Greetings from Tungchou

The Christian Work done in a North China District during the twelve months ending February, 1916

Chronicled by the Members of the Station
FOREWORD

TUNGCHOU, THE SHIP CITY

In an old, old country that counts its years by milleniums, rather than by centuries, lies an inland city that is, none the less, known as the "ship city."

For six hundred years it was the port of Peking, and an endless, crooked line of quaint, high-prowed galleys, languid from the journey from all parts of China, crept up the Grand Canal and the Pei River to the gates of the city, there disgorging their millions of sacks of tribute rice, to be stored in enormous, prison-like granaries until such time as the swarms of sleek officials in charge saw fit to forward it to the Emperor's feet, by the massive Stone Road or the five-locked Canal. Fat fortunes came a-sailing up to Tungchou's walls on those sleepy tribute ships, as well as the Emperor's rice, or the priceless bits of porcelain and carved work, or strange tropic fruits; and because of what the ships brought, the city waxed rich and famous.

Not only so, but the city had of old laid claim to being itself a ship. When first the broad, battlemented walls that now enclose it were laid, the space within was long and narrow, rather than foursquare. Near the North Gate, somewhat later, sprang up a graceful, ivory-tinted pagoda. To delight the eye? More,—to press down the fateful eyelid of that great Dragon who by one wink could shake the earth.

But to the smiling city, rubbing its hands in satisfied pagan joy over its gorgeous temples and mansions and gay streets, basking contentedly in its big "place in the sun," came clouds, black clouds that sent down floods of gray rain for which there was no escape over the great flatness that stretched about. The great Sea Dragon himself came floating up the swollen river and carried off huge timbers for his palaces under the sea. The terror-striken people poured their gifts at the feet of their wise men and soothsayers.

How could they save the city?—save themselves? The mystic answer was ready. To show themselves more subtle than the jealous gods who were enviously seeking to destroy
the great, prosperous city in the swirling yellow waters, let them make their city into a ship, which could bid defiance to the floods of the gods. Long, narrow, the slender pagoda its mast,—even the gods could see it was like a ship! To make sure, a great hole was pierced in the eastern wall, and massive chains dangling a huge anchor were run through. (Who doubts this tale may behold there the chains to this day). "And lo," the chroniclers tell us, "because the gods beheld it a ship, never did the floods overcome it."

But the envious gods had other weapons than floods. They sent perverse blindness of spirit, and misfortune after misfortune, upon the proud Ship's people, till there was left but a shell of the city that had been.

Some fifty years since, before its glory had quite waned, a few foreigners quietly made their unwelcome homes in the heart of the Ship City. In the face of cold scorn and insult they urged tidings of good things upon the ears of the bitter people, and bade them not regret the crumbling of fortunes, of great temples and tawdry idols. They started schools, they preached, they healed, they lived, till a new life began to gleam here and there amid the ruined hopes of men and women. Those who followed them to the gray old stricken Ship City send you the brief chronicle written hereafter, that you may know how the little, wandering flames lighted so long ago have, within the past year, burned together into a steady beacon, till the Ship City once more may hope to give gifts unto men.
BITS FROM THE LOG-BOOK

Chapter I—Where Christianity Steers instead of The Dragon: Why Everyone Goes to the Street Chapel.

Chapter II—Precious Island: A story of Shut Gates that Opened.

Chapter III—Canalmouth: How the Countryside Bears Fruit of Itself.

Chapter IV—Gray Towers: What They See.

Chapter V—The “Medicine House:” Why the Doctor is a Busy Man.

Chapter VI—Bound Feet and Free: The Roads They Travel.
CHAPTER I.

Where Christianity Steers instead of The Dragon.

Why Everyone Goes to the Street Chapel

"One asked Confucius, 'What is humanity?' The Master said, 'To love men.' He asked, 'What is knowledge?' The master said, 'To know men'"—Analects.

At the central point of the Ship City, where East Street pours its unceasing flood of men and donkeys, carts and rickshaws into the equal flood that surges back and forth along the great street leading from the North Gate, near the Pagoda, to the South Gate, stands the Chapel, just south of the Drum Tower.

In the shops on those thronging streets, merchants from every province of China do business. Only a small minority are Tungchou-born. Merchants trained in Tungchou go to the far ends of the Empire. And the ends of the Empire meet in Tungchou. The missionary sat in the prosperous shop of a man from the Province of Shensi and asked him why he had not set up business in his own town. The shop-keeper chuckled in some embarrassment, and said,

"We Shensi people are famed for blurring out what is in our hearts. I am going to tell you the real reason. If I opened a shop in my home town, all my friends would buy on credit; and I could not refuse to sell that way to my friends, and they would never pay. And if I began to make a little money, money that ought to be building up my business, all my relatives would borrow of me; and I couldn't refuse to lend to my relatives, and they would never, never repay. So I do business in Tungchou and venture home only once in two or three years."

"The lot of you shopkeepers is hard," said the missionary, "The more your friends, the unhappier you are! But at the Chapel are friends who want neither to borrow of you nor to buy on credit. Won't you go?" "Yes," said the shop-keeper, "I'll go."

So the shop-keepers go. For the Chapel is a friendly place. A Chinese preacher welcomes them there, a man with a rare talent for friendship.
Ready for First Steps in Educational Evangelism
Prospective hearers of the Word. The crowd at a Temple Fair
The missionary dropped in at a restaurant for his evening meal (for which he was brazenly undercharged). The proprietor seated himself in companionable fashion to talk while his customer ate. The missionary asked him what he thought of the ‘Doctrine of the Way.’ "I don’t understand in all yet," he said; "But I’m teaching my twenty-five waiters and cooks the New Testament and the hymns you sing, every night. I’m too slow of speech to proclaim the Way, but whatever I can do to help I’ll be glad to do."

Apprentices and clerks lead, in the Ship City, a busy, thankless life. They do some thinking, it is true, on themes outside their business; but they have little chance to express their ideas, or to exchange them with men of another class. So the Chapel decreed that one night a week should be for discussions.

No limits were put on the topics to be chosen, nor upon freedom of debate; save that order must be maintained, and an equal opportunity given to all. At first, when the visitors were still shy, the presiding officer, a Christian, would himself propose topics of general interest, carefully avoiding subjects that are too distinctively religious. But soon the audience took the choosing of themes into its own hands. The missionary’s breath was taken away when, on one of those early evenings, a carpenter’s apprentice stepped forward and said he proposed to discuss five reasons why religion is an important, every-day concern of everybody. He wrote down his main heads on the blackboard and spoke for half an hour with genuine persuasive eloquence.

That was three years ago. Since then the Saturday night meeting has been the most popular meeting of the week.

So the apprentices and the clerks go. For the Chapel is a democratic place.

Now the Chapel wanted to do all it could to serve the community, to which it was continually preaching a gospel of service. And there were many things the community needed to know. So Thursday night was set aside for lectures; lectures on education and schools, on physiology and hygiene, on physics and chemistry, on government and farming, on business and banking.

There is a college in Tungchou, and the members of the
faculty take a turn at the lecturing. The doctor does his share. Dr. Arthur H. Smith is the most popular lecturer of all. There is a Christian who has tried many new methods of farming on a great tract of land south of Peking, and who is establishing a model dairy in Tungchou. Till he fell ill, he used to lecture. Occasionally a friend comes down from Peking. Most of the Lecturers are Christians, but once in a while a sound old Confucian is invited to speak.

