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WOMEN'S MISSION AT TSI-NAN-FU, SHANTUNG.
As this number is about to go to press, we think of the many lady-missionaries who, after a year of earnest, patient work, are looking forward to a season of rest and of bodily and spiritual refreshing, on the hills at Kuling, Kuliang, Chikungshan, Mokanshan, etc., or at the seaside.

May the rest be a real one of quiet communion with God and fellowship with man, and may the Conferences be helpful to all.

We are glad to know that one of the speakers will be Miss Christine Tinling, who has three excellent qualities, necessary to a convincing orator—complete knowledge of her subject, a fine, far-reaching voice, coupled with good articulation, and lastly a winsome personality. We hope that this—her first visit to China’s summer resorts—will prove very fruitful, and give a great impetus to the cause of Total Abstinence in this country, by sending back every woman to her station resolved to give systematic scientific teaching along this line to all the Christian women and girls under her supervision.

With regard to the deepening and strengthening of spiritual life, we shall all realise, more than ever this year, as we look at the present world condition, the solemnity of the hour, and the need there is, in each one of us, for strong faith in God’s promises which are “sure,” and an exuberant, confident joy in the Lord.

Our readers are asked to take particular notice of the record of Miss Gregg’s evangelistic campaign, in the province of Shantung, illustrations of which also appear.
Miss Gregg is an honored reaper, and has been called of God to this special gathering-in of those who, though long under faithful instruction and Christian influence, had never stepped, until now, across the line, and entered the Kingdom.

"Four thousand altogether have passed through the inquiry room," said Miss Gregg, in reply to a question as to numbers; "but one cannot tabulate results, exactly, in work of this kind." Four thousand! What a glorious record!

And the beautiful part of it is that (1) the evangelist herself would be the first to acknowledge all the "seed-sowing" and "watering" which have been done in the past by other workers, of many denominations, and which have made possible such a harvest; (2) there is nothing but rejoicing in the hearts of the station-workers, that another has reaped the grain which they have sown.

In true work for the Kingdom, self counts for naught, and the glory is God's alone!

The opening of the new Shanghai Cantonese Baptist Church has taken place. The detailed account of the week's meeting arrived too late to be published in this issue. But we would like to congratulate our friends not only on their splendid plant and equipment, but more especially on the generosity of the church-members, each one of whom—man, woman, or little child—has done his or her "bit," to make it a success.

There are two large, finely-built and finely-fitted up halls; one for church services and the other, below, for entertainments and social gatherings. Both halls have been crowded, during the past week, with enthusiastic audiences.
Much credit is due to Dr. Bryan and his indefatigable helpmate, Mrs. Bryan, for all that they have done to advance the work amongst Cantonese Baptists in this port.

"Reasons Why"*

Because it weakens children yet unborn,  
Unfits a man for honest, daily strife  
Deadens the muscle—sends him forth all shorn  
Of nerve to meet the strain and stress of life.  
This is one "reason why."

Because it robs the home of health and peace  
Denies the child its heritage of joy  
And strips the woman's soul of all its wealth,  
Changing its purity to sin's alloy.  
Another "reason why."

Because it wastes the nation's vital strength  
Spending on poison what should go for food,  
Enhancing, to our shame, war's deadly length,  
Retarding, thus, the triumph of the good.

M. L. M.

*Lines written in April 1917 for a meeting of the Shanghai Women's Christian Temperance Union in support of Scientific Temperance Instruction for the young.
Contributed Articles

The Source of Life and Strength.

By Mrs. Hudson Broomhall.

How often in this land the feeling of weariness and depression comes over the child of God. Sometimes it springs from physical causes, but more often from the knowledge of one's utter inability to cope with the forces against one. The question arises at once as to how this spiritual ineptitude can be dealt with, and how we may obtain fresh strength and courage for the daily conflict.

In Romans 10:17 we read "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," and in Isaiah 55:3 we have these words,—"hear, and your soul shall live." In the verse before we are told to "hearken diligently" and "eat"—or, to paraphrase it, "by hearkening ye shall eat." So the soul that is in the attitude of "hearing" receives life and strength. How dull of hearing we often are! The sounds of the world are so insistent that we find it difficult to hear the Voice from Heaven.

Shall we not learn to wait more in God's presence, and thus to know the joy of being satisfied with His goodness? If we do so, we shall rejoice in His power to transform lives. This same wonderful chapter in Isaiah says, He "giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater," thus assuring us that we never need fail in a message, or find our own lives thin and poor. How comforting and strong is God's Word! Let us listen as He says "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please," and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. . . . Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." May the "life" of God's Holy Word come afresh to every believer in China, and may we see "the glory of the Lord" "revealed" in our work!
Days of Blessing in Tsing Chow Fu.

AGNES ORR KIRKLAND.

"O God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

For seven months our daily prayers had one great petition, viz., for a blessing on Miss Gregg’s meetings to be held in our chapel here in the beginning of April.

The above text was sent from Miss Gregg to the helpers some time before the date of services and served as a stimulus to quicken our faith to “expect great things from God.”

The pastors, Bible-women, and Christians had scattered printed invitations in our eight village districts thirty miles north, south, east, and west of this City and emphasized the hope that many non-Christian women would be brought to the meetings.

Both in our North Manchu City and here we workers all went round, in some parts from door to door, inviting folks and saying a few words, to make them sure of a warm welcome.

A few days previous we began making the material arrangements, buying fuel to cook the soup, for three meals a day. Big boilers had to be fixed, bowls, basins, chopsticks, etc., bought, and grass and mats were needed, for sleeping accommodation, as we expected two hundred and fifty guests from the villages.

They all brought their bedspreads and bread, or bought the latter from travelling bread shops.

Text, hymns, and four choruses were pasted on the sleeping-room walls, so between times they could still be feeding on the words that are “spirit and life.”

On the third of April the day the meetings began, we were all delighted to wake up to a sunshiny morning as for two weeks clouds and rain caused us some foreboding on account of the state of Chinese roads after rain.
Great was our joy to see the procession of donkeys and barrows coming into the Chapel courtyard laden with grannies, girls and their bundles. All who came from the villages were registered and women were given a pink badge with a number on it, and each district had its allotted sleeping and eating place.

Sixty-eight villages were represented by over two hundred grannies and girls. These together with North City ta'i ta'is, and all our City folk made a most attentive congregation of about three hundred and fifty. For the four days, both forenoon and afternoon they listened with keen interest to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Miss Gregg was on fire for souls, and from the first service the women's attention was riveted. We all soon caught the flame, and were warmed to a glow, of which all were conscious, saint and sinner alike.

The subjects were the One True God, the One Loving Saviour, Sin, Substitution, God's Law, and Lessons from the Old and New Testaments, the woman who touched the hem of His garment, and the "Prodigal Son." All came home with power and a new force, through the Holy Spirit's presence in our midst, the keynote throughout being the One True God.

Miss Gregg has the gift of coming right down to the level of the women. She speaks in their own every day talk and can act it, which appeals in a wonderful way to their ears, eyes, and hearts.

It was marvellous the quietness and eager spirit shown during these days. We had expected to be distracted by crowds of "pilgrim women" coming into the City for a Chinese festival. But the theatre close by attracted them, and the few who came in were spell-bound too, and remained till the service was over.

We felt the messages had gone deep; and on the third and fourth days when an opportunity was given for those who decided to "follow Jesus" to stand up, as a sign that they did so, our hearts rejoiced over one hundred and seven, who made the decision. They came into the enquiry room,
and after a little talk about what this decision meant, to leave the false Gods and serve the living and true God, gave their names. We were humbled to behold many yielding, who have long been sought after and prayed for in Christian homes. The hard hearts had been melted and 'these stones raised up to be children of God.' Truly it is a glorious harvest and we are full of praise and thanks for 'what God hath wrought.' To Him be all the Glory!

