The Day of Small Things

Anna Seward Pruitt

Educational Department
Foreign Mission Board
Southern Baptist Convention
Richmond Virginia

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By

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FOREIGN MISSION BOARD
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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CHAPTER I

HWANGHSIEN AS A MISSION FIELD

Where and When

SHAN-TUNG—East of the Mountains is the meaning of the words. Don't you see the hills on the horizon? Beyond them is the sun rising behind a tree, the word that stands for East. There is poetry in the name whether spoken or written.

It is only natural that we should look at China through the small end of the telescope, and minimize its size as well as its importance. But that great country is coming ever into closer range. It has become an important factor in the world to which we ourselves belong. Especially has the Province of Shantung become more than a mere name to the western world. As the birthplace of Confucius, its soil is sacred. Its claim to the disputed territory of Kiaochiu and the German-built city of Tsingtau has given it notoriety of a different kind.

This northern province, from its queer shape,

has received the nickname, “The camel with only one leg.” The camel’s head, stretching out into the sea to meet the Liaotung peninsula from the north, is one of the guardians to the gateway of Peking.

Near where the camel’s eye should be is the important commercial city of Hwanghsien, the county seat of Hwang (yellow) County. This rich agricultural section, with mountains on the south and the sea on the north, furnishes beautiful scenery on which to feast the eye, and at the same time provides wheat, millet, corn and beans to satisfy the physical cravings of its half- million inhabitants.

In the early sixties of the last century, when J. B. Hartwell, the first missionary to settle in North China, was choosing his location, he was greatly attracted to this business center, then wealthy and influential. But twenty miles northeast, on the sea, was the smaller, less active but more aristocratic city of Tengchow, which made a different, but stronger appeal. Tengchow was the seat of government for ten counties, and here, every eighteen months, gathered hundreds of students and teachers for Civil Service Examinations. So Tengchow and not Hwanghsien became the mother station of our North China Baptist Mission, and a very little later, of the Northern Presbyterian Mission as well.

It was not until 1885 that Hwanghsien became

the residence of missionaries, but its Baptist history began much earlier. The Hartwells made repeated trips from Tengchow and did their best to give the Gospel. The first convert was Tsang Fourth Brother. His conversion was so genuine and so enthusiastic that he could not wait for Spring to be baptized. He marched ahead of his pastor into the city moat, where he broke the ice and was baptized. Sixty years later, near that very spot, the gifts of Georgia women made possible the erection of a large church building, where Kindergarten, Dispensary, Good-Will Center, and Reading Room all have places beside the large auditorium required for a church of a thousand members.

In 1884, Mr. And Mrs. Holcomb, and Mr. And Mrs. Pruitt, all young and enthusiastic, greatly desired to open a station in Hwanghsien. The veteran missionaries in Tengchow were opposed to the use of mission funds for schools, and Mrs. Crawford's school for boys and Mrs. Holmes's for girls had been closed. The young missionaries with the sympathy of Miss Moon, saw the need for schools in which the children of Christians might be trained for usefulness. Heathen schools were out of the question for them, as idolatry was compulsory. And so was formed the Hwanghsien Mission, while as yet anti-foreign feeling was so strong in Hwanghsien that no house could be found whose owner dared to rent to these most objectionable tenants. But the ardent young missionaries waited and prayed. That fall the Pruitts

were returning from an evangelistic trip to Pingtu. Near Hwanghsien city they passed through a quiet village of unusual cleanliness and respectability. "If only we could get a house *here* for our home," was the spoken

Wish and the heartfelt prayer of Mrs. Pruitt. A few weeks later, as she lay ill of typhoid fever, word came that the very house she had coveted was offered for rent or sale. The owners, impoverished by opium, were in dire need of money. The rejoicing among the would-be renters was not shared by the servant of the owners, who acted as go-between. He, not his master, was taken to the court and beaten for his deal with the foreign devils.

The ones who had so ardently desired the house were not the ones to enjoy it as a home. Mrs. Holcomb and Mrs. Pruitt both died before the move could be made. Rev. J. M. Joiner and Rev. E. E. Davault, with their wives, having come to Tengchow in 1884, the Hwanghsien Mission was turned over to them. In the fall of 1885 they moved into the large and really elegant Chinese house just outside the north gate of the city.

At that time, all through this region, two-story houses were taboo. The fear that their unwholesome shadow would do awful things to the *feng shui* was second to the logical excuse that their upper windows would destroy the privacy of

the neighboring courtyards, the only places where genteel women could take the air.

So in all Hwanghsien there were none but ground floor apartments. Wealthy families, however, had spacious dwellings in which were housed several generations of the same clan, all practically under the same roof. This was accomplished by building parallel rows of rooms, separated by courtyards, all facing the south, no matter on which side of the street they happened to be. The Hwanghsien home was in this way a six-story bungalow. It gave plenty of room for two missionary families, their hired help, their Chinese instructors, for domestic animals, and for a chapel. Later we housed a boarding school of fifty boys on the premises. The whole was enclosed in double walls, high and strong, with a watchman's walk between.

The front row comprised a wide and imposing gateway, a gate-keeper's lodge, a room for a study, and a carpenter's shop.

The second row, where generations of the Ding family had worshipped their ancestral tablets and celebrated marriages and funerals, became the Baptist meeting-house, the gathering place for Christian worship. No pulpit was erected, and no bell was swung. A chair and a table for the preacher, backless benches for the congregation, and the necessary curtain to screen the sisters from

the gaze of the curious, were all the furniture needed. The Louisville ladies had sent a small organ that helped the musical part of the worship.

The third and fourth rows had been the secluded quarters of the family life. Between them and the chapel was the bamboo court. The bamboo is the emblem of chastity, and its gracefully waving foliage warns against intrusion. These two rows became mission homes. Board floors were substituted for bricks, glass windows took the place of paper glazing, and brick oven-beds were torn out to make room for occidental furniture. Really homelike rooms were made to grow in a setting of oriental architecture.

In the rear were apartments for the cook's family and the teacher, and roomy storehouses, stables, carriage house, grist mill, and a study.

The original owners, in their palmy days had built rockeries and planted ornamental shrubs that gave distinction and beauty to the premises. But to our western eyes these did not compensate for entire lack of green grass, and for an outlook of only the sky above. The numerous courtyards were all paved, those in front, in small mosaic patterns with pebbles that had been brought many miles over the hills.

The two missionary families were warmly welcomed by the few Christians in the county, but

an old woman in the village died of anger because the hated foreigner had gained a foothold in their midst. Work was begun in joy and hope. But in two years the station was desolated, and the work that had been begun with such difficulty was in danger of being lost. The Joiners went home to America invalided, and Mr. Davault died of consumption consequent upon the exposure of a winter journey from Chefoo. The station was closed.

Heathen neighbors said, "No wonder! Those foreigners brought bad luck upon themselves. They killed a weasel."

In the spring of 1888 my husband and I, newly married, accompanied by Mrs. Davault, reopened this station, and found our home there a beautiful oasis in the desert of heathenism.

How and Why

Mr. Pruitt, who had taken both his first and second wives from the Presbyterian ranks, was laughingly dubbed, "The preying animal who preyed chiefly upon the Presbyterian mission."

While still living in Tengchow he had seen the desirability of wearing Chinese clothing. He did this, not to curry favor with the Chinese, but that in their eyes he might appear less of a devil and more of a human being. Dressed in the common garb of the land, his progress through the villages was

much easier, and he had the comfort of feeling that he was no longer an object of derision.

I had only such garments as I had brought from America. They had seemed all right there. Indeed, I was rather proud of the style and fit of my best frocks. Anyone who remembers the atrocious fashions in feminine wearing apparel at that time, the tight-fitting waists, and the immense posterior humps, will -not be surprised that whenever I ventured outside my home walls, dogs began to bark from one end of the village to the other, donkeys and mules reared and plunged at the frightful vision, and children ran screaming to their homes. Should I now appear on American streets clad as I then was, I fancy I might be quite as much of an appalling spectacle. Many a parent gained obedience from a naughty child by using the terrifying "Foreign devil" as the dreaded "Bogey man."

I made haste to cover my up-to-date dress with the modest and becoming garments of an older civilization, a move which ministered greatly to my own comfort as well as to the safety of the general public.

But it took more than clothing to gain from the Chinese recognition as human beings like themselves. One man sneeringly remarked when he met Mr. Pruitt newly clothed in celestial attire, "See! The devil is pretending that he is a man."

How could we give the Gospel to these people who did not concede to us any share in our common humanity. We, ourselves, as well as our language, must be translated into terms that they could understand.

What did the people think about us? That was far more important than what we might think about them.

A very few most enlightened individuals recognized us as human beings, and supposed that we had come from afar to make merit for ourselves by doing charitable deeds. Anyone who accepted our teaching was conferring a favor rather than receiving one. Others, not so charitable, saw in us emissaries of a foreign government, seeking to win or buy Chinese from their allegiance to their own rulers, whether temporal or spiritual. But to the great majority of Chinese we were "foreign devils," shockingly unlike anything they had ever seen before. White faces, prominent noses, blue eyes, light hair, were not human characteristics as they knew them. The stories that we kidnapped children and made medicine from the hearts and eyes of our victims were everywhere current and widely believed.

Our first great aim was to convince our neighbors that we were men and not devils. We were ready to sacrifice almost anything of comfort and convenience to remove the middle wall of

partition that kept us so far outside of their lives. We ate their food when it was offered, no matter whether we liked it or not. We had it served at home that we might learn to like it. We adopted their customs as well as their costumes, and tried our best not to shock them by the barbarity of our western manners, and our lack of celestial refinements.

In one respect only did we refuse to conform to their time-honored rule of propriety. We took our walks together. No Chinese woman would have been willing to be seen in public accompanied by her husband. A younger brother might lead the donkey that she bestrode, or a man servant walk just behind carrying her bundle, but her husband, never. We braved ridicule and took our walks together. Yet, when I stopped to chat with women at the stream, the village washtub, my husband walked discreetly on, and when he had a gentleman caller I betook myself to another room.

I had several early calls from neighbor women who came out of curiosity. They were very polite, asking my age, the number of my sisters and brothers, and more vital still, in their eyes, the number of my sisters-in-law. I tried so hard to translate my manners as well as my thoughts into Chinese form. I, too, asked ages and family connections. I kept careful notes lest I forget and ask the same questions a second time, or credit Mrs. Wong's four sons to her neighbor, Mrs. Jong.

The one question about which Chinese are not expected to prevaricate is the one concerning age.

The organ, the sewing machine, the spring mattress, and the stove were all very interesting to my guests. One woman compared the white walls and carpeted floors of our modest home with the beauties of the "Heaven Hall," and another said she was begging the Heavenly Grandfather to let her be born an American in her next incarnation.

No matter what they might say *about* us they were polite and kind to our faces. I would fain have offered refreshments, but knew that that might be misinterpreted as an effort to poison or bewitch my guests.

There were two families of Christians residing in Hwanghsien and several more in the county. The Fans and the Lees gave us the sympathy that our souls craved. Our cook and his wife were Christians and they were our nearest neighbors and trusted friends. Two young teachers had moved from Tengchow with us, to help in the study of the language. One of them, Mr. Tsang, is now the beloved pastor of the Hwanghsien church. The other, Mr. Chu, had a wife and two small children who helped much in the life of our small Christian community. The son is now the skilled and trusted physician in the Warren Memorial Hospital, and a deacon in the church.

Those days of early beginnings knit our hearts together all the more closely because of the aloofness of the rest of the world.

Each morning teachers and servants met with us for family prayers. Wednesday evening prayer-meeting and Sabbath services were carried on though our numbers were few. We Christian women also met together each week for Bible study and prayer.

I taught a little English to three young men, one of whom has since risen to high position as constructing engineer of China's most important railroad.

Though there were only two in our family, we were almost obliged to employ three people to work for us. The cook, a man whom Mrs. Holmes had trained in the use of a cook stove, did the marketing as well as the cooking, and baking. He had to travel miles from one city gate to another, up this street and down that, to gather into his basket the live chicken, the onions, the sweet potatoes, and various other necessities of the household. Firewood was brought to the door on mules, carefully weighed, and paid for by the pound. The cook's son did the washing and ironing with nothing more modern than soap and a washboard. The cook's wife was chambermaid and later, nurse. Her duties were so light that her husband and son imposed much of their own work

upon her patient shoulders.

The family had their own three rooms and asked nothing from us but fuel. Their combined wages were about ten dollars a month, and they lived comfortably.

Our Luxuries

One of my treasured possessions, brought from America, was a small-sized side saddle. For health's sake I wished to ride, and hoped later to itinerate among the villages. So the cook went to the fair and bought, not a horse, but a diminutive donkey. On my most daring excursions I suffered the ignominy of having my steed led by a boy. Cantering over the country would have been shocking, and to go unattended nothing short of scandalous.

Since Chinese do not use milk, and there were no dairies, we invested in a cow, But nobody knew how to milk the beast, and the beast herself did not know what was expected of her. She resented the efforts of either man or woman. The results in milk were so meager and in bruised shins so generous that we disposed of the animal and depended upon the tin cow.

Before coming to China I had known that the Chinese did not have butter, so I had expected to do without that luxury. I found, however, that Danish butter, preserved in tins, was almost as

good as fresh, at least, after one had forgotten what the fresh tasted like.

