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MERU WOMEN RETURNING IN THE EVENING FROM THEIR SHAMBAS OR PLANTATIONS.

Note the hair dressed like a cap, the brass wire ornaments from the ears and round the arms and legs, also the leather dresses, one which covers the shoulders, the other hanging down below the waist.

# MISSIONS AS I SAW THEM

AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE IMPORTANT CENTRES  
OF THE UNITED METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
IN CHINA & AFRICA, WITH AN INTERESTING  
DESCRIPTION OF MANY OF THE PLACES  
PASSED THROUGH & INCIDENTS OF THE  
JOURNEY BOTH GRAVE & GAY

BY

MRS. THOMAS BUTLER

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS

Henry Hooks  
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TO  
MY DEAR HUSBAND  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK  
WITH DEEP GRATITUDE FOR ALL HIS PATIENT  
LOVING CARE:  
THROUGH HIS STRENGTH, SELF-SACRIFICE,  
AND NOBLE CHARACTER  
HAVE I BEEN ENABLED TO SERVE THE  
CHURCH I LOVE SO WELL.

*September, 1923.*

## INTRODUCTION

### God's Plan

**I**T is not difficult to discern certain sign-posts which have directed one's footsteps through life into different channels of service. For loyalty, no stronger foundation can be laid than that of family history. Few to-day can boast of parents and of grandparents, on both sides of their family, being old Free Methodists; staunch adherents, deeming no sacrifice too great to give to their Church. Around the old and honoured names of long ago there clings the sweetest memories of those who have built up a strong and noble edifice and made fine contributions to the Christian Faith.

As a very small child, I was fascinated by tales told at my father's knee of missionaries leaving home and going to far-off lands to tell the story of Jesus to the black people who had never heard of a Saviour's love, of cruel slave traders and taskmasters stealing away little children, of women dragged from their homes. To an imaginative mind, the comparison of an English child's happy free life was terrible. Those stories seared my young heart. As I grew older I became a hero-worshipper of all our missionaries. I looked up to them as God's specially chosen people. The Foreign Missionary Services year by year were looked forward to with great anticipation. The church at Shakespeare Street, Nottingham, always had a great name as a lover of Missions. My home was

frequently honoured by such guests as Thomas Wakefield, Frederick Galpin, Charles New. The missionary secretaries and many others were well known to us as a family. The African pioneer, Thomas Wakefield, visited us for several weeks at a time during his periods of furlough. Once he brought with him a little black African boy named Dado, who was our playmate during his visit. Years later he brought his bride, whom we quickly learned to love, and whose regular correspondence afterward fanned the flames of enthusiasm in our home (an unbroken friendship still existing).

One of the pleasantest memories I yet retain is of my father, sitting at the head of his table, reading to the family circle around him on winter evenings books such as Stanley's "Darkest Africa." The hush and calm and sweetness steals over me to-day. The happy home life, and the religious atmosphere which I was privileged to enjoy in early life, not only did much towards forming my character, but it helped to build the bridge which I had to cross to join the Women's Missionary Auxiliary, before, later on, passing through my probation among the churches as President, for seven years, of the Women's Missionary Council.

It was at the conclusion of this latter task that God called me in 1921, to go out to China and Africa, to visit the Mission stations of the United Methodist Church. In that year the Conference passed the following Resolution :—

#### *A Deputation to China.*

"That we decide to appoint a deputation to visit our Mission stations in China and Africa, particularly Yunnan and Ningpo, and to attend the National Missionary Conference, to be held in Shanghai in April, 1922, and that the deputation consist of a minister and a layman.

“That the Secretary, Rev. C. Stedeford, be the ministerial member of the deputation.

“That the Conference expresses its appreciation of the willingness and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. T. Butler to join in the deputation to China, and hereby appoints them members of the deputation.

“The deputation is charged specially to study the needs and prospects of our work as a whole, in relation to the resources of our Denomination, the local conditions in each District, and our proximity to and relationship with neighbouring kindred societies, with a view to placing before the Conference of 1923 a definite policy for the co-ordination, development and consolidation of our Foreign Missions.”

It rarely happens that the dreams of youth take form and become actualities as they have done in my own case. Three took entire possession of me at different times. One was to visit the Holy Land, where our Lord lived and died. A second was to witness the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play—which usually took place every ten years. A third was an intense desire to see our Mission stations abroad, especially those of East Africa. All three of my dreams have now been fulfilled. I had heard my mother say, more than once, what a proud mother she would have been to have had one of her three sons a missionary. Later on it was no surprise to me when I had the same feeling about my own two boys. Little did I think that many years later such a call would come to me, or that the privilege would be mine to witness personally for Christ in foreign lands.

It was no real surprise to me that my husband was chosen by our Conference, to be one of the deputation sent out to visit our United Methodist Mission stations, and that he responded to the urgent request of the Missionary Committee. I was sure that no earthly power

could block the way if God had willed it otherwise. Any doubt as to the advisability of my accompanying him never crossed my mind, although I realised the responsibility it entailed to go such a long and arduous journey. We two, with the Rev. Charles Stedeford, formed the trio chosen. (I am greatly indebted to the Rev. Charles Stedeford for writing the account of his journey into the interior of S.W. China which appears in Chapter V.) We were entrusted with a great work, but we had implicit faith, and we had the love of our Church. More than once we were confronted with what seemed to us insurmountable difficulties; we thought we might have to retrace our footsteps; but our guiding star never failed us. The darkest hours were unfailingly followed by the dawn. The innumerable prayers continually offered up on our behalf, and the smiles of welcome wherever we went, were a great incentive to carry on. When our spirits were not buoyant, they were happy; when they were not rejoicing, they were trusting. Each step taken was one nearer to our goal. Those thirty-six thousand miles we travelled, the three oceans crossed, the four continents visited, and the many different types of people we met, have not only enriched our lives, but they have deepened our love for the Mother Church, who has enfolded the East within her bosom, and brought a little nearer God's Kingdom upon earth.

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# Missions as I saw them

## CHAPTER I

### Forward

**I**T was a memorable Missionary Committee that was held at Baillee Street, Rochdale, on October 18th-19th, 1921.

The first item of business was to welcome Mr. Butler, and to express the great appreciation felt by the whole Connexion at the willingness he and his wife had shown in complying with the Missionary Committee's request to visit the foreign field.

The whole of that day was devoted to important items of business connected with the work of the deputation, many of them being of a vital nature.

A short service was held on the Wednesday morning before the departure of the deputation at 11.15. The hymn, "Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them," touched a chord new to us. The personal note struck a fibre of one's being unknown to us before, and from each heart a very deep and solemn Amen responded to that appeal. Two beautiful prayers from the Revs. James Ellis and William Vivian were offered up on our behalf. Deep feeling was shown as each member shook hands, and bade farewell, and we were assured that the love and prayers of our brothers and sisters would continually follow us throughout our journeyings. The

Rev. J. B. Stedford accompanied us by motor-car to Liverpool, where we found the Rev. Dr. Brook and three other friends to see us off. Theirs were the last faces we looked upon which took any interest in us as we left the homeland. "Good-bye, England! When shall we see your shores again?"

The *Empress of Britain* is one of the finest boats on the Canadian Pacific line. She was used as a troopship during the war. This was her first voyage after being refitted, luxuriantly furnished and magnificently decorated. She has a tonnage of fourteen thousand tons; has five decks, boat deck, saloon deck, state-room deck, with winter gardens, dining-room deck (where our own cabin was situated), second and third class saloon deck. Griffiths was the name of our captain, who was a very sociable and amiable man. Our cabin was comfortable and in a good position. Mr. Stedford was not far away, and was lucky enough to be the only inmate of his.

Our boat left promptly at 3 p.m. (October 19th, 1922) in a calm sea. It was not until the middle of the night we realised we were out on the ocean. We had a very rough crossing. *We saw that in the log-book.* The jazz band made plenty of noise, but it did not drown the discomfort of many passengers, or steady the rolling decks; neither did it give an appetite at the sound of a deep gong. Only the first morning were the Butlers conspicuous by their absence. During the morning a voice was heard outside the cabin shouting: "Hallo! How are you there?" "Come in. Come in," was the reply. "What report have you to give?" "Well, I did not have much breakfast. It was like this. I got up feeling fairly fit, and walked around until I came across the gymnasium. They have a fine saloon fitted up. As I looked in, the attendant invited me forward, and showed me one mechanical contrivance after another, explaining the different merits of each. 'By the time you

get to Quebec, sir, I'll guarantee,' said he, 'your losing twenty pounds in weight. I can assure you that you will lose all that embonpoint appearance. Just try this, sir, first, the punch ball for several minutes! Yes! Now the tricycle! This boat has a sliding seat and works backwards and forwards mechanically as if rowing! Last of all, mount the hobby horse, turn on the electric current and race as hard as your legs can carry you, full speed.' 'Thank you! that will do this morning,' I replied. When outside I reeled over, my head throbbed, and I realised as not before that I was on a boat and that Atlantic rollers were everywhere." The gymnasium was tabooed after that first morning, and the attendant had a lazy time the rest of the voyage, so far as our friend was concerned.

An hour or two after leaving Liverpool we were very surprised at our boat slowing down and stopping, and learnt that this was to put off on a tug-boat drawing alongside, three women and one man from the second class, "undesirables"—jewellery thieves, together with two detectives! The man carried with him to the tug-boat a bag belonging to his cabin mate, who happened to look over the rail and recognise it on the tug. He shouted out loudly and reclaimed it. The man who was a thief had been put into the upper berth of the cabin. The irony of the matter was that the man in the lower berth was named Justice, and it was his bag which was being carried off.

After that first breakfast at sea, no further discomfort was felt crossing the Atlantic. We proved ourselves above the average sailor, and benefited greatly by the sea air and relaxation. We found some interesting people on board, among them Lord Byng's two daughters, who were joining their father at Government House, Ottawa, where he was lately appointed Governor. A Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl of the Province of Quebec sat at our table

together with a priest, brother to Mrs. Nicholl. The two former belonged to the Baptist Church. We gathered a large amount of information through the conversation which took place, and had a hearty invitation to visit their home in Montreal. Two clergymen of the Church of England, the Revs. Boulton and Davis, both of Carlisle, were on board, going out to conduct a two months' evangelistic mission at Winnipeg. Mr. Davis had taken part in the recent East Anglia Mission; we heard from him many wonderful stories connected with it, and greatly enjoyed his companionship. The Sunday services conducted in the second and third class saloons were a very helpful break to the monotony of life on board ship. As we reached the northern latitudes the weather became very cold. Anticosti, a big island, was the first sight of land since leaving behind us the Isle of Man. Even the children called out, "It is nice to see land again"; and when we sighted a vessel, after five days at sea, it created quite a little flutter; in fact, we felt cheered by the sight. It was *The Canada*, White Star Line, bound for Liverpool, and was quickly out of sight, and soon only the shores of Labrador and a number of small islands were left in the field of vision. Each day the clocks were retarded fifty minutes, 8.20 a.m., ship time, being 2 a.m. in England. Six days at sea! And having covered a distance of two thousand miles! Our first navigators took three months to do this. With what joy they must have looked upon the shores of Newfoundland, those cold bleak shores of uninhabited land. On October 24th, about 5 p.m., we passed the lightship at the entrance to the St. Lawrence. Here we felt we were entering a New World. The sunset that evening and the scene around us were stamped upon our memory. The beauty of this river on a similar occasion may have been put into words many times, but it can never be really expressed, the glory of the sky, the perfect colouring,

the wide expanse of clear running water, the manifold beauty one feels more even than one sees. The thought that arose in my mind, as I looked at it, was the soldiers' expression of a man's "Going West." The first man who used that expression must, I think, have seen that scene at sunset, and felt as I did, that to go out into that lovely sunset must be to walk right into heaven.

Quebec is the oldest city in Canada and of historic interest on that account alone. The French Catholics were the first settlers here, and continued to remain after Wolfe's victory in 1759. The Citadel is beautifully situated on a hill commanding a view of the St. Lawrence River; in the background are high mountains and picturesque wooded slopes which surround the country on all sides. The largest bridge in the world spans this river between Quebec and Levis on the opposite bank. The St. Lawrence runs down from Toronto, a distance of 340 miles.

The Parliament Houses are seen as imposing buildings from the Citadel, near which is the Governor's House. He is in residence here one month in the year, and daily attends the sittings of Parliament during that time, Quebec having its own separate Parliament and Government, as have also the other Provinces of Canada. Below the Citadel, overlooking the harbour, are well laid-out walks with a large promenade, in the middle of which, on high ground, is built a lofty obelisk to commemorate the fall of two great generals, Wolfe the English general and Montcalm the French general. Underneath the latter are these words, "Death a common grave, History a common fame."

The Heights of Abraham, where the battle was fought, is now a large park and pleasure ground. The spot where Wolfe fell is marked by a high column, built on the exact place where he died in 1759, his men having placed a large stone upon the spot. A second monument was

raised in 1832, and a third in 1849 by the British Army. This is the one which is still standing and which was renovated as recently as 1913. We were told that, as Britishers, we owe very much to the French Catholics for establishing good relationships amongst the people, both French and English. They have encouraged national loyalty and observation of English custom, and have built up many religious institutions.

Montreal.—The train ride from Quebec to Montreal is full of interest. One sees the Canadian farms running right down to the railway all along the route—ranch after ranch with their simple wooden-built shacks; western homesteads, varying greatly in size and value according to the quality of the land and the cultivation of the soil.

Mr. Nicholl, our late acquaintance on board ship, met us with his motor-car and, though it was late evening, we acquired some dim idea of this enormous city of a million inhabitants. Montreal derives its name from a high hill, which is covered with large residential houses, built up to the very summit. It is a thoroughly up-to-date city, with many trades, much shipping, and very fine public buildings. A bridge, one and a half miles in length, spans the huge River St. Lawrence. It was opened by our late King Edward when Prince of Wales.

Toronto.—The next morning we left for Toronto. The weather grew warmer as we passed through the many valleys of cultivated apple groves. The farms are more flourishing further south, and the rivers, lakes and land become more beautiful and interesting. The constant stopping of the train at numerous villages gives plenty of opportunity of seeing the people and viewing the land.

One morning spent in Toronto is scant courtesy for such a busy hive of industry, but our train left for Niagara at 1 p.m., and this was the magnet of attraction to us all.

Niagara.—The Niagara valley is very fertile, many different kinds of fruit being cultivated there, among them grapes in abundance. The apple farms are very plentiful, and the fruit well grown, of a beautiful red colour, the ground being ploughed and cultivated right up to the trunks. The apples were gathered in and were stacked in large quantities on the ground. The barrels, piled up beside them, are evidence that the apples are put straight into the barrels and sent off by rail without any grading.

Having heard many different accounts of these Falls, I was fully prepared to be disappointed when brought face to face with them ; but the first view from the train was, to me, most impressive. When nearer, the magnitude of the water, and the size, electrified and fascinated me. Niagara is certainly one of the grandest sights of the world. A motor-car enabled us to see everything in a short time—rapids, whirlpool, the Toronto Power House, which is a marvellous engineering feat, the tunnel under the Horse Shoe Falls, the town, and the beauties of Victoria Park.

The shops at Toronto are large and very attractive, tastefully decorated and laid out. The brilliance of the streets makes one think of Fairyland. The electric current comes from Niagara Falls and is generated at the Power Station there, and the consequence is a very cheap supply. The many electric devices in the way of advertising were an education in that art. It being Hallow-e'en Eve, when Americans as well as Canadians take a great delight in the old custom of frightening away any evil spirit before All Saints' Day, the sweet shops and pastry shops, especially, had their windows filled with every kind of grotesque heads and faces, made out of pumpkins hollowed and painted, with coloured electric lights inside to show the eyes and the features. All varieties of bon-bons and surprise packets, black cats,

yellow and orange-coloured ribbons and crinkled paper, seemed to be the order of the day.

The Rockies.—The Canadian Pacific line is indeed wonderful. We had ample means of judging, travelling by it from Liverpool to Hong-Kong, across the Atlantic, Canada and the Pacific Ocean. Anyone wishing to cross Canada in one non-stop journey can do so; it takes four days and nights. Everything is studied for the passengers' comfort, as well as for speed and utility. The trains are like great travelling hotels, with saloons for reading and writing, and an observation car at the end. There are restaurants where you may go and take meals whenever you like, choosing whatever you like from a long menu, at quite a reasonable price, 3s. 6d., or a dollar for lunch. The sleeping compartments hold two persons; these are on each side of the train. In the day time the velvet settees are very comfortable; at night they are turned into bunks, the upper one being let down on chains, hidden away by some clever device when not required. One can obtain a private compartment which has every convenience, by early application and with extra charge, for a married couple. These are about four feet wide by six feet long. The heating turns on as desired. When the bunks are let down in the different sleeping saloons, the curtains fall from the rods each side of the gangways, so that persons can walk up and down right through the train without interfering with the privacy of the inmates. One never knows what companions one may meet with in one's compartment. It is just a toss up, as Mr. Stedeford found on being conducted to his allotted number. A young lady was underneath his bunk and ladies all round him. A question as to how he was going to climb up to his little box without being seen puzzled him from the time he boarded the train till he was safely ensconced for the night. The question arose: Should he go to bed first,

or last? If first, then the young lady below was exposed to view; if last, then himself must be the victim. Another question was whether he should disrobe before retiring. Finally he decided, after much cogitation, that he would climb up and manage his undressing with caution aloft. Next morning we had an account of his all-night experience, and concluded that it had been somewhat of a failure. The top bunk is near the roof of the train, so that it is out of the question for any but a very small man to sit upright when he is in it. It is very irritating, we gathered, to keep knocking your head whenever you make a sudden movement, such as pulling off your clothes and getting into your pyjamas; everything seems in its wrong place; even the Gladstone bag at the foot of the bed, which has been so carefully placed there, should have been put at the side where you could reach it better. All the necessaries you placed in the pockets are inaccessible and, at a sudden jerk of the train, roll out in every direction, and as you scramble after your tooth brush, and rescue a rolling bottle, you find yourself sitting, or lying, on your nicely pressed clothes, ready to weep with vexation and headache, while the train, running at sixty miles an hour, jolts you from side to side, to say nothing of other minor ills. After some considerable time, however, our friend did settle down, when he found a big electric light streaming on to his face from the gangway outside his curtain. He patiently bore it a long time, then decided that the only means of escape was to remove his pillows to the opposite end, which he did very carefully, with a few additional bumps. Finally he dozed off to sleep, but awakened to find he was nearly suffocated with the heat. He sat up to look for a ventilator, when he felt himself being rolled from side to side, and the train suddenly pulled up, nearly throwing him right out of his berth on to the young lady on the opposite side below. The narrative

was concluded without a smile, and with the remark that the night had been the very acme of discomfort. But the most tantalising thing of all was when Mr. Butler informed us both that he had slept without even being disturbed!

We found that the young lady sleeping underneath Mr. Stedeford's bunk and the companion next her were going out to the Canadian Baptist Mission at Swatow. Miss Colley, the elder, had served one term and was returning after her furlough; Miss Kittlitz, the younger, was a new missionary going out for the first time. The former was head of the girls' school at Swatow, and both of them were from Philadelphia. We quickly made friends and spent many happy hours together before we reached China, they travelling by the same boat as ourselves across the Pacific.

The first day being Sunday we had a short service of song, hymns we knew well, accompanied by a small portable instrument, something like a zither, which they played for our benefit. Later on in the day we held a little service in our compartment which we much enjoyed.

Winnipeg.—Our train stopped at Winnipeg for an hour, so we were able to glean some idea of this farming centre and its commercial industries. During the short hour we met many varieties of people, nationalities and dress. Many of the folk were very rough looking and not at all the type one would like to meet on a dark night. We were glad to awake next morning and to feel that we had spent our last night in the train.

Calgary is an important town, and here a great number of passengers alighted. As we had half an hour we strolled around. It is a town that has sprung up within the last few years. The shops are very fine and up-to-date, the latest fashions being exhibited, fur coats being particularly cheap. Imagine a best quality beaver at

£40, and similar bargains! No wonder that the people walk about briskly, look happy and have a prosperous air. Calgary gave me the impression of being an excellent place in which to make a start in life.

During our journey on the train we met interesting people. A Mr. Matthews talked freely to us, and gave us very useful information. He deals in corn and rides from Winnipeg to Medicine Hat every month. He has lived in Canada forty years, and speaks very highly of the country. It has enormous possibilities for corn growing. All along the line one can see the farmers trekking with their heavy carts full of corn to the high elevators at intervals along the line, where they store it for as long as they please and until the market suits them to sell. Every farmer has a telephone attached, and the farmer can learn the market price day by day. The farmer has to pay  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents per bushel to the elevator for handling the grain. The latter is graded by a government official, and the farmer receives a warrant, which he can either hold, sell or deposit at the bank against loans on it. For the storage he pays one cent per bushel a month, and insurance. Many farmers come fifty miles distance to deposit their corn. It is spilled into the elevators and loaded along the line in box cars, holding up to forty tons each.

We noticed a small animal as we rode along, yellowish brown in colour, about the size of a hare, with two pockets, one on each side of its mouth, which it fills with corn. It is called a gopher dog, and it hibernates in the winter.

The upkeep of this railway across Canada is very expensive, and the wear and tear is tremendous. Not only is there heavy traffic constantly passing over the permanent way and the bridges to be reckoned with, but precipices, snow, floods and fires have to be taken into account. The stations are big stone buildings, with

no ornamentation whatever. Passengers only are allowed through the big iron gates. The ticket-man shouts out from which "track" one's train leaves, the numbers of the "tracks" being in prominent places. There is no rushing about to find one's train. As there are no platforms, there are usually three high steps at the end of the coaches. Very thin clothes are the most comfortable, as the trains are kept very hot; but a warm overcoat is necessary which can be thrown off on entering the saloon. As many as twenty large coaches will make up one train, drawn by a very powerful engine, and a freight train has thirty or forty coaches. This length of train necessitates slow going in rounding curves.

The big prairie fires leave their mark in the shape of desolation. Huge trunks, roots, grotesque skeletons of trees are to be seen everywhere. "Preserve the forests; they are yours": "A spark may destroy a forest"; these and similar notices are to be seen fastened to the trees in parts visited by tourists. Trees sixty and seventy feet high, and enormous in circumference, are not at all uncommon. The fir tree, spruce and cedar, which is similar in shape to the fir tree, are the commonest.

Banff.—We arrived at Banff at 12 a.m. The two young ladies, who were going through to Vancouver without breaking their journey, waited up to say good-bye. We were truly glad to be assured of a quiet night, and were soon settled in a hotel near the station. It being winter, all the other hotels were closed.

A motor-car was engaged next day to drive to Lake Louise, forty miles distant. A fall of snow the previous week made the roads very heavy going, the ruts being about a foot deep. We had a particularly strong car, no doubt built to suit the journey, otherwise we could not have accomplished some portions of it. We did not meet another motor the whole day, and only one cart on our return journey. It was a lonely, memorable ride with

high snow-capped mountains rising up on either side, their slopes clad with fir trees, and with here and there streams and waterfalls. At a little mountain inn we had lunch. In the season a single branch line runs up to Lake Louise, where there is an enormous hotel on the water's edge. This lake is two miles in length by one and a half in width, and is of the deepest blue colour. At the end of the lake a magnificent view of the Victoria Glacier confronts one, high mountains rearing their heads all around. This wonderful scene is entirely shut away from the outside world. We were the only visitors at the time and the loneliness made it all the more impressive. One's instinct was to kneel down and worship God's handiwork. This is one of the beauty spots of the earth, and is well worth crossing from one continent to another to see. The long ride back of forty miles made us hurry away all too soon. As it was, the last two hours of our return journey had to be made in the dark.

The next night was spent at Revelstoke, passing Mount Stephen on the way, a lovely mountain, though not the highest of the Rockies. We saw it from many different points of view, and were agreed that it was the finest snow-clad mountain we passed. The train makes two distinct spirals through this mountain, the tunnel being five miles in length, then runs down into the valley to a place called Field, which is a far-famed tourist centre for mountaineering. The marvellous engineering skill displayed in the construction of this railway feat is very notable. From Field the engines burn oil as fuel, and the resulting cleanliness and smoothness are noticeable. The engines are, moreover, much more reliable driven with oil. The oil comes from Peru.

Revelstoke.—The proprietor at the hotel was a man from Birmingham. After the long dirty ride we made great use of the bathroom attached to the bedroom, and a quiet day was most enjoyable. A visit to a fine

gorge, within easy walk, was quite sufficient exercise. Two hours' run in the train from Revelstoke brings one to a place called Sicamous, where a noted lake attracts many visitors for fishing. Numbers of motor-boats are used on this lake, which is one hundred and fifty miles long. In the distance rise the mountains, and there is much beautiful scenery around. Beyond the lake the Thompson River begins and continues until it joins the Fraser River. Along the Thompson River lies waste, arid, bare land, evidence of it having been thus left since the glacial period; no tree, no growth beyond small shrubs, no grain of any kind. But as the line approaches the Fraser River the scene quickly changes and the land becomes more and more fertile and picturesque.

The last part of the journey to Vancouver is rugged and fine, canyon after canyon (meaning gorge) being passed. Unfortunately darkness fell, and our eyes were closed to the beauties of those last few hours. The banks of the Fraser River saw the great rush for gold of 1886 and later. There is still gold to be found in this neighbourhood, but it is too expensive to work. Red Indians are to be found in this neighbourhood—a separate tribe. We heard that the Chinese followed the big rush for gold. They were content to work slowly at the washing and thus became rich and prosperous, and there is still quite a Chinese community settled in the neighbourhood. Heavy rains having preceded us, our progress was greatly impeded. A week previously an entire village was washed away, and ours was the first train to cross the newly constructed bridge which had been built where the land had given, near to this village.

British Columbia is very fertile and is famed for its huge trees of every kind. Especially are the red and white *Wellingtonias* numerous, while the remnants of the old trees, four, six and more feet in diameter, grow high up the mountain-sides. The destruction due to

fires is to be seen everywhere, sometimes whole mountainsides being blackened and left bare. We were told that they are so bad, so numerous and so continuous that, in the summer time, it is rare to look upon a scene of nature without its being marred by the smoke of these fires. Though many men are engaged to watch and to put them out, it is impossible to keep them under.

What a pleasure it was to see Dr. Plummer, formerly our missionary in Wenchow, China, awaiting our arrival on the platform at Vancouver! Although it was twelve o'clock at night he drove us to our hotel in his car, where he had taken rooms for us, and then proceeded to his own home some miles away, arranging to call and take us to church next day, it being the Sabbath.

## CHAPTER II

# The Mighty Ocean

### Vancouver

**T**HE four days we had to wait in Vancouver for our boat were most enjoyable. We attended the First Baptist Church on Sunday morning. Dr. Maguire, the minister, and his wife had been missionaries on the Congo till he was invalided home, and after he recovered he settled down in the home church. In each locality where he had ministered he had exerted a fine missionary spirit. When Dr. Plummer retired from our Mission in Wenchow on account of his hearing, and settled in Vancouver to study, and to practise as an oculist, he found a true home in this church. The Doctor made a rule of meeting the Canadian Pacific boats, when he was often able to help or give advice to numbers of missionaries returning from the Far East. He is of Irish descent, has a strong personality, and exercises a great influence. To him all are sisters or brothers, no matter to what denomination they belong, if only they are trying to uplift the Cross of Christ. We had an instance of this when, on the eve of our departure, an enthusiastic valedictory service was held, to which he took us, the representatives on the platform being members of the Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, China Inland, and Baptist Missions, all of whom were introduced to the large audience of over a thousand people, an explanation being given as to where they were going, and by whom they

were sent out. The Missionary School, held every year for six weeks, is one of the features of this church, this being conducted weekly on the following lines. A substantial hot supper is provided at six o'clock, prepared by a number of ladies out of the congregation. The food is typical of the country under discussion. That evening "African Good Eats" had been well advertised. Hot haricot beans started the feast; fruits and nuts brought up the rear. When all were well satisfied the assembly broke up into sections, and formed large classes in different rooms, over which a teacher, well prepared, gave lessons on African Missions, the different tribes, the customs, the religions, concluding the lesson by asking questions connected with the lesson, which lasted an hour. At eight o'clock all repaired into the big hall for the Missionary Meeting, or Valedictory Service, which closed at ten o'clock, with hand shakings and expressions of goodwill on all sides. We had a warm and enthusiastic send-off with the others who attended; and it heartened us up for our long voyage on the morrow.

British Columbia has a very wet season about this time of the year, but we were fortunate in the weather, and were able to motor considerable distances around the city. The Stanley Park has a reputation for growing the biggest timber in the world. We measured one tree which was twenty yards around the base of the trunk. It was hollow and we backed the motor into it, standing on either side with room to spare. Trees fifteen yards round are not uncommon, while the height in proportion makes them look gigantic. In driving round each side of the peninsula one has a fine view of the harbour and the surrounding country, with its background of wooded hills. The northern side of the city has a beautiful drive to the canyons. These deep gorges amongst the hills with their rushing torrents are wooded from top to bottom with trees of every variety. The

rope bridges suspended from side to side are very uncanny to cross, but of course it is deemed a necessity to take a photograph of the passage, even though it be at the expense of one's nerves!

Dr. Plummer lives about six miles out in the country. His little bungalow is very pretty and very unique. The Canadian houses are built so as to give the minimum amount of work for the housewife, every convenience being studied in the way of central heating, which only needs firing once a day, electric light, telephone and other apparatus, while the furniture, though artistic, is of the simplest. The principal work for the housewife is cooking, and if she is a good manager she can be independent of help beyond the heating and firing. It was interesting to find a Girl's Club in Vancouver, and I readily complied with Mrs. Plummer's request to visit it, and to speak to the girls. A piece of successful philanthropic work is done in connection with this Club, which is conducted on purely spiritual lines. The lady at the head is in Dr. Maguire's church, and Missions form a part of the education in it, the girls helping with the support of a missionary on the foreign field and holding a prayer meeting, which is conducted weekly.

There are a goodly number of things to be done before saying good-bye to the West; money to be changed, post office visited, things to be bought.

It was a rush on the morning of November 10th before the *Empress of Russia* set sail at 2.30. She is a magnificent ship—the finest boat on the line in 1921, we were told. The cabin allotted us was very comfortable and attractive with its pink carpet and draperies. Miss Colley and Miss Kittlitz's cabin was in the same position on the opposite side of the ship, and other young ladies were near who were put under my wing, and joined us at table when so inclined. One was going out to Japan for the first time, another to the Philippine Islands, a third to Swatow.

Our farewell from Vancouver was even more touching than that at Liverpool. Crowds of people came to see their friends off. As the *Empress* proudly moved away from her moorings we looked upon the faces we knew receding gradually into the distance. The Rev. Dr. Maguire waved a large flag. We felt that brave hearts and true were bidding us take courage, and a Salvation Army captain struck up "God will take care of you," which was taken up by all on shore, and responded to by hundreds on the boat. We became a speck on the ocean to them ; to us they were soon lost to sight.

Our last port of call was Victoria, that beautiful well-known island, a couple of hours' run from Vancouver. Here we were able to post more letters, and we took on board a number of other passengers.

On this voyage the labour was all done by Chinese, which at first seemed very strange ; but it did not take long to realise that their service is both quicker and neater than that of the Westerner.

Among the passengers were Mrs. Mylne, our missionary's wife, and her little girl Viola, travelling out with us to join her husband in Yunnan. She had remained behind for an operation in America, where her parents resided. A large number of missionaries, about fifty in all, were going to Japan, the Philippines, China, India and Singapore. There were very few English people aboard, most were Americans. On the previous voyage the ship carried over two hundred missionaries.

The Pacific is a mighty ocean. Its size can be best measured by those who cross it from Vancouver to Hong-Kong, a distance of five thousand miles. Soon after leaving port we took a northerly course, to avoid typhoons predicted before we left. Judging from our rough passage we did not avoid them altogether. The warmest clothing available was worn ; yet the coast of Alaska, seen

in the distance, sent many a shiver through us. The bow of the vessel rising and falling to a depth of considerably over fifty feet made it well-nigh impossible to walk up and down deck. One night, especially, was it alarming, the boat staggering for seconds together, as she ploughed her way through the storm. On walking round the ship next morning we found that one terrific wave had smashed the very thick glass of the pilot house above the bridge, besides doing other damage. On many nights the gales prevented sleep, and at such times one's thoughts turned naturally towards home and loved ones far away; but the remembrance of that farewell refrain, "God will take care of you," always brought comfort and peace.

A rough boisterous sea, hundreds of miles from land, is a strange but fascinating sight. One beholds mountain after mountain rolling up higher and higher, increasing in volume and rapidity of motion, then suddenly curling over, and gently falling to the depths below, while the sun, radiating his light, tips the white-crested waves with rainbow colours. There is nothing but a seething, foaming volume of water to be seen anywhere, a boundless ocean, a limitless space, an image of the Infinite Wisdom of God. Yet He is mindful of man and man's little frail barque, as it works its way across those vastnesses.

My round of visiting the different cabins was enlarged every day. "Mother's" visit was looked for with interest and pleasure by the girls. A bright cheerful chat and a joke dispersed many qualms, and to send a piece of news flying around was a capital tonic for fagged nerves and weariness of body. There were twins, six weeks old, living near my cabin, which were also a constant source of interest, especially when the mother, who was travelling alone with them, fell ill, so that the mites depended solely on visitors to nurse them whenever they were awake. Plaintive cries of little children in distress

touched many a sympathetic chord during these first weeks of this tempestuous voyage. Human nature is an interesting study at all times, but on board ship there is rather more than usual opportunity of increasing one's knowledge. Idiosyncracies seem more acute, loud talking seems to jar, and the man who snores becomes a bore.

Seven days after leaving Vancouver we crossed the anti-meridian. As we had been travelling to the east by going west, the clocks were retarded forty minutes each day. We had therefore, since leaving England, gained a whole day, which had to be omitted by all vessels crossing the 180th degree of longitude. This accounted for the mornings seeming so long and the appetites so vigorous. It is a matter of choosing between one o'clock at night or ten o'clock in the morning for altering the time, between reduction of sleep or reduction of food, neither of which a healthy physique is willing to forgo.

The news of the day, which was printed on slips of paper and distributed at the breakfast table, was the news received by wireless ; this we had throughout the voyage. It was mostly American news, but occasionally we were startled by a headline from home.

Twelve days brought us to Japan. We arose at day-break to see the land, and to catch a glimpse of Fuji Yama, the sacred mountain covered with eternal snow, standing up like a great white sugar-loaf some fifty miles away. The sun rose like a ball of yellow fire, gradually colouring the pure white snow and hills around. With the sun, the snowy mountain, the mists and the clouds we had an exact picture presented before our eyes of the brilliant atmosphere of the delightful island of Japan, so frequently seen on canvas.

Before landing at Yokohama every passenger must pass the doctor, and each passport must be inspected, as a Government precaution against the introduction of disease.

Tokio is only a distance of fifty minutes' ride in the train. It was with difficulty on account of our ignorance of the language that we were able, after arriving at the capital, to engage a motor-car for a couple of hours ; but we were glad we eventually succeeded, for it enabled us to see the city with its several million inhabitants, the Emperor's Palace from the outside, the well-laid parks and promenade, a noted Shinto temple and something of the oriental life of the people in all its phases. Shintoism is the national religion of Japan, its basis being mysticism. At the temple we saw how the worshipper goes to a large fountain near the entrance, takes a ladle with water, rinses his mouth out, then pours water over his hands. After this act of cleansing he places his offertory in a large box, reverently bows himself to the ground and repeats a prayer ; after which he walks up the steps and looks into a mirror at the back of the temple, where he is supposed to see his true self. Shintoism deifies the Emperor, and the act of worship is at the same time a declaration of fealty and loyalty to the Throne.

The clean streets are crowded with well-dressed dainty women, wearing their bright-coloured kimonos of every hue, white stockings and neat sandals. Their jet-black hair, beautifully oiled, brushed right off the face, very smooth and bright, is built up into extraordinary coiffures. No untidy, slipshod women are seen in Japan. The pretty black-haired babies are carried on the mothers' backs, as they are in China. The black woman of Africa carries her child on her hip. But the white woman nestles her child in her arms.

The children of Japan are merry and bright, playing and running about with happy faces. The old people have serious, hard expressionless faces, for their Shinto religion has no comfort to give old age. The houses are built very closely together and are of wood. Rice fields and cultivation are to be seen everywhere. The Japanese

are clean and thrifty, and appear deeply interested in foreigners. The rickshaw is the usual vehicle of conveyance, being a comfortable chair on rubber-tired wheels with two shafts between which men run easily and at a good pace. This vehicle is a feature everywhere in the East, and is a means of livelihood.

Kobe.—Returning to the ship and resuming our journey, we enjoyed a calm night on board, which was a great luxury. Coasting south we arrived at Kobe next morning, and again hired a car to see the sights, in particular the big bronze image of Buddha which is famous, and the only one in the world in which the figure forms the temple itself. After driving to the top of the hill and viewing the landscape we visited a fine waterfall a short distance out. The autumn tints and glorious colourings were still to be seen everywhere, the weather being very warm and sultry. It happened to be a festival day, so the whole place was *en fête*, with flags flying, decorations and smart dresses, a very pretty scene.

The Inland Sea from Kobe to Nagasaki was traversed in daylight and was smooth and calm, the brilliant sunshine lighting up the hundreds of islands of all shapes, sizes and colourings through which we sailed. For its kind the scenery cannot be surpassed anywhere. Many of the islands are cultivated in terraces up to the very summits. It is no exaggeration to say that we passed thousands of boats, either fishing or cargo, carrying goods of every description; for the Japanese are a maritime people, industrious and progressive. This was the first time it had been fit for us to sit out on deck. The weather was warm and clear, which enabled us to enjoy life on board ship thoroughly.

Nagasaki, the great coaling centre of Japan, has a reputation of its own, both for cheapness and swiftness of despatch in the matter of coaling. Soon after we anchored thirty-four large coaling boats, flat-bottomed

barges, drew up on each side of our vessel. Hundreds of coolies, both men and women, convey the coal, by lining themselves up on either side the barge, and passing small baskets from one to another along the line, to the bunkers of the vessel, each person passing as many as forty-five baskets a minute. Three thousand tons were shipped between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. in this way. The coal-field is near, running right under the harbour itself. One of the largest men-of-war was in the ship-building yard in this harbour and near completion. The run to the open sea from Nagasaki, between the islands, is very picturesque.

Our arrival at Shanghai, November 27th, was marked by Principal Redfern, of Ningpo, coming alongside our boat in the launch at 7.30 a.m. to give us a hearty welcome to China. As we stepped ashore we realised very quickly that East and West had met. There is no doubt that this commercial metropolis of the China coast is not only one of the most interesting, but one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world. While the greater part of the population is Oriental, business is dominated by Western ideas. Almost every national costume of China is to be seen here; even the Chinese inhabitants are greatly mixed and come from nearly all the different provinces. Japanese, too, are in large numbers, with their shops alongside Indian, Russian, British, French and Americans. There is hardly a nation in the world which has not helped to make up this cosmopolitan community. The modern buildings on the Bund, the clean paved streets, and the air of business are a great surprise to a newcomer, who expects to find a Chinese city. The Bund is the principal street marking the water front of the city. At the northern end of this Bund is the Garden Bridge which spans the Soochow Creek. The river below the creek is usually crowded with lighters, cargoes being brought up the creek to be discharged into the storage warehouses,

The Bund is laid out in large public gardens with shady trees along the water side, and has a very broad roadway, while behind are the principal business houses and banks of the city. The river is crowded with shipping, and its waters are dotted with large and small steamers, tugs, lighters and sampans.

## CHAPTER III

### Our First Taste of Chinese Travelling

**T**HE *Empress* put into Shanghai for a few hours to land passengers and cargo. Our three lady missionary friends going to Swatow, also Dr. Bryson, were among those left behind. When we returned to the boat we saw strangers in the places of many who had grown familiar, and we seemed almost lonely.

It was cold in Shanghai, and I was very glad of a fur coat, but that same night the temperature suddenly changed, and next morning we noticed that our officers had donned their white cap-covers, an indication of sun and heat. A damp steamy day, combined with rough sea, is not conducive to high spirits. The cabin was much too hot to lie down in and the main idea of everyone on board was to put on the thinnest clothes possible. How I envied my two men folk who spent the whole day sleeping, without making any difference to their night's rest! To me the sudden heat was most depressing.

However, we were in Manilla in three days. All the official positions there are held by the Filipinos themselves, and they assert their authority in every possible way. Like all untrained, uneducated people they are very tyrannous. It was a slow and tedious process having our passports visaed and passing the doctor. The Philippine Islands were in revolt against their Spanish masters, when America stepped in to their assistance in 1899. They were given a promise that eventually they

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should have self-government. Now they are clamouring for its fulfilment, although they are, in truth, not yet ready to take the reins. It is for this reason that they are proving a source of difficulty to the United States.

The Philippine Archipelago has a total number of 7063 islands, but only 462 have an area of one square mile or over. Only 2441 are worthy of receiving a name. The rest are mangrove islets, barren rocks, or treeless coral reefs. A few barely rise above the warm blue sea. All are within the tropical zone, and extend over one thousand miles from north to south. Luzon and Mindanao are the two largest ; the first covers an area of 41,000 square miles, its total population is half of that of the whole archipelago, and Manila is the capital ; the second is rich and almost virgin soil, being very sparsely settled territory though almost as large as the other island. In 1919 a census was taken, and the population was approximately 10,500,000. The rainy season was just over, so the grass was green and the tropical plants and foliage luxuriant. The houses are raised on piles from the ground and are made of grass, which shelters from the sun. There are few buildings here other than Government houses. The people are small and slight, with dark yellow skins. Their costumes are of their own thin grass-muslin, and they wear large grass hats. The women's sleeves are made with large puffs, their bodices are trim and neat, and there is a quantity of bright colour about the skirts ; no shoes or stockings are worn, and the hair is smoothly brushed back and has a frizzy appearance.

Our cabins on the *Empress* had become a little like home after spending twenty-three nights in them ; but on landing at Hong-Kong on December 3rd we rejoiced in the fact that we were now brought in contact at last with our objective, the foreign field.

Immediately on arrival we went to Cook's office, and

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learnt that a little coasting steamer called the *Tack San* left for Haiphong next morning at 10 o'clock, and that if we did not take it there might not be another for eight or nine days. This information decided us to proceed, although it meant a rush as some necessary shopping had to be done in the way of sun helmets, coloured spectacles, medicines, Christmas presents and food for going up country; while money had to be exchanged, boxes repacked for storage, and sundry commissions received by letter from Yunnan duly executed. The tender left the quay at 9.30 a.m. to take us and our belongings for a couple of miles' run up the harbour to where our boat was lying. We fully realised that we should be called upon to live under changed conditions, but we were none of us prepared for the shock that met us when we stepped on board that boat.

The *Tack San* is only eight hundred tons; she has three cabins, two of which are next the donkey boiler and the ash shoot. No. 1 cabin, which was occupied by three nuns, was certainly a place where one could shut oneself away from the pigs and their drovers; for it turned out that this boat is principally used for carrying these animals, which lie about on deck with their feet tied. The walk to the cabin meant picking a way through, carefully avoiding objectionable nuisances, which, however, are nothing compared to the smells which arise when the Chinaman cooks his food. This is done on small charcoal stoves carried for the purpose. The meals for the first class passengers were prepared in the officers' galley and carried across this same deck. I was truly glad to give my half cabin to Viola Mylne, both she and her mother being very bad sailors; for otherwise I am sure they could not have existed those few days in that fetid atmosphere.

We were told that we might go up to the bridge just outside the captain's cabin, and here I determined to

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stick, endure and patiently wait, counting the minutes, not the hours or days, until we set foot on land again. My stretcher bed was carried up in preparation for the night, and my husband decided that he would sit up in his chair beside me. Mr. Stedeford showed his sympathy for my discomfort by being particularly bright and chatty. As my only desire was to be left alone and not talk, he may have noticed my short answers; at any rate he went away, presently returning with a happy smile, saying that he had found quite a nice corner. It was over the saloon and had a little seat attached to it. "Come along with me, we can get away from the drovers and enjoy the sea and sunshine," he said. My suspicions were immediately roused, and I asked, "Where is it?" "Over there"—pointing to the spot. Now I had already explored any likely place where we could sit. "Oh no," I said; "I am not going there. Don't you know what is under that canvas?"—pointing to the canvas cradle. "No," was the reply. "Well, there is a corpse lying there." "Never!" "Oh, yes there is; I peeped into a small hole at the end of it and I saw his eyes. Besides, I can smell it, can't you?" Well, he thought he could perceive something of a corpse-like odour. "Ah well," said he, "I know there is some idea of leaving a small aperture, so that the spirit may have freedom." We therefore decided that there was nothing more to be done except to settle down and make the best of it. By and by up came my husband, and he was soon told the contents of the canvas cradle. "Ah yes," he informed us; "it is always a rule to make an agreement with a Chinese employé that, if he dies away from home, he shall be brought back to be buried to rest among his own people. Yes! I have no doubt but that's what it is," said he.

During the evening meal Mr. Stedeford was still wondering where he could find a place to lay his head, so

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he stayed behind, and in conversation said to the chief officer, "This boat is not fit to carry passengers, you know." "No," was the reply; "she rarely does; it is the worst boat on the line. I wonder at your party coming. Why did you not wait for the *Haimaun*, a much better boat. She sails in a few days' time." (Needless to say that the man in Cook's who gave us the wrong information was struck off our books!) "Ah well! I suppose there is no objection to my staying here and lying on this settee for the night?" queried Mr. Stedford. "My friends are fixing up quarters outside the captain's cabin on the bridge." "Yes, yes," said the chief, "that is all right; our engineer sleeps above here under that canvas." So it was the engineer's eyes I saw when I peeped in through the hole!

Well do I remember my first Sunday in China, and my first introduction to a Chinese crowd. On account of the dangerous nature of this coast and the situation of the island Hainan, we kept a long way out from land. The sea, too, was very rough and the wind gusty. As our boat anchored off Hainan, we were surprised to see a large number of people make an appearance from below, men, women, children, second and third class passengers, of all sorts, including the drovers, with big strong wooden boxes of silver dollars, which they had been so carefully guarding on deck; all these were for the shore. At the sign of our arrival, big hulking boats, Chinese junks, swarmed around us, and took off the people; they were swung from one boat to the other, and their luggage after them, pell-mell, in a most dangerous fashion. Such a scrambling, yelling, screaming crowd it is impossible to imagine. Faces white, either with fear or with rage, children snatched from the arms of parents, literally thrown down from the gangways; women losing odd shoes; boxes, chairs, bedding, bundles flying in every direction—a perfect medley, laughable in

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the extreme if it were not so dangerous, for our boat and the other boats were tossing up and down the whole time. Turning to the captain, standing calmly by, I said, "Can nothing be done to control this disembarking? The accidents that must happen!" To which he replied, "Yes, but this is nothing to what we generally have. I used to try and prevent it, but found it much better to leave it alone, and let them do it their own way, because the trouble is everyone wants to be boss!"

This Island of Hainan is valuable because of the abundance of fine hard wood it grows, mahogany, rose-wood and many kinds of aromatic trees. The latter are cut down by the natives and sent all over China for making beads. Aborigines live on the southern side. No Europeans care to live there because of its unhealthy climate and the loneliness, there being a lack of communication. A British official who came aboard said that he only knew one European missionary living there besides himself.

This dangerous coast is very subject to fog. Innumerable islands and jutting rocks abound, and there are few lighthouses to guide the mariner.

