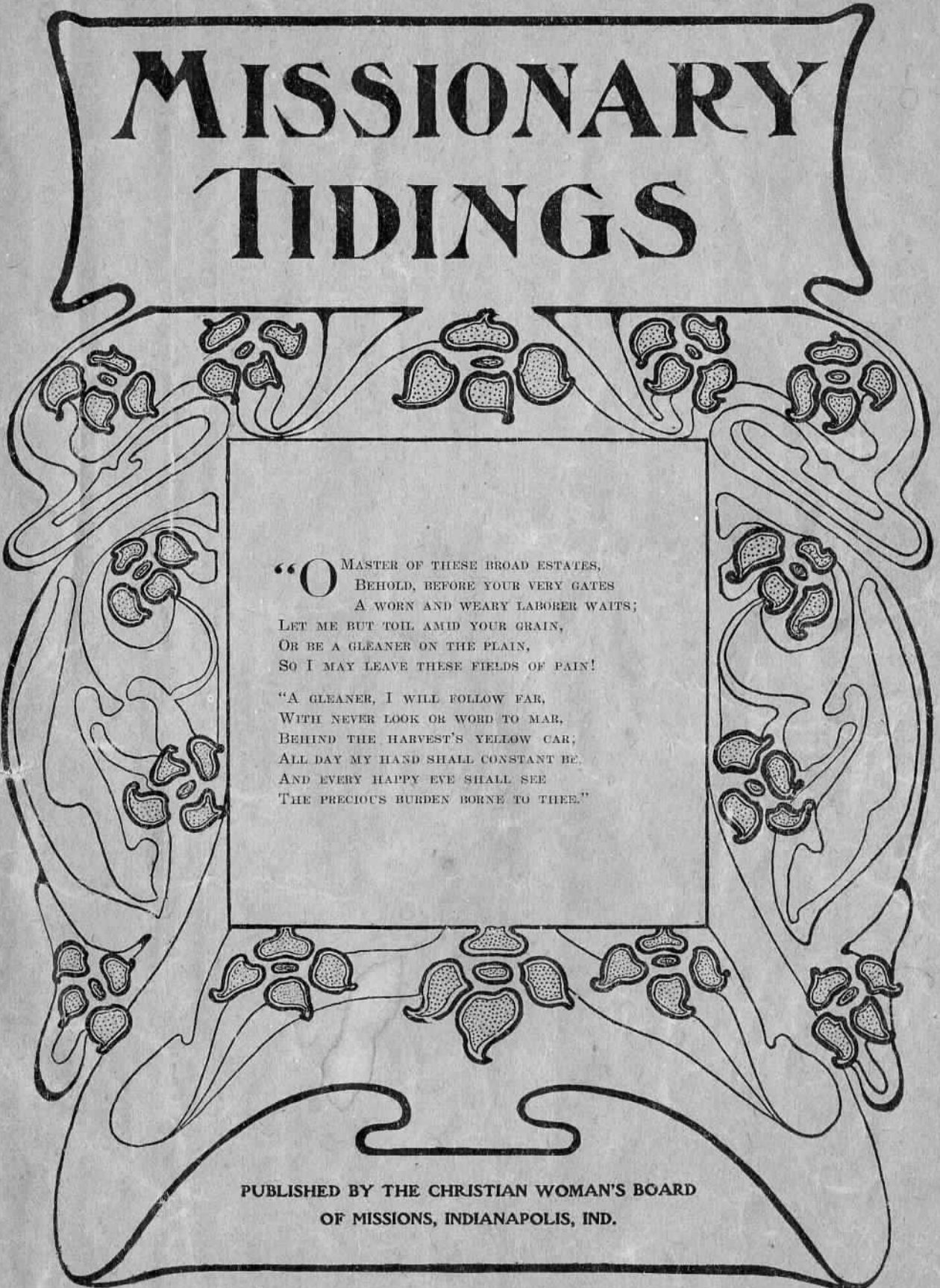


MISSIONARY TIDINGS



“O MASTER OF THESE BROAD ESTATES,
BEHOLD, BEFORE YOUR VERY GATES
A WORN AND WEARY LABORER WAITS;
LET ME BUT TOIL AMID YOUR GRAIN,
OR BE A GLEANER ON THE PLAIN,
SO I MAY LEAVE THESE FIELDS OF PAIN!

“A GLEANER, I WILL FOLLOW FAR,
WITH NEVER LOOK OR WORD TO MAR,
BEHIND THE HARVEST'S YELLOW CAR;
ALL DAY MY HAND SHALL CONSTANT BE,
AND EVERY HAPPY EYE SHALL SEE
THE PRECIOUS BURDEN BORNE TO THEE.”

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THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN GIRL*

Written by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart

When we speak of girl, the interest of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and especially of all young men, is instantly aroused. There are more people interested in this one being than in all the rest of the world. The baby girl is the mother's greatest joy; the sweet girl graduate, the father's fondest pride; the servant girl, the distraction and yet the boon of the housewife, and the love-sick swain's best girl is a world of sweetness and perfection to him.

There is the Northern girl with her business ability, the Southern girl in her impulsive loveliness, the Eastern girl with her cool, cultured precision, and the Western girl racing against the wind and prairie fires to where love and life somewhere await her. There is the American girl, so charming and free; the English girl, so stately and dignified; the Japanese girl, coy and clinging, and the Spanish girl, so languid and affectionate. And so almost every type of girl has been discussed this wide world over, her every act, and thought, and glance weighed, her every fault and charm displayed.

