A WINDOW IN CHINA

GLIMPSES OF THE KIANGAN MISSION 1917
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1917
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October, 1917.

"Dear God"—It was a little brown-eyed child of a missionary who was praying, and his heart was full of the sadness he had seen in his father's hospital—"Dear God, please bless all the people that are well and keep 'em well. And please bless all the people that are sick and make 'em well and keep 'em well. And please bless all the people that are good and keep 'em good. And please bless all the people that are bad and make 'em good and keep 'em good. Amen."

It is the life work of all missionaries to help in bringing about the answer to that little boy's prayer, and it is the need that he felt in his childish way which we see daily and hourly from our windows in China.

As I sit at my desk in Hwaiyuan I look out on a wonderful bit of China. West Mountain is just over there sloping down to soft green pomegranate groves, long stretches of bean field, and a big open parade ground behind a graceful old temple. I can see two public wells and the swinging, rhythmic gait of the water-carriers hurrying to and fro with their glistening buckets is an unending delight. The pond where the women wash and gossip incessantly is almost under where I sit. Their voices and the soft pad, pad of their washing sticks are always a running accompaniment to my writing. And the life on the road that winds off to the North! Red wedding chairs carrying terrified brides, long straggling funerals, a blur of red, white, and blue, children out for a holiday lugging an ungainly paper house to be gleefully but reverentially burned at the grave of a forefather, dogs and donkeys, water buffaloes, and refractory pigs, and squeaky wheel-barrows laden with grain or bean oil—the life of the country people is all there with its joys and sorrows.

But this fall a strange and terrible thing happened down on that peaceful plain. One afternoon the hillside grew suddenly alive with people. Soldiers hurried to the parade ground from all directions, sentries were posted out among the bean fields, and there was a great noise of shooting,
while we, cowering away from the window, tried hard not to see or hear, and prayed hard for China. When the crowd, sated with horror, had dispersed, and the soldiers had returned to their temple barracks, we got the news from the passers-by. Sixty-two brigands had been shot! In the streets and alleys the soft shuffle of cloth-shod feet died gradually away. They were going back to their bean picking, their shoe sewing, their gossiping and gambling, leaving behind them their only remedy, paper money burning to ward off the evil spirits. From the far end of the parade ground drifted a faint cloud of blue smoke above the fallen bodies.

And as we, too, turned back to our lives, the burden of China fell upon us. Those evil and lawless murderers, how were we to make them good and keep them good? Those poor, superstitious, sick souls, how were we to make them well and keep them well? Could we do anything any way, or were we fools for our pains?

Thank God, there was an answer to our doubts. That very day in our hospital, Dr. Murdoch was tenderly dressing the horrible burns that had been inflicted by those very robbers on some helpless women. That very day in our hospital, a dear little Christian girl, who had been surrounded by loving care during a long painful illness, died peacefully and triumphantly. That very hour in our schools all over the country side, children were receiving Christian teaching and Christian love to start them on better, freer lives. That very day in Ginling College, wide-awake intelligent young women—such pretty, bright, lovable girls they are—were preparing themselves to go out and set a new high standard for womanhood in China. And in the University of Nanking, hundreds of fine young men—China's hope—were learning how to work for their people, how to bring light to those sitting in darkness.

The work of the Kiangan Mission is fortunately too vast to be covered or even touched on in this little book, but we hope that the little book will help you to look through our window in China and see the wonderful vision that we see. We are learning to love and serve each other, we and
our Chinese friends, and "Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect, like one of us, can get a purchase on the whole universe. If we find the job where we can be of use, we are hitched to the star of the world and move with it."

J H A N N I E C. J E N K I N S.

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Dr. Mary Stone's Sermon to Women who have never heard of Christ.

Shih Maiyü (Dr. Mary Stone) is the daughter of a Methodist pastor in Kiukiang. She graduated from the University of Michigan, took her medical work in Chicago, is one of the most loved women in China, and is head of a large hospital in Kiukiang. See "Notable Women of China," by Miss Margaret Burton; "The Little Doctor," by Dr. E. C. Perkins.

Psalm thirty-four, eighth verse. "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good."

Do you know who God is? He is the maker of earth, the heavens, the stars—the true God. Some of you have heard of the Temple of Heaven in Peking. It is like a great white throne and is said to be one of the most beautiful buildings on earth, that was built because an emperor of China felt his burden of responsibility and so was trying to find a god to help him in his work. All people are seeking for a god. You go to the temples, and worship the gods of earth, fire, the kitchen god. There are many, many gods, but you know, don't you, that they are only mud and wood? They cannot help you any.

But because you go, we know you need a true God. Some of you worship Confucius, a spirit. Confucius was a great teacher. He was a good man. He did help China. In old times we used to have mustard oil lamps, they were good then; but after a while kerosene came, and that was much better, and gave more light; but now I see people using electric light, and that is better still. But not long ago I went out on the street in midday, and they had forgotten to turn off the great arc light, but it made no show at all; it looked dingy and very dim, for we were walking in the sunshine,
and so Jesus Christ is the sun of righteousness. If Confucius were here, he himself would tell you that the 'perfect one' had come.

You ask why missionaries leave their homes and come here. You cannot understand why they care at all. It is because they have found God, and they have found that He is good. How can I prove to you that He is good? You know what America has done for China, don't you? You know they have never asked for a foot of our country, you know they have given back the indemnity money, which China would have had to pay, and they have used it to educate our young men and women. Why do they treat us so? It is only because they have found the true God, and found that he is good. Queen Victoria said that England became a great nation only because it had found God.

Why is China not a great nation? We have a great country; one-fourth of the human race is here. We have coal and iron, and salt; we are not stupid, we have brains enough. But oh, look and see where we are—afraid to death of Japan! Sorrow and suffering and poverty and distress and injustice are on every hand. Will you not believe me? I am a Chinese woman, I ask you to-day to believe me, to taste and see that the Lord is good.
NANKING
Looking through an old file of yellowing letters, I found one which told of the appointment of Grace Lucas to our Nanking station in the summer of 1906. The letter gave many warm testimonials of her, among which I found these words, "She is an unusually attractive, capable young woman of strong physique, bright face, and pleasing manners. Possessing the helpful spirit to a remarkable degree, she has kept cheerful through heavy trials, is very energetic, a strong character, and has shown executive ability and fertility of resource. One on whom I am glad to see the call of God laid for foreign work. . . ." That was written more than eleven years ago. Those of us who came to know her as a friend and fellow-worker know how well she fulfilled the hopes of those who loved her, and sent her out.

Grace was so alive! Her tireless energy showed in her voice, her walk; sometimes she seemed wasteful in the way she spent herself, yet she was so human, so full of fun; she rested easily, and quickly recovered when weary. She had a remarkably healthy spirit which never kept any bitterness concealed. Under that quick way and manner were an honest heart, a real humility, a wistful longing to be more loving and so have more power to help her girls, and an ever growing ideal of what a woman should be who was at the head of a girls' school in China.

She spent her first year after language study in country visiting which she loved to do. But within three years after her arrival Mrs. Leaman's failing health made it necessary for Grace to take the leadership of the Ming Deh School. It was a heavy burden for her young shoulders—and one for which she felt herself to be unfitted. But she carried it bravely and cheerfully. She honored the foundation which had been laid during pioneer days when life was hard in Nanking. And if she saw changes to be made, she carried them through after she had consulted with others.
She saw the old buildings replaced by a fine new building; she kept the shivering, frightened little girls through the troubled days of the Revolution in 1911; and she went with them, marching through the dust, on the way to the steamer-landing, when they had to leave the city and go to Shanghai. She lived in close quarters with them at the South Gate School in Shanghai, and brought them safely home when the siege was over. She spent her furlough in 1914 in New York, at Teachers' College, fitting herself for her work. I think this was one of the happiest periods of her life. She came back very much refreshed, and took up her work with new strength and patience.

It proved to be a hard year; a number of hard things came near the end of the term to try her strength to the utmost. A girl attempted suicide by drowning. She was rescued, but Grace said: "For a long time when I heard the rain falling in the eaves it brought back that dreadful night so I could not sleep."

