NANKING STATION REPORT, 1926-1927

A Year of Tragedy and Triumph

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For seventeen years Pastor Swen has served the Hansimen Church and the Nanking country field. It was through his tact, courage and faith that the church was kept from destruction or occupation by soldiers on and since March 24th.
This year of 1926-27 has been epochal in many ways. Reading over the reports of various members of the station, one is struck with a similarity of outlook; that is, the year for all of us seems to have begun after the summer of 1926 in a spirit of uncertainty and foreboding as to what the months would bring forth. Increasing difficulties of many kinds marked the progress of the days and our life at Nanking terminated abruptly with the tragedy of March 24th. In spite of this, without exceptions the reports here before me end in a note of triumph and faith and hope for the future. It is true that those who have handed in these reports are comparatively few in number, and are exclusively those who have remained in the orient after the Nanking incident. But it is significant that the ones who have remained near the scene of this fearful climax to what has been one of the hardest years in the history of Nanking station, can yet write of the present and of the future in terms of spiritual exaltation, and this after a lapse of five months, when reaction, if such there was, must have set in.

This, then, is the keynote of the year: uncertainties and forebodings ending at last in tremendous triumph.

The year naturally divides itself into three periods: the months preceding the two days of March 24th and 25th; those brief two days into which was packed a lifetime of experience; and the months succeeding.

I.

The autumn of 1926 found us already wondering when the Nationalists would reach Nanking. They had proved successful in their campaign northward from Canton and were already struggling to establish their center in the Wu-
han cities on the Yangtse, preparatory to continuing their drive down the river. Those of our number who had spent the summer in Kuling were caught in the mass of refugees pouring from Hunan and Hankow,—people dreading the exigencies of siege and battles, and hastening to safe ports. We all were eager for news of the Nationalist armies, eager to know if they were really idealistic in their patriotism, or if they were but another phase of militarism. It was impossible to find out the whole truth. There were good reports of their devotion to their cause, of their desire to liberate the working classes, of their attempts to eradicate age-old inequalities between sex, class, and nations. Along with these came rumors of hatred against religion, of special animosity against foreign controlled schools and hospitals, and in some cases against foreigners, and most sinister of all, of the presence in their ranks of Russian leaders of the most radical type.

It was, therefore, in a spirit of waiting and doubt that we settled in our homes and began the autumn's work in school, hospital and evangelistic fields.

**Ming Deh Girls' School.**

Our high school, Ming Deh, opened with a normal enrollment. Great care was taken in the registration to eliminate any possible undesirable students who might be entering as paid propagandists of the more radical Nationalists to cause strikes and trouble, such as we had heard of in other schools. The school was very fortunate in this, and there has never been a finer or more loyal group of girls. The autumn semester's work progressed well, and the winter term was completed as usual. There was some question of opening after the long vacation at Chinese New Year; there was some doubt as to how many girls would return. Nationalist troops were advancing down the Yangtse leaving behind them a fairly consistent record of trouble for missions, and our doubtfulness of the future had increased. A goodly number of students returned, however,
and in the same spirit of waiting in heart and carrying on outwardly as usual as long as possible, the spring semester began. It was in this time that the long-discussed dormitory was begun, which was destined to suffer at the hands of mobs before it was ever completed.

One of the main issues at Ming Deh at this time was the question of administration. Miss Walmsley, the principal, was going to America on leave of absence, and had signified her desire not to return to administrative work. Miss Null was appointed acting principal, but in view of her special contribution to make in Home Economics, the Advisory Board realized it was unfair to expect her to remain in the position. Moreover, one of the demands of the Nationalists was that there be no foreign principals in mission schools. Since there seemed no one outstanding Chinese woman prepared to take the principalship, however, a plan was finally evolved between teachers and Advisory Board to have an administrative committee, composed of staff and Advisory Board members, each office with its powers defined clearly, to carry on the school. In this way we felt three demands were met, at least after a fashion,—the need for a principal, the desires of the Nationalists, and our desire as foreigners to give over our authority as administrators as quickly as possible to the Chinese. This committee had just begun to function when the events of March 24th and 25th burst upon us.

Severance Hall Bible School.

Of our Women's Bible School no report is available. The school had its full quota of students throughout the year, and the months passed quietly and fruitfully in ordinary work, with perhaps an especially fine spirit among all Christian students. When the crash came this school suffered the special fury which seemed to be directed against Bible schools, its students were completely scattered, the Chinese teachers fled for their lives and were in hiding for many days, and the school building was thoroughly looted and partly destroyed.
Bible Teachers' Training School.

The report of the Bible Teachers' Training School emphasises the splendid closing of the school year in the spring of 1926 when an Alumnae Institute brought a large number of the former students back to the school for a two weeks' conference marked by good Christian fellowship and full of inspiration for all who attended. The fall term opened with an enrollment of 117 students from all over China. The work was carried on amid increasing political disturbance to the end of the term. During the New Year vacation a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Managers was held and an emergency reorganization of the school was effected, which placed all administrative positions in the hands of the Chinese members of the faculty. This new organization was to carry on the school in case the foreign members of the staff should have to leave the city. In spite of the grave uncertainty of the future and in spite of the fact that full announcement of the conditions in Nanking was sent in advance to all the students during the vacation, the spring term opened with all but five of the former students in attendance. Several newcomers registered, however, so that there was still a larger attendance than usual for this term.

As the situation became more critical some thirty of the students returned to their homes, but about seventy-five still remained at the school on the morning of March 24th. When on March 21st, on the urgent advice of the consul, all the foreign teachers decided most reluctantly to heed his advice and leave with the general evacuation of women and children, the affairs of the school were turned over to the new Chinese administrative committee. They carried on for two days and then the tragic events of March 24th engulfed them, as they did so many other well planned organizations in the city.

Nanking Theological Seminary.

At the Theological Seminary the fall term began auspiciously with an almost normal enrollment of students
and a full quota of teachers. In spite of disturbed political conditions there were about 120 students in all departments, not including the Correspondence Course, and the prospects seemed bright for another successful year's work. It soon became evident, however, that there were forces among the student body which were breeding dissension and lowering the spiritual tone of the whole school. It was not easy to locate the source of the trouble, but as the term progressed it seemed evident that some students, who during the previous term had been suspected of undue political activity, were stirring up trouble. But positive evidence was lacking. Moreover, these men had for the most part been recommended by Chinese church bodies and not by missions or individual missionaries, so the faculty felt that until there was more positive evidence of misconduct it was best to allow them to remain in the school. The Seminary for some years past had been endeavoring to get the Chinese churches more interested in the institution, and it was deemed unwise to offend them except as a last resort. Later on it was found that among this group were two clever rascals, propagandists of the Left Wing or more radical Nationalist party. These two men unduly influenced many of the weaker and more immature students, and were the real cause of the trouble within the school.

The fall term closed, however, without open dissension. During the New Year vacation the political situation became more critical and it was a question whether the Seminary would be able to open for the spring term. It was finally decided to try it, at least. Many of the students failed to return, and as the certainty of active warfare about Nanking grew more apparent many more left for their homes, so that by March 24th there was less than one-third of the student body remaining at the Seminary. During the weeks preceding the capture of the city by the Nationalist forces the spirit of cooperation among the faculty was marked. As it seemed likely that all the foreign members of the staff might have to leave the city on the consul's advice, should real fighting break out, the Chinese faculty organized itself
into an emergency committee prepared to administer the school during the absence of the foreigners. The fury of the Nationalist troops on March 24th seems to have centered especially in the Hansimen district, and there is evidence which indicates that the Seminary and the Bible Teachers' Training School were marked objects of attack, probably because these two schools were known as centers for the training of leaders for the Christian church. The attack was not only anti-foreign, it was also violently anti-Christian. Several of the leading members of the Chinese faculty of the Seminary suffered looting just as the foreigners did, and had to flee for their lives. These facts must be taken into account in any judgment as to what happened at the Seminary on March 24th and in the months following. If the part played by Seminary students and faculty in protecting property and helping the foreign staff seems somewhat negative, some explanation is to be found in these facts as to the particular fury of the attack on the Hansimen district and the two leading schools there.