The Governor of the District resides in the Ship City. He has a pet project of establishing a model village in the District and would like to make his experiment on a Christian village, already far in advance of the ordinary Chinese community. Also he has a passion for establishing schools. Besides the Governor, many of the members of the Chamber of Commerce and some of the literati, proud of their ancient Confucian training, are likewise public-spirited, progressive men. The Chapel has already become so truly the center of the community that it affords the best channel through which to share ideas with the town.

So officials and men of education go to the Chapel. For it is an intelligent, progressive place.

Not long ago the head of the National Y. M. C. A. Lecture Bureau, a Chinese, was delivering a fascinatingly illustrated lecture on education to all manner of audience in Peking. He consented to repeat his lecture five times in Tungchou; five times, because

When The Audience Interrupts

the Chapel, with the best intentions in the world is distressingly small.

The Governor of the District presided at the opening lecture. In the front row was the President of the Chamber of Commerce. In the midst of the lecture a comparison was drawn between illiteracy in Germany, France, Great Britian, the United States, Japan, and China. Upon pressing successively a row of buttons, strips of cloth flew out to represent by their comparative lengths the respective numbers of illiterates per hundred of population in those countries.

As the moment for pressing China’s button approached, the head of the Chamber of Commerce leaped to his feet. “Don’t press that button!” he cried. “We are all of us sore enough at heart as it is. We had just established a republic and were full of hope for better things. They’ve taken our republic away. And now you come, to reveal our shame. We can’t stand it.” And indeed many strong men in the audience were not far from tears.

Next morning early came a rather peremptory ‘invitation’ from the Governor. The lecturer must remain a half day longer
than he had planned, to deliver his lecturer a sixth time, in the
theatre of the Chamber of Commerce, for the benefit of
the head men of all the villages within ten miles of Tungchou. Already sixteen yamen
runners had been despatched to invite them. (To ensure faithful
delivery of the invitation, the runners were all to receive a
sound beating unless at least four hundred guests appeared, on
time!)

At the close of that lecture, the Governor explained in detail
the taxes that had been recently levied for education, telling the
exact amount of the taxes, and advising the head men of the
villages not to pay a penny more to extortionate tax-collectors!

Military officials, by the way, and others in the Ship City
are eager to contribute funds to establish a model school, if only
the Chapel authorities will administer the funds and manage the
school.

When the meetings first began at the Chapel, there was a
distinct difference in social standing between the men who
formed the audience five nights
in the week at the evangelistic
meetings and the men who
would attend a lecture or a discussion meeting. Now that
difference has almost vanished. Night after night substantial
men fill the hall to listen to the gospel. Sometimes the Chinese
preacher talks, occasionally the missionary. Or the vigorous
old man, an official loved and respected under the Manchus,
who devotes his whole time now to the gospel, without thought
of wages. Or that young fellow, member of the best known
family of the North Suburb, under the shadow of the pagoda,
who first studied the gospel at the Chapel, and is now a deacon
in the Church. Or that other young man who came into the
Church not many months ago from one of the literati families,
and has no other thought but the gospel. He is head of the
Sunday School at the Chapel on Sunday afternoons, an eager
teacher of the Way.

Night after night, too, when the meeting in the front hall is
ended, or even simultaneously with it, a group of men gathers for
prayer and informal Bible study in the
smaller room at the rear. It has been
difficult to get men to do consecutive
study. By day they are busy, and at night apt to be irregular
in attendance. But, toward the end of 1915, a plan was tried
that had long been in the missionary's mind. Instead of the
traditional 'station-class' that meets for a month by day, a night
class was opened for a course of six weeks. Half the time was spent in a regular course of Bible study. The remainder was divided between classes in geography, in hygiene, and in current events.

Twenty-five men enrolled their names, completed faithfully the course of study, and received diplomas at Christmas time. So vigorous and interesting was the instruction given that many who were not enrolled came each night to sit and listen. Already there is demand for another such class, with promise of a far larger enrollment.

Though evening is the time when citizens of the Ship City find it easiest to attend the Chapel, yet the Chapel is open all day long to men who come to the city to do business, and who like to come in to listen to the preaching, or to chat a while about the Way.

Slowly men are being won through that little meeting-place in their midst, open by day and by night, which they all understand and to which they all go, to Chapel and Church enter the great Church that stands two miles away on the edge of the Ship City, in a quiet place which men's wives and daughters are also at liberty to attend, to worship with them. Fifty men from the Chapel entered into that Church in the year 1915. There will be twice as many in the year that lies ahead of us.

CHAPTER II.

Precious Island: A Story of Shut Gates that Opened

"He who so cherishes the old as to appreciate the new may become a teacher."—Confucius

Forty-five miles southeast of the Ship City lies the county-seat of Precious Island County, the town bearing the same name as the county itself. The county is far A Proud City larger than Tungchou County. Under its jurisdiction are half a dozen thriving market towns and more than nine hundred villages, averaging at least six hundred people to a village.

The town is a walled city of no mean fame. In the days of the old regime, proud Confucian scholars went forth from its gates to serve as officials in all parts of the Empire. To this day they keep their temples in scrupulous repair, temples decorated by the handwriting of more than one Emperor.

Off the main lines of travel, the conservatism of Precious Island was slower to yield to the new order than in most places.
They shut their hearts, like the gates of their town, to all innovation. The old classical examinations for preferment in office had been abolished. Should they establish new schools, and give allegiance to the new learning? No; some day the old, formal examinations would be established again. They would bar the gates and wait.

Ten years ago, when Mr. Galt first visited the place, not an inn within the four walls of the city would give him a night's lodging for love or money. A citizen of Precious Island, to be sure, had bravely given his life to save the foreigner, and thereby to save China, in the Boxer Year. When the vacillating Empress Dowager issued at last a decree to exterminate foreigners, three officials, of whom one came from Precious Island, altered the decree into an injunction to protect the foreigner in every way. When the fraud was discovered, they paid the penalty of their patriotism. And Precious Island was proud of her son, who died under a fierce, ancient torture, revived for the occasion. But their interest was in China, not in the foreigner. A foreigner in himself was bad enough. But the foreign learning was an insult and foreign religion an abomination. So they shut their gates the tighter.

However, up in Manchuria was a pastry-cook, who, by dint of unrelaxing industry, was saving a few dollars a year. He heard the gospel and gave up his business for a twelve month to study it. There seemed to him to be in the gospel that which it would be worth the while of his neighbors back in the old home, ten miles from the city of Precious Island, to know. He counted his hoard of dollars, some hundred in all, calculated how many months he and his family could live on it, and hastened back to Precious Island County to preach.

The pastry cook had also acquired a taste for geographical science, in a mild way. So he made himself a terrestrial globe of sorghum pith and paper, and to whoever would listen he imparted both the teachings of Jesus and miscellaneous information about geography and astronomy.

His native county suffered perennially from floods. The floods have grown worse since. At that time it was not yet impracticable for the people of the county to control them by concerted effort. The pastry-cook believed in a social gospel. So he composed a tract on how to stop floods in Precious Island, printed it at his own expense, and dispensed it
along with the New Testament and his geography lessons.

Half-starved, he preached the necessity of education for women. Against foot-binding and opium-smoking he was unrelenting. With the courage of his convictions, he unbound his own daughter's feet. For this breach of etiquette his neighbors hated him and plotted to drive him from the village. But their plots came to nothing.

He was reading books, too. He made a habit of lending a volume to a man, and calling on him a week or two later to discover whether it had been read and understood. In the post-office of the market-town nearest his native village was a youthful Confucian of fine education, excellent native ability, and a poetic temperament.

