LITTLE GLIMPSES
OF THE
KIANGAN MISSION

1916
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Pm. KIANGAN MISSION

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1873 December. Mrs. R. F. Abbey, Nanking.
   Evangelistic Work; Training of Bible-women.
1874 September. †Rev. Charles Leaman, Nanking.
   Evangelistic Work.
1890 October. Rev. W. J. Drummond, Mrs. Drummond (1889, October), Nanking.
   Evangelistic Work.
   Women's Bible Training School; Evangelistic Work.
1898 October. Rev. E. C. Lobenstine, Mrs. Lobenstine (1914 June), Shanghai.
   Secretary of the China Continuation Committee.
   Evangelistic Work.
1899 September. Dr. Samuel Cochran, Mrs. Cochran, Hwaiyuan.
   Hope Hospital, Superintendent; Station Chairman.
   Boys' Boarding School, Principal; Evangelistic Work; Member of China Council.
1899 September. Rev. J. E. Williams, D.D., Mrs. Williams, Nanking.
   University of Nanking, Vice-President.
1901 September. Miss Mary A. Leaman, Nanking.
   Evangelistic Work.
1905 September. Miss Jane A. Hyde, Nanking.
   Women's Bible Training School; Evangelistic Work.
   Superintendent of Day Schools; Evangelistic Work.
1906 March. †Rev. J. C. Garritt, D.D., †Mrs. Garritt, Nanking.
   Nanking School of Theology, President; Vice-Chairman of China Council.
1906 September. Miss Grace M. Lucas, Nanking.
   Ming Deh School, Principal.
1907 November. †Rev. A. V. Gray, Mrs Gray, Nanking.
   Evangelistic and Educational Work.
1908 October. Dr. Agnes G. Murdock, Hwaiyuan.
   Hope Hospital, Women's Department.
1908 October. Miss Margaret F. Murdock, Hwaiyuan.
   Hope Hospital, Nurses' Department.
LITTLE GLIMPSES OF THE KIANGAN MISSION


1910 March. †Mr. A. A. Bullock, Mrs. Bullock, Nanking. University of Nanking, School of Normal Training, Principal.

1910 October. Rev. T. F. Carter, Mrs. Carter, Nansuchou. Evangelistic and Educational Work; Station Chairman.

1910 †Rev. Joseph Bailie, Nanking, Mrs. Bailie. University of Nanking, College of Agriculture and Forestry, Dean.

1911 November. Rev. G. C. Hood, †Mrs. Hood (1915 August), Nansuchou. Evangelistic Work; Station Secretary and Treasurer.


1912 November. Dr. T. D. Sloan, Mrs. Sloan (1915, July), Nanking. University of Nanking, Medical School; Station Chairman.

1913 January. Miss Mabel S. Jones, Hwaiyuan. Evangelistic Work; Station Secretary and Treasurer.

1913 April. Mr. Harry Clemons, Nanking. University of Nanking, College; Station Secretary.


1913 September. †Dr. S. L. Lasell, †Mrs. Lasell, Nanking. University of Nanking, Medical School; Station Treasurer.

1913 September. †Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, Nanking. Ginling College, President.

1913 October. Rev. F. S. Niles, †Mrs. Niles (1915 March), Hwaiyuan. Evangelistic Work.

1913 November. †Mr. A. G. Small, †Mrs. Small, Nanking. University of Nanking, Superintendent of Construction.


1914 October. Mr. J. H. Reisner, Mrs. Reisner. University of Nanking, College of Agriculture and Forestry, Acting Dean.
PERSONNEL OF THE KIANGAN MISSION, 1915-1916

1914 October. Miss Edith E. Towne, Nanking.
Ming Deh School.

1915 August. † Dr. W. G. Hiltner, † Mrs. Hiltner, Nanking.
University of Nanking, Medical School.

1915 November. † Miss Helen E. Smith, Nanking.
Nanking Union Bible Training School for Women.

1915 September. Miss Marian W. Gardner, Nanhsuchou.
Language Study, University of Nanking Language School.

1915 September. Dr. J. W. Wiltsie, Mrs. Wiltsie, Nanhsuchou.
Language Study, University of Nanking Language School.

1915 December. Mr. J. Lossing Buck, Nanhsuchou.
Language Study, University of Nanking Language School.

* On furlough.
† With previous experience in China before joining the present work.
LITTLE GLIMPSES OF THE KIANGAN MISSION

FOREWORD.

The glimpses this year are chiefly of that part of the work which is to the ordinary person "real missionary work"—the work of direct evangelism. Very little is shown of the activities of those who are engaged in educating and training the future leaders. School work is less picturesque than touring, and perhaps leaves less leisure for the telling of a story. It is no less essential to the success of the mission enterprise. More teachers, and better, for the schools; more evangelistic workers like Miss Tsai; more pastors and preachers, able to answer the questions of the thoughtful inquirer: all these the schools are year by year quietly training for that future time when the Church will be truly Chinese, and not dependent on the foreigner for leadership. It is left for the reader to fill in the picture and see the work as a whole, complete only when, by healing, preaching, and teaching, the Gospel is given to the multitude, and the abundant life which Christ has given to us is shared, and in sharing is multiplied, as was the bread by Galilee.
NANKING
Dan Li Men Church.

Mr. Gray and Pastor Swen with Elders of the Ranking Church.
A LITTLE CONFERENCE ON THE GRAND CANAL.

In response to a request from friends in North Kiangsu, the year-old Kiangan Primary School Board sent the secretary and examiner to hold this Institute. It is but one of a circle of four or five that are being held annually in cities about Nanking. In this way, the teachers of nearly all of the missions of the mandarin-speaking parts of Kiangsu and Anhwei are coming under regular normal instruction. They are being welded into a fine body of men with common ideals and methods who will work wonders for the work of Christ in China. They are to study privately the courses in the western branches of their own schools and gain graduation diplomas from the lower and upper primary schools (i.e., grammar school); to read a four years' course in teacher training; attend a yearly institute and later a summer school; and with these tools earn successively fourth, third, second, first, and life-teaching certificates. All this, and much more, is embraced in the story of the little conference on the Grand Canal.

The Grand Canal, as you will see if you consult an atlas, is the Big Ditch of China, and it is ten times longer and a hundred times older than the Big Ditch at Panama. It seems a long cry to claim the help of the great brutal barbarian, Mongolian monarch of the twelfth century, Kublai Khan, in the holding of a simple little Institute for a few day-school teachers of the twentieth century, and yet that may be justly done for it is he to whom we give the ultimate credit for the building of this six hundred and fifty mile all-inland waterway, that then connected Canton with the Capital. For ninety miles this Canal skirted the Yellow River, outrivaling it in clearness and usefulness though not in size. What a sensation it must have been, sixty years ago, to the people of the town in which this Institute was held, to awaken one fine morning and find that the great yellow stream, flowing right under their western city wall (the clear waters of the canal flow along the east) was gone, utterly gone, and though they waited many anxious days it never returned. The great river had cut for itself a new channel to the sea, thus escaping the shackles of the huge dykes that they had built to compel it to keep to its old course. And now the rich alluvium of that two mile river bed is covered with prosperous farm-
steads, and a modern Christian hospital and a mission boys' school are standing right in the very bottom where the yellow waters used to flow.

