LITTLE GLIMPSES

of the

Kiangan Mission

All that Remains of a Family of Fifteen.

1911
LITTLE GLIMPSES
OF THE
KIANGAN MISSION
The other morning the Chinese matron of the girls' school noticed that the younger girls went into the study room unusually early. So she followed in to speak to them, and was overheard to say, "Now, children, I am sure you forgot to pray this morning or you would not be here so early. All of you that forgot to pray, run right back to your rooms and get down on your knees and pray."

Have you neglected to pray for China? In these days of crisis what volumes of prayer ought to be offered continually for this great people! Can you afford to take no part in the salvation of this nation? Famine, flood, and revolution in China! Pray, pray, pray for China.
NANKING
Ding Li Mei and Students' Volunteer Band. 1911.
Notes from the Evangelistic Field.

Rev. W. J. Drummond.

RIOTS IN OUR PARISH.

On August the 9th and 10th, our chapels at Tien Wang Si, Sing Dien, and Shan Gau were destroyed—levelled to the ground—by a mob of several hundred people. The cause of the trouble was not anything with which the Church had to do. It was a rising of the people against the Self-governing Society backed up by the magistrate. The offices of the Self-governing Society, the residences of its officers, the homes of the local elders, the government schools, and our chapels all fell together.

"I thank the Lord that I have no queue,"

Said one of our students at a prayer meeting when thanksgiving was the topic. He had offered himself as a volunteer to preach during the summer vacation and was appointed along with another student to go to a recently-opened chapel at Hushu. It was with trepidation that he went knowing from experience how hard it is in a conservative district for a young man to get an audience. The first day they opened the chapel, contrary to fears, a good audience gathered, and, what was better, continued to gather day by day. It was soon found out that one of the attractions was the fact that neither young man had a queue. The people said: "Come hear two Buddhist priests preach. The Buddhist priests have no queues; their heads are smoothly shaven. Other priests preach Buddha, if they preach at all. These preach Christ." This curiosity continued all the time. Thus the loss of the queue, instead of being a hindrance, proved a help.

A CASE OF SUPERSTITION.

Quite recently one of our Christians moved his family to a new neighborhood. In his new home he had occasion to cut open a new window onto the street. Not long afterwards the neighbor who lives just across the street, opposite this
new window, became ill. Instead of seeking a physician, the family called in a Taoist priest, to drive away the devil, but next day the man died. Before night his widow came across to our Christian, blaming the death of her husband on the opening of that window, opposite her door. The street is about thirty feet wide here. She threatened if he did not guarantee the good health of the remainder of the family, to deposit her husband's coffin at his door. The Christian answered her kindly, tried to comfort her, and offered to talk it over with any of her male relatives. Only then did she go away quietly. The man's coffin is not yet buried so we are not sure that the incident is closed.

One of our elders had a similar experience last Chinese New Year. Superstition is far from dead even in Nanking and among those who have lived within sight of a Mission Hospital for twenty years.

Basket Ball, and the Girls' School.

(From the coach's view-point.)

Grace M. Lucas.

First and second classes play class three to-day—double teams. Go at once, please. All ready? Zwei Fen, guard Tao Ying to-day. Where is Wen Dju? Tell her to come quickly, please. Twenty people shouldn't have to wait for one. Can't find her? Well, she'll have to miss it. We won't wait; call a substitute from class five. Ready—one, two, three—good catch, forward—no, pass back to Yueh Ying; you are too close. Don't bunch so—play your man there, Fuh Ling! Yes, I know she's tall, but you mustn't stand there and just let her drop it in. Wake up, Bi Sien, you're not made of wood. Yueh Ying is just running away from you. Stick by her—don't let her get it! No, you mustn't hold her, but get in her way and get the ball first. That's better. Pass to your forward. Ball out. No, that was bad. She was too closely guarded and the other one was free. Play with your brains, too. First outside. Now Su Yu, think to whom you are going to throw it. That's
Pupils of Boarding School with Christmas Dolls.

Getting ready for Church.
good! You fooled them. Foul! Running with the ball! Missed it! Quick, Dzung Tsai. That's right. Of course she can throw the length of the field. That's one reason she is playing guard. Watch her! Fuh Ling, break it up! Good throw! Score, Firsts 0, Thirds 2. What's that? Holding? Well I am sorry, but I didn't see it. Let it go. It's not good sport to get mad. A scratch is a trifle. When you break your leg I'll let you stop, but not for a scratch.

Ready again, centers, one, two, three!

* * *

Pastor Swen keeps us all busy. He is liked and respected by the girls in the school.

The class of fourteen promoted from kindergarten to a place among the older girls is the most interesting thing in the Girls' School just now. They are so spontaneous and eager that they fairly tumble over each other. They have taken the proper, precise Chinese teacher completely by storm. He seemed somewhat dubious when these infants lined up in front of him, with their second readers (Chinese), and assigned only half a lesson, but to his amazement they swallowed it quickly, and cried for more. Now he is fully convinced of their superiority over those larger girls who come in from outside. It is an inspiration to have them to teach, and if the kindergarten needed any vindication in the eyes of the Chinese teachers, it has certainly been received.

The industrial department of the Girls' School continues to be an opportunity for both pupils and teachers; for the pupils, because it makes school possible for many who could not otherwise be supported in school; for the teachers, because it aids in selecting for future help those who are of the right sort.

A Morning's Visit.

Minnie Moore Gray.

Don't you want to visit an English class in the University of Nanking? Hurry along then, for the eight o'clock bell is ringing. Look at those bare-headed young men, queues
flying, and long blue cotton gowns flapping in the wind, rushing here and there! Why do the boys all stand when we enter the classroom? Chinese boys are polite to their teachers. Get a good look at them while the teacher calls the roll.

Are you smiling at that boy's knitted underwear that peeks out where his gown falls apart at the sides? You have spotted those leather shoes, too, haven’t you,—one laced with a strip of white cloth, and the other with a strip of red? If it were winter, I suppose you would be laughing because some of the boys wore foreign caps in the schoolroom, or because they carried bottles of hot water to keep their hands warm enough to be able to write. You would be vastly amused at the teacher bundled up in a fur-lined coat, with feet perched up on top of a brass foot-stove. Before you had laughed long you would be wishing you had a stove yourself, or a bottle of hot water in this unheated room, with every window wide open. You will be writing home these few exceptions to this neat-looking student-body, and forget to say that the only carelessly-dressed boys you saw were those that were trying to ape foreigners! I wonder if you will forget to tell that the class paid attention to their lessons, and did not wear a look of being unendurably bored.

Attend closely, for some of the boys do not have a perfect English pronunciation, or perfect grammar. Listen to this description of Siberia: "No plants can grow there except some of the beasts, such as bears, and some good fishes."

Are you psychologist enough to trace the mental processes in these answers?: "A caravan is a club man who trade in the desert to here and there." "Cremation is a fire works."

If you enjoy this we will stay on to hear the next class recite a lesson in elementary physiology. These boys are getting the right ideas, and the right English expression will come in time. Just listen to this:

"Prof. Kraepelin of Heidelberg University prove the student does the work quick and best if he do not drink alcohol. The student does the work slowly and not good if he drank the alcohol. After his proof, message to railway
station. The master of station knowing this, he forbidden the railroad men all drink any alcohol. If a man drink alcohol his phagocytes become weak and lost its used.'

"Be happy and the blood will flow;
Be happy and it will digest your food."

"Exercise is to exterminate the body."

"Quarantine the microbes to avoid them. Do not let it spread out in our body."

The recitation is over, and the teacher lets you read some compositions. Read this one:

MY FAMILY.

My family does not saved by God for they no man lead. I have told them not to keep the dirty in the home.

My mother is about five feet in length. She is an old-fashioned woman, and cannot do nothing like foreign women. Her feet are about three inches in length, and one and a half inches in width.

