all the recognition that her remarkable work has so richly deserved. It is very true that she would have been one of the last to seek praise or demand the honor that belongs to her, for her faithfulness and success are the best comment after all. To serve our church as a missionary for sixty years is a great honor. I have had such a prominent part in the founding of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist church, and I am glad to know that we have such women who desire more from the church of her choice than this elect body, who

THE L. D. Parker Memorial Hall at Dacca

connected with Dacca Medical College, Dacca India
Grow old along with us," says Rabbi ben Ezra in the poem, adding, with a kind of spiritual citation, "The best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made."

Four times, now, I have seen the truth of those superb sentiments glow in living splendor—once as I listened to that snow-haired apostle, Doctor Paton; again when I talked with a wonderful woman who had written "The Battle Hymn of the Republic;" still again during conversation with Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, at the height of his powers in his eighty-fourth year; and only the other evening, when I had the beautiful privilege of meeting Mrs. Lois Lee Parker, sixty years a missionary in India, sole survivor of the group who founded the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and today an honored guest of American Methodism. Crowned with good works, how radiant old age may be! The best, indeed! "The last of life for which the first was made."

While in London, years ago, I ran out one day to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where General Booth was celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of his conversion. Salvationists from all over the world had assembled there—English Salvationists, American Salvationists, Irish Salvationists with "Erin for God" on their caps; French Salvationists with "Armee de Salut" on theirs; Asiatic Salvationists in turbans and flowing robes; African Salvationists in leopard skin; and countless nationalities besides. Aa gorgeous spectacle it was, and, dominating it all, stood the aged General with a grandeur about him that made my heart leap up. Why was I so reminded of him the other evening? A little old lady in black silk, a cap and a broad collar of white lace sat next me in a quiet drawing-room overlooking the Riverside Drive in New York City. If her features vaguely recalled General Booth's, there was nothing militant in her manner. Serene, dignified, even stately, in her gentle way she reminded me of some exquisite daguerreotype. There were other listeners sitting by as she told me the great story. Nothing in their air of reverence suggested those tumultuous outbursts at the Crystal Palace.

But I had seen Mrs. Parker the night before in circumstances as joyous, aloof, as the General's celebration. In a church thronged with women, all of them passionately devoted to the cause of missions, the lady presiding displayed an ancient report of the society, told how it had narrowly escaped the flames, and put the precious volume into the hands of Mrs. Parker who, in her turn, delivered it to the secretary. The moment Mrs. Parker mounted the rostrum to take part in this charming ceremony, the entire congregation instinctively sprang to their feet, and when the presiding called for a Chantungala salute—"No handkerchief! We mustn't scatter germs!"—right hand fluttering, hands waved salutation. Turning to Mrs. Parker, she said, smiling, "It is because we love you!"

Only a few days before I had cheered for King Albert—which perhaps explains why something inside me seemed to shout, "Empress of India!" and for a few seconds at least Mrs. Parker was Empress of New York, and I remembered Queen Victoria's reply when Her Majesty was asked, at the time of her Jubilee, what the occasion really meant. It means," said Victoria, "that I am a very old woman." Interpret the remark as you like. This, I thought, was Lois Parker's Jubilee, and to her it meant "the best"—that "last of life, for which the first was made."

Now you understand—do you not?—my mood as I sat beside her in that drawing-room the other evening and listened while, in the warm, rich tones of a voice still youthful, she poured out the story that found its beginning sixty years ago.

Sixty years! When Lois Lee Parker set sail from Boston in 1859, an American here and there was scandalizing the country by demanding for President a former rail-splitter named Abraham Lincoln, and out in India the terrible Sepoy Rebellion had but recently been put down. Her voyage with her husband consumed four and a half months. The overland journey to their place of destination took eight days, as there was not a mile of railway in all India. There are now 300,000 miles, and Mrs. Parker's return trip to America this year has cost only a day's travel by land and only six weeks' travel by water. When the Parkers reached their destination, a single room contained all the Christians among a million heathen, and not one of those million heathen could read. Now Methodism in India marshall its adherents by the hundreds of thousands. Native Methodist churches send out their own native missionaries through regions round about. Thanks to the Mass Movement, natives are choosing for baptism at such a rate that a single Conference recently was obliged to tell 91,000 they must wait, as there were not enough teachers to train them in Christian living after baptism.

It takes courage to enlist for life service in India even today, but think of the courage it took to enlist for life service in India sixty years ago! One faced a solid wall of mental and moral obtuseness. When the Parkers arrived, the natives said, "They are English. They are come to make us Christians against our will." The Parkers replied, "No, we are from America. Americans have sent us here to tell you of Jesus Christ our Saviour." Then said the natives, "What good will that do the Americans? What will they get out of it?"

Although Mrs. Parker can laugh heartily enough as she speaks of this now, it was no laughing matter then. It revealed more than a mere emptiness; it made her aware that there was as yet nothing whatever to hold upon. Still, a few young natives wanted to learn English and even learn to read, as they could hope for civil service positions under the British Government. Here was at least an approach, or the beginning of an approach, to the men. Tenously they began to teach the Indians, and in time. But when Mrs. Parker begged leave to teach the women, she was met with the disdainful refusal, "What! Teach the women! Next you'll be wanting to teach the cows."

And at this she laughed—now. She can afford to. Even in the days when the higher education of women was still considered a fantastic experiment in America, she saw the great Isabella Thoburn College for Women established by Methodists in India. More recently, she has seen colleges for women established by Hindus themselves, and of late the Maharajah Kumar of Tikari has founded an institution of that type, lavishing upon it $7,000,000, his entire estate. But it was slow progress at first. The natives put the case mildly, when they cried in disgust, "What! Teach the women! Next you'll be wanting to teach the cows!"

An old Hindu proverb says that teaching a woman is "like putting a knife into the hands of a monkey." Another says, "Even though one particularly brilliant was found, to teach her would be like feeding a serpent milk: she would merely turn her education into poison." Needless to add, male Hindus made these proverbs. In order to reach the women (and a single native home was then open to Mrs. Parker) it was necessary first to break down the prejudices of the men.

One day quite a company of men, all natives, came to see Mr. Parker. He was not at home. Instead, Mrs. Parker received her guests and, while talking with them, sat down. None was their astonishment. Never before had they beheld a woman seated in the presence of men. A groveling servility marked their own women. An orthodox Hindu wife never eats with her husband. She waits weekly till he is through, then eats from his plate. She is forbidden to speak his name. She seldom dares look him in the eyes. And when a high-caste orthodox Hindu enters in his own home his wife never appears. In those village homes around the mission, a curtain—the purdah—kept women apart from the rest of the household. They were prisoners there, never venturing out.
Imagine, then, the bewilderment of those callers when Mrs. Parker not only welcomed them in her husband's stead and dauntlessly conversed with them, but actually sat down. Shocking! Scandalous! But what amazed them still more was her intelligence. For the first time in their lives, they realized that a woman could have brains. They went out and spread the news far and wide telling everybody, "We have seen a woman who knows as much as her husband!"

This sensational discovery bore fruit, though not at once. Later there came a famine—one of those frightful visitations that carried off 32,000,000 wretched natives during the last century—and when the mission offered to adopt starving children, boys and girls alike, the natives consented, though knowing that Mrs. Parker would be sure to teach the girls. If girls, why not women?

In course of time, the marvelous "woman who knew almost as much as her husband" gained access to native homes, and it is with amusement, after all these years, that she tells how she made her first inroads upon feminines' brightness. In home after home the native greeting would be followed by this singular dialogue:

"What's that queer thing in your hand?"

"A book."

"What's it for?"

"To read."

"What's reading?"

In India to-day only thirteen women in every thousand can read. Child marriage persists. The burning of widows has not been entirely abolished. When, Mrs. Parker regards India as a whole, she is in no exultant mood. If the native church in India now numbers 350,000, and if native education is making phenomenal progress, and if souls are being won, vast multitudes of them at a time, and if even Mohammedans in India heed the trumpet-call of Christian evangelization, what are these results, all told, beside the "undoable vast?"

