WOMAN'S WORK IN THE FAR EAST
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Editorial

THIS number of our magazine is largely a memorial one. No words of ours are needed, however. For the testimony given in these pages of those who knew Mary Fitch for many years intimately, and her own beautiful swan-song—"With Him," will speak for themselves. The joy of fellowship in working together with her—before her declining health and other more pressing work obliged her to resign the editorship—will always remain as one of the bright spots in one's life. How discerning and wise she was—how appreciative and encouraging—and how humble and selfless. The secret of the power of her marvellous and never failing sympathy lay in the fact that she never minimised the difficulties and sorrows of life, but realized so fully that "out of them God can and does bring blessing." In the same letter from which this is an extract, she wrote on August 20th: "I feel as if the waiting time is very short for all of us now. It seems to me it is just polishing and overcoming time till Jesus presents us to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing." I cannot tell you how far from that I feel; but God is going on with His work in me."

Can we, who are still "waiting," do better than carry on God's work for the salvation and uplift of the fallen, along her own lines? And to this end we ask all our readers to bear in mind the "Mary Fitch Memorial Hospital" which it is proposed to erect in connection with the Door of Hope. The fund has been started with the donations in lieu of funeral wreaths, as a nucleus. At the expressed wish of her family this money was put aside to carry out the long-feit need of a well-equipped hospital on the Door of Hope grounds, to accommodate 30 or 40 girls, with proper facilities for isolation, maternity, and tubercular
cases and a room and office for a foreign lady-worker,—with wide verandah or glass sun rooms,—a good, solid, spacious building with proper accommodation and equipment. This may need Tls. 10,000. At present all serious cases have to go to local hospitals. Opposite page 133 will be found a picture of a girl having her foot dressed. This same girl is now acting as a sick nurse at Paoshan Road. She was given some training and has come back to the Home to care for other girls.

At the time of going to press about $800 has been contributed towards this fund. May it be that some of our readers will be able to help? Donations should be sent direct to the Treasurer—Mrs. Parrott, 31 N. Szechuen Road, Shanghai.

EDITORIAL.

It is with hearts full of thankfulness that we can, at last, wish our readers, this year "A Merry Christmas." With the clouds of war over our heads, true merriment has, during the past four years, seemed impossible. But to-day we are able to rejoice in a world—shattered, bereaved, impoverished, humbled though it is—yet a world freed from the daily horrors of bloodshed—a world, the victorious nations of which recognise that only through the reign of the Prince of Peace and of Righteousness can true happiness be secured.

Though we cannot but think of the many empty places round the hearth this Christmastide—the many fine, stalwart "boys" maimed for life, the economic problems facing our Allied nations and all the other consequences of such a struggle for Freedom and Right, as this has been, we look to the future with confidence in our God who can and will "make all things work together for good to those who love him." Let us, like old Scrooge, "honour Christmas in our hearts," and with gratitude for the triumph of Freedom, Peace, and Righteousness, "try to keep it all the year."
A Prayer.*

I love Thee, Lord, yet 'tis no love of mine
That goeth forth to that great heart of Thine;
'Tis Thine own Love which Thou hast given me,
Returning back, Oh loving Lord, to Thee.

Oh help me, Lord, to take by grace Divine,
Yet more and more of that great Love of thine,
That day by day my heart may give to Thee
A deeper love, and growing constantly.

The earth absorbs the soft refreshing rain,
And sends it back in flowers and fruit again:
So I receive Thy love, so rich and free,
And send it back in joy and praise to Thee.

The moon receives the sun's bright golden light,
And gives it forth to cheer the darksome night,
So I receive the rays of love Divine,
And with them cheer this weary world of Thine.

'Tis by Thy Love that I can love and bless
The foes who seem to blast my happiness,
Can e'en rejoice, when bearing wrong or shame,
Thou deem'st me meet to suffer for Thy Name.

Nought but Thy Love can satisfy my heart,
Constrain my will from self and sin to part:
In love so great Thou giv'st Thyself to me,
For Thou art Love to all eternity.

*Found among Mrs. Fitch's papers, in her own hand-writing, and as if composed by her. But of this it is impossible to be sure.
Contributed Articles

"With Him."

By MARY M. FITCH.

Closing address at Kuling Women's Conference, 1918.

"And He appointed twelve that they might be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach."

It is very interesting to note the differences, however slight, that are found in the four Gospels in their accounts of the Life of our Lord. The calling of the twelve apostles is to us missionaries a specially interesting story, every detail of which we love to examine carefully, and linger over thoughtfully and prayerfully. Mark gives us one glimpse into the Savior's heart at this time that none of the other evangelists share with us. He chose them that they might be with Him. We have never dwelt enough upon the fact that our God is yearning to become really understood and loved." But it is a fact that is a mine full of gems just waiting for us to explore and enjoy, and of which we may each take possession.

Even the Old Testament stories are full of this rich truth. How wonderful it is that it was after man's sin that they heard His Voice walking in the garden. How infinitely strange and precious that God came seeking them then. He had made them as companions for Himself and, even after they had sinned against such love, He would not give them up. We love to read of Enoch walking with God: of Abraham being His friend: of Moses who talked face to face with Him: and of David who saw as a prophet this blessed companionship and yearned in so many prayerful utterances for the practical realization of it. Those cries, "I do set the Lord always before my face, He is at my right hand," "Be thou my strong habitation whereinto I may continually resort," and hundreds of other similar calls and promises have been our treasures for years. They have comforted the hearts of God's people for all time.
But many of the Old Testament characters seem to be men searching "for a basis of fellowship with God." It was left for the writers of the New Testament, and for Jesus Himself, who, best of all, shows us there how it can be made very real, as the Holy Spirit gives and brings to us the Indwelling Christ. Mary, sitting at Jesus' feet, and John the beloved leaning on His breast are two of the most beautiful New Testament pictures, but they are not the only ones that tell of this "blessed togetherness." We hear sometimes of the wonderful condescension of Jesus that in His lonely life reached out for human companionship. But it was by no means only divine condescension. "It was the humanity of God really longing for the companionship and sympathy and understanding of man." One has said, "All the twelve started with average abilities, as if He would show us how much He can make of anyone who submits to the rules of His companionship." Alas! that the record is given that, however much He longed for this, He could not trust Himself to men, for He Himself knew all men, and knew what was in man.

But, in spite of this, Jesus Himself tells us how He longs for our intimate friendship. His lesson on the Vine is so illuminated by its promises for prayer and fruit-bearing and love, that it is one of the great beacon-lights of the whole New Testament; and the new intimacy that He here reveals—"Henceforth I call you not servants but friends"—gives a view into the love of His heart for us that we are too slow to appropriate. How many stand off, saying, "He cannot mean me, I am so unworthy." I am indeed unworthy, far more so than I realize, but He does mean just me; you and I. Only recently I read of a man, who has become quite noted in the business world, who said that he owed his success in life to the fact that when he was a boy a prominent lawyer said to him, "I want you to come and be with me." "What do you want me to do?" he asked. The reply was, "I just want you to be with me." The lawyer saw the great possibilities in the boy, and decided to train him by the beautiful way of an intimate companionship with himself. What glorious privi-
leges and possibilities open before the soul whom Jesus chooses to be with Him!