I have an old brother, he is thirty years old. Now he was dead. Also my sister is twenty years old. Now she is studying in hospital.

My grandfather's body is so strong and very tall. I think he can get seventy or more years old.

Here is a letter written just after the Ding Li-mei meetings. The boy who wrote it said it was all true:

"My dear Parents:—I am exceedingly glad for I have found life in Christ, and I will feel unhappy if I do not write you about what I have heard and the very reason that made me believe Christ is my Savior which will excite and interest you.

A revival meeting conducted by Mr. Ding took place in the chapel. I was very much excited by his words for he showed the mercy and love of Christ and proved that there is no other name in the world. It is God who gives us eternal life in the other world, whom in this world, and purifies our sins and redeems us from Satan.

I believe he shall do so to you as well as to others who have believed him, if you will voluntarily serve him faithfully,

I am your affectionate son,''

That boy had the real Philip-Nathaniel spirit, didn't he? Another boy wrote, "My friend is almost as kind as a foreigner." New standards of comparison are being established, you see. Another wrote, "My home is as clean as foreigners.'" Perhaps it was his own experience that led one young fellow to give as an example of the imperative sentence, "Don't cozen your teacher."
If you had to make Macaulays or Addisons out of these beginnings in English you would feel as though there were other problems in the world besides tariff schedules and nominating presidents, wouldn't you? The boys will come out all right. These students are only in Preparatory School now.

The chapel bell rings. Everywhere the shuffling sound of heel-less cloth shoes and the rustle of starched gowns is heard as the students scurry to chapel. We go, too, and take a seat in front with the Faculty. half of the number foreigners, and half Chinese. Did you ever see a more intelligent-looking student-body anywhere? Some of their faces remind you of friends at home, don't they? How they sing! You don't understand one word, but the tune is good old Coronation. Neither do you understand the Chinese teacher who reads the Bible and prays. Are you tempted to smile at those queue-cut heads here and there, looking for all the world like a thatched roof? The University needs a department to train barbers you think? Please wait a little. Give China a little time, and all these things will be done with a finish you never saw in your country in all your life.

We might step over to the new Science Hall, now. We are proud of it with all its modern equipment; proud of it, too, because the carpenter who built it is Chen Ah-ming, our own trusty church treasurer. We visit the big dormitory building and the dining-hall. How you would enjoy seeing 250 boys in one room dexterously eating their rice with their chopsticks! But we must pass along to the Preparatory Hall, and the Y. M. C. A. building, where we ought to take a glimpse of the embryonic library. As we go back to College Hall, just glance at that picture tacked on the bulletin board. That is the picture of our student volunteers with Ding Li-me in the middle in front.

We tap on the door of the president's office and make a call, but we do not detain the president long, for he is a busy man. He tells us that the Methodists, Disciples and Presbyterians are working side by side most harmoniously in this University; that the most faithful, trusty man in the entire
force, foreigners not excepted, is that quiet-looking Chinese
working away with a mimeograph in a corner of his office,—
a man who can't speak a word of English, but could carry
a Message to Garcia. An invitation is extended to us to
come back at four o'clock to see the athletics, eat supper with
the students, and stay to the prayer-meeting.

We leave, but that Walt Whitman-like couplet we heard
in the classroom persists in haunting our minds:

"Be happy and the blood will flow;
Be happy and it will digest your food."

In the Highways and Hedges.

Frances Drummond.

In and out along the crowded highway, packed inside
that convenient little two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a coolie.
I go on my daily visit. Creeping along some days, and then
again riding so dangerously near speed limit, that I, with
bated breath, await the running over some day of these careless
children who so dexterously dodge in and out. How shall
I ever get through without upsetting that foot passenger just
in front, who, sternly oblivious to all cries of warning, keeps
to the middle. Hark! the sharp clang. It is a blind fortune­
teller led by a small boy who is forcing his way along. A loud
cry! A horse is coming, and we huddle close by the side of
the basket shop while the carriage and horses and outriders
dash by. One more danger passed! Still there are the
doors to trip you up, and even hens and little chickens which
choose the busy road for picking grounds and which in spite
of rush, daringly run about. No victim this time, but how
tired one feels with the strain! On goes the rush; rickshas
jostle; men with dripping buckets of water, men carrying
buckets of night soil, men bent under loads of straw and
wood, donkeys saddled with great bags of rice, venders
of vegetables, venders of sweetmeats, venders of melons,
venders of cloth crowd the street. The whine of the
beggar, the squeak of the barrow, the strident call of the
ricksha coolie, the "he ho," of the carrier, the beat of the
gong, the occasional cursing of some one whose load has
suffered,—all these are heard around us continually.

The highroad is passed, and leaving the ricksha I thread
my way along narrow streets and lanes, dirty of course, and
this hot August morning steaming with smells, and full of
life as the highway. Pigs lie in the cool shadows of the
wall, flies buzz around the garbage and refuse, and just here
is a bench; a woman sits sewing, her baby beside her asleep;
many pass,—men and women with steaming kettles of water
just purchased at that hot-water shop opposite, a child selling
peanuts and candy. But here is the well-curb at the corner.
See the busy groups of women and girls drawing water,
washing rice, washing and picking the vegetables for the
noon meal. A voice or two in passing inquires: "Is this
worship day?" "What day of the week is it, lady?"
"Where are you going?" "She is going to preach."
"Preach?" says another voice, and I walk slowly to hear.
"Yes, these foreign people have rooms, and crowds go to
hear." "What do they preach about?" "Oh, they preach
the Jesus talk." "What use is that?" "How foolish!
Have they nothing else to do?"

There is a large open square just ahead! See it dotted
with the low huts of the squatter. A narrow path cuts
diagonally into the heart of the little squalid group of homes,—
life teems everywhere. People sit crouching on the
ground, bowls of rice and chop-sticks in hand, too busy even
to ask questions. Some sewing and mending, some smok­
ing—the daily life of the people, all in open air. But see, here
is a new box right across the path. Not an ordinary box, but
a long narrow new-made box, such as the very poor can buy.
It is the last resting place of some one! Stay, here he lies
on the bare ground close beside; face covered, hands folded—
bare feet, coarse clothing. All tells of a life of toil and
poverty, that is now ended. His wife, a white rag around the
head, and a few coolies smoking, crouch near. An hour and
a half later when I returned along the path the coffin was
gone—the hut open and empty even of a bed. A little further
A Busy Street.

Scene at a Busy Well.
I met the wife returning from the funeral, a few idle women, gossiping, followed. Such is death here!

By the way, this is Shwan Tang, and close by is our little gospel hall,—a native house dignified by the name of chapel. This large square is now the property of the Presbyterian Church. What shall be done with it? It is an ideal district for settlement work.

"What has been done for this needy corner?" you ask. There is the little preaching hall and a large day-school—a weekly dispensary, a reading class for women, and a Sunday-school. This is the door, please step in. On the left is our day-school—thirty children study here daily. Mr. Yang, our Christian teacher, is deeply in earnest and he is leading them to Christ, the great teacher, as well as teaching the daily lessons. Hear them sing "God save my country," and do watch them draw those queer characters on the board! The little ones are reciting their catechism! These children love play and fun as American children do.

Now on the right side of the front gate is the little chapel—a few benches and a table complete the furnishings. On week days the daily papers are put here ready for anyone who will drop in to read. Sunday afternoon at two o'clock you will find this room crowded to its utmost limit, with men, women and children. The baby organ sounds the opening notes of the hymn,—not very musical, you say. After the opening service, classes divide. Count the children as they rush across to the other room—sixty? no, seventy boys and girls, our ragged Sunday-school. They crowd into a room 12\times12—a noisy and often a dirty crowd, but still they are children, and Christ said, "Let the little ones come unto me." This hot afternoon the odors are not pleasant and the west sun beams hot on the room, but they sing and recite verses and hear again the old, old story.

