A.B.C.F.M. Foochow mission

Ing Hok

the valley of

Everlasting Happiness

1906

Compliments of
Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Smith,
Ing-hok, China.
Dear Friends in the Homeland:—

Again we send you our greeting and report of the good hand of the Lord upon us this past year. We want to express our gratitude to the host of friends who have so generously come to our help. Every thought of you is an inspiration to us.

You will rejoice to know how God has been blessing His church. Signs of promise brighten with each year. These are in very truth "Days of the Son of Man" in China. Mighty events are transpiring all about us. All that you read of the awakening of China is very true, and much more. Verily the Kingdom of God is at the doors.

These magnificent opportunities are but accentuating the needs. Never were they so great or pressing. We need more missionaries. It has become impossible for us adequately to carry on the work. There is need of more chapels. Hundreds of villages in Ing-hok are still in total heathen darkness, and tens of thousands of men and women are still without any knowledge of the gospel. The Boys' School is quite unable to meet the demands upon it and must grow year by year if it is to do its work.

We feel that in a special sense we are the representatives of you, our personal friends. We rejoice in your fellowship in service. May God richly bless you all.

Finally brethren, pray for us that we may have wisdom so to labor as to glorify Him who has called us to this holy ministry in which we are united.

Joyfully your friends and co-laborers,
Edward H. Smith,
Grace T. Smith.

Bâx
Amâlgl
1901
Inching up the Ing-hok River

The Ing-hok River is surely one of the most picturesque of the many beautiful streams of South China.

In the early morning we will take our sedan chairs from Foochow city and ride across "The Island" four miles to the other branch of the Min River. Here is our little sampan waiting for us, as shown in the upper picture, a long, narrow boat, arched over with a bamboo mat that just allows you to stand erect in the middle of it.

Into the boat are stowed your baggage, bedding and food for two days as well as your servants and their belongings and possibly their friends and some of their goods.

Three men compose the crew. The boat is pushed out into the stream while one seizes the twenty foot rudder, and we float down the Min with the current. Before we have gone many rods we fall into the hands of the likin, or internal customs official. He must see if anything is being moved on which a little duty can be levied. Satisfied that the entire cargo is the property of the foreigner, and therefore exempt, he reluctantly permits you to start on. A few more rods below and we are at the mouth of the Ing-hok itself. Now we must go against the current but a good breeze is blowing. The old accordion-folded square sail made of bamboo leaves is hoisted and we move slowly up the river.

While we sail past great orange groves that come down to the waters edge and little villages that nestle among the banyan trees the "boy" prepares your dinner over the native fire in the rear of the boat. In this half day you have inched some nine or ten miles. So you endure billows of smoke that blow through the boat from the open fire while he boils your potatoes, eggs and rice in the large kettle that cooks for the entire ship's company.

After dinner has been served and cleared away you will turn away from the ever changing scenes on the river, the strange little crafts crowded with passengers or freight interspersed with rafts of bamboo or lumber, and turn in for a nap. A blanket is spread
on the bottom of the boat and you try to shut out the noise of shouting boatmen and the incessant chatter of the passengers and forget the blazing sun that even in winter burns whenever it reaches you.

When you wake up the mountains that before were in the distance have drawn hospitably up to the very banks of the river. We are still sailing, for the tide comes in from the ocean seventy-five or a hundred miles. The mountains pile up higher and higher with each mile. By dusk the boatmen tie up at a little village where already a company of boats have anchored for the night. Here all eat supper and you follow suit. While your boy is spreading your bedding on the floor of the boat you may sit in the prow of the boat and watch the new moon go down behind the beautiful mountains that cast their green reflection into the quiet, clear waters about you. All nature is at rest and quiet, even the birds are asleep. Across the waters comes the hum of voices and lulled by these you fall asleep on your hard bed to be wakened from time to time during the night by other boats bumping into your boat or the shouting of some opium eating boatman returning from his pipe in the middle of the night.

At last you give it up. And stiff and lame get up and dress to find the boatmen preparing to make the start up the rapids. The light is streaming from golden clouds in the east and already some boats are poling up the rapid just ahead in the cool shadow of the mountain that rises on the east bank. Two boatmen jump out of the boat to track on the shore with a long bamboo rope tied over their shoulders, while one man stands in the prow steering and poling by turns. It is man power, not horse power, that counts in South China. By the middle of the forenoon you will have inched up half a dozen bad rapids, and being utterly weary of watching the men straining with lifting and pulling you and the boat up the rocky current, you will want to get out and walk in to Gak-liang village, where Miss Chittenden's Girls' School is at present located, waiting the completion of the new building. Then a further walk
of two miles will carry you around a group of steep, hard rapids, and by so much, you help the boatmen.

