WOMAN'S WORK IN THE FAR EAST

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The Presbyterian Mission Press, No. 18 Peking Road, Shanghai, China.
Mrs. Au Ben and Staff of Teachers in Free School

Mrs. Au Ben and Her Own Children

Mrs. Au Ben, Teachers and Kindergarten in Free School
NEW CANTONESE FREE SCHOOL, KIANGWAN ROAD, SHANGHAI.

(To be finished next January.)

Left wing—Girls.
Centre—Teachers.
Basement—Class rooms and Industrial School
Right wing—Boys.
Editorial

This quarter's issue will appear rather late, the reason being that printers, as well as merchants and students, struck work for some days and we had to wait until "business as usual" was resumed.

How far the boycott has affected inland provinces, one knows very little. But here, in Shanghai, strikes have been the order of the day during the past fortnight. All the Chinese shops, big and little alike, closed their shutters; there was no market for nearly a week, and the majority of the schools have closed down altogether for the rest of the term, those which are open more or less, carrying on a half-hearted kind of study, and having abandoned the customary terminal examinations, concerts, exhibitions, and graduation exercises. The students have shown great determination. And the root-matter of this determination has been very praiseworthy, viz., patriotism, dissatisfaction with the government, distrust of Japan. "We do not want to see our country become a second Korea," has been their cry. We will strike work until the authorities in Peking move." Brains have been active, drawing up patriotic pamphlets which have been scattered far and wide and pasted on doors and shutters. Fingers have been busy sewing sun hats and handkerchiefs, the former being much in evidence wherever you go as the acknowledged head year of students of both sexes. Parties of school girls as well as parties of boys have gone out into the neighbouring villages to enlighten the peasants on the situation, and (best of all) groups of earnest Christian young men and young women are meeting daily for special prayer for their country.
EDITORIAL.

There has of course, been lack of wisdom, in methods especially in some of the schools; and in some cases an anti-foreign spirit and rebellion against authority, has cropped up. But, on the whole, one cannot but rejoice at this practical evidence of a growing democratic feeling amongst the educated class, and in many cases it has resulted already in constructive social work. We regret that lack of space does not allow of the insertion in this number of an interesting article sent in too late by the secretary of Ginling College, Nanking. We hope to print it in our next issue. Its title is "What Ginling Girls are doing for their Community." The President writes: "We have worked out our own social program and are now practising it. We find that the work is very interesting and helpful. At this critical time, when people are troubled by the worst political condition and feel helpless and hopeless, we feel that now is our opportunity to work for the benefit of those around us."

Another important item which must be left over for the next number is a testimony from Rev. J. E. Shoemaker on the Anti-tobacco and Temperance campaign which is ahead of us, as Christian workers in the Far East, if China is to be rid of the curse which threatens to enslave her, in the form of American liquor. He calls attention to the good work which is being done, along these lines, by Christian Endeavour Societies.

We would like to suggest to each of our readers that she make a point of passing on her copy of Woman's Work to a neighbour, thus spreading interest and getting still more subscribers. Why not follow the good example of
Mrs. Worth? The friend to whom she passed on hers writes thus: "I need not apologise for having kept your copy so long; for it got $10 for the "Door of Hope Hospital," two new subscribers to the magazine, and it 'made' a sick girl happy."

"Pass it on," is something which the weakest of us can do!

We heartily thank readers who have spontaneously sent in articles for the magazine, and also for several kind letters of appreciation and encouragement. If you have no "article," send news-items.

Before our next number is published the various Women's Conferences in summer resorts, will have taken place. These conferences reflect, or should reflect, the latest thoughts and experiences of Christian workers in the Far East, on the problems facing us to-day. We, therefore, ask any of our readers who have the privilege of attending the meetings, to send us some account of them, so that a larger area may be covered, and many who are unable to be present may reap the benefit.

Attention is called to the article by Dr. Ethel Polk, on Red Cross work done by the native trained women whose salaries have been paid by the Young Women's Christian Association. There can be little doubt that this new venture on the part of Chinese women has been an unqualified success, and we hope it will encourage them to further work of a similar kind.
The Place of Reading in the Life of the Missionary.

A. Mildred Cable, Hwochow.

The views held by prominent missionaries on the subject of reading, are so widely divergent, that an expression of opinion on whichever side of the question, must necessarily call forth the criticism of some.

There are those who argue, in all earnestness and sincerity, that general reading is a snare, and that even the strong would do well to forego so perilous an indulgence, for the sake of weaker brethren.

I understand the distress which is experienced on seeing a missionary, whether in a railway carriage, or even in a cart or litter, absorbed in a cheap edition of a trashy novelette, or to discover that the jaded look in the morning may be accounted for by late hours spent in finishing some book, which became impossible to lay down. Such symptoms indicate a deplorable lack of mental control, discipline, and energy, calling for strong and determined action; they also reveal an absence of strong spiritual interests appalling in one called to represent Christ to the heathen.

If we take the course of urging such an one to entirely abstain from all reading, apart from the Bible and books of devotion, will this prove an effectual remedy? In practical experience it will not. I have seen the resolution adhered to for a number of years, after which the habit has returned with increased power. In other cases the normal craving for some relief of mind from the strain of work has found a new outlet in a craze for exciting games such as bridge or rook. I advisedly use the word "normal craving for some relief," for I am chiefly concerned with those missionaries who find themselves in distinctly abnormal conditions. My own circumstances do but represent average difficulties: the member of a small community of three or four foreigners, five days from
the railway, debarred from even the possibility of a leisured stroll or the social event of a meal taken at someone else's table. To us the habit of reading has become mental invigoration, educational stimulus and link with present world movements. Not least has it provided conversational topics other than work, work problems and fellow workers.

The first two or three years spent in China with the language to be acquired, and new conditions and surroundings to study, is the period when the books read should be those which provide instruction concerning the people amongst whom you live. Records of Chinese history, the volumes compiled by Messrs. Bland and Backhouse, Professor Giles' valuable contributions on history, biography or literature, the remarkable series published by the Jesuit Fathers of their research into Chinese superstitions and folklore, and such volumes as the Memoirs of Li Hung Chang and others, not to speak of the interesting records of missionary work. All those I have mentioned rank as literature, and are true and valuable records unfolding the mind of the Chinese, thus helping the newcomer to that understanding of the people which is more difficult to acquire than the technicalities of the language, and without which she will never know the Chinese. Such a study, once commenced, opens up endless vistas, and something thus learnt may prove the key, in after years, to an otherwise inexplicable situation in a remote village.

As the years of service go by, there is a tendency, fostered by the necessary limitations of one's life, to regard the station in which you work, as the pivot of the universe. Such distorted vision, which throws out of proportion the work in which you are engaged, can be best remedied by the projection of your mind into larger horizons. In this you may be helped by intercourse with the great writers, those who have "gone out all alone to face the limits and barriers of the moral world." In meeting with these your experience may be compared to that of a man who has lived so long in the valley that his outlook has become limited and the valley is his world. He climbs to a mountain height, and views anew his home, and though, in the setting, it may appear small, he has
escaped from the limitation of its restrictions and assumes his true place amid those mountain heights.

During these years, money is well spent in the accumulation of a library, carefully selected, in that it is composed of the works of those writers which time has proved to have been the masters of their art. Such books will be read many times, marked and studied. It is a good habit to keep a register of books read, and it is certainly a very good habit to annotate your volumes.

With passing years the missionary increasingly finds herself brought into intimate contact with other lives, who are a prey to the elemental forces of love and hate which sway the hearts of men. She may find herself the adviser of people of a different race and totally different outlook on life, and she will prove the tragic futility of trying to meet a moral crisis with a trite axiom of conventional Western morality. We cannot afford to neglect anything that will help us to a better understanding of the human heart. We must cultivate the imagination (that power which enables us to project ourselves into the circumstances of another with understanding sympathy), and in this the reading of good fiction is of inestimable value, for no man will tell me the deepest secrets of his mental and spiritual consciousness as he who presents them under the veil of a fictitious name.

