A Year in an Oasis

Box P886b
1915

Kiangnan Mission
1915
Manking Branch of the Colonization Association.

Taken on the occasion of the visit of His Excellency Chang Chien, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, when trees were planted on Purple Mountain at the opening of the School of Forestry of the University of Nanking. Mr. Bailie is in the center of the second row from the back, and Dr. Williams is at the left of the front row.
LITTLE GLIMPSES
OF THE
KIANGAN MISSION
A Year in an Oasis.

1915! How that date is burning itself on our minds and souls, and what volumes it will take in the years to come to tell the story of it! Sorrow and suffering, heartbreak and despair, and yet in all this desert of madness and unrest, there have been oases of peace, and it has been the good fortune of the Kiangan Mission to spend the year in such an oasis. Perhaps it has been our remoteness from the scene of the war, though the events at Tsingtao and the prowess of the Emden came very close last fall; perhaps it has been the fact that we have read Monday's news on Wednesday, and then the reports in the first column of the newspaper were almost invariably contradicted in the fourth; and perhaps it has been because the good men, who preached to us at the beginning of the war, told us that our first duty and our only means of helping the situation was to see to it that we did not waste our strength in useless excitement and anxiety, that we did our very best for the work about us, and so helped to maintain peace and industry, each in his own appointed place. At any rate we have seen the storm gather, we have heard the distant rumble and the crashes of the thunder bolts, but here in our own field the sun has shone and the harvest has needed to be gathered, the more eagerly because of threatening clouds in the west.

And how I wish I could share with you my privilege of attending the Kiangan Mission Meeting this past August and hearing of that harvest! Just seeing the Mission assembled is an inspiration. From dear old Mr. Leaman, whose keen sotto voce comments so often sum up and clinch a long discussion, down to the young voters gravely seconding motions and the newest members busily writing minutes, everyone is on the alert, interested, eager, and so ready for the fun which repeatedly saves the day.

For it takes a great deal of humor, breadth, and patience, to discuss and decide all the questions that confront a Mission Meeting. It is a far cry from the purchase of a back yard for Mr. Ching's pig in Gao Lu Gie, to founding a College for
Women, and the achievements of a finance committee, which must foresee all the year's needs, classify them under nine different heads, and think in gold sterling, taels, and four kinds of silver dollars (and each of these dollars, mind you, is worth a different number of copper pennies valued at ten cash each!) are a never failing source of amazement to the uninitiated. Remember, too, that to work adequately among our Chinese, you must strive to have a speaking knowledge of rhetorical Chinese, Mandarin, and the local patois, and a reading knowledge of Mandarin and Classical character, while old Chinese and the ordinary written language open up other vast fields for study.

It will be quite impossible for me to give you any sort of a complete record of what I, a privileged outsider, heard reported and discussed at Mission Meeting this summer. I do want, however, to give you some little notion of how big the work is, what problems it is dealing with, and what ideals it has for inspiration.

Beginning with the Eddy Campaign in Nanking last fall, when all the Missions co-operated in two months of organized preparatory work, which drew them closer together than ever before, the year has been full of encouragement to all evangelistic workers. The old difficulty of not getting an audience no longer exists, but, as Miss Leaman says, "the possibilities of the work fill one with fear lest through one's own shortsightedness or laziness the blessing almost in sight should have to be withheld." Workers! We are all clamoring for them, and all the classes are planned as training classes, each man, woman, and child being asked to go home and teach someone else what he has learned, while the supervision of small groups is given to young Christians as early as possible. Everywhere there is so much to do, and as the Nanking report says, "To have carried the general responsibility [of 3 Churches, 11 Chapels, and 11 Day Schools] alone as Mr. Gray did during the first half of the year, and as Mr. Drummond has been doing for the past six months, is, comparatively speaking, more than a little like combining a field marshal and an army corps in one human frame."
Itinerating is still the form of work which is most full of hardship, romance, and reward. For surely there is no way of working that is quite so effective as living with the people, eating their rice and fish, their pork balls, and on festal occasions their buried eggs, sharing in their work-a-day lives, and hearing their joys and sorrows told in odd moments stolen from cooking the dinner or feeding the pig. In Hwai Yuan this year the itinerators have had the great pleasure of taking the new pastor, Mr. Sun, with them to the three large out-stations, and their sub-centers. His kindly face, his keen sympathy, his great love of children, have won him friends everywhere, and we are rich indeed in the possession of such a pastor and friend. Ox-carts, wheel-barrows, mules, and houseboats are still in constant use by the up-country workers, though the Meng Chen evangelist, our good Mr. Sen, covers his vast parish on a trim little bicycle and thinks nothing of wheeling down some fifty miles to Hwai Yuan, on tiny paths between wheat fields and rice paddies, or along the river embankments where many softly shod feet pat down a hard trail. And everywhere through all the districts there is warm welcome; there is giving of land and money (gifts small in value but often as needed by the givers as the widow's mite) for chapels and helpers; and, oh, such need of more workers to follow up the eager listeners, teach them, and hold them.

The Nanking and Hwai Yuan Hospitals have been very busy as they always are. The Nanking Medical School, both Faculty and Students, has been in co-operation with a City Health Board and the Y.M.C.A. in doing social service work of various kinds during the year. There were a number of lectures on different phases of public health delivered by the Medical Faculty, and the Y.M.C.A. arranged a very creditable health exhibit which must have been a great eye-opener to the many witnesses from ill-ventilated, badly drained, germ-ridden houses, and was certainly excellent training for the young men from the University, who acted as demonstrators and guides.

The year has seen a very decided gain in confidence among the women patients of Northern An Hwei. Though
Dr. Murdoch and Miss Margaret Murdoch are at home on furlough (and how we do miss them!) their efforts to implant a belief in the foreign doctor among the women in this district have succeeded, and Dr. Cochran and Dr. Dju have had many calls to care for obstetrical cases—quite an unheard of thing a few years ago. There are still many cast-out babies, as Dr. Cochran's article tells, who come under the care of Hope Hospital, and we are hoping for great things from these little “Graces” in future years.

Dr. and Mrs. Wiltsie have just arrived at Nanhsuchow, and after a year in the Nanking Language School, will open the Medical work at that Station, where a very warm welcome awaits them from the City Fathers as well as from the foreigners.

The Educational work is a vast subject covering every form of teaching from Kindergarten to College and University, and it should be borne in mind that all Schools and Hospitals are just as truly evangelistic centers as the Churches and Chapels, simply another helpful means of reaching people and bringing them into touch with Christianity, through instruction and healing for souls as well as body. The little Day Schools, thirty-seven in all, feed the Boarding Schools in Hwai Yuan and Nanking, which in turn prepare for the School of Theology, the Bible Training School, and all the departments of the University—Academic, Normal, Medical, and Agricultural. The second year of our “county superintendent” in the Hwai Yuan district, has proved beyond a doubt the value of this itinerant examiner; Nanking is very hopeful of joining in some organization with the other Day Schools of its vicinity to arrange for general supervision and unity of requirements and curricula.

“It is superficial,” says Gerald Stanley Lee, “for a comfortable man with a bun in his pocket to talk to a starving man about having some higher motive than getting something to eat.” And if ever the problem of organized industry, of self-support, of a living wage loomed large anywhere, it does at this moment in China. We want to feed the starving souls of these our suffering brothers, but how can they think of us or our teaching when hunger is gnawing at their bodies?
And so we are trying to train better farmers, artisans, weavers, and basket makers. The women and girls in Nanking are helped to help themselves by doing knitting, and a number of sewing women have been continually kept busy at embroidery and in plain sewing in Hwai Yuan, where it is hoped a large industrial branch for women may soon be opened. Mrs. Carter has been teaching the Nanhsuchow girls to knit, and some of the more skilful ones have been instructed in the art of beautiful Norwegian embroidery. Self-help on a larger scale is being successfully managed in the Nanking Normal School and in the Boys' School at Hwai Yuan. Mr. Bullock's chairs are in great demand, and Mr. Cochran's weavers are working overtime at present to fill the summer orders for rugs.

The indefatigable efforts of Mr. Bailie and his great success in the agricultural work at the University are told by Mrs. Williams. Words are quite inadequate to express what such work means to China, and what the results of a School of Forestry will be to this treeless district. Mr. Reisner's arrival, just when he was most needed, has been an added cause of thankfulness to everybody, especially to Mr. Bailie himself, and the Purple Mountain Settlement is getting to be one of the most frequently visited spots in China.

"A day in Severance Hall" gives us a glimpse into the life of the Bible Training School for Women. Its work among older women and young wives is invaluable, and we cannot but hope that Miss Dresser will soon feel strong enough to return to her work here. Yes, we know that her resignation has been sent in to the Board, but the women of China need her so, and we, her friends, we just can't spare her!

The dear little School for Foreign Children, Mrs. Frank Garrett's legacy to Nanking, was a very happy place last year, and none of its privileged pupils will ever forget Mrs. Niles ("Miss Margaret" as they call her) or Miss Rachel Miller, or any of the dear Mothers who helped in the teaching. As a Training School for young Missionaries, and a source of strength to older ones, by enabling them to keep their blessed children with them at home, this institution has few if any equals.
In the Theological School and the departments of the University, a "yeasty" spirit has been shown which has been very difficult to deal with, but is after all a sign of the times in awakening China. Leaven improves bread, unless it is left too long or kept too warm, and we hope that the leaven of Christian youth is going to result in better bread everywhere in time. A most encouraging sign this year was the decision of the nine graduates of the Academic Department to abandon the old custom of presenting the College with "tablets, photographs, or something of that nature", and pledge themselves as a class to the raising of an annual scholarship. The time is at hand when we must help them all, these students of ours, to help themselves, and to give, as well as receive, if they are to be self-respecting and to realize the value of education.