Once back in the boat, again out of the blazing heat of the noon day sun, you are ready to give yourself up to the monotony of rushing rapids and shouting straining men, and take a long siesta.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun again sinks behind the great range of western mountains, the boat pulls up the 85th rapid, rounds the point, and there, on the hill side a mile away is the new Girls’ School, beyond is the Woodin Memorial Chapel, the Boys’ School and Home.

As the sunset lingers over the mountains and is reflected in the quiet pools of the river, we pull up the last rapid and greet the little company who have come down to the bank to meet us. We have forgotten to be in a hurry. The entrancing beauty of mountain and stream and sky have possessed us and filled us with the spirit of the East. We have inched along for two days, traveled forty miles and here we are at home in the Valley of Everlasting Happiness.

The Vineyard of Everlasting Happiness

(A Parable)

Into a beautiful valley, amid mountains and beside beautiful rivers, a certain man sent his servant to plant there the vines that should grow into a beautiful vineyard. After many years that servant (1) had rest from his labors and other servants were sent to care for the vineyard. After a long time the owner came to visit his estate and he went from field to field and the garden was full of the fragrance of spring and beautiful to behold.

Some he found laden, bearing fruit every month. These he observed were enriched by the sweat and tears of his servants and sometimes the life blood of men and women had sunk down into the roots and these had borne rich fruit.
And again he came to a vine that seemed wholly dead (2). A worm of greed and selfishness had eaten out all its life. But by its side was a tender sapling just sprung up which the keeper (3) loved very tenderly.

On another terrace he found a row of little saplings growing with much promise (4). And the owner examined with great care the branches of these saplings and they were bursting with buds of promise. And the Doubter stood by his side and said "These can bear no fruit, for although they look so fresh and fair, they go not down into the root. They are but branches cut off and must soon wither away." So I watched the owner as very gently he took in his hand a twig, straight and beautiful, and broke it and from the broken branch there flowed the rich, red sap from the Root. And the branch bore the name of a young Christian, baptized but one year before. The Doubter turned away silenced.

And the owner came again and again to vines apparently neglected, standing in rich fields, and he said to the head gardener, "Why are these vines thus neglected?" (5) And he replied, "Because the laborers are so few," and tears were in his voice as he spoke. But the owner said, "Why hast thou not told me? I could have sent laborers to my vineyard."

Again he stood long before one great vine, full of branches, many dead. (6) And on the dead branches were idols and ancestral tablets and money and heathen offerings and all the sins of men. And the owner examined the vine and at the base he found where a former servant had ignorantly tapped the vine, for his own profit, until the branches above had no sap and so had produced only these dry, dead fruits of men's desires. But with great joy he reached up and among the topmost branches found not a few new tender branches, straight and strong, sure evidence that there yet remained life within.

At last he came to the largest vine of all (7) with fruit not a little. And this vine gave shelter to many weary, sad and disheartened men and women and boys and girls. Again the Doubter stood beside him and said, "'True the people come but only to
draw water from the silver fountain that flows beside the vine." But the owner raised his hand and showed the gardener how they carried the water to slake the thirst of aged parents and little children and to carry away to parched fields where no spring was. So the gardener rejoiced. Again the Doubter said, "As for this fruit on the vine, it is false hearted and bitter and mean." But the owner reached up and with gentle touch picked from its bough a rich ripe fruit, (8) and he broke it open and to his taste it was as sweet as honey in the honeycomb, and the heart was as it had been the heart of a little child, and within the heart was found the image of the Owner of the field.


The Year in the Churches

The year has been the best the churches of Ing Hok have ever experienced. The preachers have gone faithfully about their witnessing and teaching month after month. Their faithfulness God has rewarded by increased additions to the churches, and a healthy increase in the number of learners who have come to the churches. The most far reaching results have not, cannot be tabulated but are evident to one who goes through the district and that is the diffusion of Christianity more and more widely year by year. This is surely to us the most encouraging sign in our work. Christianity holds a position of influence and respect to-day that she never held before.