There is a class of Christian women and a large gathering of neighbors and passers-by at the evangelistic meeting. Truly these are great opportunities for presenting the Gospel.

Week days as on Sunday we are busy with classes. Buildings are needed and room for advance work. A kinder-
garten could soon be opened. The numbers who come weekly for medical aid prove the necessity for more equipment and workers, and a day nursery next summer would prove a boon to many tired mothers and could relieve some suffering little ones. This summer the number of sick and suffering children who came filled my heart with a great longing to help and heal.

The Mid-autumn Festival.

Four o'clock of the last day of the Eighth moon festival saw the road to Tsing Liang Shan rife with rickshas, carriages, sedan chairs, and foot-travellers in the best of their wardrobe going to, or coming from, the home of the controller of the souls of men, the great Di Tzang. A little company of Christians, followed by a ricksha loaded with tracts and gospel portions, joined the throng crowding on to Tsing Liang Shan.

The first tracts were handed out, and then people clamored for them. For nearly an hour the band of Christians journeyed up slowly towards that great gilded delusion in the temple, everywhere giving out a tract or a gospel portion to rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. Everywhere booths had been stuck up to sell candles, paper money, sticks of incense, and silver paper shoes. The throng moved on, a bundle of incense to burn before the god in one hand and the blessed gospel of our Lord in the other. Now and again some one dropped out and sat down to rest and drink a cup of China's beverage in a temporary tea-shop. Outlining the road on each side, sat the united brotherhood of beggars,—great blots on the gaiety of the scene.

The little group reached the temple and stood in the very presence of the great Di Tzang and his lesser comrades in idolom. What a regular mardi gras it was! Paper wrappers of all colors littered the floor; urns of ashes here and there ran over; lighted red candles spluttered and spattered their grease in the very face of the gilded god; bundles of burning incense sent up their oriental fragrance to
nostrils of clay in the senseless idol; men came, ko-toed before his sightless eyes, and departed; priests vigorously but vainly struck their bells to attract ears that never had heard a single one of the multitude of prayers offered in them during hundreds of years; paper money blazed up and burnt out; great bunches of fire-crackers exploded; men laughed and talked and then moved on to drink a cup of tea and gossip over their teacups in an adjoining tea room. Women climbed on up to the upper temple to propitiate the Goddess of Mercy, whose favor secured brings children into the home. Here, in rows on each side of the benignant goddess, ranged two hundred doll-like images around whose necks the votaries had tied long rice straws as pledges to return for a term of years to honor the goddess, if she granted the prayers.

The soul of the gentle Bible-woman in the band of Christians blazed up, and would remain silent no longer. Then she spoke a word for Jesus to a woman at her elbow. Others came to listen. In the very citadel of heathenism what splendid witness she bore for her Savior.

The little company went from apartment to apartment wondering at the hideous faces of these worshipped images, and their grotesque poses; now and again they ran into groups of boys from our boys' orphanage, busy distributing gospels. Occasionally heads nodded in friendly recognition, as the group stumbled on to a church member or seminary student, at work for the master, giving out books.

Suddenly the crowd made way, and out stepped a pilgrim bearing in his hands a small stool with a bunch of burning incense stuck in the top of it. He walked six steps, and then ko-toed—six steps and then a Ko-tou. What great desire brought him from his home, through the streets, making such a spectacle? The pity of it! Has he never heard, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life?" The crowd parts again, and a woman emerges, breathless, footsore, six steps, then a Ko-tou, six steps and a Ko-tou.

An instant later the gap was filled. But the crowd again good-naturedly made way for a procession of men coming from a temple and carrying paper chairs, paper houses, paper
horses which led the advance of an idol a foot high enthroned in a sedan-chair which was carried by eight or ten hilarious bearers out into the street.

Down goes the little company, deafened by din, and suffocated with incense. Before them in the distance spreads out the mighty Yang-tse-kiang—spreading over field and garden, washing its way into the very homes of the people, crowding them on to tables and beds or out onto the hills; taking the bread from their mouths, and filling their hearts with despair. The crowd pushes and elbows and brings back the wandering minds of the group. Down, down, on to the highway again, and again the throng gives right of way—a young Chinese girl steps forth carrying a wooden stool; three steps and a Ko-tou, three steps and a Ko-tou, and thus she passes on up the hill, tired to the limit of endurance.

"Is this new China?" asks the company of Christians as they wearily plod homeward. Electric lights, railroads, telephones, automobiles, educational systems, and a revolution may socialize China, but it takes an experimental knowledge of sins forgiven to Christianize China.

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**Pastor Ding Li-mei.**

*Lillian C. Williams.*

Rev. Ding Li-mei, came to Nanking in March of this year, to hold special meetings in the University of Nanking. His coming had been anticipated with much interest and prayer. Mr. Ding preached morning and evening to a crowded church. The meetings were characterized by deep interest, and an earnest spirit of prayer pervaded all. Mr. Ding felt prayer was more important than much preaching. Interest grew until more than thirty of the students decided to lead a Christian life, and more than sixty enrolled in the Volunteer Band. At the farewell meeting, Mr. Liu Ging-fu, a graduate, reviewed the reasons for our gratitude to Pastor Ding, saying, "He has been wonderfully used of God to strengthen those who are weak, to make anxious the indifferent, and to
stir the patriotic spirit of the whole student body; not by a call to war, but by pointing out the true way of service to country. He has given new purposes to many who were purposeless, and has stirred up a spirit of thoughtfulness and helpfulness among us. He has created real concern for the honor of the institution.” The results of these meetings can never be fully reckoned, the years to come will bring the harvest.

We have had many guests while living in China, and yet I would put him first, if I should speak of the one whom it has been the greatest blessing and privilege to entertain: his face, kind and peaceful; he is always quiet and humble. In morning prayers with our family he frequently read the passage, “And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, for I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.” This passage so often read by him seems to be the keynote of the man’s character and power.

Old Wines in New Bottles.

_Ruth Beckwith Bullock_

One must look long among the classical scholars of the old regime to find one more proud and conservative than Teacher Djang. Though for many years a personal teacher of the missionaries, he was no exception to the general rule that these men rarely yield to the Great Teacher of Galilee. It was an unspeakable joy therefore, when last winter in answer to the prayers of years, Djang Sien-seng, bearing a prouder degree than any Christian in the city, humbled himself to enter the fellowship that knows no rank nor name save that of Brother.

One of his stumbling-blocks had always been that he feared lest within the church he could not adequately reverence his aged mother after her death. Shortly after he became a Christian this point was put to the test, for Djang Tai-tai, the honored head of the family, passed on. Then
was demonstrated the unusual worth of this new Christian, for not only did he introduce into the church a new custom, adapted from Confucianism, but he also dared the obloquy of all his heathen family and friends, by entertaining in his own home, the despised church members.

Large envelopes in mourning pink bore to various foreign and Chinese Christians the news of the demise, some forty days previous, of the revered mother towards whom, the invitation said, her sons had been all too undutiful. We were bidden to the mourning feast and memorial service at noon on a certain day. At the time appointed three of us women of our mission found our way to the residence of Teacher Djang. Our entrance was heralded by an outburst from the band of native musicians at the door, guaranteed to be audible to the farthest corner! Just within the door we were welcomed by our host, clad in coarse unbleached cotton mourning clothes. He ushered us through court after court, already filled with male guests, to the guest-hall, where all the usual red good-luck mottoes were covered with white paper. Here we were met by the ladies of the house and invited into their apartments. We introduced ourselves and were most graciously put at ease by the large group of women and children, all wearing white shoes and white hair bands, and all belonging to the house of Djang, of whom twenty-two live under this roof. Boiling-hot tea and delicacies were promptly served, some of the hostesses paring loquats and bi-chi nuts with their long finger-nails, for our delectation. We were plied with many questions as to our age, family, etc., and our replies were invariably repeated verbatim and passed around the whole group of interested listeners, many of whom were the most orderly children ever beheld.

