LITTLE JAN 1912
GLIMPSES
OF THE KIANGAN MISSION

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LITTLE GLIMPSES

OF THE

KIANGAN MISSION
“The Former Things Are Passed Away.”

Destruction is overtaking the ancient monuments of Old Cathay. The Porcelain Pagoda of Nanking was demolished long ago by the Tai Ping rebels, and a foe just as relentless, never pausing, like a rising flood, is wiping out old landmarks and changing the customs of centuries. The school of Chu Fu Tsi, at the base of Kuling mountain, has long been deserted, and a great snake, six feet long, makes his home beneath the image of Confucius, disturbed only by the infrequent visits of curious foreigners. The long rows of stalls at the Examination Hall in Nanking, pictured on our cover, are grown knee-deep with weeds. Could he who at the gateway of this great country cried, “Rock! Rock! when wilt thou open to my Master?” now return, he would find the rock has crumbled. No time now to mourn for what has gone; only fear lest China build her new edifice upon the sand. May China in all her seeking for a wider, higher, stronger life forget not to seek for that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.
NANKING
Our Itinerating Home at Sing Yicu.

The Chapel at Hsiang Kang.
Of course you have read in *The Woman's Work* of the wonderful union meetings held in Nanking last Chinese New Year's. If you have not, just hunt up your August copy, and read Mrs. Williams' story of the thousands of heathen who came to hear the Gospel message, many hundreds of whom believed.

Are you praying for the Union Presbyterian Theological Seminary? The beautiful new main building is ready to be occupied. Why not pray that it be filled to its capacity with students, and that the hearts of the students be filled to their capacity with God's power?

Han-si-men neighborhood has another new building of which it can feel justly proud. This is the woman's school, which is rapidly going up. There is no more important work in our field than this of training women to teach the Gospel to their own people.

An industrial school for women has been started this year to give employment to poor widows and to afford an opportunity to teach them the way of life.

What is the matter with union in China? It seems to be all right in Nanking. The boys' schools of the Methodist, the Disciple, and the Presbyterian Missions have been consolidated into the University of Nanking, which enrolls about 450 students.

A committee of three Chinese Presbyterians and three missionaries have opened a boys' orphanage with *Christian Herald* funds. Land has been bought, and a new building will soon be put up.

Fu-dung is one of the busiest streets of Nanking, but any hour of the afternoon or evening our little chapel can be crowded to the limit with men who want to hear and ask questions about our religion.
Grace Church at Hu-bu-giai has kept up its inquirers' class all summer. These men were gathered in at the time of the New Year's meetings.

The missionary had just preached on heaven to the vast crowd in the big tent, when another missionary turned to an old lady sitting beside her and asked her if she would not like to go there when she died. "Yes, yes, I would," she replied; "won't you please give me a ticket to get in?"

One day Mrs. Hwang was speaking most touchingly of God's love, when an ignorant woman in the audience called out to ask if a follower of Jesus could have a coffin when she died. "Yes," replied Mrs. Hwang, "She can have a coffin and be buried in her fine clothes." The woman, satisfied, settled down to listen again.

One of the school girls had played the organ for a service, and a crowd of women who had neither seen nor heard an organ pushed their way to the front to see where the music poured out. Later in the meeting the same school girl was asked to pray, and when she stood up and bowed her head over the organ and prayed, the women crowded around again to see how the prayer came out.

The Chinese Christians and missionaries of Shanghai and Nanking took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Industrial Exposition held in Nanking from June to December, to inaugurate an evangelistic campaign. Land was bought and a Christian headquarters erected at the entrance to the exposition grounds. Every afternoon and evening services have been held. Owing to the small attendance at the Exposition these services have not been so largely attended as was anticipated.
We are rejoicing over our class in Romanization at Tungdzing. In the second month, out of twelve days at Tungdzing, six were spent in teaching the members of the Gung family to read Romanized Chinese. Some of them know a little character; all of them had Christian instruction, and several of them had made attempts to learn Romanized, which they said they had forgotten. But Miss Leaman's gift of individual copies of John's Gospel, aided by their strong desire to please her, so overcame their reluctance to study Romanized that at the end of the time the most advanced could read almost all the long first chapter,—much of it at sight. Perhaps more encouraging is the report a month ago that in spite of their very busy lives at this busiest time of year, they have worked by themselves until the most advanced have read ten chapters.

One of last year's graduating class was married just after commencement to a helper in the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Kiangyin. From Miss Jourolmon, in charge of that district, comes word that must delight the heart of Mrs. Leaman, for this girl is one of the fruits of her long years of work in the Nanking school. The girl was not exceptionally brilliant as a student, but steady, painstaking and most cheery and affectionate in disposition.

Miss Jourolmon writes that the quiet and effective way in which she manages her home and assists her husband is really remarkable. She has a homey home, and a husband who genuinely respects and loves the little wife.

Going to a dialect quite different from that of Nanking and to a people prejudiced against one from an another province, she was dreadfully lonely and homesick at first. But she has succeeded in mastering both the dialect and the affectionate respect of their parishioners and the foreign missionaries in charge.
The Han-si-men Meetings.

In connection with the union evangelistic campaign at the Chinese New Year, nightly meetings were held at the Han-si-men church. At the close of each meeting Gospels and tracts were distributed among the non-Christians. At first there was only a fair attendance, but every night it increased. Additional benches were brought in from the school rooms, filling up every available space. Close attention was given. At each meeting there were those who desired to be enrolled as inquirers. These meetings were continued for some time after those in the big tent were closed. Even then it was with reluctance that we discontinued them, but other things claimed our attention. Besides, it was felt that such extra time as we could give should be devoted to the instruction of the inquirers. Two nights a week besides the ordinary church services were given to this work until near the end of June, when the short nights and the heat of summer made it advisable to drop them.

The Riot We Didn’t Have.

The day set for the riot in Nanking closed in our school with an incident which had its humorous as well as its tragic side. The former was probably more apparent to the faculty and the latter to the pupils.

The rumors of trouble which had been coming to us for weeks had not seemed to penetrate to the pupils, a fact which added greatly to our feeling of security, for some of our girls came from homes where the parents were certainly in a position to know if trouble really were imminent. Not a girl had been sent for to go home. Still we had made all possible plans for their safety in case of attack,—plans of course unknown to them.
The Tent Erected for the New Year's Meetings.
Christian Headquarters at the Banking Exposition.
As the Senior Christian Endeavor meeting was closing that evening, a great commotion and a direful wailing were heard. The Junior C. E. meeting was just over, and the children had seen the search lights on the gunboats miles away in the harbor, playing over the city and flashing along the sky. Scared! they certainly were. A vague rumor had come to their ears through the day, and those uncanny lights capped the climax. It was bed time, and all went to their rooms, but ten minutes later, when we made our rounds, a wide-eyed busy crowd of girls, quiet in obedience to rule, were engaged in packing their treasures. One kindergarten tot, practical even in her fright, was heard to say: "I'm going to take my dolly; may be I can sell her and get some money." The same child had on three suits of clothes (a hot summer night) as the easiest way to carry them. The bundles already prepared were far bigger than any girl could carry, and still growing. Poor children! they were finally induced to go to bed, and went probably fully dressed, but those pathetic and yet funny bundles remained packed for days.—Grace M. Lucas.

Crumbs from the Bread of Life.

I don't know how much of the Gospel story Hong Da-ma had heard previous to her visit to the tent. I think she told me she had not attended any of our church services. I do remember she said she had lived next door to a Christian. And that young woman's life had been the living epistle Hong Da-ma had seen and read. To me it seemed sudden. She came once, heard the word, and believed. How long God's Spirit had been striving with her we know not. For over forty years she had been a strict vegetarian, seeking to save her soul. The Holy Spirit convinced her that these long years of trusting in self were of no avail. And when the invitation
was given to the weary and heavy laden to come and find rest and peace in Jesus Christ, she was one of the first to rise. I tried to make plain to her something of the heights and depths of God's love, but in the short time I had after the meeting I could tell but little. I invited her to return with me to the school so that she might learn more about the Saviour. She answered: "I must go home first and tell my sons I have decided to become a Christian, for I want all in my home to worship the true God." That night she returned home, and, in the presence of her family, broke her vegetarian vows which she had kept so faithfully for forty years.