The Chinese of that day had a distaste that amounted almost to disgust for milk and butter, anything "pulled out of a cow," and the climax of things disgusting was reached when we sent to Chefoo for a bit of cheese. The cook would not believe that Chinese rats, even, would eat anything so loathsome.

Buddhism holds the cow sacred, and the slaughter of beef a crime. Mule and donkey meat could be had, and this sometimes camouflaged in the market as beef. There was plenty of pork, but acquaintance with the pens in which the swine were reared, and the method of feeding, took away our relish. Chicken had been a luxury at home, but when it became the never-ending daily diet, I had more sympathy with the complaining Hebrew children than ever before. My soul loathed this light food, and strength failed for lack of the accustomed beef.

For vegetables we were blessed with abundance of the leeks, onions, garlic, and cucumbers, for which Israel lusted. The things that we missed were peas, sweet corn, tomatoes, butter beans, and Irish potatoes.

The fruit market was rich with tiny red cherries

in May, apricots in June, and peaches later on. From October to February its peculiar glory was the persimmon. In early ages, some Chinese Burbank, of whom no record has come down, developed the small, wild persimmon into a beautiful golden fruit the size of a large apple, and even eliminated the seeds.

These persimmons are eaten in a state of hardness that must surely pucker the whole length of the alimentary canal were it not for the process of artificial ripening by steam. But from the green beginning to the very end of the season they are sweet, delicious, and cheap.

Another valuable product of horticultural skill is the glorified thorn apple, as large as a plum. It makes delicious red jelly and takes the place of cranberry sauce to eat with the goose, which substitutes for the festive turkey.

Though there was no fast freight and no cold storage yet, all winter long we could buy small native oranges from the south. With ungrateful perversity I longed for the unattainable lemon.

No foreign goods were to be bought in the county. Every man still carried his flint and steel for lighting his pipe. The most elegant lamps were pith wicks floating in bowls of peanut oil.

The people depended, not upon rice, but upon millet and sorghum seed, as well as upon yellow

corn and wheat. White flour was ground between millstones, turned often by the patient daughter-in-law.

We seemed to be living apart from the rest of the globe. No railroads, no telegraphs, no post offices, none of the interlacing lines of present-day communication. Once a week we sent a man on foot to Tengchow to get the mail brought there by private courier from Chefoo. The U. S. Stamps brought our letters and periodicals as far as Shanghai to the American Consul there. From there, the different lines of coast steamers brought it to Chefoo as a purely gratuitous favor. Our Board kept an agent in Chefoo who forwarded it to the interior. Home mail came sometimes as often as once in two weeks. How eagerly we watched for the return of our messenger, and what a pile of precious mail there was, at times, to gladden our hearts. Our latest newspapers were those printed in Shanghai at least a week old. The papers from America were six weeks from the press, but none the less welcome.

Hill Difficulty

Some one has said that the Chinese language is an invention of Satan to keep the Gospel out of China. Without trying to fix the origin of this medium through which one-fourth of the human family find expression, we must admit, that from the point of view of an adult American, it is a

difficulty of the first magnitude. The very simplicity of its idiom is a snare to us who are used to clothing our thoughts in the flounces and furbelows of a highly inflected language. Our ideas themselves must be recast before they can appear decently garbed in Chinese.

The sounds used in this monosyllabic language are not difficult to utter. In North China, the French u is the only one to which we are unaccustomed. The difficult combinations of consonants are all lacking. American children born here find the Chinese easier to speak correctly than their mother tongue. The words are easier to say and the idioms are more natural. But adults do not learn like children. We spent our days in study, and even our nights were haunted by shadowy recollection of the grinning faces of the complicated characters we had tried to learn by day. Sometimes they seemed to become animate and chase us with evil intent.

Our constant stumbling block in the spoken language was the tones. The same syllable may mean so many different things, according to the pitch of voice in which it is uttered. “Tong” said in a low tone is *soup,* but becomes sugar when spoken a note higher. A low *bench* changes to A high *lamp,* and a falling *picture* becomes a rising *flower.* These tones, high and low, rising and falling, bring our lofty ambitions to low fulfillment, and our rising hopes often end in

depths of despair.

One who has never tried and been tried by Chinese tones cannot imagine the pitfalls for an occidental along the path of oriental speech. The words for *fish* and *rain* vary only by a hair's breath of pitch. To this day I am in danger of saying "falling fishes" when I mean a gentle shower. But a three-year-old child would not make that mistake.

A *gway* is an innocent *cupboard,* but a slight change makes it a *devil.* Another almost imperceptible deviation turns it into the adjective *dear.*

It was a fearsome thing to begin to try to tell the Gospel with my poverty of words. I was constantly afraid of making my message ridiculous by using a wrong tone. I wanted to wait till I could speak fluently and correctly before beginning to talk. But I found that I had to murder Chinese in order to learn it.

I was warned by stories of the missionary who insisted vehemently that his lips were swollen when he thought he was saying that his sins were heavy. His utterance called forth the ribald suggestion that probably the official had been beating him on the mouth, a common punishment for perjury.

Another sermonizer repeatedly told his

audience that Peter's wife's mother was suffering from *hot cakes,* instead of the hot disease of the Chinese translation. In asking the blessing before a feast it is easy to express gratitude for the *vinegar,* when one supposes he is giving thanks for the *opportunity* to rejoice with friends.

We were all told of the Sunday school teacher who put Daniel into a den of *lice,* for *lice* resembles *lions* as *re* resembles *do.* Another expositor of the Bible made the same mistake and failed to impress her hearers with the strength of Sampson, who exhibited his prowess by a feat which they saw performed daily.

As a housekeeper I had many humiliating experiences, though I had been fully warned by the mistakes of others. I sympathized with the lady who had ordered *fleas* for a pie instead of *pigeons*. Another wanted a basket and got a mule. Perhaps the worst mistake of all was when in a fit of impatience I tried to tell a lazy gardener, "The longer you stay the lazier you get." Four simple words were all I needed, but I gave the wrong tones to two of the four and really said, "The longer you boil the softer you get."

Learning the written language was interesting but discouraging. I seemed to forget the characters as soon as I learned them. Studying the composition of the ideograms gives side lights on psychology. Some part of a character usually gives

the clue to its meaning. The open square suggests *mouth,* and with a horizontal line across is the *sun* just rising. The crescent-shaped figure looks like the moon. The sun and moon combined, it is easy to remember, form the word *bright.* A horse is known by four hoofs and a tail, while the simplest of all is that for sexless *man,* which can be recognized by a pair of legs.

To become a good speaker of Chinese one needs a correct ear and a ready tongue. To be able to read well requires constant practice and a good memory. But to master the written language requires nothing short of genius. It is the work of a lifetime for Chinese students to learn to write even half of the 30,000 characters in their great literature.

It is comparatively easy to learn a word for *brother,* but one word is not enough. An older brother is one thing and a younger is quite another. A father's older brother is one kind of an uncle, but his younger brother is a different variety entirely. Neither must be confused with a mother's brothers, who, in turn, are altogether different from the three varieties of uncle-in-law.

In both paternal and maternal clans every individual who is of the same generation as one's parent is some kind of an uncle or aunt. Every one belonging to the preceding generation is grandfather or grandmother. Needless to say, the

multiplicity of ancestors requires that each be numbered as well as named. I have seen one small boy playing with another still smaller, who, however, was fourth or fifth *grandfather.*

Since only male descendants have a permanent place in the family history, the children of a daughter are not *grandchildren,* but only "outside born."

A missionary's child, brought up on the field and learning to speak naturally from childhood, has a birthright not to be despised.

The Sorrows of Summer

China is the home of more than 400,000,000 human beings of a virile and intelligent race. It also sustains a far greater population of venomous beasts whose power for evil is vastly out of proportion to their size.

With the coming of warm weather I was subjected to hitherto unsuspected trials. So ubiquitous were scorpions that each garment must be shaken in order to dislodge the foe that might be lurking within its folds. Shoes might harbor them. Pantry shelves and cracker boxes must not be investigated in the dark. Centipedes walked uninvited in at the front door. The less objectionable millipedes were to be encountered at every turn, in doors or out.

But worst of all, because smallest of all, and yet most poisonous, was the tiny "white spirit," an insect so small as to be almost invisible, but, oh, so cruel. The skin of an un-inoculated newcomer is so tempting to this pest. Before I was aware of the presence of an unseen enemy my face and hands were covered with bites or stings, I know not which, and I was in torture. It was days before the swelling and pain of a single bite subsided. In those days no windows were screened, and even the mesh of an ordinary mosquito curtain did not turn these persistent insects.

As soon as summer rains began the mosquitoes came in noisy swarms and presented their own bills for prompt payment, but they also avenged us of our adversaries, for they ate the white spirits.

The friendly lizards lived at peace behind our pictures and came out after dark to feast on mosquitoes and scorpions. June bugs, too, took our hospitality for granted, and at times swarms of flying ants invaded our homes. Never since have I suffered as I did that first summer.

As the season advanced cholera became prevalent. Many houses were desolated and in some places, whole villages were depopulated. One afternoon, Mr. Tsang, our teacher, received word that his mother was dying of cholera, at his home, seventy miles away. He started off on foot, for no mule or donkey could travel as fast and

continuously as he. The following day he found his mother better, but his little son lay dead, and his brothers were even then out on the hillside burying his wife.

The rains were unusually heavy. The earth steamed. Mustiness and mold infested every closet and wardrobe. Shoes molded overnight. The river rose and cut off communication between Tengchow and Hwanghsien. When the sun at last came out the heat was intolerable. Our courtyards, with high walls about them, allowed no circulation of air, and the white walls and the paving stones increased the heat by reflection.

After sunset we used to go out to a cemetery where a clump of trees made the semblance of a grove, and sit on the granite tables where the spirits were supposed to come for food. (This liberty which we took was not considered any desecration.) Only then could, we realize that there were beautiful mountains south of the city. At home we had no view save of the sky overhead. Returning to the house we were met at the gate by a wave of heated air that stayed with us all night.

Mission Policy

In the eighties much was made of the slogan Self Support. This was interpreted to mean that no American money should be used to educate Chinese, or to employ them to preach. The danger

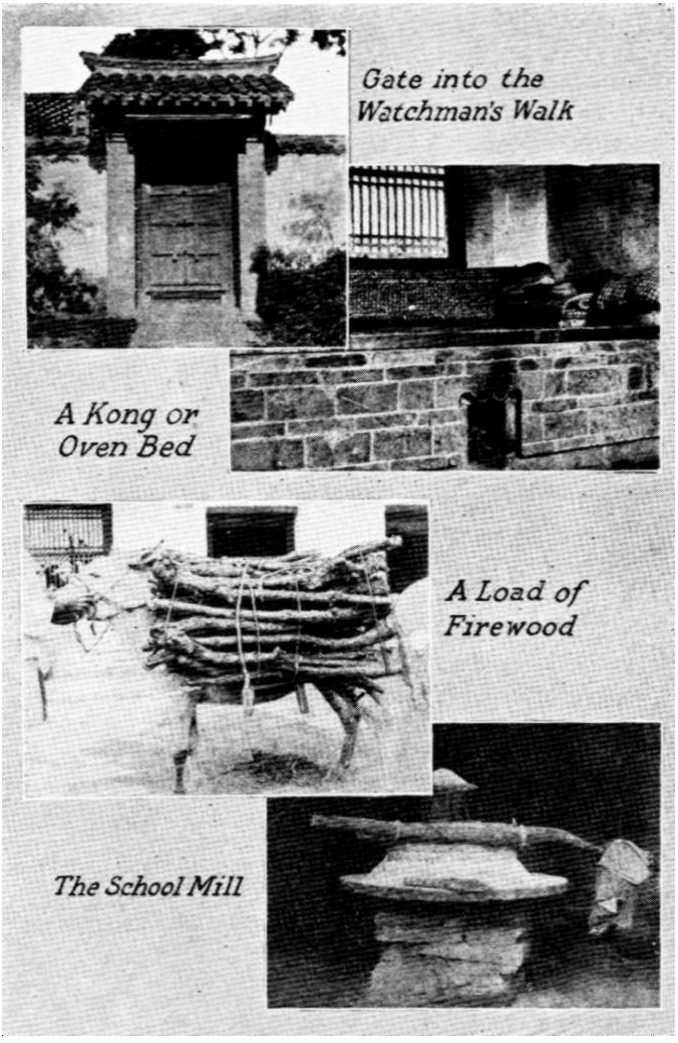
of too free use of money was recognized and emphasized almost to the exclusion of the equally

Important truth that Christian education is essential to render our work permanent.

Chinese schools, poor as they were, were beyond the means of the vast number of people, and were out of the question for the children of Christians, since they insisted upon the worship of Confucius. The Christians were too scattered to organize their own schools even could they have financed them.

Mrs. Crawford and Miss Moon had had flourishing schools, but these had been given up. The mission had gone to the extreme of Self Support, which at that early stage of the work meant nothing to support. The children of the Baptist Christians went uneducated or attended Presbyterian schools. The promising young men who had received careful training at the hands of Mrs. Crawford were drafted into other denominations as teachers.