When the formal feast commenced, a new group of hostesses came to eat with us, and a war of words ensued over the ceremonial politeness involved in the seats of honor. The usual variety of native dishes followed, whose names elude the most conscientious, even as one wished their history to elude the imagination. It was only polite to place choice
tidbits upon one another’s saucers (alas for the slippery sea-slug or the hard round fruit, between the chopsticks of a novice!), and graciously receive similar courtesies while vainly attempting obliviousness as to whence the kindly chopsticks had previously come. Such friendly folk were the hostesses, in their forbearance with the crude speech and manners of their foreign guests, that only true heart-courtesy expressed itself in all their bearing. In return, we could only long to enrich these limited lives by the abundant life which had so blessed us.

The feast ended, all adjourned to the central guest-hall, with its beautiful silk hangings,—all in harmony with the Christian spirit that has come to rule this home. In brief, but well-chosen Scripture reading, address and prayer, the native pastor led in a memorial service,—no less dignified and full of reverence to the honored dead, than the most ceremonial traditional observances. Rather did it bring strength and uplift to the living, by using the best of the old in a glorified new form and spirit, to inspire to lives worthy of reverence, because so like the Christ "whose we are and whom we serve."

The Coming of Pastor Swen.

(An extract from a letter written home.)

Lillian C. Williams.

Our Church has called a pastor from Shantung. He arrived this week with his wife and little daughter. Most of his salary must come from the members; what they cannot possibly raise our mission must supply. A little house beside the Church has been put in order for them. Miss Dresser saw to it that soap, fresh towels and hot water awaited the weary travellers. I wish you could have seen their pleased and happy faces when they saw these preparations for their comfort. Pastor Swen said over and over, "We are so pleased and happy to be here!" Three hundred dollars (Mexican) and a little house! It is easy to be contented,
after all. I went to the reception in the afternoon. The men of the congregation had their tea and cake in the Church. We women met in the kindergarten room. We had tea, cake, peanuts, caudy, and lotus seeds rolled in sugar! What a good time we had, gossiping and renewing old acquaintance, for everybody was there. People seemed to have come in from the country stations, and from the old ladies of eighty or ninety to the wee babies only a few weeks old, all had a good time. How thankful we are for the coming of this long-looked-for and long-prayed-for man to be our pastor!

The Woman's Bible Training School.

Ellen E. Dresser.

We are glad to give our friends a glimpse of the outside of our new school building. The building was completed in December and opened in February. The whole plant is the gift of Mr. L. H. Severance. The above photograph was taken during the Bible Institute held in Nanking September 5th to 10th. At that time we had the joy of entertaining over forty of the Chinese delegates. Some are in this picture. It certainly was a privilege to have such choice women under our roof—picked workers from six provinces. From the early morning watch to the close of the day—begun and ended with Him—the key note was "Christ for the World we sing. The World to Christ we bring..... to Christ belong."

It is not too much to ask of Him, that from our school tens of Chinese women may go forth to tell to their Chinese sisters of Christ's care for them.

Ban Bien Ying.

For years we have been longing for larger and better quarters at this place. An opportunity came some time ago to buy the lot next door to the chapel,—not daring to allow
The Woman's School, Hankow; opened February, 1911.
The gift of Mrs. L. H. Severance.

Hanking Woman's School.
Delegates to the Bible Institute, September 5th, 1910.
Stone Memorial Chapel, San Bien Yin.

Famine Refugees.
this chance to slip away we bought it. Later on in talking over a building with our good Christian contractor, he said, "If others are willing to lend to the Lord, why not I?" With loans like that the work went rapidly on. The chapel was furnished and opened on New Year's day. We early announced that Christmas gifts of benches, chairs or tables would be most acceptable. On the day of opening we had the joy of seeing one hundred and twenty seated and almost that number standing.

Through the generosity of the late Mr. F. C. Stone's family we are glad to say our little chapel is free of debt, and will be known as the "Stone Memorial Chapel."

Reclamation.

A. A. Bullock.

On that "rare" day in June, as we pattered along on our donkeys through the rolling hills, over which the Taiping rebels swept seventy years ago, and which encompass Nanking on three sides, we constantly measured the capacity of the rapidly ripening wheat harvests to fulfill the needs of the squat, squalid villages through which we now and again passed. From the low-lands between the hills, where the wheat fields and paddy ponds abound, the eye sweeps up to the higher elevations and starts a running fire of unquenchable questions in mind and heart. The riotings of these hills in grasses and flowers and brambles are glorious to behold; and when fall touches them up with rare studies in reds and browns of every hue, there is nothing more that the artist-soul could desire. As we rode along, time and time again, some great pleasant cock with burnished head-dress and long sweeping tail, perched on some grave mound, crowed defiantly at us from a safe distance, while his dame lay hidden somewhere in the tall grasses, brooding her eggs. Occasionally, too, some barefooted urchin with dark legs sticking straight out would be seen sitting astride a great lumbering water-buffalo as it fed. The dead, the chance herder, and wild
creatures alone inhabit these waste places, and no further
use is made of them except that the country folk cut a
large part of their winter fuel from the thickets of thorn
and brambles and grasses that have grown up during the
course of the year.

These hills should be growing great forests, if not crops
even more profitable, for China is innocent, on the whole,
of forests and fire-wood, and yet dishonesty and a slavish
adherence to old habits and practices keep the hills bare of
the clothing of trees that nature herself would manage if left
to her own devices. It is the commonest sight in these places
to see men grubbing up roots and bushes. Waste lands these
places will continue to be until honesty and modern methods,
coupled with Christian ethics, mark the actions of officials, and
until the people can be stirred to newer methods of cultiva-
tion and home production.

Upon the mountain ranges of Kiangsi Province, where
the missionaries of Central China take refuge each summer
from the steaming plains, there lie great, fallow tracts. Roll-
ing meadows and up-land valleys as peaceful and luxurious as
the famous dairy regions of the Alps, are found here. They
are simply waste land to-day.

On the government records certain almost limitless
stretches of river-wash lands are described as reserved by
the government for fishing and fuel. Last winter the subject
of these lands came up in the course of a conversation, and a
foreigner mildly reproved a Chinese for wasting such Goshen
land of richness, and for not turning it to feeding the starv-
ing. The Chinese replied that he knew of a certain stretch of
this overflow land that was only about three by ten miles in
size, and yet the fuel was sold standing for $2,500.00! (A
tough bamboo-like reed grows all over these lands and forms
the staple fuel for all the cities bordering the river) Such
land that has been enriched by countless overflows should,
when properly reclaimed, bring in a hundred times that
amount! These, indeed, are waste lands which will some
time prove a vast resource. No less waste is the mind and
heart of the man who has not caught the vision of their
possibility, and is contented to gather a few sticks of fuel from them.

As a result of these two conditions,—the lack of forests and the failure to reclaim,—the great Yangtse has been beyond all control this summer. From the viewpoint of trade and agriculture perhaps no more important stream graces the earth's surface, and yet at the same time few, if any, bring more sorrow and trial. The annual summer rise is both a blessing to be desired and a curse to be dreaded. The moment its rise gets beyond the bounds set by nature (with certain very few exceptions), so soon does it begin to inundate the paddy fields of the rice farmers, and then spreads to the higher lands. The Chinese gamble everywhere in their life on the long shot; they take the most uncertain odds, and so here they count year in and year out on the normal rise, knowing assuredly that a flood means starvation and death to millions, and yet they live on without applying a remedy which they know full well how to apply. In a most abnormal way the river has been raging beyond all control.