Anent Ginling College:—"Everyone has been watching the preparations of President Thurston and her Faculty with keen interest, and it is apparent that the College is going to cross its starting line like a yacht with sails up and trimmed and a skilful hand at the tiller." Mrs. Thurston has described the new quarters, and I only wish you could see them. Would that the old doorways and balconies could tell their secrets. What romance lurks in the garden hedges and walks! And what a surprise it must be to the old Li ghosts to wander in such spotless courts and smell the fresh paint everywhere!

Opportunity! Everywhere! For men, women, and children! But it all depends on the beginnings, and are we equal to the great responsibility? Surely not, if we rely on our own small strength and futile plans, if we fail to realize that only in the presence of God are we able, and only through His love can our love avail.

"Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard? The everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary, there is no searching of His understanding."

It has been a hard day in the Mission, perhaps. Springtime and the air like wine, the wheat fields now green, now gray, at the whim of the breeze, and yet—for you see the cook
poked a hole through the new grate this morning and "losing face" from reproof, decided to take it out on the boy, and so the whole house got to grumbling. Then there were so many interruptions, such futile interruptions they seemed. It took such a long time to convince the poor gateman (who looks just like a grave digger in "Hamlet") that you couldn't lend his father twenty dollars, though you realized how poor they were, and how much they and countless others needed the money for seed. Then just as you were settling down to work came old Mrs. Li with her usual tale of woe, and the need of money to build that reed fence back of her little hut. If you only hadn't known that three people had already given her enough money to build that fence, you could have given it and dismissed the matter and her whining presence. But you did know it, worse luck! and she was so full of reasons why she couldn't earn it.

So the day went, while all the time April was haunting you—April at home with its cool rain-washed air, its hepaticas and arbutus, its delicious smell of damp earth and moist, dead leaves. Home, half a world away and nobody seeming to understand! So toward sunset you sent for Fanny, the mule, and started off toward the river. First slowly through the streets, as she picked her way among children and water carriers, pigs and snapping dogs, bundles of long reeds and donkeys laden with grain. Already you were interested, trying to analyze the flood of odors that assailed your olfactory organs, reeking gutters and pigsties forming the main current, mingled with the aromas of goat soup, steaming bread, frying rice cakes, incense, the cheesy smell of fresh varnish, and the indescribable odor of sunning grain. And the sounds! Squealing of pigs, chanting of stone carriers, wrangling of coolies, the ding-ding-ding of the blind man's gong and the tapping of his stick, the cries of vendors, "Buy sweet potatoes," "Cloth, fine cloth and garters," "Foreign oil, buy foreign oil," and here at a gateway a beggar, singing, like the bards of old, an epic poem of his woes.

And now out through the city gate, Fanny, and oh, the greenness of the wheat, and the fragrance of the air drenched
with the perfume of the fields—all yellow along the river's edge! And the muddy river, trying its best to reflect the blue sky, had turned a wonderful lavender; and how cool was the breeze tossing Fanny's mane and making havoc with your hair, which ought in this country to be oiled and smooth and held in a tight black net behind. And so up the river and back through the pomegranate trees, all covered with soft bronze leaves and shading the tiny wild lilac plants that are purpling the poor neglected graves. Oh, the beauty of God's world!

"Have you been for a ride? Come in quickly! I've a letter from those two women evangelists."

"But you're crying! Don't tell me they aren't coming!"

"Yes, they are coming. They have promised, and I'm crying because I'm so glad. Think how we have waited and prayed all these years."

"But what are those red things?"

"Oh, hard-boiled eggs! That's good news too! The cook has a baby boy, and he's so proud, he's giving hard-boiled eggs to everybody in sight. Isn't it just beautiful?"

And so home again—but with what different feelings! Even the sight of old Mrs. Li, still fencing and still unfenced, failed to discourage you. What was it Mrs. Browning said?

"The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday . . . .
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God."

JEANNIE C. JENKINS.
Nanking Station 1914-1915.

Mrs. R. E. Abbey (1873)
Training of Bible-Women. Evangelistic Work.

Mr. Joseph Bailie (1910)
University of Nanking. Agricultural and Forestry Departments.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bullock (1909)
University of Nanking. Normal Department.

Mr. Harry Clemons (1913)
University of Nanking. Librarian and Instructor in College Department.

Miss E. E. Dresser (1894)
Women's Bible Training School. Evangelistic Work.

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Drummond (1890)
Evangelistic Work in City and Country.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Garritt (1906)
President of Nanking School of Theology. Vice-Chairman, China Council.

Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Gray (1907)
Evangelistic and Educational Work in City and Country.

Miss Jane Hyde (1905)
Evangelistic Work among Women in City and Country.

Mrs. J. R. Jones (1905)
Evangelistic and Educational Work.

Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Lasell (1913)
University of Nanking. Medical Department.

Rev. Charles Leaman (1874)
Evangelistic Work.

Miss Mary A. Leaman (1901)
Evangelistic Work among Women in City and Country.
Miss Lucy Leaman (1909)
Kindergarten Work, Ming Deh School.

Miss Mabel Lee (1912)
Evangelistic Work among Women in City and Country.

Miss Grace M. Lucas (1906)
Ming Deh or Girls' High School.

Miss Frederica R. Mead (1914)
Language Study. Ginling College.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Reisner (1914)
Language Study. University of Nanking. Agricultural and Forestry Departments.

Mr. G. M. Rosse (1912)
University of Nanking. Treasurer.

Dr. T. Dwight Sloan (1912)
Language Study. University of Nanking. Medical Department.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Small (1913)
University of Nanking. Superintendent of Building.

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston (1913)
Educational Work. Ginling College.

Miss Edith E. Towne (1914)
Language Study. Ming Leh School.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Williams (1899)
Vice-President of the University of Nanking.

Note: The above dates are those of first connection with the station. Mr. Bailie, Mr. Bullock, Dr. and Mrs. Garritt, Mr. Gray, Dr. Lasell, Mr. and Mrs. Small, and Mrs. Thurston had previously been elsewhere in China. This years' furloughs were, Mr. Drummond first half-year; Mr. and Mrs. Gray second half-year; Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Garritt, Miss Lucas whole year.
Huai Yuan Station 1914-1915.

Miss Florence J. Chaney (1912)  
Principal of Girls' Boarding School.

Rev. J. B. Cochran (1899)  
Principal of Boys' Boarding School. Member of China Council.

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Cochran (1899)  
Superintendent of Hope Hospital.

Miss Mabel S. Jones (1913)  
Language Study. Work for Women.

Miss Harriet R. MacCurdy (1913)  
Language Study. Work for Women.

Rev. and Mrs. D. B. S. Morris (1898)  
Evangelistic Work in City and Country.

Dr. Agnes G. Murdock (1908)  
Women's Department, Hope Hospital.

Miss Mary C. Murdock (1908)  
Evangelistic Work for Women, in City and Country.

Miss Margaret F. Murdock (1908)  
Nurses' Department, Hope Hospital.

Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Niles (1913)  
Language Study. Evangelistic Work.

Nanhsuchow Station 1914-1915.

Rev. and Mrs. T. F. Carter (1910)  
Evangelistic and Educational Work.

Rev. George C. Hood (1911)  
Evangelistic Work.

Note: Mrs. Hood, formerly Miss Preston of Hunan, has been welcomed to the station this fall, and Dr. and Mrs. James W. Wiltsie and Miss Marian W. Gardner will also join the ranks after a year's work at the Nanking Language School.
Hymeneal.

"All the world loves a lover" and friendliness has a way of pervading weddings everywhere. But this is markedly so in the interior of China, where everything, from the bride's bouquet to the wedding cake boxes, is made by the eager hands of loving friends, and musicians, caterers, decorators, florists, hairdressers, and carpenters are those nearest and dearest to the bride and groom.

Such a friendly conspiracy took place last March in Nanking at the wedding of Miss Margaret H. Beebe and Mr. Frank S. Niles. Spring had decided that if weddings were in order, it was high time the blossoms were out, so magic reigned in the gardens and everywhere were daffodils, "Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

The little Methodist Church was all glorified with delicate bamboos and dainty shell-pink apricot blossoms. Sprays of these blossoms were carried, too, by the children of Nanking and Hwai Yuan, who sang the bridal march and stood breathlessly waiting in the transepts for their beloved "Miss Margaret." Who of us that were there shall ever forget the exquisite sanctity of that ceremony, the almost ethereal beauty of the bride, the clear sweet voices of loving children?

The second wedding was at Seoul, Korea, on the 29th of July, when Dr. T. Dwight Sloan of Nanking and Miss Margaret Bell Dunnington of Charlottesville, Va., were married by the Rev. S. D. Winn, in the presence of a small number of relatives and friends. No one of the mission was able to go except Dr. Sloan, who seemed our most fitting representative, but we are all on tiptoe with excitement to welcome Mrs. Sloan to the mission and help her to settle in the new house, recently built for Dr. Sloan near the University.

August days can be as rare as those in June, especially in fickle Kuling, and the twenty-fourth of August was as beautiful as a summer's day could well be to help celebrate the third wedding of the year. For on this day Miss Mary Preston and Mr. George C. Hood were married in the Kuling
Rev. and Mrs. George C. Hood.