A few days later she came to spend a time with me in the women's school. It was not an easy road she had to tread. Two days after her arrival news came that her second son was very ill. When I heard this, the thought came to me: Hong Da-ma will think this sorrow has been sent to punish her. It was with fear in my heart I went out to bid her good-by. My fears vanished when she turned her dear old care worn face to me and said: "You will pray the Father to spare my son." Ten days later a messenger came to tell me her boy was dead. Again doubts crowded into my heart. I knew how much pressure would be brought to force her to burn incense and pray to the idols. Her friends, may be her own family, would join with the priest in blaming her for having refused to pray to the idols. Would she be able to be faithful in it all? But I had limited God's power to save and keep. So far as I know, from the day in the tent when she decided to serve God, she has never turned aside. All the heart struggles she has passed through are known to the Father. I have never heard a murmur or a word of complaint. When next I saw her, it was with tears streaming down her face she said: "If only my son had known of the true God and of His love in sending Jesus Christ to die for all!"—Ellen E. Dresser.
She was sixty or seventy years old, stiff with rheumatism, and white-haired with her years and the sorrows life brings to a Chinese woman. She had tottered out, leaning on a long staff, and as we approached her hut she turned her half-blind eyes to us and said in her quavering voice: 'There is no use coming here. I have already paid several thousand cash for the nuns to recite prayers and beat the gongs to cure my rheumatism, but it is no good. I can scarcely move. I only want to die.'

It was some time before we could make her realize that our message was not that of the priests. Finally she listened with attention and apparent understanding as we told her of God who loves her and does not want her money, but her repentance and obedience; of a Savior who died to save her from her sins, which saying prayers and fasting will never do.

"I have broken my fast," she said. "I was a vegetarian for tens of years, but I still suffered, and so I broke fast, even if it was a sin."

"It was no sin," we told her; "trusting to merit for salvation is sin, but not eating one thing or another." Then we taught her the little three-line prayer for forgiveness, salvation, and cleansing, addressed to "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," impressing upon her that the mere repetition of the words was of no value, but that if she really meant them in her heart the Heavenly Father would surely hear and answer.

She accepted it simply. "I used to pray to the Heavenly Father when I was a young girl. I used to pray every evening to Him." Like many others, she had heard the doxology of the T'ai-ping rebels and had used it in hope of something better.

"When I prayed to the Heavenly Father," she said, "I did not have this rheumatism; my hands were not stiff, so that I could embroider, and I could walk anywhere. Now, if I could only die! My son often tells me to commit suicide by jumping into the canal there. A hundred times a day he says it, but I won't."
“No,” we told her, “that would be a very great sin, and perhaps the Heavenly Father has allowed you to live, in order that you may know Him and the Saviour who died for you.” We left her with the assurance that the Heavenly Father knew and cared, and in His own loving good time would take her to Himself.—Jane A. Hyde.

“If I had only heard before!” She had just risen from her knees after offering her first prayer to the Saviour who died for her. Hardly more than an hour earlier she had come on an errand to see one of the under-carpenters. The contractor’s wife, at one time a little orphan in a mission school, now the right hand of her husband in his business, saw her and told her of Jesus and His love.

It was no duty talk, no listening for politeness’ sake. The soul of the older woman was thirsty. Weary and heavy laden she had gone many times to city and country temples seeking rest, but finding none. The soul of the other shone through her eyes and manner, a deep sweet well of peace. She had taken freely of the water of life. She forgot her care for her seven well-trained children, her house and business. She thought only of those times of communion in that room in her home planned for prayer. Her thought was fixed on the truth of His promises, of the strength, the joy, the peace that He gave for the daily busy round. She could not yet be an eye witness of His glory, but she was a heart witness, and the thirsty one drank in the earnest words.

The wanderer had come from toiling up the hill to a famous temple, prostrating herself in worship every few steps of the tedious climb, and carefully picking out of the path the stones that might make others stumble. Then He who watched her so tenderly led her to His servant, where were removed for her the stumbling stones of a life-time and she found the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—Mary A. Leaman.
Sunday Afternoon at Shwan-tang Chapel.

It is the eighth moon feast day. Women, freed from the routine of daily cares, are out on the street in holiday procession. The missionary going to the usual Sunday afternoon meeting finds, instead of the regulars, crowds of women and children filling the seats and every available corner. Old women, young women, women with children, ugly women, poorly-clad women, intelligent women, heavy-set, dull women, and, as everywhere, dirty women.

What shall the missionary do? How reach these many? All the children are sifted out and the woman's room is still overflowing. Every bench is packed full, and still the crowd presses in.

Service begins with a little talk prepared for the Christians from 1. John v, 18. It is above the heads of most of the hearers. So "Come to Jesus" is sung, but before it is finished loud knocking is heard. The door is opened. What, more? Yes, more and more! We squeeze and push and bring in two more benches, but still not enough room.

The Bible-woman then tells why we sing "Come to Jesus Just Now." On one side is the busy street and its confusing sounds. On another side is the little Sunday School room packed full of little ones, and a baby organ. "From whence should we have so many loaves to fill so great a multitude?" The speaker tries to send her voice to the corners of the room, but it is almost drowned in the din.

Another hymn is sung, "There is a Happy Land," sung in opposition to "Jesus Loves Me" by the children in the next room. But now the chance to talk has come. The surging crowds are quiet. Quickly a talk is given on that Happy Land, the love of the Father who prepared it, and the Elder Brother's power to guide us there. Then comes the appeal to hear and obey the Father's call. Absolute quietness within for the time; outside still the din. Will they hear?
Does the Spirit witness for the truth? A swift prayer and the quietness is no more.

An hour and a half of working with such a crowd on a sultry afternoon in late summer exhausts strength and voice, so when a woman comes forward through the crowd, it seems at first impossible to speak. But wait! She has a story to tell. Her daughter, a weakly, afflicted girl of eighteen, died during the summer. The weekly dispensary treatment did not help her. She was sent to the hospital, but after remaining fifty-two days returned to her home no better, lived some days, and then died.

The mother, through falling tears, tells again of the suffering life. But stay, now there is hope! The girl is safe and the pain is over. How blessed to tell the mother of the life to come; nay, that has already come for her daughter.—Frances Drummond.

Have You?

If we may be assured God loves the common people because He has made so many of them, then surely He loves the children at Shwau-tang, for they fairly swarm in the dirty, narrow, crooked streets and alleys.

At the beginning of the year twenty-five of them crowded into as many square feet in a corner of the woman's room of Shwau-tang chapel. The only other available space was a small court, a roofless, floorless, empty enclosure. Empty as it was, it was preferable to crowding into the woman's room. We moved out a few benches and tables from the school room and seated all we could on them and let the others stand.

We were free and happy in our new home, but winter was coming on and snow and rain would make our out-door life impossible for us. If we moved back into the woman's room, life would be impossible for them.
So we decided to build a roof over the court, put in a floor, two windows, and a door. We added all the benches we thought the space could hold and installed a new baby organ. Did a school ever have such fine equipment? It was surely a palace to the children, and afforded a fine opportunity to those in charge.

And yet there was not room enough. More benches were crowded in. We looked forward to the warm days when the children would lay aside their padded clothes and come in decidedly decreased bulk. Then we could surely pack in closer. But when they did come in little more than the garb nature gave them, we were still crowded. As many as one hundred and seventeen at one time packed into that little room about twelve feet square, and many more to whom we could not give standing space, waited without. On hot damp days the odors were not refreshing, but the thought that these dirty little ones were His "jewels" made me glad for the privilege of working even in such odors.