For upwards of two months it has been out of its banks, spreading for many miles into the flat surrounding country and threading its way up between the very hills themselves. Honest, humble, farmer folk have been driven far from their homes to beggary and starvation, and this, most pitiful to relate, when a summer crop of great abundance was just about ready for the sickle.

Every city and village in the valley of the great Yangtse adds its quota of discomfort, misery and death. The region round about Nanking in which our country work lies has been very badly off, and all itineration stopped. In Nanking, which lies for the most part on higher ground, many thousands of families in the lower districts have lived for two months and more with the water all about them. In their always cramped, unhygienic quarters, water has come as a most unwelcome visitor. The children and women-folk, particularly the old grandmothers, have been restricted to the area of the bed or table-top. At night a chance kick,
more often than not, would result in wet bedding or clothes. And the only intercourse with the world at large was through equally flooded streets, by means of bare feet and legs. A few days of this sort of thing are an experience to be dreaded, but months of it make life intolerable. And now, as the aftermath, when the water is receding, disease and death follow close on its heels, for filth and stenches are everywhere prevalent.

A Bible Training School for China.

Rev. J. C. Garrill.

Our Mission, in conjunction with the Southern Presbyterian, the Northern and Southern Methodist, and the Foreign Christian (Disciples) Missions has entered a new stage in preparation of Chinese for the Ministry and other forms of Christian work.

It has not seemed right that in one city, as formerly in Nanking, three missions should conduct separate schools for the ministry, with insufficient teachers and equipment, when one school would suffice.

Dr. W. W. White of New York, when in China in 1910, greatly interested the workers of many missions, representing nearly the whole of China, in the ideals and methods of Bible training which underlie the Bible Teachers' Training School in New York City. These ideals presented many features which would make possible coöperation and union. The result was a widespread and enthusiastic call for the establishment of one such school as a model to be followed by others.

Nanking being fixed upon for the first such school, the Northern and Southern Presbyterians loaned their plant of two large buildings for the launching of the school. Meanwhile, the Foreign Christian Mission has undertaken to build a second dormitory; and the Methodist Mission will also provide buildings or equipment. The Training schools for lay evangel-
ists of the Methodist, Christian, and Presbyterian Missions, are now merged into one with forty-six students. The Theological Seminaries of these missions are affiliated, giving full opportunity for denominational teaching but combining classes in all subjects practicable. It is proposed to find the best possible teachers in various branches of Biblical learning, and to make the school as efficient as the times demand. This means efficiency in the superlative degree, as the call, both from the rising students of China and from the churches, is for the most thorough preparation that a minister can obtain.

The uniting missions are placing in the new school one or more missionaries as teachers, and a reasonable sum toward current expenses. Friends interested by Dr. White have generously provided a further sum of over $3,000 gold, for current expenses, scholarships, and promoting wide-extending interest. Calls for such a school come from Amoy, Hankow, Hunan, North China, and other places. A widespread desire among Chinese evangelists, etc., has also come to us for the establishment of correspondence courses.

During the first week of September, a very interesting Bible Institute was held in Nanking, attended by over 150 pastors, evangelists, and other Christian workers, both men and women, representing ten provinces. Dr. White, who was expected to lead in Bible-study, was typhoon-bound in Foochow. But the faculty, assisted by Dr. Yang of Shanghai, and others, conducted the Institute, and the interest aroused in Bible study was very satisfactory.

It should have been earlier stated that the call for such a school is as urgent from women as from men. In these schools are many trained young women hearing a definite call to Christian work. It is expected, therefore, to plan and equip a Bible Training School for women on similar lines. It is too soon yet for a co-educational school. But these schools will be in close enough vicinity to be correlated, and to make possible instruction by the faculty of one school in the other.
The faculty is as follows:

Rev. Cheng Gin-yung.

Rev. J. Leighton Stuart.


Mr. Chen Li-sen.
Mr. Li Yü-tang.

The students at present in the advanced school, numbering about one-third of the total, are looking forward to the ordained ministry. Courses for preparation in other forms of Christian work will be provided as called for. But the overwhelming need in China to-day is for the best possible trained leaders in the gospel ministry, and it is at this point that the school proposes to lay its greatest emphasis. We hope every reader will, as he turns from this page, utter a fervent prayer in our behalf, that from this place may go out an increasing number of godly and able men, to give their lives for the salvation of China.
HWAI YUAN
Rice Boats Bringing the Longed-for Relief up the Dwai River.
Canvassing the City.

D. B. S. M.

Looking down from West Mountain, Hwaiyüan seems a simple and compact little city, but when one descends from this high view-point and attempts really to explore every byway and alley it expands into great complexity and makes one think of the children's puzzle, where one starts at the open gate and by innumerable windings tries to find an unblocked passage into the central square. The puzzle, however, which we had to solve, was not so much to find our way through these ever-expanding alleys as to discover among the people living there, those who actually needed famine relief. This, to the uninitiated, might seem an easy task. Why not put all these wretched people on the relief lists? Clad in such rags, living in such hovels, surely only a glance is necessary to show their extreme poverty. But because of the vastness of the famine region it was a question not of relieving poverty, extreme though it might be. It was a question rather, of selecting from among these pitiful, poor ones, those upon whom the gaunt spectre of starvation had already laid his hand. The line had to be drawn, and those, who could in some way—even though it was a sad and tottering way—exist until the wheat harvest, were debarred. It was difficult work and the responsibility not slight, and the prayer in our hearts as we faced it was, "O God make us merciful and just."

Behold us then in three squads—Chinese and foreigners in each—starting out to carry on the work simultaneously in different parts of the city. Preliminary lists of the desperate poor had been made and handed to us by the Chamber of Commerce. With these to guide, and also the dozen or more "head policemen," who helped or hindered, according to their honesty, and under the care of red-coated soldiers from the yamen and under the scrutiny of numberless small boys and curious neighbors, the parties went through the wards assigned to each and visited every home which was considered at all likely to be put upon the relief-lists.
The degree of poverty could often be determined by the amount of, shall we say "furniture" in the house, or by the kind of food eaten, or in many distressing cases by the appearance of the people themselves, often too ill or weak to rise.

We expected to meet deceptions of all varieties and we did; and sometimes it was a difficult task to get at the facts and we longed for the ability of a Sherlock Holmes to make the case clear.

It was such a good chance to get something for nothing,—a longing surely not restricted to the Chinese heart;—then in addition was the pinch of famine prices, felt by all,—so can we be surprised to find a number of families who had hastily moved out of their own homes into refugee mat huts, huddling together and hoping thus to make their appeal effective?

Here is another home with children at the door and they tell us the usual thing. "We have not burned our kitchen fire for three days—no food—and mother is too weak to get out of bed." But fortunately with my own eyes I had seen "mother" beating a hasty retreat to her bed when we entered the courtyard.

The question of the number in the family (the amount of rice given being proportionate to the number of people) caused much trouble. It is so easy to say. "There are seven in the family. Father and brother are out begging and the children are on the hills gathering fuel." But usually we discovered that "father" had been dead some years and "brother" never existed and the only children there were had been borrowed from the neighbors.

Yet we must not judge these people too hardly—driven by such poverty, one could feel nothing but pity even for those who tried to deceive us.

In one house was a mill for grinding flour. "Oh," we said, "you have a business and so will not need any relief." "No," said the man, "my business is finished; we have had nothing to eat for several days and we have had to kill the mill donkey for food."
Crowds Waiting for the Distribution of Rice.

"Give us This Day our Daily Bread."
"But the tracks of the donkey are still fresh," we said, looking at the circular, beaten path around the large mill stone. "Yes," said the man, "we killed him yesterday, and if you don't believe it, here he is," and lifting the cover of a large earthen pot we saw the donkey nicely sliced and prepared for his last service to his sorrowing master.