Now we will value prayer for the 'following-up' work that the precious seed may be rooted and grounded in their hearts, by truth, faith, and love. We rejoice in these showers of blessing, and believe there is more to follow.

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Christian Endeavor in Kiangsi Province.

By Mrs. J. C. Hall, China Inland Mission, Lungchuan, Kiangsi.

I feel I ought to write a word of testimony to the help the Christian Endeavor has been to our work. Ten and a half years ago we went to Sinfeng, a mission station in the south of the Province of Kiangsi, to relieve a missionary and his wife for furlough. We found the work there rather slow, so we started a school and a Christian Endeavor Society. The C. E. weekly meeting was held on Sunday afternoons. The old as well as the young people attended regularly and took a real interest in the Bible subjects, collections, etc. As we wanted them to memorize Scripture, we decided on two verses a week. Then we arranged for evangelistic meetings, and formed bands of men and women to go out to preach the Gospel, visit the shops, and invite people to come to services. On one occasion our New Year services, which were intended to go on for a fortnight, ran into three months, and hundreds and hundreds got a clear presentation of the Gospel, who otherwise would not have come near our mission premises. When Mr. and Mrs. Meikle returned from America, we went to another station, but I am glad to say the Christian Endeavor went on, and is still continued with a good deal of energy. Lately Mr. Meikle proposed that instead of memorizing two
verses a week, perhaps they might learn only one, but even the oldest woman objected, saying, "The meetings were started with two verses and two we will learn."

When we went to Lungchuan, we started a Christian Endeavor among the school children. At first only a few church members, who liked to come to the children's services, took any part; but gradually, as the boys got to know the Scriptures, not only their hearts but their mouths were opened. The boys have never liked the plan of just giving out a verse or choosing a hymn. They believe in taking up the seven subjects of the "Daily Bible Readings" for the week, and making little sermonettes of each of them, and the progress some of them have made along this line is remarkable. Three of the boys, for the last few years, have also been our right hand in all open-air work and magic lantern services, and can draw great crowds. All classes of people come to hear them, and many of their listeners wonder where they have got their knowledge; but if they could have a peep at our recruiting centre—Christian Endeavor—they would soon find out.

One young man, whose name is Liu Szi-ai, though only eighteen years of age, has a good knowledge of the Scriptures, and a real gift for preaching. We covet him for the Lord's work. Perhaps you might be interested to hear about his conversion. When he was only ten years old we had a conference in the city of Lungchuan. At the close of the conference there was a testimony meeting, and he got up and said, "I have made up my mind to be a Christian." When the meeting was over, one of the church members who had been struck with the earnestness of the child, picked him up and carried him shoulder high round the chapel. In 1915 we heard that Mr. Goforth was to be in Kianfu for special services, and while making arrangements for all the native helpers to go down with us, we suddenly decided to take Szi-ai too. When we told him he was going, his joy knew no bounds. At every service he sat in the front seat and eagerly drank in every word that was said. As the meetings went on, he came under very deep conviction of sin, and wept bitterly. There is no doubt about his having had a spiritual experience, and we are hoping that he will dedicate himself to the service of
Christ. The most noticeable thing about his preaching is that no matter what the subject may be, he never finishes without making an earnest appeal to his hearers to trust the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation and to yield themselves entirely to Him. He is always intensely interested in the get-up of the C. E. "Hints and Helps" booklet, and think there is no book like it to help one with subjects for preaching.

**JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN SOUTH CHINA.**

By Miss Belle Myers, United Brethren Mission, Sui lam, Canton, South China.

We can boast of two Junior C. E. Societies now, one here and one out at a large, growing business place seven miles from Sui lam. Ours here has thirty-five members and the one at Kwaichow has forty. The pastor there keeps it going, with occasional visits from me and the Junior Committee.

Our Christian Endeavor is opening up a house for Social Service work. We have young men who are being supported by their parents, and the mother sets her foot down on the boys leaving this place. They long for something to do. They have volunteered to help the pastor and me in this C. E. work. We rented a Chinese house of four large rooms and are furnishing a reading-room and two games rooms. It will be open for men in the evenings and for women in the afternoons. We hope to organize the women into a class to do sewing for our hospital and the poor people.

Our C. E. president wants to know what kind of a flag the C. E. uses in China. He wants to get one made for our "Community Home." He is living in the place and directing the work.

**NOTICE.**

Those desiring to order Christian Endeavour literature are requested not to send orders to the Mission Book Company in the future.

Messrs. Edward Evans & Sons, Ltd., are now the exclusive agents for all C. E. publications and orders should be addressed to their head office at 30 North Szechuen Road, Shanghai, or to any of the branch stores of the company.

**Edgar E. Strother,**

A RECENT guest was remarking on the fascination of Peking, and a resident replied, "It is so interesting, because it is so old and yet so new." For the few of us who have lived in China several decades and have seen the changes in their process of evolution, the every-day scenes of the life around us constantly suggest the background of the past, so in presenting "The Past and Present in China," one cannot do so more vividly than by using concrete examples which all may see to-day, and contrast them with the things of yesterday.

A few days ago at Tunghsien, I was going to take the train for Peking, and I met the student body of Luho Academy which was escorting its representatives returning from the North China Athletic Meet. Out of eight schools, their own had won second place. They were in glorious feather! Banners of the Republic and of the school preceded the conquering heroes! The cup won for the year was carried in its case on student shoulders; a rod, with a long string of medals strung upon it, was borne horizontally by two; the victors were placed in the van, and the yells and cheers of the young men made the welkin ring. It is the day when athletics and the student dwell honorably together.

Contrast this life, this movement and enthusiasm with the correct deportment of the student of the old regime. He must walk with slow and stately tread, must wear the long garment whenever he walks abroad, must let finger-nails grow long, must never lose the bearing of the "superior man." Listen to the program of the eight year old son of an official as given by his mother to the writer thirty years ago. "He rises at six, goes to the school-room and studies till nine, eats his breakfast and returns to school at ten, studies till noon, takes a lunch and rests a half hour and then studies till six, eats his supper and again studies till nine." "But when does
I asked. The mother was scandalized. "Play? He has no time to play!" And with one look at his face, I could believe her statement—a young life tied to day-long repeating of classics, varied by writing characters, with the hope as his goal of becoming an even higher mandarin than his father. The bright eyes and vivid face showed a keen mind—had he not already repeated the Four Books and the Book of Poetry and of History, and was he not well under way in other volumes of the Five Classics? But the eyes were too bright, the hands that should have been playing with ball and kite were thin, and the whole body weak and emaciated. What wonder they were asking for a tonic for him? But when the mother was told of the need of exercise and play in the open air for growing children, she listened politely but with the same answer, "He has no time."

Last week Bridgman Academy for girls gave its annual entertainment for parents and friends of the students. The first part was musical, where songs were sung and piano pieces were well rendered. Then all adjourned to the open court where an exhibit of physical drill was given. With splendid precision the different numbers were given and then followed a game of basket ball. The spirit and energy with which the girls threw themselves into their play showed new China personified. No wonder that the health record and that for scholarship together rank high for this and kindred schools found throughout the land, where the body is developed and made a fit instrument for the mind.

But contrast these girls with their rosy cheeks and free movements with the girlhood of one or two generations ago. The whole life lived in secluded courts, foot-bound and mind-bound and custom-bound, nothing beyond the home and that home often a harem,—how colorless it looks in retrospect, and when we see how quickly this present age responds to its opportunities, we can but think of how many aspirations were lying dormant, only awaiting opportunity to awaken into the new life of to-day.

