A Peaceful Interlude

Kiangnan Mission
1914
Mission Meeting, June 1914.
LITTLE GLIMPSES

OF THE

KIANGAN MISSION
NANKING

Views of "The Globe Trotters' Nanking"

A City of the Dead.
Ranking City Gate.

Gate into the Ruined Tartar City.
Ruins of the Manchu City.

The Palace of the Ming Emperors.
Colossal figures.

At the Ming Tomb.

Colossal Figures.
A Confucian Temple.
The space in front of the Temple is devoted to buying and selling.

The Drum Tower.
Chang Haun's troops apologizing before the Japanese Consulate for murder of Japanese citizens in fall of 1913.
Then and Now.

Come up with me for my favorite walk on the hill back of the Theological Seminary, where you can see the whole of Nanking spread out around you, the sea of grey roofs reaching out to the city walls on the south and east, the graves of old Nanking all around the immediate foreground, the hills to the north and west sweeping down to the river in the distance, beyond the circling wall.

Forty years ago, before any of the Missions at present in Nanking had set foot here, only the temple roofs stood out above the general gray and green; the Confucian temple on a little hill to the south, the granaries with their little ventilating roofs, the Drum Tower and the North Pole Temple on another hill to the northeast, with beautiful Purple Mountain behind it, outside the city, and the sweep of hills and valleys to the northwest, where the gentry had their country homes before the Taiping Rebellion. At that time half of the gray roofs between the Drum Tower and the South Gate were heaps of ruins.

Our Presbyterian Church was then prospecting for an entrance, and a year later, three inexperienced missionaries, with little knowledge of the language or the people, were living in a rented Chinese house, under the shadow of the southern wall. It is a far cry from that day to this.

Then, our Christians were all imported, or of doubtful stability. Now, on Communion Sunday, it is necessary to exclude all but Christians and inquirers from the principal service of the day, and no church is large enough to accommodate all the Christians, when union meetings are called. They are now held in three churches in different parts of the city.

Then, almost all hearers in the street-chapels were attracted by curiosity. Coolies laid down their burdens and carelessly listened while resting. Now, it is easy to draw an intelligent and interested audience by cards of invitation, judiciously distributed among the students and gentry, who once despised the foreigner and his religion.
Then, a few children in that Chinese house under the city wall shouted the Classics and memorized the Gospels under a heathen teacher, with some superintendence from the missionary's wife, who lived over the school. Now all over the city are thousands of boys and girls in the numerous primary schools, and over one thousand in the higher institutions of learning housed in the large foreign buildings all around us, the great University of Nanking including the Union Medical School, Normal School, and an Agricultural Department in embryo, and a number of girls' schools soon to be topped by a Union College for Women. The Theological Seminary has already been mentioned. There is a corresponding institution for women, the Bible Teachers' School, where educated women can be thoroughly trained as Christian leaders. There are also schools where women who never had a chance when they were girls can get an elementary education and a knowledge of Christian truth, so that they can teach their less favored sisters.

Then, a little quinine and castor oil were given out by amateurs and a few would-be opium suicides were saved. Now, several large hospitals are connected with the Medical Schools, and a Nurses' Training School, and Chinese Christians are sent out as doctors and nurses to carry the Gospel of healing for soul and body.

Our nearest building shows the great change in the staff of foreign workers. It is a hospital for foreigners. Close by they are leveling the ground for a little school-house for the children of the foreign community and plans are drawn for the Language School where the new missionaries of all denominations can prepare for their work and then scatter through the whole Yangtse Valley. During the last year there were forty or fifty young men and women studying here in the upper story of a University building and enjoying the hospitality of the thirty or forty missionary homes you see scattered around you.

These are a few of the changes that have struck me after an absence of eight or nine years in the homeland, but the greatest changes cannot be told so easily. The greatest
change has taken place in the hearts of the people. Last spring, as I watched the earnest intelligent faces of the congregation of women and older girls that were listening to Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Peabody, I thought of the old days and the stolid faces that looked into mine with no comprehension of the blessed truths of the simple Gospel, and reached out my hand to grasp that of the first Christian woman converted in Nanking, about thirty years ago, whispering, "Could you have hoped for such a gathering as this, when you first heard of Christ in that chapel near the South Gate?" Waves of gratitude swept over us as we thanked God and took courage.

We are still in the beginnings of things, but a great many of the preparations have been made, and the foundations laid. The Chinese Church is ready for work and the missionaries are better fitted to train and assist the Chinese leaders. The people are waking up and ready for instruction, and those of the student class are ready to investigate the claims of Christianity, and to concede the need of a greater moral power than Confucius can give.

We are now planning for a great campaign in Nanking, with the help of G. Sherwood Eddy, beginning with normal classes for teachers, before the great mass meetings, and following up with Bible classes for all who will come. All missions in Nanking and the neighboring cities, such as Wuhu, Chinkiang, and our fellow stations of Hwaiyuan and Nanshu-chow are working together, and we are hoping for great results. Will not all who read this join us in praying to the Lord of the harvest for an abundant ingathering?

