"WHOM IGNORANTLY THY WORSHIP."
LITTLE GLIMPSES
OF THE
P.N. KIANG-AN MISSION
1909
A dear saintly lady among us had a servant that came to give notice of leaving. "Are you not satisfied with your wages?" she asked. "Yes," was the answer. "Do you have to work too hard?" was the next question. "Well," said the servant, "I don't have to work too hard, but I have to keep turning around all the time, doing something different."

It is impossible in these Little Glimpses of our work to show all our turning about. But we want to give you a brief transcript of our life here. We want you to melt in sympathy with the fold in China. We want your blood to flow a little faster because this part of the kingdom is growing. As you read this little book, what part of the work stirs you most? Where is the greatest need? Won't you let Him who keeps the great Book of Remembrance enroll you as a worker together with Him way over here in the Kiang-an Mission in China? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."
NANKING
THE MOTHER CHURCH AT CHRISTMAS TIME.
AT THE MOTHER CHURCH.

Besides the regular services the mother church has seen several important meetings this year. In September the sessions of the Bible Institute were held here. For three weeks fifty Chinese evangelists and helpers of all the Nanking missions regularly gathered here to study the Bible, while many of the women and girls came in to listen to part of the lectures. For a week during the Chinese New Year it was the distributing point for an evangelistic campaign of the city. In March, for a week following the Goforth meetings, special services were held here every afternoon and many a confession not made in the big tent was heard here. For weeks after these meetings, every night the light shone out of these windows, and if you had looked in you would have seen a theological student teaching a class of inquirers the way of life. In May the class of 1909 of Union Theological Seminary and the class of 1909 of the Girls’ Boarding-school graduated here. Eleven children have been baptised here this year and twenty-eight older ones have, for the first time, partaken of that supper which is eaten in remembrance of Him. The dear old mother church is getting too small to hold all its children when they come home to spend a Sunday.

The Girls’ Boarding-school, Twenty-five Years Ago and Now.

One evening, during the soul-stirring revival meetings held this winter, the voice of one of God’s veteran servants was heard calling to another, “Read the one hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm.” It is with those words of praise and promise that we bring this silver anniversary report. “Jehovah hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”
Looking at the Nanking of to-day with more than three hundred girls in its five mission schools, one can hardly realize the difficulties faced by her, who in October, 1884, with the building, teacher, books, food, and cook all in readiness, opened the first girls' school in this city and waited for the children, whose fears were more than good food and clothing could calm.

It is small wonder that the children were afraid when the mothers hardly dared enter one of the rooms for fear of a trap door into which they might suddenly disappear, and the fathers scarcely had courage enough to taste food in a foreign house. It must be remembered though that those days were but ten years after the time Mr. and Mrs. Whiting (now Mrs. Abbey) and Mr. Leaman, diligently engaged in Nanking at language study, were accused of busying themselves with sending out paper men who cut off queues. The more than three hundred guests entertained in the school-yard by the girls at their commencement tea this year, not only absolutely fearless, but most interested and appreciative, were very different from the timid friends that visited the same school so many years ago.

Several days after the school was opened one lone little girl ventured in. She ate the school rice, but she slept at home, probably so the effect of her contact with foreigners could be better watched. Three days passed, and Mrs. Leaman hardly dared to look at the child lest it frighten her away. During this time the cook was the only member of the faculty at work, but now it seemed time that the others should have a small part in her education, so it was suggested that a lesson be learned. This was a view of school life quite new to her, and she declared she would not return. What a contrast to this lone, unwilling student were the eight girls who on their commencement day marched up the centre aisle of the church with two lines of admiring schoolmates standing on each side. As some in the audience watched,
THE GIRLS' BOARDING-SCHOOL.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.
IN THE KINDERGARTEN.
the four lines of pupils seemed to lengthen. The mothers of some of our little ones took their places at the end of the line. These were joined by many in distant homes, whose bright faces told of the lessons of faith and love they too had learned in school. While looking and thinking, the lines extended across the narrow stream between this and the homeland, and there were those who were already part of the white-robed throng. Could those whose lives had been blessed by all these have stood with them, only He who saw the seven thousand in Israel where Elijah saw but one, could tell how many had been reached.

Self-support in schools for girls has greatly advanced, and we really wonder sometimes at what they are willing to give. It makes one heart-sick to take from their poverty-stricken hands the few dollars or dimes that have been so hard to gather. It is hard for them to pay for their girls when the tuition demanded for their boys is very high, and one cannot blame them for desiring to give the boy all they can, for he is theirs, but the girl will soon belong to another. Notwithstanding these obstacles and also the time-honored custom of not educating women, our books show this year $449.08 (Mex.) received from pupils, whereas absolutely nothing was given in the early years. In addition to this, all who can, buy their books, though because those able to do this are in the lower grades, our book bill is still a large item. A girl used to come to school without a thing except the clothes she wore; the parents expecting to take even these home as soon as her school clothes were ready. They come now with everything they need; some even bringing bowls and chopsticks. Formerly all these things were taken more as their due, but there is now among the girls an increasing desire to take as little financial aid from the school as they can, and a gladness to work for the school at less than they might earn elsewhere. The girls having no home but the school, take great pleasure in earning the money for their
clothes instead of accepting all. We are rejoicing that because of the orphanage work our industrial department can be very much enlarged. It will mean a great blessing to the poor girls if by taking a longer time they can be partly, if not entirely, self-supporting. We cannot expect them to pay a share of such items as the teachers' salaries, but it seems quite reasonable to hope that they may earn enough to cover the expense of their board.

Among the blessings of these years is the fair degree of health which has enabled the one who opened the school to have the privilege and joy of guiding it through twenty-two of the twenty-five years, and of seeing the first girl that entered the boarding-school a valued Christian teacher of a day-school of thirty girls. Her life of usefulness seems an earnest of what God would do for the girls. Then the class of eight that was graduated in May seems a further promise of greater things. These eight girls are Christians, all desiring to serve their Master. One takes up evangelistic work, two will teach in other schools, one married an evangelist, another married a Christian business man, who is letting her help us this year; the other three remain with us as teachers. As they stood together at the close of the commencement exercises and sang, "Where He may lead I'll follow, My trust in Him complete," we thought of the changes that the Saviour's love had wrought in these hearts, the sins conquered, the wills surrendered to Him, and knew they understood and felt the words they were singing. How true the words of the promise, "He that goeth forth bearing precious seed for sowing, shall doubtless come with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—M. A. L.
The Girls' School and the Goforth Meetings.

The revival meetings in March stirred the girls' school to the depths. Years of training had developed in the older girls a marked and definite spirituality which shone most genuinely through even the slips and falls most common to us all. A great impetus was given to all during the meetings led by Mr. Goforth.

One day, in one of the services, two or three of the older girls were convicted of sin in their hearts and confessed with tears. One of them, a senior girl of strong character and spirituality, left the meeting and went home, got some pictures and little bottles she had picked up years before at the Friends' Hospital, and went straight there and returned the things with her confession. Then she came back to the service. That night the senior class had a meeting, where they put aside all old scores and spent the time in prayer till after eleven. There never can be a sweeter look of humble but unutterable peace on any face than on that girl's that night. Two days later the second and third classes were swept by the Spirit as though by a wind. Some of them had been stubborn and troublesome among themselves for a year or more, and it was hard for them to yield, but they did.

It went on and on, until nearly every girl in school had made a new start if already a Christian, or taken a definite step if a heathen.

One day, looking out of the window, we saw a group of girls in a half-laughing, wholly earnest commotion. Two of the older girls were making two of the younger ones speak to each other. Though in the same class they had not spoken for years, and we foreigners had not known it till it came out in the meetings.