Her last vacation was spent with us in Kuling. I am sure Grace was weary after her last hard weeks in the school, but she came to us like a refreshing breeze and helped us, every one. She played tennis with the children, got us out for long days in the open air, for long tramps and picnics; she made candy, and wrote jolly rhymes for place cards, got up a supper for Mr. Leaman's birthday, conducted two sales, and was a marvel of cheerful overflowing energy. Those beautiful summer evenings, under the wonderful Kuling stars! I love to think of the long talks we had then and I learned something of her life of quiet devotion, of the tenderness of her affection for her father, who had failed in business, but honorably gave up all and paid his debts in full; of the years of service to her lovely invalid mother by whose death she was sorrowfully set free; of the going back to finish her interrupted college course, and the coming to the field. She told me much about her children, the girls, each one yearned over and loved. She seemed to ask nothing for herself except to love more. I found a scrap of a letter from her written on her arrival in
China after her furlough, in which she says, "Yes, I have 'One Girl's Influence' and I love the little inscription, 'To love, this is my prayer, gifted to love; Just the old simple everlasting way Of all life's gifts; that is the gift I crave.' You don't know how I crave that gift for myself."

Her work was very heavy in the fall—so heavy I fear none of us fully realized what a load was upon her, until one day at station meeting she told us in a report how hard it had been for her to cover the work for which she was responsible. The end came all too soon; a week later she went into the little foreign hospital. We were hopeful at first. We thought she would have a much needed rest in the peaceful little white room. But for her there was to be no lingering, a few days of pain and, on a gray April afternoon, out of the fullness of life she was called away into the "Perfect Day."

In Dr. Fosdick's sermon on "Immortality" he speaks of a great river "flowing by, full and free, and suddenly it has turned a corner and is gone away out of sight." Our reason tells us it is flowing still. As we stood that afternoon and looked reverently upon the quiet face, we felt sure she must be living still, rich in all she longed to be, of life and love.

Alice Freeman Palmer, in writing of the death of a friend, has left this message, "We make too much of the circumstance called death. All life is one, all service one, be it here or there. Death is only a door from one room to another. We had better not think too much of it for ourselves or for those who are dear to us. But rather make life so rich and sweet and noble that this will be our Heaven. We need no other until He comes and calls us to larger life and fresh opportunity."

LILIAN C. WILLIAMS.
"The Making of an Evangelist."

Chen Chuen-ho is now an evangelist living at Hushuh. About two years ago he offered himself for the country work, although he had a secure place on the faculty of the University and was offered a higher salary if he would stay. After paying for a little farm in Hupeh so that his mother could be comfortable in her old age, he left for the country work. He has a hard fight for health as he has once had tuberculosis. His graduation poem closes the Nanking section.

I have a desire to write you something about my early life, as you have asked me to do. But as I sit down to think it over, I realize that my life has been lived often in sadness, so that it is not always a pleasure to recall, but I shall try to picture myself exactly as I am.

In the month of January, 1881, I was born in a village among the high mountains in Hupeh. There are thousands of people living together in different villages, who bear the same name as my own. Among the multitude most of them are farmers. Very few are officials, though there are many local leaders or gentry, who have brought upon their lives good reputation and power among surrounding districts. . . I often have great pride to visit the graves of our ancestors, which are of hundreds of years of the previous ages.

My mother says when she was young my grandfather and great uncles, with all their sons and grandsons, lived together and ate together. They owned a very big common property. But as soon as the property was divided among the grandchildren, my grandfather destroyed our part of it. Only the houses, high fields, and pieces of fuel mountains were retained on account of their being not worth much if turned into money. After the destruction my father owned a fireworks shop with a very limited capital, and he failed to make a success. In my village three coppers for a day's work was given, so my father moved the family to Nanking, where daily wages were about twelve coppers at that time. This would be enough to support a family of three or four, if they lived frugally.

When I was twelve years old I was put into a primary school opened by our mission, superintended by Mr. Drum-
The Babugiai Kindergarten supported by the West End Sunday School, New York City.

The teachers and pupils of the Babugiai Girls' School.
This school is supported by the gifts of the West End Sunday School.
The Fang cousins, who have just completed the Dubugiai Kindergarten Course.

Faith Williams' music class and chaperon in the Girls' School, Dubugiai, Peking.
This school is supported by the West End Church, New York City. The three girls in dark clothes graduated from the school last June.
mond, the old and honorable missionary of our church. After two years I was led by Mr. Lu Sz Tsing to enter Mrs. Abbey's school. Two years more, I was received and baptized by Mr. Drummond, as a church member. My father died when I was eighteen years old. Besides this, certain difficulties arose in the school so that I discontinued my school work. I returned to Hupeh with my mother and sister and brother. My mother then greatly needed my help, for the children were young, and my mother a widow. I was not well educated so that I could not find any work that would satisfy my mother's need. So I left home and came back alone to Nanking, to find help among my schoolmates or among the church friends.

One year more, and the way was greatly opened to me, so that I think it was the great turning point of my life, and the greatest blessing of God my Heavenly Father. I went back to study in the Hubuglai School under the care of Mr. Williams. I was greatly profited by the teaching, so that I could teach in the primary school and take part work in the academy. Mr. Williams so carefully kept me by the educational way that I was brought first to be a graduate of the Union Christian College, and at last of the University of Nanking. As for my realization of the greatest blessing of God and the kindest help of Mr. Williams I would like to quote Exodus 23rd chapter, 20th verse: "Behold I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." As I have been specially blest by God, I feel I should live devoutly and try to be a real Christian among our brothers. I am a country man; my wife came from a country village called Tong Dzing; we felt we would like to work for country people so we moved to Hushuh, where I will take up evangelistic work among the people. I pray God as He has led me always and sent some one to keep me in my student life, to lead me still that I may see the way clear, and walk where He desires, that I may to the end of my life glorify His name.

CHEN CHUEN-HO.
The University of Nanking,
JOHN F. DOWNEY.

Doctor Downey is Dean Emeritus of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of Minnesota and is Lecturer on Mathematics in the University of Nanking.

In the midst of the world's oldest, but least progressive, civilization, with its hampering traditions, superstitions, and reverence for the past, surrounded by the low, unheated, windowless houses that are little different from those that were here a thousand years ago, in an ancient walled city that was long the capital of China, stands the University of Nanking, an American institution offering modern education and teaching Western ideals. The young Chinese are seizing with avidity this education and gaining in some measure these ideals.

The University is supported by seven religious denominations of the United States, viz., the Methodist North, the Methodist South, the Northern Presbyterian, the Southern Presbyterian, the Christian, the Northern Baptist, and the Southern Baptist. Three of these, the Methodist North, the Northern Presbyterian, and the Christian, by uniting in 1910 their educational work in Nanking, started the University and the others joined afterward. In 1911 a charter was granted to the University by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, and its graduates receive their degrees and diplomas from that body.

The University is composed of the College of Arts, the College of Agriculture and Forestry, the School of Education, the Language School, and a Preparatory School. Until last year it had also a Medical School, but this was absorbed by the Medical Schools established by the Rockefeller Board in China. The University Hospital, however, with a staff of four foreign and four Chinese physicians and surgeons, eleven nurses, three pharmacists, a laboratory assistant, and twenty-five coolie workers, remains. This is for Chinese patients, and that it is doing a great work is seen from the fact that nearly twelve hundred have been cared for in the
The Old Administration Building of the University recently destroyed by fire.
THE OLD "DRUM TOWER." THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NANKING.
hospital during the past year and nearly twelve thousand visits have been made by the hospital physicians upon outside patients. By the generous gift of President A. J. Bowen, of the University, a good hospital is now provided for foreign patients.

The University grounds consist of seventy-five acres, well situated. The upper part of the campus, adjacent to the old, monumental Drum Tower, erected by one of the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, the beating of whose huge drum in the olden time gave warning of an enemy's approach, is occupied by the College of Arts, with its educational buildings, dormitories, hospital (for Chinese patients), and dwellings for members of the faculty. A Science Hall, the gift of Mr. Ambrose Swasey, of Cleveland, and two additional dormitories, the gift of Madam McCormick, of Chicago, have just been completed and are now occupied. Another dormitory, also the gift of Madam McCormick, an Administration Building, the gift of Mrs. Dudley Allen and Mr. John Severance, of Cleveland, and a Chapel, the gift of Mr. Dwight Day, of New York, have been begun and will be completed next year.