The Ruling Union Church, August 24, 1915.
Union Church, which has been hallowed for years by the prayers of devoted men and women of every sect and nationality. Masses of shrubbery, giant ferns, and pink lotus blossoms decorated the aisles and transepts, while behind the altar was a tall screen of dark pine boughs and the superb white lilies that grow wild on the Kuling hills, and over it rose a graceful canopy of tall feathery bamboos. A host of friends from far and near filled the church and felt the old sweet thrill as the organ played the Lohengrin March and the little procession came solemnly up the lotus wreathed aisle. Then a glorious sunset, and a clear white moon, and the "end of a perfect day."
In the
Three Stations
Some Children of the Mission.
INSTEAD OF THE THORN SHALL COME UP
THE FIR TREE.

During the winter of 1911, a great famine came upon all the region north of the Yangtse River. Thousands of people perished by starvation. Famine Relief was taken up in a most thorough and systematic way, working through a central committee in Shanghai. In spite of the most strenuous work, however, the suffering was appalling, and thousands of people, worthy farmer folk, saw their scanty supply of rice fail, until there was nothing to eat. Those who could get away fled with their families, and some forty thousand came to Nanking and lived in tiny mud or straw huts, outside the city wall. A ragged fringe of suffering humanity, they found shelter during the bitter February and the long rainy spring months before the harvest. Some of them found a little work to do in making shoe soles, and they lived on some way, as only the Chinese manage to do, with the head of the great gaunt wolf of hunger always inside the door.

One family, a father, mother, and three small children, came boldly and built their straw hut on vacant land belonging to the University. They were wasted with hunger, but wonderfully cheerful, and so the father was given some work, and paid enough at the end of the day to furnish his family with a meal. The joy of the family as they gathered about the little black pot and ate their meal of coarse rice will never be forgotten.

Mr. Bailie was then a teacher of mathematics in the Middle School of the University.

We all wrung our hands over the misery of the people, but I think to Mr. Bailie there must have come a vision, such as came to the monk, kneeling on the floor of stone in Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful":

"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

A meeting was called at the American Consulate; Mr. Bailie was given the leadership of plans for local relief work;
and some funds were made available by the general Famine Relief Committee.

For many years Dr. Macklin had been helping the extreme poor, in connection with his hospital work, by giving them work in the large vegetable garden, which he conducted, and paying them enough to earn their food. Mr. Bailie believed that this was a good way to help the poor, so he gathered together a few hundred men, who had strength enough left to handle a shovel, and put them to work, clearing up vacant land owned by the University, planting potatoes and beans, and making roads. Many roads which are a great convenience to us to-day date back to the famine work. For the rest of the year he kept together a great number of workmen, who lined up at night, and gladly received enough money to keep them from hunger. The Chinese cling lovingly to their few poor possessions, and some of these workmen were worn men growing old, with gray hairs braided into their queues, and wearing perhaps an old silk garment, faded and patched and handed down in the family for a generation.

The following year land was granted by the government on the slopes of Purple Mountain. Purple Mountain is very beautiful. An old legend says it is a crouching lion. The city wall is carried up one side, over the paw of the lion, so that it may not rise up in the night and devour the city. The people look upon it with great pride and affection, but it has yielded nothing except brush and roots for the vast army of fuel collectors, such as are described by Dr. Smith: "Every smallest child who can do nothing else, can at least gather fuel. In the autumn they overspread the land and leave not a reed behind the hungry teeth of the bamboo rake. Boys are sent into the trees to beat off with clubs the autumn leaves, as though they were chestnuts, and even straws are scarcely allowed leisure to show which way the wind blows before some enterprising collector has seized them." Stony, sterile, and seamed, it was a task for giants to make a soil deep enough to grow crops on Purple Mountain. "It is nothing to get a harvest from the rich plains of Lombardy, but it is a feat to wrest corn from a bare hillside in Scotland, that is agriculture!"
In No. 3, there were seven souls, all sick—none able to work—lying on wisps of straw in the hut. All the poor people can be put into good homes, if those who have so freely received will as freely give.
"Whosoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest
That thou doest unto me."
Brick Houses.
Purple Mountain Settlement.

Tree Planting Ceremony on Purple Mountain. The Hon. Chang Edien, Minister of Agriculture.
Future Leaders in Agriculture.

You may ride far up the side of Purple Mountain and return between rows of fruit trees growing sturdy.
To-day you can take a carriage and ride out of the city far up the sides of Purple Mountain, between thrifty fruit trees, thousands of them, growing sturdily, and see the little homes of the farmers who work the land. The soil was made, the good road was built, the brick for the houses made and burned, all by the famine people.

Last spring the Governor General of the Philippines sent Mr. Sherfesee, a Yale college man, who is at the head of the forestry department in Manila, to investigate conditions in China, with a view to co-operating in a school of forestry. He was the guest of the University, and from his report I quote: “To the writer the most astonishing thing in China was the amount of land lying idle on hill and mountain. The population is overcrowded and desperately poor, yet in the very vicinity, rising perhaps from the outskirts of the congested villages, rise fertile and unused hills. Fruit trees growing wild prove that they could easily be reforested. Every consideration urges that these waste lands be put to the uses for which they are adapted.

“Through the energy, skill, and perseverance of Mr. Bailie, cordially and actively supported by influential Chinese, and by the University, an admirable beginning has been made on Purple Mountain. It has given employment to thousands and many families are now making a comfortable living on land which would have otherwise remained unproductive. It has resulted in a department of agriculture, which was opened in 1914, and, probably most important of all, it is serving as an inspiration for the inauguration of other, and possibly large projects, elsewhere throughout China.”

During the school year 1914-5 a department of forestry was also opened in the University. This has received the hearty endorsement of the government in Peking, which has sent twenty-four students, making a total of sixty, for a four years’ course, and has aided with three thousand Mexican dollars granted for three years.

LILIAN C. WILLIAMS.
The Educational Association has voted the observance of "Ching Ming", which is the great spring festival in China, as "Arbor Day" by all Mission Schools, and the Continuation Committee has endorsed their action and an appeal has been sent out. We hope by next April that "Arbor Day" will be a National Institution. It was a day when the people were allowed to break branches from the trees and carry them about the streets. We hope it will be converted into a day when students will plant trees, thus training the people in conservation.

JOSEPH BAILIE.

"Purple Mountain has been officially appointed the Experiment Station for Kiangsu province."

Shwan Tang's New Building.

By the time "Glimpses" goes to print this year we hope to be in our new building at Shwan Tang. Last April, though the building was not finished, we occupied part of it. The older girls from the Primary School, the girls who had been attending the Boys' School, and others who had been waiting for the new building, united to form a Girls' School of such proportion that we at once had to put in more seats and desks than even the most optimistic had provided. After a complete finishing up this summer we hope to have the dedication of the building and formal opening in September.

The main building, gift of the West Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, is situated north of the centre of a fine large plot of land. To the east is the Boys' School, with playground walled off to itself; southward is the Pastor's house; westward a large open space ideal for a foreigner's residence; and all around plenty of space for playground.

One corner of the plot, with a well just outside the wall, invites a public bath house for women and children. There are no public baths for women and children in China, and after
GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW BUILDING AT SHWAN TANG, NANKING.
living for two weeks one January in a Chinese house with perfectly good cold bricks for a bath mat, the open sky for a roof, and morning air heating the only available bath compartment, one does not wonder that many do not part with their winter garments, night or day, from fall until—sometimes they drop off. "Next to fresh air and bread in the essentials of life comes cleanliness," says Ivory Soap in the *National Geographic*. We hope our Shwan Tang neighbors may soon come to realize this third essential, a good enterprise for someone who would like to see training in cleanliness go hand in hand with training in godliness.

The main building has a chapel 51' x 45'; Girls' School with recitation room, Primary School, and Teacher's Office in the east wing. The west wing has a Pastor's Study; Men's Reading Room and Night School; Women's Chapel, Industrial Room, and Guest Hall; small Dispensary, and Store Room. As goes mission field equipment, a very good plant, we think, and with the open space for playground, should meet a great need in a very large congested district. We are, indeed, grateful, not only to West Church, St. Louis, but also to Mrs. J. C. Johnson of Muncie, Indiana, Mrs. Turner of Philadelphia, and several others whose generosity made all this possible.

For the present the responsibility of oversight, as well as much of the teaching, will have to be with those living two or more miles away. With untrained workers, especially among the women, the best results cannot be expected. But the whole condition is so much better than what we have had, that, even at long distance, we are going to make the most of it.

MAUD R. JONES.
Vocationalizing Education.

Two facts, one of a purely native source and the other from abroad, seem destined to effect greatly the viewpoint of missionary education in China. The Revolution from within and the vocational movement from without have called men's attention to the necessity of preparing students in Christian schools for life, in a more immediate and effective way. That the same idea has already struck home to governmental educators is abundantly manifest. China is a hard working nation and few, if any, people have learned better how to economize resources or cultivate more intensively, yet for all this we now realize the inadequacy of a purely intellectual or humanistic education as part of our missionary duty, and the imperative necessity of vocational and manual training for every child who comes under our influence.