But what does the friendship of Jesus mean? Perhaps Mary can tell us as well as anyone. While "Martha put Jesus aside for things, Mary put things aside for Jesus." If you have read that poem by Rudyard Kipling, "The Sons of Martha," you may have been somewhat influenced by it. One cannot but acknowledge some of the truth in it and perhaps unconsciously is carried away by its happy sarcasm. But it is safe to take Jesus' own estimate of Mary's doings. He refuses to pass on to her the criticism of her sister. In the light of what Jesus says of her, we cannot for one moment believe that she was shirking her share of the housework, or unmindful of the extra burden that would be added by the entertainment of Jesus, and perhaps a few of His disciples as well. But what does He say of her? "She hath chosen that good part." What had she done? Notwithstanding the call of seeming present duty, she had deliberately put all aside that she might be with Him. And, having done this, she receives her Lord's approval. She evidently made no reply to the criticism of Martha, but rested on His word.

Let me illustrate by two of my own friends. I went to visit one who was very dear to me. While with her I learned many lessons from her faithfulness to every-day duties, her patience and calmness under all circumstances, and again and again, as the days passed by, we had precious bits of fellowship and communion. But after my return home she wrote me saying that after I left, she was very sorry that she had not put other things aside and spent more time with me.

At another time a friend came to visit me. She was a woman of rare gifts who had come to China to visit a missionary sister, and to rest a little from the strenuous work she was doing for young women in New York City. As I was a friend of her sister's I had the privilege of this visit from her in my own home. She came to me from an interior city, and my husband and I have often said that Shanghai is an unsatisfactory place in which to receive visitors. The tailor, the shoemaker, the storekeeper, the many friends of our
friends, take so much of their time, that we personally see very little of them. But this one friend was the rare exception. She knew my duties as wife, missionary, hostess, housekeeper, and especially that Chinese women were apt to claim much of my time. But every morning she came into my sitting room and sat by her favorite window, bringing her book, letter-writing, sewing, or crocheting. If I had a Chinese caller she would read; if I had to write a note or a letter, she would write also. But the moment I was free, she also was free. I had formed the habit years before of keeping some mending or other work on this same window sill, and thus in odd moments of Chinese calls I managed to do a little along this line. She was instantly ready to join me in the happy companionship of sewing and talking. I soon learned to know she was always there, waiting for me, happiest when we could share the experiences of life, and talk together of how the Lord Himself had led us all the way. As she kept this up all through those precious days, morning and afternoon, and as she had a store of rich and varied experiences from which to draw, is it any wonder that I look back upon this visit as one of the pleasantest I ever had? But the strangest, sweetest thing of all was that she wanted to be with me. She seemed to plan everything else for this one thing all through her stay with us. Do you get my idea? I mean it reverently, but I believe if Jesus sees us planning thus to be with Him as often as we can, He too is made glad by this proof of our love. The hymn, “Nearer my God to Thee,” that has been so precious to God’s children for many years, seems to me to savor more of the longing that we find in the Old Testament. It is as if one were on the way to be with Him, and had arrived at a happy resting place in the journey. But that beautiful hymn, “In the Secret of His Presence,” seems to give us the teaching of the New Testament, and the realization of the fulfilled longing of the soul that pants for God. It is “The Practice of the Presence of God.” The Indwelling Christ can alone satisfy every longing.

But we must never forget that the old I cannot dwell with Him. It was for this reason that He told Nicodemus
about being born again,—not only that he must be born again before he could get into the Kingdom of Heaven that we think of as up above, where God is, but the Kingdom that is within us, here and now, as Jesus lives in us and we live in Him every day.

But what do we have to do, here and now, that we may be with Him? Again we turn to Mary for the answer. Be willing to be less with others, that we may have more time to be with Him. We may even have the joy of staying away from others at times, so that we may be with Him; perhaps talk less to others and talk more to Him; or just take time to be still before Him. I have a little grandson who comes to me in such eagerness, and before beginning to tell what he longs to have me know, he says very impressively, “Listen!” I think Jesus sometimes comes to us thus, if we will only take time to hear Him. Then occasionally we may drop our busy doing, just to be with Him. He will show us when and how, and even though it may seem to others that we neglect a present duty, He will know and understand.

This is far more necessary for us missionaries than we are apt to realize; for it was after they were with Him, that He sent them forth to preach, and then, at times, the people “took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.”

While we know that just as home used to be where mother was, so Heaven is where Christ is, and that there may be Heaven in our hearts here and now, yet it is very blessed that Jesus prayed, “Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am,” and that He promised, “I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also.” So He not only wants us with Him now, but through all eternity. Shall we not, as the bride, respond quickly that, forsaking all others, we will cleave unto Him? Then shall our going to be with Him there, be as natural as it was to Enoch. A Chinese Christian woman in talking of Enoch said, “He was in the habit of going out walking with God. One day they got so far away from his house that God said, ‘Enoch, you don’t need to go to your home any more. Come along home with Me.’” And he did.
Mrs. Geo. Fitch.—Early Memories.

By Elizabeth Lanman.

Two little girls, each four years old, sat on a high, old-fashioned seat in a primary Sunday school room, looking shyly at each other and swinging their small feet, which would require several years of growth before they could touch the floor.

The fair-haired child, with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, was little Mary McLellan and the brown-haired one, whose wistful glances met those of the blue-eyed stranger with mutual attraction, soon became her day school companion and dearest friend. Thus began a friendship which lasted with never a quarrel nor an unkind word for sixty-six years, and we cannot say that it is broken now, for, though one of the two has left these earthly scenes, that friendship was built upon and cemented by spiritual ties which outlast those of earth.

I have often heard my mother tell how these two loved to be alone together, sometimes off in the woods, or in the attic when they could hear the rain-drops pattering on the roof, or, very often at the home of one or the other to spend the night together. Then, after the lights were out, they would have one of their "good talks," and this meant, although a serious topic, one of never-ending interest and joy to them,—something about the Father in heaven whose children they longed to become. It was Mary who first had the assurance that her sins were forgiven and that she was now a member of God's family. Then she, in turn, helped her little friend to understand the way of faith; for Lottie was too timid to ask her own father and mother the solemn questions that were troubling her mind and insistently demanding an answer; but the beautiful freedom and understanding between the two children made it possible to talk these things over.

One Sabbath morning when they were thirteen years old, they stood together before the pastor and the congregation—the only ones to join the church that day—and they listened
attentively, while he gave them a lengthy exhortation, and when he quoted, "the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," these words made a lifelong impression, and fell like a prophetic benediction upon their young ears.

There then followed many happy years of school life and companionship. One custom they had, which shows the leading motive of their lives. On meeting each morning at school, they would exchange a tiny slip of paper on which was written, in the minute school-girl penmanship of that day, a carefully chosen text of Scripture. No doubt the words often helped them through the trials and perplexities of the day.

In their early twenties each was married, and then Mary McLellan Fitch came with her husband to China. My mother remained in the United States, and the great Pacific has ever since, except for brief times of furlough, separated the two friends; but the love and understanding has continued throughout the years.

As a member of her home here, for several years, and knowing her intimately, I can say I think I have never known anyone whose heart more yearned for God and longed to have His will accomplished. Now, she beholds His face!

"Rich harvests are the glory and the richness of the plain, and they come out of stretches of dreary-looking mud. And is it not true that we must lie down and let sorrow and pain and God's love-touch of discipline go over and into us until we are all covered up by it? It is the field in us being got ready, so that out of the dreary wastes of life there may come the hope and promise and fulfilment of the harvest." — M. M. F.

"A real danger lies in our unwillingness to receive His supply. It often comes wrapped up in pain, disappointment or even agony of soul. How many unappropriated blessings must be lying idle in the Treasure house of Heaven! They were made ready for you and me; but when they came, we shut the door upon them!" — M. M. F.
THE passing of our dearest friend, Mrs. Mary M. Fitch, has left us thinking back over the intimate fellowship of these past years; and it is difficult to realize that she is no longer at hand for the blessed hours when her tested and true friendship flowed out in helpful communion over mutual joys and sorrows. Her life hopes are abundantly fulfilled in His presence, and one finds comfort in the thought of what it must be to be THERE.