The middle part of the campus contains the gardens, the nurseries, and the experimental plots of the College of Agriculture and Forestry.

The next part of the campus is occupied by the Language School. The building contains ample class rooms and administrative offices, and is surrounded by a high brick wall. Within the same enclosure in the process of construction is an apartment building, which will contain rooms for unmarried students, suites for married ones, dining hall, and kitchens.

Across a lagoon from this is the oldest part of the campus, now occupied by the School of Education and the Preparatory School. It is surrounded by a high brick wall, and a gate-man is always on duty at each of the two gates. The enclosure is well covered with substantial brick buildings, including students' dormitories as well as buildings for the educational work. Beyond this, at the lower end of the campus, are several dwellings for members of the faculty. The University has
twenty-five good brick houses, all of them surrounded by high brick walls, for members of the faculty.

Of the sixty-five composing the staff of instruction and administration in the University and its Preparatory School more than half are Chinese, twenty of whom have received degrees in American universities. This policy of filling so many of the teaching positions with educated Chinese seems an admirable one and it commends the institution to Chinese youth.

The curriculum of the College of Arts is much like that of small colleges in the United States. Whether the students enter from the University High School or from similar schools elsewhere, they have been trained in English, and all of the instruction in the College, except that in Chinese Language and Literature and in Philosophy, is given in English. However, most of the chapel exercises and Sunday services for students are in Chinese. Frequently, by means of an interpreter, an address is given in both languages.

The students are anxious to learn and most of them are good workers. The members of my classes in Higher Algebra, Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, Differential Calculus, Integral Calculus, and Astronomy pursue these subjects with zest and obtain an intelligent understanding of them. The curriculum provides nothing in Mathematics beyond Calculus; but all of the students in that subject petitioned for work in advance of that for this year, and this has been granted. This is a good indication of their ability, desire to learn, and willingness to work.

The College of Agriculture and Forestry is doing an excellent work for the country. The Chinese government has given it recognition by assisting it financially and by transferring to it the forestry students at Peking, while the governors of four provinces have sent to it scholarship students and the governor of a fifth has aided it by a money grant. By action of the government and through the Colonization Association the whole of Purple Mountain is available for experiments in reforestation, and much of the mountain and all of Beh-gih-goh Hill, which is within the wall, have been
planted with trees, which have now had several years' growth. This is stimulating similar work in other parts of China.

We have here not only Chinese students under American teachers, but, in the Language School of the University, American and European students under Chinese teachers. These are newly appointed missionaries, who spend their first year in acquiring use of the Chinese language. Sixty-eight of them were here last year, and a fine lot of young college people they were.

The large increase in the number of students this autumn, especially in the College of Arts and the College of Agriculture and Forestry, where it is fifty-five per cent, shows that as fast as additional accommodations and additional facilities are provided young Chinese come to have the advantage of them. This is very encouraging to us and ought to be gratifying to the large-hearted donors who make the work possible. These students come from twelve of the eighteen provinces of China, from Korea, Java, the Philippines, Hongkong, and Hawaii. It is thus seen that the University is not simply local in its appeal, but draws from a large area.

While members of the faculty are chiefly occupied in teaching their respective subjects, they are Christians of the practical sort, and the evident sincerity of their faith and the consistency of their lives make a strong appeal to the young men. Many who do not, on entering the University, accept Christianity become convinced during their course here of the validity of its claims. Statistics show that sixty per cent of the students in the College of Arts this year are Christians. The University Y. M. C. A. is a strong organization and many of the most promising students are active members of it. Each year it holds, in combination with its own individual and general work, a series of "decision meetings," in which a number of prominent speakers present the various phases of Christianity and the Christian life. These efforts have resulted in leading many students to decide for Christ. Three years ago this organization started a People's Evening School, for the benefit of those who could not attend the regular schools. So great was the demand for instruction
that the number grew to five the second year, and to eight last year, with sixty voluntary teachers from the student body. The pupils are from fifteen to fifty years of age and are mostly working people. To help in the support of these schools the Y. M. C. A. gave, near the close of the year, a highly creditable dramatic entertainment, which netted $370.

The students have literary societies, debating teams, oratorical contests, glee clubs, and athletics as in American universities. One of the most active officers of the institution is the Director of Athletics, and his commands have an incisive ring that secures prompt execution. Association football, baseball, basket-ball, volley ball, and tennis are played, and track athletics and gymnasium work are well supported. The Chinese, so far as I have observed, have no out-door games of their own—indeed they have regarded bodily exercise as degrading and would not even walk if they had the price of a ride in a ricksha or sedan chair. It is claimed that the introduction of foreign out-door games is having a very wholesome influence upon the young Chinese. To abide by the rules of the game, to be a plucky loser as well as modest winner, to be able to take hard knocks cheerfully are lessons which they very much needed to learn, and exercise they very much needed to have.

The influence upon China of the young men who go out from this university and other foreign institutions of higher learning will be very great. Equipped with a modern education, their eyes opened to the deplorable conditions in China as compared with those in Western countries, with higher ideals than those of the average of their countrymen, they will raise the standard of living, improve sanitary conditions, eliminate some of the old evils of officialdom, banish some of the superstitions that oppress the minds and hamper the actions of the people, and, best of all, pass on to others in increasing numbers the better knowledge and higher ideals.
Arbor Day on Purple Mountain.

President Bowen and Vice-President Williams, University of Nanking. The whole of Purple Mountain is available for experiments in reafforestation.
Life in Ginling College

(Extracts from an article by one of the students.)

The life in Ginling College is both a college life and a family life. We have for our course of study one equivalent to that of any average Western college and at the same time we enjoy a beautiful home life of mutual appreciation, sympathy, and love. When we think of a college with five teachers, two helpers, and a matron on the teaching staff and with six sophomores and twelve freshmen as the student enrolment we feel that this less-than-two-years old establishment, though small, has a very good beginning. While we look forward with joy to the time when the College will grow and develop both in equipment and in maturity, we, the first few classes, shall always look back with grateful memories to these early years of simplicity and obscurity. We consider it a great privilege to share in the interesting life of these pioneer years of our college existence.

The students are quite representative. We come from six provinces, eight missions, and ten preparatory schools. As a result of these diversities come the differences in dialects, customs, manners, thoughts, and ideas. We often have misunderstandings, not of heart fortunately but of tongues. An incident will illustrate it. A Hupeh girl felt hungry and asked the servant to buy some bread for her. Obediently the servant went and returned with all possible speed. Under his arm was a bundle of newspaper instead of bread. He mistook bread, bao dz, for newspaper, bao tz. This made the girl laugh so heartily that she forgot her hunger entirely. Our daily contact with one another cannot help but impress on us the urgent need of a national tongue. Beside having the advantage of learning Mandarin in college we have another advantage, that is, if we open wide the windows of our brain we cannot but see, hear, and understand the customs, manners, and traditions of the different localities represented. We profit by the assimilation through our contact with one another and we hope that in the end we may turn out
all-around characters. As a rule most of the girls are not without earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge and willingness to be of service to our fatherland.

Permit me to present a typical day of our college. The rising bell rings at six o'clock in the morning. At seven the breakfast bell sounds. From eight to twelve are the class periods. The chapel service is from twelve to half-past. The teachers in turn lead the service of song, prayer, Bible reading and comment. It is the best time of the whole day when we are fed with suitable spiritual food which makes us stronger Christians. Tiffin is served at half past twelve. There are a few more classes besides singing and gymnastics in the afternoon. Supper is at six and the retiring bell at ten. Since we have not study-hall we are free both in the day time and at night to use all the hours outside of class periods either profitably or wastefully. It involves daily self-control.

Aside from regular studies other means are resorted to to develop our physical, mental, and spiritual lives. For recreation we have tennis, base ball, volley ball, running, and jumping. We attend lectures and musicales in town and in the chapel. The oratorical class is established this year to develop poise, clearness, and ease of delivery in making speeches. As much as we hate to do it when our turn comes we nevertheless must admit that this practice is exceedingly interesting and helpful. Some of the students possess decided talent for public speaking.