A Disciple of the Pastry-cook

Largely for the sake of argument, in those days, he was defending Christianity against able attacks by his elder brother. The pastry-cook supplied the post-master with ammunition for their debates. The post-master was a man of far greater ability than his teacher. He is a distinguished preacher now, in the county-seat. His elder brother is a Christian official in Manchuria.

The pastry-cook is dead. But he did not die until he had preached for some years in a little, inconspicuous room on East Street in Precious Island, aided now by the Church in Tungchou and by his weaving.

Get a Foothold

It wasn't easy to get that place. The town aldermen were against the deal. A church in the town would bring bad luck to the whole town, and especially to the neighbors of the church. But an opium sot had squandered his substance on the drug, and feared inability to satisfy his appetite more than he feared the aldermen. So he rented his place to a colporteur, and the pastry cook was installed.

Nothing very noticeable happened. A few people became acquainted with the gospel. And the whole city, ignorant and learned, came to respect the simple preacher.

The five-year lease of the little place on East Street, where farmers crowded in for a few minutes on market days to hear the strange gospel, was running out. Should the missionary attempt to renew the lease, or should he purchase quarters roomy enough for a chapel and lecture-hall, a reading-room and a dispensary, a school and a preacher's dwelling, on South Street, the main street of the city?

Of course there was no money, and it was still doubtful whether the alderman would permit anyone to sell. But the Tungchou Evangelistic Committee managed to borrow a thousand
dollars, to be repaid in ten annual instalments, and tried to find a Chinese to negotiate in behalf of the Church for a place. Till they found there was danger of the Church's buying property under false pretences. Whereupon two foreigners themselves went down, and found, to their astonishment, that half a dozen proprietors were ready to sell directly and openly to the Church.

There was no bank in Precious Island that did business in Tungchou, and the owner was unwilling to accept banknotes, nor did he dare, in a country infested with robbers, to be responsible for taking the silver home from Tungchou. But our trusty old carter said there was no danger of any robber's attacking a foreigner. So his sturdy nephew hitched two lean mules a-tandem to the springless, two-wheeled cart that is the carriage-de-luxe of China, set out at half-past five of a cold winter morning, and arrived in Precious Island at half-past four of the same afternoon. Till negotiations were completed at two o'clock next day, the missionary dared not part from the silver. It was his pillow by night. In return for it he received the most tattered old deed-of-sale you can imagine, of date 1782, A Deed-of-sale which reads in part as follows:—"From the date of this sale the purchaser may repair the property, occupy it, rent it, and administer it; and I guarantee that none of my relatives, near or remote, nor my brothers nor children nor nephews, who have anything to say about this property, will contest this deed, or do anything of that sort. If a difficulty of that kind should arise, it devolves entirely upon the seller and the brokers to settle the matter."

The repairs on the buildings, which the deed graciously permits the purchaser to make, cost half as much as the entire purchase price.

The Tungchou Committee invited the former post-master of that neighboring market-town to be the preacher. From the day when the new chapel was opened, it was thronged by the simple farming folk from the villages. But it was decided to try to introduce the new place to the conservative officials and gentry of the city by means of a lecture in the little hall that seats comfortably two hundred people. The Y. M. C. A. had loaned us apparatus for an illustrated lecture on atmospheric pressure. A dozen young men of good education, who, in that exclusive city, are members of a Bible Class that meets daily, were organized into a most efficient reception committee. Mindful of the night at Yung Le's Inn,
when the rabble, excluded from the hall by reason of possessing no ticket, broke the windows and wrenched off the door-knobs, the committee secured a guard of police. The Governor of the District presided at the opening meeting, and the aldermen turned out in force. (The missionary wished the pastry-cook might have been there.)

The missionary is more cautious with that lecture than he was at first. In Tungchou one day he introduced a trifle too much air into the big glass globe for weighing, and it flew into a thousand pieces. And once, after attempting too vividly to explain what would happen to a man's body if the air were exhausted from within it (as an introduction to the effective experiment of crushing a stout tin can by the air's pressure), he neglected sufficiently to warn the audience of the impracticality of conducting the experiment. He was taken aback when, at the close of the lecture, a prosperous grain-merchant remarked, "Sir, I've a good fat goose at home, just ready for killing. Suppose I bring him around to-morrow, and we pump the air out of him. Wouldn't that be a fine sight?"

But at Precious Island nothing untoward happened. When the missionary had talked for an hour, he dismissed the audience, and at once repeated the lecture to two-hundred more men who had been patiently waiting outside. The following day was New Year's Day, 1916, the strangest the missionary ever spent. He called on the dignitaries of the city and received their return calls. And he delivered that self-same lecture four times. He kept on repeating it next day till the whole city had seen and heard and knew that the atmosphere exerts pressure and that the Church has new headquarters in Precious Island.

The spirit of utter friendliness was a strange contrast to the early days of the pastry-cook's preaching.

Four students have come to Tungchou to enter Christian schools, and have given their allegiance to the Christian gospel. A Christian school in Precious Island would be as effective an emissary of the gospel as is the chapel; a school worthy of the new learning it would recommend to those proud, but not unre­lenting, literati, and worthy of a gospel that seeks to serve and to train men for service; not only a school for boys, but, wildest of innovations, a school for girls.

Meanwhile the preacher talks to the eager crowd, and gathers the young men into Bible classes. And all Precious Island views with friendly eyes the advent of the Church they hated. They have opened their gates to the gospel.
CHAPTER III.

Canalmouth: How the Countryside Bears Fruit Of Itself

"Said the king, 'Venerable sir, since you have not counted it far to come here, a distance of a thousand miles, may I not presume that you are provided with counsels to profit my kingdom?'" —Mencius

The missionary and the new-comer were undeniably belated. Hungry, tired, and cold, they arrived at Westmarket at seven o'clock at night. Eight miles away, at Fras-man with grant River, were blankets and clean clothes, the Lantern a comfortable evening meal and a good night's sleep. But not a donkey-driver in Westmarket was foolhardy enough to travel that lonely road in the dark.

So the missionary and the new-comer walked. The missionary boasted that he knew the way. Soon, however, he became aware, by a sight of the stars, that they were travelling in far too easterly a direction. There was nothing for it but to find a village and make enquiries. A village is never far to seek in China. But it was the busy harvest season; the villagers, tired by a long day's work, were fast asleep, and snarling watch-dogs kept uncertain strangers far from all doors.

At last there came a lantern bobbing down the street. A farmer's boy in a neighboring village was ill. The father had invited two old crones, famed for their medical skill, to go and stick needles into the lad, to let the evil humours out, and had just escorted the boy's well-meaning healers home.

The missionary enquired of him the road. Nothing would content him but that he should lead the way himself. "I know the difficulties of travel," he said, "I've been as far as Tungchou myself!" (Tungchou is twenty miles away.) "You gentlemen are far from home. I should not feel easy in mind if I did not put you in person upon the right Road." Of a sudden the three came to a muddy streamlet. In a moment the lantern-bearer was half-stripped of his clothing, ready to carry the wanderers across on his back. They assured him they could leap the stream. Fifteen minutes more he led them, till they stood squarely in the familiar path.

The silver the missionary offered him the farmer indignantly refused, even when urged to buy something with it for his sick boy. "Once in my life-time," he said, "you men went astray near my door. I have heard tell how you came a far journey to proclaim the Great Road a man's spirit should travel. It will be to me a pleasant memory to have served you, not for hire." The missionary translated to the new-comer. The latter
stared blankly for a moment. Then he said, "Are all Chinese farmers like that?"