After four days' travel up this canal by steam launch and sail boat—"a quick trip"!—Mr. Chang and I arrived at Sutsien and were at once welcomed into the homes of the always hospitable Southern Presbyterians. This was Saturday night and so we rested over Sunday, or, rather, since the whole teaching force of the Station from city and country had already assembled, began by assisting in the various regular and special Sunday services of the city. Monday morning, when we went out to the first meeting of the Institute proper, we found that the little church had been transformed, and instead of the usual pews, the whole place was furnished with school desks and tables. Up in front were twenty small school desks intended for the children of the demonstration class, and back of these some seventy tables for the men and women teachers of the Station. For a whole week, mornings, afternoons, and evenings, we met those teachers in lectures and conferences on methods and principles of teaching, besides giving actual demonstration classes several times a day to the small boys just as if they had been in their own school room. Those before us might easily have represented four generations, three of them teachers, so far as ages were concerned. The oldest man, with all his gray hairs and pure classical training, seemed to be the most eager to learn the new ways and ideas. In the rear, because their eyes and ears were supposed to be keener, were the younger teachers of the mission who had been educated in the local high school. No more satisfying bit of work could be done, for we had at once a very receptive audience taking in, what was to them, a brand new message. In and out of the Institute they showed their appreciation most freely. At the close of the week an examination was held and only a few failed to "qualify."

In place of returning via slow sail, I was taken across country in the side car of a modern motor-cycle, in strange contrast to the villages of 2,000 years ago we passed through.
In this level north-country, so free from streams, there are old cart roads that may be used by narrow-gauge vehicles and several missionaries now do their itinerating on "Indians" instead of in wheelbarrows or by mulecart. What a relief! to get up out of the heat and dust of this loess, and to go out to a Sunday appointment just as you would take a suburban trolley, instead of having to start a day or two before and get back on "Tuesday."

A. ARCHIBALD BULLOCK.

New Thought in Old China.

The present condition of religious thought among the youth of China is one of extreme confusion. All the influences of Old China, whether of family, of literature, or of popular feeling, are still at work in varying degrees. But the new learning and new ideas of value have crowded in; and the youth who are gaining an education to-day are bewildered and uncertain. A new style of intellectual activity has been born. New thought has come to this race which has so long been accustomed to memoriter study and to the following of precedent. Even in mission schools therefore it is to be expected that there will be a degree of thinking and questioning about religion the like of which has never been seen in China before.

The spirit of patriotism which has been born, and which burns so fiercely in the breast of Chinese youth, determines to some extent the direction of their questionings. For every right-minded Chinese, the relation between his duty to his country and his duty toward a religion brought from foreign lands is a problem of prime importance. The following list of questions, put by an inquiring student, was recently issued by the Volunteer Band of the University of Nanking with the object of drawing out replies. In this it has been successful, as a number of students of the University and of the School of Theology, as well as other men, have given some time and care to the preparation of replies.
Each religion worthy of the name has its degree of truth. Christianity, which has flourished in Europe and America for over a thousand years, of course has its own kind of truth. Therefore I am not questioning it as a religion. But we are Chinese; and if Chinese are to believe in a foreign religion, it is important that the following questions should first be cleared up:—

1. Is the prosecution of missions under treaty rights to be counted as our national disgrace or no? Where, further, do these rights and privileges inhere?

2. Can the national religion (or Church) of one country wield authority over the hearts of the people of another country?

3. Is the morality of the social body in China impoverished or destroyed? If destroyed, can it not be restored by what China now possesses, or must we rely on that which comes from abroad?

4. Does the worship of a foreign religion not turn the hearts of the people to foreign allegiance?

5. It is claimed that seizure of land and indemnities are China’s ‘flesh-wounds’; that trade and commerce wound her in ‘bone and sinew’; while missions and missionary education are a wound to her ‘nervous system.’

6. One of the demands made by Japan was the right to promulgate Buddhism, and to establish Buddhist schools. Will their craftiness prove also to be of advantage to our hearts?

I am aware with which of the countries China’s international relations are friendly. I know also which religion has the highest ideals. But each nation must be built on its own foundation. Hence I do not wish—I do not even dare—to act on my knowledge.”
The oldest Girls' School in Nanking. This building was finished in 1913.
A Vaccinating Party at Shwen Hwa Djen.

I did not have much to do with the party but bring the four tubes of vaccine from the city and assist in watching the arms as the vaccinated spots were drying. I thought I was taking twelve tubes, as marked on the little box, and it would have been better if I had, because Miss Lee had to send to the city for more, and eventually vaccinated sixty children. But I only saw the first day's work. It was in the schoolroom at Shwen Hwa Djen, our nearest out-station, and in the courtyard at the back. The school had adjourned to the chapel which fronts on the street, to give its own room at the rear for the women's meetings and classes that Miss Lee and Miss Tsai had been conducting for two or three weeks. A curtain was hung between the two rooms to keep out the men and insure the privacy desirable. Classes for study came in the afternoon, and the schoolroom was filled in the evenings with women and children, but the mornings were quiet except on the vaccinating days.

The first day fourteen women and more than that number of children came. They watched with smiles and interest while Miss Lee arranged her alcohol lamp, sterilised cotton and adhesive plaster, sticking a row of strips of the latter along the edge of the table. Mr. Tien, the school teacher, came in and explained, warning the mothers that Miss Lee would not be responsible for the consequences if they allowed the clothing to touch the vaccination or opened up the bandage before it was entirely healed. They must not take the child to a heathen temple to ask the protection of the gods, and it would not be necessary to use a special diet, as was their custom after inoculation. He told them Miss Lee was doing this as a labor of love, and charged nothing for her services, but they would be expected to pay ten cents toward the expense of vaccine and dressings. They assented to this as very reasonable, so Miss Lee broke off the tip of a tube, and called for the first victim. Two mothers exchanged glances and one approached the table, sat down, and took off one fat padded sleeve, showing a plump arm.
Miss Lee took hold and the child yelled. He did not let up till he was marshalled out into the open court for the scratches to dry in the sun, before the bandage could be put on. It is not always considered necessary to use bandages in America, but a glance at the padded garments that have not been washed all winter shows the need for precaution. Someone had to watch carefully lest something should touch the spot, and the germs have a chance to set up some infection. After the first child moved out, another began to squall and others cried in sympathy. Soon half a dozen bare arms were in charge of the watchers. One mother had two children to be vaccinated, and after the older was through she had to go back for the baby, so I held the little girl’s arm and pushed back the dirty red sleeve that was ominously near, and kept her from wriggling. She did not seem to be afraid, and began fingering my wrist-watch with her free hand. As she happened to turn it in the opposite way from the direction to wind it, it did no harm, and I did not stop her.