We have also several organizations, namely: class organizations, Y.W.C.A., afternoon Sunday School for the neighboring children, the half day-school, the Glee Club, the Current Events Meeting, Self Government, of which the last four deserve some explanation. As they looked into the upturned, intelligent faces of the street children an irresistible longing to do more for them sprang up in the hearts of the student teachers. One of the girls brought the ideas to our Y.W.C.A. meeting and her suggestion to open a day school was approved and later carried out amidst numberless difficulties. At present this day school is composed of twenty girls, twelve teachers, and a principal. The course of study is similar to
GINLING COLLEGE

Volley Ball.

Lantern Festival.
Social Service at Sinling.
Half-day School.
that of the Government Primary School. It is gratifying to realize that, in spite of the daily sacrifices on the part of the teachers who run the school, their enthusiasm is not lessened through the lapse of time. One mother asked leave to send her child to our school instead of remaining with the old teacher because she thought our method of teaching was superior. Next, we have the Glee Club. A concert of choral and instrumental music was given last winter. By special request the same program was repeated to a big audience this spring. Often the Glee Club is asked out to sing for people. We are in danger of being spoiled by the indulgent public so we often remind ourselves of the ancient commandment of the Greeks, "Know thyself." Then we have the Current Events Meeting during which time the important political events both in China and in other countries are freely discussed. Three or four talkers bring the facts before the meeting and then free discussion follows. Through this Club we become more intelligent by listening to others and by reading newspapers more diligently ourselves. And last of all we have Self Government. It is an organization by which we strive to rule ourselves not individually but in co-operation. It does not mean to do away with college regulations and rules but it aims to work out the best ways to carry them out. Regulations of any institution are often made to correct fault or carelessness of a few persons and this makes the majority pay the penalty in being inconvenienced by the existence of sometimes unnecessary rules. In order to guard against such abuses creeping among us we, being women, try to so govern ourselves that we are to be the masters of the laws instead of having the laws mastering us.

Another phase of the life in Ginling is the social life. Many jolly afternoons and merry evenings are spent in the Social Room. An original play was given there to the teachers last Christmas. An entertainment given by the Y.W.C.A. to the graduating class of every high school in Nanking took place in the same room. We commemorated the last Republic Day by giving speeches, singing songs, and playing instrumental music. The Women's Social Service League of Nanking gave an enter-
tainment and we helped by giving another original play appropriate to the occasion. The purpose of the play was to make an appeal to each to fulfill her duty; especially the duty of the rich toward the poor, of the intelligent toward the ignorant. The play moved the big audience so that many people shed tears. Among the guests of honor were the adopted daughter and the relatives of the Vice-President, Feng Gwoh Djaug, who were noticeably impressed by the play. Besides the entertainments and the plays we enjoy lovely picnics. The last one we had was to the Twelve Caves. We started by boat at eight in the morning and got back at ten in the evening. In spite of sore legs and aching backs that lasted for several days we were compensated by enjoying nature’s beauty and grandeur. Another line of our social life extends very far across the ocean. Smith College is much interested in her newly adopted sister college in China. Letters, cards, and pictures fly back and forth without ceasing and this keeps our little band of eighteen very busy but much interested. Our Founders’ Day, November 14th, is a great day to us. Last year we had the Directors of the College, teachers, and students at the banquet in the evening. An indescribable feeling of close fellowship pervaded the air. In hearing the speeches we were lift ed out of ourselves to nobler thoughts and higher ideals. The last and best talk was given by our President, Mrs. Thurston, who revealed to us a glimpse of our College ten years from now. Will it be realized or was it just a dream? Who can tell? We can hope and trust in faith.

As I said before, the College is just beginning, therefore it is bound to have limitations. We students fully realize the advantages as well as the limitations. Not to speak of the cheapness of the fees, and of the nearness to our homes, there are other advantages, namely, the presence of a course in Chinese, a greater opportunity to learn Mandarin, a closer contact with the life of our homeland, and a keener sympathy for all the changes that take place in China. The lack of numbers of teachers and students, the insufficiency of laboratory equipment, the unfitness of a home residence for college
uses, these are some of the limitations. We are, however, very hopeful since a site of about twelve acres has been bought already for the future college buildings, three new teachers are expected this coming fall, and about fourteen new students are registered. As for the course of study the College is only too willing to give all that the students can grasp. The better prepared the higher school graduates are the better able are they to take in the education that this institution offers. In conclusion Ginling College is now filling a need that has been long felt and we students are drinking in to our hearts' content the opportunities that we have longed for for years. May more of the daughters of China share with us this wonderful life of Ginling!

DONG NYOK-ZOK.

Ginling is Growing.

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Class Poem.

This poem, written on Mr. Chen's graduation from the University and translated from Chinese into English, shows the love of picturesque language which embroiders all Eastern writing.

Long is the path of the day o'er the endlessly rolling Pacific, Far from the Golden Gate to this Middle Realm of the Orient Stretches the viewless way of the breath of mystical union Borne from the West to us, who are gladsome students of China.

Matchless our teachers' zeal, a thousand years matchless their teaching, Wide is the range of their lore, their words of wisdom impassioned.
Honoured of old is the name of the illustrious teacher Confucius;
Fragrant to-day are the names of these who have led us to knowledge.
Famed throughout ancient Greece was the home of the sage Aristotle;
Precious to us is our campus home, so verdant and tranquil.
Sorrowful seemed the hour when we first trod the pathway to learning;
Narrow and rough stretched our course, hedged in with hills of affliction.
Gladly welcomed now is this goal of our eager endeavour;
All the pains of the past are forgot in our felicitations.
Manifest are the joys which our studies have showered upon us.
Who would basely o'erlook such mercies once he had gained them?
Nay, while the pulses of youth still throb with power unshaken,
Who would not battle with sin, wield the good to shatter the evil?
Not for a guerdon of fame will now be the aim of our effort,
Nor in gloom to repine when the world meets our ardour with coolness;
Never shall maudlin lament wail over our talents unnoticed;
Wait we the seeing eye to search out our hidden treasure.
Have you not heard of the sages of old and their lives of devotion?
Silent the world towards them, yet cared they naught for the silence,
Worthy the laurel crown, yet wearing the violet modest,
Worthy the riches of men, but content with the plain gifts of nature.
Thus were their minds and bodies schooled to vigorous service,
Rendered instruments fit for perfect response to the spirit;
Till when their fervour and wisdom had mastered each golden occasion
Far from the plaudits of men they received the "Well done" of Heaven.

CHEN CHUEN-HO.
HWAIYUAN
The Houseboat on the Gwo.

"Where are you going this trip, Old Yang?" "To Mengchen and farther."
"Mengchen and farther! Who are your passengers?" "A foreign gentleman and his wife."
"Foreigners are they? Can we see what they look like? Why are they going to Mengchen?"
"They are going to preach the way. They are people from the following of Jesus."
"And foreigners! How much did they pay for your boat, Old Yang?"

At this point, however, not caring to hear the full discussion of my financial status and how much I had paid for everything since living in Hwaiyuan, I scrambled up out of the tiny cabin where I had been sitting, and furnished a change of subject by my personal appearance. The Chinese are all born actors, and there is at least one tradition of the Western stage which they follow in everyday life. It is in the matter of "asides." Although they know we speak their language (in a broken sort of way to be sure) and flood us with narratives which they confidently expect us to understand, they have a feeling we do not hear the simplest remarks unless directly addressed. When new acquaintances are calling, it often goes something like this:

Caller: "How long since you left your honorable country? (Aside to her maid) My! Isn't she thin!"
Hostess: "Four years, this time."
Caller: "Our poor land of course can't compare with yours. (Aside) Isn't her nose long!"
Maid: (Aside) "Yes, all the foreigners have long noses, except Miss ---."

But this time I was on a little boat at the swarming bank of the Gwo, and it would take more than one pen to record the "asides" of the half-alarmed, half-friendly crowd of men, women, and children that came hurrying across their own decks and stood gazing at me from all levels with black-eyed curiosity. Before all my features had been discussed, however, and my various pieces of wearing-apparel appraised at their full commercial value, a stir on shore broke the charmed
ring about me, and my audience stood aside to allow the "foreign gentleman" to come on board. Then there was the usual calling and shouting, drawing up of planks, pulling of ropes and poling in the soft mud, and then after Old Yang had looked up at the sky and given the strange sibilant whistle with which his brotherhood coaxes the wind, a little breeze scuttled into our sail, and we swung out into the stream.