Perhaps not all. But a good many are like that. One of the sort lives at Canalmouth.

The missionary was urging forward his motor-cycle one day, toward five o'clock of a winter evening. The day was already dark and it was of doubtful wisdom to press forward to his appointed destination, Precious Island, twelve miles further on, over a road neither smooth nor straight. Yet a night without blankets in a strange town is no pleasant prospect. So the missionary opened the throttle a trifle to make a dash for it, when to his dismay, the voice of an old acquaintance hailed him, as he entered the main street of Canalmouth.

There was nothing for it but to dismount and pass the time of day. By the time greetings had been interchanged, it was too late to dream of starting again, and the missionary was thinking somewhat grumpily of a brick bed in a dirty inn, and a cold night without blankets, when a cheery voice accosted him; "Hello, where did you come from? You can't possibly get to Precious Island to-night. Stay in an inn? Why should you stay in an inn? Why don't you stay in the church?

"Church?" said the missionary, "Since when has there been a church in Canalmouth?" "Oh, don't you know? We've had a church here for a month now. We rented a place and made a church ourselves." "That's cheerful news!" said the missionary. "All the same, I think I'll have a look at the inn."

With obvious disappointment, the church-making farmer led the way to the inn. His cheerfulness began to return when they found the first one full; it quite bubbled over when the second one proved to be unendurably dirty. There were only two. So the farmer led the way in triumph to the 'church.'

On the main street of the busy market-town it stood, a room fifteen feet by twenty-five, all neatly papered, the walls adorned with maps and pictures, rows of the simplest wooden benches on a dirt floor, and a borrowed table for a pulpit-desk. Behind was a neat room, ten by ten, with a new k'ang (a brick bed two feet high filling half the room and heated by flue,) which the farmer had made with his own hands. In two minutes steaming tea was served; in a jiffy supper was ready, the brick bed was heated toasting hot, a quilt was borrowed from a nearby cloth-shop, the neighbors dropped in for a chat, and the story of the founding of a church in Canalmouth was told.

A single, poverty-stricken farmer, thrilled by the gospel of
a Kingdom of God, had left a willing son to farm his scanty acre or two of land in summer and work the loom in winter. He himself set out to preach in the nearby market-town, and the neighbors listened. After a while twenty of them sent a letter to Tungchou to ask that a chapel be established in their midst. But the Tungchou Committee had no money. The most they could do was to arrange that a preacher from Fragrant River should visit the town two or three times a month to help the farmer in his preaching. Nothing daunted, the farmer and his friends undertook to make a church themselves. With the preacher's help, they found means to rent a room on the busiest street of the bustling town. With their own hands they did the work of putting the place in order.

Each market-day, when the door is opened, the benches are thrust to one side and the tiny room is jammed with eager listeners, pushing each other shoulder to shoulder. Visitors from a half dozen neighboring villages are already eager to establish meeting-places in their own village homes. The farmer assures the missionary that by the end of 1916 regular services could be held in thirty such village meeting-places within five miles of Canalmouth, if only there were an evangelist with a deeper knowledge of the Way to help him.

Not many weeks ago the missionary was preaching on a Sunday in the little church in Fragrant River. After the service he was introduced to a Christian whom he had not known, and remarked with considerable enthusiasm upon the excellent attendance at the morning service. "Yes," said the Christian, a shoe-maker by trade, "The church has made excellent progress these years. But you will be glad to know that at my own little village, six miles from here, whither no preacher has ever found time to go, fully as many people as heard you preach this morning gather each Sunday, when I am at home to lead them, to worship God. And wherever I travel, making shoes, I am proclaiming the Way, and the people listen gladly."

A few miles from this same Fragrant River the missionary heard how two unlearned men, who had not even as yet joined the church on probation, began to conduct meetings in their native village. Their own knowledge had limitations, and they found the task of preaching unexpectedly hard. But the neighbors would not let them off, and, whenever they failed to appear on time, sent a delegation to summon them!

East of the River at Tungchou, a Christian farmer has
opened his home and invites in the neighbors to well-attended meetings, in the leading of which college students assist. Requests for such meetings are coming in from more places than the committee can fill.

For the first time since the terrible Boxer Year, the gospel is showing in the Tungchou countryside its ancient power to propagate itself.

CHAPTER IV.

Gray Towers: What They See

"He who is willing to learn grows great. he who relies only on himself becomes small."—Shu Ching

Mellow old ivory of tall storied pagoda: scarlet tip of the modern church spire; square gray college tower, half circled by lower battlements; these three stand out against the vivid blueness of the North China sky and catch the eye of every traveller. The pagoda looks out on northern and western mountains, and across the fertile plain to Peking's yellow tiles, and down on scarred but bustling city streets; while the church spire is nearer quiet paths, filled, of a Sunday, with worship-seeking folk; but the college towers not only look out to mountain, walled city, and green fields but look down on eager students, hurrying to class with faces intent on open books, or leaping out toward tennis court and ball-field, or strolling intimately arm in arm.

And what those gray towers see at their feet is most wonderful all, because that eager life spells promise,—promise that is Janus-faced: one peering hopefully into the near future, when the long-planned-for union with the Methodist college in Peking shall bring greater power and equipment by the forming of one great Christian university in the capitol city, and one face toward the rich fulfilled past,—a past of large hopes and infinitesimal beginnings, of planting and uprooting and planting again. Some forty years ago, Dr. Sheffield gathered a roomful of surprised and none too well dressed boys to study new things in a new way. That little home school, fathered and mothered out of its wilderness into loyalty and discipline graduated into an academy, and in 1880 into an embryo college, outgrowing its old quarters stage by stage, until it was housed at last in a fine new plant outside the city. Then came 1900, and the young college seemed buried beneath ugly heaps of broken brick. Yet that very autumn a remnant of faculty and students gathered in Peking to resume their studies. Two years
later these same tall gray towers, guarding the administration building, the laboratories and dormitories, bravely fronted the same blue sky that in 1900 had reflected the funeral flames of their predecessors. With gorgeous banners and processions, with fire-works and feasts and flattering words, did the ship-city's people try to wipe out these dreadful memories. Back came such of the scattered students as had escaped the Boxer storm, and year by year the circle has widened its reach, till it includes students from Korea, from distant Szechuan, Fukien and Yunan.

Back of the story of its growth, of changes slowly wrought in the attitude of the community and its own steady development of its earliest ideals, lies the life of its founder. The quaint and solemn Chinese words inscribed on the brass tablet of the college chapel, though expressing singularly well the universal appreciation of Dr. Sheffield's genius and devotion, still seem but an insignificant summary of an eventful life whose years kept step with epochs. From the first it was he who made the school, the academy, the college. It was his dignity and firm kindness that maintained order, his quiet word that settled hot disputes. As a faculty of specialists was not at hand, he became the major portion of the faculty himself, and taught nearly every subject in the catalog. As text-books in Chinese were practically non-existent, he prepared them on a wide range of subjects and thus made a large contribution to the naturalization of western learning in China. From the first he stamped his own character on the college, and gave it a reputation for earnest purpose, patient study and honest endeavor. Through crisis after crisis he guided the turbulent young men under his charge, and step by step he guided the development of the college from denominational into interdenominational lines. For the graceful gray towers, set each year in a deeper bower of green trees, look down on a union college. The triple strength of the American Presbyterian, London Mission, and the American Board is going into the upbuilding of the college, for the first two missions are not only sending picked students, but professors who give earnest and loyal help in making the best things possible for the college. In all, six Chinese and seven foreign professors are enrolled as faculty, some of whom assist in the classes of the forty odd students of the American Board Academy whose two highest grades are under the shelter of the college.

