CHATS
ABOUT
CHINA.

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To –
Dick
With love,
S. E. B.
SEPTEMBER 1, 1978

~~AUGUST~~

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Chats about China

DEDICATED

TO MY DEAR MOTHER WHOSE LETTERS HAVE BEEN A GREAT JOY US DURING OUR FIRST YEAR IN CHINA.

FOREWORD.

In writing "Chats about China," it has been our endeavor to acquaint the readers to a slight extent with China and Chinese life as we have observed them during our first year as missionaries in South China. It goes to you as a personal letter in answer to many requests, "tell me about Chinese customs, their manner of living, etc." We want you to know some thing about the people on this side of the world, and to be interested in their soul salvation.

Some of our first impressions as herewith recorded may change in later years when we come in closer touch with the Chinese people.

It should be borne in mind that customs vary greatly throughout this vast country and that we have written only what we have observed in a small part of South China.

S. E. H. B.

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CHAPTER I

Shopping in Hong Kong.

At high noon of September 24, 1926, we sailed into Hong Kong harbor aboard the Empress of Australia. Our journey across the Pacific had been delightfully calm, and we landed in the thriving British seaport well and happy. Though not in China proper we had reached a city seething with hundreds of thousands of Chinese—the yellow race whose eyes turn up at the corners, and whose noses are broad and flat.

Hong Kong is a small island off the south-east coast of China, now belonging to the British. It measures in length about ten miles, and its greatest width is seven miles and a half. A strip of the mainland was recently added to the Hong Kong Colony. On the north side of the island and situated on a magnificent bay is a prosperous city where the bulk of the business of the colony is carried on. The town stretches for about five miles along the shore and also ascends the hillside. It is generally well built, with wide streets and hand-

some terraces, and there is a massive sea wall along the sea front. But the city has outgrown the island so that now much of the population resides on the mainland. Hong Kong is a very busy free port; its chief articles of import are cotton and opium, its exports are mainly tea and silk. Foreign commerce is chiefly carried on with the United States, Singapore, Japan, Great Britian, Australia, and Germany. The population of Hong Kong is 622, 000, largely Chinese, but hundreds of British, Indians, Japanese, and some from every nationality on the globe.

Before proceeding to the interior we spent some busy days shopping in Hong Kong, for there are many, many necessary things which cannot be secured in the interior.

Arising early one bright morning soon after our arrival we ate a light breakfast, took a few minutes "time to be holy" in study of His Word, and prayer for His guidance throughout the day, then we set forth briskly on our first day's shopping expedition in Hong Kong. In a moment we were at the bus

line—a wide paved street with large beautiful trees on either side—and took a Henry Ford bus to the Star Ferry. Here it was necessary to take a boat across the bay to the island, for we were stopping on the mainland in a section of the city called "Yau Ma Ti". These boats run continually back and forth across the harbor so we did not have to wait long for one. After a delightful ride of about ten minutes, we were on the Hong Kong side.

As we walked out of the Ferry station a dozen or more coolies with their jinrikashas crowded before us. We stepped into two of these—I never ride in a ricksha without a sympathetic feeling for the coolie trotting there in front of me—and soon we were at "Wing On Kung Sz" where our shopping began. Wing On's is the largest Chinese department store in Hong Kong, and carries foreign as well as Chinese goods. A few of the head clerks talk very good English and most any of them can say "no got" if they don't have what one wants, or else just can't understand. About the first thing every American buys when he reaches the tropical

climate of South China in the summer season is a pith hat. These are white cloth hats padded with pith so as to protect the head from the heat of the sun. With little or no trouble we found on the second floor the desired hats. They are heavy things to wear when one is not accustomed to them, but we had been thoroughly warned about the danger of sunstroke so we donned the new ones and put our other hats in the bag.

On leaving Wing On's we took a street car to the bank—even in the Orient we find "filthy lucre" quite a necessity. The car is much shorter than an American street car, but it is somewhat higher. First-class passengers enter at the front end where a stairway leads up to the top deck of the car to the first-class seats. Third-class passengers enter at the rear, and sit below. Fares are five and ten cents according to class. You notice there are no second class seats. This is almost typical of the Chinese people as a whole. Some are very proud wearing their long white silk shams, others are quite down cast in their coolie garb, but we Americans

notice the scarcity of the great middle class which is the backbone of every prosperous nation. After a ride of eight or ten blocks, we came to the International Banking Corporation where we found the rate of exchange was low, as low as 60¼, or, turning it around, we got $1.66 Hong Kong currency for each U.S. dollar. On depositing a small account, we naturally asked for a check book, and to our surprise were told we must *buy* it. So we paid ten cents for each blank check in our book!

From the bank we walked *up* (it is very much uphill part of the way) to Wellington Street. We tarried a few minutes on Flower Street for just a glimpse at the beautiful flowers, and a whif of their sweet perfume. It is possible to get a very lovely bouquet there for twenty-five or thirty cents. But we went on to Wellington Street where we had been told is a fine place to get second hand furniture, and sure enough we saw shop after shop of old furniture, and part of it was elegant black teak wood. There were many odd pieces, some Chinese in style, some English; some very little damaged,

some not worth taking home. We priced a few pieces such as we thought would be necessary to take inland with us—however we decided not to buy until later when we would bring some one along with us who could talk these shop-keepers into some bargains, and that in their native tongue.

While our minds were running along the line of second hand things, we decided to go up to "Paddy's Market", which somebody has fittingly called a junk street. All sorts of junk can be had there "for a song"—old lamps and lanterns of every description, dishes, screw drivers, saws, pots, pans, books, scissors, rope, shoes, baskets, vases, base balls, knives, parasols, etc, etc. It pays to know how to talk price when you visit that street. In fact the Chinese, as a rule are quite skilful in this art. You see the idea is to set your own price a little lower than you would be willing to pay for an article, of course the Chinaman will set his higher than he will sell for, then both of you come to a halfway price and the trade is made. When you see a claw hammer just like you want and when the shop-

keeper fails to meet your price and you walk off like you didn't care at all, its great to hear him call to you that he'll take your offer. Paddy's Market is a wonderful place to stretch a dollar! A world tourist on being asked what was the most interesting thing he saw on his round-the-world trip replied that it was a Chinaman and a Jew "talking price" and the Chinaman getting the best of the Jew. Besides buying a hammer, we bought a perfectly good bread knife, a few feet of rope for a trunk, and a book. And can you believe it! The book was "Christian Baptism" by Alexander Champbell, and cost us twenty cents!

By this time our appetites were telling us that it must be noon. A person, especially a newcomer, can really kill a lot of time and do very little buying because it is usually necessary to go from one part of town to another and back again, since so many of the stores don't carry the things one may want. We hailed a couple of rickshas, and soon we were in On Lok's Cafe ordering lunch. The waiters understood very little English, but there is

an English menu on the table with each article numbered, so that foreigners can give the selected numbers to the waiters and be understood. Looking about us, we were saddened at the amount of cigarette smoking going on amongst men and women. If only Christians were as diligent in giving the gospel of Christ to the Chinese as cigarette dealers have been in selling their poisonous product, it would not take long to evangelize China! A light lunch of curry of rice, cucumbers, and hot tea was brought us. As we ate we discussed the large supply of groceries which we must purchase before going up-country. Wing On's had been recommended to us as the best place to buy since that firm makes rates to missionaries.

On leaving the Cafe, we walked a short distance to a little shop where we secured a pretty oiled-paper parasol for ninety cents, Hong Kong currency. Parasols as well as pith hats are very popular accessories in tropical climates. A few blocks farther down the street we came to the Central Market. But some of the sights and sounds along the way

might interest the reader. Our attention was called to a Chinese funeral procession—the beat of the drum, and the blasts of the horn first caught out ears. In the street ahead, heavily loaded carts, some drawn by as many as sixteen men, the rickshas, and the autoes pulled to either side to make way for the funeral. The band led the procession with its loud strains of weird music, a large picture of the corpse was carried aloft following the band, and then came the casket, covered with bright colored flowers. Hired mourners all wearing white, wept and wailed in heart-rendering tones while the relatives and friends who came next carried in Chinese chairs, were not so noisy in their expressions of grief. Now in America, folks feast at weddings, but that isn't enough for the Chinese—they feast at funerals too. And more than that, they carry through the streets all the roast pigs, chickens, fancy decorated cakes, etc. that go into the feast. Last in the procession, were all sorts of paper contraptions taken along to be burned at the grave, with the superstition that these things will be used by the

departed spirit in the next world. We even saw a paper house and a paper ship among these!

While gazing at the passing funeral, I stumped my toe over a pile of old shoes and turning my eyes, I saw that I was running into a small sized shoe repair shop right there on the side walk. The poor cobbler ejaculated so loudly that we apologized and hurried on. We saw an occasional woman seated along the street curb mending old clothes, and also some beggars squatted there eating rice with chop sticks.

When at the Market, the odor of fresh fish greeted us strongly on entering. Downstairs there were all sorts of meats—pork, beef, chicken, ducks, and fish in great abundance. Up the broad steps, we went for fresh fruits and vegetables, and found quite a variety of foreign as well as Chinese products. Some of the most common were bananas, tangarines, pomelo, coconuts, sweet potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, garlic, and many kinds of greens. We searched about for nice tomatoes and finally at one stand which caters especially to foreigners, we found some

fine big ripe ones. But like everything else in Hong Kong, which is not used by the Chinese the price was high, hence we bought only a few. At another stand we looked at bananas. I suppose there were more bananas in the market than any other one thing, yet not one of them would equal a good Florida banana. They are mostly small and green—however there is a good variety of bananas that retain the green color when perfectly ripe. We took two catties of these—the Chinese sell everything by the catty, a pound and a third. This finished our shopping, so we started for the water front, then the Ferry boat, the bus, and soon we were home again.

Amid all the strange sights and sounds we had seen and heard that day, there was one familiar sight which had thrilled me as never before, though I had seen it many times. It was a large banner of stars and stripes floating in the breeze over the American Consul's office.

CHAPTER II

The Trip Up West River

"Anti-foreign", "anti-Christian", "Bolshevik" "strikers"—these words and similar ones greeted our ears all too frequently upon our arrival in Hong Kong in late September. Indeed the anti-foreign spirit had suddenly grown so vicious during the summer months that practically every missionary had been forced to leave the interior of the two southern provinces, and many of them had experienced great difficulties in reaching the coast. Those who expected the trouble to be of long duration had continued their journeys to their native lands; others, who hoped to soon return to their stations were waiting in Hong Kong for conditions to improve.

To new missionaries the prospects were not very bright, but when one realizes that God is on his side, there is no room for discouragement in the heart. Gradually, the anti-foreign spirit quieted down to a certain extent, so that after a two-months delay in Hong Kong, we were able to start for the distant

interior. We were in company with a young lady missionary and an older couple of much experienced missionaries with whom we were to live while studying the language and the peculiar customs of the people whose souls we had come to save. Our destination was Kwei Hsien, about four hundred miles up West River from Canton.

Leaving Hong Kong on a British steamer early in the morning of November 24 we sailed quietly along among the many little islands of the sea, and shortly before noon entered the wide mouth of the Pearl River. Its banks were scarcely above the level of the water—great fields of rice and of mulberry sprouts stretched into the distance on either side. The rice was just being harvested and that by a very slow process indeed when compared to the rapid work of a great harvesting combine of America. The natives were cutting it with a hand sickle and then whipping out the grains over the edge of a large box, a handful at a time.

As we approached Canton which we knew was the hot-bed of revolution and the center of troubles

in South China, we realized that perhaps the most dangerous part of our journey would be encountered there. The anti-British boycott and blockade was rigidly enforced. So effective was the blockade that no Chinese boats were allowed to run from Canton to Hongkong. The British boats which disregarded the Chinese order and entered Canton were not allowed to land, but had to anchor out in midstream. Armed Chinese pickets were guarding day and night with keen eyes to keep Chinese passengers and cargo from going to and from the Hong Kong boats. Launches from American and British gun-boats accomodated foreign passengers by transfering them from the Hong Kong boats to Shameen—the foreign settlement of Canton—and in like manner, supplies and provisions were carried.

Arriving in Canton at 3 :30 p.m. where we had to transfer to a Chinese steamer, we found that the service of these launches from the gunboats had been entirely discontinued in favor of a Mr. B—, a big husky American who had taken up the service for what he could make out of it. His was a risky

business because he also smuggled many Chinese as well as openly accomodating the foreigners. The pickets were continually after him. Now, we had with us a large amount of baggage besides a supply of food stores which it was necssary to take with us. Our big problem was to get out numerous trunks, boxes, and parcels transfered to a Chinese up-river boat. The pickets would have immediately fired on any Chinese who might have offered their services.

The small steamer which was to start up West River early on the following morning agreed to take us provided we could bring our baggage on board before ten O'clock, The pickets would not allow them to take baggage after that hour. Mr. B— said he would move the five of our party, and our much luggage to this boat for $115.00. At the mention of such a price, my hands grabbed my pocket-book. I felt like that was indeed highway robbery. for the boats were only about a hundred yards apart. But there was no one else to get. He told us very boldly to pay that or go back to Hong Kong. Being absolutely at his mercy, we agreed to pay it. But

having other passengers and their baggage to land, he did not get our baggage to the Chinese boat till eleven O'clock. True to his word, the captain would not take us at that hour.