Ginling College.

In the two union colleges, Ginling and the University of Nanking, reports are more positive. Ginling opened with the largest enrollment of her history and a fine spirit among the students. One of the main sources of strength in Ginling has always been the very fine harmony and intimacy between students and faculty. In spite of much agitation in other mission schools this rapport seems to have continued without change in Ginling, deepening indeed as the year went on into that magnificent climax of March 24th, when, as the soldiers demanded the foreign faculty to be discovered to them, one of the Chinese teachers exclaimed, "You are wrong if you call our foreigners imperialists. They and we are equals in spirit and fact. We eat together, live together, and we will protect them with our very lives."

The year 1926 was finished in completeness, examinations and all, and the College opened for its second term on February 18th, with 130 students, a decrease of nine under
GINLING COLLEGE.

The Chapel, Founders' Day, October 30, 1927.

An Oasis in the Desert of Destruction.
THE UNIVERSITY OF NANKING.

Right foreground: Bailie Hall, where foreign community took refuge on March 24th; left background: Severance Hall, the Administration Building.

The College Campus on Commencement Day; 1927. Dr. C. C. Wu, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Nationalist Government (wearing black coat), approaching Severance Hall. Bailie Hall, Sage Chapel and Dr. Williams' home in background.
the last enrollment; but these losses in number could be
charged to unsettled political conditions to which parents
feared to return their girls, and to difficulties of travel from
the remoter provinces. Although classes progressed as usual,
as time went on the growing tenseness of the political situa­
tion made itself felt even in the quiet confines of the beautiful
campus, and it became evident that something must be said
by the faculty in regard to it. The faculty felt, however,
that it was wise to issue no change of policy, but to allow
all girls who wished to do so to leave college, with the
privilege of making up their work at the end of the term,
provided they had not missed more than one month. The
students were quite satisfied with this, and about twenty
girls left. Then in quietness of spirit and in sane, diligent
carrying on of each day's usual program, students and faculty
together waited for that crisis which approached so rapidly,
and took place even within a few days.

University of Nanking.

The University of Nanking opened with a record number
of students. In the colleges alone there were 580, the largest
number ever enrolled, in spite of chaotic conditions. The
faculty felt, moreover, that on the whole the student body
was the finest in the history of the University, in quality of
academic effort and in character.

Important changes in the faculty had been made, in
order to meet as adequately as possible the demands of the
times. Dr. Y. G. Chen was acting Dean of the College of
Arts and Science, with the way open for him to become full
dean in 1927. Mr. T. S. Kuo was Co-dean in the College
of Agriculture and Forestry; and the Middle and Model
Schools were both put in charge of competent Chinese
principals; while in the library Dr. K. C. Liu and Mr.
S. Y. Li and Mr. D. W. Chen were made librarians with
definite administrative responsibilities, with a view to putting
the library completely in charge of a well trained Chinese
staff. In a word, the whole trend of the University ad-
ministration was toward more Chinese control, placing foreigners rather in the places of advisory experts and specialists on the faculty.

The autumn semester was the best in the history of the University, in number and quality of the student body, in the strength of the faculty and the spirit of cooperation among them, in the very happy relationships between students and faculty, and in the strong and healthy religious life of the institution. The first half of the year was most successfully completed.

In spite of political uncertainties the University opened as usual in February for the second half, with about 480 students, or 90 per cent of the previous enrollment in the colleges, and a somewhat smaller enrollment in the lower schools. The faculty in the colleges made further changes to meet the demands of the hour. All religious education was made elective and worship was put on a voluntary basis. This policy had been discussed for some time and was decided upon at last somewhat tentatively. But the results were most gratifying, and in a short time the faculty were convinced of the wisdom of their decision. Two results were noticeable: more students signed up for courses in religion than under the old compulsory system with its required courses for all freshmen and sophomores, and the spirit of worship and interest in the Sunday morning services greatly improved.

During this second half as the political tension in the city increased, many students left for home, but classes were carried on as usual. Increasing restlessness came on, however, and from the standpoint of education the atmosphere was most unsatisfactory; and the storm broke on the morning of March 24th.

Inadequate reports of the Hospital and the Language School make it hard to speak definitely of them. It is well known, however, that never had the Hospital done more efficient work than in these months preceding March, 1927. In administrative organization, in equipment and in activity,
it was one of the best in China, and was indeed in all respects a magnificent unit of Christian service.

The Language School opened with a larger enrollment than for some years, and with several Central China missions cooperating. Cooperation with further areas and other mission bodies was also under consideration, and by modifying some of its earlier policies the Language School was preparing itself for a new period of increased usefulness.

Day Schools.

Before closing the section of this report dealing with educational work, some mention should be made of the work of the station day schools and of the Hubugiai Middle School. Detailed reports of the former schools are not available, but the work was carried on as usual in both city and country. While the city day schools suffered in the general closing down of all such schools after March 24th, the country schools in most places were undisturbed and were able to finish the year's work. The Hubugiai School was faced with several administrative problems during the year, notably its lack of a principal. The Chinese acting principal was carrying on with no advisory board or other body behind him. Also there was the question of the relation of church and school, the Hubugiai Church being inclined to feel that too much was given in the school, and vice versa. Efforts were being made to work out a more satisfactory basis of cooperation between the two, as well as to improve the internal administration, when the Nationalists arrived. In spite of these problems, however, the school was doing well, was well housed, and developing a good reputation for service in the community, a busy mercantile section of the city.

Cooperation Committee.

It is not proposed in this report to give a detailed account of the work in evangelistic fields, as the loss of records and the enforced return to the homeland of several of those who were responsible makes it difficult to obtain
such details. Mention should be made, however, of the station Cooperation Committee through which most of the evangelistic work was carried on, and of the Evaluation Conference which was held in Nanking during the fall.

The Cooperation Committee was reorganized during the spring of 1926 in order to make possible a larger Chinese representation and to relate the Committee even more closely to the Chinese church organization. In an atmosphere so charged with Nationalistic ideals and propaganda, it would have been only natural had there been increasing friction between the Chinese and foreign members of the Committee. Such, however, was not the case. There was always the most friendly spirit of cooperation and mutual trust. This cooperation between mission and church which has been so characteristic of our relationships in Nanking, and which has carried the work of the station through the trying months of the past year, is the most significant thing the station has to report in regard to its evangelistic work. It is in this atmosphere of trust and ability to work together that we face the tasks of the future.

Evaluation Conference.

The long anticipated Evaluation Conferences came early in the autumn. All of us felt that the time had come for such a discussion of policies in view of the new self-consciousness arising in the Chinese church. Perhaps it was impossible to achieve any far reaching results in such a gathering, where many minds with differing opinions and attitudes faced such a complicated situation. Perhaps the most that could be expected was a reviewing of the various phases of mission work. At least the Conference gave the delegates from home the chance to face with us some of the stupendous problems of modern China, and gave us all the chance to hear each other's ideas. Above all the Evaluation Conference made us consider certain facts,—call them weaknesses,—in our evangelistic work, notably too much subsidizing, too much dependence on mission-owned buildings and
mission-paid workers. To know what was wrong was easy; many of us had discovered this years ago; how to change was another question. At this period of uncertainty and political unrest which was filtering into all phases of Chinese life, a right-about-face policy was next to impossible. The Chinese leaders had first to be led to understand the situation themselves in order that together we might arrive at some solution. In our station the Cooperation Committee composed of Chinese and foreigners has been an influential and in some parts of the work a decisive factor in policy formations. The whole matter was, therefore, brought before them. The older members felt that the time had come when there was a limit to mission funds, but the newer members from the out-stations still felt they must look to the mission for financial support. This was discouraging, but one had to remember that the little bands of country Christians were beset with crop failures, uncertain markets, banditry, war and looting, and it was an ill time to remove yet another prop from under them. This, however, does not change the conviction of many of us, Chinese and foreign, that we have carried on our church work on a scale too expensive for local groups to support; and the problem remains to be faced anew when we are allowed to go back.

