

# The West-China Missionary News.

YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL

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用和平彼此聯絡竭力保守聖靈所賜合而為一的心

以愛心互相寬容忠實遵行基督親示神人團契之道

APRIL 1941

Let us agree to differ, but resolve to love, and unite to serve.  
T. T. Lew



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### STOP PRESS

Owing to the continued rise in the cost of printing, it will probably be necessary in future to publish only once in two months, instead of each month as in the past.

## THE WEST CHINA MISSIONARY NEWS

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# West China Missionary News

*In essentials unity, in non-essentials  
liberty, in all things charity*

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No. 4

## *Easter*

The suffering of the world today cannot but bear heavily on all who have a spark of imagination or sympathy. When we think of the thousands being bombed to death or killed on the battlefields, our hearts cannot but be torn with anguish. In such a situation what does Easter mean? what is its message for us in 1941?

Easter has many a message for us individually and corporately, but first and foremost it brings a message of hope. This is a truism, but none the less significant. No day was ever darker in the whole of human history than the day when Christ was crucified. For the little group of disciples it meant the loss of their leader and friend, the collapse of all their hopes,—blank, utter despair. For the human race it was a blot on its escutcheon, that can never be erased, for they “crucified the Lord of glory”. Could such cold-blooded murder, we may ask, be God’s will? Could the deliberate judicial murder of Jesus by such a traitor as Judas, such a hypocrite as Caiaphas, such an unprincipled villain as Pilate be in accordance with the purpose of a God of love? Would He not stop such a crime if He could? The same question is being asked by many today? If God is love and He is almighty, surely He would put a stop to this suffering,—this hell let loose on innocent women and children? This is not the place to discuss this old problem, or attempt ‘to justify the ways of God to man’. But the cross does remind us that our thoughts are not God’s thoughts, nor His ways our ways. Pilate was a villain, and the Pharisees hypocrites, but so far from frustrating God’s purposes, they were the instruments in His hands for the accomplishing of His eternal will. While we may be confident that it cannot be God’s will for the innocent to be murdered, yet we know that in this case it was God’s will,—that the cross was part of God’s eternal plan of redemption. The Lamb of God is the ‘Lamb slain from the foundation of the world’. So today we know that all this suffering cannot be God’s will, that it cannot be His purpose that men should slay each other, and yet we know that He

is in ultimate control, that He is working His purpose out, and therefore since His plans cannot be frustrated, all this must in some way beyond our conception form part of His ultimate plan, since He does make "even the wrath of man to praise Him". In other words just as beyond the cross was the empty tomb, beyond the grave the risen life, so in God's plan for this world beyond the suffering of the present time there must lie a new world in which dwelleth righteousness; but *how far beyond depends on us*. God waits for our co-operation. Without it the new heaven and earth of our dreams will remain a dream—at least for us. While we cannot prevent God's purposes, we can delay their fulfilment; and we will inevitably delay them, unless we are willing afresh to co-operate with God. Unless this world is willing to turn once again to its Maker, and meticulously follow His blue-prints, man will never be able to build the City of God.

The task seems hopeless today. We think back over ideals and hopes of the early post-war years, of our dreams for the League of nations, and of the conference table taking the place of ultimatums and the rattling of sabres. But where are our dreams now? What's the use some feel? Man being what he is, what can you expect? He made Socrates drink the hemlock, and he crucified the Christ. "Beneath the dingy uniformity of international fashions in dress, man remains what he has always been—a splendid fighting animal, a self-sacrificing hero, a bloodthirsty savage . . . . Mankind has honoured its destroyers and persecuted its benefactors, building palaces for living brigands, and tombs for long-dead prophets". True, at least in measure. But that is not all. If man were the only actor on this world's stage, the situation might seem hopeless. But he is not the only actor in this drama, nor the most important. The first actor on the stage was not man, but God, and He will be the last; the last act will be His too, and it will be the triumph scene, when He has "put all things under His feet", and the victory has been won. But a foretaste of this ultimate victory is given us at Easter, when He "overcame death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life". Easter reminds us that victory will be ours, and is ours, for we are Christ's and Christ is God's. And since the ultimate victory is ours, we can face present difficulty and even defeat with calmness and courage, but not with complacency; rather with a greater determination to do our part to hasten the day of His ultimate triumph. So Easter should fill our hearts with joy and gladness, with fresh courage and determination, resolved to press on to do what in us lies to hasten the day when His Kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

## *The Resurrection*

The late Dr. Dale was writing an Easter sermon, and when half way through, the thought of the risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. "Christ is alive", I said to myself; "alive!" and then I paused: "alive!" and then I paused again: "alive! Can that really be true? living as I am myself?" I got up and walked about repeating, "Christ is living! "Christ is living! "At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; yes, "Christ is living". It was to me a new discovery. I thought that all along I had believed it; but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. Then I said "My people shall know it; I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now". For months afterwards, and in every sermon, the Living Christ was his great theme; and there and then began the custom of singing in Carrs Lane on every Sunday morning an Easter hymn. When first I attended service there I was surprised to hear on a November morning the hymn given out "Christ is risen; Hallelujah!" I mentioned it to Dr. Dale afterwards and he said: "I want my people to get hold of the glorious fact that Christ is alive, and to rejoice over it, and Sunday, you know, is the day on which Christ left the dead."

A. A. DALE

### GOD

God, the God I love and worship, reigns in sorrow on the Tree,  
Broken, bleeding, but unconquered, very God of God to me. . . .

In a manger, in a cottage, in an honest workman's shed,  
In the homes of humble peasants, and the simple lives they led,  
In the life of one an outcast and a vagabond on earth,  
In the common things He valued, and proclaimed of price-less worth,

And above all in the horror of the cruel death He died,  
Thou hast bid us seek Thy glory, in a criminal crucified.

And we find it - for Thy glory is the glory of Love's loss  
And Thou hast no other splendour but the splendour of the Cross.

For in Christ I see the martyrs and the beauty of their pain,  
And in Him I hear the promise that my dead shall rise again.

High and lifted up I see Him on the eternal Calvary,  
And two pierced hands are stretching east and west over land and sea,

On my knees - fall and worship that great Cross that shines above,  
For the very God of Heaven is not Power, but power of Love.

*Studdert Kennedy—*

## *A Social Betterment Project for the Boy Miners of The Kokiu Tin Mines, Yunnan.*

**KOKIU.** Kokiu is a small hsien city located in the southern part of Yunnan. It is approximately twenty hours by rail from Kunming. It can be reached by taking the regular passenger service from Kunming to Pi-seh-chai, where one transfers to a privately owned and operated narrow-gauge railway to Kokiu.

Kokiu is a typical mining town, approximately 6,000 feet above sea level. In normal times it has a population of between 30-40,000. Owing to Japanese bombing which has done the maximum damage to ordinary residences and shops, but has scarcely hit mining, utility and government buildings, the population is temporarily greatly reduced. The entire life and livelihood of the town centers around the tin-mining industry. Those who do not own mines or are not employed as workers in the many mines, make a livelihood by trying to glean the small residue of tin left in the refuse, after the miners have extracted the maximum of tin from their diggings.

### **THE TIN MINING INDUSTRY OF KOKIU.**

The tin mining industry at Kokiu may, for our purpose, be divided into two categories: the Government owned and operated mines; the privately owned and operated mines. The former produces only 8% of the total Kokiu output as over against 92% produced by the privately owned mines. All of the ore, however is sold to the Government-owned mine The Ko-kiu Tin Mining Corporation Ltd (hereafter designated the KTMC), who smelt and refine the ore, and sell the "pure tin" to the Government at a fixed price. We were told that this was NC\$14,500 per ton. The present total annual output of "pure tin" is approximately 10,000 tons. The smelters operate 50 furnaces with 6-8 men per furnace, and a refinery with 150 men which converts the "tin concentrate" into "pure tin". At present in spite of repeated attempts to interrupt traffic on the Burma Road, it takes only 12 days to convey the tin ingots from the mines at Kokiu to the wharf at Rangoon: two days from Kokiu to Kunming, eight days by truck over the Burma Road to Lashio; two days by rail from Lashio to Rangoon.

### **THE KOKIU TIN MINING CORPORATION (KTMC)**

The influence of the KTMC in projecting any program for social betterment among the minors is of such major value, that it is highly desirable we should give a brief summary of the program of expansion of the KTMC, and

their policies in the treatment of their miners. The KTMC has just recently been organized; the Central Government, the Bank of China and the Yunnan Provincial Government being the partners in the concern. The Company possesses splendid modern buildings and equipment with a staff of 120 for administration. The plants for the washing, smelting and refining of the ore are all located in the town of Kokiui. Nearby is their Ma-lah-keh mine, at an elevation of 1200 feet above the town and smelting plant. The ore is conveyed from the mine to the washing, smelting and refining plant by means of an aerial cable. This is the only one of their two mines operating at present, and produces their entire output. The other KTMC mine is located at Lao-tsang which is right in the midst of the numerous privately-owned mines. Lao-tsang is 8,000 feet above sea-level, and is reached by "hwakan" or mountain chairs, or by Donkey Trail from Kokiui. It takes about 2½ hours to make the climb. Upon arrival you find yourself on top of the world.

The KTMC is in the process of installing a thoroughly modern, and complete equipment. The greater part of the heavy machinery, such as engines, compressors, etc., has already been installed. A special wide well-graded road winds down to Meng-tsz, connecting this town and the Lao-tsang mines. The plans call for the installation of a hydraulic system, which will pump 4,000,000 tons of water annually from Mengtsz to the newly constructed reservoirs at the mines. They will also have an electric power plant at Mengtsz to supply the electricity for the mines. Coal is so much more readily available for these plants at Mengtsz than at the mines. They have also ordered 12,000 electric torches for the miners, with chargers to recharge the batteries. When the installation is completed they expect to have an annual output from this mine alone of over 12,000 tons of pure tin, more than is now produced by all of the Ko-kiu mines.