Such a predicament! All sorts of evil forebodings came to my mind. Suppose all our trunks, groceries, and other belongings were thrown into the depths of the sea, suppose we weren't allowed to go back on to the British steamer for the rest of the night, etc. But neither supposition happened. Mr. B— said that for $20.00 more he would keep our baggage on his barge till the following night and put it on another up-river boat scheduled to sail twenty-four hours later. Again I gasped at the price, but we very meekly agreed without a word, for there was nothing else to do.

We were taken back to the Hong Kong boat where we tried in vain to get accomodations for the rest of the night. However we were permitted to stay without accomodations.

"No place to lay my head"—a few nervous tears rushed down my cheeks. Thanks to my good hus-

band, we soon found a place to lay our heads. It was on the top of the boat that we spent the remaining hours of the night, having the dark blue sky studded with brilliant stars for a covering, and buzzing mosquitoes for company. The other missionaries stayed down in third class quarters surrounded by Chinese and their tobacco smoke.

When morning came, we were not troubled to dress, wash, or comb. By the help of Mr. B—and his little motor boat, we got over to Shameen, where we managed to get breakfast in an English hotel.

The Chung On, by which we now intended to go up the river, was due in to harbor at five O'clock. All of our party were there on the bund ahead of time anxiously peering westward for this boat. Dark came on but it was not yet in harbor, so we thought it best for us ladies to go back to the hotel and get a room, while the two men stayed with the baggage and watched for the Chung On to come in.

It was about eight O'clock when it sailed into harbor and anchored out some distance from the bund. Immediately Chinese row boats thronged

about it so closely that Mr. B—could not get his barge along side with our much baggage. The Chinese hindered in various ways, and not one of them dared lend a helping hand to a foreigner in Canton. After trying for two hours to get along side the boat, Mr. B—'s Russian crew became disgruntled and demanded more money. (Mr. B—himself was absent). When more money was refused they threatened to take the baggage to the shore and throw it off. Their captain became very ugly and exclaimed, "This is my last word! You pay $40.00 extra money right now or we throw off the baggage." Being again refused, they began shoving away the barge and heading toward the shore. Indeed it looked as if they were going to carry out their threat when Mr. B—himself came on the scene. The barge was then rowed to the rear end of the Chung On where each piece of baggage was drawn up by a long rope, hoisted over the railing and let down on the top deck. Some of the trunks were very heavy so that this was indeed a hard task. There was a lot of things difficult to move, like a dresser, a bar-

rel of meat and canned fruit, and even a cook stove! With all the men assisting, the job was not finished until 2 a.m. Then Mr. B—and his Russians retired, leaving the two men of our own party to watch the baggage the rest of the night. Thus they spent two nights in succession without even a chance to remove their shoes.

Morning dawned—Thursday—Thanksgiving Day. We ladies had enjoyed a good night's rest at a hotel and came down quite refreshed to meet the two tired men. And at 8 a.m. we were all safely on the Chung On, thinking our troubles were over, when pickets came on board with orders from the revolutionary government to seize all of the food stores. This order they were anxious to carry out. The boat was detained for two hours. My heart was sinking fast and I thought our groceries would soon be sinking into the bottom of the ocean. After much pleading on the part of the older missionaries who had spent twenty years of faithful service in China, a permit was granted as a special favor from the picket headquarters and we were allowed to proceed.

Indeed, we rejoiced and gave thanks on that Thanksgiving Day when we had passed out of sight of Canton—the turbulent, revolutionary center.

Two gun boats accompanied the Chung On up West River as protection against robbers. All went quietly, and we soon began to feel somewhat at ease. On the second day, after we had passed the worst infested robber districts, the gunboats returned to Canton.

Continuing on for a few hours, the boat unfortunately ran into shallow water and became firmly grounded just before dark. The crew worked bravely but by no plan were they able to move the heavily loaded craft. The passengers became seriously frightened, for we were very near one bank of the river and a small band of robbers could easily have taken the boat. Finally morning came, and then noon of the next day and still we had not moved. About five O'clock in the evening, several large barges arrived from Wouchow. Cargo was loaded on to them until the Chung On was free from the sand. The five junks were then towed

behind our boat, and we all arrived in Wouchow at 10 p.m.

Wouchow is situated on the north bank of the West River, halfway between Canton and Kwei Hsien. There it was necessary for us to transfer to one of the very small steamers which plow their way on up the river through Kwong Sai Province. The anti-foreign spirit which was destined to show itself so vicious in Wouchow four months later was then dormant, and we quietly made our transfer with no difficulty except that the coolies were so slow it took nearly all night.

The inside appearance of the smaller boat was that of one crude large room about seventy by fifteen feet. Certainly our quarters were none too spacious. No! we didn't have private rooms—there were only two tiny cabins and they were in possession of the officers. Our berths were wooden shelves about eighteen inches wide, furnished only with a strip of grass matting. However, we had some blankets and pillows of our own ready for use. Chinese psasengers with their luggage huddled about on the

floor, almost completely covering it. After all the shelf room was taken, they seemed to count themselves lucky to find space on the floor to lie down. There was no chance for any one to remove his clothing when bed-time came, for we were all thrown together, men and women, Chinese and foreigners.

The captain was short of fuel, and two long tiresome days dragged away before the boat began to move. Time seemed to mean little to the officers and crew, and there was nothing for us to gain by fretting. It was an opportune time for petty thieves to pass through the boat and get away with things. We tried to watch all out belongings with special care, but in spite of our efforts, one of the clever fellows succeeded in snatching my good brown coat from my bunk and was off before we were aware. Well, I comforted myself by thinking that perhaps he needed it worse thau I.

Early on the morning of December 1, we left Wouchow—again we felt relieved. After the boat was in motion, there seemed to be little danger of thieving for every one settled down, but at each stop

at the villages along the way, there was so much passing in and out that we certainly kept our eyes open lest stickly fingers might be near.

During these last days of the journey, all went well with us. We were able to stand out on the two-foot deck barely above the muddy water, and enjoy the river scenery. The little vegetable gardens and rice fields, with their peculiarly dressed workmen were picturesque and ever changing. Numerous small river boats were being towed upstream in a way quite new to us, yet age-old, no doubt. A tall pole was hoisted on the craft, and from the top of this pole, a long rope ran to the bank where one person, or more if needed, walked along up the river bank and pulled the boat by this rope. When steamers are not available, passengers often travel in these little towboats. I knew of a man pulling his boat loaded with passengers up the river all day through falling rain for fifty cents. Danger of robbers was ever present, but we had committed ourselves to the God whom we serve, and so felt quite at ease. Time wore on slowly.

The hard bunks proved very uncomfortable when the boat was in motion. There was a constant vibration from the engine, and we painfully realized that our bones had too little upholstering for such traveling. At first, I was thankful I had four sides to lie on but before the journey was finished all four sides were sore and I was twisting about trying to rest on the edges. We hadn't had a good soft bed since leaving Hong Kong.

Just at sundown, one week after we left Canton, our boat pulled up to the landing in Kwei Hsien. Thankful to our missionary friends, we had a comfortable place to go to that night. Coolies were soon secured to carry the baggage. Every piece of it was carried by human strength, up to the third floor of the mission home.

By ten O'clock we and our many pieces of baggage were safe at the home, and our bed was up—complete with a mosquito net and a soft mattress. Needless to say, we were ready for a night of perfect rest. Our long journey which had begun on the morning of August 1, at Granite, Oklahoma had

ended on the evening of December 3 at Kwei Hsien, South China. We breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for His care all the way, relaxed our tired bodies, and were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER III

Kwei Hsien—A Typical Chinese Town.

Kwei Hsien is situated on West River in Kwong Sai Province, South China, some three hundred miles west of Canton. Many of its thirty thousand inhabitants have never been outside the district and thus they present a true picture of real Chinese life of the interior where foreign influence has scarcely penetrated.

The chief route of communication and transportation connecting Kwei Hsien with the rest of the world, especially with the metropolis of Canton, is West River. Many hundreds of row boats and sail boats plod continually up and down the river carrying natives, and products of various kinds; larger boats propelled by small engines transport supplies, as well as passengers to and from the coast. Robbers and pirates are often so bad along the river that the boats cannot render any thing like the service needed. They never run on scheduled time, there may be two or three motor boats passing thru on one day and none the next. We enjoyed hearing

the boats whistle as they came and went, for that was the one sound we ever heard which was at all akin to those of a modern city. And on days when some long-looked-for letter or package from our dear ones in the homeland was expected then the whistle of the boat was sweeter than music to our ears, it sent a thrill of delight into our souls!

The landing place for all boats is called the "pai", and consists of an old woooden building with a platform an all sides, and so constructed that it raises and lowers with the water during the wet and dry season. Of course it is securely anchored and also fastened to the river bank by heavy cables. A movable and rather rickety foot bridge is laid across the shallow water between the bank and the "pai". Many houses near the river are built up on tall stilts so as not to be washed away during high water time.

The river runs along the south side of the city and, in the northeast part of the city there is a large lake. Since there are no wells of any consequence, these two water supplies furnish the

entire town with the necessary water for washing, scrubbing, cooking, drinking, etc. The Chinese carry it in large wooden buckets. Every coolie has two buckets, one on each end of a bamboo pole laid across his shoulder. All hours of the day these water carriers may be seen down by the river, and at the lakeside in seemingly endless processions. My heart has ached as I have watched small children struggling up the steep bank from the river so burdened with their loads of water that they could scarcely stand up under the weight. So much carrying constantly goes on back and forth thru the narrow dirty streets that they are kept wet and sloppy most of the time by the splash from the water buckets.

The pavement, if it could be termed such, is made of roughly hewn gray stones closely fit together and forming by no means a smooth surface. The stones vary in size from about three feet by a foot and a half down to six or eight inches square. Walking on them, a person feels thankful because they are so much better than the muddy slippery

paths outside the city. The streets are very narrow, and some of them roofed over so that the sun never gets a chance to dry them off thoroughly. Their width is not at all uniform. At some stretches, if two or three men wearing broadbrimmed straw hats attempt to pass, it is necessary to either go single file or remove hats. In Kwei Hsien, there was one broad spot where the people collected on Market Days, which was perhaps twenty-five feet wide for a very short distance. An average width of the streets, I should say, was seven feet.

As one passes through the business section he notices nothing so much for sale as bamboo in its various forms. I stop to quote a bamboo sketch which gives you an impression of how much the product is used.

"In the shelter of a bamboo grove lived a bamboo merchant. The partitions of his house were of latticed bamboo plastesed with mud and lime; the ceilings were of bamboo mats, and bamboo screens hung at the door. One warm day the bamboo merchant reclined upon a bamboo couch gently

waving his bamboo fan while his small son sat on a bamboo stool writing characters with a bamboo pen. A small daugter brought her father a roll of bamboo paper to light his bamboo pipe. The mother was preparing bamboo sprouts for dinner. A peddlar wearing a bamboo hat brought her vegetables in a bamboo basket, she also bought a fish caught with bamboo poles. She dipped the water with a bamboo dipper, strained the rice in a bamboo sieve, and finally served it in bamboo bowls. The bamboo merchant sat in a bamboo chair at a bamboo table and ate his dinner with bamboo chopsticks, to the music of the whispering bamboo trees."

No wheeled vehicle is ever seen in the city—not even a wheel-barrow. Occasionally one sees a horse, about the height of a Shetland pony but not nearly so attractive looking. These little horses furnish conveyance to some of the more able country people.

Oxen and carts are used outside the city but to no great extent. The carts are built entirely of wood, including the two wheels which are about

six feet in diameter and do not have so much as a steel rim. The most popular means of personal conveyance is the Chinese chair which is rather expensive, hence the great masses of the poor classes don't know what it means to *ride* in any fashion. Two coolies carry the chair by means of bamboo poles. One man goes in front of it with two poles across his shoulders, and extending backward thru the sides of the chair, another man follows bearing the weight from behind, having the poles likewise over his shoulders. I experienced one trip in such a "vehicle". The coolies certainly had to go carefully in order to edge around some of the narrow short corners in Kwei Hsien.

True to age-old established customs, the city was originally built within a wall. At present it has so outgrown this wall that there are indeed more business shops and houses of all kinds outside it than there are inside it. But the wall still stands some fifteen feet high and perhaps nearly as wide, with its four gates, one on either side, and its several old watch-towers. We noticed vines

and shubbery growing on the wall and thus causing the bricks to crumble and fall out, in another place or two some of the brick had been removed for building purposes. One day we picked up a stray brick and found by measuring that it was twelve by eight by two inches. It is probable that before many years the entire wall will be torn down, and the good bricks used either on the streets or other construction work.

Houses of all kinds are built so closely together that the south wall of one man's house is the north wall of another man's. Brick is the chief building material, stone and wood are used some, straw and mud furnish the very poor with meagre huts. Roofs are made of tile, and often have little panes of glass placed in amongst the tiles for sky lights. This is necessary because windows are so rare and most of them are wooden. The doors sometimes are built to slide, and sometimes are swung on very crude hinges; double doors are used to a great extent. For flooring I suppose that tiling of some sort is most in use, though many, many houses have only dirt floors.