"Remember, India has 315,000,000 people," she says. "What we missionaries have accomplished, so far, amounts only to a mere drop in the bucket."

And yet how that beautiful serene countenance of hers lights up as she speaks of the returning soldiers and their influence and the power they wield—perhaps unconsciously in the main—for the Christianization of India. Bright beyond words is the wonderful outlook. Hindu soldiers come home with glowing accounts of life and character in Christian lands, and tell of noble, educated Christian women who tenderly care for them in the hospitals. Ah, those Red Cross nurses! Did they know that, in their kindness to wounded Hindu, they might be winning for Christ an entire village, perhaps even an entire caste? It was true. There comes a thrill in her voice as Mrs. Parker thinks of that.

And she is almost boyish in her enthusiasm as she speaks of what native Christians in India are planning. "As soon as the famine is over, we shall have our own Centenary," she says, and in ringing tones adds, "Then we'll go over the top!"

It must have been a very lovely young bride who started out from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, for Boston on her way to India in 1859, though I imagine not half so lovely as the same woman who became in these sixty years of service. Little though she will believe it, a kind of greatness is written all over her. In the church, long before she counted the rostrum, I had picked her out, and not by her age either. I was a long way off, in the gallery. Many other women besides Mrs. Parker in that throng down below were far on in years. Yet a certain glamor about her, a certain glory, set her off from all the rest, and I said immediately, "There is Lois Lee Parker! I can't be mistaken."

I have a soft spot in my heart for old ladies, especially for the very, very aged, those who have attained triumphantly the last of life, for which they were made. I shall hardly blame you if you suspect that my enthusiasm just now is scarce more than the latest symptom of a habitual inclination. But consider. There were several of us together in the drawing-room, and when I stepped out into the Riverside Drive and asked myself if I had been captivated beyond reason, I recalled that the others had yielded to the spell quite as transparently as I had, our hostess, for one. In her manner toward the dear, aged woman, she appeared to say, "I am harboring something precious, from which come gleams that delight my soul." The rest showed very much that fine, affectionate reverence.

And then I thought, "Was it not in some such spirit that the early Christians—in Corinth, say, or Capadocia, or Galatia—honored an Apostle arriving from afar? I think it was. And if the spirit of the first Christian century is being revived in this our time, what wonder? Although nominally ours is the year 1919, Methodism is again living in the days of the early Church. The Centenary has proved it. Only, they are days a thousandfold richer in their possibilities. How one wishes that Peter or Paul or John might have lived to hear a voice out of India cry, in exultation, "Then we'll go over the top!"

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A Power Station In Disturbed Korea

Centenary Money Already at Work Building Up Schools—Christianity's Future Line of Attack in Korea Must Be Through Education

HUGH HEUNG-WO CYNN
Principal of Pai Chai High School, Seoul, Korea

Construction of a new recreation hall at Pai Chai High School, Seoul, Korea, the oldest missionary institution of learning in the erstwhile "Hermit Kingdom," has been ordered by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church and marks one of the first steps toward carrying out the Centenary program in Korea, which calls for a total expenditure of $375,000 for school and college buildings alone.

That one of the first applications of Centenary funds in Korea should be at an institution of learning is indicative of the trend of missionary work there to-day. As is the case with other Christian denominations doing missionary work in Korea, the Methodist Episcopal Church proposes strongly to undergird its activities in the dissemination of education.

The reason lying back of this aggressive educational program is to make more definite the objective, and more unified and cohesive the process of reaching that objective, in all missionary propaganda in Korea. Splendid work has already been done by the usual methods of preaching, teaching and healing, but it is believed that the Centenary educational program meets in a more adequate way the crucial need of the present stage of Korean missionary development.

The times are advancing rapidly and the church must keep in step. Intellectual development in Korea has been making great strides. The church must meet the situation by focusing on the development of schools. Returning students from America and Japan, and the growing number in Korean institutions summon us to give the people a greater intellectual equipment than heretofore.

Unless the church does this, it finds itself falling into disrepute with the people. We have a growing intellectual class which is familiar especially with modern science. Let a native preacher with a poor educational equipment—yes, or a mission preacher, for that matter—get up in these days to address an audience, and he finds himself facing a very critical group. So long as he gives them straight preaching, he is perhaps safe enough, but let him become argumentative and make an unscientific state-
A woman in our church! Let us pray that others like her may be raised up to carry on the great work after she has received her crown.

Ashworth, Me.

Lucy M. Sinclair

At a dinner party, given in honor of Mrs. Parker, I met her for the first time, and found her a quiet, gracious woman. The ladies present were discussing a rather tragic event which had just transpired, when one exclaimed, "It was worse than the heathen." At once this quiet woman was heard. "Don't say that, don't. You don't know what you are talking about." And then, with a few sentences of truth, she pointed out the heathenism of those who would cast aspersions on the heathen.

Mrs. Parker has given her life to the work of the Independent Missionary Society. She is a woman of great faith and a woman of great character. Her work is her life, and she has given herself to it, body and soul. She is a woman of great influence, and her influence is for good. She is a woman of great love, and her love is for God and for the heathen.

Mrs. Parker has just returned from a visit to India, where she has been working for many years. She has given her life to the work of the Independent Missionary Society, and she has given herself to it, body and soul. She is a woman of great faith, and her faith is for God.

The Independent Missionary Society is a woman of great character, and her character is for God. She is a woman of great love, and her love is for God and for the heathen. She is a woman of great faith, and her faith is for God.

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EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire, a mist, and a planet,
A crystal and a call,
A jelly fish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the old,
Some call it evolution,
Others call it God.

A mist on the far horizon,
The tender, infinite sky,
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing by;
And all over lowland and upland
The change of the gale is red,
Some of us call it autumn,
Others call it God.

Like waves on a crecent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our souls great yearnings come,
Welling and surging in;
Come from that mystic ocean,
Whose rise no foot hath trod.
Some of us call it longing,
Others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Heroes drinking the blood of
And Jesus on the road;
And thousands who, humble and nameless,
To Repentance with each have trod,
Some call it isolation,
And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carver.

THE PASSION FOR PEACE

BISHOP E. R. HENDRICK

T
HE Church of our Lord Jesus Christ,
after contributing more than her share to the world’s wars, is now appearing in a new role as a fighter for peace. She is making war on war itself, and is about holding a great council of war in Constance, Germany, whose delegates are Christians. It has been truly said that “more Christian blood has been shed by Christians than by all the pagans and Mohammedan armies ever enlisted against Christians.” For four centuries the European wars have largely been religious wars. Germany, France, the Netherlands, England, Scotland and Ireland have fought under the cross, while Eastern Europe has witnessed the cross and the crescent arrayed against each other in many a bloody field and in many a disastrous war. Even when, as in Napoleon’s wars, the real issue was not religious, the combatants were nominally Christian. Not only so, but England’s bloodiest wars have been with Protestants, whether in South Africa or in America, where the greatest civil war of history was between Protestant patriots of the North and Protestant patriots of the South.

What has brought about the change of sentiment that leads to a new making war on war? Doubtless, in part, it is due to the want of the day, and to the various kinds of smokeless powder and other explosives, such as bombs dropped from aeroplanes, that make dreadnoughts fit only for the scrap-heap before their freight of destruction has been delivered or their fourteen-inch guns can even be fired. With submarines and airships bombs a battleship is helpless, as it is being attacked from above and below, while ships can fight in only one direction. With smokeless powder the enemy is ever sightless in ambush, and the most seasoned of veterans become demoralized when they do not even know the direction of their deadly foes. Rapid-firing guns sweep out of existence whole regiments and make war too horrible to contemplate. War has invented its own instruments of self-annihilation. Bloch’s “Future of War,” when read by the Czar of Russia, led the ruler of the least civilized European power to beg for a Hague Conference, where nations could settle their differences by arbitration.