Characters for many a story could be found. One motherly little soul quite regularly comes in with a train of smaller children. One Sunday she had a bunch of faded roses, evidently found on the street. After lining up the children she proceeded to distribute the flowers. Proudly each laid his treasure against his dirty coat and fastened it in the button loop. Behold the disappointment on one little face when he laid his flower against his own coat of brown skin and found nature had provided nothing to fasten it to!

These little lives are so bare that the smallest gift is acceptable. Think of receiving the cover of the Literary Digest as a reward for memorizing the Beatitudes!

In this district, of probably twenty thousand, ours is the only chapel for the worship of the lowly Nazarene, and this tiny room the only place for a children's Sunday School. We need to enlarge to take in hundreds instead of tens. If God really loves these little ones why does He not send more
people, or their gifts, to care for them? Dr. Gordon tells
about a little one who had given his heart to God, but his
material condition remained as wretched as before. Being
asked why God did not send someone to care for him, the
child replied: "I believe he Has, but someone has forgot."
Have you?—Maud R. Jones.

Odds and Ends of Women's Work.

American Presbyterian Mission,
Nanking, China, September 20th, 1910.

My Dear Girl:—Your letter was a great delight to us,
but I must confess that we were not at all surprised to learn
that you are thinking of coming to China as a missionary.
You are right about waiting to know whether God is think­
ing of it, too.

In the meantime, you want to know what women—single
women—do in China. You know that some teach, some
preach, some practice medicine or nurse, and some do trans­
lation work; yes, and some do all of these. But you are
asking for the little things that ordinary women do aside from
these things.

You dear girl, don't you know that such knowledge would
dissipate the halo around many a missionary's head, or knock
her off the pedestal on which she has been placed by idealizing
friends? But if you insist, your deeds be on your own head.

In the first place, if she is the right kind of woman,
she will probably gird her armor on a little tighter and
fight the powers of darkness as never before in her life.
She will find it more difficult to get time to read her Bible
and pray in China than it ever was in the midst of the
general rip, rip, rah of busy American life. She will have
to smile over disappointing interruptions, and to live with
critical human eyes constantly upon her.
The Last Relic of the Porcelain Tower.

"And yonder by Nankin, behold
the tower of porcelain, strange and old."
—Longfellow.
But this is not exactly what your question meant, is it? All right, just let me begin on a few of the concrete affairs of her life. Some morning she gets up early, takes an old Chinese woman, warranted to be staid and steady, some bedding, and some food to eat, Gospels and tracts to distribute, a hand basin, towel, comb, and cake of soap, and off she sets at daylight on the back of a donkey forty 里, sixty 里, or eighty 里, to a little country place, where she lives a month in the chapel and goes out into the homes of the people to teach and preach. Perhaps she rides a wheel-barrow to her next place; possibly she can rent a boat and go by water; but probably she walks, for she wants to get there. If it rains, she pulls on her rubber boots, tucks up her skirt, puts up her umbrella, and goes just the same.

If a baby is burned or a foot is cut or a man comes down with chills and fever she becomes doctor. She may have to give her patient a bath before she can diagnose the case, but she does not hesitate at that near so much as does the patient. Does some one refuse to eat rice gruel? She opens a tin of beef extract and makes a bowl of nourishing beef tea. Has some one heard of foreign vaccination and wants his family vaccinated? She gets the "points" from Shanghai, goes out to the family, and it is soon over.

Does a woman want a bit of human sympathy? The missionary listens and comforts. Is there a quarrel? She resolves herself into a Hague Tribunal and tries to adjust it. Does a poor fellow need work? She tries to find it for him. Is a family without shelter? She manages to tuck them into an old house in her compound until a place is found. She walks out on the hillside to be alone and rest, meets a poor peasant or coolie, dives into her bag for a tract, then, remembering that he cannot read, she tells him of God and gives him the tract to give to some one else to read to him.

There are city street chapels and classes in the catechism, classes in Chinese character, and perhaps classes in cross-
stitch or crochet-work in order to persuade women to study the Gospel. She entertains crowds of women and children, drinks gallons of tea, asks and answers the same personal questions thousands of times, and shows troops of people through her house, even to turning down the bed and exhibiting two clean sheets.

She plans new buildings for the work, interviews contractors, buys land by proxy, exhorts the servants to be honest, writes multitudes of notes in addition to her business and friendly correspondence, and goes to committee meetings to plan new work to do.

She must look after her house, train a new servant, revise her wardrobe, and devise ways and means to keep both house and wardrobe respectable and still have money enough left to keep a boy and a girl or two in school, pay a Bible-woman's salary, buy tracts to distribute, contribute to famine funds, bury a servant, help buy a coffin for a poor neighbor, send a little gift to the new bride, put a dollar into the Christmas collection, give a tea to the Christian Endeavor women, hire rickshas for women with tiny feet whom she needs to help her in the street chapels, buy a gown for a deserving woman whose gown was stolen, build an addition to a crowded chapel, buy a few conveniences for the country chapels, and it takes not little of her time to decide what it is best not to buy.

She takes her faithful Bible-woman with her, and off they go up the street to visit women they have never seen before to tell them about the Gospel, and leave them some portions and tracts. As they make their way in and out of cold, cheerless homes, often followed by children or passers-by, she is a diversion in the colorless lives of the women, who ask her questions no one in the home land would dare ask. How old is she? What did that hat cost? Are those chicken feathers on it? What does she have on her hands? What did her coat cost? Why does she not have more clothes on?
Isn't she cold? What does she eat? Does she eat very much? Between questions, she tries to tell them that Jesus died for them.

She goes to look up delinquent church members, carries flowers to sick ones, and encourages the discouraged just as you do at home, and it fits the needs of the Chinese heart just as well as it does any heart in the home land.

I am not going to tell you any more to-night, but when you come to China you will ask the first day you are here, "Why did no one tell me this before?" A new missionary does not begin with this program, but the older ones live up to it pretty faithfully. There is no place for such odds and ends in the reports sent home, but, do you know, I often think an interlinear edition of woman's work that gives such scraps would be more interesting than the formal reports, and perhaps they accomplish as much as the regulation work in saving China for the Kingdom.

Yours, full of sympathy,
Minnie Moore Gray.

A Father's Faith.

Prayer-meeting at Lih Shui was just over, and our little band of workers stood idly around talking. Two Chinese suddenly opened the door and came in, their foreheads wet with perspiration, their long queues tousled, and their coats open at the throat. Calamity was written on their faces.

"What is the matter?" we exclaimed together.

In true oriental style they replied, "Peace unto you; all is well, except Chang Wen-djen's youngest son!"

A look of terror shot across Chang Wen-djen's face. "Is he dead?" he asked. His oldest boy had gone astray and well-nigh broken the old man's heart. This boy was his only comfort and support.
"No, no," the messenger replied: "Perhaps the illness is slight. Last night he did not feel well, but we thought not of it. When he was called this morning, he did not answer, and when we drew aside his curtain, he lay frothing at the mouth, entirely unconscious."

The father's awkward frame shook with grief. Then with heroic self-control and true trust he asked, "Pray that I may accept God's will, and not murmur against him; that I may say, 'God's will be done.'"  

Quickly the father and messengers left for home, followed by the prayers of our little company. One among us who knew something of medicine said there was no hope. Before the father could walk the sixty li to his home his son would be dead.

A month later I was again near Lih Shui, and asked about Chang Wen-djen and his son. This is the story they told me:

"The father came home praying that God might heal his son if it was His will. The boy still lay in a trance when he arrived. His friends urged that a Chinese doctor be called, but he would not listen. He had put his trust in the true God. He took his Bible and hymn-book and sat down in the room beside his son's bed. First he read some verses, and then he sang a hymn, and then over his seemingly dead son's body he poured out his soul in prayer.