There may come times of great mass movements toward the church, there may come times of apparent estrangement and opposition to all foreign influence, but one thing is certain the Light that lighteth every man shineth brighter and brighter into the midst of China's millions. These consecrated Christian believers are carrying the teaching of Christ and the example of Christ far and wide.
Preacher Diong and Family.

Preacher Diong is one of our most successful preachers and I am glad we can show you his entire family. Both Mr. and Mrs. Diong are Ing-hok people. Their home was in Sung-kau City, and their family was one of the large influential group in that whole region. He had a good Chinese education and after he became a Christian he taught a day school. But the missionaries saw in him promise of a useful preacher so he went, in 1899, to the Theological Seminary at Foochow and Mrs. Diong entered the woman's class where she was instructed during the years he was in the Seminary. When we came to China he was ready to come back to the work in Ing-hok. His work has been done entirely in Ngu Dung Mui. This is a very important center of a large region. Hundreds of villages come here to trade. It is on the river and much commerce is carried on by the boats. With all the floating population the awful wickedness of the place defies description. It is said more is going on at night than during the busy hours of the day. I have myself been awakened in the small hours of the morning with the screaming and fighting on the street in front of the chapel. It is, by all accounts, one of the blackest spots in heathen darkness, but a strategic center for a very large and very populous region. There is not another chapel within twenty miles in any direction. When he went there in 1903 there were but four Christians and of these only one was a regular attendant and consistent Christian.

He and his family moved into the little rented chapel opening onto the dark, foul-smelling street. But hundreds were daily passing the door, men and women from miles and miles around. They came in and they heard the gospel and they came again and again, and evenings men were drawn from the opium dens and the haunts of vice and from their gambling tables to gather in the lighted chapel. Week by week and month by month the work has gone on for four years, they have had a steady revival
in that place. Opium eaters have been saved from the awful curse, farmers have been converted and carried the gospel to remote villages to neighbors and friends.

Nor has the wife been idle. Under Miss Chittenden's direction, she gathered a little group of women about her dining table in a room, hardly eight feet square, where she taught them to read. Each day she opened the session with a talk from the Bible, a hymn and a prayer. Then they read in Chinese, the Commandments, the Beatitudes, the 13th of Corinthians and the Gospel of Matthew.

At the last communion we received into the church two women, wives of Christians, the first women ever baptized in that church. I sometimes feel that the influence of this Christian woman in that neighborhood is worth all the cost of planting that chapel there. For instance, of that little company of four or five women who learned from her the Gospel story, one was able within six months to save from awful deaths three little baby girls in her own family, one of them her own, whom the midwife was proceeding to strangle without so much as asking the mother. But she rose up and to the astonishment of the women gave them a lecture on murder from the Christian standpoint.

This year the lease of the chapel here expired and the question arose what should be done. The owner was a confirmed opium eater and Mr. Diong urged that we buy. The Christians subscribed as they were able and a few good friends in America helped. For $76.50 we were able to purchase the chapel and parsonage adjoining and this little church now has a permanent home where for years to come it may hold forth, in this great region, the light that shall yet scatter the awful darkness that now rests upon it.

I wish I could picture to you the little company who Sunday by Sunday face Preacher Diong in that little chapel crowding it to the doors. I wish you could hear him tell the story of one and another of those young men whom he has led to the light. I can see them now after the service is closed take their Testaments and hymn books under their arms and go out in little companies to
climb up those steep mountain passes to their homes, there to be living witnesses to the new Master whom they seek to serve.

This chapel under Preacher Diong's care is destined to be the mother church of many other churches in the years to come. Already a company of believers are asking that a preacher be sent to their village of 10,000 people six miles away. They have rented and prepared a chapel. They ask that some one be sent to teach them, their neighbors, their wives, their children. Such are the open doors in Ing-hok.

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**Ing-hok Facts in a Nutshell**

Chapels 15. Native Christian workers 31. Church members 225. Adherents 665. New members last year 35. Pupils in Girls' Boarding School 40. Pupils in Boys' Boarding School 31. Native contributions to work $402. Dispensary patients 1320. Foreign Missionaries 4; Dr. Emily D. Smith, Miss C. E. Chittenden, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Smith. No other mission work is carried on in Ing-hok. Ing-hok City where the station is located is two days journey from Foochow. Sung-kau City is two days above Ing-hok City, and there are unnumbered villages, large and small. Ing-hok exports paper, bamboo and wood; produces large quantities of sweet potatoes, rice and fruits, and is specially noted for its beautiful scenery.