Another child yelled at the top of his voice from the time he realised that his turn came next, until long after he was sitting in the sun, and only stopped when perfectly exhausted. Then he sat quietly and seemed perfectly calm and pleasant, but his bare chest heaved spasmodically with sobs that seemed like the waves in the wake of a steamer that rise and fall long after the steamer is out of sight. Most of the children behaved as well as one could expect, and the mothers all seemed grateful for the service rendered. It was a good opportunity to get acquainted with women who might never have come near us, otherwise, and to tell them of the Saviour. Even if they were unwilling to listen they could see something of the love and sympathy, thus practically demonstrated, and could learn a little of the danger of disease germs lurking in the air, and on clothing, even when it looked clean in their eyes. We hope that this first coming into the house of God will not be the last.

Louise S. Abbey.
Country Sketches.

What could be more fascinating than to be setting off in a Chinese boat, down a Chinese stream, with an artist friend aboard to do justice to nature's beauties, and another friend skilled in conducting such expeditions?

Such were my thoughts as I boarded a typical Chinese houseboat in which I was to take a six days' trip and get my first glimpse of country evangelistic work. The boatmen were in no haste about starting, so, by the time we were off, quite a picture had already evolved itself on our artist's canvas. When our rather diminutive hulk did finally launch forth, I took time to look about me.

The boat was interesting and so was the boat's crew. Our luxurious deck was, perhaps, ten by four feet, while our cabin was about eleven by six. At one end of said cabin was our artist's downy bed of boards,—while those of my other friend and myself were stretched along the two sides of the boat. The space between, about two feet in width, together with that under the beds, elongated itself into studio, kitchen, and every department necessary for a well-equipped house. Our bedding, which had been packed in bags with oiled sheets for lining, was given one or two twists and rolls each morning, and the space where our feet rested by night was transformed into a spacious dining-table by day.

The kitchen —oh! that was only a wooden box, one of Montgomery Ward's boxes for oil tins, but it was sufficient. It contained canned milk, tea, cocoa, coffee, fruit, bread and butter. Neither was the china closet lacking. A tin box, a foot square, held all dining table appointments, china, silver, everything. By the way, I forgot to say that we had no "china," but only enameled rice bowls, plates, and drinking cups.

Not least interesting of our paraphernalia were our two cooking stoves, which doubtless have Chinese patents—at least they are deserving of such. One was our wind stove,
an arrangement that looked like a flower-pot with a shelf in it, and a hole at the side through which the fire was fanned constantly, until the charcoal was converted into glowing red coals. Our second stove looked like a huge coffee-pot, with a little tube in the center to hold charcoal.

The most important feature of the boat’s furnishings was the clock—a rooster that crowed lustily every morning and served as a timepiece for the boat’s crew.

You may be sure this was a personally conducted tour. Our Thomas Cook was a faithful servant, known as “Old Horse.” He did the bargaining and managed the crew, besides giving us ample opportunity for the practice of our Chinese, by discoursing with us on various subjects of interest.

Some of our stopping places were most interesting. One of these was near a beautiful arched stone bridge, covered with trailing vines. Here Miss Lee talked of the true God to a group of interested and friendly listeners that crowded about us. She also gave out medicine to the sick ones, before our little boat continued its course up the stream. The next day we stopped at a little village, and visited the mother of one of our Ming Deh School girls. We have some very hopeful girls in our Nanking school who have come from our country stations, and we are hoping for more as time goes on. We also walked out to see a woman who lives in a Buddhist temple. Can you imagine a more gloomy dwelling? She is interested in Christianity and tells the Bible message to those who come to worship Buddha.

Here in Hu-shu I was especially impressed by the bright, hopeful faces of the children that swarmed about our boat. I longed to bring some of them back with me to our school. It was, therefore, a great joy to me to learn, on my return, that one of the Nanking University graduates had decided to go to this little country village to open a school. In spite of the fact that more than one other position was open to him, and a larger salary was offered elsewhere, he had heard and accepted the call to this place.
Inside the Tung Dzi Men, Peking.

Outside the Tung Dzi Men.

The start made here for country trips by boat.
Sights by the Way.

On the Way to the Country.
Miss Lee (standing) and Miss Towne.
Another stopping place was near some beautiful willows. But beneath the very shadow of their branches, we saw a hideous sight. In a little basket, beside a straw shed, sat a baby, lean and half starved, the child of a beggar woman, left alone while his mother followed her profession. We did not leave the child until arrangements had been made that his mother should bring him to the Nanking hospital.

When the stream became too narrow for further navigation, Miss Lee and I, together with two Chinese ladies, left the boat and followed a winding country pathway to the city of our destination Gü-yung. It was a quaint little old city, with its ancient wall and big arched gateway. In the rooms above the little chapel, situated in the midst of the city, we left our Chinese friends, that they might do evangelistic work in the very midst of the people. When the arrangement of their rooms was well under way, with a prayer for the Father's blessing, we left them and wended our way back to the waiting boat.

These are only a few fleeting glimpses, but I would that I might picture the hundreds of villages scattered through the country. The impressions of such a trip cannot be adequately penned. One sees a country beautified by God's own handiwork, but a people who, for the most part, do not know whose hand has fashioned all these things, and who have not yet entered into an appreciation of the riches of God in Christ Jesus. As truly as there is no limit to God's love and power to save, so there is no limit to what may be done for these people scattered through the villages and surrounding country. But what a multitude of people, and what scores of villages, to be reached by a mere handful of missionaries and Chinese workers. Yet the seeds sown are bearing fruitage—yes, fruitage for eternity.

Edith E. Towne.
The Door of the Open Heart.

"ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE" AMONG HER OWN PEOPLE.

In the city of Nanking in one of the great houses lying mysteriously behind high gray walls a little girl was born over twenty years ago. The house has one hundred and fifty rooms. A heavy door guards the main entrance. Opening into the first court is a wonderful doorway, with an intricate carved stone casing of great beauty. The great house stands sacred to the dignity of old China though now it has many empty, silent rooms.

After the revolution of 1911 the family found themselves in reduced circumstances. The grandfather was a viceroy in Canton at the time of his death. The father had been a Dao-tai or Mayor in Nanking but the father died and the tide of official life left the family stranded. The official chairs stand idle in the entrance hall. The red and gold boxes—the gift of an emperor—hang from the ceiling, a beautiful copper incense chest stands empty in front of the garden door. The garden is a mystical place, with lotus ponds and bridges, stone images, a summer house and small theater, and rare old trees. Who knows for how many generations they have been growing!

One day the heavy street door opened a little way to admit a stranger from a foreign land; Miss Davis, the daughter of a missionary, had come to teach English to the daughter of the house. Gradually the prejudice against foreigners was broken down and by and by the little girl entered the Ming Deh School. At that time the school was in the old building, crowded with girls from very humble homes, so it was thought hardly wise to take her as a boarder, but she was received as a day pupil for a time. The school did not offer what she was seeking in English and she went to the Laura Haygood School in Soochow for her High School work. She graduated there in 1914. She was at first greatly opposed to the Bible, and started a book against Christianity; this book was never finished. One day she was walking alone in the school garden
and she heard a voice speaking to her; then and there "grace and truth" came into her life through Jesus Christ.