"A crowd gathered at the door as crowds always do when one wishes to be alone. At first they were curious. Then they were seriously impressed. Later the spell broke, and they began to hoot at him. But as the man prayed on, never minding them, he gained in confidence towards God, and he earnestly and definitely claimed the promises.

"When he had thus prayed for some time, the son suddenly opened his eyes, looked quietly about, and asked what all the crowd meant. God had answered that trusting father's prayers. The son lives to-day, a constant reminder to the whole community of the power of the true God."—A. V. Gray.
A Challenge to the New Learning.

Old "Teacher" Kung's heart was sad and burdened that August market-day as he sat in meditation in the silent school room where he had once presided as master. Neither the hot tea nor the words of his closest friend, Elder Chiu, could release him from the grip of his strange emotion. A lazy spider wove his web across the high paper-glazed window, through which the sun managed to send a filtered light. The old square tables surrounded with narrow benches, and the master's desk in the far dark corner, comprised the only furniture in the room, except the small tea-tables and chairs occupied by the two friends. The school was closed, and the usual approach through the long, dark alley was unused. The friends had entered through the rear door of the village chapel which now stood open, admitting the humming sounds of the busy mart.

"Teacher" Kung was sad at heart because of what he deemed a decline in scholarly enthusiasm on the part of his countrymen. He had just returned from the great "South Capital" (Nanking), where he had seen once more the city crowded with new faces. But now, instead of 20,000 poor students, each intent upon winning one of the few coveted degrees, he had seen crowds of pleasure-seekers all intent upon making the National Exposition a play-ground. He contrasted these crowds of money-spenders with the multitudes of earnest literati, of whom he had frequently been one, and who had come from every corner of the three provinces and then humbly returned to their own villages to teach and to study again.

Elder Chiu did not cheer his old classic-loving soul with composing thoughts, for the chapel day-school was without a teacher now since the last one, like his predecessor, had gone back to the city, disgruntled with the salary and the tameness of the village life. "What can we do, Elder Chiu? Our
classics will not do, for we are pressed on every hand to teach these new-fangled Western subjects. Our old teachers are both unable to teach these things and are out of sympathy with them all; these young fellows from the new colleges in the city are discontented and unhappy in our humble village schools and unwilling to accept a salary far larger than we old teachers ever received. And it is sad, Elder Chiu, to see these old men wanting for bread and employment when these young upstarts disdain a handsome living."

"Truly, 'Teacher' Kung, schools which fail to promote filial piety, and which alienate our boys from the very homes they were born into, fail in a prime necessity. They may be taught to do sums with a pencil, and to build great ships and wonderful guns, and to speak that awful tongue, and to make money like the foreigner, but they are not taught the five relations in the way that we were, and they are ashamed to acknowledge the fathers who raised them and the ancestors who taught our nation virtue and government."

"'Teacher' Kung mused long while his tea grew cold. Twice the servant noiselessly changed it for hot. He was thinking of the nation of school-teachers who had for centuries, in patience and in poverty, toiled throughout the myriad villages over the face of the great empire to teach the ways of virtue as the great sages have set them forth. These words of the masters and the very characters themselves were dear to his old heart, but dearer still were the lessons wrapped up in these ancient writings—lessons which had done much to give his nation a history so continuous that its beginnings are lost in the hoary mists of the early ages—lessons which so magnify the virtue of filial piety that every family might proudly trace its ancestry back, back till the founder was often but a myth. "Teacher" Kung traced his own back for seventy-five generations to the great sage Confucius, and then that was but the beginning. And to
think that these lessons were being forgotten was bitter indeed! Mayhap his own son, now in the city college, would soon forget him and his parents and grandparents! And this new learning, what was it? There was scarcely a teacher to be found to espouse it in his village. At the best, some "green-yeared" youth would come down for a few weeks and grumingly preside at a desk where honor and gray hairs had willingly presided for so many centuries. Ah, that was "eating bitterness."

"Well, Elder Chiu," said his friend, "we must wait for the foreign pastor's arrival; he can clear up this present difficulty by finding another teacher for us. We must carry on the school, as he has shown us, on the new basis, for we know that only so can we continue to make our school the center of influence in the village. We are anxious to have the children from every home come in with our Christian children and learn of the teachings and love of Jesus. But for the future, let us pray that, as of old, a whole host of teachers may be raised up who shall be willing and able, who shall be filial and humble, and who are "hot-hearted" Christians—men who will go out into every village and hamlet spreading with enthusiasm the lessons of their hearts.—A. A. Bullock.

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**Christian Literature.**

In connection with the New Year's union evangelistic campaign fully 12,000 annotated Gospels and 25,000 tracts were given away. This we were enabled to do through the generosity of Rev. W. E. Blackstone. The committee on literature had slips printed on red paper and inserted in each copy of the Gospels given. On these slips were printed, first, a New Year's salutation; second, a statement that this literature was presented by the six missions working in Nanking; third, a request that the recipient would go to any of our
fifteen or sixteen chapels, a list of which was given, if he desired further information or more literature on this important subject. One or more tracts were also inserted in each Gospel, the theme of which was as near as possible in accord with that of the speaker at that particular meeting. These then were distributed among the audience, whether men or women, as they came out of the big tent after each meeting. The same was done at each of the chapels throughout the city at every night meeting. More extensive tracts and catechisms were provided for those who indicated their desire to become Christians. Proud Confucianists and humble laborers, alike, thankfully received this literature. The children were given illustrated tracts.

Besides these, tens of thousands of cards were distributed on all the principal streets of the city. On these were printed in large type "Admission Ticket," and in smaller type a statement as to the time, place, and purpose of the meetings.—W. J. Drummond.

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**Anti-foreign Feeling.**

A year ago last Chinese New Year's, a day-school was opened in Sing Dien with twenty-six pupils, under a Christian teacher. About half of these pupils were of Christian, and the other half of non-Christian parentage. Among these latter was a lad of about thirteen years of age. He became an earnest believer, and at the November meeting of session applied for baptism. He stood a good examination, and we would have baptized him, but that he was a minor and we desired to ask his parent's permission. His father was not at home, and so he was put off until the next communion.

When the teacher was re-engaged for another year, the father gave the boy's name as a pupil. At the opening of the
A Mode of Punishment—fast passing away.
school after the New Year the boy did not appear. When inquiry was made at the home it was learned the boy was indeed very anxious to attend school, but the father forbade it. The boy pleaded with tears to be permitted to go, even refusing for a time to eat, but the father was obdurate, saying: "If you go any more there will be a little foreigner inside of you." At last accounts the father still refuses to allow the boy to come. This is only one of many tokens showing the revival of anti-foreign feeling among the people of this country district.—W. J. Drummond.

A Bible Training School for Central China.

As we go to press, plans are forming for a new and important union movement—the establishment of a great school for the training of evangelists, Bible-women, and other Christian workers. The visit of Dr. Wilbert W. White and his associates of New York city to a number of missionary gatherings, in China, resulted in an urgent call, signed by missionaries from all parts of the Empire, for the establishment of one or more such schools, available for Chinese of all denominations. The places named for possible sites are Hankow and Nanking. The Kiaugan Mission will heartily welcome it to Nanking, and there is every reason to believe that such an interdenominational Bible school will be of great influence in promoting the cause of Christ within our bounds. The spirit in which this project is pushed is that of the closing word of Dr. Mott at the Edinburgh Conference: "Together."—J. C. Garritt.
Mrs. Charles Leaman:—An Appreciation.