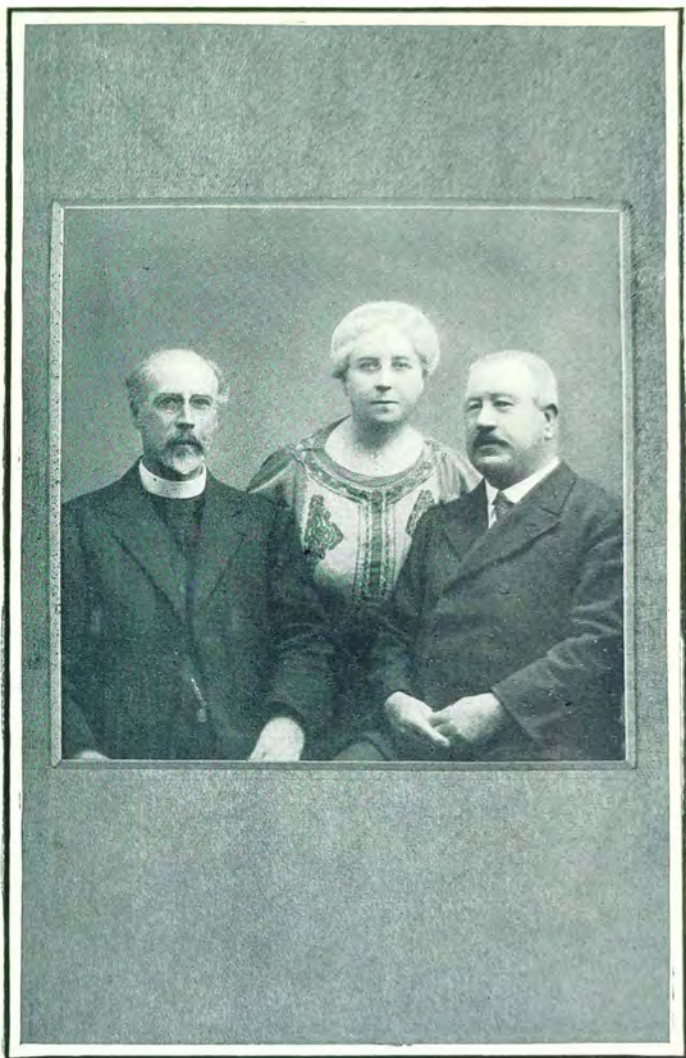
We were welcomed at Haiphong, our destination, next day, by our good friend Mr. Jackson, who had been communicated with and informed of our expected arrival. No visitors ever stepped on shore with more feeling of gladness. This gentleman is a missionary to the Annamese, and works under an undenominational American community. Having been out for three years he knows the Annamese language well, and was a very decided help at the Customs, introducing us to the luggage agents, buying supplies of food for the journey in the train, and engaging rooms at the hotel for the night. Haiphong has come into prominence since the opening, a few years ago, of the Tonkin-Yunnan railway. It is the principal port of the French Colony of Tonkin; the

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climate is tropical, generally very warm. There is a great luxuriance of flowers, poinsettias growing eight to ten feet high, and masses of purple bougainvillea, which is particularly beautiful. The Annamese are a much lower type, and a less intelligent people, than the Chinese. The women's dress is ugly and peculiar, being dark brown and black cotton, made apparently in two skirts, the top one drawn up over the back round the forehead and fastened under the chin, the other hanging loosely down to the ankle. They wear no shoes or stockings, have very dark skins and expressionless faces, their teeth made the colour of mahogany by chewing betel nut, which is supposed to add beauty to the appearance as well as preserving the teeth.

It is from Haiphong that the three and a half days' journey by rail starts for Yunnan Fu, the capital of the Chinese province of Yunnan. This line was built by the French and is recognised as a great engineering feat; over a million lives were lost in its construction through accidents and malarial epidemics. Even the engineer himself died before it was completed.

It is a single line, one train a day from each end. Passengers sleep at Hanoi, Laokay, Amicheo, the train only running in the daylight, from about 5.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. After the first day through flat country, where corn and rice are everywhere cultivated, whole families of Annamese working on the land together, the scenery changes to hills, forests and jungle. The train gradually ascends through masses of wild bananas and other tropical growths, which are the haunts of wild animals. The last stage of the journey is magnificent, the line winding in and out through range after range of mountains. There are one hundred and fifty tunnels in all on this railway, ninety-five of which we passed through in one day. Deep valleys, gorges, high ravines have to be crossed, the engine crawling along round and round, higher and



THE REV. CHARLES STEDEFORD AND MR. AND MRS. THOMAS BUTLER.  
The Deputation sent out in 1921 by the United Methodist Church to visit their  
Mission Stations in China and East Africa.

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higher, rising six thousand feet, until it gains the plateau. Here one realises how isolated south-west China must have been before this railway was built. Our missionaries in former days went up by the Yangtze River, then across the northerly part of the province, a journey of nearly three months.

Hanoi, where we broke our journey the first night, is the capital of French Indo-China. It is a beautiful city laid out in broad boulevards, and possesses good French hotels and fine shops. It has a large Opera House with grass and flower beds in front. A number of French people reside here and live in style ; or so we judged by the audience driving to the Opera in open smart cars, private rickshaws, carriages with pairs of horses. Not until we reached Laokay, twelve hours' journey from Hanoi, did we cross the Chinese frontier, and immediately a new interest was awakened. Both this place and the following one, Amicheo, where we stayed the night, the brigands are continually attacking, the mountains being particularly accessible for covering their retreat, and the very steep gradient of the line making it easy to board the train. The night we were at the former place we were told that they were only a few miles away, and had attacked both places recently. It is not at all infrequent for a band of two hundred and fifty of these maurauders to visit a small town and demand a certain sum of money. If it is not forthcoming they set the place ablaze ; but if they receive what they demand they go back to their band, then ride down into the town and spend it on what they require, practically stripping the place of food and clothing. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that there is no great feeling of security in lying down in one of these small French inns, with no fasteners on the door, which is open to the street outside. One is met at the station, on arrival for the night, by crowds, in the dusk of the evening, of

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curious, evil-looking people, who try to snatch a handbag or whatever one is carrying. They follow one to the door, where the hotel proprietor uses some very strong language, sending them off scowling in an ugly fashion. Not long ago one of our missionaries had been relieved of £10 while walking the short distance from the station to the hotel.

There are four classes on these trains. The first class coach is marked by several small compartments, accommodating four persons in each, and opening on to the corridor, where one walks single file to the next coach or to the second and third class. Chinese and Europeans mix together, which is by no means pleasant for the European, one reason being that, either from habit or from relaxed throats, the Chinese, first one, and then another, indulge in continual expectoration. This disgusting noise is terribly nauseating. Another reason is the lack of separate sanitary accommodation provided. A third reason is the alarming smells that issue forth from the Chinaman's food. Half a week of a fourteen hours' day, with little sleep in those French inns, under such trying circumstances is not likely to make food seem either tempting or appetising.

At a later stage of our journeyings we became more used to these extravagances, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the manners and customs of the Chinese; indeed, we learnt many lessons from their simplicity of living and their frugality.

It is instructive to note how sensibly they provide for a journey. All their belongings are done up in a large bundle wrapped around by a clean rush mat, which later serves as a covering for the wooden floors of the coach, and is sat upon. The nice padded quilts enclosed in the bundle neatly wrap them around, and also serve as cushions as well as bed covering. This bundle is carried on the shoulders. A large rush mat basket contains food,

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utensils for cooking and all manner of things. The fourth class is only a covered coach, wherein the passengers do their own cooking, taking with them small charcoal stoves, on which they can boil a kettle, or cook rice, to which they add all kinds of savoury-smelling condiments from different bottles. Boiling water and tea can be had from the train "boys." In hot weather everybody has his or her own tea-pot, and the "boy" walks up and down regularly at intervals with a huge kettle refilling the tea-pots. At every station food of some kind can be bought, the fruits of the neighbourhood, cakes, sweets, nuts, bread of various kinds, roast fowls, ducks and sugar cane. For gentlemen on the train a hot four or five-course dinner is mysteriously produced from the end of the coach, with table and all appurtenances. Everybody seems happy, jovial and contented. People get out when the train stops, walk about, buy, or joke, not at all disturbed, or in a hurry at the long waits. When the whistle blows they jump in to talk, laugh, eat, play games or roll themselves in their quilt and settle off to sleep.

The fares are very high, but it is an expensive line to maintain. Gangs of men at only short intervals are kept constantly at work repairing bridges and building up landslides caused by heavy rains and overhanging rocks. In all the dangerous places the line is examined before the train passes over. It is kept in splendid order throughout, soldiers guarding the line and constantly boarding the trains.

The scenery through which this line passes is perhaps even more wonderful and beautiful than the ride through the Rockies. The snow-clad mountains are certainly missing, but the views are varied and full of interest the whole way. The clear bright atmosphere rarely fails. This line would certainly greatly attract the sight-seer if there were but better means to reach it.

## CHAPTER IV

### Yunnan Fu

OUR English language never sounded sweeter in my ears than when I heard my own name being called out: "Mrs. Butler, where are you? I want to reach you." Running to the window of our carriage I saw Mrs. Evans, our missionary, standing on the platform, eagerly scanning the train. She was practically lifted in through the doorway in our delight. That morning her patience had been exhausted; she had felt that we were so near, and yet so far, that she had determined to come on the down train to the second stopping-place and meet us, taking Mr. Su with her to carry a food basket. She ran and put her arms around me and gave me a warm embrace. Looking into my face, she said, "Oh! Mrs. Butler, it is you, whom we are most pleased to see. To think that you have come all this way to us! You don't know how it rejoices our hearts. Of course we are pleased to see the gentlemen; but to have you with us, well, you will never know what your coming means to us, nor what it will mean to our Mission."

The contents of the basket were quickly laid out and we had a real cup of tea and some cakes, and within three-quarters of an hour were standing on Yunnan Fu platform, with Nurse Raine and Miss Barwick literally hugging me. "You are a true mother to us to have come so far," they said, using almost the same words as Mrs. Evans to express their joy at my coming to them

and to their Mission. I felt that this, indeed, was a recompense for the long tedious journey of two months.

A crowd came to meet us and to give us a welcome. Mr. Evans, in his usual business-like way, took charge of our belongings and quickly passed them through the Customs, arriving at the Mission House first so that he might give us a royal welcome when we entered. To see the small plot of ground with its English flowers laid out in beds each side of the footpath, with carnations, heliotrope, geraniums, daisies, pansies, even a rose tree, caught my eye and sent a lump into my throat, as I walked up the path. To be in a home again surrounded by loving friends, to have once more a decent room and a bath with plenty of hot water, was more than a treat.

Sunday, December 10th, was a day of true worship. We attended the Chinese church service which Mr. Evans conducted and joined in the singing of the familiar English hymns. In the afternoon we all went to the Y.M.C.A., where the English community hold their little weekly service. On this occasion Mr. Stedeford officiated, his text being, "The bright and morning star." I would like to hear that sermon again, for it gripped and uplifted me. Perhaps it had a special application; for during the evening the deputation held a cabinet meeting and talked over the affairs of state!

I must explain that the order in which we visited the Mission stations was made entirely in consultation with the missionaries, with regard to the climatic conditions best for us, North China being extremely cold in the winter and South China with its humid heat unbearable in the summer. Yunnan would probably prove the most trying to us on account of the very long journeys and arduous travelling up the mountain passes, the winter being sunny and rainless. From a health standpoint I am sure the decision to take this station first was a wise one, as it proved also in each of the districts we visited afterwards.

The temporary Mission premises at Yunnan Fu are in a Chinese house. It was with great difficulty that Mr. Evans had been able to secure a suitable place for his purpose. It happened that this house had a large go-down, as they call it in China, that is, a room built for storage, carrying-chairs, boxes and so on. This was suitable for turning into a church, holding fully a hundred people. The entrance to the compound is by a doorway standing on the street, and a high wall enclosing the whole, the gatekeeper's house of two small rooms being on one side of the entrance. Passing through the pretty garden, about twenty yards in length, one sees the door of the church in the middle of the wall. Inside this door is the attractive building. When no services are being held, light wooden partitions are placed to form a passageway to another door opposite, which opens out into a fairly large courtyard. On either side of this courtyard are small rooms, used as guest rooms; for interviewing Chinese on business; a children's school; and patients applying for drugs at the dispensary. Rarely are these rooms empty. Straight across the yard itself (which is used for packing and preparing for the long journeys, for here the coolies congregate to weigh up their loads of eighty-six pounds) is a room used by the missionary for his private use, half of it for meals, and the other half curtained off to form a small sitting-room.

There are no windows to Chinese houses, only latticed shutters which open outwards, like a greenhouse, this one opening into the courtyard. At the end of this room is a door leading to a little store place, for food and medicine; to the left again a separate doorway leads to the kitchen—a place I was advised never to enter, but which lost its terrors for me after I saw a well-trained and supervised cook at work. (There are no better cooks, or servants, in the world than the Chinese, who are invariably men. The servants always live in separate

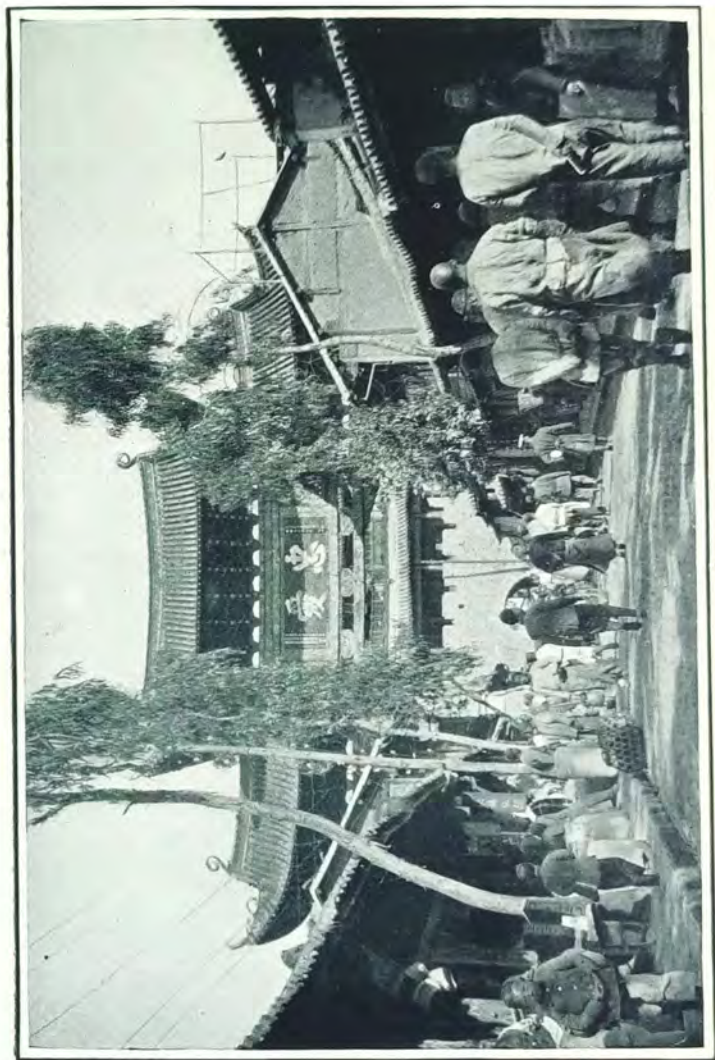
quarters outside the house, and feed themselves at their own cost.) A narrow rickety stairway leads to a balcony which runs round the courtyard with small rooms leading out of it as below. The missionary's private sanctum is one of these, and except at meals he is usually to be found there many hours a day. The untiring energy which both Mr. and Mrs. Evans display in their manifold duties is wonderful. No wonder the Chinese both revere and love them. Their whole heart is in their work and the building up of a strong Chinese Church. There is one good room over the church, this is divided and makes a bedroom and a sitting-room, the latter being the only place where one could retire for quiet. The furniture, though suitable, is of the barest. Another two rooms above complete the house.

The church is naturally the centre of attraction. At the left-hand side at the end, as one enters from the garden, is the rostrum, beautifully carved, of the best workmanship. It would grace any English church. The pulpit is raised at the back, and there are a carved table and chairs on the rostrum. The whole of this construction can be easily removed to another church when necessary. From the ceiling on each side of the rostrum hang two scrolls, golden letters on black; across the back, as a frieze, more golden letters stand out on scarlet, the wording of which when translated being, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness," or more literally, "Clothed with Holiness, worship God." Other scrolls with gold letterings on blue ground hang around the church at intervals. The whole has a very attractive appearance. On the covenant table are the choicest flowers which Mrs. Evans' garden can produce; large pots with plants on pedestals stand on each side of the rostrum, also at the corners of the rail, giving a finish to the sanctuary. The walls are white and clean, the seats strongly made with rails at the back. Women sit

on one side of the church and men on the other, as is usual in China. Mrs. Evans, presiding at the tiny organ, leads the singing at every service. One night a week the congregation meet together to prepare for the Sabbath praise, and use the Tonic Sol-fa notation. A stranger, entering the church, looking round in curiosity, is asked to doff his hat, if he remains to join in the service. A reverence pervades the whole place, which is very different from the temples in which the people worship their idols.

It was only the year before that our missionary had taken up his residence in the city at the request of the Missionary Committee. When first the Bible Christian Church started a Mission in Yunnan, the capital was their first choice; here the Reverends Thorne and Vanstone pioneered, Pollard and Dymond following them the next year. On account of the bad health of the missionaries, and the lack of workers, they eventually retired, after twenty years' service, to the outposts of Tong Chuan and Chao Tong. During the Boxer riots of 1900 the Mission property was destroyed altogether.

Mr. Graham, of the China Inland Mission, has kindly acted as agent since our retirement, sending off goods, parcels, posts, for the Mission, by coolies or ponies. For some time past he had been feeling the work too great a burden, and finally decided to give it up. It was then thought that our time had come for reopening this important city, not only because of making a connecting link between all the other work, but because of the advisability of forming a Mission in the city itself. This was one of the commissions put into the deputation's hands; to select a site and to go into the whole question. There is no other Protestant Mission of any moment, apart from the China Inland Mission, really working in this province, the second largest province in China, covering an area as large as England and Wales put together. The Church Missionary Society have just



OLD SOUTH GATE, YUNNAN-FU.

This is one of the four gates into the City : above is the Block House from which the Soldiers guard the entrance.

begun to work in Yunnan Fu, a hospital being their chief interest. The China Inland Mission started their labours before our arrival on the field ; they have done a good work and are dotted here and there at wide intervals. Our early workers decided, in agreement with their China Inland Mission colleagues, to work quite different districts, so as to cover as much of the province as possible and not to interfere with each other's work. There has always been the most amiable relations between the two Missions.

The plains and valleys of Yunnan are occupied by Chinese, who speak the Mandarin language. Up among the mountainous districts live the aboriginal tribes, of which there are many varieties, such as Lolos or Nosu, Miao, Kopu. These are governed by their own chiefs, who again are subject to Chinese rule. They are a purely pastoral people, having no arts, industries or written language. They have been driven further and further back to the north-east part of the province by the Chinese, who despise them greatly and show hatred towards them. It was a man belonging to one of these tribes in the far-away mountainous districts who was told that there was a man in Chao Tong who said that "Some one loved them." On hearing this he started off with a small quantity of corn, a rough covering in which to roll himself at night, and a staff to ward off the wild beasts. It took him fourteen days and nights to accomplish his journey ; he found out Mr. Pollard, he heard the story of Jesus, he stayed while the glad tidings entered his heart, and then said, "I must hasten back and tell my people this good news." This brought many other enquirers and it was the start of a big tribal movement which has continued ever since, and is a marvellous revelation to all who see God's hand working in our midst. These people's salvation and deliverance are the responsibility of our United Methodist Church. God has chosen us to be his instrument in this work. As

Mr. Hudspeth told us when home on furlough, thousands of these people have thrown away their idols, have closed their wine shops, given up vice, are living pure honest lives to-day, building chapels and schools at their own expense, and only asking us to send them preachers and teachers. What the Gospel has done for these people it can and will do for millions more.

Yunnan Fu is the capital of the province, and the largest city in Yunnan. It has an extensive well-watered plateau 6500 feet above sea-level. To the east lies a delightful lake, 23 miles long, 12 miles wide. It is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a good wall with four gates, north, south, east and west. Two pagodas guard this ancient city. The climate is temperate, the thermometer ranging from 30° to 85°. Some say it is very much like Northern California with a more moderate summer. Rain falls from May to October, the winter being ideal for travelling. "The Switzerland of Asia" it is called. Mountains rising up to 12,000 feet almost surround the plain, and are a dark copper colour, for minerals of every kind are to be found in them. The sunset and the afterglow on these hills is glorious.

It is only a few minutes' walk from the Mission to the river, which winds its way through and around one side of the city to the great plains beyond. For twenty miles can be seen the big belt of trees indicating its course. To mount its high bank at the close of the day is a great boon, and to wander along by the well-cultivated fertile fields a pleasure. There one sees the ploughman still at his work with his buffalo friend, or two men treading the wheel irrigating the land, women neatly packing their produce for market, or boys hoeing the hard ground; all add to the interest and beauty of the scene. Soon a little village is approached, guarded by vicious dogs, who fly out at the sound of a stranger. A brave heart will make a little detour from the path and pass through the

village, where women are preparing the evening meal, girls beating rice on a grass mat, children running bare-footed, scantily dressed and dirty. The little temple is always visible with its gods and flowers and offerings. One is glad to regain the river bank and to look out on the gorgeous colouring of the sky, the tinted hills, the boatmen plying their oars. The calmness, the serenity, the beauty, make a lifelong impression.

The city is made up of very narrow streets. At all hours of the day one meets crowds of people, jostling along at a great rate ; chairs with two or four bearers ; porters carrying huge baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, one basket at each end, containing provisions, fruit, poultry, merchandise, utensils, furniture ; herds of ponies ; donkeys, carrying huge blocks of salt on each side of the pack ; and soldiers marching. All this medley has to be passed or dodged. Big boulders, laid down, indicate the pavement on which chairmen, donkeys, carriers try to walk, pushing off foot passengers into the gutter on each side, where are cookshops, rubbish heaps and groups of natives sitting on the ground eating their food. It is a feat to quit the main street for a shopping street, and a greater relief to enter a shop, which is open, of course, to the view of every passer-by who generally thinks he can help you with your buying by peering over your shoulder. Children press under your arms, as well as people with abominable sores open to view, horrible with disease. Much has to be endured before a bargain can be struck with the dealer. Here, as in Canton, and a few other cities, certain goods are kept to certain streets ; hence there is Copper Kettle Street, Fur Street, Clothing Street, Brass and Bronze Street, Silk Street, Cap-making Street, Idol Street, etc.

The principal industries are in metal, the making of bronze idols, of incense burners and jade cutting. The Yunnanese are skilful workmen. A good hospital has

recently been erected under the auspices of the Church of England, and is largely supported by Dr. Bradley and Dr. Thompson, who are at its head. The charge for an in-patient is 10s. a week, but only very serious cases are taken in. A Christian work is going on here, and a small church is kept up under the supervision of a Chinese pastor. The Y.M.C.A. have a good work going on of rather recent date; the China Inland Mission have a cause here, and the Seventh Day Adventists are fairly busy.

The Roman Catholics are making great headway in this province, and the Mohammedans, too, are strong. So little work is being done in this fine centre by the Protestant Church that our re-start is fully justified, especially seeing that since the revolution of 1911 the anti-foreign element has disappeared. It has been corrected by the missionaries themselves, who at the present time are not only looked up to, but trusted implicitly. Their more extensive knowledge, moreover, gives them greater power to grapple with the difficult situations which rise from time to time.

The site for the new church was decided upon quickly after our arrival, and a plot of ground has been sold to us for building two houses. It is very essential to have proper accommodation for housing all our Yunnan staff, as they must travel to Yunnan Fu to reach the Tonkin Railway.

The Monday after we arrived, an afternoon picnic was arranged to the beautiful Buddhist Copper Temple, which lies in a miniature forest some three miles out. Leaving the main road we came to a series of terraces, across which are gateways built, called "The First Gate of Heaven," "The Second Gate of Heaven," and so on. The main temple is built wholly of bronze, and is enclosed by a wall to resemble a small city. There is only one other structure like it in China. It was built during

the Ming dynasty, which ended in 1644. This was our first experience of chair riding. My husband had not fancied the idea and took a pony for the first and last time, and once we found him in an undignified position on the ground.

On our return we found Mr. Mylne awaiting us. He had come from Chao Tong to meet his wife and child, having accompanied an official coming down to the city who had an escort of a hundred picked soldiers, the report being that the roads were very dangerous on account of brigands, so that the officials were chary of giving their consent for foreigners to travel. On the gentlemen visiting our British Consul next day, they found the state of the country even worse than they had anticipated. Mr. Mylne's anxiety increased considerably when I told him very decidedly that I intended to accompany my husband on a visit to Chao Tong. Said he, "The brigands know the missionaries have not much to lose, but travellers like yourselves are worth a ransom." We saw that we were adding much more risk to the party, for sixteen thousand brigands are reported in this province alone. Day by day it was the one topic of conversation. Tales of the most harrowing nature were brought in every time anyone went out. Mr. Mylne was, of course, anxious to take his wife and child back to Chao Tong, and the young ladies, Nurse Raine and Miss Barwick, too, who had been waiting to go, filling in their time by learning the language at Yunnan Fu. The mandarins in the towns employ spies, who communicate with each other, and by this means are able to tell the whereabouts of these brigands. They send on word to the Governor and he to the Consul. "You must go at your own risk, unless you wait until the roads are cleared, and even then you must have an escort. When that will be we cannot say." This same report was brought to us each morning.

During these days the Church was very busy. A

deputation waited upon Mr. Evans, saying they wished to do us honour by giving us a feast, which we readily accepted and arranged for Wednesday of that week at the Mission house. Three cooks arrived directly after breakfast, much food having been previously prepared. Two sucking-pigs were cooked over a large charcoal fire in an outhouse, with long iron skewers through each. A man sat on his haunches turning them the whole time, until they were a beautiful light brown all over, well cooked through and through. The three cooks made all manner of dainties, twenty-two courses in all, served up very hot and appetisingly in separate dishes, one for each of the two round tables, and placed in the middle that all might partake. Ivory chopsticks and a china spoon for each person were provided, also a bottle of sauce. When you can manipulate your chopsticks you take a morsel out of the dish or bowl in the centre, and with the aid of the spoon you can more safely convey it to your mouth, never putting the spoon into the mouth at all. We had sharks' fins, which were considered a dainty, eggs buried for numbers of years, pigeons' eggs, curried chicken, birds'-nest soup, larks' hearts and, last of all, the sucking-pig, which was placed in the middle of the table and picked to pieces with the chopsticks in a wonderfully clever manner. Between the different courses we had, placed in dainty little high dishes, lotus nuts, sweet cakes, peanuts baked with butter, pistachio nuts, tangerine oranges quartered. And at the finish of the feast came rice in a dainty bowl. Wines are a great speciality, although not put on our table. Tea completed the feast in this case. We were very glad to go into another room and have an English cup of tea when it was all over. Mrs. Evans sat beside me and advised what I had better leave alone. Some courses I had no desire to touch ; but I must admit that it was all beautifully cooked and served. We heard that it cost our

hosts at least 40 dols, £4 English money, a large sum for those poor people. Mr. Evans, who had attended many feasts, said that he thought it was the best he had ever eaten, and to our surprise we learnt that such a feast need not be feared, as a rule, because it is so well cooked, is clean, and appetising. There were speeches at the end, to which we all replied, the hosts being delighted at the way we showed our appreciation of their hospitality.

On Friday morning the Consul came to tell us that he could send the party on to Tong Chuan with fifty soldiers the next day. The Mylnes, the two young ladies and Mr. Stedeford decided to go, my husband and I staying with the Evans, for two reasons. There were some preparations for baptism at Christmas with festivities at which we had all been expected to join, and it would have caused disappointment if none of us had been present. The second reason was that the feast had upset me, and my heart, too, was greatly affected by the high altitude. I was unfit to start on such an arduous journey. It was thought, too, that there would probably be much less risk after Christmas and that the two of us with Mr. and Mrs. Evans were a party large enough for another escort.

No one, who has not done it, can have any idea what it means to pack up for such a journey as this, and in so short a time. Chairs had to be bought, coolies hired, cooking utensils and food for six persons to last fourteen days' journey laid in, beds, clothing, mackintoshes for beds, special boxes for carrying household goods for the young ladies' house, also for Mrs. Mylne's house, all had to be procured and packed. The rushing about, the running along the verandahs, the shouting, the constant up and down the creaky stairs, and along the thin boards, the excitement, bustle and noise, baffle description. The cavalcade started next day at 12 o'clock. Instead of fifty soldiers, there turned up about five hundred, and

these with the coolies, and the party in chairs, extended nearly a mile in length along the road. They had a safe journey, but a very hard one, and rejoiced continually that we had not gone with them, especially when they heard that I was in bed for a week after they left.

I was able to get up for Christmas, and it rejoiced us greatly when Mr. Goldsworthy arrived on Christmas Eve. Fortunately he caught a French boat from Hong-Kong to Haiphong, so did not experience our discomfort along the coast. The Christmas festival was a great success, and the church decorated with suitable texts for the occasion made of white wadding on red ground. The children's party, with its gifts of toys, was a joyful time; also the feast for the older folk. On Sunday morning, after the service, a special interest was attached to the baptism into the church, which numbered close on thirty. Men, women and children in arms were received, the former having been on probation for some time. It was very affecting to see how reverently and thoughtfully they entered into this solemn ceremony, without doubt being fully cognisant of the responsibility it entailed.

During our stay of five weeks in Yunnan Fu we made many friends among the Chinese. They always looked for us at their services and greatly appreciated the interest we took in their affairs. Mrs. Zi, the Biblewoman, and her daughter, who had been in our church at Chao-tong, are now a great help in this church. Mr. Su, a mandarin's son from Peking, who asked if he might become Mrs. Evans' adopted son, exerts a good influence. We received hospitality at the hands of all the English community of the city. Every opportunity was afforded us of seeing the surrounding country, and it was with a sincere feeling of regret when we decided that it was time to move on to another field of service, and to say good-bye to the beautiful mountains of Yunnan, to the dear people, and our beloved missionaries.

In spite of our long wait to take the journey to Chaotong we had to relinquish the idea altogether when the Consul emphatically refused to give us an escort, saying at last that he did not see any likelihood whatever of our proceeding and strongly advising us to give up any thought of going.

We learnt later that Mr. and Mrs. Evans never reached the important District Meeting at Chaotong; nor were the roads reported to be any safer when they left in March for their furlough. Soon after we left, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor were taken by the bandits as hostages on that very road to Chaotong, only a short distance from the city of Yunnan Fu.

It was therefore with many regrets, and disappointment, too, that we relinquished the hope of seeing the various activities of our work in Yunnan. Much as we should have liked to do so, we were persuaded that God would have opened the way had He intended us to proceed.

At the last services we attended, especially the Women's Meeting at which much regret was shown, several replied to my addresses, after which they asked Mrs. Evans to pray that we might reach home safely and begging the Heavenly Father to watch over us. Later on three young girls came to wish me good-bye and to ask my acceptance of a piece of needlework they had worked themselves. Many similar expressions and other signs made us feel very hopeful that a strong and vigorous church in the future will be raised in this centre. The crowd to see us off at the station, so early in the morning, was much larger than the one that came to welcome us upon our arrival. It was touching, when they brought their little farewell gifts, old ivory chopsticks, a small rice bowl, wedding shoes, a pewter box, photographs, etc. The yellow skins, the jet-black hair, the ugly bound feet faded from the eyes, and one only saw the kindness of heart, the love, the sympathy behind the form.

## CHAPTER V

### Light & Shade on Yunnan Hills

By C. Stedeford

**W**HEN we arrived in Yunnan Fu there seemed to be no prospect of our being able to penetrate into the interior. We found missionaries there who had waited several months for permission to travel to their stations. We interviewed our British Consul, but he could give us no idea when it would be safe for us to travel inland. This desperate state of things was due to a conflict in the provincial government, which it will be as well to explain now because our later movements were much affected by the progress of the struggle. A year or two previously Tang was the Governor of the province. His chief General, named Koo, engaged in a successful campaign against the neighbouring province of Szechuan. He proved himself to be a skilful strategist and became very popular with his soldiers. Returning flushed with victory he notified Tang that he must quit the capital or fight for his position as provincial Governor. Not being prepared for equal combat, Tang took flight, but was careful to take with him all the money in the Treasury. Deprived of their leader, and not being prepared to withstand Koo, Tang's soldiers, while maintaining some sort of loyalty to their departed chief, became brigands and made it their business to harass the government of Koo as much as possible and to make him unpopular by creating universal disorder. They made for themselves strong-

holds among the mountains and ravaged the surrounding country. Traffic was largely suspended because goods upon the roads were often seized. It was estimated that more than ten thousand men were thus living by plunder. They became more and more desperate and their methods became more vicious and brutal. Every wild and reckless spirit joined them. They laid towns under tribute, and if the tribute were refused they looted. They swept down upon villages and took away everything worth possessing, often inflicting great cruelties upon the people in order to compel them to disgorge their silver. Individuals were murdered and robbed upon the highway. This state of things prevailed during my travels in the province, and it is no wonder the authorities refused to give foreigners permission to move out of the cities.

Very unexpectedly, however, good fortune, or as we believe a good Providence, opened the way for me to fulfil my programme. Mr. Mylne found an opportunity of coming to the capital in the train of some provincial councillors who had a good military escort. It had been arranged for him to meet his wife and daughter who had arrived with the deputation, and when returning with them to conduct the deputation on the first stage of their journey as far as Tongchuan. On Friday, December 16th, we received the welcome tidings that the soldiers were returning with military stores, and that we might accompany them. Mrs. Butler was not well enough to travel, and it proved to be a gracious Providence which prevented her making the attempt. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mylne, their little daughter Viola, Nurse Raine and Miss Barwick, who were travelling to their station at Chaotong, and myself.

There was great commotion the next morning as the preparations were made for our departure. Including chairmen, servants and coolies to carry our baggage, our train numbered forty-one. About noon, in glorious

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sunshine, we trailed off in a long line on what was to be to me a most memorable tour. The first day took us only a short stage of fourteen miles. I renewed my acquaintance with Chinese inns. They are no better than when I was in China twelve years ago. My bedroom was simply four mud walls with a kind of stable door, and in one of the walls a hole about eighteen inches square with bars across it served as a window. The bed was of bare boards. Everything was covered with dirt, grime and cobwebs.

The next day was Sunday. Usually missionaries do not travel on Sundays, but we were obliged to do so that day in order to keep up with the soldiers. In addition to our escort there were about four hundred and fifty soldiers travelling with us conveying military stores to Chaotong. These stores were carried by packhorses, scores of them. The result was that every place where we stayed a night was overcrowded, and in the morning we often had to wait an hour or two before the village could be cleared of loads and packhorses sufficiently for us to start. The journeys got longer each day. Roused in the morning at four o'clock, when it is still dark and cold, we were on the road again as soon as day dawned. The weather was perfect, the sky cloudless from morn till night. The fourth night of our journey we spent in a small town which had been completely looted by the brigands a few days previously. Our cavalcade extended for one or two miles, and it was interesting to see it trailing in a long line across the mountains and over the plains. After the fourth day we entered the mountainous region with frequent steep ascents and rugged paths. Many times I found myself being carried along a path by the side of which was a drop of many hundreds of feet. It was very exhilarating and romantic. The fifth day's journey was an eventful one. We had to cover about forty miles. The men were exhausted

before the journey was done. Four times that day my men stumbled and let me down too suddenly to be comfortable. They fell behind the others, and when darkness fell I found myself being carried by a rough set of chairmen through a country infested with brigands. At last I saw a lantern in the distance and hoped it was placed outside the inn to guide us. It proved to be Mr. Mylne lighting lanterns to find the road. With all the lanterns lighted we continued our journey, a dismal procession. Presently the men stopped. They concluded they had missed the way and must retrace. We turned back without knowing how we should find the track. Presently lanterns appeared at some distance on our right ; there was a lot of shouting which told us that soldiers had been sent out to find us. Thoroughly weary we arrived at the inn about 8.30.

Two more days of stiff travelling brought us to the city of Tongchuan. Some distance from the city we were greeted by the members of our Church and the children from our schools. They gave us a hearty welcome. What a luxury it was to find ourselves in a comfortable home after a week on the rough roads !

The day after our arrival Mr. Dymond came from Chaotong in order to escort us thither. He arrived on Christmas Eve. The following day was both Sunday and Christmas Day. Mr. and Mrs. Mylne spared no pains to make Christmas as much as possible like that festive season in the homeland. The services in the church were well attended. Probably some were attracted by the advent of the new foreigners. The men filled their side of the church and they appeared to be deeply interested. The service in the morning was conducted by Rev. F. J. Dymond, and in the evening by Dr. Wang, who had recently graduated at the Chengtu University.

On the Monday a Christmas festival was held and the chapel was thronged. At the same time a hearty

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reception was extended to those of us who had newly arrived.

During the week a meeting of the circuit representatives was held, and I had an opportunity of learning more intimately the difficulties connected with missionary toil. Reports were received from the different stations. In some places the chapels had been seized by brigands and horribly desecrated ; occasionally there was a discouraging report because a teacher was not faithful to duty ; in other instances there was a distinct improvement on account of the earnest efforts of the preacher. Thus light and shade mingled, and in some cases the shade was dark indeed on account of the bandits. One part of the circuit was being laid waste by soldiers who had received orders to burn and slay in order to suppress the brigands. We were told that fifty of our Christians, under threat of death, had been compelled to join the brigands. Many of these were bound to suffer in the indiscriminate punishment. With Mr. Dymond as interpreter I addressed the representatives, but it was difficult to know what to say to men who were labouring amid such grim realities.

The following Sunday I took farewell of the Tongchuan Church. After Mr. Dymond had preached I gave an address. There has been much faithful sowing in the city of Tongchuan, but the full harvest still tarries. We hope it will be seen, though after many days.

On Monday, January 2nd, Mr. Dymond, Nurse Raine, Miss Barwick and I started for Chaotong. The first day took us across the Tongchuan plain and over the first mountain ridge, a distance of twenty-five miles. The second day gave us the longest and hardest journey of twenty-seven miles. It started with a terrific climb which carried us right up into the clouds ; this was followed by an equally precipitous descent. My chair

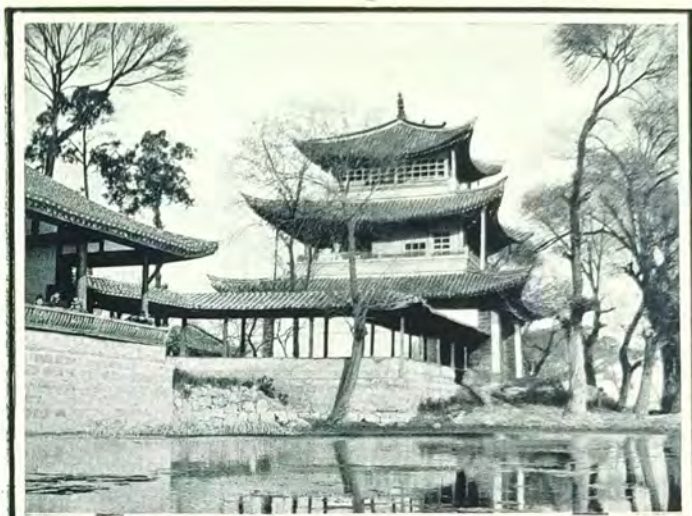
was sometimes at such an angle that if I had slipped out of it I should have lighted on the shoulders of my chairmen. Fortunately they were a fine set of men and there was no risk of their letting me down. The scenery from the lofty summits was often entrancing ; a boundless succession of mountain peaks arrayed in glorious sunshine. We had to spend the nights in the indescribable inns. Two more days brought us to the Chaotong plain, and the last day was spent in traversing the plain to reach the city. Several miles distant from the city we were met by the elders and preachers, who in proper Oriental fashion had brought us refreshments. All the way into the city we were met by various groups of our scholars and church members. My entrance into Chaotong was very much like a triumphal procession. The shouts of the chairmen as they rushed me along made the people fall back on either side. I noticed that flags were displayed ; I learned later that they had been put out by the order of the chief mandarin in honour of our coming. I contrast my entrance with the arrival of our first missionaries who went to that city thirty-five years before me. They had to get in almost by stealth. They found it difficult to obtain a house because the landlords would not let one to foreign devils. I saw the wretched shanty they had to live in. When they appeared on the streets they were called foreign devils and often had missiles thrown at them when they attempted to preach. Thirty-five years later I was accorded a triumphant welcome. The honour was not mine. It was a tribute to the men and women who, through long years of Christly service, had changed the hearts of the people and had given the name of Christ a place of honour among them.

Our Mission premises cluster just inside the east gate of the city. The chapel is large and commodious, and provided with a convenient set of smaller rooms. Next

to the chapel comes the Mission house, an old Chinese house, occupied now by the lady missionaries. Adjoining is the girls' school, a very serviceable building, but now taxed to its utmost capacity. By the side of it is the hospital where Dr. Savin spent his missionary life and won the hearts of the people of the city. The doctor's house is situated within the hospital compound. Within five minutes' walk of the east gate, outside the city wall, we have a large compound with two missionaries' houses, the middle school and the training institution. We are hoping soon to replace the last two with more suitable buildings, and the site of the Pollard Memorial hospital is intended to be adjacent to this compound.

The Sunday services were most interesting. The Sunday-school, which assembles at 11.30, includes persons of all ages and might be more correctly described as a Bible school, as its purpose is expository Bible study. At 12.45 the preaching service commenced and the congregation comfortably filled the chapel. I was struck by the unusual brightness of the women. They were neater in appearance and more intelligent in countenance than the average Chinese women I met. I was told that it is a feature of our church at Chaotong that the women are of a superior type.

One morning, accompanied by Mr. Dymond, Mr. Craddock and Dr. Bolton, I went to the Yamen to pay respect to the city mandarin. We attracted the attention of the people as we passed along the streets, especially when it was seen that we were approaching the Yamen. The Chinese have strange notions of order and discipline. At the gate of the Yamen there was an untidy-looking soldier on sentry, but the throng passed inside the Yamen yard without any check. We had to wait a short time until we were informed that the mandarin was ready to receive us. We were then ushered into the guest hall, where he greeted us with a profound bow and placed us



A TEA HOUSE ON THE SIDE OF THE LAKE, YUNNAN-FU.

The lake is about thirty miles long and several miles broad.

A STREET SCENE IN NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

in seats along the side of the hall, he himself occupying the lowest place. Then we began to talk. I told him we much appreciated the protection he had always given to the Mission and the freedom with which we were allowed to continue our work for so many years. He was very complimentary in his reply and said there was every reason to protect the missionaries for they were always doing good and were highly esteemed in the city. He was a man of dignified and gracious demeanour, and was said to be a popular and wise governor of the city and district.

Stories of the great suffering inflicted upon our church members by robbers were constantly arriving at the Mission house. An, one of our Nosu preachers, had his house and barns burnt, three of his dependents killed and three thousand dollars stolen. (Since writing the above, news has come that he has been killed by the bandits and his home looted.) One of our students returning from Chengtu University was stopped by robbers, stripped of his clothing, robbed of his money and left in that destitute condition in the midst of winter ten days from his home. Men and women often had their hands tied behind their backs, were suspended by their tied hands and their bodies scorched with burning straw in order to compel them to declare where their silver was concealed.

January 14th is an ever-memorable day, because we made our long-anticipated journey to Stone Gateway, the chief centre of our work among the Miao. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Craddock, Dr. Bolton, Nurse Raine, Miss Barwick and myself. The way took us for some distance across the plain, then wound its course into the mountains, gradually ascended until we crossed the range at a considerable height, and then dipped down a winding valley which narrowed into a deep gorge from which we had to rise again, in order to pass over the

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rim of the immense mountain basin on one of whose sloping sides is situated the now famous centre, called Stone Gateway. About eight miles from our destination, at the opening of a valley, we came upon a large gathering of Miao people drawn up in order by the side of the road along which we had to pass. I was told that many of them had travelled for several days in order to share in this welcome. After mutual salutations we moved on and the people formed procession behind us. The valley narrowed into a gorge, and as we came near the end of it we heard the hills resounding with the firing of crackers to acclaim our approach. We soon encountered another throng of Miao headed by the schoolboys in their attractive white uniforms and bearing their banners. Blasts on their cornets sounded their welcome. At every point of vantage now we met groups of men, women, boys and girls who swelled the procession as we passed. It was a thrilling time when we passed over the rim of the mountain basin and descended the winding slope which brought us within sight of the cluster of whitewashed buildings, gleaming in the sunlight, which constituted the headquarters of our Miao work. As we entered the settlement the path was lined with people who received us with every demonstration of gladness. What an amazing place this Stone Gateway is! Originally it was a miserable village, composed of about twenty mud huts occupied by people of a race despised and oppressed by the Chinese. To this place Mr. Pollard came, and for six months dwelt in one of the mud huts, mingling with the folk in order to acquire the language. To-day the original village is almost lost sight of on account of the large number of Mission buildings covering the spacious hill-side.

On the evening of our arrival we attended a prayer-meeting in the church. This church was built by the Miao themselves and has served its purpose for fifteen

years. The seats are stools without backs. The congregation presented a rough appearance. They were clad in the rough coarse garb peculiar to the tribe, and some were in patched and tattered garments. The strange exterior was soon forgotten as we entered into the spiritual exercise of the hour. Prayer was offered freely by women as well as men, and a reverent spirit seemed to possess all hearts. The meeting was conducted by one of the Miao preachers in conjunction with Mr. Hudspeth, and I gave an address which the latter interpreted.

The following day was Sunday, and the services began with another prayer-meeting at eight o'clock. The morning service was the chief event of the day, and the chapel was thronged both within and without. Quite a thousand people must have crammed themselves into the building, for every space was occupied and most of them had to stand. Though the crowd was so great there was no confusion and the service was marked by order and reverence. Indeed, it was one of the most remarkable services I have ever attended, or ever expect to attend. It was most impressive to see such a great number of people, nearly all of them in coarse garments, and many of them insufficiently clad, uniting so sincerely in Christian worship. The heartiness with which they sang such hymns as "O happy day" and "O God of Bethel, by Whose hand" expressed alike their fervour and their understanding of the Gospel message. Mr. Hudspeth conducted the service and I gave an address which he interpreted. Immediately following this service came a sacramental service. Tiny cups were distributed, and in place of wine tea was used. The bread was made of buckwheat. I noticed that a large number of young people partook of the sacrament and behaved in a most becoming manner. Altogether these services continued for three hours, and there was no sign of weariness.

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For three days following this Christian festival continued. It was estimated that it was attended by four thousand Christian Miao, many of whom had travelled several days' journey. On the Monday evening a feast of welcome was given to the foreigners. It was a wonderful repast and must have taxed their poverty to provide it. There were about forty different dishes; the limit of my capacity was reached long before the succession of dishes came to an end.

On the Tuesday the foreigners gave a meal to the Miao attending the festival. Over two thousand five hundred shared in this meal, and it was a great pleasure to see them enjoying it. The evening was devoted to meetings. Four were held simultaneously, because no one building could accommodate the crowds that came. The chapel was filled to its utmost capacity with men and boys, the large schoolroom was crowded with women and girls, and two large classrooms were filled with women. I visited each meeting and gave a short address. The main meeting was in the form of a reception, the speakers were Miao who desired to express their debt to the Mother Church and their pleasure in welcoming the deputation. One of the speakers was a preacher named Peter Chu. In former days of persecution his landlord had had this man bound and whipped, and during the trial mocked him with the taunt that Jesus could not help him. In his speech he dwelt upon the way in which many of them had been preserved alive through the famine by the wonderful help given by the Mother Church. He enlarged upon the love which could treat them like brothers, though they were so poor and ignorant.

The last day of the festival was devoted to sports in which the school children from the different centres displayed their exercises. The spectators thronged the hill-side and it was a time of great gladness to all.

In company with the friend of my youth, Mr. Dymond, and the other missionaries, I climbed the hill overlooking these festive scenes in order to pay my tribute of love and honour at the tomb of Mr. Pollard. To pass from the joyous throngs and to remember that the work among the Miao had extended until it embraced more than four hundred villages and twenty thousand souls, and to stand by the resting-place of him whose sacrificial labours opened the way of life to the Miao tribe, gave one a vivid sense of the grandeur of a life consecrated to missionary service.

The following Saturday found me journeying with Mr. Hudspeth to another of our Miao centres, called Hmao Kao. It was the wildest and most arduous journey I have ever taken. The early frost had made the ground slippery and it was very difficult to climb the steeps. When we had scaled the mountain I witnessed the most beautiful winter scene. The frost and the mist had given to each branch and twig a white fringe about two inches in length. Many miles from the place we were met by welcoming Miao, and further groups awaited us at different points in the journey. Unfortunately the darkness fell when we were still eight miles from our destination. The Miao brought torches, formed by bundles of long hemp stalks. I was walking behind a man carrying a lantern and narrowly escaped disaster. I could see the path only indistinctly, and once I stepped too near the side and fell about five feet over an embankment. When I retraced the same path in daylight I saw how fortunate it was I went over where I did, for in most places I should have fallen to a considerable depth. As it was I escaped with a shaking. We arrived at Hma Kao about 8.30.

The following morning I found the chapel was situated in the midst of a vast amphitheatre, and the scene, bathed in brilliant sunshine, was one of entrancing

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beauty. It was more beautiful still to watch the many lines of people wending their way along the narrow mountain paths which converged upon the central position where the chapel stood. Long before the time of service the chapel was full. Two thronged meetings were held which continued for several hours, and even during the intervals the people were continually singing the hymns they love so well. It was a day of joyous exultation.

The Miao are a very simple race. They belong to the child peoples of the world. Their very simplicity gives them a peculiar charm. Their language has a musical modulation which indicates kindly natures. They show their affection by stroking the sleeve of one's coat in a very gentle way while crooning their musical greetings. Their poverty is almost incurable on account of the barrenness of the mountain lands where they live.

On January 31st, in company with Revs. F. J. Dymond and F. R. Craddock, I started on the two days' journey to Si-fang-ging, the headquarters of our work among the Nosu tribe. Heavy mists hung around the hills and obscured the mountain scenery. On the last stage of our journey we were met by the leaders of the Nosu Church, including the Chairman of the District, who struck me by the dignity and grace of his bearing as well as the refinement of his features. It was instantly observable that the Nosu stand in marked contrast to the Chinese or the Miao. Strong and intelligent, they carry themselves with a pride and independence which is a characteristic of their tribe. They hold their own territory and farm their own lands.