**THE KTMC TREATMENT OF THE MINERS.** From the humanitarian and social point of view, it is most encouraging to note the policies that the KTMC has adopted for the treatment of the miners. No boys or old men are employed; the average age is 25; eight hours is the working day for the miners, and 9 hours for the surface shifts. Common laborers get \$3.50 per day, miners \$4.50 and skilled laborers (mechanics, and electricians) \$6.00—with food and lodgings. The company has provided unusually fine barracks for the men, one story buildings constructed from cut lime-stone, with wooden floors and glass windows which provide ample sun-light and ventilation. A clinic with trained doctor and nurses insures the best physical care for the workmen. We were convinced that the KTMC is not only seeking to set a

high standard in the treatment of their employees, but is eager to encourage and render every assistance to the operators of the privately owned mines. For example, of the 12,000 miners' electric torches the KTMC has purchased, they will require only 2,000 own miners, the remaining 10,000 they hope to be able to induce the private operators to rent and use, instead of the oil-wick lamps now employed, which consume such a fearful amount of oxygen in unventilated mines. This spirit of good-will and readiness to cooperate in a program of social betterment among the miners should be a great asset in our welfare project.

#### THE PRIVATELY OWNED TIN MINES (POTM).

The POTM number more than 100; some say more than 200. When operating at maximum output they employ about 100,000 miners. At the time of our visit we were told there were about 35,000 at work. The tools and methods are all of the crude outmoded type. The openings into the mines are so small that an adult must get down on "all-fours" to get in. The shaft usually takes the form of an incline into the bowels of the mountain, with a fairly steep descent with an average of about 1200 steps. There is no provision for sanitation or ventilation. The labor is all manual as contrasted with the machine-equipped KTMC. The ore is dug by hand, gathered into sacks by the miner, and carried slung across his back (about 60 pounds to the load) by the miner up the steep 1200-step-incline to the surface.

#### AND EVERY MINER IS A BOY AVERAGING LESS THAN 16 YEARS OF AGE.

THE TREATMENT OF THE MINERS BY POTM. If the KTMC is alert and eager to provide for the well-being of her employees, the POTM in contrast is the very antithesis. The employees are all boys; the average age may be 15 but most of them look younger; none look older than eighteen. They have the appearance of stunted growth, their faces prematurely old, with pouches under the eyes and a sickly pallor. The doctor of our party gave it as his opinion based on casual observation that they were all cruelly overworked most likely all had hookworm or were suffering from metallic poisoning or both. They sleep in mud-walled low-roofed sheds with no sunshine or adequate ventilation. We found the food of the poorest quality and variety. They are working on what practically amounts to a 16-hour shift. That is, they work underground for two hours, they bring their load of diggings up that steep incline and deposit their burden at the place where the ore is to be panned. We did not discover how they occupied the remainder of their time above ground before they returned in to the mine. We question whether they could do anything but seek to recuperate. We saw many of them come out of the mine, crawling through the opening, sweat pour-

ing down over their faces under their load of ore, panting with a violence that could be heard tens of yards away, - a sight such as we have never seen before. Many dropped down on the ground from sheer exhaustion as soon as they emerged from the pit. They make four such trips into the mine in a day. It takes approximately 16 hours. We were told by responsible persons that many of these boys are kidnapped; others are bound under contract for a term of years by their parents on a spot-cash payment of money. We were told that such contract labor could be secured only at long distances from the mines, where parents did not know the fate that awaited their sons. The mortality must be very heavy. We question whether there are any figures, beyond mere guesses, of what the death rate among these boys is. The superintendent of the KTMC ventured to estimate the length of service as about 3 years. Another gave the mortality estimate as 10% per annum.

THE SOCIAL BETTERMENT PROJECT ON BEHALF OF THESE MINERS. A year ago a conference of Yunnan Christian Workers was held at Kunming. This conference passed a resolution inviting the General Assembly of the Church of Christ in China, a union of thirteen Protestant Communions, to operate a comprehensive Christian program in the Meng-tsz, Kien-shui, Koku area. It was with a view to planning the implementing of this resolution that our party recently visited the mines. We found this one project of social betterment work among the boys of the tin mines a task of such dimensions that we will require the support of the government agencies as well as other Christian groups operating in the province. We are therefore recommending to the General Assembly that we form a Social Betterment Commission for Work among the Koku Tin Miners, and seek to enlist the cooperation of Government agencies, the Manager and Sup't of the KTMC and Christian agencies in Yunnan.

The project naturally falls into four categories. (1) Appropriate legislation by the government, where such has not already been enacted, with a view to insuring in the POTM the same treatment for the miners in regard to hours of labour, wages, age of workers, living conditions and medical care as has been put into practice by the KTMC. (2) There should be adequate provision that these laws when enacted will be effectively enforced. (The first category and the second are almost wholly the concern of the government, although the Social Betterment Commission of the CCC might be the secondary agency to help the government in carrying out some of this legislation. For example the government might require a periodic (semi-monthly) medical check-up on the health of the miners, and appoint the Social Betterment Commission to have their staff make these examinations,

and vouch that this provision has been carried out for all the mines). (3) There should be a program of contacting and cultivating the good-will of the mine owners, and of educating them through lectures and other educative means, so that they would gladly cooperate in this program, which would ultimately result in the abolition of boy labour in the mines, and the acceptance of the government's program for the treatment of the miners. This will be a difficult task in which the Social Betterment Commission of the Church of Christ in China (CCC) might be expected to bear the major responsibility, backed up by the full support of the government's appropriate ministries. (4) Palliative and Recreational work among the miners. Such work under existing conditions among these boys will be exceedingly difficult, especially in view of the 16 hours day of toil. However the program can be gradually enlarged as conditions improve, until a varied program with recreational, social, educational as well as religious activities will be in operation.

We have been told that by establishing five or six Centers, properly located, we might reach the greater portion of these miners. We would suggest that we begin with one such "experimental" center at Lao-tsang near the new KTMC mine. This would have two advantages: our staff could sleep and live within the barracks of KTMC under the protection of their guards, which is quite necessary where life is wild, and robbers and bandits numerous. We believe the KTMC would be glad to render this co-operation. Furthermore this gesture on the part of the KTMC would have a good influence on the POTM, and encourage them to lend us their good-will and more practical support.

This center should be in a suitable location in the center of a nest of such privately owned mines. We should need a suitable one-story building of cut-stone, well-constructed with plenty of windows for light and ventilation. Such a building should include provision for a medical clinic with an examination room, laboratory, and drug-room; for an adequate supply of showers, where the boys can get refreshing baths and dry clothes when they come out of the mines exhausted. The plant should also include a room for games class rooms, and an assembly room. A survey of the nest of mines would show the number of boys that would have to be accommodated, and indicate the size and number of rooms and the amount of necessary equipment.

As to staff: Each social center would require an executive secretary with a staff consisting of a doctor and at least two nurses, a laboratory technician and at least two men to direct the recreational and educational program. The scheme would not require any special hospitalization

equipment. We are fortunate in having in Kokiuh-shih an unusually fine modern hospital with a well qualified staff of doctors and nurses. The doctors and head-nurse who are all Christians are eager to cooperate in this project and receive as inpatients those boys whose physical condition requires hospital treatment.

After the first experimental Social Betterment Center has been built and is operating satisfactorily, the other five or six should be gradually constructed and put into operation:

This project will require such an outlay of funds not only for the building but also for the maintenance, that it will only be possible provided the government makes available suitable grants. This could be readily secured through the levy of a small tax on the tin mines and delivered to the government. In fact at present there is such an unused fund amounting to N.C. \$1,000,000 deposited in Kunming Banks, which was levied for this very purpose.

The above is but a very sketchy outline of a program in which doubtless many changes will have to be made before it can be successfully carried out. But the challenge is there, and the challenge is one of the most compelling that confronts the Church in China today.

A. R. KEPLER  
CHENG TU  
MARCH 6th 1941

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### *From Occupied to Free China*

When one starts a journey toward Free China, after three and a half years of residence in occupied territory, he finds himself setting forth in a spirit of romance. This spirit mounts and grips him more as he finds that by dodging about a bit and striking out across the sand dunes after leaving Kaifeng, he can successfully evade the out-posts of the forces of occupation. It rises later to higher level as quite some distance from the Yellow River he learns that he is already in Chinese controlled territory, and that he is in the land of the guerrilla forces. Then soon begin to pop up in the villages, and along the roads, guards of the Chinese regular forces, with their challenge to the on-coming stranger.

Arrangements for crossing the lines from Kaifeng are easily and quickly made. The usual mode of conveyance is the now ubiquitous light-frame cart with rickshaw wheels. Bargains are made the day before and one is warned, in spite of the clear understanding as to prices, that at certain places it will be necessary to call donkeys to help pull the carts over sections of heavy sand. The next morning at day-break the journey begins, preferably either from the C. I. M., or

the Southern Baptist compound, because each is outside the city gates. With a suit case, or a 'kore' as a back-rest and your bedding under and over you, the start is made. Romance and the traveler have their first good laugh as they come to the deeper sand dunes, and the cart-men announce that the donkeys are needed, for when the donkeys appear they prove to be young frisky cows. They "do their stuff", however, and in a half hour they are dismissed. The first nightfall finds one well into guerrilla territory, though to the outside world it is known as occupied territory. Consultation with the village chief secures us a place to sleep in a mat-maker's shed, where there are clean mats upon which we spread our bedding. Next morning internal pain and soreness in the back of one's hands disclose that, in spite of fleece-lined gloves, the biting north wind on the sand dunes the day before has frost-bitten his hands. An hour after a preday-light start from the shed of the mat-maker found the traveler, still accompanied by romance, at the former site of a ferry on the bank of the Yellow River, and he learns that for safety's sake the ferry site shifts every few days. Two hours travel up the River brings him to the ferry site for the day.

After a four hour wait a fleet of boats appears. They are loaded with some three or four hundred agile, self-possessed youthful citizens who drop off and ascend the bank. After consulting briefly in groups, they separate and disappear and the chances are, one suspects, that before night fall they will be scattered over the landscape giving guerrilla service to their country. Next comes the business of boarding the ferry. For weeks past the word had been that permits to cross into Free China were not required. It proves untrue, and the alternative to crossing is a wait at the River bank until permission to cross has been brought from Chengchow, more than a day's journey away. By quoting the official announcements of welcome to occupied territory of missionaries who want to cast their lot with their brothers in free China, and pointing out that at the village on the River bank there was not even a place to sleep, and reminding them of the long distance already covered from Shanghai, the officer in charge was persuaded to waive the requirement. What a relief it was to have self and luggage on the ferry, and to feel it swing out into the stream to drift over to the other side.