The typical Chinese scholar was (and is) the most hopeless of mortals in the face of a new situation. Even to-day, with all that has been done by way of drills, student societies, and other activities calling forth self-expression, the average student in our higher schools is a lily fingered molly-coddle compared to American college boys. Even those who try hardest are usually unequal to a hard tramp over the hills, and will balk at rain or cold or unusual food. Those who have been educated at the expense of the school are likely to be the most supine. The frequent school strikes (a specialty of government institutions) are mostly based upon some item calling for larger calibre of practical manhood. And after graduation, what? Of a recent graduation class of over a hundred students from a missionary college of note, some 75 or 80 per cent have been unable to secure positions. What this means to poor boys who have spent years on their education, and who have parents utterly dependent upon them, is not difficult to imagine. In short this is a period of stresses and strains; of uplift and refolding of the whole social strata; the outcome of which will be a new social, political, and economic world in China. It has become increasingly apparent that boys, and girls, who are committed to our
Some of the Rugs Woven in the Industrial Department of the Hwai Yuan Boys' School.
charge must be fitted more effectively for these new conditions of life, both for their own economic welfare and for the Christian service they are to render. It is obvious that all cannot become teachers and preachers. But a small percentage will gain enough English to become available for post office, customs, or business employment with foreign firms. Chinese firms are saying that a foreign education unfits men for their services—a familiar phrase to western school-men in their own land where the "self-made man" has been awarded first place. And then about the much larger number of children—those who never get beyond the "grades" of our mission schools. They have been utterly unprovided for so far as their future employment is concerned. The problem here is twofold. First to keep every child, especially those of our Christians for whom we are especially responsible, under instruction for the whole of the grammar school course. A year or two or three in school in China is more useless than in the west, for it is a dead lift of five or six years before any fluency or permanency in reading is assured. The second problem is to fit rather than spoil the students for the farm or trades or small businesses. Intelligence and economic independence gained during seven years of training in Christian thought and practice will be the very backbone of a Christian China. In the secondary schools the problem is more concrete. While preparing a percentage for college the greater number should be provided with actual vocational training. Most, if not all, of our high schools are boarding schools and the opportunity of turning out vitalized Christian leaders who will engage in all sorts of trades and businesses (as opposed to professions, which are the especial function of the college and university)—and let me emphasize, farming—is now coming to be realized as of greatest moment.

In a word, with education, new China demands vocations. The converse is equally true, that the vocations need education. The Chinese work long, hard, and bitterly, but for what a miserable pittance! Upon such a wage scale it is hopeless to expect a permanent national Christian movement to grow. The apprentices are a most down trodden class. They stand
at the opposite pole from the children who learn vocations in a good school. They do years of service, first tending the baby and the fire, washing the vegetables, sweeping and other menial tasks, salted with hard knocks to suit the temper of every one in the home and shop. They are afforded no education and when the stipulated period of years is up, with but an inadequate acquaintance with the tools of the trade, they are given a feast by the employer and are henceforth dubbed "finished artisans." They are very poor workmen from their own standpoint. The sine qua non of China's economic and commercial prosperity is a higher wage and more plentiful employment and this can come about only when there is more intelligence in the trades. The Nanking silk weavers are nearly always in need of work, and the wage is inadequate, just because the produce is unmarketable save in China. Huge quantities of porcelain are made in Kiangsi, near Kuling, but because of blemishes, and because the designs and shapes do not suit a foreign taste, the price remains at the mediaeval low rate of a local supply and demand. The Cantonese have learned to put intelligence into the trade. From far away Central China they order the shapes that sell, carry them by land, river, and sea to Canton, skilfully paint them with designs that suit the foreign trade, and then fire. This is the Royal Canton China known to you. The laquer ware is full of specks, and (I was told this recently by a cabinet maker from Ningpo where this ware is made in large quantities, the wood used comes from soft Standard Oil kerosene cases. They patch the holes up with putty and then laquer over the whole. The wheat and barley is smutty and shriveled, the rice small and low in yield, and the fruits not far removed from the primitive wild varieties. A thousand instances of this sort could readily be given, all exemplifying the need of more intelligence and a higher grade of morality. Under our personal supervision, with careful patterns, we get the most beautiful furniture possible. The same can be said of every department of the arts and crafts. It needs but the vitalizing touch of more education and character to promote a study of the demands of a wider trade and to put
into practice new ideas and more careful workmanship. The mission schools should lead in this movement to put more education into the trades, and produce thrifty, well balanced, skilled vocationalists.

The rest of this story is easy to tell. The end to which the above is but prefatory is the simple history of the beginnings of manual training in the schools of the Kiangan Mission. The Nanhsuchow Station is just in receipt of the good news of the appointment of an agriculturist for their work. Just as soon as the necessary language preparation is over, courses in gardening and agriculture will be offered to the boys of northern Anhwei. This great prairie-like country should become as prosperous and progressive as the plains of the Mississippi when the same conditions of intelligent wide-awake farmers result. The Hwai Yuan Boys' School is introducing the weaving of rugs, belts, garters, etc., and has turned the janitorship of the school over to boys who desire to earn their own way. The Nanking Girls' School has for a number of years given knitting to the poorer girls by way of self-help. In the Normal School of the University, where I do my major work, about $1,000.00 worth of wicker furniture has been made and sold this year. In addition to this a large number of articles have been woven from split bamboo, and sold. These forms of practical education are but in their infancy, but they will develop under the influence of time and money and spread down and out to all the other schools of the Mission. The end will be more self-respecting, independent, self-propagating Christian citizens for China.

A. Archibald Bullock.
A Day in Severance Hall.

Not the usual day there, with its regulation school room furniture, the desks and seats at which Chinese women and girls of various ages, from eighteen to forty or fifty, are writing and conning their lessons, and the class rooms, where recitations are the order of the day, but a gala day.

These rooms in the Women's Bible Training School are attractive any day, bright and cheerful, and the women are glad to have this opportunity to study, and improve every moment. They rejoice that the door of learning has opened for them, and they enter with no laggard steps. It is a pleasure to teach them and even to watch them at their daily studies.

But this is a special day when these white walls are festooned with greenery, feathery bamboos, English joy, and evergreens. Flowers and flags brighten the scene and seats are attractively set in circles around the large room. The desks have been banished and a social aspect assumed. A bower of a tea room appears in the place of the dining room with its square tables, and groups of ladies in festive array are served with tea and cakes, and entertained in various ways.

The teachers of the missionary schools for women and girls of Nanking are entertaining their sisters who teach in the government and private schools in the same city. Realizing that a new era has dawned for woman in China, and that all the women teachers in Nanking have one object before them, that of the elevation of their sex in this great city, fitting them for the better service of humanity, it seemed essential that we should get together and know each other. What can be done in one short afternoon? Not much, only a beginning, but that beginning was made.

A canvass was organized, and an invitation sent to every lady teacher in all the government schools and as many private schools as could be found. Not all responded, some were too timid, some, no doubt, were suspicious of the sudden attention showed them, but all had heard of the Eddy meetings, and many expressed an interest in them. About seventy
accepted the invitation and came by twos and threes. All were unmistakably ladies, with refined faces and modest attire. An earnestness of demeanor and very polite manners were apparent. Many of the hostesses, both Chinese and foreign, were conscious that their knowledge of etiquette was not equal to the demand. But the manners of the guests were beyond question, and in a short time all were seated and chatting in circles. The habit of asking questions and self introduction helped in breaking the ice and making one another's acquaintance.

The number of educated women in China has been underestimated. The extent and breadth of education may be somewhat limited, but when a demand was made for teachers many ladies from impoverished or progressive families, who had studied with their brothers in the old days, found a use for their learning.

These ladies of the old school are charming to meet, and we hope that this will not be the last time. In the course of the afternoon we discovered that thirteen of the eighteen provinces were represented. Mrs. Djou of the Government Orphanage was from Honan; there were representatives from Canton, Foochow, Peking, and Szechuen, besides many from all the central provinces.

After tea had been served to all in turn, the seats were readjusted, and all listened to music and a speech explaining the object of the gathering, and about the Eddy meetings, to which all were invited. This address was by Miss Tsai, whose father was an official in Nanking, and who is now giving herself to winning her old friends and neighbors to Christ.

After a few months these rooms were again decorated with greenery, and the benches and desks removed for a meeting of the Social Service League, to which many of the same guests were invited.

We hope that Severance Hall will continue to furnish a center where all who are interested in the uplift of China may meet and learn of the One who alone can give the strength that is needed.

Louise S. Abbey.
The Advance of Woman's Work in Nanking.

The rapidity with which we ourselves advance in securing adequate help is now the only limit to the advance in our woman's work. The possibilities spread out before us in a bewildering way. We have not only our new buildings at Shwan Tang and Fu Dung, for which we must provide more workers, and our chapels and classes in city and country to think of, but also the great possibilities opened to us by the splendid educational institutions with which we in Nanking are surrounded. We must not only develop our own work in the Churches in the very best way, but we must see to it that we are doing our part as the advertisers and pioneers of these institutions from the University and Woman's College down to the Kindergarten, in order that the largest member of people may be interested, and that these institutions may draw the very best people from the larger district in city and country through which we work. Then in order that the results of all this work may be most effectively conserved, we must study to come definitely in contact and keep in constant touch with the families of the students and hospital patients. Miss Tsai who has come to us this year has the qualifications of a wise and strong leader, but she needs co-workers to be able for all she might do. The women of the Church can do a great deal of telling voluntary work, if carefully guided and organized, so we do need for the development of our work in the city and country, for the careful gathering up and conserving of all results, a number of strong and well educated Chinese women. One such woman hopes within two years to join our forces as a self-supporting worker, others could be engaged, and there are hundreds of others who would be willing to do it, if they could be reached and inspired with the greatness of the need and the greatness of the love of Christ.

May we count on your prayers that God will use Miss Tsai and us to the very fullest extent and as He sees fit add to our number those who will help in the carrying on and extending of this work?

MARY A. LEHMAN.
Spirit Walls before the Door of Sinling College.