At this point the crowd on the shore who had still been absorbed in watching and wondering at us, noticed a small boy who, basket in hand, had followed my husband down to the boat. Instantly they gathered about him. "Are you the one he bought all those peanuts from? How much did he pay——?" But the wind had not been able to resist our boatman's whistle and we were gliding around the bend.

It was my first itinerating trip, and we were going to a village three days up the river. The place is called Hsi Yang Gih, and is one of the eight villages in the Mengchen field where Christian worship is held. The people had been meeting there in their homes for some time, but recently a joyful letter had arrived to tell that, in accordance with the mission ruling, they had raised locally half the expense for a chapel building, had given the land and labor, and that now their little church was finished. We were going to the dedication.

Our boat was neither very fine nor very poor—just such a one as serve for homes to hundreds of families up and down the river. It had a four-cornered Chinese sail with the average number of patches—brown, ochre, and grey—and a little cabin for passengers, where, if not too tall, you could just sit comfortably in the day time, and where the floor could be taken up and wedged in a little higher for bed-boards at night. Our boat had a family too—Old Yang's—and they lived in a little space just back of ours, a trifle smaller, and less elegant, being roofed over with only bamboo matting. It was separated from our apartment by a sliding cupboard-door, and this was fitted with a convenient knot-hole in the wood, generally close covered by a black, steadfast eye.

Old Yang himself was quite a character, and together with his lean and wiry middle age, he had reached a certain
dignity one could not fail to appreciate. He was slow and full of comments about his work and stopped often to go aft and smoke his water-pipe. And he wore one of those sparse, trailing moustaches, which we are apt to take for artists' license in Chinese paintings. He could read too, and write a few characters, and two nails on his left hand he had allowed to grow to the scholarly length of three inches.

Then there was Mrs. Yang, with wrinkled cheeks and frowsy hair, who spent most of the time squatting before the little earthen cook-stove which occupied one corner of their small apartment. She had a lovely cracked chuckle, however, and in Old Yang's absence understood all about managing the boat. And she was an excellent cook.

There was also their elder son. He was a lad of about nineteen, with hard knotty muscles burnt almost black by sun and wind. He had a cheery smile, but no thought except for work. Ordered up before dawn by his father, he toiled all day at the big oar which eked out a recalcitrant breeze, or, in times of a dead calm, he thought nothing of splashing ashore and straining along for hours through the mud, with a long rope over his shoulder, drawing our heavy boat behind him. A foreign gentleman who rowed to help, when he might be smoking a water-pipe, was a new being to the elder brother.

Finally there were the children—a dear shy little girl of fourteen who helped every one and whose one joy was a pocket of brilliant patchwork on her apron, and a small boy of ten who helped no one he could avoid, and revelled in mirth and mischief and teasing his sister.

And I almost forgot the cockroaches! Big ones and little ones and all sorts of middle-sized ones thronged every crack and crevice of our boat, and came out with a sound like rain on leaves at night. All that week, when we saw something black and glittering we knew it was either a cockroach—or an eye!

We boarded with the Yang family. We used chopsticks and bowls, and poured our tea from a little pot that nested warm among feathers and straw (and rags!) in a little wooden covered tub. We fed on rice and fish, and garlic and bean
curd, and, as a great treat, eggs which had been buried for months and jellied and blackened in lime. Then the last night—with a specially kind chuckle—old Mrs. Yang pulled out our door—peek-hole and all—floured it over, and rolled us out the most delicious Chinese noodles. The children hopped about for joy. But with the distinctive Chinese oils, and our strange foreign appetites, our real staff of life was peanuts and persimmons!

One of the delights of the trip was teaching the children to read, or rather to recognize a few of the hundreds of characters they must know before that is accomplished. They were both very bright, and the little girl exceptionally eager to learn. She devoured the first lessons in the primer we gave her, and then learned by heart the little hymn we sing at home called "Precious Jewels," and she loved to hear stories about the One who loved little children. At first her brother scorned all such occupations, but one day we detected him sprawled on the cabin roof as we read and trying to learn the characters by looking on over our heads. Then began our campaign with Old Yang. We praised his own book learning, and tried to fire him with the ambition that his children should know at least as much. And after that for several mornings at daybreak we could hear their little voices begin: "Father, Father! What is this next word?" and his half-annoyed, half-pleased, and wholly-superior answers.

I shall never forget our last night on the boat. We had been sailing all day on a grey-green river, with a "following wind," and just around this curve we had come upon a gorgeous persimmon orchard—the brilliant fruit weighing down the boughs of large green and bronzy leaves; and, beyond the next, we had run into a noisy flock of cormorants—black and white they were—diving for their master, and once in a while flapping rebelliously up stream with their gleaming prey and having to be chased by the little boat that darted about like a water-spider among them. And then there were the big fish nets set carefully by the man on shore, and each provided with a little bell, so that, at the first tug of a captive, he might hear a tinkle and hurry to the spot.
And our fellow sailors, returning with the autumn pepper crop, their dull brown boats garlanded from stem to stern, and from mast to prow with ropes of scarlet pods. The sunset had caused us all to catch our breath that evening—a great flush of rose in the west—till the naughty little boat boy had said in pious imitation of his father's cant phrases, "Heaven glows red. Let us worship Heaven and Earth!" But then the grey twilight had come, and shreds of white mist spun out along the river and blown into wreaths about the rushes. In the half light a large grey crane came clanging overhead and settled down just beyond us. As we floated by, he stood there on one leg with the white mists about him—surely the Heron Prince from the Taoist fairy tale! And then the stars pricked their way out, one by one, and we heard the sounds and cries drawing nearer from the village where we were to anchor for the night.

I was sitting out on the deck watching all the peace and beauty around us, when a little hand slipped into mine, and a little girl nestled down beside me. "When He cometh," she whispered, "who did you say it was?" "Jesus," I answered, "our Lord and our friend, the One who came long ago to be the Saviour of men, who loved little children. And He will come now too, into the hearts of those who ask Him, and make their lives transfigured through His love! Do you understand my foreign way of speaking?"

She nodded and said: "Could we sing it now?"

I knew she knew the words by heart, but there was something very grown-up about reading the characters, so we lit a lantern and brought out some hymn books. My husband joined us, and invited Old Yang to help in recognizing the words. Then the little boy crept up—at first with studied unconcern—and his elder brother looked on with delighted amazement when we told him he too could learn to sing. It was Old Yang who proved to be the leader, and, though his tune had only two notes, it was we Americans who seemed off the key. And yet I never heard a sweeter hymn. And at the close I saw that Mrs. Yang too had stolen away from her cabin and was sitting behind us—her eyes shining
One is studying for the ministry, one is a dispenser at the hospital, three are day-school teachers in out-stations (thus helping to pay for the education they have received), and one is a postgraduate in the school and will go on to college.

Miss Giao and Miss Djang, graduates of the Bible Teachers’ Training School, Ranking, who are in their third year of service in the Dwaiyuan field as evangelists.
Our Chapel on Prosperity Street in the heart of the business district.

We have here a boys' school and girls' school and a flourishing group of Christians, men and women.

West Gate Ridge, where we all live.

The steps on the left lead into Hope Hospital. The persimmon dealers evidently expect a good business selling to patients.
with pride in her children and men-folks. Then my husband read the story of the man who had two sons, and out under the stars we joined in praying "Our Father."

And the chapel at Hsi Yang Gih? It was opened and dedicated. And I shall never forget the face of the first Christian as the pastor gave him the key and bade him be faithful to his charge; nor the dear old heathen lady over ninety years old who—but all that happened on shore.

MARGARET BEEBE NILES.

The Leaders' Class.

Sixty-four selected men, representing over thirty centers in our Northern Anhwei field, met during the last of July to study some of the deeper teachings of the Christian faith and by prayer and fellowship to gain stronger purposes in their Christian life. It was the fourth of these leaders' classes. In addition to the regular delegates, others from the city were allowed to attend, crowding the assembly room of the Boys' Boarding School to its utmost capacity, and at times overflowing upon the verandah, making a total attendance, at some of the sessions, of over one hundred and fifty.