On Saturday evening, October 9th, at Kuling, just at sunset, our beloved Mrs. Leaman fell asleep. The last weeks were hard ones for all who loved her; she was so tired and longed for rest. She was surrounded by such loving care through all the years of suffering, but even such love could not keep her here. Her last note written to me said:

"Pray for me that I may have patience to wait the dear Father's own way and time." And so it was that at the last, as peacefully as a little child falling asleep in its mother's arms, she passed into the glory beyond our sight. "The dawn on distant hills shines on these vales below, the shadows of this world are lost in light to which I go."

Mrs. Leaman was always frail; yet she had such wonderful vitality, such abounding, energy she lived and worked for China for thirty-seven years.

Coming with her husband to Nanking they worked through hard strenuous years, laying the foundations for our work. Teaching, preaching, studying, a loving mother, a careful housekeeper, given to hospitality, her work knew no bounds. As the years went by people went to her for sympathy—new missionaries, perplexed and troubled ones of every mission, the school girls, the men of the church, the little tap tap on her door, as some little school-girl or some burdened woman came with her story, ate into her resting times, yet she gave to all unselfishly. Many people have said that the peace and harmony of our working community is largely due to the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Leaman. In our first six months in China we, as new missionaries living in their home, heard no unkind story or criticism of any fellow-workers. The Chinese were their adopted people, and so no story of their evil or dishonesty came to us, but instead instances of their fidelity and little heart stories of their struggles won our sympathy. "In her tongue was
Mrs. Charles Leaman.
the law of kindness," not an impulse, but a law faithfully kept during her life. I remember her during our first weeks in China at the funeral of one of her school-girls. It was a cold wet day, and as the little procession started to go to the burial grounds I seem to see her yet as she passed along, helping the stumbling children over the wet stones and trying to cheer the poor mother; after eleven years when I told that mother that Mrs. Leaman had gone home, with tears she said: 'Oh she was my mother! all the mother I ever knew.'

Such a life is like an old violin; the music of the past is wrought into it. So her life is woven into the very fibre of our work. In the church which she loved, and where she worked so long, where the believers are gathered in our chapels, out in the country stations, they are saying: "Our mother has gone." A long line of school girls, who have gone into homes or work of their own, rise up and call her blessed.

Her mind was wonderfully clear to the very last. All the work of our station and each member of it were dear to her and constantly on her heart. The influence from her quiet room went out while life lasted. Her last resting place, a beautiful spot in Kuling, overlooking the sunset hills, is a fitting place. A memorial service was held especially for the Chinese, in the church where she labored so long, at the same hour as the service in Kuling. We cannot think of her as dead, rather that she is living on, rich still in love, as she was full of love here. Free from all fetters she has entered into the joy which is promised with the "Well done."

LILIAN C. WILLIAMS.
HWAI YUAN
Andrew and Peter.

The names are not in every respect appropriate. In this case it is the elder brother who brought the younger to the Messiah, the elder who remains the leader, and the character of neither is like that of the apostle of like name, but they were the first disciples of Christ in this village, and the brother who first came quickly brought the other; so Andrew and Peter let them be, but do not press the significance of the names too far.

Andrew is an ordinary country farmer, not wealthy, but with sufficient for his family, so that when the rainfall is too much or too little or not properly distributed, he does not have to worry lest the spring months find him with the grain all gone and no friend willing to lend. Some few years before we knew him, his father died, and the property came to Andrew and Peter, with the family responsibility on Andrew's shoulders. Debts were inevitable. Due honor must be given to the parent, and the bills for the coffin, grave clothes, incense and priests, paper houses, paper clothes, and paper money to be burnt at the grave, feasts for relatives and neighbors, and the large amount of squeeze in the making of all these preparations, must be paid and accounts cleared. A portion of the debts was paid by selling some land, and a loan at 24 per cent. yearly interest covered the others. Both brothers gambled a little, and occasionally smoked opium, and a few years went by with no improvement in their affairs. They were barely able to meet the interest on their loan. Then Andrew was taken with a fever. When he regained consciousness he was totally blind. His strength gradually came back, but he did not wish to get up from his bed. He did not wish to meet the friends among whom he had been a leader. He felt ready to die, but not ready to live.
But the fever was gone and he must take his place in the household, different as it was from the place he had held before. When no one was near, he rose and moved listlessly about the room striking his head on the wheat cradle hanging from the rafters and bringing down a cloud of dust on head and shoulders, barking his shin on the tongue of the plow, and knocking it over with a crash. Moving more cautiously he nearly fell headlong over the six-inch-high stool in the middle of the floor, and feeling slowly along the pile of yellow beans, wound round with their narrow strip of matting like a great puttee to keep them in place, he bumped his knee on the corner of the four-legged bench, and sinking down buried his head in his arms on the dusty table. Of what use could he be to himself or anyone? What place could he take in the household economy? Where was the slightest glimmer of pleasure in life? But he rose again and made the round of the room. He felt the pillar of wheel-like bean cakes, struck the straw chopper with his foot, passed his hand over the piles of wheat and unhulled rice, much diminished since his illness, reached the mill stone in the corner, passed round it to the manger, running his hand along the donkey's back and so back to the table, catching his foot in the stirrup of the wooden saddle as he re-seated himself, and, pushing it further under the table, he was in the old surroundings. The contents of the one room which served them for guest room, dining room, living room, flour mill, barn, store room and stable, were all as he remembered them, but all were changed for him. He could know only what he could touch. The clean yellow bundle of long straight barley straw for weaving mats, the brooms of gao liang with their store of seed for spring planting, the scythes of the reapers, the half-moon frame covered by a hempen net in which they gathered the falling wheat, the dried bean curd, which did not spoil even in the heat of summer, though it did acquire a mouldy flavor,—all these things and many others were hung
Andrew and Peter.
to the rafters above his head, festooned with dusty cobwebs stickling to the thatch; though he knew these were there he could not see them. He felt there was no niche for him in the daily routine, but he gradually became of some importance once more. He had been of good judgment as a farmer and he could still advise about the planting of the crops and direct the hired men in their work while Peter took charge of the necessary marketing and general oversight. Slowly he recovered a little of his eyesight, could distinguish night and day and see the sunshine at the door. He was taking more of his share of the burden, but things were not happy in the home. Andrew’s daughter-in-law and Peter’s wife did not enjoy each other’s society. Andrew had three sons, Peter had no children. This was a cause of bitterness to the elder woman, and the young wife of the nephew did not always listen to the commands of the sharp tongue.

Then Peter began to get into trouble. Sometimes he went to market and returned without the grain which he had taken to sell, without the cloth he had been asked to purchase, without money, and without explanation. The neighbors spoke of gambling. Then one night a neighbor came with the report that Peter had lost eight Spanish dollars at one sitting at the gaming table. It was a large sum. Even in a good year they could not expect to save more than twice or three times that amount to pay the interest on their debt and try to reduce the loan. Andrew did a good deal of thinking in his enforced darkness, and the prospect for the family seemed dark as his own life.

About this time a relative came home from Hwai Yuan, a city twenty miles away. He had recovered from some slight ailment, through medicine he had secured from the foreign hospital, and he reported that a large number had been cured of serious eye trouble, and some blind had had their sight restored. Andrew resolved to go. Several friends went with him and he saw the foreign doctor. When he
heard that there must be an operation, and, as at least twenty
days would be required for a cure, he must stay in the hospital,
he was much dismayed, and returned to his inn, promising
to come the next day for operation, but very doubtful as to
what he should do. All his friends were against it. The
rumors current for so many years of eyes and hearts cut out
for medicine were too persistent to be ignored. Operating
on the eye and requiring him to live in the hospital were too
suspicious. He hesitated for a long time, but finally decided
to take the risk. "If he removes my eyes," Andrew said,
"well, I can only be blind, and I am that now. If he kills
me I lose a life that is not worth very much." So he took the
plunge and was led back into the wards. On entering he was
surprised to find the ground so smooth under his feet, and
stooping down he found the floor paved with brick. Another
patient assured him that at West Gate Ridge the foreigners
floored their houses with wooden planks, and he was silent
with astonishment. Daily during his month in the hospital a
fellow-countryman came and talked to them all about another
religion, the evils of idol worship, and the Heavenly Father.
At first Andrew paid no attention. Then he argued, "This
preacher is a friend of the doctor and can speak well of us
to the doctor. The preacher likes us to listen to him, and
it is an easy way to please him. He will speak for us to
the doctor, and the doctor will hasten our cure." After that
he listened and induced the other patients to listen from the
same motive.