When indulging in reminiscences, one's mind instinctively goes back to the earliest experiences, when everything was so-
novel and one’s impressions were so poignantly vivid. The final stages of the first arrival at one’s destination presented such contrasts with present modes of travel that they can never be forgotten. The continent of America was crossed in Pullman cars, then came ocean steamers, though a side-wheeler, then a smaller one across the Yellow Sea, then a smallest one up the China coast to Tientsin. But all these were still occidental and the real change came next when, the river being closed for the winter, we took Peking carts and jolted our way up towards the capital over roads vile beyond one’s wildest imagination. Three days of weariness and two nights of experience of native inns, gave a rude introduction to the land one wanted to learn to love. To this day many are repeating these experiences when they go on business into the interior, but few seek them by choice and it seldom forms part of the tourist’s program. Later journeys were taken up the river by houseboat, and these had their charms. If the boat were clean, and if the uninvited passengers were not too numerous, and if the winds were favoring, then a boat trip seemed one prolonged picnic, and to children born in the country and not highly critical of details, the memories of such journeys are among the pleasantest in later years.

To-day one may at times see in Peking streets an old-time mule litter swinging along among autos and rickshaws and camels and carts, and they always bring to mind the five days’ journey to Kalgan, where some of our summers were spent. The first day of the first journey was certainly not devoid of thrills. As we were swinging along the road a strap suddenly broke and let down the shaft which was thereby suspended from the wooden pack-saddle. The mule took fright and with a few vigorous kicks was freed from the harness and ran off over the plain. The litter was overturned and the sleeping little three-year-old boy was thrown out of the window, fortunately far enough so that the heavy top did not crush him. You can imagine the mother’s heart was in her throat as she scrambled out of the litter and hastened to the child. The little fellow picked himself up from the ground, rubbed his
sleepy eyes and greeted the anxious mother with, "Freddie must be careful!" Needless to say that became a household word.

To-day that journey is taken between breakfast and supper, and the mountain ranges over which the Great Wall runs far out of sight, make a panorama of beauty and grandeur which one can enjoy unalloyed by the weariness of long hours cramped in a litter and without the dread of nights in the noisy inns, with donkeys braying just outside the paper windows and dogs barking and travellers coming and going and mule drivers feeding their animals and talking all night long.

Indeed, one must think of the building of railroads as one great factor in hastening on the new era for this great land. However one may think regretfully of the passing of the picturesque elements of old-time travel, there was plenty about those methods to make one glad to have them relegated to the historic past. These great iron bands, stretching from north to south and east to west, are needed links to bind this loose-jointed, immense stretch of province after province, forming China into a more closely related whole. The trains bearing such packed masses of humanity, are like great shuttles weaving back and forth and binding the separate strands into a firmer fabric of unity. By the side of the rails we see the telegraph wires which are another factor of ready intercourse still more widely in use than the railroad, and helping to make a universal dialect for business communication, and thus is becoming the one means of extending Mandarin, until now the name for this dialect is "Kuo yü," the national speech. The telephone also has become almost ubiquitous in all great cities, and yet it was but a few years ago that it was introduced into the capital and its use granted to only the privileged few. I well remember the novel sensation it gave me when calling on a Princess of my acquaintance to hear her remark, in conversation, that her head was tired, as she had been visiting at the telephone all the morning with friends across the city!

When a prospective bride and missionary, it was my duty to call upon my pastor and ask of him a letter to the Mission
Board giving testimonials to my fitness for their service. The dreaded interview was kindly granted and soon over, and then the good pastor culled from his library an armful of books to help me gain some knowledge of the land to which I was going. There were biographies of missionaries and diplomats, books of travel, the two scholarly and ponderous volumes of Williams' Middle Kingdom, which still remain such a compendium of information. The reading of these books brought some glimmerings of light to my darkness, but the book knowledge was academic and the Land and the People were still very vague.

On our voyage across the Pacific we had a distinguished fellow traveller, Sir Thomas Wade, and Lady Wade with their infant son. He learned that our group of missionaries was destined for China and kindly sought us out, introduced himself and held many delightful conversations with us about China. His personal experiences and entertaining incidents made the land of our goal, with its people, seem real and fascinating. Later his family and our party were the only passengers on the small coast steamer, so the opportunity for informal and informing conversation was continued and greatly enjoyed.

The volumes which Sir Thomas had prepared for students of the language were fresh from the press, and he loaned to us a copy of the Forty Exercises and gave us our first lessons in how to study them. We found how fortunate we were when, on reaching our stations, we found our predecessors had had no such helps, and had made their beginnings with Chinese books with no key to their meaning, and teachers who knew nothing of how to teach their language to a foreigner. One still wonders how they got the first strands of their bridge across the gulf! In the books of Sir Thomas Wade we had lessons formed after the models we were familiar with, in our Ollendorf's French Method, and similar books for German. In each lesson was a definite vocabulary of twenty characters with pronunciation and definition in English, useful sentences in Mandarin with their English equivalent, and English to be translated into Chinese. The material of the Tzu Erh Chi
was practical, dignified Mandarin, and some of the best of the old-time Chinese teachers claim, still, that this work remains the best material which has ever been published for the foreigner to form a good Mandarin style.

But the method was the old-time one of using the book as the basis, and of learning first how to read the character and incidentally learning to talk. This method suited the native pundit exactly. He could read over and over these commonplace remarks about commonplace things, teach the tone of each character and its pronunciation, and then let the stammering novice pump from him the knowledge of how to use the words and sentences in daily life, as best he could. Of course there were bright men who took a personal interest in the foreigner as he wrestled with the new, strange idioms; the number gradually increased of those who could apprehend, in some measure, the difficulties of his student, especially as the market value of the teacher increased if his pupils made good progress, although the reasons given for difference in such progress would be this person was "ts'ung ming" and that one was "pen." The method was the same for all. But Chinese was so different from any language previously studied it was a slow process and we were very conscious that it was a toilsome one, even when the desire to attain and the fact of acquisition awakened a growing enthusiasm.

Could there be a greater contrast between the old and the new than this method of approach to Chinese, and that of the present Language Schools? Let us look in upon our Peking school on its first day. The whole student body gathers for its morning lesson. No books, no paper and pencil to write down what is heard. The students and the teacher are the sole factors. They will never forget their first lesson. With distinct voice, clear tones and dramatic gesture the teacher utters the pronouns, "Wo, Ni, T'a (I, you, he)," then their plurals, then their possessives. Then the students repeat the words, their errors are corrected, the order is varied, the meaning is caught. Possibly a noun or two are given, by object or picture or pantomime. The first few days a succession of teachers comes before the class, hour after hour, with
the same words, but each with some individual way of introducing them. One might think the repetitions would be monotonous almost ad nauseam,—but the eager faces and alert bearing shows that the interest is unflagging. After nearly a month of this work a foundation vocabulary of a few tens of words is mastered, and then comes the real fun. The dramatic story of the Old Woman and the Tiger is begun. It is fed in very small spoonfuls, from day to day, slips with the new sentences are given out, and ear-gate having been partly opened, eye-gate swings ajar. Students are divided into sections, and then each one has an individual teacher. The ingenuity of teacher, and imagination of pupil, are kept on the qui vive, and along with the developing tragedy of the story, the use of each word in daily life is mastered and put in practice. At the end of the story, some 200 words are learned, while in about the same time the Forty Lessons of Wade would have covered 800 characters. Probably the latter lessons left the student further along in the written language, but he would give four months of his life to be able to talk with the readiness and accuracy of idiom of the more modern student. The line between the known and unknown is more sharply defined, and the dangerous quagmire of the half-learned is almost non-existent. To enjoy, as I have this year, the presence of three vivacious language students in the family, and hear them report their daily experiences, compare their problems, share their jokes over blunders, argue their understanding of new words and see for oneself how surely they were gaining ground in knowledge from day to day with increasing zest for the work, makes one realize that the bugbear of the study of this most difficult of languages is indeed conquered. The process of learning has itself become a pleasure.