Such a thing as a yard out in the open with no high wall about for protection is practically unknown. The schools have small walled-in spaces for play grounds, and some of the well-built houses have open courts within which afford light and air and perhaps a flower garden.

Near the middle of that part of Kwei Hsien which is inside the city wall, stands the Yamen—the government headquarters of the district and the residence of the chief official. The building covers about a block, but a large part of that space is open yard. It is there that the court holds session and that matters of jurisdiction are decided. A group of soldiers is always stationed at the yamen. What little law and order there is in the district centers there.

A French Catholic mission stands a short distance from the Yamen. On the church steeple is a large clock which is about the only dependable time keeper in the city. Two French priests live there and propogate their poisonous doctrine.

The only protestant effort carried on in the town is by the "Faith and Love Mission" which

has two large buildings devoted to blind school and evangelistic work. The boy's school is inside the city wall, the other building is outside the wall, and is used for the girl's school, and home of the missionaries. About sixty-five Chinese children, most of whom are blind, are feed and clothed and schooled by this mission—others who can pay their way attend day school. During recent troublous times, the boy's school has been compelled to close temporarily and all school and church work are now conducted in the other building which is indeed beautifully situated overlooking Kwei Hsien's large lake.

The heathen temples and other worshipping places are quite numerous, so numerous that a Christian person is made to sadly realize how full of idolatry and false religion the natives really are. I know of three large temples and of perhaps a dozen or more shrines to which those in the near neighborhood come to worship some hideous idol. Besides these, there are several ancestral halls—the Chinese are great worshippers of their ancestors.

The first general impression that came to me

when we landed in Kwei Hsien and walked from the "Pai" across the tottering foot-bridge, up the old stone steps to the street level, was the dreadfully ancient appearance of everything. From America to this typical Chinese town was like a trip from the twentieth century back to the first century. Indeed, China has the oldest civilization in the world. In direct contrast to the West, she clings to the old established customs and traditions with great tenacity. Such a sight as a freshly painted residence. a new style bungalow, or anything spick and span and bright is simply not to be seen. The few frame buildings are weather-worn shacks and look as tho a slight puff of wind would finish them. Everything looks positively hundreds of years old and all the people move about as tho they had a hundred years in which to reach their destination. The streets are shady, the shops are dark and dismal looking, there are musty odors (and many worse than musty) and there is so much dirt and filth in evidence that—well, a newcomer realizes that "this is China."

CHAPTER IV

"Shek Fan."

"Shek fan, ama, shek fan!" An American three year old youngster is speaking. Would you believe that the child of American missionaries in China learns the Chinese language before he learns his mother tongue? The one addressed by the above exclamation is the child's mother who is busy indeed with many households duties. She doesn't heed soon enough to please the youngster, who tugs at her apron, and repeats, "Shek fan, ama", Still her duties hold the mother's attention, but the child is insistent. Stamping the little foot and pulling harder at her apron, he says, "Eat rice, mama. eat rice!" That time the mother heeded. True to childish ways, and using the Chinese expression, her baby was telling her it was hungry and wanted something to eat.

But let us get a fuller significance of the very common Chinese expression "shek fan". Imagine yourself as guest at a Chinese meal in a mission school. A dozen or more native teachers and

workers have been invited in, in your honor. You have no knowledge of the language, nor of the customs of the people, but you do have a ravenous appetite.

As the guests assemble for the meal, the men are seated—most likely on bamboo stools—at one round table; the women, fewer in number than the men, are seated at another smaller table. If you are a foreign woman you will perhaps, through courtesy, be seated by your husband at the men's table. When one of the group is called on to "ki to", anp you see those dark skinned faces bow and the black eyes close—though the words spoken sound only as a mumbling to you—you feel the strength of "the tie that binds" when you realize that thanks are being sent up to your God and their God for this their "daily bread". Then when the prayer is ended, together the Chinese repeat "shing sam sho uen" which means "my whole heart desires it".

Set before each of you is a small bowl of rice—the "bread" of the Chinese meal, a pair of chopsticks—the "knife and fork" for your use, a short crude

China spoon, and a small individual dish of "paak yau". This latter is a brown salty fluid which is a favorite flavor with the Chinese. Ginger is another favorite of theirs—in fact they have many flavors as well as odors which you may dislike very much at first, and later become quite fond of.

In the middle of the table are several bowls, maybe ten or twelve, of meat and vegetables. There is sure to be fat pork on the table, there might be cat meat, dog meat, or a well cooked snake, but there is *sure* to be fat pork. The bigger the feast, the more meat will be served, perhaps a whole chicken and a fish cooked complete as it comes out of the water. There is always some broth in the different bowls of meats and vegetables, and it is for this that everyone first dips with his spoon—from the common bowls direct to the hungry mouths! The one who can sup the loudest and smack his lips in the greatest glee is exhibiting the best manners.

Then after the soup course, the chop sticks come into service and are used throughout the meal. These are usually made of wood, and are about twelve

inches long, with scarcely the diameter of a writing pencil, they are round on the end used in grasping the food, and square on the handle end. Now, watch the others and try to hold yours just like theirs—both in the right hand, one firm, the other more loosely. My! how you wish you had attended a "chopstick training school" for a few weeks! Well, you aren't expected to manipulate them with grace the first time. No foreigner ever did. The ease with which those men grasp a bite of food. swish it in their "paak yau," then to the mouth is indeed a marvel to you. No danger of soiling the table cloth when you drop that long, string of spaghetti, for there is no tablecloth. Somebody has wittingly said, "You haven't begun to live till you've seen John Chinaman eating spaghetti with chopsticks".

The vegetables on the tables are very likely lily-root, garlic, bamboo shoots, turnips, sweet potatoes, peanuts, and *always* some sort of greens. There are many Chinese vegetables which have no English name—for instance different varities of greens. The

cook usually chops up most of the food so that it ean easily be grasped with chopsticks, and very often mixes bits of meat with vegetables. One of the rare and expensive dishes which all the natives appear so fond of is fish's stomach! As the meal progresses you notice the others are holding their rice bowls in the left hand, placing it to the lips, and simply *scooping in* the food. To eat fast, to eat much, and that with a great deal of noise is their means of showing appreciation. The cook watches and as soon as anyone's rice bowl is emptied, it is immediately refilled, The way they throw the bones and scraps under the table rather surprises you, but soon a hungry dog makes quick work of them. If perchance a Chinese in trying to be polite to the foreign woman, reaches with his chopsticks and puts the fish's "inwards" into your bowl, you will be thankful for an instant when no eyes are on you, then out they go from your bowl under the table in a jiffy.

The conversation goes on rather lively in spite of rapid eating. One of the workers tells about a re-

cent convert who took all his idols down from his house and threw them into the river. (This is interpreted for you by an older missionary). Another one tells what a hard time he had years ago in overcoming the opium-smoking habit. One of the blind teachers says that he has been busy all day with his class of blind boys teaching them songs for the Christmas program. Thus the conversation doesn't lag.

At most Chinese feasts there is a small glass of wine served to each present at the close of the meal, but where the teaching of Christ has gone the wine glasses are omitted. When your last bowl of rice has been eaten—you must be sure not to leave any—the cook takes your bowl and returns it full of hot tea. You may happen to know that water used in the tea came from the nearby lake which catches much of the filth from the village streets, but you can't hesitate to drink it, for that would mean a great offence to the people whose guest you are. Now the quite proper thing to do when through eating is to say "Man, man shek" (which means,

"eat slowly") to the others and leave the table. The Chinese custom is to leave the table one at a time. You should have eaten heartily because meals are served only twice a day, 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. unless it happens to be during the New Year Festival when likely a noon lunch will be eaten.

How much that was said did you understand? Did you get plenty to eat? and how did you like it? Did you spill any "paak yau" down the front of your clothes? If you did, the stain will never come out. Perhaps you were impressed anew with the truth of—

> We may live without art,
> We may live without books,
> But civilized man cannot
> live without cooks.
> And neither can the Chinese!

CHAPTER V

Singing the Tones.

"Kong tong wa, hai m hai ni" If you don't understand just say" m shik" and it'll be all right. I was just asking if you speak Chinese. The phrase "m shik" means "don't understand" and was one of the first Chinese phrases it was my great pleasure to learn. It's a big relief to be able to tell a Chinaman that you don't know what he says and thus avoid staring in dumb stupidity. It is actually true that some of the far inland natives who have never realized that there is any other language on earth besides the one they speak, have been known to remark that Mr. So-and-so, the new foreigner, couldn't talk—yes, they think we are positive mutes! But after you get enough of the language to turn the tables on some Chinese who has laughed at you and try to teach him an English phrase he soon sees that you aren't the only one who is rather stupid.

Speaking seriously, the learning of the language is the first big mountain to climb for the missionary

who expects to effectively touch the hearts of the Chinese with the Gospel of Christ. Some one has said that the devil made the Chinese language to keep Christian missionaries out of China. But God is able to use this "devil's mountain" as a means of testing and strengthing His own messengers of the Gospel. We realize that we are reaping some of the results of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. (Gen 11 :7-9) But by the help of Him who made our lips, our tongues, and our vocal chords, and by much diligent study, we soon begin to grasp the mysteries of the language and gradually it is unfolded before us. And how happy we are to be able to understand even an occassional expression from the lips of one of these Chinese whom we have learned to love.

When we attend a service in which not one word of the English language is spoken or sung, it is a great temptation to let our eyes wander about over the strangeness of everything, But when we hear the tune "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" or perhaps another just as familiar, we feel deeply a very close

spiritual contact with every "yellow-skin" present whose voice is raised in praise to the Most High.

Of all things that might go to make a language difficult, can you imagine anything worse than that each word must be spoken in a certain correct tone before it can be understood? And most especially difficult is it to the student who naturally has a dull and unmusical ear. So, to a person studying the Chinese language, "singing the tones" doesn't have any connection with do, ra, me, fa, sol, la, ti, do. It is impossible to write just what it does mean, nevertheless I shall attempt a slight explanation.

In the Mandarin language of North and Central China, there are five tones while in the Cantonese of the southern provinces there are nine. Every-thing given here regards only the Cantonese. The nine tones are named, sheung ping, sheung sheung, sheung hui, sheung yap, chung yap, ha ping, ha sheung, ha hui, and ha yap, The first four are of a high series, the next one is a medial tone, and the last four are low tones. The two "ping" tones are described as even tones. The "sheung" tones

are rising, the "Hui" tones are receding, and the "yap" tones are entering tones.

The student's first lesson is repeating after the teacher these tones to the "*tune*" he "*sings*", employing whatever syllable he or your book may direct. Did I say the first lesson? Yes, but some advanced students of the language who have been quite fluent speakers advise that this should be the only lesson for two or there months.

It is really very important that the tones should be thoroughly fixed in the student's mind by singing them over and over again for hours after hours, all the time imitating the exact tones and pronunciation of the teacher. It is best to pay no attention for some weeks, at least, to the meaning of the sounds you are making. In the written characters of the Chinese there are no tone marks any more than there are diacritical markings in an English story book. However in the "braille" which a few of the blind have learned to read, the proper tone mark is given with each word. You can readily see that the blind who read braille would naturally

speak the tones more perfectly than others.

It is very easy, entirely too easy, to give a wholly different meaning to a sentence by saying one word in the wrong tone. For instance, an American missionary took as his text one Sunday morning that sweet saying of our Savior, "I know my sheep and my sheep know me". Now it happens that the only difference in the Cantonese words meaning "know" and "eat" is a difference in tone. To the grief of the speaker, but very much to the amusement of the audience he said the ridiculous thing, "I eat my sheep and my sheep eat me". At first a titter and then a loud laugh spread over the congregation, and the great spiritual lesson he was endeavoring to teach fell flat.

A little recent experience of my own also shows the entire change of meaning conveyed by change of tones. The cook on being asked what to have for dinner said to me "tong kai" which means "kill a chicken", but to my untrained ear she had said "tong Kai" which means "Chinese street". The only difference was in the tone of the words.

But we didn't have chicken or the street either one for dinner.

Spoken Chinese is difficult but the written language is far more difficult. English is just the reverse. Any Chinaman can learn to write our language sooner than he can speak it and be understood. Each Chinese character represents a word, (all words are monosyllabic) but this doesn't mean that any English word can be expressed by one Chinese character. Many of our words take two, three, or perhaps four characters in translation. The vast number of characters in the language is never learned by missionaries, but I should say that a knowledge of two thousand of them makes up a good speaking vocabulary. Very few students become skillful at writing characters, but most of us learn to recognize enough of them to read our Bibles. Writing is done with a camel's hair brush and Chinese ink. The ink comes in round sticks, like a stick of candy, and is mixed in a small bowl of water.