Sometimes we met people who demanded relief as though the world in general and we in particular owed it to them. This feeling I think, was due somewhat to the failure of the officials to honestly distribute the government relief. I am glad such demands were not frequent. On the other hand it was refreshing to hear, not infrequently, the words, "I do not wish to eat it;" i.e., the famine rice.

It was altogether a sad experience, this coming into such close touch with these wretched famine-stricken folk, and the gaunt faces and hungry eyes of these men and women and little children are not easily forgotten.

We frequently hear expressions of gratitude, but we are not looking for this. What we do look for and pray for, is that God will bless and use this effort to help the physical need of these people; that it may open their hearts to Him, Who came down from Heaven to give food to men's souls, and Who said, "I am the Bread of life.''

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The Work of Christian Students in Famine Relief.

Thomas F. Carter.

The call came for a man to take charge of the transhipment of famine supplies at the railway terminus. Taking along my language teacher, the one man through whom I could communicate with the world about me, I set out. Soon my wife joined me with her teacher and a cook, and that was the force with which we started work. I well remember the night the first grain arrived—it was before my wife came. There were two carloads, and we had made elaborate preparations, for orders were that the cars must be unloaded at night. It was a bitter, cold February night, and the wind blew a gale.
For half the night I stood on the deck of a boat weighing each bag myself, while the three hundred pound head of the Hwaiyuan chamber of commerce—who happened to be there on a visit—stood beside me and wrote the weights. That was the first night.

So long as only four or five cars a week were in sight, our force was sufficient. There were our two language teachers and Mr. Lobenstine's Chinese associate with a few helpers whom he had found. But soon more grain began to arrive and we were unable to weigh every bag. Complaints began to come from up the river that our bags were being tampered with.

Meanwhile five of the older school-boys from Hwaiyuan came down and relieved the situation for a time, but soon grain began to come so fast that even they were not sufficient. So we hired men to weigh while the boys superintended and watched them. Soon the boys found the weighers having altogether too many secret conferences with the boatmen, and that regime had to end. Every possible obstacle was put in the way of correct weighing, even by my own teacher, who by this time was blossoming out in brand new clothes, and was beginning to have dark and devious reasons of his own, why certain boats should be used and certain boats should not be used. In all that town, with the exception of our five school boys, there was not a man whom we could trust.

At this point Mr. Lobenstine returned from one of his up-country trips, and we talked the situation over. The conclusion was that we must have a clean force from top to bottom. That meant of necessity a Christian force. My teacher was discharged and we telegraphed to Nanking for help. Next day the newly-founded Nanking Medical College was closed and eight students in panama hats and long silk robes appeared, together with five, homespun, honest-faced theologs from our seminary at Nanking. That night homespun and silk worked together, and false weights were at an end. Distinctions were soon lost sight of, as all alike, medical students, Hwaiyuan school-boys, theologs and Nanking University students, who joined us a few days later, were wrapped in great blue
aprons, and daubed with paint from head to foot. For every bag was weighed now, and each boy carried a great dripping pot of paint, with which big English numerals were marked on every bag to show its weight,—numerals that no boatman knew how to change.

We knew where we stood now, and could afford to be severe. One boatman, whose load was some two thousand pounds short,—two thousand pounds, which might mean the life of a hundred people,—was handed over to the magistrate, who had him stand in the execution cage for some days awaiting his fate. Then, on Mr. Lobenstine's plea, after the man's ship had been sold and the proceeds distributed to the starving people, the man was released. It was only by such methods as this that we could be sure of getting the grain to the people it was meant for.

Grain was coming fast now, more and more each night. Our record of night unloading was reached when the Nanhsüchow shipment came in. Nineteen carloads arrived at four in the afternoon, and by daybreak every bag—over forty thousand of them—was weighed and marked, and the cars were returned for more by the six o'clock morning train,—while thirteen big junks started off at noon for Nanhsüchou, pulled by tugboats and manned by medical students, who carried the boatmen's own scales, with which the bags had been weighed, tied up in gunny sacks, and sealed with many seals. This was our final device for getting ahead of the wily boatmen.

Early and late the boys worked. Sometimes all day, sometimes all night, and never a word of complaint. No one can imagine the sense of relief we felt, when we knew that the people working with us were those whom we could trust. It had been with a deep pang of apprehension that I had seen my dismissed teacher start for Hwaiyüan, and had wondered if I was going to find any way of understanding what people about me had to say. But now I knew I had been right in letting him go, in spite of his efficient managership. The patience and skill of all the boys in understanding my Chinese, and the fact that one of them had learned a good deal of
English in the Hwaiyüan school, solved the problem of communication. I now found I could not only understand what people said, but could believe what they said—and that made a difference in the whole work. I caught my wife saying one day with regard to some unskilled work that was being done "Why do you take the time of the boys to do that kind of work. You could get a Chinese to do that." The remark was typical of our feeling; the boys were the only people we could trust, and we felt as if each boy was one of ourselves.

Not only at our station, but all through the famine district the boys were at work, and from each point we heard the same report. I asked one missionary who came down the line what had most impressed him in all the famine experience. He replied, "The utter contrast between all the official Pharisees that I've been working with for the past few weeks, and the two, straight, clean-cut, Christian boys that came up with me; who knew how to call black, black, and white, white."

If anyone wants a first class course in Christian apologetics, he had better leave seminary for a while, and come out and watch a company of Chinese Christian school-boys working at famine relief.

The Old City Temple.

A. G. Murdoch.

Old lady Shi, the vegetarian, must have thought to lay up some extra merit in the next world by lending the Temple, where she had her school, to house the homeless women and children during the famine last spring. Before we fairly knew what we were doing, we had about 160 starving women and children crowded into two small courts and were feeding them three times a day, steaming soft-boiled rice out of huge kettles. You might think it would be an easy thing to get those women to exchange their filthy rags for a nice warm suit of wadded cotton clothes, but they managed to hold on to their rags too, and later on, when the fever
Petitioning the City Magistrate for Famine Relief.

Waiting for the Rice Distribution.
broke out among them, we found their treasured possessions secreted under their respectable exteriors.

They slept in straw, which was supposed to be swept up and burned once or twice a week, but the thrifty soul of the Chinese helper in charge of the Temple could not see so much fuel go to waste, so only had enough burned to kindle the fire every day, adding a little fresh from time to time. Consequently, when fever broke out among the inmates it spread rapidly from family to family, and do what we could to isolate the patients, fresh cases kept breaking out.

They were grateful most of them. One little boy, after he had had a few good meals himself, asked if he might go out and look for his old grandmother who, he was afraid, might be starving, and bring her in too. Long after the place was overcrowded according to our Western notions, the Chinese helper kept admitting more because he couldn't resist the starving women he saw on the street. And even we, in spite of our scruples, gave cards of admission to the worst of the cases that came into the Dispensary, to avoid the mockery of giving medicines to the starving creatures.

This paradise was not destined to be enjoyed for long, however, for within six weeks the Chinese helper, two foreigners and many of their own number were down with typhus fever, which was also in many of the homes in the city, so the temple had to be closed and the women and children scattered. They were given a dollar a-piece and told to come back for more when that was gone.

Six months later, when our Women's Dispensary was opened, hardly a week passed without one or more of our old temple friends coming in to visit us and thank us for "saving their lives." When we ask how the children are, they almost always answer: "The baby died during the summer, but the other children are well except for malaria and everyone has that." These women's hearts are surely prepared for the Gospel, if they can only be reached now and the good seed sown.
Lizzie, Bettie, Pollie, and Mrs. Gump.