The Mission buildings in this centre are well arranged and commodious. They occupy a large oblong plot of level ground situated among the hills. The buildings are on three sides of the oblong, the two ends being formed by the chapel and the schoolroom and the side by dormitories, classroom and guest halls.

The Nosu Church has been blessed in its leaders. Mr. Wang, B.A., is a short man with a limp in his walk, but there is no limp in his speech. I was told that he is powerful in exhortation and denunciation, and I can quite believe it, for I have seen the play of emotion, humour and zeal upon his countenance as he has been speaking. Mr. Nieh, B.A., is the statesman of the Nosu Church, calm and judicial in temper and ready to devise means for accomplishing the end desired. He was elected as Chairman of the District and is well qualified for the position. Mr. An, B.A., is of a sensitive and retiring nature. When he preaches, hearts are stirred, for the Gospel message moves him deeply, and he is able to express himself in choice and forceful language.

On the following day the Nosu District meeting was held, attended by thirty delegates representing thirty different stations. I saw them during the morning in their business session. In the afternoon a special reception was extended to me. Various leaders expressed the deep gratitude of the Nosu Church for the blessings they had received through the missionaries sent by the Mother Church. The voice of Mr. Wang broke with emotion as he declared himself astounded at the wonderful grace and goodness of God in sending messengers from such a great distance as England in order to teach the forgotten Nosu people the way of life. It was my privilege to respond to these addresses. Like Barnabas, in visiting the infant church at Antioch, I can say that I saw the grace of God and was glad and exhorted them with purpose of heart to cleave unto the Lord.

Sunday was the great day of the feast. People came long journeys to attend the service. About noon the service began; the chapel was quite full and the interest most intense. There were no signs of poverty in this congregation. Many of the women were well attired and evidently moved in comfortable circumstances. The

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service continued for three hours, and included a Bible lesson by Mr. Nich, B.A., the official sermon by the retiring chairman, an address by Mr. Wang, B.A., followed by a sacramental service conducted by Mr. Dymond. It was a moving sight to watch these strange people, with their brown skins and queer dress, sharing with the utmost reverence in the most sacred exercise of Christian communion, and to remember that ten years ago the light of the Gospel had not reached them.

Early on Monday morning we started on our return journey to Chaotong with deep and abiding impressions imprinted upon our memory. Nearly all the people came out to see us off, and a number, in true Oriental fashion, walked some distance with us before they bade us their final farewell.

Days which followed in Chaotong were occupied with meetings of the Executive and representatives of the District. Many difficult problems demanded attention, the chief being how to meet the necessities of such a wide and varied field with such a meagre missionary staff.

I could not leave this city without visiting the tombs of our pioneer missionaries, Rev. S. L. Thorne and Dr. Savin. The grave of Mr. Thorne is within sight of the road from Si-feng-ging. Dr. Savin is buried on the side of a hill about five miles from the city. As I drew near in company with Mr. and Mrs. Craddock we saw some one there before us. It proved to be Mr. Wang, the earnest Nosu evangelist, who had been attending the district meeting in the city and would not return to his country without paying a tribute by the resting-place of the man to whom he owed so much. As an explanation of his presence he pointed to the headstone where Dr. Savin's name was inscribed, and said, "Ah! he saved my life." How great is the harvest of the seed first sown in the little hospital at Chaotong!

On February 20th, after most memorable experiences

in this region, I started on the return journey to the city of Yunnan Fu. I was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Dymond and their daughter Cathie. Mr. Dymond was travelling to the capital to take up his appointment there in succession to Mr. Evans, who was leaving for furlough. The day prior to our starting we received a telegram from Mr. Evans, informing us that Dr. Howard Taylor had been captured by brigands on the road we expected to travel. But we received permission from the mandarin to proceed as far as Tongchuan, because that part of the road was considered to be safe. It was pleasant travelling with my companions, the weather was beautiful and the air exhilarating. Five days brought us safely to Tongchuan. We anxiously waited upon the mandarin here to ascertain whether we could proceed, and the reply was an absolute negative. The brigands commanded the road and they were specially desirous to capture foreigners in order to embarrass the Government. Wild rumours were constantly reaching us, but the information became definite that Tang, the late Governor, had invaded the south of the province in order to depose the usurper Koo. Koo was collecting all his soldiers in the effort to defeat his rival. Mandarins, soldiers and civilians were in perplexity whether to declare themselves for Tang or Koo, as the fortunes of war were so uncertain. We were detained in Tongchuan from February 20th until March 11th in a state of constant suspense. Permission to proceed would sometimes be received in the morning only to be cancelled before the day closed. At last we were told definitely by the mandarin that unless we were prepared to wait many months we had better accompany some soldiers who were travelling south to fight Tang. We could go with them as far as Kutsing, there seek an escort to Yi Liang on the railway and finish the journey to the capital by train. The road was a by-road through very difficult country and un-

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provided with proper inns. We decided, however, to embrace this opportunity and to accept the risks. It is vain to attempt to describe the inconveniences and discomforts of the journey. The dreadful places we had to sleep in, amid grime and dirt, with the air reeking with opium smoke, with rats and other living things for company, made us dread the nights and long to escape into the dawn. The travelling by day was often enjoyable on account of the gorgeous scenery. The mountains were wooded and the abundance of flowering shrubs and trees made a beautiful picture. The squalor of the villages was a terrible contrast to nature's beauty. All along the way we were told of the depredations of the brigands. One innkeeper showed us the beam where, with their hands tied behind their backs, he and his family were suspended and scorched with burning straw to compel them to surrender their silver. Men staying in the inns would relate the robberies and murders which had taken place upon the road.

As we approached the town of Kutsing we met a number of roughly clad soldiers. We noticed that they looked brutal and villainous, and later we were informed that they were brigands who had surrendered on condition that they were received into Koo's army. The men were dismissed, but their leader was killed not far from the city wall, and we passed his body by the way-side.

At Kutsing we were received into the home of the C.I.M. missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Fleishman, where we enjoyed a most welcome repose. After two days we were on the road again, following in the train of the soldiers. The attitude of these soldiers was not entirely friendly. Mr. Dymond, who could understand their talk, said that he often heard them denouncing Christianity and the foreigners. Night accommodation was still a difficulty, and in one town, as a special favour, we were permitted

to sleep in the prison, where the accommodation, however, was much better than we usually obtained.

The second day out from Kutsing we were thrown into great embarrassment. We found the soldiers were turning back. We waited for the chief officer to ascertain what it meant. We were informed that Koo had been driven back, that Tang was advancing upon Yi Liang and they had received orders to retreat. The officer, who seemed concerned for our safety, advised us to return with him. Otherwise we must continue our journey at our own risk and without any escort. After having spent nine days upon the road we could not contemplate returning, so after a brief and anxious consultation we decided to take all risks and go forward. We had one fact as an anchor of hope. When Tang was a boy in Tongchuan he was a pupil of Mr. Dymond, so if we fell into the hands of his soldiers there was some hope of deliverance if Mr. Dymond could meet Tang himself. The next village we entered was nearly deserted, and there was much speculation as to what was impending. The news came that a man had been murdered and robbed that day on the road we should traverse on the morrow. We decided to start before daybreak so as to get as far as possible before there was much activity. It was a perfect country for brigands, affording ample opportunity for ambush and surprise. We met very few people and they were chiefly soldiers in retreat. It was an immense relief when late in the afternoon we found ourselves within sight of Yi Liang. We ascertained also that Tang's troops had not entered the city. The train service had been suspended on account of the war, and there was little chance of our getting to Yunnan Fu. Providence, however, again smiled upon us. When we reached the station we learnt that a special train had brought out a deputation from Yunnan Fu to negotiate an armistice, and the train would return that evening.

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We obtained permission to travel by it. The deputation referred to was composed of representative men of the city, and they were successful in obtaining the consent of Koo to an armistice. The next thing was to obtain the consent of Tang. To interview him a deputation was appointed consisting of Dr. Thompson, a missionary of the C.M.S. in Yunnan Fu, and a Frenchman, these being appointed as neutral parties. The part which Dr. Thompson played in these negotiations is worthy of narration, for it reflects great credit upon his own shrewdness and diplomacy and also upon the Christian spirit he exemplified.

The Frenchman did not venture into the hostile camp and Dr. Thompson went alone. After much difficulty and long waiting he was ushered into the presence of Tang's Commander-in-Chief. The armistice proposal was emphatically declined. He must execute his orders and he would be in Yi Liang on the morrow. Then Dr. Thomson practised diplomacy. He begged a favour. Would the Commander give a pledge that if he were not opposed in Yi Liang lives and property would be spared? The favour was granted. Dr. Thompson asked for the Commander's card with that pledge written on it in his own hand. This was given. Another favour was craved. Would he guarantee protection for all wounded soldiers, whether his own or the enemy's? That also was granted with a written pledge. Further favours were requested for the capital city, Yunnan Fu. Would he guarantee safety to life and property in the city if there were no opposition? This was granted and also the pledge to protect wounded soldiers. Dr. Thompson further asked that as the city was without armed defence, would he send into it first of all some of his best soldiers in order to save the city from loot? This also was granted and the written pledge was given in each case. The Commander-in-Chief was so much impressed with the dis-

interested and excellent spirit manifested by Dr. Thompson that he thanked him for his services, and expressed a willingness to serve him if there were any occasion to do so. Dr. Thompson was instant in his reply. If such a wish were sincere he had a personal request he would place before him. Would he send an order to the brigand chief, Wu, to release Dr. Thompson's friend, Dr. Howard Taylor, who had been held by the brigands for five weeks? At first the Commander did not wish to assume that he had any influence with the brigand chief, but at last he gave Dr. Thompson a note which might be conveyed to him. This note had great influence with the brigands, because they were desirous to gain favour in the eyes of the victorious leaders, and the result was that Dr. Taylor was liberated and arrived in the city on the same evening that Tang made his triumphant entry. But Dr. Thompson's story is not finished. Having secured these pledges from the Commander with the written guarantees, he returned to Yi Liang and conveyed the good tidings to the rulers of the city, who received it with great gladness. The whole town was saved from impending disaster, and the soldiers of Tang took possession of it without a life being lost.

Returning to the city of Yunnan Fu Dr. Thompson was able to convey similar good news. The provincial assembly was sitting at the time and he was given the opportunity to speak. When he showed them the written guarantees from the approaching victorious general that their city would be saved from loot, that all the wounded soldiers would be cared for, that lives and property would be protected, his words were listened to with intense eagerness and followed by great applause. When the President thanked Dr. Thompson for the great service he had rendered the worthy doctor took the opportunity of bearing his Christian testimony in saying that they must give all praise to his Lord and

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Master, Jesus Christ, for whose sake he was there to serve those in need of help.

On the following Saturday I was a spectator when Tang made his triumphant entry into the city. The streets were lined with people. Thousands of soldiers must have been in the procession. There was no cheering. In Chinese fashion the triumphant Governor was received with a hush which was most profound and impressive.

The same evening there was a nobler entry, the entry of Dr. Howard Taylor after being held captive by the brigands. On the following day it was my privilege to conduct the English service for all missionaries in the city. Dr. Taylor and his wife were present, and those who shared that service will not forget the radiant joy of that hour of deepest Christian fellowship and thanksgiving.

The following morning, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their adopted Chinese daughter, Pearl, I started on my journey to join Mr. and Mrs. Butler at Shanghai, bearing away with me many strange and happy memories and a deepened sense of God's providence and care.

## CHAPTER VI

### An Adventurous Journey

(Mrs. Butler resumes)

**B**ANDITS are mostly ex-soldiers, who in the beginning have been made to join the army against their will; receiving no pay, they desert, allying themselves with the robbers. Twelve months previous to our visit, General Tang, Governor of the Province, suddenly decamped, taking with him £1,000,000 in gold belonging to the province. For several hours the city was at the mercy of a robber chief. In the evening, General Koo, who had proclaimed war against Tang, entered with all his men. To everyone's astonishment there was no looting or rioting; things settled down quietly and the robber chief retired, but he took with him soldiers of the late Governor, who had joined themselves to him.

A few days before we left Yunnan Fu, great excitement prevailed because a French railway official had been attacked, together with another foreigner. They were taken as hostages by the bandits, one of them subsequently being shot and his dead body sent to Yunnan Fu. Directly our train left the station we noticed a great stir, and saw many officials dressed in their best uniform, walking about the corridors and talking seriously in undertones. The first class compartment was occupied by the Chinese Provincial Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the French Consul, the French head Military official and others. When we arrived at Yi Liang, a town about half-way between Yunnan Fu and Amicheo

(the place at which one stays the night), they all left the train, following the coffin of the dead man. There were crowds of people on the platform; and doubtless a ceremonial funeral, to do honour to the Frenchman and to impress the Chinese, was to take place. Serious consequences between the Chinese and the French might have accrued from this murder. It seems that the robbers came at daybreak and attacked three houses out of five close together, and a short distance from the town, looting anything of value together with three thousand dollars in money. The Frenchman was in his bath at the time and was dragged out just as he was. Passing through one of the rooms he snatched a tablecloth off the table to cover himself, before his hands were tied behind his back. Another of the captives succeeded in loosening his hands and got away. As soon as the news spread to Yunnan Fu, the Chinese authorities announced that they would send soldiers down the line, whereupon the robbers threatened to kill the man if they did so; but the same day a number of soldiers arrived and the Frenchman was deliberately shot before the soldiers' eyes. Probably no real harm was intended at the outset; it was merely an attempt to extract a heavy ransom for the release of the captives.

A young lady of the China Inland Mission, who had been in the Church Missionary Hospital for an operation under Dr. Thompson in Yunnan Fu, travelled down to the coast with us; she was glad to have our company and we were pleased to have hers, because she could speak the language. When we arrived at the small French inn, to which a wire had been sent off previously to engage rooms for us, the proprietor came forward saying that he had no room and could not take us in. He looked very suspiciously at our young companion who spoke to him in Chinese. I felt sure that there was some reason which made him hesitate; he looked at me, and

eventually said he would let us have one room, but the young lady had better go to a Chinese inn. She had no servant with her and could not possibly do this. On seeing the room and the two beds in it, we decided to screen it off with our rugs and manage as best we could. In fact, there was no choice in the matter. After supper the young lady retired to bed. For some time we sat in the café, watching the people, till presently we noticed a number of men, whom we had seen earlier in the day attending the funeral, sitting in groups. They whispered together and with suppressed excitement. We found the reason out later; for at 11 o'clock a man came excitedly hammering at our door, speaking in mixed language of Annamese, Chinese, French. He said that the robbers were outside, that we had better get up quickly and be prepared. All the men of the place had gone off with guns together with the soldiers, to try and drive them back. We saw the proprietor of the hotel and all the visitors shouldering their guns and following. When we asked what we were to do, shrugging his shoulders, he replied, "We cannot tell what will happen. If you have no money, no matter! If you have money—well!" Already we heard the guns firing a short distance away, and the incessant barking of dogs in the village. For a couple of hours we sat in the window. It was a glorious moonlight night. Presently a fire was seen blazing less than a quarter of an hour's walk away, evidently a village set afire by the brigands before retiring. Gradually the shooting grew less. At 2 a.m. the proprietor, and men who had gone out from the inn, returned saying that the robbers had been driven back and they hoped they would not attack again.

We were very glad to get off at 5 o'clock in the morning, find our train and be safely away from Amicheo. It was presumed that the funeral at Yi Liang having taken a number of soldiers away from this place the robbers

had seized this opportunity to attack. The officials, instead of returning on the ordinary train to Yunnan Fu, had commandeered a special train to Amicheo and thereby frustrated the attack. The proprietor, knowing the disturbance this murder had created and not knowing the Chinese language himself, evidently suspected some duplicity on the part of the young lady with us, and therefore had no desire to accommodate her. That was why he told her to go to a Chinese inn.

We were relieved to arrive in French territory again and have a comfortable night's rest and feel safe at Hanoi, which we reached in the early evening. The weather was warm and pleasant ; but the mosquitoes were busy. By the time we reached Haiphong we only needed the thinnest possible clothing. Mr. Jackson met us again with a welcome and gave us much assistance. We had hurried down to the coast on hearing that a French steamer was calling there for Hong-Kong. To our dismay we found that it was not due for some days, and we therefore decided to go by the *Haimun*, leaving next morning, a small coasting steamer which carries about twenty passengers, well known to our missionaries. Mr. Page, the captain, is specially sociable and kind to his passengers ; the cabins were certainly clean and the sanitary arrangements passable, although the boat was only about one thousand three hundred tons. Our other passengers were a Frenchman and his wife, two Chinese gentlemen, the head of the Y.M.C.A. at Yunnan Fu, Mr. Ware, with his wife and three children, the youngest only four months old. The baby had been very ill with a bad throat, and the parents had decided suddenly to go to Hong-Kong, thinking to take advantage of the French steamer calling. They were doomed to be disappointed like ourselves.

We weighed anchor at 9 a.m., and going up the Straits had a calm sea for a couple of hours. During the after-

noon, however, the wind rose ; hour after hour it grew more and more terrific in violence. The captain did not go to bed at all that night. He told us that he manœuvred his ship so as to escape the fury of the waves, steering completely out of his course in the early morning, running under the shore of Pakhoi for shelter and to find his bearings. He said he had been in many typhoons, but never had he seen such rough seas as that night, he really feared for his boat and wondered whether she would come through ; he felt sick himself and the first officer was ill ; in fact, he believed everyone on board had suffered ; he was most concerned for us all, but could not leave the bridge to come down to us. Poor Mrs. Ware, a bad sailor at any time, never had a meal the whole voyage ; Mr. Ware is a very good sailor usually, but was bowled over and could do nothing ; the two little boys, two and a half and five years old, lay in their berths sick constantly with no one to attend them ; the dear wee baby, whose cradle was lashed to keep her from rolling out, slept and whined alternately, often needing food. I was so disturbed in the night for the baby's health that I crawled on my hands and knees with my husband's help across the dining saloon, which separated the cabins, to make the food and see her fed, but each time I did so I was thrown from side to side in my attempt. It was a terrible and alarming experience. We left Haiphong on Tuesday morning and did not reach Hong-Kong until Saturday, twenty-four hours late. At all times the voyage is uncertain and dangerous. It may be smooth one hour and in a short time a gale of wind may rise up, with heavy seas. Many wrecks occur during the year. These small coasting boats are built for freight, not for passengers. On this voyage we were fortunate not to have pigs lying on deck, travelling with us. Captain Page, who had travelled all over the world, entertained us with his yarns ; he had a good gramophone

on board with plenty of records, and we were glad of any diversion during those four long days. Had we travelled by the French Mail we could have done the voyage in two days.

On our arrival at Hong-Kong we were met with the news that a seamen's strike had been on about a week. The harbour was full of boats of all sizes, all kinds, and any likelihood of getting into a hotel was therefore very remote. However, we were fortunate, for the hotel where we had left our baggage had one, but only one room, it having been vacated that morning.

It was made very clear to our minds that the next Mission visited should be Ningpo. Principal Redfern was commencing his furlough in April, and it was therefore advisable for us to spend a considerable time investigating that Mission before he left.

Immediately on our arrival at Hong-Kong we went to the shipping agent to see when we were likely to catch a boat for Shanghai. On account of the strike we were delayed some time, but we were glad enough to rest and recuperate, and see the different places of interest around.

The port of Hong-Kong is second only to London in the amount of tonnage which enters and leaves its waters. It is without doubt the most beautiful city in the Far East and one of the foremost commercial centres. The harbour is fifteen square miles, well sheltered and enclosed on two sides by high hills. On the mainland these rise to three thousand feet. The city of Kowloon is on the east of the peninsula, across the harbour, with ferries running every few minutes.

The Peak is the name of the top of the high hill, 1823 feet, which is covered on the side facing the harbour with fine residences built in successions of tiers, quarried out of the side of the hill and approached by steep steps. The summit is reached by a cable railway from

below. The panoramic view from the Peak of the harbour with its ships, junks, sampans, islands, running into the far distance can nowhere be surpassed. These islands have been for centuries and still are the resort of robbers and pirates, who frequently attack the coasting steamers, all of which have high iron gratings around the captain's deck as a small protection against them.

There is a fine military road macadamised thirty feet wide, graded and cut in the side of the hill, winding around the greater part of the island, following close to the beach and climbing the sides of the steep hills, a distance of twenty-five miles round. Hong-Kong is in the area of the typhoons, which are a source of much danger to the shipping. In 1874 some thousands of lives were lost in one storm, which suddenly swept over the harbour and destroyed the ships lying at anchor. There are dry docks and shipbuilding yards, rope and glass factories, sugar refineries and cement works. This British Crown Colony has been transformed in less than seventy-five years from a fishing village of pirates to what we see to-day. Mission work in it began practically from the date of the establishment of the colony. St. John's Cathedral (Anglican) was erected in 1842; there are also St. Stephen's (for sailors), a Union Church, a Wesleyan Chapel, besides four Roman Catholic churches, a Jewish synagogue, two Mohammedan mosques, and one Sikh temple, with other different Mission chapels in various parts of the city.

Dr. Thompson gave us an introduction to the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, his brother-in-law, Vicar of Christ Church, Kowloon; a delightful church with a large garden in front well laid out with choice flowers. The vicarage, adjoining, is built in the same style as the church. It belongs to the Church Missionary Society and has an English congregation, there being a Chinese Mission attached to it doing quite a large work, some part of

which I saw. The Rev. Mr. Scholes called on us and gave us some insight into the Wesleyan Mission, especially that in the country district. We had a number of invitations, and altogether a very happy time in Hong-Kong, and felt much the better physically when we left.

Before leaving, we visited Canton, which is eighty miles from Hong-Kong, and is the commercial metropolis of South China. The Chinese have a saying, "Everything new originated in Canton." Certainly it was here that the plots resulting in the Republican Revolution were hatched. The principal parts in that dramatic struggle were played by the Cantonese. These clever-witted people had always taken high honours at the official examinations, much to the displeasure of the ruling Manchus, who saw in every one of them a potential enemy to the Monarchy. Many of the best-known men in China are Cantonese. Canton is the most advanced, the largest, the most troublesome city in the country. Large numbers of the Chinese in America come from Canton. These emigrants return to their birthplace after amassing fortunes abroad, and bring back with them advanced ideas of government. Others keep in touch with their relations through letters, giving the Cantonese a broader view of the world. The wall that once surrounded the city has been torn down, the moat filled up, and the city, which once was famous for its narrow streets, now has some miles of well-paved motor roads eighty feet and more in width.

For miles along the river are thousands of Chinese water-craft on which live several hundred thousand people. The typhoons here create havoc and cause great loss of life. Before the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, all foreign trade was confined to Canton. It lost its old dominant position when other ports were opened, and Hong-Kong became a British Colony. The Cantonese

are noted for their skill in workmanship as well as for their learning; the finest blackwood furniture in China is made here, and some of the best silk woven. The noted Canton Christian College is supported by the American Union Missions, and the oldest hospital in China is in Canton. The Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations are strong, also the American Presbyterians and Baptists, and the English Wesleyan. It was of great interest to hear of no less than three Chinese Christian Churches supported entirely by Chinese, and with a large membership of many thousands.

We returned to Hong-Kong in time for the Chinese New Year, the great holiday of the year, which fell on the 28th January. We were awakened by an explosion of crackers round our hotel, making a terrific din, which was to be heard at intervals for forty-eight hours. All the business houses in the neighbourhood were letting off their crackers to frighten away the devils during the coming year. At two Banks opposite we watched the ceremony to the finish. Two men climbed on to the roof, letting down a rope to which were attached cartridges filled with gunpowder, these tied as close as possible to each other. One end was lit, and let down gradually exploding one cracker after another from top to bottom. At last some grotesque figure of a dragon was lighted up and exploded, making a shocking noise. This took more than five minutes from beginning to end.

The holiday lasts a whole week. Everything closes down—shops, business houses, etc. The exchange of presents is a great feature. When China is *en fête* she wears her best gown and her brightest smile, spending hard-earned money freely and generously. The pretty new dresses worn by men, women and children, together with the decorations and bunting everywhere, give an air of smartness and freshness. Rickshaws, boats, trains

are crowded with holiday-makers. The temples reap a rich harvest and are visited from long distances. Yet the people are orderly and quiet, and their enjoyments of the simplest kind. A good meal, a walk through the gardens, when they are unable to go further afield, the father helping the mother with the children, taking the greatest pride in all that concerns them. There is a look of intense enjoyment and interest on every face one meets.

The *Bay State*, which took us from Hong-Kong to Shanghai, is a true American boat, with large luxuriant cabins, spacious saloons, and all the latest improvements, including machinery of every description for loading and unloading, saving much time, but not prepossessing in appearance. With two derricks to each hold, fore and aft, as there are eight holds, looks are sacrificed to utility. This was her first voyage from Seattle across the Pacific to Manila and back. When she arrived at Hong-Kong on her way out, all the men deserted her on account of the seamen's strike. Filipinos were sent for, men who had never been on board ship before, and most of them were ill on the way from Hong-Kong to Manila. The helpless way in which the crew handled the ropes and gear was laughable. But the officers took off their coats and set to and taught them. In the saloon it was nearly as bad; for the Filipinos knew no English, and the service was very faulty. One thing only was received, that was respect, and a smile, even thanks, a thing one never has from Chinese servants, although etiquette is one of the strongest features of the Chinese character. We were very fortunate in obtaining berths on this boat on February 9th. Special constables were to be seen around the boat, members of a corps of Englishmen trained during the war, volunteers during the strike, such as we have known them at home.



A CHINESE SNAKE CATCHER.

A livelihood is made by men who catch and sell snakes to anyone whose religious principle is to preserve life.

We saw one man perched on a high building ready to give any signal of alarm if necessary. The quay gates were kept shut and guarded, no strikers allowed anywhere near the boat, and every precaution taken to avoid trouble. The strike was an attempt to replace Chinese labour, which is so much cheaper than foreign. Probably, as the Filipinos proved themselves adaptable, America may be glad to use them for working their boats in future. We experienced a heavy fog this voyage. The fog hooter, worked by electricity, was going continuously night and day. It happened to be just outside our porthole, and as our cabin was not comfortable either we were glad to reach Shanghai in a couple of days, a distance of eight hundred miles. It took us many hours to get ashore. When we at last arrived, the doctor advised the captain not to put into port since a bad epidemic of small-pox had broken out, which would make it difficult for passengers to land in Japan, he said.

Each time we stayed in Shanghai we put up at the Kalee Hotel and were very comfortable; the food was admirable and the service excellent. We had a pleasant bedroom, usually with a verandah, and were able to have a good fire when it was cold. We stayed here about eight times while we were in China, and the manager, who was a German, and his housekeeper, were both considerate and obliging in every respect. We stored much of our luggage in their go-down each time we went away, so as to take with us only what we considered necessary for the time being.

We left by boat for Ningpo on the *Hsin-Pekin* on Wednesday night, and arrived next morning, the 16th of the month, it having taken us a whole month to travel from one Mission station to the next.

## CHAPTER VII

### Ningpo

**W**E were awakened at early dawn by a confused noise; getting up to look through our porthole we found our boat had drawn alongside the quay. Here were coolies, rickshaws, sedan chairs, sellers of food, men and women shouting against each other, trying to make themselves heard. As soon as the gangway was fixed, streams of people poured off the boat till one wondered whence they had all come. Afterwards we learned that there is accommodation for about two thousand people on board, in four different classes. In China there are no Board of Trade regulations, so no one interferes, and it is not at all infrequent for three and four thousand to crowd on board at once. We dressed quickly, packed and walked on deck, when we saw some familiar figures wending their way towards the boat through the big crowd. We had arrived at Ningpo, the old Mission, and the first established by the United Methodist Free Church, pioneered by Frederick Galpin. It was here that Hudson Taylor started his first church for the China Inland Mission. This port was one of the first five thrown open to foreigners; and no doubt this fact, together with its convenience for communication with Shanghai, being only 150 miles distant and with a regular service of boats running between the two places, decided him upon making this choice.

Ningpo is the commercial centre of Chekiang Province,

its history being associated with the earliest attempts of Europeans to establish themselves in China. The Portuguese traders settled here as early as 1522. It was a city of great antiquity when they arrived; the present city is only 1200 years old, but it was built on the site of a much older city, dating back over 4000 years. It is situated 15 miles from the sea, and the approach is through a succession of islands forming an archipelago.

The River Yung, on which it stands, winds round like the letter **S**, its branches fertilizing the vast plains and rice fields all along its banks down to its mouth. The distant hills, then snow-capped, add very much to the beauty of the scene, also the boats of every description sailing up and down the wide expanse of water. One learns that the innumerable huts, built of straw on either side, are not dwelling-houses, but ice-houses. The frozen water, covering the rice-fields in winter, is broken up, collected and stored ready for the summer heat, for preserving fish and other uses, Ningpo being the greatest fishing port and fish market in China. The arrival of cuttle-fish in the spring is notified by great fleets of boats moving down the river to the sea. The odour from the drying of this fish is wafted up to the city itself during many weeks. The river, near the town, is spanned by two bridges, made of big barges lashed together, which rise and fall with the tide. One finds a corner of the real old China here, perhaps more than in any other open port. Its close proximity to Shanghai draws away the men with progressive ideas. Many of the great merchants in Shanghai are men of Ningpo, and in fact Ningpo feeds this important city with officials, with clerks, with servants. Is it not then of paramount importance that these migrating people should receive a Christian education?

Our Ningpo district comprises 46 churches, which are grouped into seven circuits, and extends chiefly towards

the sea, embracing some of the islands, which are fairly accessible by water. Canals are to be seen everywhere, running in all directions, the water-ways being almost the only routes by which the inhabitants can travel. We had a very enjoyable trip visiting one of these country places with Mr. Sheppard, which gave us an insight into the kind of work we are doing. One day, a house-boat having been lent us, we went ten miles up the river, and then turned into the canal, either sailing or towing according to the wind. When we arrived at our destination, a few candidates for baptism were awaiting their examination by the missionary. This took place in a separate room, and preceded the service which had been arranged for our visit. Each one gave his or her testimony; some were very touching. One man said that he became blind before his mother, who was a Christian, had been able to convince him of the truth of Christianity; but when his eyesight left him he prayed constantly about it, and his eyesight returned, whereupon he was perfectly convinced of the reality of the truth of the Gospel. Another man's testimony was that his father was a Christian and he died. One night he had a vision of his father, who told him he must become a Christian. This was such a convincing reality to him that he had a great desire to be baptised and join the church. The little chapel, which is more like a preaching shop open to the road running alongside the river, and holding not more than fifty people, was crowded, a large number standing outside on the towpath to join in the service. Three women brought their babies to be baptised after the special ceremony of the adults. Both my husband and myself were asked to speak; and at the close one dear old man rose and voluntarily replied in these words: "We, who feel we have our feet upon the rock in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and have been delivered from those things which

used to bind us, want to express to you how grateful we are to you for coming to us to-day. As I came along this morning, passing through the fields, I spoke to one of our members, telling him there was a service at the church, and he immediately left work and gladly came along with me." This shows what a real love fills their hearts, when the poorest people will gladly and willingly give up hours of valuable time to attend a service. After shaking hands with the women and members, we returned to our boat with a very joyous feeling, and a deep satisfaction in having seen and heard the results of a missionary's labour on the field. This very poor village is desirous of having a new church, and the members have themselves raised six hundred dollars towards its erection.

Our journey was full of interest. Once our boat had to pass over a Chinese haulover, which takes the place of a lock gate. It is a simple method of pulling up the boat over a high stone or rock, covered thickly with mud. Ropes made of thick split bamboo are attached to each side of the boat and then drawn up by means of a crude windlass, until the boat reaches the height necessary, according to the rise and fall of the tide. The return journey was not devoid of excitement at times, for the fall is a long distance, and the sensation is heightened by a quick rush down over the muddy rock. The boat splashes into the water below and passengers receive a good wetting into the bargain. At several points we passed huge stacks of rough wooden boxes. Making enquiries, we found that they were coffins of different sizes, in which were the corpses of children, probably removed from a piece of ground required for some purpose, and left to be carried out with the tide when it overflowed its banks.

We saw a baby tower at one place, built of brick and railed around, where parents deposit the bodies of their dead babies, who are not thought worthy of even a

wooden box. A hole in the side of the tower is left for the purpose. Once when we were out for a walk we came across a very gruesome tower, at some distance in the country, surrounded by graves. By mounting a high step we could see, through the aperture, a number of bundles on the floor inside. Here and there a little bare skull was visible, and strips of wadding and matting lying about—evidences that wild cats and dogs visit the place. These little bundles can be seen hanging from the branches of the trees, or left on the grave of an ancestor to be carried away and devoured. Wherever one goes in Ningpo there seem to be graves dotted about, singly or in groups. It is not uncommon to find a piece of ground used for a grave close to a house. When ground is bought for a building, the first consideration which has to be taken into account is how many graves have to be bought. When the bargain is sealed, the family unbrick the grave, take away the coffin or bones inside, and carry them elsewhere, the geomancer being consulted as to a suitable position for reburial. A grave sometimes is only a coffin bricked in all round, above ground, which can be removed at any time the relatives wish. There is a piece of waste ground not far from our College on which is built a low stone building, with a gateway at one end, inside which are corridors. To the left and right of these are built numbers of little rooms, adjoining each other, most of them occupied by very heavy black coffins resting on a bier. At the back of each room is a table with gods and offerings of various kinds, food, paper money, incense, flowers, which are constantly renewed by the friends or relatives, a charge of so much a month being made for the hire of these receptacles, until the relatives can afford a big funeral and buy a plot of ground in which to bury this ancestor.

We have three city churches in Ningpo. The Settlement Church, built on the Bund, commands a valuable

commercial position. To-day it is too far away from the people, business houses having been built up around it of late years, and no land can be bought near it for a Sunday-school, which is a great disadvantage for the cause. The four missionaries' houses in the one compound are also built on the Bund, about five minutes' walk away from this church, and they too overlook the water. They have a nice garden well laid out and planted with trees. Almost adjoining this is a piece of land let as a coal yard; all our land and property is very valuable at the present time.

The church, which the Rev. F. Galpin built, is a fine building. It is nicely decorated and well kept up. In the yard outside a teacher conducts a primary school for boys, working under very difficult conditions for lack of proper accommodation. The pastor's daughter also conducts a small private girls' school behind. A pleasant house for the pastor himself completes the whole of the premises of Kae-ming-saen.

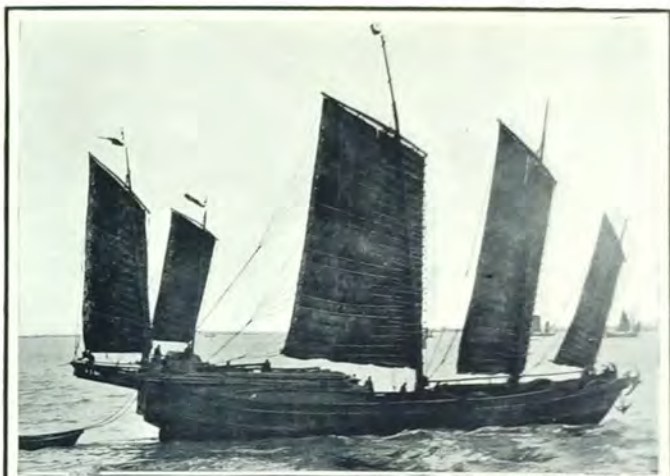
The small church in the poorest part of the city we visited with Mrs. Redfern on Sunday afternoon. She is the superintendent of a small Sunday-school, and quite fifty children look forward eagerly to her visit each week. She teaches them to sing hymns, action songs, verses of Scripture, and she distributes cards for merit. The audience who come in to watch at the back, and to listen, are kept quiet and orderly by the pastor, who afterwards conducts a service himself among the grown-up people.

The girls' school premises are small, unhealthy and dilapidated, but it is the nucleus of a very good lower and higher primary school, a great need in our Ningpo Mission. I believe that this school was first started by Mrs. Swallow, and it reflects great credit upon her. Mrs. Sheppard and Mrs. Redfern have spent a regular amount of time here since Mrs. Swallow left, to the great advantage of the girls. To make it at all equal to

other work in the city it should have a foreign educationist at the head and better premises built, our women and girls' work being badly behind in Ningpo. This educationist might also supervise the training of Bible-women, with the aid of Chinese women teachers, who would go out into the country places, itinerating amongst the women. Miss Abercrombie did a great work some years ago amongst the women, the results of which are manifest to-day. Quite recently a poor woman from one of the villages took the journey to Shanghai, paying her own expenses, purposely to see Miss Abercrombie. She was anxious to tell what the Gospel had done for her, and how through Miss Abercrombie's instrumentality she had been able to teach many women in the villages round about.

We had decided to close the Ningpo Hospital, the deputation feeling that it was not doing satisfactory work now that there was no English doctor at the head. (Since I left a new Chinese Christian doctor has been appointed and is working most satisfactorily.) This part of our work we were naturally very much interested in, because of its connection with Dr. Swallow and the many years of work which he put into it. To rebuild only partially, equip, and properly staff would add greatly to the expense of this Mission, while there are two other good foreign hospitals in the other part of the city, and a large Chinese hospital has been erected recently.

Our fine College is an institution of which any Missionary Society might be proud. We happened to arrive in Ningpo the day the boys returned to College after the New Year's holiday. We were greatly entertained watching the streams of coolies bringing in their loads of bedding, washing utensils, pieces of furniture, books, and kit of all kinds. The teachers supervise the different sections of work, leaving Mr. Redfern free for more important duties and decisions. They collect fees, grade



A CHINESE JUNK ON THE YANGTZE.

A CANAL AT NINGPO.

Hundreds of boats go up and down these canals daily.

the boys, and set examinations to test the knowledge of the new-comers. Men come here to graduate from long distances and from important centres, while small boys are admitted from ten years of age. Gentlemen send their sons; and at that time the Tao-Yin, or Civil Governor's son, was attending. No difference is made because of a boy's social position, and standards are fixed solely by the results of the examination. This College has a very good name all through the South China area, and therefore there is no need to advertise. The tone is high. Sports are well to the fore; Y.M.C.A. work is included; and Christian Endeavour and Debating Societies flourish. Before Christmas "The Merchant of Venice" was most creditably performed, outsiders in the city being invited to it, as to all special events, such as sports, plays, etc. One hundred and ninety is a very full College, but sometimes they squeeze in two hundred and thirty students. Day scholars are only occasionally admitted and consequently are few.

Each morning a Christian service is conducted at 8.30 in the chapel, with a hymn, prayer, reading the Scripture and exposition. Then comes the roll-call, after which the students depart to their class-rooms in orderly fashion for their different subjects. Generally speaking about half these boys decide on the side of Christianity. The Sunday evening prayer-meeting at the Principal's house is a notable feature, between forty and fifty baptised members attending, the meeting being conducted by one of the boys themselves, and the Principal's family, together with other members of our Mission, always being present. Many of these young students go out into the country places to take the Sunday services; some of them become pastors and teachers, while others go to business houses in the big cities and establish businesses of their own. The students pass on from here straight to the Universities at Shanghai, Nanking, and

Peking, to take their degrees and become leaders in thought, in government, and in the new Christian Church of China. (This College is very little expense to the home churches as the fees cover the maintenance, with the exception of the Principal's salary.) It is a fine pile of buildings to look at, though it needs a little more money spent upon it. Its possibilities are by no means exhausted. It might become one of the first training Colleges of China, if Principal Redfern could carry out all his ideas and put them into practice. We should have, and very soon, a separate building for the laboratory. The lower and higher primary should be separated from the College, though in the same compound; and there should be a special training school for the pastors and teachers. The man who has conceived and built up this fine institution could carry it through, having all the educational work under the supervision of one head, with really a small amount of money laid out. It would be economy; it would be strength, and it would consolidate our resources on the field.

It was a happy choice the Missionary Committee made in sending the Rev. W. P. Bates to the College. He has been more than a co-worker, he has been a helpmeet in the strictest sense; his influence with the boys, his teaching ability, his fine musical gifts, have contributed largely to the success of the later work, and the confidence he merited was shown when he was made Principal during Mr. Redfern's absence. By Mr. Redfern's foresight and good business capacity a considerable area of land has been added to the College grounds by the purchase of a number of graves, so that there is sufficient for a good football ground, and other improvements are under way, large contributions having been made by the Chinese for this purpose. The situation is an ideal one, right away from the city in pleasant open country. A canal, on which hundreds of boats pass up and down

daily, runs outside the compound wall ; behind is the river where there is constant junk traffic ; beyond are the cultivated fields and plains ; and behind them again are the far-away mountains.

Mr. Rees is the manager of the Asiatic Petroleum Co. at Ningpo ; but his wife before her marriage lived in Bristol, and took her degree in chemistry there. It was a truly kind and generous act on her part to offer her services to the College in taking Mr. Redfern's chemistry class without any remuneration in his absence for the first term.

It was a red-letter day when we made up a picnic to visit the noted Taoist temple on the hill-side some ten miles away. How the three little Redfern girls enjoyed it ! A few very interesting features are connected with this temple. One is the swinging pagoda, massive and beautifully carved in wood on which figures are painted in gold. It swings easily round and round on a pivot, and for the privilege of giving it a turn you place a copper in a box. There is also a tower in which, suspended from the roof, is a huge bronze bell weighing several tons. To sound this bell women come many miles. Over a raised platform hangs a heavy log of wood at each end of which is an iron handle. A woman stands up and swings this to hit the side of the bell, at the same time offering up a prayer to the gods, imploring them for a child, a girl or a boy, as the desire may be. The bell sends out a most melodious tone resounding for many seconds. Inside the bell hangs a great quantity of human hair, long, black, lank ; this has been cut off from mothers who have died in childbirth, the Chinese being very superstitious on this point, for they feel it to be a terrible disgrace to a woman. The gods, they think, must be very angry with her, and her doom will be to drown in a pool of blood, where she will be left to all eternity. A sum of money is sent to the priest with the

hair of the dead woman, he having the power, it is thought, in some way to appease the gods for her wrong-doing.

One of the large industries of Ningpo is hat-weaving. The grass, grown locally, is suitable for making straw hats, and is dyed all colours. The "Panama hat" made here is of Manila grass, sent over in large quantities, tons at a time. The strands are plaited by hand, and there are as many as 1300 strands in one best quality hat. They are woven in beautiful designs. We saw at the big warehouse consignments ready to go off to Australia, and hundreds of thousands ready for packing. Ningpo hats are noted for their fine quality and go all over the world.

We were particularly anxious to see all the Mission work done in this large and important commercial city, and Mr. Sheppard took us round himself. We saw the American Presbyterian and Baptist Missions, both of which are doing splendid educational work, as much among the girls and women as the boys and men. The English Christian Mission is a Faith Mission under the two Miss Hopwoods, who started it thirty years ago, the elder having died lately. These ladies belonged to the Church of England community. It has very large buildings on the side of the water, on the farthest side of the city. The chapel holds 400 persons and is full every service. They have 20 stations and 400 chapels, some of them being on the islands. Their teachers are Chinese, who have been educated by themselves. The present Miss Hopwood and her companion, who has been out many years with them, live in Chinese fashion and eat simple Chinese food.

The Y.M.C.A. is an interesting centre of social work, the three men at the head of it having been educated in our College. A prominent site of land has already been bought for extensive buildings in the city, and a large sum of money has been collected for this purpose. The only other English missionary society besides

ourselves is the Church missionary society, of which, Bishop Malone and Archdeacon Moule, whose names are well known in the Christian world, are at the head. The pretty little English church, built specially for the foreigners, attracts a fair congregation each Sunday. The service is made as bright and helpful as possible. Their first church was built on the Bund, but a good offer was made for the site—enough money to buy land and build another church in a much more convenient position. The Church Missionary Society have built up a very fine Mission and have many branches of work. In the city itself, Trinity College has a Primary and Higher Primary, Middle School, and Preachers' Training School or Seminary. They only take into the college Christian boys of their own Mission, many being sons of the members of their country churches. The compound is beautifully laid out with grass plots, flower borders, and well-kept paths. The style of the buildings reminds one of a small English college, with the headmaster's house at the side. There are archways leading to different parts of the buildings, with a quadrangle, around which are the schools and dormitories. At the back are the playground, wash-houses, baths, kitchens, all walled in. The chapel is at the entrance. On entering one forgets the distance between England and China. It is so like "the old countree." The gate-keeper's house closes in the whole set of buildings. Very near to this college is the girls' school, with its ninety boarders, and the women's school, which takes in, at different periods of a month at a time, thirty married women, sent by the pastors from the villages, whose husbands wish them to have education and Western knowledge. This also forms a very pleasant compound to itself.

In connection with their medical work the Church Missionary Society have just built a very fine women's hospital on the latest lines. This was greatly needed and

will be a great blessing to many lives. Moreover, there is a large evangelistic work in the country districts.

The Chinese Government schools are increasing yearly here as elsewhere, and a large Government college has been already established. China will have education to-day; there is a cry for educated wives, Christian wives. Women and girls see the different position education gives them, and how it raises them to greater equality with the men. Small children eagerly learn to read and write, concentrating their whole minds upon their books. The boys know that they can get better positions in the business houses when they have passed through a Mission school, and men realise, too, that these schools build characters. There is great confidence in the foreigner, in his efficiency, and in his honesty and organising ability. Western knowledge is no longer despised, but sought after. The Chinaman's economic mind will lead him to get the very best at the lowest possible cost. He does not trouble himself about this new religion so long as his child makes a "good face" to the world.

It was when we met the Ningpo District Meeting face to face, and spoke with pastors, evangelists and teachers that we realised the strength of our Mission. Our heart cries out with shame at the low salaries they have been receiving, which gives no inducement to a bright, intelligent educated young man to join their ranks, the money being totally inadequate to support a wife and family.

Before leaving Ningpo we visited the little God's acre where lie many who have given their lives for these Ningpoese. Among them are the graves of our own. Our hearts were touched; but not with sadness. We sent up a prayer rather of thanksgiving that we have still with us to-day those who "loved much" and who "gave much" to this old Mission.

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Wenchow Mission

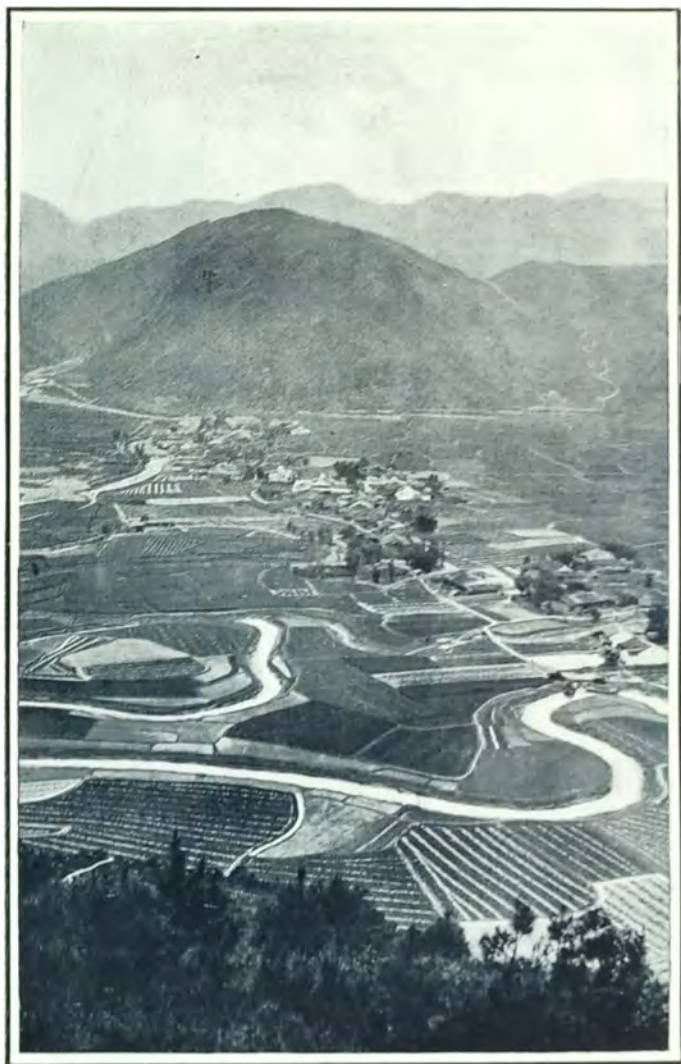
**W**E experienced another none too pleasant voyage on a coasting steamer down to Wenchow, our other Mission on the south-east coast of China, about one hundred miles south of Ningpo. Our companions were two nuns who kept their cabins all the way, and a Chinese gentleman who spoke English well. We boarded the *Haean* at 9 o'clock at night. Our steward turned out of the cabin allotted to us, with his clothes and belongings over his arm, evidently disturbed from sleep. This did not make me feel any too happy, especially when I had no other choice of cabin. On more than one occasion my nasal organ had been accused of being hypersensitive, but I knew it could be trusted as a danger signal. On this occasion I looked critically round, only to find my fears well grounded. The proverbial eye, not seeing and therefore not causing trouble, is certainly not an Eastern maxim. The Chinese proverb is more applicable in this case, "A man knows, but a woman knows better!" It needed a woman's wit to set the matter right, and her instinct to make her meaning clear. Before retiring that night the berths were re-made with fresh sheets and the washstand cleaned out. The *Haean* may have very happy associations for our missionaries, because she takes them the first stage of their homeward journey; but I cannot say we wasted any affection upon her. Our only regard for her was that she flew the British

flag, and that her officers were Scotchmen, the usual state of things out East. They say that if you call "Mac" down to the engine-room on any steamer on the China coast, you receive a response. Certainly on all the boats we travelled we found it was the case.