**Evangelistic Work.**

It has been in the evangelistic work that the uncertainty and distress of the year has been most felt. Soldiers occupying church property, propaganda against missionaries and against Christianity, and the pressure brought to bear against church members, caused many formerly interested no longer to identify themselves with the Christians. On the other hand, as has been the history in other times of persecution, there were many who seemed to become the more steadfast in their open proclaiming of Jesus Christ, both in speech and life. The reports from one center of evangelistic work for women in the city speak of a most fruitful period of work, when the very exigency of external circumstances seemed
to drive many to new interest in spiritual things. Evangelistic meetings and Bible classes were exceptionally well attended.

Thus in the midst of uncertainty and ever-increasing difficulty because of the political situation and the pervading influence of Nationalist propaganda, the work in church, school and hospital went steadily on. Efforts were made on all sides to anticipate problems and prepare for the new regime to which we knew all our work would soon have to adapt itself. It was a time of perplexity and of some foreboding both for missionaries and for Chinese Christians. With all our attempts to plan for the future, about the best we could do was to go ahead one step at a time, living each day as it came, striving for broad vision and calm faith to see above and beyond this immediate chaos, and praying to be prepared for whatever the coming days might bring.

Thus the crisis of the year approached.

II.

The Nanking incident itself has been written of too frequently and from too many standpoints to bear detailed repetition here. Nevertheless, because so many of the members of our Nanking station remained through it, and because of the tremendous effect it has produced upon both Chinese and foreigners, a certain emphasis must be given it in this report.

For some weeks previous to the coming in of the Nationalists the Northern forces had been pouring into the city. The great numbers of them confirmed us in our opinion that Nanking was to be made a sort of stronghold, and that fierce fighting would come. Prophecies of all sorts were made. Four possibilities seemed probabilities: looting by retreating Northern forces; a period of confusion and lawlessness before the victorious government could get full control; fighting within the city itself; or a siege. The reaction to these possibilities among the various members of the station differed. Some believed the worst would happen and pre-
pared for it. But most of us were optimistic. Northern troops had never looted foreigners or foreign property, and there was no reason to think they would in one case more than another. In the case of other cities that had fallen into Southern hands, there seemed to be no prolonged period of lawlessness following the change in government. The general opinion of the Chinese was against any prolonged resistance on the part of the Northerners since their morale was notoriously bad. In any event most of us felt that we should stay by our Chinese friends, since our presence would certainly help them in event of marauding Northern troops, and we really feared nothing at the hands of the Southerners.

It would perhaps have been hard to find anywhere in China a group of missionaries more thoroughly in sympathy with the Nationalist aspirations than our group in Nanking. Practically without exception we had been following the history of the movement with intense interest and faith, believing that it was producing the truest idealism which China had had for centuries. Our leading Chinese for the most part were Nationalists; we understood thoroughly the Nationalist point of view; in every way possible as far as seemed wise we had endeavored to meet the rising spirit of the times which demanded more independence. What happened, therefore, was the utterly unexpected, for which Chinese and foreigners alike were wholly unprepared.

The facts of the Nanking incident itself are briefly as follows: On Monday, March 21st, heavy fighting began outside the city wall, and we knew the end was near. The consul had urged as many women and children as possible to withdraw before this. Most of us, however, remained. All men and single women and all of our station families except one were as usual. A second notice from the consul requested that women and children go to the gunboats then in the harbor, and on Tuesday morning nearly all of the married women and children and some others complied with this request. For various reasons, however, such as illness in the family, difficulty of transportation, desire of families to stay together, three of our station families remained, as
well as all men and all single women except one, who had left previously for health reasons.

Those of us who had remained went quietly about our usual tasks, while firing continued all day. On Wednesday it became evident that the end was very near indeed. Tremendous tension was everywhere. Chinese families began to avail themselves of the protection various schools and families had offered them from retreating Northerners. By Wednesday night the Northern forces were in speedy but orderly retreat through the city. The consul sent final word that all women and children remaining were to evacuate. Before we could follow his instructions, however, the gates were closed, and we had to remain until the next morning. All night there were various foreigners on watch for stray looters from the retreating men, but everything was quiet except for an occasional shot. By six in the morning we all felt an extraordinary thing had happened,—a vast army had retreated, another had come in, and without looting or burning in the city. Various Chinese friends came in high spirits before breakfast and during breakfast to tell us that the Nationalists had come and there was nothing more to fear.

Then almost immediately all over the city simultaneously wherever there were foreigners, similar events began to occur. Soldiers in Nationalist uniform and in some cases leading mobs of poor people began rapidly to approach foreigners' houses. Instantly our Chinese friends took alarm and rushed to warn us. But in most cases the warning was so late or so unexpected that before anything could be done, the soldiers were upon us, demanding money, threatening to kill, commanding the mobs to loot at their pleasure, since everything was now theirs.

The thing which startled all of us, Chinese and foreigners alike, was the news which seemed to fly instantaneously throughout the city—the news of the murder of Dr. Williams. Such horror fell upon us all that we seemed for a time stunned by it. But it stirred to immediate action the faculty and student body of the University, and to this fact as much as to any other we owe our lives. Dr. Williams was
a man so wellbeloved, so genial, so broad in his sympathies, that one might say truly that the death of no other one of us could have effected so many lives as his. His and Mrs. Williams’ long years of devoted service, their beautiful, loving home which had sheltered under its broad roof so many tired and lonely people of every race and kind, their whole-hearted consecration to their work—all of these memories sprang into our minds when we thought of him lying there in the road on his way to the chapel service, dead. Each of us, Chinese and foreign alike, felt that a great friend was gone.

This lent to the day’s events an inexpressible poignancy. In various ways our Chinese friends swiftly and with the utmost heroism delivered us as best they could out of the hands of those who seemed determined to kill us. Some of us they hid; others who were caught before hiding was possible they saved by paying over all the money they could scrape together to satisfy the insatiable greed of the soldiers. In the case of one of our University families four hundred dollars was gathered together somehow by students and assistants, representing possibly everything they could lay their hands on.

Looking back on that fearful day one has two memories—the memory of horrible insane faces and brutal lustful eyes, and of filthy hands searching our persons, cocking guns at us,—and then the blessed, unforgettable memory of our Chinese friends, standing beside us, buying off the soldiers, flinging their own bodies before the guns. Those of us who hid were for the most part in the homes of the poor,—ricksha coolies, serving women, poor neighbors, people unknown to us often, but who knew us and took us in pity and kindness and shared what they had with us at the risk of their lives. It would make another chapter in Hebrews fit to stand beside the eleventh.

As we were finally rescued one by one and brought over by students and others into Bailie Hall, where it had been possible to get a guard, a strange quiet was over all of us. Each had a similar story to tell,—death threatening, imminent,
seemingly impossible to avoid, then friends and the mirac­
culous escape. Everywhere friends, friends. How many
that day gave in spirit, if not in the material sense, their
lives for their foreign friends! It was indeed a strange
group there in Bailie Hall. None were frightened, none were
downcast. Robbed of everything except our bare lives, with
the memory of hideous faces and voices and the cracking
of rifles and the burning and desecration of our homes in
our minds, worn and exhausted, one of us wounded, one
of us dead, yet we were filled with some sort of strength,
some new understanding of God, which lifted us up. Held
in greatest tenderness among us all was Mrs. Williams, most
beautifully calm and courageous; and in our hearts was the
thought of Dr. Williams lying quietly now in that bed where
loving Chinese hands had placed him, and buried at the last
just before we left for the gunboats on the 25th, by a little
group of Chinese men who bore him to the foreign cemetery.
Mr. Drummond, for so many years Dr. Williams' friend and
co-worker, was the only foreigner who accompanied them,
and he did so at the risk of his life.