In July, 1888, it was necessary to have a meeting of the missions to vote on the estimates for the coming year. Though the Hwanghsien and Tengchow Missions were separate and had different letters of credit, the members of both were so few that they all met together. The meeting lasted for half an hour. There were no



schools to be provided for, no evangelists, no hospitals, no rented chapels, no estimates to be

considered save missionaries' salaries and a few dollars for incidentals and language teachers. *Now* the North China Mission can barely finish its deliberations in five days with three sessions daily, while the Executive Committee has several meetings for business *ad interim.*

In those early days there was little to encourage one in our field. In Tengchow the church members had so scattered that the church building was almost empty, and a wall had been built dividing it into two rooms that the small congregation might look less lonely. In Hwanghsien we were busy living down the strong anti-foreign feeling, clearing the ground as it were, that the good seed might be sown. We had not even prepared a baptistery. It was low tide with us, and the Christians, too, were discouraged.

Just then came news from Pingtu that was like water to thirsty souls. The first Mrs. Pruitt had made itinerating trips to this field, over a hundred miles to the west, and there begun a promising work among the women. After her death, Mr. Pruitt, loath to see this given up, had asked Miss Moon to include this place in her itinerary. She found so inviting a field there that she spent most of her time and strength in that county gathering the nucleus for the first Pingtu church. There she lived in pure Chinese fashion, without even a cook stove, in order that her work might not be vitiated by any glamour of foreign ways or foreign power.

She taught an earnest group of women and girls, and could not turn away the several truth-seeking men. She sent a company of these latter up to Hwanghsien for further instruction in the Gospel. These brethren came at their own expense and fed themselves on the poorest of food while there, for they were far from wealthy. They gave such evidence of being genuine Christians that their coming gave fresh inspiration to us all. Each of the older church members, however humble, felt privileged to have a share in the instruction of these brethren from a distance, to teach them was a joy.

CHAPTER II

THE DOOR WIDENS

Seed Sown in Good Ground

No one must imagine that a mind steeped in heathenism inherited from generations of superstitious ancestors is of necessity one that readily accepts Christianity. We realized that the people of Hwanghsien, with all their friendly virtues, were in desperate need of the Great Physician, who alone could cure their diseased minds and bring peace to their unquiet hearts. But they themselves were not aware of this need. Their very heathenism seemed often to make them impervious to the truth. It was easier for them to believe lies than to receive facts, either scientific or spiritual. The best of human preaching would be vain were it not for the Spirit of God that accompanies it.

Does the whole world hold any joy equal to that of leading a hungry soul to find in God a loving Father instead of an angry, avenging deity? One day before I could talk very much I was visited by

a sweet-faced old lady, a Buddhist devotee. For years she had sought, by abstaining from meat, by doing good works, and by chanting hymns to win freedom from sin and to gain release from the wheel of transmigration. A vegetarian diet may be useless to free one from sin, but it is certainly good for the complexion. I have met many men and women who have long abstained from the eating of flesh that they might become holy, and they always had fairer, smoother, fresher skins than their pork-eating neighbors. Daniel and the other Hebrew children were certainly justified in their choice, and their superior good looks need not be considered an exceptional miracle.

This old lady had spent many years of her widowhood in religious study. She could recite many Buddhist chants and her days and nights were given to ascetic devotion, but she was not satisfied.

Her son said, "Mother, go up to Hwanghsien, to the nunnery there. You can learn still more religion from the nuns." So she had come to the county seat in the hope of receiving more light. She found the nuns a dissolute set of ignorant women who did not know as many of the sacred chants as she did. They spent their time in gambling and doing worse, instead of praying.

Heartsick and discouraged, she was about to return to her home, when a sympathetic friend said

to her, "Outside the North Gate there are some foreigners who preach a new doctrine. Why not go to see them?"

She came and for half a day eagerly drank in the words of the two Christian women who were with me. They told her of Christ, and of salvation not of works, but of grace. They told her of the love of her Heavenly Father who alone is worthy of worship. As she left she said with a beaming face, "All my life long I have been searching for this and just now I have found it."

I have never seen her since, but I look forward to meeting her where we shall both see yet more of the beauty of salvation by faith.

In every roomful of women to whom I have given the Gospel message I have found all the four kinds of ground which our Savior so well described in His parable; the hardened heart that no word of truth seemed to penetrate, the shallow ground with its ready acceptance and as ready forgetting; the heart so easily turned aside by material things even after recognizing the claims of the Gospel; and lastly, those true, honest souls that are really seeking the truth.

In visiting the homes I would sit tailor fashion on the brick bed with the elderly women and babies about me, the younger women and the girls crowding the room and the doorway. The water

pipe passed freely from mouth to mouth, but I was obliged to decline as politely as possible with the words, "I am not able to eat tobacco." I have so often been encouraged by the close attention of some one near me. I would think, "Surely this one is hungering and thirsting after righteousness," only to be disillusioned by some such question as, "How did you grow that gold tooth **?"** or "Do you paint your face to make it white?"

Others are very ready to say, "Yes, I know it is true. The idols are false. I believe the doctrine. But I can't be a Christian till my parents are dead. I must worship at their graves."

Others say, "How can I make a living if I become a Christian? All the money I have comes from making things to burn for the dead," or, "My mother-in-law would never allow me to keep the Sabbath."

One poor woman said to me, "All this good news that you talk is for white folks that live in clean houses. It isn't suitable for us who are poor and dirty. We are poor in this world and it stands to reason that we must be poor in the next world, too."

But there are always one or two who really want to know the way of life and to be free from the sense of sin. But they say, "How can we learn? We are only stupid women. We can't read."

Weddings

One bright morning of that first summer we were early notified that there would be a wedding at our house that forenoon. Dr. Lee, wished to have his son's wedding ceremony at our house. I hastened to decorate the rooms with red, the marriage color, and to prepare tea and cakes.

The first event in the proceeding was the arrival of the groom in ceremonial garments, topped by a red-tasseled hat the shape of an inverted butterbowl with the crowning button, handed down from a previous ancestor who had received this decoration from a grateful government for some service rendered. He came to pay his respects to his pastor. His best man, according to custom carried a square of red carpet to put down in front of him that he might *kowtow* with less wear and tear of his cuticle. As we were all Christians this act of worship was omitted and the groom only bowed reverentially. The bride clad in red with a thick red cloth over her face was led, haltingly, from the cart, by two young matrons who had been her schoolmates, in Mrs. Holmes' school. A bridesmaid would have been out of place at this crucial time.

With non-Christians the religious part of the marriage ceremony consists in the joint worship of the ancestral tablets of the groom's family. Our brief Christian service was in lieu of that. It had

nothing to do with the legality of the marriage.

We stood the couple on opposite ends of a rug, the bride edging as far from the groom as possible. My husband knew Chinese etiquette well enough to refrain from asking them to join hands, but he did expect the bride, who was a Christian, to be willing to incline her head in assent when he asked, "Do you willingly take this man for your husband ?" He little realized the terrible violence he was doing to Chinese modesty. Custom forbids a bride to express any degree of willingness in going to her marriage. Indeed, in most cases, grief and reluctance need not be pretended, for in leaving her father's home she is giving up every privilege, and leaving behind all who love her. She goes among strangers who will cruelly criticize her, blame her for faults real and imagined, and lay at her door all the bad luck of the family for the next three years.

This poor bride though she had overcome her natural repugnance sufficiently to stand up in the presence of witnesses, could not so far forget her training as to be willing to say "Yes" to the pastor's question. One of the middle-men remarked, 'We may take her consent for granted," and the ceremony ended with prayer. Congratulations were at once offered, not to the bride, nor primarily to the groom, but to the parents who had gained a daughter-in-law.

On reaching home the bride was placed upon the kong in her freshly furnished room where even the daylight had been made rosy by red paper over the windows. All the neighbors, widows excepted, without waiting for an invitation, crowded in to see the "new bride" to make audible remarks as to her beauty, her pock-marks, the size of her feet, and the value of her trousseau. To us this would be an ordeal far more trying than taking the public vow to love and honor, or even to obey.

Several months later a more elaborate wedding was solemnized at our home, with three days of feasting. After the ceremony in the chapel the bride was led to her kong. The groom took off his ceremonial hat, tucked up the long skirts of his silken gown, and went to the backyard to help in caring for mules and donkeys of the guests. Later I saw him holding babies whose mothers were feasting. His parents were busy doing the honors of the occasion.

Following an aged custom the bride's father gave his daughter a pair of chopsticks, "nimble lads," for the same words are capable of a second interpretation, and euphemistically express the wish, "May you soon have a son."

The men guests feasted in one place and the women in another. Each of the men wore a ceremonial or "wedding garment." This differed from ordinary wear, not in material or texture, only

in the cut. It opened down the front instead of at the side. Some were of glistening satin, others of cotton cloth, patched at that, and probably borrowed, but whether owned or borrowed, fine or cheap, no one thought of appearing without the *wai-tao* or outside envelope.

The bride brought with her stacks of bedding and chests full of clothing. A girl is expected to take to her husband's home all the garments she will need as long as she lives, wadded clothing for winter, lined for spring and fall, and thin gauze or fine linen for summer; bright red for the years before she is thirty, dark blue for later life, and light blue for her old age. All are cut by the same pattern, but trimmed differently, as befits different stages of life.

Cash and Carry

That celebrated lawgiver of ancient Greece who thought to cure his people of the love of money by giving them a coinage of iron should have visited China before trying that experiment and seen how utterly ineffectual is a burdensome coinage as an antidote to cupidity. When I came to China one dollar of American money exchanged into copper cash, the only coin of China, weighed from ten to fifteen pounds, according to the rate of exchange. The Chinese pocketbook is still a strong canvas saddlebag to be carried over the shoulder.

One of my early trials was taking accounts with the cook. It must have been doubly trying to him, for it kept him running back and forth with samples of the different articles mentioned, that I might know what we were paying for.

The only money that we could handle was, indeed, "filthy lucre." The copper cash, of uncertain age, with holes in the center, were strung in lots of 500, and variously called a thousand cash in Hwanghsien, five hundred in Tengchow just twenty miles away, and five thousand in Peking. Evil these strings were of two varieties, the full strings and the discounted, six coppers short, to pay for the stringing. The amount of this discount varied in different cities.

We received our salaries in Letters of Credit calling for American gold. In Shanghai at an English bank this was changed into *taels* or ounces of silver. This silver was shipped to us in the form of ingots called 'shoes," about fifty ounces in each. This silver was weighed and sold to business houses in the city for the coinage of the realm. Our pass book at this bank was a small folder enclosed in a pasteboard case. The entries were made in Chinese running hand, about as illegible as marks can be made, it seemed to me.

A certificate for a small deposit of money was a bit of broken tile which no one could possibly collect by fraud.

When my husband returned from his itinerating trips of a month or more at a time it was my business to unravel his accounts of daily expenditure to find what belonged to him personally and what should be charged to the Foreign Mission Board. The small pieces of silver that he sold from place to place as he needed money, differed in quality. No two cities had the same size ounce, no two days the same rate of exchange, and no two pieces of silver the same size. This unwonted kind of arithmetic taxed my mathematical powers to the utmost.

The weight of cash that the cook took to market was often more burdensome than the food he brought home.

We do not expect ever to be numbered with millionaires, yet the aggregate of a year's expenditures often ran into sums of many figures. A gold dollar now sells for more than ten thousand cash. Multiply that by one thousand and the result looks opulent.

The Chinese Home

Even before I could talk intelligibly I had many invitations into Chinese homes, all of which I accepted gladly. Though I could not say much I could sit on the *kong* and smile, drink tea if necessary, and ask and answer a few stock questions relative to age and family. The Christian

woman who went with me always gave the Gospel message. My services in those early days were often sought that I might minister to the bodily infirmities of various members of the family. Among the women and children, even of the wealthy, I found so many injuries and diseases that needed a physician. For some of the minor ailments I felt competent to prescribe, and I soon got into the habit of carrying with me, wherever I went, a few especially appropriate drugs.

Chinese homes like Chinese garments are all made after one pattern. Here in the north, where winters are severe and fuel scarce, the value of sunshine is recognized in the prevailing architecture. All the houses face the south. The ordinary home is a loaf divided into five or three slices, each with a large window on the south, a small one on the north, and none at each end. The middle slice is a hail and there are the brick ranges holding the built-in kettles where all the cooking is done.

In war time Americans learned much about conservation of fuel, but Chinese, for generations, have been past masters of the art. The same fire that cooks the food furnishes furnace heat for the sitting room and bedroom of the family. The smoke and heat which do not escape into the kitchen pass through winding flues under the elevated *kong* which fills the south end of each room. This broad, level platform, about as high as

a table, is the children's nursery by day as well as sewing room and parlor for the women, who sit cross-legged on its agreeably warm surface. At night it is the capacious bed for the family.

The Chinese are fond of riddles and have many very ingenious ones. The varied sections of this heating apparatus give rise to one:

Tan, tan to,
Suh fong yao,
E gueh wei-ba E jong gao.

Translated it runs thus:
My head is round,
My waist is square,
I lift up my tail
A rod in the air.

The round kettle is the head, the square kong the waist, and the chimney the erect tail.

The men of the family unless old or sick do not usually usurp the limited space of the *kong* by day.

That Scripture passage, "My children are with me in bed" does not need to be explained to Chinese, as one *kong* is often ample for all.

Since the *kong* is chairs, table and bed, and is part of the house, a home is practically furnished at the start. A poor couple possessed of two bowls and some chopsticks can begin housekeeping at

once. But a great deal is usually added in the way of furniture both useful and ornamental.