Two hours later bags and persons had been transferred from wheel barrows, which took them to the nearest village, to carts, and we were on our way to Chengchow, which after hours of travel by day and star light, through long distances of silence and without a challenge,—though we knew that we were observed,—we reached at nine-thirty in the evening. After hammering for sometime at a mission gate, we were

admitted only to find that we had bungled into a compound where there were women only! It was, however, the only compound in the city that night where there was the possibility of a bed. The problem was met by a loan of some bedding and the opening of a house which a furlough had emptied some months ago. That met the formalities and with the understanding that the dust of months should not be disturbed until morning, comfortable hospitality was provided.

The next stage of travel over a series of loess mountain-ranges to Loyang is usually made by cart and requires a minimum of three days. Thanks to the intervention of progress and a new truck line, instituted two days earlier, we made the journey in twelve hours. On hearing of the truck possibility we moved quickly and registered near the top of the list for the next morning. That morning, however, there was no truck, so we registered again for the next day, and bright and early were at the station only to hear that there would be no truck that day. We soon observed hopeful activities and, while beginning negotiations with possible carts for the trip kept within hearing. Finally we heard that if alcohol could be obtained the truck would go. Then a tire was repaired and wheel pumped up, and finally alcohol did come and our double registration secured a seat for us.

With thirty-seven other passengers and their luggage in the truck, "younger brother" got in with his bags and settled down as best he could. Just then, however, all large baggage was removed and the tail gate of the truck was opened to make way for a cask of alcohol and a spare wheel. When these had been put in and the gate closed, the luggage was thrown back into the laps of the passengers and left to find its own level. After that clambered up four soldiers and their guns, who also settled in the laps of the passengers. Then began what seemed the wildest and most wreckless ride one can imagine, as the heavily everloaded truck plunged down the dykes of the city to the lower level of the road, and started off on the 100 miles stretch to Loyang, perhaps the cradle of China's earliest civilization. Ten miles out we came to a single street market town on market day. Thousands were milling in the streets, which was lined by tables and booths, restaurants and stalls. The crowd was in carnival spirit and as ready for fun as for shopping. As we made our dash through the street, children, tables and even donkeys were snatched from our path, and occasionally a table, or a man would be bowled over, but no body was actually hurt, and instead of the sound of curses at our impertinence for disturbing the customs of ages, there were shouts of good humor at the discomfiture of stall-keepers and shoppers. Most of the journey was to the tune of a wind

storm, and we took on the color and appearance of the loess of the country-side, but we found friends and baths on arrival again in the night.

One must forego reporting a most interesting trip over the Tungkuai pass on foot in a blinding dust storm, caught a good deal of time in the most interesting traffic jamb to be found on earth. In this jamb were man and horse-drawn carts, carriers, donkeys and camels and a marching army, and it moved in low donkey gear only a step at a time, until it broke at the top and within the gates of war-scarred and battered Tungkuai itself. A few hours after that a train with a sleeper landed us in Sian, where at midnight as we stepped out we were greeted by the rail way station, with its beautiful red-laquered columns and Chinese tiled and curved roof, which is really the gateway into the great northwest. It is not Sian as is given on the map, but Si-King, western capital, as its inhabitants like to call it. Nor need one recount train travel,—twenty-four hours late to Paochi—or the journey by postal truck,—nestling in the mail sacks on top—to Chengtu, the great capital of Szechuen, the self contained and the classical; the gracious host to so many institutions and individuals as well as to all the winds of modern ideas which blow.

In finale, let me recount the story of an order for literature. On arrival in Sian there was word of the delay of the Terry family (of the Christian Literature Society) there. The next morning I called and heard their story of passport troubles and the ensuing delay, but there was also a note of discontent and disappointment at the enforced idleness, and then came the story of Terry effort to ease conscience and to do a worthwhile service as well. In the uncertainty as to how long the delay in travel might be, Mr. Terry wrote mission stations in Shansi and "Free" Honan, offering to take orders to be shipped to Kaifeng, and which he hoped he could personally arrange to bring across the Yellow River for delivery at the main points of travel along the way. The response was surprising. There was not a single order for less than \$1,000.00 and the total of orders received within the month of January was larger than the total annual business of the Christian Literature Society for several years past! These orders are now accumulated and Mr. Terry is on his way to arrange for their transfer to literature-starved mission stations and workers over a wide area. Romance of travel, traffic jams and dust storms and the passage into Free China yields whole-heartedly and awe-inspired to the greater romance, the vigor and ingenuity of the far-flung Kingdom of God in this trying time of war as they have appeared in various encouraging forms in every center visited on the way.

### *The Best is Yet To Be*

"Today is the tenth day of the tenth month, the birth of the Chinese Republic, China's fourth of July. It has been raining most of the day and China's people are thankful. What a paradox—on a day that should bring joy people crouch in fear and welcome clouded skies that keep enemy planes away. Bombs have fallen in three different sections of Chengtu since I came down from the mountains this fall. The price of rice has soared seven times since December 1938 and other prices accordingly.\* There is destruction—there is fear—there are heavy hearts this day. But this is not the China of which Sun Yat Sen dreamed; it is not the China which for centuries has absorbed its enemies and lives on.

When I came to Chengtu last fall (1939) Jan Fang (Dye House) street near where I was living was in ruins—no shops, no business, deserted. Today I see a widened street with new stores and shops and much activity. The University is building new dormitories and halls as quickly as materials can be secured. Hundreds of students have walked the thousand miles from 'penetrated' areas to continue their education in this free province. 79 students with a dozen faculty members spent their vacation this summer working with the Tribes people of Tibet.... A returned student from Cornell University takes up his work as editor of *THE CHRISTIAN FARMER*. 25 rural leaders met last week to plan the days ahead in rural education and evangelism. Cooperatives increase their educational program in cooperative living. Agricultural Experimental stations breed rabbits whose fur can be sheared three or four times a year for wool which is knit into very fine clothing. The Minister of Communications recently asked a group, 'Shall we plan to expand communications West or East of Chengtu?' Girls in an evacuated high school in the country use their free evening time to teach servants to read and write. The National Board of the Y. W. C. A. still hopes to hold a national convention next year. A Christian high school girl writes: 'If everybody prefers following God the Kingdom of God should come... I am glad tomorrow (Easter) there will be 41 schoolmates to become Christian (baptized).' 'Jimmy' Yen, noted mass education leader says, 'Bombs cannot destroy China; only lack of ideals and courage in our youth can kill her.'

This is China reconstructing even in the midst of war. This is the Republic of which Sun Yat Sen dreamed. This is free China."

These are words I wrote for a paper in the States last October. They still express my wonder at the remarkable progress being made in war times.

\*The cost of living index figure now stands at approximately ten times what it was in Dec. 1938

Ed.

I have read *On Foot to Freedom* and seen through Newton Chiang's vivid portrayal of his experiences the struggles and courage of hundreds who have come West.

I have spent a week with the Gialing girls at Jenshow and seen the eagerness with which these college girls are trying to relate their education to the problems of new China. What dozen American college girls would give up their winter holidays to work in the country?

I spent another week with the staff helping answer some of their questions on building a group program and learning from them of their plans and dreams of what a rural center can give the community it serves. I shall long remember our evening devotions together after busy days of discussion and planning. We paused to share our religious experiences; to lament earlier training which introduced some of us to the Bible merely as something to be memorized, and failed to introduce us to Jesus as a living guide; to think together of now we might "make our lights shine". I shall long remember that staff's deep concern about sharing their religion with the people with whom they worked. And it was this same group who said, "Do give us some help on how to live together well as a staff."

I have read *China Rediscovered her West*, and caught the vision of the possibilities in this great land. I have enjoyed the warm friendship of both foreigners and Chinese in this community. I have met great personalities of the world who have come to China to learn of her in the brief time between planes. In spite of war, rising prices, internal conflict, fears, it seems truly as Bishop Song wrote "The best is yet to be". I catch a vision of "a new heaven and a new earth" being established here in free China.

All I can do is pause in gratitude that God has let me come to this land of new beginnings and new life and pray that He may use me in building the new China that is to be.

"Behold the tabernacle of God is with men and he shall dwell with them and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

AMBER VAN

#### ‘COME YE APART

There is progress in a Christian's life when he may not seem to be going ahead. He is like a canal-boat in a lock which must take time to rise to a higher level before it can advance up stream

*D. L. Moody*

## *The Back Door By Tibetan*

Yesterday a well known Incarnation with two of his attendant lamas came to the Back Door. It was the second day of the Chinese moon, and as our front gate was closed we were not expecting any visitors. However a big and important Incarnation simply had to be admitted, so our Tibetan gatekeeper had to let him in. This Incarnation calls to see us quite frequently and very often his conversation lends itself to quite interesting discussions. He imagines that the Chinese New Year is a time of quietness for us, and so like Nicodemus of old comes in for a little chat.

There is a plaza in front of the C.I.M. compound in Tachienlu, and every Chinese New Year the world, the flesh, and the devil take considerable delight in blocking every avenue of approach to the front door. Gambling is permitted by the authorities at this season of the year, and as this plaza occupies a central place in the city it is the happy rendezvous for all who have money to throw away.

On the first day of the New Year gamblers' tables are set out and every trap is quietly laid for the foolish and the unwary. By 10 a.m. a wild surging mob clusters round every gambling table, and not infrequently a scrap takes place with a resultant flow of blood. By noon the plaza is somewhat like a Tokyo street car or a box of sardines. Movement in any given direction is now impossible, and when you are in you are in, and when you are out you are out. The mob now moves en bloc, and sometimes it emits a wild yell simply to drown any disturber of the peace.

Sometimes a very serious fracas will take place on the plaza, and some person will lose his life. Immediately there is a wild rush in every direction, the plaza then being occupied by the lifeless body. As a rule however the huge mob remains on peaceful terms with itself and the authorities.

Waiting on the physical needs of the mob of gamblers is a crowd of pedlars selling all kinds of foodstuffs. There is a stall with ground pea blanc-mange, hot or cold, with several different flavourings and bowls supplied by the pedlar; vermicelli, hot and cold, with an accompaniment of delicious highly flavoured mince—this pedlar was making a roaring trade; a young Christian and his young wife had a stall with inviting looking calf's foot jelly nicely arranged in a gradation of colours; the same Christian was offering every variety of fudge known and unknown to the human race, the only unfortunate thing being that possession of the fudge-Laughing-Buddha was by means of the roulette. He also used another contrivance at the fudge stall: for ten cents one could shoot a smooth steel ball over a flat disc, and if the

ball fell into the ninth hole the lucky adventurer had a wide range in the size and thickness of Laughing Buddhas. Another fellow with a toffee outfit drew the most fantastic figures on a white marble slab. Here again the roulette was in evidence, and for ten cents one had the choice of a camel, an elephant, a horse or nothing. This wily toffee man's roulette usually stopped somewhere between a cow and a donkey, leaving the onlookers pretty much in the same position.