Miss Tsai, called by her best friends "Christina," had no peace of heart until she had brought her mother into the light. This, we know well, in China, is not easy, when a woman is fifty years old. The family were, naturally enough, distressed when they found their sister had accepted the strange doctrine but watching her as they did they found no harm come to her, and they saw the beauty of her love and devotion to her mother, and the strength and purpose of her new life, and so her mother came too, and standing up in the little chapel last June was publicly received by Pastor Swen. Six others of her brothers and sisters have become Christians, one sister-in-law who was at first bitterly opposed, and four others are interested and studying. Miss Tsai is a busy woman; she teaches this year in a large government school for young women, meeting two hundred of them daily; she has a large correspondence, and is constantly meeting women in her home; "Beyond our farthest reach" God is working through her.

She has felt a special call to evangelistic work, which she expresses in this way:

"There is a vast amount of evangelistic work to be done; women to be trained, children to be taught, sick people to be comforted, sanitation to be improved, so that the people may be able to lead wholesome lives.

"So many educated girls are seeking places higher than they are fitted to fill. They are not content to fill places for which they are suited and where they are most needed."

Turning away quietly from many urgent calls to fill high positions of honor she went last year with Miss Lee and a Bible-woman into the country villages, staying in one place six weeks, teaching and preaching to all who came, visiting three of our country stations, and having so many friendly greetings along the way. Miss Lee writes of these weeks in the country:—"Miss Tsai never failed to interest and hold the attention of the poorest country women; she never failed to gain their confidence and love; she always made the message of the
cross as plain as possible: sometimes they thought she was a foreigner, and were always so glad to find she, too, was a Chinese woman. Her sweet winning manner, her gentle voice, her face so full of kindness, captivated all the people, and so she gave them the simple gospel message.” In one place where the women are noted idol worshippers and the work has advanced but slowly, she greatly pleased the people. From her story of her life in the country I give you some of her own words:

“Each time when I picked up my pen to tell you of my country work, the words would come, ‘You little girl! how would you dare give a report to lay before the eyes of old and experienced missionaries?’ One evening I went up to my place of rest and strength,—the prayer room,—where all was quiet, and when I had talked to my dear Lord, I opened my Bible and this message lay before my eyes,—

*It is but an earthen vessel, but it lay so close to me;
It is small but it is empty, and that is all it needs to be.*’

Then my heart was filled with peace and joy. My first country trip was to a village called Tien Wong Si with Miss Lee and the Bible-woman. We went by a small boat, and such a boat! full of holes and cracks. We had to bow our heads when we walked, and there was just room to spread our bedding on the boards. We stopped to speak to the people in a friendly family named Dwen; later I have had tidings that the neighbors have heard through this family of the love of God.

When I saw the wheelbarrow which was waiting for us, my heart was afraid, but I had to ride on it for there was no other means of travel available. Miss Lee walked until her shoes were decorated with mud, and her feet with blisters. I was always a poor walker, and timid in a crowd, but by walking a little each day I found I could walk fifteen li.”

I stood with her one evening in the little prayer room,” which is reached by a steep stone stairway, and looks away over the tile roofs of the great city—old with dark and terrible deeds, and we looked out into the sunset of an October evening, falling so softly through the leaves into the round tower
"They were so glad to find she, too, was a Chinese woman."

"The Garden is a mystical old place."

Lunch with Christina and her Mother.
room, and I heard something about her work, and her life, and her yearning over her people. And I thought of a little church in Virginia, about which I have read somewhere; how there was a broken window pane above the chancel where the ivy, growing in abundance all over the walls outside, had found a little open place, and had crept in, and covered the walls with a wave of exquisite green. "We find in the ivy a symbol of God's love, which is surrounding the hearts of men, always seeking an opening, always ready to enter and give itself for the refreshment of the world. But it must first find an entrance through the door of an open heart, through which it will pour itself, a living miracle." 

LILIAN C. WILLIAMS.

Ginling College 1916.

The first year in the life of a child, watched over by fond and anxious—sometimes too anxious—parents, has many parallels in the first year of Ginling College. The Normal child thrives in spite of all the mother's worries, and body and mind develop as the months pass by. A year-old child is a person to be reckoned with in a world of persons.

So our college in this first year has found its soul; in other words the college spirit has been born, and all that growth in finer, higher, things for which we prayed and waited is showing itself this second year. Each class offers incentive to the other to excel. The Sophomores fill well the place, vacant in the first year, of upper class, and take the lead in all student activities. The Freshmen entered with enthusiasm upon the work of the year, Founders Day inspired new college and class songs, and speeches appropriate to the occasion. The future had a large place in our thoughts and we carried ourselves forward by faith into the years when Ginling will be great and its name honored.

We are glad for new friends in America in Smith College, which has pledged support to Ginling. This adds one mem-
ber to our faculty and the relationship opens up large possibilities for the future. Our hearts are high with hope for the college and hope for China when Ginling College girls will be in the places of large influence which await them, where they will be able to do more than foreigners can ever do for the uplift of the women of China.

Matilda C. Thurston.

STUDENT STATISTICS 1916.

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GINLING COLLEGE

Freshman Class, 1915.

Freshman Class, 1916.
"The beauty of the surroundings of Hwaiguan is a source of inspiration"
The Children in the Hospital.

As in all other occupations there are some things about hospital service that cause weariness and annoyance. But on the other hand there are many others that make for gratification and pleasure. Not the least of these compensations is the children in the wards. One cannot but wonder at the sweetness of temper, the patience with which they bear their troubles. There is little "Lu Tsi." His father brought him in well on to a year ago. They are beggars and his parents are no better than the rest of that wretched class—ragged, foul, and unkempt. He was suffering from hip disease in an early and curable stage. After a bath, a hair cut, and hospital clothes he was as clean and fair as any child from Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street, with a particularly pure and intelligent personality. He has been on that bed ever since, with a weight hanging on his foot, sometimes with the hip in a cast. Several times he has had to have an abscess tapped by a needle, but never once in all these months has he been anything but a cheery little fellow as bright and wholesome as a beam of spring sunshine.

Then there is little "Ru Tsi." He has Pott's disease of the spine. He is, I am afraid, not likely to get better and may not live long. His mother, a sweet-faced Christian woman, brought him in three months ago in the hope we could do something for him. He has lain without moving, flat on his back, for all these weary days and nights, always patient, not once crying; not so wide-awake, perhaps, as Lu Tsi but just as brave and uncomplaining.

"Hsiao Mi Tsi" (translatable "The Little Lost One") came in a year ago apparently with only a very short lease of life, in the relentless grip of a grave disease. A desperate operation was performed and for three or four days he hung between life and death. Now he is like another being, as full of life and go as a bird, into everything, always looking for some new excitement. He has been home three or four times to his poor wretched old grandmother, a beggar. He is back again with us now partly that we may keep watch of
his progress in health, but more because we like to have
him about.