The Faculty Court, Sinling College.
Students' Court—Sinting College.

The College Guest Room.
Starting a College in China.

First of all it was decided that a college for women was needed in this part of China. China is so big, and travel is so difficult, especially for girls, that it seemed only reasonable to try to make it a little easier. One college for women east of the Mississippi might be enough (?) in America; but the women who had been building up the High Schools in the Yangtse Valley decided that the time had arrived when a college should be opened.

What ought to be can be, and it is only a question of finding a way. The "way" in this case was Union. Five Boards could make possible a real college, and so a scheme of union was drawn up, approved by the Missions, then by the home Boards. The Presbyterian Board was the first to take action approving the plan, and they appointed a representative on the Faculty at the same time. She was later elected President by the Board of Control on the field. A President does not make a college, and besides she was still studying Chinese and teaching in the Ming Deh School, so she had very little time to devote to getting the college started.

The next essential seemed to be a Faculty. The first addition was Miss Goucher, the daughter of a college president in America. Then Miss Mead came out to China on a visit and decided to stay and help get the college started. That was a great encouragement—to find that we could make others see our opportunity and believe in our future while we were still in embryo. Two other women were added to the faculty within a short time and plans were made to open in the fall of 1915. Our ideal is to have not less than ten women with training which will fit them to be at the head of different departments in the college, but we thought we might begin with what we had, hopeful that the college women in America would come to us as we needed them. It is sometimes a little embarrassing to be ten thousand miles away from a teachers' agency!

Having decided to open, we faced the very concrete problem of a home for the college. Should we try to buy
land and build? Why not? We had the money in the fund for plant and equipment pledged by the five Boards; but it takes more than money to buy land in China. Time is one essential; much patience, too, while the owners of the small plots are brought to consider any reasonable price when it is known that a foreigner wants the land. Then there are graves—hundreds of them if you are trying to buy twenty acres. Perhaps you have to try to buy an old temple if you want to set the college up on a hill and have a view of Purple Mountain. The whole land problem was so complicated—we were not even sure what we wanted after the Mohammedan graveyard was decided to be out of the range of the possible. Such a delectable land it is—but everyone says we could never get it. What a fine campaign cry it would be in raising money for the college: "A college for women replaces a Mohammedan graveyard!"—a figure of what our college will do in bringing to life some of the "dead bones" of China. As yet it is the land we did not buy.

The next chapter concerns itself with "the house we didn't rent." It was an official house of eighteen rooms, in foreign style, with a big garden and a second building which was suitable for a dormitory. We thought we had it for $100 Mexican per month, and then one night we heard that the International Export Company, which buys up ducks and pigs, chickens and eggs, and raises the cost of living in China, had rented it for $150. We knew of no other place like it in Nanking.

Here we were in the month of March, college to open in September, and no house—no chance to get the repairs started which must be finished before July, or someone would have to stay down in the heat. I wonder why we were not terribly discouraged; but even in the first days of our disappointment we felt that there must be some good reason for the change in our plans. The only thing left was to look for a Chinese "gung gwan," an official residence.

Looking for a house anywhere is a weary business, and it took us a month to find and rent the house in which the college has opened. Friends, Chinese and foreign, told us of
When the Faculty Numbered Three.
this place and that, and we went to see them all—empty, tumble-down places and spacious mansions, including the former home of Li Hung Chang. Finally we found it and it is the ideal place for what we are to do in the next four or five years.

It's too long a story to tell all the ups and downs and ins and outs of renting a house in China. The agent asked more than he expected, we offered less than we were willing to pay. Finally my personal teacher, Mr. King, found a plan which made us all "good looking"—gave all parties to the contract the proper amount of "face." I gave a receipt for $1,000, which I did not receive, and they promised to pay back at the end of four years an equal amount which they do not receive, but which we have spent in repairs. Counting all we have spent to make the place comfortable, our rent will be about $80 Mex. (about $32 gold) per month for four years. Think of getting a house of a hundred rooms for $32 a month!

As Chinese houses go it is very well built and admirably adapted to our uses. The students live in the west side and the foreign faculty in the east. Chapel, class rooms, and offices are at the front. The rooms are in strings of five, facing south, and separated by courts from twenty-five to fifty feet wide and about sixty feet long. There is plenty of sun and air, and after scraping out the dirt—soldiers had stabled their horses in some rooms during the second revolution—and using whitewash and paint generously, it is most attractive. It is ever so much better than "the house we didn't rent."

Besides, there is a garden—a truly fascinating Chinese garden—with a gold fish pool and a willow-bordered pond and a large pavilion which we are to use for an open-air gymnasium. The garden is full of flowering trees and shrubs, wisteria and climbing roses. It shows signs of neglect but we can make it "a lovesome thing." Altogether we are the most interesting place to see in Nanking. We are on the way from the Examination Halls to the Ming Tomb.

From April to July we were getting our house in order, ordering our furniture made, planning for laboratory and library orders from home. Early in the spring we had issued
our first catalog, announcing our ideal for the college for the first four or five years. Students were slow in registering, a little afraid to commit themselves to a new thing. The Chinese are not like the Athenians—nor the Americans. A faculty, a catalog, a building, furniture—not all of these together would make a college. But when the time came the students came too, and we have eleven in our first class. Smith started with fourteen students. Give us forty years to grow. There are more girls in China than in America.

MATILDA C. THURSTON.

Greetings from Chinese Women Students in America to Ginling College.

The Sunday before college opened the following letter was received:

Dear Madam President:

On behalf of the Chinese women students of the United States we want to express our hearty congratulations and sincere wishes for the work initiated in the new Woman's College in Nanking.

We feel as you do, that the most essential need in China is the education of her women, and also believe that unless the education is solely crystallized on a Christian foundation, it will do more harm to China than good. A personal knowledge of Jesus Christ is the great need of the women of all lands.

We do highly appreciate the efforts made by the members of your Board to enable this institution to be a great success, and shall be very glad to encourage our friends and relatives to use this rare opportunity for the education of their girls.

We sincerely hope that there will be many Christian leaders among women produced and multiplied through this institution; and may the darkness of many Chinese women be swept away by the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the light of the world.
We can assure you of our deep interest in the work you are undertaking for our sisters in China, and we have asked Miss Mali Lee to be our personal representative, to present to you and to the students of the Union Woman's College our personal greetings.

With heartiest good wishes,

Cordially yours,

(Signed) Hie Ding-Lin,

Chairman of the Committee.

August 16, 1915.
HWAIYUAN

An Old Gateway on West Mountain.
This center in the heart of the business section has now men's and women's classes, a reading room, a resident Evangelist and teacher, and schools for boys and girls.

They are the scions of some very good families and through them we are reaching many conservative homes.
The New Pastor at Hwai Yuan—Sung Dong Men.

Men from 37 centers and a number of Hwai Yuan women attended this Leaders' Class. The solemn final meeting when new resolves were stated made us feel that this class is one of the great sources of strength for our work.
PASTOR SUN HONG REN.

After the Leaders' Class this Summer, Pastor Kao, who had come to help us from the Quaker Mission in Nanking, said to me, "I have enjoyed many things in Hwai Yuan and your hospitality I shall long remember, but the greatest pleasure you have given me is the privilege of knowing Pastor Sun."

We should not glory in our possessions but how can we help glorying in the fact that Pastor Sun is ours and he belongs to us because he has given himself truly and unreservedly to the church in Hwai Yuan.

His coming was long looked forward to and prayed for, and the question of raising his salary was not difficult. The Christians in the city and the out-stations are gladly taking this responsibility. Pastor Sun does not mind the rough overland travelling and he is glad to give a part of his time to the out-station work. He is adaptable and is at home with either the scholars and business men of the city or the country people. A marked trait is his unfailing courtesy. On the trips I have made with him, I remember so often his polite refusals to be the first through doorways or to be the occupant of a higher seat (he is always so careful not to seem to be deposing me) and his courtesy was apparent even in relation to our regular bodyguard of small boys, farm bands, curious neighbours, and dogs, which followed us from house to house.

Another characteristic is his sympathy and friendliness. This is especially shown in his visits to the homes of the Christians. When he goes to a home one feels that he goes to minister and to give something which will help and which will express his genuine interest. He is truly a pastor and I am glad this is the term used by the Chinese in addressing him. When such a visit is made, Pastor Sun is not content until all the members of the family have been called in and then he usually starts a hymn (he sings well) and after that is sung he sometimes speaks briefly and always along practical lines. One of his favorite subjects is the meaning of a Christian home and the opportunities which a Christian mother
has. (Pastor Sun believes no church can be strong without a large number of women believers.) After this he closes the service with a prayer. No matter what the surroundings, these little services were impressive and I think will be long remembered by the men and women and little children who were crowded around him.

Back of Pastor Sun's word one feels the depth of his spiritual life. Pastor Kao suggested the source of his strength when he said to me, "Your new pastor is a man of prayer." Perhaps this in one sentence best pictures him, a man whose life of loving service is rooted in prayer.

At a recent session meeting when candidates for baptism were being examined, one man, when asked which were the two important sacraments in the Christian church, said, "The most important rite of the church is to take off one's hat to the pastor." Now that Pastor Sun has come, this is a rite we shall gladly adopt, and we "take off our hats" to him because of the feelings of affection and respect which rise so spontaneously from all our hearts.

DuBois S. Morris.

The Pomegranate Grove.

Down from the rugged mountain gray,
    O'er the pomegranate grove,
Our glances swept, that winter's day,
On to the city, that nestling lay
Midst the soft dull brown of the trees asway,
    Of the pomegranate grove.