I maintain that reading is not an indulgence, nor a soporific, nor a condition where the subconscious mind may run riot, but an illumination of life by the light of the few great souls who saw cosmos where to others there was only chaos. It is moreover serious work, calling all one’s mental powers to full activity, and thereby supplying recreation which is change of work. “What is all great literature but simply the chart of the sea of human life, with the rocks and shoals and quicksands marked which threaten the soul of man? And great literature is just our own experience strongly perceived, and cast upon a screen. Every great drama and, every great tragedy, is our own drama and our own tragedy.”

One of the healthiest habits of a small community is that of reading aloud. It is not waste of time to devote an hour
a day to this mental culture. The discussions provoked, questionings aroused, and enlarged interests produced, all have their part in producing that same atmosphere which should be characteristic of a house where dwell disciples of Christ.

In conclusion: As missionaries in a heathen land, we are acknowledged bondservants of Jesus Christ, no longer our own, and by reason of this Divine Control we are not at liberty to allow any indulgence which will not help us the better to fulfil our vocation. In proportion as we recognise this truth, so will every thought be brought into subjection to Christ.

With regard to those who have already fallen victims to a confirmed habit (I decline to term it reading) wherein by means of a sensory act, the eye has learnt to scan paper and print without arousing the brain to any activity, but on the contrary, dulling thought by the projection of the imagination into impossible and fanciful circumstances from which the call of duty to resume normal conditions is resented and even refused. Let her deal with such a condition as with a drug habit, and meet the craving with wholesome food. The taste for good literature and the habit of restrained and disciplined reading can and should be acquired. One would desire to see wise and careful instruction on this point given to the student in training college days. Such training, systematically pursued would certainly lead to that mental habit which would enable the missionary to analyse and classify her own observations, and to record them with sobriety and accuracy, and this will prove to be a valuable contribution to her intercourse with that small group of which she may form a part.

Let us set our sails to catch every breath of the Winds of God, from whatsoever quarter they blow, ever watching our compass that they may be used to bring us safe to the port towards which our purpose is set.

"Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve."
CHRISTIAN women in Canton are showing a touch of civic-mindedness which dates back to the time when Miss Paxson held meetings for women during Mr. Eddy's visit in that city a year ago. A Chinese woman began at that time to realize something of the needs of Canton and of her responsibility toward them. She went to a secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, where she was a member, saying that she had the women's prisons very much on her mind and asked if something could not be done for them. As a result, women and children in two prisons and a hospital have a new interest in their present life—and some of them, also, in the life to come.

A woman missionary in Canton, who for several years had been a Probation Officer attached to one of the large United States prisons, was approached and asked if she would take charge of it. This she was glad to do and after many visits to consuls, government officials, etc., permission was given to visit the women's prisons and to preach Christianity there; so in June, 1918, weekly visits began.

Nearly all the different missions working in Canton are taking part; thirteen in all, so that each church is responsible for providing workers one week a quarter, that is, four times a year. By thus distributing the work, the pressure does not fall too heavily on any one set of people.

Saturdays are set apart for the visits. The people who are visiting that day, meet at the Y. W. C. A. at 10 a.m. After a short ricksha ride down the Bund, they get chairs into the city. After about a quarter of an hour's ride through the narrow, stone-flagged, interesting streets, they arrive at the Women's Detention House, and, after reporting arrival at the office, they pass into a walled-in enclosure. The building is rectangular in shape and is divided into seven rooms; the center one being a reception room where the prisoners
congregate, while the three rooms on each side act as dormitories. The one door to the building opens into the central room, and as soon as one enters the enclosure, some of the prisoners are seen peeping out through the bars of the door. The door is unlocked and the visitors pass into the central room. Women and children cluster around them; hymn sheets are distributed and they begin to sing. The singing attracts others from the adjoining rooms and soon a small audience is gathered. Then the leader for the day gives a short talk; cards containing short illustrated parts of the New Testament are presented, and then school is held for the children.

The children are the saddest part—children who have been stolen by robbers and afterwards abandoned,—unwanted children purposely lost in the street; these are taken by the police and, because there is no other place, are put into the women’s prison. As the women have absolutely no occupation provided for them, their time is spent in gambling, lying in bed, gossip (their subjects of conversation often being quite unfit for anyone to listen to, especially children).

In this atmosphere, then, they are herded, often for months at a time, with no exercise, no fresh air until some person adopts them or until some one wants a little slave girl; and so after the Government has satisfied itself as to the character of the applicant, they are taken away. But for some of them even this prospect of liberty is not open; for owing to their parentage, their previous little bit of life in the streets, they are diseased and crippled and no one wants them. These children learn to read with zest, and their delight is to get one of the visitors to listen to them and hear them read what they have practised since the previous Saturday, and they utilize every moment in learning new characters.

From there the party proceeds to the Kwong Tung hospital—one where sick prisoners are taken. This hospital was first visited just before Christmas. Little gifts were taken to the prison children and fruit and cakes to the prison women for Christmas, and as some of the children were ill at
the time and in the hospital, the visitors went to see them there. The head of the hospital, although not a Christian, was most pleased to see them and, unsolicited, invited them to come every week and talk in the women's wards. So this hospital has now been added to the weekly visitation.

After leaving the hospital, the wise visitors eat sandwiches in their chairs as they proceed to the second prison. In this prison are all the women who have been definitely committed for any time, from six months to ten years. This building is not nearly such a good one as the other, and the women have a much sadder and more careworn appearance. They are kept more strictly, and appear to have nothing to interest them in life. Consequently the weekly visit is to them a thing of great importance, and they all now eagerly await the arrival of the visitors. We have to pass through an outer courtyard, and one can see the women eagerly peeping through a chink in the inner gate and overhear—"Yes, they have come." "How many?" "Four to-day—two foreigners" and enter to be greeted with smiles—quite different from the first visit when scowls and sullenness were the portion.

One old woman particularly stands out. At the first visit she was violently angry at the intrusion; since then she has come to believe in Jesus Christ, and she is a changed creature now with her happy, smiling face. As the lady missionary in charge writes in her report to the committee, "I feel our labor has not been in vain. Those who went for the first time in May, certainly have the joy of seeing some transformed illuminated faces, and all who have gone have expressed thanks and appreciation for the opportunity afforded them."

In this second prison fourteen women have confessed their belief in Jesus Christ, while in the other, one woman and two girls have been converted.

The term of sentence of one of the women finishes next week. We have already seen one of the missionaries connected with the mission working in her home town, and steps are being taken to visit her on her arrival there.
The women were told two Saturdays before Christmas that on the next Saturday little Christmas gifts were to be brought them and that we wanted the place to look festive. Colored paper was given them and they were shown how to make paper chains. Some of the women whom it has been most difficult to reach, were touched by this and by the children's excitement, and promised to help the children make the chains. When the visitors arrived the next Saturday, these same women pointed with pride, not only at the gaily-colored paper chains, but at the well-scrubbed floor—cleaned in honor of the occasion. Scrolls and pictures were presented to them to hang on the walls as permanent decorations, and they certainly give a little brightness to the general drabness. Last Saturday I noticed one of the women trying to quiet her crying baby by pointing out the "pretty picture" to him.

So plain is it that all the more
God's dispensation's merciful,
More pettishly we try and cull
Briers, thistles, from our private plot,
To mar God's ground where thorns are not!

**Robert Browning.**

**A Prayer.**

O Lord Jesus Christ, Faithful Lord, grant us, we pray Thee, faithful hearts devoted to Thee and to the service of all men for Thy sake. Fill us with pure love of Thee; keep us steadfast in this love; give us faith that worketh by love and preserve us faithful unto death: so may we ever find Thee faithful to all Thy blessed promises and shine as monuments of Thy mercy throughout all eternity.

**Christina G. Rossetti.**
Some Famous Chinese Women.

By N. L. Hsu (translated by Laura M. White).