In the morning, as I come into the ward for morning
rounds, the chorus goes up in childish treble; "Ta Sien
Seng lai lo." ("Dr. Cochran's come.") "Have you had
your breakfast Dr. Cochran?

And all day long as I go
about I hear every few minutes a hail from Hsiao Mi Tsi
"Where are you going Dr. Cochran?

There is a boy in the ward below, slightly older than
the others. His family lives in a little village ten miles away
where we have a little group of Christians. His uncle was
baptized not long ago, much to the disgust of our patient's
father, who subjected his brother to a real persecution for
"eating the foreign religion." Then the child became ill
and was operated on three weeks ago. He is slowly getting
better, though pitifully thin and weak. Each morning as I
make rounds he reaches out and grips my hand to which he
clings as long I can be persuaded to stay. They are nice
people, the father with a bright frank smile, in spite of his
former prejudice against Christianity. A few days ago I
noticed for the first time the name of his home on the chart.
"Oh, you come from Peh I An," I said, "Do you belong
to the church?" "No," said he, "but my brother does." Then I asked Mr. Niles about him and heard the story of
his bitterness against the church; and I could say to myself
in full confidence, "But that's all over now," for his stay in
the hospital has shown him some things about Christianity
that might have taken him a long time to learn in any other
way.

SAMUEL COCHRAN.

July 1916.

It rained steadily for weeks in June and July. The
waters of our two rivers rose and each day we saw familiar
landmarks disappear. The view from west mountain filled
us with dismay. All we saw was a vast lake with islands
here and there. Our compounds are on the lower slopes of
the mountain, and safe from floods, but our city chapel and even the big church were cut off from us. All services were held in the women’s chapel on our compound, and the ordinarily quiet street in front was filled with buyers and sellers driven from the now flooded city streets. Three-quarters of the people of the city were living in the homes of the remaining quarter. On the mountain behind us mills were set up and donkeys ground out the corn as faithfully as in their accustomed haunts. On a Tuesday I reached our city chapel making a large part of the journey on the city wall. From that height I watched women wading knee deep out of their houses carrying household utensils to a higher spot. It was difficult to thread one’s way along the wall for most of its broad top was occupied by the temporary mat shelters of the refugees. By Thursday the water was over six feet high in the city chapel.

The "Leaders’ Class" was in session with sixty men from city and country in attendance and eighteen women. At the close of that class I left for Peitaiho, but before going planned with our able co-workers Mrs. Dju of the Girls’ School, Miss Giao and Miss Djang the evangelists, that they should pass on the inspiration they had received, in a simpler form, to those women not advanced enough to take advantage of the leaders class, and at the same time seek to reach the women who had taken refuge in our district, many of them from quite a distance, who had never heard the gospel before. It was hard to be leaving for a summer holiday in the midst of such a great opportunity but the fact that there were no foreigners to guide them brought out the organizing abilities of our leading Christian women. This I realized as I read the reports that reached me by letter. They held meetings for a week, each afternoon. The Christian women gathered for prayer each morning and helped in inviting and welcoming the outsiders and in personal work at the close of the afternoon services. Our young women teachers helped with the speaking, and one of them held a children’s service at the same hour which made quiet and order possible in the large meeting.
The last day the Christian women contributed money for tea and cakes and invited the outsiders who had been coming all week to a social hour in the garden of the Girls' School so that they might become acquainted with them, making up their minds each to do something toward keeping in touch with these women and encouraging them to come regularly to church.

Now the floods are receding and most of the people have returned to their homes, where the water has done much damage. There will be suffering this winter. We fear that some may even die of starvation, but we do not fear a bad famine such as our district has so often known for the harvests of the last two years were good, and the spring wheat this year was garnered before the waters rose. The cheerfulness of the people in the midst of calamity, Christians and non-Christians alike, is impressive.

Harriet Russell MacCurdy.

A Spring Visit to Shou Djou.

Shoudjou, called the "Key to Anhwei" because of its political and commercial importance, is a large city on the Hwai River west and a bit south from Hwaiyuan. According to the Board's plan it is to be the next place in China to be opened as a full station.

A wealthy young friend, a Mr. Tien, desiring to visit relatives in Shou Djou, accompanied me on my spring trip. Mr. Tien is not a Christian and when we had discussed going together he rather apologized for traveling in company with a missionary, as he said his knowledge of the doctrine was "very shallow." I found him waiting for me at the city chapel, surrounded by pickled ducks, dried fish, and sweetmeats of various kinds, which were to be presents to appease his relatives when he should arrive in Shou Djou. On the boat we had as fellow-passengers two splendid young men, relatives of the President of China, who were very pleasant and with one of whom I played a game of chess.
About eight o'clock in the morning we arrived at the boat landing three miles from Shou Djou, said good-bye to our newly-made friends, and started off with all our pickled ducks, smoked hams, etc., on our three-mile tramp to the city. The first thing we did on arriving was to go to the bathhouse, a really luxurious and fairly sanitary establishment, where one may have the advantage either of public or private baths. There Mr. Tien sent a card to his nearest relative, who immediately came to the bath house to meet us and afterwards invited us to a very fine breakfast. After breakfast several others of Mr. Tien's relatives, who are the leading families in Shou Djou, came, each trying to get Mr. Tien to go to his own particular house to live; but he decided that it would be better to stay at the chapel, and though a little inconvenient I was very glad that he did, for it brought all his friends there. On one particular evening twenty-four of them came at my request to hear the Gospel. As I listened to the preacher of the evening I was sure these men would think I had told the preacher of their faults and asked him to point them out to them. However, they were very interested, very friendly, and twice during the course of the sermon applauded loudly.

Among these men was one, a Mohammedan, who had been a ruler (a-koun) in the Mohammedan mosque. He was a very interesting young man and we discussed comparative religions. I asked him if he would object to my seeing the mosque, and he was very glad to show it to me. The mosque compound is full of magnificent large old trees. The mosque itself is in splendid repair. There was a school in connection with the mosque where a rather limited amount of Arabic was taught. Over the entrance to the mosque was a large board on which were the words in Chinese, "No idolatry" and "A Precious Temple."

On another afternoon I went with the a-koun, Mr. Tien, and several of his friends to see the Buddhist temple. This also is in splendid repair. The abbot—also of all the district around Shou Djou—is a native of Hwaiyuan and knows many of the foreigners there. As we went in my
friend, the a-houn, said to the abbot, "This is Mr. Niles of New York. You know New York is the capital of America." The abbot, a veteran sixty years old, spoke up with some heat, "What do you mean by coming here to make fun of me? Don't you suppose I know that Washington is the capital of the United States, named for their first president, who, after being president for two terms, refused to be president the third term, and from that time to the present no president has dared take the presidency for more than two terms." And so he went on, showing an intimate knowledge not only of American history but of European history, the present situation in Europe, as well as a very thorough knowledge of Chinese literature, both Buddhist and native. He also showed a rich knowledge of Christianity, had been present to see a friend of his baptized in Hwaiyuan, and ended by asking if he could become a Christian.