Louise S. Abbey.

"Inside Our Gate."

We came back to our home in Nanking on the evening of September 16th. We had been waiting three weeks in Shanghai. During that time Nanking had been enduring to the full the horrors of war. The story of the days of the looting and wrecking lay heavy on our hearts. We had been absent two
years in America and we were very tired of traveling and separation, so we shared the children’s joy as we came in sight of the old Drum Tower and turned into the familiar road leading up to the new house where we had not yet lived. Our old servants came out to meet us with joy on their faces. A neighbor came to say she had the evening meal all ready for us. One by one our friends dropped in to bid us welcome. Home is sweet even in China in war times, and the strains of an old forgotten song kept coming back to me. “For ’tis home, love! home! that’s where I long to be.”

We found Nanking full of rough, cruel-looking soldiers, only a few republican flags flying, marks of fire and violence, deserted houses, few people on the streets, and terror still written on almost all faces. As we rode into the city I heard the people saying, “See! the foreigners are bringing their children back; surely we can rest our hearts now.” At first we had a very poor market for all the shops had been destroyed. But sooner than we expected the country people began bringing in chickens, eggs, and vegetables and our tables were supplied. The next serious trouble was the scarcity of water. During the siege when thousands of people were sheltered in the foreign houses and compounds the cisterns had been exhausted, for months only a little rain fell and ponds and wells dried up. At last we had to buy water and have it hauled in by carts. This water was dangerously filthy and caused us much anxiety.

Four days after our arrival mission meeting began, and went on as steadily and cheerfully as though nothing had happened. It was wonderfully cheering to sit with our fellow workers and to meet around our tables after our long separation.

At first the new house looked so big and bare, and our furniture seemed so hopelessly shabby and dusty. Everything seemed to have shrunk during the two years in the attic and it seemed impossible to make things fill and fit the rooms. For some weeks my brain refused to act except in the line of fitting small rugs to large rooms, making and hanging curtains, mending and restoring broken chairs and
tables, and bringing books and pictures out of dusty boxes. One day I positively refused to go to a wedding because I could not stop my cleaning of the attic. Sometimes I would start up in the night trying to think what had become of a favorite book or the castors of a bed. And in church I was liable to be thinking what I could find to cover an old chair.

Outside our gate the road had not then been built, but a lovely shaded lane is our delight and from the verandah we have a lovely view of Purple Mountain. To the south lie the college buildings with their cheerful lights twinkling in the evenings. We love so much to watch Mr. Bailie's men in their blue garments watering and digging the brown earth of the gardens in front. Purple Mountain seems never twice the same. The Chinese call it 'purple gold mountain.' In the evening light the purple shadows are wonderfully mingled with the gold of the setting sun.

Over toward the southeast lies the city:

"O rare old city, home of kings;
The glory of the past sits on thee like a crown.
What if thy present be but days of gloom,
A dragon sleeps beneath thee, and a Yao and Shun
Shall in the future ages coming down
Make thee again the great Nanking."

(Old Chinese poem.)

At last our house was in order, comfortable and cheerful, with a fire lighted on the hearth as soon as the evenings were cool enough. How many happy hours the children spent in the fire light lying on the rug while the guest with the wonderful historical memory told them legends and stories of knights and saints and names well known in ancient glory. "Wonderful stories of wonderful places the stranger told that night." The children were learning history without knowing it.

Our house is a convenient house because it is one of the first to be seen as the road turns around the hill and I think its lights look friendly at night when one comes in on the evening train from Shanghai. Our children are never surprised to wake up in another bed from the one in which they went to sleep. One night a friend from a neighboring station
was sleeping in the guest room. He had come in very tired after a long train journey. Late in the evening we heard a great knocking on the back gate. Another friend from a more distant station had also come in on the train. His letter telling us he would arrive late after attending an evening meeting had not reached us. As I knew these friends differed somewhat in their theology I hesitated to suddenly thrust them together in the same bed when one man was already asleep. So we had Faith change her room which she did without waking up and soon the new visitor was asleep in bed, and we all met at the breakfast table the next morning. Chinese cooks are remarkably good in making a few spoonfuls of chicken go around when the family suddenly enlarges. My cook is very faithful and good natured and to him I give my grateful appreciation.

From the ends of the earth our visitors came,—more than two hundred of them during the year. Early in the year we invited the men of the Chinese faculty to tea, afterward their wives; then the medical students and the college students came; and once, the happiest time of all, my Chinese women friends, some of whom I had not seen for years, came to meet for an afternoon reunion together. The victrola given us by a friend in New York was an unfailing source of pleasure to us and our guests during the year. In June the whole faculty of the University, men and women, Chinese and foreign, and the wives of the teachers met to greet President and Mrs. Judson of Chicago University.