About two weeks after Andrew entered the hospital came
a rainy day. People in America do not know how it rains
when it really means business. The sky is one vast gutter-
spout, and the wind sees to it that the rain does not fall
straight down. The evening was worse than the day and
the unlighted slippery streets were running rivers. About
nine o'clock the doctor turned up at the hospital with his
Chinese assistant. The doctor's home was a quarter of a
mile away, but there was a patient who needed attention, and it had never occurred to him to hesitate because of the weather. It was done unconsciously in the course of the daily round of duty at far less sacrifice than the doctor has shown many other times, but it was the thing that got hold of Andrew. So far as he could see, the patient could be just as well attended to in the morning; at any rate no one would blame the doctor for not coming on such a night. Now Andrew began to listen to the preacher to find out why people did such things. Words spoken before, that seemed empty phrases, took on new significance. He asked questions, not to interest the preacher, but because he himself was interested. In a few days he was ready to go home, and he could see. Others might be inclined to grumble if they had only the small amount of sight that had been restored to him, but for him it was glorious. The film that had grown over his eyes could not be removed, but a new pupil had been cut on the side of it, and he could see. He could walk without being led, and by standing in the sunlight in the doorway and squinting out of the corner of one eye he could recognize the characters in a big-print Gospel.

He promised to return in a week and attend a class for inquirers. He came and brought with him two relatives; one had been interested because the Chinese preacher had played the flute with him, the other had been cured in the hospital. They studied the Bible and their catechisms for eight days, and that was the beginning of the church in their village. It was not easy at first. The family and all the neighbors were opposed. It was not exactly convenient to hold services in the one room of many uses, and Peter did not like it. He was interested in the bicycle which the foreigner rode the first time he came, but that was the only endurable part of the visit. The neighbors crowded in. Things were mislaid and broken and the family generally upset. And the women did not like it. Every seven days were those meetings, and
people from a distance began to come, and politeness demanded that, at least for their first visit, they should be asked to stay to dinner. This meant more work and more expense, for more food was consumed, and it must be of better quality than ordinary. But Andrew stuck it out and Peter soon became interested; so did Andrew’s son. Twice a year they came into the city to classes, and one Sunday each month some preacher visited them. More became interested. One or two of them had had a year or two of schooling in their early days, and took up the Bible, learning to read again, and those who had not learned, joined them in the winter months, and they talked over the Gospel stories together, and what they did not understand they asked the preacher when he came. There soon came to be too many for the little room, and they built a church, raising half the funds themselves. Other men of prominence in the village have joined them, but Andrew and Peter have retained their position of leadership. Andrew has learned the spirit of unselfishness, which first attracted him in the doctor. The story of Andrew and Peter is just begun. The power of it is spreading on all sides as the splash of a stone sends its waves to all corners of the pond, and everywhere the story touches another life, another story is born. This is the way that China will be Christianized: "After the power of an endless life."

Fate or Faith.

Sometimes it seems a great risk, this reckoning futures which we do in the boys’ school. Perhaps a sound business head might think it bordered on recklessness. The time and thought of four teachers expended hourly every day for ten years before the graduation of the first boy ready for work, the constantly increasing yearly expense, the necessity that these educated men who are bound to be leaders of the
Hwaiguan Boys' Boarding School.

First Country School.
church be leaders of the right sort, the increased power for evil which education gives the immoral, makes failure so grave that the prudent man would hesitate.

He would at least demand good raw material for his enterprise. But what do we find. The sons of the well-to-do often with vicious habits, the boy from the city even though from a good home as conversant with the seamy side of life as any Broadway newsboy, the farmer's boy of better moral stuff, but with what little mental capacity he may originally have had blunted by the atrocious country caricature of an atrocious method of education, and all of them fired with a zeal for change in this ever-changing effort for reform which often leads them to leave our schools before they have felt their influence.

Yet we are not gambling in futures. It is faith, not fate, that will bring us through, faith that the Christ who has transformed your life and mine can transform other lives as well, faith that God is still working in His world where we remove hindrances and give Him the opportunity. Our faith is a weak thing compared with that of the pioneer missionary. We have before us examples of what their work and sacrifice have done. Before long the advantage of our schools, the success of the experiment, will be as clearly calculated as the tables of death rates of an insurance company. Failures we have; they are inevitable. But the sadness they bring is outweighed by the joy of the successes.

Last July, when the boys had left for vacation, I found this question written in English and Chinese over a bed in the dormitory: "Can you not conquer yourself?" We are teaching our boys to ask this question and to answer it in the affirmative.
The Central Church of Hwai Yuan.

The Central Church of Hwai Yuan, erected through the generosity of Mr. William Barber, was dedicated on Sunday, December 12, 1909. Two hundred followers of Christ were present, 150 of whom were Christians and inquirers from the district of Hwai Yuan. The remainder of the congregation were from missions working in adjoining territory and from Nanking. The church has a seating capacity of 600. During the past year 14 new members have been admitted and 54 inquirers received. 3 members and 2 inquirers have been dismissed.

"The Cross is in the Field." The new church is finished, and on the pinnacle of the roof over the main door is a cross of white stone, symbol of purity and sacrifice. What is it to mean for Hwai Yuan?

Another symbol of purity and sacrifice stands to the east. Just outside the gate of "The Rising Sun" are two monuments, so tall that they effectually prevent a good photograph from the southeast, but scarcely taller than the church wall when seen from a distance. They are memorials to two women whose husbands, or betrothed husbands, died when they were very young and who have remained widows to the time of their death. They remained in their husbands' home and served his father and mother as if their own. Surely this is a praiseworthy memory of one long dead, a Ruth-like service of those he loved, a magnifying of the marriage vow. And yet how many things have come to nullify the original conception? The still greater honor for her who kills herself upon her husband's death, the memorial sent from District Magistrate to Prefect, from Prefect to Governor, from Governor to Viceroy, from Viceroy to the Board of Rites, and then the permission to erect a monument, returning by the same devious road to the district city, the calls of congratulation and giving of presents by friends and neighbors, the monument erected by such a widow in her old age to her own memory, the merit that the widow is believed to have attained, the notoriety and self-interest of all these things have distorted and covered over the natural
Hwaiyuan Church.
Memorial Stones to the right of the tree.

Interior of Hwaiyuan Church.
human sorrow and affection. How terribly the belief in merit attained and reward granted for each good deed done has sapped the best from the highest aspirations of man's heart! The multitude of famine sufferers saved from starvation by your money and work are grateful, but their gratefulness is tinged by commercialism. It is true you have saved their lives, but have not they by the suffering of their bodies supplied the opportunity for your accumulation of merit?

A little to the east of the memorials, on a long stone causeway, is the place of frequent executions, not with the sword, but in the cage, death by strangulation. I had lived several years in China before I knew of the methods of execution except from others. Then one evening in late autumn, after a long day's journey by wheel-barrow, we came after sunset with but a glimmer of daylight left, to the city of Nan Hsü Chou. As we turned in at the gate of the outer battlement we came face to face with two robbers who had that day paid the penalty of their crimes in the cage. A wave of horror came over us to think that in human society such things are possible, that the government cannot by education save its citizens from such a fate, that in China the officers of the law are frequently as cruel and as lawless as their victims, and that these criminals had so yielded themselves to their passions that their lives had closed in such utter darkness. Once, on hearing of an execution about to take place, an evangelist was sent to take the poor fellow the message of the Gospel, but he was so occupied with pleading his innocence that the message came for him too late.