War has been its own deadliest foe. Perhaps the pen of the cartoonist has equaled the brush of the artist in making war hideous. The workman is no longer willing to become food for powder, and it is increasingly difficult to fill the ranks of the soldiers or the marines. Men must know what they are fighting for to feel justified in siding the deadly weapon that is now such a sure means of carnage.

It is a gratifying fact that the largest gifts toward making arbitration triumph over war have come from the United States. The great Peace Palace at the Hague, the home of the Hague Arbitration Council with its wide reaching influence, was the smallest part of gifts aggregating $19,000,000 in the interest of peace, all from one genuine philanthropist, the late Andrew Carnegie, addressing the people, said: “I am willing to stake my entire fortune, I am willing to stake my life, I am willing to stake all my earthly possessions on the proposition that the world is a good place to live in.” His view so powerfully stated is that with the great nations adopting the principle of arbitration, the lesser nations will follow their example. England, Germany, and America, the three great Protestant Powers, hold the peace of the world in their hands.

It is most significant that the International Peace Congress meeting in Constance, Germany, early in August emanates from the Church Peace Union that was founded by Mr. Carnegie last February in the belief that the churches were the most dependable of all peace agencies. The belief that the sword is to be turned into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning hook only by the help of such agencies was frankly acknowledged by the founder. Other churches are bringing to bear light from the fearful waste of war, its economic effects on industry and health and human vitality, from international law and as far determined that the arbitration treaties already solemnly entered into, the churches have a distinct mission of influence and persuasion. They have the ear of the God of battles and also of the people, without whose ultimate consent there can be no shedding of human blood in battle. These moral and religious influence that have made impossible the deadly duel between nations can be depended on to stop the yet more deadly duel between nations.

Leading churches and Christians from the great Protestant nations are not the only delegates of their people. Romanists and Jews meet in the old Dominican monastery, now turned into a great hotel, on the shores of Lake Constance, where some years ago John Huss was confined awaiting his death sentence, and counsel with delegates from the churches largely responsible for the wars of the world, to bring about the day when people shall learn war no more, when the highest office in any cabinet shall be that of secretary of peace.

Kansas City, Mo.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

REV. J. RALPH Magee

I WAS much attracted by the Memorial Day utterances of Speaker Champ Clark. Can it be possible that what he says is true? Here are his words, as taken from the National Tribune: “Despite the positive command of the Saviour, few, even of the best of us, ever pray for our enemies. If we do, it is with an elastic mental reservation.” Had he left out the qualifying clause, “even of the best of us,” and taken the people as a whole, good, bad and indifferent, then he might have said “few.” It does not seem to me that to say “few, even of the best of us,” is holding to the truth. I believe there are large numbers of the “best” people that are praying for their enemies. Opinion on that subject may be altered somewhat by the company that you keep, and your estimate of the “best.” From some of the disgraceful scenes that have evidently taken place in the national House of Representatives the Speaker may have reason to pass the judgment he has expressed. I think a judgment could only be formed on the basis that an election to Congress is always one of the “best.” Some of us might demur from the estimate of what constitutes the “best.” But that is not the whole purpose of this article.

While I believe that the Speaker made his statement a little strong for my acceptance, yet it is true that, after these years of Gospel preaching, forgiveness is none too common an experience in human affairs. It is hard to find a church anywhere without some parties in it that have never learned to forgive and pray for their enemies. It makes us wonder if there are enough people that have gotten to the basic truth of Christianity, or merely have an outward acquiescence to the church creeds. We believe that the Gospel has not lost its power to take hatred out of the heart. If we doubt its power then is our preaching vain. We still have a sufficient number of cases occurring, where Christianity has chased out hatred, to prove that the power is still there. There can, then, be only one conclusion—that the person who holds hatred in his heart has not the full power of the Gospel of Christ operative in his life. The world can excuse, and will excuse, us for our errors committed on the war of the moment, but the world will not, and ought not, excuse us for harboring a grudge, or permitting any other sin to continue unconfessed in our life.

There certainly is no evidence of greatness of soul in hating. It cannot even be defended on the ground of protection of personal rights, for there are other protections. Hatred is not an protection, but an evidence of the failure to develop into that broader and more accomplished self. No man is great in doing what his power is not to do. A great soul is not made without its terrible battles. Greatness lies in the ability to make a fight against the thing that wants of retribution to be, or the struggle to do the thing that ought to be, regardless of cost. To carry long enough at the cross to secure the power to forgive, as we would be forgiven, and then go out to keep that power by using it, is an accomplishment worth a soul. I suppose that, when the final reckoning time shall come and the records of life are laid bare, wealth and election to office and external alautions shall cease to have any effect as to who is loved or hated, while the man who has been able to pray for his enemy and forgive, will be reckoned among the great souls of that kingdom. It seems to me that every member of the Church of Christ should see to it that this man shall ever be able to say, or even dare to say, that “few, even of the best of us, ever pray for our enemies.”

Thurston, Mass.
MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1896.

DEAR BROTHER:

The Secretaries desire to secure, at the earliest possible date, a complete record of the following items concerning each missionary in the employ of the Missionary Society.

These data will be preserved in such form that they will be of great practical benefit in the future work of Committees and Board.

Will you fill out these blanks for yourself and family and return to this office promptly?

Yours sincerely,

THE MISSIONARY SECRETARIES.

(Please answer these questions AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE with the data at hand.)

Date of answer October 29th 1896.

Full name of missionary and date of birth Edwin Wallace Parker born St. Johnsbury Vermont January 21st 1833.

Age when appointed Thirty Six.

Nationality American.


Bishop appointing S. Edwards.

Date of departure from home for field April 15th 1896.

Present residence Lucknow India.

Employment at the present time Residing in the North District of the conference of the South District.
Date of marriage: March 24, 1856.

Wife's full name: Lois Elisa Lee Parker.

Date of wife's birth: July 9th, 1834.

Children's full names and date of birth respectively:

RETURN HOME.

Names of persons returning, dates, and reasons of return (if more than one return state these particulars in each case):

E. B. LaChen, Louis J. Parker, returned 1866. Both sick, lung fever.

1868. Both returned sick. 1870. P. W. Parker & Samuel Conner ill.

Both had lung and eye illness. 1872. Both sent to GeneralCongregate.

Dates of leaving to return to the field, and names of persons returning:

E. B. LaChen, Lois S. LaChen.

Returned together: Sept. 1870. Second time 1874. 1875, 1876, 1877.

Third time 1872. Fourth time 1879.

The commission has just been signed by all persons present.

[Signature]

Name and address of representative in the United States in family matters:


Code name:
FINANCIAL.

Salary, past and present... My salary for some years was $1,250.
Then it was increased with amount of $1,600. But from... Many years we have paid $2,250. From January 1876 to December 1878.

Received this year for children... 260 children.

Special aid asked, dates and amounts. We are very thankful... to states... that during our many years of service we have not been consulted the necessity at any time of asking special aid.

Aid granted, dates and amounts... None granted.

Outgoing expenses each time. I cannot state definitely first time Sea, ship, and Cape.

General Conference paid mine three times.

Home-coming expenses each time. First round Cape. Rs. 400 for both. $100. Second time... $350 each. Third time mine paid $500. Forth time. $250. Last round, our General Conference. General Conference paid my home coming twice. three times back.

Home salary, for self and family... $1,000. I suppose... home in U.S.

Rec'd salary at home since 1854.

Name and address of representative in United States in business matters... C.H. Marshall, Esq. St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Code name
These women were from our city schools and seminaries, and the occasion was one of great interest. 

When the woman’s work became more than the mission could arrange to pay for, a request was sent to the Missionary Society for money to carry on the work for women and girls. Dr. Durbin replied: “We have given you all the money the church has placed at our disposal, and can do no more.” There was no word of encouragement or hope for the future.

When Mrs. Parker was planning to go home, Mrs. Mossmore, Mrs. Waugh, and Mrs. Judd wrote her, in substance, as follows: “When you get home tell the ladies of the church the condition of the heathen women — how they can only be reached by women; tell them of our work — how we need help to pay teachers, buy books, etc., and ask them to aid us, so we can receive no assistance from the Society for this work, and as it is a work especially for women.”