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**Growth of Church in Ing-hok**

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SECOND CLASS—ING HOK BOYS' BOARDING-SCHOOL.
The Why and the How of the Boys' Boarding School

When we came to Ing-hok in 1902 there were thirteen chapels scattered over this great district as large and populous as the state of Connecticut. At these chapels live the native preachers and their families and sabbath by sabbath the Christians from all over the mountains gather to hear the gospel. The number of Christians was growing and calls were coming each year for more preachers and teachers for other villages. First then we felt the need of more workers.

As we came to know the people more intimately we had borne in upon us the great number of children growing up in Christian homes who had either no opportunity for study or must study in heathen schools, where daily heathen worship was required and heathen ideas and superstition were being instilled into their minds. Plainly here was a very large leakage. These parents and children had a right to look to us for help. Moreover here was the material for the workers that we needed. From the second and third generations should come the strong able leaders of the church.

Just then the great educational movement was beginning to make itself felt throughout China. Could the church take her proper place as leader and example in this great movement? If so the results would be far-reaching.

The American Board appropriates eighty dollars a year. This was far from sufficient to meet the many needs of a boarding school. So we let the need be known at home and God put it into the hearts of friends to make possible this school. Just at this time the Woman's Hospital directly adjoining us was for sale and we took it at its original cost $973.

School opened February 22, 1905 and we received nineteen boys between the ages of eleven and sixteen. This year in spite of our efforts to keep down the numbers, over thirty have been enrolled. Many others are waiting to enter.
All these boys pay as they are able. Some pay all, some are helped fifty cents a month, some orphans, and sons of preachers and destitute ones are supported. Just as in America some of the brightest boys are most destitute and but for assistance could not be kept in school. It takes but ten dollars to provide a boy’s tuition, board and general expenses.

What do the boys study? The Bible daily, their own national literature, history, and poetry. Then geography, arithmetic, astronomy, physiology, universal history, gymnastics, singing and Chinese writing, a fine art in itself. We strive to store their minds with as many Christian hymns and Bible portions as possible. This work is purely voluntary but for each hymn or portion committed a small Sunday School card is given and the results have been most gratifying.

Five of the older boys have united with the church on profession during the year. While I was absent on a tour the boys sent me word they had organized a Christian Endeavor Society and were meeting daily, after school hours, to pray for God’s blessing upon Ing-hok. It has been a great joy to note the growth of the boys in the Christian life. It is our great desire for the school that it may have the atmosphere of the Christian home, that here the boys may develop strong characters as well as keen brains, that they may learn here to sit at the feet of Jesus Christ, the Great Teacher.

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Jacob and Rachel

(A True Story)

This year I am ten years old and Mr. Smith has received me into the Boys’ School at Ing-hok City. My home is far up in the mountains at a place called Ten Thousand Rocks. We are very, very poor for ten thousand rocks do not bear much rice, or sweet potatoes. We have peanuts and bamboos and goats and a cow and some ducks and a pig and a dog.
Besides working on the fields father also makes coffins when people die. That is his trade. All our neighbors are very poor. There is never a school near us because no one has money to hire a teacher to come and teach us children. Father and grandfather are both Christians. When my mother found that she was being married to a Christian she was terribly afraid. These believers in foreign religions did awful things, everybody said. She was so afraid that three times she tried to kill herself but each time my father found and saved her. Father did not dare go to church at first for fear he would find her dead when he came home. Then she watched to see what awful things these foreign believers did. And they all seemed so kind and good she began going to hear what they talked about. The chapel was in a part of our house and the preacher came to live there. My three uncles became Christians. Father preached to her and the preacher talked to her and mother soon came to be a Christian too. This was when I was three years old. I used to go to the church with her and she carried her Testament and hymn book, same as all the rest, so now mother can read. No other woman in Ten Thousand Rocks can read. Mother sometimes goes to the neighbors' houses and reads the Bible and hymns to the women and preaches to them about God and their idols and selling little girls and eating opium. We Christians never eat opium nor worship idols.