As we neared the jetty we noticed a group on shore vigorously waving handkerchiefs. Each one of the figures was pointed out to us and named, and evidently our Mission staff were well known to the ship's officers. There is no regular service from Wenchow to Shanghai, the boats running just when cargo offers. It is not at all infrequent for a boat to be advertised to sail and then to be postponed day after day, this delay causing great inconvenience, especially in regard to home mails. There has to be a big margin allowed for time in Shanghai to connect with ocean-going steamers.

It was a joy indeed to clasp the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Stobie, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, and Dr. Stedeford on the shores of their own Mission station. We made a happy party, wending our way through those narrow dirty streets from the quay to the College on the morning of March 3rd, 1922.

The comfortable bedroom at Mrs. Chapman's house made me feel quickly at home. As we stepped out on to the broad verandah we looked up at a hill, which runs along one side of the compound, with a small picturesque temple on the top and with the city wall behind it. In front of us lay the immense city where the teeming thousands of Wenchowese live in the closest proximity to each other. A large building, with two high towers, rising up above all others, is very imposing, and was pointed out as being our own hospital. A mile beyond, our city church is quite distinguishable. Turning right round we gazed on the broad river, the harbour with its boats, the island of Koa Sang, then the plains and the glorious mountains beyond—a scene in many respects



VIEW FROM THE 600 STEP TEMPLE. WENCHOW.

that could not be surpassed throughout our travels. To the right of where we stood and alongside of us stands our magnificent college, which has almost an old-world look. Its architecture is certainly Oriental, but from its style and beauty it might have been dropped down by some magic hand straight from one of our collegiate cities, with its avenue of camphor trees, its grass in the foreground, its privacy and its turreted gateway.

A thrill of joy, admiration and pride took possession of us both as we stood and gazed. Few words passed between us, but I am sure that in those few minutes we spent in admiration on the verandah a greater regard for our Church was won, and a deeper reverence for the men and women who have thrown their whole weight into missionary service here. When the Rev. W. Soothill arrived here some forty years ago he came to practically virgin soil, only the Roman Catholics doing a little work, for the China Inland Mission started much the same time as ourselves. He early realised the importance of the medical and educational running side by side with the evangelistic work. The great success of this Mission is largely due to this fact, and to good organisation, together with the fertility of the soil for evangelisation.

The people are a pastoral, peaceable, loving type. The noise, hustle and bustle which we find in the big Treaty Ports and commercial centres are absent. The rainy season, which lasts for some six weeks of the year, and is followed by very warm humid and trying weather, perhaps tends to produce a gentle and peaceable disposition; and the naturally religious nature of the Wenchowese creates a willingness to give a listening ear to the foreigner and his new teaching. At any rate, our Mission now extends beyond the city, one hundred and forty miles from north to south, and one hundred and twenty miles from east to west. It is grouped in eight

circuits, with two hundred and seventy-four preaching places; the eastern section is supervised by one missionary and the western section by another. There are thirty pastors and one ordained minister working under them, and these have three hundred and two local preachers working under them, who are chosen because they have some aptitude for preaching, but who are very poor; they are men of little training and only receive enough money to cover their expenses. In the near future there should be provision made for proper training, because it is impossible to work the country places without their aid. Each of these eight circuits has a Chinese pastor upon whom devolve important duties; he is the missionary's deputy and renders regular account to him.

A self-supporting endowment fund was started in each circuit in the early history of the Mission, our pioneers' idea being that eventually the places should become self-supporting. Already there are 12,000 dollars in this fund, but on account of the rapid extension of the work, and lack of supervision caused by the totally inadequate staff of missionaries in this large area, the self-supporting system has not been able to be carried into effect. In fact, any shortcomings anywhere in this Mission are entirely due to this lack of proper support.

There should be a training institute, which should always have six young men in training as pastors, who could be given periodical examinations by educated Chinese men. At such an institute the local preachers could also receive better training, coming in for short periods at a time. Ten dollars per month, or one hundred and twenty dollars a year, would probably train six men as pastors. These men, picked from the College, would prove of more valuable service to our church than men who have just been sent to the Universities; for the latter

are apt to grow beyond their position in ideas, and find it hard to fit to their home surroundings after their life at College, Wenchow being in a totally different category from Ningpo. We have in our Wenchow College a man as Principal, whose virtues and gifts and qualifications fit him admirably for his position. Mr. Chapman's quiet manner, insight and thoroughness, together with his sweet disposition, have not only successfully filled the College with a regular attendance of two hundred students, who pass their middle school course under his superintendence, but he has trained men in Christian principles, who have become devoted members of our United Methodist Church. From this College the cleverer students have gone on to Ningpo College for a further two years' course, although the language of the two places differs greatly. Each morning a religious service is held in Chinese and English alternately. The Sunday afternoon service is made compulsory for the day boys to attend, and is led by either a Chinese pastor or one of our missionaries.

The British Chambers of Commerce in China are now giving a grant to this College of 2000 dollars a year for at least five years, the agreement being that English be made a strong feature in the curriculum. Our Principal thinks it might be possible in these circumstances to secure the services of a young graduate from an English University for a period of five years, who would teach English, and live with him in his house. This would enable Mr. Chapman to have the oversight of the Boys' School himself, when it is built, near the College, a plot of ground having been already bought for this purpose. This school would be a feeder for the College, the boys coming, not only from the city, but from the villages, being such boys as are recommended by the preachers. They would receive religious teaching in the school, and could learn English for two years

before entering College, their teachers being provided from the College. The Biblical teaching could be done in an economical way if under foreign supervision. Two thousand dollars might cover the expense of such a building, and the Missionary Committee's cost of such a man would only be his travelling expenses to and from England. The present Boys' School is too far away and a great tax on our Principal's time. It is very well attended, there being eight Chinese teachers on the staff.

Out of the nine Chinese teachers at the college, eight of them are Mr. Chapman's own students. He has taught them English, and we could converse with them quite freely. Mr. Yung, one of them, is the interpreter for all the officials in the city.

The Girls' School adjoins the present Boys' School. When the latter is removed to the College compound the vacated premises could be utilised for enlarging the girls' side. With a little adaptation our two lady educationists could live on the Girls' School compound, one taking charge of the girls, and the other training Bible-women and instituting educational work among the women in the city, which is important; for in the city alone we have nine different churches and preaching places.

This Girls' School, which Mrs. Soothill started, has not had a foreign teacher since Mrs. Gauge came home. It has tremendous possibilities, there being over seventy names on the books at the present time. Mrs. Stobie has taken special interest in it and has regularly attended and supervised the work. The absolute disregard for education among women and girls in Wenchow is appalling. They live a most humdrum monotonous life, having nothing whatever to interest them outside their own miserable homes; only a marriage, a birth, a funeral, give an occasional touch of excitement. My heart ached for these sisters in adversity.

“Pearl,” a girl educated in our school, has been sent to Ningpo to the Presbyterian school for three years. She is under a contract to teach in our school for three years for a small salary in return for the training given her.

The Thursday afternoon meetings for women are very successful, and are held in the building on the compound which, I believe, was built for the purpose when Mrs. Soothill recognised this urgent claim in the early days of the Mission. It was re-started by Mrs. Chapman when she found the women eager, responsive and pleased to have a meeting of their own. They bring their babies with them. We had at this meeting one hundred and forty women present—chairs packed together. We had a bright happy hour each week I was there. Any patient who could walk from the hospital was invited. It is hard to realise that this Women’s Meeting and this inadequate school is the only work at the present time being done for our women and girls in Wenchow; and this state of things must remain so until the staff is increased.

The women are not able to walk long distances on account of their small bound feet. The district is particularly noticeable for this custom, new and modern ideas not having spread so far afield. It is an ugly sight to see a woman hobbling along on two stumps, working on the fields, sitting down with her cooking pots preparing the meals, or washing with a tub between her legs. Probably the bound foot is one reason why women and girls wear trousers, the ankle being sometimes bound tightly half-way up the calf. In the ordinary way the women in the cities dress very neatly and their coats and trousers are very pretty. Even the Chinese blue cotton, which is always worn by the country people and servants, and the poorer classes, is attractive and well made, though the well-to-do have their garments made of silk.

The hair is dressed in different styles according to the custom of the province. In Wenchow, it is very neatly brushed back from the face and kept very smooth with oils, and plastered down with some particular gummy substance. Quite as much pride and care is shown in its dressing as in a Japanese woman's. The young girls' thick black fine hair is neatly plaited and finished off with a pretty ornament, a flower or some tinsel rosette on the crown of the head or at the back of the ear. A young married woman is distinguished by the way her hair is dressed, and a middle-aged woman wears a band of black silk, shaped and trimmed with flat jade ornaments, or braided neatly; this fastens under her hair at the back. There is a real air of refinement about the ordinary Chinese woman, and she is polite to a degree. Her bearing is pleasing, and until she ages she is attractive, having good white teeth, well-cut features, bright dark almond-shaped eyes, and a full broad forehead. She has dainty fingers and well-shaped limbs.

We still associate our hospital with Dr. Plumer and his excellent wife, who laboured here for so many years, and who, with many regrets, retired on account of his health. They were both fine missionaries. With the Doctor's medical knowledge and organising ability our work in this direction could not but succeed. It has now grown quite beyond the power of one man to cope with; thirty-five thousand patients pass through the Doctor's hands in one year, and the hospital has one hundred and twenty beds. To give proper attention to detail is impossible. His duties include tending his hospital and his dispensary work, the engagement and dismissal of underlings, surgical operations, the purchase of food, being called upon to make a visit to a Customs official, or tackle a difficult illness in the case of a Roman Catholic sister, to say nothing of all the Mission staff being under his care.

Dr. Stedeford's constitution must have been made of iron to stand such a strain ; but a worm will turn, and a strong, healthy doctor, with too much pressure, will break down. Two doctors and two nurses are the minimum this hospital can be worked with satisfactorily. The arrival of Nurse Ball at Shanghai last year, when I was able to go down to the steamer myself and give her a hearty welcome to China, was an event in the history of our Mission at Wenchow. Our hospital, like our Girls' School, has never had a proper chance. It requires foreign nurses, supplies of bedding, sanitary cleanliness, trained ward attendants, supervision of food and many things which only a woman can arrange. Never more than ten per cent of the actual expenses has been received from home for this hospital. We receive £200 from the Customs each year, which is put into the hospital funds. This is the salary received by the Doctor for attending the Customs staff. It is hardly conceivable that a large institution like this doing such a grand work could have been run on such a small income. Think of it ; 6d. per day per bed, including food, medicine, bandages, students' wages, cleaning and doctor's salary ! This regular sum from the Customs alone makes it very necessary that there should be a second doctor appointed. We have in Dr. Stedeford not only a clever man, and a faithful servant, but we have a true missionary. He has not only the confidence of all the foreigners on the field, but the Chinese have implicit faith in him, and are willing to submit themselves to his care and to his skilful knife.

Upon our arrival in Wenchow the sad news met us that our beloved missionary, Mr. Heywood, had broken down in health, and that he had been at the sanatorium for some time. However, he was so anxious to meet the deputation that he returned within a week of our arrival. Although sleeping better, it did not need even

a practised eye to see his feverish anxiety about everything concerning his work, and the utter prostration which followed any exertion. But we could not wonder at him sinking beneath the stupendous load of carrying the responsibility, after Mr. Sheppard's departure two years previously, of the Ningpo Mission on his shoulders as well as the Wenchow. We were able to learn a little of what this burden meant when the executive meetings were held at Mr. Chapman's home, and a report was given of the whole field of our South-East China Mission. The Chinese sent to that meeting a very beautiful address, which, I understand, was entirely their own thought and composition, expressing in choice language their welcome of the deputation, their great appreciation of their visit, and begging for increased support and more workers.

The resolutions made at the executive meetings at the close of our investigations were thought to be very moderate, and were fully endorsed by us, namely, that the Wenchow Mission could not carry on its work in anything like a satisfactory way unless it had a staff of four missionaries, two doctors, two nurses, one principal with a junior under him and two women evangelists. It was very strongly felt that the staff here had been much lower than at any other of our stations in China, in proportion to its size and number of adherents; that ever since the union of the three Methodist Churches in England the women's section had received totally insufficient attention, and that there was no likelihood of the two old Bible-women, trained by Mrs. Soothill, being replaced. The great need of a training institute for educating preachers was emphasised. Dr. Stedford reported on the state of the hospital, its need of outfit and complete re-arrangement. We heard of the lack of Sunday-schools owing to a better supervision by the foreigner, the poorly paid preachers, the refusal

of girls and boys who wished to enter the schools, the great opportunity for extension at the present time, and the pressing requests for the opening of new causes.

We heard many fine testimonials like the following. A pastor, who was eighty years of age, in his report to the yearly district meeting, said that he had visited twenty-nine churches in his circuit out of thirty. This was in the most hilly district in our area. He had tramped to them all, often leaving on the Saturday for the Sunday's services. Throughout his long period of Christianity he had always been burning with zeal. A report like this would put many younger men to shame. The only way of forming any idea of the extent of our work and of the large numbers of people who come under the influence of our Wenchow Mission is to attend the services, and to visit places right away from the city. This was the part of our work we enjoyed most of all, for it was intensely interesting, instructive and illuminating. Although we slept at the College House during our stay in Wenchow we frequently visited our missionaries in the other compound, receiving of their hospitality. Their three houses are plain but well built, being surrounded by a wall which encloses the lawn. It is not far from the hospital and close to the Girls' School, while the Commissioner of Customs' house is very near. Great discretion and business capacity were quite evidently shown in the choosing of the different situations when first the work was started.

## CHAPTER IX

### Wenchow Churches

**T**HE first Sabbath morning in Wenchow, when we went to the City Church, was very affecting. Hundreds of people were gathered together heartily singing their praises of thanksgiving. Mr. Stobie took the service and, at the close, a number of young mothers brought their wee babies up to the communion rail and stood in a row, looking so pretty, wearing their bright-coloured head-dresses. After each one had been spoken to separately and the baby blessed by the minister, she walked back to her place in the congregation. In the Mission baptism of infants is not the custom, as immersion is the practice in the China Inland Mission. Mr. Soothill, in the early days, thought this plan of blessing the infants the wisest course so as not to confuse the Chinese mind. Of the sacrament at the close of the morning service quite two hundred people partook. We were much impressed by the reverent manner and deep feeling manifested throughout. We stayed behind and talked to a great number of members.

One Chinese lady, with a very bright face, was very desirous for me to hear her story, which was that her husband was not a believer in the new religion; he did not like her being attached to it, but as a very great favour he allowed her to come into the city once a month to attend the sacrament. In closing she said, "This is my joyful day of the month, to sit down at my Lord's table with Him and partake of His food."

A number of the people come in long distances from the country on this day, the first Sabbath of the month, bring their food and eat in the schoolroom behind ; they then attend the Sunday-school in the afternoon. This large room is attached to the church, and has a gallery round, built in the form of a semicircle. Dr. Plummer organised this Sunday-school and it has formed an important section of the church work.

One evening in the same week we went to the West Gate Church with Mr. Heywood, which is just outside the city. We were carried in chairs by coolies, who each swung a large lighted Chinese lantern in his hand. It was a weird journey in the dark. As they trotted along the narrow streets they made the people go out of their way by yelling at the tops of their voices, and giving some very queer calls one to another. They wound their way round very sharp corners, under covered awnings, by cookshops, over bridges, by the side of canals, under archways, sometimes creeping along a high wall, past groups of ugly-looking Chinese lounging about who called out after the foreigner. When Mr. Heywood's chair was too far ahead and out of sight, and the coolies put my chair down to rest, I did not feel at all happy ! The three-quarters of an hour was a new experience to me and I was not sorry to reach my journey's end. I was deposited in a big courtyard open to the three-sided building in front, where over a hundred people were gathered for service, women on one side, men on the other. We squeezed up to a rickety platform and the meeting commenced. At this assembly I told the story of a small poor church near my home which for the last twenty-five years had raised three hundred dollars a year by working very hard so as to send money to Wenchow that more people might know and hear the gospel message. This good work was started by Mrs. Soothill's telling them how much darkness and ignorance

there was in the great city of Wenchow. On asking how many assembled remembered Mrs. Soothill sixteen hands went up immediately.

The members in this church are faithful and stalwart ; they hold three services on Sunday, one on Thursday evening and a prayer-meeting on Saturday night. They were more than pleased to shake hands with us, and very beautifully they expressed their feeling of appreciation of our visit. The coolies, taking us home, kept up a high speed all the way and put on a big spurt at the end. When we alighted from our chairs, they grinned broadly and stood up wiping their faces with a dirty piece of rag they carry for the purpose. Next came a big pow-wow as to the amount they should be paid for this journey. When this is generous, the man looks at you and then at his open palm where the coins lie, and immediately begins to grumble. The right thing to do is to walk away, he following you with a big grumble : the sooner you reach the house the better, for, if more is given him, he thinks he has only to repeat the demands, whereas, if the correct money is paid him, he walks away quite satisfied that you know the right amount and it is useless for him to ask more. It seems a general rule throughout China that if you give a coolie too much he grumbles because he thinks you do not know the fare and that he could have extracted more from you.

A Chinese flower boat has a very attractive appearance. It is about thirty-five feet long, the deck is covered in with glass to resemble a houseboat, the windows can be opened for air and ventilation and there is room for comfortable chairs and tables for meals. Four men row these boats, three in the bow, and one behind who steers with his oar. They stand up to work for three hours without stopping, ceaselessly, patiently, pulling away with their big oars, smiling good-temperedly the whole time. Mr. Haywood engaged one of these boats to take

us up to Koh-Chie. It was a most enjoyable picnic, attended with great interest. We started away at 9 a.m., not returning until dark. We passed acres and acres of rape in flower, looking like fields of cloth of gold, with its sweetly scented odour perfuming the air around; also Indian corn, rice, wheat, beans in flower, all the way up the canal, which is as wide as a river, two hundred feet at least across, and runs down from the foot of the mountain, whence such waterways are fed. The latter are the only means of transport for boats which carry passengers, cargoes of wood, even mud which is collected from the canal bottoms and dried for manure. There are loads of cormorants which are trained to dive into the water, bring up the fish, and deposit it on the boat. For miles graves, hewn out of the solid rock, cover the hill-side, the coffins being deposited inside and built in, while a low semicircular wall encloses ground in front of the grave for a distance of some twenty feet. The soil is very fertile and the land, where it is not occupied by the graves, is cultivated in terraces up to the extreme top of the high hills. Groves of orange trees are plentiful; bamboos and flowering peach trees add a delightful colouring to the scene; while immense banyan trees which grow to the water's edge give shady relief from the burning sun, their roots intertwining in and out of the ground for long distances each side. Villages lie close to the water, which is convenient for loading into the boats. In the sun large patches of square pieces of brown paper are seen drying, made from bamboo and rice-straw by the villagers. Three crops a year are raised on these fertile plains and the agriculturalist is kept busy the whole twelve months.

We arrived at our destination about 12 o'clock. A crowd of people met us and let off crackers in honour of our visit. We were conducted to the large house of a Chinese gentleman. The guest-chamber had been lent

us for the service, as our own preaching place was too small to accommodate so many, a number having come from the surrounding circuit churches. Ten women and six men were examined for baptism in an adjoining room. Mr. Heywood interpreted to us the testimonies they gave him of their conversion. We were very deeply impressed by the careful and strict examination through which all the candidates have to pass before being accepted as members, and the long probation in which they have to prove themselves sincere and earnest in their desire to become Christians. Most of them had been believers for a long period, varying from four to nine years. One young man was the head police official of the district. When asked if he did not fear the gentry and other officials he replied, "I am not afraid of witnessing for the Truth." A son of a preacher and his young wife both gave their testimony of a simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Others said that they had found in their hearts that the doctrine was true. One mother said, "I sing and pray each morning and before food; and I observe the Sabbath. My husband is not a believer, but he does not refuse to allow me to acknowledge myself to be a Christian. He often comes to service with me and I have taught my three children to pray." Another's reply was, "I trust in my Saviour to save me from my sins. I know that baptism is only a symbol." At the close of the examination a beautiful prayer was offered by our missionary, and we then went into another room for the regular service, which was very solemn, each receiving baptism. Then followed the Lord's Supper. In each of the rooms in which we sat was an altar on which were gods, before whom incense and offerings were laid. What an irony! We afterwards learned that the gentleman who lent these two rooms for this great occasion had no objection to the new doctrine and that half his family had given up worship-

ping idols. The service lasted until 3 p.m. Crowds of people surrounded our boat and lined the banks, and crackers were let off at our departure.

We had a charming ride in chairs one Sunday morning to a church five miles out of the city. As we passed along through the small villages the people stood watching and said to each other, "The foreigners are all going to church. To-day is Sunday." The name of this church, Sang Djiaë, means in English "New Doctrine." At least three hundred people were gathered together, and not out of curiosity to see the foreigner, for they did not know of our intention to visit them. It was a delightful service and entered into with great earnestness. Sacrament was administered at the close. Instead of wine, tea in small cups is handed round in China. A number of old men were present and, as they sat listening to the word and following with their Bibles, so deeply interested in the whole service, one could see that they were earnest Christians. This was one of the chapels which was blown down in the typhoon last year (1922) and completely destroyed, although it was a very strong stone building. A number of hands went up when we asked if they remembered Mr. and Mrs. Soothill. The usual greeting from our home churches was given them with an assurance of our continued love and prayers. It was surprising to learn that a missionary was able to visit only once a year a large important church like this, to examine the new members, and that we have thirty chapels similar to this one.

Even since Mr. Soothill left Wenchow over a hundred new centres have been opened. We have now entered walled cities besides Wenchow itself. One Chinese temple was given to us as a gift. The Chinese, however, have no power to sustain the work adequately without the foreigner at their back. They have great confidence in him, but none in each other. They dare not show any

authority ; for if they fail at all, they have an innate fear of losing face. The time is still far distant when the missionary can retire and leave the Chinese to manage their own affairs.

The houseboat is a necessary adjunct to our Wenchow work : the long distances can only be reached by water, which entails much travelling. Our missionary is away from the city for weeks together. He can go in the boat to within easy distance of a village ; and to have his boat to sleep on and a cooked meal to return to, instead of a dirty house filled with smoke, mean both health and comfort. Mr. Stobie designed this new boat, which is the fourth in the history of the Mission, all the others having come to grief in turn. The arrangements of this one are excellent. There are two sleeping berths for two people, which are arranged to pack away neatly in the daytime. A separate compartment is provided for the boy and for the coolies who work the boat. There are cupboards for stores, etc. It is well planned for a long journey and will do good service in the future, if a typhoon does not sweep it away from its moorings one day ! We had several nice journeys in it, and had it been warmer we should have gone further afield. Still, we obtained a very good insight into the work in the country places and outlying districts.

One place to which we went was eighteen miles up the river, its name, Djiae-o-ka, meaning "bridge below street." Here we landed and had a good walk through pine trees between the hills, with lovely scenery all the way. As we came to the little brick chapel we saw two Chinese characters over the door which denoted "Holy Temple." The teacher, who was not expecting us, was holding his class in the temple. Fifty dollars a year is all this man receives for preaching on Sundays and teaching the children of the village on week days, his income being supplemented by the villagers with rice



CHU CHAI TZAI, SHANTUNG.

A Sunday Morning Congregation outside the Church.

A CHINESE UMBRELLA MAKER, WENCHOW.

and a little food. Over the pulpit were the words, "The True Word will last a thousand seasons and ten thousand ages from the Western Creek to Cedar Creek." In this circuit are twenty-nine chapels stretching up into the hills. On the return journey it is no unlikely thing to be stranded on a sand bank, for this winding river is never dredged and consequently the channel is very narrow. When such a thing happens a night is spent in a little sampan, and one awaits the incoming tide.

The houseboat is also used for reaching a Sunday morning service at a distance. Che'poe was visited this way. Here Mr. Tung preaches nearly every Sabbath. He was educated at our College, afterwards going to Peking University, where he took his degree; he speaks English fluently and interpreted my husband's address to the congregation. He has a big family and cannot live on the salary of a pastor, or of a teacher in the College; so he has to supplement his income by teaching in the Chinese school in the city during the week.

A large number of good Bible-women are needed to itinerate among these cities, towns and villages of Wenchow. We have no women's work at all being done beyond the weekly women's class held in the compound. It touched one's heart to see those two old women, who were trained by Mrs. Soothill, nearly blind and voiceless, weeping "because our days are nearly done and yet there is no one to take our place," they said.

No greater monument of Dr. Plummer's wise judgment is shown than that of the bungalow. He realised, soon after his arrival in Wenchow, that the climatic conditions were very detrimental to the missionary's health. Wenchow is no place for a white woman or child to live in all the year round. The humid heat, following the long rainy season, means continuous malaria. It would be a great economy of time, and also life, he felt, to have a sanatorium right up on the hills, where a month's

holiday could be taken yearly, or anyone sick could be sent. The inconvenience and discomfort of the little coasting boat to anyone very ill are unthinkable, and yet this was the only means of getting from Wenchow. One trembles at the thought of what it must have been in those early days. The utter prostration and depression of spirit through lack of dry air in itself must always be very trying, to say nothing of the extra work entailed on the housekeeper, who has to be constantly airing clothes, bedding and contents of boxes, taking up carpets, emptying bookshelves, trying to prevent the mildew and mould from settling on all belongings. Boots put out at night are found coated with thick mould next morning, and this we ourselves saw many a time.

What a rejoicing it must have been when this bungalow on the hills came into being! The one day we spent there gave us some little idea. A special type of chair is rigged up for negotiating the steep ascent, a seat lashed between two poles with a little swinging rest for the feet, very primitive, but light, handy and suitable. The journey altogether takes a couple of hours. One crosses the broad river and the plains beyond, and climbs the gradual rising ground and then steeper ascent to 1300 feet. The narrow pathway, the number of steps, and the sharp corners, call for a strong faith in one's carriers. To sit tight and preserve a calm mind is the best thing to do when a nasty chasm yawns below and a slip or stumble might lead to serious consequences; but the men are well used to the work. Soon one finds oneself on a small plateau in rhapsodies at the view of the surrounding country, and looks on the beautiful winding river, which appears as a streak of silver in the distance, the canals, the fertile plains covered with yellow rape, bright corn, and flowering beans, the brown patches of earth ready for rice, the large city enclosed within its ancient walls. All the varied colouring

give an effect of a patchwork quilt from this height. Behind are the mountains, which rise from peak to peak as far as the eye can reach and, with the blue and purple haze diffused around, the light and shade, the cloudless sky, form a combination which presents a picture of superb beauty.

On entering the bungalow we find ourselves in a large middle room, where all the inmates meet for meals. A necessary room lies at the back of this for stores. Doors out of the dining-room on each side lead to four good bedrooms, each with a little square room behind for bathing and washing. The servants' quarters are in the rear, with a pathway between, and run the whole length of the house, together with the kitchens. A couple of rooms for the pastors who come up to see the missionary, also a single room for a lady or bachelor, complete the premises, which take in four families. The floors are made of cement, which can be swept and kept clean with little trouble. There is practically no furniture besides bedsteads, chairs and tables. All the necessary requirements are carried up when the bungalow is in use. The wide verandah, running round three sides of the house, serves excellently for recreation in wet weather. The garden is laid out in terraces and has a tennis court and walks around. The surrounding wall has two gates and is built low enough not to obstruct the view, but high enough for protection and privacy.

Only people living in the East can appreciate the boon of a spring of clear running water. Five minutes' walk away we find a mountain stream, which is not only used for drinking purposes, but supplies the water for a bathing pool. This pool is fifty by thirty feet, and was once a rice plot. To cement the bottom of it was not a difficult business, and now it is the joy of those who go to the bungalow. To be able to take a morning plunge is one of the delights of the holiday.

In this vicinity there is a beautiful waterfall, a column of water rushing down over a high precipice to the ground below, making its own watercourse to the river beyond.

Wenchow is greatly threatened with destructive floods after the torrential rains, which last from six weeks to two months in the spring. The water sweeps down the mountains to the plains with terrific force, gathering in volume as it rushes along. As it cannot flow away fast enough it covers the whole ground, when the loss of life, property and crops is calamitous. At the time of the last great flood, thirty-five miles up the river the only building left standing was our own church. The old preacher's house next door was flooded and carried away, he himself escaping in a marvellous way by climbing from one building to another and eventually on to a very high stone. An English girl was carried right down to Wenchow, a distance of seventy miles. Whole villages were swept away. The missionaries said that from the bungalow Wenchow city looked like a small island. Numbers of lives were lost and some of our own Christians found a watery grave. For days no food could be carried up to our missionaries who happened to be in the bungalow when the storm broke. The typhoons, which sweep this coast from the China Seas, are as great a dread to the natives as the floods. These terrific whirlwinds will raze our large stone churches or any buildings to the ground. Without any warning whatever they spring up, carrying all before them in a tornado of terrific violence.

These are two enemies which should always be taken into account when considering the situation of this Mission. They cause great distress and poverty to the people and this must indirectly react upon the regular income of our churches. In regard to our workers, every consideration should be shown them. The enervating climate, the strain upon the nervous system, the frequent

liabilities to malaria, the insanitary conditions of the streets, and the disgusting smells everywhere are detrimental to the strongest constitution. A term of service on the field should be gauged according to the circumstances in which a missionary has to live, and the nervous tension he is called upon to endure ; it is therefore neither economic nor just that to each of the four fields should the same conditions be applied. A more glorious climate than that of Yunnan could hardly be conceived ; in north China there is very little real risk to life itself ; but the reverse of these conditions holds in our missionary fields in south-east China, at Ningpo and Wenchow, where the climate is exceedingly trying to the white man.

## CHAPTER X

### Our State Calls in Wenchow

**B**EING a magistrate and a prison visitor, my husband naturally desired to see a Chinese prison, and the conditions under which the prisoners lived. Mr. Tung, the teacher at the College, who for some years has been acting as an interpreter for the officials and the chief magistrate, conveyed this intimation to the judge at the Yamen, who presumably thought it wise to give his consent, especially seeing that Young China is anxious to abolish extra territoriality. Extra territoriality means that aliens in China, such as English, Americans, French, etc., are subject to their own laws alone, and cannot be judged in Chinese courts of law or be cast into Chinese prisons. An invitation came in due course for the English visitors to attend at a certain hour on a given date.

We started with Mr. Chapman in state, our chairs having four bearers, which is the correct number for high officials and grand people. I do not know whether a lady was expected; the missionaries said it was very certain that no lady had ever visited this prison, and probably no other prison in China. We were received with great deference and state by a bevy of officials in addition to the judge and chief magistrate. Then we were ushered into a small room, where cakes, teas, cigars and cigarettes were served on a square table, each present sitting down. After this light refreshment, we proceeded to visit the cells or cages where the prisoners are

confined. These are square places about ten feet square, with thick heavy wooden bars reaching from roof to floor and about six inches apart, through which light and air are admitted. The prisoners were herded together, and of all kinds and conditions, looking fierce, degraded and terror-stricken, as they crowded up to the bars to see our procession pass. We might not show our disgust and horror as we were favoured visitors; but the look of astonishment on those faces, their eager, imploring attitudes, could never be forgotten, nor could such an impression fade away. The women's side naturally touched me most; but a Chinese gentleman, wearing silk garments, sitting reading on a stool, surrounded by rough dirty men, is a sad enough sight, especially when you learn that, out of spite, a man is often reported to be an opium-smoker when he is quite innocent of the accusation. Prisoners wear their own clothes, and relations or friends can take them in food or garments; otherwise they nearly starve. No coverings of any sort are provided, and only in one cage did we see a bench on which to sit or lie down. The worst cases wear fetters round the ankles. Murderers, thieves, opium-smokers were pointed out. The punishment for murder is strangulation, for thieving shooting, and a sentence of five years for opium-smoking. As I passed the front of the cage one woman, who had been convicted, rushed up and knelt down to me imploringly; the warder shouted at her and she shrank back into a corner. The old part of the prison was very tumble-down and with low roofs. Evidently the whole place had been cleaned up for our inspection and benefit, for it simply reeked of carbolic. The officials, no doubt, were desirous of making a good impression.

Before leaving, fruits, biscuits, beer, cigars and cigarettes were again offered to us, great cordiality expressed and an invitation given to lunch at the restaurant

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next day. We learned through Mr. Tung that the judge intended returning our call at the College that afternoon; and in less than an hour he arrived with the magistrate, his servant preceding him with his visiting card, which is the etiquette in China. Two soldiers accompanied him on the occasion of this state call. After our visitors had entered the room and made their bows, one of them presented us with a large pink envelope, six inches long and three inches broad, which, we found, contained invitations to lunch next day. They had been prepared between the visit to the Yamen and this call at the College. The gentlemen accepted very politely, and I bowed and conveyed my thanks. Conversation, tea and smokes followed, and then our visitors were taken over the College, and expressed surprise and appreciation at what they saw.

The tiffin at the restaurant caused some excitement, a great honour having been conferred on us by this invitation. Mr. Heywood and Mr. Stobie were included in the list of guests and an English meal provided, which was very unusual. The menu included mock turtle soup, fish, steak and onions, sweets, wines, brandy and smokes. At the close of this ceremonious meal the judge enquired the time of our departure on the boat, and said they should go down to the quay and see us off. As it happened, the captain sailed before the time advertised, so we had not the honour of seeing them again.

The walk around the city walls near to the College is very inviting at the close of a hot day. A beautiful view can be had of the city and surrounding country with the varying lights on the mountain ranges, for right across the river runs the golden pathway of the setting sun, of the island in the heart of the river with its trees and pagodas, the number of temples which can be seen from this one point alone, the College a hundred feet below, the hospital turrets, and the Roman Catholic Church spire.

Around to the west side of the city are the flowering fields, the plains and the streams of people wending their way hither and thither. The steps leading down from this high wall are worn and slippery, and on coming down one day from photographing the hospital my husband had a very nasty fall. After some time he managed to crawl down to the street below, where he took a rickshaw to Mr. Stobie's house near by. The doctor was quickly called in, a chair sent for and home and bed prescribed. It turned out to be not so serious as was at first thought, though the muscles of the back were strained and caused great pain for some time. However, the mischief cleared away without leaving any ill-effect. We took good care after that not to let him go about alone!

We had many opportunities of seeing Chinese life, custom and character. One day, outside one of the temples near the river-side, we saw two women come down in a boat, one with a bundle in her arms, moaning terribly as she walked up the bank to the temple. They had brought the clothes of a very sick child, nigh unto death, to implore the gods to send back the spirit of the child. After much crying and praying the spirit was supposed to have returned into the clothes they had taken. Then they put up an umbrella to shield the bundle and walked back very quickly to the boat, keeping up a conversation, as if to woo the spirit by talking gently and kindly, saying, "We are going home, we shall not be long; wait a little bit and you will be back again." When they reached home they would put the clothes on the sick child, and the spirit would be supposed to re-enter the child's body.

Early one morning, just after breakfast, we heard a loud noise outside the compound wall, where there are a number of graves. There were people gathered together, and a man was seen pulling down the bricks

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over a coffin, which was dragged out and carried down the hill in front of the little temple. The coffin was covered with a white cotton pall, and decorated to the height of three feet with white paper ornaments. Women dressed in sackcloth and with covered heads came out of the temple, and standing round the bier began to wail; children dressed in grotesque costumes carried white banners, on which were painted Chinese characters, relating to the deceased man's many virtues. After incense and silver paper money had been burned, the women stepped into sedan-chairs, the drums began to sound, and the procession moved way. Probably the poor man's body had been awaiting burial for some considerable time, or ill-luck had been attending the family, and the priest had ordered the relatives of this ancestor to bury him somewhere else, it might be a very long distance away. The hill running round the city wall is convenient for all kinds of purposes. More than once our attention was arrested by a big noisy crowd, which was visible from the verandah. On hearing a gunshot one day, we saw soldiers, and afterwards heard that a man had been brought from the Yamen and shot. The crowd looked on with morbid curiosity at the whole affair, standing by to watch the hole dug in the ground, where the body was deposited and covered up with earth.

We paid the China Inland Mission a special visit to see their work in the city, and met a number of the staff. The girls' school, which takes in many boarders and the missionaries' compound, and preachers' and teachers' small rooms are all built close together, near to their church. Their premises are very cramped and dangerous in case of fire. Even while we were there, great concern was felt because on three consecutive mornings matches had been set to straw with the set purpose of destroying the premises! The smoke had attracted attention and the fire had been averted. The

whole affair was wrapped in mystery, though suspicions had fallen on one and another.

Miss Young's boys' school we very much admired here for its thoroughness. She has been removed to the higher service since we left. She was a fine Christian character, and, although sixty years of age, had not been home for ten years. This school had such a good name that there was always a waiting list. She would not keep any boys who would not submit to her discipline, and she punished them severely for spitting, that most objectionable habit, so prevalent in China. She never extended her school larger than she could control and supervise herself with the help of two Chinese teachers. Twenty-six boarders were the maximum number she took into the house. Saturday was a good day to call, for the place had been scrubbed down and was beautifully clean. The boys were taught to do all the work in the house, one woman only being employed for cooking. After the weekly clean the boys have their own tub, and the afternoon is devoted to play.

The China Inland Mission occupies an area nearly as large as our own. When they first came to this field a complete understanding was made with them that they would not come within five miles of our work. At the present time they have one hundred and ninety-eight causes, and they reckon to have a full staff of twenty foreign workers to do their work satisfactorily. During the War this was reduced on account of funds, but even then they had seventeen workers, five being married couples, and seven single men and women. A very different proportion from our own.

Sister Mary is head of the Roman Catholic Community in Wenchow, and related to the Duke of Norfolk. Among the sick, the blind and the outcast she has been working. We were invited to tea and to see the hospital where she lives in the city. This is the envy of Dr. Stedeford ; the

wards within the compound are well arranged, the men being divided off from the women by separate buildings, each one of them having a few separate rooms, nicely furnished, for private patients. Everywhere it is scrupulously clean and in beautiful order, with verandahs to both the lower and upper wards. The cultivated well-kept gardens are pleasing and restful to look upon, and the quiet away from the city noises is very pleasant. The out-patient premises are separate from the main buildings. A large number attend daily, varying from one to three hundred; they come for medicine, for advice, for dressings, the two sisters taking all cases. They have no doctor, any serious case being sent to our Dr. Stedeford for further advice or consultation, which he readily gives and which is greatly appreciated by the sisters. The medicine rooms, and the room for slight operation cases are kept in perfect order; nothing whatever unsightly or unpleasant is seen, everything being bright and inviting—evidence of a woman's supervision. The Chinese are clean when trained, supervised and controlled by the foreigner.

The orphanage is a separate building again but near by. Here the girls learn lace-making, a sister taking entire charge with two Chinese helpers, who must be a fifth generation of Christian, and have learned one European language, before being accepted. Tiny girls of six and eight net the fine foundation which is the groundwork of the lace, the bigger girls working very handsome patterns on this fine netting, sometimes nine inches wide. They have an education given them while in this school, so that they can earn their own living when they grow up. The Blind School was a very pathetic sight, numbers being brought to this orphanage, where they are taught to make grass cord. Quite fifty were here of all ages, from small children up to the age of sixteen. At our request they left the yard where they were lined up, and

at the word of command each one crept to her own station quickly and quietly, intelligently working away with deft little hands to show us how the cord was woven together. It was very touching to see the suffering and the disfigured eyes, and much of it brought about by neglect, cruelty and ignorance.

But the Babies' Home was the saddest sight of all. The local mandarin asked the sisters to take this over, it being in a hopeless state and quite beyond his supervision. The babies are mostly girls, but there are a few afflicted boys who have been rejected by their parents. These babies are brought night or day. They are deposited through a small door, the bell is rung and the sister, answering, finds a bundle which is always afflicted or emaciated. Often she finds as many as three or four a night in the basket, many having been brought long distances from the country. A thousand cases came to the Home last year; many die, but everything possible is done for their recovery. Two wet nurses are kept all the time, and each of these feeds two babies. There were, when the sisters took us over the Home, rows upon rows of cradles, each of which contained a poor little afflicted piece of humanity. Some mites were sitting in chairs crying with pain, some sitting round low tables feeding themselves from basins of rice and food, others beyond all mortal aid. This Home is in a healthy state to-day, and doing a great work, run by Christian and humanitarian methods. About two hundred babies are nursed away from the Home by mothers and paid foster-mothers. These babies are brought twice every month for inspection, the mandarin presiding and keeping order while the sisters examine, weigh and interview the women. They give the latter instruction, pay, and also often reprimand. This is a really sacrificial work. I felt a great reverence well up within my heart as I watched the sisters' tenderness, sweetness, and their faithful service. When Roman

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Catholics offer for the mission field, they give up all ties and devote their whole life to the work, never knowing if or when they will go back again to their native land. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." The true joy of service was written on the face of each one of these sisters. Happiness shone through their eyes. How could anyone question but that it is a deep love for their Master alone that gives them the pity for these outcast children, these afflicted mortals?

Two days before we left Wenchow we received a wire from the Rev. C. Stedeford saying that he was at Haiphong on the coast, and that he was leaving by boat for Hong-Kong that day. We were greatly excited to hear this news, and we were immensely relieved to know he was safe and had escaped the brigands in Yunnan. Our decision to leave Wenchow on the 2nd March, therefore, was most apropos, for we should therefore reach Shanghai in time to welcome him after our long separation.

The month we had had in Wenchow had given us time to see much of the real Mission work and life. Mr. Heywood gives himself unsparingly to the Chinese; Mr. Stobie's work is quiet but unremitting. Perfect confidence and harmony reign in all departments. We were sorry to say good-bye, but we had a long way to go before we could set out faces homeward. We had an enthusiastic send-off at 9.30 a.m. The students in their uniform accompanied us to the steamer, leading the way through the crowded streets, the people standing to see the procession pass. The boys carried large flags, and sounded their bugles. My chair preceded the gentlemen's and those of Mr. Chapman's three little girls. Crackers were let off just as we started, and they continued the whole way making a great noise. We might have been Royalty! One really felt of some importance for once, especially when people lined the streets along

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the entire route, and a tremendous crowd gathered at the landing-stage. In the steamer's saloon "good-byes" were said, the bugles sounded once more and the gangway was removed. There was waving of handkerchiefs, flags and banners, and crackers exploding until the *Haean* was out of sight. It was like leaving home to leave Wenchow and going out to face the world once more.

## CHAPTER XI

### The National Christian Conference, Shanghai, 2nd-11th May, 1922

**I**T is hardly possible to overestimate the great importance and significance of such a conference as that held in Shanghai during May, 1922, important not only from a Christian historical standpoint, but from a political, social and competitive one also.

This Conference numbered over a thousand delegates. These were almost equally divided between Chinese and foreign, and comprised Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, China Inland Mission, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., co-opted members, visitors, educationists, other organisations and the Home Boards. It was from this last section that the deputation of the United Methodist Church were sent to attend as delegates.

The meetings were held in the Town Hall, comfortable chairs being provided in a spacious room. The decorations made a striking feature. Opposite the doorway, in large Chinese characters, were the words, "Christ the reconciler made both one" (Jew and Gentile); right across the back of the platform, for everyone to see, "That in all things He (Christ) might have the pre-eminence." Each member was presented with a badge, which consisted of a round metal coin, attached to a ribbon with the Chinese colours. On it was stamped, "National Chinese Council, China for Christ, Shanghai, 11th year of the Republic." For nearly two years this

great gathering had been in preparation. Four hundred people had worked on the surveys and reports to be brought before the Conference. The China Continuation Committee, which was formed in 1913, had given almost its entire time to preliminary plans. It was a stirring sight to look upon the sea of faces, and to join in the singing of that glorious hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," was an inspiration at the outset, each one singing in his own language or dialect, but all drawn into harmony by music and a common purpose. Here was the power of a great principle which could bring and hold together people with many differences.

Bishop Graves, Chairman of the Arrangement Committee, was allotted the pleasing duty of welcoming the delegates. He referred to the fact of its being the first Conference for all China in which delegates of the Chinese Church were present, and to the difference of nationality and denomination which were manifested in such an audience as that. "All are welded together by the one aim of bringing China to Christ," said he. Dr. Cheng was elected as President of the Conference, and wasted no words in going straight to the point of the most critical issue before the Conference, viz. the establishment of the Chinese Church which was to follow the pioneer years of Mission work. Directing his address to the Chinese delegates on whom the first responsibility was destined to fall, he said, "You have been longing for your own Chinese Church; the time has come, and this gathering will be the birthplace of the Christian Church of China. We are at the close of the first hundred years of the work of the missionaries of the West. To show our gratitude for the work they have done for our country we must measure up to what our spiritual parents expect of us. We Chinese people must now assume leadership of our own Churches."

On behalf of the foreign consulates in Shanghai whose

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countries are represented in the Protestant mission field, Mr. Cunningham, the United States Consul-General, welcomed the delegates, saying, "This gathering is noteworthy, because it represents Christianity in the sense of the brotherhood of man, which transcends national and geographical limitations. Passports for the moment should be locked up. Missionary work in China has been a success. The missionary has done a great work in bringing together divergent civilisations which have been separated in the past by superstitions, distrust, and the physical inability of different people to commune with one another. Through his conscientious work, his knowledge of the language and his sympathies for the people, he secures the confidence of his people and has a keen sense of their aspirations. His work in China has not been an easy task, but through constant perseverance, sacrifice and strict adherence to the highest ideals he has succeeded beyond the dreams of the early pioneers, who sowed in China what we to-day are reaping. China trusts the missionaries as they trust no other foreigner, because they came here rather to give than to take away."

Further greetings from governing and commercial elements among the Chinese were spoken, various local bodies were represented and through the Rev. A. N. Rowlands of the Union Church these were expressed. A very keen interest was shown by the delegates in the reading of a message sent by General Feng Yu Hsiang, the Christian General, expressing his regret that owing to the present military situation it had been impossible for him to send to the Conference a representative of the Christian constituency in the Army, and asking to have brought before the Conference the following four requests :—

1. The urgent need of more workers for the propagation of the Gospel in Shensi.

2. The need of schools of industry for the youth of the Church to provide a means of independence for themselves and a source of self-support for the Church.
3. The need of true spiritual power in the Church and its activities.
4. The need of some mode of united action by the whole Church in China.

On May 3rd the National Christian Conference settled down to hard work in its first all-day's session. It was a seven hours' strain, but a very high level was reached. Each address was translated. If a Chinese was speaking, notes were taken down by an Englishman, and at the end the outline was given of the address in English. If an English address was given, the Chinese at the end gave a complete outline of the address to the audience in Chinese. When Dr. Cheng, or Dr. Lew, or any good linguist spoke, he translated for himself. Occasionally a little amusement was caused, as when Bishop Malone tried several times to say to the Conference through his interpreter a phrase like this, "The continuity of the historical episcopacy."

A timekeeper was always on the platform ; the second time that he rang an electric bell the chairman rose to his feet, and a speaker had to leave off suddenly, sometimes in the middle of a sentence. One of the pleasing features of the sessions was the distinctness with which the words of each of the speakers could be heard at all points in the big auditorium. This was due to the installation of electric amplifiers on the platform, which overcame the bad acoustic properties of the hall and enabled those in the back rows to hear clearly. A free discussion was given at the close of each address, the speaker having sent up his or her card to the platform previously. Each day half an hour was spent in devotional exercises, led by

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Dr. Hodgkin, a member of the Society of Friends. These were very beautiful and uplifting, the time set apart being left to the discretion of the chairman. The first morning of Conference, Bishop Graves introduced Dr. Hodgkin at the close of the opening hymn, "Crown Him with many Crowns." The passages of Scripture selected for the day were then read in unison. The meditations and suggestions for intercessions and prayers were prepared for the use of the Conference in printed form, and distributed the day before. This enabled them to be used privately, if so desired, as well as at the time of public service. These slips were printed in English on one side and Chinese the other.