Girl after girl publicly asked forgiveness of her teachers or friends, or privately sought the one wronged or estranged and made things right. Miss Leaman was ill at the time, but
when the girls came to her with their repentance, she saw them as long as her strength permitted, and then asked them to come again another time or write her notes. One girl, among other things, said she had been so ugly during the meetings. She had been mad if they had to walk fast going to the tent and mad if they walked slow; mad if she had to sit in front and mad if she had to sit at the back; mad at this one and mad at that one; mad at everybody and mad all the time. Thefts of little pieces of soap, a scrap of silk, or a bit of colored yarn were confessed, and the articles returned to Miss Leaman, who calls them her treasures.

One girl wrote: "During these days I have been led to realize that those deeds in my daily life that I thought small and unimportant were truly very great sins against my Heavenly Father. One day I told you a lie. I was going to a classroom to recite and was slipping into the next room to see that teacher's grade book. You saw me and asked what I wanted and I said I was getting a chair, but I really wanted to see that book. I told a lie. Then I was told to take care of one of the little ones, and I greatly sinned because I was cross. Another time I took some yarn for my hair. I beg you not to remember all these sins. My heart has been truly heavy these days, for I feel that I have had only the name of being a child of the Heavenly Father, but I have not in the least fulfilled my duty. I remember, too, that I have not told others of His Gospel and how once when I was asked to speak to some women, I did not like to do it. I now deeply know I have sinned against the Father, treating lightly his great goodness to me. I have already asked Him to forgive me and now I ask you. From now on I desire to serve my Father faithfully and do my whole duty. I am willing that the Holy Spirit should do His work in me."

The kindergarten children were very much interested and many deeply touched. Three little tots knocked at the door of Miss Leaman's room one day and asked to be taught to pray.
At the next communion a large number of girls applied for membership in the church, with the consent of their parents. On the last Sabbath before the summer vacation, fifteen were accepted by the session. What a precious earnest of coming blessings.—G. M. L.

Our Weddings.

A certain lady of not few summers, who had charge of a girls' school in Japan, was trying to persuade one of her girls that their customs regarding marriage were all wrong and that American customs were just right. "But," asked the girl, "if parents do not betroth their children, nor are there middle men to arrange marriages, then how do you find husbands?" "Oh," replied the foreign lady, "we just wait until some one comes around and asks us to marry!" "And teacher, are you waiting now?" the girl questioned.

Within a few days following commencement we had three weddings—two from this year's class and one from the class of 1904. Chinese parents don't approve, as yet, of foreign ideas regarding marriage. One of these girls was engaged and the betrothal feast spread before she really knew about it herself. The girl was of the third generation of Christians, the bridegroom to-be, and all concerned in making the match were Christians, yet the girl and her mother had never seen the man, and so during the months that followed the engagement there were times of misgivings and tears. But when the trousseau came from the groom, the jewels, silks, and embroideries seemed to establish confidence. Everyone was invited in to inspect the outfit, and it was only polite to ask the price of each article. But the bride-elect had not yet seen her gifts.

These weddings witnessed the intermingling of old and new ideas. They took place in the brides' home (our boarding-school) rather than in the bridegroom's home. The
wedding already mentioned was to be at seven o' clock in the morning. In the gray light of early dawn the girls were astir, and with the help of the foreign ladies and servants, they soon transformed the kindergarten into a bower of greenery; the vines on our compound walls and houses in such profusion lending themselves to graceful festoons.

The bride had combed her hair the evening before, and at the appointed hour was ready, clad in red silk, so gaily decorated that you could hardly tell that it was red silk. With a heavy red cloth over her face she waited on the upper landing of the stairs until the strains of Lohengrin signalled her to descend. An attendant on either side guided her through a red-ribboned aisle to the large bay window, where she was met by the groom. Here Mr. Leaman performed the marriage ceremony. The cloth was then taken from her face. Did she look at him then, or he at her? Through the long ceremony of bowing to their parents, teachers and friends, not once did they glance at each other.

Then came the wedding breakfast; the men eating in one room and the women in another; after more feasting at the home of the middle man, the bridal couple left in a foreign carriage decorated with red. Those who saw them off on the river steamer said they really seemed much at home and quite happy with each other.

The other weddings were much like this one. Another raid to carry off our girls for wives will not add so much to our labors, for the wedding march and a knowledge of decoration are ready.—M. R. J.

Boys To Believe In.

If you do not believe in the Chinese boy, when you visit China, just take the train at Shanghai for Nanking. When you reach Nanking get into a ricksha, and tell your man "Hubugiai." You won't need to speak the language to
reach this compound, step inside the gate, walk round Grace Church, and sit down on the front steps to watch the forty school boys. You won't be there three minutes before you forget that you are not back home, watching your own neighbor's boys in a game of foot ball. Before you know it you, too, are yelling and cheering. A bell rings out, and you wonder why the boys so suddenly leave their games and run off into the dingy old school house. But you have so much boyish curiosity yourself that you follow them in, clear into the rude, square dining-room. And you don't come to until they are half through saying grace. Then you know that you are not in America, for forty American boys would have cut grace and been half through supper by this time, if they had come in and found no teacher present.

Don't think they have any new-fangled self-government system here. That broad heavy stick on the teacher's desk in the study room is evidence against that. What do you suppose it is used for? Call around in the class rooms tomorrow forenoon and perhaps you'll hear some little fellow howl as the blows from this stick fall on his back. No, sir, it was not because he wrote a note or whispered or slipped out of the room without asking. He has run out and in as he wanted to all morning right before his teacher, and it is likely he has studied out loud ever since the first day he came to school. You get me to ask him what is the matter, and he answers back that he did not have his lesson. Woe unto the Chinese boy that does not have his lesson, if he has a Chinese teacher! And when his father and mother hear of this whipping they won't sneak off to the School Board to complain or call on the teacher to tell her some one else was to blame. That may come later with the very highest civilization, but just at present these poor benighted parents prefer their boys be whipped rather than have them dawdle away their brains. Yes, you may shiver when these blows rain down. I do myself. We have nerves and theories and are very refined.
But they, whether or not they have nerves and theories, we are sure they have prodigious memories, and the Chinese think a stick makes a boy's memory good.

Just wait and hear the boys recite. Isn't it refreshing to see the teacher sit confidently behind the desk while the boys do the work? You'll get so enthusiastic over that stick before long that if the teacher does not keep his eye on you, you'll be running it up your sleeve to take back to America with you.

But there is more to these boys than backs to be whipped or memories to recite lessons. Come over to the missionary's study just after dinner, before school takes up. There are special meetings in the church every evening, and at noon all who wish to do so come over and have a little prayer meeting. Half the school come, and they all pray. If you had not been too lazy to get up and go to chapel at eight o'clock this morning, you would have learned that they know a great deal about the Bible and are not ashamed of it. They would be ashamed not to know. When the missionary asks questions on the morning lesson, they stand up at once and answer like Christian gentlemen.

But I am not going to let you see any more of these little fellows. If you knew all about them, you might go off whining that you had never had a fair chance in the world like the Hubugiai boys.—M. M. G.

The Woman's School.

Our union this year with the Friends' Mission in woman's school work has been most satisfactory and helpful. The women have made steady progress and are impatiently awaiting the beginning of another year. Our thanks are due Miss Butler, of the Friends' Mission, for her unselfish devotion to the school in bearing the burden of oversight and teaching unshared by any foreigner from our mission. The coming year we hope to assume our share of the work.
One of our unfailing constituency at Ban-bien-yin is Lo Da-ma from the Old People's Home near by. Through her life and words, others have begun to come with her; two very regularly. One day a new one, Ging Da-ma, heard Lo Da-ma and the other two praying together. She was so interested that she wanted to know about it, and come with them. She was eager and intelligent, grasping spiritual truth most readily. Finally all the three applied for baptism. According to our church custom they were not received on the first application. Just in the joy of Christmas time, before another communion came round, they brought word Ging Da-ma was dead. I said: "Why didn't you let me know she was ill?" They had not realized in time how ill she was, and seeing how bad I felt about it, one of them said: "Now, Luh Siao-dzie, you must not feel sad. God has taken Ging Da-ma to heaven. Lo Da-ma spoke to her and said: 'Ging Da-ma, you won't forget about Jesus and trusting Him?' She was too ill to speak, but she nodded her head." So on that day, when the two were received into the visible church, she had already entered into the heavenly communion.