The actual embodiment of the greater union in Peking in facts of brick and mortar is still unfulfilled, awaiting indeed the fairy touch of some friend's silver or golden wand,—surely not too far in the future.

The college life in the shadow of the towers is much the
same as in America. Chlorine smells unmistakably like its malodorous self even if it has been generated by slender Chinese fingers, and Euclid himself would recognize the angular figures on the blackboards. But for the fact that the college boys wear long blue gowns instead of black, and the jokes that provoke such hearty laughter fall on our ears with strange sound and rhythm, the verdant Freshman and dear old Senior are as recognizable in Tungchou as New Haven. National idiosyncrasies they have. It is a far cry from Randall to our college dining-hall, where at ten or at four o'clock the black-haired youths fall hungrily upon curious food of a strange odorousness and savor, devised by their own Steward Committee and their obedient servants, the cooks.

After the evening meal, the campus is a cheerful place of shouts and laughter, for all but the most grinding of the grinds betake themselves to their favorite sports, for which ample athletic grounds provide tempting opportunities. Soccer football, base-ball, basket-ball, squash, tennis, running, skating, jumping, pitching,—you would need to look long and hard for the dignity of long blue garment now. Those are tossed aside, along with the centuries-old Chinese ideals of the sacred and solemn dignity of scholarhood, which prescribed round shoulders, hollow chest, and the waddling gait they described as "square" for anyone who followed in Confucius' footsteps. In the old-fashioned classical school, the benumbed students who swayed back and forth memorizing from six in the morning till nine at night, with two short intervals for meals, had little time, and less taste, for sports. These strengthening outdoor recreations, and the games which the college Y. M. C. A. has organized in their attractive room, are the gifts of the West and its ideals of the symmetrical life. The spirit of team-work and true sportsmanship and fair play are as valuable in Chinese business and politics as they are in America, and what our students learn of these vital things under the gray towers will count even more than the present joys and benefits of the physical exercise. But glory is dear to the heart of a college boy, and when two years ago our college track team returned from the All China Athletic Meet with a dazzling array of trophy cups, medals and ribbons, college pride ran high. Had not the North China Union Arts College scored more points than any other college entering the Meet. Cheers in Chinese can be quite as deafening as Anglo-Saxon ones! Again last spring, at the Far Eastern Olympic, two of our men won high honors, and our flag waved exultingly from the tip of the highest tower.
From many provinces, from crowded cities and elemental farming hamlets, come our students. The homes of “the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick-maker,” as well as of officials and Confucian scholar send their sons to acquire Western learning in our halls, for the majority of the students are from the sturdy middle class that is the fibre and strength of China, and of these more than half are farmer’s sons. Coming, as most of the lads do, from Christian homes, they have studied their way up through the village or city primary and grammar schools which are maintained by the three affiliated Missions throughout their fields, with a uniform curriculum, and through one of the seven college preparatory schools. In Tungchou itself, the promising small boy may begin with the kindergarten and proceed automatically through anyone of the five primary schools, to the grammar school of some fifty pupils and four Chinese teachers, which in addition provides the two lower grades of the college preparatory, the last two years being still given in the college buildings, though separately organized.

Organizations flourish in this college as in others,—debating societies, an English Club, social clubs, class organizations, an Athletic Association, a Volunteer Band of those pledged to enter the ministry, and a Y.M.C.A. Each class has a Nestor from among the faculty, who is a kind of honorary member and meets with them at their bi-weekly class prayer-meetings, and treats them to games, goodies, and advice whenever he can find time. The Y. M. C. A. works through the usual committees, finding its outside work in teaching classes in the local jail, singing and preaching in any nearby village that will give them an open-air hearing of a Sunday afternoon, and in vacation time making little lecturing and preaching tours about the countryside, in bands of four or five.

To call the roll of the two hundred alumni would be an enlightening commentary on the broad work of the college as a preparation for a useful life. The teaching profession claims by far the largest number, from one of the oldest graduates, a famous teacher of mandarin, who is now the head of the Peking Language School, where new missionaries make their first bewildered and gasping attempts at Chinese, to the dozens of teachers in high schools, primary and normal schools, both under government and mission management, in north and central China and even in Java and Singapore.

Of doctors the college can boast not a few, most of them having taken the medical course at the affiliated Union Medical
College in Peking. The college was justly proud of the brave and distinguished work done by her sons a few years ago, during the plague, and later on the battlefields of the revolution, as well as of the quiet, steady work done in city and country hospitals and dispensaries.

A large number of recent graduates have gone into the Y. M. C. A. Training School and thence into secretarial work. Some have gone into business, some into the Imperial post-office, translating for foreign firms, or in important positions in connection with the government railways.

But one of the facts of which the college is most glad and proud is of the large proportion of preachers and evangelists who have gone out from the shadow of her towers to very varying fields of labor, and with varying degrees of talent, but everywhere to proclaim the Kingdom of God. In supervising of village evangelism in larger or smaller country fields they may be found, and as pastors of exceptional gifts of leadership and eloquence, in charge of metropolitan churches in Peking, Tientsin and Nanking. But a few years ago, a listener at a conference of the preachers of three provinces was overheard to remark, after two speakers had finished,—one, tedious and repetitious to a degree, and the second concise, convincing, and sparkling,—“The college training tells every time!”

That is why our college towers stand so straight and unafraid. They stand for work that tells.

CHAPTER V.
The ‘Medicine House:’ Why The Doctor Is a Busy Man

“When Heaven sends calamities, it is possible to bear them; when we bring them on ourselves, how can we live?”—Mencius.

In Africa, the popular thing for a man with an ache is to call in the medicine-man; in China, he summons a cart, a ‘rickshaw,’ or a neighbor’s back, and goes to the ‘medicine-house,’ with a celerity in direct proportion to the size of the ache and the intelligence of the patient. Not that every Chinese city is fortunate enough to possess a foreign ‘medicine-house’—a ‘yao fang,’ as the vernacular dubs the hospital—but close outside the New South Gate of Tungchou (‘new’ some five-hundred years since,) stands the attractive, gray, tip-tilted-roofed building that is the ‘medicine-house’ for some million and a half people.

It bears its honors modestly, of necessity, for it is neither
large nor well-equipped. At present all that it claims as quarters for in-patients is two groups of "Hospital" or "Dispensary"? Chinese rooms, for men and for women, each penned in its own walled courtyard, and each room, reduced to its lowest terms, consisting of a brick bed, a kettle, and an open cupboard. Here the patients eat and sleep; so, too, do the flies and vermin and the ignorant relatives who come to take care of the patients—for the 'medicine-house' does not boast even one nurse, nor a sanitary bed, nor a diet-kitchen. Here they stay, and here they get well, most amazingly, for medical skill and the Chinese constitution can do wonders, even under the most unpromising conditions, and the American doctor is second to none, hampered though he is by the lack of almost everything that goes to the equipping of even the simplest hospital in the happy United States.

Helping him are the pleasant-faced Chinese doctor, graduate of the Medical College, the deft coolie who assists with the dressings, and the matron with snapping black eyes and a quick tongue that lashed the Bible-women out of her neighborhood many times before she decided to try out this god business once for all, and stuffed her own much-worshipped paper idol into the kitchen range, to see what would happen. Since the god meekly shrivelled into soft gray ashes, she threw herself wholly on the side of the Christian God—eloquent tongue and quick wit and all—and can preach very pointedly to the round-eyed women, as well as bandage a sore.