Up to the mountain we slowly came,
    Through the pomegranate grove.
Glad spring flashed out, a scarlet flame
Of leaves, just burst in the soft warm rain.
A bird song trilled through the narrow lane,
    Of the pomegranate grove.
The Pomegranate Grove.
From the old red temple we turned to gaze
   On the pomegranate grove.
As a dusky maiden glows and sways
In the glad bright smile of the prince of days,
So it blushed, aglow in the sun's last rays,
   The pomegranate grove.

The June sun shone on the blossoms rare
   In the pomegranate grove,
And a promise came through the fragrance there
Of fruit all bronzed in the autumn air,
Of pickers stripping the branches bare,
   In the pomegranate grove.

No matter what change the seasons wing
   To the pomegranate grove,
Our hearts are full of the joy of spring,
For the city calls with insistent ring—
"We need you and all the strength you bring,
   From the pomegranate grove."

Florence J. Chaney.

The "Little Church."

The opening of the Women's Chapel on February sixteenth and seventeenth, in memory of Mrs. James Cochran, was an event which stirred our hearts to the depths. And it seemed as if we had found a new spot in which to meet her beautiful spirit. Services were held both morning and afternoon and the attendance was very large.

Mr. Cochran opened the first service and was assisted by Mr. Chen and Mr. Wang, Mr. Morris presiding at the organ. Mr. Chen and Mr. Wang told the story of Mrs. Cochran's life here, and spoke most feelingly of her lovely character, and how so many people had been blessed by her untiring love and thought for them, and while we could not have the joy of seeing her come and go amongst us any more, we still could feel her presence with us. This first service was held
exclusively for the Christians and inquirers, as it seemed a very holy time and we did not want its quietness disturbed by the coming and going of strangers. At the close Mr. Cochran said that all who wanted to find comfort and joy and love and peace in believing would be always welcome there, and that Mrs. Cochran could be remembered in no better way than to have the women of Hwai Yuan come there to learn of and to praise her God. He then gave over the key of the Chapel and its care to the women.

In the afternoon, Mr. Wan, whose theological education is also a memorial to Mrs. Cochran, spoke to several hundred women and children.

Wednesday morning, the 16th, the Chinese women, led by Mrs. Samuel Cochran, took charge of the service, and their remarks were most tender and loving as they spoke of the friend who had meant so much to them. They seemed not to think of themselves at all and quite forgot their timidity, in their anxiety to have those who had never met Mrs. Cochran learn to know her through them. That afternoon Dr. Dju, whom the women all love to hear preach, because he seems always to know just what to tell them, spoke to them so earnestly, and begged them to come constantly and receive the message that would always be waiting for them there. And in this way the much-needed women's chapel has come to Hwai Yuan.

"Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone, but if it die, it beareth much fruit."

MARGARET WATTS COCHRAN.

The New Women’s Building.

On September 21st the new Women’s Building, given in memory of Mrs. James Cochran by the circle of Cochran and Carter relatives in America, was opened. It is a small building, pleasing in every detail. Upstairs are sleeping apartments for resident Evangelists; downstairs a large well-lighted room for classes, and a pretty Chinese guest room, with folding
The Women's Chapel at Hwai Yuan.
It is known as the "Little Church" and is dearly loved because of little Mrs. Cochran, whose life still speaks at its services.

The Feng Yang Wall.
The women's work is full of barriers but gateways are being found even in the highest walls.
The Women's Class at Shou Chou.

The chalk which the wind driveth away.
doors between. Its quaint tiled roof with long eaves and its shiny black pillars are in good keeping with the architecture of the "Little Church" in the same compound.

The occasion of the opening was particularly auspicious, being a reception for the Pastor's wife and our two new Women Evangelists—the three women for whom Hwai Yuan has waited so long. Mrs. Sun is zealously planning to visit and preach in the homes, engaging a woman to care for her children and wee baby that she may be free part of the time, and the beautiful serene faces of Miss Giao and Miss Djang make you love them instantly and realize what an influence they will have. Miss Giao's work is at Miss Jones' side, visiting, preaching, and conducting classes in the two centers in the city proper; while Miss Djang is to help me at the Hsi Men Gang, the section where the mission compounds, schools, hospital, and dwellings are located, in similar city work, and to join me in itinerating trips to the three distant country centers. They have come very eager for their work, and their sympathy and appreciation make working with them a great delight.

The little building was in gala array for the reception. Flowers from Mr. Morris' garden, ivy from the walls, and large leaves from the banana trees decorated the rooms downstairs. Christians, enquirers, school girls and their mothers, and the women who come most frequently to our services had been invited and came in full force.

The programme of the afternoon began with the introduction of Mrs. Sun by Mrs. Samuel Cochran. Mrs. Sun spoke in her response very feelingly of her longing to be of use and her need of greater strength, the feeling that comes over all of us when we face any new situation. Then the pastor introduced Miss Giao and Miss Djang, who, speaking for them both, gave one reason after another for the thankfulness that was in their hearts for the privilege of coming here. One thing she spoke of with gleaming face was the beauty of our two mountains. The children from the city day-school sang, and Mrs. Dju, of the Girls' School, led the younger pupils in a very realistic rendering of "Bringing in
the Sheaves”, when they carried improvised sheaves of straw and shu shu and scattered small pebbles for seed!

But it was Mr. Cochran’s words at the beginning of the little service which left the deepest impression. He read part of the 11th chapter of John, “I am the resurrection and the life,” and he spoke of how those words are being in part fulfilled to-day by the influence of Mrs. Cochran’s life, passed on into the beyond but still bearing fruit among us, through the memory of her life and the indissoluble bonds of the present. And his words were confirmed as we looked into the faces of the women who had known her and had caught something of the vision from her. The little building will be a witness to this truth through the coming years, for it will help to fulfil the desires of her heart for the women of Hwai Yuan.

HARRIET RUSSELL MACCURDY.

Tai Shan.

I come a pilgrim to the holy mount,
    No stick of incense grasped within my hand,
No paper gold or silver, bright but false,
    The common offering of the pilgrim band.

Up from the busy plain of daily life,
    Where through the cypress groves my pathway lay,
As step by step I climb the stone-paved steep,
    My cares and sorrows drop beside the way.

First comes the stillness of the wide expanse,
    And then the horror from a look within;
Trust in the Father’s love and majesty,
    A shudder for my own defiling sin.

Rock-carved comes judgment from some ancient sage,
    “Clear is the spring. Is thine own heart as pure?”
Conviction first and then the call of hope,
    “Only beseech: for you the answer’s sure.”
Tai Shan—the Holy Mountain.

This is one of the oldest sacred mountains known—Old sayings are carved on the rocks beside the paths and thousands of pilgrims make the ascent yearly.
What can I bring this God of majesty
Sitting enthroned upon the eternal hill?
The "Incense of the Heart" He asks of me,
The humble following of His holy will.

The sun is sunk within the clouded west,
Fast falls the mantle of the darkening night;
Through silence comes His voice in whispering breeze:
The God who probes my heart then gives me might.

JAMES B. COCHRAN.

The Mothers' Club.

Given:—fifty school girls enrolled in the Chi Hwei Girls' School.

Given:—fifty homes in which darkest ignorance of that school and its purposes prevades.

Given:—a group of enthusiastic teachers determined to make the much-needed contact between the school and the home.

And, the result:—the Mothers' Club of Hwai Yuan.

On the third Saturday of each month excitement reigns in the neighborhood of the Chi Hwei School. Dainty little ladies are picking their way among the street vendors and pigs that wander up and down; wholesome looking servants are hurrying through with their work to scramble into clean coats; busy mothers are leaving home with its numberless duties; and each pair of small feet is wending its way schoolward to the meeting of the mothers' club.

How the eyes brighten as they enter the gate and the stretch of green lawn, with its flowers and trees, lies before them! How happily they chat and laugh as they talk over their respective daughters and discuss the affairs of the neighborhood! How pleased they are, as they sit around the long table in the dining room, being served to tea, with peanuts, cookies, and the ever present watermelon seeds!
And then, how interested they are, as nibbling and sipping, they listen to a strong, helpful talk by the head teacher. Various subjects have claimed their attention. The Duties of Motherhood, How to Bring up Children, The Evils of Foot Binding, The Woman of China in her Relationship to Patriotism—these and other subjects have called forth interesting discussions, and have aroused these women of a narrow horizon to think, to express themselves. It is also a training toward democracy as, ladies and servants, they sit shoulder to shoulder, to face the duties and responsibilities that are theirs through the common bond of motherhood.

The discussion over, it is a contented company that wanders out into the yard, to hear their children singing as they swing, to watch the little tots at their games, or to sit on the stone seats in the pomegranate grove, enjoying the warm afternoon sunshine. And then—they go back to the bareness and oftentimes the squalor of their homes, a little better fitted to be the wise wives and mothers so needed in China's family life.

It was an interesting group which assembled on "the last day of school," to witness an exhibition of the work done by the children throughout the year. Both parents were invited to grace this occasion, the fathers a dignified phalanx on one side of the room, the mothers, with their babies, fluttering about on the other. The teachers conducted short period classes, demonstrating to the parents the type of work that is carried on by this school, day after day. The faces of the fathers, shining with pride and satisfaction, the rustle of excitement and whisperings among the mothers, showed their interest, and proved definitely that fathers and mothers are just the same, all the world over! A game of volley ball and a physical culture drill drew the guests out to the lawn, where they drank tea, crumbled cookies, and enjoyed a most satisfying talk-fest!