After the opening ceremony the Vice-Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements presented the nine standing Orders, these being passed immediately. The Rev. Dr. Cheng Ching-yi of Edinburgh University was then unanimously elected to the Chair. Dr. Cheng was received by the whole Conference rising. With a few well-selected passages of Scripture the Chairman signified his acceptance of the honour, conscious that his strength to fill the position would be supplied by God. Dr. Cheng then addressed the Conference in Chinese, afterwards giving the main outline in English. "The Challenge of a Great Task" was his theme. Were they willing to follow the guidance of God? Chinese churches, he said, are restless and being assailed in new ways. It is an epoch-making time. The new Church in China would help a better understanding among all the churches in China. Notwithstanding its weakness, the Chinese delegates welcomed the opportunity of discussing matters of the Church with their Western colleagues. The most important matter was not the dependence of the Chinese Church on the money of the Western Church, so much as its dependence on the thought of the West. Great discrimination was needed as to its modification of rites

and ceremonies, doctrines and politics. Christianity is an universal religion and can adapt itself to all lands. The Chinese Church must not rest satisfied with anything less than getting completely under the load. There would be mistakes ; but there would be success. Better to see the man come forth, even if swathed in grave-cloths, than to see him lifeless in the grave. To-day the word must be spoken, "Loose him, and let him go." The duty and responsibility of this crisis is as much that of the Chinese as of the missionary. Let no one think that there was any idea that the missionaries should retire, or that no further missionaries should come. There was a desire that new missionaries should be selected with particular care as to their attitude to a Chinese Church. There must never be any idea that there is to be strife between Chinese and missionaries, or that Chinese want to grasp, or that missionaries should withhold from China. They would need the help and co-operation of missionaries more than ever. The six thousand were all too small for the task. No cry of "China for the Chinese" should be raised. It was their hope that the Conference would show more than before the strength of the tie of the love of God with which they were all bound.

The reports of each of the five Commissions were issued in pamphlet form and distributed among the delegates. These reports were introduced by the Chairmen of these Commissions. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Roots, D.D., presented the "Present State of Christianity in China," was introduced by the Chairman and was thanked for his valuable services, the statement being made that he had rendered service to the whole Christian movement of China as Chairman of the Chinese Continuation Committee since its organisation in 1913, by his statesmanlike ability, his untiring interest in Christian co-operation and his strong personality which had meant much for the furthering of the Christian cause in that

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land. The whole Conference rose to their feet in his honour. His report filled a booklet of one hundred and twenty-five pages of closely written matter. He gave an outline of the Commission's findings, which were of great interest and profit. "The Committee's work," he said, "has aimed to promote harmony, mutual understanding and co-operation. One of the greatest barriers in China is that of race. In the Committee, Chinese and foreigners have met in annual conference and in special committee meetings and have found a basis of firm friendship. These men and women have met, not merely to discuss various problems, but to pray together, and so have come to much greater mutual understanding than would have been possible in any other circumstances. It has led to the discovery that we are not merely to tolerate each other, but are obliged to depend on each other, and that we cannot get on without any nation or denomination at work in China. The Committee has had to look at many things from a national point of view; for instance, religious liberty, the new thought movement, matters of labour and social questions. There were specific problems of evangelisation, education and medicine which had to be studied in their inter-relation. At this Conference the China Continuation Committee makes its report and finishes its work. What is to happen hereafter is in the hands of this Conference."

The Chairman of Commission II, the Rev. C. E. Patton, in a very brief address handed over the work of his commission to the Conference. It was entitled, "The Future Task of the Church."

On Commission III, "The Message of the Church," the Rev. C. Y. Cheng, the Chairman, reported.

The report of Commission IV, "The Development of Leadership for the work of the Church," was given by David Z. T. Yui, Esq., Ph.D., its Chairman.

On Commission V, "Co-ordination and Co-operation

in the work of the Church," the Rev. C. G. Sparham, its Chairman, gave an illuminating report. In his address he said that the China Continuation Committee was organised at the Shanghai Conference in 1913; it was an experiment; that stage had now passed. The service it had rendered during the nine years of its executive existence had demonstrated the great utility of a central organisation which could work for the churches and missions throughout China. One of the chief duties of the Conference of 1922 was to plan for a National Council, which would be able to take over the work of the China Continuation Committee, develop it and devise a means by which such a council might be appointed on a representative basis, its aim being to serve the Christian forces in carrying out such programmes as might be approved by the Conference.

Near the close of the Conference the following Resolution was passed:—

“That a fair division to form a nucleus for the New Christian Council would be forty-three foreigners, fifty-five Chinese, ten foreign women, ten Chinese women.”

One of the outstanding addresses of the Conference was given by the Rev. T. T. Lew, M.A., B.D., PH.D., the acting Dean of the Faculty of Theology in the Peking University. His subject was, “The Church of Christ in China; an Indigenous Church.” This young man was educated in our Wenchow Mission College. He is one of the leaders of thought in China to-day, and we may be justly proud of him. He paid an eloquent reference to the work of the missionaries, including a remembrance of the martyrs’ blood. “The problem of to-day is what sort of Church this is to be. There are three hundred thousand members who want guidance.” Dr. Lew took

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eight outstanding characteristics that are needful to a worthy Chinese Christian :—

1. A fearless fighter against sin.
2. A faithful interpreter of Christ.
3. A flaming prophet of God.
4. An obedient disciple of the Holy Spirit.
5. A worthy teacher of the Bible.
6. A genuine servant to the Chinese people.
7. A true conservative and stalwart liberator.
8. A courageous experimenter in co-operation.

“We Chinese Christians,” he said, amongst other things, “may say to one another and may say to you, our brethren in Christ from other lands : We are no longer strangers, and sojourners, but we are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone, in Whom each of our several buildings, fitly framed together, groweth into a Holy Temple in the Lord ; in Whom we also (thanks be to God) are builded together (with you) for a habitation of God in the Spirit. The Chinese Church shall stand for, nay, even fight for unity in diversity. She shall teach her members to agree to differ, but resolve to love. To allow indifference to veil our vision at this hour will be regrettable folly. To allow partisanship to monopolise our thinking at this hour will be an unpardonable sacrilege. To let selfishness blur the real issue of our problem will be a positive sin.” This was a great speech.

The name of Dr. J. R. Mott is world renowned. He needs no introduction ; he came first into prominence in 1910 at the Edinburgh Conference, over which he was made President, afterwards becoming Chairman of the Continuation Committee which was responsible for carrying through the work planned by that Conference,



A BAND HEADING A NANKING FUNERAL PROCESSION.

A WATER CARRIER.

On the left is a well from which the water is drawn, and wheeled to the poor parts of the City; a good supply of water is conveyed by pipes from the Western Hills to the better class houses and large establishments.

With a view to meeting the leading workers in each field, and planning with them for such Continuation Committees or National Councils as might most conveniently be formed, he visited India, China, Japan, thus making a connecting link with these centres and the Edinburgh Committee. The dominant note of the National Conference in 1913 at Shanghai was the intense desire that the Christian forces in China should effectively co-operate and express their essential unity. It was, he said, with the purpose of giving practical expression to this ideal that the China Continuation Committee was formed. It has achieved many objects, and it has God's blessing. It has held regular annual meetings, bringing together experienced Christian workers of all denominations and nationalities from every part of China. These meetings have done much to promote co-operation and co-ordination among Christian forces in China by affording a platform on which questions of common interest could be faced in a broad way. It has contributed materially to a better understanding between missionaries and Chinese leaders. Its "Christian Occupation of China," we are told, makes a large volume, and is the finest work of its kind in the world. Its editors have secured statistical returns from all the missionary societies and an extensive survey has been carried out. Evangelism has been stimulated through its "Forward" and its "China for Christ" movements; through it the China Christian Literature Society has been helped and various committees on theological, religious and educational subjects. Work has been done by it for the Moslems and the Buddhists of China, and for the blind. It has seen to the training of missionaries and, through its agency, language study schools have been opened in big centres. Studies on business aspects and administrative efficiency have been instituted. Reports have been issued and sent regularly to the Foreign Mission Boards

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abroad. It is only fair to say that during these nine years of the money raised for the China Continuation Committee ninety per cent has come from the Mission Boards of Britain and America. Most of this has been given in large amounts and personal gifts. Dr. Proctor made it very clear, though he did not speak officially, that the foreign representation on the Committee is not taking on more responsibility for the New Christian Council than the Chinese. The China Continuation Committee has had an annual budget of sixty thousand dollars, Mexican. Probably rather more than this will be needed in future. From now onward this must be an integral part of the expenditure of all Missions.

The programme of the National Christian Conference was wisely varied. One afternoon it separated into five sectional meetings, held in various parts of the city, to discuss in small groups the sectional interests of those connected with the work in Village Christian Committees, Elementary and Secondary Education, Higher Education, Medical Work. An entire day was given to the presentation of ideas for the suggested council, which should follow the China Continuation Committee at the close of the Conference. A generous spirit and a readiness to listen to different points of view were evidenced. It was a fine study in Christian statesmanship. The Rev. C. G. Sparham and Mr. T. Z. Kow led the debate, and people from all parts of the house spoke.

Another afternoon the various denominations, or other units represented at the Conference, met together to elect representatives in proportion to their members to form a nucleus of the new "National Christian Council," the object being to steer the United Christian Church of China into smooth waters. The Resolution to found such a council had been unanimously voted upon in Conference and been joyfully received by all its members.

Mr. T. H. Oldham, who for twelve years has been

Secretary to the International Missionary Council, and editor of *The International Review of Missions*, gave an address in the evening. His subject was "The Council viewed in the light of Experiences in other Lands." He asked this very pertinent question: "When does Christianity become truly national in its expressions?" and himself answered in these terms, "When the main direction and control of the Christian movement is in the hands of the people of the country—when *they* make the decisions." So long as we foreigners make decisions, we shall put a foreign stamp on it. "We can't do anything else. When the Chinese make the decisions, they will put a Chinese stamp upon it. It is necessary, if Christianity is to be national in expression, not only that the answers to questions should be given in Chinese, but that the Chinese should themselves ask questions.

In giving an account of a conference like this it is difficult to say precisely who were responsible for certain statements, so many wise, true and beautiful words were spoken and general impressions made and left on the mind. Nothing, however, could be truer than that the immensity of the task before the Church is staggering. In outlining the future, certain limitations were recognisable. The Conference marked the close of one period and the beginning of another in the development of Christianity in China. The immediate future only has been considered. Indigenous Christianity means a Christianity that has possession of the Chinese spirit and expresses itself in Chinese fashion. In the continent of Asia, China has been the greatest and stablest empire. It may be in the future that in the providence of God she may become the greatest Republic. The Chinese Church must be built, not on the political wisdom of universalism, but upon the fundamental spiritual foundations of those on which the Church in the New Testament was formed. Up to the present it has been the

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Foreign Church in China only, the Church of the West, alien to the Chinese mind. To-day that system is obsolete. The Chinese Church must not be thought of as an appendage of the West, for the Church of the Living God is there.

A Chinese leader was once asked his opinion of the present position of the Church of China. After considering he replied, "I liken it to a child princess and her nurse; the latter is needed, but if she is loyal to her trust she never forgets the child is a princess."

Dr. Mott's speech on "The Problems which must be met in the Programme of Internationalism," in which he claimed the Christian background as the greatest factor for world peace, made a deep impression on all who heard him.

No report of the Conference would be complete without making mention of the part women played in the proceedings. There were quite a number of lady delegates. Miss Harrison gave a fine paper on "Industrial Problems," and Miss Vann made a valiant appeal for women leaders. Their plea was that all the forces in the new Church should be mobilised. Women had a great contribution to make in building it up. Both these young ladies were University women and had taken their degrees. A number of women had been on the China Continuation Committee. A large gathering of women met together, receiving hospitality, to discuss questions pertaining to young people, children, etc., which was very helpful.

The young women of China have made a tremendous stride the last few years and, where opportunity has been given, they can take their stand side by side with the Western student in mind, in culture and in attainment.

Various socials were given, where the different denominations met together. Three veterans attended the Conference and were introduced to the audience from

the platform; these were Dr. Fitch, Editor of the *Chinese Recorder*, Rev. T. Bryson, belonging to the London Missionary Society in Tientsin, and the Rev. A. T. Parker of the Tract Society. These three gentlemen had attended the first Christian Conference in China forty-five years before. At this same social all the representatives from foreign boards were asked to sit on the platform, where we accordingly took our places.

In closing the Conference Mr. Brockman, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and International Committee of New York, said, "This is a solemn hour. The saints who have preceded us for one hundred years, through loneliness, sorrow, danger and death, have passed to their reward; they have looked to this hour. Speakers have referred to it as historic. That it must be. For eight days we have been seeing visions, making plans for the future, but the future will determine whether these visions will take shape. The keynote has been spiritual union. This vision must be clearly differentiated from organic union. Our Lord spoke of this spiritual union as a mark of discipleship. How solemn are our Lord's words on the mount of vision, on the Mount of Transfiguration! Love for one another is the great mark of discipleship."

As we wended our way from that epoch-making assemblage, the text of the Chairman rang in our ears, a text found in one of the greatest prophecies, and the supreme message of the new Church: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulders." This text gathers up the hopes, the longings, the prayers, the sacrifices of thousands in China to-day.

## CHAPTER XII

### Hangchow & Nanking

**D**URING the ten days of conference we had opportunities of meeting well-known leading people in the religious world, and of making a number of friends. Dr. Fitch, of the American Presbyterian Mission of Hangchow, was one of them. He was particularly anxious that we should not leave that part of China without visiting this renowned city, only second to Peking in historic interest, and second to none in its location. Until a few years ago the houseboat was the only means of travel up the Ch'ien T'ang River from Shanghai, and the trip took nearly a week. The tug-boat superseded this, taking thirty-six hours. To-day the Hangchow-Ningpo Railway runs fast trains in four hours.

Upon our arrival at Hangchow Dr. Fitch took us straight to his home for lunch. This is a house built in Chinese style of architecture, with picturesque upturned corners ; within, it has all the English conveniences and comforts. Above the rooms on the ground floor is an open verandah running the whole way round the house, which can be used for many purposes. One corner is partitioned off for a workshop and a dark-room, Dr. Fitch being an excellent photographer. The gateway to the compound makes an imposing and attractive entrance, having previously been part of an ancient temple. The " Spirit Wall " is a very necessary adjunct to a Chinese house, street or building of any importance,

its use being to intercept the flight of evil spirits, sheering them off into another direction. The one here is put to a very practical purpose, for it is erected just inside the gateway and serves as a shield from the gazing curious eyes of those without, insuring a privacy to the garden within, which is laid out in truly English style with flower-beds, grass and paths.

The day and a half which we spent in Hangchow was all too short a time. It is certain that we lived in dream-land those few hours. The afternoon spent on the West Lake was most enchanting. The call we made at the Three Pools and the Moon's Reflection Island will never be forgotten. Here are ponds for the Preservation of Life. One island, called the "Lake's Heart," was once the site of a monastery and small temple dedicated to the Dragon King. As we landed and passed along the "Bridge of Nine Windings," in and out, we arrived at the beautiful Pavilion of the Swastika, built in a perfect model of the Mystic Cross with its equal arms, each arm being continued rectangularly. The water all round this is covered with the lotus plant, which blooms in July. In the centre of the pond rises the Rock of the Nine Lions and Solitary Hill, said to have come from the Cave of the Morning Mist, and Sunset Glow. What romantic names these are! There is a solemnity as well as a charm around this lake, which draws one nearer Heaven's Gate.

The heart lifts up its voice in song  
 As, pondering, we row along,  
 On mysteries beyond man's sight,  
 On glories of the Infinite;  
 The sunlit mountains, mist, and air,  
 Speak joy and beauty everywhere.

At the sound of music we look up to see, trailing along the water, a magic ship. As it goes gliding by we catch a glimpse of coloured harmony, or prettily dressed Chinese,

who add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. They are the jewels in the picture, and remind us of the ages long ago. The moon shone down upon the water that night. It was a calm, serene and lovely scene we looked upon from our verandah outside our bedroom as we sat and gazed at the lights of the city, the background of hills, the Needle Pagoda rising up like a great sentinel with its hundreds of years of antiquity behind it, till even our eyes became weary of feasting upon nature's beauties.

Next morning we started off early in our four chairs, sightseeing. Hangchow is the capital of Chekiang Province and also of its prefecture. It is of historic interest, for its history dates back to 2198 B.C. When the great Emperor Yu organised the river system of China and stopped the floods, he landed here. Hang means boat; Hangchow simply means Boat Prefecture. It had three golden ages. First, when the famous Wu Yueh kings, four in all, had their capital here, A.D. 900. Most of the monasteries, temples and all the pagodas date from this time. This period marks the rise of its fame. In the Southern Sung Dynasty, between the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Hangchow became the centre of Asiatic trade. During the reign of the first Emperor, the great hero, General Yao Fei, and his son, Yao Yun, lived there; he it was who fought the ancestors of the present Manchus. The Prime Minister, Ch'in, was traitor to his master; he wanted peace, and was jealous. At the first trial of Yao, which was secured by the Prime Minister, Yao bared his back and revealed, branded on his skin, the words, "He sought with utmost fidelity to preserve his country." On seeing this the judge acquitted him; but at a second trial he was condemned to death with his son. A son of a former Emperor, who later came to the throne, found the body of Yao, and giving him posthumous honours, raised him

to the rank of King Yao. A very famous tomb is erected to his memory, to commemorate his brave deeds and death. On two sides of a hall are the four characters in gold—the words branded on his back. The roof of the building has also four large characters, the translation of which runs, “The true spirit of heaven and of earth were in Yao.” Statues of two of his noted generals are in the hall on each side, and beyond this is another memorial hall with figures of his father and mother. Yet another hall is devoted to his five sons, with Yao Yun in the centre, and leading out of this again is a hall with their five wives. The actual tombs of father and son are outside in the open, under two large mounds of concrete. Within iron railings are two reclining figures of Ch’in Huei the traitor, and his wife, on which are heaped a pile of stones which have been thrown in disgust by every visitor as he turns away. At times these grow so high that they have to be removed.

Before the great Mongol hordes came to Hangchow it was a city of splendour, being noted for its art, literature and commerce. Indeed, it was called the Queen City of the Orient. When Marco Polo came, it was such a centre of Oriental fashion and gaiety that he likened it to the city of Venice, and speaks of its twelve thousand bridges, each of which had a guard stationed upon it. He called it “The greatest and noblest city and the finest for merchandise that the world containeth.” This marks the zenith of the second Golden Age.

It was during the reigns of K’ang Hsi and Ch’ien Lung, two of China’s great emperors of the Manchu dynasty, that Hangchow reached her third Golden Age, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Each of these emperors is said to have visited this city six times. Then it was that the palaces were built on the Imperial Island and tablets were put up. About A.D. 1090 the noted poet, Su Tung, had lived in that neighbourhood and had done

much to beautify the lake. The monastery of Ling-Yiu, or "Souls' Retreat," is visited by thousands of pilgrims at festal seasons. It is approached over a bridge, then through a cleft in the rock of several hundred yards, called the "Sound of running waters of spring," and finally by a climb up a steep hill on which are carved in the rocks hundreds of Buddhas. A magnificent temple is reached at the top of the peak. The entrance hall is called "The Temple of the King of Heaven." The laughing Buddha is in the centre, in this case supposed to be the Buddha of the Future. In the four corners are the temple guardians or heavenly kings; the first deity has a sword with which to destroy evil spirits, the second a kind of mandolin with which to rectify the hearts of men with music, the third an umbrella, at the elevation of which ensues a violent storm of thunder and rain, while the fourth has a snake by whose power hostile man and all forces of evil are made submissive. Beyond the courtyard is the main building of the temple, and in the centre is the huge god Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, with his two principal disciples on each side of him, all seated on lotus flowers. He is very imposing, reaching to the high roof, which is supported by four Oregon pine pillars. These came from California and can barely be spanned by two pairs of long arms. Rich embroideries hang from the roof, and banners and very handsome ornamentations are to be seen everywhere. Many halls lead one from the other, all of which contain their own gods. The hall with the five hundred disciples of Gautama is the largest. These are full life-size, and each disciple is depicted in a different attitude, with different features and dress, representing his own peculiar virtue. In the main temple is the huge bell placed on the right side, and the drum on the left, used to call the priests to prayer. A disciple, by paying, can ensure the attention of a priest in this way on a visit to the temple. The

priests live on the premises around the temple, so that one continual life surrounds it all the time. There are guest-rooms provided for pilgrims and visitors at which tea can always be procured, and tables and chairs and, as in most temples, food, sweets and fruit. Frequently long journeys are taken, and holidays spent in visiting the temples, which are made attractive by their very beautiful surroundings and by the magnificent buildings.

Our afternoon was spent in visiting the Hangchow Christian College, five miles out in the country. It is situated on the hill-side with a fine view, overlooking the River Ch'ien T'ang. It covers quite one hundred acres of land and contains a number of well-built separate houses for the masters, with a main building in the centre and two large buildings on each side. These latter are used as hostels for the students. This is an United Mission, comprising Presbyterians, north and south of the U.S.A. The parent of this institution was a school founded in Ningpo in 1867. It was removed to the present site in 1911. The Tooker Memorial Chapel was built in memory of Mrs. Fitch, who was a lady greatly esteemed and revered, the mother of Dr. Fitch, and it is very beautiful. At the top of the hill is an observatory. The college, on our visit, had one hundred and fifty students, with eleven American masters. Only one hostel is opened at the present. No doubt it has a bright future. The students take services at the Mission stations in Hangchow. We were invited to the Principal's house for tea and had a happy time.

The "Six Harmony Pagoda," meaning "Everywhere" or "The four points of the Compass," two hundred feet high, is one of the largest in China and is in close proximity. It has seven stories on the outside and thirteen inside, and stands guarding the river, its purpose being to control the influences which affect the tidal wave or bore. This bore occurs on the second and third day after

the new moon and full moon. The crest has risen to a height of fifteen feet, with a rebound from the bore wall rising to twenty and thirty feet. This wall was built in A.D. 910 and is one hundred and eighty miles in length. Its buttresses serve as shelters for the junks at the approach of the bore, which is like a high mountain wave and sounds like thunder.

The Hangchow Union Evangelistic Committee represents the five Protestant Missions of Hangchow and also the Y.M.C.A. in those forms of co-operative work which relate the churches to each other and to the city. Besides the college, the Union Girls' School is doing a splendid work. This is in the Tartar city, has five acres of land around it, and takes in two hundred and forty pupils. The Mary Vaughan School, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, which is specially for the girls of the upper classes, has forty pupils; and there is a High School for boys under the American Baptist North Mission.

The next city of interest which we visited was Nanking, the capital of Kiangsu Province, one hundred and eighty-three miles from Shanghai. It faces the River Yangtze and is surrounded with hills. Its historic interest lies in the fact of its having been several times the capital of China. The last emperors to reside here were the early Mings. The third Ming emperor, Yung Lo, deserted it for Peking as a means of keeping more secure control over the north, which was constantly threatened by the Tartar and Mongol tribes. Nanking is very well situated for defence; the present walls are five hundred years old and are some of the finest in China. They are 60 feet high, 20 to 40 feet thick and 22 miles around; they enclose a city which was once many times its present size and contained a million people. The purpose of enclosing so much land was to be able to grow enough food to supply the inhabitants during the time of siege.

Its situation makes it a great vantage-ground, and for this reason it has been the centre of many rebellions. History tells us that probably the reason the Manchus were not unseated and the Ming dynasty restored was because the last pirate leader, named Koxinga, failed to capture Nanking; he besieged the city for twenty days, but on the twelfth night a savage onslaught was made from within and thousands of his pirates killed. The Taipings captured and held Nanking for eleven years, 1853-1864, making it their capital. In 1911 the Republicans captured it and made it the seat of their Provisional Government. It was here that Dr. Sun Yat Sen took his oath of office as President of the Republic of China on January 1st, 1912, and here he lived until he resigned in favour of Yuan Shih K'ai.

Outside the south gate and guarding the city, which covers but a small portion of land to-day, stands the only remaining remnant of the great Porcelain Pagoda of Nanking. It is world famous and was the most beautiful in China, but it was destroyed by the Taipings. The Emperor, Yung Lo, built it in the fifteenth century to commemorate his virtuous mother. It was encased in the finest white-glazed brick, the overhanging eaves were covered with green tiles and more than one hundred bells hung from the ornamented cornices. Longfellow in his "Keramos" celebrated this wonderful pagoda. In the centre of the city, built on a low hill, is the Drum Tower, a massive structure. This hill was the post of command of the Manchu forces during the siege of 1911. The tower itself was built by Hung Wu against rebels; the big drum was erected for sounding an alarum and as a sign to his soldiers to march against the enemy, for it could be heard at a great distance. All the different points of interest for many miles can be seen from this tower. The large University and the Mission buildings are very prominent. Within a radius of a mile are the American Methodist,

Presbyterian, Quaker and Roman Catholic Missions, and the three former of these we visited.

Nanking, though not an open port for trade until 1899, was an early field for the foreign missionary. To-day it is one of the most important religious centres in the country, and perhaps the most noteworthy achievement has been the establishment of a union of the different enterprises. The University is under the joint management of four different denominations; the Union Bible School is conducted by five denominations, and the students attending are from an even larger number of communions than these. The training of Bible-women is supported by a number of different societies. There is also a training school for nurses; and, besides three hospitals for Chinese, the missionary community maintains a hospital for foreigners only. Dr. Price, the Principal of the Theological Seminary, took us over the University buildings, which were most interesting as well as instructive. Here we met the two students from Wenchow College who had gained scholarships. We were greatly impressed with the quick methods adopted by the language school in teaching the Mandarin dialect to foreigners, and the importance of taking every opportunity of sending our new candidates there to learn the language.

Agriculture is made a special feature, as well as many other subjects, such as chemistry and physics. The cultivation of different plants, edible grains, plants of commercial value are all studied. The silkworm department alone is of great worth because of the enormous production of silk in China, especially in this part of the country. The many diseases to which the grubs are liable and the enormous loss of production from this cause in the past have led to this research, which has proved a wonderful boon to the Chinese, the eggs sold here being very reliable. The grubs are placed in the

cellars in large bamboo trays, stacked up on the shelves. Many hands are kept busy feeding and removing them from tray to tray. One grub will eat seven to eight pounds of mulberry leaves in three weeks, and the leaves are changed about one hundred times during its growth.

The church on the same compound is built in imitation of a Chinese temple ; it cost thirty-six thousand dollars, gold. It is a beautiful structure. The hospitals are on the other side of the road, but our time was too short to visit them, as I was very anxious to go to the Union Bible School and see the two Misses Li from Chaotong in Yunnan, who are taking their course there at the generosity of Miss Ashworth of Rochdale. They were very shy, but are quick to learn, we were told by Miss Peters. Ginling College, under Mrs. Thurston as Principal, has been a great success ; it takes in over seventy students at one hundred dollars, Mex., each a year. Both its education and influence are excellent. All but ten girls were Christian when we visited it. Li Hung Chang's nephew resided here before it was transformed into a college. The old Chinese house had not been altered, with its courtyard and beautiful garden and arched doorways.

We found the old Government Examination Halls fast going to decay. Thousands of very small cells were built, into which the students were locked during the two days in which they wrote out their theses. Twenty-eight thousand students went up annually for these examinations, and sometimes, year after year, the same men tried to pass. Only about a hundred were successful. On entering the gate a slip of paper was handed to the candidates indicating the row and the cell which was allotted to them. The final examination had to be taken at Peking.

Through the east gate of Nanking and across the plains, five miles distant, is the famous tomb of the first

Ming emperor. An avenue half a mile long, with stone figures of animals and men, on each side the roadway, leads up to the walls and buildings surrounding it. These have stood for more than five hundred years, guarding the last native dynasty to rule over China. The body was buried on the mountain-side in the year 1398. The tomb became the model for Imperial burial-places and was copied for all the dead emperors in China afterwards. This first emperor of the Mings was a man of humble birth and was born a hundred miles from Nanking. He worked as a servant in the temple, and gradually rose up to his position through his own ability, power and ambition to serve his country. His first deed on being made Emperor was to make his ancestors, father, grandfather and great-grandfather, emperors and kings. After his death the capital of China was removed to Peking.

Outside the Bridge Hotel, where we stayed, is a huge stone-carved turtle—an old monolith, which has stood a great number of years. It was erected by one of the Ming emperors as a thank-offering for the safe return of his ambassador from a dangerous voyage when sent to a foreign country. The tablet at its back describes the object of its erection. The turtle signifies "Many Virtues," and such turtles are to be seen all over China, for they are also supposed to have supernatural powers. They are beautifully carved, but are of enormous weight and size.

In this ancient city, with its glorious past, there are many ruins, which tell their own tale. It has been outstripped by its commercial rivals, but it will certainly enter a new period of prosperity in the future through its having become such a great educational centre.



THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF TAI SHAN.

A rest during the ascent of the 7,000 steps.

ASCENDING THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF TAI SHAN.

## CHAPTER XIII

### The Tomb of China's Greatest Teacher.



### The Sacred Mountain Tai Shan

**W**E decided to break our journey to our North China Mission in Shantung and visit Confucius' tomb. Leaving Nanking at 5 p.m. we arrived at Chufou at 5 o'clock next morning, where Mr. Sung met us by arrangement and acted as guide throughout the day. The temple and cemetery are five miles away from the railway, so it is necessary to take either a wheelbarrow or a Chinese cart. The former seemed a little undignified for the deputation, so four carts were engaged. My cart was drawn by a mule; my husband's cart by a donkey. We have not arrived at a decision yet as to which of us had the worse time. All I know is that, with one other exception, the Chinese cart, for weariness and discomfort, takes the prize. This vehicle has no springs whatever and no seat; it runs on two very large heavy wheels, and it is covered with blue cotton material, which serves to keep out sun and dust, but also air and view. Its height to the shafts is quite four feet, so that it is very difficult for anyone, especially a lady, to scramble up. On reaching the floor of the cart, as you cannot stand up, you have simply to roll inside and fix your back up straight; to alight you reverse and crawl out on hands and knees.

The first start of the mule reminds you of the cushion you have perhaps wisely brought with you, and you quickly adjust it to your back; but in a few minutes you remove it,

and fix it at your side, as the jolting of the cart is bruising your arms. Your legs are not quite long enough to stretch out straight and wedge yourself in tight, so you draw your knees up level with your chin, when with a sudden jerk you find your head bump up to the top and the extremity of your body receives a shock you do not like.

The five-mile ride gives you plenty of opportunity of becoming familiar with the three distinct movements which destroy every particle of enjoyment ; first the jerk from side to side, second the charge from back to front, and third the toss from floor to roof, these rapidly succeeding each other as, after a slow jog-trot pace for some distance, your animal wakes up to find his companion a long way ahead and immediately starts to canter. A few miles of this, together with the sun and heat, make your head whirl and thump ; the way seems interminable, your whole body feels dismembered, and every nerve seems to quiver. It is a tremendous relief to reach the avenue, one mile in length with its sheltering cedar trees, and when you are told that the cart can take you no further, as you approach the big gates to the entrance of the cemetery, it is with devout thankfulness you crawl out. Although a longing seizes you to lie down, somewhere, anywhere, you are attracted by the beauty of the two rows of magnificent old cedar trees just within the gateway. This imposing avenue is most impressive. What a truly peaceful retreat this is from the world ! A reverence seems to pervade the place. The inner enclosure beyond this avenue contains a number of monuments commemorating Imperial visits which date back to the Sung dynasty. Beyond are three high mounds of earth or knolls. The first two are the burial-places of Confucius' son and grandson. The highest mound of the three is where Confucius and his wife are entombed. The simple inscription on a tablet in Chinese characters, " Ancient most Holy Teacher," denotes this

fact. Very near this tomb is a monument marking the spot where a disciple lived in a hut for six years, mourning the death of his master. His other disciples kept up their mourning for three years. The cemetery covers six hundred acres. The whole of Confucius' descendants have been buried here in all their branches.

The lofty green-tiled roof of the great Temple of Confucius can be seen for a long distance. It is the finest in China. Standing in a park of magnificent trees, everything that money and devotion could give has been expended upon this building. The root of one very ancient cypress tree, which is said to have been planted by the sage himself, has been carefully enclosed within a marble parapet. The beautifully carved pillars, supporting the great shrine, are a mass of interlaced dragons and fine tracery. Within "the Hall of Perfection" reposes a statue of Confucius, which is supposed to be a marvel of Chinese sculpture. It certainly is very beautiful. The white marble stairs and terraces leading to the shrine are lovely in design and are masterpieces of art. Many things connected with the life of Confucius are to be seen; probably the well is the same as that from which he drank, and the small stone building, so carefully preserved, may be a replica of the one in which he taught his disciples. The cedar trees, too, which grow to such large dimensions, and evidently flourish in the soil, may quite likely be offshoots of the original trees of his day.

This Temple of Confucius was not erected for worship in the Western sense, because Confucianism is not a religion, but a system of ethics, based on old Chinese legends and the court ritual. The temple is really a shrine. Confucius constituted a code for the five relations of Chinese life; these embraced the duty of ruler and minister, husband and wife, father and son, elder and younger brother, friend and friend. He taught loyalty, faithfulness, filial piety, respect for seniority and

sincerity. His study was of the relation of man to man, and he declined to discuss a future state. He devoted minute attention to the perfection of rites and ceremonies, to the nurture and education of children, to the ceremonies of mourning the dead, and to the smallest details of etiquette. He was always a courtier, his teachings were designed to encourage obedience on the part of the people to their rulers. It is very necessary for the foreigner to try to understand the mind of the Chinese, whose whole conception of life is grounded upon such high teaching.

Confucius died, 479 B.C., at the age of seventy-two. It was not until five centuries later that he became recognised as the great sage of China. Confucian temples ordinarily are severely plain inside, containing only the ancestral tablets of Confucius, Mencius and other worthies. The cost of placing a tablet in the temples varies considerably. Tablets are arranged neatly in rows, and here and there one sees a blank, which means that the position has been purchased before death. It is considered a great act of piety to place a tablet to the memory of a beloved ancestor in a temple. The original temple at Confucius Tomb was built 498 B.C., and was very small and unpretentious; but it has been rebuilt by many emperors, each one striving to make it more beautiful than his predecessor. The sacrificial vessels are of priceless porcelain and bronze; a complete collection of musical instruments is kept in it, and the inscription tablets in the different halls are numberless; and eight thousand acres of land are devoted to its support. There is a direct descendant of Confucius living near in a large establishment, called the Duke of Kung—a title that was bestowed upon the family when China adopted the sage's teaching. In the neighbourhood are many mementos of Confucius' disciples.

It must be a constant wonder to all who visit the sacred spot that, after two thousand five hundred years, the memory of this great man remains green, and that he

is still held in such reverence in the minds of the people throughout the whole of China. This prophet has certainly had honour in his own country.

Having paid our reverence to China's greatest sage, we took train for Tai Shan, the sacred mountain of China, which is also in Shantung Province. The train was several hours late and we had ample opportunity of making the acquaintance of many beggars, this being one of their harvest grounds. Half-stripped men and women, with all sorts of complaints, naked dirty children, repulsive old people, lame, halt and blind crowded around ; and there was no shelter on the platform, either from the sun or from the beggars. When the train at last arrived we found there were only third class carriages, and all crowded. After some difficulty we managed to climb into the guard's van. A foreigner is not usually treated with great respect, but " filial piety," in the shape of respect for my age, did me a good turn here, for I was squeezed on to a seat, which I did not refuse after an arduous day and a sleepless night in the train.

There are no hotels for foreigners at Taian ; but, if written to, the Superintendent of the Tainfu High School, which is part of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, makes the necessary arrangements for foreign visitors to go up the Tai Shan mountain. The missionaries themselves are gracious enough to take the visitors in at a small charge. We had met the Rev. and Mrs. Dildine at the Shanghai Conference, and therefore he was expecting us to visit him. It was he who sent Mr. Sung to our aid as a guide, and it was Mrs. Dildine we had to thank for our breakfast that morning and lunch later in the day.

We had a hearty welcome awaiting us at Taianfu. Mr. and Mrs. Baker took us into their home, where we spent a very happy week-end. Tai Shan is the most sacred mountain of China, and probably the oldest sacred one in the world. It is five thousand one hundred feet high,

and holds a high place in the religion and mythology of Chinese Confucianists, Buddhists and Taoists. They come here from every part of the country to make their pilgrimage, but more especially from Shantung Province. From February to May as many as ten thousand people will make the ascent in one day. The most devout pilgrims go up on foot, some of them kneel the whole way, but the usual way is by chair. It is fifteen miles to the top and takes quite six hours to ride, the return journey taking only half that time. Six thousand three hundred stone steps have to be mounted. The road is twelve to fifteen feet wide in places, and the engineering is a splendid testimonial to the skill of the ancient Chinese.

The starting-point is outside the north gate of Taianfu, and the road is paved for some distance, following a mountain stream. The carrying chair is peculiar to Tai Shan and quite suited for its work, though not very comfortable and requiring plenty of cushions. Some sort of covering is rigged up on four thin bamboo poles to shelter the passengers from the sun. A thick pole is attached back and front for the two carriers, and when in motion, the chair being suspended, swings with its weight backwards and forward. As soon as the men ascend, they keep time in stepping up, and to relieve the weight from one shoulder to another they swing the chair round without the slightest difficulty. By this mode the passenger goes up sideways, which prevents the dizziness of looking down a great height. The carriers are very well trained, and very sure-footed. The law inflicts severe penalties on a coolie who slips or allows a chair to drop in making the trip, and his name is struck off the guild. Before starting it is well to exchange a dollar for some hundreds of cash, for all the way up the mountain on each side of the roadway, at short distances from each other, sit the beggars. It is a good trade and a good livelihood! Each spot is handed down from generation

to generation as a legacy. Many are blind, many crippled, many old. If they are not sitting outside their hut, they run out at the sound of footsteps. The pilgrims feel it is a virtue to give, and that they will be repaid in some other life for their sacrifice.

Fine groves of cypress and pine trees grow up the mountain-side even to a level of three thousand feet, and the streams and waterfalls add greatly to the view. We had a glorious day for the outing, a heavy thunderstorm the night before having cleared the air, and the sun, fortunately, being behind a cloud most of the way, which added greatly to our comfort.

There are numbers of temples built on the mountain-side, and half-way up is the one known as the "Middle Gate of Heaven." The steepest part of the ascent is the second half of the journey, and chains are fastened to the walls to help the weary pilgrim forward. Arriving at the "Southern Gate of Heaven" we find a small village with a number of little temples, the chief of these being dedicated to the Jade Lady Goddess of Chinese mythology. The temple to this old lady of the mountain is very much revered. An iron grating is in front of the goddess; no pilgrim enters, but all kinds of mementos are strewn inside and cover the floor, coins, jewellery, embroidered shoes, etc. The gilt statue of the supposed granddaughter of the Lady of the Mountain is dressed in beautiful embroideries and jewels and ornaments, and has a glass screen in front of her for protection. To look upon this face, the last flight of seven hundred steps, without a break, has been taken. It is like climbing up a steep ladder into mid-air. You are certainly at the mercy of the four Chinese coolies in charge of the chair. As you step out you feel you have accomplished a great feat. The highest rocks of the mountain are in the courtyard of this venerated lady's temple, and are railed round. You stand there, and you think of the millions

of feet that have stood before yours, of all those who have come to worship at this shrine. The view from the top is one of the finest in China. Confucius claimed that he saw the sea on the east side and Nanking on the south; the horizon is, however, estimated to be eighty-five miles away. The view embraces what might be called the Holy Land of China, where her greatest sages, Confucius and Mencius lived, taught and were buried.

After a short relaxation looking around, during which the coolies are glad of their rest, we start back on our three hours' journey. The descent is certainly the greater tax on the nerves; for as soon as you are fixed in your chair the two coolies pick you up and literally run down those seven hundred steps at full speed. You feel like being dropped suddenly from the skies, but if you take your breath and hold tight you will be all right. It seems like a race for life with these coolies the whole way down, and it gives you one continuous thrill from beginning to end. I had no doubt whatever, when it was over, that the pilgrims who go up to Tai Shan do penance; for I was very glad when my pilgrimage was finished. I had not only the satisfaction of having accomplished a great feat, but a virtuous feeling also of having kept full control of my nerves. For that day I was certainly a fatalist. But I never let go the belief that we were not wholly dependent upon those coolies for our safe return.

Before taking the journey up the mountain the pilgrims go to worship at the different shrines in the large temple at the foot, the Tai Miao as it is called, which was dedicated to the Emperor Shun. The gnarled old cypress trees in the courtyard, other trees growing out of crevasses in the walls around, and the incense burners all indicate great age; and the temple was probably built about A.D. 900.

A very large slab of jade here, presented by one of the emperors, is held in great respect, some special virtue being attached to it because it is reported to be cold at

one end and warm at the other. The Buddhist "Hell Temple," too, is very renowned, figures in the courtyard on every side depicting the most horrible scenes of torture, certain sins having certain punishments. There are life-sized painted clay figures, very gruesome, horrible and repulsive. The contortions of the tortured beings are wonderful, and the devils let loose portray a hell of the first magnitude.

The pilgrim season is a four months' harvest for the Taianfu people. The profits they make by selling charms, food, begging, etc., are enough to carry them through the other eight months. From February to the end of March is the most favoured time. It is considered a great virtue to take this pilgrimage and the ambition of a lifetime is satisfied by it. A whole family wins esteem and reverence by one member accomplishing it, and each member contributes towards that end. Sometimes the pilgrim is an old mother or an old father, desiring that a blessing shall fall upon their progeny, or a young man endowed with filial piety. There is a certain pathos in the conception that this pilgrimage, which means an almost superhuman effort, is to please some great deity, and that it will not only influence their own lives, but the lives of their generation, and the generations which follow them. A mark is placed upon the forehead of each one who performs this sacred duty, making the fact known to passers-by.

The Sabbath after this was a real rest day to us. A short service was held in the Rev. Dildine's house for the foreigners, and this is a weekly occurrence on the Mission compound. Mr. Stedeford was asked to take charge of it. We afterwards went to see the work of the Mission and their boys' school, an important educational centre. We were interested to learn that here, at Taian, the Boxer movement of 1900 started. The Boxers gathered and practised at this place and went out to kill the first missionary, who was of the Church Missionary Society.

## CHAPTER XIV

### Educational Centre

**O**NE of the delights of travelling in the East is that many happy associations are formed. Kindness and attention meet you wherever you go. We had no sooner said good-bye to our newly made friends at Taianfu, and taken another journey by train of three hours to Tsinanfu, than we were made welcome by the Rev. Mr. Payne, an English Baptist missionary, who met us at the station with his coolies to look after our baggage. We were very soon at home when we found that both husband and wife knew Bristol, where our home is, very well. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robinson of that city have made substantial gifts to this Mission ; in fact, it owes much to friends at Tyndale Church. Great pleasure was shown at entertaining us and we were all three sorry we could only pay such a flying visit to Tsinanfu, our object being to see the great Mission work carried on in the Province of Shantung, viz. the University, and the Rev. J. S. White-wright's Missionary Institute, which is known in all missionary circles.

Up to the time of the Boxer troubles Tsinanfu was one of the most conservative cities in China, having little to do with foreigners or foreign institutions ; since that time, however, it has become very progressive and an important centre of missionary work. To-day the foreign settlement covers over a mile in area and is enlarging its borders all the time ; this is an important fact, as Tsinanfu

is the capital of Shantung, the most densely populated province in China, where thirty-five million people live in an area no larger than England and Wales. It is almost entirely agricultural, wheat being the principal grain grown. History tells us that there was a city near here four thousand years ago, and there are evidences around of great antiquity and associations with famous characters in ancient history. The men and women of Shantung are of greater stature and finer physique than can be found in any other part of China. The people are industrious, frugal, honest and always cheerful.

From here to Peking, in the north, extends a great plain with only a few small hills; the country is mountainous to the south. The city is built at the foot of a small range of hills, and has an excellent water supply from a lake to the north. The city wall encloses a large area of this lake, which is divided into lots. These lots belong to various owners who raise reeds, lotus roots and beautiful water-lilies, frogs and fish—the frogs, a great delicacy, being dried for food. Between the lots are lanes of clear water, which in the summer season are lined on each side with tall reeds. Through these water lanes boats run, which are in great demand during the hot weather, carrying pleasure parties to different tea-houses and temples located in different parts of the lake.

The Shantung Christian University is both inter-denominational and international. It stands where the Christian forces converge on a strategic educational centre. The Board of Administration at home and abroad is made up of eleven men of the North American Board, fifteen of their Board in China and fifteen of the British Joint Boards, which consist of the Baptist Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, the English Presbyterian Mission and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Presbyterian Church of Canada, the

American Presbyterian Board, North and South, the Norwegian Lutheran Mission and the China for Christ Movement are all contributing to its upkeep. The British contributions provided for the University buildings within the suburb wall, except laboratories of the School of Medicine and four residences, the latter being erected by the China Medical Board. The contributions from the Americans provided the main buildings, dormitories and teachers' residences for the School of Arts and Science. The erection of the Theological Buildings was not quite complete on our visit, but the British were financing that, while the Church at Winnipeg, Canada, has made itself responsible for the building of the University Library. I wish I could give a bird's-eye view of this University compound, which covers an area of seventy acres outside the suburb wall, and an area of sixteen acres within it. The University that is now in process of erection at Peking will be the only one which will be able in any way to compare with it.

The staff in 1922 numbered fifty-five, twelve of whom were Chinese, five of them being returned students from America and England. Of the foreign members of the staff, nineteen are from England and Scotland, nineteen from the United States and five are from Canada. These represent the strongest and best educational institutions in both Great Britain and North America. Dr. Harold Balme, who took us over the principal buildings, is the Dean, and is also head of the School of Medicine; he was honoured by being appointed the Vice-Chairman of the Shanghai Conference. He is English, as are also the Rev. E. W. Burt, M.A., who has done many useful years of work, was home on furlough, but was about to retire from the School of Philosophy, of which he had been the head, the Rev. J. S. Whitewright, Director of the Extension Department and Miss M. F. Logan, the Nursing Superintendent of the University Hospital. The above

indicates that due recognition has been given to English educational standards.

The prime object for which this Christian University exists is the cultivation of Christian character and the training of Christian leaders. Men, such as we met, who belong to the Student Volunteer Movement are the sort of men who will lead in the evangelisation of China during the next few years. There are numbers going out of this University who are helping to win "China for Christ." Although the large majority of the students come from Mission schools, the doors of the University are thrown open to students from Government schools also. We found that fourteen out of the eighteen provinces sent students, and that the Missions of eighteen different denominations were represented in the Church affiliations. The graduates of the School of Theology are all engaged in preaching in both city and country throughout Shantung and the adjoining provinces. The greater portion of the graduates of the School of Arts and Science go out as middle school teachers and college teachers. Taking a number of years in review, only eight are in business. Of the physicians who leave the School of Medicine, most go at once into the work of medical missions, assisting foreign physicians in some cases, and in others taking sole charge of large and important hospitals. During the past five years, out of fifty-five students, forty-two are in Mission hospitals; six only are in private practice. From the outset collegiate instruction has been given the students in their own Mandarin tongue, and not through the medium of English. English is taught as a subject of curriculum, but the stress laid on Chinese enables the student to grasp more thoroughly the work presented, and he is the better able to pass on to others the ideas so gained.

It is very interesting to hear how the work started in the early beginnings and trace its growth upwards. The

School of Arts and Science originated with the work of the late Dr. Calvin Mateer, some fifty years ago, a pioneer missionary like Dr. Timothy Richard. He began with a group of six boys in his own home in Tengchow, and laid the foundations of that system of Christian education which has made his name famous throughout China. The old Tengchow College will long be known as a source of Christian leaders. It was not until 1917 that it was removed to Tsinan and became an integral part of the University, with much wider opportunities for leadership. The School of Theology began in a small Theological College in 1885 at Tsingchow in connection with the English Baptist Mission; it was enlarged in 1893 and became the Gotch-Robinson College. When it was decided to establish the University at the provincial capital, a fund was raised in England for rebuilding the college there, and a further sum will be needed to complete it, owing to the enormously high exchange caused by the war. The school has now become a part of the University, the theological students, after passing the matriculation examination, either taking two years' collegiate work in Arts and Science, followed by three years of Theology, or else taking the full Arts and Science course prior to commencing their theological studies.

A small medical school was started in 1909 at Tsinanfu by the English, Baptist and American Presbyterian Missions. Large developments have taken place since that time, owing chiefly to the recommendations of the Council on Medical Education of the China Medical Missionary Association, who urged a concentration effort at Tsinan of all Missions interested in the establishment of a high-grade mandarin medical school. Four hundred million of human beings and less than a thousand physicians with any knowledge of modern medicine! It is impossible with medical missionaries alone to solve such a problem. The one hope lies in the building up

of a Chinese medical profession trained in accordance with modern standards, equipped with all that the West can offer to the natural talent and resources of the Orient, and inspired with the spirit and ideals of Christian service. The University hospital was built in 1914 from gifts contributed by friends in Great Britain, and it is fitted throughout with central heating and electric light. It accommodates one hundred and ten beds, which are already proving quite inadequate for the need. Patients travel enormous distances in the hope of securing medical help, and numbers have to be turned away for lack of beds.