The Confucian temple in Shou Djou has recently been placed in good repair. The temple to the God of Wealth has also been lately repaired. The whole city seems to be much like the city of Athens in the time of Paul, "very religious."

At the end of the week we received as an enrolled inquirer an old man by the name of Hsie. Six months before he had been carrying a bundle of incense to burn in the temple at an idolatrous feast. One of our evangelists, Mr. Lee, was waiting at the temple, preaching to all comers and telling them of the uselessness of burning incense to false gods and of the importance of real worship to the true God. The old man heard the preaching, was convinced of his folly, and on the spot threw away his incense. Afterwards he came regularly to the church, coming a distance of fifteen miles every Saturday night to spend Sunday and hear the Gospel, returning home on Monday. This evangelist, Mr. Lee, is not supposed to be a very highly trained man, but he is a good man and industrious, as may be seen from the fact that, beginning with the first chapter of Genesis, he preached every night on a chapter in the Bible, not skipping one and getting as far as the middle of Second Chronicles.
3 Ts'en Si Chapel, Women's Side.

Spring Class, Ceng Sia Ts'en.
At the communion service at the close of the classes we baptized three men and took in as enrolled inquirers nine, among whom was one of the Swen family, the most prominent family in Shou Djou, a relative of those friends whom I had met through Mr. Tien. These people all know that Christianity is good. They are in favor of it and, like Nicodemus of old, often come by night to hear the Gospel when they do not dare to come in the day time. If one or two of them only take the step it will make it much easier for the others and Christianity must soon have a strong hold in this wonderful city of Shou Djou.

FRANK S. NILES.

The Fall Inquirers' Class.

The Inquirers' Class in the fall of 1915 was greatly handicapped by the absence of Mr. Morris. Mr. Niles and myself were concerned lest it fail of the good that has been attained by the classes of the past, but largely owing to the effective training of the Chinese evangelists who took hold with a will, the class was a great success. I think it was the largest that has yet been held; there were 200 men and 30 women in attendance, 17 being received into church membership and 50 being enrolled as inquirers.

The spirits of one delegation were somewhat dampened on their journey to Hwaiyuan by an altercation with the river police. They had refused to stop their boat when called upon to do so, and one of their number had been struck over the eye by a soldier so that there was danger of his losing the eye. They were hoping that we would see that the officer in charge was rebuked for the action of the soldiers, but feeling that they were at fault in not obeying the command to stop, we were unable to do so. One thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese knows how important to them is this matter of "face," and it was quite possible that the entire delegation of some twelve men might leave the class and return home; but, by the tactful handling
of Pastor Sun and a little extra attention to the man who had been injured, the incident passed in the first days of the conference, and all went home seemingly well satisfied.

We were greatly pleased that the eight days of the conference cost the church and the mission nothing, as the delegates all paid their own expenses. They naively remarked that there would have been a charge upon the mission had not Mr. Niles invited the entire company of men to dinner one noon, at which they ate so much that they did not need the evening meal, and so the expenses of two meals were saved and the money handed in at the time of registration was sufficient to cover all expenditures.

There have been two motives which seem to predominate in first attracting men to inquire about the Gospel. One is a desire to see a day school started in their vicinity. From I-gia-wei came a teacher, bringing two friends with him. For a year he has been coming irregularly to our classes and places of worship, and claims to have held Sunday services regularly in his school when he did not go to one of these chapels. He has been anxious that we should assume the care of the school of which he is teacher, and has promised to fulfill all the conditions which we make upon opening such a school, except the one which requires that there be a sufficient number of Christians and inquirers to warrant the expectation that the church is well established in the place and that the school will not have to be closed in the future for lack of scholars. He attended the class, but unlike others who have come from the same motive, the story of the Gospel did not take hold of him, and because we refused at this time to open a school he has attended no place of worship since, and we hear that he has given up his reading and study of the Bible. This does not mean that the chance of establishing a church there is lost forever. We shall continue to visit him and, as has happened in many cases before, he may gradually come to realize that our Gospel message means even more than education.

A second motive which leads men to come is that they know of others who, through belief in Christ, have overcome
evil habits. Formerly many desired to break the opium habit, and now many still come who have a passion for gambling. Such was one of the inquirers from the Geng village. His wife had urged him for many months to come into the inquirers' class as he was a gambler and the family patrimony was rapidly disappearing and only a few fields were left. Her plea was seconded by friends in the village and they brought him into the class where his own interest was aroused and he was enrolled as an inquirer. Two months after his return to the village a little girl was born to them, and his wife wished to throw her away. She was the fifth daughter that had been born, and three of them had already been destroyed. He said, "No I have learned that this is murder and we must not do it." But the mother said, "Never mind; if you will not throw her in the fields I will kill her when you are away from home." He said, "Very well; but if you kill the baby I will cease to be an inquirer. You desired me to go into the city to study the doctrine, and I must observe it all or none." The woman calculated that it would be cheaper to raise the girl baby than to have him gamble, and so the little life was spared.

Before the Christians and inquirers had assembled a preliminary meeting of the evangelists had been held in which, with a map of northern Anhwei, we showed how much of this district had been assigned to our mission, where there was no possibility of any other mission preaching the Gospel, and by means of pins with colored beads showed where our chapels and day schools had already been established. For the first time all the Chinese evangelists felt brought to them the responsibility for this field, and knew that unless our plans were wisely laid and our strength wisely expended much of this territory must remain unevangelized. I think it was this that largely added to their earnestness of purpose in teaching all their classes.

Mr. Morris' absence did something for me in that it made me a more faithful attendant on the meetings than would have been necessary if he had been here, and I was able to see how much progress has been made in the
last few years in the more perfect comprehension on the part of these plain countrymen among them of what the Christian faith could mean for them, and what responsibilities the following of Christ involves, and what joy is found in His service. One of them said to me, "Do you remember that day when you took us out to the neighboring villages to preach to our friends and relatives? On our return you said, 'Wasn't that fine! Isn't it glorious to tell them of salvation?' We had been scorned and cursed all day long and I did not know what you could mean. But I know it now.' There has been an increase too in the number of educated men among them and a humility not natural in these teachers, which leads them to sit beside their illiterate neighbors and learn with them the Master's life.

One day in teaching the inquirers' catechism, we came to the story of the Cross. Unfortunately I had selected as teacher for that day a man who had not been able to interest them, but when he was through I retold the story, mainly in the words of the Bible; and as I pictured the sorrowful march through the streets of Jerusalem, the physical weakness of the Savior, the frightened disciples and the weeping women, and His prayer for forgiveness for those who nailed Him on the cross, those present in the room leaned forward over the seats in front of them, carried beyond themselves, as we always are when we come to a realization of our Saviour's supreme sacrifice.

