Foreign Missions

From a child I have been deeply interested in the work of foreign missions. I think the interest was first awakened in my heart by the superintendent of our Sunday School in Hallowell, Maine, Mr. Simon Page. Once a month Mr. Page presented the subject most faithfully. Occasionally a returned Missionary from Turkey, the Sandwich Islands, or from India would come in and give us an address at a Sunday School concert. Samples of the images that the poor heathen worshipped were exhibited, and stories of the great Juggernaut, that crushed women and children were related, and the ill treatment of females and the slaying of the female children with other heathen customs were made much of. Publications too in those days were very graphic, often accompanied with characteristic wood-cuts.

I wonder whether children are affected now as they were forty years ago, now that their information is more abundant; now that the field of Mission labor, by the marvelous increase of facilities for communication, are brought to our very doors. My heart was then eager for the conversion and civilization of the heathen—that they might escape from the calamities that were inevitable to their false faith; and in cooler years it is still zealous for him—that humanity may be lifted up, souls be redeemed from error and sin, and the sun of
From a skill I have keen interest in the work of

Afternoon Missions. I think the teachers are given assignments to

Your performance of our Sunday School in yellow, a

Mr. Smith, Pete, once a month we make prayer for the sick, poor,

Instructed. Occasionally a routine mission from Turkey. The

I work to work and grow in and give us as guidance

An elegant school program. Simplicity of the elements that the food

Sufficient work, placed and assigned to the female children with open

Practically; work and make much of the public, stories to these girls

And have walked alone recognized with characteristic goodness.

I would another children are allowed to play freely. You know the child

From that dear information to more intelligent, where the child

At Mission today, the worshipping interest of little children for common

Praise the presence of our Sunday School is the

The conversation and cultivation of the present-day ignorant are

My dear children, in the midst of your own, our dearest

The privilege of some education from school and the writing and of
Righteousness shine in upon them with his powerful healing rays.

During the winter of 1877 A.D. in Portland, Oregon, our Minister of the First Congregational Church found that his Wednesday evening monthly missionary meeting was poorly attended; and that care for the missionary fields appeared to be growing less and less. It occurred to him to try an experiment. He came around to all the men and women of his church who ever took part in speaking and gave to each a subject. To Mr. A. was given the geography of China (for China was the subject that coming missionary night). To Mr. B. products and resources of China. To Mr. D. a history of the Mission fields, and to Mr. E. the arts and literature of China. When he reached my office, he said you must take the subject of "the Chinese in America." I shook my head; "that topic is too exciting," I plead." Never mind, I want you to take it, it will increase the interest in the Mission work. Well, it leaked out that we were to have such a meeting. Before the hour the vestry was full, and we had to move to the Auditorium of the church. Soon that was as full as it could well hold of people. After the seats were all occupied and the sides aisles crowded, in came a large number of Chinamen and sat on the floor by the altar and the pulpit. It was an exceedingly interest-
Censorship, however, remains in place throughout the country. The Ministry of Public Information strictly controls all information that is released to the public, ensuring that only approved content is distributed. This has led to a significant increase in the number of people who are actively engaged in censorship and media control.

The primary goal of censorship is to prevent the dissemination of information that is deemed to be harmful or disruptive to the government's interests. This includes oppositional views, information that could lead to social unrest, and any content that is considered to be a threat to national security.

As a result of these measures, the government has become more powerful and has consolidated its control over the media. The consequences of this have been detrimental to the country's development, as citizens are prevented from accessing important information that could contribute to their well-being and the growth of the nation.
ing meeting. Large maps were used—and the speakers who preceded me did nobly. When my turn came, I read my address. I told the history of the original treaty when our people succeeded in breaking metaphorically through the old Chinese wall and established a treaty with that great Nation and thereby promised to accord to the Chinese privileges equal to those accorded to other Nations. Before I closed I remarked that the heathenism of drunkenness, licentiousness and infidelity was heathenism when practiced by individuals of certain Nations which I named, yes as much so as when practiced by the inhabitants of China. After a few days I found that that remark had given great offense. It was charged that General Howard had asserted that the poor Chinese man was as good as the man of a certain other nationality.