Later, one day, the old lady living at the chapel came hurrying across the city to tell me that another one of the group was dying, or perhaps already dead. Dr. Gaynor, of the Quakerage, was out, so her chief assistant, Miss Djang, went with me to the home. We went the full length of the old rookery, through court after court, and finally up a flight of stairs, so dirty as to be almost dangerous. The old woman was not dying, but she was ill, and after an examination Miss Djang gave her some simple medicine, and we had prayer and a little talk with some of the women.

The next morning, when the chapel keeper took her some more medicine which had been sent, she was met many times as she went through the courts with the exclamation, "Oh,
you've come to see Li Da-ma. She's better! Your God has healed her!

Children from this Home come in large numbers to this chapel. At each meeting they learn a text, and then they are given a slip of paper with this text written on it, "to help their memory." Occasionally a wild rumor is started that serves to frighten away the most timid for a little while, but they soon return. Surely the time must come when no one will believe that we cut up children and dig out people's eyes for medicine!—G. M. L.

Being Initiated.

Were you to join our Nanking station, as a new comer, one of the first special dispensations of favor shown you would be an invitation to go on an itinerating trip to Shwen-hwa-djeng. Perched on top of your bedding on a donkey's back, with coal oil tins of bread and beans and meat dangling at either side, the donkey boy would lead you over the narrow, uneven, stone-paved path following the course of canal or stream through fields, along long one-street villages, over the hills and on towards the dim mountain ranges far ahead. How you would feast your eyes on this bit of God's out-of-doors and how your lungs would drink in the grateful fresh air blowing against your reddening cheeks! But those distant hills would never echo your donkey's braying. Before their dimness had been transformed into the reality of rock and shrub, you would spy out the dull-colored thatched roofs of Shwen-hwa-djeng, and the doors, as soon as you entered the long street, would pour out men, women, children, and dogs to wonder at the new foreigner, while you in turn would wonder, as you had been wondering ever since you reached China, why any people tolerated pigs, chickens, refuse, and stench on their rough stone-paved narrow streets. What a commotion you would raise when, having reached
(Regular services in the places underscored.) Chekiang Province.

NANKING AND OUR COUNTRY PARISH.
the chapel door at the far end of the village, you slipped off your bed on the donkey's back, which it is possible you may have done several times before.

Before you had caught a glimpse of the inside of the chapel, a crowd would press in on you on every side. Timid children from behind their mother's trousers would shyly peep out at you. Bolder ones would pat your gloved hand, examined the cut and quality of your jacket, pull your wind-fluffed strays of hair, marvel at your hat, laugh at your big feet, admire the bit of gold pin at your throat, and weigh you and measure you and size you up generally. Nor would they give you a chance to shut them out when you went in. Closely they would follow, all of them, at your heels, and their eyes would devour every fresh revelation as you took off your coat, or opened your coal oil tins. What an opportunity it would afford the one who accompanied you to tell them of greater wonders for the eyes of faith until, at last, one by one, the crowd would melt away.

This would be your experience if you were a Siao-dzie (unmarried lady) and had ridden a donkey as the young ladies of our station do. But if you went in a chair, as I did when I went to Shwen-hwa-djeng, your entrance might possibly raise a little extra flush of excitement. But the excitement of the village would hardly equal that of the foreigner inside, who quickly came to the door to see what was the matter, and found there the wife he had left in the city nearly a month before, when he started off for the semi-annual communion services in the out-stations.

These country chapels wear an air of mystery to the newcomer, inducing a creepy feeling in whoever has the faculty for creepiness, resounding with warnings against germs to whoever pursues germ theories, but stretching up into veritable monuments of God's faithfulness to whoever keeps a register of God's answers to prayer. It is not only "the storied windows richly dight" that cast "a dim religious
WHEN NO DONKEY IS AVAILABLE.
ITINERATING.
light," but the lonesome little panes of glass in the thatched roof of a country chapel are also loth to let the light in. But the Light of the world can shine in, and has shined in, and please God, shall more and more shine in.

This chapel is almost a country cathedral compared with some of our chapels, even though it does have a dirt floor and backless benches. There is a big corner boarded up for a bedroom, and another little corner with a real board floor, which has been railed off for the women. This pretentious auditorium inside opens into a little open court, where the donkey, after making a tour of part of the house, can find safe shelter for the night. Back of the court are several little rooms, where the straw, fuel, and other stores are guarded and where the foreigner's boy's great delight is to wash dishes and vegetables, face and teacloths, all in the same little hand basin, if he can escape that watchful foreign eye. But the back bedroom is the chief glory of the place. Here the foreigner indulges in the luxury of a strip of cast off matting on a board floor, and walls papered with old pages from the *Ladies' Home Journal*!

Country itinerating is not all poetry. I tried to make myself think so. That first night, as I lay on my straw bed in the floorless chamber, by the light of a smoky lantern, looking up at the cobwebs hanging from every spear of grass in the roof, I tried to forget the old lady that swept the cobwebs from the sky, and her high glee could she have gotten hold of this place and done a thorough work in it; and instead tried to imagine that every filmy strand was a means of letting down God's blessings to us. But during the night a big wind blew up and shook the roof, and these webs fell down, dislodging fancies, and filling hair, eyes, and mouth with dirt. But the dirt, cobwebs, and damp earth floor were all forgotten later when men and women gathered to listen to the Gospel story. These earnest, intelligent faces were evidences that these men and women are our brothers and sisters, and
with us heirs of salvation. At every service there was a growing joy that this little spot of all the earth was hearing the Gospel story.

The Chinese evangelist of this place, Mr. Feng, is now a student in Union Theological Seminary of Nanking, but he goes home every Friday afternoon to hold the Sunday services. For several reasons the work here this year has been that of winnowing rather than that of garnering; but the good seed left will later on produce the hundred-fold.—M. M. G.

A Few Incidents in Our Country Parish.

Lih-shui.—Shortly before the autumn communion services the son of a deacon in the Lih-shui church was arrested and put into prison. His father was in deep sorrow over the disgrace. He admitted his son was guilty, but felt that the church ought to help get him out. At this time I was making a trip north of Lih-shui, so I decided to go there and learn for myself of this matter. My presence, since I could not help him, made it much harder for the old deacon. The outsiders taunted him that ‘his church was of no use,’ and his pastor was ‘no good’ if in such trouble he would not get the official to release his son. The whole church threatened to bolt if the foreigner would not aid in these matters. There was much prayer that God would guide in this crisis. Soon the official, unasked, released the young man, and the matter dropped. At the communion which soon after followed, 100 men came to the morning service, and 36 partook of the Lord’s Supper that afternoon.

Later, a ten days’ Bible class was held here. This old deacon was greatly helped by the study of the Word. A number of men attended regularly, and three of them made surprising progress in learning to read the New Testament. During these days four of us daily went out on the street and
INSIDE THE LIH SHUI CHAPEL.
SOME OF THE LIH SHUI WOMEN,
into tea shops selling books and tracts and calendars. The evening audiences grew, so we could scarcely seat all the people.

We had several blessed days here at the time of the spring communion, when we felt His power in the hearts of the people. As we were baptising the new members at this time, an old man in the audience broke down and began to weep. He sobbed piteously. I went back to him and asked him what was the matter. Then he told me that years before in another place he had wanted another mission to baptize him, but they thought he ought to wait until he knew the doctrine better. Again he had asked another mission to baptize him, but something had happened to prevent it. He had moved to this place, had worshipped with our little flock, and had wanted to be baptized, but no one had told him about the examination of candidates, and now he was again too late. The old man was evidently so sincere that we waived our custom, examined him that afternoon and then baptized him.