Windows are glazed with white paper, a better protection against cold than glass. This paper surface is beautifully ornamented with artistic figures of children, fish, and flowers, cut by skillful fingers from soft red paper. The cutting is done with scissors of untempered iron that we could scarcely manage.

The floors of the poorer homes are of beaten earth, but the possession of wealth changes this to brick or tile.

Inside the high walls that separates the house from the street there is a short wall just inside of the gate to screen the living quarters. The opening of the street door gives no view of the sanctuary of the home.

Each village is compact, with house joining house, and doorways so much alike that great discrimination is required to know the right one.

The main streets run east and west, often with numerous turnings, to prevent the too easy passage of currents of evil spirits that are said to abound in the air. Irregular alleys run north and south. As in Bible lands and times, detached houses are almost unknown. The farmers cluster together in villages while the farms surround the compact mass of homes.

This beautiful Hwanghsien valley is pimpled in all directions with groups of round grave mounds which occupy much of the land that should grow food for the living. Hardly an acre that does not have graves, some of them hundreds of years old. The richer the family the larger the circumference of a single grave, and husbands and wives are buried under the same mound. There are no public cemeteries and no children's graves. Each family has its own burial ground, kept from generation to generation, and each man literally "sleeps with his fathers." Only those who leave children to worship their spirits are entitled to space in the cemetery or a place in the family records. The many, many children who die in infancy are deeply mourned, all the more poignantly because untimely death cuts them off from all hope of that future life that depends upon continuous worship by living sons.

The death of these little ones is attributed to the evil spirits who are punishing the mother for her sins of a previous incarnation. With the hope of appeasing those spirits the baby's body must be thrown out as a thing of no value for the dogs to feast upon. The bereaved mother fears the spirit of her own baby, believes that it may return to harm her, so she dares not to stay at home for the first night after the death. She places crossed sorghum stalks at the door for a hint to the spirit that it would not be welcome.

Boys and girls who die unbetrothed are buried,

though not in family cemeteries. Their graves are not kept up for long. Even their coffins are different, having slatted bottoms. There is no effort to keep the soul with the body, as in the case of parents. It may escape into the ground with- out hindrance.

Sometimes spirit matches are made for these youthful dead, and children adopted to carry on the line. Thus are they entitled to permanent resting places and to remembrance on earth as well as to a future life that shall last as long as there are sons to worship their spirits. Every man's first and greatest duty to his parents is to provide sons.

In the Chinese home there is no family dining room, where all eat together, The old folks are served seated upon the warm *kong;* the men and boys wherever they happen to be: last of all the daughters-in-law gather about the kettle and eat, not the same food as the others, but poorer in quality. To help themselves to the better food is called stealing. Christianity changes all this in a single generation.

Mrs. Davault and I never entered a home uninvited. Sometimes we went by cart to spend a day with a family of Christians living in the country. Chinese hospitality is one of the most perfect things I have ever seen. A hostess stops her own work and gives herself absolutely to her guests, setting before them luxuries of which the

family seldom partake.

When we visited a home all the women and children of the village would crowd into the room, thus giving an opportunity to talk to old and young together. One must not be squeamish or easily upset by sights and smells. The close atmosphere, in summer the perspiring bodies, the naked, unwashed children, the odor from the circulating tobacco pipe might easily turn a weak stomach. In winter it is a bit better, but then the noses that need kerchiefs and often the children relieving each others heads or clothing of vermin are not conducive to a stabilized stomach.

Lazarus at the Gate

One early morning we found a sick boy at the back door. He had been working in the city, but when he fell ill, his employer turned him out. He lay for several days in a temple, but, as he grew worse instead of better, the priests turned him out into the street, fearing he might die on their hands and they be held responsible for his death. Knowing that there were foreigners not far away whose aim was to *hing hao,* or make merit by deeds of charity, he decided to come to us. Crawling on all fours he had made his painful way to our compound, taking a day and a night to come less than a mile.

We made him comfortable on a pallet with a

bowl of gruel at his head and hardtack and an appetizing onion at his side. His disease soon yielded to our amateur treatment and we sent a message to his mother. She came ten miles, walking on tiny bound feet. We sent them home on a wheelbarrow.

Do you think of the Chinese as beyond measure hard-hearted. Such incidents grow out of the intense individualism of their civilization. Each one's duty is to himself, and caring for others is more or less of an impertinence. Had the boy died at the home of his employer, not only would he have brought bad luck, but his mother might have come and accused the master of the boy's death.

Sickness is believed to be a recompense for sins, either of this or previous life, so only those who have a direct interest in the welfare of any stricken one have any call to minister to him. Indeed, a stranger befriending him is in danger of bringing the vengeance of the gods upon himself. One taken sick away from home expects no help from strangers. The more serious his illness the more emphatically is he turned adrift. It is the duty of one who dies to do it decently at his own home and not involve anyone else in his death. Without the Gospel our own civilization might have been equally lacking in regard for the troubles of others.

In all Hwanghsien there was not a single skilled physician. I was almost forced to administer

remedies for common ailments such as colds, indigestion and intestinal parasites. My practice grew apace. Chinese doctors may have some fine remedies, but as anyone is at liberty to set up as a physician, medical standards are low. The congested life in city and town, without knowledge of sanitation or possibility of quarantine, makes this a hotbed for disease.

Vaccination had been introduced not many years before. There were so-called doctors whose business was to *plant* flowers as the operation is poetically called, in the arms of such boys as had parents who valued their lives and beauty enough to spend 2,000 cash. They were glad to vaccinate a girl for much less, but even at that not many parents thought it worth while to protect their daughters from the scourge of smallpox, which had left its marks in the faces of all the older generation.

We heard of one fake doctor who made successful vaccinations using condensed milk for his virus.

Learning Good Manners

In the city of Hwanghsien there lived a Mr. Wong of wealth and aristocratic lineage who volunteered to help my husband with his Chinese studies though he would not accept pay for his services. He was a man of fine Chinese education,

holding a degree from the prefectural college. He was singularly free from prejudice and superstition. At the time we failed to recognize the greatness of the favor he was doing us, and the condescension of his family in making social advances.

Like most men of wealth, Mr. Wong, his brother, and his son all had the opium habit. I believe that he came to us with the hope of finding an easy way to escape from the ruin to life and property that this habit threatened.

I well remember the first time that I was invited to visit the beautiful Wong home. They sent their family cart for me. Mrs. Chu went with me. In spite of James's injunction to be no respecter of persons, my heart was much disquieted within me. With these superior people I must not use the accustomed forms of speech. Instead of asking as I was wont, "How old are you?" and "How many children have you?" I must inquire as to my hostess' "elevated longevity," and the number of her "superior progeny." Everywhere I must avoid the use of the second personal pronoun.

A female servant was sent with the cart, a vehicle made for durability rather than ease. Sitting a *la Turk* upon the floor of this springless conveyance, properly screened from public gaze by curtains closely drawn, I had time to review my lessons on manners, though the rough bumping

over the stones of the city streets was unsettling to both body and mind.

On arriving I descended from the cart with as much grace as skirts would allow. I was met by all the feminine portion of the family, including four generations. I went through with my part of the forms and ceremonies so painstakingly learned from my teacher.

The room to which I was escorted was the apartment of the first daughter-in-law, or the wife of the "Old Great." It was full of the evidences of wealth and culture. A fine clock and an elegant kerosene lamp testified to the progressive spirit of the family.

My polite vocabulary, crammed for the occasion, was soon exhausted. I saw with relief the preparations for serving tea. I felt sure of my deportment during this simple ceremony. Just as the venerable mother offered me a cup on one side, her daughter on the other pressed one upon me. Which ought I to take? All of my careful coaching had given me no rule for such a complication. Thinking to honor the older lady, I accepted from her hands, but was instantly beset by the conviction that I should have refused hers with the humble words, "I am not worthy," and taken from the younger woman.

Just as I was gathering my skirts about me to

attempt a graceful descent from the bed I was dismayed to see a low table set before us and bowls of poached eggs in water placed thereon. We were to eat the unseasoned eggs with the aid of the innocent-looking but unreliable chopsticks, and drink the water in which they had been poached. I readily acknowledged the incompleteness of my education. All the principles of leverage ever studied in physics could not keep those slippery, sliding eggs, each a perfect pearly globule with a golden heart, from ‘dropping, splash, back into the water, just as I raised them to my lips with what I thought was a firm grasp. My hostess was able to use her sticks as scissors to divide the eggs in her bowl, into small bits. But that skill was beyond me. I knew I was disgracing my whole family, like an ill-bred child, but my intentions were evidently good, and my hostesses showed abundance of genuine culture and kindness. They made me feel welcome in spite of my blunders.

While I was visiting the ladies, the gentlemen of the family showed their respect by being invisible, but I had audible evidence that some of the younger, more curious men were just outside the curtain that hung in the open door.

On the day when a return call was expected I prepared with great care, my American idea of a suitable afternoon tea. With my own hands I made cakes of various sizes, shapes, and colors, carefully avoiding the use of milk or butter.

The elder Mrs. Wong came with her daughters and daughters-in-law, and the babies with a nurse apiece. The daughters-in-law could not sit down in the presence of the august mother. Every time that either Mrs. Wong or I rose the younger women all did the same, and refused to be seated while I remained afoot. I was distressed. They ate almost nothing and were evidently uncomfortable sitting in chairs, especially when nursing their babies. They wanted a place where they could get their feet under them.

Our next social amenity was a feast for me at the Wong home. The ladies, judging from the refreshments that I had set before them, had the impression that foreigners cared only for *sweets.* So their professional cook had exhausted his ingenuity and skill in providing a full feast of sixteen different meat dishes, all sweet. Pork cooked in syrup, fish browned in honey, and candied chicken had been prepared with great regard for my supposed taste. Fortunately, the more polite a guest is the less he is expected to eat, and I hoped that my fastidiousness would be set down to etiquette. The whole well-ordered and daintily served meal was artistic and pleasing to the eye.

The orthodox feast begins with nuts, candies, fruit, and melon seeds picturesquely arranged on the polished table with a view to artistic grouping of colors. When the real food comes it is eight

bowls in sets of four. Everything is cut into labial capacity before it is brought on, so chopsticks and porcelain spoons are all the implements one needs or helping one's self from the bowls in the center of the table. Care must be observed that all present start at the same time to dip in. After these eight bowls come four dishes of delicious sweets, rich pastry filled with pork, sugar, and sesame seeds. These mark the end of the first half of the feast. Then follow eight larger bowls of meats, and last of all, plain boiled rice in individual bowls with one large dish of soup called "Soup of regret," whether regret that one has come to the end of a delicious repast, or remorse over having eaten not wisely, but too well.

A meal that begins with candy and nuts and ends with soup may seem the reverse of hygienic nourishment. Indeed, a Chinese feast with all its good points is a temptation to break more than one law of health. The polite compliment to offer after eating of such a feast is, "Chi san, ba ho," which, being liberally interpreted, means, "This feast has been sufficient to allow a seven-days fast before and one of eight days to follow."

Meats and vegetables are so mingled as to bring out the finest flavors of each. Our western style of bringing huge pieces of meat to the table, requiring the use of carving knife and obliging each guest to ply edged tools, seems barbarous in comparison.

Instead of finger-bowls the guests are frequently served with towels wrung out of scalding water. Then there is much to be said for the convenience of having the pet dogs under the table, as is the custom in the best regulated families. Since one has no plate and it is bad form to scatter food on the table or to leave fragments in one's bowl, bones are cast upon the floor. Often, when in the lottery of helping myself I have drawn a chicken head or claw, or a cube of blood, I have gratefully and unostentatiously made use of the floor, knowing that all incriminating evidence of my wastefulness would be removed by the dog.

Thanksgiving Day

Before winter Mrs. Davault, fearful for the health of her baby boy, resigned from the Hwanghsien Mission to go to South China. We were alone, yet not lonely.

Though living in a foreign land and trying our best to be like those about us, we did not forget that we were Americans. We planned to observe Thanksgiving Day, though no Presidential proclamation reached us till after the day had passed. For a week the sacrificial duck had been ya-ya-ing the back yard, and I did my best to concoct a pudding such as my mother used to make. Thanksgiving morning we were treated to a feast irrespective of the holiday.

The friends of our widowed teacher had been negotiating in his behalf, and this Thanksgiving morning we were treated to the betrothal *mien* or noodles.

We had unexpected help in the celebration of our national feast. A member of the English Baptist Mission had been to Shanghai to meet his bride and they were on the ten days' journey to their interior station. They rested with us till the next morning, when they re-entered their mulelitters to continue their journey in storm and snow. Such calls were to us real angel visits.

On that day we went to view the betrothal presents sent by the teacher to his bride elect, a Christian girl living in the city. First was the two pair of red trousers, one of silk, the other. Of cotton, each with a belt to match. Beautiful embroidered cuffs for her ankles, a fan for her band (a big, round fan for a lady. The collapsible kind are eminently masculine, convenient to be tucked down in the neck of the coat, or away in the flare of the trouserettes). There was a wonderful silk skirt of many colors and one hundred pleats, and other garments of beauty and value. There were many treasures for mere ornament. The gold ring had so many bangles dangling from long chains that it would be most inconvenient to wear, earrings to match, jewels and chains for the headdress, hair ornaments too numerous to mention and too gorgeous to attempt to describe, a

mirror to suspend from her belt, and so on through a long list that only a Chinese beauty could appreciate.