Those who have preached to Chinese audiences know the amount of effort required to overcome the tendency to inattention and sleepiness, especially in the heat of mid-summer. The fate which befell Eutychus is a favorite text of one of our evangelists at these conferences. But these men and women of the leaders' class, sitting at the school desks seemed to catch the spirit of the student and many were ready with note books and pencils to write down the points of the speaker. One near-sighted delegate brought his small boy to write his notes for him. The majority of these men, I think it can be truly said, came because they had growing spiritual perceptions and desires and such an audience is inspiring to look upon.

Pastor Kao, of the Friends Mission in Nanking, was the main speaker and he was an inspiration to all. He had been at the 1915 class and those who had heard him then were
eager to hear him again. His talks, although on deep themes, were simple, direct, and always with the special needs of his audience in mind. It was, however, the spiritual life of Pastor Kao which spoke more clearly than his words. His prayers will be remembered as well as his sermons. They were availing and lifted men's hearts into the presence of God. Feeling this power many went to him privately and sought his help in prayer.

A source of satisfaction to us was the help given by our own Mr. Li, who is still a student in the theological seminary. Every morning he conducted a course of study in John's Gospel, which was excellent and an indication of Mr. Li's own development. It was at one of the former leaders' classes that Mr. Li determined to study for the ministry.

A period each day was devoted to the general discussion of Christian duties and the necessity of Family Worship, Sunday Observance, the Morning Watch, etc., and the suggestions made at these meetings will mean much for the growth of the Church.

At the last session of the class many spoke of a new consciousness of their own need and of new resolves formed. Several determined to be more careful of their speech, speaking no ill of their neighbours or fellow workers. One said "I ask you, Brethren, to help me by not criticising others in my presence. I do not wish to hear these things." One man said although he had been a Christian for four years he had not really believed in the Holy Spirit but during this class when he was by himself praying he suddenly realized that his faith was a poor and imperfect kind and now he wanted a complete faith and did believe. Another man prayed for the first time in his life and God must have heard it with joy, like that, perhaps, which a mother has when her baby boy first speaks her name. Another man said, when he returned to his home, he would start family prayers in spite of the strong opposition from his brothers and others in the family. One of the evangelists said that he had preached Christ and lived for himself but his purpose henceforth was to live for Christ as well as preach for Him.
Afternoon tea on Mr. Morris' lawn in honor of the summer Leaders' Class.

The Leaders' Class.

These men come from scattered groups of Christians, some of them sixty and seventy miles away. They go back with new knowledge and enthusiasm to share what they have learned with their neighbors.
Mr. Wan Guob Tung, our evangelist at Pengpu, and his family.

Mr. Wan Guob Tung and three of his friends.
Pengpu, is a thriving town created by the railway and reminding one of some of our American "boom" towns in the West. His friends are on the staff of one and another of the business concerns there.
To us, who have watched the beginnings of the Kingdom in Northern Anhwei, through these years, this leaders' class brings unspeakable joy and encouragement. This is the culminating purpose of our Christian service in China, the training of Christian leaders. Only a small proportion of our Christian constituency can be sent away to training schools and theological seminaries, and a class like the leaders' class is filling a great need in our work. These men and women are going back to their cities and villages and, with a success which the foreign missionary or even the paid Chinese evangelist can never attain unto, are distributing the spiritual truths of the gospel to those about them. Such groups of men and women kindle our enthusiasm, strengthen our faith, and make us look forward to the future with much expectancy, and again we thank God for the leaders' class.

Du Bois S. Morris.

Old Women.

"I am too old. I cannot learn." "But it is not a matter only of the mind," pleads Miss Djang, "but also of the heart. It is more important for you even than for your daughter, for now your years are like the close of the day, when the sun is bending toward the west." Miss Djang has won the interest of many old people by her genuine love for them. I do not know if old ladies are more fascinating here in China than in the rest of the world. They seem so to me. From among the many whose personalities have been stamped on my mind, I think of three who have taken the kingdom of heaven by force.

Old Mrs. Hwang came to the city eighteen months ago, breaking her vegetarian vows to learn of the true way. Her poor old head was fairly well muddled and she did not seem to get even the essentials into it, until she was taken ill—her last illness. Before her natural strength was abated her mind seemed to clear up and she understood of herself what patient teaching on the part of others had failed to make plain to her.
before. She desired greatly to be baptized. Mr. Cochran examined her, and found her ready, and not trusting in the rite itself, so she received baptism and partook once of the Lord's supper. She had been troubled about some property, the products of which her family in the country had withheld from her. Now she dropped this anxiety: "I am going to Heaven where I do not need wheat or rice. Let them have my things." The cherished hope of being remembered in the immemorial way was relinquished. "I do not want them to burn incense and paper. I want to be buried among Christians in the Christian way. You are my people now." She saw no vision, but the hope of heaven and the presence of Christ shone steadily before her, and she was as one who prepares to leave a little, narrow, dark house to live in a beautiful one. Now she is resting under the pomegranate trees among the Christians—her spiritual kindred.

"Where shall I put my quilt? I am going to stay until I have learned something." An eager hand caught mine outside our compound gate one morning after church. It was old Mrs. Hu, a perfect stranger, and coming from a place I had never heard of, twelve li from Gu Guh Gi from which place tidings of the Gospel had reached her village. She adopted us at once. Her hoard of silver and copper, for food during her sojourn, was too heavy to carry about with her, so she gladly consigned it to my cash drawer. The guest room in front seemed too far away to her, so we resigned ourselves to her presence in the house by day. When she looked up into my face with her radiant face and the words "I will follow you," there was nothing else to do. She took her place by my desk. An occasional prompting was all she asked for as she pored day after day over the simplest tracts. Her eagerness and her faith were an inspiration to me. Often her head would drop on her hands, and I would hear her murmur, "Heavenly Father, I am very stupid. Please help me." She said one day, "There are four families where I live who want to learn about Jesus. I will teach them whatever I can learn. But I am too old to learn much. I have a little granddaughter two months old. We will not
One of China's problems.

This family were probably farmers and became first famine refugees and then beggars.

A prosperous Christian family.
Mr. and Mrs. Giang Ming Deh and their children.
Playtime at the Girls' School.
betroth her but send her to school. Then she can teach others and do what I can never do." Thus the old guide the destinies of the young.

Old Mrs. Chen is the mother of a poor farmer in the country whose little plot of land does not support him and his family. Sometimes she comes into the city, accepting the hospitality of some Christian family, and doing little odd jobs for them in return. At other times she Wanders about the country talking with relatives or with strangers, preaching as she goes. When hungry she says, "Give me a bowl of rice and I will tell you about the true way." Sometimes people laugh at her and say, "You tell us God takes care of you, yet you are begging your way." She answers, "He is taking care of me. I haven't starved yet, and if I should He would take me to a place where there is neither hunger nor cold." She is so respectable that she has been chosen to chaperone and cook for the teacher of the girls' school to be opened soon in the Geng village, but she does not yet know that this position awaits her.

HARRIET RUSSELL MACCURDY.

The Two Months' Club.

Every summer, when the school girls scatter to their homes for the two months of vacation, I find myself face to face with a fresh tug at the heart string, an increased reluctance to send them forth. It means leaving the airy school rooms and dormitories for tiny windowed, mud-floored homes, leaving the large, shady playground with its swings, volley ball court, sand pile, and croquet ground, for the dirty, fly swarmed court yards which teem with chickens, pigs, and dogs—leaving the regular well ordered life of the school for the uncertain discipline of the Chinese home. But perhaps the greatest fear which clutches at my heart is that the girls will fall before the temptations which are so ever present in the non-Christian homes. It is so easy to gamble, to drink wine, to worship the family gods, to neglect the morning watch, in
the face of scoffing laughter, or well aimed taunts from the older members of their families.

For the past three summers, the school has organized itself into a social service club, for definitely aggressive summer work, and as a result the joy of their friendships, the lessons learned in their hygiene classes, the Christianity which has surrounded them in the school days has been transmitted into their homes and has served to keep the girls strong, to brighten and to uplift the life of the community in which they live.