M. F. Murdoch.

You poor people in America, how sorry I am for you, that you cannot know the joy of loving the Chinese as individuals! You, who have known what it is to have a colored Mammie, may realize a little the happiness I had last winter among all my old women. Lizzie and Bettie were taken into the hospital in the last stages of starvation—such filth only one who has been in China can imagine—but after the regulation bath and dose of Larkspur and ether, and clean warm hospital clothes and a few days of full rice-bowls, there was a great change in their personal appearance. It was not long before these two old women began to love us and want in some way to show their gratitude. One afternoon when I went into the ward old Lizzie beckoned to me from her bed, where she was busy making thread with a piece of cotton that I had dropped in the morning, when dressing her numerous boils. She pulled me down to her and said, “Now I can make all the thread that is used in the Hospital.”

Bettie, too, was not long in finding her niche. Without being told she made it her special business to sew up the beis (quilts) as they came back from the laundry, and when she was not sewing she was busy with a broom. Both these old women learned their names which we had given them just because they looked as if they ought to be called Lizzie and Bettie.

Pollie—my dear little Pollie—came into the hospital on her father’s back, with the worst-looking feet—they had been frozen. Dr. Cochran, when he saw her was afraid that nothing could be done, but that both feet would have to come off. However, we worked hard over them for three or four months, dressing them two or three times a day, making the poor little thing suffer intense pain. She soon grew fat and happy, but as she was the only child in the ward I am afraid she was often lonely. One evening just before the lamps were lit, I went into the ward and was busy with the woman in the next bed to Pollie’s. Presently I noticed a strange noise,
A Famine Wait.
and looking around I saw that Pollie had a little bird, that someone had given her, tied with a string around its leg. She had at last found something to play with. I felt very cruel when I took her on my lap and asked her if she thought it was quite right, because she was lame and could not run about, to make the little bird a prisoner. Without a word she untied the bird and watched it fly away. Nancy was the first person that I met on leaving the hospital and I told her what Pollie had just done. I was soon on my way back to the hospital with a foreign doll, which, judging from Pollie's face, filled the long-felt need even better than the bird.

Poor old Mrs. Gump! I did not love her very much at first, I am afraid. She came into the hospital an awful-looking specimen of the famine, with the most pitiful little baby that I have ever seen. We took them into the hospital because of the baby. We worked hard over the poor little thing, but in a few days it died. Mrs. Gump soon looked much better as the result of plenty of food and warm clothing, but nothing could persuade her to leave her bed. She declared that she had high fever, although the thermometer refuted this. She realized that we had only taken her in because of her baby, and as it had died there was no reason for her staying. Just at this time a little baby boy was found on the mountain and brought to us, so we gave it to Mrs. Gump to nurse. Then two little girl-babies were found, and Mrs. Gump had her hands full, looking after and feeding these three little outcasts. She certainly did work hard over them, and as a result of her labors, the only one of the numerous babies that have been found and brought to us, who has lived and grown fat and strong, is the little boy.

These are a few of the many interesting cases that come under our care, and we feel that we have a rare opportunity of touching these lives, which come to us crying out for a knowledge of that love which we have come to reveal.
The Removal of the Ancestors.

J. C. J.

Real estate transfers and a vast tangle of red tape are inseparable the world over, and yet, in China, there is one very knotty portion of this snarl that we, in America, rarely need to unravel before taking possession of our new property—namely, the removal of ancestors.

The Li property, which was purchased last winter, is a small piece of land adjoining the Boys' School and directly under the windows of our apartment in the South-east wing of the school building. Not a beautiful bit of landscape was the Li estate—stony ground, ragged pomegranate trees, a tiny one-roomed hut with half its thatch clawed from the roof for fuel in a time of stress, four or five rough mounds with rude headstones, and around it all, tumble-down stone walls through which and over which the neighbors came and went quite freely, be it day or night. Rumor had it that thieves had climbed those very walls during the previous summer, and had been effectually boosted into our compound by the helping hands of the Li brothers. So our desire for a garden was enhanced by the prospect of being rid of our rascally neighbors, root and branch, ancestors and descendants!

Personally—for my room was directly above the squalid hut—I must confess to having felt a longing to be free of old Mrs. Li at any price. All day the air was blue with her reviling and all night she snored in long rumbling thunderclaps, which must have disturbed the slumbers of her honored dead so near her door. If by any chance her sons arose earlier than she and ate her cherished sweet potato, put by the night before with admirable frugality, how the welkin would ring with the theme of sweet potatoes and sons in general, and of her precious sweet potato and far from precious sous in particular!

I wish I could make you see her. Her old face is shriveled, very much the color and texture of a cold baked potato, and bearing the same sinister expression; her few gray hairs straggle about her face, the longer ones being gathered in a
pitifully small knot behind; her coat is a huge, dirty-blue, padded affair, looking very strange with its empty sleeves wagging at the sides, while she hugs her arms close inside the coat; her long, padded trousers with their uncountable patches represent every shade of blue imaginable; and her tiny feet,—her poor inadequate feet,—in such muddy wee shoes. And issuing from this bundle of filthy rags come long shrieks of rage. And between the shrieks she jumps furiously up and down, her whole body tense with anger. Do you wonder I wished her to settle elsewhere?

The year was unspeakably hard; food and fuel at prohibitive prices. Clothing and furniture in pawn, and no work to do, even if the lazy, rascally sons had desired such a thing. So the Li family decided to sell their land to the Foreign Great Ones.

It was a long and tiresome process, making the bargain. Middlemen and a middle woman, who hoped by continually “talking price” to somehow earn enough bean-cake to supply her soup-pot for the winter, were constantly going and coming between us and our neighbors just below. But finally the price was settled, the owners and middlemen (the poor old woman did not even get one good meal for all her pains) were duly feasted, and the contract drawn up and signed, while appended to it was this condition:

“Sixty dollars to be retained by the purchasers for the removal and burial of ancestors, if at the end of the fourth month the graves have not been removed by the owners.”

One Sunday morning, toward the end of the third month, there was a great commotion down below. And lo! the removal had begun. Over the largest grave, where lay an official ancestor, was stretched a blue canopy, to keep the unearthed spirits from escaping, and beneath it a corps of diggers were hard at work, while all about were onlookers, appearing so much like a flock of huge blue vultures that one almost expected them to have beaks. Five new, cheap, little coffins were lined up in front of the hut, and inside these the old lady and her keenly-interested friends were putting rolls of cotton, rather like pillows, to rest the ancient
bones. So cheap and small were the new coffins, so huge and thick the crumbling beams of the old! Surely the Li family had once been among the great ones of that country, and here was the end of it all—two worthless villains and a poor, old, foul-mouthed hag, who did not hesitate to sell the last remnant of land or to consign the bones of their long-worshipped forefathers to these unworthy coffins.

All day Sunday and all day Monday the digging continued, and on Tuesday there was still one grave to explore, while in the other four had been found not four but ten ancestors! And Tuesday's work disclosed three more huge old coffins, mouldering away one above the other.

Can you imagine the effect on the frugal Mrs. Li? At first she had spent all her time, night and day, wailing—wailing—crouched before the newly-filled coffins, swaying back and forth in an ecstacy of feigned sorrow, calling over and over the names and deeds of the dead with a long weird sob each time she caught her breath. Sometimes she would do this for an hour or more without cessation, after which orgy the bystanders would pick her up and lead her staggering to the hovel. Here all was most cheerful; eating and copious tea-drinking proceeded; gossip about the price of rice and the sins of the neighborhood was rife; and all were generally oblivious to any cause for grief.

But proportionately as the ancestors increased, the wailing diminished, and with each new coffin she would rise from her wailing posture to stamp wildly about and curse as only the Chinese can curse. Wailing and reviling—reviling and wailing—on it went, until on Wednesday the thirteen coffins were arranged in a hollow square under the canopy, the table was set with a goodly feast in their midst, and the funeral was impending.