Mrs. Parker was quite ill when she left India, and hardly expected to live to reach home, but after two months at sea she began to rally, and then she began to think much of the work in India and to pray for direction in securing help for women’s work.

When they reached Boston they were entertained at Dr. Butler’s, and through them the way was opened to speak to the ladies in Boston; and she had opportunities at Lowell and other places to give the message she bore. The women everywhere responded, and she collected a considerable sum, which she sent out to India. After awhile she began to feel that this was not the way to help permanently, and that it was hardly right to collect and send out money in this irresponsible style. She knew of the “Ladies’ Union Missionary Society,” and the Congregational ladies had just organized a society for women, and she felt it was time for Methodist women to organize a society to meet the needs of the work in India. So she began to agitate the subject wherever she went, and found a ready response to the idea; but who could be found with the courage to initiate the movement?

She went West with her husband to visit relatives, and did all she could to interest influential people in the movement. She found a kindred spirit in Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, with whom she spent an afternoon, and who for years gave most efficient help with pen and voice.

Mrs. Parker returned to Boston in 1883, with several women pledged to unite in the movement as soon as the ladies of the East would organize. One day Mrs. Flanders and Mrs. Rich, of the Tremont Street Church, called on her at Mrs. Butler’s. She found they were all interested in missions, told them what she was working for, and asked them what they would be the best way to get the matter before the Boston ladies. They said there was to be a ladies’ society meeting in their church the following week, and it would be a good time to meet them, and at the same time ladies from other churches could be invited. Notices were sent out to the churches in and about Boston. When the day appointed arrived there was one of those storms for which Boston is famous, when people do not venture out unless obliged to. But the King’s business requires haste, and Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker braved the storm and went to the church, to find six ladies there. The meeting was held. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Parker talked of the needs of India’s women. A season of prayer followed, and afterwards all were agreed that a society should be organized. A rough draft of a constitution was adopted and a few officers appointed, and they adjourned to meet the following week.

Notices were again sent out, and a good attendance was secured. Meanwhile Dr. and Mrs. Warren were interviewed, and they gave much help in perfecting the constitution and giving names of ladies likely to help. At the second meeting Mrs. David Paton was appointed president, and a long list of vice-presidents was chosen, including all the Bishops’ wives, the wives of the missionary secretaries, and influential ladies all over the country. Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Parker were chosen corresponding secretaries.

Auxiliaries began to be organized East and West, and it was found that there was a good deal more interest than had been meeting, on the journey home from New York to Boston, and in answer to prayer, Dr. Parker had an inspiration, and blocked out a constitution on the plan at present in force, with branches each having their own headquarters and a General Executive Committee consisting of delegates from each Branch. This plan was eventually adopted by all, and the first General Executive Committee met in Mrs. Rich’s parlor and made the first appropriation to India at that meeting. China at that time did not feel the need of the Society or its help.

Mrs. Parker returned to India with her husband in the fall of 1856, feeling that the Society was established on good foundations and prepared to do good work. The First Woman’s Conference in India was organized in connection with the North India Conference of 1857, and that same year at the first delegerated Conference, the inceptive Central Conference of India, rules were drawn up with regard to the status and relations to the work of single women missionaries. There were practically the same as those now in force, and have saved our mission in India from a great amount of friction and misunderstanding.

In 1861 Dr. and Mrs. Parker again were at home, and learned that there was a feeling that, on account of certain misunderstandings concerning the relations of the two Societies on the foreign field, the Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society should be abandoned. Mrs. Parker was able to tell the societies of the harmony that prevailed in India and to explain the working of the rules there, and secured the co-operation of the women for the adoption of the same rules at the General Executive Committee meeting in 1863; and Dr. Parker, as a member of the Missionary Committee, in the General Conference, was able to secure the approval of the Committee; and eventually, through the efforts of a lawyer, a prominent lawyer who was a friend of Mrs. Keen, the matter was brought before the General Conference and passed as it now stands in the Discipline.

Mrs. Parker was a constant companion of her husband in all his travels, sharing all the hardships of touring in the districts. Many are the adventures they relate of storms, floods, famines, fires, and ignorant opposition; but they were sustained and helped in every hour of difficulty, and kept a serene and unruffled temper in every exigency. Mrs. Parker is most methodical in all her habits and work, and it is this which has enabled her to do so much during her missionary life.

She has many times been corresponding secretary for her Conference, and has that honor now.

The Epworth League in India owes much to Mrs. Parker. She writes thus concerning its origin: “It was in 1874 that we organized the Oxford League in Moradabad. We had long felt the need of some organization by which the young people of both sexes in our schools might be brought together and know more of each other. . . . We sent home for information and constitution of young people’s societies. We elected good things from them all, and then wrote a constitution and called our society the Oxford League. When the Epworth
League was inaugurated, we changed our constitution a little, as I remember, but there was not very much change in the working. We had all the committee, and had quarterly reports from them. Bandes of Kandy Workers were a specialty that came on from the first organisation."

The Moradabad League was found to supply a distinct need, and was quickly followed in other stations by similar societies, and the idea spread rapidly all over India. The Central Conference of 1894 appointed a Board of Control for All India, and Dr. Parker was chosen president, and Homer C. Smith first general secretary. The first League Convention for All-India was held at Lucknow in 1894.

Mrs. Parker was one of the first women elected to membership in the General Conference as a layman. The circumstances of the debate held over the question of her admission to the Cleveland Conference of 1896 are well known, as well as her graceful surrendering of her claim until the legal points were settled.

Since the death of Bishop Parker she has been stationed at Moradabad, loved and revered by all her associates. She has had charge of the city girls’ schools and zemana work in Moradabad. In addition to this she was appointed to assist in the evangelistic work of the women in the Haroi District, and made frequent visits to that work until this fall, when she moved to Haroi to live, in order that she might oversee more personally the work of the large girls’ boarding-school of over sixty girls, which is established there. This step seemed advisable, because the death of Mr. Tupper, the efficient Hindu-stani preceding elder, leaves the work in Haroi without a competent presiding officer on the spot, the missionaries who looks after the work living far from Haroi. Mrs. Parker feels that the girls’ school and other W. F. M. S. interests demanded close personal attention, and has at once gone to take up her residence there. She and Miss Blackstock will be the only American missionaries in the district.

And thus she takes up again in her years of ripe experience the work which engaged her younger years as a missionary — that of building up and extending the work of a girls’ boarding-school in a district where it is one of the chief (if not the chief) evangelizing agencies. And the prayer of her many admirers and friends in India is that she may long live to continue to be an inspiration, example, and counselor for all.

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Spiritual Healing --- Some Suggestions --- I

REV. J. J. HELMS

YOU dressed this morning, ate your breakfast, and went to your work, and gave next to no conscious attention to dressing, eating or walking. Indeed you got along far better by the lack of conscious attention. If you had consciously watched and directed every movement of hand, foot, eye and mouth, you would have made little progress, made many ludicrous blunders, and perhaps met with serious accident. "And what of it?" you say. Many, many ways. These habits show that you have an subconscious self," that has been well trained. Some folks those days prefer to call it a subconscious self," and henceforth we will I.

And who trained that side of you? Your conscious self? Yes, in part, but not all. Jesus, in speaking of little children, says that their angels do always behold His Father. We who are parents are easily convinced that a divine guardianship seems to overawe our youngsters in their perilous progress to peace and self-control.

The subconscious self operates not only on the side of human consciousness, but Divine consciousness as well, and is educated from both sides.

The subconscious self is constantly at work for us, whether we are awake or asleep. Who has not retired at night with a problem unsolved, to find it cleared in the morning? Your subconscious self straightened out all the tangles while you slept. It would straighten many other difficulties if we only knew how to put it to work. Before we finish this series of articles we hope to offer some valuable suggestions as to how to train the subconscious.