There are practically no rules of Grammar in Cantonese—no declension of nouns, no conjugation

of verbs. The idiom is depended upon to express the idea intended. Again it is possible to know the meaning of every word in a phrase or a sentence and then not get the correct thought. You may know that "min" is "flour", and that "pau" is "bundle", and then not know that "min pau" is "bread", or you may know that "long" is "wave" and "peng" is "illness" but you might not know that "long peng" is "seasickness". The more childlike a person can be in mimicing the talk of the Chinese the sooner he'll be speaking the language. We need to forget English and English rules of Grammar entirely!

The method of spelling out Characters as I have been doing is called romanization and is used in dictionaries for looking up characters. At the best it is a very imperfect way of indicating the pronounciation because there are many, many nasal and tongue-twisting sounds which cannot be spelled with our alphabet. Some missionaries resort to using romanized song books and Bibles as a short-cut to reading and thus save the drudgery of straining

their eyes and their brains over these hen-scratchy characters. But such a method is very imperfect and never proves satisfactory in the end.

It must be mentioned that both the Mandarin and the Cantonese have many different dialects spoken in different localities among the inland natives. The dialects are so different that conversation is impossible between two of them. This is in a large measure due to the poor means of transportation and communication amongst the vast millions of people in this immense country.

Is there any one who would welcome more gladly the adoption of a universal tongue than a foreign missionary in China? I think not!

CHAPTER VI

Christmas at the "Sun Oi Ui"

Note: It should be understood by the reader that during our first Christmas in China we were making our home in a mission school where we had been invited to stay while studying the language. We had no connection with the religious work of the institution.

The twenty-fifth of December doesn't mean any more to the great masses of the Chinese than any other day in the year. But in all the missions and mission schools it is customary to hold some kind of Christmas exercises in memory of the Babe in the manger. Though the Father has not revealed unto us the birthday of his Son, a praise and thanksgiving service for His Precious Gift to sinful man could not be amiss any day of the year. The manner in which it was observed at the "Sun Oi Ui"—The Faith and Love Mission of Kwei Hsien—was, I doubt not, far more pleasing to Him than are the gay festivities and promiscuous gift giving prevalent in America. On Christmas eve, no stockings were hung by the blind children, nor did any of them lie awake listening for Santa Claus. They practiced

their joyous Christmas carols for the next day's program and were sent to bed early. Their sweet voices from the down stair, floated up to us missionaries on the third floor, and as we listened, we caught the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." We continued in this spirit throughout the reading of a beautiful story "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", after which we retired with a strange but happy feeling of being in a heathen land and yet in close communion with the Omnipresent One.

Next morning, instead of being awakened by the jarring alarm of our Big Ben, we came out of our slumber to the strains of the delightful melody "Merry Christmas to You." It was being sung by three missionaries just outside our door. Some minutes later on opening the door, we found it all decorated with red and green crepe paper streamers, and very carefully placed there in the doorway we saw several Christmas packages bearing our names. Two children were never more thrilled over their toys form Santa Claus than we were over these gifts!

At the regular morning prayer service we expressed our appreciation to those missionary friends who had so graciously remembered us, and we in turn gave them some slight tokens of regard. Christmas greetings and good wishes were exchanged.

The main event of the day began at eleven o'clock in the large chapel in another part of the city. The chief performers were the Chinese blind children who had been taken in and cared for by the mission home. Some of the seeing children assisted and there were also two or three numbers given by older boys of the school.

The hall was long, the platform about twelve feet square and ten inches high was placed in the center of it rather than at one end. To the right of the platform only men and boys sat, while to the left sat the women and girls. It is only quite recently that a partition between men and women in public halls has been done away with, and that is just in places where foreign influence is felt. Most of the women wore black shams and pants and their hair was combed back very slick and tight into a

rolled or braided knot low on the back of the head. Several carried babies strapped to their shoulders. In the other end of the hall, men and boys filled every bench. Like the women, they wore the national dress—shams and pants. The one difference in the pattern is that a man's sham opens down the front and a woman's opens on the left side. The men wear their hair cut real short and very seldom does a man grow whiskers.

I must mention here the fire-baskets which attracted my attention quite forcibly. There was no stove or furnace of any kind in the building, but most of the Chinese were comfortably warm. The basket is made of bamboo and into it fits an earthenware vessel containing a charcoal fire which throws off plenty of heat to keep an individual warm except during very cold weather. The natives carry these baskets with them through the streets, into the meetings, or wherever they happen to be going.

One side of the chapel was so built that a part of the wall could easily be removed in case of large crowds attending the services. This partition was

taken out and benches were arranged outside in the open court-yard to accomodate the unusual crowd of onlookers and street children who flocked in to hear the program.

A Christmas motto was written in bright-colored Chinese characters on a big banner hung over the stage. I looked quite closely at the characters and, to my surprise, saw they were made of tiny paper flowers placed compactly together and forming the strange writing. Quite elaborate decorations of paper bells and chains, flowers and foliage, adorned the otherwise very plain walls and ceiling of the hall. I was told that all this paper work had been done by the blind boys and girls. Their fingers can certainly be trained to do skillful work.

The first number on the program was a song of welcome by the blind girls. There were about thirty of them all wearing blue cotton shams and pants, and were led in a line from the front seat to the platform by their seeing teacher, also a Chinese. Each girl had a white kerchief pinned by one corner to the front of her sham. Their short socks and

cloth slippers completed the uniform. One could notice quite a difference however in the little faces—some were pitiful to behold with their poor diseased and blind eyes bulging out so that the lids could scarcely close over them ; a few had great sores on their faces and hands, but the most of them were bright and happy looking children. They all had a braid of black hair hanging down the back tied at the end with a red string, and the hair about the face was cut in bangs of various lengths and styles. Not a child failed to sing out clearly, and make the welcome ring, apparently enjoying it as much as we who were listening.

The next number was rendered by a group of blind boys—they were dressed almost exactly like the girls except the material of their suits was narrow blue-and-white stripped instead of solid blue. They had the pinned-on kerchiefs, the socks and slippers similar to the girls, Every little head was shaved. All but one appeared quite well and happy ; that one, so I learned, was just recovering from a severe attack of smallpox. His weak, spindling

legs looked as though they could scarcely carry the weight of his frail body. Loathsome sores with ugly scabs were in evidence on the delicate face and bony hands. Even he joined the others in singing out the Christmas carol loudly and clearly.

The rest of the program consisted of various recitations, dialogues, and songs, every one of which had direct bearing on the birth of the Christ or the gospel story. If I had been able to understand their language, I might write a more detailed report. During one's first year in China, most mental impressions come through the eye, not the ear, But I could see, yes, and *feel*, enough to know that the lives of these children had been greatly blessed by Christ's coming into this low ground of sorrow and that on that happy Christmas day, they wanted to sing out the glad news to all Kwei Hsien !

It was nearly two o'clock when the Exercises came to a close. There had been no Christmas tree, no Santa Claus, but a touching commemoration service by children of the coming of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid

them not for of such is the Kingdom of heaven''.

In accordance with our plans, we missionaries ate dinner together at the blind girl's home. The Chinese cook did good work, and we enjoyed an excellent foreign meal; some packages of goodies from the homeland helped very much to make a tasty spread.

After dinner we went downstairs and saw all the boys and girls of the mission on the veranda drinking tea and eating cookies to their heart's delight. They stopped to sing a song or two for our benefit, and one little girl—a pet of the home—repeated her ''speech'' of the morning program. Judging from the way it was rendered, I should say she is an exceptionally brilliant child though only a blind orphaned Chinese girl.

Every native worker, teacher, and child connected with the mission shared together at five p.m. an especially prepared, bountiful meal.

That night the children's program was repeated in the street chapel for the benefit of day laborers and business men who could not attend the day

service, and again a large crowd was in attendance.

Thus the day ended. Many people who never attended the regular Church services in the city had been reached by the sweetest story ever told, as sounded out by children who were indeed living witnesses of God's love and mercy.

CHAPTER VII

The Money Question

Confused, perplexed, muddled, bewildered, addled, and all the other similar terms that Webster could produce would scarcely express the state of my brain after working several hours trying to figure up a month's expense account. You readers may think a gold dollar is worth a hundred cents and that's all there is to it, but if you ever come to inland China you'll learn that there's more to it than that.

To understand the difficulties of my problem of finding exactly the number of U. S. dollars (gold) and cents we had spent during one thirty days, consider with me a few of the perplexities that arose. First, our money reaches us from the homeland in gold and is deposited in a Hong Kong bank, but later exchanged into Hong Kong currency at the prevailing rate of exchange. Now a Post Office money order, a green back, a personal check, and a bank draft all bring slightly different rates of exchange. But money for daily expenses up country had to be changed from Hong Kong dollars into

Kwong Tung silver. The three pieces of money in the latter are cash, pennies, and twenty-cent pieces. (The largest is worth less than a U. S. dime.) The term "cash" doesn't mean ready money as Americans speak of it. A Chinese cash is about as large around as a nickel, but is much thinner and has a square hole in the center. It takes ten of them to make one penny, twenty six pennies to make one twenty-cent piece, but during the month under consideration the value of pennies fell a little so that it took twenty-eight of them to be worth twenty cents. Then there was so much counterfeit money in circulation that very often pieces of it were left on our hands. During the month we had made an order from America paying for it in gold, we had subscribed for the North China Herald whose subscription price was quoted in taels, we had ordered groceries from Canton and the bill was sent in Kwong Tung money, and we had paid rent on our Post Office box in Hong Kong currency—besides our daily living expenses at Kwei Hsien in Kwong Sai silver.

Luckily, we were able to pay for the American order by checking on a gold dollar account in the States. The value of the other orders had to be figured in Hong Kong currency at the proper rate of exchange, and paid by check accordingly. It was a big task to figure accurately the Kwei Hsien expense account alone, if I allowed for the change in value of pennies, and for each counterfeit piece of money lost. Cash were troublesome little things to keep count of. Suppose for each gold dollar sent us we received $1.73 Hong Kong, then for each Hong Kong dollar, we got $1.29 Kwong Sai currency, but suppose again that the rate of exchange is slightly different each time a check is cashed—you can begin to see the figuring required to determine accurately how many gold dollars one is spending. An adding machine wouldn't help much, either. I confess it was too muddling a problem for my own gray matter and had to be left to the more mathematical brain of my good companion.

Perhaps some student of fractions who wants to practice his skill would enjoy working out the value

in gold of one cash. Take the rate of exchange given above, remembering that each ten cents of Kwong Sai money is worth fourteen pennies, and each penny is worth ten cash; then one cash is what fractional part of one U.S. cent? No trick about it, just a little careful work.

In one village and its surrounding country there had been so much bad money passed that the natives became so suspicious they would accept nothing but cash, which were too insignificent to be counterfeited. Now to a missionary going on an evangelistic trip of a few days duration, the expense money for his journey is indeed a very *weighty* matter. He might have to hire a coolie to carry his pocketbook. This is no exaggeration. Sometimes a person's grip containing his necessary traveling money is heavier than all the rest of his baggage.

Except in the locality of that village, I know of no other place where twenty-cent pieces do not pass successfully (the ones that aren't counterfeit) but even when using these, one's money is often quite burdensome. Each piece is about the size of a U.

S. quarter of a dollar. The Chinese roll them in paper packages of fifty pieces each, or $10.00 to a roll. Suppose a person is paying the fare of several people on a boat, and the freight on a large amount of luggage; instead of reaching in his pocket for a $50.00 bill, he must get his suit-case or perhaps trunk and withdraw five rolls of money to pay the boat captain. In the meantime, he should be careful that there are no eyes peering over his shoulder to see how many rolls are going to be left.

Several attempts have been made in Kwong Tung and Kwong Sai provinces to get paper money in circulation, but none have yet proved successful. The people need a stable government to take the matter in hand, but oh! if they had God in their lives all such difficulties would take care of themselves, for what Christian would coin counterfeit?

The matter of cashing a Hong Kong check has at times proved quite difficult during the Chinese strike and boycott against Britain. If the merchants of the interior are regularly ordering supplies from the British colony they will gladly exchange their local

currency for a Hong Kong check, but when they cease ordering British goods, they don't want any Hong Kong money. There is no such thing as a dependable bank in the up-country towns like Kwei Hsien; the nearest thing to a bank is the pawn shop. Every village and city has one or more pawn shops and they are very popular places. Of course the coast cities of China have reliable banks, but we thought best during the recent troublous anti-foreign agitation to do all banking in Hong Kong.

Judging from the small value of the different pieces of the Kwong Sai money, one would naturally think that the natives do not spend it in large amounts. Now this is very true. They live so simply—yes, so *poorly*—that about twenty-five dollars a month supports an average sized family. However, wages vary greatly in different localities. In most families of the poorer class, the women work out just as the men do. Contrast the cost of living of an American family in which the father makes, say, $200.00.00 a month by working six hours a day and easily supports his wife and three

children, with a Chinese family in which the husband and two wives work at heavy manual labor from daylight till dark and earn altogether $25,00 per month which barely supports themselves and eight children. In which case is the cost of living higher? I should say in the latter, for indeed is not the cost very great that is paid for the meagre existence?

If it were possible for foreigners to live and keep their health eating similar food and living under the same conditions that the poor Chinese do, they could certainly live very cheaply. Many missionaries, even though doing the best they knew to care for their bodies properly have been compelled to give up their life's work entirely, due to health failure; others have made the supreme sacrifice.