As long as we stayed in Bailie Hall, coming and going
among us were true Chinese friends, bringing us their bits
of money, bringing us food and towels and necessities, speech­
less often with shame and despair—almost without exception
turning away to weep. We urged them not to risk their
lives by openly coming to us; we feared that afterwards
they would be recognized and suffer because they had
befriended us. But nothing could deter their full hearts.
For many of us it was the rarest experience life had yet
given us, and some of us at least at that hour rededicated
our lives to the cause of Christ in China, because it had
produced such friendship as this. "Greater love hath no
man than this."

Looking back on it, this friendship was indeed a
marvelous testimony to the years of Christian living in Nan­
king. Many of us had been discouraged, had wondered if
our work amounted to anything, had questioned the value
of it all. The triumphant vindication of Christian homes and
schools, of hospitals and churches, of all missionary endeavor, was on that 24th of March, when homes and schools were in flames, and hospitals and churches desecrated, but when the love back of all Christian service, Christ's love, was rewarded by such heroic love as we had never known before.

For those of us, therefore, who went through those hours it remains—not any longer the day on which our homes were lost, or our belongings robbed from us—but the day in which we met at last heart to heart the people for whom we had lived and worked, and when at last all barriers of race and creed were gone and we were human beings stirred by one love. The Nanking incident was a tremendous spiritual experience. Looking over the personal reports I have before me I read of horror heaped upon horror, and then everywhere such words as these;

“As far as the University is concerned, I know not only of no disappointments, but of men on whom we had not counted much who came out unexpectedly strong, loyal, and brave beyond all praise. It is worth while to remember that these Chinese who saved us and who risked their own lives for ours were the men for whom we have been working, and for whom the University has existed. Such men are worth giving one's best to! We hope to go back. These experiences have given us things of the spirit which are precious beyond words. We have more to give than we had before.”

“I am confident that China needs what I have to bring now as never before. The present is no time for those who really believe in the supremacy of Jesus Christ to sound a retreat. There may be months, even years, of watchful waiting before us, but I believe as and because I believe in God, that the future is sure.”

“Church and school buildings could be destroyed, even the complicated structure of our organization and system could be swept away, but Christian character, which is after all the end and aim of all our institutions and organizations, is something that is not destroyed by persecution, but strengthened and deepened. That there is an abundance of these real and lasting values in the realm of individual character we have had every evidence during the days of testing in March . . . . Those of us who go back, go back to even greater opportunities than before. What we have gone through of
persecution, suffering and loss gives us a new sympathy with those among whom we live and work."

These are only fragments from a few persons' reports, but they speak for us all, and give clearly the spirit with which the night of the 25th fell, and we withdrew from the shores of the old city we all had lived and worked in and loved so well.

III.

On reaching Shanghai inevitable reaction set in. We began to realize what the last days in Nanking were to mean to the future. Not only were our homes and possessions gone, but the equipment for future work in some cases was destroyed or hopelessly wrecked. All our homes were ruined, with the single exception of the one at Ginling. Some of the churches had suffered, notably the one at Shwang Tang, where even the bricks and trees were seized upon. The Ming Deh buildings were completely dismantled. Part of the Bible Teachers' Training School was burned. Only Ginling and the University of Nanking seemed to be fairly intact. Safe at least temporarily in Shanghai, but in most crowded and uncomfortable quarters, without the necessities of life, some of us ill from the poisoning on the gunboat, the future in utter confusion, we knew not where to turn. It is not to be wondered at that for many of us the mood of high exaltation became one of depression and doubt. The whole withdrawal had been so unexpected, so sudden, that for a space it seemed impossible to readjust ourselves. To wake up in the morning as usual, to breakfast and prepare for one's ordinary duties, and within half an hour to be facing death, and within thirty-six hours to be leaving the city under compulsion like a procession of criminals,—it is not to be wondered at that for almost all of us America and home seemed the only possible place of refuge. Moreover, some were really ill and in need of medical care; others' furloughs were due or nearly due. A few weeks, therefore, saw the majority of the Nanking community on the way homeward; and when the immediate confusion was over, only a few
THE HAMSINEN DISTRICT.

Hillcrest School for Foreign Children.

Seminary East Dormitory.

The Abbey House.
Soldiers in Foreground.

Bible Teachers' Training School.
CONTINUED DESTRUCTION.

The C. Stanley Smith Residence.
July 1927.

The C. Stanley Smith Residence.
November 1927.
families remained of the entire foreign Nanking group. Among them, however, were most of our Nanking station; and special mention should be made here of Miss Evelyn Walmsley, who was on her way home and turned and came back to Shanghai when she heard of Ming Deh's plight. She gathered about her in Shanghai the girls of the senior class of the school, and almost alone has carried on the semester's work, graduating them in the summer, a signal piece of service rendered. But the crowded conditions of Shanghai soon forced others of us to scatter at least for a little distance, and we became divided into three main groups, one remaining in Shanghai, one going to Korea and one to Japan. In these places we have waited during five months, profiting greatly by the opportunity to be quiet and safe at last after the long difficult, uncertain year, and glad, too, of this time in which to be separate for a little while from the press of immediate problems, in order that the future may be faced and thought upon as clearly and comprehensively as possible.

At first it seemed as though all our work might have to stop. But almost immediately our Chinese co-workers stepped forward to carry on wherever possible. The Seminary and the Bible Teachers' Training School for Women were compelled to close for at least a year, with student body and faculty scattered and buildings ruined. Ming Deh and Severance Hall Bible School also, it was apparent, must for the present at least remain closed. The Chinese faculties of Ginling and the University of Nanking, however, at once took upon themselves the added responsibility, and a goodly number of students returned. The hospital fell into the hands of the Nationalists, and to date has not been recovered.

For several weeks following the last of March the work for which our particular mission alone was responsible in the city was badly disorganized. Since the Communists had caused the events of March 24th and 25th, and were filled with anti-foreign and anti-Christian impulses, the Christians in Nanking could not but fear a reign of terror. There was even a proscribed list of the more prominent Christians in
the city. Many of them had to hide for their lives. It was dangerous to hold meetings even in such churches as were not occupied by soldiers. But the Christians were not dead. Like us, they were stunned by the turn of events. Soon they began to meet by twos and threes in each other's homes. There was a wholesome cleansing of the false from among their numbers. At Hansimen and at Fu Dung public worship was quietly held on Sundays, and some of the invading soldiery were in the congregations. Hubugiai and Shwang Tang were our heaviest casualties. Shwang Tang was literally destroyed, in a material sense. Hubugiai is still occupied by soldiers, the school being used as a military hospital, the church by the General Political Bureau. The residence has been badly looted. The preacher has gone and the congregation is scattered. The whole story makes up one of the most disheartening ones. The Executive Committee is trying to effect some sort of reorganization of the church life, but it is not easy.