Your subconscious self is not always a source of light and purity. Remember, it is educated not only on the Divine side, but your conscious life educates your subconscious self as well. Jesus said, "Out of the heart of man proceed all evil thoughts, adulteries, etc. A thousand things constantly current in your conscious life that you would not dare breathe to your friends and neighbors are being impressed deeper and deeper into the very texture of your subconscious self, so that your subconscious character is a better index of what you really are than your conscious character.

You ask, "What is God doing, then, in my subconscious life?" Have you not retired at night with hatred in your heart, and awakened in the morning to find it gone? God’s angels were working in your deeper self while you slept.

"What bearing has this philosophy of the subconscious on conversion?" some religious friend anxiously asks. Much, very much. We often hear the wise exhortation, "Do not give up the search for God till you are consciously converted." Good! I would do even further. Do not give up the search till you become subconsciously converted. Until the records of all those years of vanity, lust, appetite, etc., are obliterated, and there spring up from within you those desires only that are pure, holy, heavenly. When the sneak thief is subconsciously converted, he will steal no more, and immediately begin to correct his very bearing and gait. When the lazy body is subconsciously converted, he will begin to distribute honesty instead of vinegar and vitriol.

"But will not conscious conversions do that?" some one asks. That depends upon the subconscious state of the convert. Of this I am sure, there is no safety for any soul outside of complete conformity to God in both his conscious and subconscious life.

"What has all this to do with healing?" Very, very much. Our bodily functions are almost entirely controlled by the subconscious self. The circulation of the blood, the assimilation of food, the elimination of waste products, and all the vital chemistries of the body, are aided and regulated by the subconscious self. To obtain a normal, rhythmical, flow to the forces of life, it is very important, therefore, to seek the aid of the subconscious.

In the right education of the subconscious we have already pointed out the necessity of being workers together with God. Other things being equal, the devout soul, by his peace, harmony, humility, and fearlessness, is far less liable to contract disease, and is far stronger to overcome it.

Perfect physical health is conditioned and insured by the complete adjustment of both the conscious and subconscious life to God. This adjustment does not depend on a denial of matter, as Christian Science teaches. It rather demands a perfect consecration of body, mind, will, and affection to God. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice." The constantly changing body is to be a temple of the Holy Spirit. It was years ago asserted that the whole human body changed every seven years. It is now said that this entire change occurs every year, and in some parts of the body every few months. If this is true, our bodies are constantly undergoing tremendous physical change. The problem of health is to get whole and healthy tissue to supplant that which is diseased and diseased. In such restoration the subconscious self has a predominating part, because, as we have noted, the subconscious controls most of our bodily activities. If wisely directed, the subconscious will work at the very root of our physical infirmities.

The root of our physical troubles is often more than a local affection. We know full well that anger, jealous, envy, worry, fear, etc., work out into bodily as well as mental maladies. A subconscious self out of which all these demons are cast is the most efficient agent to physical restoration. If we would, therefore, break up many vicious tendencies of mind and body, the royal road is suggested by St. Paul: "Whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." Think continuously. Think intensely. Think positively instead of negatively. Much is being said and written these days about the principle of suggestion. There is much in it. But there is no suggestion equal in value to autosuggestion when the "auto" is inspired with divine quality. But concerning suggestion and the way to educate the subconscious, we will write in our next paper.

Auburn, N. Y., May 4th.

There are some men who cannot see God because they have no eye. They have only an animal organ, strained by market. --- "If a man eat, he shall die.---"
An Incomparable Record

WHEN Bishop Edwin W. Parker
did also cold-weather tours among the
villages. Mrs. Parker accompanied
her husband on these tours; in fact, she
was seldom absent from any of his
manifold activities, wise to plan, indefatigable
in execution. Yet her health was,
during many of these years and for a very long
time, exceedingly poor. There were
protracted illnesses, as well as the
necessity of caring for the
health of her husband
and his family.

The landing at Calcutta, where
the Parker family arrived
in 1887, was not without its
challenges. Mrs. Parker
traveled extensively
throughout India,
visiting villages
and mission
centers. Her
devotion to
the mission
work was
unwavering,
even in the face of
adversity.

For the Parker family,
the Missionary Society
provided
resources and
support,
allowing them
to continue
their work
in India.

This is an account of
the Parker family's
work in India,
highlighting their
devotion and
dedication to
the mission
work during
these challenging
years.

BISHOP AND MRS. PARKER
The latter at 50 years of age.
ZION'S HERALD

The Lure of Modern Paganism

In the days of Paul paganism was so openly and consciously—we might say upbraidingly—pagan that Christianity, as announced and defended by the apostles and their immediate helpers, was driven back upon itself, forced into a compact mass, and kept unceasingly on its guard. The lines between the church and the world were sharply drawn, and no quarter was given on either side. There was no doubt then as to what it meant to be a Christian, either in doctrine or in practice. If you were a Christian, you might be banished to an Egean isle, or burned as a torch to light Nero’s gardens when his favorites came to dine, and when men wanted you, they knew exactly where to find you, and treated you as a personal enemy because you were utterly and all the while a foe of their sin.

But nowadays Nero, clad in glistening raiment, invites Paul to dine with him, and degrades John’s doctrine of love into a lyric of licentiousness. Paganism is masked behind propriety, or masquerades as a “religion,” forsooth, of nature. A man who is not willing to admit that he is a savior of evil is acquiring a savoriness of the language of Canaan, while on the other hand Peter’s speech betrays him as a Galilean. The church and the world are approximating, which does not mean that in their basic principles they are any nearer together than they were in the days of the apostles, but that the thought of many people is confused on moral issues, and less interest is taken away in the deeper experiences of the heart-life (where, if anywhere, a man must be right with God) than in outward conformity to convention, which constitutes the average morality of the age. The Neoclassical barbarism has gone, but in its place has come a self inadvertent indifference to questions of regeneration, conversion, and immortality, which, like Galileo, cares for none of those things.

The change, so far as the church is concerned, is not wholly for the better, for now it is not easy, off hand, to distinguish our friends from our foes, since both, in many instances, wear the same uniform. To be a thorough-going Christian requires in the twentieth century not less courage, but more insight and judgment than it did in the first century. The plausible, golden-mouthed world will win all but the most wise and wary followers of Christ. The terror of the old persecutions has been succeeded by the lure of a pretty paganism. Who—now, as then—“is sufficient for these things,” unless he is filled with the Spirit of God, and constantly watch unto prayer?

Agitation of Independence Academic and Harmful

ZION’S HERALD need not assure its readers that it heartily believes in the ability, integrity, and conscientiousness of President Wilson. We cannot, however, commend his foreign policy, and, while we respect Secretary Bryan’s ethical and patriotic purpose, we do not believe that he is a well-balanced and safe adviser of the President. There has been a woful and inexcusable blundering in dealing with Mexico, and we can quite accept in general Ex-President Roosevelt’s criticism of our foreign policy. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan are both academic instead of wisely and comprehensively diplomatic. Tenacious of their impressions and convictions, they are not wise and safe leaders, so far as our foreign policy is concerned.

Nothing so clearly proves this fact as the attitude of both concerning independence for the Philippines. But both advocate this change heartily and urgently. There is no sound reason for it whatsoever, and the agitation is only harmful to the people whom they desire to help.

No one can doubt the honesty of purpose in this matter of President Wilson and his distinguished secretary. But any one who has had experience with the particularly conscientious man has learned that it is almost impossible to correct him when he is wrong.

The Michigan Christian Advocate puts it well in saying:

“Now a writer can be very conscientious, and still be grievously mistaken. Indeed, the conscientious errorist in this world is probably more numerous than the other sort, and this is what makes error so hard to explode; those who are guilty of it won’t admit it even when they are themselves blown to pieces.

“‘Convince a man against his will, and he’s of the same opinion still.’”

In this matter the editor has the advantage of personal observation and study of the people, and of information gathered from the best sources, the missionaries among the people. We do not recall that a single man or woman of the many met in this land, or in the years since, ever advocated that the people were competent to govern themselves. We need to learn the wisdom of the English Government in dealing with Eastern peoples.