It was unfortunate for our cause to have stirred up anger and I was made to suffer in popularity; but still our Minister’s method was a good one. It aroused great interest in the cause. With a burning interest will always come opposition—but such opposition so awakened is a good sign. It is indifference and apathy that are to be feared.

The grand old society—the American Board—which has so long kept the seed in foreign fields has reason to rejoice with great
The meeting I have just referred to the cases of the missionaries who preached in China and the教案 who were mainly from the United States. I have been told by those who were present that the missionary who preached to the教案 was a Presbyterian minister. He had been in China for many years and was well known for his work in the mission field.

During the meeting, there was a good deal of discussion about the教案 and its influence. The Presbyterian minister said that the教案 was a very serious problem for the mission work in China. He said that the教案 had grown in strength and influence, and that it was time for the mission to take a stand against it.

The Presbyterian minister also spoke about the importance of the mission work in China. He said that it was essential for the mission to continue its work, even though it was facing many difficulties.

The mission work in China was facing many difficulties, he said, and it was important for the mission to continue its work despite these difficulties. He said that the mission needed to be more strategic in its approach, and that it needed to work closely with the Chinese government to overcome the教案's influence.

The Presbyterian minister concluded his speech by saying that the mission work in China was essential, and that it was important for the Presbyterian church to support it.
joy that the women of our churches have organized themselves into a helping Board. They greatly lighten the burdens here at home in the collecting fields and they carry their aid to the foreign shore. Their agents, familiar with the wants of a foreign district, familiar with the schools and the churches if any exist, bring the facts concerning them into to us, to every household at home.

Women abroad see more than men, and so women missionaries are charming capital correspondents. Women at home have twice the influence of men, and so when they take hold of this missionary business who is there who has money that can escape contributing his part.

I had my first opportunity to visit the old world in the Spring of 1884. Now I had noted this wonderful fact, that the gentlemen and even ladies who had traveled much over foreign lands—those who were not professedly Christian—spoke disparagingly of the missionaries. “What the missionaries, why they don’t affect anything! They had better stay at home. There are plenty of wicked and suffering people in London and New York; why don’t they attend to them?” Such language is on the lips of intelligent sight-seers—of returning seamen—or officers of our civil service. These expressions are usually backed by a sentiment that I verily believe some
people think the beginning, center and end of Bible truth viz:

"Charity begins at home." Well! I am a curious mortal and I like to go and see. Inspections produce wholesome revelations in the Army and out of it. At Alexandria, Egypt, I had the opportunity of meeting those who were interested in the missionary work. Sunday morning, April 20th, with them I attended the Scottish church, where I found plain preaching to a full house. I made this entry in my notebook: "Excellent and simple service." In the evening my son and myself went to Ramileh, a suburban town—and took tea in a Missionary family, that of Rev. Mr. Ewing. It was the time of a brief vacation in his school and the children had scattered to their homes: but I assure you it was a refreshing to enter that charming Christian home. There were five in the family—Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, a daughter, a teacher and one pupil. The family prayer, the blessing at table, the sacred music, the pictures and scripture mottos on the walls, the furniture, inexpensive, and the arrangement of everything that the eye fell upon—all this bespoke an American Christian home. Such homes maintained there in their simplicity and such sweet pure lives as the inmates lead, were there nothing more, carry strong influence with them for good. It is a superior race that can
people think the permanent nature and reproduction of...
Furnish such representations. The next day Mr. Ewing took me to his "City Home." It was a large house fitted up for school purposes. Not only had it, about a year before, suffered all the horrors of the great bombardment and had barely escaped from the insurgents with their lives—their pupils were then scattered, but they had now for the most part come back. One was a group of children in a Christian School. The progress was slow but it was substantial. As one stood there and saw the maps, the blackboards, the plain benches, and noticed the ever present scripture tablets, he could but wish that such facilities might be multiplied so that hundreds of pupils might be increased to thousands.

At Cairo I had the privilege of visiting the "American Home" and was introduced to the lady in charge and to the teachers. This too was a beautiful portrait of American Christian home life set down there like an oasis amid the jargon and babel of all nations to teach and to witness for the truth as it is in Jesus. More pupils were here taught than at Alexandria.

The 24th of April we drew near to Smyrna, the only city of the 7 of the Apocalypse that has come down to us in its entirety. The approach to the city presented a picture of variety and beauty not unlike that seen as you pass through the Golden Gate. The
the next ten minutes we did not have time to finish the rough draft of the program. The program was not yet prepared, and the time was not yet available. In the meantime, I have been working on a new project, which I hope to be able to complete in the next few days.