*Sin-dien.*—The school has more than doubled in attendance this year, and the teacher has shown such a change in life that he was baptized at the last communion. The work in the past had been greatly hindered by quarrels among church members and inquirers. But a deacon of this church attended the Goforth meetings and the Holy Spirit took hold of him, so that he confessed his sins of card playing and occasional opium smoking and several other things. He surrendered the old self to God and went home a new man. He had a testimony and message for the people. He began teaching and exhorting them, and a change came over the place. Several people were baptised, and the church contributions increased. But Satan is not going to let old China slip out of his clutches easily, and he has opened up one of the old quarrels since that time. May God lay it on your hearts to pray for these people!
Tung-dzing.—The next day after the spring communion saw the beginning of a three days' idolatrous procession on the streets of Tung-dzing. Such an opportunity to sell books and distribute tracts to the people who crowded in from the surrounding villages could not be neglected. At two o'clock, Monday afternoon, we began preaching in the chapel; each taking his turn in speaking. People came, listened, and went, and others filled up their places all afternoon and evening and until two o'clock in the morning. Whenever the audience thought we were about to stop, they would beg us to go on, and when we finally had to stop, because the lamps went out, there were still a hundred men listening attentively to the old, old story.

Other Places.—The work in the other stations has been carried on with encouragements and discouragements. Men who attended the Goforth meetings carried the spirit of the meetings into all these places with results. But these people are so poor they feel it a real hardship to give up work and keep the Sabbath, and many cannot read, so they cannot daily feed on the Word. Study the map of this field and note how many places there are where we have not yet been enabled to provide regular instruction in the truth, and pray that speedily the entire district may have access to regular church services.—A. V. G.

Mr. Liu.

Perhaps no result of the revival in Nanking under Mr. Goforth has been more marked than the change in the spiritual attitude of Mr. Liu, the evangelist at Lih-shiu, and that of his family.

Mr. Liu has been a professing Christian about six years, having been converted, apparently, through his intellect. After a short term of instruction he was placed in charge of the day-school in Lih-shiu, acting also as evangelist. Later the
THE CHAPEL AT SHAN GAN.
school dwindled and was given up, while the evangelist's duties increased. Before Mr. Drummond went home Mr. Liu was made elder.

During this time he seemed faithful in all the work, but there was something about him that did not inspire with trust. One felt that there was a wall of suspicion, of coldness, lack of faith between the Chinese and the foreigner that prevented the sympathy that should exist between workers. Especially we felt his lack of interest in the salvation of women, even those of his own family. The latter lived near Sing-dien, and when we were at that place we used every means to induce them to come to study, but all in vain. Once only the wife came, but she was cold and indifferent, and we could not see that any impression had been made.

But Mr. Liu came to the revival meetings. He was taken hold of by the Holy Spirit, and he saw himself and his heart in a new light, the light shed from the Cross of Christ, and he confessed his sins and received absolution from the great High Priest and went home another man.

Some of us who went to Liu-shui soon after were struck with the complete change in the man. It showed in his face, it spoke through his addresses, every action showed that something had taken place within him. In place of the perfunctory politeness of a Chinese gentleman in greeting us, there was a friendly welcome. In place of the stereotyped sermons there were practical talks on confession and forgiveness of sins, while quite noticeable in his prayers were the petitions for his wife and daughters. One of the sins to which he had made public confession was his lack of interest in women's souls, and when we went on to Sing-dien he charged his wife and family to go and study.

On account of the preparatory services we could spend only three days in Sing-dien, but what joyful days they were. Mrs. Liu, her married daughter, and her daughter-in-law came every day, and to the preparatory meeting on the fourth
day. Mr. Liu had told of the meetings and of his own ex­periences, and the recital together with his change of manner was used of the Holy Spirit to reach their hearts and give them a desire to know more. Their dialect being different, it was difficult for them to understand, especially for the mother, but the daughter explained to her, and they studied with such zeal, from nine until five, for three days, that at the end of the time the two younger women could read the whole of Mrs. Abbey's tract and the older almost all. And still better, they had gotten the meaning, the deeper spiritual meaning into their hearts. When we returned to Lih-shui, upon asking Mr. Liu how his wife had progressed, he said that when he was troubled over something, it was not clear just what, his wife had said, "Well, why don't you pray to Jesus? Didn't I hear them say that he freed from sin?" When Christians of several years' standing forget that Jesus is indeed a friend in all troubles—"healeth all our diseases"—such a remark from a woman just coming out of heathenism is encouraging.—J. A. H.

From a Missionary's Letter.

"Sister wrote that our houseboy’s mother was among those that called. She asked her to write me to tell him that he is engaged to be married, and the wedding will be the 10th of October. I was slightly embarrassed to be the bearer of such unusual and fairly important news. When I told him, he bashfully hid his face behind the cook, and then smilingly accepted congratulations. He did not ask whom he was engaged to, and his mother forgot to mention such a minor matter. The next day, when I asked him if he knew who his wife was to be, he thought it might be a girl on whom he had already paid two dollars. If not this one, then it was another one he knew of. Perhaps he was glad that, as he had been denied the pleasure of courtship, he might attend his own
wedding. He was to have the pleasure, also, of buying a few things for the house, as his mother had no money to make some necessary purchases.'

Notes from Nanking Seminary.

Mr. Chen, the Chinese instructor in the seminary, was recently ordained as evangelist by Nanking Presbytery. He is a graduate of Hangchow College, of twenty years' experience in teaching and in religious work. He is much in demand as a speaker in Y. M. C. A. and other conferences, and has a wide list of correspondents, from Manchuria to Canton and beyond, of men who have read his stirring articles in religious papers. His influence is preëminently directed to character-building, and he is greatly loved and respected by the students in the seminary.

A movement is taking shape among our students and alumni, looking to the support of one or more Chinese ministers by their own gifts. They call their guild the "Fellow-students' Society," and they hope soon to select a young man whom they can support through his seminary course and later in evangelistic work.

That the Chinese church recognizes the importance of the seminary to their cause is evidenced by the numerous inquiries as to graduates who can fill places of influence. Every alumnus of the institution is at work, and dozens more could at once find places, either as pastors or as evangelists.

A young Chinese of special mental and spiritual qualifications has just entered upon a course of five or six years' training, with a view to joining the seminary faculty as instructor. The prayers of all our readers are earnestly requested that his studies in China and America may fit him to be a true leader among his people and a tower of strength in the seminary.
A Chinese who graduated from Simpson College, Iowa, and has won special honors as a singer, has returned to his home in Nanking, full of the desire to advance music among his people. He is at present drilling the seminary students twice a week, and we hope for better things in church music in China!

Sixteen men were graduated from the institution in May; four from the seminary, and twelve from the Bible Training School. There were twenty-one students during the autumn term, of whom four are in the seminary. New students are to be received after the Chinese New Year.

Two new buildings are now in course of erection; the money being provided by the Southern Presbyterian Mission. One, the central building, will be a beautiful building, 45 x 80 feet, with chapel, class rooms, library, and a guest-room, and with a number of dormitory rooms on the third floor. This building, and the new residence for Prof. Stuart, will be ready for use next spring. Those in charge of the seminary find every cause for gratitude to God for His guidance and favor and for the wonderful opportunities for usefulness which He is opening up before us.—J. C. Garritt.
THE TABERNACLE ERECTED FOR THE GOFORTH MEETINGS.
Thanksgiving and Prayer.

A year's work, viewed in retrospect, gives many causes for thanksgiving and many topics calling for earnest prayer. We bring some of these before our friends and fellow-workers in the homeland, assured of their deep interest in the success of our work in China.

It is cause for constant thanksgiving that the deaths of the Empress-Dowager and the Emperor did not usher in a bloody revolution. This had been feared by many, foreigners and Chinese alike, and had their decease occurred two years or a year earlier, it is probable there would have been great trouble. But the providence of God has wrought for the people of China, and for the mission cause as well, in keeping the empire intact and at peace.

We give thanks for the remarkable progress in the overthrow of the opium-traffic. The attitude of Great Britain, the joint action of ten nations in calling a commission at Shanghai to consider ways and means, the zeal shown by China in opposing the opium evil, give great joy to the mission workers who have so long and earnestly fought against this curse.