Ex-President Taft, so wise and judicious in his experience with the Filipinos, is radically opposed to granting them self-government. General Jacob H. Smith, retired, who commanded the forces that put down the rebellion in Luzon and other islands of the archipelago a dozen years ago, said in an interview last week:

“They are the same people now that they were then. Hundreds of years of oppression has not developed them with ability to govern, surely, and although there are parts of the islands that are highly civilized, still there are large areas where the natives are nothing more than savages.

“I do not care to say anything about my share in cleaning up the islands, but I learned enough to know that the Filipinos have no capacity for executive responsibility or executive ability. If we should get out of there, there would be a land grab by other nations or a civil war between the people of the islands.”

And the New York Tribune, in a recent editorial, sums up the practical situation in the following terms:

“About the only result of the displacement of Americans by natives in the insular service has been a deterioration in the administrative and legislative departments and, according to local testimony, an increase in the number of official deprivations . . . No practical man who has been in the Philippines and studied conditions there is likely to admit that it is safe at this time to fix a date for independence, even if he may believe that independence is desirable. To be thrust upon their own resources before they learn the duties of government would be a cruelty to the Filipino people. They would be preyed upon by the politicians, who alone have anything in gain from the granting of autonomy. If it is to themselves, they would probably soon fall into the clutches of Japan.”

We very much regret that this matter has been presented to Congress and has the support of the present Administration, for it will surely result in increasing the general disapproval of the foreign policy of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. General Smith, whom we have already quoted, returning last week from abroad, is reported to have said, referring especially to Mexico, that the State Department’s policy is a great joke abroad, and which has gained favor in foreign capitals, that this government was trying to require more land.

“Some of the army officers of other nations whom I met believe that the war in Mexico is nothing more than a battle between English and American oil interests for control of the resources of that country, and not, as it is the current belief among the higher officials abroad, it is rather unpleasant for an old soldier to have it thrown in his teeth that the patriotism of his people is commercialized.”

One Temperance Rule Fore and Aft

I t is an old saying that “calling names is not philosophy.” To apply scurrilous epithets to a public man or policy is not argument. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at Secretary Daniels’ order prohibiting wine messes on board naval vessels, on the ground that it is a “grape juice” policy. The implication is that unfermented grape juice is somehow symbol of weaknesses, and that wine and spirits make men strong and valorous. That alcoholic liquors unnerve rather than nerve actors in life’s strenuous struggles is, however, the teaching of history. Military and naval men are none the better as fighting forces by reason of the convivial cup.

As for this particular secretarial order, there is this at least to be said in its behalf—it seeks to establish the same rule as to intoxicating drinks for both ends of the ship. Long ago the enlisted men were forbidden their grog, but, quite inconsistently, the officers have until now been allowed to entertain at wine meals. This distinction rested on no logical basis, and savoried of a class distinction between the non-commissioned and commissioned ranks.

The order issued by Secretary Daniels may indeed be in advance of public sentiment—that is, of belated and too indulgent public sentiment—but it accords, we believe, with the enlightened judgment of the best Americanism. We are informed that, with the increasing pressure of technical duties laid upon them, naval officers (even the younger men) are less and less inclined to drink. If so, this order will impose no hardship on these officers, and will relieve them of the expensive burden of providing strong and harmful drinks in abundance for the representatives of foreign navies. Now, too, the “jackie” will not think that he is discriminated against when no wine bottles grace (or disgrace) his mess-table on the berth-deck.
BISHOP E. W. PARKER.


Eaton & Mains.

Bishop Parker was one of the noblest gifts the Church has made to the foreign field. The story of his life—told by an intimate friend and fellow-worker—is a record of heroic sacrifice, unceasing toil, unselfish devotion, and remarkable success in the founding and upbuilding of Methodism in India. He was a man of deep piety, kindly sympathy, keen foresight, and a tireless worker. There are three men to whom, under God, the church is specially indebted for the wonderful record we have made in India—Butler, Thoburn, Parker composed a trio of pioneers peculiarly endued for the delicate and difficult task assigned them.

This life of Bishop Parker is well written. In its pages the man himself stands before you and speaks and plans and toils and suffers and dies for the cause he loved better than life. The book is planned to serve a double purpose. It is designed not merely to tell the story of a singularly beautiful life of service, but to present a picture of mission life and work in India that will add to the information of the church at home and increase the interest felt in that most successful of our missions. The book is beautifully gotten up and well illustrated.
SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES RETOLD

14. The Missionary Call of Bishop Parker

In the year 1855 the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved to establish a mission in British India. Early in 1856 the Rev. William Butler was sent out to select a field for the new mission. Oudh and Rohilkhand were chosen, and the superintendent established himself at Bareilly and awaited reinforcements. On September 22, 1857, the Rev. James L. Humphrey and Ralph Pierce, with their wives, reached Calcutta, expecting to go on at once to Bareilly. But about the time of their departure from Boston the mutiny had broken out in Oudh and Rohilkhand, the mission premises at Bareilly had been destroyed, and the superintendent, his family, and other Europeans had fled for safety to Naini Tal. For the present it was impossible to continue their journey. They were obliged to wait five months in Calcutta before it was considered safe for them to go on. On February 24, 1858, they left Calcutta and, meeting Dr. Butler, the superintendent, at Agra, proceeded by way of Meerut and Mussoorie to Naini Tal, reaching that place in a little less than two months from the time they left Calcutta.

As the Chinese disturbances in 1900 were followed by a remarkable revival of missionary effort in China, so in India the mutiny of 1857 inspired the Church of Great Britain and America to increased effort for the evangelization of India. Dr. Butler returned to Bareilly as soon as it was safe to do so, and left Mr. Humphrey to begin work there, and went on himself with Mr. Pierce to Lucknow, intending to make that city the headquarters of the mission. But before leaving Naini Tal he had applied to the missionary secretaries at New York for six married missionaries. The secretaries published the call and appealed to the Church for volunteers. The hour was a propitious one. The story of the massacre of Cawnpore, of the siege and capture of Delhi, and of India, a large place in the thoughts and sympathies of the American people; and when the call went forth, "Six men for India," it stirred the hearts of hundreds of devout men, who asked themselves the question, "Is this call for me?"

The call soon reached Lunenburg, where the Rev. Edwin W. Parker was nearing the close of his second year's pastorate. The Church there was weak in numbers and the people were poor. So few and so poor, in fact, that the pastor and his wife both taught in the local schools to eke out a support. Knowing the wonderful sequel to the story, there is naturally a desire to know just how that call reached those two persons whose lives were destined to be so closely connected with India. Mrs. Parker herself shall tell us:

"Mr. Parker had a conviction very soon after his call to the ministry that he must also be a missionary. His mother had this conviction almost from his birth, but he did not know this until after he began to preach. When he asked me to be his wife he said it was no more than right that I should know of this conviction. I told him that I had felt from a child that some time I would be a missionary, so that whenever the way opened for him I should not object. One of my father's sisters, Miss Edith Ann Lee, was one of the first missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Indians at Green Bay, Mich. It took her longer to go from St. Johnsbury to Green Bay than for us to come to India in 1890. It was my great delight as a child to read and hear her letters telling of her work among the Indians, and the idea never left me that some time I would be in such work. It was during our second year at Lunenburg that Dr. Butler's call for six men for India was published in the Church papers. At that time we were both teaching in the village school in order to eke out the small allowance that the Church was able to pay us. Family circumstances were such that it seemed out of the question for us to leave America at that time. My mother had died leaving her youngest child to my care, for whom there was no other protector. Still that call from India did not leave us, though it was a sad thought. We did not even speak to each other about it. At last Mr. Parker asked me if I had noticed the call, and did I think we could respond to it. Very much prayer and much opposition from friends, we decided to offer ourselves and abide by the decision of the Missionary Society, thinking that probably others better qualified than we were would be accepted. But in December, 1858, the appointment came, and early in March we left our Vermont home; all our work at Lunenburg and all our family interests having been satisfactorily arranged for."

...was stooping low. His merry whistle had stopped, he was hurrying for dear life.