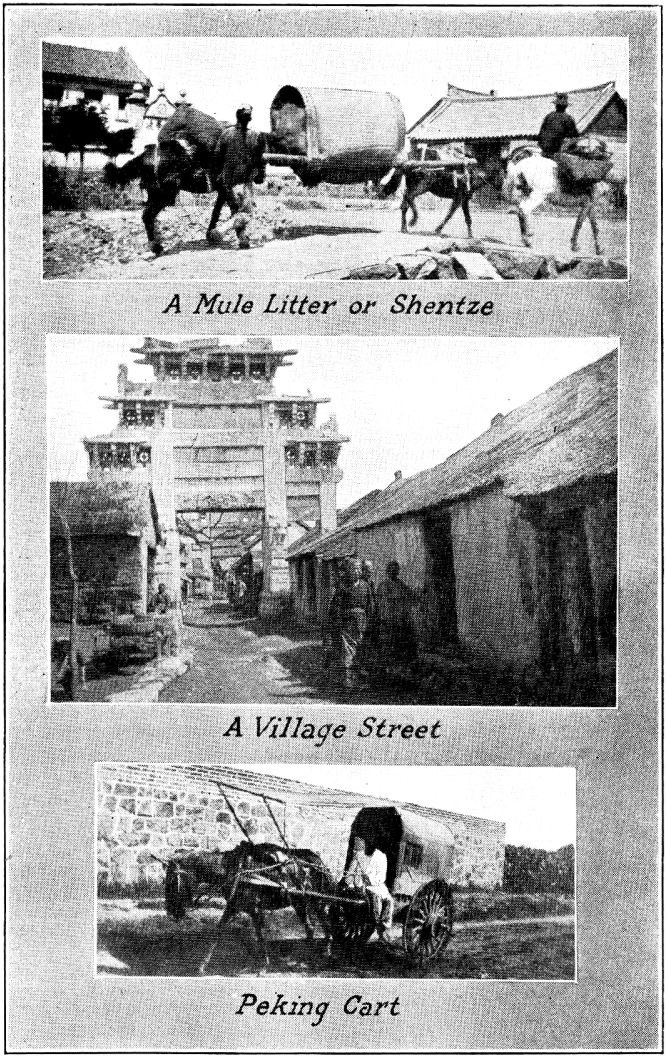
Hope and Joy

We did so long for more workers and for the companionship of other missionaries. Our faith was not strong enough to see fields white for harvest, but we saw vast expanses overgrown with the obstructions of superstition and falsehood, obstacles that must be removed to make room for the sowing of good seed.

How happy we were when the news came that two families had been appointed for Hwanghsien, the G. P. Bosticks and the J. J. Taylors. They would probably sail early in 1889. We had our rejoicing, though neither family was destined to work in Hwanghsien, and the Taylors never came at all.

The first Lottie Moon Christmas offering, in 1888, raised money enough to send three single ladies to Pingtu. As Pingtu was part of my husband's field, we had double cause for rejoicing.

In December, 1888, as there was a doctor in the Presbyterian mission at Tengchow, we carried our small cookstove back over the mountains and set up housekeeping for the winter in the old North Gate house where Dr. Hartwell had begun his Shantung work many years before. Here he and his



A Mule Litter or Shentze

A Village Street

Peking Cart

devoted wife had borne the vicissitudes of war, famine, and pestilence. In this house that had been

the birthplace of Miss Anna Hart- well, our first child was born. We returned to Hwanghsien a happy, thankful family of three.

Many people came to see the baby. They wanted to know for sure that a white baby had the same characteristics as their own. We were glad that she had dark eyes and hair and rosy cheeks, which they all admired. Many a time was the compliment paid her, "She looks just like a Chinese baby." Or, "You can't tell that she is a foreigner." They could conceive no higher compliment. Clean Chinese babies are wonderfully winsome, and we never resented the implication that foreigners in general are not as good looking as Chinese. We knew that we, ourselves, would never attain to their standards of beauty, and we were glad that our child could.

My baby was to learn idiomatic Chinese far better than I. But I kept on with several hours of study each day. In working with the women we used a small paper-covered book containing ten hymns and the Lord's Prayer in large, clear type. We encouraged the women to memorize these hymns as a start toward learning to read the Bible. With the baby in my arms and this book open before me I learned to read, recite, and explain the hymns. In these times of semi-occupation I also practiced adding and subtracting on the Chinese abacus, a great help in keeping family and school accounts.

New Missionaries

In July of 1889, in blistering heat, we went to Chefoo to meet new missionaries, the first that the Board had sent out in five years.

Miss Fanny Knight and the Bosticks came from North Carolina. We were delighted to know that there was a small Bostick girl about the age of ours.

We all returned by way of Tengchow. There it was decided that the newcomers stay for the present where the Bosticks could be company for Mrs. Crawford during the absence in America of her husband, and Miss Knight would be with Miss Moon till she could go on to Pingtu to be initiated into her chosen work.

They all entered enthusiastically into our plans for the work.

That autumn Mr. Bostick went with my husband to Pingtu and there baptized six earnest believers and organized the first church in that great county, where now are many churches and several ordained pastors. This little church was a living testimony to Miss Moon's self-denying labors.

Mr. Lee, who for several years has been pastor of Pingtu churches and baptized his thousands, was one of the first believers, and had been a

member of the Learners' class in Hwanghsien, but he was not among the first six to be baptized. His father and brothers were bitterly opposed to what they considered foreign propaganda.

Mr. Lee invited my husband and Mr. Chu to his home one day. Once there they were not slow to discover signs of hostility, so Mr. Pruitt withdrew at once and waited just outside the village for the return of Mr. Chu, who remained, hoping to quiet the fury of the enraged brothers. *Mr.* Lee came back with him, his face streaming blood. His brothers had beaten him and dragged him about by his hair, but he had borne the persecution as a Christian should, not even trying to defend himself.

Together the three disciples of the meek and lowly Christ knelt beside the road and prayed for those brothers who had so despitefully used the young Christian. It is no wonder that before many months he had won his father and his brothers to become followers of the Master he served so faithfully.

Mrs. Bostick and little Adelaide came over from Tengchow to be in Hwanghsien to welcome Mr. Bostick on the return from Pingtu. There they celebrated their wedding anniversary. The memory of that visit is precious. We joyfully planned for years of work together, in which our husbands and our children should be closely allied. We prized

the prospect of companionship all the more because we had been so long without. I have never known a more enthusiastic and at the same time sensible missionary than Bertha Bostick. We pictured a rosy future.

The Sunday while they were with us, late in October, 1889, was set apart for the organization of the Hwanghsien church, composed of members from both the Tengchow and Shang Tswang churches. Mr. Bostick preached an earnest sermon on Individual Responsibility, which Mr. Pruitt interpreted.

CHAPTER III

GROWTH OF THE WORK

Hwanghsien Church-Members

Inside the city were Dr. Fan, who, with his wife, had endured much persecution from his aristocratic family. Their home was a center from which we could work. There I met many women, and Mrs. Fan took me often to visit at the homes of relatives, where we were always welcome.

Dr. and Mrs. Lee lived three miles in the country. They were church-members, standing faithfully for natural feet for their girls, and other Christian doctrines, but his reputation for not paying his debts was a reproach, and the family, with the exception of one faithful daughter-in-law, were not a credit to the religion that they professed.

Several villages in the county had each one family whose head was a Christian.

Brother Cheep, of Lime Kiln Village, had three

daughters-in-law, the youngest one a Christian, the middle one quite the reverse, and the oldest a negative character who later joined the church.

South of them was the Kiang family village, beautiful for situation among the mountains. Some of the members in this village were not a great honor to their profession. One brother, ignorant and uncouth, showed his real Christianity by his treatment of his imbecile wife. The woman was so lacking in mind that she could hardly talk, could not count up to five, and was utterly unable to perform household tasks. All these fell upon her husband. She had been married before. Her first husband, finding what he had drawn in the matrimonial grab-bag, had treated her shamefully, till, beating her with a bench, he had broken her back. Then he threw her away, and brother Kiang, not yet a Christian, took her to his home. He was so patient with her. Most painstakingly he taught her the Gospel and prayed with her. The marvel is that she was able to take in so much. She was reverent, she believed and trusted. Her whole creed was two sentences: "I have sin. Jesus died to save sinners." Whenever I visited the village she always came and sat quietly listening. Often she would be found sitting patiently at the end of the village waiting, as she said, for Mrs. Pruitt to come. Several times, crippled though she was, she walked the eight miles to the church.

Another young woman, wife of a leper, became

such a joyful, earnest Christian through the consecrated life of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gow. She wanted to learn to read the Bible, and began with the small hymn book. At first she was so discouraged. She, forgot almost as soon as she learned. Later she told me in her simple way, "I asked the Holy Spirit to help me and He did."

One day this faithful disciple was at the river washing. Next to her on the bank was an older woman of sad countenance, to whom she recited a Christian hymn that was precious to her. It told of the Heavenly Father's love and care. This knowledge was a revelation to the unhappy woman, who had been contemplating suicide. The knowledge of God's love changed her whole world. She became an earnest believer before ever she had seen a preacher or attended a service. The Good News meant so much to her. She wanted everyone else to know about it. She knew the burdens in the hearts of other women so well, and to every one she met she told the glad tidings.

Not only did her husband persecute her till his death, but her seventy-year-old father insisted that she bad disgraced the family in joining the church. She submitted patiently to his beatings and hairpullings, and prayed earnestly for his conversion. I confess that my own faith was small. The man was old and very deaf. But she had faith as well as zeal, and her father *was converted.*

In visiting that village, we were always welcomed at the home of brother Kiang Deh Tswen. In his youth he had been a daring principal in a bloody inter-village feud. In one bold raid a cousin had been killed, leaving a childless widow. One of his own four sons had early entered the Buddhist priesthood. The other three, after their father's conversion, were sent to Mrs. Crawford's school, and there joined the church. But the widowed cousin felt herself entitled to one of the boys to be her heir and perpetuate the worship of herself and her dead husband. Brother Kiang, never wholly emancipated from heathen ways of thought, gave her one of his sons. We are glad that it is not for us to judge whether any individual church-member has enough true religion to save him. We do know that some, like this converted fighter and his apostate son were not a credit to the church. The two Christian educated wives of the younger sons were always a bright light in the dark heathenism of the village. At Sen Kia brother Kiang had a brother-in-law who was one of the first converts. The Sen family had two boys and two girls, all of whom were early sent to the Mission schools in Tengchow. One son was brilliant and, while still *a* schoolboy, brought glory to his entire village by receiving a degree from the Prefectural College for his knowledge of the Classics. But opium had been his undoing and no one knew where he was.

Both of the daughters had early been engaged,

and so were married, according to contract, into families that bitterly resented their Christianity. The older girl, sweet-tempered and complaisant, decided that she could not stand up against the will of her mother-in-law, so, though worshipping the True God in her heart, she never rebelled against the outward forms of heathen worship. She reared a family of seven sons, each a hater of the Gospel, and none too filial to his mother.

The younger daughter was of sterner stuff and her Christianity more vital. She withstood the bitterest persecution. When she read her Bible it was snatched from her and burned. When she knelt to pray she was reviled and beaten. When she refused to prepare the offerings to be set before the idols her husband dragged her around by her hair, and as a paramount disgrace to her, slapped his own face on her account. Industrious and faithful in doing the hardest work six days of the week, when the Sabbath came she refused to sew or to take the clothes to the river to wash. She was never allowed to go to church except when on the infrequent visits to her father's home.

Before many years these persecutions ceased and her meekness and patience with her intense prayer life won her husband and his parents to Christ. She was such a blessing to us all, and her children follow in her footsteps. One is Pastor Gow, of the Tsingtau church, another son is a doctor, trained by Dr. Ayers. Of the two daughters,

one is the wife of a pastor and the other of a Christian physician.

Behgo, or North Gully Village

Behgo was a village ten miles away, belonging to the Tengchow field. Mrs. Crawford spent much time there teaching in the home of her adopted or "dry" daughter, Mrs. Wong, a wealthy widow. This whole village had but three Christians, Mrs. Wong and her husband's two nephews. All three had previously been members of a strict Taoist sect who sought freedom from sin by abstaining from meat and other acts of devotion. Their leader was a Mr. Jong, a true ascetic. His wife was also a devotee. For thirty years they had lived celibate lives, full of ceremonial worship.

After Mrs. Wong accepted Christ for herself it was her ardent wish that her teacher and his wife should know salvation through Christ. She had them visit her at the same time that Mrs. Crawford was there. I also made frequent visits to that home that I might learn from Mrs. Crawford how to reach the women and children. I was much attached to my hostess, her brother-in-law, who was just my age, and the numerous children of that and neighboring families.

I shall never forget Mr. and Mrs. Jong, the purity of their complexions and the benevolence of their faces. Mrs. Jong acknowledged that all their

efforts after holiness had not freed her from an increasing sense of sin. But Mr. Jong could not give up his store of merit, acquired at so much cost, to accept the vicarious merit of Christ. He could not acknowledge that he was a sinner in need of a Savior. We have no assurance that either one ever accepted free salvation, but we shall have many surprises in Heaven.