When I was four years old father brought home a little girl who was to be my wife. Her father and mother were heathen so father brought her to our house where she can grow up to be a Christian girl. Her name is Rachel and my little sister is named Mary. Mr. Beard baptized them both and father and mother promised to bring them up as Christians and take the same care of them as if they were boys. I saw Mr. Beard baptize them. It is great fun when the missionary comes. All the Christians from a long way come and sometimes they have a feast and the missionary conducts Communion. This time they had a great feast because it was the first time Mr. Smith ever came to Ing-hok. He had never eaten our Ing-hok food and he could not use his chop-
sticks and he did not seem to have a good time. I did, because I sat at the same table with my Papa and we had lots to eat. Each Christmas we have a feast and generally Mr. Smith comes. Then in the evening we have service and preaching and once Mr. Smith baptized my second sister Martha. We have a C. E. Meeting on Sunday now because there is no preacher at our chapel. The American Board can not send us a preacher. I like the Christian Endeavor meetings because everybody speaks and I can understand what they say. I can not understand all that Mr. Smith says. He always says we are lights shining here in the darkness and that it is very important we keep the lamp chimney clean and bright and plenty of oil, and that the oil will come if we keep reading our Bibles and praying and meeting together to worship God.

When the American Board had no money to send us a preacher Mr. Smith had a long talk with the Christians about it and told them we must not let the light go out here but must meet each Sunday and hold a C. E. Meeting. They all said yes that was so only they were very sorry there would be no one to go about and teach the heathen. Mr. Smith said let them see by your works that you are Christians and they will want to come. But they said when they come there will be no one to teach them and we ourselves need to be taught. Finally they all consented that father should conduct the meetings until a preacher should come to teach the people of Ten Thousand Rocks.

I could come to school because some one in America who loved little boys had sent money to keep a boy in school. Father never could get money enough to send me to school. This spring while I was in school my little sister Martha died and also my little baby sister one month old. Of course the heathen do not care for little girls and sell or give them away and many kill them, but father and mother love us all and hoped Martha and little sister would grow up to be earnest Christians. Mother is very sad to think that God took away her little girls whom she had consecrated to Him. Perhaps He knew that we were so poor and that
there would not be anybody in America to help send them to Miss Chittenden's school.

We still have Rachel and Mary and we hope they can go to the school when the new building is done and they are old enough.

I have a chum. His name is John. His father is always at church and is father's best friend. John went to school with me this spring and we room together and sit together and are in the same class.

John has no brothers or sisters and they are poorer than we are. They were very happy to have John go to school. They hope he will become a preacher.

I like school where there are so many boys all together, and we have plenty to eat and playmates. At home we can only watch the cows and goats on the mountain. We have no play things and are so cold most all the time. I never went to school for there were no schools near us. So I am just beginning to learn the simplest Chinese characters, and Mrs. Smith teaches us numbers. I like to study and mean to work hard, so that some day when I am big I can help China to become a great big Christian nation.

Rachel—Her Story

I don't remember my parents at all. They could not have thought very much of me for they gave me away when I was a little baby girl. But a kind Providence thus took me out of a heathen and put me into a Christian home. My mother-in-law and father-in-law are very kind to me. I have to work hard doing all that a Chinese girl does. I go out onto the mountain to get wood, dead branches from the trees and bushes. I sometimes watch the goats or the ducks. I help take care of the house, build the fire, bring water, boil the rice and vegetables. Sometimes I do not have enough to eat but that is true of us all.

I like to hear all that Jacob had to tell me about his first term in school. They seem to have the best time there. And he says he saw the new Girls' School building now being built; that it is bigger
and finer than the Boys' School; that it will hold a great many girls and is to be finished this year. I hope Mary and I can go there to study. No girls from near us have gone to school yet. I saw one little girl going to the school one day. She stopped at our house with Mr. Smith and spent the night. Her name is Spring Lily and she told us a little about the school. How they study all kinds of books and learn to do ever so many things. Some body in America helps her because she is just as poor as we are and she is a little daughter-in-law and she was brought from Foochow with a lot of other baby girls in a basket to be sold to people. She had to keep house all alone for her father-in-law and her betrothed before she was eight years old. She is such a nice girl now. I should like to go to school with her and learn to sing the nice songs she sings and learn to read and learn all the lovely things they do. Then I could see the beautiful clean school building and could go to the church and have the best times.

I mean to go and learn all these things and be a Christian woman.

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**Progress Items of the Year.**

1. The Girls’ School Building and Teachers’ Residence is approaching completion. It is a large brick two story building 120 x 50 feet, with basement. We hope it will be ready for occupancy at the opening of the new school year in February. The site is superb and the grounds ample.

2. Land has been bought for the Women’s Hospital, after months of negotiation. This site for the hospital is admirably adapted to the needs of the work. Money has been appropriated by the Woman’s Board of the Interior to erect the hospital.