Further cause for thanksgiving is found in the new and increasing interest in the Gospel, which all our workers report. There is a spirit of inquiry abroad, not necessarily inquiry as to the way of salvation, but a disposition to learn more of the contents of the Bible and the thoughts and motives of the "foreigners" who bring the Bible to China. The educated who once "lost face" with their friends, if seen in the Christian chapel, now frequent our preaching places and ask many questions. Books are read by many who formerly showed no interest in them. All classes seem more open to our influence than ever before.

A particular cause for thanksgiving in Nanking is the inception of work for orphan children, both girls and boys. This is made possible partly by the Christian Herald orphan-

LITTLE GLIMPSES

age funds and partly by the surpluses left in hand from the Kiangsu Famine Relief Fund gathered in 1907. It is expected that over a hundred children will be provided for for a period of at least seven years; of these over fifty are already under the care of our missionaries.

Our supreme cause for thankfulness is the wonderful manifestation of the Holy Spirit in power in Nanking in March, 1909. To see over a thousand people in one tent, nearly all professing Christians, broken down under conviction of sin and failure, and brought out into a place of reconsecration and renewal of vows through confession and strong weeping, was a new view of the unemotional Chinese. Backsliders were reclaimed, cold and indolent workers were revived, quarrels and jealousies were made right before God and the church, restitution was made by those who had done wrong, secret sins were laid bare and renounced, and a new era of holy living and sincere service was entered upon by many who saw their past life in so heinous a way that they felt they had never before been truly converted. For all these blessings we may be truly thankful!

Each of these blessings furnishes an equally strong reason for prayer. We ask definite and constant prayer for the Christians who have so recently reconsecrated themselves to the Savior. Their time of joy and uplift may bring added temptation, and we need great grace in leading them at such a time into the fulness of the blessings of Christ.

Pray especially for the winning back of some who were formerly Christians, but have renounced Christ, and who have again been called by the spirit during these days of reviving. Their sad condition has been laid heavily on the hearts and consciences of some of our Chinese preachers; join with these in their petitions for former friends, companions, perhaps for brothers, relatives, who no longer "walk with us." In praying, remember the manifold temptations in a heathen land, in companionship of idolaters, in customs and
ambitions, and a thousand weights and sins, by which Satan draws the weak away from their allegiance to Christ.

Pray for the youth in our schools. Hope of preferment, or of growing wealthy, causes some parents to place their boys in school; the new patriotism leads some into questionable, even revolutionary ideas; agnostic and materialistic thought is finding its way into the minds of many; anti-foreign ideas grow rapidly in the minds of many; the youth in changing China are in a transition stage, where they are at once impressionable and unstable. Pray for teachers and pupils, for the pupils in every grade of schools, for the multitudes in government schools as well as for those in mission schools, and pray that among these the Master will choose many to be His apostles, His messengers, to their countrymen.

Pray, too, for our seminary graduates and for all preachers, that they may be able to so present Christ and His truth in this difficult crisis that the power of agnostic or atheistic thought may be overcome. Pray that a spiritual tone may prevail in their preaching, and that their lives may commend their doctrine.

Pray for Nanking, that a Chinese pastor of years of experience and spirituality may soon be found for our church here. Pray that this man, whom, as we hope, God has been preparing, may come to us in response to a divine call and in the Spirit's power.

Pray for the evangelistic workers in both our stations, in their city and country work. The difficult and delicate problems they have to solve, the mixed motives and the ignorance of the inquirers, the obstacles to faith placed by enemies of the truth, the vast odds which, to a human eye, oppose all our work,—these and other perplexities require that we constantly bear up these workers in prayer.

Pray for our existing day-schools, kindergarten, girls' school, college, and seminary. But pray also for projected
schools, the Woman's Training School, the Union Nurse Training School, the Union Nanking University, and the Union Medical School. Great things may be done for new China in these institutions if they are carried out under divine guidance. Pray for those who are promoting or conducting these institutions.

Pray for our newly-appointed and our returning missionaries. Pray for those already on the field. Pray that we may steadily meet and make use of our myriad opportunities. Pray that we in China, whether Chinese converts and workers or foreign missionaries, may have a clear spiritual vision, seeing how to serve Christ and present Him faithfully and effectively to the millions about us. Pray that His kingdom may come and His will be done in China and the world, as in heaven.—Rev. J. C. Garrill.
HWAI YUEN
View of Hwai Yuen, showing West Mountain, Hospital, and Foreign Residences from Church Roof.
HWAI YUEN.

HWAI YUEN truly named, "The longed for when far away." It would be a cold heart indeed that did not leap with joy, toiling home, to see old East Mountain raise its rugged head on the horizon. Nearer still, and there is a fleeting coy glimpse to the west of that other graceful peak. And then at last, when almost home, the river flowing stately between, and cuddled down among pomegranate groves, like a sleepy, shaggy little urchin tired with long centuries of work and play, lies Hwai Yuen, "The longed for when far away."

Ah! But in the heart of this heathen child of old China a new wonderful life is stirring, for all she looks so drowsy in the sun. Whether Hwai Yuen sleeps or whether she wakes these days she is under a sheltering shadow, the shadow of the cross, and among her many heathen temples stands one graceful building, raising high this symbol of God's death for His world, and preaching, without one weak human word of ours, the salvation that is free to all.

Last winter a dear old country woman, an enquirer, came in to spend a few weeks at the home of one of the missionaries. She could not see very clearly, and was so dazed by her new surroundings, after some eighty years of going about in her one tiny corner, that she never learned to find her way across the courtyard, from her room to the kitchen, without some kind hand to lead her, and she was almost stone deaf; so, as her daughter kindly explained, "If you want to talk to her, you have to scream, you know, as if you were fighting with her." When Sunday came, one of the missionaries said to her: "Geng Nai Nai, it is time for service now. Would you like to go down to the church?" "Well," said the old lady, "I can't see very well, so I won't be able to see anything, and I can't sing very much" (and indeed she
could not) "and I am a little hard of hearing, so I can't hear anything, but I'll go down and sit awhile before the Lord."

Oh! We are glad of our new, beautiful church, glad of every graceful arch, glad of its good strong walls, its fine windows and of its splendid, big proportions, large enough to hold almost our fondest dreams of great congregations to come, but most of all we are glad because it is a quiet place, on a busy street, in a busy heathen city, where devout souls can steal away and "sit awhile before the Lord."

High on the hillside, looking down on the town from the west, stands that other building, symbol of Christ's pity for all that is mortal and suffering in His world. This hospital has been a great crying need with us for so long that the realization of it seems almost beyond belief. If only it were possible to draw for you the contrast between the collection of wretched, dark, little grass and mud roof shanties, with their uneven brick floors, their badly plastered, cracking walls and their fearful lack of good fresh air and sunlight; if I could only show the difference between this place, where all the medical work has been done until now, and the fine new hospital with its big light windows, its large sunny wards, good operating room and dispensary and its splendid situation up on the airy hillside, I am sure that every one who reads this would draw a long free breath and rejoice with us that God has sent this good gift, through one of His generous servants, to bring to Hwai Yuen and all the country side for miles and miles around His message of pity and healing.

It is not for us to try to say "thank you" for these two gifts that have come to old China; it is into God's own work, saving the world, that the two generous donors have entered. They have given, through their money, of their very lives for China, and to them must come that greater blessedness, promised to those who have understood the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give."—M. H. C.
Hwai Yuen Girls' School.

 Mothers are always sure there never were any other children quite so dear or interesting as their own. People smile and think it very natural. Those who are in charge of schools feel very much this way about the children they gather into their schools. They live close to the children, observe them carefully and very soon come to feel a personal interest in the individuality and development of each child.

 Many experiences and stories could be told about our little school home in Hwai Yuen if only you had time to hear them. I will try to be brief, but I must tell you about one little girl, named Wu Dje-kuen. She is the daughter of a well-known necromancer, who is instructor in the literary official family. She is very timid and retiring, but as bright as a button and ever thorough in all the work she does. Dje Kuen has the honor not only of leading her own class but twice her average has been the highest in the school.