The doctrine of the Taoists is that by holy living one's soul becomes stronger and greater while the body is less and less, in time becoming a mere shell containing the ripened pupa of the immortal soul. As the chrysalis of the silkworm opens and frees the butterfly, so a holy man is in fullness of time freed from the encumbering body, and the soul bursting through its withered envelope soars away. There is tradition of eight men who have thus attained to immortality.

Such was Mr. Jong's confidence in his own sanctity that when, in old age he was twitted for still dwelling in his earthly tabernacle, he prepared to demonstrate his fitness for a higher state. He was no intentional hypocrite. He caused his friends to hold a ladder upright while he climbed to the top. He commanded them to let go. The test almost resulted in freeing soul from body, but not in the way he had hoped. His corporeal self still weighed him down to earth. I never saw him again.

The second of the three Behgo Christians was

Mr. Wong, a man of affairs and steward of his aunt's large property, which he administered in the interests of her two grandsons. His own family of children and grandchildren lived in a humbler home on another street, but all came together in the evening and gathered around Mrs. Crawford's *kong* for Bible reading and exposition and the singing of a hymn, followed by prayer. I have pleasant memories of the bright-faced schoolboys, the demure young girls, and the patient mothers with babies in their arms.

The good seed found no lodgment in the hearts of some, and with the greater number of that little crowd the love of money and the deceitfulness of riches has sadly prevented fruit-bearing even from those that joined the church.

The person in whose life the Gospel bore the richest harvest was the other nephew, an uneducated coolie whom everybody called "Old brother Hwan," never dignifying him by the title Mr. His love for Christ was true and wholehearted. He had the word "Lord" appliquéd on his coat that all might see and know for a surety that he was not ashamed to own his Lord. So full was he of love to Christ that he went to market singing "Jesus loves me," and he desired to love everyone else into the kingdom.

He was what the Chinese picturesquely call "A bare branch," an old bachelor. We wanted to know

why he had never married. He told us his humble, pathetic romance. When only a child he had been betrothed. The parents of the girl had been so poor that they had given her in her unmarried girlhood to be his mother's slave. Such a situation, all too common, is a disgrace to the poor girl as well as a great misfortune. She usually receives anything but considerate treatment from her future mother-in-law.

A stepchild has usually one parent to safeguard her interests, but a *tan yang* daughter-in-law has none The whole family look down upon her. Her lot is bitter. Brother Hwan's mother must have been as cruel as any. The poor girl was so reviled, beaten, and starved that the boy who really loved her could not stand it. No direct method of coming to her relief was available. A filial son could not presume to find fault with his mother. So he chose an indirect way of saving the girl. He pretended that he was not pleased with her, and would not marry her. He begged his parents to sell her to another family where he knew she would be better treated. The bargain was made and brother Wong remained wifeless till late in life. He told us that he had once seen his former betrothed at a theatre. She was there, a fine matron, with handsome children of whom any father would be proud. He said, "I went home, lay down on my *kong,* and wept, crying, 'O, my mother, how you have cheated me."

This all happened before he became a Christian. All the children loved him, and a more faithful, unselfish man never lived.

In his later life, when famine in the west sent droves of young women to Hwanghsien for sale, he bought a girl for a wife, a poor, ignorant creature that he vainly tried to make into a respectable woman. After his death she went roving again.

Reinforcement and Bereavement

Late in the fall of 1889 Rev. T. J. And Mrs. League came to Hwanghsien from America. Miss Laura Barton, the second single lady designated for Pingtu came with them, but decided to settle in Tengchow.

Fellow-workers are valuable for the work's sake and also for companionship without which the sanest among us is in danger of becoming one-sided. The crank microbe flourishes in isolation, and the in-breeding of one's own thoughts brings suspicion and prejudice. We were suffering though we did not realize it. The newcomers were most welcome.

Both Mr. and Mrs. League showed special aptness in learning the language. Mr. League was musical and began at once to help with the organ at all services. We rejoiced in our neighbors.

In the spring of 1890 Shanghai papers brought the brief cablegram that the city of Louisville had been destroyed by a cyclone. It would be six weeks before Mrs. League and Mrs. Bostick whose homes were in Louisville could hear as to the safety of their dear ones. A cable message was too expensive to be considered. The suspense was unbelievably trying. The Bosticks in Tengchow and the Leagues in Hwanghsien had an agreement that whoever had the first definite news should speedily let the other know.

One day I saw the Tengchow messenger waiting out in the yard as though loath to come in. My thought was: "Sad news has come from Louisville, and they want to break it gently to Mrs. League."

It was sad news, indeed, but not from America. Mrs. Bostick, that lovely wife and mother and devoted missionary on whom we were already building high hopes, had died of smallpox and been buried before her bereaved husband could return from Shanghai, where he was attending a conference.

Persecution in Pingtu

The first New Year following the baptisms in Pingtu was a crucial time for the little band of believers who refused to go to the temples, and would not even worship their ancestors. Their

clansmen decided that Christianity must be rooted out with such severity that in the future no one would ever dare to join the foreigner's church. The brunt of the persecution fell on brother Dan, the senior Christian. He was given the opportunity to retract, but refused. His relatives tide him up, feet and hands together, swung him on a pole, and carried him as they would a pig to the ancestral temple, where they treated him with great cruelty.

The brethren sent a messenger to Pastor Pruitt to come at once and try to secure the little church from further persecution. They knew that treaties with foreign governments had promised religious freedom to Christian converts, and they hoped that without being vengeful the missionary might put the fear of consular law into the hearts of the misguided persecutors.

This was a trying time for the missionaries as well as for the converts. All felt so strongly that none of us should look to the courts for protection, and that the aid of a foreign government should never be invoked on behalf of Chinese Christians. To begin lawsuits over persecution would be to vitiate Christianity at its start. But persecution borne as Christ directed would strengthen the church and disarm the heathen. To go to the American Consul would but make the doctrine more offensive than ever and strengthen the belief that it was a propaganda of a foreign government. Incidentally, it might make it easy for church-

members to impose upon their neighbors if they felt that they had Consular backing as Christians.

Mr. Bostick came over from Tengchow and he, and Mr. League, and my husband were at one in their desire to give sympathy to the suffering Christians, and to lead them to rely for deliverance upon God alone.

The three men started for Pingtu at once, in the bitterest cold weather, to counsel and comfort the afflicted. The evening before starting Mr. Bostick, leading family prayers, read the thirty-seventh Psalm, which seemed to have been written especially for this very occasion.

The wives acquiesced in the going of our husbands, though we knew it might mean injury or even death to them.

In Pingtu they found the villagers on the defensive. They followed the Americans, armed with knives and pitchforks. They told afterwards, that had they seen any threat of legal proceedings they would have made short work with the interfering foreigners.

As the Christians had stood firm, they were never again tried in the same way. Christian converts multiplied in that district.

Afterwards brother Dan told us how thankful he was that there had been no going to law. He said,

"If you had taken it to the court they would have hated me forever. Now I am welcome in the homes of my persecutors, and they listen while I preach Christ to them. They see that the Gospel is of love, and not of hate."

Joy and Sorrow

The summer of 1890 was unusually hot and would be specially remembered for its widespread epidemic of cholera and dysentery had there not been other years equally devastating. Both our families went to Tengchow for August and September. Miss Moon was away in Pingtu and offered the Pruitts the use of her home. The Leagues stopped with the Crawfords. John Seward Pruitt and John Nightingale League were born at a time when serious illness or death was in every one of the seven missionary homes of Tengchow. Little John League had a short life and was laid to rest on the beautiful cliff overlooking the sea, where Mrs. Hartwell, Mrs. Pruitt, Mrs. Holcomb, and Mrs. Bostick, with several little ones, were buried.

At the time of John's birth our little Ida was near to death with dysentery. There was so much illness in the community that even the doctor was laid by for a time. Mrs. Crawford, as nurse to the Baptist sick, had her hands more than full. Death was everywhere. Night after night I listened to the wailing of mourners who passed the house on their

way to the Temple of Judgment, whither they were escorting the spirits of the departed. One night, just outside my window, Miss Moon's cook made the coffin for his wife's father.

So busy was everyone with the dying or the dead that there was little time for me. I was the least needy of all. Three times a day the faithful *amah* came to ask what I wanted, and brought me the tea and crackers that I knew could be had with least preparation. Sometimes I had my face washed and sometimes not. I quite expected that my husband and both children would be taken from me by the pestilence that raged all around.

The sorrow of the Leagues was added to by news of the death of her mother.

When we returned to Hwanghsien we found the ravages of cholera and dysentery. Several members of the church had died. Mrs. Tsang, the bride of the previous year, had lost her- mother, Mrs. Fan, but had a dear little daughter to comfort her.

At Mission Meeting that summer it was decided that Pingtu should have a missionary family as well as single ladies. The third lady to come in response to the Christmas offering was Miss Thornton, who soon became engaged to Mr. Bostick.

Miss Knight was in Pingtu working nobly

alone, but the church there needed a pastor. Mr. And Mrs. League felt the call and volunteered to go to this far-away field with no white neighbor within a hundred miles.

Growth by Division

In 1901 we were much depleted in health. My husband had had ten years of pioneer work and needed a change. We were both seeing missionary problems through dark glasses. It was time for us to go home. We started for America in August almost too weak to pack and having little thought beyond reaching home before we should die.

This meant the temporary closing of the Hwanghsien station, and we regretted that, but sick people are not worth much to the work, even if they stick at their posts.

The Board had appointed Rev. W. D. King, of Georgia, and Rev, and Mrs. Sears, of Missouri, to North China. They were on their way west as we fared east.

More than a year later we returned from furlough greatly strengthened in mind and body. During our absence the North China Mission had been joined to the Tengchow Mission and the two formed the North China Mission. We now had three stations. In Tengchow Miss Barton was the only one belonging strictly to the Board, for the Crawfords and Bosticks had resigned, though still

at the station. Mr. King was holding the fort in Hwanghsien and the Leagues and Searses were in Pingtu.

Two young Baptist preachers from Sweden had come as pioneers for the Swedish Baptist Mission, then in its infancy. They had tarried in Tengchow while learning the language and looking about them before deciding on a permanent location. We almost felt that Mr. Vingren and Mr. Lindberg belonged to us. They were so brave and so willing to endure the hardships incident to starting a new work. They decided to open their first station at Kiaochiu City, on Kiaochiu Bay. There was no Tsingtau till six years later.

The work in Hwanghsien was flourishing. Mr. King's zeal and faith had won the hearts of the Christians and he had a fine reputation among outside Chinese. He had opened a chapel and reading room in front of the Fan home, in the city. He insisted that our faith should be strong enough to prepare a baptistery for the converts that would surely come if we were faithful..

At this time the differences of opinion as to mission policy had grown into divergence of views on the scriptural ness of mission boards. Some of us had given up extreme self-support and felt the need of using money, whether Chinese or American was not important, to foster schools and to employ God-called evangelists to spread the

Gospel. Others had become even more ultra and felt that there should be no boards, no middlemen between the contributors at home and the missionaries on the field.

Those of the extreme wing left the Board and formed a separate mission known as the Gospel Mission. They numbered more than half of the North China workers. The Board offered to turn over the whole North China field to them on certain conditions which they did not accept. My husband and I, at the request of the Board, visited Canton and Central China, with a view to selecting some other field for the remaining few. In the end, the Board retained the field, and those who considered Boards unscriptural, the Crawfords, the Bosticks, the Leagues, with Mr. King, and Miss Knight, who later became Mrs. King, withdrew to the west, and there were joined by Rev. D. W. Herring, of the Central China Mission, who brought out three young men from home to add to their number.

The loss of so many workers seemed at first a great calamity. Miss Moon was on furlough, so there were only five of us left. Our meager forces were greatly strengthened that summer by the timely arrival of Dr. J. B. Hartwell and his family for Tengchow.

Though Dr. Hartwell had been away from the field for seventeen years, he had not been

forgotten, and his return was a matter of great rejoicing and put new heart into us all.

Our loss in numbers was God's way of scattering to increase. It meant successful work in two fields instead of one, and we who were left realized anew our dependence upon God rather than on man. In that same year, 1893, the four churches of the North China field joined to form an association. The charter members were of three nationalities, Chinese, Swedish, and American. As these churches were all situated in two prefectures, Laichow and Tengchow, the association was named Teng-Lai Association. Before long churches multiplied and the name was outgrown. It was changed to Shantung Association, including the whole province. But now we have spread to other provinces, and so are called the *Hwa-Beh, or* North China Association. The Swedish Baptists, with their ever increasing work, have formed their own Association.

A Visit to Upper Village

Shangtswang, or Upper Village, was the home of the Tsang family, the mainstay of the first Baptist church in North China, the one organized by Dr. Hartwell in his first term of service. Though begun in Tengchow, the organization had been removed to the south country, where most of the members resided.

I had long desired to visit the Christians living there, two days' journey over the mountains. In October, 1893, with three small children in two mule litters we ventured on the pilgrimage. To the little folks it was a picnic all the way. The lively inn where mules and donkeys had headquarters almost as good as those provided for men, the pigs, big and little, running at will, and the Chinese food more than made up for the absence of home comforts.

The perfect hospitality of a Chinese home puts our best efforts to shame. The whole family life is devoted to the comfort of the guest. Our hostesses rose before day to grind wheat that we might have white bread. All our wants were anticipated. We saw the Christians in their homes as well as in church. We learned a few of the ramifications of the great family tree, for the whole village was surnamed Tsang, and each member called every other one, not by given name, but by his exact degree of relationship.