The warm welcome given as we call in the homes, and the increasing friendliness and interest shown, proves that cooperation and mutual helpfulness are an effective means for bringing the Kingdom of Love into the homes of Hwai Yuan.

Florence J. Chaney.
Mrs. Vju, the very able Head-Teacher of the Girls' School.

The Younger Pupils at the Hwai Yuen Girls' School.
If a boy is born, in a downy bed
Let him be wrapped in purple and red;
Apparel bright and jewels bring
For the noble child who shall serve the king.

If a girl is born, in coarse cloth wound,
With a tile for a toy, let her lie on the ground;
In her bread and her beer be her praise or her blame,
And let her not sully her parents' good name.

(From the Shiking, one of the sacred books of the East.)
Babies!

One does not need a calendar to be aware when the first day of the month arrives in Hope Hospital. As I go upstairs to make rounds in the women's ward I find the way across the wide landing blocked by a score or so of women who have swarmed in from somewhere and who make themselves at home, seated on the floor, each with a baby on her lap. These are the Misses Murdoch's foundlings, each with her foster-mother. They have gathered this morning for the monthly inspection, which includes their clothes, their persons, and a careful weighing to see if they have gained since last month. Then each gets a bath and, if the inspection has proved satisfactory, the nurse gets her two dollars which is the equivalent at present of about eighty cents, American money. This last is the explanation of why they are all so prompt. Also it explains why the babies are all clean and with few exceptions are obviously well and hearty. The woman who brings in a dirty baby has her allowance diminished, though this is rarely necessary; and if a baby fails to gain at two weighings she is taken away and another mother found for her. While the Misses Murdoch are away on furlough, good old Wang Saotsi, the Matron, attends to it all, and I sometimes wonder that she does not go crazy on such a morning with all the bustle and confusion.

These little ones have all been abandoned at or near our doors. Some are found after the patients attending the morning dispensary have left; others are picked up on the mountain just behind our walls. With few exceptions they are little girls. We must not pass too harsh a judgement on the parents. Many families live so near destitution that the arrival of one more mouth to feed means that they must seriously consider who is to starve; and this is particularly so during years of scarcity which have visited us only too often. Sometimes doubtless we are imposed upon by those who could afford to care for their own little one, but who are glad to shift the responsibility on anybody who will take it; and this happens to be the foreign hospital. Indignant as one may
be at the heartlessness that we daily see, no one with any compassion could do otherwise than we have done in taking up and lovingly caring for these little waifs.

In providing for a succession of orphans there is one thing that is more trouble than finding them clothes. It is thinking up a fresh name for each. After naming ten or a dozen, invention begins to flag. So Miss Murdoch has called in the service of a Chinese teacher, and he has written out for us a waiting list of names. Thus far all of them have contained the word "Un," a word of peculiarly pleasant sound in Chinese, meaning "Grace" in the Bible sense or "Favor" or "Mercy." So we have coming to us on the first of every month "Meng Un," "Jiu Un," "Hsie Un," "Kwang Un," "Liang Un," "Yung Un"—"Obtaining Mercy," "Saving Mercy," "Thankful for Mercy," "Wide Mercy," "Glorious Mercy."

As they get a little older, homes are found for them with respectable people; often they are accepted in the hope that when they grow up they may marry one of the sons. Without doubt more than one family will find that they have obtained "Mercy" in more than name.

Samuel Cochran.

Independence and Industrial Education.

Wu Guin Hsien was as smart as a whip. His home environment was as bad as possible. His father was an ex-Dibao, a local petty official of the worst type, and lived by his wits. His mother kept a brothel. The boy showed promise and was diligent in his studies and we decided to see what we could do for him. He was unable to pay the total amount of his tuition, so some of it was remitted and papers were signed in which he promised to serve the Mission wherever he was sent. He graduated from school. He was assigned to a dayschool in the country and refused to go, asking for an easy berth in the city. He left us and we have heard of him as having an official position in the counter-
The Weaving Building in the Boys' School.

One of the little day schools, with a pupil teacher and Mr. Li, the district superintendent, at the desk.
revolution and later as in business in Pengpu, but he has never returned any of the money spent on his education.

Pang Giu Deh was the son of Christian parents who lived in a neighboring city under a different Mission. His father was anxious for his education but was very poor and could give nothing. His expenses for both board and tuition were met by the school and his father signed papers promising that after graduation his boy should work for the Church. He graduated, was assigned to a country day school, and refused to go, saying that his contract meant that he should serve the Church after graduation from college, and that it was up to the Mission to send him through college and then he would serve the Church; and his father supported this demand. He returned to his home, taught school for a year, idled for another year, and went to a government normal school for two years more. During this time he has occasionally applied for a snap position and systematically declined my offers of allowing him to begin at the bottom and show what he is worth.

Experience after experience of this kind has convinced me that certain kinds of assistance given to the students are harmful to character, and the promises to serve the Church are not worth the paper on which they are written. If after years of training in our school the student comes to graduation with the spirit of service, he will enter Church work naturally; without that spirit we do not want him, even though we could make contracts effective.

Therefore as the years pass we are requiring our students to pay more and more of their expenses, and we have found a number of promising students who have had to give up their high school course through lack of funds. To meet this difficulty we have opened a self-help department. Two servants were dismissed, and washing windows, mopping floors, cleaning lamps, sweeping and dusting have been done by the students. They are not all convinced yet of the dignity of labor. I was putting the case before one of those whose lack of funds compelled him to apply for a job. I showed him that it was no advantage to me, as I was paying
out just as much money and spending more time in seeing that the work was properly done; and in a respectful tone, but boiling inside, he said, "Teacher, it would be better for you not to go to all this trouble." But of the five honor men in the first term, three had worked to pay their expenses, and the hardest time in introducing self-help has passed both for the boys and for us.

But the amount of work that can be done in this way is limited and more was needed. Also we have been feeling for some years that the school was incomplete without manual training. So last fall twelve looms were made and we began the weaving of garters and belts. By March we were able to cover expenses and give the boys a little for their work, and in the same month we hired a new instructor and began the weaving of "Hwai Yuan Rugs." These have proved very popular in Kuling; twenty-five out of the thirty samples taken were sold and orders given for forty more. We are going to send some to our friends in the Central Church as soon as we can find the secret of fast dyes. We shall be glad of any information on this line and suggestions as to the best way of dyeing fast colors in different shades of blue and brown. The Mission has also approved of our asking for $500 (Gold) for building and furnishing a building next the loom room for a carpenter shop. It is a fine opportunity to help poor boys to help themselves and to give an education in a way that builds character and does not undermine independence.

The students themselves are interested in the weaving and it received quite a boom when those who had been busiest gave the school cook some of their earnings and had a fine dinner.

James B. Cochran.
HWAI YUAN

A Sojourn in Shou Djou.

It was with some trepidation and excitement that I left Huai Yuan for my first taste of life among the Chinese, away from every English-speaking person.

I spent the night on the motor boat, and some time in the early morning, long before dawn, the boat was under way. At five o'clock that night, I found myself standing inspection before the gates of Shou Djou. Was I a Jap, or was I a German? At least I must have looked dangerous, for the officials insisted on inspecting all my baggage before they were satisfied. At last I found my way to the chapel, and before many minutes I had put up my travelling cot and was sound asleep, forgetting fatigue, hunger, and headaches.

The next morning I was up at six, and what a wonderful breakfast it was! Bowls of coffee and "millenium" extract as a starter, and then a real Chinese breakfast. Rice, a bowl of greens boiled with pork, a bowl of fried pork, a bean salad, a sort of cheese made of beans, pickles, and tea—such a dainty breakfast!

My quarters were very comfortable. I had a victrola box for a combination chair and washstand. Across the room was my folding cot, around the mud walls hung large, gorgeously decorated Scripture texts. You might enter my mud palace through a beautiful paper door, which gently swung to and fro against the paper wall. And through the paper door, before I had finished breakfast, the callers began to come. In Shou Djou we are more fortunate than in other places. Here as a general rule the callers do not begin to come until after we are out of bed. But they do come all day, and only leave regretfully when at eleven thirty we begin to prepare for bed.

The people called on me, I called on them. There were constant feasts, sometimes two or three a day. There were constantly parties going to the baths. This with the Chinese is the thing to do. If you wish to do things right, invite your friends to go with you to the bath. You enter a beautifully kept garden and have a choice of private rooms (for 5 or 6),
or the large salon for undressing. Here you sit in the luxuriantly warm atmosphere drinking tea, munching watermelon seeds, and conversing with your friends for an half hour or more; then slowly you undress and take a bath. There are two styles of bath: one, the more aristocratic and exclusive, is a regular tub bath; the other and more democratic way is to get into a steaming tub with your whole party of friends. These tubs are built of stone, heated by fires beneath, and the water is changed every morning. I must confess that I risked the charge of snobbishness and took my bath alone. Afterwards the proper thing was to retire to the rear of the establishment, where was a splendid restaurant, and be served with such a meal as only the Chinese in China can cook. Then every day I studied, and every night there were uproarious prayer meetings. I played my victrola, which drew the crowd, and then the evangelist would preach. It was remarkable that the favourite Victor record was Harry Lauder's "A wee doch and dorris."

One day the President of the Chamber of Commerce came to call and said that the residents of the city were very eager to have us establish a mission, especially to put up an hospital, and that they, the Chamber of Commerce, were willing to present land and buildings suitable and to subscribe several hundred dollars annually for support.