She talks to the women in the waiting-room of the dispensary before the daily clinic opens; while on the men's side, when the door of the dispensary is thrown open and a number is called, the patients are held so enthralled by the vivid words of the hospital preacher that it needs several shouts to remind them they came for treatment. Before the present preacher came, the opening of the door was the signal for a selfish rush to be treated first. The very straightness and vigor of the preacher, as well as his gift of speech and devotion to the Way, are all the fruit of the hospital. Years ago he came crawling to the place as a hopelessly bent cripple, a professional gambler, sharper, and maker of false dice. The long months needed for his healing brought him new straightness of spirit as well as of body, and all that he now has of Christian manhood came through the ministrations of the 'medicine house.'

From among the nearly ten thousand treatments given in 1915 at the 'medicine-house' by this small staff, let us introduce
Cases of Chinese Neglect

There came to the hospital a young man of twenty-two with a noisome arm. A piece of bone was protruding three and a half inches. Part of it was dry and black; near the skin it was still moist and had caused a sore that was constantly discharging. Every time the bone was touched the pain was sharp; and he could hardly move his arm without touching the bone.

For twelve years his arm had been like that.

The broken bone was loose and was removed with a small pair of forceps, with less pain than is occasioned by extracting a tooth. In three weeks the sore had healed, and the man had a moveable arm.

A father brought to the hospital a bright, handsome little fellow a year old. Three months before a tiny ulcer had formed on one eye. With a little care it could probably have been healed. It received no care. The infection spread to the other eye.

Now the boy was blind, both eyes utterly destroyed.

There was carried to the hospital a boy of fifteen, of a poverty-stricken family. Two and a half years before he had burned his leg. The burn had received no attention, had become infected, and had developed into a chronic ulcer that would not get well. He could not walk.

He brought a ragged quilt in which to wrap himself (the hospital possesses no bed-clothes of its own!), and existed solely on unleavened cakes of coarse corn meal, sent from his home every other day (the hospital could not even afford a fire at which he might warm them). In spite of these unfavorable conditions, the leg was cleaned up, skin was grafted upon it, and he went home well and able to walk, though his leg, because of the long neglect, will always be somewhat stiff.

A man came who for twelve years had suffered from a sore which confined him to his bed, unable to support his wife and children. The mother in the home worked all day and late into the night to make both ends meet. By an extensive and serious operation the diseased area was removed, and skin grafted upon it. He went home well and able to work.

Many patients come with cancers and tumors in very advanced stages, immense affairs such as one never sees in the United States, because here they are neglected. Men appear with ulcers and sores of twenty years' standing.
Of the value of Chinese medical practice the following cases will give some idea.

An old man of seventy contracted a sore on his leg, by no means serious. He went to consult a Chinese ‘doctor,’ who gave him some ointment to apply, with instructions that it was to be kept on the sore for eight days. The ointment must have been a strong caustic and poisonous, for the man appeared at the hospital with a leg badly swollen and inflamed, and a widespread gangrenous area where the medicine had been applied. The foreign-trained doctor worked over him for a week. But it was too late. Blood poisoning set it. His people took him away to gratify that last desire of every Chinese, to die in his own home.

A prevailing Chinese medical practice is to stick a long needle into the patient. According to Chinese medical lore, there are three hundred spots where this needling may be beneficially done, for different complaints. In some cases the results are not serious, and needling may, at times, even have some value as a counter-irritant. But the needles are usually rusty and dirty; and when they are stuck into the abdomen or eye-ball and stirred about as one would beat an egg, the result need not be described. Many appear at the hospital whose eyes have been completely destroyed by the practice.

Then there are pathetic young mothers, whose relatives never send for the foreign-trained doctor till the dirty, ignorant Chinese midwives have made a bad state of affairs as much worse as possible; many of them make marvellous recoveries from the torture they have undergone.

The usual Chinese treatment for an ulcer or boil is to go to an apothecary’s shop and buy a plaster that is black and very sticky. This is firmly applied to the skin so that the sore is entirely unable to discharge and keep itself clean. If a black plaster is unavailable, the sore is treated with some dirty powder and wrapped up in filthy cotton. And the poor victim wonders why he grows worse rather than better, and perhaps in the end goes in despair to the foreign ‘medicine-house,’ always to be helped, often to be cured.

Men and women there are, too, of a suffering deeper than pains of the body, who have desired to escape the obligations of a life that is too hard, or in a fit of anger Tired of Life have determined to be avenged on the persons that roused their wrath, by cutting their own throats, or swallowing their jewelry. Sometimes they change their minds and implore relief; sometimes they are not grateful
to the doctor for restoring to them the gift of life.

So wide a recognition is the doctor winning that the Governor of the District sent for him when his august head became badly infected. Only a prompt

The Fame of the operation under an anaesthetic saved "Medicine-House" him, while a friend of his, with a similar trouble, who confined himself to Chinese doctors, died. The Governor was so pleased that he made a generous gift to the hospital, and sent to the doctor a beautiful cloisonne vase with a grateful inscription.

Grateful, too, is the man with a chain around his neck, who each day is escorted by two guards to the 'medicine-house,' sent by a kind-hearted official because an infected head was causing general blood-poisoning. Even the uncouth guards were impressed with the kindness of the Christian religion. Prisoners also have been sent whose thighs were terribly bruised by beating, or robbers with broken legs.

Even quack Chinese doctors and proprietors of native medicine-shops, with their unspeakable remedies, are beginning to buy the 'good medicine,' which they admit is used by the foreign-trained doctors, and to attend the doctor's lectures on hygiene at the street-chapel. And the army medical corps, attached to the various encampments in and around the city, pays tribute to the foreign hospital by sending many cases for treatment, both privates and officers.

So our Tungchou Medicine House, whatever its pitiful limitations to the foreigner's eye, in the line of operating facilities, wards, and general equipment, is yet, to our Chinese neighbors, the place of a wonderful, kind magic that works unbelievable healing in the name of the true God.

CHAPTER VI.

Bound Feet and Free.

The Roads They Travel.

"Large feet and good fortune together go; Happiness hangs at the point of the toe."—Chinese Proverb.

That "no news is good news" is especially true, perhaps, in a Girls' School; an "uneventful year" is often one of satisfactory progress. Such has been the past

The 'Richly Instructing' year in the "Richly Instructing School for Girls." To be sure the seven graduates last June, as the first to wear skirts and put up their long braids when they
made their speeches and received their ribbon-tied diplomas, doubtless felt that they were taking part in an event worthy to be recorded in red in the annals. And the delegate who went to the Y.W.C.A. conference on the money earned by her school-mates by many hours of pasting scrap-books and painting place cards, knew that she and the two who went with her were marking an event in their lives that would not be soon forgotten. Even their families did not fail to notice the spiritual uplift that they received, showing itself as it did in a more loving and helpful spirit in the home.

Though the general health of the School has been good, a lesson in the need of intelligent and timely care was forcefully taught by the case of one girl with an eye trouble all too common in China, who was not allowed to return to school this fall because she would not go to the hospital for regular treatment in the summer as she was told to do. And an instructive contrast was afforded by two girls with tubercular glands: one, whose trouble was of long standing, spent a month in the hospital recovering from an operation; the other, taken in time, was entirely cured by fresh air, raw eggs, and cod-liver oil, without leaving school. These lessons the girls will remember better, perhaps, than some learned out of books, and they will be able to care more intelligently for themselves and the children they may have charge of in the future, whether pupils or sons and daughters.