These men are scattered now through all the region about us, but as they go they preach, and the witness which they bear is bringing in inquirers more rapidly than we are able to teach them. The continued power of the Spirit of God, attained through prayer, in our lives and in theirs is the only thing that is necessary to bring this region into the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

James B. Cochran.
Mr. Morris and Baby John.
Mrs. Morris and the Children.
The women and girls of China have hundreds of new friends in America through the graphic presentation of a scene in a non-Christian home by the Misses Murdock. This picture was taken at Northfield where Siao Ai, the unwelcome girl baby spoke eloquently for missions in spite of her wooden face.
Welcome Guests.

"Sunny Side," Plainfield, R.I.
NANHSUCHOU
Old and New Transportation in Nanhsuchou.

Mr. Buck, Agriculturalist, and one of his problems.

A Peking Cart.

Railway Station.
The Nanhsuchou Field.

A traveller visiting mission stations sees the city or town where a station is located, and is apt to think of that as the field for which the station exists. The mission station on the other hand is more apt to be the executive center from which the work in a large territory is carried on. Nanhsuchou, for instance, is nothing but a squalid town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants; but the field for which Nanhsuchou is the mission center consists of three magistracies, approximating in size the three provinces of Palestine in the time of Christ. These three magistracies are divided into some five hundred market districts, and each market district may be said at a rough guess to contain some forty villages. Thus the field for which Nanhsuchou Station is exclusively responsible consists of three walled county-seats, five hundred market towns, some twenty thousand villages, and a population estimated at about two million.

What is Nanhsuchou Station doing and planning to reach this field? Fortunately to set a haystack on fire one does not have to light separately each straw. They light each other. It is better to light a good hot fire at a few points and trust to its spreading. And if the haystack is wet, the best way is to find the dryest spots and there set the fire going. We have now four evangelists travelling through the country looking for dry spots, and when they find one working it for all they are worth. We are touching to-day only a dozen or so of the twenty thousand villages, but the history of the Christian Church shows us that the fire is going to spread.

Then comes the school. We want a primary school in every village where there are enough inquirers and Christians to insure the Christian character of the school, secondary schools in the county-seats and a few larger market towns, and all leading up to high schools for boys and girls at Nanhsuchou. Five of these village schools for boys have already started, and also a somewhat larger one at the big county-seat of Szchou. Girls' schools outside of Nanhsuchou and per-
haps Szchou will have to follow rather than precede the building up of really trustworthy Christian constituencies.

In this great region Nanhsuchou is the mission center. It contains the only church so far, which for years to come will be the central church to which others will look up, and to which all Christians and inquirers through the region will probably continue to come once a year, as the Jews did to Jerusalem, for a few days of inspiration—also for intensive instruction and examination on the year's advance. Here, too, will be the high schools for the region and the model primary and secondary schools. And here will be the executive center, where the foreign missionaries live who still have to have general oversight over the field. Yes, and here too are the homes, both Chinese and American, that are sending out an influence, just by being rather than doing, which is perhaps stronger and more vital than the influence of all our actual work.

At Nanhsuchou also will be the center for two kinds of work not yet started. Medical work under Dr. Wiltsie and agricultural work under Mr. Buck will be the two lines of endeavor that every Chinese will understand best, and on which we are counting to open the avenue of approach to every town and village of the region—the avenue of friendship.

All this is mainly possibilities and opportunities rather than achievement. Nanhsuchou really ought to be written in the future tense. As for actual achievement, we have in the city of Nanhsuchou a little church where from one to two hundred people gather each Sunday morning to worship. In a temple on the main street is a boys' school of seventy boys and in an old yamen are some forty girls. In an old shop we have newspapers on file and hold evangelistic meetings. And in the country there are about half a dozen villages where a few people are groping blindly toward the light, and one tiny hamlet where some ignorant farmers and their wives have really found some light that is beginning to raise them from their sordid lives. There are about a dozen Christians altogether in the city and as many more scattered in different places in the
Our oldest Church Member.
He is 83 years old, but still walks two miles to church every Sunday.

In the City of Szechou. One of our outstation Schools.
The Front Entrance of our Compound on Market Day.
(Entrance indicated by X.)

Outside our West Compound Wall. Nanhsuchou's Coney Island.
Where we Entertained our First Chinese Guests. Dining Room and Kitchen for three and Bedroom for one through the Fall of 1913.

Garden Party in honor of Mrs. Willson, Mrs. Hood, and Miss Gardner. Fall of 1915. (Mrs. Carter in the center).
Site of the Carter's Residence. Spring 1913.

The Carter Residence and Handan Station Force. Fall 1915.

Two Pictures of the same place taken from the same spot.
country—aside from our employed force who have mostly come in from the outside; and half a dozen little primary schools in the country, where a few ragged boys are beginning to learn something of the three R's and of Christ. That's all we have and we don't expect it to grow so very fast. American papers can talk all they want about rapidly changing China, but we who are here don't expect the heart of China to change much quicker than the heart of the West has changed. Yet it is as sure as God's own promises are sure.

In this confidence we are carefully laying the fire, which is our part of the work, and trusting that that mysterious element, the consuming, purifying fire of the Spirit of God, will in its own time spread until the whole be aflame.

Thomas F. Carter.

First Impressions of Nanhsuchou.

The Wiltsies and I found our first journey from Nanking to Nanhsuchou an ever-memorable occasion. When we arrived at the station platform, and had been welcomed by Mr. Carter, we found the excitements had only just begun, for we were told to climb into sedan chairs for the trip to the compound. I was quite grieved when they hung a curtain over the whole front of the chair, for I wanted to see the sights, but I discovered a tiny window, and applied my eye to that. I must confess the view wasn't very encouraging. Mud streets and mud houses, and people fluttering with rags if they were fortunate enough to have any to flutter. "They kept the pig in the parlor" somehow went humming through my head. It seemed a long time before my chair turned into a gate, and I caught a glimpse of some things that looked familiar from pictures I had seen. My chair was on the ground, when suddenly the air blazed with red fire, there was a tremendous popping apparently coming from all sides at once, and the row of Chinese boys, lined up at attention, bobbed over as though pulled by a string. I was reassured by the 4th of July atmosphere, and I concluded, quite correctly, that we were
being welcomed by a fire-cracker salute. It was intended for the bride and groom, but the single lady shared in the benefit. It was a very spectacular greeting, but I was especially happy to have the one that waited me in the inner compound, for there were the girls of the school, my future pupils, and Mrs. Carter, to give a greeting that again made us conscious of being at home, though in a strange place. Such a delightful place, too, with its green lawn and garden, and house full of charming homelike touches. I didn't wonder that the Chinese ladies said "This is like heaven," when they came to call—especially after I had seen their homes.