One may travel far and wide, but every where he goes he'll find the need of that thing which is the root of all kinds of evil, and before his travels are ended, he'll be made to realize that there is money and there is money.

Now I sincerely hope that no reader became

frightened at the heading of this chapter, and skipped it by without reading, fearing lest it might be a plea for contributions.

CHAPTER VIII

A Happy New Year—February 13

On the day after Americans had commemorated Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and were making preparations for Valentine parties, the Chinese were madly celebrating their New Year's Day. It is the most glorious day of all the year—the time of the biggest, loudest, and maddest demonstrations.

The Chinese calendar is very different from the Roman calendar. It has thirteen lunar months—that is each new moon marks the beginning of a month, so that according to it the first day of the year is no regular set date by our calendar. However it usually comes in February and in 1926 happened to fall on the thirteenth.

Did it ever occur to you that in lands where Christ is not known, there can be no Christmas festivities? Where the Declaration of Independence was never signed there can be no Fourth of July picnics? And thus it is that China has no Easter, no Halloween, no Thanksgiving Day, not even an April Fool's Day. Nevertheless there are plenty of

holidays in commenoration of various things, mostly based on heathen ideas and superstitions. But by far the most important season of feasting and merry making is New Year's. Every place of habitation, whether a mat shed or a big business establishment, a mud hut or a mansion is thoroughly *cleaned* before the day arrives. Soap and water are used more, I think I can safely say *more*, on the two days preceding New Year's than any other two months throughout the year. There is brushing and rubbing and scrubbing in every home. Old folks, young folks, and babies have a rub-a-dub-dub in a tub, and then a head-washing, on New Year's Eve. We happened to witness one of these head-washings which was administered to a youngster very much against his will, Judging from the way he kicked and yelled and cavorted in an effort to free himself from his mother's hold, he must have preferred to leave the nits and the lice where they were. But not so with the mother, for she continued the soapy scrub in spite of his frantic screams and wild gesticulations until he was cleaned to her satisfaction.

Then she loosened her grip on him, and he immediately ducked his head in a basin of clear water and rinsed the soap suds from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

It is customary to paste up new red paper on which good wishes and blessings are written, around and above every front door. We have watched them scraping off the old tattered pieces from last year and pasting up newly written bright red paper. "May the five blessings come down at this door" is often written; these are Good Luck, Happiness, Long Life, Wealth, and Peace. Other well-wishing phrases are posted. No matter how humble a home may be, this custom is strictly adhered to. The paper must be red or orange-colored and the characters in black ink. Often a hideous picture of a heathen god is posted up with the idea that it will keep the devils away. The fear of devils is very strong in the hearts of the heathen Chinese. There is no trace of love, joy, and peace in all their superstitions and idol worship.

The common phrase of greeting at this New Year

Season is "Kung hi, fat tsoi!" and is only a little different in meaning from our own "and a Happy New Year". "Congratulations; may you grow rich" is the Chinese greeting translated. How true it is that to most heathens, happiness and riches are synonymous terms. Many, many of them are so dreadfully poor that they are indeed happy to have sufficient money to buy rice. Perhaps a shopkeeper will paste on a blank wall facing his shop a paper announcing "May those opposite me grow rich", and every passerby knows well enough that he put it there himself.

Schools in Kwong Sai had three or four weeks vacation at this season. Our language teacher didn't give us so much time off or rather we didn't give him so much time off. He insisted on getting off at noon of February 12 and enjoying that afternoon and the next day in holiday celebration. We granted that, but to our surprise he didn't come back the following morning either but stole an extra day on us. Every store in the city was closed all of New Year's Day and some of them longer. No marketing

was done on the streets. How we wish that they might always take time to rest one day in seven according to the Lord's plan—of course many of them know nothing about the Lord's plan!

On New Year's Eve and the next morning, we watched from our veranda a small worshipping temple and its many visitors. Trays laden with food were brought and offered to the hideous idol, and usually wine was poured out before it. It is indeed interesting to see a chicken or a duck sitting up on a fancy platter with its head high and a pink flower in its mouth. Nothing but feathers have been removed, very likely it was killed by smothering. All food for feasting is carried and offered to a god before it is put on the table to be eaten. We laughingly wondered how much would be brought if the idol perchance would help himself! But it is all carried back for the New Year's spread except a little wine has been poured out. The people we saw always clasped their hands, and bowed their heads and bodies several times in quick succession before the image. Sometimes they kneeled but not always.

At every worshipping altar, some of which are just stone slabs with a few characters cut in them, sticks of incense were burned and fire crackers were exploded. We noticed very little reverence in the attitude and facial expressions of the worshippers we watched. They go through the form only to appease the wrath of the gods. The poorest of heathen have money to buy incense sticks and idols, if only paper ones. We knew of a Chinese woman who had accepted the gospel, and in telling one of her friends about it said, "Oh, you ought to believe the gospel, it doesn't cost a cent, you don't have to buy incense, nor candles, nor idols—its all free!" Is it presumptuous to wonder if some American Christians feel the same way about its being free?

The part that firecrackers play in a New Year's celebration is *big* and *loud*, to say the least. It would be easier to conceive of a Fourth of July without fire crackers in the U. S. A. than of a New Year's without fire crackers in China. We began to hear them more than a week before the day arrived. The explosions came oftener and louder as

the New Year approached—the noise reached the climax at midnight of February 12. They didn't ,'ring out the old, ring in the new'' as Tennyson suggests, but they certainly *fired* out the old year and fired in the new. You see the fire crackers are bought by the yard in long strings and when a match is struck to one end, the noise will last several minutes without cessation. The larger firecrackers are usually shot separately. Many sky rockets and Roman candles were fired into the dark sky, making a beautiful sight to behold! Numbers of people remained up all night to see the New Year in and, we were informed, to also greet their fire god who they thought was returning at that time from a ten days victorious fight with the devil.

Next morning the streets were literally red with fire cracker papers, and still the firing went on at intervals throughout the day; in fact, for several, days following we heard many fire crackers. Children in their gayest frocks, men in their best long shams and everybody else paraded the streets!

The day was spent in visiting, giving gifts

and feasting. Every one wore his best clothes (I couldn't say "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes" in speaking of heathens)—even babies tied to their mothers backs were "dolled-up" for the occasion—the brighter the color, the prettier! Gifts were sent into the mission where we were making our home, and callers came from early till late. The gifts were all eatables of some kind, such as fruit, chickens, eggs, pork, and other Chinese foods for which I know no equivalent English term. One thing sent in that I found myself enjoying immensely was similar in taste to pop corn balls, only it was made of puffed rice and molasses, and was in cake form. Another sort of food of which we received a good deal was done up like a huge hot tomale in lily leaves instead of corn shucks. Rice gluten is used in place of the meal mush of the hot tomale, and meat and beans highly flavored make the center filling. A large cake was brought as a gift, and to my amazement, the lady of the house cut a large slice from the center, and returned the rest to the giver. I found out that she was accep-

ting the "heart of the gift" and that in most cases it was considered rude to accept all of a gift. A Chinese, however, will insist that you take the whole of it, when maybe he already intends to give what is left to another party. We saw little red paper packages being slipped into children's hands and on inquiring, found that they contained pennies or cash. We immediately wrapped some pennies in red paper and handed to visiting children. The children are not very old when they learn to smile and bow and "to che"—thank you—in proper fash ion. So much food was sent into the mission by the chief official in the city that it was thought necessary, in accordance with Chinese custom, to invite him in for a feast. We happened to know however that he had been to the coast cities a few times and had learned to like foreign food, so a few days later we had him over to a foreign meal, which he seemed to enjoy very much.

Though it is true that gambling and night reveling run high at the New Year Season, and there is much wine drinking at the feasts, nevertheless

there is certainly a spirit of good-will prevailing.

The New Year's greeting "May you grow rich" is expressive of their good feeling, and we are safe in wishing it to our friends, but may those riches be the heavenly riches which not even Chinese bandits can take from you!

CHAPTER IX

Love, Courtship, and Marriage

Love, courtship, and marriage with the emphasis on the last of the three.

As a foolish wife might be expected to do, I searched the Chinese language for a suitable pet name for my good life-companion. "What's the Chinese word for 'sweetheart'?", I inquired of an older missionary. She scratched her head a minute and looked frightfully puzzled. Indeed she had been in China many years and spoke the language fluently, but she had to give it up, "There just isn't any such word! Why these people do not have sweethearts, nor any word to convey the idea."

The Chinese consider love a very insignificant thing and in no way a prerequisite of marriage. The parties concerned never have any billing, cooing, and love-making scenes, not even friendly chats. They are supposed to meet face to face for the first time on their wedding day. The "courtship" consists in the *selling* of the bride-elect by her father to the groom's father. This often takes place

during the childhood or even infancy of the girl and boy whose lives are so vitally concerned. In some marriages where the contract has not been previously arranged by the parent, the husband himself buys his wife. This is always the case in buying concubines.

The Chinese have no set ceremony which would corresponds to the Christian ceremony that makes a man and woman husband and wife when they answer "yes" to the big question asked them. Instead, the marriage contract is signed and it is then lawful for the man to take the girl to his home any time afterward that he chooses, and live with her as his wife. A middle man is usually used in making satisfactory terms of agreement between the two families. The contract is really equivalent to an engagement, but is more binding than a marriage ceremony is in America where divorce laws are so lenient. The date for the wedding may be set several years in the future.

When the set date arrives, the girl is taken to the husband's home and becomes one of his family un-

der complete control of him and his parents. I knew of one case in which the wife at the early age of three was married off to her husband who was five years old. One day a visiting missionary at the home witnessed a spirited quarrel between this young couple while they were eating their rice. The little husband was getting more than his share, and rather shamefully abusing his tiny wife. The missionary attempted to stop the children's fuss, but the five-year-old husband looked up rather impudently and said, "I guess I got a right to, she's my wife." Of course the child had been taught that she was his to rule or ruin, or he would never have thought of saying such a thing.

The kind of a wife a man gets depends a good deal on how much money he has to pay for her. A coolie is compelled to buy a wife of the coolie class, because he can't put up the price to get one of a higher class. Thus it happens that marriages usually take place between parties of about the same social rank. Indeed the class distinction existing in China is in marked contrast to the American dem-

ocratic priniple of social equality.

Plurality of wives and concubines is practiced almost universally and presents a grave problem to Christian missionaries. The first marriage is the only one that causes much ado about the wedding.

The money that has been paid for the girl is supposed to be used by her parents in buying clothes, bedding, and furnishings of any kind desired for her to take to her husband's home on the wedding day. There is great grief manifested in the bride's home and often hired mourners cry for days beforehand. The girl herself weeps and wails in apparently great sorrow. During this time there is a manifestation of much joy in the groom's home.

Chinese custom varies greatly as to just what takes place on the wedding day. Foreign influence and education have had their effect on marriage customs. But there is always a wedding procession of some sort from the bride's former home to her future home. The most important part of it is the large red enclosed chair, carried by several coolies, and containing a precious burden—the blushing

bride. The rich have a very gaudy elaborate procession with all kinds of brilliant paper images, flowers, etc ; but the poor cannot afford so much expensive show. Heathen priests and plenty of loud music are always present.

As soon as the girl reaches her husband's home she must be made to realize that henceforth he and his parents are her masters. She may have to bow to the heathen idols and worship at the ancestral tablet. She may be cuffed about rather roughly by her new mother-in-law who gives her to understand that she is the mistress of the house. The husband is usually there to greet her and likewise to show her his authority, but I have known of the girl not even seeing her husband for many months after she has become a slave in his home. Funny thing—a wedding without a bridegroom ! but that has really happened.

The life of an uneducated, heathen Chinese woman is a hard life. The men folks all believe in "wives, obey your husbands", though they didn't learn it from the Bible or they might have also read

"husbands, love your wives". The poor women do all the difficult work. I have seen two women rowing a loaded boat upstream, while a couple of able-bodied men sat on it lazily smoking their cigarettes.

Husbands consider their wives valuable if they bear a large family of children, and especially sons. Every Chinese man is proud to be the father of several sons. The daughters are not worth much except as they are sold out in marriage. Where the teaching of Christ has gone, the condition of women is very different. No one should welcome the gospel more heartily than Chinese women, for when Chrisdianity comes into a home, love comes with it, and woman steps into her God-intended sphere as beloved wife and devoted mother.

CHAPTER X

Robbers

Whoever said that robbers are one of China's natural resources just about spoke the truth. They are the natural product of a nation where there in no stabilized government, and such is China since the attempt in 1911 to establish a Republic.

The means and methods of Chinese robbers are so different from those of American thieves and bank burglars that they can scarcely be compared.

For instance, it is not unconmon for an army of soldiers whose general has been defeated and cannot continue their pay to become a band of robbers and begin their vicious work of ravaging villages. They often go into a country village and force the poor natives, at the point of a rifle, to hand over their few meagre savings. We have heard heart-rending stories of honest hard-working Chinese who have had their last bag of rice taken from them by wicked bandits and at a time when famine was threatening the country. The law can do very little when the band of robbers is about as strong as the arm of the law.