It is a relief to turn to Hansimen, Yien Liao Fang and Fu Dung. Rev. C. Stanley Smith, who has been in close touch with this phase of the work, writes:

"Pastor Swen was able in some miraculous way to keep the Hansimen Church free of soldiers, and he courageously held service there behind closed doors the Sunday following the 24th. I believe that he has been able to hold service each Sunday, at least up to the recent influx of soldiers back into the city from the Shantung front. Elder Mao and Evangelist Pan Dzi Chen, the latter coming over from his wrecked church at Shwang Tang, have worked bravely and faithfully at Yien Liao Fang. At various times the church there has been occupied by soldiers. At one time some 600 disarmed Communist soldiers of Gen Chen Chien's notorious 6th division were quartered there. These were finally removed, and a small day school was started in the church in an effort to keep it free from troops, while Mr. Pan moved his family into the buildings in the rear of the church to protect them. I do not know just how many services they are able to hold now in the church, but we may be confident that all are being held and as much work is going on as is physically possible. At Fu Dung, Mr. Dju Gi Chang has carried on nobly. When the soldiers on the morning of the 24th,
REALITIES IN AN UNREAL WORLD

Extracts from a Journal Kept at Ginling

August 18—September 8, 1927

[Ginling closed her year in quiet triumph over dangers and difficulties on August first when the whole class of 1927 had their Commencement and were given their well-earned diplomas. The student group dropped from 102 who had been working in the summer session to a little group of about 20 college girls who stayed on to hold the college home through the vacation days. Up to the middle of August they were reinforced by the summer school group of Middle School girls and a number of alumnae who had been teaching in this summer school. Then came the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek and disorder threatened to engulf Ginling. There were three attempts in one week to take possession of the buildings and in one case signs were up designating particular buildings for officers, and others for lesser personages. The guardians of the Purple House stood firm, summoned their friends in the government and the danger was averted. A letter written on August 24th gives the report of their victory,—“Again, I want to assure you that Ginling has been living on miracles . . . . Have faith. Ginling will live on miracles in the future. God surely will do what is best and we must be ready to help . . . . I have come to the conclusion that leading a life in this world, the best way is just to go ahead and be doing. When help is needed, help will come by itself. You don’t need to calculate and calculate long beforehand for help. There is no use to worry about the world or be distressed by all its wrongs. Just go ahead and do what is best in His sight; our hearts will be at peace though the world is not.” The story of these days is told in a Journal and the words of the writer are the text of what follows. Some editorial comments or summaries are indicated by the brackets.]

Conversing with men in uniforms and men in politics about Ginling buildings day after day, eventually there was nothing but these words ringing in our minds: “No, the buildings of a learning institution for women in China must not be destroyed.” We have determined not to see the end of these buildings, if we could help.
Day in and day out, the word "soldier" became a sting on our nerves, the mere sound of the word would make us shiver with pain.

It was at about 2 a.m. in the night of August 18th, half dreaming and half waking I heard Miss Yang coming into my room. "Listen, listen to the soldiers," I heard her say. I jumped out of bed. I held my breath. I dared not look out from the window fearing to see the horrible sight of a campus flooding with soldiers, but insisted asking her, "What, what?" "Listen to the cannonade," she repeated. Ah, now I am waking up. She did not ask me to listen to the soldiers but to listen to the cannonade. Tears of relief rolled down my cheeks while I was following her to the porch in the dark. We listened. The cannonade sounded quite near. We thought that the Northerners would enter the city before day breaking.

[Then follows an account of a hurried effort to put out of the way various documents and emblems of a political character likely to cause trouble if Northern soldiers came in to the city. Some were hidden, others burned. Part of the money in the safe was removed and put in some less obvious place. All preparations were made for looting.]

Breakfast was over. No Northerners arrived yet. Nothing new was developed. I began to feel that all we did in the night was a nightmare. I could not believe myself. But the heap of ashes and the absence of certain possessions affirmed me that the horrible business we have done in the night was real.

Early in the morning, servants were sent to the hospital to carry back a student who has been sick with dysentery for about two weeks. The patients were left alone, the doctors have fled. The houses around the Drum Tower were mostly occupied by defeating soldiers. The Northerners have captured Pu-kow. People seemed to have lost their minds. They all felt that they must leave the place where they are. They all must flee. The streets were full of exciting people running back and forth. Life, then was really very unpleasant indeed.

The 19th was a comparatively quiet day. Besides the cannonade sounded at Hsia-kwan and Pu-kow, there seemed to be no new excitement. We went out in the morning. The slogans written in big characters on white cloths which have been hanging across the streets for days, weeks and months were taken down. No new slogans were found. Nothing new could be seen except soldiers, soldiers and soldiers.

[Going out on the twentieth "coffins—cheap white coffins" are seen and new graves are being made on Wu-tai-shan—pestilence is taking its toll as well as war, for cholera has broken out in the city. Each night brings back the terror.] The night seemed to be endlessly long. . . . At last, the sun rose. We regained our mental equilibrium. Our schemes of flight gradually evaporated with the morning dew.
The 21st was Sunday. "We spent most of the morning with the Victrola and had a Vesper service in the evening in the chapel. Thus the day was gone and the miserable night made her appearance again."

[On Monday night, just before time for the lights to go out, the sick girl died. Lights were kept on till 1 a.m. and the last services were rendered by her college sisters and the three alumnae—one of them Dr. Liu.]

The body was washed and dressed. Windows were shut and door locked. We retired. But Oh, the howling wind! the unceasing rain! the cracking windows and doors! the restless curtains! and the wild cannonade! The more I desired to go to sleep, the wider I was awake. I saw the dead, so weak, so thin, so pale. How she suffered! I saw her aged parents and her helpless younger sisters and brothers. How they grieved at their loss! I saw the battlefield. How the men fell after each firing! I saw the wounded, the parentless children, the childless aged parents, the homeless, and the wayfarers who were driven out from their good works. The poverty of the people and the expense of war. One after another these mental pictures tortured me. Suffering upon suffering, what does it mean? Why should men make it so much harder for another man to live? I could not grasp the meaning of any of these pictures. Fear gripped me. I felt as if I was left alone in a wilderness with tigers and lions.

The first question in the morning was the question of the coffin. The next one was that of the burial ground. We did not know what her family would say. Communication is difficult and we did not want to wait for a long time. Some suggested to put the coffin in a temple first, then messengers were sent out to look for a temple. Alas! all the temples were occupied by soldiers. Only one temple said they could take it in spite of the soldiers, provided that we are willing to pay a rent of $12 per month. No, judging from myself, I would hate to be put in a temple if I were dead, so I hate to send another person into one. Fortunately, we got help from our friends that the question was decided in the afternoon that she would go to the Presbyterian cemetery on Tsing-liang Shan, but she would be put above ground in a small room, so in case her family want her to go home, she could be easily removed. There was a memorial service at 3.30 p.m., in which Pastor Li of the Methodist church was the speaker. Some of her friends told us a little of her personal history. Flowers and wreaths were presented by her classmates. After the service we went to the cemetery and chose a very good place for her. The coffin arrived after 5 p.m. Oh, these pall-bearers thought we were horrible. We were piling sin after sin upon the dead by not doing things properly for her. They felt deeply sorry for the dead by being dead away from home and to be neglected by these careless youngsters in many ways. How could she cross the river to Heaven! They were then allowed to have a free hand to do what they thought was proper,
so that they felt better and we were satisfying our curiosity. The pillow had to be put in a certain way, and there has to be a window on the ceiling which was just a piece of purple cloth under the cover. When all was ready one of us was asked to hit three times on the first nail. I did not understand one thing about it but it was very interesting. By 6 a.m. the next morning out from the gate by the electric plant we sent her up the hill. There she lies, free from harm and worry. What a sweet rest!"

On the 24th some of the students, of whom about twenty had remained at the college, decided to leave. The cannonade continued. On the afternoon the next day, August 25th, while the cannonade was roaring wild, the girls left for Nanchang came back again. One of the girls was so frightened that she got sick for two days. For a cannon ball fell into the room where they were having their dinner at noon. Fortunately it fell on a cotton pad on a bed beside them. How narrow was their escape! They told us horrible stories. How the streets are deserted at Hsia-kwan! How people were killed! How women and children were wounded! The cannon on Tsing-liang Shan began to work too at supper time. The earth shook at each firing. What did it mean, we knew not, but we got excited just the same. Some of the girls moved into the faculty house that night, so we may meet our fate together. As I lay in bed pondering at these mysteries, I could not understand one thing about it. I was lost in a sea of doubt and bewilderment. I could not help asking God in my talk to Him, "O God, what do these sufferings mean?" I was not afraid that anything might happen to us for my instinct told me we would be all right. But how about these poor folks who do suffer. I recalled the words of a friend when she was telling me how Christianity is bound up with the belief of the redemptive value of suffering—if that suffering is rightly understood and borne: "It does not explain why there is suffering, but it does show what suffering may accomplish and perhaps that is all we can or need to know." Oh, the question left for us is how to help to understand and to bear the suffering rightly. I am perfectly satisfied not to know why. I think by this time I comprehend—a little of the truth revealed in the lines by Goethe:

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping and waiting for the morrow,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

Wang Ching-wei was said to be in the city by the twenty-fourth. But so far we have seen no sign of the presence of the Wu-han government except the dispute going on in the local papers arguing back and forth in regard to the division and reunion of the Wu-han and Nanking government. Again, how disheartening! There is also a dispute between the First and the Seventh Armies,—the former being
under the leadership of Ho Ying-ching and the latter Li Tsung-ren. It was said that the former has already left for Chekiang.