 Thanksgiving day she was in the party that went for a scramble on Nest Mountain. Coming home Dje Kuen stumbled and fell over some rocks. It was a hard fall, but she was not seriously hurt, and fortunately Dr. Murdoch was on hand to bathe her bruises with cold water from a pond. The poor child was pretty badly shaken up and frightened, so we decided to have her carried home in a basket. A coolie was carrying Brownie Lobenstein in a basket with a carrying pole, and there were stones in the other basket for ballast. We threw out the stones and put little Dje Kuen in. Before we reached home her mother heard of her daughter's fall and that she was dead.

 We did our best to reassure and calm the half-distracted mother. Later in the evening we called at her home and found Dje Kuen peacefully sleeping in her mother's arms; she wakened and was quite happy to see us. Before we left we gave her mother a soda mint tablet to be given as a sedative
in case her child seemed restless. The next day we heard the medicine was effective!

For a week Dje Kuen was kept at home, and from the other scholars we soon learned the seriousness of that fall from a Chinese standpoint. On the mountain that day the child had lost one of her spirits, so she only had two left, two chances of life, whereas she ought to have three. They told us it was her first fall. When we laughingly suggested it was time for her to have a few tumbles her mother said: "As a child we never let her fall, and since she grew up she knew enough not to fall." The entire family clan had to make a pilgrimage to the scene of the disaster to burn incense and worship. Not until these ceremonies were properly gone through did we have the pleasure of welcoming our little unfortunate back into the school. Another excitement this year was the birth of our first school baby. Djang Mei-feng, wife of one of the older boys in Mr. Cochran's school, had a son in the spring, and great was the excitement when the news reached Hwai Yuen, for during the time Mei Feng lived in the school she had made many friends. Her father-in-law had been so pleased with her progress in her studies and was specially proud of the executive ability she developed in the school. She had taken hold in his home and fixed everything up so nicely, including the children, that it felt like a new place. It was amusing to see the girl's disappointment because Mei Feng had a boy who would some day go to the boys' school, when it should have been a girl to add to our members.

In the spring the teacher, Miss Ren, and the girls made up their minds that closing exercises this year must be unusually fine. As Miss Lobenstein was going to move to Nanking they wanted in some way to show their appreciation of her, and to tell their Hwai Yuen friends what the advantage of the school meant to them. It was all a profound secret from the foreign ladies. The secret and their hard work in preparations seemed to bind the girls all very closely, so that
MISS LOBENSTINE, WITH SOME OF HER GIRLS.

PART OF THE HWAI YURN GIRLS BOARDING SCHOOL.
GIRLS SCHOOL.
our spring term was the happiest term in the school's history. When the closing day came we were amazed; everything was so beautifully planned, nothing had been overlooked or forgotten that could add to the comfort or pleasure of their guests.

More than fifty Chinese ladies came. Just looking into the faces of those ladies was an encouragement. Three brief years ago such a gathering would have been quite impossible. Then they were all stiffly opposed to education for girls. What an advance, for now many of their faces beamed with pleasure, for their daughters were having part in the program, and it was easy to see how proud of their children they were.

The special feature of the program was the unveiling and presentation to Miss Lobenstine of a very beautifully embroidered satin banner.

The girls took such evident pleasure in giving their gift that it made it doubly precious to Miss Lobenstine. Miss Ren had written a song for the presentation, which was nicely sung by five of the guests.

Next autumn the school will be in Miss Murdoch's care. She not only has a great loving heart and will make an excellent mother to the girls, but she possesses all the other qualifications needed to advance and develop the school.—R. B. L.

—Boys' School.

"Boys will be boys." This I know is a bromide, but by putting brown skins on them, letting their hair grow long and braiding it down their backs, setting their eyes aslant in their heads and dressing them in loose pantaloons and jackets we put them into a new category, thus disposing of the "bromide" charge, and then we will proceed to show that they are just like all the other boys we have ever known and return to the assertion of the opening sentence.
It was in the New Year's vacation. Most of the boys had gone home, but a few who did not have fit homes to which to go, were allowed to remain in the school dormitory. I will admit that it was cold and that they had no fires in their room, but then it is often cold in winter, and in this part of China they never have fires to warm themselves, but only to cook with. So there was really no excuse for gathering twigs from the yard, ripping straw out of their mattresses and lighting a fire on the dormitory floor at which to warm themselves and boil a kettle for tea. It was fortunate and thoughtful that they chose a place between two rooms where the door sill was paved with bricks and did not build their fire on the wooden floor, but even then it was not quite convenient, as the walls were badly smoked, the mattresses slit up and a great risk of our thatched roof building taking fire.

Later in the year, well on toward the summer vacation, when the near prospects of examination was bringing fear to the heart of the loafer and causing the studious to be more diligent, it began to rain. From early in the fall there had been only about ten days of rain or snow, and for three months it had rained only once; a few spare drops coming down during two days' time, but drying completely up the day the sun came out. But it began to rain, and it meant business this time, and it kept on raining. It started gently, but gained power, and finally came down in a regular downpour. In America it sprinkles or showers, in China it rains. The sound of the falling rain drowned all other noises, all but the shouting and skylarking in the schoolyard. I got on my boots, put up an umbrella that was practically useless as a protection against the downpour, and went to investigate. A number of the smaller boys had taken off everything but their cotton trousers and were running around in the street before the door where the water was going by like a mountain torrent. I sympathized with them and wished I
could do likewise, as the weather was warm. But the real excitement was in the schoolyard. The court between the two recitation rooms was over a foot deep in water and steadily rising, and in it the boys were having a most joyful time. Two inches more would take it over the sill and flood out our schoolroom. I could not imagine why the drains were so inadequate until I discovered that they had been stopped up by the contents of the wastepaper basket and some of the boys' wash-cloths.

The record book disappeared. The boy in charge had left it on his bed when he went to church, and it could not be found. What an easy way to dispose of all demerit marks. They were given time to investigate on their own initiative, and then all those who had already received one "da go," five of which suspend the culprit, had another added, and the incident was closed by finding the book in the woodpile.

Our first graduate has returned from college to spend his summer vacation. He is one of the nicest boys I have ever known. He is not only good; he is popular, too, and all the boys like him. He has two years more before graduating from college. At prayer meeting last week, he told us how he and over a hundred other young men in college had pledged themselves to the work of preaching Christ. This was no sudden resolution on his part, but has served to bring out still further the manliness in him.

We are sometimes surprised at the lack of information shown as to what we are doing. Our object is to make strong, able, effective Christian men of the boys who are entrusted to us. We fully prepare for college, and teach some things which would properly come under the first years of a college course for the sake of those boys who cannot leave to carry their education further. Algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, Chinese and Western history, are some of the things included in our course of study.
The funds for a new building have been supplied by the friends of the Central Church, the foundations are dug and the work proceeding at the usual rate of progress. Why doesn't it go faster? I do not know, but I can tell you some of the reasons that have been given me. There is the brick kiln thirty miles up the river that is burning most of the brick. Two months ago they came and said that over twenty thousand bricks were burnt outside the kiln and could not be brought down because of the dry weather; there not being sufficient water to float the boats. If money were given for those already burnt the others would all be burnt immediately, and all come down together as soon as there was rain. A man sent up to investigate, reported the bricks as done and money was given. Now after a month of rain they say the bricks cannot be burnt because the river has risen so high, and even the twenty thousand supposed to have been finished, have failed to appear. That is the way it goes. If it is clear, the work is delayed by the drought; if it rains, the work is delayed by the wet weather, but somehow or other in the course of eighteen months or so you get your building done.

The number of boys, between fifty and sixty, is about the same as last year, but the ability and promise is better. We have added a teacher of Chinese writing and literature, making two in that department, and we hope to show an improvement in those studies. As in the past the character of the work done is steadily improving.—J. B. C.

The Yang Family.