She has heard the King saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you ... for I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me. I was sick and ye visited Me; I was in prison and ye came unto Me." One can almost catch the sound of her sweet voice with a little tone of surprise saying, "When saw I Thee naked, hungry, thirsty, a stranger?" To those of us who knew her best, this deep sense of humility was most characteristic of our dear sister. But, when was there one hungry or thirsty soul, seeking more of God, a deeper knowledge of Himself and His Word, a greater deliverance from the bonds which sin, in secret or openly, had put upon it, who did not find in her the keenest sympathy for the need, and a great out-going of her heart of love to minister an abundant supply of the bread and water of life, and to lead to the cleansing and delivering fount opened in the House of Judah?

Her whole life seemed made up of one continuous ministry; and she was one who unconsciously won the heart confidence of all alike. Rich or poor, high or low, cultured or ignorant, it mattered not to her; each received equal time and attention if they came with a need. She entered into the lives of those about her with such a deep sympathy that she was often physically worn and broken with the tales of sin and suffering which she was powerless to help; but her unfailing relief was to bring their burdens and hers to her
A DOOR OF HOPE PATIENT. (See page 133.)
Master for His touch of upholding and comfort. There was a fragrance in her life and ministries that could only come from the love of God Himself, poured out as it was in and through her in such abundant measure. Everyone felt this and the response to its influence brought added opportunities of service.

Burdened for those in gilded palaces, prisons of shame, she prayed for open doors, and God gave her to help many a weary one to escape sin's bondage. It was a wonderful joy to her when, through associating herself with four other ladies, it became possible to open the Door of Hope. For eighteen years this work has been blessed by her wise counsel, her constant prayers, and unfailing interest in and labors for its support and development. Every girl in the Homes loved "Fei Tai Tai," and every teacher would bring to her their heart's secret cares and sorrows, always to receive a new clothing of strength and patience for the battle of life through this contact.

As she came and went among us, one could get glimpses of her wide acquaintance with Chinese women, and we often wondered at the strength given for the many demands upon sympathy and thought to which she unfailingly responded.

Over the troubled brow of one and another she passed her hand of love, and left them peaceful in the keeping of Him to Whom she had committed them.

Her heart and home were ever open to the stranger. She delighted to welcome the new-comer to this land and the Lord's work, and the ties thus formed became bonds of rich blessing through years of spiritual fellowship.

One can give but the poorest idea of all these labors of love; but may God give us to seek from them fresh inspiration for holier living and more whole-hearted consecration in service.

"God, your Father, looks down with infinite tenderness and sees your need—just what He knows your need is,—not what you imagine it to be."—M. M. F.
Mrs. Fitch as Hostess.—An Appreciation.

By Mrs. Matrér.

A ny complete sketch of the life and work of Mrs. Fitch would embrace the beginning and development of almost all work for the regeneration of Shanghai. But the record of this work must be given by those with whom she carried it on. I want to speak of the side of her life that more personally concerned me at the time when I was brought most intimately in contact with her,—as a hostess.

How many of the refugees of all Boards, gathered that winter (1900-'01) in Shanghai, found their way to her hospitable home! One must first pass the entrance to the sales room, then pick his way among the great packing boxes crowding the entrance, reading on many the names of those who had the past summer won their martyr's crown. Past these, and up a flight of stairs that brought one on a level with the offices, through the doors of which could be heard the creaking of the presses,—then up another long flight, and there was a welcome waiting for you that made you forget Boxers and martyrs, and think only of the gates of Heaven! Of course not all those hundreds of refugees could be invited to live in her home. But I think there were very few that did not enjoy her hospitality some time in the winter. The contrast between the wretched crowded Chinese houses in which many of them were obliged to live, made this homey home and rare welcome all the more richly appreciated. To the few of us who could make our home there, the privilege was unspeakable. At one end of the large room that served as meeting-place and dining room, ran a long table that seemed capable of infinite expansion. There was always room for one more, or for a whole family more, as the case might be. She must have had wonderful servants! Seldom did she come home from church without bringing some one with her. How many, in speaking of their memories of Mrs. Fitch, have spoken of these delightful meals in that upper chamber!
That was before the days when one must never sit with idle hands, for fear of being called a "slacker." But, unless a large company were present, Mrs. Fitch's hands were always busy, when not serving others or herself, with some form of knitting for some small protegé, and there were always a plenty of them, for her heart was as large as all Shanghai.

Her interests were deeply concerned with the work of the compound, the church and school in front, and the Press within, for that was before the founding of a separate printing plant. In fact, the next spring we four took a walk over the waste fields in Hongkew, to see where the new Press was to be built.—Dr. Fitch, the then manager of the Press, and my good man, who, at one time shortly after Dr. Fitch came to China, had been manager, and we two women. How changed all that locality is since then! And Mrs. Fitch's interest in the work of the Press was not only on her husband's account; many books remain to enrich the lives of the Chinese,—not ambitious works in wen-li to arouse the admiration of scholars, but simple books such as an ordinary Chinese man or woman could receive an uplift from. Especially helpful are "Expectation Corner" and "Thanksgiving Ann." There were also some books in English; "Apples of Gold" and "Pictures of Silver" contain wonderful messages received through pain and distress. It might at first sight seem a little strange that one should entitle her own poems "Apples of Gold," but when we read of how she got them, it seems very beautiful. She did not consider them hers. They were given her, usually in moments of extreme pain, direct messages from Heaven, and she wrote them down as one of the old prophets would have done. One of these gives the reason why the home seemed such a foretaste of the home above. It is called the "Homeland."

I used to think of the Homeland
As away in the blue above,
And far off seemed the Homeland;
A distant Home of Love.
But now I know that the Homeland
Is here in my heart with Thee;
So near, so real, is this Homeland,
Because Thou art here with me.

Oh the joy and the peace of the Homeland
Thou hast placed in my heart for me,
And I live every day in the Homeland,
For I live, blessed Lord, with Thee.

Oh the life and the love of the Homeland
Are far beyond compare;
Just as real, just as true as the Homeland
In the mansions Thou 'st gone to prepare.

REST.

Say, then, to thy troubled soul,
"Rest thyself in His control:
Not a part; but rest the whole."
—M. M. F.

Oh Lord, I am so glad,
So happy and care free;
My heart is singing a low, sweet song,
Because I'm alone with Thee

Oh I love to think of the time
From the world and the flesh set free,
When I can go straight up to Heaven
And be forever with Thee.

For here I am burdened with sin,
And sometimes I wander from Thee,
But some glad, bright day I'll be called away
To be forever with Thee.
—M. M. F.
FLOOD REFUGEES AT PAOTINGEI, 1918. WAITING FOR THEIR MORNING BOWLS OF MILLET.
Flood Relief in the Paotingfu Field.

By Grace M. Breck.

The disastrous floods of last year in North China have been written about so fully that there is no need here to go into details regarding the subject. Just by way of introduction it may not be out of place to summarize the situation by stating that in this section of China, the rainfall during 1917 was more than twice that of 1916, although during the first four months of the year there was no rain at all. The result of this drought was the scorching of the crops throughout a large area. In the month of July alone, the rainfall was equal to the total rainfall of the year 1916. Following the heavy and continued rains, came the serious flooding of a large part of the country district, which makes up the Paotingfu field. In some places the arable land was covered several feet deep with sand. In other places whole villages were submerged in mud, ten feet deep; and there were places where more than half of the houses in the villages were washed away. The floods caused some of the rivers to change their course, so that they now run through what had been the only land owned by poor farmers.