One of the most significant and encouraging developments of modern years in China has been the birth of the new nursing profession, and the emphasis on social service which has accompanied it. Less than ten years ago the nursing of patients in Shantung, and elsewhere, was left to the tender mercies (!) of their friends, or to illiterate orderlies; but in 1915, when the new University hospital was opened, the first class of educated nurse-probationers (all of them Christian and almost all of them graduates of high schools) was receiving training. Since then a new class has been taken every year. The Training School is registered under the Nurse Association of China, and students take a four years' course of instruction, at the same time being responsible for the practical nursing in the wards and dispensary. Five instructors form the nursing staff; these are from Great Britain, the United States and Canada. There are between thirty and forty probationers in the school, both men and women. Up to the present, women's medical education in China has been in the pioneer stage. Only a few weeks before our arrival here there had been a proposal made that this college should amalgamate with the Women's School of Medicine in Peking, and the privilege had just been granted. A body of women students suggests endless possibilities—more Christian contact with women,

lectures on hygiene and health for the city women, the opening up of homes to scientific treatment ; what does it not mean ? As has been said, " If China is going to work itself up to a worthy place among the nations and fulfil the most ambitious hopes of the future, it *must* raise its womanhood." Very little has yet been done for the women. The universities generally have not yet opened their doors for their higher education. Yet everywhere there is the keenest desire on the part of the women and girls to learn, even amongst the poorer classes.

Athletics play a large part in education to-day, the time being past when outdoor games were thought to be undignified and unseemly by the Chinese. When first the foreigners introduced football and cricket, it was suggested to them that men might be hired to do the running about for them ! To-day the students take a keen interest in all sport, many of them make good athletes, and we find champions amongst them in all the foreign games, such as tennis, football, cricket, basket-ball.

Nowhere else in China is there to be found a more unique or useful contribution to the social, educational and religious needs of the people than that which has been carried on for the past eleven years at the Tsinanfu Institute, which is now the Extension Department of the University. This was begun in connection with the English Baptist Mission by the Rev. J. S. Whitewright, and has grown in a wonderful way during his directorship. Its one aim has been to enlighten and educate the Chinese people of every class by the clearing away of misconception in regard to the civilisation of the West ; and, as Dr. Balme said, most important of all has been " the explanation of the true nature of the Christian Faith and its relation to the individual and national life." The first objective may be the educative one, but the underlying purpose is the making known of the Gospel of Christ to those who visit the institute. No high official

takes up his office in Tsinanfu without paying a visit to the institute. Students of many types are regular visitors and may be seen daily studying the exhibits. And the humblest man from the street, or the peasant woman from the village, finds an equally hearty welcome. The average daily attendance is about one thousand. All of them hear the message of the Gospel at least once, for every aisle leads to the preaching hall, where evangelistic services are held at frequent times during the day.

The end and aim of the work is distinctly evangelistic, and much seed has been sown here that has afterward borne fruit elsewhere. Besides the museum, the preaching hall, and the exhibits there are reading-rooms used largely by students, club-rooms, where the merchant class congregate, and rooms for games. Special lectures are prepared with the lantern. During the war special lectures for military men were given, which were attended by men in the city with great interest. After seeing the strange and wonderful exhibits of the various sections, the visitors crowd in to listen to the foreign doctrine. Once a week one day is reserved specially for the women, when the men are not admitted. These women come in crowds over and over again, eager to know the *raison d'être* of it all. It is a pleasing sight; numbers of them gather around the Bible-women to listen to the old, old story, and to sing the well-known hymns, with sometimes a little group with a teacher in the middle. Many of them hear the name of Jesus for the first time, and ask questions of various kinds. Mrs. Whitewright and the missionaries' wives attend frequently, giving instruction.

The big hall holds seven hundred people, and comfortable seats are provided. On the side walls large pictures are painted of the story of the Prodigal Son portrayed in Chinese characters. Over the doorway, in both English and Chinese, are the words of the great Chinese sage, "Those who obey God are preserved,

those who disobey God are destroyed." At one end is a very large map of the world, also a picture of a post office at work, whereon inexhaustible information about China and other countries is given. At the other end of the hall is a platform and a pulpit, and arrangements are made for lantern lectures, which are frequently given on religious subjects. Gospel services are held here every Sunday for both adults and children. Below the large paintings are texts in both English and Chinese, such as, "A new commandment I give unto you"; "Suffer little children to come unto Me"; "Blessed are they who are persecuted for My sake." Below this again are framed illustrations and diagrams: Populations of the world—Flies and cholera—Malaria—Death-rate per thousand—Pollution of wells—Protection from pollution—Physiology—Treatment of scalds and burns—Treatment of an apparently drowned person—A fainting person—Atmospheric poisoning—Treatment of blindness—Causes of blindness, etc. Leading out of the big hall, and parallel with it, is the central hall with its exhibits. A large picture hangs opposite the doorway of a Red Cross Nurse binding up a dog's leg, and underneath are the words of Coleridge:—

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small:  
For the dear God, who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

Under the picture are the three words, "World, Peace, Progress"—an extract from the Prime Minister's New Year message, 1919. In this hall, which has smaller ones leading out of it, are the glass cases on stands in which are the models representing many subjects. This hall is full of things of interest, such as: "A series of model villages"; a complete model of "Whiteladies' Road, Bristol," showing its buildings and churches; of

“Quarner’s Orphan Homes,” Scotland; of the “Red Cross work”; a model illustrating “Services rendered by women during the Great War”; a model of the “Interior of an English Hospital” and “A Convalescent Home”; of “A Blind Asylum,” showing how the blind are taught many kinds of trades; of an “English Cemetery,” showing the Western care of the dead (the Chinese think we have no reverence for our dead); of “The Coliseum, Rome”; of “The Parthenon, Athens,” showing architecture; of “Ancient Jars dug up.” One model showed the “Chinese Labour Corps, from the reception of the raw recruit to his return to China.” Over one hundred thousand men were recruited for the Great War from Shantung Province alone. Military authorities have repeatedly acknowledged the debt which the Allies owed to their efficient work behind the lines during the critical days of 1918.

On the walls around the buildings are forms of ancient writing, Hebrew, Greek, Egyptian, ancient Chinese. The friezes around the ceilings are decorated, and have many well-known sayings by Mencius or Confucius. These are well chosen, in great similarity to our scriptural texts in their teaching. Besides the historical halls, there is one devoted to medicine, physiology, hygienics, disease, dirt, culture, etc. There is great diversity in this museum. The ingenuity and the minute detail which has been put into it are indeed marvellous. Men and women of all races and nations are depicted, dressed in native costume, to show what other races look like, and pictures by the hundred portray scenes of interest in different countries. There is a large collection of stuffed animals from different parts of the world. It was a surprise to meet with one of the lions from our own Zoological Gardens at Bristol, and to see the Bristol Suspension Bridge and the Bristol General Hospital enlarged from small cuttings and quite recognisable,

hanging on the wall. Much of China's misery and poverty may be traced directly to the deforestation of the hills and mountains; so models have been prepared showing in a very graphic manner its disastrous results, together with the problem of river conservation, the need for proper drainage and sanitation.

All the buildings are of stone and very substantial. The cleanliness of the interior is not the least part of the education which the visitors receive. The whole structure is a fine monument to the Rev. J. S. Whitewright's life work. If the Baptist Society had done nothing else in China but contribute this it would have done much towards the evangelisation of this great country. It would be hard to find a finer record than this throughout the East. It is a great accomplishment! Under Mr. Whitewright's supervision the Chinese themselves have worked out his ideas. The small figures, only about three inches high, though they are so innumerable, are all different; they are not only perfect in design, but they show a most artistic sense of beauty in their modelling. It has needed the mathematical mind, the patience, the industry and the skill of the Chinese workman to produce this result. It has also needed the imaginative, engineering and inventive brain of an Englishman to make such mighty forces appear as realities, through the medium of the eye, to the abstract mind of the Chinese. The upliftment of the whole human family is seen here through the teaching of Love. And, just as the first objective of the University is the preparation of trained leadership, so the final goal of this missionary institute is the establishment of a well-educated spiritual ministry for the Christian Church of China. But may we never forget that the foreign missions are the scaffolding, and the Church itself the permanent building!

## CHAPTER XV

### The North China Mission

#### Part I

**W**E had been greatly concerned for some time as to the probability of our not being able to proceed north on account of the fighting which had broken out between the two Generals, Chang Tso Lin and Wu Pei Fu. It had now taken a very serious turn ; for some weeks the people had been pouring into the cities and towns for protection ; the rails had been torn up several miles below Tientsin ; travelling was utterly disorganised ; numbers of troop trains were passing up north ; and reports of a menacing nature were flying about. It was the topic of conversation everywhere. When we received a letter from Mr. Godfrey saying that we could reach Liengin, between Tsinanfu and Tientsin, and the nearest station for the Laoling circuit, we were very pleased, and immediately decided to start. Next morning we were called at 4 o'clock to catch the train. Our first class tickets availed us nothing ; we might have saved our money, for the soldiers took up all the best seats, behaving in a very officious manner. However, we were glad to cram in anywhere, even to stand.

At 10 o'clock our train drew up at Liengin, and we were greatly relieved on looking out to see Mr. Godfrey on the platform. We received a very hearty welcome, the pastor and several Christians having come to meet us. It is quite a small cause here, but there is a girls' school of

forty scholars, the pastor's daughter being in charge. At this particular time the scholars, many of whom live away from the place, had gone home on account of the fighting. A few weeks ago more than two thousand soldiers had encamped here. We sat down to an early tiffin in the little primitive chapel, while the cart was loaded with luggage, comprising our beds, food-box, cooking stove and utensils, washing conveniences and baggage. We managed, the four of us, to squeeze into the American buggy, owned by the Mission. This is, in truth, a ramshackle conveyance on four wheels; the cover keeps out sun and dust partially; the driver sits in front on a small seat by himself—for which we were truly thankful!

Our caravan started off as soon as possible, as we had ninety li or thirty miles to travel to reach our Mission at Chu Chia Tsai. A li is a third of a mile, and three miles an hour is good travelling on such a track, and with such mules. While you are wondering when you will reach your journey's end, it is explained to you that the night must be spent at a Chinese inn. Oh, horror of horrors! But after you have been jolted about, in and out of those ruts quite two feet in depth, holding tight on to the sides of the buggy all the time, in the dust and the hot sun, hour after hour, even a Chinese inn seems a welcome change.

We arrived at our destination just before dark. On looking around, wondering where we really could sleep, I was cheered with the remark from Mr. Godfrey, "This is a first-class inn and quite a nice place. There are no bugs here; nor have I seen rats." To my mind this was its only virtue. Two hovels were put at our disposal; bare mud walls, mud floor, mud roof, while inside the rafters and straw formed a nice haunt for rats, scorpions and livestock which might fall upon us while we were lying in bed. There was a square of lattice to serve as a window; but it had to be covered up with thin paper to

obstruct the view from the crowd outside, who followed us in through the gateway. The door was made of logs fastened together, with, of course, many peep-holes between large enough to admit a fair-sized cat or rat. Here the heat or cold is very extreme, and the smoke from the fire, which had to be lit in one corner of our "room," did not add to the comfort of the situation. A square bench indicated a table, on which was spread a newspaper before the cloth and the food were laid out.

Unless your house-boy is with you, your decision would quickly be made to go without a meal; but a Chinese boy is a wonderful product; he quickly decides things for you, by producing in a very few minutes a bowl of warm water, soap and towel, with which to wash and refresh you from the dust and toil of travel. Almost before you are aware of it a good meal is served and you are asked to take literally a "box seat" to a three-course dinner: cold meat with hot potatoes and pickles; corn-flour freshly made, with apricots; cheese, butter, biscuits and cocoa. After this your mind is thoroughly made up that to lie down on a bed anywhere will be a luxury; if you cannot induce sleep when you recline, you can, at least, rest your weary limbs, and feel thankful for many mercies. Before daybreak you are aroused by a sound of sticks crackling; this means that the hot water is being prepared for the sleeping apartments with the early morning call . . . reminding you of the Hotel Cecil.

The driver of the buggy is a very strange object. His garments consist of a pair of baggy trousers strapped around his waist, and a long whip, which he continually cracks—when he is awake—to tickle up the front mule. The early morning being a little cold, he dons his padded coat, which is not entirely whole. As it gradually slides off his back later, I remark on the colour of his skin, and raise the question of its colour being due to sunburn or

dust, when I am told that Ting had a bath or a wash before leaving for the journey in honour of the deputation's visit ; also that the padded coat had been carefully inspected all over and the livestock picked off during his journey down to Liengin. When he cracked his whip he gave a long drawn-out yell to his mules, something like whoaaaaaah ! I think this was as much to wake himself up as the mules, for immediately at the end of a short canter the animals would drop back into their slow crawl, the old fellow's head would droop again on to his chest, while he swayed from side to side, nearly falling off his seat. Mr. Stedeford hit upon a good idea for speeding us up a trifle by giving now and then a big yell similar to the driver's. At this the two animals and Ting pricked up their ears, and the beasts then heard some bad language for their sluggish pace.

The Shantung villages are very uninteresting, the only objects to be seen from a distance, raised high above the ground, being brown mud walls. As you approach nearer, there is a gateway which reveals some dwellings, and loud barking of dogs indicates that this is a village. Then the naked children run out, men half-stripped make an appearance, and women with babies peep from their doors. As you pass along, abject poverty, dirt and misery are seen on every side. The mules, stopping dead, indicate that there is a well in the centre of the road, without any protection whatever. This must be the gossiping place of the village, for after a considerable time is taken up in conversation the driver is informed where he can find a bucket. This he lowers by the windlass, and gives his mules a drink. A big crowd has now gathered and the beggars make a good trade out of the foreigner. Our smart turn-out causes great excitement and no doubt will form a new topic of conversation for many days to come.

The last half of our journey was certainly the roughest ;

the utter weariness was indescribable, as mile after mile we wended our way. All interest in life seemed to have gone, but "It is a long lane that has no turning," and we did eventually arrive at Chu Chia Tsai, and stand face to face with Miss Turner and her forty happy girls, who gave us a real welcome. No one will ever know the delight and joy it was to me to be in her little house with English surroundings, cleanliness and repose ; to lie on a bed made with loving hands and care ; to sit outside my bedroom on the verandah and feast my eyes on that beautiful landscape, where trees of apricot, peach and pear were in blossom ; and to gaze upon the ripening grain, the patches of purple lucerne, the yellow millet, beans and marrows of all kinds, peanuts and castor oil plants. The country was wearing her most beautiful garment at this time of the year. High mounds in the distance, with cypress and poplar trees growing above, are the sacred burial-places of the people. The blue cloudless sky and the different colourings below compose a wonderful picture of tranquillity, such as one can rarely look upon. The three weeks we stayed here left a lasting impression and a happy memory.

It was a joy to have the companionship of such a woman. Miss Turner is one of the salt of the earth ; my admiration for her work grew daily. As I went in and out of the school constantly I realised what an influence it must have among the many homes of the people. The atmosphere she has been creating and spreading around the hundreds of girls, who have been coming under her influence for so long, is not only bearing fruit, but is sowing seed in indirect channels. Many of the girls are the daughters of the preachers from the villages, several days' journey away. They only pay sixteen dollars a year, which does not cover the cost of the food ; but everything is run on the most economic lines possible. Miss Turner's untiring devotion for these girls is wonderful.

She is up at 6 a.m. and has prayers with the girls at 7 o'clock. After breakfast until tiffin she teaches, and in the afternoon also. As soon as tea is over she takes them for a walk, or to a service at the church, where there is a Christian Endeavour, or prayer-meeting. After evening meal she has family prayers with them. On Sunday she takes the Sunday-school class and attends both the services. Besides her school she has her housekeeping for herself and her girls, constantly interviewing women who come to her daily for advice and for sympathy, pouring into her ears their tales of woe, of fear, of sickness and of their family disputes. She also has her sick visiting in the village, and in the hospital. Then there is her correspondence, the accounts to do up, and examinations for women in Miss Armitt's Bible-school, and many indefinable things known to no one but herself. When Miss Turner has to give up, who is there to take her place? The whole time I was staying with her I never saw her ruffled or excited. Her work is done in a quiet unostentatious way. It is work done for love of the Master.

Miss Armitt being on furlough, we were not able to see the Bible-school in working order, but we heard that there were splendid results from her work. The women from the villages come with their babies to learn to read and to study their Bibles. Many of them are wives of the pastors. These women arrange to stay a few weeks at a time; then they go back to their homes, returning again at their own convenience. The same women come time after time, after each visit taking back to their own villagers what they themselves have learned. The Bible-women's training is different; they have a regular course of four years, passing examinations at the end of each term. The work is having a marked effect in the Mission at long distances. It is the method the missionaries of other societies in the south have adopted a

long time ; we badly need it on all our other stations. Our missionaries have pleaded for it for years.

The need for special work among women was early recognised on this North China Mission. Our pioneer Mrs. Innocent's interest in her Chinese sisters began with her ministry, and continued throughout her life. The ladies in England used to send out money and articles which enabled her to work among the girls. In 1880 the attempt to open work on a large scale commenced ; her own beloved daughter, who had been sent to England for her education, volunteered for service as a lady teacher on the Mission. This came as a great surprise to the mother, for it was made without any influence on her part. Her sudden and untimely death was a tragic blow to the parents, but her removal and her beautiful character no doubt influenced her mother to further the work they both loved so much. A fund of five hundred pounds was raised in a very short time to her memory, and this built the "Annie Edkins Innocent Memorial School."

It was after the Boxer outbreak had passed that a new school was built. Out of the sale of the old school and the Training Institute in Tientsin, the amount originally raised for the girls' school was reserved, and in 1903 Miss Annie Turner was appointed to this evangelistic work. Mrs. Hu, our first female convert, was a fellow-worker and a pioneer together with Mrs. Innocent in women's work. Pastor Hu, her husband, was for a long time in charge of the Shantung work. From accounts we read of her she must have been a wonderful woman, and wholly devoted to the cause.

We were very pleased with the hospital and the way it had been carried on, the Chinese medical man working under Dr. Smith at the time of his death having been left in charge. High testimonies were given us of his work and his faithful service, of how he exercised a good

influence over the patients, keeping everything in good order. Being able to take in minor operations, he had relieved much suffering. We found the hospital well equipped and quite up to date in regard to its fitments, with a good supply of instruments, which had not been neglected but had been kept clean. The morning we visited it at least twenty patients had been treated. All kinds of eye complaints and cataracts are very prevalent, also abscesses, fistulas, cancer and growths of various kinds. The Laoling hospital is kept up by voluntary subscriptions, many subscribers being from Tientsin. A contribution of one hundred and fifty pounds annually is sent to this institution. It is no expense to the Mission, beyond the Home Board paying the foreign doctor's salary. When we arrived here there was no English-speaking doctor nearer than Tientsin, which was very distressing to us. We were therefore greatly relieved when Dr. and Mrs. Plummer decided to accept the invitation of the Committee at home and fill this vacancy.

This is the only hospital within an enormous area, and the people come from very long distances for treatment. The first medical work was carried on in very poor buildings, mud-built hovels in fact, but very good work was done. The hospital, such as it was, soon acquired a reputation and people came from far and wide. In a few years' time the doctor was reporting four and five thousand visits in a year. Three years after its commencement the much-needed dispensary was put up; this was in 1881; a very modest building, only costing one hundred and fifty pounds. The money was begged by Mr. Innocent. One year after its erection it was completely destroyed by fire. The Committee of Tientsin, Taku and Tongshan, together with friends in England, and in Edinburgh, contributed liberally, and a more substantial building was put up in 1883. Another valuable addition was made in 1889, when two large hospital wards, providing between

thirty and forty beds, and an operating room, were added. A woman's ward was erected later. These buildings stood till 1900, when they were razed to the ground by the Boxers. The present greatly improved buildings were erected out of indemnity funds, and were completed in 1905. The Mission was relieved of a large part of the responsibility by a valuable suggestion of Mr. Innocent's to form a committee of resident officials and merchants in Tientsin, together with members of the Mission staff, for the separate management of this hospital. This plan was carried into effect so successfully that the entire working expenses, the salary of the Chinese members of the staff, instruments, medicines, furniture and repairs are raised by a special fund locally.

There was not a section nor a district of the New Connexion Mission that did not suffer acutely in the Boxer rising of 1900. We are told that in Shantung the blow fell the heaviest, for the simple reason that the work was greater than in Chihli, and had not so much protection. It was through the Governor, Yuan Shih K'ai, that the foreigners escaped unharmed from Chu Chia ; but as soon as they had left the place the soldiers were withdrawn, and, when the Boxers came across the border seven thousand strong, there were only seventeen soldiers left ; so the houses, schools, chapel and hospital all went up in flames and the people had to flee for their lives. This was not the worst ; the homes in the fields were destroyed, crops ruined, families dispersed, and many members murdered. To-day we see large stone tablets erected in many of the churches to the memory of those who fell victims sooner than give up their faith. As Mr. Hedley tells us in " Our Missions in North China," " Through all the terror and pain of our people there ran a loyalty to principle we had scarcely dared hope for, a fidelity to the Master we had not dreamed of, a patient courage and devotion where we could not have expected

anything so grand, and later, a spirit of forgiveness that could only be described as Christlike." Their names are written on tablets of stone in the churches, but we know too, that they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, for they were "Faithful unto Death." This ground in Shantung has been watered with many tears, but it has raised up a beautiful harvest. There are hundreds of happy souls rejoicing in a Saviour's love and a Father's protecting care to-day.

The compound which stands to-day has three good missionaries' houses, substantially built of stone. The verandahs on three sides serve two important purposes; they keep the house warm in winter and cool in summer. Being well raised from the ground they are entered by a short flight of steps. Underneath are rooms for storage; the first floor is divided into three rooms and a store pantry; above are the bedrooms and a small room used for bathing. The servants' quarters are at the back and separate. Apart from these there are premises for boarding thirty-six women for training; these are comparatively new, and are well-built and suitable for the purpose, having their separate kitchen. The girls' school premises badly needed attention, and, except the schoolroom, which adjoins Miss Turner's house, we advised that new buildings should be erected, with a piece of ground for recreation, as soon as possible. There is a good piece of land within the compound walls; this has been planted with large trees, which give pleasant shade. A large family of rooks have taken possession of these, and their "caw-caw" can be heard from sunrise to sunset, together with the familiar note of the cuckoo, the homely sparrow, and many birds of plumage which we did not recognise.

We enjoyed our Sundays at Chu Chia Tsai. The first one was memorable, Pastor Li reading the service, Mr. Godfrey interpreting the two gentlemen's addresses,

and Miss Turner translating my own. "Holy, Holy, Holy" was the first hymn given out; it was most impressive and reverent. The chapel was very full, Miss Turner's school almost filling one side, the men sitting on the other side, and the women and children in the centre. Some of the congregation had walked over twenty miles to be present at this service. It was a pretty sight, with the long China blue coats of the men, the black beautifully dressed hair of the women, the gay colouring of the girls and boys. One day we had a meeting specially for women; a large number attended, coming very long distances, hobbling on their small bound feet. I do not wonder at a great joy welling up within the hearts of the missionaries who work among these people. They are so responsive and so loving; and their childlike trust draws out a paternal feeling of protection towards those who are weak and helpless against the force of circumstances.

## CHAPTER XVI

# The North China Mission

### Part II

**T**HE Rev. D. V. Godfrey's appointment to Chu Chia Tsai has proved to be a great success. He went out as a young man, and had been there two and a half years when we arrived ; he had made much progress with the language, and could speak very well. Although alone on the field, he has taken hold of the reins in a wonderful way, having had the oversight of those two large Mission circuits, Laoling and Wuting Fu, during a very trying time of the Mission's history, the famine all over this area giving the missionary an enormous work to do. The son of an old Free Methodist family, living at Carlton, a few miles from Nottingham, we were proud to find him doing such excellent work. He was actually doing the work of three men, and he told us that he had not yet visited every village where we are working, although three-parts of his time had been spent riding in the Chinese cart from place to place ! Fortunately he is very fond of walking, and attributes his good health mainly to this exercise.

In the Shantung province we have one hundred and forty churches, and the only method of reaching these is by cart, donkey or walking. The mules and buggy were kept busy while we were there taking us to a number of these places, and giving us opportunities of meeting the people and holding services. The large walled city of Wuting Fu is some thirty miles to the east of Chu

Chia Tsai. We stayed there two nights, taking our kit and provisions for three days, and lodging in one of the two empty missionary houses. These have been lying idle for some time ; they are well-built of stone, similar to those at Chu Chia, but the furniture is going to ruin. The property has a good garden and land, enough to extend, and is surrounded with a compound wall. The church close by was built only a year or two ago. Here is also a boys' school and premises. It was called the George Innocent Memorial School when it was first erected, built in memory of the fine young man who died on his way out to the Mission field. This school is missing the oversight of the foreign missionary. Beyond it is a plot of land, ten acres in extent, given to the Mission some years ago by a well-to-do Chinese gentleman for the purpose of building a much-needed hospital. The erection of this building has been awaited since the union of our home churches !

The opportunity was taken of our visit to hold the quarterly meeting, enabling us to meet the pastors and preachers of the circuit in the morning, while in the afternoon a service was held, and the usual hospitable tea afterwards, which we attended. The boys' school was in evidence, the boys marching with their banners, and playing their band. They followed us thus some distance the next morning at daylight on our journey back to Chu Chia. This field has shown excellent results in the past, it has been staffed by the Marshalls, the Robsons and the Eddons, the latter having been stationed here for fifteen years. Whole villages in this Mission have entirely given up their idols, and even those people who do not profess Christianity do not worship them in public. Many temples have been done away with, entirely through the influence of our own Mission. One village told us that all through the New Year (the Chinese holiday) they had a fortnight's revival, and the chapel was full each service.

It is a great testimony of the reality of the love in their hearts that the time of merriment and feasting and revelling should be given up to prayer and praise and a desire to spread about the true light. In one village we visited there were one hundred and ninety Christians in ninety homes, and over twenty junior members. At one place, they said, if only we could extend their premises, which were too small, they would make and give us the bricks. One dear old man told us that twenty-one years before, when he entered that village, there were only four Christians, while to-day practically the whole village was Christian.

There were signs everywhere of the famine which had spread over this area the previous year, many of the people still looking ill-fed and badly clad. The mud houses, and the dark colour of the skins caused by exposure to the sun, give the people an appearance of neglect and dirt. But with the heat ninety-six degrees in the shade ; with dust many inches thick on the roads ; with perspiration constantly pouring out of the skin, and dust rising at every step, one quickly takes a different view when one realises the conditions under which the people live. Soap is too much of a luxury when starvation stares a family in the face. Here the people are entirely dependent for life on the produce of the land. The floods come after the grain has been sown, or a plague of locusts will sweep across a large tract of land and leave everything bare, and the result is a whole winter of famine and misery and death ; and in many cases the seed corn has to be eaten, and therefore a poor harvest will follow the ensuing year. One of the surprises in these circumstances was to see the churches so well filled with clean, neatly dressed men, women and children.

At this time of year the travelling blacksmith is a very important man ; he travels from village to village preparing the tools for harvest, sharpening and making

scythes. When he arrives he takes up his position in the centre of the village, makes his fire, blows his bellows and straightway sets to work, without any fuss, the villagers crowding round with their repairs. The threshing-floors have been thoroughly prepared by constant rolling, the damp earth of which becomes hard and smooth, ready for the ripe grain. The fields, too, have to be constantly watched at this time of the year lest the grain be stolen just as it is ripening. There is such danger of this that men sleep out to watch it by night, the women keeping watch by day. Indeed, everybody in the home is busy at harvest-time, and the services, which they so much love, have to suffer.

First of all the purple lucerne ripens ; this is cut, tied up in bundles, carried home and put on the threshing-floor. The next day it is cut up fine, strewn about to dry, if no wind is blowing ; after which it is gathered up and taken to the compound, where it can be guarded, dried again, and finally stacked up for animal food in the winter. When the first crop is gathered the ground is manured and raked in ; then very quickly another crop comes up. No more is done to the ground, but a third crop appears, which is left for anyone to cut and use who likes. No rice is grown in this part of China ; millet takes its place. Willows, poplars, ash, mulberry and mimosa trees grow here. The climate is very healthy, although there is extreme cold in winter and extreme heat in summer. Only a short distance away is a flooded area, where, alas, great numbers of dwellings are now under water.

These quiet, industrious honest farming people of Shantung have other fears besides flood, famine, pestilence and locusts ; the robbers are a great dread. We passed many villages in our travels, which were nothing but ruins, having been razed to the ground because the robbers' demands for money could not be satisfied. We

heard of girls and boys being kidnapped and kept as hostages, of women sold for one hundred dollars. The officials rarely assert any authority, or try to capture the miscreants, and in some cases they have been known to be in league with them. As soon as you arrive after a journey the greeting of the natives is usually, "Have you had peace on the road you travelled?" Only a few days before our arrival a notice had been posted on the gateway entrance to the compound in threatening language, demanding a certain amount of money, otherwise the lives of the missionaries would be in danger. This country, which looks to us so peaceful, is surrounded by dangers from which large cities and towns are exempt.

To us the homes seem very comfortless, and merely places in which to sleep, three rooms being the average accommodation, built of dried mud bricks, sometimes whitened over. An outside shelter is attached for the animals and the implements. For protection several houses are built near together, forming a small compound, and the village is made up of these compounds. The doorway of each house opens into the middle room; this is called the guest-room, and has two nice chairs and a table between, on which the guest is served with tea. If it is a heathen home, the gods will be placed here, with flowers and incense; if a Christian home, a clock, and fancy ornaments are the usual decoration. Scrolls hang on the rough walls, or one or two pictures, frequently a testimonial describing the virtues of some ancestor of the family. A piece of matting covers the mud floor for those who can afford it.

A room on each side is used as a bedchamber. An aperture in the wall is made private by a curtain or a piece of matting fastened up, and inside is a raised bench, the width of part of the room, and about three feet in height, called a k'ang. These k'angs are built partially hollow and can be warmed in winter by putting a wood

fire inside. On this the inmates sleep, rolled up in their padded pu kais (quilts), a block of wood, the size of a brick, slightly hollowed, serving as a pillow. The bench itself is covered with a piece of oilcloth and matting, and on the top of that the pretty coloured pu kais are neatly rolled up in the daytime. A large fixed shelf in one of the chambers is used for storing the sacks of grain, or the spinning-wheel when not in use. Cotton is bought in its rough state; it grows in the neighbourhood, and the women spin their own yarn, weave their own cloth, dye and make it into garments. A common sight is to see a group of women by the roadside spinning, or sewing while minding the corn in the fields.

The few temples we saw in Shantung are of a very different type of building from elsewhere. Even in the walled cities they are inferior, neglected and dirty. Small shrines are erected some distances outside the villages, where incense is offered. Little reverence or respect is shown to the gods, as will be seen from the following account which was told us as being authentic. When rain is badly needed after a long drought, the god controlling the weather is carried out in the fields to look upon the crops; and if anyone remarks upon this, the reply comes, "Let him frizzle a bit and see how he likes it, as we are doing!"

One afternoon, while sitting writing, I looked up and saw the sky a deep red colour. We ran out to see what was the matter, when we were met by a terrific gust of wind, nearly lifting us off our feet; the sky then turned black, and it was with difficulty that we walked up the steps into the house again. The house-boys were running round in great excitement, shutting up. We then learnt that a sand-storm was coming, blowing right from the Gobi desert, beyond Peking, between the two Mongolias. All that night the wind howled, windows and doors rattled and the very bed seemed to shake. When we

got up next morning everything was covered with a white dust, and the house had to be cleaned from top to bottom! The sound was like a mighty rushing wind, and was so loud that we could scarcely hear each other speak. We were very thankful afterwards for the resulting change of temperature; for the weather had been very trying and the intense heat most oppressive.

We were greatly pleased with the well-organised work in Shantung. It is the most complete Mission we have in China. The evangelistic work extends to all the villages, branching out from the two circuits of Laoling and Wuting Fu, which practically adjoin each other. The Laoling hospital is stationed at Chu Chia Tsai, because of its being more central for the Mission there, and here, too, we have the girls' boarding school and the women's Bible-school. At Wu Ting Fu we have a good boys' school and a prospective hospital. There is little likelihood of this becoming a self-supporting Mission, like the other districts in the North China field, because of the great poverty caused by the low-lying country.

What a thrilling time those pioneers Hall and Innocent must have had when they could report a tenfold increase within the first four years! Then there is a story of a dreamer coming to Tientsin, begging for a teacher to be sent to his village one hundred and thirty miles away. It was not by design or choice that they entered that humble and, up to that time, unknown village of Chu Chia Tsai. Its people threw over all fear and prejudice of the foreigner and demanded his message. The Truth spread over a large area. The villagers were moved, the people seemed to come *en masse* into the Church, and the whole surrounding country was affected. When reading of these wonderful details one catches a spark of the Divine Spirit which operated through the instrumentality of this Mission. There was the wonderful leading by God to Laoling in the year 1866, when no

thought of work in Shantung was at that time in the minds of our missionaries ; for the needs of Tientsin and possible places in Chihli province seemed to be more than enough scope for two men.

An account of this story was published in the "Shanghai Missionary Recorder" in 1867, which we are told profoundly moved the whole missionary body in China and turned the thoughts of missionaries as never before to the marvellous possibilities of evangelisation in the interior of China. It also resulted in an enlargement of all the work of the Mission, which meant strenuous exertion to keep pace with it. The glowing experiences of those who were witnessing it were so full of marvel as to border on the miraculous, and from the missionary standpoint are by far the most memorable in the history of this Mission. It proved to be the most productive work of the Methodist New Connexion in regard to numbers of converts. The little church at T'sang Shang, a village twelve miles from Chu Chia, has fulfilled Mr. Innocent's prophesy, for she stands alone and supreme in two respects ; first, that she has given to the native ministry more men than any other country church, and, secondly, that she gave to the Church Triumphant more martyrs than any other church, no fewer than twenty-eight precious lives being lost to us in 1900.

We left Chu Chia Tsai on Whit-Monday. Many were the tokens of gratitude and love shown to us before we took our departure, most of those dear girls giving me little gifts to bring away with me, made by their own busy fingers. As I took a long last look at the scene I had learnt to love, my eye caught sight of the little God's Acre outside the compound wall, a sacred spot, because it contains the dust of four loved little lives : the Innocents' two children and the Eddons' two children. Life's short span—and then Eternity.

Twelve hours' ride in the buggy to reach Liengin the same day, without staying the night at a Chinese inn, was something to accomplish. Fortunately a little rain had fallen in the night, so it was not quite so hot or so sunny as it had been, but what an interminably long ride it seemed! By the time we arrived at the railway, we had travelled two hundred miles in that buggy in Shantung during our three weeks' visit.

The next day we arrived at Tientsin, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eddon. To find ourselves in a large house, well furnished, with two bathrooms, hot and cold water laid on, up-to-date sanitary arrangements, was not only a surprise and a delight, but it was a luxury we had not enjoyed since leaving home. A nice garden surrounds the house, which is built in the British settlement. The houses around are large and pretentious, mostly occupied by rich Chinese, who love the security of the English flag. A mansion built close up to the compound wall is the residence of the President, who was appointed during our stay in this city, Li Yuan Hung. A small rest-house in the garden has been built for the convenience of the missionaries living at Tongshan and Yung Ping Fu, and this is found to be a great acquisition. Mrs. Robson and her daughter were living here when we arrived, having had to flee from the war area, fighting having taken place all round Yung Ping Fu.

Tientsin is situated at the junction of the Pei Ho River and the Grand Canal, about eighty miles from Peking and forty miles from the coast. It is the river port for the Northern Provinces and plays an important part in the commerce of China. The population is made up almost entirely of traders and merchants. The British is the oldest foreign concession. General "Chinese" Gordon drew up the settlement in 1860. About the same time France had a concession allotted her. The Japanese,

after the war in 1895, received a concession and, since 1900, Germany, Austria, Russia and Belgium. During the Boxer outbreak the Chinese Government sent troops against the foreign concessions of Tientsin, which they besieged for twenty-seven days, until the city was relieved by the allied troops. After this the city walls were torn down and the railway extended into Peking, the concessions setting a fine example, which led to great improvements in the Chinese city. The latter has now broad streets, and a tramway system which reaches to every part of the town. Temples have been turned into modern schools.

The Anglo-Chinese College is one of the finest schools in Tientsin with its five hundred students. Dr. Lavington Hart, the Principal, invited us to go over it, and while doing so we attended the morning service, at which Mr. Stedeford addressed the students. The London Missionary Society has done a great work through this college, and it has a wonderful man at its head in Dr. Hart.

Our week's stay in Tientsin was a very busy one attending services and meeting with the people socially, the members showing us great hospitality. It was a pleasure to meet such a fine lot of young men, some of them passing through on their way home to various villages of our Mission from the Peking University, the vacation having commenced the day before.

Our church on the Tung Ma Lu Road has been self-supporting for some time. The Pastor, Li An Su, is an excellent man and runs everything on business-like lines. There is a good girls' school, with a Chinese teacher, connected with the church. As early as 1870 a Training Institution for preachers was organised with twelve students in residence, and a Mr. Chang was appointed as the native tutor, a man of innate courtesy, genuine humility, sterling ability, earnest piety and whole-hearted consecration to duty, we are told. Of the value of the work to this

Mission done in this department from the very first it would be impossible to speak too highly. The students always come from the country circuits. Most of the lads, before the college course is completed, have been under direct Christian tuition for twelve or fifteen years. They begin as scholars in the village day schools, which have been established in all the circuits of the Mission. Those who give promise are drafted into the Intermediate Schools, which are under the supervision of the missionary. After three or four years they are allowed to sit for the College entrance examination, and a selection is regularly made of the men most suitable for the ministry. The three subjects for this examination are Scripture History; Christian Doctrine; and Chinese Classics. The Institution covers a four years' course. A Theological Committee supervises the training and examination, and no candidate is taken to enter the ranks as a preacher unless backed by both this Committee and the Native District Meeting. The staff of our Institute will compare favourably with that of any other Mission throughout China; this we know, for the supervision is most strict.

Mrs. Eddon is taking a great interest in the girls' school and is constantly teaching there. She also has a little meeting down in the city slums, among children who have never known love in any form. The visit of the foreign lady is the weekly event in their lives. After coming only a few weeks, the child's clean and brushed hair is noticeable. The dawn of a new life sometimes begins in very small ways!

## CHAPTER XVII

### The North China Mission

#### Part III

**T**HE war in the north suddenly subsided, Chang Tso Lin having been driven back into Manchuria by Wu Pei Fu, and the way was cleared for us to visit our Tongshan circuit. The train we travelled in from Tientsin was one of the first on the line, and the further north we ran the more disorganised things became. We sent off a wire to Mr. Hinds the previous day but it did not arrive until a short time before we made our appearance, and the train was very late. However, we had a most joyful welcome given us by Mr. and Mrs. Hinds, and our week's stay with them was very pleasant.

The railways of China have been largely built with foreign capital and there is an understanding that they shall not be destroyed in the case of internal warfare. When we attended the Shanghai Conference in May we were informed that some miles had been torn up between that place and Tientsin. Fortunately this was quickly repaired, and we were thus able to proceed north by rail. Half of the railway between Nanking and Tientsin was built by English engineers and half by German; and it was interesting to note the style of architecture used in the station buildings, some being typically English and others typically German. The travelling on the Chinese railways is easy and comfortable, for practically the whole of the staff speak English, even the

sleeping-car attendants. The train on which we travelled to Tongshan was guarded by fifty soldiers, who formed an allied guard. These soldiers were in the charge of English, French, Japanese and American officers, who changed each day in rotation. While we were at Tongshan, a small American guard was in charge of the station, and the Chinese stationmaster had to apply to them for protection against the orders of a Chinese army officer who wanted to take an engine off the passenger train to carry him somewhere down the line. This was no unusual thing for a Chinese officer to do, and was the reason that we were so inconvenienced on several occasions.

Tongshan is a very prosperous circuit and it has a bright future before it. It not only supports its own pastor (Chinese) and pays its local expenditure, but it supports a young preacher at New Street Preaching Hall. This circuit during the past year has raised £264, although the district around Tongshan had suffered considerably owing to the famine.

We found the services well kept up; a weekly Bible-class is held, a Christian Endeavour and a Sunday-school. Up to the present there has been no women's work attempted, but in the near future the executive are anticipating sending a Bible-woman for this purpose. Girls' education is badly needed. The Roman Catholics, who are the only other Christian workers in this field, have a small ragged girls' school, which is doing practically nothing. The women have small bound feet, and they seem very ignorant and very far behind their sisters in the south. A similar work to that which is carried on in Chu Chia Tsai could be started with very little expense, if the present boys' school premises were adopted for the purpose and a foreign educationist appointed to take charge. It would prove of untold good to this important centre of trade. The position is very suitable, being at the back of the missionary's house and within the com-

pound wall, some distance away from the town, and surrounded almost entirely by agricultural land.

The house is in the midst of a real English garden. Dr. Candlin's love of nature and of the beautiful is seen in every garden where the missionaries live, with one exception, and there he has never lived! The wealth of foliage, the fine trees, the laid-out lawns, the English flowers all owe their existence to him. He has planted some hundreds of trees on this North China Mission, he has brightened many lives, and satisfied many longings by his insistence upon carrying into his Mission work the artistic strain which is inherent in his soul.

Mr. Hinds has given forty-five years of his life to the North China Mission. These faithful years of service can never be tabulated in any Blue Book, and few of our churches will ever know the love that has been thrown into this lifelong service. He has been a valuable instrument in God's hands for the winning of Chinese souls, and the advancement of His Kingdom. Many of these are sorrowing that he is removed from their midst, but the new Anglo-Chinese College at Tongshan which is about to be erected will be a lasting monument to his memory. Before he left China he had collected over 25,000 dollars for this institution, a piece of land extending over ten acres having been purchased in a suitable position outside the town. The walls were in the course of erection. A similar college to those belonging to us in South-East China is contemplated, and such an educational work is greatly needed for the North of China. This is to be a training ground for preachers, the existing school being totally inadequate and much too small for this great commercial district.

Tongshan is the mining centre of North China. One coal mine alone turns out seven thousand tons a day, another three thousand. There are three shifts in all, which are under English and Belgian management, also large

railway engineering works, and an engineering Government college, which takes in 240 students from the whole of China, with twelve professors, who teach all subjects in English.

The cement works form another large business. Then there is the local industry which is pottery. At Tongshan earthenware, baths and crocks are made in many sizes and sent all over the country. The importance of establishing educational Christian work here was therefore greatly impressed upon our minds; for numbers of men and boys come here for training in these different businesses. The proposed college is an extension of the educational work started as long as thirty-eight years ago by Mr. Hinds himself. A school was started before even the preaching place was procured, and while there was still strong anti-foreign feeling, a combine being made by the Chinese around not to sell land to the foreigners. Mr. Hinds started in his own home a night school. It is more than ten years ago since the Committee at home sanctioned the erection of the new college, and the Chinese, who have given largely to the fund, are now agitating for this educational scheme to be carried out.

The hospital, supported by the mining company, is under the direction of Dr. Ken, an Englishman, who has the assistance of a Chinese, Dr. Wang. The latter is very well-to-do; we were invited to his house to meet his three daughters, who have all been educated in the Methodist Episcopal School in Peking. They can speak good English, play the piano, sing nicely and are altogether up-to-date young ladies. They each desire to take up a profession, and have chosen medicine, nursing and teaching. Dr. Wang owns a considerable amount of property in Tongshan and has bought a plot for burial, so evidently intends settling in this place! He is interested in our church, and has proved generous towards it.

In the early days of the New Connexion Mission the choice of the field for their work was whither Providence

seemed to lead the way and to open the door. The very numerous openings in Shantung were due to invitations by the people. The Gospel was not forced upon those who were reluctant to receive it. Many invitations had to be refused, because of lack of men and money. But in the north, Tongshan and Yung P'ing Fu were deliberately chosen fields, the chief motive being that a large coal mine had been recently opened, and a railway line was likely to be laid in the district. This was about the year 1880. This is interesting history, as is also the following in the light of present-day developments. It was a large Chinese company who opened the coal mines of Tongshan; they were under the superintendence of British engineers, and worked with foreign machinery. Strange to say, two Cornishmen were engaged as overlookers, both men being members of the St. Angus church in our Truro circuit. A large foreign staff at the mines induced our workers at Tientsin to visit the place occasionally, so as to conduct religious services for their benefit. A man named Chang Chien T'ang, one of the finest colporteurs among the many men this Mission has supplied to the Foreign Bible Society, and who for two years had penetrated far into Manchuria before any Mission was opened there, brought back wonderful stories of the welcome he had received at these places. The Rev. J. Hinds and Rev. J. Innocent were the first missionaries to visit Tongshan. The managing director was one of the earliest pioneers of New China. He had been educated in a mission school and he kindly offered every facility for establishing mission work. It was a two days' journey in those days in a cart from Tientsin, a distance of eighty miles, and it could be reached by land or by water. To-day it is only three hours' run in the train.

The first missionary to take up residence at Tongshan was the Rev. J. Hinds. He was appointed in 1884 and lived for a time in a very poor Chinese mud house in the

village of Chiao Chia T'un. The town now called Tongshan, which forms the extreme spur of the eastern mountain range of Northern China, was then only a bank side, first beginning to be populated. Mr. Hinds later rented a house from the mining company, until the Mission was able to purchase a disused hospital from the company.

The church at Yung P'ing Fu was opened in 1885. The work was of special interest, Yung P'ing Fu being a prefectural town and therefore an important official centre with military camps, and being the seat of examinations for learned degrees. One of the most ancient cities in China, it goes back to the Hsia dynasty. A temple, dedicated to the worship of two brothers and commemorating their heroism, not far from our church, is connected with a legend which has a place in the Chinese classics, and which dates back ages before Confucius was born. The city is situated amidst some of the finest scenery in the world, with its mountains and rivers. Mr. Innocent opened work in it at the request of the soldiers from the camp who visited Tientsin. Later, a number of other stations were opened, until in 1899 a new circuit was formed. Two houses were then built at Y'ung Ping Fu, and a resident missionary (the Rev. John Hedley) took charge of the circuit. In a very few years twenty chapels were attached to it and two schools, while Tongshan recorded thirty-eight chapels and five schools—a splendid record.

It is at Yung P'ing that Dr. Robson has been labouring in the dispensary. He went out first as a voluntary worker at his own expense for a period of five years. As he began to learn the language he conceived the idea of obtaining medical training. He was therefore removed to Tientsin in order to acquire it under Dr. Roberts, who was head of the London Missionary Hospital there. Suddenly the latter died, so in 1894 Dr. Robson sailed for America and secured a diploma

as an M.D., after which he returned to England. In 1901 he was sent to China as a self-supporting missionary, and since 1907 he has been on the Mission staff.

Mr. Stedeford was the only member of the deputation who was able to visit this circuit. The country was still very much disturbed; reports of looting by the soldiers after the fighting was over were shocking, and distressing rumours came from Dr. Robson himself. A ride of fifteen miles in a chair from the nearest railway station made us fear to leave the main route. We were due in Peitaiho, where we were to spend a few weeks in the hottest weather before leaving China. Even the people themselves had not returned to their towns and villages from taking refuge behind the fighting line. Our train to Peitaiho was fearfully congested, and it was frequently shunted on to sidings, while we passed continually troop trains full of war materials, mules, and soldiers returning from the war zone. At one o'clock in the morning we arrived at our destination, then had several miles' ride on donkeys to reach Dr. Candlin's house, and not until we were settled there did we feel secure and safe. We were greatly relieved that we had picked up our secretary, Mr. Stedeford, at one of the stations on the way and secured him from further harm beyond the continual strain of uncertainty. He was able to see very little of the work; but had the satisfaction of not having shirked or left undone anything he set out to do.

\* The Tongshan work, we must admit, was opened at the expense of starting in Peking. In the year 1880 the Methodist Episcopal Mission of America, whose headquarters were in the capital, invited the Mission to join them in their educational undertaking. Dr. Stacey, who was secretary at home, was very much in favour of accepting their offer, because it would include an easy way of opening work in the capital. But the District Meeting decided against it, and strongly advised the Home

Committee to favour Tongshan. No doubt it was thought to be proved a right decision after four other places around were opened within a year.

Dr. Candlin has been a worthy successor of Mr. Innocent and Mr. Hall. He has been called the scholar and orator *par excellence* of the Mission. Certainly he is a man held in very high esteem in the scholastic world, and is also a man much loved and greatly revered amongst his brethren. Probably no one has done so much in advocating the self-support system among our churches. Certainly he has been the advocate of all forward movements. His name was known wherever we met the foreign element, and I feel sure I am right in saying that there is only one other man living in China who has been out longer than Dr. Candlin. He has been a great force on the mission field and is a man of high attainments. The Rev. F. S. Turner joined the Mission in 1887; he has served well as a financier and architect, besides being a good preacher and having an excellent knowledge of the language. Dr. Shrubshall, Dr. Jones, Dr. Batcher, are all names to conjure with in North China.