Going carelessly round these different pedlar's stall was something like going round Mary Crawley's Christmas presents—their range and variety were everything the heart could desire. Frequently there was a burst up among the gamblers and some of the unfortunate pedlars had to begin life all over again. A most important pedlar among the gamblers was the seller of smoke. This fellow had a telescopic appliance whereby he could reach a smoker six feet from the pips and supply him with a fragrant puff of Pih sien tobacco; the telescope was drawn in one foot and a gambler five feet away stuck the tube in the corner of his mouth and enjoyed two long pulls.

This Vanity Fair goes on for some ten days and then stops for another year, the gamblers in the meantime going in for another means of revenue, namely, Playing The Dragon; it is also known as Playing The Lantern. This is a big source of revenue and is carried on to the middle of the first moon. (Jan. 30, 1941. 3.p.m. There has just been a terrific fight outside the front door. There are two military factions in the town and a serious clash occurred among the gamblers on the plaza. Tables were smashed and the combatants attacked each other with the disorganised legs. One fellow had a terrible gash and had to be carried to the hospital. While these riots take place at the Front Door the Back Door is very peaceful and quiet, so we find it necessary to keep One Door shut.)

How the lama incarnation got in through this crowd we made no attempt to discover. Being a big man, our gate-keeper, in spite of strict injunctions to the contrary, opened the door and let the incarnation in. After discussing other objects we introduced the question of conversion, so asked the lama what contribution Lamaism could make in helping to solve the gambling problem outside our Front Door. What method, we asked the incarnation, had Lamaism in delivering men from the power of gambling and drinking and riotous living. Here is a gambler or a drinker; how we asked the lama, would you proceed in helping this man to become, according to religion, a better man? The lama very politely informed me that it was none of his business, and from that I gathered it was none of mine.

This made me somewhat interested to know just how Lamaism was propagated. We carried on the conversation as follows: A Tibetan in your home drinks and gambles and steals and fights; have you any obligation whatever in trying to reform him; and has Lamaism any responsibility with regard to his conversion. None whatever, he replied. By what means then, we proceed to inquire, do you seek to spread Lamaism in the Land of the Lamas. We used the Tibetan word 'dar' to spread or to propagate.

Apparently, as far as we could gather, Lamaism makes no effort whatever to proselytize in Lamaland. Nor, we discovered, did a Yellow leave his Yellowism and become a Red; the Blacks remained Black for life, and so did the Whites. The idea of changing from one sect to another appears to be entirely unknown in the Land of the Lamas. Once a Baptist always a Baptist. The colour scheme has its lines of demarcation, and as far as we could learn are never crossed.

The question resolves itself into something like this: A little nomad lad around the age of five is sent by his devoted parents to the nearest lamasery which may happen to be a Gorju institution or a Saja one, and there the little fellow takes his four initial vows, has his head shaved, and becomes a Gatru—a pup of virtue—in the lamasery. He grows up in the institution and naturally becomes a part of it. And the boy who enters the Saja lamasery spends his whole life in the institution. Apparently there is never any cause to travel from one sect to another.

Thus instituted, Lamaism as a system in Lamaland gains very few adherents who have passed the age of ten, and practically no one in the Land of the Lamas becomes religious after he has passed the age of twenty. Lamaism claims one or two boys from each family, and in this way it grows and becomes influential and powerful.

It does not follow however that the non-lama-nomad is an unreligious man. None are more persistent in turning their prayer wheel and repeating the sacred formula Om-ma-ni-peh-me-hum. But Lamaism as a system holds out salvation only to those who have renounced the world, and apparently the red-robed lama is the only one who seriously meets this condition. Within the pale there is some hope; beyond the pale one is hopeless unless he religiously and very lavishly feeds those within the pale. But Deh-wa-jen and Zhing-kam are lama reserves, and according to Lamaism, grace and mercy have very few passes to offer.

The incarnation had some difficulty in understanding my idea of conversion or even of reformation or a change of life. I tried to put it further to him in this way: You live next door to a man who gambles and drinks and beats his

wife, have you any obligation, I asked him, to offer a little advice. And to this he answered no; giving the idea that it was merely love's labour lost. It never struck me when asking this question what an impossible situation I was suggesting. The incarnation would never find himself living next door to such a drunken or riotous neighbour. His quarters in the lamasery are palatial and usually apart from the lama herd. He is surrounded on all sides by devoted servants who never dare to stand up in his sacred presence; and so the conversion of his next door neighbour to anything seems an utter impossibility; as all living within the lamasery had imbibed Lamaism from their very early years.

Lamaism is more interested in a person's soul after he is dead than in his well-being while he is alive. An old neighbour has just died and the lamas have packed the home tight praying for the soul's transit through the unknown to the realms, beyond. They are beating gongs and banging cymbals and blowing trumpets and reading prayers, and in the meantime eating the bereaved relatives out of house and home; and the look on their faces gives one the impression that business is being done. Forty nine days seems a long time to get a soul out of danger into the haven of rest but apparently that is the prescribed period. So the lama takes a financial interest in the Tibetan soul after it has left the body.

As far as I could gather from our long conversation with the incarnation Lamaism had no responsibility with regard to the unruly mob of gamblers at the Front Door: apparently they had no desire to be good and so the lama left it at that. How then, we asked, was Lamaism spread in the Land of the Lamas. I could see that I was asking a lot of questions that the incarnation had some difficulty in understanding or appreciating.

I told him about a young Prof. Chang, a Mohammedan, who is visiting Tatsienlu at the present time and who is devising ways and means for the spread of the Moslem Faith. I told him something of the spread of Christianity throughout the world, and how the Christian Message had penetrated the dark places of the earth. However he was not much impressed.

In Lamaland there is practically no one outside the pale of Lamaism. All are worshippers of the sacred lama and all he represents; there is therefore no need to spread the faith as the inhabitants dwelling on the Roof of the World are born into it. That the incarnation should worry himself in anyway while the nomad was still in the flesh seemed quite unnecessary. One could therefore appreciate his position in failing to see my point of view. Lamaism is not spread by teaching or preaching, by monk or by friar, by

example or precept, by meeting or by convocation: the lama is born into the system, grows up in it, and finally leaves the world through its door.

If Lamaism ever had a spiritual content there does not seem to be very much left. As a religious system it now deals almost entirely in gold, silver, and copper. No lama service is now rendered without payment in some form or other, and when the lama is called to any sad and sorrowing home he usually takes a hungry mob with him, the assurance being given that the more the merrier, as a big crowd of lamas is some guarantee that the deceased's soul will reach a place of safety.

So in the discussion with the incarnation I seriously failed to take into consideration the sum of rupees demanded before Lamaism could or would do the mob of gamblers any good. When the lama incarnation and his two attendants looked on the wild crowd there appeared to be no altruistic feeling towards it. With living men he had very little financial interest, that began after they were dead or while they are sick.

We continued our discussion on three other topics, namely, How to escape from Sorrow; How to escape from the Wheel of Life; and How to escape from Sin? On these three subjects he was able to speak at some length and with some authority. We parted, as we have always done, very good friends, with his promise to come back again and continue our conversations.

This lama incarnation is a member of the Sikang Government, and deeply interested and involved in political questions and intrigue. He is moreover a highly cultured man with fairly well-lined pockets.

"And a certain priest when he saw him passed by on the other side."

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## EVANGELISM

Evangelism is showing forth, by whatever means, God in Christ in such a way that individual men and women may enter into a personal relationship with Him as Saviour and Lord. To carry on evangelism in this sense must be the aim of every Christian if the Church is to fulfil God's purpose in the world. There is no escape from this responsibility for any member of the Church, if he would grow in the Christian life. 'No man is redeemed until he becomes redemptive'.

*Ruth Rouse*

in the Tambaram series Vol. 3 p.45

## *Ginling College Student Work at Jenshow*

"Oh, my feet!" is the moan of six Ginling College girls arriving at Jenshow after an all-day hike from Chi Tien Pu in mid-January. Their six companions have covered the thirty miles by ricksha, and get in only slightly less leg-weary than they, for they have walked all the preceeding day, and then exchanged places to ride.

Ginling's Rural Service Station is to be the home of these upperclass students for two weeks over Chinese New Year while they assist the staff there with holiday work. Most of them city girls, they have expected to "rough it" here with chinyu lamps and rural housing. But to their surprise they find themselves less crowded and almost more comfortable than in the dormitory. The absence of heating does not bother them, for they almost never have it, and dress to stand all temperatures.

The first week they will spend in planning and working out ideas for the New Year exhibits. During the three-day open-house at the Center, thousands of farmers, shop-keepers, house-wives, and children will come to view scenes and posters telling of better ways to feed, clothe, and house a family. So one group of students works with the Home Economics professor on an exhibit of babies' clothes and food values. Other students assemble model living-rooms and bed-rooms, contrasting them with older less comfortable and healthy arrangements. Students who can draw make posters to illustrate various exhibits and to suggest good living habits.

The people of Jenshow and the surrounding countryside will have a vital part in the whole enterprize too. Embroiderers will send their best work in for competition; seamstresses will enter their handiwork; farmers will bring in their best vegetables, fruits, and small live-stock in hope of winning prizes. Altogether, the celebration will be quite a bit like a county fair.

On January 27th, Chinese New Year, everything is ready. The mayor of Jenshow officially opens the three-day program. Eight thousand people come during the first day from town and hamlet, arrayed in their best clothes. The whirring of New Year tops in the air adds to the sense of festivity.

As in a typical rural fair, the children, as well as the adults, have their part. They learn to play numerous games under the direction of the Ginling students, who likewise teach them songs. And parents are shown simple toys which can easily be made for their youngsters. Entertainment is planned for young and old alike in the morning and afternoon stage-shows given in the open quadrangle of the Center. In these the students sing and

lead the audience in national songs. Some of them demonstrate tribal dances they have seen in the past summer while working among the border tribes of Szechuan. Others take part in a style show, presenting older and newer fashions. This last is really more for the entertainment of the spectators than for their instruction, however, particularly with regard to wedding clothes.