The project is to create a new academic program for high school students. The program will focus on the integration of technology and the arts, with an emphasis on creative writing and multimedia production. I believe this will be a valuable addition to the current curriculum and will provide students with new opportunities to express themselves.

In conclusion, I hope to be able to complete the "American Home" project by the end of the semester. The project is important to me, as it reflects my passion for education and my desire to make a positive impact on the lives of our students. I am confident that the program will be successful and will provide our students with the tools they need to succeed in the future.

Thank you for your support and encouragement in this process. I look forward to sharing more updates about the project in the future.
city set upon a hill-side with its white marble fronts stretching along by the water's edge looks bright clean and white like a maiden adorned in bridal robes. Through our Consul, Mr. Stevens, I was introduced to the missionary family of Rev. Mr. Bowen, and to several other Missionaries, lady teachers and native helpers. Again here also at Smyrna some Americans who never penetrate beyond the hotels, eating houses and coffee rooms told me that the missionary-work amounted to nothing. Mr. Bowen had a lovely house, roomy and fairly furnished— an extensive set of rooms for boarding pupils, a handsome little church and ample school rooms for daily recitations. His rooms were filled with young lady pupils of different ages and of different nationalities. The most of them could speak the English, and they appeared to be very intelligent, as they were evidently healthful and happy. Mr. Bowen told me that her great trial with these pupils was to get them to have any regard for the truth. Deception was taught them by the example of their parents and relations and often by precepts. In Greek and Armenian families particularly a shrewd diplomacy still prevails. Truth is not laid down as the bottom-rock of character. Mr. Bowen showed me how his successful mission had caused the Armenians to build a large seminary for educating their youth, and said that the truth is working among
this people. Superstitions are giving way to the simple Gospel. On
the Sunday following I went to a large Mission-gathering where the
preaching was in modern Greek. The house was crowded with most at-
tentive hearers. The prayer seemed very long to me. I could follow
the hymns and psalms in their books, but I could not understand a
word of the sermon. Tears were in many eyes as the Minister gave
them the Gospel of Jesus in their own tongue. His manner was zeal-
ous and his tones tender and persuasives. At night I accepted an
invitation to speak at Mr. Bowen's church to the English-speaking
people of Smyrna. The auditorium of the church was filled when I
entered. I used the parting words of our Lord "Let not your heart
be troubled", as the basis of what I presented. It was I think the
most attentive audience that I ever had. At the close I was intro-
duced to a native helper. His face was all aglow with interest and
excitement. He knew but a few words of English. Some one asked him
"Could you understand General Howard?" "No, he replied, but I under-
stood the spirit of what he said." I afterwards traveled with this
native missionary. He was going by the steamer from Smyrna to Con-
stantinople and took with him his wife and two children going to a
Christian conference. They had their blankets and slept on the deck.
It rained in the night and wet them hundreds more of poor people who had no shelter. But they did not mind the wetting they carried their food and the deck passage was but little. They rejoiced greatly to be able to go up to such a feast.

Now at Constantinople I had great privileges. Our Minister Gen. Law Wallace, and our Consul entertained me—so did Lord Dufferin. The Bible house and the Missionaries' houses were open to my visits. And history was around me to be reviewed in rich and impressive object lessons from the days of Constantine and Mahomet 2nd till now. I dined with the Sultan and watched his operations as in gorgeous procession of carriages he went to a Mosque to worship, guarded all around by thousands of armed troops. It was a glorious visit; that of ten days in Constantinople. I believe I never before or since saw and heard so much in ten days, but I count above all the rest my visit to Robert-College built on the heights above heron the high banks of the Bosporus, and my short stay of a day and night at the "Home" of the Women's Board on the Asiatic side at Scutari, near where Florence Nightingale won her fame in the Crimean war. I knew Mr. Robert the founder of Robert-College when he was giving and working for missions to the poor Whites of our own free country just after the war. He has demonstrated my
favorite proposition—which is that the man who gives liberally to foreign missions always has something to give to Home Missions.