The dear little three-year-old granddaughter of the family played about the yard and nursed her rag doll or carried it on her back in most motherly fashion. Toward evening she waited expectantly for the return of her grandfather from the field. He brought to her, strung on a long grass, an amazing number of locusts which her mother had roasted for her in the ashes. It ill becomes us who eat oysters and other "unclean" delicacies to scorn this

wholly scriptural, not to say Baptistic food.

We made the acquaintance of one diminutive youngster of eleven and his seventeen-year-old wife. The child and his younger sister had, been bereft of both parents by cholera. There was no one to care for them. The marriage of the boy to a mature girl was the only solution to the problem. They must have some one to cook their food and comb their hair.

That fall the Christians of this single Tsang family entertained the whole association.

More Thanksgiving

It was a great treat to us and our children to have Dr. Hartwell's two little daughters come and stay with us while their parents went to the association.

What a joy it was to Dr. Hartwell to renew after the passing of so many years, his acquaintance with the church which he had loved. The joy was mutual.

Dr. Randle, a well-trained physician of the China Inland Mission, had applied to join us. We were overjoyed at the prospect of a skilful medical worker, but one doctor for three stations was inadequate. We all felt that Pingtu needed him most, for Pingtu was three days' journey from its nearest European neighbors, and four days from a

physician. So we asked Dr. Randle and his wife to settle there The doctor himself felt that the opportunity for building up a self-supporting native work was best in Hwanghsien and longed to start a hospital in this promising center. But he consented to go to Pingtu.

He came by Hwanghsien on his way to the association and there found Ashley, our American-born baby, at the point of death. We had done the best we knew for him, but he was growing worse. How thankful we were that God, sent a doctor just in time to save his life.

Dr. Randle gave up his own plans and stayed with us. It was necessary to send to Chefoo, two days' journey away, for medicine. Of all means of travel at our disposal, donkey, mule-litter, or cart, a man on foot could cover the distance in the least time. We sent a young man, who returned with the medicine in three days. That young man, thirty years later, was the engineer who surveyed and constructed the motor road that enables us to reach Chefoo in three hours.

In November Mr. Pruitt went to Chefoo to meet Rev. and Mrs. Peyton Stephens, reinforcements for Hwanghsien. We all joined in a genuine Thanksgiving service at the Hartwell home in Tengchow. Presbyterians and Baptists met together and praised God with renewed courage.

Schools Begun

Early in 1894 we started a boys' school for the education of the children of Christians. So much had been said about the harmful influence of subsidized schoolwork that we would not ask our Board for anything more than the salary of Mr. Tsang, the teacher. The boys themselves were able to pay only a few cents cash, the nominal charge for tuition. But they came so joyfully. We sorrowed that we had not taken the step before. Large boys, in fact, married men in their teens, had to begin in the primer.

The pupils all grew fat and rosy on a diet of beans, millet, steamed corn pone, salt turnip, and cabbage soup with onions and garlic for flavor. Once a week they had wheat bread. The cost of food was 2400 cash a month for each pupil. This sounds extravagant, but when turned into U. S. Money was less than a dollar a head, or "mouth," as the Chinese call it.

Were we Americans to eliminate from our diet all milk, butter, eggs, tea, coffee, meat, sugar, and fruit we should find our living expenses greatly reduced.

To house our students we had done over the stables and carriage house. Mr. Pruitt gave up his study. We found other quarters for our cook and his family and used their rooms as dormitories.

The mill room and the carriage house were fitted up for occupation. In the schoolroom the boys sat on benches a bit wider than saw horses, in front of flat-topped tables, in the approved fashion of Chinese schools. They spent their time memorizing Chinese classics out loud. We also taught Scripture, arithmetic, and geography, thus far departing from the Chinese curriculum.

It would have been unwise at that time to attempt to teach calisthenics. Parents would have been alarmed lest we lead their boys to be soldiers. Warriors were among the outcasts, whose sons could not compete in the government examinations to the fourth generation. China had long since reached that advanced stage of civilization where war was abhorred. It was a common saying that one who willingly enlisted as a soldier was one who *ought to die.* The world was better off without him.

As ours was the only boys' school in the mission, our students came from all directions. Soon there was a crowd of boys walking the hundred miles from Pingtu.

Some of the poorer boys came with almost no bedding. The home supply was not enough to be divided. Some had no change of garments, not even of socks. But they studied diligently and ignored hardships. A few boys came from well-to-do home and were supplied with fuel to heat their

kongs, and with many extras in the way of food. We were glad to see a spirit of democracy among the boys, in which rich and poor were all friends and equals.

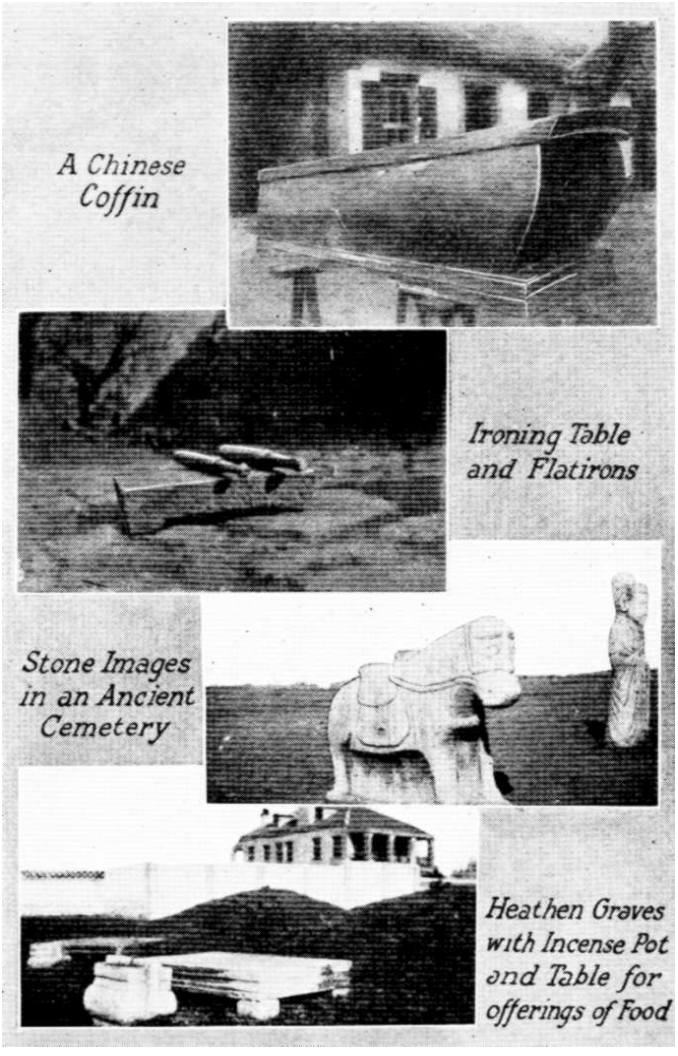
I sometimes wonder, if I had then seen in those boys the future bigamists and opium-eaters as well as the preachers, doctors, teachers, and officials, would my teaching have been different. Would I not have worked harder and prayed more for the work of the Spirit of God in their hearts?

At the same time that we started a boys' school in Hwanghsien, Mrs. Hartwell opened one for girls in Tengchow.

Our Medical Practice

That winter was a trying one. Grippe seized us all. We dosed each other with quinine, the only procurable drug that we knew much about. The children all had whooping cough. Ida developed pneumonia. But these afflictions passed away and left us richer for the kind ministrations of our good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens.

In June, 1894, the first white child was born in Hwanghsien. Howard Stephens had that distinction. Dr. and Mrs. Randle came and stayed several weeks. Having been missionaries in the far interior, they knew our needs and did their best to minister to the wants of all three stations. Dr. Randle was good in all practice, but especially fine



with children. His wife was an excellent nurse. He gave me several approved formulae for mixing

stock medicines and carefully wrote out instructions for our guidance.

With the care of the school on our hands as well as responsibility for our own children, we were greatly indebted to Dr. Randle.

We had some serious illness among the boys. One was desperately ill with typhoid and two had almost fatal dysentery, but by following instructions they all recovered. Eye wash and cough syrup were the remedies most in demand. Many times as I lined up a dozen or more boys, giving each his bedtime dose of cough medicine, have I reminded myself of Mrs. Squeers with the brimstone and treacle.

Each spring we sent to Shanghai for fresh calf lymph and had a general vaccinating bee, for new students and babies.

In those years each boy had a braid of hair down his back. One of my heaviest jobs was to eliminate vermin that found such ample game preserves in the queues of the boys. Even the large boys were not able to care for their own hair. They worked in pairs, each doing for another what at home the mother or wife would do.

I was gratified at the happy results of the medicines I administered, not to the schoolboys alone, but to women who sought my help for that most common of all complaints, “heart-mouth

pain," or dyspepsia.

One painfully anemic student had been my concern all through the term. At its close I gave him a bottle of carefully prepared tonic with full instructions to take it thrice daily, after meals. I expected him to show great improvement on his return in the fall. He came back looking like death.

"Did you take the medicine ?" I asked.

"Yes, I took it all."

I could only shake my head and mourn over the failure of my cherished prescription.

The next time his foolish mother came to see me she artlessly gave the explanation.

"Fatze didn't like that medicine you gave him. He said it was bitter. So all summer long he didn't take any. At last I said, "Now, Fatze, you'll have no face to meet Mrs. Pruitt when you go back to school. She will want to know if you have taken that medicine."

Actuated by remorse and the desire to save my face as well as his own, he had swallowed all four ounces of tonic in one great dose.

CHAPTER IV

WARS AND RUMORS OF WAR

The Japanese War

THE autumn of 1894 brought the startling news of the sinking of a Chinese steamer, the Kowshing, by Japanese. War had begun. So long as the fighting stayed in Manchuria it had little effect elsewhere. There seemed to be absolute lack of what we would call patriotism. An alien dynasty ruled in Peking. This was their affair. The general feeling was, "Why did not the outside barbarians go to Peking and settle the matter with the Emperor? It was not a concern of peaceful citizens."

There was no national flag. The yellow dragon flag was sacred to the Manchus and the people dared not fly it without special permission from the Emperor.

Near the coast people generally knew that "Outside countries" had rebelled, but whether the conflict was near or far was not understood.

The fighting came nearer. A naval engagement not far away brought the sound of heavy guns to our ears. The city fathers were in consternation. They opened the vaults in the city walls and took Out cannon that had been concealed their since the Taiping rebellion in 1862. These they mounted on the wall pointing directly to our compound, declaring that when the Japanese barbarians came they would first annihilate these at their door.

Massing of troops became an everyday occurrence. A large camp of soldiers was in a nearby village. The whole neighborhood was in a ferment. War meant indescribable horrors.

In most places, as people were unable to distinguish between nations, feeling against foreigners was running high. Our Consul at Chefoo felt that our position in the interior was hazardous. He sent repeated telegrams of warning. The U. S. Gunboat Yorktown made several trips along the coast to gather up missionaries from the interior. Confident of the good will of our neighbors, we refused to leave. Our safety was never threatened, but security was assured in an unexpected way.

An officer in the nearby camp had opened a box of cartridges with a hatchet. The explosion had nearly killed himself and two others. The army had no medical staff. The commandant sent officers on horseback requesting the foreigners to come to the

camp to save life.

My husband and Mr. Chu rode out to the camp on the horses provided and found a distressing situation. Mr. Pruitt felt powerless in the face of such a catastrophe, and was reluctant to undertake what he feared must end in failure, and might possibly further endanger the lives of foreigners, or at least add to the ill-will against them. But Mr. Chu was eager to do something. He reasoned, "There is no other hope for the lives of these men. We can help." So with simple remedies and common sense they administered first aid. They repeated their visits. The men continued to improve. The benevolence as well as the medical skill of the foreigner was advertised throughout the camp. Other soldiers appealed for help. They held a daily clinic for soldiers, victims of frost, poor food, and vice. All were most grateful for kindness. These soldiers had come from a part of the province most noted for its savage people and the seat of perpetual outlawry. Thus were potential enemies changed into friends.

Many troops from distant provinces passed through Hwanghsien on their way to the fortress at Weihaiwei. They made boastful threats that when they should have finished the devils in the east they would return to kill those in Hwanghsien. The Chinese did not consider these troops from far-off Yunnan real human beings like themselves. It was widely believed that they were only part human,

that they had tails, and also holes through their bodies and could be strung together like copper cash.

In our compound all was peaceful and school closed without apprehension.

In a few days we were in the midst of alarm. Japanese men-of-war bombarded the near port of Tengchow on two successive days. The casualties were not numerous, but were enough to strike terror to the hearts of all. One shell burst in Miss Moon's narrow front yard. The Chinese Christians trekked to Hwanghsien, where they found accommodation in the school premises. The day of the hegira was bitter cold and a deep snow covered the ground. Donkeys or carts were to be hired only at fabulous prices. Like Israel of old, a mixed multitude came over the mountain, mostly on foot, carrying their essential possessions. Some of the more provident of the women brought on their backs the delicacies they had prepared for the coming New Year.

I have no wish to exalt the cruel practice of foot-binding that in this province has crippled rich and poor alike. But it is doubtless due to this maiming process rather than to the chivalry of the men that the women are not made beasts of burden as in so many other non-Christian countries. The women of North China are not used to walking far nor to carrying burdens heavier than their babies.