In November was the School's tenth birthday, and the girls, having to give up a cherished plan for an elaborate celebration to include alumnae and former teachers, threw themselves with a will into getting up a play. When the time A Birthday arrived, behold, not only was there a play by the School as a whole, but by each class as well. The subjects ranged all the way from “Bringing Men to the Lord” to “Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.” They afforded an entertaining afternoon, but, beyond that, they showed a marked and gratifying progress in realistic acting and dignity of presentation—ideas not native to the Chinese Drama. When the tea and cakes were eaten and they sang a national hymn together, all felt united in a close bond of love and loyalty to the School.

They had cause for their pride. In its ten years the School has made steady progress (and that in spite of almost yearly changes in the teaching staff,) and has grown from some half dozen to sixty four. And it can point with pride to those who have gone out from it to the schools and homes round about; if you could see the present pupils at their work and play, you
would feel sure that in future it will point with equal pride to them. In the ten years there has been a marked decrease in the ages of the pupils, but this means progress, as does the adding of two grades. One would expect children from the third through the grammer grades to be young, but some of the teachers, looking at the present lot of fun-loving youngsters, find it hard not to sigh for the older and more responsible girls of former years. Yet that meant that children could not be reached as now. If you could go into our day schools in the City or in the Country-stations and see the groups of children taking their first steps in an education that aims to educate, instead of loudly laboring to memorise the learned classics; if you could go to either of the kindergarten and see the ring of happy little folks learning teamwork and obedience, instead of learning to bully their mothers and to get their own way (and praise for cleverness besides) by screaming for it; if, I say, you could go to these, you would be glad that the children can be reached young, and that pupils in the School are younger than they used to be.

"Younger than they used to be"—yes, that is even visible to the naked eye, if you see the little girls sitting with their feet dangling from seats built for an older generation. That the School has grown has its ocular demonstration, also, in the way the seats are filled. Suppose it should grow more? There is grave danger that it would suffer from cramps. But it is a living thing, so it will grow of course.

The spirit of learning and making the most of one’s opportunities is so strong that even the School dog caught it last year and lost no chance of open door and unwatched room to slip in and devour such books and maps as he could find. To be sure this rather lessened the equipment, never large, but one might take comfort, perhaps, in the thought that he destroyed no valuable books of reference, for the School does not possess them. Sometimes in moments of revery there float through our minds visions of a school equipped with a goodly store of such reference books as we need among those now existing in the Chinese language, of walls adorned with up to date maps, of still more pupils than at present sitting uncrowded at desks of suitable sizes, and sometimes, in the wildest flights of fancy, of a new organ! Could you but hear the wails of our decrepit "baby" that, like the precocious baby of the Bab Ballads, is destined to die of old age without growing up, you would have admiration for the courage of the good lady who teaches the girls to sing, and would marvel at the results she obtains. We may dream our
dreams and see our visions, but when the slender sums that go into the treasury come out as fast or faster, the hope of their realization is deferred to an indefinite future.

But the School is doing a great work. It is unbinding the feet of girls that they may travel freely and joyously roads that otherwise were closed to them, that they would hardly know existed. Look at our girls neatly and simply dressed, with normal feet and natural color, bright eyes and faces full of promise. Then go out to the country and see the girls of equal ages dingy and unkempt, basket strapped to back, hobbling along on little hoof-like feet, scratching up straws in a dusty field for fuel, or pushing a heavy mill-stone round and round, or carrying on their backs brothers and sisters half as big as they. Go to the Fairs and see them out for holiday dressed in their best clothes of brilliant hues, cruelly small red shoes gay with embroidery, cheap enamelled rings on every finger, faces smeared white with purple-pink ovals on either cheek. In all, the vacancy of face and dullness of eye are striking. Or go into the City; what they do in the homes we cannot see, but on the street we meet the old China and the new, the old bound by restrictions on every side, with little in their lives but drudgery and idle amusements; the new with clothes too conspicuous, aping the foreign, and eyes too bold, seeking freedom ignorantly. You will come back thankful for the School and what it is doing.

We cannot hope to reach and care for all the children that might be gathered into schools, but every child is an opportunity. By that much we may influence the future of China, and we must try to make that influence of the best. The 32 children in our kindergartens are getting a start on the right road, we hope; for them and for the 136 boys and girls in the day schools as well as the girls in the higher school we crave the best of teaching. In some ways the earliest years of an education are the most important, but in many cases we must trust these formative years to teachers who are mere girls themselves, who have studied little beyond the elementary work they teach. Women with special training in pedagogy, or even with experience, are out of the question for the little we can pay. Those of any advanced education must get more than $3.00 or $4.00 gold a month.

But in spite of the many things that might be better, and obstacles that might make some feel the task hopeless, we shall not lose hope, but we shall go on in the future as in the past doing what we can for the girls of China with the means at our disposal. There is much in school work that is encouraging and
satisfying, but it is a work where responsibilities are far from light.

If the school work has its satisfactions and its difficulties, the work for women has also its problem and its joys. A Chinese woman grinding at the mill is surrounded on three sides by walls of mud and corn-stalks; on the fourth side may be the road leading through the village and connecting it with the outside world, but often so deep with mud or dust as to be well-nigh impassable. This is a fair symbol of the life of the average woman. Here outlook is bounded by the soil and the crops it raises, and her time is filled with the unending round of duties in the care for the physical needs of her household. The way that leads to things beyond and makes her a part of the great world is so choked by ignorance, custom, and superstition that it is hard for her to travel out upon it or for others to reach her.

Here is a woman grinding corn and down the road comes a stranger, two books under her arm. She stops and asks about the crops and the children, and the woman, glad of anything to break the monotony, pauses in her work and falls into conversation. The younger daughter-in-law, hearing voices, comes to the door, spindle in hand, and the elder leaves her weaving and follows; a grandchild, excited by the novelty of a stranger's stopping at their house, slips out to tell the neighbors; a passer-by pauses, and so a little group of women gathers. The stranger tells them that the God who sends the rain and makes the crops to grow is the one true God, and that he cares for people as a father for his children. To some all that she says is new, others have heard rumors of it through someone the children's father met at the market town; some may have been to the fair last year and dropped into the blue tent with pictures on the walls to see the queer looking foreign woman and to rest their aching feet, and heard something of it there. These can feel a little superior to their neighbors, to whom it is wholly new. The stranger talks, and opens a book and reads—she must be very learned—and, still more remarkable, what she reads they can understand, at least in part, a strange book that reads as people talk! Then she opens the other book, reads a few lines, and sings them to queer music unlike any they know. Well, finally the stranger passes on and those who have stayed to hear her through chat a few minutes and scatter again to their several tasks.

If the stranger comes again, she may gather a larger group. To those who heard her before her message will not sound so
Where the people of Precious Island may hear the Gospel of the Living God
strange. If she comes repeatedly there may be some women who come regularly to hear her, others will be new. Perhaps there is one old woman whose ‘keeper of the till’ has been favorably impressed with the new doctrine at the neighboring town, and finally she will ask the stranger and the listeners in to sit on the k’ang and talk together.

Some women go to the fairs each year and drop into the chapel court or the tent regularly, at first from curiosity, perhaps, or to get a place to sit down, and later because they have heard a little and want to hear more. Women will listen readily (with varying degrees of interest and understanding of course,) for their lives are so bare and dull that anything different is a welcome break. Many come to feel a real interest in what they hear, and feel that the new teaching has something that they lack and long for, consciously or vaguely. But to get them beyond listening to doing, that is the difficult and delicate task. They are afraid; afraid of ridicule, of persecution in the family, afraid they will be killed as they hear the members of this society were once (in 1900). And when they cannot name what they fear, still they are afraid. It is all so new, so different.