3. In February the largest convention of Christians ever assembled in Ing-hok met for a week of evangelistic meetings at Ing-hok City. The meetings were full of power and the influence has been felt in every church in the district. Each afternoon they all
went out in companies preaching on the streets of the city. It is likely that this convention will become a permanent feature of the year.

4. At the beginning of the year came two young men—graduates of Foochow College and the Theological Seminary—to take up work in Ing-hok. Such reinforcements mean much to the work and for their coming we are very grateful.

5. A new class of twelve boys were received in the Boys' School at the opening of school in February, making the present enrollment thirty-one.

6. We have had the privilege of entertaining at Ing-hok Dr. Arthur H. Smith just before he left for America, and in March the deputation of the Woman's Board of the Interior spent a week with us.

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Ways of Helping

To answer the question, "What can we do?"

With $30. you can support a native preacher and his family and keep a chapel open in a heathen village.

With $10. you can have your own boy or girl in the Boarding Schools for a year fitting themselves for lives of larger usefulness.

With $20. you can support a Christian Day School.

With $15. you can have your own colporteur travelling from village to village and house to house selling and explaining the Bible.

With whatever amount is in your heart to give, you can help complete the Boys' School fund.

With $5. you can put a good book into the hands of each one of our Christian workers.

With $40. you can support a teacher in the Boys' School.
A Chinese Boy’s School Life
(A Story for Boys)

All the world has been filled with wonder at the stories of the brave little men of Japan who fought under Togo and Oyama and Nogi. Splendid soldiers they were and gave us a truer idea than ever before of the wonderful progress Japan has made. Now at last the world really begins to believe what the missionaries there have been writing for years. They might say "I told you so" though they have not.

There is another empire over here in the East ten times as vast as Japan and five times as big as America that is planning to do what Japan has done.

The way China plans to get into the new life, or rather to get this new life into her, is by a modern educational system, and great efforts are being made to establish such a system all over the empire. So while there still remain remnants of the old schools you will be interested to hear what they are like for the world will never see their like again in your day or mine. They remind one of Elisha’s schools of the prophets you read about and these surely came into existence about that time.

First for the teacher. Any old fossil who can tell the names of ten thousand Chinese characters, such as you see on a laundry ticket, can gather a school. No matter if he be an opium eater, no matter what his character or knowledge, if he has a long gown that comes to his heels and long finger nails to match he will do. And he will expect only from twenty to forty dollars a year salary.

The boys, for only boys ever studied in these schools, each brings his table, books, ink and pen, and from about fifty cents to a dollar as his yearly tuition. Each boy is a class by himself and studies as far as he can, as fast as he can and as loud as he can. And what does he study? It would be almost exactly like this. Supposing when seven years old you began to go to school and the teacher gave you a book of Latin Theology or Latin poetry written by the monks in the time of John Calvin. You know no Latin but the teacher says that word is caput and that is rev. You are then
expected to recognize that character and be able to tell its name. Then you must go on and learn to repeat from memory page after page of this unintelligible stuff for the teacher is not expected to translate it to you until you are grown up. Each boy must simply go over and over the characters until he can repeat every word on the page. Then he must go onto the next page and on and on until the entire book is committed. And always repeating it at the top of the voice so that the teacher sitting at the desk may hear and correct any boy among the twenty odd who happens to miscall a character. When he can repeat one book he begins on another all the same unintelligible mass of characters, "All Greek to him."
The bright boy in a Chinese school is the boy who can read a page over twice then turn and repeat it to the teacher without a mistake. That is a feat. But many a Chinese boy has done it. One of our preachers in Ing-hok bought a Gospel of Mark and when the missionary next came to his village was able to repeat the whole gospel. Now he can repeat large portions of the Bible.

These boys had good memories but no play. To be mischievous is the same as to be bad. Chinese boys are as full of fun as American boys but they get whipped for it as often as they are caught. The ideal of a scholar is to wear a long gown, always act with as much decorum and solemn seriousness as if he were seventy and never to show any emotion in his face. To make sure that perfect decorum was observed school kept all day and more. They seem never to let out school. On one of my tours I stopped next door to a native school. I talked with my host until eleven o'clock but the boys were still shouting their lessons when I turned in and went to sleep. Next morning I waked early, about light and again they were at it in the next room. I suppose though they did stop during some part of the night. We have in our Ing-hok school a bright boy and his father tells me he used to study from sixteen to twenty hours a day. He surely looked it. He goes to bed at 8:30 now and he shows that also. This was the old China that boasted of her literati and made them her rulers. Now all this is being changed. No more eight legged essays but instead
examinations in mathematics, history, science, military and dumb bell drill, music and English.