A fine army has led this Mission forward, the surest proof of which is to witness the work, what it has accomplished, and how it has been organised. The self-support system is proving to be the healthiest training for the Chinese. The Beneficent Society for Chinese Preachers, Catechists and School Teachers has two excellent effects. First, it frees the Mission from constant appeals for help from disabled workers; secondly, it is easier to remove from the staff men of advanced age whose days of usefulness are passed. This Society is self-governing and has an annual grant of five pounds a year from the Mission Funds! Its income is derived exclusively from members' subscriptions. It also makes funeral grants. About the same time that the Beneficent Society was formed, a code of rules for the Mission was decided upon and these were

published in Chinese. The Committee appointed for the purpose were Rev. John Innocent, Rev. J. Robinson, and Rev. G. T. Candlin. These rules received the sanction of the District Meeting and the Conference and came into operation in 1897. They provided for the Annual District Meetings and made regulations for the preachers ordained and unordained, for catechists, school teachers and members. This work was done quietly, but it met a great need and has been of much benefit to the Mission. The code granted a liberal constitution to the churches in China.

Mr. Innocent and Mr. Hall were two great pioneers; Barnabas and Paul they have been likened to, and the New Connexion Church made a great choice when they sent these two men forth under the benediction of God. "Where shall our Mission be planted?" was the momentous question to both of them. Innocent favoured Tientsin, because of its boundless possibilities then quite untouched; for Lord Elgin had just signed the Treaty making it an open port. A very strong reason, he maintained, was that "Peace had been established," the Yang Tze valley was still undisturbed; the climate of the north was dry and bracing, whereas Soochow, which Mr. Hall favoured, was both humid and prostrating. Tientsin would be an entirely new Mission in a new field, where no other worker had been, where there would be no intrusion, or meeting with restrictions from other men's labour.

The committee at home also favoured Tientsin, so it was in 1861 that they both sailed from Shanghai to Tientsin—a twenty days' passage. In the year 1907 "God's Plan" was revealed to the whole of the "United Methodist Church" by giving into their hands the Missions in South-West China (Yunnan), in South-East China (Ningpo, Wenchow in Chekiang), in North China (Wu Ting, Laoling, Tientsin, Tongshan and Yung Ping Fu in Shantung and Chilhi provinces).

## CHAPTER XVIII

### Peking

**F**OR nine hundred years under various names Peking has practically been the capital of China. Though no longer an Imperial city, the present form of government has not taken away any of its interest. The Tartar rulers of China beautified it greatly by erecting many buildings which typified their barbaric splendour. The whole history of China is told in those bricks and stones and plaster walls; here are mementoes of conquests and dynastic changes, evidences of the Jesuits, the Mohammedans and Persians. Later-day changes are only trivial compared with them. Peking to-day is practically the same as it was five centuries ago, and stands in the same setting as in the Middle Ages. The dignity of the Imperial city may be gone, but its attractiveness is none the less. The walls surrounding it are fifty feet high and sixty feet thick at the base, faced on both sides with brick. They enclose an area of about twenty miles and are thirty miles in circumference, with buttresses built at intervals surmounted with guard-houses. The busy life within of a million people, the temples, pagodas, palaces, the eleven Legations with their substantial buildings and their military guards, also the eight Christian Missions with university, academy, hospitals, churches, are completely hidden from view behind those stupendous walls.

The long procession of wheeled traffic, the strings of camels, the springless carts with their varnished sides,

silver-trimmed harness and silk hangings, drawn by mules, or the sedan-chairs, all wending their way to the city gates, appears mysterious and picturesque to the outsider. Within, if one climbs the ramps to the south wall tower and looks down, the greater part of the Imperial and Forbidden Cities to the north are to be seen. The brilliantly coloured tiled roofs of the palaces and the temples combine with the busy life of the streets in making a scene that cannot be matched anywhere else in the world. The Chinese city, to the south, is perhaps not so imposing; but it is full of interest. One of the most conspicuous landmarks of Peking is the tiled roof of the Temple of Heaven, which can be seen from this point. Since 1900 a portion of the wall, near to the Legations, was handed over to the Powers and has had protection; it is patrolled by foreign troops, and no Chinese are allowed to walk there, it being used by the foreigners as a promenade. It was from here that the Chinese bombarded the Legations, and here later that the foreign forces shelled the Boxers.

Besides the Tartar city, the Chinese city and the foreign quarters, there is the Mongol quarter and the Tibetan quarter. The original inhabitants of Peking were Chinese, Mongols and Manchus, but it is very difficult to distinguish the races now, except for the Manchu women, who wear a very distinctive head-dress, and do not bind their feet.

The Legation quarter and modern Peking are separated on all sides from the rest of the city, their new buildings dating from the Boxer riots in 1900. No Chinese are allowed to reside here and, on the other hand, no foreigners except missionaries are supposed to live outside. The Legation quarter is removed from Chinese control to foreign control. It was interesting to learn that there had been a Russian quarter in Peking for the use of Russian missionaries for two hundred years,

## Peking

Russian embassies and special missions having resided in Peking the latter part of the seventeenth century. The British is the oldest legation ; for it was established after the Treaty of Tientsin was signed, and the original form of the building has been retained as far as possible. Although the fiercest fighting in the Boxer siege was at the French Cathedral, the British compound sheltered the largest number of refugees, and we read that almost every foot of the soil was stained with blood. With the exception of the French Legation, which was established about the same time as our own, the other Legation buildings are more modern.

The astronomical observatory on the eastern wall is the oldest in the world, being erected in the year 1279. Three hundred years earlier than any in Europe, a celebrated Chinese astronomer made bronze instruments. The present building is a modern structure. The instruments now in the observatory were made under the direction of the Jesuit priest Verbiest, who was placed in charge of the observatory as head of the Imperial Board of Mathematics, which position he held until 1688, teaching the Chinese astronomical science as known to the Europeans. They were apt pupils, and soon learned to compute eclipses. The instruments Verbiest made were copies of older Chinese models, except that the circles were divided into 360 degrees instead of  $365\frac{1}{4}$ , which was the old Chinese system, allowing one degree for each day in the year. When Peking was looted by the foreign troops in 1900, some of the finest instruments in this observatory were taken by the Germans and sent to decorate a terrace at Potsdam. The looted instruments were replaced by copies half the size of the original. When the Treaty of Versailles was signed, Germany agreed to return the originals. This was China's main reward for joining the Allies in the Great War.

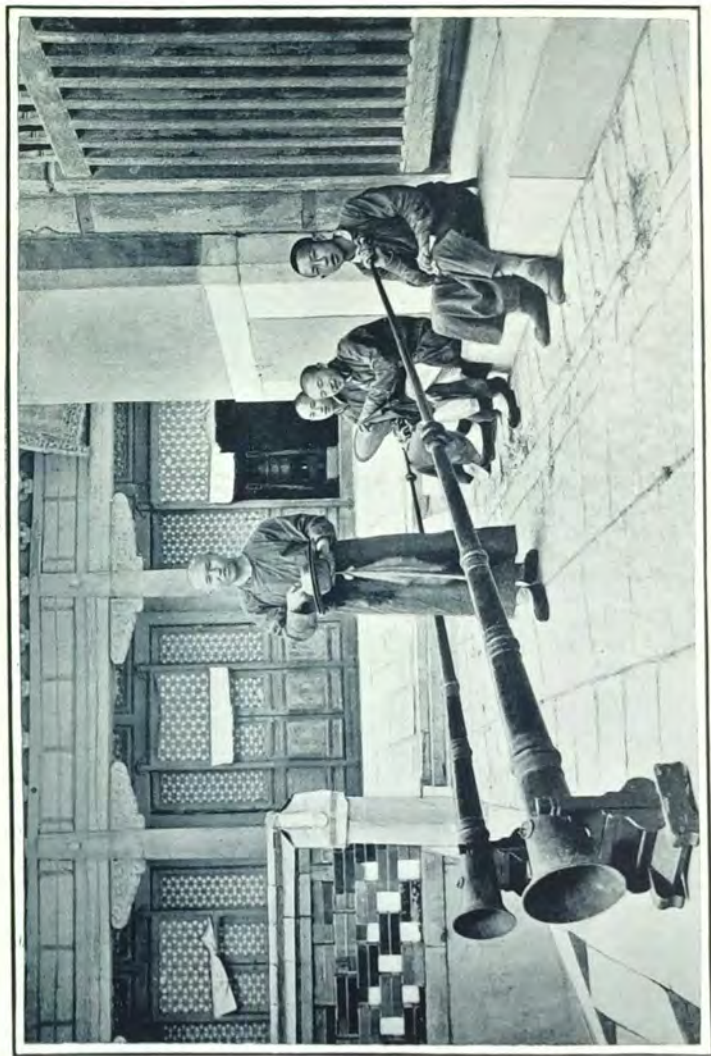
The Altar of Heaven has the first claim upon the

visitor, as being perhaps the most attractive and marvellous monument of beauty conceived and produced by human workmanship. It is in the southern extremity of the Chinese city, and is surrounded by a wall three and a half miles in circumference. The grounds served as a pasturage for the oxen which were sacrificed in the twice yearly worship. Many old gnarled cypress, yew, and pine form an avenue up to the altar from the entrance gate. It was here that the emperors came to pray and offer sacrifices twice every year; and this custom continued for centuries, until China became a republic. The Emperor also came at special times of famines, drought, national danger or calamity. The ceremonies were most imposing. The Emperor was accompanied by numbers of the highest officials, and they in turn by minor officials, escorted by thousands of soldiers and servants, clad in gorgeous gowns, according to rank. This pageant was formed at the Palace of the Forbidden City the day before the ceremony. All the houses along the route were closed during the procession, and no one was permitted to view it. The Emperor spent the night in a building set apart on the grounds, alone in prayer and fasting. The ceremony was held next morning at dawn. This worship of Heaven by "the Son of Heaven" (the Emperor) was the survival of an ancient worship much older than Taoism or Confucianism. The worship was not alone to Heaven, but also to the tablets of the four Imperial ancestors, the sun, moon, clouds, rain, etc., which were known as the minor deities.

The principal structure within the large enclosure is the Tien Tan, the Altar of Heaven, the most sacred object in China. It has three circular terraces with white marble balustrades, and there are nine steps at each of the four points ascending to the upper terrace. The base of this terrace is two hundred and ten feet in diameter, gradually narrowing to ninety feet at the top. The

altar is laid with marble stones in nine concentric circles, and everything is arranged in multiples of the number nine, this being the sacred number of numerical philosophy. The Emperor, prostrate before Heaven on the altar, surrounded by these circles and terraces, seemed to be the centre of the universe as he acknowledges himself inferior to Heaven above. In the centre of the upper terrace is a seat, where Shang-Ti, the Ruler of Heaven, was supposed to sit during the ceremony, beside it being shrines of the "Witnessing Saints," ancestors of the Emperor. No foreigner has ever witnessed the ceremony, though some have seen the procession ready to start, decorated with flags, lanterns and ornaments of archaic significance. No priest ever officiated, only court officials, who underwent months of training and instruction for the elaborate ceremonies. Near the altar, in one corner, is a furnace of green tiles, where the bullock was sacrificed at the time of worship, a calf without blemish, and of uniform colour. Braziers were used for burnt offerings, consisting of prayers written on silk, these first being formally read to the sacred tablets.

North of the Altar of Heaven is a smaller altar of the same design, known as the Altar of Prayer for Grain. This is approached by a tiled avenue, with groves of evergreen on each side. On the upper terrace of this altar is another building called the Temple of the Happy Year, ninety-nine feet high, the highest in the enclosure, and it can be seen from every part of the city. It has three roofs supported with massive pillars, and is covered with blue tiles, the symbolic colour for the particular worship of this temple. The Emperor worshipped here every spring; the vessels were of blue, and all who took part wore blue garments, even the windows had hanging venetian blinds made of rods of blue glass. Every conqueror of China undertook the responsibility of worshipping at the Altar



THE COURTYARD OF THE LAMA TEMPLE, PEKIN.

This is the largest, richest, and most noted Temple of its kind, and was the home at one time of 1,500 Monks.

of Heaven, whether Chinese, Mongol or Manchu ; but though custom allowed the transference when a change of government took place, the Chinese would not brook Yuan Shih Kai, as President. When he tried to carry the ceremony out, it was an utter failure. The idea was so repugnant to the Chinese that no second attempt was made.

The Temple of Earth, or Temple of Agriculture, is opposite the Temple of Heaven (which the altar is now called). Shen Tung, the mystical Emperor who ruled China 3000 B.C., is credited with being the inventor of the ploughs, and the discoverer of the value of herbs. Annually the Emperor on the first day of the spring season worshipped at Shen Tung's tablet, and paid respect to Chinese farmers by attiring himself as a peasant, though in Imperial Yellow, and ploughing three furrows from east to west. Similar ceremonies to this were observed at the same time in all the provinces of China by the officials.

The Llama Temple in Peking is a monastery, and is the most important Llama and Mongol centre in China. It was once the residence of Yung Chang before he came to the throne. According to old Chinese custom any building that has been used by an Emperor must never be made into a dwelling-house. Emperors ever since have used this monastery as a means of controlling both Tibetans and Mongols, for the abbots have a great power. The temple is the home of one thousand five hundred monks, who scorn to learn Chinese. Since the republic the support to the temple has been much curtailed. Many interesting and valuable things are to be seen, and there are numberless temples and halls within the enclosure, leading out one from the other. After spending a whole morning we had not time to look at the half of its beauties.

The Forbidden City and Imperial Palace, which are,

indeed, works of artistic architecture, with their upturned roofs so peculiar to China and so picturesque, are marvellous structures, built in bright yellow and having green porcelain tiles. The mouldings of the dragons, animals, mystical figures, hobgoblins, tiles of all designs, when closely examined, are most beautiful. I feel it is a sacrilege even to try to describe these buildings which have been held in such veneration by the Chinese people. One is deeply impressed, on visiting them, to find how sacred the Imperial head has been held, and with what deep feeling of reverence the Chinese mind regarded everything connected with their Majesties, who to them were the representatives of God upon earth.

Large courtyards lead from one set of buildings to another, and each of the palaces is entered by balustrades and steps beautifully carved in white marble. In the middle of the two flights of steps is the spirit walk, where the carved Imperial dragon, some eight or ten feet long, with its glaring eyes, keeps guard, frightening away any devils which may dare to venture into the palace.

When Yuan Shih Kai was President, he set apart one of these courtyards with its palaces as a museum, and had collected therein art objects, from various sources, of great value to the nation. A large number came from the old Imperial collection, formerly kept at Moukden and Jehol, which were removed after the Manchu abdication. It is without doubt the most complete collection of Chinese art to be found anywhere, with its cloisonné, lacquer, porcelain, paintings, carved ivories, jade, embroideries and old bronzes, many of which date from 1000 and 1500 B.C. probably.

The Summer Palace is situated eight miles from Peking, and was built by the late Empress Dowager with money raised for building a navy. To her mind a navy was utterly useless, as no other nation was strong enough or big enough to rise up against the Celestial Empire.

This palace is built on a series of hills by the side of a very large lake, at one point on which stands a white marble summer-house built in the shape of a boat, and apparently floating on the water, the upper story being used as a tea-house. The entrance to the palace is over a white marble bridge. The grounds are most romantic with small bridges and high bridges, picturesque pavilions and grottos. One of the palaces, on one side of the lake, consists of a succession of one-storied buildings with a verandah of artistic designs running the whole length. Some very fine bronze birds and beasts stand in the gardens. The roofs of the palace, with their yellow and bright green tiles, have curved corners, which are bestridden by half a dozen curious little figures in porcelain, from six to eight inches high representing dragons or phœnixes, supposed to affect the prosperity of the inhabitants within. The eaves and pillars which support the roof are painted and decorated with multitudes of gay scenes from Chinese life in brilliant colourings. A group of temple buildings, crowning the top of one of the hills, is where the notorious old Dowager Empress used to go and worship the Buddha.

The Peking Christian University, which probably to the Western mind is the most important feature of Peking, is of special interest to our Church, because of our small connection with it. This modern seat of learning was founded in the early 'eighties by the American Methodist Episcopal Mission. It began as a simple school for boys, which gradually raised its curriculum and increased the number of its pupils until it was able to claim University grade. A charter was procured from the State of New York authorising the University to confer Degrees in Divinity, Law, Arts, Literature, etc. A School of Theology, which was intended as a post-graduate course, was added afterwards. At the very first, when this educational work began, the Methodist

Episcopal Mission sent, as I have previously said, a most cordial invitation to the English Methodist Mission (New Connexion) in Tientsin, to open work in the capital, and join in its great educational scheme. Dr. Candlin, we learn, has come to realise that the refusal was a mistake, though it was made only for financial reasons. From the first it was organised as a separate institution. It was governed by a Board of Managers, to which representatives of the other Protestant Missions were invited, as well as the American Minister, the Inspector-General of Customs, and others. The Peking public gave their support. The Government University of Peking was founded later.

After 1900, higher education took possession of the minds of the four missionary bodies in Peking, and of influential laymen in England and America. A union was formed by the other three Missions, but the Methodists could only take a limited part in it. This educational union decided to take charge each of a special department. The plan was not altogether satisfactory for various reasons, and after years of negotiation the present union was formed on the basis of a new site and a new campus altogether, where the various departments should be brought together. Each of the four Missions pledged the necessary support, and have proportionate representation on the Board of Managers in Peking, the Board of Trustees, who form the supreme court of management, being in New York. Largely at the suggestion of Dr. Reinsch, a former American Minister in Peking, it was decided to remove the campus to a site seven miles away outside the west gate of the city, where it is in close proximity to the old Summer Palace and to the Government College.

About 1912 the Methodist Episcopal Mission renewed its proposal to the United Methodist Mission to open work in Peking, and to join in the educational work of the

University ; this was accepted by our Missionary Committee, and Dr. Candlin and Pastor Li An Su were appointed to Peking. Our United Methodist Training Institution in Tientsin was then closed and the students transferred to Peking. It was the appointment of Dr. Candlin to the Chair of Professor of Systematic Theology in the University, as part of the staff which the Methodist Episcopal Mission had pledged themselves to provide, which was the association of the United Methodist Mission with the University.

Tung Hao Ling of our Wenchow College received his degree of B.D. from this University. After the larger union had been formed we secured the privileges of the University, though we were not a contributing Mission. We still have two other students in Peking. Dr. Candlin taught the same subjects in the Academy which our ordinary students, who are training as preachers, attend. It is to the Rev. H. H. Lowry, D.D., who was for many years president, that these developments are largely due. A hundred and sixty acres of land have been purchased at the new site, a number of buildings are in course of erection and the University proposes to remove there in 1924. Probably two million dollars or more will be spent before the work is complete, when it cannot fail to be the leading missionary educational centre in North China. Dr. Candlin's son-in-law, Mr. Gibb, is superintending the operations, which we went out to see. The whole scheme was explained to us in detail, and it will be a fine pile of buildings when finished.

The Rockefeller Medical Institute was just finished when we were in Peking, in one of the finest parts of the city. Several millions have been spent on it ; it is built in Chinese architecture with green and yellow tiles, and is perfectly unique in style and equipment. Five hundred patients are provided for. This Institute is especially for training Chinese students in medicine.

We had a number of invitations socially, among these being one for Dr. Lowry's eightieth birthday. On Sunday morning we attended a quiet little service in the Legation church, and on Sunday evening the service in the Y.M.C.A., where a large number of foreigners meet weekly.

No one should travel as far as China without seeing her Great Wall, for this gives some idea of what an area this nation covers. The immensity of it can only be slightly gathered from the fact that there are one thousand five hundred miles of wall across the northern boundary from the sea. It was begun in the third century before Christ. It is twenty to fifty feet in height. Every two hundred yards towers rise forty feet high, used formerly as sentry stations and places of vantage, from which stones could be hurled at an attacking party. Cannons were mounted at these points. The base of the wall is fifteen to twenty-five feet thick, the summit twelve feet across, and it is perfectly drained. This wall is carried over mountains, through valleys and at some points is four thousand feet above sea-level. The views from some of the high places are magnificent. It is still guarded where attacks might come and kept in good repair in these places. Much of it is solid masonry.

To visit the Ming tombs we stayed the night at Nankow, near Peking, and started early next morning in chairs, with four bearers each; for it is a long ride of many miles. The valley in which the tombs are situated is six miles long, and the tombs are built separately from each other on the wooded slopes. Thirteen Emperors are buried near, the first Ming Emperor being buried at Nanking when that city was the capital of China. These tombs are almost a replica of the one at Nanking, except that they are on a much bigger scale. The surroundings are very beautiful and impressive with their silence and their loneliness. The Ming dynasty lasted about three

hundred years, until it was overthrown by the Manchus in 1644.

We spent a fortnight in Peking, and had it not been for the intense heat it would have been most enjoyable. With one hundred and nine degrees in the shade it was too hot to sleep. How we longed for a refreshing breeze ! Dr. Candlin was our host and took us everywhere, and to the cloisonné works and the shops. Probably we were the last visitors to that house, for it has since been destroyed by fire. When we left Peking we went up to his house at Peitaiho to rest and to recuperate before the anticipated long journey to Africa. Our passages had been booked for some time, and the date gave us just three weeks to spend at this little paradise on earth, as it seemed to us. "Lotus Crest" has many lovers, but none more faithful than the deputation. The peace and quiet permeated everywhere, and each day we loved it more and more. The house is built at the top of a hill, three hundred and sixty feet high, and we could breathe the pure air of heaven and sit and gaze without intrusion on those higher hills, range on range, on the flowering trees below, on the bay in the distance and the blue sea a mile away, the broad river and plains. I should be sad to think that I have looked upon that scene for the last time, for it is full of happy associations.

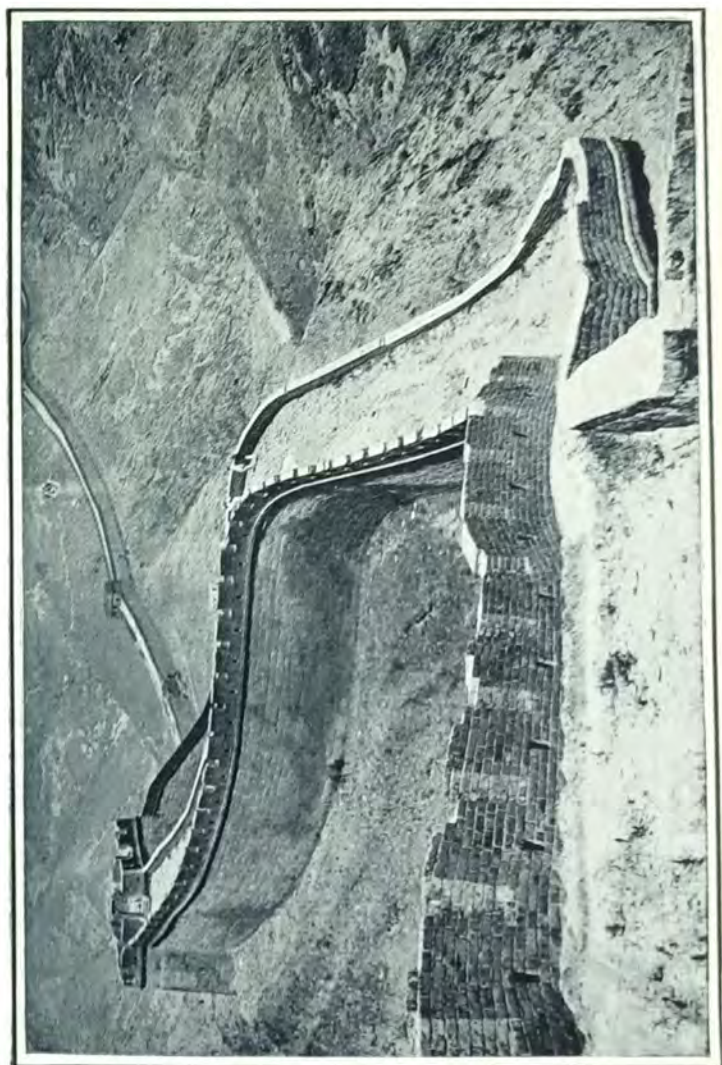
## CHAPTER XIX

### Across the Indian Ocean

**F**OR nine months our journeyings had been taking us further and further from home, the distance had stretched wider and wider between, when suddenly on the 20th July we turned round to face the homeward journey, and had a new and pleasant experience, although before reaching England we were to make a few thousand miles' detour.

During the two hottest months in the summer in China, Peitaiho is full of foreign visitors. The missionaries from the different fields in the north come for their holiday. Many of them have small houses and bungalows of their own. It is a great boon to them to stay in this beautiful seaside resort and to spend a happy sociable time together. A summer school has been instituted, and for this a noted American preacher will travel across the Pacific to spend his month's holiday at Peitaiho with these tired workers. In this way they receive a refreshing for their souls as well as for their bodies.

Our United Methodist Church workers were gathered here at this time, and the executive meeting was held during our visit, so that all our "good-byes" to these beloved missionaries were said on the platform of Peitaiho station. It is three and a half days' ride in the train from the north to Shanghai; and on our way we broke our journey at Tientsin for letters and luggage. Mr. Sheppard came up to Shanghai from Ningpo to see us safely off the shores of China, at which moment our



responsibility as deputation, so far as China was concerned, ceased. No doubt a burden of relief was removed also from the missionaries' shoulders when we sailed away in the *Kashgar* on the 27th July, 1922, and no real harm had come to us in China !

My one and only regret at leaving Shanghai was that it cut off the happy associations I had enjoyed with Miss Abercrombie, who was the daughter of one of our most prominent ministers in the Methodist Free Church. She went out to our Mission at Ningpo as one of our first single lady missionaries, when at that time there was some prejudice felt in regard to women's work by members of the staff on the field. Since she left us she has done a fine work as Superintendent of the "Door of Hope" in Shanghai. This is a home for prostitutes and has a very wide fame as a faith mission. It is managed by four foreign ladies and a small committee ; the money raised is by anonymous gifts, and no debt is incurred. Two homes for children are associated with it. These children have been rescued from houses of ill-fame, many of them being police cases. Shanghai has a mixed court, probably the only one in the world. Two magistrates of two nationalities, one a Chinese, the other a foreigner, sit on the bench together and conduct the business, the two deciding the sentences. Thus an Englishman and a Chinese side by side, each one having an interpreter who knows both languages and who stands on a raised platform near the bench, at the elbow of the magistrate, repeating the evidence to him. Women sit on one side of the court and men on the other. Supreme regularity and order are kept as strictly as in England. Miss Abercrombie attends the court regularly ; she is well known and highly respected by the magistrates, officers and police. She has no fear whatever in going into the slums, or investigating behind the scene, and is treated with the utmost deference and courtesy. After taking us through

the courts, the inspector conducted us through the women's cells. We saw the prisoners, many of whom were kidnappers of children. A lady Russian prisoner was confined in one cell for stealing, to which she probably was driven through want and suffering.

Another day Miss Abercrombie introduced me to a Christian bride who had been working in the Young Women's Christian Association, and was marrying a young student from the Methodist Mission. The day before the wedding a bride's trousseau is collected together and sent off in very smart red and gold carriers, attached at each end of a long pole, and slung across the shoulders of a coolie. Quite a procession is formed to take the bride's belongings to the bridegroom's house, and great importance is attached to it. Her outfit comprises all her clothes, very beautifully made, and in great quantity, and also probably half a dozen padded quilts like eiderdowns, in the daintiest and prettiest coverings, many of them silk, and some of them most beautifully embroidered. These are folded up, with silk cushions to match, and placed on the carriers without any covering, so that the public may see. The garments are packed in new leather cases, with all the presents she has received, such as ornaments, trinkets, china, her little compact dressing-case, made of black wood with little drawers, containing the combs and jewellery which every bride possesses. Last come the many dishes of sweets, nuts, bonbons, all daintily arranged by the bride herself, in dishes of red lacquer with covers. These are ready prepared to hand to the guests who call upon her when she arrives at the bridegroom's house. The longer the procession the more distinguished are the two people concerned.

The wedding the next day was a somewhat grotesque imitation of a Western wedding, the students being in European dress and evidently feeling smart. It was a novelty to them, for they treated it as a big joke. After

a long wait, large baskets of flowers were brought in and placed on the rostrum of the church, and we learnt afterwards that they were too big for the small bridesmaids to carry! Another long wait, and then a number of very well-dressed Chinese women arrived in pretty silk dresses in dainty colourings, their hair decorated with silver and gold ornaments, and wearing all their bracelets, rings and brooches. They stood about and talked to each other, and finally decided it was the right thing to sit down in the first pews. Another long wait and a motor-car was heard in the yard outside, and soon after this the bride, very reluctantly, crawled up the aisle at a snail's pace. She was dressed in white and wore a bunched up veil, like a mob cap with ends. She was followed by four bridesmaids, two in pink Chinese embroidered dresses, and two children dressed in white with pink ribbons. The correct thing is for the bride to be very shy, and very late, on these occasions. We waited quite two hours to see this ceremony. The motor-car was covered with huge rosettes and trimmings. A wedding causes almost as much excitement as a funeral, and it is often impossible in the street to decide which you are meeting, until the red and gold sedan-chair reveals it to you, or the big canopy with its embroideries covering the large coffin at the end of the procession.

Before we left Shanghai we made an interesting excursion down to the Chinese city, the narrow streets of which are filled with small shops, much like a fair. Everything conceivable is sold here, from ivories to birds in cages. To see these streets lit up at night is like walking through fairyland, with artistic Chinese lanterns and scrolls hanging on either side. Shanghai has some very large stores, which are in the broad foreign streets, and I have not seen such brilliance in any capital to compare with them. They are decorated in a most lavish manner and the lights everywhere are dazzling. The silk stores

are marvels of delight and ravishing to the sight. Early Paris models are to be found in the French shops, and many things are cheaper than at home. Woollens, however, are certainly at a premium, and it is worth while sending to England for these. The large American, French and English drug stores can supply everything one needs, and, in fact, one can buy anything necessary at the Treaty Ports. The æsthetic taste alone is the one which it is not always possible to satisfy.

The heat was very great in Shanghai and we were glad to leave it for the boat. The collecting the luggage together and the re-sorting it out again at the hotel we found almost unbearable. One gentleman we knew very well said that the only way he could live was to have ten cold baths a day. We were so overcome ourselves that we got up at 2 a.m. to pack and went back to bed again at 6 a.m.

The *Kashgar's* tonnage is about eight thousand; she is comfortable and clean, and we had good food, and an excellent captain. Mr. Stedeford travelled second class, so we were separated most of the time, which was a great source of regret. Our cabin was small, the port-hole let very little air in and we had to keep the fan running night and day, or we should not have been able to sleep. The steamy heat was most depressing; in fact, we none of us felt at all well during this voyage. The monsoon winds certainly made it a little pleasanter, for, though the breezes were hot, they moved the air.

Eight days after leaving Shanghai we arrived at Singapore. The sail through the Malay Straits is pretty. The houses are built on piles of wood driven into the water, or into the ground, and are raised up some ten or twelve feet, having grass sides, and grass roofs which overhang considerably. This is no doubt for coolness. The tall grasses and tropical trees, and the bright atmosphere charm one. High hills form the background,

and as we arrived soon after sunrise the morning haze added to the beauty of the distance.

It was a delight when we saw two friends wending their way to the ship, and we were quite willing to be carried away in their motor-car to their bungalow, fourteen miles out, and to spend the night with them, after driving round and seeing the points of interests in Singapore. At this time of the year the Botanical Gardens are looking their best, the flowering trees being in bloom. The most beautiful of these is the "flame of the forest" which grows with spreading branches, very much like our chestnut tree, and which is covered with a large bright red flower. The crotons of every colour grow five feet high; rare hot-house plants multiply like weeds; there are exotics of every kind, palms forty feet high, foliage plants with exquisite perfume, many different coloured armirillas, and high tree ferns. Great trouble is expended in trying to cultivate English flowers in the tropics, but these are a failure. I only saw one poor little rose. It was hardly an apology for one. The rainy season had just commenced and everything was fresh and green. The English cathedral stands in a prominent position; it is built in Eastern fashion, as are also the Government House and most of the large buildings, in a low style with verandahs. All are white or yellow in colour, which gives them a pleasant and cool appearance against the luxuriant green foliage.

There is a good Wesleyan and a Presbyterian Mission, each with a school. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have established a school for Eurasian children, in what was previously an old Chinese house, with courtyard and buildings around, and upturned roofs of bright coloured tiles. The European and commercial community is large, with a very up-to-date men's club, and there are two immense stores, either of which would be as big as the London Army and Navy Stores.

We had our first introduction to the monkey tribe while passing through the jungle and cocoa-nut and rubber plantations. The roads are in splendid condition, the surface being of yellow sand or red gravel, which is a pleasant contrast to the high cocoa-nut palms, bananas and ferns along the route. Especially does it appeal to the artistic eye when a group of natives appears, their black skins and black hair contrasting with their bright-coloured garments. These latter comprise a striped skirt and a thin gauze veil, two yards long, three-quarters wide, thrown over the head, and allowed to float about in the breeze, and of the gayest colours. The bare feet and anklets, the rings through the nose and ears as well as on the wrists and hands, the upright carriage and graceful figure are most attractive.

The bungalow of our friends is on the seashore. One was irresistibly reminded of Louis Stevenson's home at Vailima by the silver sand, the palm trees, the blue sea, the glorious expanse of sky, the moonbeams on the water, and the soft warm breezes. Those few hours of relaxation in that beautiful spot gave us new life and strength to go through the programme and visit our East African Missions. At 6 o'clock next morning we slipped into loose garments and rejoined our host and hostess to break our fast with a cup of tea and to taste the most luscious pineapple grown, afterwards strolling about on the seashore. Later we had a delightful plunge and swim. This was a glimpse of the real luxurious Oriental life, it charmed us with its freedom. It revealed the liberty one can enjoy, but must never abuse, which is the great test of character in the tropics. The music of those shores still lingers with us.

The next land we sighted after leaving the Malay Straits was Ceylon, and in the middle of August we arrived at Colombo, where our ship stayed a couple of days to take in cargo. Kandy is the capital of Ceylon,

and is seventy miles distant from Colombo ; it is a fine ride there through wooded scenery, rising up to the height of six hundred feet. Here is a very noted Buddhist temple and the finest botanical gardens in the world. We saw nutmegs growing, many spices, and every kind of tropical tree and plant. It was an amusement to visit the elephants' bathing pool in the afternoon after their day's work was done, where a large number of them were lying in the water enjoying their bath. At the approach of visitors they climb up the bank for sugar cane ; and these huge animals crowd around to obtain all they can. They have learned many little tricks to attract attention ; one came hobbling up to me as though he had a bad foot, another took his attendant in his trunk and lifted him high above his head. They are trained to do very hard work, lifting heavy trees ; two elephants, one each end, will stack them up ready for transport. The African is a different breed and has not the large floppy ears of the Indian elephant. We saw numbers of them walking along the roads with little black boys riding on their backs. Ceylon is truly a beautiful island and we literally enjoyed her spicy breezes.

It was hot when we reached Bombay and late in the evening, and we stayed on board so as to make proper arrangements for our luggage. The *Kashgar* was continuing her voyage to England, and it was here that we had to change ship for Mombasa. We were grateful to have a room in the hotel looking on to the sea, which had thick blue glass windows shading the light of the sun. This we found very necessary, as also the tiled floors, and the absence of carpets and curtains. A large fan in the centre of the ceiling between our beds was kept going all the time. As the room was large enough to hold our trunks, I was glad to repack them and rid ourselves of the horrid cockroaches which had swarmed around our cabin on the *Kashgar*. Ships have to be fumigated at intervals

to get rid of them. Imagine, then, our disgust in seeing crawling on our bedroom floor these creatures three inches across. Even mosquito curtains did not keep all the unwelcome visitors out, for sand flies, another nuisance, are so minute that they can penetrate the mesh of the net, and they bite terribly. My husband had a bad foot through a small fester which, no doubt, was caused by a jigger. In Africa the latter are so usual that they are taken no notice of until people can hardly walk about; when they begin to fester, then they are extracted.

Bombay is interesting on account of its being the highway to India, and great numbers of vessels are continually calling here. It is a junction for north, south, east or west. Malabar Hill commands a fine view of the water, and the old and new city. At its summit are the "Towers of Silence," or the Parsee burial-ground, certainly one of the points of interest although so gruesome. Inside the enclosure are five round turrets of grey stone. Steps lead up to a door a few feet above the ground. Inside is a circular platform of large slabs of stone with divisions, on which the dead bodies are laid wrapped up in white cloths. As soon as the door is closed, the vultures, which crowd the top of the tower, sweep down and tear the body to pieces. When the bones are picked clean they are swept into a receptacle below, where there are drains to carry off rain water and other deposits which are filtered through charcoal and sandstone before emptying into a series of subterranean wells.

The men who are entrusted with these sad rites are called Nāsāsatars, and are the only living beings who enter the tower, this privilege being inherited from father to son. Zoroaster, the great Persian teacher, had three moral precepts, "Good deeds, good words, good thoughts." "We come from nothing, we go back to nothing, we leave nothing behind us," he said. The



OUR MISSION HOUSE AT JOMVU.

A large Mango tree in the foreground.

A MID-DAY MEAL IN A POKOMO VILLAGE, RIVER TANA.

The two hollowed tree trunks on the left are Beehives.

ceremony, at which the relatives attend, is performed in a building set apart for the purpose within the grounds. The burials take place before or at sunrise, or at sunset, and are supposed to be within twenty-four hours of death. This Parsee custom dates back some three thousand years. The Parsees form a large part of the community of Bombay, and are very rich and very prosperous.

We also visited Elephanta Island, six miles across the bay, where is the old-world famous cave temple dedicated to Siva. No one knows the date of this Brahmin temple. Its entrance is through the overhanging face of the cliff, and it gives evidences of its being of very ancient date. A large city which has entirely disappeared once stood on this island. All that is known of it is that it flourished several centuries before the Christian era.

It was our good fortune to put off in the *Karapara* on the 23rd August for Mombasa, a boat of about eight thousand tons. She was comfortable enough except for her terrible roll, the whole of the voyage being one continued movement.

It was with difficulty one dressed and ate and walked. There were numbers of young men going out to Africa discharged from the Indian Army; the Government was giving them special facilities for starting farming, promising them a piece of land after giving them twelve months' pay. We had about thirty first class passengers on board and five hundred third class, the latter sleeping under canvas on the lower deck. Indians are crowding over to Africa, quickly making fortunes out of the poorer native with his cheap labour.

After sailing for six days our boat stopped at a small island, the largest of a group of eighty islands, called Seychelles, seventy of which are inhabited. In the midst of the Indian Ocean they are about one thousand miles from Mombasa. Coral reefs encircle them, the sea is the

deepest blue, the sunshine brilliant and the low hills are covered with palms. This island is picturesque to look at from the sea, but it is still lovelier on shore. The Governor of all the Islands and two judges reside here. The islands were seceded from the French in 1815. The people speak French and are of French extraction; they are polite and very pleasant in all their dealings. Most of them are freed slaves, and their bright happy faces are a great contrast after the sad melancholy appearance of the Indian. The women wear long skirts, and pretty white jackets, gathered very full from the yoke. We were not surprised to find Roman Catholics at work here, or to learn of the good they are doing.

Next morning we crossed the Line, but had we not enquired we should never have known. Our days passed as usual at sea, most of our time being taken up with writing and conferring together over the work. Our secretary's typewriter was busy all day long. Once a little excitement was caused by the boat stopping for a couple of minutes without any apparent reason, then we learnt that a burial had taken place, that of a Mohammedan, a deck passenger. Such a burial is nothing unusual on board ship on the Indian Ocean. Our captain, a gentleman of a very friendly nature, lent us books and papers and frequently spent the evening with us.

September 2nd is a date which is not likely to be forgotten by the deputation. Our boat anchored before breakfast, and we were just sitting down to table when, hearing voices, we looked up and saw our faithful missionary, William Griffiths, and with him Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. It was a joyful meeting and a great relief to feel that we had really arrived on those shores of Kenya Colony, and should at last see our Mission, which to us has always been surrounded with such love and no little romance.

## CHAPTER XX

### Pioneer Mission Stations in East Africa

**O**UR Mazeras Mission is situated on the Uganda Railway, fourteen miles from Mombasa. The slow climb up the steep gradient gives ample opportunity for seeing the beautiful surrounding country. The train winds round the creek and the lovely harbour, then gradually rises higher and higher, several hundred feet, the clear atmosphere defining every detail, and clothing the scene in the most glorious colour. At the time of our arrival in East Africa the rainy season was coming to a close: every place looked fresh and green, and was at its very best. The luxuriant growth with the tropical foliage, the flowering trees, the grasses of all varieties growing six feet high, the thick rich undergrowth presented a scene altogether different from anything we had seen before.

It was more than a hearty welcome that we received from our missionaries, "Father" Griffiths and Mr. Hopkins, even more than a full expression of joy; it was a real relief that we had arrived at such a propitious time. The situation on the Mission was at the moment full of difficulties and urgent questions had to be settled. It seemed in the good providence of God that the deputation had arrived at this critical juncture.

When we stopped at Mazeras Station we were confronted with a scene more beautiful and picturesque than the one we had seen from the train. Standing the whole length of the long platform in rows, one behind the other,

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were the native Christians, fine stalwart figures. The women and children wore bright-coloured dresses, composed of one piece of cotton cloth fastened on one shoulder with an ornament, gracefully folded twice round the waist, and hanging down to the ankle; pretty beaded necklets, metal bracelets and armbands, and long ear-rings. The men's dress is not so attractive, for they only wear white or striped cotton baggy trousers to the knee, and a shirt worn outside. Banners were flying and drums beating.

As we stepped out of the train, the latter ceased and immediately the people struck up "God save the King." We could do nothing but walk up and down and smile. Their faces literally shone with delight. They then commenced singing songs of welcome and greeting us with their musical bush call; after which we walked in procession behind the large banner, on which "Welcome to our place" was inscribed in Kiswihili, up to Mr. Griffiths' house five minutes from the station. Behind the house they formed up in a semicircle and danced and sang.

Presently fifteen old men arrived, the elders and chiefs of the Duruma tribe. These had walked a great many miles to give us welcome to their country. A discoloured blanket, attached to one shoulder, was their only covering; round the waist they carried their knives, gourds, snuff-boxes and charms. Instead of spears they carried a high forked stick, to which was attached a three-legged stool on which they squat down to palaver. After shaking hands they sat down, forming a semicircle, while the head chief spoke to us in his own language. They then rose up and danced round in a ring, continually striking their bare feet on the ground, first one man and then another leading the procession, singing some kind of incantation to us the whole time.

This was a striking honour paid to us, for only on very rare occasions do the chiefs and elders come together in

this way. Probably the honour paid us was due to the fact that some years ago they made Mr. Griffiths a chief of the principal tribe. This is the greatest honour they can pay a white man, and only very few have had it conferred upon them. He is summoned to all their palavers and has been initiated into their laws and customs, which are kept sacredly secret. His influence must be very strong among these people. We learnt that our presence in this country was of great moment. The fact that white people had come to stay among them, and had taken the long journey from England to do so, was not only a surprise and a joy, but also made a deep impression on their minds.

During the evening the native dances continued, the concertina being kept busy. We watched the young couples' graceful and natural dancing, to the rhythm of the music, with pleasure and interest from the verandah in the moonlight. It was a pretty sight. Mr. Griffiths ordered them to cease at 9 o'clock, it being Saturday night. Immediately they gathered together in groups and sang very sweetly, "God be with you till we meet again." Long, long into the night did those strains ring in our ears. Was it possible that we were actually resting on African soil?

We were aroused at daybreak, and the tolling of the bell called us to church at 7 a.m. The white stone building close at hand holds two hundred and seventy people who come from all directions at the sound of the church bell, for they love the services and join in the songs of praise with great heartiness. No instrument is needed to keep tune. The soft language lends itself to the beloved cadences of our old English tunes; and young and old contribute towards the worship of the Great King. The service of an hour and a half was conducted by Mr. Griffiths, and the deputation each gave an address.

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Around the building is a pleasant garden made sacred to us by three graves, whose stone monuments remind us of the sad death of Mrs. Griffiths, whom we all mourned in 1899; of Mr. English, our educationist missionary, who only lived there twelve months and died in 1905; of Mr. Northon, an agriculturist missionary who, after two years, passed away in 1913. These all died of blackwater fever, a terrible disease prevalent on the coast, caused by the frequent attacks of malaria, and greatly dreaded because so little is known medically about it.

Two days after our arrival the natives were given a feast in honour of our visit, and the school children and students a day's holiday. A bullock was purchased and killed, and a sack and a half of rice. The killing, the cooking and the eating all took place near the Mission house. The native pastor, together with the officers of the church, superintended everything. About thirty women, carrying their pots and passing the house, first drew our attention to an open piece of ground where they each one took up their position. The women chosen to cook are very gratified at being asked; they supply their own firing, water and two large cooking pots, which are made of metal and kept bright and clean. The men, after killing the bullock, cut it up into small pieces and apportion it out to the women in sufficient quantity to fill their pots. The second pot is used for rice. The women sit behind their wood fire, never leaving it until the food is cooked and ready to eat. A little curly black head is often seen peeping round a woman's shoulder, for she has her baby strapped to her hip while doing her work.

We went to see the food served out, the men bringing round to each woman a bright polished bowl. The rice is placed in the bottom of this and the pieces of meat on the top, a little gravy being poured over to moisten the

rice. These bowls are carried to the different groups who sit around in a ring. After each bowl is placed in the middle, the feasters squeeze a little rice into a ball and put it in their mouths, taking each a piece of meat between their two hands. There was nothing whatever offensive about the business, although it is a barbarous habit of eating.

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and singing in an orderly fashion, a quiet and dignified behaviour being displayed at each one of the Mission stations which we visited on the coast. A marked difference is evident in dress, in behaviour, in looks, between the Christians on the Mission stations and the dark Africans who have not been brought to a knowledge of the truth.

The Duruma country covers a large field, and already we have eight stations besides Mazeras. The men who have charge of these have been educated and trained under Mr. Griffiths with one exception. He maintains a strict oversight of each church in his circuit, visiting Ribé and Jomvu once a month, and keeping in touch with all the little places attached to each of these stations. Rising at 5 o'clock each morning, after spending a quiet time in his private room until chapel at 6.30, he breakfasts at 7, enters school at 7.30 to supervise the teaching until the dispensary opens, where a little crowd has arrived to see the "doctor," some having walked twenty, even forty miles to see him. As many as fifty a day will have medical attention of some kind from him. A gentleman, eighteen years ago, left Mr. Griffiths his library of medical books, and his studies therein have enabled him to prescribe and to operate with some success. He is known far and wide. Sometimes he is called out at night to go to a woman almost dying in childbirth, to a bad case of pneumonia, a snake bite or a leopard wound. He loves these people, and he is much beloved by them.

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During the twenty-nine years he has lived among them "Bwana Griffiths" has gained their whole confidence and respect; to them he is their king.

After his midday meal he takes the Bible study and preachers' preparation class. Only the one hour before sunset, when he takes his walk, does he feel free to call his own. As Superintendent of the East African Mission, he has the accounts to do, and the book-keeping, besides much important correspondence in addition to his own private letters. His health during his long life in Africa no doubt is due to his simple and regular habits. The five days we stayed with Mr. Griffiths we were kept very busy and interested.

Our first day's march was to Jomvu, the Mission started by Mr. Wakefield in 1878. The Sultan of Zanzibar made a present of about two hundred acres of land for this Mission to be established amongst the Mohammedans who had settled here, the Arab population being between seven and eight hundred people at that time. Jomvu is about seven miles from Mazeras and nine miles from our station at Ribé. It is situated on a high hill at the top of the Mombasa Creek, and some two hundred feet above sea-level. We started our journey as soon as it was daylight, so as to arrive before the heat of the day. The Mission house had had the top storey taken off since Mr. Wakefield's day; it is built with one large room in the centre and a room leading out of this at each end, each of which has two doors and two windows. It seemed to us a most suitable structure, having thick stone walls and an overhanging roof to keep out the hot sun. The view from the verandah is magnificent. As we walked around the gardens, with the trees which our beloved pioneer, Mr. Wakefield, had planted with his own hands, and saw sweet English flowers growing, a chord of memory was struck. Here we were treading upon the same ground, looking upon the same scene, the

same little church, where our dear friend had so often told the old, old story.

We saw many tokens reminding us of those first early days of the Mission. The bell in the open, between two low posts driven into the ground, Mr. Wakefield received from a well-known church at home, and with such a glad heart. The sound rang out into the distance as we stood, and presently the villagers arrived. Not expecting us they had arranged no service, but they entered the building on each side under the overhanging grass roof which kept out the bright sunshine. As each one silently took his seat, he or she reverently knelt down before sitting on the wooden bench. It was a simple impromptu service, at which we spoke. Afterwards the women advanced and gently took my hands, looking lovingly into my face, repeating the words, "Yambo Bibi, Yambo Bibi." When I asked if any of them remembered "Bwana Wakefield," two old women, nearly blind and lame, advanced from the background. The men working in the fields, on hearing the bell, had immediately left their work. Presents were brought before we left, eggs, fowls, prawns, from the Mohammedan village further away. Our regret was that we had only these few hours with the people as our return journey had to be made the same day.