But sometimes one is found who is not afraid, like Mrs. Peace of South Eminence who goes about her town with the Bible woman saying, “Let them laugh at me. I am not afraid to witness for God.” Her husband was an opium-smoker, but after middle life reformed and is now a Christian. Where the children’s father is a believer, their mother has much less to fear in her home when she, too, believes openly. When opposition is not strong, or courage is sufficient, a woman may be able to go to the nearest place where regular work is done, and spend a month hearing more of the gospel and learning to read in a few simple books, more or less according to her ability. Every year ten or fifteen women gather in these study groups at various places, and some are able to go several years in succession. The two daughters-in-law of the Canalmouth preacher came to such a class, and, quick to learn and thoroughly in earnest, they went home eager to do all they could to help their neighbors. Working for women is up-hill work, requiring tact and patience, but it is worth while. The finding of one Mrs. Peace may mean the winning of a whole village in the end.

In the City the Bible-women trudge faithfully from home to home, teaching the women of the family and such neighbors as may be asked in. Some they teach to read; others, too old or dull to master characters, they talk with or teach little verses written on colored slips where the color helps more
than the words to recall it. Here they advise in the care of children; there they help to settle a family quarrel. They go only where they are welcomed, never trying to force an entrance, and hardly a week passes without the opening of some new door. The year past three or four women have visited 360 different homes, making 3500 calls or more.

East of the city lives a man who has been a church member for some years. About five years ago a call was made on his wife, but little came of it. A daughter was entered in school but soon withdrawn and the place lost track of. The past month or so a Chinese preacher has been leading meetings for men there Sunday afternoons, and very recently the man asked to have the Bible-woman come and meet the women. Two went. They found the house hung with flags and a huge red banner at the door announcing a "Prayer Society." To their surprise they found thirty-two women gathered. They spent four hours before the formal meeting, talking with these women and going with them to homes near by. They were heard with interest and attention and received many invitations to come again, found many doors open ready to receive them. With a nucleus of four or five church members and many wanting to learn of the new Way, they want to start a branch church and hold regular meetings, as it is too far to walk to the City church.

This summer, for the first time the women went to preach at two fairs held in temples near the city. At both they found ready listeners and a friendly spirit among the women, and especially at the Temple of the Nine Sacred Ones. Here the priest himself acted as host, helping them find a good site for the mat shed, bringing more seats, and taking a general kindly interest. And the women who came to listen came to learn. They were not like the floating, curious crowds one usually has at country fairs, who go first to the theatre and then to the venders’ stalls, burn incense before the idols, and, while they wait for the theatre to start again, stray into the chapel or the tent. (But even in the country there are notable exceptions, as the old lady who had a favorite hymn, and helped preach; one son was a Christian and taught her whenever he could, but the other son was a priest and threatened to kill her if she tried to join the church.) These women came and sat till dark listening eagerly, and came again the next day and the next. Many asked the speakers to come and hold meetings in their homes, and others said they would like to ask them but had not the authority. In all there was such hunger for the Good News that the workers are eager that all that can be may be done to satisfy it.

This is the work of the native Bible-women. Those for
whom they work come in gradually to the study classes and finally into the church. Few, if any, unbind their feet; it would profit them little. But if we teach them not to bind their daughters’ feet and if we free their hearts and spirits and open new ways of joy and usefulness it is enough.

But what is the foreign worker’s part in all this work? She is the generalissimo who guides, directs and counsels the Chinese workers in these lines of approach; sometimes by timely encouragement and appreciation; sometimes by wise suggestions out of her wider experience and greater knowledge; sometimes by actual sharing in the work. Hers is the hand that must guide the whole movement of the campaign whether it be the method of preaching to be used at a country fair, or the organization of a graded curriculum for the mission schools; whether it be the planning of the missionary society program or the selection of a new text-book for the schools. But her time cannot be given entirely to the larger responsibilities of such guidance. She must be ready to receive any who comes to see her, whether from curiosity or friendliness, to beg or to seek help in trouble. When the station-classes meet she has her share of teaching, and in the country classes she wants at least to examine at the close, and meet the women before they scatter. A few days spent in visiting country homes could do much for the unity and progress of the Church. Preaching at fairs is not to be neglected; she not only makes one more to talk, so making fewer pauses in the preaching—an important item with a shifting audience—but of her wider experience and training she often has a fresher message and more adaptable; and the mere fact that she is foreign will often attract people and hold their attention more steadily.

This is what she wants and ought to do in the work for women. But when there is the oversight of a boarding-school and seven day schools in city and country, as well as regular teaching in the former, and when a country trip means coming back tired (from travel in a springless cart as well as what she has done) to waiting work piled up, either the half is not done that should be or it is done at too great cost. Tungchou needs two women workers, one to look after educational work and one free to give all her time to working for women. At this moment Tungchou has not even one. Worn out in carrying the burdens of both forms of work our one woman worker has had to return to her home in America broken down in health.
Missionaries and Their Associates in The Ship City

Miss Flora Beard
Miss Mary Beard
Mr. Douglass M. Beers
Rev. and Mrs. T. Biggin and Mrs. Biggin
Rev. and Mrs. Charles H. Corbett
Rev. and Mrs. Murray S. Frame
Rev. and Mrs. Howard S. Galt
Miss Delia D. Leavens
Dr. and Mrs. O. Houghton Love
Rev. and Mrs. Lucius C. Porter
Mrs. Eleanore W. Sheffield
Rev. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith
Rev. and Mrs. Dean R. Wickes
### A Few of the Urgent Needs of Tungchou and its Field

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amount</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$3,000.00</td>
<td>Additional Equipment for Hospital</td>
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<tr>
<td>20.00</td>
<td>Bed in Hospital</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100.00</td>
<td>per year, Branch Dispensary in one of seven centers</td>
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<td>200.00</td>
<td>per year, Itinerant Doctor to Serve Branch Dispensaries</td>
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<tr>
<td>1,500.00</td>
<td>Chapel in Precious Island</td>
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<tr>
<td>1,000.00</td>
<td>Boys' and Girls' Schools in Precious Island</td>
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<tr>
<td>1,000.00</td>
<td><strong>Larger Chapel at Tungchou</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>500.00</td>
<td>Model School at Tungchou</td>
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<tr>
<td>150.00</td>
<td>per year, Community Center for Women in Tungchou (Like the Chapel for Men)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>150.00</td>
<td>per year, Salary of an Evangelist</td>
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<tr>
<td>150.00</td>
<td>per year, Salary of a Man School Teacher</td>
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<tr>
<td>50.00</td>
<td>per year, Primary School for Boys and Girls</td>
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<tr>
<td>60.00</td>
<td>per year, Kindergarten</td>
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<tr>
<td>50.00</td>
<td>per year, Salary of a Bible Woman</td>
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<tr>
<td>25.00</td>
<td>per year, A Scholarship in The College</td>
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<td>15.00</td>
<td>per year, A Scholarship in the Boys' or Girls' Boarding School</td>
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<td>100.00</td>
<td>A Christian Book Store in one of Seven Centers</td>
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<td>Evangelist's Residence at Canalmouth</td>
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<td>500.00</td>
<td>Chapel at Westmarket</td>
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<tr>
<td>250.00</td>
<td>Station Class Quarters at Yung Le's Inn</td>
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</table>

Contributions to the Sheffield Memorial Fund for the College.