At the close of the three-day festival, prizes are awarded to individuals and to clans, and the Ginling girls with their co-workers from the University of Nanking Agricultural Extension Bureau have finished conducting visitors through exhibits and giving explanatory lectures. Now they dismantle all the set-ups and complete plans for the latter part of their work at Jenshow.

On the morning of January 30th they divide into two groups, one going to Liu Chia Kou and the other to Wang Chia Kou, rural clan centers. Here they establish living quarters in the ancestral hall of each community group, arrange for providing their own food within their budget, and plan the plays and programs they will present.

Here again many of the urban students are surprised—this time at the cordiality they encounter; a number of them realize for the first time the fine qualities of their fellow-countrymen in rural China. Some feel keenly their spiritual poverty in a situation where they desire to be giving and sharing instead of receiving.

Their mornings the girls spend in conferring and in visiting homes after they have had a short devotional service in the open air. The beauty of the countryside with its vari-colored hills and terrace-patterned vegetation is conducive to worship. In their personal contacts the students find that unfortunately they have not sufficient time to become well acquainted with the families they visit. Some of them may return in the summer, however, to carry on their work in the regular project Ginling has during the long vacation.

The afternoon dramas, presented in a Shakespearean-like setting at Wang Chia Kou, and on an improvised road-side stage at Liu Chia Kou, center around faulty family situations and remedies for them. At Liu Chia Kou the men become so much interested that they make up and present a play of their own reflecting contemporary political conditions. The women are especially responsive to a humorous skit presented by the Ginling Center midwife and some of her co-workers, in which they deal with old and new methods of child care. As many men as can crowd in also enjoy this performance.

In the evenings the students help the regular staff members in literacy classes and in clubs for various age-groups. After all too short a stay in the country, then, they

return to Jenshow to evaluate what they have been doing. Knowing that half of them will be walking all the next day, they decide against a hill-top picnic, and enjoy the sunshine of the Rural Center quadrangle instead for their discussion.

Looking over their plans and accomplishments, the students feel that they have been too suddenly introduced to the Jenshow situation, that not enough preparation has been made in their college courses. In general, there seems to be a lack of vital correlation between their academic work and this practical application of principles. There can and should be a closer tie-up than there is between theory and practice, they believe.

The girls feel that some of their efforts to instruct have gone wide of the mark because they have not been directed towards what is practically attainable; for example, unrealizable standards of living conditions have in some instances been advocated to the possible discouragement of any substantial effort towards improvement. Here ignorance of situations in country life has been the main contributing factor.

On the credit side, the students feel that they have made beginnings in friendship with their rural neighbors, that they have learned more from these people than they feel they have given thus far, and that they have contributed to the furthering of good relations and mutual benefits to be derived from continued association between the Gintling Rural Service Station at Jenshow and the people of that vicinity.

ALICE SETTLEMAYER

## EVANGELISM

Evangelism is the proclamation of God's good news, the making known of God's revelation of Himself, more particularly in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ our Saviour and Lord. As God is love no evangelism is truly Christian whose decisive motive, method, and objective is other than love. Love for God and love for one's neighbour must determine the form and content of true evangelism. To proclaim the good news by itself is not enough. It must be revealed through prayer and practice in a God-surrendered life. It must be applied conscientiously and unflinchingly to every aspect of the life of the individual and the community. It must be vitally concerned with the spiritual, intellectual and physical welfare of those to whom the good news is proclaimed.

*S. A. Morrison*

### Yaan Notes.

During the New Years' holidays the Mens' and Womens' Pastoral Departments conducted special meetings in Siyang, Ta Ping, Lushan, and Ch'in Chiang Yen. In Ch'in Chiang Yen the local church members formally opened their new chapel.

Mrs. Vichert, after spending a week in Chengtu, returned to Yaan with a truck load of money. This has caused other members of the station to contemplate trips to Chengtu.

We have learned from Chengtu sources that Yaan had a brief visit from Dr. Buck of Nanking University. He was flying to Chungking from Chengtu when an air alarm caused his pilot to bring the plane to Yaan. On arrival here the curtains of the plane were drawn and Dr. Buck was not permitted to see what the rest of us enjoy every day. After a delay of half an hour the plane continued on its way.

Mr. Liu, the Commissioner of Reconstruction for Sikang, and Mrs. Liu are making a temporary stay in Yaan. They are living in a new residence on Ch'ang P'in Shan.

The departure of Miss Frances Therolf and the arrival of Miss Esther Nelson have caused the Yaan social activities to reach an all time high. Among the parties given were the following; 1. Feast at the hospital given by members of hospital staff. Miss Therolf was presented with an embroidered silk pugai cover. 2. Feast at the Bible School given by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kwei. 3. Feast in local restaurant given by Mr. Chang, Mr. Ho, and Mr. Meng. 4. Dinner at Mr. Smith's residence on Chang Chia Shan. 5. Tea at the Vicherts. 6. Dinner at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Crook. 7. Tea and reception at the church. 8. Dinner at the Womens' Residence. 9. Feast at the Womens' School given by Miss Edna Mao.

Miss Therolf left for Kiating by raft on Wed. Feb. 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Yin Bao-chien gave a betrothal party for their daughter Yin Te Ngen at the Dung T'ien Tea Garden. Miss Yin's fiance, Dr. Chen is a graduate of West China Union University and is now engaged in medical work in Chungking.

Yaan has an energetic and progressive new mayor in the person of Mr. Ch'in Wei. Mr. Ch'in has served in government posts in Chengtu and Kiangchin. He refused to come to Yaan until assured of the full support of the local military officials. General Liu Wen-hui is temporarily living here in order to get the new mayor started in office and also to prepare a training school for party leaders.

The boom in the tea trade has brought mule carts with Shansi drivers to our suburbs. The crack of the bull whip is heard over the land as tea is prepared for shipment to far countries.

For weeks we have been puzzled by excavating that has been going on in two places on the main street. One huge hole has been dug across from the Tao Tai Yamen, and one equally large hole has been put exactly in the centre of the four corners near the church. Our thinking on this subject has expanded with the excavating. We first thought of street repairs, then jumped to sewers which we abandoned for foundations for new buildings, and then as the holes grew and grew we gave up guessing and asked. We were told that these pits are to be used for water reservoirs. We can hardly wait to find out how Neptune is going to fill these miniature Grand Canyons. If he is successful Yaan will be able to boast of two dead seas.

The petty thieving that thrives on the high cost of living has produced skilled craftsmen who know no obstacles. We pay our respects to the artist or artists who extracted a pig, in the night, from a farmhouse near the middle school. The loss of a dog and a chicken from our compound seems trivial in comparison.

Special Prayer Services in Chinese and English were held on Friday Feb. 28, in connection with the World Day Of Prayer.

CLARENCE G. VICHERT  
YAAN—MARCH 1, 1941.

### *University Book Club Accession List.*

From Dec. 15th 1940 to March 15th, 1941.  
Key to Classification

Arts, Biography, Drama, Education, Essays, Letters, Mystery, Orient, Philosophy, Politically, Psychology, Fiction Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, Verse.

<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>	
O'Brien, P. J.	Will Rogers	Bio
Atherton, G.	Golden Peacock	F.
Sayers, D.	Murder Must Advertise	Mys.
Benson, G. R.	Abraham Lincoln.	Bio.
Lin, Adet & Anor	Our Family	Bio—Travel
Compiled, Dr. Y. F.		
Wu Dr. F. W. Price et al	China Rediscovered Her West	Orient
Mathews, B.	Supreme Encounter	Rel.
Gibbs, Philip	The Winding Lane	F.
Bartimeus	Naval Occasions	F.
Hay, Ian	The First Hundred Thousand	F.
Tawney, R. H.	Religion And The Rise Of Capitalism	Pol.
Locke, W. J.	The House Of Baltazar	F.
Barclay, F. L.	The White Ladies Of Worcester	F.
Jessop, T. E.	Law And Love	Rel.
Walpole, Hugh	The Cathedral	F.

Forest, E. C.	Daylight Moon	Bio—Travel
Tolstoy, L.	Anna Karenina	F.
Kummer, F. A.	The Twisted Face	Mys.
Walshe, Maurice	The Key Above The Door	F.
Perutz, L.	The Master Of The Day Of Judgment	F.
Roberts, Madox	Fingling In The Wind	F.
Wells, H. G.	The History Of Mr Polly	F.
Lawrence, D. H.	The Lost Girl	F.
Macdonald, A.	Canadian Portraits	Bio.
Binesen, I.	Out Of Africa	T.
Bancroft, G. P.	The Ware Case	Mys.
Masefeld, John	The Square Peg Or The Gun Fella	F.
Von Passen, P.	Days Of Our Years	Pol.

LOTTIE E. SMALL  
Secretary of Book Club

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### *West China Union Theological College Announcement.*

Examinations for entrance into the Union Theological College for the year 1941-42 will be held on September 16th and 17th. All students entering the Junior and Senior grade courses are required to take this examination. Registration will take place on the 18th and the opening service of the College will be held on the 19th. Classes will begin on Monday, September 22nd.

#### *Three Classes: Senior, Junior, and Refresher Courses.*

Three different classes of students will be admitted this autumn term namely the Senior grade class, the Junior grade, and the Refresher class. The Senior grade class requires graduation from the Senior Middle School for entrance, while the Junior grade class requires graduation from the Junior Middle school or its equivalent. The Refresher course is for those who have been in the service of the church, and these students are admitted for one year or for one term. The Senior grade course covers four years of work while the Junior course is one of three years. A new class of the Junior grade is received only once in three years, and this is the year for this new class to enter. All students wishing to enter the college should first obtain an application blank to be filled in and returned to the college. They should also bring with them a medical certificate of health, a letter from the church which recommends them for entrance and also two small photographs.

#### *B. D. Students*

It is expected also that classes will be opened this autumn for university graduates. These classes will be conducted by the two Theological Colleges, Nanking and West China.

Students will be registered with Nanking Theological Seminary and their courses will be those prescribed by that Seminary for the B.D. degree. Classes will be conducted in the English language.

#### *Fees*

The fees for one term are as follows, Tuition \$20, Dormitory fee \$10, Electricity fee \$10, Athletic fee, Student Association fee and Medical fee, each \$2; Total \$46. If prices of food commodities remain as high as they have been during the spring the board fee will probably be \$250. The student will need about \$30 for books.