These are some of the reports which were given at our rally on the first Sunday of this autumn term. A fifteen year old child from a mud hut reported, "While I was at home this summer, I tried to keep the house clean. I killed flies and swept out the court yard; I chased the pigs out of our guest hall and every day I gave my little niece a bath! My old grandmother wanted to learn to read, so I taught her every morning. I used to beg her not to smoke her pipe!" A father from Mengchen, with pride in his voice, confidentially whispered to me, "You can't realize what a difference there was in our daughters this summer. They were always eager to help their mother and the neighbors came every evening to sit in our courtyard and learn to sing hymns." A tall, attractive girl who comes from one of the most dissipated families of Hwaiyuan, said, when I asked her what she had done, "I was sick almost all summer, so I couldn't do anything but try to live out God's love." A merry-faced child laughed when I called on her to speak, "Why, Miss Chaney," she said, "I just begged my family not to eat watermelons on which the flies had been sitting! We learned about it in our hygiene class."

Such enthusiastic, happy faces; such interested comments and questions! Their long, hot summer days had been full of an earnest desire to serve, full of the truest kind of happiness.

Florence J. Chaney.
NANHsuchou
Mrs. Hsu, wife of the school principal, with an armful.

The smaller school children and Ch'uan Li.
Ch’üan Ai and Her Friends.

Ch’üan Ai proved she was no ordinary doll, both from the fact that she arrived on her owner’s birthday, and from her remarkably lifelike appearance. Here was a true American child in our midst once more. The foreigners sat down and adored till we knew the servants would tell tales about our new little idol.

Then I made a decision. The child was to accompany me to school and I would have my birthday party in watching the girls’ faces when they saw their first foreign doll. Perhaps it wasn’t just what one would expect of a real school teacher but I had plenty of time to become that. So we went to school, Ch’üan Ai and I, and at a properly dramatic moment after gym she was suddenly produced from behind my back. I wish I could give you the mental picture as I have it now, of that row of little faces when their first surprise changed into utter delight, and they crowded around me, quite forgetting their usual decorum. I showed them she could do gym exercises, too, and I explained in detail the reason for her garments,—as far as there was a reason! They were interested in her costume, but apparently not entirely approving, as was demonstrated when they came at Christmas time with a set of Chinese clothes for her. I was a little dismayed to find the color scheme lavender, blue, and green, with a vivid purple and red hat decorated by a tiger’s face, and little cat’s faces peering out from the toes of her shoes. These are supposed to frighten the devils, and there is no doubt of their possibilities, provided devils aren’t color-blind.

But how the children loved her in her new costume, and before long her fame spread, proving right to the name they had given her, "Loved by Everyone." The little children of the compound found their way to my room, and sat in raptures holding her, while their mothers were interested to find that little children in America loved dolls in just that way. Then came New Year’s Day, bringing its steady stream of callers, and I must confess that my lack of conversational prowess in this new tongue weighed heavily
upon me. But a lucky thought brought Ch'üan Ai to my rescue, and from that time our topics of conversation were assured. In fact our callers were loath to leave this new curiosity.

Women who had never been to my room before, now began to wait after prayer-meeting and ask if they might come and see the doll. With my pedagogical instinct aroused, I used a map to show just where Ch'üan Ai had come from and how far she had travelled. And when I was afraid the flatness of the map would be misleading, I found my hands could make a globe, with my nose very useful in locating the relative positions of China and America. Quite important was the fact that my mother had given her to me for them to see—my mother who loved me just as they loved their children, and who still did so much for me. Yes, it was hard for her to let me go, but there was something bigger for both of us than our love for each other. Were the women catching through this very informal beginning a vision of a love so compelling that even the ties of home were of second importance? I feel sure that some dim idea at least came to them, as time after time I entertained my callers, and in the surroundings of my room, with Ch'üan Ai as presiding genius, they were learning that foreigners and Chinese have much in common after all, in spite of the external differences.

So we were laying the foundation of a friendship on which even now we are hoping to build. These women, with lives so empty that the details of a strange plaything can be of consuming interest, are crowding to the church in such numbers that often they have to be seated outside the door. They want to learn, they say, and prove from their faithful attendance at special classes that this is more than a merely passing interest. The influence of the girls' school is making itself felt and several mothers sent last year to ask us—some of the church members and myself—to come to their homes Sunday afternoons and tell them of our gospel. This year we are planning mothers' meetings at the school with a series of talks to bring enlightenment to minds clouded by superstition and blind following of custom. The school girls themselves
One of our favorite walks on the city wall.
The child in the foreground is gathering leaves for fuel.

View of the south-west corner of the compound from the city wall.
Notice the group of spectators watching a circus performer, a daily occurrence outside our wall during the winter.
A funeral which cost five thousand dollars.

The crowd at the doorway, much interested in the camera.
The white caps are worn by the mourners.

The dragon hearse in which the coffin was placed for the funeral procession.
are beginning to feel their responsibility, and are glad to help in a Sunday school for less fortunate children. There are openings on every side, and we feel that Ch'üan Ai, with all that she stands for of good will and friendliness, has been a blessing to Nanhsuchow.

MARIAN W. GARDNER.

An Impromptu Dispensary.

Any report on the Nanhsuchou medical work of this past year must necessarily take on the form of an apology, for when I went to Nanhsuchou last December I was told that I must treat no patients outside of our own selves and servants, that I must be very hard-hearted and callous against all entreaties as there still was a great deal of the language which I had not yet learned and I would have this year to learn it in. I am very sorry to report that my hard-heartedness broke down after I had been at the station no more than a month and a half when I was called upon to perform the simple act of administering an emetic and thereby save the life of an unfortunate wife who by attempting suicide thought to end a life of misery. Twice more within the following two weeks I was called upon to aid overbearing husbands to retain their wives for further periods of suffering and degradation. After that I could not fairly make distinctions and as Miss Gardner has aptly put it in the annual report I have "treated between 40 and 50 patients with no deaths." As a result I am afraid I still have much of the language yet to learn.

Knowing of course that I might be asked to spend the year at Nanhsuchou I had provided myself with a small initial equipment of instruments, supplies, and drugs, intended only for our own use in case of emergency. However, I soon found it necessary to turn my study into a doctor's office and to share my meagre supply with the community. As supplies ran out or items not in stock were demanded I was forced to send mail orders to Shanghai. My "Doctor's Office" gradually took on the appearance of a small dispensary and I hired a
young boy to assist me, at first for an hour a day, then two, and finally for half the day.

Beginning as it did, my practice took me entirely unawares and largely unprepared. I had no experienced help of any kind, no medical vocabulary, no place to see patients but my own private study, and no established customs as to hours or prices. Every case that came to me was a new problem in itself and occupied as much time for diagnosis and treatment as ten such cases should occupy with proper facilities and an established routine. I early found out that it would be absolutely essential for the general public and myself to come to very definite understandings. Otherwise I would soon be hopelessly engulfed in a sea of misunderstandings. Established hours, prices, and customs go a long way toward oiling the wheels in any business, but a thousand times farther in medical practice in China.

One morning I was rudely awakened from my dreams by finding that the whole city was in a turmoil over a very just bill I had sent in to a prosperous patient, which apparently had grossly insulted him. It was not because of the price, and it was not because he did not recognize the obligation, but we had not "talked it" beforehand and my prices had not been advertised, moreover one of his relatives had contributed something to the purchase of the property given us for the hospital and he naturally supposed he would be treated free. We were even asked to give up the deed to our hospital property,—the donors had "lost so much face." However, the storm soon blew over and we went on as before; but I had learned a very valuable lesson in Chinese etiquette which I shall not soon forget.

James W. Wiltsik.
A crowd at a temple on worship day.

Row-towing inside the temple.
The men at the left in the act, and the one at the right just setting up.

Sacrifices at Confucius' tablets.
A cow at the left, a pig with a goat on top at the right.

Pig offered for sacrifice at tablets of Confucius' disciples.

Concentric circles made of ashes in front of the door of every house on a given day as an omen of a good harvest.