_Lilian C. Williams._

**Home Missions.**

_in Nanking this winter ten young women who are beginning their careers as missionary mothers, and who take their profession seriously, united into a group for self-improvement and mutual helpfulness in the problems connected with their children. This Mothers' Club of amateurs met fortnightly to study a book on child psychology, to read and discuss_
papers by the members, and to enjoy the fellowship of com-
mon experiences. Occasionally the fathers were included in
a social evening or an open-meeting to discuss discipline
resulting in vehement reiterations of time-honored precepts.
For the coming year a serious study of kindergarten principles
and methods is planned as the main topic. Children in this
part of the world are deprived of so many of the advantages
of childhood in the home-land, that it is more than ordinarily
incumbent upon the mothers to give themselves to the all-
round and happy development of their little ones into moral
and noble children of God.

Realizing that what is of need and value to us privileged
daughters of a Christian civilization, is doubly necessary to
those less fortunate, the able organizer of this American club
has also called into being a club for young Chinese mothers.
Many have been the mothers' classes held by missionary
mothers to impart their own experience to their more ignorant
neighbors. But this group is a real club—self-sufficient, save
as they invite the advice of the organizer. It is composed of
English-speaking graduates of girls' schools, and their study
is to be done in English as there is little or no literature on
the subject in Chinese. To see the clean, healthy, sensibly-
trained babies which they are bringing up in the nurture
and admonition of the Lord, is to witness the strongest
possible vindication of the education of the girls of this
land in order to the true making and saving of China by
the next generation—a generation which will be superior
to their forbears—of strong body, of broad wisdom, and of
love to God and man.

Ruth B. Bullock.
NANKING

Views of "A Missionary Suburb."
The Old Gate-keeper.
Lao pan is an old Taiping rebel and a most zealous guardian of the gate.

Unloading Rice.
Just inside the gate are the donkeys waiting to be relieved of their loads of rice for the Ming Deh School.
The Abbey House, the first foreign house in Hankow.
It is now the ladies' residence.

A Shady Road.
Where women, who never had a chance when they were girls, can get an elementary education and a knowledge of Christian truth.
View "from the hill back of the Theological Seminary." The school for foreign children is on this hill and it is a possible site for Ginling College—the new union college for women.
The New Campus.

In the space between the Drum Tower and the Japanese Consulate, in the foreground of the picture, are to be built the University buildings.

Purple Mountain and Jeb Bih Bob.

A view from the Williams verandah, looking east across the campus-to-be of the University. "Over towards the southeast lies the city."
Along the West Wall.

"Where the gentry had their country homes before the Taiping Rebellion." Now a favourite afternoon walk for the missionary.

A Chinese Park.

A view from the west wall, in the region lying west of the "Missionary Suburb."
A heavy cloud rested on Nanking at the beginning of our mission year which hindered our regular work and made all hearts sick with sympathy for the distressed, but all through the year we have been seeing the silver lining. A rebellion in China made Nanking a storm center during the summer of 1913. We were confronted with unique and desperate conditions. The plan of Hwang Hsing and his associates to punish Yuan Shi Kai ended in failure and disgrace to the promotors, and sorrow, suffering, and death to some of their followers, and to the people of Nanking, but God has overruled this calamity for the people's good in at least one way. It has changed the attitude of many of the better class of Chinese to look upon Christianity and Christian institutions with some degree of favour. The fact that five thousand or more helpless women and children found refuge within the walls of the missionaries' homes, hospitals, and schools during those awful days made a profound impression on the hearts of the people and has affected for good the whole work of the year.

The relief work done during the winter has also greatly changed the former indifference to a hearty appreciation and sympathy. The assistance which the missionaries were able to give the Chamber of Commerce, before and after the capture of the city, and the relief to all classes of the community, has meant more than years of preaching could have done, in removing prejudice and showing the people what Christianity meant.

Mr. Gray was on the point of leaving for his vacation when the outbreak came, and Mr. Drummond returned on the 9th of August. Mr. Bullock came back from Mohkan-shan as soon as he heard of the trouble. Miss Dresser and Miss Lucas were the first of the ladies to return, while the embers at Hsia Gwan were still burning, and they saw and
heard things too dreadful to speak of. Great excesses by soldiers followed the fall of the rebellion. Houses and stores were emptied, women and girls were outraged, neighbors made themselves rich from neighbors' possessions, and we had a fearful sight of what unrestrained passion and selfishness can do. The drought added to the terror as constant fires broke out. The looting of the pawnshops has been a terrible loss to the many who look upon the pawnshop as their security vault for winter clothes.

In all this distress, the missionaries' buildings and their walled enclosures were places of refuge. All our schools at Han Si Men, the Seminary, the Ming Deh School, the Women's Bible School, all the buildings at Hu Bu Giai, and even the walled site at Shwan Tang with its little dayschool building were crowded with refugees, chiefly women and children.