On August, the 26th, the cannons were still roaring. No matter what happens we have decided to hold on. We have no intention to flee. That was settled and we felt quite restful. We began to face that wild noise with an attitude of indifference . . . . [The Northerners were known to be holding Tsi-hsia-shan, a place only twenty minutes away on the railroad. Again, there was the fear of soldiers coming in and looking for signs of sympathy with Nationalists. Lights were out at 8.30 p.m. for aeroplanes were being used. Sleep brought release and morning dawned. A quiet day followed and two of the alumnae went out to see what had happened. There is a description of the streets through which they passed.] How beautiful that walk has been! But now, now, how awful! These wastes! These flies! . . . . Each street is worse off than the one that precedes it. I dared not to look down. Breathing became a bother to me. No wonder there is the epidemic of cholera in the city. Under such circumstances, why not? . . . . We saw the mobilization of soldiers in the city, but they are by no means well organized. [Everyone expected that the city would be turned over to Sun Chuan-fang, the Northern general but people were afraid to talk about the war on the street.] We walked home by the back hill, just for the sake of walking. We passed one new grave after another. I wondered how many people in the city could survive to the last.

[A letter had been written by the Chinese faculty and alumnae asking for protection of foreign teachers if they should return to Nanking in September. On the afternoon of the walk described above, a letter came from the Foreign Office informing us that they guarantee protection to our foreign faculty when they return to school in September. I wonder by that time who will guarantee protection for them, but still it is very nice of them to write that polite letter. We appreciate it very much.

After supper when everybody is wandering on the campus we used to have a little talk with the servants who happened to be around. We would ask them what news they got or what they think of this or that. We want to follow their attitudes and actions. Of course, we know perfectly well they are very good servants, but still it is better to be careful in these days; and it is better to have the servants get into the same spirit anyhow. One little incident will show how very nice our servants are. One afternoon when the cannonade sounded near and fierce, we asked them what they think about our being bobbed. They clasped their hands, they sighed: “Oh, Siao-dzie, why do you want to bob your hair? If you had not bobbed, you could dress up like farmers’ daughters and you could hide any place you want to. But now you have bobbed, no matter what you want to be, they can tell you are students.” They felt indeed very sorry for us. The gate-
keeper is having the gate locked all the time. He will not allow anybody to come in unless he is sure what he is coming for. Though sometimes he could not tell. He certainly is doing his best to keep us from the botherings of a good many strolling soldiers who just want to see the college for no better reason than just want to see. Of course, the card left us by that Mr. Djang of the office of Foreign Affairs helps our gate-keeper in his enterprise. All the servants are faithful in keeping us informed of news they get. Occasionally they also offer methods for escape if the Northern troops should try to harm students. The plans always sound very funny, but still it shows their kind heart. Though we take them as a joke, yet we appreciate their earnestness.

Sunday, August 28th, we spent the morning in reading and slept for the most part of the afternoon. We had a family prayer meeting at 5 p.m. in the faculty living room. We enjoyed the Victrola and singing. We told God of our anxieties and of our desires. We prayed in unison and in silence that His Will be done to our college, our families, our friends, the churches and the nations, but not ours. “Use us, O Father, to do Thy Will and make us obey even though we do not understand.” We felt much happier and restful after we had disclosed our hearts to God.

The fighting on Monday the 29th was further away, near Tan Yang. Nanking was cut off from Shanghai after the 26th. . . . Train stopped! No boats! No newspapers! No letters! Telegraph wires were cut! Nanking becomes an oasis! How dreadful! We know how intense the anxiety of the Shanghai group and our friends and families must be . . . . We worry much more for them than for ourselves. [Rumors of Northern victory and of Hankow armies approaching Nanking were not very reassuring. Late in the afternoon the servants reported that men were being impressed to carry for the soldiers moving out of the city. The cook in the servants’ kitchen had been carried off while he was buying food. Efforts to get him released were of no avail. There appears to be little difference between militarists, north or south. By comparison most Nanking testimony favors the Northerners.] It is too bad that under the disguise of a good name a movement should be so tragically wrong in its methods. It had a good principle but lost sight of the rightful applications. What a perfect tragedy! I wish we could know the truth so as not to judge by rumors.

[In the middle of the night there was more shooting, and everyone was aroused. In the morning (August 30th) they learned that prisoners had attempted escape from the model prison. At noon the postman came to collect letters although he had none to distribute. He seemed anxious, like the servants, about these girls with bobbed hair.] “What is your business here in Nanking at such a time with your hair bobbed? I say you had better get away quick . . . .
Don't laugh. I am serious. You know what it may mean. "But how could I get away now?" "Of course, you could not. The Northerners are fighting at the South Gate today. But be very careful. This is my advice." I am sorry that my short hair should worry the postman.

Rumors do not have legs, but they run as fast as flash. It was said that Northerners were fighting outside of the South Gate, East Gate—the gate to Purple Mountain—and Shen-dzeh Men—the gate to the Twelve Caves. That means the city was surrounded by Northerners. Surely they would enter the city by night. I went into my room to fetch a pen. I found that our Amah was grumbling. "What are you saying?" I asked. "I say, you see, they are coming. Why did you not get away while the train was still running? If you had gone, I would have gone too," she grumbled. "You are afraid, then," I remarked. "Afraid? Why not? You see you folks have your hair bobbed. You cannot tell what may happen." "Never mind, don't you worry" I begged. "Surely, nothing will happen. They would not hurt us. We are too many." "Pooh! But you don't know, you don't know." I am sorry that our short hair should worry our men servants, women servants, and even our postoffice man and I rather suspect our neighbors too. If I knew it beforehand, I would not have bobbed.

The sun went down and darkness found its way. The general feeling was that we had better all be properly dressed for the night. We were all serious toward the imagined problems we were supposed to face. We were afraid of retreating Southern troops. We were afraid of the Northern troops. We decided that in case of looting we would all get out of the house; in case of doing personal harm we would all stick together; in case of searching, we would offer ourselves as guides. The house was turned into a madhouse. The atmosphere registered a keen sense of anxiety. Everybody got a dark suit, a pair of black stockings and a pair of black shoes. For one moment I was in the humor of doing what everybody was supposed to do, and for another moment I was quite out of harmony with it. I thought we were just creating more excitement and fear than we had any right to do. But then I was falling into harmony again and followed suit in all. I laid my dark suit on a chair beside my bed and then got into bed, laughed to myself for imagined horrors. My room-mate then broke the spell of amusement by reminding me that I should change my stockings. Thus willingly and unwillingly I got out of bed again and replaced my white stockings with a pair of black ones. Goodness knows what a confusion it was in my mind! I did everything in active willingness, while I despise myself deeply for doing it. Ridiculous, how very ridiculous! I laughed in enjoyment of its charming madness, but at the same time I resented it with intense indignation. Complication!
In these days of complications, one's reasonings, feelings and thoughts get to be more competitively complicated too! Well, well. I have prepared for the worst, and then it was my turn to hope for the best. I plunged myself into bed and went soundly to sleep. When I came out of dreamland, it was again six o'clock in the morning!