When we faced these conditions in the fall of 1917, there was no way in sight to relieve the many flood sufferers in our field. As the destitute condition of large numbers of people became known, contributions from different sources began to come in, and by the middle of June, 1918, a total of more than $50,000 Mex. had been contributed for relief. About $37,000 of this sum came from the Metropolitan Union Flood Relief Council of Peking, $11,000 from the American Red Cross, and $3,000 from friends in various places who knew of the great need for relief work here.

The funds for relief were administered in several different ways. About the first of January two temporary refuges
for some of the most needy women and children

**Opening**

of **Two**

**Refuges.**

were opened in the city of Paotingfu,—one in the American Board Compound in the South Suburb, and one in the Presbyterian Compound in the West Suburb. About 150 women and children were cared for in these two refuges. A few of these were people from Paotingfu or vicinity, but the large majority were those who had come to Paotingfu because of their destitute condition, and who were begging on our streets at the time these refuges were established. These refuges were kept open for a little more than five months. Some industrial work was done in both of them,—the spinning of cotton thread and of coarse cotton cloth, and the weaving of simply made rugs. Some of the women were blind, and some were too old and feeble, and some were too much burdened by the care of little children, to have a part in this work; but those who were able to do so, worked regularly during part of each day. There were about twenty children in the South Suburb refuge who were old enough to study, and a little school was opened for these children, so that they might study several hours a day during their stay here.

From the first of March to the middle of June two "chou ch'ang-tzus" were opened in Paotingfu,—one in the South Suburb, and one in the West Suburb, where a **Porridge**

**Kitchens.**

threepint bowl of millet porridge was served each morning to those who were given tickets of admission. More than 350 tickets were given out to some of the most needy who were begging on our streets; most of them, however, not being Paotingfu people, but women who had come from villages, more or less distant, in the hope of being able to beg enough to keep them from starvation.

Most of the relief work in our district was administered in various places in the country, instead of here in Paotingfu. There were thirty-three places throughout the district forming our country field where temporary refuges for people in the flooded districts were opened. In most of these our chapels were
used for refuges, and more than 1,500 people, mostly women and children, were cared for in these places. The refuges were scattered over a large district, including twelve different hsien or counties. Mr. Hugh Hubbard of the American Board Mission devoted most of his time last year to superintending the relief work for flood sufferers. He estimates that about $2.11 Mex. covered the average cost for a month of caring for each person who was helped in our country refuges. Besides these refuges, nineteen “chou ch‘ang-tzus” were opened in the country, and in these about 1,500 people in all were given a bowl of porridge every morning.

Some of the relief funds were given with the understanding that the money would be used to hire some of the men in the flooded districts to repair roads, and in building dykes, in the hope of preventing similar floods in the future. About $12,000 was spent in road-repair work, and eleven hundred men were helped in this way, which means that this number of families were helped. For the building and repairing of dykes nearly $12,000 was used, and more than four thousand men were employed in this work, the dyke-building being done in four different hsien. The sum of $2,000 was given last spring, with the understanding that the money should be loaned to farmers who would be able to take care of themselves if they had money to buy seed for planting the spring crops. Those who received help in this way promised to repay the loans in the fall, after the crops had been harvested.

In addition to the various forms of help already mentioned, a great many clothes were given out,—more than two thousand garments in all. The American Red Cross Society sent a large quantity of wadded garments for distribution in our field, and many came from friends in Peking and elsewhere. Some of the money that was given to help in the relief work was spent here to buy clothing for the women and children in the refuges and for some of those who were coming to the “chou ch‘ang-tzu,”
as many of them had nothing to wear but the ragged wadded clothes they had worn all winter, and as the warm weather came, they had nothing at all that was suitable to wear.

In administering the relief funds, an effort was made to give only a small proportion toward helping those who were affiliated with the church, the hope being that, as far as possible, the church members would help their brothers and sisters who were in need. In some places it was stipulated that not more than one-fifth of the relief funds should be used to help church members, and in many places not more than one-tenth of the funds were permitted to be used to help church members. Actually the proportion of church members helped by the relief money was much less than one-tenth.

It may be of interest to narrate briefly several incidents showing the desperate conditions prevalent in our field last winter. On one of Mr. Hubbard's visits to Po Yeh, he interviewed a woman who with two children was staying in the refuge there. The day before Mr. Hubbard talked with her, she had tried to sell her daughter for one tiao (forty-eight coppers). The week before she had exchanged her son for one bushel of kao-liang, having promised to pay $100, if she should want him back. When asked why she had sold her children, she replied, “I had no way of feeding them, so I wanted to place them with people who could care for them, and then I planned to jump into a well or river and drown myself.’’ In An P'ing there was a man who was caring for five destitute families in his own yard. Among these was a man whose house had been swept away by the floods; while he and his family were fleeing, his wife had jumped into the river to drown herself, but was rescued by a boat which was passing near. Why should she not wish to drown herself? She had no home, no money, no food, or clothing for herself or her children, and she could see nothing ahead but starvation.
During the winter many of the people in the stricken district subsisted on wheat sprouts, old sweet potato vines, chaff, etc. In the spring the leaves of the elm and the willow trees constituted the commonest diet. Throughout the district affected by the floods, many of the women, even, climbed the trees to strip off the leaves for food.

In one of the places where a “chou ch'ang-tzu” was opened, plans had been made to receive forty people. Twice this number came begging for tickets of admission; and when it was explained to them that the funds provided to maintain the place would not admit of receiving so many, those who had first come begged that more water might be added to the chou, so that it might not be necessary to turn away the others.

Evangelistic work was done in connection with all our relief work, and the results are most encouraging. None were allowed to take steps toward church membership while they were receiving help, in order to guard against receiving applications for church membership, which were inspired by the hope of receiving more temporal help. But widespread interest in the gospel message has been aroused, and in many parts of our country-field there is unprecedented eagerness to learn more of the truth. This interest is shown not only on the part of the many who were helped during the winter and spring, but by many of the officials and men of influence, in the places where the relief was administered. The benevolent work that was done, has aroused a very friendly interest on the part of many who had not before been at all interested in the “Jesus Church.” For instance, the magistrate in Po Yeh has the common reputation of being a Christian, and has been most friendly in his attitude. He has loaned the use of government school-buildings for services, and has attended some of the services himself. The Tinghsien magistrate has co-operated in every way with the relief work, and is an intimate friend of the evangelist located at...
that place. The son of the official at Kao Yang has entered the church.

Several months ago Miss Chapin had an interesting call from a young man who is one of the evangelistic helpers in Paotingfu. He planned to go to his home in the Mutual country to spend a few days, at the time of the Help in Chinese New Year; and as he had heard that there Village was great poverty in his village because of flood Centres, he was anxious to use a little money for relief there, if funds could be contributed for this purpose. (His village was not one where the relief funds were being used.) The sum of $10 was given to him to use as he thought best in his village. As soon as he arrived at home, he inquired in a quiet way as to who were the most desperately needy folks in the village,—the cases where there was no man in the family to look after the others, or where the man was not able even to beg. He secured the names of sixteen or seventeen who were most destitute, and then wanted to buy some grain to give to them,—a dollar's worth to the worst cases, and half a dollar's worth to those who were not already on the ragged edge of utter destitution. No one in the village was anxious to sell grain, for they said that, before many weeks, they themselves would have to be buying if they sold what they had; but when the special purpose for which the grain was wanted was explained to them, some were willing to sell a little. By buying in small quantities he managed to buy $10 worth, from a dozen or so different people. Then he distributed the grain to the families whose names he had collected as the ones in greatest need. These poor people were simply astounded. They said it seemed to them that the grain had simply dropped down to them from heaven, and they couldn't understand how it was that people at a distance, who didn't know them at all, should have been interested to want to help them in this way. This gave him a chance to preach the gospel, and the people begged him to tell them more about a doctrine that had such results as they had seen in the way of benevolence.
Large communities are open as never before to gospel teaching. In Ting Hsien more than a thousand have enrolled as enquirers since the relief work began. A recent letter from that place tells of there being more than seven hundred present at a regular church service, of which number more than eighty enrolled as enquirers on that day. Many of these are elders or influential men in the villages where our relief work has been done. A large number of those who were helped during this past year, live in villages where the gospel has not been preached, and invitations have come from many of these villages begging that an evangelist may be sent to teach them. We are earnestly hoping that there may be a permanent evangelistic advance throughout our field as a result of the relief that has been given.