We listen to words of praise for the women of Western Countries, but hear very little of the virtues of Chinese women. Instead, one hears of their weakness, their superstition, and but few words of commendation. Know then, that whatever country you study, there are the good and the bad. And that while from an outsider's standpoint Chinese women may seem insipid, to a Chinese, there is much to commend in them.

From the earliest ages, the woman of least ability was considered the most blest. It was easier for her to be docile in the family, and to take the advice of her husband, and later, of her son. The woman who tried to think was considered as a hen trying to crow. Nevertheless there were women who both thought and wrote in the Golden Age of China. Alas! Their books were among those burnt in that great holocaust of Chin Shih Hwang in 213 B. C. Such women were endowed by Heaven with the gold of character or genius living in literary or official homes, they listened to their fathers' or brothers' conversation. They studied Chinese literature, and their virtues are worthy of being better known to the western world.

There was, for example, the widow Ching Chiang (敬姜) whose instruction prepared her son Kong Fu Wen Peh (公甫文伯) to be an official. Returning from the palace one day, he saw his old mother in plain clothes spinning:—

"Mother," he cried in distress. "Why do you work like this? Every one will condemn me as unfilial."

The mother reproved him: "Working with the hand enables one to think with the mind. Thinking with the mind produces a righteous heart and happiness. But with the idle, good impulses are forgotten, and only ill deeds performed. How can I be content to see your idleness which, if your
country follows, will result in national disaster’? The official, properly rebuked, knelt and begged his mother’s pardon.

Another widow, Meng Mo, is famous in history as the mother of Mencius. Noticing that her little boy played at grave-digging, because their humble home was near a cemetery, she removed to the market place. Then the child imitated the wrangling of buyer and seller. “This will not do for my boy,” sighed the mother, and again she removed. This time her home was opposite a Confucian temple. He learned from the classics taught there, how to live; and thus became the expositor of Confucius and China’s greatest philosopher.

Then there was the widow, Ou Mo, (歐 母) mother of Ou Iang Hsiu (歐 陽 修). She was an educated woman. But being too poor to afford brush and paper, she taught her celebrated son to write by means of a reed in the sand.

Lady Chuing was of official family, and her training made her son (雋 不 疑) an upright official. When he came home from his duties she would enquire “How many men have you been able to lead away from the criminal life?” If her son could only punish and not save, she was unable to eat rice. Constrained by his mother’s anxiety, he became a benevolent official, always on the alert to help the fallen.

The great scholar, Ching Leo, (點 威) was inspired to his best work by his wife who did not fear poverty, but was a wonderful home-maker on an incredibly small sum of money. The great teacher died, and his students and friends came to help with preparation for the last rites. They saw the beloved clay covered only by one coarse sheet, too short for the body. “If we put the sheet on cross-wise then the head and feet will be covered” suggested a pupil.

“No,” retorted the wife, “It is because my husband was so straight that we are in poverty. There shall be nothing cross-wise or crooked connected with him, even at his funeral.”
The famous Chi Siih (禿室女) was a painter's daughter, she was well on in years, and still had no husband. A neighbour heard her grieving in her room and went in, curious to know her trouble "Why do you weep? Is it because you have no husband?" enquired the pseudo-sympathizer. "Let me be your middle-man. I think I can secure for you an eligible suitor."

"I am not exercised over marriage," cried the woman, "But alas the Emperor is too old; and the Prince Imperial will never be able to keep to his father's standards."

"You fool! what business is it of yours?" laughed the neighbour.

"The prosperity of the kingdom is every one's business," she replied. "And because the old emperor's memory is failing, he cannot be vigilant. The prince is so young that all his mind is given to gaiety. While the statesmen are busy lining their own pockets, our country is retrograding. And its loss of face affects the meanest subject. Every one of us loses face too."

In the Chia country, lived a widow with her son and step-son. The two brothers went out to play, and discovered a murdered man. As the real criminal could not be found, the official declared one of them must certainly be guilty, and justice would only be satisfied with the forfeit of one of their lives.

"Then take mine," eagerly insisted each boy. Such self-sacrifice puzzled the official and he delayed executing the law till the mother should be questioned.

"Which son shall suffer the penalty?" asked the Judge. "The younger," said the mother firmly. "The other is my step-son and I must protect his life first."

The official was so impressed with this remarkable affection, that he decided to look elsewhere for the criminal.

In olden times there were women famous Literary Women in literature. For instance T'sao Tsao, (曹昭) living in the Han dynasty, was a noted writer. Her brother was official historian, and dying before his chronicles were finished, the sister completed his
life work. The emperor was so pleased with the quality of her work, that he built for her an official residence and invited her to court to teach the women of his household.

In the Han dynasty, Siu Wen, a successor of Chui Shih Hwang, tried to bring to light any books that might have escaped destruction in the famous book-burning crime. The Sii Ging (書經) was searched for in vain. But far out in the country was a blind old man, who could no longer write, but who had memorized the great classic. As he was ninety years old he could not stand the fatigue of a trip to court, but said that his daughter Foh Nü (伏女) was entirely capable of writing it from his dictation. Thus was the great classic given back to China through the hand of a filial daughter!

Perhaps China's most noted woman poet was Poetesses. Sieh Tao Wing (謝道韫). When but a very little girl she and her cousin were watching the snow fall. Her uncle, a literary man, suggested that they make a poem for the occasion. The little boy promptly responded:

"From the vast expanse of Heaven
Myriad crystals, drop to earth."

The little girl replied with more poetic feeling:

"See the flowers of the willow
Dancing in the winter wind."

Another famous poetess is Pan Tsuh Siu (潘女士). When quite small she received a silk fan as a gift and made a poem on this occasion:

* "See the glossy silk so white,
Pure as frost and driven snow,
In its frame imprisoned tight,
Circled as the Queen of Night,—
Silvery Moon, that sheds her light
Over Heaven and Earth below."

China's most famous penman is Wang Hsi Tsi (王羲之). His teacher was Lady Wei. Poets have tried to describe the

*This poem may be compared to a mosaic in which each character is a beautiful gem. A worthy translation into English is beyond the translator's ability.
penmanship of this artistic woman. Her written characters are thus described:

“Clear as an icicle in a jade vase,” or “as the moon when observed from a tower,
Distinct as the perfume wafted from the sweet olive,
Fair as a beautiful woman wreathed in flowers.”

The most famous woman artist of China was Kwang Chong Chi (管仲姬) in the Sung dynasty. Her pictures were of birds and flowers. Also the Empress Tsi Hsi (慈禧) of the Ching dynasty was a great artist.

Tsai Wen Chi (蔡文姬) was the most famous woman musician. Once when she was only six years old her father was playing on a lute in another room. A string snapped; the famous musician was surprised to hear his wee daughter say to her nurse:

“Father has just broken the second string on his lute.”

Wondering if indeed his child had such an accurate ear, he deliberately broke the fourth string; and then listened as the little one said: “And now the fourth string has snapped.”

China has also her Joan of Arc, the famous Moh A Heroine. Lan (木蘭). Her father was a soldier. Once as she was weaving cloth, she heard him sigh.

“Why, are you troubled?” she anxiously inquired.

“I am called out to war, to-morrow, and I am too old. What shall I do?”

“I will go in your stead,” said the girl. Disguised in male attire, protected by her father’s armor, she mounted her horse, and fought in her country's service for twelve years. When peace was declared, she returned with much honor and glory. The grateful king appointed her to a high official position.

“I cannot accept this honor; I am a woman,” was her confession.

In reviewing the pages of China’s history, we learn of many women of ability, of courage, and righteous character; and this in spite of the thousands of years of repres-
sion and oppression. Since the advent of the foreigners, woman's lot has been easier. Western nations seem to have considerable respect for our women; more indeed than we had. They opened schools and put courage into the hearts of our daughters, which aroused their latent characteristics. In the early days of the Republic, women started many different "freedom societies" and socialistic movements.