#### *Additions to the Faculty*

In the autumn we expect to have back with us once again Mr Wallace Wang, who has been studying for the last two years at Union Theological Seminary New York: he has been majoring in New Testament and Church History. Another addition to our staff will be Mr Li Ming-liang, formerly of the W.C.U.U. Agricultural Department, who has just spent a year at Virginia University and is now studying at Emmanuel Theological College in Toronto, Canada; he is a specialist in Agriculture and the Rural Church. In addition to these old friends, one new teacher has also been invited to join our staff. He is Dr Christopher Tang, who is now studying in San Francisco Theological Seminary, majoring in Church History. During the Spring term Dr D.C. Graham of the American Baptist Mission has joined our staff as a part-time teacher.

#### *Students Available for Summer Work*

About thirty students will be available for supply work in the churches of the province during the coming summer. These students are all of College grade and some of them are women. Any church who would like to have the services of one or more of these students please kindly communicate with the college stating the kind of work which is contemplated. For these workers, at least travel expenses and board money should be supplied by the church.

G. W. SPARLING

### *Theological Students' Winter Vacation Work*

"When is a holiday really a holiday? When it is spent in helpful service". So say the students of the West China Union Theological College, and their happy faces as they came back to start a new term of classes after three weeks of field work, showed that they meant what they said. When College closed for the New Year vacation, groups of students, both men and women, started off in various directions, some as

travelling bands, some to do more intensive work in one place. No travelling "de luxe": a ricksha or a wheelbarrow if necessary, but many a mile was covered on foot. Those of us who have been working specially with Chinese girls cannot help looking back a couple of decades to the time when a well brought-up young maiden was not supposed to leave her Boarding School except by chair or escorted by a Da Niang. Of course we were not blind to the possibility of the chair being dismissed when the student was well out of sight: however such was the "school custom". The new freedom for women in West China may have brought some anxiety, but to a far greater degree it has brought the joy of seeing these women launching out to play their part in Christian service.

A few days after the opening of the Spring term we had the opportunity of listening to reports of the work accomplished, each group having appointed a representative to tell of its activities. Several reported having lived a week or more in some village home to become familiar with the district and win the confidence of the people: Surely a most necessary preparation and one can easily picture how there would come first the children, curious but shy, then the women with their babies to ask all sorts of questions of these young men and women who evidently were students, and yet for some strange reason cared enough to come and live for a few weeks with the village people. In the evening the men would drop in to see what was going on. There were stories of schools and games for children, night classes for adults, health talks, preaching and worship services, singing classes. Every one loves to sing. A member of one of the teams confessed she could not distinguish one note from another, but she just went ahead and made a joyful noise. Perhaps her beaming smile and her "joyful noise" would accomplish more in that particular place than an anthem by a trained choir.

As one listened to the report of group after group and watched the eager interested faces of the students, one felt that two words might be used to sum up what they had been doing—witness and service. Witness to what the transforming power of Jesus Christ had done in their lives, witness to a true Christian brotherhood and service for others. This service meant the giving up of leisure, a certain amount of discomfort and weariness, but to them it was a sacrifice in the real sense of that word—*sacer facio*, a making holy or a setting apart of one's self and one's talents for the Master's use.

Now the Spring term is well under way with three new students added to our group. All too soon our thoughts will be turning to graduation ceremonies: eleven students expect to graduate this summer, five having completed the

four year course and six the Junior course of three years. Foundations are being laid for the second Dormitory building—dare we hope it may be ready for use this Autumn? A number of new students will be seeking admission in the Fall: if our new building is not completed we may have to arrange them in neat rows on roof!

As in other years the College life is being enriched through addresses given on various subjects by visiting speakers from near and far, one hour being set apart each Monday morning for this purpose. Often the inspiration comes from a bit of personal experience such as was given by Dr. Tsui of the Church of Christ in China, when he told of his own conversion, his desire to enter the service of the Christian church, his fear lest his father, who was not a Christian, might refuse his consent and then the wonderful reply the father sent to his son's letter—"My son, all I ask is that you be loyal to what you believe"

A challenge to all of us—"Be loyal to what you believe."

B. LOUISE FOSTER

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## Obituary

### *Margaret Catherine Kees*

The whole of West China has been shocked by the news of the tragic death of Margaret Kees. On March 1st word was received by telegram that Margaret was killed when the truck, in which she and Mr. and Mrs. Medill Sarkisian were travelling, overturned on the Burma Road between Tali and Lashio, thirty-five kilometers east of Yungping.

Margaret Catherine Kees was born in Portland, Oregon, on December 7, 1908. Her father, Marion Andrew Kees, was formerly a YMCA secretary in China. Margaret came to China when she was only six weeks old, and spent several years of her childhood in Canton and later attended the Shanghai American School. In June, 1931 she graduated from Whitman College, Washington and from 1934 taught in a highschool in Healdsburg, California, which was until recently her home. In the fall of 1939 Margaret joined the Department of Foreign Languages of the University of Nanking to teach English. For some time past her mother has been in poor health, and this winter word came that she was seriously ill. At the same time American citizens received advice from the State Department, that should they wish to leave China they should do so as soon as possible. Margaret became concerned that should her mother's condition become

really critical the war situation might prevent her from reaching home; so, at the end of the fall semester she resigned from the university. On January 22, 1941, she left Chengtu by Red Cross truck, planning to travel all the way to Rangoon by road, and from there take a boat to the States.

The accident in which Margaret lost her life occurred on the evening of February 26, at about 7.30 p.m. The truck in which she was travelling met another truck on a narrow piece of road. There was some disagreement as to who should proceed first, and just as Mr. Sarkisian had signalled their driver to go forward slowly the other vehicle lurched ahead, hitting their truck and carrying it backwards. The impetus was so great that the brakes would not hold, and after a few yards the truck turned over and crashed down a deep ravine. Margaret sustained serious injuries from which she died that night. Mrs. Sarkisian, though terribly bruised had no broken bones and no internal injuries. The next morning Margaret's body was taken to Yungping and from there shipped back to Tali, where it was buried by members of the China Inland Mission.

The shadow of this tragedy has fallen across the hearts of many people in West China; those who were her colleagues, her students and her friends. Our thoughts go out in the deepest sympathy to her mother and three brothers in their most grievous loss.

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### *Miss Carrie Shurtleff—A Tribute*

The hearts of the friends of Miss Carrie Shurtleff were saddened recently by the news of her death. She passed away while in her sleep at her home in Newton Center, Mass. last October. Miss Shurtleff had been in poor health for several years due to overwork while on the Mission field. She gave fifteen years of service to West China.

It was in 1921 that Miss Shurtleff left her work as superintendent of the General Hospital in Taunton, Mass., to give all she had or ever hoped to have through the avenue of nursing to carry His message to the people of West China. While traveling to China she endeared herself to her fellow passengers by her optimistic viewpoint; her genial personality and good will toward all whom she met on board the steamer or up the hazardous waterways into the far West.

After spending the usual time allotted to language study she was appointed by the Baptist Mission to the work in the hospital in Yaan. The years she spent in the hospital were through a very trying period in the history of that section of Szechuan. It required a person who could look beyond

the to-day and into the to-morrow, and one who could look with a longview to carry on in faith and hope. This Miss Shurtleff possessed in a remarkable degree.

Whether it was at the bedside as a nurse carrying out the physician's order, or consoling the patient with encouragement and hope, or in her home acting as an ideal hostess or in her lighter moods when she was spoken of very lovingly as "Carrie" she always carried with her the atmosphere of faith, hope and love.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to a missionary was said of Miss Shurtleff by a patient in the hospital: "Nurse Shurtleff is a real Christian". What better tribute could be made about one of His servants than that?

Carrie, as all her friends called her with true affection, was indeed in her daily life a true interpreter of her Master whom she served and for whom she labored.

No, the real Carrie has not gone; she is living in the lives of those many whom she served.

A Friend.

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### *In England Now\**

I am afraid it is over a month since I wrote my last general letter, but I seem to have been a good deal on the move since then... I think I wrote last just after I had got to St. Andrews. I had a very pleasant five days there, one or two of the days were really quite beautiful. Janet and I went for one perfectly lovely walk on the links. I spoke twice, once at the meeting arranged in connection with the China Universities Committee, which was arranged by a Miss Murray, the Warden of University Hall, a hostel for women students. It was quite like the meetings at the other places, except that there the group is not a regularly organized one, so that the group of regular friends was smaller, but as it was held in a residential hostel a few of the women students came. The second time was to the school (St. Leonard's, where I used to be) where I spoke for the last period on Saturday morning—forty minutes.....

I went from St. Andrew's to Newcastle, where I had another meeting, this time a combination of China Universities and a group called Friends of China, which is less specifically religious and educational than the other. Newcastle is where Bishop Hall comes from—he was born there, I believe, and was also there as rector between coming back from Shanghai and going out again to Hongkong, so he has interested a certain number of people. I stayed there in a big old-fashioned house that belonged to a Dr. Gurney, a good Quaker name, and of course she is related to the Quaker family, though I think she herself at the moment goes to the Baptist Church. The meeting was a very friendly one, and they asked quite a number of questions. While I was in Newcastle the sirens went one evening, and we heard some gunfire in the distance, but the all-clear went after two hours, and that was the nearest I got to an air-raid the whole time I was in the north. On my way back from Newcastle I stopped

\*being extracts from a letter from Miss Eva Spicer of Ginning College

off one night at York, just to see friends. I had a brief glimpse of the minster, which I think is one of the most lovely in England, it is unusually light just now, as they have taken out all their most valuable glass. I do hope that doesn't get hurt. Up to date they have only had one or two raids at York, and not of the really serious kind.