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I want to walk with Thee, dear Lord,
Along life's way;
Nor ever take one step alone,
Lest I should stray.

Keep me from speaking any word
That is not Thine;
Keep me from doing any act
That's only mine.

If Thou dost see it best, dear Lord,
I pray use me;
May I not glorify myself,
But only Thee.

—M. M. F.
The Evangelistic Work at the Mili Camp for Flood Refugees during March, April, and May, 1918, in Chihli Province.

By Deaconess Esther M. Sworder.

At the end of February, just as the frost was beginning to give and water and mud were taking the place of hard ground and ice, the camp was built of mats and poles which was to accommodate for three months over Mat Camp for 6,000 Women.

6,000 women and children and a few old men whose houses had been flooded in the middle of the winter. These houses of mud stood as long as the frost lasted but began to fall as soon as the frost gave and came down burying grain and household goods in the ruins.

On March 7th, I and three Chinese women from the Chung Hwa Sheng Kung Hwei (中華聖公會) went down to make a beginning of evangelistic work among the women. We were housed about ten minutes’ walk from the camp in buildings belonging to the mission in part of which were about 30 refugees, the remains of the many who had stayed there one night on their way from their homes to the inns in An P'ing (安平) city, which was the first refuge opened.

Refugees Arrive in Hundreds. The people were arriving by the hundreds at the camp every day and coming many miles out of the direct route to reach Mili at all, wading through the mud and water which surrounded their villages.

The middle and south villages were already built, but everything was far from being in perfect order, every capable man helper being busy from morning till night receiving, clothing, and housing the people as they arrived and, hardest work of all, sending away those who seemed the least deserving.

The village streets were muddy and wet and only possible where kaoliang stalks had been spread to walk on. Sanitary
arrangements were wholly inadequate, and there was no provision for washing persons or clothes. These matters simply had to wait till the first rush of receiving people was over, and then they received attention. In the meantime the patience of the women in putting up with many inconveniences was most remarkable.

When we first went down, the people swarmed round us. They had never seen a foreign woman before, nor Chinese in Peking fashions; it took days for them to satisfy their curiosity, and of course the numbers of the curious were always being added to by new-comers.

They were very ready to listen to us and received us gladly into their huts where we sat as thickly as we could (and that means a good deal in a country where everyone sits crossed-legged) on the floor. This floor consisted of about a foot of kaoliang stalks with a straw mat spread over it, and on this the people sat and slept, and here they had their meals of millet porridge twice a day.

In the whole camp I believe there were only three women who had heard anything about Christianity, to all the others it was absolutely new; so every day as we went from hut to hut, we had to begin again from the beginning to a fresh audience. Our plan of campaign was, as far as possible, to give everyone an opportunity to hear, so we divided ourselves, and each took a quarter of the camp to work in.

I suppose it took us about six weeks to get to the end of our quarter, and then we returned to the place we had started from and were able to talk more about the True and less about the false. Our endeavour had been to try and clear their minds of some of the many superstitions and false beliefs before mentioning Our Lord, for fear they would only think of him as just one more added to the many gods in whom they already believed. By this time a large mat shed had been built in the open space between the two villages, and every day the women were invited to go and
listen to Mr. Li or Mr. Ho preaching, and some of us went to help arrange them and keep them quiet and orderly. (This latter need ceased after a few weeks.)

We also had, about this time, welcome help from the Presbyterians in Paotingfu who sent us three Chinese women evangelists, and two of them worked in the north village which we had hardly touched.

As we got to know the women, we made a selection of those who seemed most anxious to hear Text-books Used. and set to work to teach them Dr. S. G. Peill's system of Kuan-hua Tzü-mu.

This number was added to from time to time and divided into classes taught by various people in a class room built for our special use. The pupils sat on the floor, just covered with a mat, and generally the teacher got a little narrow form. By the end of the time the most proficient had read St. Mark's Gospel and had had it explained and were given St. John's Gospel to take home, this latter having parallel columns of Tzü-mu and Chinese character, they ought to be able to learn a good deal of the latter for themselves now.

The other class who made much slower progress, only got through eight chapters of St. Mark, and there were others who read the little book on which all started and got no further.

On Sundays there was a service for women at twelve o'clock in the big preaching room, and on Sunday evenings Mr. Li had a preaching for the workmen, police, etc., whose duties were taken over pro tem by some of the members of the committee who had had a service earlier.

Reinforcements. in the day in the church room in Mili village. About three weeks before the end of the camp, our forces were suddenly enlarged by eight women of the American Methodists and American Board Missions in Peking; two of these went to An P'ing city to talk to the women in the inns there, and the rest worked at Mili.

This left the original workers more time to concentrate on the most hopeful people, and I think we all feel that there
are some very faithful future Christians to
form the nucleus of a Church in these villages.

A great many have been meeting together through the
summer and doing their best to have a Sunday service and
walking many miles to Mili or Taipu where Mr. Li or a
catechist was holding a service.

One fine Sunday evening a small platform of forms was
made in the middle of the large open space near the preaching
hall and the people were invited to a hymn

I ought to add that there was school for boys in the
morning and for girls in the afternoon held in the big hall.
They learnt to read some Kwoa Wen, also St. Mark’s
School. Gospel in Tzū-mu and to sing hymns and some
Gospel Stories. Writing was impossible for lack of
materials or tables.

Medical Work. a clinic held daily in a mat shed. Miss
Lambert (nurse) from this mission was
working there all the three months in conjunction with
various doctors; the first of the latter to go was Dr. Elizabeth
Lewis of the American Presbyterian Mission. When she left,
a young Chinese woman doctor took her place,
Small-pox. and when small-pox broke out and became very
prevalent, Dr. Hsueh came to their aid and took
over the superintendence of the medical and sanitary work of
the camp. Almost the whole population of the camp was
vaccinated and a small isolation camp was built for the smallpox cases.

An artesian well was made near the main camp which helped to solve many problems when shortage of water had been a real difficulty.

All the time there was a large voluntary staff of Chinese men helping the few foreign men in the general management of the camp.

I want no gift, unless it comes from Thee:
No gift of weal or woe,
No word to stay or go
Unless it be, dear Lord,
At Thy command.
—M. M. F.

Look up My child and sing;
The singing heart sees visions bright and fair
That sighing heart sees not,
Because its wing
Flutter and sinks to sorrow's outspread snare.
—M. M. F.

I'm least alone when all alone
For then Thou com'st to me.
Oh! can I ever lonely be,
If I have Thee?

One thought there is more precious still:
Which now, by faith, I see;
'Tis not, dear Lord, that I have Thee,
But Thou hast me.
—M. M. F.
Notes from the Chefoo Conference, 1918.

By Mrs. Hostk.