At length his head appeared through the door. "Say, wonder if I haven't got enough?" he said. "And why isn't Edith help fill the box for once?"

"You know how much you generally have," replied his mother quietly. "Filling the box is your work, my son. It isn't Edith's. She's washing dishes."

At the sink the small golden head moved restlessly. "He wouldn't give me even a dime, out of a whole $200," she declared impressively.

"Now he can just go-whistle!"

"There's an extra dime in my purse. I think, dearie," said her mother. "It isn't much. But it's the best I can do. I wanted so much to give you children an extra dinner that I spent about all I had."

"Himself!" Softly—and very sweetly—the word seemed to creep through Edith's soul.

A second, she was very still. Her gaze wandered down the little walk to the street; then across. In the distance she saw the white and thin. The church spire stood outlined against the Christmas sky, and at the top a cross shone clear.

(Continued on page 18.)

...and many such wonderful sentences that the children of today expect and receive in such abundance. Now this may have some bearing on the subject; but I consider another phase of this condition, for it is really true that children today would spurn the gifts their fathers and mothers received when they were young, but which they themselves were happy to possess.

I wish I could persuade you to measure your gifts by love rather than expensiveness. One of the richest gifts I ever received was a shoe box of old-fashioned roses that a dear old sister placed with her own hands and sent me through the mail. The fact that they were wilted when I received them mattered.

"Himself"

WHEN Bobby came downstairs the morning before Christmas he was proud as a king. It really seemed as if he must have grown an inch or two during the night! Breakfast was not quite ready, and he sauntered impatiently to the hall and stood—hand thrust deep into his pocket—regarding himself before the mirror in the hat-tree that stood by the outer door. "Makes a chap feel good," he chuckled below his breath, "to earn something worth while."

He lifted his head a little higher, and his shoulders drew into a little-straighter line. "You'll be a man, Bob White," asserted he decisively, "before you know it."

"Hobby! Bobby!" It was his mother's voice. "Breakfast!"

Turning, he scurried through the hall. As he took his place his sister Edith—Younger by some.
Senior Effective Missionary in World-Wide Methodism

BISHOP FRANK W. WARRIN

On July 9, at 8:30, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., in a Congregational home there was born a little girl, who during her first night was watched over by a mother and missionary. Through the whole night that aunt praised that the tiny bit of humanity in her charge might make a missionary. That night of prayer has been in variously answered; that infant girl is now the only child of Bishop Frank Wallace Parker, and has been forty-five years of age as a missionary in Australia, and is now the senior effective missionary of the world-wide Methodist Church.

The aunt never told Mrs. Parker of that night of prayer, nor of the praying that followed, until she was married and had children of her own. There is surely much in this story to encourage those who work among children for missions.

Mrs. Parker received her early education at the Woman's College in Newbury, and wrote about her childhood, except that she was born in the United States, and that her family was of English, Scotch, Irish, and New England blood. To one to know her of her eighteenth birthday, she remarked, "It is far better to be middle-aged than to be eighteen years old." Mrs. Parker has two brothers and a sister living, younger than herself. When asked, "And you expect to be a missionary when you were a little girl?" she replied, "Yes."

When I was eight or nine years old, she used to go to Sunday school and she knew the names of the people in the congregation. She knew the Congregational Church when she was eleven years old, and was a member of that church until she married, when she joined the Methodist Church with her husband.

In March 1918, she married Rev. Edwin Wallace Parker, and joined him as a student in the General Church, and they worked together for two years. Mrs. Parker said, "We thought I might get a better preparation for my work by going on with many of the students I would take care of. It is interesting to note the "I" and the "we" in the quotation, for it tells the story of the two people who worked together.

The Parker's home was always open to the community, and the Parker's daughter, who was born in the Congregational Church, was always welcomed. "The Parker's" was a name that was given to the Parker's home, and it was used by the Parker's friends and neighbors as a place to go. The Parker's daughter was always given a place to sit, and she was always welcomed with open arms.

The Trip to India

"The Parker's" was a home that was open to all, and it was a place where the Parker's daughter was always welcome. The Parker's daughter was always welcomed with open arms, and she was always given a place to sit. The Parker's daughter was always given a place to sit, and she was always welcomed with open arms.

Their Spiritual Life

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poor people as though they were their own child.

Dr. Parker, it is believed, never fully recovered from the ravages of malaria of those years in Wesleyepe. Now, to those perscriptions, which still in appalling as far as possible, we
never baptized less than a family at a time, and in new work a whole community, and then
they suffer together.

When Wesleyepe was given up, after struggling for health for several years, trying alternatively the hills and the plains, the Parkers were ordained in India, and I will let Mrs. Parker tell her own story.

"I was very ill in Wesleyepe, and my husband was very ill.

A Christian native man whom the precessing elder sent back to the bow should never have left, and then the gift of fifteen ruppes to help buy rice. People who loved ease would not attempt such an exploit, and only those of energy and system, who know how to push things and who can be under the parental control, said to be afraid to take hold with their own hands and
help, could possibly succeed in getting their camp off by daylight. And when the march is long, the road heavy, and the slow, weary oxen bring the cart to the camping ground late in the afternoon, the situation is almost as difficult.

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A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE

Bishop E. W. Parker, D.D.

It has been given to few men to have so long and so illustrious a missionary career as that of the late Bishop E. W. Parker, D.D. For forty-two years, with the exception of a few brief furloughs home, he laboured with remarkable success in the land of his adoption. The conquest of India for Christ was the one all-absorbing aim and ambition of his life. To this end all his splendid powers of body, mind and soul were consecrated. No journey, whether by rail or bullock-cart, or on foot, was too trying, no labour too severe, no duty too hard, no cost too great, if by these the day of India's
redemption might be hastened. Truly his all was on the altar for the salvation of the millions of India.

It is therefore eminently proper that so memorable a life should receive some fitting recognition in the form of a memorial. It is also proper that this memorial should be in the interests of some particular work to which his life was largely devoted. Accordingly, it is proposed that an effort be made in India and America to raise $60,000, or Rs. 1,80,000, the income from which shall be used in educating the Christian young men of India. Half of this sum will go to found a “Bishop Parker Memorial Professorship” in Reid Christian College, Lucknow, and the other half to found Scholarships for poor Christian boys in the Moradabad High School, the school to be known hereafter as the “Bishop Parker Memorial High School.”

The above proposition was submitted to a large and representative gathering of missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church from all parts of India held in Allahabad July 10th, 1901, with Bishop Warne in the chair, and was heartily approved. We are glad to say that this proposition has also the unqualified approval of Mrs. Bishop Parker.

The two above named institutions are closely related, and form a part of our educational system. The High School gathers the pupils in from the various village and other schools of lower grade, throughout Rohilkund, and carries such as have the ability and desire on to the completion of the High School course, then passes on those wishing to further prosecute their studies into Reid Christian College in Lucknow.

Since the death of Bishop Parker last
June, the name of the High School in Moradabad has been changed in honor of our fallen leader and founder of the School to the "Bishop Parker Memorial High School." No sooner had he been appointed to Moradabad early in the sixties, than he saw the strategic value of this city as a center and stronghold for our rapidly expanding work. At once he began, with that rare foresight and practical judgment that characterized him, to plan for a school which should become at once a means of educating and training Christian boys, and of opening a high way for the Gospel of Christ into the heart of the Hindu and Mohammedan population of the city. From the first the school was an assured success. For nearly thirty years Bishop Parker devoted a large measure of his time and energy to the school, regarding its growth, development and success with the loving solicitude of a parent for his child.

The Christian community, from which this school draws its pupils, and in which it is the only High School, numbers about 60,000. The need of a well endowed, thoroughly equipped school is so apparent as to require no further emphasis. This large community is made up almost entirely of people too poor to adequately feed and clothe their children. To educate them also is clear beyond their power. Unless free education is given, their boys from necessity must remain in their village homes, to grow up in the same ignorance and superstition that have dwarfed the minds and hearts of their ancestors for untold generations.