In Kwei Hsien, Kwong Sai, the chief official of the district put out notices offering $1,000.00 reward for the capture of a certain robber chief—dead or alive, Now what do you suppose the chief did when he heard of this effort to capture him? Why, he straightway offered $5,000.00 for the official's life, and posted some of his notices right by the side of those calling for his own life. Such boldness is scarcely conceivable! But he lost his fight. District soldiers captured him in a gambling den, and brought him to Kwei Hsien where he was tried, condemned, and shot.

I saw a picture of his body taken immediately after he had breathed his last. He was stretched full length on the ground, face up, the ugly bleeding wound was seen just over his heart. I was told that usually robbers were blindfolded before execution and three shots fired into the back. But this man would not allow himself to be blindfolded, and on being shot once in the back, he whirled about facing his executioner and, as he jerked open his sham, he said "Shoot me here" and pointed to his

heart. The soldier complied, and instantly the robber chief fell dead! His body was paraded through the streets of Kwei Hsien, then buried in a wooden box outside the city wall. Another one of China's millions gone to a never-ending hell!

It seems to be the general conception among the heathen Chinese that the thing wrong about stealing is the getting caught. Children are sometimes taught to steal; commended by their parents if successful, but punished if caught.

One favorite way the robbers have of securing gain is by capturing people and holding them for ransom. They often take a wealthy man's son (a girl is not so valuable) and hold him for thousands of dollars ransom money. And if the price is not forthcoming the child is either maimed for life and turned loose, or else killed outright.

In the late summer of 1925 four Chinese preachers of the Christian Missionary Alliance were returning from the coast where they had been in an effort to get through Canton to Hong Kong. But due to the strike against Britain, the effort was in

vain. They were sitting peacefully on the deck of a West River boat going to Wouchow, when shots were fired and immediately everything was in wildest excitement. Robbers had attacked the boat! They had comrades among the passengers all armed and ready to help seize and search everything and everybody on the boat.

These four men were bound and taken ashore with other captives. After being driven for miles over rough mountain paths, they were hurled into a tiny room in the robbers' den with a number of other like prisoners. For four long months they were held chained together by their necks and ankles so tightly that when one turned, all must turn. The cutting of the chains became indeed painful! They were fed only a very little coarse food, and were tormented continually by vermin, but they didn't dare complain if they became ill lest the robbers tie them to a tree and leave them to die, for fear the disease should spread to others and thus lessen the possible amount of ransom money. After a dreadful time of suffering and anxiety, the

ransom demanded, having been greatly decreased, was finally raised and handed over to the robbers. The captives were turned loose near the end of January.

The time was when foreigners were never taken for ransom, but the robbers are growing bolder under the spirit of Bolshevism. We know of four missionaries who were held for ransom similarly to the Chinese men. Three of them managed to escape, but the money had to be paid for the freedom of the remaining one.

We ourselves experienced one robber scare which came pretty close home. About 11 p.m. just after we had retired one chilly night in march, we heard some sort of unusual commotion outside—dogs were barking so loudly that we knew there must be some trouble in the city. We listened, the noise increased; we heard such loud talking and alarming screams that we jumped from bed and rushed on to the veranda. We immediately sensed that robbers were in the neighborhood. Out of the confusion of sounds, "tsau,

tsau, fai ti" reached our ears. We happened to know that that meant "run, run, quick!". We could see figures rushing hurridly about, some carrying lanterns, we heard harsh voices, and screams of children. How did we know that the mission home would not be the next place raided? The older missionaries with whom we were staying were many miles in the country. In such times God is a great tower of strength! We came in and kneeled at our bedside in fervent prayer for His protection. Such confidence and peace then filled our hearts, that we retired in full assurance that our prayer would be answered. And so it was—the noise gradually died out and we slept soundly till the morning's light.

Next day we found there had been some fifteen robbers in the city, but had been driven out by the natives. One store had lost $700.00 and one man was seriously wounded. In the pursuit the robbers had been closed in upon and had hidden for a few minutes behind the corner of our yard wall. They all escaped but one who swam across the lake in

front of our house, and was caught on the other side, and later shot.

In the above case, the officers of the law made no effort to route the robbers. Not because they didn't want to protect the people but simply because they were afraid to. Officials have no strong backing, and law is not enforced, in inland China.

May God speed the day when men will cease from stealing, in compliance with the Higher Law :- "Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labor with his hands the thing that is good that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need," Eph. 4 :28.

CHAPTER XI

The Bus Road

For months, the bus road that was being built thru Kwei Hsien, was the chief topic of conversation on the streets and in the shops. Henry Ford himself could not have caused half the interest in that inland Chinese city, as did the arrival of two of his automobiles. A handsome new brick garage was ready to house them, and hundreds of wondering eyes were anxious to see them. The cars had been shipped up West River from Canton, and were set up at the Kwei Hsien garage, in the midst of dozens of gazing onlookers.

It was the purpose in building the bus road, to connect some of the inland cities with the coast city of Pakhoi, thus furnishing better and quicker means of communication with the outside world than the river boats furnished.

The road is by no means complete yet. However when a stretch extending for forty miles south of Kwei Hsien had been thoroughly gravelled and made ready for traffic, the chief official of the city

set a day for the formal opening of that part of the road.

We missionaries decided we must go to the celebration and see what took place. It was reported to begin at 8 a.m. so we left home early, full of curiosity to see a motor car, so far from modern civilization. The new garage, which had been chosen as a place for the formal opening exercise, was about a mile down the river from where we lived.

Many people were going down in row boats, so we also hired a little boat to take us. No sooner had we stepped into it, than a Chinaman started asking the why and wherefore of an automobile. "How do you start it?" "What makes the wheels go round?" he quizzed. One of our party began explaining the mysteries of a gasoline engine to his puzzled brain. It was such an interesting subject that it held the small crowd in the boat spellbound as we rowed along, down the river.

When even with the garage, the boat was pulled ashore. Up the steep river bank we climbed, to the scene of the big celebration. Hundreds of people

were gathered there, eagerly waiting to see these strange foreign cars run without horses, oxen, or man-power.

When the chief official saw us foreigners, he very kindly invited us into the new building and had us served to tea and wafers. Quite a number of wise-looking Chinese men, in long shams and foreign-style hats, were sitting about, drinking tea and smoking cigarettes.

Out in front of the garage, preparations were being made for the ceremonies. Two Ford trucks, with unpainted wooden bodies, built large enough to accomodate fourteen passengere, were brilliantly decorated with paper flowers, and bright-colored silk.

The Official, suspecting that some one of our party understood how to drive a car, found out on inquiry that my husband could drive, so he immediately insisted that he steer one of the buses on its initial trip over the new road. Under the existing troublous times in China, that was quite an honor to be paid a lately arrived foreigner, however this

gentleman had for years been a friend to missionaries and their teaching. The request was gladly granted.

Soon firecrackers began to pop in true Chinese fashion. They continued popping till my ears were nearly deafened. The ground was red with exploded firecrackers, and the air was full of smoke before the noise ceased. Then followed a formal program of interesting speeches. (Thanks to the missionary friend who whispered to me in English what was being said in Chinese.) We were all standing in a large assembly in front of the new garage as the exercises proceeded.

The chief official acted as chairman of the occasion. Several men of the upper class made short addresses about the opening of the new road, and the general advancement of Kwong Sai province, especially of Kwei Hsien. They were real promoters of western civilization, as well as boosters for their home town. Cheers and hand-clapping followed each speech. The people truly seemed to be eager for better ways and means of travel and

communication. Most of them realize that their country is backward, and far behind some of the other nations in modern civilization, and they are awakening, and struggling to bring China to the front in world affairs. The ignorance and poverty of the masses is the great hindrance.

After the closing speech it was announced that the crowd would be given some free rides in the two buses. Such a scramble as there was for seats in the cars! The official came for us and we proceeded to climb into the most highly decorated of the two. In a moment I heard the familiar sound of a Ford engine, and directly the car was moving smoothly along, with my husband's steady hand at the wheel.

Were we really and truly in Kwei Hsien? We had never dreamed that such an experience as an automobile ride could be had in that part of China. When we left America we had said good-bye to all such sort of things, but there we were, in a Ford car, speeding over a hard surfaced road! It scarcely seemed possible! We surveyed the scenery on both sides of the highway as we chatted light-heartedly

throughout the exhilarating ride. Not only did the occupants of the bus enjoy a complete thrill, but some of the onlookers by the roadside were thrilled with great wonder at the astonishing sight. Their eyes stood out as on toothpicks, and they stared in dumbfounded amazement. We chanced to meet two men riding a donkey and judging from the mule's actions it was the first time he had encountered one of those strange foreign machines. His riders evidently expected trouble, for they had jumped off, and were attempting to hold the beast as the car approached. But he was not to be easily held. He stood for an instant, staring, with feet planted firmly on the ground, then with one bound, he rushed madly into a rocky field, dragging his master with him. It was a funny sight! We speeded on by with colors flying in the breeze, hoping the donkey would soon recover from his fright.

The other car followed close behind. The road was excellent, and had been built ample wide for easy driving. We drove about five or six miles out

in the country. Then at the official's suggestion, we turned around and came back to the garage.

Great throngs of waiting people flocked about the car as we drove up, each hoping to be taken on the next free ride. We could scarcely get out for the crowd pushing against us. They immediately filled the car to its utmost capacity, and away they started in great glee!

None of the Chinese enjoyed their rides any more than we foreigners. We thanked the official very heartily for his kindness to us. We had been able to discern no anti-foreign or anti-christian feeling on his part, or anybody else's that day, altho' we knew that there was a strong undercurrent of bitterness existing in the hearts of many.

Going back down the hill to the river, we met women carrying baskets of brick up the rough steep bank. My heart went out in pity and sympathy to these poor miserable women struggling under their heavy loads, and I thanked God for the Christian religion, and the blessings it has brought to womankind. The faces of some I saw were worn and

haggard and sad, their backs were bent, and altogether they presented a strikingly sad picture in contrast to the gaiety of the scene just on the other side of the garage. The entire crowd at the celebration was men and boys. No Chinese wonan had enjoyed a car ride.

The boat was waiting to carry us back home. We walked across a little gang-plank, and took our seats on the floor. It was harder work on our oarsmen rowing upstream, than it had been coming down. As we went slowly along, our attention was called to a nine-storied pagoda on one side of the river. We were told that the Chinese always build these tall temples just below every city, because they have a superstition that wealth flows downstream, and so the Pagoda is built there for a guard to keep riches and prosperity from leaving the city.

After reaching home we heard that in previous years other attempts at building roads had proven a complete failure, on account of robber bands making them unsafe for travel. Many people expressed great doubts as to the success of this new venture.

Which all goes to prove that China needs, and must have, a stable central government if she would advance politically and economically.' Yet how little difference it would make in eternity if she never advanced politically and economically. The one cure of all her ills and evils is the religion of Christ in the hearts of the people.

CHAPTER XII

The Trip down West River

For five months, our stay in Kwei Hsien was very peaceful, and we felt that the hearts of the Chinese were quite friendly toward us. But during the latter days of April, as we approached the first anniversary of the Shanghai shooting, there began to be frequent manifestations of a bitter anti-foreign spirit. Elaborate plans were made by the instigators of this anti-foreignism for a big demonstration on April 30. With some wonderment mixed with rather fearful misgivings we awaited the arrival of the set day.

At high noon the sound of the drums told us that the parade was on. Somehow the very sound of the drums beaten in martial rhythm seemed to warn us of danger. The noise came nearer and nearer until the procession was passing directly in front of our house. There were perhaps a thousand angry students and a few armed soldiers in that long procession of so-called "Patriots." They paused to wave their banners as they passed the mission, and

some of the bolder ones called out, "We re going to kill every foreign devil, and we are going to do away with every one who goes to the chapel to hear the foreigners preach."

It was thus clear that the same ugly spirit which had recently driven the Baptist missionaries from Wouchow had finally made its way to Kwei Hsien. Our hearts were heavy. We wondered whether we would be able to stay, or whether we would meet the same fate.

On the following day, the two older missionaries with whom we were living, went to visit the chief official to see what he thought of the situation. The man had been their true friend for years and was yet willing to do anything he could for the good of their work. But he was frank to admit that the situation was beyond his control, and advised that none of us attempt to remain in the city. Up to this time, these missionaries had received nothing but the kindest treatment from the Chinese during twenty years of service in South China, except for occasional slight misunderstandings. However the

bitter feeling had now become so tense that as the older missionary passed on the Kwei Hsien streets, young men would sometimes stand in groups and shout out, "Hit him, hit him!." or "Kill him, kill him".

At such a time it was impossible for us to venture to go to the coast alone when we could not talk the Chinese language. While our friends were considering the advisability of all of us going, I suddenly became quite ill. My fever ran high, and my stomach would retain nothing. Certain foods that I craved could not be bought at any price, and no doctor's advice could be had. The weather was hot. I had an intense craving for ice, but even cool well-water would have been a great satisfaction. Every drop of water we drank had to be boiled and there was no way to cool it. My condition brought the issue to a climax—it was evident that we must start to the coast if possible.