The first conference on women's evangelistic work was held in Chefoo this summer. The suggestion came from one of the resident staff, and was warmly taken up by the visitors. A committee of seven ladies, from five different provinces, drew up the list of subjects, and arranged for four evening meetings. These proved to be very happy, well-attended gatherings, and all too short for the helps available. A short devotional address was the first item each evening, and then followed addresses or papers on the selected subjects—country work, city work, Bible schools, women's missions, station classes, how to build up the Christian women, and how to deal with enquirers. After the addresses, each meeting was thrown open for remarks. Interesting facts about prison work were contributed, and some, whose sphere of service is in cities, were stirred up to begin visiting the prison women, to bring the blessing of the Gospel to these needy ones, who so gladly welcome a visitor, and to bring the benefits and joys of reading especially into the lives of the long-sentence prisoners, —some prisoners for life.

In addition to these four evenings, Mrs. Joyce very kindly gave a morning to showing, by blackboard lessons, the advantages of the simplified Chinese writing, known as Dr. Peill's "Script" and which she had found so useful in her Women's Bible School, not to the exclusion of the ordinary Chinese character, but in some cases in addition to it. The knowledge of the Script supplies to the women the advantages of Romanized, in learning the character or taking notes, and old and stupid women can learn it.

There was also an additional evening gathering for the exchange of choruses, verses set to music, simple prayers, etc.

The object of the conference was to draw us, as workers from different places and Missions, together, in mutual sympathy and help; and with this in view, the committee met for prayer each day before the meetings, and their prayers were certainly answered.
Someone summarised the conference as one of "Homely Practicalities," and from many simple practical suggestions, a few have been selected to pass on:

Have a room in each station set apart for prayer where the women can come away from their homes for quiet and prayer.

In a Bible school, when possible, bear patiently with a refractory woman till the end of the term, and then tell her not to come back. In this way you will save her face and the face of her friends.

Keep a list of women who are being prayed for by the Christians, as an encouragement to prayer and individual effort in bringing them in.

Hire courtyards in country places for a week's missions.

Give the women the opportunity of buying their own books by instalments of money or kind. They will value them much more than if they were given. (One lady present had had books paid for in eggs.)

As, in preparing a meal, it takes much more time to get it ready than to eat it, so an address that is to feed souls should have cost time and labour in preparation.

In place of the usual morning prayer-meeting, in which the same two or three always take part, have small circles about the room, not more than six in each, and let them pray in subdued voices from all circles at the same time. In this way those who, from fear of the sound of their own voice in a public meeting, have never before taken part, will be encouraged to join in and be likewise helped and strengthened.

Give the Bible-women doctrinal teaching. Professor Newell's book on the first eight chapters of Romans being very helpful for this.

We believe all who attended these meetings had their faith in God and the power of His Word, strengthened, and their vision of the needs and possibilities of the field enlarged, and have carried away grateful memories of the help and inspiration received at the first Women's Conference of Chefoo.

At the closing meeting a committee of resident ladies was formed, in the hope that it may be possible in future to make a similar conference a yearly thing.
Personal Work among Women.

Its Definition.  
*Personal work* is the reaching of one individual soul, contact with that soul, close touch, a heart to heart talk.

Individual soul winning is the greatest work God has called us to do and the hardest. It was Christ’s method and it is the most effective method. Seven of the twelve disciples were won to Christ by individual work. The ninety-nine are left in order to seek the one that was lost. The world will not be won to Christ by the masses but by the individuals.

It is not only the *greatest* work but the *hardest*. How much easier it is for us to get up and talk to a crowded room of women than to sit down beside one woman and point her to Christ. Then too it was Christ’s method.

Its Importance. We have not time to-night to look at all the individual souls that our Lord came into personal touch with. Think of the woman of Samaria, Nicodemus, Zacchaeus, Peter, and many others, and how effective was His method. May we look for a moment at the story of the Woman of Samaria, and see our Lord’s way of working. Here was a woman, a sinner of the deepest dye. She had come there not to meet her Lord, not to satisfy her soul’s hunger, but to quench her physical thirst. But our Lord has come there to meet that one individual soul, and that a woman, a sinner. These are the kind of women we often meet in our guest rooms in China, and we shrink from contact with them sometimes. But what did our Lord do? He was tired and hungry and needed a rest. But how that thought impelled Him, “I *must* be about my Father’s business.” There was a sin-sick soul needing Him,—How did He meet her need? He first of all got her attention by speaking of the water she had come to draw. That was the point of contact with that woman, a common interest; and that is what we need in dealing with our Chinese sisters. Find
a common interest. Don't begin straight away to preach to a woman. I find our Bible-women often make that mistake and therefore lose the interest of the woman. Draw them out to talk to you of their homes, their families, their troubles, and then you will be able to point them to the One Who can meet their need. Our Lord gained this woman's confidence from the very first; and so she told Him all that was in her heart, and because He had won her heart, she went out and brought in others by her simple testimony.

1. **Soul Preparation.** No soldier goes into the fight without learning how to fight. No fisherman goes to fish without first knowing something about it, and we can all learn this art of soul-winning. Before we speak to any individual, we ourselves need to be in close touch with the Master. Sometimes we may feel led to have a personal talk with a Christian woman; it may be she needs a word of reproof, or exhortation, or encouragement, and for this how much we need to wait on the Lord beforehand. I have known of a case when a worker felt that she ought to speak to a certain woman, and it was done without much thought or prayer beforehand and the result was failure. The waiting time is not lost time, and the one to whom you talk, will, by prayer, be prepared to receive the message that the Lord has given you for her. I have seen wonderful answers to prayer in that way, how imaginary difficulties have been removed, prejudices broken down, and hard hearts softened.

2. **Humility.** Do not let us try in any way to lord it over our Chinese sisters; let us take the low place. It may be the one to whom we are talking has fallen into sin, grown cold, or given way to temper, etc. How can we help her? By trying to understand her case, sympathizing with her, hating the sin, but loving the sinner, and letting her feel that, but for the grace of God, we might have done the same.

3. **Tact.** What is tact? As Mr. Trumbull puts it, “A touch on the right spot rather than the wrong, a touch which will win another.” It is impossible to touch a soul at a
personal work among women.

Certain point that will interest her, unless we know something of what her interests are. This was our Lord's method in winning the first four disciples. Because they were fishermen, He used fish as His bait—"Come ye after Me and I will make you fishers of men." And what tact you and I need in dealing with our Chinese sisters! It is hard to understand the Chinese mind, and it does not always understand us. In training our Bible-women, this is one of the things that we want to help them to understand the importance of. So many are keen soul-winners, but have no tact, and the fish they want to catch is often lost.

4. Love. Perhaps this need not be emphasised, as we all know it so well. "The greatest of these is love." If we want to help our Chinese sister, we must love her, get near to her. You remember Philip was told to join himself to the chariot. I like the word in the Chinese, "T'ieh chin" as it expresses more. And that is what we need to do. We must show her that we love her, be patient with her and learn to be a good listener to all her stories.

What personal work can you and I do? I do not think there is one of us here who is not meant to do some personal work. Sometimes in our meetings for women, if we watch closely, we often see a woman who has been touched by the message. Don't forget her after the meeting is over, but try and draw her aside and, if directed by God's spirit, we shall find out her heart's need and lead her to Christ. Or it may be someone living on our own compound, or a stranger who comes into our guest room. Let us ask our Lord that whether it be one of our Christian women that needs help, or a soul that has never heard of Jesus, we may have the message given us exactly suited to her need.

Day by day, in our morning watch, let us each one ask our Master to guide us as to whom He would have us speak to-day.
Glimpses and Gleanings

QUESTION CORNER.

The idea of a “Question Corner” has found favour.