But the Cross is in the field. We have too often seen its power to doubt its efficacy. The love of Christ can break down all the barriers of formal religion and self-seeking and make the human heart cry out, 'I delight to do thy will, Oh my God.' The love of Christ can convict of sin and bring repentance and cleanse the fallen and reform society. Will it do so here and now? It depends upon the faithfulness of
Christ's followers. You and I must have the Cross not only on our church but in our hearts and in our lives. Then as clearly as the church of Christ can be seen from mountain, plain and river about the city of Hwai Yuan, so clearly will the power of Christ be seen in the lives of her men.—J. B. C.

"These everlasting feasts, they are the bane of missionary existence," I grumbled to myself as I saw Mr. Kiang, the boatman, come smiling across the court about three days after China New Year with a large flaming red invitation in his hand. However, by the time we met at the door, I tried to feel more cheerful, and as I protested I was not worthy to accept his kindness and yet delicately hinted what a rare treat it would be to me to eat one of Mrs. Kiang's delicious feasts I really think that I meant it.

The next morning, although the streets were slippery with mud and slush, we started out, a merry little party, for the mile walk down to the boat, Siu Rung; the boatman's pretty daughter, her glossy black hair hanging in a long braid down her back, and her great soft eyes glistening with joy and excitement, led the way, picking out the drier places daintily in her embroidered shoes. The rest of us—the two girls' school teachers, Mrs. Cheng and Mrs. Wang, whose husbands teach in the boys' school, the Misses Murdock, Mrs. Liu (the licentiate's wife) and myself, followed in a little group. It is so seldom that Mrs. Liu and I can both leave our big families and get out together that we were obliged to make the most of this opportunity and before arriving at the "house of feasting" to turn aside for a few moments and visit that strong contrast the Bible speaks of, "the house of mourning." It was only a tiny grass and straw hut this "house of mourning," set down so closely among its neighbors, in a little muddy courtyard, that it was hard to find, but Mrs. Chen was on the lookout for us, and sent "Little Pearl" running to meet us and bid us welcome. She herself
could hardly smile, for she said: "The end is very, very near now," and the neighbors, all eager and wondering, crowded around us as we entered the little door which served to give all the light and air that the wretched hovel afforded. A strange pungent odor met us as we stepped inside, and Mrs. Liu, instantly recognizing it, glanced quickly at our hostess. "Yes," said Mrs. Chen, "mother is dying. I have been burning it ever since last night." As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark and the smoke I saw that saddest of all sights—the end of a heathen life. An old woman with matted grey hair and drawn, unconscious face lay in a heap on some straw in the corner of the hut. She was covered with a ragged indescribably filthy quilt, and her breath came in heavy gasps, while the pungent smoke poured from an iron brazier near her head and enveloped her. Mrs. Chen was right; the end was very, very near. We then stood looking down at her: Mrs. Chen holding my hand while the tears poured down her cheeks; Mrs. Liu, her kind eyes full of sorrow and sympathy; and all the heathen neighbors crawling and whispering about the door. "Shall we pray?" said I. "Oh! yes, yes," said Mrs. Chen. "I have wanted so much to pray for her and I know all the Buddhist prayers for the dying, but I don't want to say those now. So I have just said, 'Our Father which art in heaven' and waited for you to come." "O Father, this Thy poor wandering child is coming back to Thee at last. She does not know, she cannot understand, but we have been in Thy loving hands. If we pity her, how much, much more dost Thou. Do with her as Thou wilt." "Yes," sobbed poor Mrs. Chen, "The Father will understand. I tried to teach her, but her mind was so feeble afterward I learned that she couldn't remember it at all. But the Father will understand." A wonderful peace had come over the daughter's thin tired face, and, with a parting glance, we left the poor old mother, and that night she was indeed gathered into the "everlasting arms."
The sun shone gaily over the river as hand in hand Mrs. Liu and I slipped and slid down the causeway and along the muddy bank. Mrs. Liu was somewhat terrified, although she has lived within sight of the river all her life, and every three or four years it rises up and floods her out of her home. "I have never been on a boat," she said, "and I can't help being afraid of it." I reassured her (having crossed the Pacific ocean three times; and the Atlantic twice, I felt comparatively very experienced), and just then the little junk hove in sight, moored about ten feet from the shore, with Mr. Kiang all smiles and cordiality standing on the prow to greet us. We scrambled up the gang plank steadying ourselves by the pole that Mr. Kiang held out to us, and were warmly welcomed by portly Mrs. Kiang and her buxom daughter, who crawled out of the cabin (through a hole about a yard square) to greet us. While we were bowing to each other on the deck, we could not but notice that the little cabin was buzzing like a beehive with our fellow-guests, and as we dropped to our hands and knees and crawled in through the hole, we were greeted with shouts of laughter. Seated tailor fashion on the floor were the Misses Murdock, the Misses Ren (teachers in the girls' school), Mrs. Cheng and Mrs. Wang. Mrs. Liu and I cuddled down beside them after a great deal of scrambling and bumping of heads in their efforts to give us a most honorable seat, and Mrs. Kiang seated herself in the back doorway (about two feet and a half square) and slid into us a square board for a table and any amount of little dishes piled high with New Year goodies, delicious rice-sugar candy, flat wafers of popped rice, and delicate little sticks of native sugar and sesame seeds. As we partook of these dainties and sipped our tea, we could hear a great sizzling and popping from the tiny kitchen in the rear, and delicious savoury odors were wafted to us, suggestive of the joys to come, while every few minutes Miss Kiang, with burning red face, peeped out of the door to see how we were getting on, and Mrs. Kiang from her connecting seat on deck
kept sticking her head in and imploring us to eat more. And
right here that happened which has proved to me that by
nature I am suited to be a Chinese missionary. I remarked
when the watermelon seeds were passed that I could not
crack them for they hurt my teeth, and Mrs. Liu sitting next
me said: "Why, I will do it for you," which she proceeded to
do, cracking them with her front teeth and removing them from
their shells very daintily with her long finger nails. One at a
time she did it and held me with "her glittering eye" until
she actually saw me eat them. I looked longingly at the
cracks in the floor, but there was no chance to slip even one
down, so I ate them, any number of them, and I know now that
I am suited in some ways for a Chinese missionary. This was
only a preliminary to the feast, which began in good earnest
with numberless little plates of pork. Sections of the pig's ear,
his tail, his liver, his feet, sausages, thin slices of pork, ham,
and thence on to the last things—pork balls, pork boiled with
cabbage, thin shreds of pork with macaroni, and, as a relish,
some pickled garlic, which Mrs. Kiang is quite noted for.
One of our fellow-guests, who had eaten heartily so far, but
with an air upon her of every mouthful being a condescension,
was very scornful of the pickled garlic. "I don't ever eat
the stuff," she said, "and foreigners can't stand it either."
A thundercloud instantly obscured the beaming sun of Mrs.
Kiang's round face, and trouble seemed unavoidable, when
Mrs. Liu came to the front with her charming ready tact: "We
know what that is, don't we, Mrs. Kiang," she said, helping
herself to a garlic as she spoke: "I remember when Mr.
Liu was a vegetarian and Mr. Kiang was probably the same,
when he ate vegetables. Mr. Liu would not touch garlic; he
called it the 'little flesh,' and he could not even come into a
room where it was hanging up to dry." Mrs. Kiang was
instantly appeased, and the two women vied with each other
in telling us interesting anecdotes of their husbands' Bud-
dhist days. They showed us the curious position, cross-legged
with one foot on top of each knee, in which they would sit in prayer all night, and described to us some of the long fasts and prayers they would have in order to "gain merit," and we thought of the two earnest Christian men that we knew, and marveled at the change. All the time our little saucers and dinner spoons were filled and filled again by our neighbors' nimble chopsticks, and at last the happy stage was reached when bowls of rice were handed in and the end was in sight. We gulped down the rice somehow, constantly defending ourselves, amid much laughter, from a steady rain of pork balls and slices of fat pork floating in grease, which our neighbors would force upon us, and then with a last mighty effort I held up my empty bowl, exclaiming that I had found the proverbial "old black cow," supposed to be visible in the bottom of an emptied bowl, and as one after another reached this state of repletion we stretched our aching limbs and tried a new position of kneeling or crouching while we sociably washed our faces on the common wash cloth wrung out of hot water and offered to each one in turn by Mrs. Kiang.