But the language itself presents contrasts of old and new. "You older missionaries speak old fashioned Chinese," said a frank young Chinese friend, and we plead guilty to the charge. For three decades the language has been in a state of flux, reflecting the new currents of thought that have been struggling for expression. Western science and ethics were
being gradually introduced in government and mission school, and the leaven was mixing with the mass, slowly but surely. But the ferment was greatly quickened by the war with Japan in the early 90's, which was, to this land, a rude awakening to the knowledge of China's weakness. Then the victory of Japan over Russia in 1905, brought home, still more clearly, the fact of the progress along modern lines of their neighboring kingdom and the necessity of following in her footsteps. Then came the years when students flocked by thousands to Japan and other countries, and the new literature of education and journalism adopted more and more the forms and terms of the Japanized Chinese, into which modern thought had been molded. New expressions were heard in class-room and lecture hall, new fashions of speech became current, and Young China spoke in terms never heard before.

But still greater changes are in progress. A breaking away from classic forms is being advocated in the highest circles of learning, and the medium for teaching abstruse subjects is more and more the current speech of the people. An instance in mind is a text book on Psychology written in colloquial Mandarin by Dr. Hu Suh of the Government University of Peking. The Annual North China Western Students' Conference held in 1919, in discussing how to make use of their modern Western education for the betterment of their country, adopted, as the first item of their platform, the furtherance of the teaching of simplified Chinese. And so we see, going on before our very eyes, the emancipation of thought from the stereotyped forms of a dead past; and bringing it within the reach of the people through the medium of the spoken language, and thus removing the greatest obstacle to universal education.

Perhaps there is no place in all China where the old and the new meet together and present more striking contrasts than in the Central Park of this city.

We pass through the opening of the outer wall of the Forbidden City and see around us impressive reminders of past centuries. The great cypress trees fill one with awe, as we think of the centuries they represent. The massive towers
and battlements of the Wai Men at the east, call to mind that master builder, Yung Le, the greatest of the Mings who, 600 years ago, laid out the Imperial City, in its present spacious lines, and built the walls and palaces which have ever since been the home of the emperors, the Sons of Heaven. It seems a bit of poetic justice that of the original thirty tombs of the Mings, the one which still stands complete is that of this same emperor.

There is another token of sterner justice which faces us as we pass on within. The beautiful monument which marked the spot where the German minister was murdered in 1900, has been taken down, the inscriptions recording the crime obliterated, and the sentiment, "Justice Triumphs" shines out in golden letters. The murder of the Ambassador was a dastardly act, and retribution followed quickly in the events which led to the flight of the court to Hsi An Fu and gave a blow to the reigning house, from which it recovered but for a short time and then went down, forever, before the revolution. But to place an imposing monument, commemorating the crime of its rulers, in a great thoroughfare of the capital which would stand as a rebuke and a threat to the nation, was typical of the policy of Germany of terrorism and frightfulness which was blind to the psychology of a proud race, and brought disaster and ruin to that country in the recent world war. One can but sympathize with the spirit which now carves in stone the sentiment, "Justice Triumphs."

But it is as we look at the people using this park for their recreation place, that one realizes the greatness of the change that has come. Formerly these walls and stately trees, looked down upon the rite of worshipping the God of Agriculture. This was the only event that broke the silence of the year. Now we see large numbers of all classes of the people, strolling about the walks, or seated at the hundreds of tables, enjoying their tea. Young girls, in very modern costumes, walk about, entirely at ease, in the eye of the public, perhaps with their feet daintily clad in white, defying the old time usage of white for mourning only. University students from all the provinces are talking together in all the dialects to be found
within the four seas. Fathers and mothers with their children are enjoying the sight of the birds in the aviary or fishes in the aquarium, or the special flowers of each month blossoming along the walks. All sorts of costumes, in all kinds of dainty fabrics, make a panorama of color, as they move about from court to court. Tennis courts and a bowling alley furnish more active forms of sport.

But there are opportunities for instruction as well as recreation. One building has a health-exhibit on the prevention of tuberculosis. In another the various articles made in the model prison of the city, are exhibited and sold. One large hall is fitted up for a reading-room. Seats for men face towards the west, those for women and children towards the east; so, side by side with the new facilities for improvement, the old proprieties are recognized. The walls are covered with charts giving, at a glance, a whole course on various lines of information; for example, the exports and imports of the country. The products of different lands with those of China in comparison, are shown in bands of color. On one wall are shown the status of education in the different provinces and the comparative illiteracy of different countries, with a most unflattering representation of China's backwardness.

And so the old sacred enclosure, which was only accessible to the emperor, looked upon with mystery by the common folk, who could never get a glimpse of its beauties, is now a medium of education and health and recreation for great numbers of people. Truly the old China of the Empire is past, and a democracy is with us, with a people reaching out for education and uplift in its daily life.

After five decades spent in the midst of such a people, attempting to give one's little of service for their mental and spiritual welfare, there has come a profound respect for the past of this great race, a belief in their possibilities and a confident hope that the future holds for them a realization of their growing ideals and that they, together with other nations, are moving towards a higher plane in this everchanging world which is being made better for our common humanity.
The Problem of the Missionary’s Child.

By Ruth B. Foster, Amer. Baptist Mission, Yachowfu, Sze.

JUST so long as there are foreign missionaries, will there be the problem of the missionary’s child. That it is a very serious and complex one, almost impossible of satisfactory solution, no one will deny. Those of us, who are parents upon the foreign field, are well aware of its difficulties, and it is hardly too much to assert, that there are times, when our children present some new and not wholly pleasant phases of this problem, in their contact with our co-workers.

There are instances upon record, where one “spoiled child” has wrecked the peace and harmony of an entire station. True, the adults may not have been altogether blameless, but it was the child, who precipitated the crises.

So, to all of us, more or less intimately, the problem of the missionary’s child in our midst, presents itself, insistent-ly, in season and out of season, for our solution. This paper does not pretend to solve the problem, nor to deal with it in any way, except so far as it is concerned with the child, while he is still with his parents, and upon the foreign field.

We all admit that the life of a missionary’s child is not a normal one. For that reason, we cannot treat it as that of ordinary children. We must view it at a different angle, seeking to understand the position in which we have necessarily placed our children, by reason of the profession we have chosen. And we cannot quite realize this situation of theirs, unless we have been there, ourselves. Only, because this is true, and the writer is speaking from practical experience, rather than from any theoretical ideas, has she ventured to present this paper.

Undoubtedly, a missionary’s child is greatly handicapped by his environment in a foreign land, oftentimes, by a trying climate, almost invariably by his isolation from other children of his own age and race, and by his subsequent separation from his parents, in their native land, but, in which, through his breeding, he finds himself very much of an alien.
On the other hand, he comes into life, possessed of a few priceless advantages. His parents are, supposedly, men and women of a clean ancestry, able to pass rigid physical examinations, else they would not be on the foreign field. They are people of more than average intelligence, and usually, equipped with more than an ordinary education. Theoretically, at least, they should be better fitted for the exacting profession of parenthood, than the majority of their fellows in the homeland. Lastly, but not least, a missionary child may lay just claim to a deeply spiritual home atmosphere, that "shall saturate his life with the love and consciousness of God." Instinctively, he begins, at an early age, to explain the presence of sin and wrong in his surroundings, by the simple fact that "They don't know about God." Consequently, when later on in his young life, he comes face to face with Sin in a Christian country, the shock and disillusionment, is a grievous thing.

He is often incapable of performing the smallest services for himself and those around him, even if he is at all inclined to do so. And he has never learned to concentrate his attention upon any one thing. He is either at sword's points with his new companions, or a wistful nonentity among them, a square peg in a round hole, that only years of patient, painful whittling will make fit.

Granted that this is not always the case, yet a part of this situation, is very often met with. It is not fair either to the child, or to his teachers, nor is it just to ourselves to send him away thus unprepared for the life he has to meet and to live. In this process of adjustment, indelible stains of shame and regret will be left upon the child's sensitive soul. We ourselves will not at all realize what he is passing through. Students of child psychology tell us that there is no science more difficult to approach than this, because it is impossible for us to grasp the child's viewpoint, uncolored by our own adult experiences. How much more impossible, then, for us to realize our child's position, when it is so utterly foreign to anything that we have passed through? We will forget many things that we may have guessed, when our
missionary child has grown to strong, vigorous, Christian manhood, as missionary children have done, and are doing, and will do, for God is more merciful than we, and our prayers atone for many of our mistakes and failures; but our child is not going to forget that fiery furnace of experience in which he has been tried and so frequently found wanting!