What we propose to do is to raise $30,000 to found 100 Scholarships for the education of poor boys in the "Bishop
Parker Memorial High School in Moradabad. The income of $300 will feed, clothe and educate a boy during his stay in the school. The need for 100 Scholarships is imperative. Twice that number could be used to advantage, but fewer are not to be thought of.

Nowhere in the world will so small an amount of money accomplish so great results. Three hundred dollars is not a great sum, and the loss of it would not be seriously felt by the average Church or individual in America. But see what it means to a boy in India! It means a life rescued from a state of ignorance and degradation, little above that of the goat or swine whose care-taker the village boy is, to a life of intelligence, manhood and independence. It means all this, and infinitely more to him and to the cause of Christ than can be put into words.

Let Churches, Epworth Leagues, Sunday Schools as well as individuals, all rally to our support and each found one or more of these Scholarships. When separately they are too poor to do this, two or more might unite to raise the amount, or as large a part of it as possible. This sum once raised will go on perpetually educating boys and young men and fitting them for lives of usefulness in the world and to become lights and leaders in the Church of Christ in India.

The desire to found a Professorship in Reid Christian College in memory of Bishop Parker is part of an effort that is now being made to raise an Endowment of $200,000. New conditions and new demands make it positively necessary that we increase at once the working capital of the institution.

Our College belongs to a group of
twenty-eight institutions that are affiliated to the University of Allahabad. The greatest activity in education prevails in all these. Government is strengthening every department of those under her control, and requiring better equipment in every particular from all aided and affiliated schools and colleges such as our own. New buildings are being erected and new schools opened and maintained at both private and public expense, the standard of qualification for teaching and for University degrees is being raised, the most improved methods of instruction and the latest and best appliances from the West are being introduced into all affiliated institutions. All this means money. To meet these new requirements, our College must have a largely increased income from endowment.

It is no longer necessary, as it once was, for Missions and Government to urge the people of India to open and maintain their own schools and colleges. That benevolent work has in a large measure been accomplished. The Mohammedans are building up a great College at Aligarh. Sixty million followers of Mohamet are back of it. Money from all over India is flowing into it. The Hindus, under the leadership of that pervert from Christianity, Mrs. Besant, are laying the foundations of a great Central Hindu College at Benares, the idolatrous Mecca of Hinduism. Two hundred millions of Hindus are interested in it and will support it.

Now Christian Colleges dare not—they can not—look with complacency upon all this activity, and refuse to provide as good advantages in higher education for their own sons and daughters. To refuse is to hand over the future leadership and
domination of the thought of India to non-Christians, and non-Christian leadership is a dangerous thing to any people. Mr. John R. Mott says, "More and more India will be governed and its thought-life moulded by the student class. The burning question is, shall this leadership be heathen, agnostic, or Christian?" Never in the history of Missions in India was it so necessary to build up great, strong Christian Institutions of higher learning as now.

This need is greatly emphasized by another fact. Our Mission, founded by Dr. William Butler in the stormy days of the Sepoy Rebellion, has spread from city to city, and from province to province, north, south, east, west, till it is now found all over Southern Asia. Here are six Annual and twenty-nine District Conferences. In these are found 143 Native members of Conference, 506 Local Preachers, and 741 Exhorters. Associated with these is a force of 1,070 Christian teachers and 650 Bible-women. Back of these are 80,000 members and probationers in our Church and a total Christian community of over a hundred thousand. There are 80,000 children in our Sunday Schools and 31,000 in our day schools, more than half of whom are Christians. Among all this great growing population of Christians Reid Christian College is the only institution of our Church in Southern Asia, for young men, teaching up to Bachelor of Arts.

Bishop Parker saw that this Christian community must grow. One result would be that from the day schools all over the land would come in ever increasing numbers young men who had a thirst for higher learning. Hence he threw the strength of his great soul into building up an institution where the best opportunities
for moral and spiritual growth would be found alongside the highest advantages for intellectual improvement. He was associated with the College from its beginning. For years he was the able and devoted President of its Board of Trustees. Back in the eighties when the sainted Dr. Badley was struggling against the almost insuperable difficulties incident to the founding of a College in this land, Bishop Parker ever stood by him and encouraged him with his gifts and counsel.

Bishop Parker further saw that devoted pastors and leaders of these Christian communities would be more and more required and that they must be educated. The present and future welfare of the Church demanded it. On every hand was abundant evidence that the "Accursed thing" in India is ignorance. Only one man in 42 and one woman in 858 of the population could read. The time had come when our Hindustani Churches in the chief cities must have better educated preachers. The general work of the Mission demanded higher education. Problems were confronting our Missionaries that called for the highest intellectual discipline in the Native Ministry. So he planned great things in education for our young people.

Bishop Parker also longed for the day to come when our College would have an endowment large enough to support all its professors and thus become independent of further aid from the Missionary Society of the Church. We are glad to think that this Memorial Professorship is precisely in the line of his desires. The Principal of the College now draws his support from the Missionary Society. If the College had this Professorship, he
would be supported by the income from that; and the salary he now receives from the Society could go to support a new Missionary in the great, needy field of evangelism. In this way our Missionary force would just be doubled by this Memorial Professorship.

With all these facts before us, what could be more appropriate and more beneficial to the cause of Christian truth and enlightenment in India than these Memorial Scholarships and this Memorial Professorship? We are confident from a long personal acquaintance with him on the field that no monument could be reared that would please him better than one which would make it possible for him to labor on in the land of his adoption by proxy. These Memorials create such possibilities. Your gift, then, whether large or small, will help to continue the blessed work among the people of India whom he loved and for whom he prayed and planned and toiled and died.

A systematic effort is being made all over India to secure funds for these Memorials, which is meeting with encouraging success. Both Missionaries and Native workers are responding heartily to the appeal. Many are giving from a quarter to a half of a month's salary.

We, the undersigned, send forth this appeal to the Church in India and America in the full assurance that all who knew and loved the dear Bishop, as well as all who love the cause of Christ in this land, will be glad of this opportunity to help carry forward the work he so nobly began.

Let all who contribute designate whether they wish their money to go to found Scholarships in Moradabad, or a Professorship in Lucknow. Any gift undesignated
will be divided equally between these two objects.

Subscriptions may be sent direct by draft on New York or London to either of the undersigned, or to Dr. Leonard, or Dr. Baldwin, Mission Rooms, 150, Fifth Avenue, New York.

C. L. BARE, Principal,
Reid Christian College,
Lucknow, India.

L. A. CORE, Presiding Elder,
Moradabad District.
Moradabad, India.

M. E. 1865, Mission.
BISHOP E. W. PARKER

Bishop E. W. Parker was born at Saint Johnsbury, Vt., January 21, 1833. He became a member of the church when about twenty years of age. He received his education at Benbow Seminary, Vermont, and at the Biblical Institute at Concord, N.H. Having finished his preparatory studies in 1857, he was admitted into the Vermont Conference. After a pastorate of two years, in 1859 he was ordained at the New England Conference both deacon and elder, by Bishop Ames, and soon after sailed for India, being one fifth of the never-to-be-forgotten company of whom the other members were C. F. Judd, G. H. Downey, J. E. Waugh, and J. . Thobur. They arrived in India the following August. Brother Parker immediately began evangelistic work among natives and was sent at once to Binsar a district containing a million of people who had never had any missionary work. He soon mastered the Hindustani language. From that point he was transferred to Moradabad and began work among the Sikhs, a clan of inquirers who have yielded much fruit. When the India Conference was organized in 1864 he was appointed a presiding elder, and with the exception of three years filled that position until 1900. The great revival of 1838 began under his leadership, and fifty thousand of our present membership have been the direct or indirect fruits of that movement.

Dr. Parker was made a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the General Conference of 1900.

Bishop Parker had much to do with educational work, and was closely connected with the establishment of the Mission Schools. He was a master of the vernacular, would preach in it with the greatest ease, and applied his knowledge of it to Sunday School books and papers. He died at Munit Tal, India, June 3, 1901.