The first callers in our new home on our return from Kuling this summer were five members of the "Yang" family. Last China New Year Mr. Morris' teacher asked us to attend an old relative of his who was in great pain, which none of the Chinese doctors whom he had called in could
relieve. After convincing our consciences that a few moments taken from language study would not be lost time, and being upheld by the other members of the Station, who considered also that the family was an important one and one into which we would like to get an entrance, we set out to their house in the west. It was the work of but a few moments to relieve the old lady, though the nature of her illness required a daily visit from us for two or three months.

The entire family was very cordial and interested in us, but it was rather irksome at every visit to wait until water was boiled for tea and one daughter-in-law hurried to fry us griddle cakes or another was sent on the street to buy watermelon seeds and peanuts, for we had to eat quite a substantial meal before we were allowed to see our patient. Often the remains of these delicacies they forced us to carry home, tied up in one of their pocket handkerchiefs, to the members of our family who had not been with us that day. We spent the time, while these preparations were going on, in trying to learn from them as much Chinese as we could, and they in their turn kept us busy teaching them the English names for every thing in sight. Mrs. James Cochran and Miss Lobenstine, when they could spare the time, went with us to talk and preach to them. One day we had our baby organ carried down, and the old lady enjoyed thoroughly the hymns which we played and sang to her. Afterwards we had some hymns copied and took them down, and several of the daughters-in-law had their little scholar sons teach them to read them, so that they were soon able to join in singing several hymns. Then Mrs. Cochran gave them a simple primer, which they faithfully studied, and at her next visit proudly requested to be examined in what they had learned. But the best of it all is that several members of the family came to the church and women's services and seemed really interested, and we are hoping this year they will come more regularly and have a deeper interest in Christianity.—A. G. M.
Evangelistic Work in the Hospital.

This has been carried on regularly every day in the wards. The in-patients are taught some of the important Christian truths and are encouraged to memorize the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, and some hymns. Tracts and copies of the Gospels are given to all who can read, and a record is kept of all who, while in the hospital, become at all interested in Christianity. A beginning has been made during the year in systematically following up by visits in their homes those upon whom some little hold has been gained during their stay in the hospital.—E. C. L.

A thin, white little face, with big wistful eyes, looked eagerly out of a nest of old blue cotton quilt from the darkest corner of a small dark ward in the hospital, and a thin piping eager voice repeated after me the words of "Jesus loves me," while a little claw-like hand clutched the hymn as I held it out to him. His mother, a buxom, rosy-cheeked soul with a kindly responsive smile and clothes of unmistakably country cut, from her shapeless black bonnet to her clumsy shoes, bustled about, telling me delightedly how much better the boy was since his operation and what a memory he had. Why, I should see he'd know that hymn in no time, and sure enough each day I met the eager eyes, and each day the quivering little voice could sing, in a piping falsetto and a tune quite his own, a new verse, chorus and all, of the hymn, while the mother, faithfully taught in the intervals, plodded on at least two verses behind and very shaky at the difficult corners. At last came the happy moment when, the hymn all learned, trembling with excitement, the little chap received his gay picture as a reward. Even more smiling and responsive than ever, as she saw this treasure coming into the family, Mrs. Li was overcome with gratitude—gratitude which found expression in a burst of clumsy little straw shoes (her own accomplishment), causing two small American hearts to bound with joy and raising blisters innumerable on two small pairs of American feet. So we parted a few days later the best of friends. Mrs. Li returned
to Pan-chiao-chieh, returned with her child, whom they and
all thought of as one dead, restored to life and strength, and
in her head the first glimmer of the light that shineth more
and more unto the perfect day.

Now Pan-chiao-chieh is near Meng-chen and at the
next enquirers' class at Meng-chen a relative of Mrs. Li
turned up to enquire into this new religion, and he went
back and told, too, what he had learned.

Mr. Swen, with his friendly kindly Christianity, went
out then and found his way into their homes and into their
hearts, and now there are eight enquirers in that little heathen
village meeting regularly every Sunday to sing "Jesus loves
me" and a few other hymns they know, and to learn more of
this Gospel, which is opening a new heaven and a new earth
to them. He was a true prophet, who looked out through
the dim ages long ago and said: "A little child shall lead
them."—M. H. C.

"Those Useless Questions."

I am thinking about a picture that appeared on the back
page of Harper's Weekly years and years ago. A young man
stands in the entry of his club, just having come down stairs,
wearing macintosh, heavy rain shoes, and carrying an umbrella.
It is raining pitchforks. A friend rushes in from the street,
dripping from every part of his clothes and person, straw
hat and light summer suit and shoes ruined past recovery.
Macintosh says: "Looks like rain, doesn't it?" Straw Hat
replies: "Yessss! What did you think it was? Coffee?"
I have always been of those who held useless questions up to
ridicule. I have become a convert, and it has come through my
friends in the country, who never would have been my friends
were it not for the 'useless' question. My back is turned to
the city. My bedding is across the back of a mule, and I am
astride the bedding and we are going seven miles an hour. I
meet a man with a pole across his shoulder, the baskets
hanging from the ends filled with a hundred pounds of turnips going to market. "Going to the country?" "That's it. Going to market?" "Yes!" Later comes a load of straw in a four-wheeled cart drawn by a mule, a cow, and a donkey harnessed abreast. "Carting rice-straw?" "Yes! Where are you going?" "I'm going into the country." Then it gets on toward noon and the sun gets in his work. A farmer is weeding the gao liang and the perspiration pours down his face. "Weeding gao liang?" "Yes!" "You have come into the country, foreign teacher, have you?" "Yes. It's a hot day." Then there is the other kind of day when the needs of our friends take us abroad in spite of the weather. The rain pours down and the mule splashes through the mud and pools of water and the driving wind sends the rain in all directions at once. Here comes a strange looking sight, that one would think was a porcupine were it not walking on two legs—a farmer—out in this tremendous downpour to see that his drainage ditches are working properly; a coat of woven long grass reaching to his knees, a hat of plaited leaves most as big as an umbrella, which gives him endless annoyance in the high wind and a broad Chinese hoe over his shoulder. "It's a hard rain." "Yes, teacher. Are you wet through?" Inwardly I say: "I should smile," but that idiom not being current in China, I say: "It can't be helped." Then finally there is the return home, splashed with mud from head to foot—red mud, black mud, yellow mud—such as never was seen on city street; the mule weary with the twenty-miles in four hours over such roads; and a smiling friend at the top of the stone steps queries, "Have you been in the country?" "Yes. Just got back."

There they are; what a list of them, and I haven't given those of half a day—useless questions and obvious answers every one of them. Why should they convert a man? There had been one remark that this same man had heard too invariably along this route the first years of his visits, "Yang
VIEW OF CHAPEL AT GENG CIA TSUEN.
gwei dz, yang gwei dz, yang gwei dz !!!’ (‘foreign devil, foreign devil, foreign devil!!!’) and the change to the useless question is a very grateful one. It shows friendliness. It promotes friendship.

It is the same at Geng-gia-tsuen. We used to be received in the outer row of houses, and now in many places we go to the inner court; they used to receive us cautiously, but now we have got into their hearts because they first got into ours. The number of those interested is increasing. Geng Chang-ching has given his eldest son to a cousin at the east end of the village because that branch of the family had no heirs and he has three sons, and that family is becoming interested. Geng Chang-dao’s sister is married into another village, and some in that village are interested. Geng Chang-i has a nephew, the son of a sister, in still another village, and that boy is brought in to the boys’ school. A school is opened in Geng-gia-tsuen, and Geng Chang-tsuen brings the two sons of his wife’s brother from a village five miles away, and they get homesick and run home, but a start is made in the village, and we will get them yet. So that is the way the Gospel teaching is spread.

There is not much new to speak of except these new men and new villages, which are very like the old. As the numbers increase the problems come to be very much what they are at home—Sabbath observance, amusements for the young people (they are all more or less children), desire for leadership, lack of spirituality. There are enough Christians in that village now to carry the Gospel through the whole district if only they get the real spirit of devotion to the Christ. It is what we all need, and then His work will be accomplished.—J. B. C.
Nan-hsu-djou.