After the crisis became less acute, relief money sent by the Red Cross Society was divided among the city workers of all the Missions and used in different ways. Many garments were cut out and given to women to make up, giving ready cash to the cloth stores that had been looted, and employment to the tailors who cut as well as the women who sewed, and then the garments were sold at cost or less, or they were given outright to the very destitute. Meetings were held for the women, when the work was given out, or they were organized into classes for regular instruction part of the time, and the results are very evident. It is some months since Miss Dresser discontinued the giving out of work, but her classes are just as well attended and several are applicants for baptism. The relief given the literati and working men will be given in the report of the university. The people around the Han Si Men and Hu Bu Giai have put up memorial boards at the girls' school and the theological seminary to show their gratitude but the best evidences of their appreciation have been in the better state of our work all along the line.
W ith the devastation consequent upon University Notes, the rebellion and terrible looting that followed the occupation of the city by the northern troops, we doubted for a while if the University could be opened in the fall. Only thirty students came the first day, less than the number of the faculty. Many of our former students from abroad were compelled to go to other centers, and this greatly reduced our income as these students as a rule pay full fees. However, with the spring term many of these students returned. Notwithstanding our fears and in spite of the unrest and the fact that none of the government schools had opened and many of the merchants and gentry were afraid to return to Nanking, we have had 490 Chinese students in all our departments, and with assured quiet and order we anticipate a large advance in both the preparatory and college departments.

The feature of the year in the Normal School has been the three months' course for the teachers and literati who had suffered during the troublous times. The Relief Committee offered to finance the scheme for as many as the University could take care of. Seventy-five men were selected by a competitive examination. They were given a good noon meal, and stipend of $3.00 a month for their families. Text books, paper, and pencils were donated in Shanghai, four additional teachers were secured—no slight task—and five classes of 15 each were started. They studied the ordinary school books and the Bible, and had lectures on pedagogy, hygiene, and history. Every man was required to teach in the practice school under the critic teachers. After three months one half were given certificates stating that they had done good work. Twenty-one or two have secured positions as day school teachers, many of whom are doing good work. Fifteen have been enrolled in the regular Normal class, paying their own expenses. Forty-two have applied for admission to the Presbyterian Church.

Agricultural Department. At present this is in the nature of University Extension in charge of Prof. Joseph Bailie,
who reports a very interesting work which has grown out of the famine relief work of two years ago. Land and buildings are being given for agricultural colonies with schools giving half the time to literary work and half to agriculture. The fathers pay for the tuition of the boys by planting so many trees. There are Sunday schools and preaching on Sunday. The Chinese are becoming interested in the work and have organized, under the patronage of the Civil Governor, a benevolent agricultural association and have given $10,000 for the work. Thousands of fruit and forest trees have been planted on Purple Mountain. Fire breaks are planned for of strips of arable land given to the poor to cultivate and keep free from weeds. We ought to correlate this work with our country stations so that Christian farmers can learn better methods of agriculture. Many roads have successful operation and two or more are planned for. A plot of land is being secured near the Drum Tower where the University students can work out their fees and prove the dignity of labour.

A scheme is being considered to form a Nanking Evangelistic Association which shall unite our evangelistic work as the educational work is now united, and carry on the work in the different street chapels as a unit, workers in the different missions strengthening each other in special campaigns, and covering the whole city. Those who are led to Christ can join the church of their preference or the one nearest their homes. The day schools of the city are now united by a voluntary teachers' association organized at a tea which Mrs. Gray gave the Christian day school teachers of the city, and it gives promise of enlisting the best efforts of the teachers in improving the day schools, the feeders of our high schools.

Our hearts have been cheered by the number of ways in which the Chinese Church is developing leadership. They are showing enterprise and initiative. Christian students in the University are carrying on quiet personal evangelistic
work among their fellow students, and we see the coming of the time when the main responsibility for the evangelization of China shall be taken up by the native Church and we, the foreign missionaries, shall be advisors and helpers only. But for that purpose we must strengthen the work we are now doing along all sides. We feel the need especially for more well educated and spiritual minded leaders in the different phases of work that we are carrying on. May the Holy Spirit so fill us that our educational work shall be thoroughly evangelistic and that our evangelistic work shall be more educational, patiently teaching the individual inquirers and Christians and leading them into an understanding of the will of God.

A Live Christian Endeavor Society is conducted by the women at Han Si Men without any assistance from the missionaries. This spring they organized and carried through a week of special meetings for women. Notices were posted and handbills were scattered throughout the city and a number of ladies, Chinese and American in equal numbers, some from other Missions, were asked to speak on topics dealing with woman's relation to the church. There was a large attendance of women from the neighborhood of the different chapels in the city, and most of them were interested in Christianity and were sufficiently informed to listen intelligently and be benefited by the excellent series of talks. As the Chinese come early, there was an excellent opportunity for personal conversation for an hour or two before the meeting, and a number of women of the church and the women's Bible schools improved this opportunity. A good many women came day after day. It was a good illustration of the initiative power of the Chinese and gives us much hope for the future.