We accordingly tried to engage boat passage. Plenty of boats were coming and going every day, but none of them would take us. For three days a

man was kept at the river trying to get passage for us, but in vain. During that time we had every thing packed to go and kept ourselves in readiness to be at the river on short notice. All of the boats were loaded with soldiers, and refused to take extra passengers. There was no other means of travel.

On the evening of May 13, our missionary friend himself, by this time quite anxious, was at the landing when about sundown a small boat pulled in.

It too was loaded with soldiers who would not even permit him to go on board to ask for passage. But he was not to be outdone so he sent a trusty Chinese to see the captain in his behalf. Now it happened that the captain in command was an old time acquaintance and friend of this particular missionary; he at once promised to see that we got to Wouchow. The soldiers all made a strong protest, but the captain insisted that he must accomodate his friends. A space about six feet by ten was provided for us and our baggage on the flat tug which was being drawn behind the boat.

When news came to the house that passage had

really been secured it was like a tonic to my sick body. One O'clock in the morning it was when the coolie brought the word which caused quite a stir in the household. Though very weak, I managed with good assistance, to walk to the boat, and then fell exhausted into the little room, with a prayer of thanksgiving on my lips. At two-thirty a.m. we began to move down the river. The soldiers treated us kindly from the first. The tug sailed along smoothly, being free from the vibration of the engine. The elder lady missionary had remained alone at Kwei Hsien to oversee the care of her large family of blind orphaned Chinese children. Though she was left the only English speaking person in the intire district, she felt that her duty was there with the children. Her husband and their younger helper went with us to the coast to remain some weeks. They had been unable to cash checks because of the trouble so he needed to go to the coast to get money as well as to escort us, and to avoid further trouble at Kwei Hsien.

Our friends did a great deal of preaching to the

passengers who gathered about, some listening real attentively. They had decided to treat us courteously, and in no way even resented the Christian teaching. The traveling down river was much faster than going up-stream had been. At ten O'clock on the second morning, we reached Wouchow where it was necessary to transfer to the larger steamers. Surely our journey could not have been more greatly blessed, for a good steamer with available quarters was there ready to sail for Canton at 2 p.m.

Without any trouble, we engaged rooms on the upper deck, and had our baggage brought across in a little row boat. And just then whom should we meet but our old friends, the pickets? We had a vivid remembrance of an encounter with some of them at Canton on the way up. All of us together had five trunks, two of which were very large and heavy. The pickets said they would put the trunks on board the Canton boat for forty dollars, but otherwise they would allow no one to touch them. That was an exhorbitant price! We knew that to

get the heavy trunks on board would be no easy task, for they had to be carried up the long, narrow, shaky drawbridge to the top deck, because they would not be safe from thieves anywhere else. Could we pay $40.00? No, indeed. Our missionary friend had not fully recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, and was not strong, but he and my husband tackled the job themselves, without any Chinese assistance. They handled the smaller trunks easily enough. But the pickets laughed them to scorn when they started to move the biggest trunk. No less than four of them could have handled it. Getting it up the drawbridge would be the test. As it started up, all eyes were on the foreigners. The pickets were silent, and every thing was tense. With much difficulty our men got it nearly to the top of the bridge, but it was such a heavy load that for an instant they were stalled. The trunk tilted to one side, and came near falling back! A member of the Chinese crew, standing at the head of the drawbridge looking on, reached out to lend a helping hand, the pickets roared at him

in a whole chorus of angry voices, calling him anything but nice names, and even threatening his life if he dared touch that trunk. One of them rushed up and struck at the offender. Had our men have become excited the trunk would likely have fallen into the river, to the great delight of the pickets, but the men kept their heads, regained their balance, tilted the trunk back, and rolled it onto the deck! After a moments rest they tackled the remaining one, and brought it up with less difficulty. The pickets sneaked away, completely beaten for once.

My illness seemed to be no worse from traveling, but as yet I was not better. After all our baggage was loaded on, and we ladies were trying to rest in our hot little cabin, the men set out to try to find some ice for me before time for the boat to sail. They walked about a mile down the river to the home of a Standard Oil man and there managed to secure a small piece of ice. Nothing ever tasted better to me than that ice! I had craved it so long that when a glass of ice cold milk was brought to

me, I drank it frantically and ate every crumb of ice that was left.

The voyage on down to the mouth of the river was uneventful. We arrived in Canton on the second evening out of Wouchow.

The same Mr. B—who had transferred our baggage before, was still on the job. He had been shot at several times while on duty and some of his Russian crew had been wounded. When we sought his help, he was afraid to go down into the section where our boat was anchored.

After hours of effort, the men finally got a Chinese boatman to take the baggage to the Chinese customs house. From there Mr. B—took it and ourselves to the Hong Kong boat. We had especially prayed the night before that God would give the man a conscience in setting his price this time. When we settled with him, it was better than we could even have expected. He asked only $7.50. Under ordinary conditions, the Chinese would have done the transferring for much less, but under the prevailing conditions this was very reasonable.

While in Canton we learned that of the fifty-five boys who had been kidnapped from the Canton Christian College the previous fall, all had been able to return but twelve. They had gotten out in various ways. Some had escaped, some were ransomed, and one party of four had killed their guard in order to get away.

When once on board the Hong Kong boat we feared no more trouble, for we were back where there was something of law and order.

Arriving in Hong Kong in the early afternoon we felt greatly relieved and very thankful for our safe trip. We took supper with some American friends we had made while there the two months just after our arrival. The menu was such a pleasing change from our up-country fare that I most forgot I was ill, and enjoyed it immensely. Nice fresh tomatoes and whole-some fruit were very appetizing.

Lodging was then engaged in the Missionary Home and we were ready to retire early. Our hearts were thankful to our Heavenly Father for having had the five months experience among the

inland Chinese people and now for being brought safely down the river.

I was immediately put under a good doctor's care, and with change of food, and the refreshing sea breezes, I was regaining my strength in a very short time.

CHAPTER XIII

Our Island of Refuge

"Can you see that little island—the perfect shape of a dumb-bell?" From the summit of Hong Kong peak, I looked and saw for my first time the island of Cheung Chau. A missionary friend and I were riding in rickshas over a smooth pavement on the top of Hong Kong island and she was pointing out to me some of the distant sights we could see from our high elevation. "There's a Chinese fishing village on the far side of it down next to the harbor between the two knobs of the dumb-bell, but the most of the island is occupied by foreigners, mainly missionaries who go there for rest during the hot season", thus she went on to explain to me. That was in October, 1925.

It was not until the latter part of the following May that I heard or thought anything about Cheung Chau again. At this time, after a hard trip down west River which had been forced on us by persecution and sickness, we came to the quiet little islandwhich indeed proved a pleasant place of refuge.

We rented a little cottage on a rocky promontory where the great waters of the Pacific were in a stone's throw to the right and to the left of our front door. We could lie down at night and listen to the beating of the waves against the rocky shores when just a few days before we had been listening to the frenzied street rabble with its mad threats against "foreign devils".

After a few days of complete rest, we took a little exploring trip around over a part of the island—its greatest length from end to end is about two miles. The "highways" are graveled paths four or five feet wide, the sign posts along the way read, "To No. 6, 9, 10" or similarly. You see the foreign houses are each numbered; there are only about thirty of them, and are all built on one end of the dumb-bell. The Chinese shops and houses are down by the harbor; the government does not allow them to be built up past a certain landmark. First we go down hill, then up hill, then down again. There are many high points scattered about over the island—perhaps the highest is two hundred and fifty feet

above sea level. Down over a little rock bridge, entirely shaded by beautiful trees, our path meanders. A stream of sparkling water flows out of the hillside, and there, by a small pool near the spring, a Chinese woman is doing her laundry. She doesn't bother to boil the clothes, nor to trouble about soap, or bluing, or starch. She had no need for tub or rubbing board, for indeed nature's own pool is her tub, and a perfect flat rock is her wash board. She isn't concerned about the clothes keeping their snowy whiteness for they were black to begin with. Likely she will stretch them on the grass to dry or perhaps hang on a bamboo pole. We leave her to her task.

Wending our way down to a small beach we tarry a while to search for shells. There are some very beautiful ones in shape and color, but all are small. I picked up several pieces of fish bone just like the pet canaries in America use in their cages. Some fishermen in little boats nearby watch us closely. As we hunt about for the different kinds of shells, we are reminded of a ridiculous definition I once

heard of an optimist—a man who, without a penny, would walk boldly into a cafe and order a dozen oysters expecting to pay for them with the pearl he found in one. Well, we picked up some real pretty shells but no pearls.

From the beach, we go down into the village, through the narrow dirty streets, we turn at every corner. The boat whistles! Fifteen minutes till it leaves for Hong Kong! We walk over to the pier just to see who's coming and going—the main thing we see going is fish! Fish of all sizes, from the tiny silvery ones about an inch long up to one two-hundred and sixty pound creature. There are some eels, and others that look more like snakes than fish. But I wish you could see the huge baskets filled to overflowing with many thousands of the little shiny fish no bigger than rose petals. All are lowered on to the lower deck of the launch; (the odor is terrible!)

Two tanks of water hold a few of the larger fish, but the vast quantities of the averaged sized ones are in bamboo baskets. We shove around among

the third class passengers of the lower deck and look at the different kinds of fish until the boat gives the signal whistle to start. As we climb up the gang plank, we think of the many hungry mouths those fish will feed, for they are being taken to the Hong Kong market where the supply can scarcely meet the demand.

Coming back up out of the village, just before reaching the foreign residences, we pass a government school for Chinese. The framework of the building is bamboo, not a nail used in its construction; it is all tied together with narrow strips also of bamboo. Huge palm leaves overlaid and fastened securely to the frame complete the structure and keep out the wind and rain. The school yard is thickly set with small trees of various kinds.

There are very few large trees on Cheung Chau at all; many pines have been planted along the pathways and the hillsides but as yet are not more than ten feet high. However sometimes they afford a cooling shade for a few minute rest on a hot summer day.

On top of the first little knoll up from the school house stands a stone chapel, generally called, by the residents, the Assembly Hall. It is used by foreigners for any sort of business or religious meetings. Near it are several Chinese graves, and a few earthen jars containing bones of the dead. The graves have been dug horizontally into the hillside, and some of them have rather elaborate stone work built about what we might term the entrance to the tomb.

Strolling on, we come upon another larger beach which is quite a popular place for swimmers. There is a long mat shed divided into dressing rooms built there on a smooth stretch of sandy beach; we see a few bathers who seem to be enjoying the salty water.

Down near the beach are some Chinese gardeners busy working in their little plots of vegetables. We notice one garden so terraced as not to lose a square foot of grouud—such intensive gardening no American would ever have the patience to do. Each plant had been started in a hot-bed, and reset by hand and is being sprinkled very carefully, Fertilizer

is always applied in proper qnantities. When you know that a half dozen crops or more will be raised on the same soil in twelve months time, you do not wonder that it is necessary to fertilize freely. One gardener was wearing a pair of Chinese pants, no clothing above the waist, his legs were bare and on his feet were coarse grass sandals. With his large straw hat pointed on top and about the size of a parasol, for a sunshade, and with a big wooden water sprinkler in each hand, he looked quite picturesque as he watered the little green platch of mustard.

But we go farther on to another garden which is down in a ravine, and the work is done on a somewhat larger scale. We see a man preparing his land for rice with the aid of a red cow and an old-fashioned one-handled wooden plow. About that time while we were watching this age-old method of farming demonstrated, a drop of rain hit us, so that we immediately faced about toward our little cottage. One of those cooling summer showers so frequent on the island had caught us unaware; but

luckily we had only a few steps to go, just far enough for us to get a rather thorough sprinkling.

The heaviest rainfall of the season was at the time of the July typhoon. The center of the storm was between Hong Kong and the Philippine Islands; our part of it was just "the tail of a typhoon", but we didn't care for more. About 2:30 a. m. wind and rain struck the house so forcibly that it was necessary to close tightly all the heavy wooden shutters and doors, provided especially for use during typhoons. The storm grew more violent every hour till day break, and raged on unrelentlessly all the forenoon. No language teacher came at 9 a.m., the regular hour. Part of the time we were able to keep one south door open; we could see the angry waves of the turbulent waters dash high against the rocks and fall back into the seething foam. Rain poured in great torrents at times, and there was a continual spray of ocean water carried like huge puffs of smoke through the atmosphere. We remembered with great comfort that it is Jehovah "Who hath measured the water in the hollow of his

hand", and "Who bringeth forth the wind out of his treasuries". Before the storm was over, we heard a friend remark in referring to another scripture "Who hath gathered the wind in his fists", that God had surely opened his fingers and let out a whiff of air. Gradually the wind calmed and the rain ceased, not suddenly as when our Savior said to the Sea of Galilee, "Peace. be still!"

For two days the regular boats to Hong Kong had not ventured out of harbor. The only inconveniences we suffered were in not being able to get groceries, missing our language lesson, and being kept busy moping up water that ran in around the doors and windows.