A crowd attracted by Mr. Carter and his bicycle.
Poorly prepared land. Compare the lumps of earth with a watch in the foreground. Better tillage is one of the agricultural problems of this region.

Wooden forks for sale on a big market day. The prongs of the fork are a natural growth of a special kind of tree. The farmer at the left is examining a fork for purchase.

Threshing sesame with a stone roller, the only "thresher" of this region. At the right is a wheatstack capped with dry mud to keep out rain.

Two types of cart. The one on the left is used in this region, and has no fifth wheel. The other is used 80 miles from here. A typical example of how farming tools and methods vary within short distances.
**Agricultural Work.**

Nanhsuchou is situated in a distinctly agricultural region and hence presents an unlimited field for agricultural work. The Chinese are especially interested in the improvement of their agriculture and, consequently, in my coming to help them. Agricultural missionary work is something new in the missionary enterprise and, for this reason, perhaps the nature of the work needs to be explained. The idea is to use agriculture as a point of contact with the people, both Christian and non-Christian. By giving the Christian farmer and landlord a better agriculture, he is enabled to live a respectable Christian life, as well as to support the church more adequately. By helping the non-Christian farmer, new friends are made, and new friends mean new opportunities for the presentation of Christianity. The purpose of the agricultural missionary should not be only getting the farmer to grow bigger and better crops. Growing good crops is of little value unless the farmer has caught a vision, and is growing into a bigger and better man. Agricultural missionary work also affords an opportunity of showing the practical side of Christianity in a very concrete way.

In order to carry on this work, it seems necessary to me that it be divided into three parts, viz., an experiment farm, farm demonstration work, and school work. The experiment farm should be used for testing out new crops not yet grown in the region, and for determining the best methods of growing the crops already grown in the region. It should be very practical in nature, so as to furnish information for use in farm demonstration and school work.

Farm demonstration work is the growing of crops on the farmer's land or on a piece set aside for that purpose, under the direction of the farm demonstrator. It is preferable that the land be on the farmer's farm, and the crop grown by the farmer himself, but under the direction of the adviser. In this way the farmer does most of the work, and after he sees that he can grow a better crop by using the new method, he will be willing to continue to do so. The idea is to have the
farmer do the work from the very first. His better crop will be an inducement to his neighbor to try out the new methods as well.

The idea of the school work is to give the boys a well-rounded education, not more advanced than high school grade, and based largely on the principles in vogue at Hampton Institute, Va. Practical farm work will be emphasized. The boys should be so trained in the inspirational, as well as the practical, side of agricultural life, that they will either want to go back to the farm, or engage in teaching other boys to become good farmers. Scientific principles of agriculture can best be instilled in the school boys. They will be very ready to accept new ideas, whereas practically nothing can be done with the ignorant farmer, except that which he can see with his own eyes, namely, demonstration work. Emphasis will be placed on making the boys realize that farming is a very well worth while occupation, and that there is more to it than mere drudgery. Agriculture is an unusually good subject to be used in mission schools, for it deals with Nature, and hence makes it easy to point out God as the explanation of so many things we do not understand.

Last spring I had a class of over twenty boys in Nature study. I asked all boys wishing to plant a small garden in addition to their regular work, to give me their names, and to my surprise practically every boy wanted to try some American seeds I had on hand. The boys spaded up their little plots with much enthusiasm. They went through the streets with tools over their shoulders, and were not in the least ashamed—a unique sight in this land where manual labor is a disgrace. People of the town remarked, "How strange to see boys going to school with garden tools!" I was greatly pleased with the way boys took up with the new idea. Their enthusiasm made me realize afresh the possibilities of agricultural mission work in this country, not only as a direct Christianizing agency, but also as a means of teaching the dignity and usefulness of manual labor. I am sure that school gardens can be developed into a very helpful part of the
school work, in addition to creating considerable interest among the citizens of the town.

I feel that I have an unusual opportunity in starting this agricultural work, which promises great results. Such work is a wonderful opening for the advancement of Christian missions in China, especially in view of the fact that approximately 85% of the population are farmers, and also because, contrary to popular opinion, agricultural methods, in at least a large portion of China, are lacking in scientific knowledge and are not productive of best results. Among the improved practices first to be brought about are better tillage, drainage, fertilization, seed selection, and control of insects. Proper attention to these five principles would prevent the recurrence of the frequent famines of this region. However, such work takes time to bring results, and no one should expect any great result within a very few years. Farm crops and boys grow slowly and results come accordingly.

J. LOSSING BUCK.
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Person(s)</th>
<th>Position(s)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1873 Dec</td>
<td>Mrs. R. F. Abbey, Nanking</td>
<td>Evangelistic Work; Training of Bible-women</td>
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<tr>
<td>1874 Sept</td>
<td>†Rev. Charles Leaman, Nanking</td>
<td>Evangelistic Work</td>
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<td>1890 Oct</td>
<td>Rev. W. J. Drummond, Mrs. Drummond</td>
<td>Evangelistic Work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1894 Jan</td>
<td>Miss E. E. Dresser, Nanking</td>
<td>Severance Hall; Evangelistic Work</td>
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<td>1898 Oct</td>
<td>Rev. E. C. Lobenstine, Mrs. Lobenstine</td>
<td>Secretary of the China Continuation Committee, Shanghai</td>
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<td>1898 Oct</td>
<td>Rev. D. B. S. Morris, Mrs. Morris</td>
<td>Evangelistic Work; Station Chairman</td>
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<td>1899 Sept</td>
<td>Dr. Samuel Cochran, Mrs. Cochran</td>
<td>Hope Hospital, Superintendent; Mission Secretary</td>
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<tr>
<td>1899 Sept</td>
<td>Rev. J. B. Cochran, Hwaiyuan</td>
<td>Boys’ Boarding School, Principal; Evangelistic Work; Member of China Council</td>
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<tr>
<td>1899 Sept</td>
<td>Rev. J. E. Williams, D.D., Mrs. Williams, Nanking</td>
<td>University of Nanking, Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>1901 Sept</td>
<td>Miss Mary A. Leaman, Nanking</td>
<td>Evangelistic Work</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905 Sept</td>
<td>Miss Jane A. Hyde, Nanking</td>
<td>Ming Deh School; Evangelistic Work</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905 Sept</td>
<td>Mrs. J. R. Jones, Nanking</td>
<td>Superintendent of Day Schools; Evangelistic Work</td>
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<tr>
<td>1906 Mar</td>
<td>†Rev. J. C. Garritt, D.D., †Mrs. Garritt, Nanking</td>
<td>Nanking School of Theology, President; Vice-Chairman of China Council</td>
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<tr>
<td>1906 Sept</td>
<td>Miss Grace M. Lucas,</td>
<td>Ming Deh School, Principal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907 Nov</td>
<td>†Rev. A. V. Gray, Mrs. Gray, Nanking</td>
<td>Evangelistic and Educational Work</td>
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PERSONNEL OF THE KIANGAN MISSION, 1916-1917

1908 October. Dr. Agnes G. Murdoch, Hwaiyuan. Hope Hospital, Women's Department.

1908 October. Miss Margaret F. Murdoch, Hwaiyuan. Hope Hospital, Nurses' Department.

1908 October. Miss Mary C. Murdoch, Hwaiyuan. Evangelistic Work.


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

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

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

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 Hospital, Superintendent; 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. *Miss Frederica R. Mead, Nanking. 
Ginling College.

1914 October. Mr. J. H. Reisner, Mrs. Reisner, 
University of Nanking, College of Agriculture 
and Forestry.

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

1914 October. *†Miss Helen E. Smith, Nanking. 
Nanking Union Bible Teachers' Training School 
for Women.

1915 November. Miss Marian W. Gardner, Nanhsuchou. 
Language Study; Educational Work.

1915 September. Dr. J. W. Wiltsie, Mrs. Wiltsie, Nanhsuchou. 
Language Study; Medical Work.

1915 December. Mr. J. Lossing Buck, †Mrs. Buck (1917 May), Nan- 
hsuchou. 
Language Study; Agricultural Education.

1916 October. Miss Evelyn L. Walmsley, Nanking. 
Language School.

1917 May. Miss Helen E. Boughton, Hwaiyuan. 
Secretarial Work.

* On furlough.
† With previous experience in China before joining the present work.