But while other girls were posing, their charms being exhibited, their characteristics discussed, there has lived and walked among the evergreen pines and the sturdy oaks of the mountains of Kentucky a creature with more depth of soul, more nobility of character, more perfection of face and form than any that Gibson's brush or Sarah Orme Jewett's pen have ever flaunted in the face of the public.

It is true that the environment of the mountain girl has not been ideal. She has not walked on velvet carpets or surveyed herself in costly mirrors; but God made rare provision for this superb creature, which art can never approach, and she treads softly on carpets of green, velvety moss, which the rich, with all their wealth, can scarcely imitate, and she gazes without cost in the mountain spring, which gives back a more perfect reflection than any mirror constructed by man.

In point of beauty the mountain girl leads all the world. She gets the color of her eye from the bluebell, her hair is tinged with the goldenrod, her cheeks and lips were dyed by the honeysuckle, her eyebrows were carved out of the mountain side when it wore the rich, golden brown of November, and her forehead from its summit, when the snows of December lay firmest and whitest upon it. In form, she can not boast of a wasp-like waist, or a Chinese foot, or a kangaroo walk. Many girls were created out of proportion, some too tall, others too short, some slender, others buxom, and only to the mountain girl was given a perfect form. She is the happy medium between all these.

In dress, the mountain girl has been accused of being gaudy. It is said that she does not understand the artistic blending of colors, but the mountain girl replies that nature is her fashion journal; that she gets her red, green and yellow combinations from the autumn leaf; that her bows of pink, and blue, and orange ribbon, fastened here and there, are copied from the skies.

While the mountain girl dresses in nature's rarest colors, and while they enhance her beauty and attract more attention than Paris hats and New York tailor suits, she gives little thought to dress. Her thoughts have been chiefly occupied with the improvement of her home and her time with the care of her family. No more devoted, unselfish daughter can be found than the mountain girl. She is a little mother from the time her first baby brother or sister comes into the world, and no mountain woman can complain of even a large family being a burden if she is so fortunate as to have a daughter. The mother is relieved of her burden; the children are soothed, nursed and watched over by the dutiful daughter. They lisp their first childish prattle to her, they are taught their first melodies by her, and

their first ideas of the infinite, all-wise Creator they receive from their sister, the mountain girl. In many of the mountain districts, farmhouses are far apart, and neighbor women do not meet often to converse and confide in each other, so the mountain girl is her mother's confidant and companion. She is her little sister's example and her grown brother's counselor. She often-times has the household duties to perform, and not infrequently assists her father in the cornfield, bending her matchless shoulders in the attempt to fulfill what she conceives to be her duty.

The mountain girl has lacked but one thing—the development of all her faculties. But a new era is dawning for her, and she has begun to realize that her manifold duties can only be properly performed by a creature who is educated. She knows that physical culture will add grace and symmetry to her already superb form, that mathematics will train her reasoning faculties and help her to solve many difficult problems. She knows that reading will give her stories of the experiences of others, from which she may draw when advising her brothers. She thinks that rhetoric will give her a command of language that will help her to explain the divinity of her Creator and the richness of His providence in convincing words, to her little brothers and sisters. She feels that her mountain home is worthy of the sweetest music in the world, and she longs to sing like Patti and play like Paderewski in the enjoyment of her loved ones, as well as for the satisfaction of feeling that one of her richest talents has been cultivated.

The mountain girl is not a girl of the past, of whom no new thing can be said, but she is a rare, radiant creature of the future. Others have reigned and passed from view, their triumphs forgotten and their songs echoing but faintly back through the distant ages, but the mountain girl stands to-day on the mountain top, her gaze fixed still higher. She is entering into the possession of her own—a highly, carefully cultivated mind. And when this is accomplished, when the crown of learning is set upon her head, she will reign queen of all the earth, reaching out her hands beneficently to struggling humanity everywhere, cheering the faint and fallen, leading the blind, supporting the feeble, teaching the illiterate, and doing God's service to all mankind.

Morehead, Ky.

BLANCH EVANS.

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*This is the graduating ~~of~~ of one of our Morehead girls, and was furnished us by Prof. Button.

MEDIEVAL ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

The first period of Roman Catholic missions in China began about the end of the thirteenth century, during the reign of the celebrated Kublai Khan. The Franciscan monk, Monte Corvino, penetrated to Peking, and was received kindly by the great Emperor. In a report to the Vicar General of his order, after he had been there about fourteen years, he speaks of having had no word from his home or his Church for twelve years, but during that time of pathetic loneliness, he says, he had baptized about six thousand persons, and had built a Church at Peking. He writes much of persecutions by the Nestorians there, and says but for them his labors would have been doubly fruitful. The ominous note of divisions among Christians is struck thus early in the history of missions. Abbe Hue, in his History of Christianity in China, gives an interesting and detailed account of the labors of this good man, and says that he converted more than thirty thousand infidels during his long and difficult ministry. Neander writes of Corvino: "This distinguished man, displaying the wisdom of a genuine missionary, spared no pains in giving the people the Word of God in their own tongue, and in encouraging the education of children, as well as training missionaries from the people themselves. He translated the New Testament and Psalms into the vernacular, and seems to have been a man of mild and pure spirit."