One correspondent writes on September 30th as follows:

Dear Editor:—I just received the last number of the Woman’s Work paper and in it you ask what we readers think of a question department. I would say I have been longing for such a thing and wondered how and of whom I could ask about it. I am only new in China and have so much work to do and know so little about how to do it. I am village evangelist of our station and have tried everywhere I can to learn about woman’s work and am still in the dark. I must do something for the women if I must work out my own courses and prepare my own books. Have written several little books on doctrine for beginners who have not advantages of schools. Am trying them out in my teaching here. Will be so glad for help in this work among women and I believe the question department of your paper will do it.

Fraternally,

Nettie M. Senger.

Liaochow, Shansi.

Sept. 30th, 1918.

In a subsequent letter, she asks others to write her their personal experience in teaching women to read. She also enquires where and when Conferences on evangelistic methods are held.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Miss Tippet’s meetings were greatly appreciated by the friends in the Baptist Mission, where she spoke at different chapels and schools, etc., during four days. In our own church two days were set apart for Christians only, and women from all the four churches in the city attended in good numbers. Miss Tippet’s bright, happy personality attracted them from the very first and her messages were striking and convicting. She makes full use of eye-gate, illustrating her talks in different ways, e.g., tying up one of the women in her audience in bands representing the binding power of sin,—building bridges from earth towards heaven, some of which failed to reach their destination, only one reaching over: “faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.” At the end of these meetings many women testified to blessing received. During the next few days rain interfered somewhat with numbers, but from 100-200 women came to each meeting and there was an unusual stillness and attention. Miss Tippet’s last meeting was in the hospital to a crowded hall. We are very grateful for her help. God has given her very special gifts for this work; strong physically, she never seems tired, and her fluent language and bright, sunny personality is a great attraction. Between the meetings one would see her surrounded by groups of women, commenting on her white hair and youthful face. One old lady wisely remarked that
Miss Tippet, Miss Gregg, and Mr. Lack must belong to the same family, they were so much alike! We could not help thinking that she was right, that these three evangelists have been specially equipped for this work. May God bless them and their labours for the churches!

Mrs. G. W. Guinness,
C. I. M.
Kaifeng, Honan.
Nov 27th, 1918.

A VISIT TO KANTUANTSIH OUT-STATION.

"The trip was not in vain: I registered four new women enquirers and was able to talk with and teach ten of those enrolled last spring. Two who have believed for a couple of years were baptised and received into the little church there, together with the grandson of one of them, the father and mother of the lad being members. The grandmother is past sixty, but very intelligent, and familiar with details of our Lord's life and death through hearing her son lead family worship. She is a cripple and has to be brought three miles on a barrow to attend service, but is a real jewel, and it does one good to see such results of the Spirit's work in hearts, apart from any preaching and teaching by us."

Mrs. H. S. Ferguson,
C. I. M.
Chenyanghsien, Anhwei.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The results this year of the Educational Union Examinations at the Paoning Girls' School are the best we have had, there being no failures in any subject, and nineteen first class and twenty second class honours were gained. Three of the first class honours were for Scripture. These results are largely due to the devotion of the students to their studies, many of them making it their aim to "study to be approved unto God."

Miss E. G. Grant,
C. I. M.
Paoning, Szechwan.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

The young man in whose home we stayed has rather an interesting history. He has been twice sold—first his parents sold him, and then he sold himself! His parents sold him as a small child to a family who was afterwards very unkind to him, treated him harshly, and turned him out to beg. When he grew up he came into touch with Mr. Liu, the An-fuh evangelist, who exhorted him to repent and believe the Gospel. He succeeded in getting some kind of regular work to do, and became an enquirer. But when the people, who had turned him out to beg his rice, heard that he was earning money, they sent for him to come home, claiming all his earnings as theirs by right, and saying how much they had done for him! He was not willing for this, and it happened that there was a fairly well-to-do old woman living not far away, who had no son, so through the help of the evangelist she agreed to pay these people the original sum they had given for the boy, and something over, to make up for what they claimed to have spent on him, and to take him as her own son. She also promised
not to hinder him in any way in becoming a Christian, and not to ask him to do anything false or idolatrous for her at her death. So he sold himself to her. She treats him just as if he were really her own son, and he has now a very comfortable home. The old mother seems interested in the Gospel too, and I was glad to meet her, and try to help her to understand a little more. She was very cordial and kind to us, and I do pray that she too may be saved, and also the man's wife, who is quite a young girl.

Miss L. F. Jackson.
Kian, Kiangsi.
Nov. 8th, 1918.

PRISON PICTURES IN SHANSI.

In Taiyuanfu is the Provincial Model Prison. At the present time there are over six hundred men and between twenty and thirty women prisoners. How different is this place from the old-time Chinese prison! Here the prisoners are treated well, though the discipline is never relaxed. May I tell you a little about the women's side?

For the greater part of the last three years I have taught there once a week. At first it was thought wise for two warders, duly equipped with swords, to escort us into the women's courtyards, but now we are escorted sometimes by the lady superintendent, sometimes only by a wardress. Far from wishing to harm the foreign teacher, the prisoners welcome her with a smile and low bow. By the rules of the prison they are not allowed to speak at any time, but this rule is waived during the foreigner's visit at class time. Their prison garb is of grey cotton cloth trimmed with red piping. Their food is good, consisting of hot millet and vegetables, and a little steamed bread. It is brought to them in large wooden buckets, and each prisoner ladles out her own portion. Their cells are clean, and each has a brick bed under which a small fire burns in winter time. Over the door of each cell is written the crime committed by its occupant, and very terrible indeed some of them are. The prisoner is known by the number of her cell, and not by her name.

They are kept busy with cleaning, sewing, washing, shoemaking, tailoring, and such like occupations. Among the things which try them sorely are two which might be mentioned. All must unbind their feet, a painful process for some of the older women; and all must take a bath, once a week, in winter, and three times a week in summer.

In the centre of the prison courtyard is a large hall used as a workroom. Here the missionary stands to teach on a little platform at one end of the hall. All the women listen attentively to the Gospel message, some of them intelligently, and the work is not without fruit. "Number 6" is in for killing her husband, and she was one of the first to profess repentance. So great is the change wrought in this woman that, although her crime deserves penal servitude, she is promised her reprieve after ten years. Another woman who was in for a few months, and whose little son was born while she was in prison, went home a true believer. She said: "When I came,
I had no hope; now I have a great hope"; and her face told how she felt. Others too are beginning to realise their need. It is a joy to be the Lord's messenger to these people.

A word about the lady superintendent of the prison. She is not a Christian, but she reads the New Testament, and has said more than once, "The Jesus doctrine is good; it is a reforming thing." This may be the first step in the right direction. The prisoners are allowed by her to paste on to the walls of their cells any Scripture portions left with them. In most of the cells you would see the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the hymn "Jesus loves me."

Mrs. Percy Smith,
English Baptist Mission.

Hospital Helpers.

One of our Bible-women, Mrs. Chang, has been with us since the hospital was formally opened, and the story of how she first began to be won in the Gospel is a very interesting one. In 1900 she was in this city when the Chinese Christians and the missionaries were killed, and she told us that when she heard that they were killed, she clapped her hands and was glad. Although she was sure there was something better than idols to worship, she felt that those who had died had not the truth. She said, "I had a heart like Paul—consenting to their death." Her old mother, who has recently died in hospital, was grieved about one thing at that time, and that was that they killed so many little children. For that reason she thought the thing wrong.