"When God comes in the holy mystery of His divine purpose, to honor us with the life of a little child," He has very definitely given us a task and responsibility that not one of us would wilfully neglect, nor consciously shirk. And woe unto us! if by reason of our peculiar situation, we lay the burden of that care on the shoulders of the native servants or on the child's future teachers!

For the two main problems that present themselves for our solution, with the coming of our little ones, are these,—

The difficulty of keeping them healthy, and clean and pure, in a heathen environment and

The necessity for fitting them to live an absolutely different life, during the critical adolescent period, when they must tardily learn to mingle with their fellows in an atmosphere utterly foreign to them.

As to the first problem, "faith without works is death." God knows that we need to pray for our children, but that is not enough. Eternal vigilance is the price that we must pay for the moral cleanness of our children's souls. One little hour, while we are busy here and there, may work havoc with all the child's after life, and undo the good that we would have done him. The writer has repeatedly heard it said that "the missionary's child is the most neglected child on earth." While she would challenge so extreme a statement, she would admit that there is a good deal of truth in it. There are two types of missionaries who, more or less unconsciously, are neglecting their children. She, who is simply a missionary's wife, not caring greatly for the work or learning the language, who spends her time in reading, resting, visiting with other foreigners, and is busy simply with running the house, and making dainty dresses for the little maid who is playing in kitchen or servants' quarters, while she fondly supposes her
to be in the garden, who allows the child's training and lessons to await her own convenience, would not make an ideal mother, even in the homeland, but it were better for all, if she were there.

But, for that type of missionary who, for the work's sake, gives her children largely over to the natives the writer would confess to a degree of sympathy.

Those of us, who have been professional women at home, or missionaries upon the field, before we became wives and mothers, can never get away from the grip of the work. The appalling need and the magnificent opportunities have an appeal for us, which no one, not in our position, will ever fully understand. Yet, if we do not require and maintain a higher moral standard in our own homes, than exists in the native families who surround us, much of our preaching and teaching will fall by the wayside. It is often possible to do some work among the natives, without at all neglecting our children. But let us be mightily careful that we know just where our children are and just what they are doing, while we are at work. Simply being in the house, does not necessarily imply that our children are not at that moment in grave moral danger. Let no missionary mother who does not know the vernacular, be content until she is learning it; for it is the tongue in which her innocent babies will learn to speak and to understand the obscene phrases so constantly used by the native servants, often without a thought of harming the child.

The majority of us would not allow the natives to bathe or to prepare the food for our tiny babies, but how much less can we dare to leave the older child to their companionship? The moments of the dressing and undressing periods are those of their greatest peril. We will by no means escape this or other dangers, by sending our child away to school. There are some faults and habits once in thorough possession of the child, that no school, however excellent, can wholly overcome. But wherever they are, we cannot hope to keep them from the knowledge of sin and from sinning. Our duty is to help them, that they may be able to withstand evil.
Only constant, hourly contact with our children will teach us to really know them, and their weaknesses and shortcomings. Frequently, our neighbor could tell us more about them than it would be pleasant for us to hear. Yet let us be strong enough to realize that these precious darlings for whom we have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow, are quite capable of being desperately naughty—behind our backs.

As to the second problem, before us, we must take time to study and to know the child. For instance, casual observation will not always disclose the reason why two children play together so happily. It may be that they are mutually learning to give and take, but it is also possible that the reason for this harmony is that one child is *always* giving up to the other, the ultimate consequences of this procedure, if long continued, being disastrous to both children. In itself, this seems a very little thing, but it is just these little things that make or mar a man's or woman's usefulness and ability to work with and for others, by and bye. And the tendencies that form a habit come very slowly and quietly and early. Watch!

One great handicap which confronts the missionary's child is that which the servants present. They idolize and spoil him, and would wait on him hand and foot. That process will in no way fit the child for his school life, especially in democratic America. There is a time in the life of every child when he wants to help—wants to dress himself. And that time usually comes when it is a bother to let him. But, in love and justice to the child, seize just that moment. Banish the woman to another part of the house and stand by the child yourself while he wrestles with the problem of stockings and buttonholes. In a surprisingly short time, he will have mastered it, and who is more proud than he? Invent tasks for him to do, errands to run. Let him keep his own things in order, and sweep and dust his room. And while he does it, see for yourself that he does not bribe the coolie to do it for him. Let the child wait on the table. And later, if he is still with you, sewing lessons are in order. It does not hurt
a boy to know how to darn his stockings, and mend his clothes and sew on buttons, any more than it does his sister. Go out into the kitchen sometimes, and let the children help get their father's supper.

What? Think of the time it takes? But doesn't anything worth while, take time? Is there any profession at once so exacting and so taxing, so complex as motherhood? And by reason of our peculiar position here, it cannot be so easy as in the home land, if we do our full task. And the Lord has never commanded any mother to forsake her child in the Book of books. History is in the making, and this is our part in it. We have given our child a great thing when we have taught him to help himself and to master his difficulties for himself. We need not fear so deeply for him, when we send him from us, if he has learned these lessons, and to help us, to be kind to the servants, gentle and considerate to the little natives with whom he may play, only when we are there to see and hear. He has gone a long way then, in learning to take his place in the society of his school fellows and, later on, in the work of the world. Still further has he advanced, when he has learned to respect the rights and the property of those around him, even if they are only the servants, and "grown up" missionaries, not because they are bigger and older and wiser than he, but because it is right and just and kind and as he would like to be done by.

It is needless to say that at whatever age the child leaves us for school, daily systematic Bible instruction should have been a vital part of his life, first, the Bible story in the words of the Book itself as nearly as may be, and a little later, the simpler texts with a bit of handwork, if possible, to illustrate the lesson thought. This, together with the prayer life of the child, is the foundation of all his religious and spiritual training. The climate is not so trying here as in many heathen lands, and does not often need to be the deciding factor in determining just when the child should go from us. In these days, when many excellent courses for home instruction are at our command, it would seem safer to err in keep-
ing our child a little too long with us, than in sending him away too soon, provided that he is really with us.

As far as it is possible, we must be children again with ours, even playing and romping with them, outside of lesson time. And we must possess the child’s confidence before he goes away or it is never ours. We cannot expect to secure it by spasmodic and haphazard intercourse while he is with us and fervent “preaching” letters after he has gone. A child’s love and confidence is a wonderful thing, that is not won and held too easily. Being a father and mother at long distance or in odd moments is not satisfactory business. We must not wrap ourselves in our children to such an extent that we cannot see anything but them, however, for that will defeat much of the good we might give them. But every child has a right to his own life and to as full a one as possible. He has a right to his own little individuality and to a conscious wealth of father and mother love. We cannot fight his battles for him, nor would we if we could. But in the few years that we have him within our reach, it is our task and our opportunity, by wise and loving comradeship, and by steady intensive training and the prayer of faith, to fit him to fight these battles. We can only lay the foundations of his character, and leave the rest with God; but let us see to it that we have not neglected those foundation stones.

All too soon the time will come when the nest is empty and the birdlings flown, and we are free to give our whole time to the Work for which we are the better fitted for the lives that have been given us to mold. We must keep our hands off the children then and can only trust and pray. Such a little time, at best, they are with us! But yesterday, the little brothers we cuddled as only Big Sister can, when mother is tired or ill or busy, were climbing up on our knees, and we still picture them as little as our own wee sons are today; yet they are wearing the khaki, now, for the sake of all little ones and their mothers, and “their country counts them man-size.” In the eyes of a suffering world, they are men full grown, and yet they are so little older than these
babes of ours, who must play their part too, some day! What that will be, we cannot know.