Perhaps the most noted of these patriotic women are Tang Ch'ui Ying (唐 羣 英), Wang Ts'ang Kwoh (王 昌 國), and Oo Moh Lan (吳 木 蘭). These three women demanded the ballot. Their program included women's equal rights with men; an education for every girl; every bound foot to be unbound; old customs that oppressed women—such as traffic in girls, and concubinage—to be abolished; each woman to have some calling or useful occupation; the benevolent work of the country to be put in the hands of women.

"We forbid foot-binding," they said. "Take away the paint and powder! Women must not be prostitutes. A man should have only one wife." Alas! this new cause has not flourished as it should. Heaven is not reached with one leap, but a step at a time.

I have been told that the poet Dante on his upward road from Purgatory to Paradise measured his advance not by consciousness of ascent, but by the ever-growing beauty of the face of Beatrice. Similarly China would best measure her progress up the Hills of Hope not by her increased wealth or commerce, or army and navy efficiency, but by the growing soul-beauty expressed in the faces of her ever-rising daughters.

For each and all, of Life
In every phase of action, love and joy,—
There is fulfilment only Otherwhere.

A. Hamilton King.
Yearly Meeting of the Baptist Woman's Missionary Union of Central China, 1919.

Miss Pearle Johnson, American Baptist Mission.

On April 22nd and 23rd the Baptist Woman's Missionary Union of Central China held its tenth annual meeting with the Cantonese Baptist Church in Shanghai. There were about eighty delegates from other places, besides a goodly representation from the four churches in Shanghai. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Zee who has been president during nine of the ten years of its existence. The gathering was essentially Chinese; for while there were foreign missionaries present and helping, still the devotional exercises were conducted by the Chinese women, and the papers and reports read were all prepared by them.

The Union began ten years ago with only a very few women and it was the first of its kind among Southern Baptists in China. Seven years ago North A Small China started a similar organization, and three years ago South China followed suit. It is now composed of many societies with hundreds of members, and many places have girls' and children's branch organizations in addition. At this meeting in April it was decided to unite North, Central, and South China into one Woman's Missionary Union for China, having one president and using uniform programs. Mrs. Zee was made president of this larger organization.

Why have the women thus organized? In order that the gospel story may be more effectively and quickly told to their less-fortunate sisters who have never heard it.

Its Object. Right faithful have the women been both in work and in gifts to this end. There has been a steady increase in contributions from $291.41 in 1914 to $945.26 in 1919. But the greatest and most real advance was made this year when the pledge was taken to raise, in addition to the regular contributions, five hundred dollars as a beginning toward the salary of Miss Kyung Kwe Chung, who is now in
Ginling College fitting herself to be the W. M. U.'s evangelistic worker. They are undertaking her entire support.

Various causes are contributed to by members of the Union, as needs arise. The past year contributions have been made to the support of Bible-women, the regular church expenses, the "Door of Hope," the Tientsin flood sufferers, etc., and both work and money were given to the Red Cross.

From the educational and financial standpoints, most of these women are not remarkable; but in their consecration, their earnestness, their willingness to do their bit to advance God's kingdom in China, they are His picked, His chosen ones.

The most interesting afternoon of this Yearly Meeting was that devoted to the girls' and children's branch societies or organizations. At least four hundred girls and children from the various societies in Shanghai took part in this program.

First the elder girls showed, in the form of a play, what their former members are now doing as teachers, doctors, nurses, kindergartners, home-makers, etc., some of the training for which was given them in their respective societies.

Next came the girls from twelve to fifteen. In this group, the most interesting girl was a daughter of a Buddhist priest in Quinsan, who sang distinctly and impressively (whilst a group of girls formed an illustrative tableau)—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought." While her father is chanting his "Omi doo veh" she is learning to sing praises to the true God. May we not hope that her songs and prayers will lead her father to the Father and the Home of which she sings so sweetly?

The last thing on the program was a pageant of children from six to nine years old. They carried Chinese flags as a token of their love of country, and sang songs of praise and repeated verses of scripture, showing that they are learning to know and love their Creator in the days of their youth.

There was much in this meeting to encourage us, and we feel that we can hope for great things from our women and girls in the coming years.
ARMENIAN REFUGES—VLADIVOSTOK 2ND RIVER

Dr. Ethel Polk, Interpreter, and Nurse
Miss Dewar, Dr. E. Polk, Dr. Dau, Dr. Van, and two Russian Nurses.

Chinese Doctor and Nurses, with their Patients.
When urgent calls for doctors and nurses came from Siberia in September 1918, it met with enthusiastic response from missionaries both in China and Japan. The staff of the Woman's Medical School and Hospital in Soochow decided that this emergency-call was of more importance than caring for patients in the neighborhood. There were other doctors near by to do the local work.

So a unit was formed, consisting of two American women doctors, two American nurses, two Chinese women doctors, one Chinese druggist, five Chinese medical students, just ready for their fifth year's work, and five Chinese nurses ready for their senior year's work. All the students went without salaries, and the two Chinese doctors on small salaries, as they were willing to do what they could for the cause.

The pros and cons of taking young Chinese women into a foreign country to do war work was discussed by the mission and friends. The majority finally gave consent to the project. It is new work for Chinese women; but in a world-war in which China is represented, there was no real reason why these trained women should fail to do their part, especially as at any time they may be called upon to do Red Cross work in China.

The party landed in Vladivostok on September 24th. Rooms were very difficult to find and the party numbered thirty-four, which was somewhat larger than was expected. The Soochow Unit was assigned a Pullman car on the tracks near the R. R. station. The dining-car, near by, furnished meals. Later, when the Pullman car was sent up the line, the party moved into two box-cars: these were rather more roomy, and also better than our quarters at the Red Cross Mess Hall to which we moved next.

Our special work was to look after the physical ills of the refugees crowding into the city on every train. During
these first days they were our neighbors on the R. R. tracks. They were crowded thirty to forty in each box-car and were sleeping almost on top of each other, all over the R. R. station waiting-rooms and even on the stairs.

The only medical work of the Red Cross at that time, in the city, was in the Russian Island military hospital for the Czecks. To this Dr. Ingersoll and Miss Pitts were assigned for work.

Our first clinic was in a small room off the Refugee Office near the R. R. station. In those early days it was not easy to get supplies. Some of them were in the Red Cross warehouse; but many of them had to be hunted up and bought from the local drug stores. By the way, pills and tablets seemed to be almost unheard of luxuries there!

The clinic averaged fifty patients a day and a more miserable-looking crowd you never saw! Many of them were more hungry and weary from their long flight than they were ill. Many Russian soldiers, no longer able to fight or to work, and yet not ill enough to send to a hospital, came to us. These uncared-for soldiers touched the heart; they seemed so hopeless. There was also a young aviator, Scotch by birth, who had been in the service fifteen years. He fled with his young wife in his machine. When he came to Vladivostok, he was suffering from tuberculosis contracted after an accident in which his chest had been crushed. An appeal to the Russian government brought him an offer of seventy-five roubles and three months' care in a hospital. The Red Cross gave his young wife employment. Another class of refugees which touched the heart, were the mothers with their three, four, or five little children. The fathers were dead or missing, and these mothers had no way of feeding or clothing their little ones. The Refugee Office tried to find work for those who could work, and to others gave tickets with which they could get food from the Red Cross food station. The refugees that were housed in the city in cellars and attics, were supplied with food in this way during the winter. I have visited in the slums of Kansas City, New York, and Philadelphia, but I never before saw so many
people in so small a space with so little air or so many “cooties!”

Our neighbors in the box-cars were so crowded and ill-fed, that we soon felt the need of a place in which to care for the sick. Three hospital box-cars were fitted up and in these we cared for from ten to fourteen patients. This with the clinic and several out-calls each day, kept half the Unit busy. Under Miss Hood’s direction the students, not busy here, worked in the local Red Cross rooms. They were able to get some things ready for the new hospital that was under way.