The special feature of women's work this year in city and country has been the organizing and carrying on of study classes. Women come regularly and learn to read, or commit to memory prayers, Scripture passages, or brief statements of
Christian truth. At the New Year, notices were posted near all the city chapels advertizing "half day schools." It is wonderful how much one can learn in two hours' study once a week or oftener. In the past our great sorrow was the uncertainty of seeing the same face more than two or three times at irregular intervals. Now many come regularly and several have entered the Women's Bible School. Several are inquirers and others have, we believe, received Christ in their hearts, though they may never be allowed to make an open profession.

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Wayside Friendships.

Last year it was a great privilege to be in the country stations. Not only in the stations but on the way to and from them, the friendliness of the people was a great joy and inspiration. Early one chilly gray morning in February we started on one of our journeys. This time I had two Bible-women and "Lao Ma," the faithful, who goes ahead to smooth the way for us. The sun was just peeping over the hills as we rode out of the guarded city gate. Our journey took us over fifty miles, and everywhere, on either side of this road, as far as the eye could reach, there were villages. No other church works in this district or far beyond, and the need is overwhelming. Through long village streets my chair bearers carried me, past women placidly washing clothes, beating and pounding them on stones; through farm yards we went where were great bundles of twigs and grass that the women and children had gathered with patient toil and carried on their bent shoulders to stack up for use in cooking their food. Here, we passed trays of beans or grain sunning on the roof, there, the fierce looking but usually harmless animal which is one of the most tenderly cared for members of the family, since he ploughs the little farm. Out in the open country again we caught glimpses of the people working in the fields, the blue of their garments being the only color against the dull gray of the winter landscape. As we passed along we saw women
"Through long village streets."

A Train of Water Buffaloes.
"Through farm yards."

"Working in the fields."
"Washing their clothes and their rice in the ponds."

"Sunning the family bedding."
Going to the Fair.

Kindergarten Tots.
washing their clothes and their rice in the ponds, or elderly women mending and sunning the family bedding by the roadside, keeping an eye on a grandchild or two as they toddled about dirty but happy.

This year all the people have given us such warm welcomes and such sorrowful goodbyes. When they saw us coming the women would leave their washing or their mending, and while my chairmen rested they would have a chat with me, which easily turned to the reason for our traveling. It was hard to go on for the invitations were so cordial; "Can't you stay longer?" "When are you coming back?" "If trouble comes in Nanking just come here for a refuge!" "We'll be watching for you when you come back." One nice looking woman, when she found we had no time to go to her home, called a bright faced boy and sent him for cups and a pot of hot tea. This woman confessed her faith before a large number of her neighbors. Three times on this particular journey we were offered tea with that real courtesy which is so characteristic of the Chinese.

Lao Ma went on ahead to one of the places where we were to stop and came back with the news that the room we were to occupy was too hopelessly dirty. The house was one of those left standing by the Taiping rebels, and Miss Lee and I could well believe that the black that blew down on us from the roof twenty feet above was Taiping dust. Finally our glass tiles came, and the window in the roof, which we did not succeed in getting until we had been there three weeks, proved an additional attraction to our friends,—and a revelation of more dirt to ourselves. It certainly was a blessing to us for there had been only two tiny paneless, shutterless windows away above our heads. The room had an earth floor and no doors. For four days the north wind came in at one door and eyes peeped through the curtain at the other. I never knew before what a luxury just a door is. And the dear people who peeped in had never known the luxury of privacy which comes with Christianity, so they didn't know they were making it hard for us. But as the cleanliness of
our rooms was often spoken of the dirt wasn't as hopeless as it at first seemed.

Miss MacCurdy spent four weeks with me at one of the stations, and Miss Mabel Lee five weeks at others. They quickly won the love and confidence of the people, and to their tender care of me, I owe the privilege of spending sixteen weeks in teaching and talking to the women who came,—daily and almost constantly they came with their burdens. One woman said to her friend, "Stay here and listen while I go home to cook the rice; it will help you to bear your sorrow." Another told me, "I am over fifty, my children are grown and I am just looking for a road to walk." (Some hope for the future.) "I would never have known if you had not told me," "Do send us a teacher," "Do open a school." These we heard every day. One woman said, "My troubles all scatter when I come here." And another, "I am stupid, I can't pray but I can say,—thank you Heavenly Father."