A year or more passed, and the missionaries came back, and, strange to say, Mrs. Chang's husband (who is not a Christian even now) wished, or rather told her to go to church. She went, and one of the lady missionaries there, finding that Mrs. Chang could read a little, asked her where she lived. Mrs. Chang decided that if she was to be asked such personal questions she would not go again to church. However, here again her husband insisted, and she went. Then this missionary invited her and her step-daughter to her house to tea.

Neither of them wanted to go, and on the way there decided that they would neither eat nor drink in the foreigner's house. But once again they changed their minds when told by this dear lady that she had made the cakes herself, and that in case they were not to their liking she had bought some Chinese cakes, which they would be sure to like. In short the "niceness" of the lady overcame their prejudice, and from that time onwards they learnt more and more of the love of God. To-day we reap the benefit for the hospital, for we have a very faithful helper and friend in this woman.

Mrs. Chang is also a deaconess in the church, and she never forgets what she was like once. If an over-dressed, powdered woman comes into hospital, Mrs. Chang will say, "Yes, I was just like that once. It is because they don't understand the Gospel." Neither does she forget those who told her of the old, old story.

Of our senior nurse, I wrote to you quite recently. Nurse Fan and Nurse Shin are our other
nurses, and both are Christians. All three of the nurses take their turn at conducting service in the ward, and one cannot but be pleased at the way they enter into everything that concerns the patients and hospital. I only wish I could send a photograph of the smiles that lighted up their faces when the last "Wants" box was opened. "Just what we wanted," they said, as each article was taken out of the box and put away. "The bandages will fill a drawer. What a lovely lot! We shall have enough until the next box comes, and there will be no need to buy cloth here for bandages this year." They and we are looking forward to the time, now the war is over, when another "Wants" box comes. The story of the hospital helpers would hardly be complete if one omitted to speak of dear little "True Love," who is so loved by all. She was born in hospital just two years ago this July. Her mother was quite unable to support her, and as she was a girl, the question was "Who wants her?" One day it occurred to us that perhaps Mrs. Chang would have her, so accordingly we talked it over, and Mrs. Chang said, "I have been thinking about it too, and since she is a girl, there will be no question when she gets big of her not being able to live in a women's hospital. Yes, I should like to adopt her." And from that time "True Love" has had all the love showered upon her that a little girl could have.

"True Love" is always spoken of by hospital people as "Our True Love," as if she were universal property. She is a charming wee thing, and a model of good health and cleanliness. She can already sing two lines of "Jesus loves me," and the sight of a book of any kind sets her singing it.

Mrs. Chang's own little daughter, "Precious," acts quite the big sister. "Precious" is about ten years old and goes to the Mission School. She was Dr. Lewis's first patient in China, and when asked by her mother what she intended to give to the Lewis Memorial Fund, she said, "I have no money, but when I get big I will help to nurse the patients in those wards."

NURSE ROSSITER, 
E. Bapt. Mission.

Taiyuanfu, Shansi.

A CHINESE HERO.*

Over the great plain of Northern China there swept last year one of the most terrible floods in history. So vast was the sheet of water which poured out of the great rivers whose banks had burst, that an area of land one-third the size of England was covered with an average depth of four feet. Many villages were swept away and their inhabitants drowned. Crops were washed out, large buildings collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of Chinese men and women and little children had to rush to the highest ground they could reach, and there live in little huts roughly made from a few mats.

No one will ever know how much suffering and sorrow the great flood caused or how many lives were lost, but among the

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*This is not news of woman's work, but it is too beautiful an incident to be set aside.
things that are known there are tales of wonderful heroism.

In the middle of the wintry weather—and it is very cold in North China in winter—one village was threatened with destruction by the overflowing of the river which went through it. The people had done their best to keep the river in its place—building embankments and walls as quickly as they could, and they hoped they might be spared.

One Chinese watchman set to examine the river bank, found a little stream of water coming through the new embankment at a place far away from any help. The evening was getting dark, and the moments were precious, for the gap in the river bank would soon enlarge if he did not stop it, and then the great stream would burst through, and sweep everything before it.

So he sat down in the cold stream and pressed his body against the broken bank.

There he stayed all night, until men came next morning, who built up the wall and carried the frozen watchman home to die.

“He saved others, himself he could not save,” might be truly written of this Chinese, whose name is unknown, as well as of our Lord.

From “News from Afar.”

L. M. S.

HELPERS AT YUNGCHOW.

Our house in Yungchow is beautifully situated, and well built, a lasting testimonial to the fact that whatever Archdeacon Byrde did, he did well. It has a flat roof, which is a joy when the hot weather comes. You sit downstairs in the evenings, and are nibbled by mosquitoes, buzzed at by flies, and dropped on by beetles, and but go up to the roof, and the shining stars are above you, the silent world beneath, and soft airs stirring even on the hottest night.

I want to tell about the pupil teachers, and the Bible-women in training. Miss Tan, a clever girl of sixteen, I brought with me from Hankow last year. She has passed all her examinations, and is in the position of a girl at home who has passed her Cambridge locals and is ready to go on for the University.

We have another too who is a very clever girl. Her parents are heathen. She has had three years at the Government school here, and has made good use of her time. At the end of last term, I suggested taking her on as pupil teacher at a salary which would little more than pay for her rice. She was not keen, as she seemed more inclined to go to Hengchow to the free Government school, and go on for normal training. Of course I in no way urged her to accept my offer. I was well aware that her uncle and sister-in-law were greatly opposed to us, and wished to make as much as they could out of the cleverest and prettiest girl in the family. What ultimately happened was that the notification of the entrance examination came too late for her to enter. In explaining the matter to our matron she very naively remarked she supposed that Miss Couche's prayers had made the letter late!

Two of my girls are an interesting instance of the conservation of results. When Miss Digby and I
first came out, the Wesleyans had a small girls' boarding school under a Miss Denham. Her furlough was due just about the revolution time, so she had the grief not merely of having to leave her work like the rest of us, but of going home to England, not knowing whether she would ever return to China, nor whether anyone would carry on her work if she did not.

As a matter of fact her school has never been re-opened, and she has not been able to return to China. Her twelve school girls scattered, most married, and were more or less lost sight of. But one fell on very evil days; her husband became a soldier, and his father was an umbrella maker by trade. There was a nine or ten months' drought and the family was nearly starving. I was at my wits' end for a teacher for very little children. Quite by accident the two needs met. Poor girl, the tears stood in her eyes when I offered her a small salary, all I could afford, and she said "It is God's mercy."

Another of Miss Denham's former pupils is anxious to be baptized. Neither of the girls seems to have forgotten anything she learned from Miss Denham. It is encouraging to know that God does conserve results when the work is really His.

Another girl, Miss Yu, is a very keen Christian. Her brother is in training in Hankow to be a catechist.

One of our Bible-women—Mrs. Koh—is such a dear, sweet woman. I have never met a humbler, happier Christian. She is so keen to draw in all the members of her own family.

Then there is Miss Mong. Her father was the chief magistrate here, a Fuhkien man. Miss Mong and her mother came here at the beginning of the Hunan troubles. Later on Miss Mong very kindly offered to come and teach in our school just out of friendliness. I knew they were quite wealthy people, as they expect to send their eldest son to England to study.

It is amazing how the city has assumed its normal aspect. All fear of the Northerners or expectation of their coming seems to have passed away. Mr. Holden has heard from the General at Hengchow that this is a veiled armistice; it would be a good hearing if true. Other rumours say that there is to be a pitched battle here. I am praying very much that this dear city and its people may not suffer. Two places near the capital have been burned to the ground, according to the report.

In the country there is a reign of terror owing to the brigands. People keep coming into the Wesleyan hospital wounded by brigands, and they come from every direction, and at various distances, so undoubtedly there are in a bad way.