Let me tell you of an out-call we made. It was on an icy day, and the hills upon which the city was built were covered with snow and ice. A poor man came saying his wife was very ill and they lived “only a ten minutes walk from the hospital.” It was dusk when we started and quite dark by the time we reached the top of the hill. We, the interpreter and I, had to leave the car here, as it stopped in a snow drift. As we walked on, thinking every minute that we would find the house, a neighbor volunteered to lead us. On and on we walked, sliding occasionally down that hill and half way up the next. Our guide kept saying no one but an American would take so much trouble for the poor. It is quite likely that a Russian would have said “It is of no importance, I will do it to-morrow.” We felt repaid for the hard journey, as the woman was very ill and so grateful. The next day we went again, to take her to a Russian hospital. The man insisted that the car could climb the hill, because it was not a horse: but we had to carry the patient some distance on a stretcher. In spite of the fact that she was well-cared for in the hospital, she wanted the American doctor to come and see her once in a while.

One evening Dr. Teusler said “You will evacuate the hospital-train to-morrow, moving the patients to a Russian hospital for the present.” This move gave me the opportunity of meeting some very pleasant Russian doctors. Things moved and changed so fast, that we had opportunity of meeting a few emergencies.
The plans for the new hospital were in progress, and soon we would have a place to care for the women and children of the poor. It was a real joy to see one of the Russian navy barracks cleaned, heated, lighted, and partitioned into a suitable place for the sick. When it was nearly finished, it was decided to make it a general hospital. The men's wards were on the first floor, the women's on the second, and the staff lived on the third. The poor of the city were also admitted as patients. Before the winter had hardly set in, two wards of the city hospital were closed for lack of funds (the maternity ward and one surgical ward). The other wards were crowded with typhus-fever cases most of the winter. These two are the only hospitals ministering to the women.

On Thanksgiving Day the staff moved into the new hospital. By this time most of the refugees had been moved from the R. R. to barracks outside the city. One group of some four hundred, Russians, Russian Jews, Poles, Serbians, Roumanians, and Armenians went to Second River, about seven miles out, and a second group of three hundred to First River about three miles out on the same road. These latter were Russian, Lettish, and Polish.

A man came to superintend the whole hospital, and several splendid Russian doctors to look after the men's wards and clinics. As I am trying to tell you of the woman's part of the hospital, we will have to leave the men out. They did about the same amount of work for the men as was done for the women. There were from fifty to sixty patients in the woman's surgical clinic every other day and thirty to forty in the woman's medical clinic, which was held by Dr. Dau. On alternate mornings we were in the operating room. Dr. Van was my assistant and Dr. Dau gave the anesthetics. Besides this there were the morning rounds to make in medical, surgical, and maternity wards. It was largely due to our interpreter Mrs. Nellie Trianguinsky, that we were able to turn off so much work. She spoke both Russian and English fluently.

Miss Hood was superintendent of nurses for the whole hospital. She had to meet many difficulties, as setting up a
new hospital with its endless supplies is not an easy task. Besides that, she had Chinese, Russian, and American nurses and Russian servants to adjust. It was truly pioneer work and beautifully done, worthy to stand in a foreign land as American. Miss Dewar, R. N. of Honolulu was assistant to Miss Hood and looked after the operating room.

The Chinese students worked wherever they were needed, in operating room, wards, or clinic.

It was never too cold during the winter to visit the refugees once each week at Second River. We took supplies and saw how the nurse was getting along. The little Russian nurse at Second River was the bravest soldier I saw during my stay. All during the typhus fever epidemic, she made two visits a day through the barracks, returned to her room covered with lice (the carriers of the disease) took her bath and went as cheerfully the next time. I never heard her complain or say she was afraid, in spite of the fact that she knew the risk she was taking. She is a refugee from Moscow and three months after arriving in Vladivostok her baby came. She has been unable to hear from her husband and says she would rather work than live with the other refugees, doing nothing. I wish I could tell you of the many mothers who brought their sad stories to the doctor. If they could only find their loved ones and live at home in safety!

One dear old woman upon whom we did a serious operation, very much wanted a photo of her doctor. As an inducement she said "I will carry it to my coffin with me." We received appreciative notes from many of the patients and always a warm "thank you" when they left.

During the typhus fever epidemic, which lasted most of the winter, we had cases in the clinic daily and once in a while one would break out in the ward. One morning two of the students had high fever, one 105°.5 and the other 106°. Of course our first thought was typhus and I spent a few anxious hours. The fever, however, came down, and a diagnosis of malaria was made. This was what they would have had at home and, with this exception and a few bad colds, the
students kept quite well. We are all especially thankful for this physical well-being and the safe journey home.

The students had a wonderful experience and are all stronger for it. They know how to live up to a contract and not complain of the hard places. Medically they had the opportunity of seeing many cases, as well as seeing what it costs in money, energy, and heart to set up a hospital. They also developed by contact with the Russian and American people they met. They made friends, and many of the pioneer workers in the Red Cross there will not soon forget them.

In the women's department alone our average for each month was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Average per Month</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Maternity cases</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major operations</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minor operations</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman's surgical clinic</td>
<td>600</td>
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<tr>
<td>Woman's medical clinic</td>
<td>480</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. of patients in medical ward</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. of patients in surgical</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Every one's task is his life preserver.
The conviction that your work is dear to God and
Cannot be spared, defends you."

Emerson

God spoke, and gave us the word to keep.
Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
'Mid a faithless world,—at watch and ward,
Till the Christ at the end relieve our guard.

Robert Browning.
ENTRANCE TO SOUTHERN MONASTERY
POOTOO.

ABBOT OF THE RED BAMBOO TEMPLE
POOTOO.
THE HERMIT IN HIS CELL
POOTO."
A Contrast.

The Buddhist Cell.—The Christian Home.

By M. L. M.

On the little island of Pootoo, in the Chusan Archipelago, in a dark cell on a rocky promontory jutting out into the Yellow Sea, a hermit is, at this moment, living out, in solitude, the last of the five years of his self-imposed penance. In another cell on the same lovely island, another man is drawing near the end of a term of ten years! Behind are the everlasting hills, clad, just now, in young bracken and wild red and pink azalea. Vetches, clover, golden saxifrage, forget-me-not, rock-rose and countless other exquisite spring-flowers with which the Heavenly Creator has enriched this earth and made it a place of beauty and joy for Man,—bloom on the hill side. Every dell is a fernery. Grand boulders of limestone and granite rise out of the golden sand on the shore. Noble trees, hundreds of years old, spread their great branches over temple courts. The never-ceasing wavelets lap the coves year in and year out. Every tiny crevice has its living plant, and over all the white, fleecy clouds sail, by day, across a sky of blue, driven by the sweet sea-breezes, whilst at night, the stars come out and speak to all who care to gaze and listen, of the wisdom of God.

But none of these things are for the man in the shrine. For long, weary years he has never been outside his cell,—never felt God's sunshine or his pale cheek,—never gazed on anything but a dirty gilded image of Kuan Yin. His sunken cheeks appear for a few seconds through the wooden lattice, then vanish into the darkness, their owner being anxious to atone by special incantations, for the sinful seconds spent in publicity!

What a travesty of life! What wasted hours! What ignorance of the will of God for His children! Oh, the pity!
of it that hundreds of men on this lovely spot—men endued with mental, moral, spiritual, physical powers, which were given to them to use for their own uplifting and that of their fellow men, should be squandering their lives in mummery,—shutting themselves away from every ennobling influence,—living on the alms of pilgrims, instead of the wages of honest toil,—denied the companionship of mother, sister and wife,—never hearing the laughter of children,—never enjoying the sanctity of home-life!

There is nothing uplifting in heathenism.

**Degrading Influence of Heathenism.**

The belief in a goddess—albeit of love and pity, whose manifestations are in the roar of the ocean in the caverns or on the crested wave, can never meet human needs nor draw the soul heavenwards. The tendency is all downwards and inwards. It needs a human Christ to reveal the Godhead.