The *safari* to Ribé was a much more important affair, as two nights had to be spent at the Mission house there, and beds and food had to be packed up. We were up at 3 a.m. and started off at 4 o'clock. There had been a good shower of rain, but the moon shone out in all her fulness as the long trail of twenty porters and ourselves followed Mr. Griffiths through the bush. My husband rode a donkey, and I rode a mono-wheel, which was sent out some years ago for Mr. Udy Bassett. This conveyance is a chair fixed on one wheel: a pole is attached each side and two men, back and front, guide it along, one pushing, the other pulling. The path being only for walking

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single file, and very rough in parts, sometimes up and down hill, I was glad to walk whenever I could possibly do so, but it would not have been possible for me to have taken this journey of five hours' walking without the aid of the mono-chair, and I did not despise it in the least ! Mr. Griffiths whistled cheerfully as he walked with a slow steady gait and set the pace for the others. He always carried a long stick to be ready for emergencies, for there are plenty of wild beasts roaming about, and between the darkness and the dawn it is certainly uncanny. As we passed along we perceived a strong animal scent. The dawn broke at 5 o'clock, and as the sun rose higher and higher the day was glorious, his majesty appearing to full view at 6 o'clock. The broad river had to be crossed and recrossed again further on. It was fortunate for us that it happened to be low, so we had no difficulty ; sometimes it rushes down like a roaring torrent. Here the coolies had their morning wash. Laddo, Mr. Griffiths' donkey, has a great objection to putting his feet in the water, and that day his usual characteristic was displayed to a fine art. The coolies had literally to pull him across to the other side. We had a pleasant rest and breakfast on the brink of the river, having reached our midway halt.

Within two miles of Ribé we saw a little crowd at the top of high ground ; then we heard singing, and saw advancing the school children carrying bunches of flowers and palm branches. The teacher with them halted them in front of us and they sang " God save the King." They then followed behind us singing hymns and folk-songs, and cheering us between. One little song had a very pretty tune ; they sang it over and over again. Interpreted it was only these simple words, but they held a depth of measure : " Come to our town ; Come together to our town ; We all come." The harmony was carried over the hill and across the valley. Their happiness was infectious, and when we reached the second crossing the

children leapt from boulder to boulder over the river. Then commenced a long steep climb up to the village, with its huts on either side the broad sandy road, the women gliding out to call "Yambo Bibi," the men touching their heads in salute, everyone giving some greeting. Near the top of the hill I noticed a beautiful red rose growing; someone saw me point to it, the first I had seen in Africa, and immediately someone else plucked it and brought it to me, putting it in my hand.

We were treading again on sacred ground; the trees, the hills, the very stones cried out to us. Here was Ribé Mission station, of which we had heard and dreamed and which now we were privileged to see; hardly the Ribé of olden days, for now there are some three hundred people. In Wakefield's and Carthew's time there were hundreds of freed slaves living on these hill-sides, many of whom have long since died, and others moved to more prosperous surroundings. It is, we were told, a Christian village to-day. The seven hundred and fifty acres of land in our possession, laid out in rubber and cocoa-nut plantation, is worked by the Mission village. This plantation is the best which we saw in Africa, but it is not remunerative enough to pay our missionaries' salary. It does not pay to collect the rubber from the trees, and the cocoa-nuts vary very much in market value. Very many of them are stolen. Being a Christian community we cannot put a curse upon such stealing, like the natives! The African would pay a witch doctor to hang up a large snail shell and say a few incantations over it. This would be quite enough to ensure the crop not being touched.

At Ribé there is a good school and a teacher who does splendid work and speaks first-rate English. The church is built of stone and is in excellent condition. The Mission house is well furnished and in good repair.

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Orange trees grow in the garden, tropical plants, crotons of every colour growing like large bushes fully six feet high, on each side the pathway. From a good vantage-ground the Indian Ocean and Mombasa harbour are seen. The situation is so charming that it is difficult to realise it is so unhealthy and that sickness and death have visited here. William Griffiths Ambala, the pastor, was baptised by Mr. Wakefield, and he and the elders of the church paid us a visit the next morning. The present buildings on the station are not the original ones, nor are they on the same site. We visited the ruins down the hill, where the first house and church stood, before the white man was allowed on top of the hill. Near this spot is the little graveyard, sacred to the United Methodist Free Church, where lie the last remains of Rebecca Wakefield and her infant son, of Charles New, Thomas Carthew, John Henry Martin, Edmund Butterworth. This cemetery is enclosed with a moss-grown wall. Many are the tears that have watered these graves, for these missionaries were greatly loved by the native Christians.

We visited old Tofiki and his village. He was very desirous of meeting us, and said that he had prayed earnestly that he might be spared to look upon our faces. Over ninety years old, he remembered the early days of the Mission when Wakefield and New first came to Ribé. He was the cook, and went with New on many exploring excursions when Africa was almost a closed book. The most important expedition was finding Kilimanjaro, and going up to the snow-line. He was quite overcome with joy at meeting us. We were invited into his house, and we sat and heard the whole story from his own lips—of that great adventure.

The Mission house is built one storey high, with thick stone walls; a verandah, back and front, is a great convenience as a shelter from the sun one part of the day. During the night the grunt of the leopard, which prowls

round and springs on to the verandah, is a constant occurrence. Dogs and animals here have to be fastened under cover before it is dusk. The windows must be securely latched in the bedroom. There is a stillness that can be felt at night. We thought of the lonely missionary of those early days without a living soul with whom he could converse, the native "boys" being right away in their huts, when even the language was unknown, and the trust of the black man still untried.

The return journey was started the same early hour in the morning, and we were glad to go straight to bed when we arrived at Mazeras. During our absence the leopards had paid a visit to the station and killed a number of goats and some sheep. This happened in the broad daylight. The "boys" were keeping watch, but the animals stole through the long grass and were hidden from view. This, I learnt, accounted for the precaution of our verandah door being locked down every night so as to cut off the stairs from intrusion. We had noticed Mr. Griffiths taking his lantern each night and wandering around in an aimless sort of way!

The longer we stayed the more we realised how many things one needs to be careful of, and how willing one should be to take advice and precaution from older residents. Lizards, scorpions, snakes, bats, birds, mud-hutters, besides mosquitoes, all make their way into your bedroom and feel they have a perfect right to nest or build on your walls. The insect, reptile, bird and beast life of Africa is marvellous, as also is the fauna. Mr. Griffiths' house is substantial and suitable, as are all the buildings he has erected. He is an ideal host, not only looking after the food and water himself, but acting as doctor to his guests. If they do not interfere with his time and regular habits of work, they may have perfect freedom. Only those who live with him know his kind heart and his gentle disposition. He has always made light

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of his difficulties, and he has kept his own counsel ; so probably his Committee will never know his loyalty to them and his love for his work. If ever a record is taken of the Mazeras Mission it will be found that his quiet unceasing labour will rank him with the great missionaries of Africa—Livingstone, Moffat, Mary Slessor, Wakefield and New.

## CHAPTER XXI

### The New Meru Mission

**N**AIROBI, the capital of Kenya Colony, is twenty-six hours' run on the Uganda Railway from the coast at Mombasa. The first class carriages are provided with sleeping accommodation simply by lowering bunks from the sides of the compartment, thus giving the passengers a little extra space. The meals are provided at stations on the line ; these are nicely served in a restaurant, and all is in readiness when the train arrives. A short time after we left Mazaras we entered the Government Reserves of wild game. On these large tracts of country, wild and uncultivated, are herds of zebra, gazelle, bush buck, wildebeeste, ostrich, giraffe, etc., which feed on the open plains. Vultures and many large birds live near the forests. In the far distance are ranges of hills. The whole ride up to the capital is full of interest and beauty.

Nairobi is a very disappointing place and not at all worthy of its position. Several large European shops and stores and an Indian quarter have gathered here with some buildings of importance, such as banks, and the hotels, first, second and third class. No uniformity or plan has been carried out in the arrangement of the town. A mile or two outside are a few attractive bungalows, where the English have taken up their residence. Here our own Mission has a fine site of five acres, where a good house stood, which was unfortunately burnt down. It must have been a loss to our missionaries going up and

down to Meru. It was built before the new Mission was started, as a health resort from the coast, Nairobi being a very healthy place on account of its altitude. A view of Kilimanjaro, the snow mountain, is to be seen from the garden where the house once stood; English flowers grow luxuriantly, and the meadows beyond look like an English park.

The distance from Nairobi to Meru is fully two hundred miles and has to be covered by a motor-car. As this means a double journey, it is very expensive. The roads are not properly made, being only bullock waggon tracks; the second half is particularly rough. In wet weather it is a frequent occurrence for the driver to leave the car, tramp a long distance to a farm-house and fetch a team of bullocks, consisting of sixteen in number, to pull the car out of the mud. It means two days' hard driving to reach Meru, that makes four days for the car with the return journey. The wear and tear is tremendous on the machine and there is no wonder at the charge being two shillings a mile, forty pounds one journey.

The heat at the coast had been very intense, the sudden change to an altitude of six thousand feet was trying to our health and the terrible continued shaking of the car was really distressing. Nyeria is about half-way; this is where the night is spent in a small hotel. It is one of the Government stations, and officials are constantly going backwards and forwards to Nairobi. One long wooden building serves as dining and living room, with a verandah outside. The bedrooms are little round huts constructed of piles driven into the ground and covered with grass. Thatched over with palm leaves they look inviting and pretty; raised from the ground and entered by steps they have the appearance of summer-houses, but they are big enough to hold two beds.

We were surprised to see what superior people had



NATIVES OF MERU.

Our native Pastor amongst some of the natives.

ON THE TANA.

Rev. A. J. Hopkins, Rev. Charles Stedford, and the Author being taken up the River Tana in Dug Out Canoes by the Mission boys.

charge of these wayside inns, and how comfortable they made travellers. Refinement and good service were noticeable everywhere. At the White Rhino Hotel, Nyeria, and at Nanyuke, where we had lunch the next day, the proprietor was a gentleman and his wife a gentlewoman. This latter place had a real English garden ; although it had only been planted twelve months there were strawberry beds and every kind of vegetable and flowers in abundance. It is another Government station, with officers and a doctor. This place is not many miles from our Meru station.

The dust on the roads is very thick and a deep red colour ; consequently clothes, faces and hair become dyed to match the roads, and when we arrived at our journey's end we were hardly recognisable. The road gradually ascends after crossing several rivers, turning round many hairpin bends and passing nasty precipices. The last fourteen miles are through thick forest, in which every kind of wild beast takes shelter—elephants, lions, leopards and wild boars. We followed the trail of the elephants several times and once shot at a wild boar.

The plains are undulating and, whichever way you turn, natural beauty meets the eye ; herds are grazing peacefully in groups, zebra, ostrich, gazelle and buck. The vultures evidently find their food from the dead carcasses around. Anticipation enlivens the ride and mitigates much of the weariness of the travelling. When Meru is at last reached, you find that six thousand feet above sea-level have been gained, and the scenery around is superb. Mount Kenia, 18,000 feet high, is not far away, and is covered with perpetual snow. Already the English are talking of making it a winter resort where they can ski and skate. This, in Equatorial Africa ! Only twelve miles from the equator.

The Ratcliff's gave us a very kindly welcome and made us their guests. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, who accompanied

us, went with the two young ladies into the log house. It was a joyful meeting with their little boy Jack, who had been separated from them for six months.

The Mission was opened in 1913 by Mr. Worthington and Mr. Mimmack. The new Mission house recently erected is built of wood, the log house having to be discarded on account of the white ant. The semi-dried grass church is used also as a schoolroom, and near by are the half-dozen round huts where the "boys" lived who attend the school. On the other side of the missionary's house are other huts. They are used as stores, as dispensary and a girls' sleeping-place. Temporary wooden huts were put up for Mr. Ratcliff and the young ladies when first they arrived, and Mr. Perry was living in one of these when we were there. He was supervising the new house which was to be the residence of the young ladies and which was nearly finished. A little distance away there is a group of huts where the "boys" live who work on the Mission. Not more than a mile across from the Mission on the hill-side is the baumer (Government compound) and Government office, said to be the prettiest and best laid out in the colony. Its cultivated grass and well-kept roads, its houses and building arranged in good style make it like a gentleman's park, for it is kept in such perfect order.

Two miles from the Government baumer and only one mile from our Mission is a military camp. This has only recently been settled here, and it has made it very inadvisable for us to establish a girls' school anywhere near, as was originally intended. We were informed, through the Colonel, that the permanent camp will remain here, being on the direct road to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Our Mission is built on the very outskirts of the Meru district. When Mr. Griffiths surveyed this large field and secured the land, it was only his intention to start the

work here, and after a time to erect permanent buildings more in the centre of the district. It was to be merely a starting-off ground.

The de Meru is an exceedingly important tribe ; their villages are small but very numerous ; they have great intelligence and are most interesting. The young men train to be warriors, and still keep up their little fights with neighbouring tribes, although to-day it is not a case of fighting for their own existence as formerly. They are not very tall but have a splendid physique. The dress consists of a blanket or red oiled cloth slung from one shoulder, a beaded anklet, and a long steel spear. The hair, grown long, is dressed very elaborately in dozens of tiny plaits, which hang in a bunch to the shoulder. The hair, like the skin, is rubbed thickly over with oil coloured with red earth, and the skin shines as if polished. It is only the warriors who let their hair grow long ; the women shave their heads, except the brides, who dress the hair in numbers of small curls until it looks like a cap.

The young men are very agile, and are fed on good food, which is cooked by the young girls. They live in huts some distance away from the village, and thither the girls carry the food after cooking, placing it outside. Little is known of this race. The women go into the fields and the old men and boys mind the cattle. They are very industrious, working from daylight to sunset. The women wear hide dresses, tanned to the colour of the earth and of their skin, like a double skirt fastened round the waist, the upper one being drawn up over the shoulder when cold and thrown back when working in the fields. An artistically fashioned pattern, worked in steel or brass beads, adorns the edge of the skirt which falls nearly to the ankle. Large quantities of beads, especially blue, are worn round the neck and shoulders, and the arms are almost covered with brass wire twisted lightly around. The

anklets are worn in the same way. At nights when the women go back to their huts, they strip and wash. The oil rubbed on to the skin prevents the cracking caused by the hot sun by day and the sudden change of temperature at night. Their laws are kept very stringent and the elders keep a watch over their people, especially over their morals, which reach a certain standard.

In front of the Mission house is the public road leading from the villages near to the shamba (plot of cultivated ground) at a distance, where the people work. Hundreds pass every day, morning and evening, carrying back the produce from their land for man and beast tied up in large bundles. Flocks of goats and cows are daily taken up for grazing. A constant stream of life is seen from the verandah of the Mission house, passing up and down. The brightness and happiness of their dispositions is manifest by their hearty laugh when spoken to; and their interest in the white women is very keen. The native dances are attended from miles around and will last for some days. The way the warriors wave their spears, the rhythm and the perfect time being kept up hour after hour, is a remarkable feat. The young women, specially dressed for the occasion, stand around in a circle, making a background to the performance and joining in at intervals. The people love their dances, which form their principal recreation.

The warriors came round the Mission every day we were there and expressed their desire to arrange a dance for us. This is their form of showing hospitality, and is like the Chinese offering a feast to the stranger in their midst. Much as we should have liked to witness a dance, it would have been quite unseemly for a Christian Mission. Had the Commissioner been at home, it would have been a different matter, as it was no uncommon thing to have such a dance on the baumer.

The Roman Catholics are working in this district; otherwise our Church is solely responsible for Christianising this large tribe of people. The edge of the Presbyterian Mission comes to within forty miles of our own, and it is working amongst a totally different tribe, by no means as intelligent as the de Meru tribe.

Meru is a delightful country to live in, and has a climate which can hardly be equalled for healthiness. The days throughout the year are warm like an English midsummer and the evenings refreshingly cool, when a log fire is acceptable. Our health greatly improved during our seven days' visit, although we had a strenuous time attending meetings each day, morning and afternoon, and discussing many difficult problems for the future work. We were disappointed not to have a little sport in the way of some shooting; only once for a couple of hours was that possible, when we had some excitement over a leopard, seen by Mr. Ratcliff just a couple of yards away from where we were walking.

One evening at dusk my husband and I went across to see Mr. Perry in his wood hut. As we were leaving, he asked the "boy" to light our lantern. When he was told that we had not brought one he was most concerned, saying that it was not safe to go even that five minutes' walk without a light, as any animal might be prowling about and would spring on us in the dark. The evening hour before retiring was very enjoyable. We would sit round a log fire and listen to tales of African life from the experiences of our own missionaries.

The forest is near the Mission station and our friends have frequent visits from wild animals. Only a few days before our arrival a small herd of elephants walked across. They are mischievous fellows, trampling down anything and anybody. When I expressed my disappointment at not meeting any on the journey up, I was told of men having to wait several hours up a tree while

the curiosity of a couple of elephants was satisfied! I could not picture myself jumping out of a car and climbing the nearest tree, so that it was rather a relief than otherwise to go safely through those fourteen miles of forest, on our return journey, without any other encounter than with a family of monkeys. To close the door tightly at night in the bedroom, which opened on to the verandah, was a wise precaution. Hyenas barked around the house, and strange noises might be heard by us in the distance while lying in bed.

Meru is a great field for a Mission, and there is no doubt that we have a splendid opportunity at the present day to develop it. It is most probable that in a few years' time it will become an important centre of Kenya Colony. The railway will no doubt come very close, and this will considerably alter the cost of transport. The Military Camp stationed here offers yet another field of work for the Mission. A system of itineration into the villages, the opening of small schools in different centres for the children, with little expense to be incurred, similar to the one or two already started, should be followed up. The women's work and medical work must be left in abeyance, until the Mission is more fully equipped and established and more funds can be secured.

The deputation took a short detour on the return journey, so as to pay the doctor a visit, and consult him respecting the health of our lady missionaries. Several calls were made in Nairobi as we passed through, and we stayed a couple of nights. When we reached the coast and Mr. Griffiths' house, it was something like returning home, for we had now come to the last lap of our journey. The only excitement we had passing through the Reserves was the sight of a herd of giraffe in the distance, stretching their necks up to the trees, although once we were convinced that we saw a lion walking through the bush.

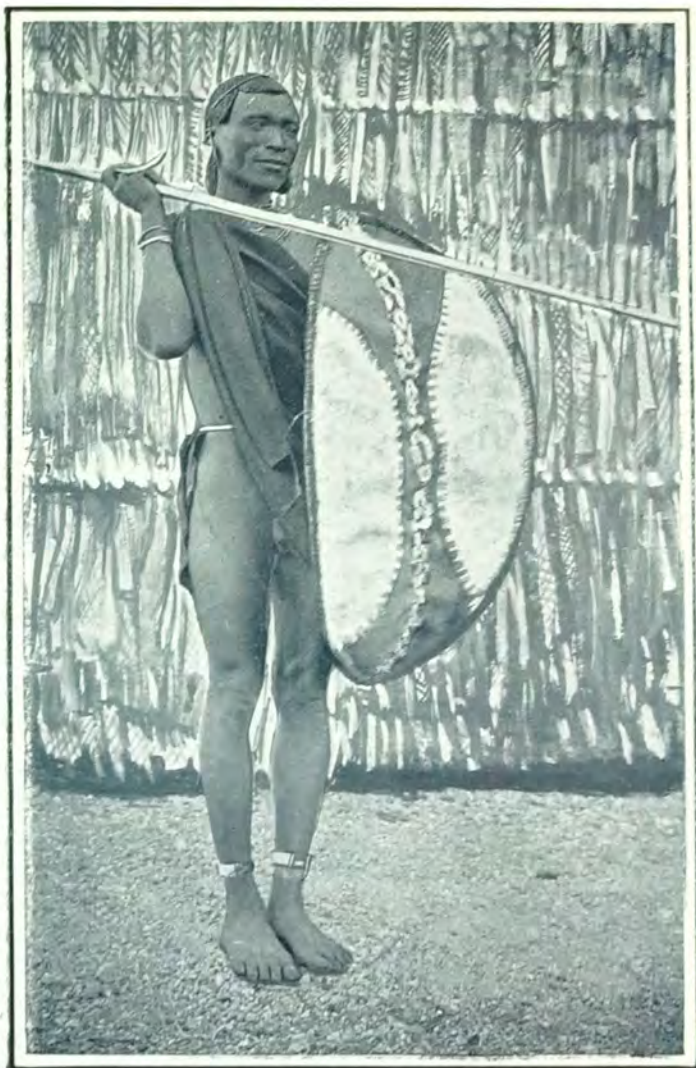
Five days we waited for a boat to take us up to Lamu on the coast, our nearest port for the Tana River. Some preparation had to be made for that difficult journey. Mr. Stedeford's whole time was taken up with the typewriter. My husband was busy from morning till night developing films under difficult conditions, and I had much writing, and resting and thinking to occupy my mind during the time of waiting.

## CHAPTER XXII

### The Tana River

**I**N the year 1861 the United Methodist Free Church Assembly authorised an East African Mission. Thomas Wakefield and J. Woolner offered themselves for the field. They were accompanied by two Swiss ministers and Dr. Krapf as far as Zanzibar. The latter had strongly advised that this Society should establish a Mission to the Gallas, a fine, pastoral, but warlike and savage tribe occupying a large tract of land between the Duruma country and the Tana River, north of Mombasa. At this date it was difficult to penetrate far beyond the coast, the tribal chiefs showing great opposition to the white man through superstition and fear. Mr. Woolner's health obliged him to return to England almost immediately. Mr. Wakefield and Dr. Krapf made numerous excursions from Mombasa. They were received cordially several times by the chief and elders of the Ribé tribe, and finally decided that Ribé would make a good stepping-stone to the northern district, where the Gallas lived, and which was the objective of the Mission.

Here our pioneer started the first Mission alone, before he was even able to speak the Wanyika language. It must have been a great joy to him when Charles New was sent out by the Committee from home. One can well imagine with what anticipation these two men set out on their life-work, and with what keenness were their many dangerous journeys taken, while they were exploring a country where the white man's foot had never yet trod.



A MERU WARRIOR.

These young men live alone in huts some distance from the village. They are fed on good food which is cooked and placed outside their huts; they have a splendid physique and are very agile; the hair grows long and is dressed very elaborately, it is oiled like the skin and coloured red to match.

These young men must have started out to find the most suitable place to establish the Mission to the Gallas, and the knowledge could only have been gained through getting into touch and intimacy with these people.

Mr. Wakefield grew dissatisfied as to Ribé's being the best centre from which to work. The population, he found, was much smaller than he had been given to understand, and when he left for his first furlough he decided that the headquarters in future should be removed to Tana, as being more accessible to the Gallas country.

But already the news had spread of the white man's appearance, and when the Gallas heard of his being settled at Ribé they journeyed down to see him, coming again and again, till eventually a number of them came to live in the locality. Soon a little church gathered together, composed of both Wanyika and Gallas tribes. This decided the missionaries to remain at Ribé and instruct the people, until they themselves took the opportunity of learning the Gallas language, and preparing the way for work in Ugalani.

Then an opportunity offered for starting a Mission in the Duruma country. An early convert, a Duruma chief named Mazera, was so desirous that his tribe should be brought out of darkness into the Marvellous Light that he could not rest. After our Mission taught him he became a great preacher to his own people and did a fine work. He was so much respected that this place became known as Mazeras; and when the railway came the station itself bore his name.

In 1876 an invitation came to start a Mission at Jomvu, the Mohammedan village about nine miles from Ribé, on another hill overlooking the creek where the Sultan of Zanzibar had apportioned about two hundred acres to our Society for the purpose. There was a great slave traffic from Tana right down the coast to Mombasa on the

mainland. Jomvu and Ribé were great refuges for runaway slaves, and constant trouble was caused by these poor wretches flying to the missionaries. Though it became illegal in 1873 for slaves to be sold in the open market, yet in 1875 it was known that 12,000 slaves were imported into the island of Pembe from the mainland. But always our pioneer continued to plead with the Home Committee to start a Gallas Mission, his argument being, "The primary and ultimate purpose of the United Methodist Free Churches, East African Mission, was the Gallas country." In a last appeal, which he sent out to his Committee, he said, "I have had to fight this battle hitherto almost single-handed and my weapons, I felt at the time, were far too feeble for conquest. It is time, however, now for our churches to gird themselves with strength and a resolute unconquerable will, to plunge into the 'Dark Continent' and claim this imperial race for Christ. It is not I who plead alone; there comes the silent appeal from four to eight millions of grand but barbarous men. . . . Why do we pause on the threshold with our purpose still unachieved? Let us go in with the loud war-cry of stalwart men, 'The Gallas for Christ.'"

Before the consent of the chiefs to enter the Gallas country was given, Mr. Wakefield had many difficulties to overcome. Twenty-two years was he sowing the seed, praying, working and pleading both with the Committee and with the native chiefs. While on furlough in 1879, Dr. Krapf interviewed him again in respect to an American Mission wishing to start a Mission to the Gallas, but the doctor was told that our Church had fixed upon that field. Many difficulties had been overcome, and it was the ultimate aim of the Society to establish this Mission. The American Board, after hearing this decision, did not enter the East Coast of Africa, but turned their attention to some district near the Congo in the west. In their report they stated that if the Methodist

Free Church had not fixed upon the Tana River, they would have taken immediate possession.

Five years afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Houghton were sent out from England to establish the Golbanti Mission. Scarcely two years elapsed when the whole denomination were thrilled with horror at the news that these two promising young missionaries had been speared to death by the brutal Masai who raided the Mission. The latter were a very cruel race, who lived on spoil, raiding herds of cattle from all the pastoral tribes in this country. Whenever the cry of "The Masai are coming!" was heard, the whole village would flee for their lives into the bush, so much were they feared. This treacherous murder was a great calamity to the Mission, but it only fanned the flame to the missionary enthusiasts and lovers. Consterdine went out straight away to the field, and did a work which is bearing fruit to-day. Many others have contributed to this little sphere. Our Golbanti Mission has always engendered a beautiful spirit, and the many sacrifices offered up on this altar have been, we believe, dear in God's sight. The flame that was set alight in those early days has never grown dim and we have faith to believe will never die out.

The year after our Mission started, German traders arrived and settled on the opposite bank of Golbanti. The Pokomos are the Tana River tribe and live all the way up the banks in little villages. The Germans undertook to evangelise these people and sent out missionaries in 1887. They did not interfere in the least with our Mission or the Gallas at Golbanti, and showed a very friendly spirit always. It was a fine work they did establishing mission stations, Ngao being their headquarters. When they were withdrawn, at the time of the Great War, it was a real calamity. It was only a natural consequence of events that the German Mission should ask our Society to supervise their Neu

Kirchen Mission, as we in Golbanti were in such close proximity.

The Missionary Committee, without undertaking any responsibility, decided that one of our agents on the field should go to the Tana, anticipating that it would only probably be for a short time, and that the German missionaries would return. The unhealthy climate of this region was well known; malaria is rife and travelling difficult. Strict instructions were therefore given to safeguard our missionaries' health as much as possible, by making an arrangement that Worthington, Ratcliff and Hopkins should itinerate a year at the unhealthy Tana, and two years at healthy Meru. By this means it was hoped that they would preserve their health.

The war was prolonged and, by the time it ended, much of the property needed repairs. The Committee realised that much money would have to be expended and anxieties arose of various kinds. The Government were appealed to, the Committee trusting that they would solve the many questions arising. The reply came in the way of an appeal, asking whether our Society would not be willing to take over altogether the Tana Mission. At this juncture the deputation was asked to include East Africa in their missionary tour. The Committee desired to have full knowledge of the situation, and to hear a business man's opinion as to the possibility of working this district with the already existing coast stations, so as not to interfere with the development of the Meru Mission. The great inducement for starting the new Meru Mission in 1913 had been its healthy climate, due to high altitude. It would enable our missionaries to change their field from the coast and its trying conditions. The death-roll had been very heavy. A high price had been paid for establishing those four Mission coast stations. More than twelve heroic lives had been lost. Others had gone out, willing to give themselves to the

cause, but had returned home after short service completely broken down in health. We know well that ours is not the only Society who have given of their very best to this Dark Continent ; but when the missionary annals are complete, we may be sure that our Church will hear the Master's words, " Well done ! "

Small steamers run at intervals up and down the coast from Mombasa to Lamu. It was our good fortune to sail on the day the steamer was advertised. The *Tuma* left at 5 p.m. on the 1st October, and we arrived in port next day at 11.30 a.m. Passengers frequently are compelled to wait for weeks together for a passage to Lamu, there being very little traffic on this coast. This is a Mohammedan town, and its mosque and white buildings have a decidedly Eastern appearance from the sea, with its palms, sugar-cane and bananas growing on the hill at the back. It is a pretty run up the channel towards the harbour. Arabs are seen everywhere in their turbans and flowing white robes. Some bungalows, covered with grass, with overhanging roofs and commanding the best view and situation in Lamu, we learnt, were the German Mission, and there we put up for the night. A cocoa-nut plantation behind the buildings has a fresh and green appearance. We found ourselves in a comfortable wattle house, large enough to accommodate more than one missionary. Besides this there is accommodation for a good-sized school, judging from the out-buildings.

This city originally belonged to the Persians, then it became an Arab settlement, and now it consists mainly of Swahili, who are a mixed race, part Arab and part African. They occupy the towns along the coast, viz. Lamu, Malinde, Mombasa, Zanzibar and all the little places between, each having its own dialect. They are principally Mohammedans. The Wa Pokomas are the Tana River tribe. On the south bank of the river, in the bush, live the Gallas, the Wanyika and the Waboni, and these

three tribes stretch right back to Mombasa and Ribé. On the north side of the river are many Gallas villages ; but these are sparsely scattered over the plains. Higher up the river reaches one comes into touch with the Somalis, a very troublesome people, who have to be kept in subjection by the Government.

The Commissioner had promised Mr. Hopkins to lend the Government launch for our use to go up the Tana River. It was an intense disappointment to arrive and find that Mr. Fagan had to leave in it himself only the day before. The only other course left for us was to take an Arab dhow down to Kipini, go up the river as far as the dhow would take us, and then take canoes the rest of the journey to Ngao. That would mean four days up the river in open boats in the hot scorching tropical sun, without the least protection. Mr. Hopkins very much feared the journey for me, and he was very unhappy at even the gentlemen having to take it. The heat, the long days, the early startings, the fear of malaria and the general discomfort were a great risk.

A long discussion took place, pros and cons were discussed, and the only alternative was for Mrs. Hopkins and myself to stay at Lamu alone, while the gentlemen proceeded. The quickest possible time to do the journey would take over a fortnight. The thought of being separated from my husband under such conditions, with no doctor available, and no communication at all possible, made me tremble with fear. On the other hand, I was desirous above everything else not to hinder my husband from going. For the first time our way seemed really blocked. How grateful I was when he decided the matter ! Two dhows were engaged instead of one, so that if my strength failed me, I could be taken back to Lamu.

We all retired at 8.30 in preparation for the early call at 3 a.m. At 2 o'clock a gentle tap was heard at our door. It was Mr. Stedeford desiring to speak to my husband.

I knew perfectly what this meant, and was not surprised when he returned, saying that Mr. Hopkins was afraid to let me go ; he felt the risk was too great because of the heat, and he had not closed his eyes to sleep, thinking it over in his mind. When my husband had done explaining this, he said, " Well, what do you say ? " My reply was, " We threshed it all out before we came to bed, and I have prepared my mind for anything. I fear the strain of mind to me of your going alone would affect me more than the physical strain." That settled it ! We all got up and had a silent breakfast ; the beds were packed, the coolies sent off with the luggage, and by lamplight we made our way down to the dhow. It was still dark when we set sail for Kipini, the mouth of the Tana River.

In a fair wind it is a six hours' sail down the coast ; but we were not favoured, and for twelve hours we were tossing about in the swell of the Indian Ocean. Within a few minutes of boarding that dhow the ladies both succumbed and had to lie down at the bottom of the boat, too ill to raise a head the whole way. It was a bad beginning ! But the Arab dhow in Africa can compete fairly well with a Peking cart for discomfort. She is the roughest vessel afloat, without any deck. The bottom of the boat, to make it a little level, has wet sand thrown in from the seashore to fill up gaps in the framework. On top of this sand is spread a sail. The bulwarks all round are made of strong matting. Being an open boat the crew and passengers are close together, so that there is no privacy. The cooking is done at the bottom of the boat at the fore end, and we received all the benefit. Around the mast was a quantity of stale fish drying in the sun, making its presence very evident. The sun directly overhead poured down unmercifully the whole time. It was a tedious journey, but Kipini, which had been looked at so longingly for so many hours, was reached at last.

It is the custom in this district for European travellers

to be welcomed at any European's house. If the resident is away and the house closed, there is access to the rooms. Food and bedding for the journey are always carried, and the master's servant prepares his food and bed for the night wherever he goes. The Commissioner having gone away, we took full possession of his house for the night. Next morning we walked around the small German rest-house of three rooms, evidently put up for the missionaries going to and from Lamu.

As soon as the tide served we set sail for Kau. We were glad of the smooth water, but we had a little wind, and the huge boat had to be rowed a great part of the way. The consequence was that we were late in arriving. The beds and mosquito curtains had all to be put up at dusk by lantern light. We had only square grass shelters here, and these were close beside the river. They were hardly a protection from the wild beasts, and none from the weather, and this place literally swarms with mosquitoes. It was impossible to sit down to eat. The only way to keep these bloodsuckers off the face was to flick a towel about constantly. An utter impossibility it was to creep under one's curtains without being followed by them, and the black "boys" told Mr. Hopkins that they did not even attempt to sleep, but sat round the fire the whole night.

After a sleepless night we were glad to get off at day-break. The river was broad enough to take the small dhow another day's journey; but unfortunately the wind died down completely soon after dawn and the canvas was not the slightest use. We concluded that we should have been better off if we had taken canoes instead. But how we admired those "boys" cheerfully rowing the boat mile after mile! My husband shot two pelicans and several duck, and this relieved the monotony a little and immensely pleased the crew, who immediately skinned them ready for their evening meal. We saw a large quantity of wildfowl. Weaver birds'-nests

were hanging from the trees the whole way, close to the water. These are woven beautifully with grass and wonderfully made to protect the young from enemies, such as snakes. They swing about with the breeze and are suspended by only a twisted piece of dried grass. They were to be seen in thousands up the river.

There is a large cocoa-nut and pineapple plantation at Belazoni owned by Smith Mackenzie, an English syndicate, comprising ten thousand acres of land. An Indian was managing it and hoping to make it pay for the first time, he having planted large rice-fields on the estate. A good furnished European house stands here, which we occupied for the night. This is the only place where fruit is grown on the river in any quantity. Oranges, limes, lemons and bananas were in full fruitage.

The last day in the canoes was the hardest day of all. These native craft are merely hollowed-out trees. A few dried palm leaves at the bottom of the boat form certainly some slight protection from the mud; but, as you sit down and stretch out your legs at full-length, innumerable insects are attracted. That is nothing, however, for immediately you find you must hang on to the sides of the canoe or you may turn over into the water, and this river is known to be full of crocodiles! Hippopotami, moreover, abound and are not at all unlikely to catch your boat underneath and upset it. The man at each end of the canoe poles the boat along, keeping well into the bank, steering constantly backwards and forwards to avoid the swift current. Unless these two keep time, swinging their poles regularly together, the jerking movement is by no means pleasant. Hour after hour this continues. Twice during the day we landed to rest ourselves from the sun and to have something to eat. The river grows much narrower higher up, and very thick woods rise up on each side, preventing any air from circulating. It is stifling, and the sun is cruel.

Relays of men at different stages of the journey were engaged so as to ensure arrival at Ngao that same night. As it was, we were fully two hours after sunset before we accomplished this long journey. Probably we should not have accomplished this last stage had we not had the Mission "boys" from Golbanti, for there are many superstitions about the river and no heathen will venture out on it after dark.

The most interesting feature of the last day was that each little church came and stood in a group on the bank, and as soon as our boats came in sight they started to sing a hymn. At Golbanti we landed and walked up the bank and shook hands with the people. It was a touching meeting, for they are our own people. Here was Joseph Jara, that large-hearted Christian and his wife, and others, all so faithful and true to our church during the difficult years of the war.

The last hour was very weird. Bright moonlight shone through the trees, and black grotesque figures kept appearing on the bank caused by the many deep shadows. Numberless little electric lights seemed to glow everywhere. They were fire-flies, flitting from tree to tree. From the distance came the sound of sweet singing, and then a bright light, as we turned the corner, assured us that we had reached our journey's end. A large crowd was there to meet and greet us, and on the bank were teachers and preachers.

I was almost lifted out of the canoe. A procession worthy of any queen followed up to the Mission house, with singing and rejoicing all the way. My eyes are dim with tears now as I write, for this was a moment in which life seemed full to the very brim. In an instant weariness departed and no sacrifice seemed too great for me to have given for these black people. Yes, a thousand times, yes; it had been worth while my coming up the Tana. Before entering the gate I was asked if there was any

hymn I would like sung ; but to me a prayer of thanksgiving to God for His wonderful mercy seemed the most fitting end of all to conclude the journey.

Ngao is the principal German Mission station on the Tana River, and there is a good European brick house erected on the only little hill in the neighbourhood. The church, too, is built of brick, with a spire, and is attractive in appearance. It holds four hundred people. Then there is the mud-built schoolroom in the village at the bottom of the hill ; and another building of more recent date that has been put up as a dispensary.

Beyond the garden is the bush, which extends as far as the eye can reach. To the west is a large lake crowded with wild-fowl, and this and the river were swollen by the heavy floods the early part of that year.

All the preachers and teachers had come to Ngao to meet the deputation from the different churches on the Mission. It is fully one hundred miles from there to the furthest station. Meetings were held for several days, the discussions of most importance being those connected with finance.

The Neu Kirchen Mission has six important Mission stations on the Tana, at each of which resided one or more missionaries. They had twelve missionaries, including wives. Ngao is situated almost in the centre. Kulesa, north of Ngao, has a bungalow with three rooms, which are furnished. It has a brick and plaster church. Wenje, north of Kulesa, has a two-storey Mission house built of brick and plaster, also furnished, the church and school being built of sun-dried mud brick, with a thatched roof. Hola has a bungalow with four rooms, built of brick and plaster, with some furniture. A number of small preaching places, merely grass huts with a few benches, are scattered about between the bigger stations. We noted that repairs were badly needed at each of the large Mission places.

Very much did we enjoy the day we spent at Golbanti,

which is about an hour's run down the river in canoes from Ngao. Here our own Mission has a stone church which is in good condition. A little mud-and-wattle bungalow has been recently erected to induce the missionary to stay a night or two in the village. Joseph Jara contributed largely to its erection by giving his labour. The outside is decorated with smooth round stones embedded in the mud. The elders came to call and brought us a present of a fine sheep. Four little villages are attached to Golbanti. The land has a river frontage of four miles and runs two and a half miles inland.

Our Golbanti Mission has shown a loyal and a faithful support to our Church. As we heard the many testimonies that were given us, we could not help feeling that the two lives which were cut off so early and so ruthlessly in the early days when it was first started had sown seed which had brought in a rich harvest. Joseph Jara, the pastor who was sent here early in the War, was educated and trained at Mazeras under Mr. Griffiths; his fine character has had a splendid influence, and it has extended to all the stations on the Tana River. When some of the resources from home were cut off, on account of the high exchange, he would not take any salary for a whole twelve months. During the Deputation's visit to Ngao the District Meeting was held, and our Secretary had the painful duty of telling the representatives of the New Kirchen Mission that our Home Board felt that the expense and responsibility of taking over this Mission was too great, when added to the increased expenses of our other Missions in Africa. After a considerable time spent in consultation and prayer, the elders reported that they had weighed the matter fully, and laid it before God, and they had decided that if our Church would take the oversight of the Tana River stations they would subscribe to it by supporting their own pastors, and to do this they

would work communal shambas and sell the produce therefrom.

The small steam-launch belonging to the German Mission and used for going up and down the river had not been used since the missionaries' retirement. It was under the shed near the river, but was altogether rusty and unusable. The dilapidated and forsaken appearance of the houses, the large boxes of unused new children's and women's underclothing, the photographs lying about, the pictures, texts and many reminders of their hurried departure, yea, even the tombs of their dead, made us feel a great regret and sorrow. These men and women must have had burning hearts and been fervid Christians to have chosen to live in such an unhealthy climate and in such lonely surroundings. We often thought that it was a great pity they could not return.

After a week's stay at Ngao the homeward journey was taken ; it was much quicker going down stream. We made a firm stand and refused absolutely to stay another night in those grass huts. But we dared not refuse the dhow to take us from Kipini to Lamu. Our opinion of her last voyage was no better than the first. We caught the steamer for Mombasa, which was not much better, for it was nothing but an old North Sea trawler with cabins built over the stern. She *did* roll. Upon enquiries about her slow speed, we heard that she had a hole in her boiler and four miles an hour was good work. The consequence was that we reached Mombasa too late to catch the train to Mazaras, so had to stay at the hotel.

The next day on going up to the station we were told that the train was not running to Mazaras as there was a shortage of water! Alas, one never knows what will happen in Africa! Our boat, the *Mordasa*, was advertised three different times to sail before she left for England, and three times we went down from Mazaras to meet her. The heat was now very trying and we experienced an

intense longing to be on board ship, where, at any rate, we should have an electric fan in our cabin. To rest after our toil with an easy mind would be, we felt, delightful.

It was the smoothest passage from Mombasa home that we had during the whole time we were away, and we had spent altogether four months on the water. The satisfaction of feeling our task was done, as we stepped out of the train at Victoria Station on November 21st, 1922, can hardly be imagined.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### Conclusion

**I**T has been my one aim through the foregoing chapters to give an unvarnished picture and a true statement of facts in regard to the United Methodist Missions as they exist to-day.

I have prayed God earnestly that He would use my pen by making known through these pages the great work that is being done by our own Church on the Mission field, that this plain account of what we ourselves saw of the Church overseas may help and sustain the faint-hearted and give a new vision to those who are already heart and soul in the missionary movement.

The investigations of the deputation have been both thorough and complete, and they feel warranted in making the following statements:—

That they were astonished at what has been accomplished with the small resources of our Mission. That no other Society shows such good results with the same small number of paid English agents. The work has only been made possible by the large number of trained Chinese pastors, local preachers and teachers. The "Survey of China," which has lately been published through the Continuation Committee, is a report which deals with the religious, the political and the economical questions of the whole of China. It makes very clear that our denomination takes front rank in the economical basis of building up a Mission, and, for thoroughness, no second place in whatever has been attempted on the field. The

Missions are run on thorough business lines. It is wonderful what economy has been displayed, and with what care each district chooses its financier, its secretary, its architect and its chairman.

The United Methodist Church has a fine record to-day ; each station has had its heroes. There is a list of names, too numerous to mention, which stand out in the missionary annals of the nineteenth century. We have a goodly heritage ; and the men who are bearing the brunt of to-day without exception deserve our warm admiration, our respect and our love. No Society can boast of a more faithful, competent or loyal band of workers than the United Methodist Church.

The numerous Mission stations of all denominations that we visited made it very clear to us the fact that the American Missions are very lavish, both with their money and their men. They can afford to sink large sums in education ; certainly they are on the right lines for bringing about a more speedy result.

The English Missions are well-established and much money has been expended upon them. They are built on so thorough a basis as to have gained the confidence and high esteem of the Chinese. Our own branch is doing a fine work, inasmuch as we have gone to districts where no other Society cared to attempt. The work in Shantung is amongst a very poor but needy and grateful people. In Chilhi province we have opportunities in the Tongshan circuit of a most wonderful character. Wenchow, in Chekiang province, is a fully organised Mission, combining evangelistic, educational and medical work. At Ningpo, in the same province, we have a college whose reputation in the educational world is one all its own. Yunnan is an open field where we have virgin soil to work upon. In East Africa, though the work at the coast stations is now stationary on account of the large decrease in population, our Church accomplished a great work in



MERU WOMEN PASSING THE MISSION HOUSE.

THE DEPUTATION'S DEPARTURE FROM NGAO.

This place was the head of the late German Neukirchen Mission on the River Tana. It is on the banks of this river that the Pokomo Tribe live.

the past ; and the de Meru country offers a fine field for work in the future which will retain for us a foothold in the great continent and in our own Kenya Colony.

Need I plead for Africa—that dark, dark continent ?

Need I plead for China—a country which some day will become a very great nation, and it is for us to decide to-day the question of whether she shall receive within her bosom that tender, warm and universal love which creates true freedom ; or whether she shall become the slave of avarice, through her imperial pride and her intense desire for knowledge ?

We must face the crisis which now confronts us. Our Church is in serious danger at home. She is being sorely tried indeed. It will need a superhuman effort on the part of all her members to fight down the enemy's alluring suggestion of retreat. Our Saviour stands in the forefront of the battle ; He is showing the Church a great vision of the world's need to-day. He is yearning over us. Can we refuse his entreaty ? Did He not give to us the North China Mission, the South-East China Mission, the South-West China Mission, the coast stations in Africa, while we believe the de Meru tribe to be our especial care ? Evidences of His particular leading to these districts have been given us many times.

Can anyone doubt the Divine Force behind the movement which made for the amalgamation of the three denominations, Bible Christian, United Methodist Free Church and Methodist New Connexion, in 1907 ? That union meant the shouldering of the responsibilities of the four Missions in China. That He will fail us now is unthinkable. Are we willing to make the needful sacrifices ? That is the whole point at issue. Is the Church as a whole willing ? That is the question.

The cost of the United Methodist Mission is not to be met by a few large gifts. That is not God's method. It is only to be met by every individual member, male

and female, contributing his or her quota to the funds. If each of our 140,000 members contributed 8s. per annum we should have £56,000, enough to carry on all the existing work on the field, and unless that is done at once we shall be compelled to withdraw from somewhere (the Wesleyan Methodist Church, for example, contributes 8s. 4d. per member per annum). The question then would arise, where? We as a deputation feel that each field is doing its own great work. It would be a serious calamity and a great loss to the Church as a whole if any one of the fields had to be given up.

In the past, our Missions have been gauged too much by the increase or decrease of membership and, like the home churches, the amount of their success has been weighed in the balances by members. It is impossible to form a just judgment in this way on the Mission Field. There is a fluctuation always taking place, a continuous rise and fall. It is a great pity that our missionaries should have a dread of reporting a decrease, because of criticism at home. Probably this is one reason why the self-support system has not been more strongly advocated by our workers on the field in the past. When that does come more fully into force, we must be prepared for a considerable decrease in membership. That signifies nothing compared with the great points at issue of a Mission station.

The United Methodist Church has a natural tendency to think of herself merely as existing in the home churches, because she knows she is the driving force of the foreign missions. This is an entirely erroneous conception. That great church of United Methodists in China is strengthening and uplifting the home base. The strength of any Church is not to be measured by its weight in monetary value, but it is to be measured by its spiritual influence and power, thank God. On the Mission field one is conscious of coming into contact with very real

Christian forces which are welded together in a Church, in which is seen the great love the people have for their Lord, the delight they feel in coming together and in partaking of the food of His Word. It is so much more manifest than in the home Churches. I could not help realising some of the joys of the missionaries in their work, and why they are willing to make sacrifices for it.

It is the ministers at home who have the hardest and most difficult problems to face to-day. The sad part of the business is that so much time and energy are being expended upon things that do not count. If the main object of any Church's life is not to win souls and extend God's Kingdom, then the object for which it exists is dead. The greatest joy of any Church, as of the individual, is that of mystical union with Christ, but this joy can only be realised when the Church is cognisant of following the Master's will.

Through the exigencies of the war a great upheaval took place on the foreign field. Many outposts of the Kingdom were left vacant ; the high rate of exchange made everything abnormal ; and heavy debts were soon piled up. As members of the Committee and behind the scenes we felt that the problems were enough to stagger the bravest heart. Our Secretary and Treasurer passed through an anxiety which our Church will never realise ; but a great faith in God kept their heads above water. Our women probably saved the situation at the moment. A battle-cry rang out all over the country, " We must carry on our Missions as usual." The Church worker, together with the war worker, won the day. Largely by their effort and example the funds increased year by year, and doubled themselves completely during the five years' war, from £15,000 to £30,000. The Women's Monthly Meetings engendered a fine spirit of unity and co-operation which is warm and tender to-day. This is the finest contribution of all to our Missionary Society. It is this,

and the prayers too, which will form the background of all future success.

The ideals of the United Methodist Church have been high in the past. When ideals are low they are soon realised ; but when they are high they are not attained in a day. " An institution or movement is strong or weak relatively to its task."

The deep mysterious love which a mother bears for the child of her bosom makes her willing to sacrifice to the uttermost. This same mother-love of the home Church, which has brought about a new birth, the child of the East, surely will not fail in caring for her child until the latter is able to walk alone. China and Africa are as yet but newborn babes in Christ. What possibilities, significance and importance to the world surround this new life !

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

The name and address of the Missionary Treasurer are :—

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