The most exciting part of the sojourn was a trip I took into the country. The evangelist and I started out one night by wheel-barrow for Lu Chow-fu, 180 li distant from Shou Djou, to attend the dedication of their church the following Sunday.

That night we covered only 18 li and spent the night in a Chinese inn. About 20 persons slept in the one room of the inn, the door was locked shut, the small windows pasted tight, outside dogs barked, inside men snored. In the snatches of sleep, I dreamed that I was being murdered!

But we were off at dawn. As we were ferrying a small river, I noticed that the man standing beside me was very pale. "What disease has he?" asked the evangelist. "Leprosy," came the answer. I moved.
The Way we Motor in Hwa-l Huan.

Starting off for Three Weeks up the River.
A farm house at Miao Shan Pu.
Where the itinerators held a class—Miss Mary Murdoch on the right.

The New Chapel at Hong Gia Wan—An Outpost,
We managed to get some 60 li when the rain began to fall and we could go no farther. It was now too late to think of reaching Lu Chou-fu by Sunday and therefore useless to go on. We found that we could get back to Shou Djou by boat from here and so we started off in the rain. That night we were held up by wind, rain, and darkness. There were 5 men (I one of them) sleeping in a space about 6 X 6 and most were snoring. It was a very tight fit and there were plenty of smaller passengers who hadn't paid their fare to fill up the chinks.

However we finally got back to Shou Djou, where the Chapel looked like heaven, my teacher and friends like ministering angels.

Only too soon the month came to an end, and loaded with presents and escorted by ten or fifteen friends, who were going to the fall classes, I came home again, with a splendid Chinese hair cut and a much wider knowledge of the Chinese. It had been one of the best, most profitable, and happiest months of my life.

FRANK S. NILES.

Mince Pie à la Chine.

(A Thanksgiving Toast at Hwai Yuan, 1914.)

Your mince pie now is eaten, the dinner nearly done,
So we'll tell you how we made it, for it was lots of fun.
No beef was in the market, nor suet, rich and white,
So we offered up our precious goat—and had no hash that night.
The market of our native land is drugged with apples rare,
But the ocean lies between us—so we used the Shantung pear.
No chopping bowl or chopper the kitchen did afford,
So we had to do the mincing with a hatchet on a board!
"Cider, you'll need boiled cider," the White House Cook Book said,
But having pickled peach juice, we made it do instead.
For raisins, currants, dates, or figs we made a thorough search. Only a few dry raisins came to light on their high perch. They were moth-eaten and frowzy but a little boiling water, restored them marvelously, till they looked quite as "they'd orter."

No lemon rind or lemon could be had for love or gold, But we stirred in orange marmalade, with a spirit truly bold. And skimmings from haw jelly and a pickled peach or two And citron and a tangerine were added to the brew. Further spoils were wanting, though 'twas with great regret That we left the amah's cabbage peacefully where it was set. Some odds and ends of Edam cheese we turned from with a tear, And we looked long at some gravy and wished it had been beer. And then we tried to boil it—but the fire wouldn't burn! So Lao Wang, with fan and kindling, was found to take his turn. He blew and fanned and fanned and blew—it really was a shame— He groveled on the floor and puffed up wildly thro' the flame. But even wet new kindling can at length be made to glow, And the flame began to lick the pot—the kid began to go! So here's to the Pilgrim Fathers, who gave us Yankee knack. With their blood coursing thro' our veins, for pie we'll never lack!

JEANNIE C. JENKINS.
The James Cochran Residence.
Just completed in the Boys' School compound.

Mr. Morris' Bungalow and a Corner of the Carter Bungalow.
Where Mission Meeting was held, Kuling, 1915. "The strength of the hills is His also."
Looking down over the new garden to the Dwai.

The Master Gardener, Mr. Morris, has some magic which causes beauty to drive out ugliness and squalor everywhere.

The West Gate of Dwai Yuen.
THE DEMAND FOR A HOSPITAL AT NANHSUCHOW.

It all came about through a visit of two doctors from the Nanking Medical School. We had heard that Dr. Macklin, who made a very great reputation for himself in Chinese circles during the two rebellions, was to come through Nanhsuchow on his way to another place. It seemed just the opportunity to make certain suggestions that might ultimately lead to local cooperation with our doctor by the time he is ready to take up work. For the day is past when Christian forces come into a Chinese city against opposition, or even in face of indifference. In medical and educational work, at least, we need only start such work as the place itself demands and asks for, and with regard especially to medical work, we should be losing a great opportunity if we brought it in simply as a thing from the outside that we are running. If it can come in as a thing that the Chinese are running, even in a small degree, with us, we are in a much stronger position.

So we invited Dr. Macklin to lecture on the subject of the prevention of disease, and we invited a number of people to meet him at a good American dinner. We thought of it all as purely a preliminary step, a step that would just begin to create a little demand, for it is two years yet before Dr. Wiltsie will be ready to begin work. However, we distributed our tickets for the lecture with a good deal of care—having in fact two lectures, one for men and one for women, in order to reach more people; and next day at dinner we took a good deal of pains to turn the conversation in the right directions. This was all that was done, except that Dr. Macklin and Dr. Hiltner, who much to our surprise and delight came with him, had pretty much a steady stream of patients during the day and a half they were with us. Then they took bicycles and started across country for Pochow, a place some eighty miles away, where they were going on rather a similar errand. We thought some seeds had been planted that might perhaps bear fruit some year or two hence.

Two or three days later came six big red invitations, to Dr. Macklin and Dr. Hiltner as guests of honor, and to Mr.
Hood, two of our teachers, and myself as accompanying guests. The invitations read, "The elders, the merchants, and the teachers of Nanhsuchow invite you to a feast in order to talk over the possibility of opening medical work at Nanhsuchow." Then followed twenty-three names, including practically every person of prominence in the city—the teachers of the government school, representatives of the leading families of town, representatives of the chamber of commerce, and prominent merchants. No date was set. It was explained that our hosts would gather in the largest residence in town at whatever time Dr. Macklin and Dr. Hiltner should appear on their bicycles from Pochow.

The whole thing came to us as a complete surprise. It was evidently gotten up largely by the head of the chamber of commerce, and with the idea of giving us in this way a formal invitation to open medical work in the city. We could not help thinking of the days, fifteen or even ten years ago, when the man who rented a house to a foreigner or in any way abetted a foreigner in gaining entrance into a city was likely to be mobbed, and when the foreign doctor, who was supposed to take children's eyes to make medicine of, was most feared of all.

The feast was an exhibition of what Chinese courtesy can be at its best. As we arrived at the home at which the feast was to take place, we found that our hosts had all arrived, and in all their gay array of silks were ranged along the walls of the entrance court in two ranks, between which we must march as through a guard of honor. Once seated in the guest room, the spokesman of our hosts stepped forward and addressing Dr. Macklin, said, "We are gathered here to learn whether it is possible to open medical work in Nanhsuchow. As the city has provided places for the opening of schools, so we are ready to provide a place for the starting of medical work." The place offered is a building that has been used in the past as a sort of makeshift native hospital. It is not large but will serve very satisfactorily for dispensary in the early days of the doctor's work. A native building, with the tremendous good-will of the people back of it that is shown in
The Women Members and Inquirers at Nanhsuchow.

The Nanhsuchow Mission Compound with its Two Residences.
Mr. Carter's Bible Class.

A Free School carried on by the Members of Mr. Carter's Bible Class. The idea was entirely their own.
this cooperation, means more to our work in the beginning than the most elaborate modern-equipped hospital.

The first contribution toward medical work in Nanhsuchow came in last winter from a young man, scarcely over twenty, whose wife had just died and left him with a child a week old—a wife that could probably have been saved had we had a doctor. After her death he found a dollar in her clothing and brought it to us as a first contribution toward the starting of medical work.

And now, before this annual is printed, we shall have the doctor on the field hard at work on the language. And the other great demand, the demand for agricultural work, will also be in a fair way toward being met.—The two greatest wants of which the people are conscious we are ready to supply. Shall we be as able to supply that great, mute, unconscious want, the spiritual need?

T. F. CARTER.
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<th>Nanking</th>
<th>Huaiyuan</th>
<th>Nankhu-chow</th>
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<td>&quot; girls</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total No. of schools</strong></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>4</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Including 22 Language School Teachers.
### Statistics

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Nanking</th>
<th>Hwaiyuan</th>
<th>Nankushow</th>
<th>Union</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total in all schools</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>278</td>
<td>289</td>
<td>110</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>51</td>
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<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>160</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boarders</td>
<td>433</td>
<td>324</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United with Church from schools</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**University of Nanking:**
- No. in Grammar school: 198
- High: 250
- College of Letters: 35
- Normal Dept.: 27
- Medical Dept.: 38
- Language School (Missionaries): 45

**Bible Teachers’ Training School for Women:** 25
**Bible Training School for Women:** 85
**Nanking School of Theology and Bible Training School:** 89

**NATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS (MEXICAN):**
- For Church expenses: 1,015.50
- Home and Foreign Missions: 470.00
- Building and repairs: 2,090.44
- Education: 2,191.70
- Medical work: 1,490.35
- Other purposes: 8,200.00

**Language School fees:**

**Totals:** 3,105.94

**Medical Summary. (Hwaiyuan):**
- Number of hospitals: 1
- Beds: 55
- In-patients: 445
- Dispensaries: 2
- Individual out-patients: 8,183
- Total number of out-patient visits: 18,147
- Total expenses, including assistants: 5,440.32
- Receipts in fees, gifts, etc., from Natives: 1,490.36
- From Foreigners: 264.39