Of course to inaugurate such a vast system is a great undertaking, the biggest educational undertaking in the world. They are searching everywhere for competent teachers. Many of the teachers are boys who have studied in our mission colleges. So you see what an opportunity is before our Christian schools. It is inspiring to think what may be accomplished through them for the Kingdom of God in China. Ten dollars only is needed to keep a boy in school for one year.

What China needs most of all is honest, clean, intelligent men, men like Roosevelt, Root, Folke and Jerome. Men like Neesima and Booker Washington. They are coming some day. They are in some school now.

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**Concerning Special Gifts for Ing-hok**

Below are given the names of all who have this year sent money for support of the work in Ing-hok. Eight denominations are represented in this effort to present Christ to the people of Ing-hok. Without your help more than half the chapels would of necessity have been closed nor could the school have been run. You have furnished the means of carrying on the work and God has abundantly blessed it.

We want to urge again that no one send us money that would otherwise go to the Treasury of the American Board. It is of the greatest importance that the Board’s general work be supported. But we labor in this mighty crisis that is upon the church in China, while every thing about us calls for advance, while many doors of opportunity stand wide open before us calling to be entered now.

We do believe that there are those among our friends who appreciating the gravity and importance of the situation will rejoice to make a glad, free offering that the work may be continued.

Friends, we have set before you the need. May God himself touch your hearts with His own great love for these His children.
### Special Gifts received for Work in Jung-hok.

**1905-1906.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Donor and Location</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Thomas Baldwin, Oxenden, Canada</td>
<td>$32.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Intermediate C. F. Palmer, Mass.</td>
<td>5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hope Church, Worcester, Mass.</td>
<td>34.00</td>
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<td>Miss H. L. Thomas, Collingswood, N. J.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. L. O. Smith, Franklin, Conn.</td>
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<td>Mrs. O. S. Smith, Norwichtown, Conn.</td>
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<td>Mrs. S. L. Woodin, Springfield, Mass.</td>
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<td>Y. P. S. C. E. Perry Center, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Cong'1 Church, Franklin, Conn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Beard, Foochow, (Mex.)</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Branch, Mallet Creek, O.</td>
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<td>Mr. Daniel S. Lowe, Harrisburg, Pa.</td>
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<td>Hope Church, Worcester, Mass.</td>
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<td>Miss Flora Starr, Chicago Ill. (Mex.)</td>
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<td>Prof. R. Nowack, Gelsenkirchen, Germany.</td>
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<td>Y. P. S. C. E. Hope Ch. Worcester Mass.</td>
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<td>Society of Christian Service, Fall River, Mass.</td>
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<td>Mr. Thomas Baldwin, Oxenden.</td>
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<td>Miss Mary E. Woodin, Cleveland, O.</td>
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<td>Miss Fairchild’s S. S. Class, Providince, R. I.</td>
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<td>Mrs. Gifford’s S. S. Class, Fall River, Mass.</td>
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<td>Kings Daughters, Holbrook, Mass.</td>
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<td>Miss M. E. Wattles, Norwichtown, Conn.</td>
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<td>Mrs. B. W. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.</td>
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<td>Dr. William R. Lyon, Glenfield, Pa.</td>
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<td>Miss Alice A. Harrison, Plaineville, O.</td>
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Gifts of Past Year to Boys' School Fund