In former years in these places Mrs. Abbey, Miss Dresser, and Miss Hyde had met with suspicion, had been called hard names, and even had had stones thrown at them. But something very wonderful had been at work—for that is all changed. It is a day of open doors! We were greatly impressed with the fact that as many as twenty of the women who came to us during this time could read, and also that only in two cases did more than one come from the same village. One day a group of visitors proudly pointed out one of their number and said—"She can read, teach her, and she will teach us." They listened while we worked more than an hour over the Bible, which she had never seen or even heard of before. They listened until late and this woman took home the Bible which we had marked together. She had told me she feared she could not return, but the next day, about eleven o'clock, back she came. She had rearranged her plans, called a wheel barrow, jolted over the intervening miles, and again we sat down to study. She worked steadily for five or six hours over her Bible. One day a group of women from a village some miles distant walked over on their tiny feet "just to hear." These
women did not as usual speak of my light hair or my blue eyes or ask the price of my garments, but they listened quietly to the words of the Father in Heaven, and at last one said, "We must hurry back now to our babies. We'll try and come again to study the next time you come." Then these little-footed, strong-faced women started back over the rough road to their babies on the other side of the hills.

"Oft when the word is on me to deliver
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare,
Desert or throng, the city or the river
Melt in a lucid paradise of air."

"Only like souls I see the folk there-under
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder;
Sadly contented with a show of things."

"Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call.
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all."

Mary A. Leaman.
HWAIYUAN

Up the Hsui.
FOREWORD.

"China Awake and Moving" was the title of an article published in the *Review of Reviews* in the winter of 1911. Its author had come to China on the same steamer with me some five or six months before the article appeared, and, as I read its accounts of China's marvelous progress, of her wonderful adoption of western ideas, her up-to-date methods of education, manufacturing, transportation—yes, even her dress reform, I was struck with the utter difference between my fellow-passenger's experience and mine, and I longed for the skill to answer that article from my five months' knowledge of China—of famine-haunted, poverty-stricken, medieval, ragged Anhwei. My answer was to be called "China Asleep and Snoring."

That was a year of flood, plague, pestilence, and famine, and since then have followed two years of revolution with their subsequent demoralization and lawlessness. But in spite of all the suffering and sorrow, the great change for the better which is working in China now cannot fail to strike everyone, especially those who were away during the revolutionary years. "Awake and Moving"—yes, and eager to hear, glad to learn, grateful for help. Thank God we can be in China right now.

The year has been full of shadow and sun, beginning with the illness and death of dear little Tommy Cochran, last November. We have our own God's-acre in Hwaiyuan now, and the pomegranate grove where the precious baby was laid to rest is called "Tommy's Little Garden." Then in December came the four little James Cochran children from America, accompanied by Miss Ward and Miss Jenkins, and the joy of their coming was followed closely by the sad news from home, which made the already much needed furlough for Dr. Cochran's family an immediate necessity. They left for America early in January, and the good news of their returning health and strength makes us hope that they will be with us again for Christmas.
A more beautiful, sunny, violet-scented winter could not be imagined, a winter full of the peace of uninterrupted work. No year in the history of the station has been so free from extraneous difficulties, for there was no famine and no severe epidemic, friendliness awaited us everywhere, and meetings were full to overflowing. Brigandage was rife all over China and from time to time we were warned by the city official that, if certain roving bands of robbers came nearer, we would have to leave for some place of safety. But the need did not arrive and the work went steadily on.

In April Miss Chaney took up her new duties in charge of the Girls' School and the move into the splendid new building was celebrated with great house-warmings. All the eighteen schools in the district had a good year, and the work has been greatly benefited and unified by the monthly visits of an itinerant examiner, a sort of county-superintendent.

Most of us were ordered away when the thermometer began to show a marked preference for the nineties, but five of the foreign workers stayed on at the station until August, holding, during the hottest July for twenty years, some of the most profitable men's and women's classes that the year has seen.

Our three new workers, Miss McCurdy, Miss Jones, and Mr. Niles, have made good progress with their language study and will be ready to begin work in the Fall, and among the new members must be enrolled Master John McLean Morris, who joined our ranks on September first and whose baby smiles are going to brighten the whole winter.

It is quite impossible in a brief foreword to give any conception of the year's work. Remember that the parish is three hundred miles long and a hundred miles wide, with a population of some five million people; that in this vast district there are twelve foreign and thirty-six Chinese workers, taking charge of the evangelistic, medical, and educational work, making an average of one worker to about 113,000 people. This is a population closely approximating that of
the city of New Haven, Connecticut, and the whole city of New Haven living under heathen conditions and one man, one, facing it as his problem to heal, to educate, and to bring to a knowledge of God!

If we stopped to face these facts often, we would be too unnerved by them to go on. But fortunately there is small opportunity for stopping, and work is always there. Work, hard, unremitting work, which must be its own reward in the majority of cases. And yet how beautiful it is when, in some strange instance where it was least expected, a great gratitude and appreciation springs up and warms the very cockles of your heart. It was so in the case of a woman from a neighboring village, who came in to the women's clinic two years ago. Despairing and almost imbecile, she had a horrible sore covering her chest and shoulders, and she was seized periodically with a wild hysteria, which she attributed to the wolf which possessed her. She stayed at the hospital six or seven months before she was strong enough to go back to her village, and she, who had been a wolf, returned to be a teacher. The whole village now turns to her, formerly a despised demon, to tell them the wonderful things that she learned at the hospital, and often she comes in to Hwaiyuan to get advice for her work, to bring presents, eggs, peanuts, perhaps a fine cabbage, to her healers, and to return to her village with more good news.