The island,—apart from the beauties of nature, the glorious stretches of smooth golden sand, on the N. E. side,—the lovely cornice leading round from the Northern Monastery to the Fan Yin Tung, at the extreme point,—the fine panorama from Buddha's Peak,—and the countless varieties of wild-flowers,—seems a place of the dead. One solitary buffalo, with wonderful horns, roams about the precincts of one of the larger monasteries; here and there an evil-tongued cur springs out and barks at one's approach, or a cock is heard crowing from some remote corner. But the sands and coves are bare,—no shells, no seaweed, no sea-gulls, no fishing-boats, no song-birds on the trees, no calves, lambs, chicken or goslings in the paddocks; no young animal-life of any sort. It is a place where men go to die, unwept and unsung except in dreary, discordant chants. The ashes of the ordinary monk are thrown into a common mausoleum on the hill side. Those who are living, wander, between meals, from shrine to shrine, or stand by the roadside holding out their begrimed grey cotton gowns with still more grimy hands, for alms.
No spiritual progress,—no growth is made day by day. Existence brings no exultant joy. Inactivity of body and soul,—unnatural conditions, work out the inevitable result,—disease and death.

Some thirty or forty years ago a small girl of the Orphan, six, the daughter of an opium-smoker was left an orphan and entered Miss Hamper's school in Hongkong. Solitary,—with no one to "mother" her, she here found love and protection, and received an education which laid the foundation of a life of active usefulness and prepared her for her future, as mother to children of her own and of those in less fortunate circumstances. One of a school crowd, who could have then foreseen that she would become a public benefactor and a Her Training. "mother in Israel"? Yet so it was. For in this Christian institution, where as pupil and teacher she spent sixteen years, she learnt that her life was not her own and that it was given as a sacred trust to use for others. "I know what it is to be an orphan," she said to a friend, later on in life, "and so I want to help those who are in need." At Marriage and Mother Hood. twenty-two she married a well-to-do and thrifty widower with three children, and five little ones of her own were, in due time, added to the family. Surely a busy life!—affording (as it does to many women) excuse for exemption from outside claims! Yet her kind, motherly heart went out to parents who were unable to give a good education and start-in-life to their children; and thus, when her husbands' business necessitated a move to Shanghai, four years ago, finding herself now a woman Present Free of means, she opened a free day school for School. Cantonese boys and girls in an alley-way leading out of one of the busiest thorough fares on the borders of this settlement.

Six teachers were engaged and the work grew apace until the number rose to 96—36 boys and 60 girls. Mrs. Au Ben now felt that the time had come for a larger work.
A piece of ground was soon secured on the Kiangwan road, and a spacious building is now in the process of erection. The school, together with the private residence of the founders, will cost, when completed, furnished and equipped, about Tls. 160,000. There will be sleeping accommodation on the right for boys, in the centre for the staff, and on the left for girls. The basement will be given up to class-rooms. In the morning the programme will be the usual Chinese and English studies, and the afternoon will be devoted entirely to industrial work, which it is hoped, will fit the children for earning their own living later on.

This Free School, is not, however, Mrs. Au Ben’s only interest. The one connected with the Cantonese Union Church, with its staff of thirteen teachers, is also under her supervision. This school, in which her own son, Solomon, and her four little girls are being educated, provides a seven-years’ course, in addition to the Kindergarten. In the various church activities, also, she and her husband spend freely of their time and means. Their life in not one of introspection, but of practical philanthropy. The “joy of the Lord” is their “strength.”

How much more blessed is a life of service for others, carried on under the sunshine of God’s smile, than that of the self-centred ascetic!

“Our duty down here is to do and not to know
Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so!”

“Children of men, not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,—
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.”

Matthew Arnold.

“What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I bring Thee,
Odour and light and the magic of gold;
Feet that must follow Thee,—lips that must sing Thee,—
Limbs that must ache for Thee, ere they grow old.”

Charles Kingsley.
Christian Endeavour and Women's Bible Schools in the Wenchow District.

By Florence Eynon, C.I.M.

LIGHTS and Shadows, encouragements and discouragements, are met with in the Wenchow district, just as much as elsewhere, yet perhaps we meet with more of each on account of the size of the district and the Church in it. Where a work has been carried on for over fifty years, we perhaps look for more "lights" than are forthcoming and meet with more "shadows" than one had expected! Still for those that are bright and shining lights in this dark land, we thank God and take courage. It is of some of the encouragements met with in the Women's Bible School work and the effect of the Christian Endeavour on it, that I particularly want to write.

Some years ago a Women's Bible School was first started here. In the early days, the women gathered in the city for about a month or so at a time: as years went on interest and attendance increased and numbers became too large for the city, so that now, we hold a Bible School of ten days' duration, in eight or nine places in the district during the year. These do not include those held in Juian and Pingyanghsien. We long for the time when we can have twice as many. What are eight or nine Bible Schools, large and small, among the twelve districts of Wenchow with its sixty-seven preaching stations? Lack of foreign helpers and Chinese workers or Bible-women has made it impossible up till now, to hold more. We pray that the Lord will raise up, in the Chinese Church, those who will become capable Bible teachers to the hundreds of women. Because after all, is not teaching the Christians more of our Lord and His Word, one of the surest and best methods of Evangelism? At our Bible-schools we give six hours a day to studying the Bible, learning the character and the romanized version and to singing, in addition to morning prayers and an evening service led by the preacher in charge of the district. It has been very encouraging to see the
progress made. Attendance has doubled within the last five years, perhaps there are two reasons to account for this. The first is the general awakening in China and a desire to learn, in city and country alike; the second the introduction of the Christian Endeavour. Many times, both here and in the country, the women have said to me "So-and-so used not to be able to read at all; now she can read, and can stand up in the C. E. and speak so that we can understand." The example of a few women like this has aroused ambition in many others to do the same. I know of one woman who came to thirteen or fourteen Bible-schools. She was diligent and learnt to read both the 'character' and the romanized. Also she could put the 'character' into colloquial, not an easy task, as anyone knows who has ever heard anything of the Wenchow dialect! That woman has taken a foremost part in the work of the C. E. and an intelligent interest in it.

In another part of the district I once asked a woman to close the meeting with prayer. She did it; but afterwards she told me how fearful she had been. She had never taken any part, audibly, in a meeting before. This year it was encouraging to see this same woman get up and speak at the Sunday morning C. E. and speak so earnestly. She is still very nervous, but seeing others take part in the meetings has been a great help to her; she felt if they could do it, she must, and that maybe her testimony would be a help in leading another to Christ; she is a woman in fairly good circumstances and has a good knowledge of her Bible though she has only been a Christian five years. The C. E. has certainly brought her out, and one prays that her testimony which is earnest and real, may be made a blessing to many. At Bah-zih, a branch of one of our outstations, they have a good well-planned C. E. meeting, held also on Sunday mornings. Sometimes there are forty or fifty present. About one-third are able to take part intelligently. The leader is the wife of an earnest Christian member. The Bible School we held at this place in the spring of this year was a most encouraging time, and the women had made good progress with their studies. The interest they took in the general work of the
Church and C. E. was a decided step forward for them, it was very manifest when we suggested that the Bible School Sunday should be devoted to direct Evangelistic work. The B. S. women and the C. E. members were to "fish in" as many relations and friends as they could. This they did, and did well. In spite of thunder and rain, nearly one hundred and sixty women came. Much prayer had gone up beforehand. We felt that God's Presence was with us then, and we know His blessing followed all that was done and said that day. We were especially encouraged by this, because when we were there about four years ago, very few women came to the Bible School and fewer still had much heart to learn.