On the third day boats began to run, and news reached us of the damage done in Hong Kong and other places. The estimated loss at Hong Kong alone was $1,000,000.00 in property, and several lives were lost. Many poorly constructed buildings were totally wrecked, streets were deluged with mud and stones, and some serious damage was done to shipping vessels and fishing boats. Rainfall

registered nineteen inches in five hours!

July proved the stormiest month, but we mustn't pass by the latter part of May and June without a word about the wet weather. The penetrating dampness of that season was not only felt but plainly seen. The mirror on the wall was so misty you couldn't see yourself , the tile floor was so wet with moisture seeped through from the ground that you couldn't keep your feet dry. I have set my shoes by the bed at night to find them covered with mold the next morning I saw a coat wet with perspiration become mildewed in a few hours. Books were moldy, needles and pins were rusty, bedding was heavy with dampness, sugar and salt almost liquid, and the only thing that seemed to be profiting by the weather was the mosquito. It thrived and produced more of its kind rapidly. All during the wet season, whenever the sun came out with its drying power, we took bedding, clothes, shoes, etc. on to the veranda where the sun applied the needed treatment.

Beside the mosquito we had a few other animal

pests, such as flies, ants, cockroaches, spiders, centipedes, and snakes—some coming in numerous hosts, others one at a time, and that very seldom. Then there were some friendly animals who enjoyed sharing the house with us. The little gray lizards that climbed on our walls and ceilings at night chasing lamp bugs were quite entertaining; the toads that ventured to hop in were real long-distance jumpers considering their size. In the tropical climate of South China, there is no danger of insects and reptiles being frozen out during the winter, so that they are in much greater abundance here than in a colder climate.

But let us glance at some of the beauties of nature as viewed from Cheung Chau. Never before was I so deeply impressed with the rapturous beauty of God's handiwork as during my stay here on the little island. We sing of "Moonlight on the Lake" but it doesn't compare with moonlight on the ocean. It is said that all the heavenly bodies shine brighter in the Orient than elsewhere. When the moon is full and is rising across the water the sight

almost makes one hold his breath, yet there was another moonlight scene that held me spellbound for a solid hour. The night was cloudy, the moon about half full was almost directly overhead, many of the "forget-me-nots of the angels" were peeping through the clouds. The most striking feature of the picture was the ever changing bright spots on the water below. The clouds were constantly passing in front of the moon and with their every movement the light and dark shades on the ocean changed accordingly. We could scarcely take our eyes off till the striking of the clock told us it was sleepy time.

Some of the sunsets are more gorgeous than any human artist has ever painted. The ocean water with its varying tints of gray, blue, and purple, and dotted with sailboats forms the foreground of the picture, then on the horizon is the great golden ball of fire slowly sinking from sight but sending its wondrously bright streaming rays far into the clouds above. As the rays of sunlight strike the clouds, the vivid coloring of the most brilliant and the

most delicate shades of the spectrum as the Master Artist himself has blended them, indeed forms a more beautiful picture than mortal's pen or brush can portray. While standing in amazement at such a scene, we have waved a good-bye kiss to the sun and asked it to carry our love to the dear ones in the homeland, for ere we see it again it shall have given light and heat to them all.

CHAPTER XIV

Some Missionary Impressions

It is only by being present on the mission field that a person can possibly learn what has been accomplished by missionary efforts in the past, what are the problems now facing missionaries, and what are the future opportunities for missionary work in China. Information gleaned from newspapers, and reports of various kinds give a meagre conception of actual conditions. Furthermore, at this time of crisis in China, even missionaries who have spent many years on the field are totally unable to estimate the value of what has been done, the outcome of the present situation, or future missionary opportunities.

Since the anti-foreign and anti-Christian outbreak or 1925, missionary accomplishments have been shaken from center to circumference. Mistakes and weaknesses in policy which had been ignored through years of endeavor came prominently into the foreground. As a result many missionaries are changing their methods quite noticeably. Were it

not for denominational loyalty many would prehaps be driven to adopt the very methods of Paul, the prince of missionaries.

But before going farther, let us glimpse into the Directory of Protestant Missions in China in 1925. We find listed 102 different missionary societies or boards, and 6,000 missionaries, Not all of this number however are directly engaged in preaching the gospel. Many are occupied in school work, medical work, and other philanthropic enterprises. Perhaps not more than 3,000 do strictly evangelistic work.

The interior of this vast country has been much neglected by all types of missionaries. The "every creature" of the great commission has been largely limited to the *more accessible* creatures along the coast and water routes. Of the 852 missionaries registered in Kwong Tung Province, most of them reside at or near the coast. The city of Canton alone had 250, which is very nearly one third of the entire number. Kwong Sai Province, lying just beyond Kwong Tung, but having no coastal territory,

tory, had 97 registered missionaries in 1925 for its 6,500,000 people. And of this 97, only 26 were "ordained" evangelists, and more than half of them have left China since the trouble of 1925. Of course there are large sections of territory entirely untouched by any sort of missionary influence.

In Hong Kong and Canton much money has been invested in missionary enterprises of various kinds. Canton has a number of large missionary compounds where much money has been spent in brick and mortar. Then, there are rescue homes, orphan homes, hospitals, and colleges. The establishment and maintenance of all of these institutions represents a very large sum of money, indeed.

The poverty and needs of the masses of the Chinese have so appealed to the sympathy of the missionaries that they have gone the limit in showing hospitalty wherever they have gone with the gospel message.

The Canton Christian College alone has an investment of nearly a million dollars in land and buildings. The campus is composed of several hundred

acres. Since it was founded in 1885 it has had a very rapid growth. In 1923-24 it accommodated over 1100 students, and had a faculty of 45 foreigners and 100 Chinese teachers. A new drive is just now being launched to secure $1,500,000.00 for its further development.

The Canton Hospital, established in 1838, has for nearly a century stood open to the Chinese public, and its services have been invaluable. The hospital was developed into an efficient modern equipped institution, one time valued at nearly a half million dollars. However, like many another good institution in South China, it has been forced to close up under the present Cantonese government. The doors were barred in May of 1926.

The John G. Kerr hospital for the insane, established in 1898 was caring for 750 of those unfortunates at the beginning of 1925. Canton has many other such works of charity, beside its large number of evangelists and teachers.

As the missionary work of the various denominations spread into the interior of South China, the

financial burdens were chiefly borne by the missionaries themselves. Chapels were secured and furnished, preachers were employed, and school were established—chiefly with foreign money.

The Chinese know very little about how to care for valuable property, at least not to the satisfaction of the foreigners. Neither did they become especially zealous for denominational traditions. Consequently the property was held in the name of the mission, and the janitor, teacher, and preacher were paid by the mission.

Under this system the missionaries succeeded well in establishing *missions* But to the Chinese it was rather a foreign system controlled by foreign money than a religion born of God. Self-supporting Chinese churches rarely, if ever existed. The average Chinese convert was unable to distinguish between the church and the charitable institutions and school which had attracted him to it. They considered the church in somewhat the same light as one might regard a fraternal organization which one would enter merely for the good to be derived

from it in this life. This is well illustrated by the action of a group of teachers in one of the mission schools who recently joined in an agreement pledging themselves not to enter the door of a Christian chapel until the unequal treaties were abrogated with England and America.

Just at the time when the spirit of nationalism was growing by leaps and bounds, Russian Bolshevism took advantage of the opportunity to create a widespread anti-foreign and anti-Christian movement which suddenly broke forth with great fury in the spring and summer of 1925. Practically every missionary in South China was compelled to flee. And because of the anti-foreign strike, it was with difficulty that some were able to reach the coast at all. Native Christians were persecuted and accused of being traitors to their own country while they served as employees and "running dogs" to the foreign "imperialists".

In the absence of the missionaries the nationalistic spirit took a strong hold among the Chinese nominal Christians. While some ceased to attend the

missions others declared their independence from missionary societies, and began forming independent Chinese churches.

When after a few months the missionaries were able to return to their posts, they found that the weight of "foreign prestige" was a thing of the past. No longer could they "keep their fingers on every thing" as they had formerly been able to do. While the Christians themselves demanded recognition in the management of mission affairs which had to be granted, outsiders began scheming to get possession of the mission property itself. (No foreigner can own property in China except in the name of the mission).

Different labor unions, through strikes and picketing, with which the Cantonese government refused to interfere, began compelling various schools and hospitals to accept Chinese management or close up. Some large schools on which Chinese management was forced have become so anti-Christain that all mission support has been withdrawn in a vain effort to close the schools. From the beginning it was

virtually impossible for hospitals to become subject to the rule of Chinese labor unions. Yet in some cases it was impossible to close. When those in charge of the John G. Kerr hospital for the insane found it impossible to continue their services they could not dispose of their patients, and so were compelled to give the institution over to Chinese management. So powerful was the movement that the Canton Christian College had to create a cooperative board of control, transferring the management from New York to Canton.

Chinese themselves have formerly been given so little to say in the management of Christian work that they are unprepared for the leadership they are now demanding. Nevertheless, the time has come when the missionaries must take "back seats" and serve as advisors and teachers rather than leaders and dictators.

While some missionaries are heart-broken at being rejected by the people for whom they have sacrificed so much, others regard the sitnation as being very hopeful. The nationalistic spirit and

the independent attitude have prepared the Chinese for a self-supporting system as years of proper teaching could not have done. The grip of denominationalism seems to be broken past recovery.

We only wish that all missionaries could forget their western customs and traditions and preach the Gospel of Christ Jesus in its purity and simplicity with the sole purpose of building up independent Chinese Churches of our Lord. Denominational system can rightly be objected to as "foreign" in China, but not so with the Christ and His Word.

CHAPTER XV

"We Thank Thee. Father"

In attempting to enumerate the many good things God has blessed us with during our first year in China, I find that they are like the seed of Abraham, "as the stars of the heavens, and as the sand which is upon the seashore." Truly, God is good.

First of all we thank Him that we came when we did, and were not held back by unfavorable conditions in China. We met with very exceptional kindness on the part of our missionaries in Japan during our short stay there on our journey across. And from our very first day in China, we have indeed been shown unusual hospitality by missionaries of various denominations. You can scarcely understand how dependent on others a newcomer is until he learns the language. So we thank God for the "Good Samaritans" with whom we have come in contact, and especially for the kindness shown us by the elderly couple with whom we lived at Kwei Hsien.

Next, shall I say, "for food and raiment, and the

necessities of life"? Indeed we have had all of them in abundance but we have had so much more over and above these things.

Our health has been good. My illness in May at the time of our returning to Hongkong is the sole exception. But we thank God that it was overruled for our good, and that our stay at the coast has proved a great blessing in many ways.

We believe that the persecution which is going on against Christianity will even be overruled for the spread of the simple gospel. So I can say that we thank God for persecution. In so far as it has touched our lives, I'm sure it has tended to draw us closer to Christ, because if we know that the persecution is really "for His sake" then it is bound to make us draw nigh to Him for protection and guidance.

The work accomplished in Hongkong during the eight-days' meeting is a source of rejoicing. We thank God for those earnest souls whose minds were open to teaching and whose hearts were ready to obey.

And now there is one thing that looms up before me as being of vital importance: it is the staunch support of our brethren and friends in the homeland. We want you to know that we appreciate every penny that you have sacrificed to help carry the gospel of Christ to the Chinese, every word you have spoken to acquaint others of our efforts, every letter you have written to encourage our hearts, and most of all, for every prayer you have sent up to the Throne of Grace in our behalf. You on that side of the world, working with us on this side of the world, and God in Heaven above working with us all, should be able to accomplish much in the name of Jesus of Nazareth *it we keep God with us*. We pray that we may!

I must not fail to mention how thankful we have been at times for good letters and packages from America. When the postman comes bringing a batch of letters and two or three package notices, I get so excited I want to open everything at once. And real often I spy a neat little greenback or a friendly check hid away in the folds of a letter.

But better than money has been the love and encouragement that our mail has brought. Distance doesn't matter at all, because love can span the deepest sea. Occasionally we have received a letter from some brother or sister whom we have never seen, but when we read "I'm praying for you" then we feel we know them far better than if merely a formal introduction had been given. And tho' we may not see some of them ever, in this life, we hope to in a better world.

We are indeed thankful that this fall another missionary came out from America to join us in our labors; and that two splendid couples have expressed their intention of coming next fall if the Lord wills it so.

And last, we do thank the Great Giver that our hearts and lives have been made so completely happy by His gift to us of our darling we daughter Ruth. She arrived on November 30th, 1926, at Matilda Hospital, Hongkong Peak. Not only had the services of a good American doctor been given entirely free of charge, but there was also no fee of

any kind at the efficient English hospital. I have gained back my normal strength rapidly, and the baby is growing and thriving. Our hearts are full of thanksgiving for all of this.

We hope that at the close of each year of our life on the foreign field, we may be as abundantly blessed of God as this first year. Yet we crave a closer walk with Him, and a harvest of souls for our hire.

In closing I would say, as a great missionary said years ago "Let us advance on our knees" if we would win China for Christ.

Father, we thank Thee; Father we thank Thee,
Thou who dost always care for Thine own,
Accept now our thanks and bless us, we pray Thee,
Keep us forever, ne'er leave us alone.
(Tune—"O to be Like Thee.")

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