While the burden of parenthood must of necessity fall most heavily and constantly upon the mother, the father has a part to play, and he must not slack his bit. No missionary father has a right, no father has a right, to so involve himself in his work, that he has no time, just to “chum” with his children, now and then. Our Christian homes are the bulwark of our modern civilization. It is the homes of China, through which, by God’s grace, she shall be made. The missionary child trained and guarded in a missionary home, has a wider influence than we can ever hope to possess without him. Whether he returns a full fledged missionary or no, he is wielding, at this very moment, a power for good or evil that we cannot estimate. Let us do our part to see that this influence of his is cast in the right direction.

The separation of the family is usually referred to as the great tragedy of missionary life. It is not always so. The great tragedy is that wrought through unconscious parental neglect, while the child is still at home with his father and mother, when the golden years for molding these little lives are so filled with other things, in themselves worth while, that the child’s inalienable right to a large place in his parents’ hearts and lives, and to their sympathetic understanding, their wise and loving control, and their tender comradeship, is crowded out, wholly or in part.

More missionaries’ children would follow their parents’ profession, if they but understood and knew them better, and if they had not become smirched with the evil around them. Let us be very loyal and charitable, tender and patient and wise in all our dealings and meditations upon these little ones. Not one of them has chosen to be a missionary’s child.
From Yunnanfu to Changsha by Chair and Boat.

By Dr. Florence M. Edwards, B. M. S., Taiyuanfu, Shansi.

My aunt, Miss E. G. Kemp, thought that it would be good before settling down to medical mission work in Shansi, that I should see something of the southern provinces and mission work in them. So that was how I had the good fortune to be taken on this journey.

We went up to Yunnanfu by the French railway from Haiphong. It was a splendid three days' run, first through semi-tropical country with delightful vistas of rice fields lying between bamboo and palm groves and then up among hills covered with a tangle of vegetation from which stood up fan palms, rattling in the wind, tree ferns, banana palms, and many other trees both strange and familiar. The second day we were really among the mountains, and the line winds giddily in and out among the slopes and cliffs, but, as we neared Yunnanfu, the country was more open.

In spite of the railway and the presence of foreign firms and shops and some broad macadamised roads lined with eucalyptus trees, Yunnanfu is still a real Chinese city. It is close to a large lake with mountains on one side, and one of the sights most worth seeing, is a group of temples built on the face of a cliff overlooking the lake. We were much struck by the very good state of repair of most of the temples we saw, and by the amount of worship going on—a striking contrast to some we had seen earlier. High up, at the end of a passage cut in the rock, we met a group of women who had come to worship at the highest shrine of all, and then, after bowing to us in a friendly way, they offered their incense and prostrated themselves. It must have meant a tremendous amount of pluck and determination to climb those hundreds of slippery stone steps on their little feet!

We were very anxious to see all we could of the Chinese Home Mission. There were only two ladies, Miss Chen and Miss Li, in the city, and we had the pleasure of finding them
at work in their school for upper class girls. In spite of the fact that the charge is a small fee, while the government schools are free, they have as many girls as they can, at present, take. They give definite Christian teaching and after school hours visit daily in the homes of the pupils. In this way they have the entry to about a hundred houses, to which foreign ladies have no access. Miss Chen told us that during their year's work sixteen girls had become Christians. We were disappointed not to see any of the other workers, but owing to the activities of the robbers, it was thought best for us not to go out unnecessarily into the outlying country. There was much talk of these brigands, for Dr. Shelton, Mr. Gowman, and Mr. Metcalfe had only recently escaped and were in the city. Dr. Shelton was still far from well after his two months in the mountains; but he gave a lecture the day before he left for home. His captors, he told us, had always done the best they could for him, short of releasing him, and they left him his own trusty mule to ride on. This mule was returned to him after his escape. The chief was very strict about the behaviour of his men to women. One morning a man and his wife came weeping to say that their daughter had been taken by one of the men. As soon as he found it was true, the chief, in his quiet voice said, "Bind him, take him out along the road, and let him be shot"; and the body was left lying on the road for all the men to see as they marched out of the village. He told Dr. Shelton that if he, Dr. Shelton, could arrange a satisfactory peace with the governor, so that the band might return to their homes as ordinary law-abiding members of the community, he would join the church and bring all his men with him!

The big robber-bands were to the north and west of the province, but even we, on our journey east, had to have a military escort, as smaller bands might be met anywhere. We started out at one o'clock one afternoon, and made quite an imposing procession! There were our two selves, the interpreter, and the cook in chairs, five baggage coolies, and ten smart soldiers in white uniforms with red trimmings. Our escort was not always
so impressive. In fact, after the first day and until we reached Kweiyang, it varied from three or four police with rifles to one or two unarmed and even ununiformed lads! Sometimes they were very attentive, always ready to do little things for us and even gather us flowers. I felt, however, it was going a little too far when one started tearing up beans in flower, out of a field, broke off the roots and presented me with a great bunch of them! Even at the risk of hurting his feelings, I tried to show him I didn't approve of such proceedings!

The first inn gave me rather a shock! I had vague memories of the inns in Shansi*; but this seemed much worse than any of my memories. The small paved central courtyard, over-hung by balconies, with eaves reaching out beyond them, got very little air and light and seemed oppressively cramped. However, when our camp-beds and chairs and table were up, we were very comfortable and were not worried by smells as much as I should have expected. The inns varied a good deal. Once we found ourselves in a splendid room, the walls of which reached both to floor and ceiling, all the way round, and with the furniture, bright with varnish; there were also two doors, both of which shut, and with bolts, and there was glass in the windows. This last was a doubtful blessing, for it happened to be a town with inquisitive inhabitants, and before long both windows were banked high with interested gazers. Another time the only three guest-rooms were separated from each other by partitions that reached nowhere near the roof. There was an odd plank or two overhead, covered with dust and cobwebs, to suggest a ceiling. While we were getting ready for sleep, we heard puzzling noises up above and at last saw two dim figures in the rafters. They had evidently found a very satisfactory viewpoint! By way of contrast, one night we had a room next the street and there was a space of about six inches at the bottom of the outside wall, and all the

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* Dr. Marjorie Edwards is the daughter of Dr. Edwards, for many years medical missionary in Taiyuanfu, and sister of Dr. George Edwards who died last year, in the same city, another brother having fallen in the War.
evening we had an ever-varying row of little upside down
faces, peering in at us. The most remarkable room of all,
though, had a wall along one side of the yard practically
all glass. The cook had put our beds up on top of the
native ones so that, when we woke in the morning, we felt
exactly as if we were on view in a glass case!

The first seven days after our arrival, we spent in Yunnan
city. The country then gradually became more and more moun­
tainous and the road rougher. We had plenty of sunshine, and
the colouring was as brilliant as anything I have seen. The
red earth, the fresh spring green of the trees

The Borders of Yunnan and Kweichow. and fields, with here and there groups of
pines and firs, great bushes of white and red
and purplish rhododendrons, the blue stream
of travellers on the white paved road, dead
blue mountains in the distance, and over all the brilliant
luminous sky, made a picture of delight. The flowers were a
joy! There were jasmine, honeysuckle, syringa, heaths, and
little purplish laburnum-like flowers growing in bushes in
great quantities. Within five minutes of our crossing the
border into Kweichow, clouds covered the sky and in a very
short time the fine rain, for which the province is noted, had
begun. Missionaries had told us this would probably happen,
and that there seems to be a very real natural boundary
between the two provinces. We never saw the sun again
except for one brief gleam, till we reached Anshun, eleven
days later. A Kweichow man had joined our party, and I
asked him, through the interpreter, when the sunny season
came in his province. His answer was, “When there was an
emperor, one could always tell; now there is a president no
one can tell!”