Mr. Evan W. Thomas, Brockton Mass. ........................................... $ 10.00
Miss Flora C. Fountain, Jamaica Plain, Mass. ................................. 2.00
Miss Fairchild's S. S. Class, Providence R. I. ................................. 10.00
Y. P. S. C. E. Jewett City, Conn. ............................................. 5.00
Y. P. S. C. E. Norwich Town, Conn. ........................................... 5.00
Rev. Dwight Goddard, Cleveland, O. ........................................... 25.00
Mr. W. P. Barstow, So. Windham, Conn. ........................................ 5.00
Mrs. H. C. Palmer, Norwich, Conn. ............................................. 5.00
St. Paul's Y. P. S. C. E. Oshkosh, Wisc. ....................................... 2.00
Y. P. S. C. E. Windham, Conn. ................................................ 2.00
Ladies Society, Canton, Mass. .................................................. 15.00
Y. P. S. C. E. Redding, Conn. .................................................. 5.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thomas, Baltimore, Md. .................................. 10.00
Mr. Chas. T. Crane, Weymouth, Mass. .......................................... 5.00
Mrs. L. O. Crocker, East Braintree. ........................................... 5.00
Mrs. Drexheimer, Quincy, Mass. ................................................ 2.00
Rev. R. H. Cochrane, Weymouth, Mass. ........................................ 10.00
Y. P. S. C. E. Taftville, Conn. ................................................ 5.00
Mrs. Lydia Z. Smith, Franklin, Conn. .......................................... 1.00
S. S. 1st Cong'1 Church, Fall River, Mass. .................................. 31.20
Mr. Charles H. Morgan, Worcester, Mass. ..................................... 50.00
Rev. Dwight Goddard, Cleveland, O. ........................................... 25.00
2nd Cong'1 S. S. Norwich, Conn. .............................................. 15.08
Master Ellis H. Dana, Maquoketa, Io. ......................................... 5.00
Mr. Henry P. Kendall, Waipole, Mass. ........................................ 25.00
Mr. W. L. Bosweli, Philadelphia Pa. .......................................... 10.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Pease, Fall River, Mass. ................................ 5.00
Sunshine Circle, Pilgrim Ch., New Haven ..................................... 20.00
Miss A. C. Actor, Saybrook, Conn. ............................................ 1.00
Mr. P. Leroy Harwood, New London, ......................................... 50.00
Buckingham S. S. Norwich, Conn. ............................................. 10.00
Mrs. Ella F. Leonard, Whitman, Mass. ........................................ 30.00
Y. P. U. Broadway Ch. and S. S. Norwich .................................... 35.00
Mrs. Dennis, Colorado Springs, Colo. ....................................... 5.00
Mrs. C. W. Haines, Colorado Springs, Colo. ................................. 5.00
Mr. Edw. D. Barker, Colorado Springs, Colo. ............................... 2.00
Miss Faith H. Haines, Colorado Springs, Colo. ............................. 1.00
A friend, Colorado Springs, Colo. .......................................... 2.00
Mrs. S. J. Bonney, Norwich Town .............................................. 3.00
Miss S. L. Huntington, Norwich, Conn. ..................................... 5.00
Miss Margueretta Huntington, Norwich ....................................... 5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Avery, Norwichtown ................................... 5.00
Mr. D. W. Avery, Norwichtown ............................................... 3.00
Mr. Frank Avery, Norwich town .............................................. 3.00
Mr. Perrit Huntington, Norwich .............................................. 5.00
Rev. E. S. Worcester, Norwich ............................................... 2.50
Mr. L. A. Hyde, Norwich, Conn. ............................................. 3.00
Miss Edith Pitcher, Norwich town ............................................ 1.00
Mrs. Dr. Galt, Eustis, Fla. .................................................. 1.00
Miss Lucile F. Thomas, Watertown N. Y. .................................... 3.00
The Ing-hok Evangelization Fund

Since the American Board was not able to grant the funds to open the Ing-hok station permission was given to solicit from friends additional gifts. Below we give the full statement of all money received and expended since we came to China.

**Receipts to date**

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Acknowledged in Report</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>1903</td>
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<td>$270.25</td>
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<td>1904</td>
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<td>414.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905</td>
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<td>176.00</td>
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<td>1906</td>
<td>First half (to July 1st)</td>
<td>392.28</td>
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<td></td>
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<td><strong>$1252.61</strong></td>
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**Disbursements**

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<th>Year</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>June. Paid to Woman's Hospital fund</td>
<td>$465.83</td>
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<td>1904</td>
<td>Nov.</td>
<td>200.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905</td>
<td>May. Paid for land, walls etc.</td>
<td>117.92</td>
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<td>1905</td>
<td>Dec. Paid for chapel at Ngu-dung-mui</td>
<td>76.58</td>
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<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>May. Paid land belonging to Girls' School</td>
<td>282.00</td>
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<td>1906</td>
<td>June. Paid Printing report, etc.</td>
<td>34.78</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total receipts</td>
<td><strong>$1177.11</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total Expenses</td>
<td>1177.11</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Balance</td>
<td><strong>$75.50</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Amount still due on School building fund</td>
<td><strong>$307.17</strong></td>
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