The first chance to see the inside of a Chinese home came very soon after our arrival, for we ladies were invited to a feast, given by one of the influential families of the town. On the appointed day all sorts of messages kept arriving. If we didn't care to use chopsticks would we kindly bring our own implements—but we lived to be thankful that we had decided on chopsticks. They carry so much less food than forks. The cook was asked what we liked to eat, and I wonder what grudge he had against us that he didn't make a suggestion. It all seemed so impressive that my knees fairly shook as I entered the guest room, and saw the throngs of interested bystanders. I knew enough to resist a good deal before I sat down anywhere, and I tried to follow everything Mrs. Carter did—except talk! Oh those nine long unmentionable courses! I started out bravely, pretending it was medicine, and that helped down one or two bowls of fat fishes skin in oil. But by the time the third bowl appeared, it was only a grim and somber reality. How we welcomed any diversion from eating, such as the wailing of the neighbors' infants, who, like young Wilsons, remained at their task of "watchful waiting" till the last course was consumed. But that last course must be described, for it was a truly foreign dish, out of compliment to our native land, and was nothing more nor less than cups of hot sweetened condensed milk! I tried to imbibe with the proper gusto, according to Mrs. Carter's directions, but my emotions almost overcame me. I will just add that Mrs. Wiltsie has never eaten Chinese food since.
I'm glad we didn't have to come home from that feast in a Peking cart. It wouldn't have helped digestion. I proved that after my first—and, let me firmly add, my last—trip in one. We decided to make some stylish calls one day, and Mrs. Carter unselfishly wanted us to share her experiences and have a ride. Peking carts are just like dump carts except that they have hoods, and the shafts don't move. Then I've never seen such a balky horse attached to any dump cart as drew us that day. We had hardly climbed from the chair which did duty as horse block, into the hooded interior, before the little beast had decided to come into our midst, tail first. He would have succeeded, too, if the driver hadn't seized him by the bit and pulled him forward. I am unable to give any consecutive account of what followed. It was all too confused as the three of us, with a liberal sprinkling of pillows, were tossed and battered from side to side in a way no ship in a gale could imitate. Whenever the horse came to a corner he would back, which just added another movement to the churning process. The Scenic Railway may give those uninitiated to this method of travel some faint idea of what we experienced. We dismissed our pride along with the cart and walked home.

After such an introduction to the possibilities of a Chinese city do you wonder that I feel sure it will never be lacking in strange experiences? I am sure there will be few dull moments in Nanhsuchou.

MARIAN W. GARDNER.

A Parable of Growth.

The picture on the other page gives a faint idea of what our compound looked like when Mr. Hood moved up to Nanhsuchou in the spring of 1913, and began clearing the old houses away and building our house. With our home still in Hwaiyuan, Mr. Carter itinerated back and forth.

The rebellion of 1913 scattered the Nanking workmen on our house so when we arrived in the fall to start our work we had only a half finished bedroom and bathroom to live in while our dining room and kitchen and Mr. Hood's room
still had to be in a mud house. But on Christmas Day we finally saw the last workman leave our compound, and no three young missionaries ever gathered around the big yule log with more thankful hearts.

Before long, however, the longing for spring came stealing into our hearts. Whenever we looked out our big sunny windows nothing but dust and absolute barrenness met our eyes. It happened to be an exceptionally dry and dusty spring, and, no matter how much we dug and watered, things would not grow. All our precious seed from home was put in only to die a premature death. Some of our Chinese friends presented us with seeds which to our delight really grew, but afterwards we found that we had planted red peppers and cabbages right under our sitting-room windows.

We left for our summer vacation feeling pretty discouraged about the garden. Great was, therefore, our delight when we returned in the fall and found the lawns green, trees growing, and some coarse varieties of flowers. Studying into the matter, however, we soon realized that the only thing to do if we would have a garden was to dump the old soil filled with lime and brick outside the wall (where incidentally some very unsanitary holes would be filled up) and bring in new soil from outside the city for the flower beds. This done we faced the spring of 1915 with new courage, and found to our delight when we returned in the fall that things were growing.

Such exciting days these fall days of 1915! From a station of only three we suddenly found ourselves one of eight. Mr. Hood was bringing his bride, and three others were coming with them, Mr. Buck to follow later. No one who has not been to China and few even who have been only to the large cities, know what it means to have a green spot where to rest one's eyes when the ugliness around is too depressing. How happy we were to have such a spot to relieve the first shock for our new people, for Nanhsuchou is not beautiful,—far from it.

We started our garden in self-defence, but found very soon that it was to become a great asset in our work. The town began to take quite an interest in it, and we are exchang-
ing seeds and plants with our neighbors and friends. No matter how dense a Chinese woman's mind may be, and oh, how dense and blank it can be!—there are three things which never fail to form a point of contact,—children, needlework, and flowers. Our garden is always a welcome subject of conversation, and in the winter our windows full of flowering geraniums are a constant source of wonder and delight to our many Chinese friends.

So many times I have found myself quite unconsciously using the garden as a symbol of our work. The two are growing alongside of each other. In our work also there has been the poor soil to dump, and we have had to use foreign seed, though we do try to use as many Chinese plants as we can lay our hands on. They always prove the sturdiest. But more than all my garden has taught me the lesson which I never seem to get through with, that there is nothing, nothing in our lives which does not count in the work. What a comfort this thought is to the many home makers out here, who are burning to be in the thick of the fight, but have instead to keep the place of retreat ready.

I was having my Bible class of young married ladies one Sunday noon,—such bright attractive young mothers all of them,—we had the lesson on Nicodemus, and I was stumbling through the difficult terms as best I could, but somehow did not feel that they were getting hold of it at all,—you could see in their faces that perplexing look which seemed to say "What does she mean anyway?" Feeling around for more words, I happened to look out the French window and there was my bed of white chrysanthemums in full bloom. In a flash my symbol was with me again. They all knew the story of my garden, but I told it to them again,—how the poor soil had had to be dumped and how new soil had to be brought in to make it possible for sweet things to grow, and at once their faces lighted up. They began to see the meaning of the lesson. There still remained the difficulty of how to get rid of the poor soil in our hearts, but at least we had a point of departure. And I believe we all left the class singularly happy in having come into fellowship with our Master who taught us the dignity of common things.

Dagny Carter.
KEY

Mission station. Centers in the city.

Out-stations—two paid workers in charge of chapel and school.

Chapel or school—one paid worker.

Itinerating station—sometimes a local paid worker.

Walled cities—no work opened as yet.

GUYUNG This type signifies a walled city.

SHWENHWADJENG This type signifies a village.

Key to Nanhsuchow Field.

1. Ding Su Djwang 5. San Li Wan Dz
2. Su Gia Kou Dz 6. Shi Pu
3. Ling Hwan Dz 7. Er Pu
4. Fu Li Dzi 8. Lou Djwang

The three magistracies or counties of Nanhsuchow, Lingpi, and Szchou, which are surrounded by the heavy line roughly 120 miles long by 60 miles wide and densely populated, form the exclusive field of the Nanhsuchow Station. To the south and west is the Hwaiyuan field; to the north and east in Kiangsu the field of three Southern Presbyterian Stations; to the northwest in Houan the Canadian Episcopalians and Southern Baptists, and to the southeast, south of Hung Dzi Lake the Disciples of Christ. But none of these fields overlap.