Even Mrs. Li was cheered at the prospect of a funeral. The distant relatives, scattered through the city, flocked about in tawdry, white garments; pipers, seated at the gate, piped an excruciating music; ragged banners, hired for the occasion, were carried about by hired mourners; and off they went in a long procession—cymbals booming, pipes
Boys' Boarding School, Hwaiguan.

J. H. Cochran on "Velox."
piping, a funeral that was a funeral, and every one feeling so pleased and proud.

But as I remember all those heathen pictures, most vivid of all is a night scene. I had heard sounds of wailing shortly after midnight, wailing of a young voice this time, and had gone to my window to see who might be there. The sky was very dark and the only lights to be seen were little flickering fires, burning in front of the rows of coffins. As the lights flickered, the looming coffins seemed to sway with the wailing, and then I saw a crouched form. There were long, low cries and long-drawn sobs and all at once in a bright spurt of light I saw the mourner's face,—a beautiful dark Oriental face of a young woman, her cheeks all wet with tears.

The Story of A Little Brass Incense-Burner.

Margaret Watts Cochran.

Only a little, brass incense-burner, two inches in diameter, but how many experiences to tell!

Way back a hundred years ago, when Hwaiyuan had only just begun to think of existing, it came and set up its abode in the “Song” family, one of the half dozen dwellings then to be found here,—and faithfully carried out its work in the world, of sending up a sweet odor of incense to the departed spirit of the clan,—for it knew no better, you see.

One generation handed it down to another, and though it was a poor little thing, it was sturdy and strong, and was never cast out, even in the more prosperous days, when the family had become large and well-known. In times of pestilence it found an extra way to serve, for those fearing to be stricken with some dread disease, would burn the same sweet incense in it, and when they passed infected places, would hold it close beneath their noses and thus they thought, escape contamination.

Much of squalls it knew, and much of poverty, and toward the end of these many years, the latter was felt more and more keenly, until sometimes the little incense-
burner used to fear lest it should go the way of so many of the
other family possessions, and wake up some morning, to find
itself among strangers. And in a way, its fears came true,
for one day, an old and bowed woman of the family, smuggled
it up her sleeve, and would give no answer to the demand of
one of the younger generation, as to what she was going to do
with it. For a long distance, through the streets of Hwai-
yüan, which had grown forty thousand strong since those
old days, she came, bearing the wondering little incense-
burner with her, and never gave it an inkling of its where-
abouts, until suddenly it heard her voice speaking to a
stranger, saying, "We have all been so grieved over the
great illness of the good doctor, and I have thought and
thought what I could bring to show my sympathy and
appreciation of your kindness in the past, but you know how
very, very poor we are," and then out into the sunlight and
warmth and fragrance of the spring flowers came the little
incense-burner and was put into the hands of one who had
been in great trouble, and had been shown many human
kindesses, but few which touched her more than this. "Tell
the doctor," the old woman said, "how glad we are that he
did not die, and tell him if he will just carry this little incense-
burner about with him, and smell it when he is caring for
those with evil diseases, it will keep him from harm." She
had done what she could, and it was a widow's mite, freely
given.

And the incense-burner? It was put in the foreign
"guest-room," where each morning it sees golden-haired chil-
dren running about, and where it can rest from its labors,
and hear their happy voices singing hymns of praise to One
who requires no burning of incense, but who looks upon the
rich and the poor alike, and is an ever-present help in time
of trouble.
Hope Hospital.

Samuel Cochran.

Last summer, Hwaiyuan and the neighboring towns within a radius of one hundred miles or more, suffered from a severe epidemic of cholera. While the report of a bacteriologist showed that it was probably not the true Asiatic cholera that has caused world-wide epidemics and is often present in China, the disease itself was not distinguishable from it by its symptoms or in its terrible mortality. In the neighboring town of Fengyang, a small city of not over 20,000 people, one hundred coffins were carried through the gates in three days. In a short stretch of street near our hospital, forty or fifty people died in a few days.

Nor was its mortality more terrifying than was the dread swiftness with which it did its work. Many died in an hour or two after being seized, being perfectly well in the morning and dying at noon, or going to bed in good health and dying before morning. It was doubtless carried largely by flies, which contaminated articles of food with infectious material carried on their feet. Watermelons in particular were to blame, as dealers cut them open and exposed them for sale along the street, where they were to be seen covered by clouds of flies.

As we have always done in similar epidemics, we prepared a stock solution of a remedy that has seemed to do good in cholera, and gave it out to all applicants at any hour of the day or night. Many attributed their recovery to it and especially in the early stages it appeared to be effectual. Many of the cases were too severe for any medication to save them, and after a day or so we were asked to admit to our wards, a patient who seemed almost dead. There is now in general use in China, in foreign hospitals, a comparatively new treatment which consists in injecting into the veins an enormous amount of sterile, saline solution to supply the fluids drained off by the disease and assist in the elimination of the toxins which are absorbed. We were a little nervous at first about accepting such patients, as some of them were certain to
die, and we were afraid that the new and unusual treatment might give rise to dangerous rumors. With some trepidation, however, we admitted the above-mentioned patient and started the infusion with results that were astonishing. Before beginning we feared that the man would die before the flow of water could be started. His hands and feet were like ice, his skin was blue and clammy, his face was pinched, his pulse imperceptible and his breathing seemed about to stop. As the flow began the pulse became strong, the color natural, and warmth returned to hands and feet. Unfortunately he had been too far gone before he was sent to us and in a few hours he began to fail again and soon died. In the meanwhile his wife was brought in, also in a serious condition, and the infusion was started into her veins with the result that she recovered, and in a few days left the wards entirely well.

The news soon got out that the hospital was saving people who were almost dead, and for the next few days we had a steady stream of patients brought in in extremis at all hours of the day and night by friends who had no other hope for them. Almost without exception they were in the condition of the first patient just described, and often it seemed impossible to expect recovery or even an hour's life. It was sometimes a race between death and the starting of the infusion, and it seemed only too likely that death would be the winner. Most of the cases, however, recovered, and out of some fifteen, two-thirds were saved, some of them having received twenty pints or more of saline solution. Of course this meant heavy work for all hands, as an infusion takes several hours, and when it is over, the patient is far from being out of danger and needs assiduous care for several days.

One of the patients was the fifteen-year old daughter of a refugee who had come down from Shantung some years ago to escape a famine. He and his wife and daughter eked out a precarious existence on his earnings as a coolie in carrying building materials for the masons. They lived in a little mat-shed just outside the town, and when the little girl was seized with a severe attack of cholera she was brought to the hospital. She re-acted well to the treatment and the mother
stayed with her day and night, never seeming to sleep. After three days, before the child was out of danger, the father and mother insisted on taking her home. They were warned of the danger of moving her and urged to make the cure complete. They acknowledged the justice of what we said, but could not be moved from their decision. It then turned out that they were afraid that we would kill her and take her heart and eyes to make medicine! As long as the mother could keep awake and guard her, they felt safe, but when she could no longer keep her vigil, but must drop to sleep, they were afraid to stay.

We were particularly glad that, in spite of the fact that so many cases dangerous to others were admitted to the wards, none of the attendants or other patients were attacked; and indeed the hospital seemed the safest place in town.

An urgent message came to us from Ingchowfu through Father Perrin,—who has since gone to his rest—asking us to send up some remedy for the people who were dying by hundreds. We sent up several bottles of medicine with directions for its use and the suggestion that he get the prefect to stop the sale of watermelons. The prefect refused, saying it would deprive the melon-dealers of their living; but he compromised by having the God of Pestilence escorted with a big procession down to the river where he was sent away in a boat with all honors!
**Statistics:** Hope Hospital, Hwaityan.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ophthalmic:</th>
<th>Forward 200</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cataract:</td>
<td>Reduction of femur 1</td>
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<td>Inguinal 4</td>
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**Statistics.**

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| Ward patients 279 | Wiring tibia 2 |

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