After one night in London, on which so far as I can remember there was an air-raid but not a very bad one, I went to Reading for the week-end, where I stayed with a friend of mine who is now head-mistress at a girls' school there . . . At Reading there were sirens, and planes, but mainly on their way to other places, and you don't hear either guns or bombs, at least we didn't. It is amazing how many places in England are getting used to the sounds of planes flying over them, which they have every reason to believe are German, and yet all in their part, of the world is quite but it is always a slightly disturbing sound as if it goes on for a good bit of the night, you know that somewhere is getting it hot and strong. The Sunday night we spent at Reading was the night of the first bad air-raid that Bristol had, when so much of the centre of the city was burnt out, though Reading to there is still quite a bit standing. We were planning to go from Plymouth via Bristol, and notices at the railway station informed us there would probably be delay, and there was. We got as far as Bath alright, and then it took us about five hours to do 12 miles. Of course it was just the day after the raid, and I think they had got some of the signalling apparatus, as well as the lines. Trains were coming through, but rather slowly. When they get a biggish junction seriously, it takes at least two or three days before it is working at all normally again. Sometimes there is damage they can repair in a hour or two, and sometimes it takes quite a bit of time. Anyway we realized that we shouldn't get through to Plymouth that day, so we got off the train, and made our way to Olga's flat. It was probably quite a good thing, as it gave her an opportunity of telephoning and finding out how things were at the factory. Will's factory, where she works, had been fairly lucky. They had got a hit but it was on their restaurant, not the factory part, and there was also a time bomb, which was later removed safely. I couldn't help laughing, when we were down near the factory the next morning, Olga asked one of the girls who had come to report for work and been told to go away as they couldn't open that day because of the time bomb, "Has anybody been to look at it?" meaning whether any experts had been to examine it and the girls said brightly, "On, yes, everyone has had a look." It was apparently one of the shows of the place. It seemed that not many of their workers suffered casualties, and there was no emergency work of any kind at that moment calling to be done which Olga ought to do, so he felt justified in taking her holiday as planned. There was another short air-raid Monday night, but it only lasted about 1½ hours, and seemed to be centered some distance away from us. The next day we decided that we would take the train from there to Plymouth, which we did, and had a lovely drive over the Mendips to Taunton. It was something of a relief to get away from Bristol, which certainly did look a bit battered in the centre, though there is still quite a bit standing, and I must own the people all seemed going about their work in a very normal way. Bristol is one of the few towns which does not have any cinemas open on Sunday, the Nonconformist influence has always been very strong there; so that probably the loss of life at the centre of the city was lower on a Sunday night than it would have been on any other. We arrived at Plymouth at about 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday evening, just 24 hours later than we had meant to arrive . . .

We had air-raids almost every night at Plymouth, including one of their worst, but they didn't seem as bad as others I have been in. It is interesting how one reacts to one's environment. Grace has

rather got out of the habit of going to her shelter, which is in the cellar of the next door house, and you have to go outside to it. Also they have had a good many raids that did not amount to very much. So when this one began, although it was quite noisy in patches, we all sat quite calmly on in the top storey but one, though for that amount of noise, and that many bombs, I think I should have gone to the shelter at Dawson Place, but I wasn't conditioned to the shelter there, so I didn't go. Of course, I am one of those optimists who think that 90% of the noises I hear are guns not bombs, and there are certainly quite a lot of guns at Plymouth, so I always think a raid is rather lighter than it actually has been. Were turned to Bristol on . . . picking up the car at Taunton, having lunch with a friend of Olga's at Street, making a call on a friend of mine at Glastonbury, and getting into Bristol just about the time of the black-out. I was staying with Olga for a few days, and on . . . night we had quite a lively time, it was the . . . of Bristol's bad raids, and actually noisier round us. They started—after the flares—with a shower of incendiary bombs, and one fell in the top flat of the house in which Olga has the bottom. That flat was empty, but Olga and Mr. Elton, the man in the middle flat, assisted by Louise, Olga's maid, and Mrs. Elton dealt with it quite competently, and had it out in about 10-15 minutes, even though the stirrup-pump did not work. I thought four was enough for one bomb, so I went out to see if there was anything I could do, the place seemed alight with them, and there were three burning away in the road in front, one in the back garden, and there was one in the next door house. I told a man in that house that he had one, he didn't seem to realize it, but when I pointed it out to him, he said, "Oh, gosh", and retired hastily and dealt with it. In about half an hour all the ones in the roads had burnt themselves out, and the one in our house and next door had been put out, and there were no big fires in our neighborhood. I do not think they did get as many fires started that night as they had done the Sunday night before, but actually it came nearer to where Olga lived than that one. Irene Moody had been having tea with me and was just about to go when the sirens went and almost immediately things began to fall, so she couldn't get home until the raid had died down, which it did about 11:30 p.m., having started at . . . The all-clear went shortly after . . . so there was time for quite a good night. We found we had plenty to talk about, and went merrily along while we listened to bumps and explosions, and of course gun-fire. Poor Louise, Olga's maid, had been in one of Southampton's bad ones just the week before, so she was a bit shaken. But I must admit she spotted that an incendiary bomb had fallen in our house right away. I knew something had fallen near, but I do not think I should have known that it was in our house for certain . . .

I had just two nights in London, both fairly quiet ones, in fact as far as I remember I slept upstairs, and then went to Kettering for the weekend to do deputation work. I stayed with a delightful couple, Godman by name—and by nature, you feel they might have come out of pages of the Pilgrim's Progress. She works for the Salvation Army, but he is a member of the Congregational Churches, and a strong supporter of the L.M.S. I went on Sunday to two smallish towns near Kettering, one of which has a rather old church, at least old for Congregationalism, as it is over 200 years old, that is the building, the church itself in membership is almost 300 years old. By being at Kettering on Sunday night I missed London's last bad air-raid, I mean the last up to the present. We shall doubtless have many more before we are through. But since I came back from there we have had some rather quiet nights, and you wonder what he can be planning. But it is a relief too, and every night that is quiet is that much to the good.

I wrote this just too soon, the siren has gone, for the first time since last Monday night. It is now Thursday evening, and that is the longest clear period since the Blitz began on September 7th.

I got back from Kettering on Tuesday, after having spoken on the Monday evening. I stayed till Thursday when I went down to Oxford for one night to speak at a League of Nations Union meeting. On Wednesday, December 11th, there was a London Missionary Society Board meeting at which I spoke, supposedly for five minutes, but actually for ten minutes on conditions in West China. You see it was quite a big subject! That was in the morning, and then in the afternoon they had the Centenary Celebration, for the departure of David Livingstone from London for Africa on December 8th, 1840. It was really quite a good meeting, the Archbishop of Canterbury was in the chair, there was a message from the Queen . . . and the two speakers were Viscount Cranbourne, Secretary for the Dominions (one of the Cecil family) and Mabel Shaw, one of the missionaries from Africa, who is a good speaker and writer. After the service was over, we proceeded to the Abbey, and laid wreaths on his tomb there. There were four wreaths laid, one by the London Missionary Society, one by the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, one by the Royal Geographical Society, and one by the Charing Cross Hospital.

The Chinese Campaign Committee is holding a bazaar from Dec. 14th to 21st, so I went there on Saturday . . .

On Monday we went to see Charlie Chaplin in *The Great Dictator*, and we laughed a lot. It is a long time since I had seen Charlie, and really whether as Adenoid Hinkler or the Jewish barber, he is very good. I don't know that he is particularly like Hitler, his face is too mobile and it hasn't the wooden pastiness that Hitler's has, and after all Charlie had the moustache a long time before Hitler, but his movements and expressions are as amusing as ever. We went with a German Jewess who is staying with Marion, and she seemed to think it was a fair picture of the treatment of the Jews . . .

We try to prepare ourselves for the worst—which mainly means for me that I keep my suit case packed ready to be evacuated by a time bomb, etc. any time.

London Dec. 18th 1940

EVA SPICER

.....For the last month or so I have been studying at the Selly Oak Colleges.....Godfrey Phillips and John Foster of Canton are delightful people to work with. Air raids are less frequent there than in London, but when they come they are bad. We had two bombs in the College compound; the nearest being fifty yards from me. The centre of the city has caught it badly, but I have still to see anything to compare with Chungking.

Whilst at Selly Oak I several times had long chats with Gresty Billington, and also had the opportunity of meeting Betty Dickinson, who is doing a most excellent piece of work at one of the factories. Since returning to Watford I have spent a night each with the Andersons, the Smalleys, and the Jack Rudés. All seem fit, though both the Andersons and the Smalleys seem very tired.....

On Saturday last I had the pleasure of speaking for two and a half minutes on the subject of West China over the B.B.C.

We have been greatly encouraged here in England by the arrival of the telegram from W.Y. Chen saying that the Chinese Government and the N.C.C. welcome all missionaries that England can possibly send.....

Dec. 16th 1940

D. Sargent

Raids continue and the poor old city of London is beginning to look a sorry sight. Previously it had the appearance of a man who had lost a tooth in a fight. Now, alas, with whole streets gone in places, it looks more like a man who has had an arm amputated. But the man himself is still very much alive. There are, indeed, parts of the city that look almost normal, but, as you will have heard on the wireless, some parts such as Paternoster Row are gone completely.

.....Church Missionary Society. We have had a number of incendiary bombs on part of the roof, and so have lost the candidates department. The editorial department and the Chapel were drenched with water, but otherwise, apart from broken windows, the house still stands. Indeed, we are not only carrying on our own full programme there, but have given shelter to the Church Pastoral Aid Society and various other groups. The London City Mission has been burnt right out, and though St Bride's steeple still stands, the church itself is a burnt-out ruin. The Bible Society has only lost a window or two, though the church next to it has gone.

Jan. 13th 1941

D. Sargent

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### *Report of Some Evangelistic Work in United Hospital for Men, Chengtu*

What was originally written as a report to my own bishop in Hankow I am glad to share with Christian friends in Szechwan. My work, as can be seen from what follows, has been of rather a varied nature. Some patients, for instance, have asked me to run errands for them, because with their homes far away.—a great many with even no homes to speak of,—they have got nobody to do it for them. It has been a real pleasure to supply their need. Others there were who would fain have letters written to their home folks, but were unable to do it owing to being unable to sit up, or what is equally common, being illiterate. Often it is not only a case of writing for them, but also of shouldering the responsibility of supplying them with everything including postage stamps. However it is a rare privilege thus to spend and be spent; the reward has been incalculably greater than the cost. For is it not all a part of the spontaneous and glad self-giving service worthy of the name of 'Christian'? And there have also been really destitute people to whose immediate and urgent crying need I could not very well shut my eyes, pretending not to have seen, or wave their claim and request for help aside, without putting myself under the condemnation of the Biblical writer's "loving only in word and tongue, and not in deed and truth". So in quite a few cases I have done what I could to meet their personal need with what meagre means I had. Some of our brethren do not seem to realize the importance of this. I for one can never understand a Gospel which is wholly and purely in spirit, without the expression and embodiment in and through matter.