In June, after several attempts, a chapel with a few rooms, in which an evangelist can live, was rented at Nan-hsü-djou. A place had been leased a couple of months earlier, but as there was some irregularity on the part of the landlord in not offering the property first to the man to whom for some years he had been renting it, we felt it best to surrender our deed of lease. The act, we feel sure, will prove a help rather than a hindrance to the work there, even though the place we surrendered was in some ways better suited to our work than the place we now have.

Mr. Liu, who succeeded in renting the property for us, was able to get several of the city elders and some other prominent men to act as middle men in the transaction. This was quite a victory for him, for but a few weeks earlier many unpleasant anti-foreign rumors were being spread everywhere through our section of North Anhui.

We hope that it will be possible to equip Nan-hsü-djou in a manner similar to Meng-chen. Feng-yang-fu should be cared for first, and Nan-hsü-djou should follow. The sooner we are able to place two trustworthy men in each of these cities the better. The cost will be for each city, to equip the out-station and to support two college graduates, approximately $500 gold a year. A beginning, for say three years, could be made on $350 or $400 gold. These men will become the Christian leaders for the whole of the magistracy in which they are located. We earnestly hope that some individuals will come forward to stand behind each of these cities, and also of Ling-hwai-gwan, Szi-djou, and Shou-djou, in which we should open work immediately.—E. C. L.
The Work in Meng-chen.

This out-station was, as you know, opened just a year ago this May, when Mr. and Mrs. Swen moved there; Dr. Hsü followed a month later. The dispensary has been open throughout the year, and Dr. Cochran expresses himself as highly gratified with the work done. Mr. Swen has had charge of the evangelistic work in the city and surrounding country. He is very popular with the Chinese and has gathered together some twenty-five or thirty, who are really interested in Christianity. Shortly after the China New Year a class was held, extending over five days. Mr. Lobenstine and Mr. Chen, from Hwai Yuen, were there. At the close of the class some twenty men and women were enrolled as enquirers. Of this number six are elderly women, to whose instruction Mrs. Swen and Mrs. Hsü have devoted a great deal of time. Most of these women are vegetarians, and it is the hope for the life to come that the Gospel holds out that is chiefly influencing them to become Christians. These women are all unable to read, and it has taken a deal of hard work and much patience to teach them the little Scripture and the few hymns and prayers that form their stock of Christian truth.—E. C. L.

Among the Women.

"Books won't do," said old Mrs. Li, shaking her head, "Books won't do, Si mu, out our way, for the necromancer is the only one that can read out of them, and he's blind." I was forced to agree with Mrs. Li that books did not seem the best way of spreading the Gospel out among the collection of tiny shanties and poor struggling humanity on the "Mountain's head." But it is not only on the "Mountain's head" that "Books won't do." It is true to a greater or less extent of all Hwai Yuen. The women cannot read; in all my experience here I could count on my fingers the number
who, before we taught them, knew any character at all. And if we would reach them, it must be through knowing them, talking with them and becoming in a true sense their friends. So a great deal of our work with them is necessarily social, and a very pleasant kind of work it is.

We had a great way last year of gathering—some twelve or fifteen of us—in my little living-room before or after the meetings. There, over a cup of tea and simple refreshments, we grew very chatty. Mrs. Jiang, the boat woman, was often there with her pretty niece; she of the great round silver ear-rings and soft beautiful eyes; or sometimes her stout old mother, full of interesting gossip of boating life. Most dreadful things do they tell as quietly as if they were talking about the weather. One woman told me she wished she could persuade her brother not to drown any more children. He had thrown three baby girls overboard, and she could not help feeling that it was not the right thing to do. And the handsome little rogue of a boy, who comes with Mrs. Jiang's attractive niece, was saved by her from parents who wished to get rid of him. Mrs. Cheng was always there, too, with "Little Pearl," her big-eyed pathetic little daughter. Long years ago Mr. Cheng, having tried to kill his wife with a penknife (stolen from Mr. Morris for the purpose), had the face to disappear as completely as if he'd vanished from the face of the earth, and since then by sewing Mrs. Cheng has managed to support her child and her poor old mother. We always ask about the old mother, and Mrs. Cheng usually answers: "She's died again to-day; was dead for four hours; now she's awake, but her head is still queer"—in this way describing a peculiar sort of fit that the poor old lady is subject to. Then we have Mrs. Shi, with her round beaming face and all her load of merit. She has built a temple, founded two schools, built a monument for her daughter, and spends all her money in "good deeds," and she always says the Gospel is not for her; let those have it who need it. Mrs. Wu, the necromancer's wife, came often,
too. There are many little graves on the hillside to tell that Mrs. Wu has known great trouble, but she says: "Some people carry their trouble on the surface; mine is in my head," and outwardly she is one of the merriest of our visitors; quite noted in fact as a wit. Her clever sweet-faced daughter, a young widow, was almost always with her. Mrs. Liu, too, with her charming courtesy and ready tact, as strong and true a Christian now as she was opposed to Christianity in years gone by; and with her, her old sister-in-law, who we hope is gradually learning by a process of silent absorption. There were many more, but the time for meeting would have come long before this, and we would all hurry to the front, holding on to each other's sleeves for support on our tiny feet.

Our women's meetings in our front guest rooms were always necessarily more or less informal, for everybody brought all their families, and children went to sleep, woke up, lunched, played, were naughty, were disciplined, cried lustily and were noisily comforted; all while the service was in progress. But the meetings were all the more varied and interesting for the constant excitement. It must be a triumph to have a great orderly congregation hang breathless on one's words, but I think there is an even more delicious moment of victory when out of this chaos of untrained, thoughtless heathen women, and playing, fighting, crying children, there suddenly comes a moment of hushed interest; children are repressed or unheeded, and all the faces turn toward the speaker with the longing thirsty look of parched souls, to whom at last comes a wonderful glimpse of living water free to all.

The school girls and their sweet earnest young teacher, Miss Ren, were a great help to us in the meetings. It cheered us just to see them with their pretty bright young faces, gay flowered coats, and embroidered shoes; and they led us all in the singing—the inclination, without them, being for each woman to invent a time quite her own; and they recited for us, and the older ones even led in prayer.
The young teacher herself often said a few words to the women, and they loved to have her, enjoyed her pretty Nankinese accent, and the earnestness which made her, a young maiden, willing to break through the walls of old Chinese custom and stand up and speak for her Master.

Time fails me to tell of all the social events, though everyone is interesting and unique in its way. Toward spring it was quite a fad in Hwai Yuen to give what might be described as "musical luncheons." The writer, who in unappreciative America is considered anything but a prima donna, was invited again and again to come to noonday feasts, while it was gently hinted that a hymn book would be a good thing to take. Arrived at the house, after a short chat over our tea cups, music would be suggested, and I would read a verse of a hymn, explain it, thereby getting in a good deal of good straight doctrine, and then sing it, while everyone listened enchanted to the dulcet strains and exclaimed, "how beautiful it was." In fact one stalwart lady usually had to be chosen to beat back the too eager audience about the door, and Mrs. Cheng, at the East end, when she wanted to invite us, was obliged to borrow a neighbor's house, as her own gate and outer walls, she felt, were not strong enough to withstand the strain of enthusiastic listeners. Many calls and tea drinkings were given and returned, too, and altogether I think we all felt that it was a year in which we grew much nearer to and were friends in a closer, better way with these women than ever before. Everywhere, in our going about, we were welcomed and met with unfailing courtesy, and our work was limited not by the openings, but by the lack of time and strength to enter them.

It is with a deep sigh, as well as a parting smile, that we resign our beloved "Lo Siao Chie" of Hwai Yuen to become Mrs. Beebe, of Nanking, and we realize more and more every day that she leaves a place in the work and in the hearts of the women here that try as we may we cannot fill.—M. H. C.