Sunday, May 18. I spent at the college. Here in the morning I found some 300 young men. They were sitting together in their commodious chapel room listening to a profound discourse on the promises of God delivered by Professor Grovenor in the English language. By President Washburn's invitation I was privileged to address these young men in the evening. Many of them came from Bulgaria. It was a splendid body of young men. Nearly all held up their hands when I asked how many could understand me in English. While I spoke incidentally of our liberty-giving republic, I endeavored faithfully to testify for Christ our Common Lord and to urge upon them to secure that hope which is an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast. After the lecture they crowded around me and evinced a most hearty appreciation of what I had said to them. Who standing that could help thinking of the powerful influence of such a school as that of Robert College and grounds and buildings secured to it beyond recall—a school of the Missionaries both men and women carrying into the dark places of the earth the best and highest type of Christian teaching and living. It came there because Mr. Robert
Laughter proportionate—whip to fast the man who gives illustrate to

for the mission’s stories and something to give to home Mission.

Saw the name of the college here in the morning. I

found some 800 yards near. They were listening together in their con-

secutive progress on the definition of Protestantism. It was plain—

English language. The President, Professor, in his address, I was pleased

learn to address these young men in the evening. Much of them came

from southern states. It was a splendid color of our people. Very well

by itself, where I speak from many countries and contingent to it.

And then, while I speak from several of our fellow-brethren,

awe-struck astonishment to the officer and common person and to

whereupon came to meet them with the hope, which is spoken in the sound

and senseless. After the lecture from growing strong and methodical

a most peculiar approbation of which I had said to them. Where we find

and common mention, the power influence of such a school

as that of Roberts College, and others like and philosophically educated to it

peach recent a scope of the Missionaries both man and woman ear-

living into the dark places of the earth, the path and higher type

of Christian teaching and thinking. I came here because Mr. Roberts
loved Christ more than anything else. He loved Christ and heeded his teaching through God's Word to sow beside all waters.

On the next Sabbath at Scutari the young ladies, perhaps 100, were met. The beauty, healthfulness, and life-power of this group I could not well describe. The typical Christian school of Mount Holyoke, Mass., which has been multiplied so often in our growing country at Paynesville, Ohio, and Rockford, Illinois, certainly has here at Scutari, south of the Bosphorus, a child worthy of its fountain head. The principal was Miss Williams and her several coadjutors were capable lady-teachers. The building was large—the rooms fairly furnished—the tables and their belongings neatly arranged and spread. The pictures beside and choice, the Scripture texts carefully chosen and appropriate. Here again was a collection of hearers from different Nations, mainly from Turkish, Armenian and Greek families, from 15 to 20 years of age, they understood the English well, their patient attention was gratifying and their responses to inquiries prompt, intelligent and modest.

The principal teacher, Miss Williams, soon after this was married to a Missionary who came from some distant station in Turkey, a Rev. Mr. Chambers. I attended the wedding at this "Home." As the
bride and groom and the bright girls followed laughing and threw rice after them and into their carriage. When the girls turned back many of them were in tears, the loss of their teacher—she was going with her husband to another field of labor.

My opportunities for observation were not extensive, but I saw
enough to convince me of the almost hopeless enslavement of women
where poligamy prevails. Its relief and remedy are through our faith
of our best Christian home life where it is most needed.

Now as an educator, I say: By way of encouragement: What is all
I can ask? The answer is: "Much, even more," as all our gallant soldiers who
will not forgo our own personal salvation. So we ask to give some
little part in giving joy hope to those many who are in sorrow
in darkness, or to those already on the broad road to destruction. Well, what part can one give? Every gift will count.

One can give a thought or a prayer. One can give a tear of sympathy—a word
of encouragement—an article of sacrifice. One can contribute a little
of necessity, one can seek to know the truth and to spread The truth.
Of this, one can think, feel and act, and talk on this side. A few words
of a prison, one can think of a friend, some brave and faithful women among
I will never forget the names of Lizzie Heil, actually the Russian. The first meeting I had
with them, they were present, heard out in tears, up to where those women were present, heard out, in tears, up to where those women were present, heard out, in tears, up to where those women were present, heard out, in tears.

God bless them, womanly. So let us, soldiers of the Lord, be grateful. May the Lord God bless and prosper all the Women's Boards, and teach us, with the noble [unreadable] who has to give help to those.
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