There had been much poppy in Yunnan Province, but in
Kweichow the amount grown was appalling. It seemed to be
a land of mountain ridges, and the valleys
Opium Fields. were in places terraced from top to bottom
and planted with opium—every bit of cul­
tivable land seemed to be used. Rocky hills had innumerable
little patches cleared and levelled, some not more than a yard
square. It must have meant an amazing amount of labour! In many valleys we could not see a single field of vegetables or any other plant. We were told, at Anshun, that opium is planted as the first crop, and while it is still small, they put in manure and maize seeds, between the rows, and so have a maize crop later in the season. Before this recrudescence of opium-growing, they had wheat for the early crop, and in the old days, before the prohibition, it was partly wheat and partly opium. Now there is much land under opium, which has never, as far as is known, been cultivated for anything before.

Two days before we reached Anshun, we came on a splendid waterfall and our interpreter translated the Chinese name for it as "Rhinoceros Pool." It fell into a deep blue green basin between high cliffs and was the only waterfall, of any size, which we met on the journey.

From Anshun Mr. Slichter took us up a day's journey to Tenten, a village high up among the mountains at the foot of a fine cliff. It belongs to the Shweishi Miao, but is the centre of work among the Great Flowery Miao, though the evangelist is one of the Shwei-shi. It was Friday evening when we arrived, and the people were already collecting for Sunday's services. Most of them, however, came in on Saturday. The chapel, which was the first Miao chapel ever built, is a good-sized building, and at each end are small loft-like rooms in which the missionaries live when they go up. Down below, the services are held, and besides a pulpit, there are a large stove and hooks on the beams, so that it serves as kitchen and larder as well.

Sunday began for us with a Miao prayer meeting at eight o'clock. It was led by an old Ta Wha evangelist who was the first convert from the tribe and had been a great stand-by. More than once, when his people, in times of stress and difficulty, have been on the point of going back to their superstitious customs, he, by his dauntless faith, has been the
means of keeping them true. After a meal, we all trooped off over a hill into a neighbouring valley, **Baptismal Service.** where a baptismal service was to be held.

It was a charming sight to see about a hundred of these people in their white clothes gaily embroidered in reds and blues, come swinging down the winding path to the pool among the rice fields, where the service was to be. We were tremendously struck with the spontaneous joyfulness of the scene. There were twenty-three candidates, most of them children of Christian parents. They have to be recommended for church membership by the evangelist and other church members and are then examined by the missionary, and finally they are asked to lead in prayer as this is felt to be the most satisfactory method of finding out whether they have a true conception of Christian prayer and are in the habit of praying.

*(To be continued.)*

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"**Breaking up the Fallow Ground.**"


A YEAR or more ago, an invitation was sent to Miss Gregg of the C. I. M., Huailiu, Chihli, from the missions in Shantung, to visit this province and hold meetings for women in different centres. Miss Gregg accepted the invitation, and it was arranged for her to come in March for her campaign. For months, earnest prayer had been made that her work might be blessed as abundantly as it had been in other provinces. Her visit to this city of Tsinan took place at the end of her tour in May, two sets of meetings, of four days each, being held in the east and south suburbs.

In the south suburb the meetings were held in the large cool church, every morning and afternoon, and there was a good attendance of from 300 to 400 women each time. Invitations, printed on red cards, were given through the Christians, to their non-Christian neighbours, and the meetings were made
USHERS AT PING-TU, SHANTUNG.

MISSSES GREGG, MOWER, AND CLARKE, HUAI-LU, CHIH LI.
MISS TSEN, PRINCIPAL OF HIGH CLASS GIRLS' SCHOOL, CHANGSHA.

MISS TSEN'S SCHOOL.
known far and wide throughout the city. Ushers were appointed from among the church-members and older school girls, each of whom wore a red badge, and whose duties were to seat the women as they entered the church, to prevent talking and moving about, and to distribute the chorus leaflets. Some of the deacons guarded the entrance-gates of the yard to prevent boys and men coming in, or children who liked to play there. The church doors were guarded by some of the foreign ladies, to prevent babies and young children being brought in by the women, an unpleasant task which the Chinese frankly shrank from. Miss Gregg has only one prohibition in connection with her meetings, and that is, that no baby or young child must be brought, so that the mothers may give their undivided attention to the speaker.

The day before the meetings opened, Miss Gregg met with the ushers and helpers for prayer and consultation, and each one received great help and stimulus from contact with her abounding joy of spirit and abundance of life, and it was with the expectation of seeing great things wrought by the Holy Spirit in our midst, that we separated.

In order to make it possible for those who came from some distance to stay for the afternoon meetings, tea was provided for them in one of the wings of the church where they could rest in the coolness. Each meeting opened with singing the choruses printed on the leaflets, which the women quickly learnt, and which, being verses of Scripture, were fully explained, and their meaning driven home by the addresses. Miss Gregg availed herself of the help of some of the Chinese evangelists to read the Scripture portions and to pray, and to teach the choruses.

Her methods are very direct and simple, with plenty of word-pictures and illustrations; and very effective use was made of the blackboard at each meeting, the heart of the message being written on it in a few striking characters, easy to remember. Miss Gregg knows every detail of the Chinese woman's life from the inside, and so she reaches every heart. Her perfect mastery of the language added to the winsome-
ness of her personality, captured the women from the very first, and those who attended the first meetings, came again and again. There could not have been found a more attentive audience anywhere, after the first strangeness wore off. They seemed literally to hang on Miss Gregg's words as she spoke to them of the True God, Man's sin, the Saviour and His substitution for man, on Forgiveness, on the Confession of sin, and Repentance. On the second day, when the subject was Sin, and how all have broken, in purpose or intent, if not in actual action, God's great Commandments,—the stillness and tenseness with which the women listened, showed how the words were driven home to their hearts. No one who heard the story of the Prodigal Son told with all the tiny, intimate details Miss Gregg gave, will ever forget it. And in the same way the stories of the Rich Fool, and the Woman who touched Christ's garment, were told so vividly that one seemed to see them actually before one. On the third and fourth days, an invitation was given to all whose hearts were moved by the Holy Spirit, to turn from their idols, to confess their sins and accept Jesus as their Saviour, to go into a separate room, where their names and addresses were taken. The importance of their decision was pressed home on them, and prayer was offered for them. In all, 86 responded, some being from villages a good way off, two being pilgrims who had come to visit special temples in the city, one was a "Lydia" in this city, whose heart had evidently been prepared by the Holy Spirit; for she heard with gladness and surrender from the first. But these were not all the results, for the Christians, too, received great blessing in the revival of their faith and devotion, and the foreigners were greatly encouraged and strengthened for their work.
Glimpses and Gleanings

OUR "PEANUT" BABY: A STORY OF THE PEKING HOSPITAL.

One look at the face of a poor mother who presented herself at the hospital early one morning revealed the distress written there, and it needed only a glance at the baby in her arms to see the cause, for the little one was in extremis.

The previous evening the baby had been given a peanut by his little brother, which he had not enough teeth to masticate properly, so, after his brother had made him laugh, a little piece had slipped into his larynx and caused partial obstruction. As he was unable to cough it up, the parents had taken him to a native doctor, who, not having the proper instruments or knowledge of anatomy, had tried to poke the obstruction down, and had naturally made matters worse, and caused the part to swell, which of course made the little one's breathing even more difficult. The poor mother, seeing the baby getting more distressed, in desperation ran to the "foreign hospital"; but by this time the baby was almost moribund. Fortunately the English doctor was on the spot, and without waiting for any preparation, had the little one taken straight to the operating-room, and immediately performed the operation which saved its life.

Very careful nursing was needed for some days, and it was an object-lesson in Christianity to those parents to see all the love and care which the doctors and nurses lavished on the little one, who soon became the pet of the hospital, and made them ask why it was that they were willing to do so much for them when they were strangers and too poor even to pay the regular hospital fees.

A CATARACT PATIENT.