Seven o'clock, eight, nine, ten—it was noon, still there was no looting, no retreating soldiers or Northern troops. Not only this but the day was peculiarly quiet. No cannonade, no shooting of any sort. When we came out from the dining room at noon, we saw a man in uniform talking with our servants. What was his business here, we wondered. That uniform of his shot our hearts through and through with horrors. Oh, he is a man from the central branch of the army asking for some buildings for lodging. No, no we do not have any room. Our servants have already told them that students could not go home on account of the lack of means of communications. Moreover, the authorities of this school have not let in the Forty-fourth and Sixth Armies, surely they would not let you in. He departed, a disappointed man. One o'clock, two, three,—at four the cook of the servants came back. He had been caught to carry bullets for the soldiers to the front. He said that the fighting was going on at Lungtan, when he left the battlefield in the morning—that is a place thirty miles from Nanking. He said that there was a strong drive on the part of the Southerners the day before, and the Northerners have retreated a distance of three miles. He was gone about three days, but he ate nothing but beans. Soldiers and officers eat nothing but beans, too, day after day. In the village where he disposed his bullets, all the villagers have fled. There is a harvest of abundance, but all lay waste in the field. He saw dead people along the road—dead from fatigue, from sickness and from killing and shots. What a life! I am quite lost in it all.

[On September first news comes that General Ho of the First Army is still in Nanking. The University of Nanking is occupied by soldiers—the Administration Building, Chapel, gymnasium, dormitories, basements of science buildings, faculty residences, even the president's office, are all filled with military men, political leaders and Russian returned students. There are 120 University students, more or less shut up in their cramped quarters. The faculty have to get passes to enter some of the buildings. This condition continued through the whole month, but in spite of it, the University opened and made a brave attempt to carry on work. Return of foreign faculty was felt to be impossible under these conditions.

News of the Southern victories was given out on the first of September by the "Public Peace" office. "They said that they have completely annihilated the Northern Army on this side of the Yangtze. But I am a skeptic; unless the train starts running, Je ne le croira pas." [The days which follow prove that the danger is over for the
time being. The threat from the North united the Southern armies. Had they united before the Northerners crossed the river, the people might have been spared much suffering. Nanking is changed. Yet in the fortunate Ginling valley, there you still have things as they were, quiet and peaceful . . . . But it is a comfort to us that as long as Ginling can stand, she means a joy—a home of warmth and love for the lonely and dreary women of China.

[On September 3rd a friend from the Foreign Office who had helped in keeping the soldiers out paid a visit to the College. His last visit had been on August 19th to say good-bye as he was expecting to follow Chiang Kai-shek. Their first thought was that the train must be running.] Then to our great disappointment he said that he has not left Nanking at all. “I have managed to get news of Ginling every day to learn whether you get soldiers or not,” he said. “If I knew you were not safe with soldiers, I would come” . . . . He must have a very kind heart and he is a very helpful friend.

It was a beautiful day and our hearts were at leisure. We went to the garden and picked some roses which were blooming gloriously all the time only we have neglected to appreciate their presence for some time. We went in the afternoon to the cemetery and paid Wang Gwan-san a visit. She had been there for about ten days already now. Standing on the hilltop which is not higher than one hundred feet, I think, I felt as if I were standing on the top of “Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.” “Space and the twelve clean winds of heaven.” Below my feet was a sea of green “stretching away to blue infinity.” Looking west, there was the glorious sunset. One could not help repeating these words from the Psalmist:

‘The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.’

The only thing that is out of tune in this vicinity is man.

Sunday, the 4th and Monday the 5th are quiet days. How strange! As soon as the cannonade has ceased, men in politics appeared on the scene one after another as if they had jumped right out of the earth or fallen off from the heaven. Where have they gone and how did they come? It was quite a mysterious puzzle. Mind you. They want to see the buildings. They would turn you into a professional guide. You would lead them through the buildings politely and with explanations as clearly and as carefully as you could, while secretly in your heart was the fear that the return of your hospitality might be an offer for more companions to share the roofs of these buildings. You could not help heaving a sigh of relief or singing a song of thanksgiving every night that the day has safely passed away. A family evening prayer meeting was started that continued every evening in the faculty living room.
Cholera was epidemic in the city during this period and deaths were so numerous that the supply of coffins could not meet the demand.

Several members of the officers from the office of Foreign Affairs came with Mr. Djang asking for a cholera vaccination from Dr. Liu. They said that eight officers from the head office of the labor union were invited to a feast, five got cholera and three died. They were scared. They dared to eat nothing but drink canned milk. Since we do not possess any cholera vaccine in the college, they brought in a big bottle of it. We were all invited to use it. Thus in the afternoon one after another we were vaccinated. But how about Dr. Liu? She ought to be vaccinated too. I suspected it must be my job, and I was willing to go into that adventure. Thus I pricked the needle into her arm and after the half c.c. of vaccine has completely disappeared, the needle was quickly withdrawn. There we are, all vaccinated. We felt quite confident that cholera will not be able to rob us then.

Free from cholera, free from the destruction of soldiers, free from the threats of cannonade, and free from the imprints of the merciless war on the suffering mass, we lead our lives dreamily in this blessed valley from day to day in peace and in quietness, not knowing what to believe and what not to believe. At one time, the confusing news would make us feel that after all the news we got were but rumors, and all the sufferings endured were but sufferings from hallucinations. At another time the confusing news would make us feel that the pain of the wound, the depth of the scar, and the yoke of this mysterious world, are vivid realities. Reality or not reality, I do not know, for we are too much in the situation just then. But I only know that changes do come by leaps and bounds and that we have to swallow each new experience in such haste that there is no time for digestion. My reign in the kingdom of my mind was tempestuous as government problems in China. Tossed by conflicting ideals and influences I lost myself. I found myself incapable of thinking or reasoning. The one dominating question which possessed our minds was the question of communication just then. It was terribly tantalizing not to know what was going on beyond what your eyes can see. Special fire was burning within us, in longing for news from Shanghai. The train was always said to be started on the morrow and like the morrow it never came. The single chorus we sang was, "How long are we destined to take the part of Robinson Crusoe?"

September 7th, the great day. The day the first mail arrived after our two weeks' isolation. Girls run from all over the campus to greet the postoffice man. Train is going. We are looking forward that school will be able to open on time.
demanded that he take down the sign from in front of the church, he refused. When the demand was modified to that of covering up the name, he again refused, telling them that the soldiers might take it down if they felt they must, but that he would not. The church was used for a time by the women's section of the Nationalist Party as a school for party doctrine, but Mr. Dju has been able to hold services in the church with fair regularity, and with several officers from the Nationalist army in attendance. In a recent letter, he said that he was planning to carry on the summer medical clinic that has been so popular and such a fine piece of service in past years. I think that in Mr. Dju we have a real leader of true courage and deep spiritual experience, as well as much practical ability.

"The work in our country field so far has been going on with a fair degree of normality. Elder Mao made a trip through the country in the early part of May and reported the work in most places going on as usual. We have closed up our work at Gao Shwen, and are planning to put Tien Wang Szi under a larger and stronger church as a branch chapel, rather than continue the services of a paid evangelist there. There may be other places where it will be advisable to do this also.

"All of our school work in the city had to be abandoned after March 24th, in some cases because the schools had been looted, in others because they were occupied by troops. Our country schools, for the most part, were able to finish the term's work. The uncertainty as to the future of educational work, however, has made any plans for the fall impossible; and on the recommendation of the Cooperation Committee we have released all of our teachers from any further obligation to us. It may, however, be possible for groups of Chinese to carry on some kind of primary day schools next term. To make this possible the Station Emergency Committee has recently voted to offer our school buildings rent free for a year to any responsible group of our Christians who will endeavor to carry on a primary school under the direction of the Cooperation Committee and on their own responsibility so far as finances and staff are concerned. I understand that the Ming Deh Girls' School alumnae are planning to carry on such a school this fall."