One could go on telling of many more instances of encouragement both in connection with the Bible School and C. E. work, as for instance the large city Women's C. E. run entirely by the Chinese women themselves. Here it is not so much the trouble of getting people to get up and speak, as it is to prevent hurting anyone's feelings by leaving them out of the speakers' list, when it is made up yearly or half-yearly! Of course having a weekly preparation class in four different parts of the city, has been a very great help to the city women. The country women are not so privileged. They have not many to help them. It is often a wonder to me that they remain as true as they do to the cause of Christ, when I see how little help they have. I wonder how many of those of us from Western lands would remain as true as do some of the Chinese Christians, had we only the help outwardly that they have. The C. E. has proved to be a great help to our women. It has been an incentive to them not only to learn to read, but also to tell out something of what they know. The ambition thus aroused has meant increased interest and attendance at our Bible Schools. The set portions of Scripture for daily reading, with a daily topic, is a real help and blessing to the Christians. Until I came to China, I personally, had a cordial dislike to C. E,—for two reasons First I knew very little about it; secondly that little was not what it might have, or should have been. Since being out here and seeing what an interest and help it has been to the women in our Churches, I am convinced of its advantages and am glad to be able to express my appreciation of its worth.


The Women’s Christian Endeavour at Siaokan, is a very young and not a very large society at present; but all are members, except two who are "Associates." We have only three committees, the Prayer-Meeting committee the "Lookout" committee, and one to look after the heathen women who come in late to Church on Sundays, and to take them to an evangelistic meeting held in the school premises. The C. E. also provides speakers for this meeting. I only take my turn with the rest.

Since starting the C. E. movement there has been a much deeper interest taken in Bible study, and by some of the members the passage is studied together regularly every evening. The verses brought on Sundays to the meeting are very well chosen indeed, and each member takes some part at almost every meeting. We are not very brilliant yet on discussing the topic, although some always have a few words to say on it. The great advantage has been the chain prayer. We get as many as fifteen prayers in about seven minutes, which is a triumph indeed! And almost all the prayers bear reference to the subject. That alone has proved most helpful.

At the last Consecration meeting, it was unanimously agreed that part of the monthly collection should go towards the travelling expenses of two of the members visiting a village some little distance away, to teach the women there who are really in earnest. It is too far for them to come to the city each Sunday; so every few weeks two C. E. members go out on Saturday and teach them in their homes, the C. E. society bearing the cost of the boat.

We are very glad to have started this society, and the members love it. We meet on Sundays from five to six o’clock.

After all, the best way to follow up work is to collect people into a Christian Endeavour Union.

In the photo, the president is sitting in the middle of the first seated row; on her left is the secretary and on the right the treasurer; the three are seated in a row, and the younger members are at their feet.
WOMEN'S C. E. SOCIETY, IN LONDON MISSION, AT SIAOKAN, HUPEH.
ARMISTICE DAYS IN A CHINESE CITY.

When news of the Armistice reached Tai Yuan, the girls were given two days' holiday and a feast, and we feasted too.

It was on Monday afternoon we heard. On Thursday, at the Women's Hospital at noon, two hundred pints of uncooked rice were given away to one hundred of the poorest women we could find, and there were some pitiable specimens of humanity among them, including three blind women. Rather more was really given, for only one hundred tickets were issued, while about 130 came, and the thirty got about a pint each. I was glad to have a share in that giving.

The most interesting function was on the Saturday. This is the Provincial Capital, and we have a House of Parliament. In this a meeting was held, to which I went. It was really a kind of congratulatory meeting to the Allies, with a speech or two, and national music. All our British men missionaries went, while a London girl and I were the only British ladies. Mr. Arnold of the Y. M. C. A. and a British-American Tobacco Company official, represented America. We had a Salt Gabelle man, an Australian, the head of the post-office, who is British, the Italian Roman Catholic doctor, and an Italian and a Frenchman from the railway, and I believe that there was a Belgian railway representative there too. We were all given seats of honour on the platform.

The Governor was absent in Peking at a special conference of Provincial Governors, so his Deputy took the chair, and there were many important Chinese in the company. Each of us was provided with a large pink paper rose, on a background of green paper leaves, to pin in our button-holes. On any special occasion pink flowers are ubiquitous. The hall was crowded with men, while in the courtyard, just outside this innermost hall, was a dense crowd of soldiers and Government school-boys waving flags. In a porch between the hall and the crowd was a brass band. It was an imposing programme (on pink paper) that we went through. It included two speeches by Chinese and one excellent one by Mr. Williamson, as head of the Y. M. C. A., three bows of the entire company to us, the Allied guests, a rapid reading of a special poem, on pink paper, composed for the occasion, and finally the band playing all the National Anthems of countries represented. They began with America, and played "Hail to the Chief," instead of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then they played "God Save the King," and after the first three lines, when one comes to the ascending scale, and one is feeling the usual patriotic thrill, if they didn't begin again from the beginning! So on through the "Marseillaise," the Italian and Belgian National Anthems, and the Chinese.

Then we left in great dignity, having thoroughly enjoyed a "celebration" of a quaintly unique description.

Katharine Franklin,

English Baptist Mission, Tai Yuan

April.
HONGKONG HOSPITAL EPISODES.

A woman who had been cured in our hospital went back to her village and started telling her neighbours of the wonderful things that had taken place. As a result of her talk a friend of hers with an abdominal tumour wanted to come along and have the same attention.

She was a widow and had not enough money to get to Hongkong. She only possessed three pigs, which brought her in just enough money for a miserable existence. One of these pigs she sold to get money for her journey to the hospital. Arriving there in a very low state of health, she wished the operation performed at once, as she could not afford to pay money to live in the hospital. It was not possible to operate for several weeks, as owing to her bad state of health the shock of the operation would have killed her.

After the operation she recovered splendidly. She began then to understand the love of Christ. Every day she would say, "How I must thank the heavenly Father for His goodness. I am going back to my village cured and I shall be able to work again."

The Ministering Children's League in Hongkong has supported some very poor sick children during the past year, and with one exception all these patients returned home cured. Our children's ward of sixteen beds is nearly always fully occupied by youngsters from a few days to fourteen years old. It was pitiful to see one poor girl of thirteen with heart disease, packing up her few bits of clothing and the gifts she had received in the hospital. Her father had ordered her to go home as he had no more money to pay for her food, and she was going back to carry wood and be the burden-bearer of the home. She said, "I must do it, my stepmother does not love me and she will make me do it." The Ministering Children's League stepped in and provided for this girl's support.

Our Chinese nurses are a great part of our missionary force. We have twenty-two in training, they are all women of good social standing and they are all Christians.

Amongst the Chinese there is a great gulf between the rich and the poor, but Christian medical work is doing much to bridge the gulf.

A nurse probationer who had been quite unused to housework of any kind, as there were servants to do the work in her home, was quite surprised that part of her training as a nurse was to wash basins, carry water, etc.; still she accepted the discipline in the right spirit, and her parents were pleased that her health seemed to improve owing to the exercise.

A girl of seventeen, from a very poor family, who had never heard of the Gospel before she came to our hospital, became anxious to learn how to pray. She very soon became a decided Christian. A few months later she became very ill and died. Her friends told us that when she was nearing death she was heard to say several times, "I must say the Gospel is good, I must say the Gospel is good."

Chinese (as well as others) need something practical to help them to realize the true meaning of Christianity. A mission worker
GLIMPSES AND GLEANINGS.

went to wash and tend a heathen patient who was very sick and dirty. The patient said, "If this is what Christians do, then it is worth being a Christian; when I'm better I'll be a Christian."

An exceedingly bright girl of eighteen came to us for treatment and decided to be a Christian.

When cured of her disease she returned to the heathen home in which she lived and worked, but felt that she could no longer worship idols there. She was told to light the candles for idol worship, as she had done before going to hospital, but she refused to do so, and told the members of the family that she had decided to follow Christ and would neither worship the idols nor light the candles.

She expected nothing less than the usual result—a thrashing, but this story ends differently. To her surprise and delight, the family agreed at once to her conversion, and it is hoped that this home will be the centre of a wide spiritual influence in the future.

The Hongkong Medical Mission of the London Missionary Society, centred in the Alice Memorial and affiliated hospitals is carried on among a population of 300,000 Chinese, and is within easy reach of Macao and the large district lying between Canton and Kowloon.