No sphere of this year's work has been more inspiring than the itinerating. Visits to out-stations were made at intervals during the whole year, and Miss Murdoch and Mr. Morris, together with a number of Chinese evangelists, spent most of February and March making trips into the different country districts, staying in the homes of the resident helpers, native Christians or inquirers, and holding classes continually. There is no work in all the category more exhausting to mind, body, and soul, and yet perhaps nothing counts for so much as this living with the people, taking part in their home life, and eating their pork and rice three times daily. The family pig is apt to share your tiny bed-room; the family hens peck
about your feet all day; and you must train your countenance
to show no surprise when, at dinner, the children are denied
fish or eggs because they are not yet fully recovered from the
smallpox! To us, who have never done such things, the
sacrifice seems well-nigh impossible, but you should be there
when the travelers return—cramped from long days in the
saddle, or black and blue from long riding in a springless ox
cart bounding over wretched roads, but so full of enthusiasm
about the trip, so eager to tell of all the interest shown by the
villagers and to arrange for better work among them.

That is the great problem now—how to get enough
workers to follow up all the interest that is being shown, to
instruct and guide the people. More workers, more churches,
more schools, more dispensaries—we are as insatiable as
Oliver Twist, and our hearts are heavy for China, when we
realize how the far-reaching effects of this frightful war in
Europe must, of necessity, be felt in the contributions to
all Missions, both American and European. We, who have
been the proud bearers of the Angels’ Message, “On earth
peace, goodwill toward men,” are humbled and bowed in
sorrow. Once more, overwhelmed by the appalling impotence
of man, we must turn like frightened children to the omnip-
otent Father and trustingly await His will.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

Jeannie C. Jenkins.
The bell and clock are a memorial to Mrs. James B. Cochran, an hourly reminder to all the city of her great love for Hwaiyuan.

There are two reading rooms in the city where books, magazines and daily papers are free to all who care to read. An evangelist is in charge to speak to the groups of people and the rooms are in constant use by from twenty to forty a day.
Ding Li Mei, the great Chinese evangelist, and some of the leading men of Hwaiguan

The Dedication of the Chapel at Tung-Chia-Touen.

Half the cost of the chapel was raised locally.
One of these trees, said to be 3,000 years old, is believed to have been moved some eighty years ago to a city thirty miles away, where it made a twenty year visit before returning to its home in the temple yard.
The Boys' School from the site of Mr. Cochran's new house.

Attention!
The Girls' School in front of the new building.

A Wand Drill.
The work of caring for poor little foundlings and finding child-hungry homes for cast-out babies is one which the hospital is constantly overseeing.
The public ponds used for these washings are usually green with slime. The wonder is not that many are sick but that any survive.
Early morning along the road to Mengchen.
The Itinerators.

A prosperous farm along the way.
Mule-riding, with the Chinese tendency to ditches and dogs, lends an element of excitement and uncertainty to travel almost equal to that of our own United States.

The sign on the house means "The Christian Resting-place," and Mr. Dju, the good farmer who owns the land, is a Christian from Shantung who is exerting a strong influence for good over the neighboring community, and plans to build a church almost wholly with native funds.
At SaoelusSicb.

This is the native place of Djang, the boatman, who pays two-thirds of the salary of the resident evangelist.

Some Eager Listeners.
The Hwai Conservancy preliminary surveys were made this summer with the hope of preventing future famines. The following pictures were taken during the last famine.
The wages paid were about four cents, gold, a day—sufficient to keep alive two people.
Not God! in Gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.
—Thomas Edward Brown.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
    Fringed pool.
    Ferned grot—
The veriest school
    Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
NANHSUCHOW
Welcome to Our City

and Our Home.
THE SECOND GENERATION.

Much of the missionary literature read before coming to the mission field gave me the impression that the work was being done entirely by foreigners. And in the short time that I have been in China no doubt I have contributed greatly to that impression among my friends in the home land. It is almost inevitable that this should be the case, because in the enthusiasm of telling about the opportunities, the work, and the results, the setting and the details are neglected. We forget that our friends at home cannot picture the small group of Chinese workers who are constantly with us, who day after day in the school, the chapel, and the dispensary, in the home, the city, and the country are, in word and deed, setting forward the Kingdom of God. So I wish to take this opportunity to tell of one family of Chinese workers in our station at Nanhsuchow.

Father, mother, and four boys live together in a wonderfully beautiful home life. The father and mother are both second generation Christians, and that they are Christians no one would question, because of their personal lives, the training of their boys, and the cheerfully serious character of the home. They are living on the same compound with us, and it is a great privilege to be so closely associated with them in work and the ordinary affairs of daily life. Living thus close to them we have a chance to know that home life.