At the present time, an appreciable amount of the Christian work is beginning again. Workers are again
visiting in homes, nor have we received reports of serious recantation on the part of any who were notably earnest Christians before. Indeed, one Chinese writes;

"A hundred or more Christians gathered at Szi Gen Gan-tz for worship as usual on Sunday, although soldiers were quartered all about. There are signs of a coming revival."

The situation as it effects Christian work now seems to have much of encouragement in it. The elimination of the less earnest and sincere has been salutary for the Christian cause. The threatened and actual persecution has resulted in a quickened spiritual life to-day, as in the past history of the Christian church. Moreover, as one of us writes.

"The upheaval and break in our work has certainly involved loss but it has also brought gain. When we go back, we shall surely find all the real and lasting results of our previous labors conserved and increased. The loss of that which is gone may prove to be a gain. Certainly it is an advantage to have had enough of a break with the past to be able to start in anew, leaving behind some of the mistakes and wrong emphases and outworn methods, which only some such chaotic upheaval could have put an end to."

So much for the present.
What of the future? Of course, each one of us looks at the future differently. For some of us it seems that China is hopeless. We are "through" with it. Those of our number will remain in America. Others of us doubt. That doubt has beset us all in our darker moments. Every one of us has wondered in times of spiritual depression whether it has been worth while. The cost has been very great, not only to us on the foreign field but to the Christians in the home churches who have sacrificed and given of all they possessed in order to maintain the foreign fields. It is only human to linger in this doubt, especially if one is out of immediate contact with Chinese, and reads only of the political chaos now ruling in a more dire measure than ever.

But there are some of us who in our more thoughtful hours see very clearly a certain light in the future. This
light seems to point to several things. In the first place the clean break makes it possible really to put into immediate practice some of the long desired changes in church and school administration. There will be fewer missionaries for some time to come, and the Chinese will necessarily shoulder more responsibility. Those of us who go back will have a closer spiritual fellowship with our Chinese friends than ever before. The days of bitter persecution which we endured together, the memory of the one who died, will bind us fast to each other. We shall never forget it. No longer can we as foreigners be accused of ulterior motives, of too comfortable living, if we can take cheerfully this despoiling of our goods without desire for revenge on the despoiler. A Chinese writes:

"We just began to discover that we belong to each other more in these days of storm and stress."

A group of Chinese write:

"It is sin of the community that causes the disorder. We are very sorry that you have to suffer, too. We are ashamed of it. We believe that you are big enough to endure hardships. We believe that you will not reduce your sacrificial spirit because of which you came to China. These beliefs make us brave enough to beg you to be patient for more days. After the darkest period of night comes the dawn; so it will be true with the conditions in China. This is the darkest period; this is the hour we need you most; we need your enlightenment, we need your guidance, we need you to back us up. Though we cannot have your physical presence just now, we can feel that you are with us in spirit. We can claim you all as ours. How could we bear to think of your going to leave us?"

All signs point, then, to an unparalleled opportunity for the right type of missionary in the future of China. As one of our station puts it, "there is going to be a place for the missionary who can and will adapt himself to the new situation, and who will be content with spiritual and intellectual leadership rather than administrative authority."

One cannot, of course minimize the problems that lie ahead. The questions of registering schools, of recovering
confiscated property, of church administration, are most grave and difficult; but in the spirit of cooperation between Chinese and foreigners that the memory of the past must bring these problems are not impossible to solve. Greatest of all is the political situation. As long as there is no prospect of any sort of settled government in China, our work there must be seriously handicapped, if not indeed in some cases entirely stopped. And the wildest optimist could not see anything prophetic of calm as yet from the clouds of political chaos which has followed the practical break-down of the Nationalist Government. The chances are very strong now for the return of the communist element into control. Indeed, Chen Chien, the very man who was responsible for the Nanking incident, seems to be rising in power. Nothing can withstand this evil influence except the spirit of Christ in Christians, which cannot be killed. Because we have with our own eyes seen the evidence of this spirit living and striving in the Chinese church, we still hope.

This hope of the future may be put into the words of a Ginling teacher who writes:

"I really honestly feel we have no face to see you or talk to you for what our countrymen have done... China has brought shame to her citizens and suffering to her friends. What can we say? Nothing. What can we do, I do not know. I feel more than ever thankful to God now that He has brought people of all nationalities into one by His Only Son, so that we can still love each other and not hate."

And finally:

"Now we are in this chapter of 'The Night of Distress' in the great work of human history. We are reading of horrible events and feeling the bitter pains of a suspended life. Thanks to Heaven that every chapter must have an end, no matter how long it lasts... It is in this period of reconstruction that we need guidance, for change may be for good, but it may also be for worse. It all depends. That is why fine, strong Christians and men with fine character must not withdraw themselves from this enterprise... What the world needs badly is friendship; where friendship is, there is love and joy, and where joy, peace would be. We
are not expecting to have a perfect world. But we want a world where men are craving for good. The joy of living is not in the tasks of a perfect world, but in the doing for the building up of a better world and in the feeling that we are a part in the purpose of God. I am dreaming of a league of friends, in which the members will furnish one another with the kind of spiritual food that each needs and will advise one another in friendly frankness. I wish that men and women of all nationalities would join together in an alliance with the motto—"We agree to differ, but resolve to love." Without friendship humanity is in the wilderness. In difference there is progress; but in love there is joy and peace."
PERSONNEL.

Regular Members

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lossing Buck
In China; temporarily at 1056 Avenue Joffre, Shanghai.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Horton Daniels
3103 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Health furlough, April 1927.

c/o Mrs. W. L. Tower, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Miss Ellen E. Dresser
In China; temporarily at 1 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, Returned from leave of absence, September 1927.

Miss Ellen L. Drummond

Rev. W. J. Drummond
In China; temporarily at 1 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai.

Mrs. W. J. Drummond
1135 Arbolado Road, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Martha Hackett, M.D.
In China; Ginling College, Nanking.

Miss Jane A. Hyde
Walnut, N. C.

Miss Mary A. Leaman
In China; temporarily at 24 Elgin Road, Shanghai.

Miss Mabel L. Lee
Weedsport, N. Y. Health furlough, April 1927.

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. McAfee
170 S. Marengo, Pasadena, Calif. Health furlough, April 1927.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Mills
Walnut Lane, Haverford, Penna. Regular furlough, April 1927.

Miss Anna E. Moffet
In China; temporarily at 408 Missions Building, Shanghai.

Miss Miriam E. Null
409 Broad Ave., Leonia, N. J., Regular furlough, August 1927.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reisner
In China; temporarily at 20 Museum Road, Room 526, Shanghai.

Miss Eva L. Smawley
In China; temporarily at 1 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai.

Rev. C. Stanley Smith
In China; temporarily at 408 Missions Building, Shanghai.

Mrs. C. Stanley Smith

Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. Health furlough, April 1927.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Speers, Jr.
In China; temporarily at Shanghai American School, Shanghai.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Claude Thomson
In China; temporarily at 408 Missions Building, Shanghai.

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston
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Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clemons
Miss Rebecca W. Greist
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Griffing
Mr. and Mrs. W. Lowdermilk
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Porter
Miss Elsie M. Priest
Miss Helen Skilling
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Small

Corresponding Members in China
Miss Margaret Andrews
Miss Ruth M. Chester
Rev. A. H. Reinhard
Miss Catherine Sutherland
Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Kepler

In China; temporarily at Shanghai American School, Shanghai.
128 Chancellor St., University, Virginia. Returned to U.S.A., 1927.
Route 27, Topeka, Kas. Returned to U.S.A., April 1927.
1436 Summit Ave., Pasadena, Calif. Returned to U.S.A., April 1927.
Iowa State College, Ames, la. Returned to U.S.A., April 1927.
In China; temporarily at 20 Museum Road, Room 526, Shanghai. Returned from furlough, Sept. 1927.
928—11th St., Santa Monica, Calif. Regular furlough, April 1927.
Pasadena, Calif. Returned to U.S.A., April 1927.

Ginling College, Nanking.
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