All the costs of this medical mission, with the exception of the salaries of the Society's European staff, are met by the Chinese themselves, and the buildings are the gift of Chinese and other sympathisers.

From the London Mission "Chronicle."
April.

REPORT, RULES, AND REGULATIONS OF CHEFOO SCHOOLS FOR DEAF CHILDREN.

As we look back over the immediate past the record is one that makes us pause to give thanks to the Giver of all good for His care and protection. In the midst of war we have been at peace and we praise Him.

Steady progress has been made in every way, until we have outgrown our accommodation and feel crowded. The average attendance during the last three years has been nearly forty-five active little bodies, which with six teachers and the necessary helpers, require a good deal of elbow room; especially, when eating with chopsticks, sleeping in single beds and having the right amount of oxygen in dormitories and class-rooms. We have neither assembly room, sick room, nor manual training rooms, and the mud brick walls of the old buildings are cracking; however, our building fund is growing and we live in hopes. The letters sent out with the little printed leaflet to schools for the deaf, and other friends, in the autumn of 1916, brought several responses and we have faith to believe the needed balance is going to be given by some one.

The general plans for the buildings have been approved by the Building Committee, and the Chinese contractor has promised to put them up for the original pre-war estimate, feeling that thereby he is giving a substantial gift to the work himself.

Not only have we grown in numbers but in other ways, too, better classification, better teaching,
and better teachers. What has been accomplished is largely due to the faithful, cheerful, sympathetic help of our native staff in which there has been some changes.

These three years have been kind to us in many ways. There has been on the whole less illness among the pupils than formerly. We had one case of typhoid fever with whooping cough, contracted at the home, requiring seven long weeks of nursing and convalescence. It was dear little Liu Liang Dzi, who wasn't wanted by his mother because he was deaf. He came to us in 1914, poorly nourished, with hands so frost-bitten as to be unusable. Knowing how poor his home was, we hired a shendza and had him brought to us. His sturdier strength and sweet, contented look, in place of weakness and pinched features, are our reward. As we have no hospital room, this case had to be cared for in Miss Carter's home.

Of course, we have had our share of influenza, but not of a severe type, and all made quick recovery. New pupils are now required to bring a health certificate from a physician, so we hope to keep out trachoma and tuberculosis,—scourges in China. Our big compound of six acres affords ample opportunity for gardening, and the boys are busy every afternoon digging, planting, watering, and weeding. The little boys, and those who are not strong, are given light work. There always seem to be stones to be picked up, or bits of paper, or sticks, and the laddies work with a will. While the boys are doing their manly work, the girls are busy with all kinds of girlish activities; then, what joy, after a hot day, to take a plunge in the sea that lies just at our door! Drooping, dull spirits are often changed to bright eyes and glowing cheeks attesting to the benefit of a good plain diet, with fresh vegetables, and Shantung's fine air.

"Keep busy, and you will be happy" is only another way of saying, "Be good, and you will be happy"; so, study, work, play; play, study, work; and, keep at it, is the rule in both schools. The pupils don't have much time to loaf in school nor out, for they are trying to follow the curriculum of the government schools, which is a little confusing, as nothing is stable in changing China; but, they are surely gaining the ability to read and write and understand language, both written and spoken. Lip-reading may be largely guess work, as some claim, but, it is wonderful how shrewdly our boys and girls guess at what is said; and, it is interesting to see how eagerly most of them desire to get new words and expressions and seem just as satisfied with the spoken word as the written one.

Outside of the school-rooms the rule, "Keep busy," still holds. The boys have the gardening and the carpenter shop, besides, helping with the cooking, and care of the rooms; while the girls are all Dorcases or Marthas, cooking, sewing, lace making, doing drawn work, embroidery, crocheting, and knitting. The calls from the Red Cross have been most insistent, and both girls and boys have cheerfully responded, doing very creditable work on sweaters, scarves, mittens, socks, and helmets, winning much praise. The girls earned
twenty-four dollars during last year for articles made to order from material furnished, and have made it go a long way toward buying needed garments and toilet articles.

Four of the first pupils who entered the Girls' School finished the course in June, 1917, and were given certificates,—our first girl graduates. Ding Bao Mei went to Kiukiang, Hupeh Province, to Dr. Mary Stone's Hospital, where she is helping care for little crippled children and teaching some of them to sew and make lace. Gao Djin Yii and Lin Fu Dzi returned in the autumn as normal students, and Li Ying Tswen stayed with us, as she has no home. All three are proving good helpers.

Five older pupils, who had been with us from three to five years, left, without finishing the course. Three of them were girls who had learned to sew nicely, make several patterns of lace and help with the care of the home. They can read and write very simple language and have learned the Gospel story. The boy was too old when he came to do much with lessons, but he was handy at manual labour and is now working in a hospital in Pao-tingfu, Chihli Province.

Sunday morning is one of the most interesting days of the week. All gather in one of the largest school-rooms for the opening exercises of Sunday School, when portions of Scripture and hymns are recited and prayer offered before they separate to go to the different classes. At the close they come together again, for an Old Testament Story, another hymn and prayer. A most illuminating chart, the history of Israel, is used which is a great aid to the pupils. The grasp the older pupils have of the events in "The Story of our Risen Lord" is quite equal to that of hearing pupils; and, a doctrinal catechism is as familiar to them as their daily lesson. Most useful illustrated lessons have been made on the New Testament, using the little coloured Lesson Cards sent out from America, many of which came from the Department of Waste Material, New York. A beautiful spirit prevails all through the schools and the native teachers say that the children do not know what it means to be jealous of each other; when they have little differences they are quick to forgive and forget. Four of the older girls have asked for baptism; and one of the boys will, probably, join the Church when he goes home again.

BOARD AND TUITION.

Board for forty weeks, $40.00 (approximately from September 10th to June 15th).

Tuition and School supplies, $20.00.

This may be paid in advance in two installments.

Where we have reliable information that the parents are unable to pay this amount in full, we are sometimes able to give the pupil the benefit in part of a scholarship; but, our resources in this line are limited, so we are obliged to ask parents, or guardians, to help as much as possible.

Pupils are received from seven to twelve years of age,—the younger age being far more preferable, resulting in better work on the part of the pupil. In the event
of the application of younger or older pupils, each case will be considered on its merits.

New pupils are received only in the autumn, except by special arrangement; and every pupil is required to bring a health certificate from a physician, to the effect that he is free from contagious disease.

There is no mid-winter holiday, but all pupils are expected to go to their homes for the summer vacation of two and a half months. A charge of $10.00 is made for those remaining during the summer.

In the case of pupils from long distances desiring to come to school, we earnestly advise that a hearing teacher, to be trained, be sent with the child, both returning at the end of the year to form a new center of work; this being done, preferably, in connection with a school for hearing children. One hearing teacher should not be expected to take charge of more than eight or ten pupils of different grades.

The course requires from ten to twelve years to complete, according to the ability of the pupil and the age at which he or she enters school.

The first four years are given to preparatory work to fit the pupil to use text books. The fact that a little deaf child has no language when it comes to school, makes it impossible for it to use books prepared for hearing children until it has acquired the ability to use the language of childhood. For the work of these first years, suitable lessons have been prepared for the teacher's use, the direct aim being to give the child a using knowledge of language and speech. As written language is the most satisfactory medium through which the deaf person can communicate with those about him, great stress is laid on the accurate writing of Chinese characters. During the first four years the pupils learn to write about one thousand characters and to use simple everyday language, both spoken and written.

The school days of the entering class are made as free and happy for the child as possible. Much of the work is done under the guise of play, when the children are learning both speech and language without being conscious of it. During this time, not only is the mind being trained, but, also, the hands, fitting them later to take the regular manual training.

The fifth year, or whenever the pupil has finished the entering course, he is promoted to the Primary Grade.

From this on, the curriculum used in the Government Schools is followed as nearly as possible.