But now the neighbors from all the junks anchored near flocked on to our deck; some of Mrs. Kiang's special friends crawled in and were introduced, while others peered in at us through the doors and literally "raised the roof," that they might have a better glimpse of us from above. And so we sang to them and told them the "old, old story," which always seems more new and wonderful when the eager listeners drink it in for the first time, and before our eyes a new heaven and a new earth open to their dazed and marveling souls, and so as our voices failed and the early February twilight settled down through the red glow of a Chinese sunset we turned toward home. Ah! but we all knew and loved each other better that we had broken bread together. A homely meal, perhaps, and hard to eat, and only a plain homely way, but still one way of trying to follow in the footsteps of One who "ate with publicans and sinners."—M. H. C.
The Reception Room, Hope Hospital.
Hope Hospital.

The past year marks the beginning of a new, and, we believe, more useful epoch in the medical work of our station. The long hoped for hospital is at last a reality, and the year has been largely a history of effort directed to getting a good start in the new home.

It seemed right that the occupation of the building should be made the occasion of an acknowledgment of the many courtesies and kindnesses of which we have been the recipients from the people of Hwaiyuan since coming here eight years ago. Moreover, we wished to declare to all that the establishment of the hospital and the gift of the new building was an expression of fraternal love in obedience to the command of our Savior, and that it is freely at the service of the people of Hwaiyuan. Three days were given to welcoming a representative gathering of guests of all classes. On the first we received some twenty of the local officials and gentry, led by the district magistrate, who formally accepted the gift in behalf of the people. The literati were invited for the second day, and on the third we welcomed some of our humbler neighbors together with the Christians and inquirers. A sixteen-course feast was served in proper Chinese style for all who came—some 700 altogether—and everyone was given a chance to examine the building carefully that they might know that all is aboveboard and straightforward, with no traps for the unwary, such as so many have suspected our foreign buildings to contain. A little pamphlet was given to each, which explained the reason why we have come here, obeying Christ's injunction and endeavoring to follow His example.

The change from the old building with its brick floors, rough walls, dirty, thatched roofs, unsanitary wooden beds, and crowded, dark, leaky operating room, to var-
nished floors, large, light wards, iron beds, and bright, clean operating room is a great and happy one, and we are trying to match it with an equal advance in asepsis, careful treatment and good nursing, such as were all but impossible before. It takes some time to teach cleanliness and order, but it is easy now to see that advance has been made.

Considering the temporary extra burden put upon everyone during the transition, it has not been altogether an occasion of regret that the attendance has been somewhat less than the previous maximum. This has been largely due to the high floods of last summer, which made travelling impossible, and to the famine which followed. Many of our patients come from a distance, and most of them are wretchedly poor, finding it difficult even in good years to scrape together their travelling expenses. In hard times it is quite impossible to hope for such a luxury as medical treatment, no matter how necessary, nor how great the suffering which they endure. The records show, however, a decrease only in the number of outpatients' visits, of which there were 5,690 for eleven* months as compared with 9,739 for the twelve months previous. We received 123 in-patients, the exact number of the highest previous record. The figures of course cannot show the raised standard of quality in the treatment given.

The building of the railway near us has brought a large number of accident cases of a sort not seen here before, a number of them requiring amputation. These maiming accidents are distressing enough at the best, the patient and perhaps his family being dependent on his work for their support. But without prompt treatment and careful asepsis they cause illness and disability of almost endless duration and extent, and from this many

* Our year terminates now on March 31st instead of on April 30th as in the last report.
have been saved. It is sometimes heartbreaking to have cases come from a distance in a distressing condition, from which recovery is impossible, when it is evident that an aseptic first-aid dressing or a little sensible care would have averted most of the disastrous results. Not long ago a patient died in the hospital of tetanus, due to having a compound fracture treated by a plaster of barnyard fertilizer.

The new operating room with its set of sterilizers for dressings, instruments and water, and its brilliant acetylene illumination for the operating table, make possible the undertaking of many operations we refused in the old building. The private rooms, too, have attracted a number of patients of the better class who would never have been willing to live in the other hospital. One of them was a woman from one of the influential families in town. Her little girl, less than a year old, had her femur fractured by a fall from her nurse's arms. Her mother brought her to the hospital, undeterred by the gloomy warnings of her friends, saying that she was not afraid and she knew she would get skilful treatment for her little baby. There had been an attempt made at immobilization, but the rough strips of bark used for splints had bruised and wounded the tender flesh without preventing motion of the fragments. Great was their delight over the comfort and security afforded by vertical extension of the limb, and their respect was further increased by showing them the illustrations in a volume of Stimson on Fractures, which revealed the astonishing fact that our methods were not extemporized from the surgeon's inner consciousness, but were tried and standard practice. The first night the mother was kept in terror by the sound of the wind in the venetian blinds, which she thought was some ghost's voice, but a day or two made her at home, and they left after six weeks our firm friends and have sent us other patients.
The faith with which patients come is often astonishing, and one needs to be very careful in explaining what is and is not possible by surgical treatment. A few weeks ago a man came sixty miles, carried on a bed by his relatives. His leg had been run over by a cart seven days before, and examination showed a compound fracture in a state of sepsis such as one never sees in America, the wound being alive with maggots. The only treatment that could be offered was amputation, and this was accepted at once after a careful explanation had been given. When the operation was complete and the patient was back again in bed, a brother came and asked why the leg was not put on again. They had understood fully that it was to come off, but not that it could not be replaced, and at first they were inclined to protest bitterly that they had been betrayed. A neighbor of theirs had a similar but less severe injury a year ago, and they could not understand that the same result was not possible for them. After a long talk, however, they were convinced that the only thing that could save their brother's life had been done, and they returned home apparently grateful.

The increase in our accommodations has enabled us to receive into the hospital a number of homeless wanderers of whom there are so many in China. Last winter was a severe one, and many had their feet frozen while sleeping in doorways and matsheds. One of them was a strapping barrowman, perfectly able to earn a good living while well, but rendered a starving derelict by freezing his toes. After months of treatment and several operations he was able to hobble on his way toward home. No work the church does so nearly resembles that of the good Samaritan as the rescue of lives like this.

The year has brought the hospital one great loss in the departure of Drs. Chu and Hsu, who are now practi-
Seeing Out-patients.
ing medicine in partnership at Pochow, 120 miles to the northwest. Whatever usefulness the hospital has had in the past has been largely contributed to by the faithful and efficient work of Dr. Chu, who has served it since its opening eight years ago. Dr. Hsu, too, was in charge of a very successful and valuable dispensary at our out-station of Mengcheng. They are not lost to the good cause, as they have in effect opened a self-supporting mission in a place where the need for it is just as great as it is here. We have parted with mutual regret, and they leave memories of years of pleasant companionship in the work of the hospital.

As we start on the new era opened to us by better facilities, we look forward with hope to a future of usefulness in healing the sick, the lame, and the blind; and so the name assumed for the new building—Hope Hospital—becomes an inspiration not only to those who come for rescue from misery, but to us who serve them.—S. C.