It has often been said that the chief aim of evangelistic work in a hospital is comforting the unfortunate and lonely sick by visiting them and speaking to them. I question the truth of this statement. In the first place it tends to lower the standard of the work. In the second place I doubt if one human being can ever really and effectually comfort another human being. Human attempts to comfort at best only reach the outside of the human heart. Who has not had the experience of searching the whole range of vocabulary at his command in a vain endeavour to say something to comfort a friend or dear one who is in desperate need of comfort; but with the best intention in the world, and with the most sincere effort, one just feels the utter futility of it all. And the ones we are trying to comfort feel the same way grateful as they may be for the sympathy we have tried to express, they yet feel the impotency and emptiness of what we say and do. It just cannot get into their innermost hearts. What I want to make clear is that none can really give our heart's complete comfort—satisfying heart and soul and mind,—but the Lord Jesus. My contention is that the most important concern of our work in the hospital is to confront people with the Gospel of free forgiveness, a new beginning, a new opportunity, a new life, and a new way of life, all having their source in the Loving self-sacrifice of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. In a word we are definitely to work and pray and look for their turning from darkness to light, and from the bondage of Satan to the freedom which the Son giveth to those who truly believe in Him. It makes all the difference on the world working in such a spirit, under the constraining power of love; it makes one see the Lord and His gracious purpose of redemption only, melting all the other hundred and one difficulties and hindrances in the white heat of His unquenchable love.

My usual practice is to speak to the people first about the general concepts and fundamental truths of the Christian religion, and when they come to the point that they are willing to declare for Jesus Christ, and take him as their Leader through life, I usually go over with them the history of the rite of baptism, and then the Baptismal Service, and the Church catechism, emphasizing the vows to be made before God, and the congregation of God's people, showing how baptism into the Triune name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is the sign of our adoption into the great family of God, the Church, and that henceforth we must live as soldiers of the Cross. And I invariably stress the importance of our duty as Christians to be regular in our prayer and Bible study, and faithful in trying to lead others to Christ,—two essential elements in spiritual growth and progress.

Thanks to my own bishop and two other foreign friends who have given me in all \$60, it has been possible for me to put a Bible and Prayer book into the hands of every one baptized, and also into the hands of others whom I hope may join the church later. Owing to the fact that I have been dealing with patients, it has not been possible to have any 'Baptism class'; each one has had to be prepared individually. The total number baptized between April 28th and Dec. 29th was 55.

GRAHAM LIEG

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### *University Notes*

News has just been received that thanks to the influence and kind assistance of the British Ambassador and the Chinese Counsellor Sir Arthur D. Blackburn, a grant of NC\$21,000 has been made to the University by the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry to promote a Natural Dyestuffs project under the direction of Professors Frank Dickinson and William G. Sewell. They plan a survey of the available plant products in Western Szechwan; of the method of cultivation and, if used as dye, the method of extraction and use; of the experimental cultivation of dye-containing plants so as to determine the best conditions to yield the maximum quantity of dye; an investigation of the best method of extracting the dyeing principle from the natural product, the determination of the best method of dyeing, and the production of suitable mordants and assistants for use during the process of dyeing.

The British Embassy has promised to secure then necessary seeds from India on condition that the planting of olive seed is included in the project.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Glass who have been appointed jointly by the Friends Service Council and by the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives to work in Chengtu are now on their way from England to Rangoon. Mr. Glass is expected to give some service in the Pharmacy Department of the University; his professional experience will be very valuable in connection with the war-time supply of locally produced drugs for hospital use.

In the Museum there is an interesting collection of Chinese and Burmese objects which Dr. D.C. Graham purchased on his return from furlough. The exhibition includes bronze mirrors, porcelain from various dynasties, gowns and embroideries from Burma.

Dr. M.C. Balfour of the Rockefeller Foundation and Rev. Ronald Rees of the National Christian Council Religious Education Committee have been welcome visitors on the campus.

## *Chungking News for February*

With lots of sunny weather and only one air alarm, February was an unusual month. The streets are beginning to look flourishing again, with many small attractive shops filling the devastated area.

When the final figures came in, the Y.W.C.A. board were able to report that they had reached their objective of \$28,000.00, and had more than \$12,000.00, in addition. Miss Ruth Woodsmall, world's Y.W.C.A. secretary, spent a few days in the city, and spoke of the work the Y.W. is doing in war countries, at a delightful tea which was given in her honour.

From Chengtu, we had Dr. E.N. Meuser as a visitor for a few days, and Dr. Frank Price made two flying visits during the course of the month. Mr. and Mrs. George Birch and Ralph made a very short stop in Chungking on their way from Chengtu to Fowchow.

Miss Florence Jack, Miss Geraldine Hartwell and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bacon and their two children all passed through on their way home on furlough. We were very sorry to hear from Hongkong that the Bacons were delayed on account of Dorothy's having contracted scarlet fever.

Dr. Stanley Smith was twice in town, going to and coming from Chengtu. His object in coming from Shanghai to Szechwan was to attend an educational conference.

After a long trip, in which he was delayed by illness, Mr. Ronald Rees arrived here about the middle of the month. He is working with the National Christian Council and during a conference, Miss Isabel Brown, from Shinlungchang, joined the N.C.C. workers for a few days. Miss Mabel Armstrong, from Shinlungchang accompanied her to Chungking.

Miss Kathleen Hall was a very interesting visitor in town. She has been doing refugee work in the northwest, and reports appalling conditions existing in that area.

Mr. Paul Martens came up from Enshih, for dental work and a bit of shopping and has returned to his station again.

Dr. Francis Wei, president of Hua Chung University, came from Tali to attend the People's Political Council. Dr. Wu I Fang, from Ginling, was also here for the meeting of the Council.

Bishop Houghton, director of the China Inland Mission, arrived from Shanghai, via Hongkong, and after a day or two, left for Kweiyang to attend a missionary conference. He is expected back again shortly.

## *Inter alia*

During the past month Chengtu has had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Ronald Rees, one of the secretaries of the N.C.C., During his visit, among other matters discussed, was the reprinting by the Canadian Mission Press of books published by various Christian publishing agencies in China, and the encouragement of original work in the field of Christian literature. A committee has been set up to go into this whole question, and a beginning has been made by an attempt to discover what ten books are most needed or would have the widest sale if reprinted, having regard to the needs of various age groups, and various types of church work, e.g. among students, rural work etc.

During the month Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang visited Chengtu, and many had the privilege of hearing him preach at the Shu Wa Kai Sutherland Memorial Church on the text Luke 4:18. In the course of a helpful message he stressed the fact that the courage and perseverance showed by both Dr Sun Yat-sen and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in times of great difficulty was due to their Christian faith.

It has been a pleasure to welcome back from furlough Dr D.C. Graham of the American Baptist Mission, Curator of the Museum of the W.C.U. University. Mrs F.P. Jones has also been delighted with the arrival of her husband, who has come to take charge of the B.D. work of the Nanking Theological Seminary and assist in the work of the West China Union Theological College, as well as helping in his own church (Methodist). Dr Struthers has also had the joy of welcoming his wife who arrived safely from Tsinan. Bishop Frank Houghton formerly Bishop of Eastern Szechwan, and now General Director of the C.I.M. spent a week-end in Chengtu on his way to Lanchow for a conference with C.I.M. missionaries in Kansu.

On March 20th the Sino-British Cultural Association held its monthly meeting at which a most interesting talk was given by Bill Sewell on his experiences in England during furlough, emphasizing the remarkable way in which people are carrying on, despite the desperate efforts of the Luftwaffe to smash civilian morale.

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### *Work Among Boys*

A movement is on foot to interest Church leadership in concentrating on keeping teen-age boys in the Church.

Will any readers who are especially interested in work with boys write us of your experiences with work in this line.

Please address your letters to—

*Sec's Boys' Work Program Committee*  
*in care of:* Eunice L. Peters  
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 Chengtu, Sze.

## *Food for Thought*

The Christian view of man is that what makes him distinctively human is the fact that God speaks to him, calls him, lays on him a commission. That this truth is for many of us difficult to grasp is evidence how far our minds have moved away from an understanding of the Christian faith. Yet unless this is true, what real hope is there for mankind? What ground is there for believing in his capacity to control the blind forces of nature and to create order out of chaos, unless he is related to a God who is spirit? What is the alternative to the Christian view that men are called to live in the world as sons of God—to experience His mercy and goodness and to perform His works. . . .

This is far from being merely a question of personal religion. If the essential nature of man consists in his relation to God, everything must go wrong when that essential relation is denied or perverted. The denial of the truth of man's nature has affected the whole structure of modern society. Both capitalism and Marxism assert the primacy not of the spiritual but of the economic. Nazism and Fascism assert the primacy of the national State organised for military purposes. They are all alike bound to produce evil and misery because they are a violation of the true nature of man. The only real cure for the evils of society is a return to the truth that man is a spiritual being and that the spiritual is primary. John Buchan wrote in his autobiography which has just been published: "I believe and this is my crowning optimism—that the challenge with which we are now faced may restore us to that manly humility which alone gives power. It may bring us back to God".

While man's ultimate dependence is on a God who transcends both nature and society, it is through our dependence on nature and our fellow-men that we grow into a knowledge of our dependence upon God. God is present everywhere, but never apart from other presences. It is in with and under these presences that we come into contact with Him. It is for this reason that throughout the New Testament the love of God and the love of man are inseparably linked. Only in loving men can we show our love to God.

It is thus through a direct and fearless response to life as it meets us from day to day that we come to know God to learn our dependence on Him . . . We have to accept life as it comes to us; accept ourselves, our weaknesses, our fears. We have to let go the evasions and rationalisations which we have built up to protect us against reality. Only through a complete surrender to reality can we become free men.

This attitude to life is possible because of our faith that life, as we actually experience it, comes from the hand of a loving God. What is sent is sent for our good. In each situation, however trying and perplexing, there is something that God would have us to do. In each situation God says to us, "My strength is sufficient for thee". Life is thus an adventure lived co-operatively with God. *J.H. Oldham*

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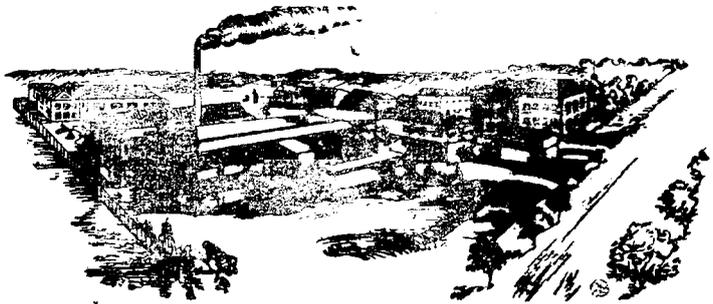
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