A lady from a very old and wealthy Manchu family had double cataract and came for healing to the medical missionary in Peking, attended by a great crowd of relatives and servants.

When she left us, she gave a present of £20 to the hospital. One of our Chinese workers was rather upset because this was less than she had expected her to give. 'Why!' she said, 'they have plenty of money, and they gave £100 to a Lama priest for a prescription which was to dissolve the cataract and never did a particle of good.' The prescription was: 'Take a pot made out of compressed cinders and fill it with vinegar (and a few other medicines). Place it near the fire till the vinegar evaporates. Then crush the pot into powder and eat it.' She had followed this prescription three times!

CHILD SLAVES.

We get some sad stories from the slave children who are brought in, and who, being ill, are no longer wanted. One night, in going up to the children's ward to give the report to the night nurse, I found her very troubled because a little girl refused to lie down and to go to sleep. On enquiry, I found that the child was too frightened to lie down because a
little slave girl from the bed next to her had died that day. She thought that the soul of the dead child was wandering about and would come and molest her. So I told her that while the slave child was here she was very ill and unhappy because no one loved her, her mistress treated her very badly, so our Heavenly Father, who loves us all, had taken her to His home so that she might be happy. "Oh," she said, "I did not know. I shall not be frightened any more." Then she lay down and said "Good-night" and was fast asleep in a few minutes.

One day a woman patient was taken in very ill, and she was incurable, gradually getting worse. She had never heard of the gospel before, and one night she dreamt of Heaven and she described its beauty to us in the morning. She said she could see Jesus calling her to come, and she saw the Bible-woman, the Chinese nurses and myself, all dressed in white, and we all wanted her to come too. I had given an address in the ward the Sunday before about Christ washing the disciples' feet; so in her dream she said she could not join us because her feet were unwashed. When she told the night nurse, this nurse washed her feet, then she was happy and still lingering another few days and nights, she was continually pointing heavenwards, smiling and saying, "Yes, can't you see, there is Heaven and Jesus, and you are all there, and I am coming, coming." A strong witness to the patients around of the power of faith.

Miss Acis Sharpe, Women's Hospital, Shantung Road, Shanghai.

ON THE PLAIN OF CHIHILI.

In a village of this district there has been an awakening, with the result that three men, five women, and eighteen children have been baptized. Parallel with this has been a quickening in the spiritual life of the other members. Two brothers, whose lapse into gambling and other evil ways, has been a great source of trouble to all who had the best interests of the church at heart, have shown signs of a complete change towards a better life. The most distressing part about their declension was that one of them had been in the employ of the church as a preacher. The elder of the two has renounced his gambling habit, paid his debts and announced his intention not to receive any of the money due to him from the same evil course. His brother, the preacher, has reformed more recently. But the way in which it has come about is interesting. His son attends the school maintained by the mission, where he has learned to read and to pray. His teacher, knowing the family circumstances, told him he should pray for his father. The son accordingly, with the consent of his mother, began family prayers at home. The father more than once was present, and heard his son pleading with God on his behalf and at last was so touched that he expressed his intention of never again indulging in his evil course. May he find his strength in Christ!

Rev. S. Evans Mcech, of Siao-chang.

A SUNDAY IN CHOSEN.

There are two churches here in Chaityung, both Presbyterian, of
course, the old one being the larger. They are called the "Un Yeabaltang" and the "Arai Yeabaltang," respectively, the Upper Church and the Lower Church. The Upper Church is built on the mountain side about two-thirds of the way up the high mountain which makes almost a complete semi-circle around the south and east sides of the town. It is little higher than our houses here on the compound; these are on the south side of the hill which shields the town from the wintry blasts blowing down from Manchuria. The valley is open to the West and the road to Sariwon: the railroad station, is cut through a depression in the mountain on the east. A broad road leads from the closely built-up streets of the city to the level terrace where the church stands; tall poplars line part of the road and almost hide the building from sight. This building is peculiar among Korean churches, in that it is covered with gray, corrugated sheet iron; but once inside, it is quite like other churches in the effect of emptiness which it gives at first, there being no pews (except a very few for foreigners), only mats on the floor, no tinted walls nor stained glass windows, decorative organ or unessential accessories. But this church shows evidences of prosperity in the Angle lamps, which are plentiful, these being very expensive at first cost, but cheap to operate.

There was nothing unusual in our service to-day—the church was well filled, the babies took turns crying to be fed or to be taken outdoors, very considerately agreeing not to cry all at the same time; but in spite of their rather unusual quietness, I found it very hard to follow the Chosa (evangelist) who preached. He never opened his lips more than an eighth of an inch and talked very fast, and since he was arguing on the profound subject of the proofs of God's existence, I soon followed the example of most of the women around me and amused myself by watching the babies. I had the advantage over some of them, however, since I sat by a window where I could see both those inside and outside. One little follow—three or five years old—played on the steps a long while with—what do you suppose?—a huge, gray spider (dead, I finally decided), hanging by a string tied round its body! I sat next to Kim Kyuug Sil, one of the mothers of the church, whom I met in Seoul last Spring when she came down to visit her son who is studying medicine at Severance Medical College. Her niece, Chang Sunhi, was my teacher while I was in Seoul, and to-day I met Sunhi's mother (Sunhi is her first name), who also lives here. These two women are both fine-looking, elderly women of the type whose faith has made Korea famous in religious history. Such faith as theirs in the sovereignty and good will of God is bringing the "Jesus Believers" through the trials and persecution of the present so victoriously that they are the constant wonder of the "Unbelievers." Of this same type too is Li Kung Sin, who was Mrs. Cook's Bible-woman in Chung Ju for several years. She is much younger, but old and young alike seem to be imbued with a courage and per-
severance, based on this childlike, unshakable faith which is the wonder of us all as we see them enduring from day to day and month to month, with the patience of the Orient and the lamb-like quietness of Christ, things that the pen cannot write.

Coming home, we had to pass through the main street of the city, which usually would not have been extraordinary, but to-day "Market Day" fell on Sunday, and when you have seen a Korean market once, you will know why it is extraordinary! There is no open place for the market here, as in some cities (Taiku, for instance), but the main streets are full, except for passage room for carts with the wares of traveling merchants, who spread out their goods on the ground, sit down cross-legged beside or behind them and wait for customers. The sool (wine) shops and keesaing houses (houses of prostitution) are going full blast on the main streets, and weird, Oriental music floats out from their doors; the streets are thronged with white-clad people, men chiefly; heavily laden bullock carts, donkeys and mules wend their way down the streets with cries of "Make way! Make way!" from their drivers or leaders; Japanese soldiers stand guard at every corner, watching with a bored air all that goes on, and an occasional mounted officer on his fine horse comes riding haughtily down the street; there is a steady, deep hum of noises and conversation. But one thing is lacking to make it the Oriental counterpart of a western "County Fair," and that is the raucous bawling of the merchants as they urge you to buy their wares, and the alluring words of the spieler of the places of amusement; for here in the easy-going Orient, merchants sit and smoke contentedly or chat unconcernedly with those nearby, until customers come of their own free will to buy! And you can buy anything and everything at the market, without any exceptions, from groceries, clothing, etc., to house-furnishings, building materials and agricultural implements.

We walked quietly through the crowded streets, looking neither to right nor left, and scarcely speaking even to each other, as modest Korean women do, until we reached the quiet side street on which the woman who accompanied me lives. She carried her four-year-old boy, a clean, chubby little fellow, on her back all the way home, as he was too sleepy to walk.

This morning I went with Mrs. Pieters to the women's Sunday-school at the "Lower Church" and enjoyed so much teaching a class of "teen age" girls whom I had taught last Sunday. The Pieters' boys had Sunday-school at Mrs. Sharp's. This evening, at six-thirty, we had vesper service, and while the sun was going down in all his usual glory of sunset colors, we listened to Dr. Sharp preach a very helpful sermon on the text, "Noah walked with God."

FAYE E. EDGERTON.