The family is a perfect unit, and almost any evening six heads can be seen bending over a single table while the father and mother are helping the boys with the lessons of the next day. A little later all six voices are heard in the singing of some hymn and the family are at evening prayers. A more perfect commentary on "The Cotter's Saturday Night" could not be found.

Though the home is under thatch roof and within mud walls, as are the humbler homes in our region, and although it is a real Chinese house in furnishings, still it would be very attractive to any westerner, because it is invariably clean and wholesome. And each member of the family is equally clean and neat. In a Chinese home of any position or means, the
women leave all the work to a corps of servants and themselves disdain to touch anything but fancy needlework. But though Mrs. H— looks after the entire household and does much of the work herself, her natural refinement puts her at ease in the first families of the city and her quiet dignity and superior schooling cause all to defer to her. Her true sympathy reaches over a natural reserve and so attracts all to her. In the girls' school her personal charm and teaching ability make her an ideal teacher, and the girls could have no better example of true Christian womanhood to inspire them. In the women's Bible class her deep religious spirit and strong convictions are already telling with various classes of women.

Mr. H—, head teacher in the boys' school, wins respect because of his excellent training in western subjects, and inspires confidence because of his careful judgment, which we have frequently tested. Though not a ready speaker, his clear thinking, open-mindedness, and teaching ability will get and hold men when his natural timidity is overcome to some extent. Being a true companion of his own boys, he is not only an ideal father, but he is thus made accessible to other boys through their games. His influence will not be felt and appreciated as quickly as that of his wife, but it will be none the less deep and abiding.

But your best missionaries are the boys themselves. Leading their classes in school, and leaders in the sports on our compound after school hours, they are unconsciously spreading the gospel which such parents, such a home, and such training have instilled into them. And being so unaffected and genuine we can see the uplifting influence on all, in spite of the fact that the four boys are outnumbered seven to one.

This family shows the results of the missionary work of the past to which we have fallen heir in this day, and the results of to-day's work should be correspondingly greater. But not only are our hands strengthened by their effective service in this day, but seeing the results of Christianity in their lives, we are encouraged to go on in the new fields which remain to be opened up.

G. C. Hood.
Our Boys' School Buildings.

The Temple of the God of War and the adjoining ancestral hall—through the gate.

Mr. and Mrs. Hsu and Family.
"The friendly road"—A wayside teashop.

Village with mud wall, moat, and draw-bridge, in the robber-infested regions.
A temple nestled in the mountains is a delight to the eye both at close and distant range. Our Kou DJ field.
There are many such attractive villages in our country field, and

China possesses not a few such beauty spots as this from the Showchow field.
## STATISTICS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Nanking</th>
<th>Hwaiyuan</th>
<th>Nanking</th>
<th>Union</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>When established</td>
<td>1874</td>
<td>1901</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Out-stations</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>11</td>
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### Missionaries:

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<tr>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ordained</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unordained (not physicians)</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physicians, men</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; women</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single women</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wives</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>13</td>
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### Native Force:

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ordained preachers</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unordained &quot;</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Teachers, men</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; women</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; non-Christian</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bible women and other workers</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>84*</td>
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### Church Statistics:

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<tr>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Unorganized groups of believers</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organized Churches</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Churches self-supporting</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Number of communicants</td>
<td>530</td>
<td>216</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Communicants added during year</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Children baptized during year</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adherents</td>
<td>1,000</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Catechumens</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>336</td>
<td>38</td>
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<tr>
<td>Average attendance</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>160</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday schools</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; membership</td>
<td>900</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>....</td>
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### Educational:

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of Kindergartens</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kindergarten boys</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; girls</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Number of primary and Intermediate Schools</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>Primary boys</td>
<td>213</td>
<td>328</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; girls</td>
<td>202</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Number of High Schools</td>
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<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
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<tr>
<td>High School boys</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>....</td>
<td>....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; girls</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>....</td>
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</table>

* Including Language School teachers.
University of Nanking:
No. in Grammar School. 227
High 125
College of Letters. 34
Normal Dept. 40
Medical Dept. 35
Language School (Missionaries) 52
Bible Teachers' Training School for Women 25
Bible Training School for Women 80
Nanking School of Theology and Bible Training School 91
Nurses' Training School 15

Native Contributions (Mexican):
For Church expenses $465.60 $51.90
Home and Foreign Missions 65.00 96.00
Building and repairs 415.00 402.70
Education 2,721.46 800.00 $115.51 $26,334.59
Medical Work 1,528.00 227.47
Other purposes
Language School fees 5,000.00

Total $3,667.06 $2,878.60 $342.98 $31,334.59

Medical Summary.
Number of hospitals
beds
in-patients 308
dispensaries 2
individual out-patients 12,521 10,427
Total number out-patient visits 16,256 14,799
Total expenses including assistants $6,244.09 $644.91
Receipts in fees, gifts, etc. 2,498.09 227.47