This flight of twenty miles was something to be remembered.

How glad we were that we had not left our station. Now that danger seemed imminent, the neighbors watched us day and night. They knew that we were in constant communication with our Consul in Chefoo and that he was looking out for us and would let us know of immediate danger. Hwanghsien now had a telegraph office. While we stayed, our neighbors felt that the worst could not be happening. Had we sent out to hire conveyance to Chefoo it would have precipitated a panic. As it was, there was quite enough of unrest. Public opinion was ready to turn against us should we give them reason to believe we were in league with the enemy.

We did not know that the shelling of Tengchow was only a bluff to keep troops from going to strengthen the garrison at Weihaiwei, the real objective of the Japanese. We all expected them to land and march along the main road to Tsinan, the capital of Shantung.

Our small colony of Chinese and Americans kept close within our walls. The great front gate was heavily barred and further barricaded with our winter supply of coal. The back gate was closed and fortified, all but a small wicket. We dreaded these lawless Chinese troops more than we did the Japanese.

Earlier that year there had settled among us a missionary volunteer from America. On account of his age, lack of education, and mental infirmity, the Board had refused to appoint him. But come he would, and did, and settled among us quite penniless. We did our best to keep him comfortable and find for him some work that he could do to further the Gospel. Mr. Stephens and Miss Moon, with others, paid him a monthly salary sufficient for his needs, and hired for him a teacher in the language. He lived in part of Dr. Fan's house. In spite of consular instruction and repeated warnings he insisted on going abroad among the people with pencil and notebook in hand, learning the language by his own particular method.

He thus accosted those whom he met:

"What is your name?" He wrote the answer down on his pad. "What is the name of this village ?" "How far is it from the city ?" All answers were carefully recorded. Daily repetition of this program made even the most unsuspecting of the non-Christian Chinese feel sure that the man with the paper and pencil was making a map for the use of the enemy. By night they attacked the place where he lodged. His host's influence was sufficient to prevent personal damage, but he took the warning to heart and made no more excursions to the villages.

I have always felt that the death of the new Mrs.

Fan's baby boy was due to the fright of that night.

Old Glory

In case the Japanese army should pass through Hwanghsien we thought it might be well to fly the American flag over our place. It would mean nothing to the Chinese troops, but Japanese officers would be bound to respect it. So the sisters and I set to work to construct two flags, one for the front and one for the back of our compound. We had red cloth, white cloth, and blue cloth, but nobody knew how to put them together. Were there seven red and six white stripes, or was it The other way? How many were long and how many short? What was the proportion of the blue to the whole? Webster's Dictionary was consulted and solved our problem. We soon had two recognizable American flags ready to fly from tall bamboo poles should occasion demand. At present we refrained lest people think we were signaling to the enemy.

The governor of the province came through our city on a tour of inspection of the coast fortifications. He came with pomp and ceremony, but very soon returned in frantic haste, leaving most of his retinue to follow. He stopped in Hwanghsien barely long enough to feed his horses. He claimed to be hastening home to send food to the soldiers at the front. His journey seemed so much like ignominious flight in front of an

advancing enemy that the people were more alarmed than ever. We knew that our own county official kept horses ready saddled for instant flight.

Other dangers still more tangible threatened. It looked for a time as though our peaceful garrison might be reduced by hunger before any material enemy appeared. With city shops all closed *and* the doors barred, how was our family of fifty people to be fed? Were grain to be had, how could we pay for it? We could get no silver from Shanghai and no merchant wanted our checks. It was a relief to find that our credit was good. A large firm in the city volunteered to give us all the money we could possibly use and await our convenience for payment without interest. Christians in Behgo were glad to supply grain on the same terms. So it looked as though after all we might have a bright New Year. This greatest day of the whole three hundred and sixty-five is supposed to cast its influence for good or ill over the whole year. Death must not be mentioned.

As we met in the early morning to exchange congratulations the ominous boom of cannon came to our ears. Through the cold winter air. It seemed very near. Had the Japanese already landed? Were they marching on Hwanghsien? The real meaning was that their soldiers were even then landing behind Weihaiwei, which fort they were to take that very night. Firing on Tengchow was only a bluff. Not being gifted with second sight, we felt

that invasion of our city might be near.

The consternation among the outside people was appalling. It was a day of frenzied moving. All day long we heard the rumble of carts. Country people moved into the city. City people moved out, seeking safety as far as possible from the main road. Poor women with small children, unable to run jumped into wells or hanged themselves to escape falling into the hands of the enemy. Some families, despite the intense cold, betook themselves to the steep hilltops that had been partially fortified in the Taiping rebellion. How pertinent to the situation were our Lord's words, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter."

The lookouts on the city wall redoubled their vigilance and were in a state of fearful expectancy that the approach of no enemy less mobile than the mythical Flying Dragon or present-day airplanes would justify.

Fearing confiscation of their houses and looting of their valuables, and having faith in the efficacy of the United States flag to protect all beneath its aegis, the city fathers sent an honorable deputation begging us to move inside the city. We were given our choice of all the palatial residences if only we would hoist the American flag in a conspicuous place. Instead of being undesired and proscribed aliens, we had suddenly become most "unprized precious."

My husband promised that if the Japanese should come he would head the deputation to meet them and assure them of peaceful conduct through the city, but declined, with thanks, the offered gift of city property.

Soon we heard of the suicide of Admiral Ding and the fall of Weihaiwei fortress, whose loss was due, not to any lack of bravery on the part of its immediate defenders, but to the dishonesty of the higher officials, who had failed to send supplies and had even filled shells with coal instead of explosives.

Danger Averted

It did not need any wild flight of imagination to picture the thousands of defeated soldiers, lawless and savage, wreaking their vengeance upon defenseless citizens of our wealthy city. We abated none of our precautions.

Little did we realize the plight of those defeated soldiers, in their un-officered retreat. The severe cold had been a worse enemy than the Japanese. Their flight of eighty miles to Chefoo through deep snow, in bitterest cold, was their ultimate hardship. For days afterwards our Dr. Randle and other mission doctors were kept busy amputating feet that had been frozen. One soldier had stumped the whole distance on feet already frozen stiff. He dared not stop or approach the warmth of a house,

knowing that when his feet once thawed he would be helpless.

When the routed men reached Hwanghsien a more humble crowd could not be desired. They found a most inhospitable reception. All shops were tight shut. They could get nothing to burn or to eat. Christian men went to their relief, helped them to set up kettles, build fires, saw that they got fuel and food, and won their lasting gratitude. The men whom my husband and Mr. Chu had doctored kowtowed to them and thanked them for saving their lives.

It was not long before mission work could be resumed as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Stephens bought a Chinese house in another village, where they had a new center of work. They labored assiduously in the southern part of the county. Mr. Stephens opened a day school at Hweiching, the lime kiln village, and used the youngest Mrs. Chee as teacher.

The Hweiching church was organized with dinner on the grounds, and we were all happy in the growth of the work.

Mrs. Stephens had a great deal of illness and her work was often carried on under difficulties that would have discouraged a less consecrated person. She never felt that her home and family cares excused her from doing all that she could to

spread the Gospel. Mr. Stephens was indefatigable. He and his horse were known at markets far and wide.

Socially and spiritually our friends and neighbors meant so much to us. We could really go visiting and have invited company at home. Thanksgiving dinner at one place meant Christmas dinner at the other home. These festive occasions were great blessing to us grown folks as well as to the children.

Progress

After the Japanese war the attitude of the people toward us was markedly changed. We had been given a chance to prove our disinterestedness and from thenceforth were counted as citizens and not aliens.

We could see, too, among the people, the beginnings of conscious patriotism. People wanted to learn more of other countries. They had learned that there were different nations with different attitudes towards China.

We began teaching English to those students who wished it enough to pay their board. We fitted up another schoolroom, and Mr. Kwoh, Mrs. Crawford's favorite pupil, a good student of Chinese classics, was added to the faculty. The school grew. A few students from non-Christian families were attracted.

The war had helped to break up the stony ground. That spring there were a number of baptisms, schoolboys and others. Mr. And Mrs. Stephens' intensive country work began to bear fruit.

Mrs. Gow's son was baptized at the same time as his aged grandfather. A husband and wife from the south country went down into the pool together. Twin brothers from Behgo were united in taking this step.

Every two months was the regular communion service and business meeting of the church, which brought the scattered members together in larger numbers than usual. We looked forward eagerly to these times of fellowship, and I now think back upon them with almost regret for the "good old times," which, in changing to the better *new* times, have lost some of their intimate features. We ate together, the men in the street chapel and the women at our house. The simple fare was made worthy by the mutual love and the joy of Christian fellowship.

Another blessing of our situation was occasional visits from missionaries of other denominations who were wont to break their long journey to the coast by a Sabbath rest with us. Sometimes we were favored by visits from their traveling secretaries.

Visitors from the South China field always made invidious remarks about our only conveyance, the shentze, or mule-litter. They no longer marveled that we in the north, in spite of fine climate, broke down sooner than those in the south, where heat and malaria made good health almost impossible. Our primitive vehicles are especially hard on women.

Once two pleasant young English engineers whom we had met in Chefoo accepted our cordial invitation to stop with us when passing through Hwanghsien. They arrived unexpectedly late one afternoon, when our butter supply happened to be exhausted. Our own prepared supper was a huge bowl of boiled yellow corn on the ear, a present from a neighbor. The Stephenses were not at home and there was nowhere to buy or borrow butter.

I fancy that those two gentlemen did not go home, as some have, complaining of the luxury in which missionaries live. But I have never ceased to regret that my hospitality had been so weighed in the balance and found wanting.

One well-remembered visit was from an ex-captain of British artillery, a magnificently built Irishman whose errand was something of a mystery, though his unfortunate physical condition was not. He was doing his best to ward off an attack of delirium tremens.

He had been investigating the vicinity of Kiaochiu Bay and reported that it was of great size, large enough to float the whole British navy, and land-locked. He assured us that it would not be long before some enterprising nation would reclaim it from its then state of uselessness and put it on the map of the world. He said, "I'll give you a tip. Invest in Kiaochiu."

We hoped then that he might be in the employ of the Chinese government. Now we more than suspect that Germany furnished the lavish kumshaw with which he took away the breath of our servants. Oh, that China had had sufficient fore- sight to improve that natural harbor. What a lot of trouble would have been saved!

Tue Sheep and the Goats

The Japanese war had brought not only helpful results, but it had also given to the foreigner in China an importance politically that he had never sought. Our prestige in law courts was acknowledged and much sought after. A church-member had only to threaten his opponent with the foreigner's influence to get everything he might demand.

People who had quarrels desired to join the Church to get revenge. They were willing to subscribe to a doctrine that they did not understand, even to live up to superficial

regulations of a new sect. I used to tell my husband in those days that he was working harder to keep people out of the church than he was to get them in. There was always a plausible story, a professed belief, a ready assent to all that was required. Spiritual religion was so unknown to them that they must not be too much blamed for desiring to avail themselves of a protection that their own government did not give.

Often the most eager among the inquirers was found to have a lawsuit. If he offered to give. Rent-free, a schoolhouse or a church building we expected to learn that the title to that particular piece of property was in litigation.

These people did not mean to be hypocrites. They thought they could do all that was necessary to fulfill their part as church-members. They just did not know anything about change of heart and the spiritual requirements of the Sons of God.

Untutored Christians also, sometimes sought with zeal devoid of wisdom to bring their friends into the fold by preaching the lure of worldly gain and influence. Some who had money saw in the church an excuse for avoiding the heavy theatre taxes that were their share of the village worship.

One afternoon I found several strange women in my front rooms, making themselves at home, building fires with fuel they had brought and

cooking their supper. I was at a loss to understand it. They did not seem lawless creatures, from whom one might expect such unwarranted liberties. They protested their zeal for the Gospel. They couldn't wait. The son of one of them was eager to join our school. He just must come at once.

Experience had taught us caution. We could not imagine the reason for this precipitate move in our direction.

We soon learned from others the sad story, and my heart went out to the poor mother in her desperate effort to save her boy. In a sudden quarrel with his uncle a boy of about his own age he had accidentally inflicted upon him a fatal blow. According to Chinese law the crime was not plain murder, but an offense far worse. As the victim was of a higher generation it was *parricide,* and the punishment was *slicing,* an aggravated kind of execution. If only the boy might find refuge with us the Chinese authorities could not touch him.

Many is the time we have longed to save Chinese from the severity or injustice of their own courts, but we could not harbor fugitives from their own laws.

The sequel to this tragedy was thoroughly Oriental, though seemingly contradictory to

Chinese ideals of filial piety. The father of the boy who had unwittingly killed his uncle begged to be allowed to suffer in place of his son. His petition was granted. The life of a parent being more valuable than that of a child, he could redeem his boy. A son, however, could not thus expiate the crime of a father.

Summer Traveling

Mrs. Wong of Behgo had a large and comfortable house and invited us to spend part of the summer of 1895 with her. We were to take the journey in Peking carts. Now, a Chinese cart is, to us, an instrument of torture. Over a rough road (and there are no other thoroughfares) it has a way of bumping first one side of the passenger's head then the other, or by sudden impact with a stone to rise up and drive his spine several inches into his head. The space inside is small and one sits cross-legged on the floor. It does not seem so much that one is tossed from side to side as that the cart jumps about and does the boxing. But to the children it was a delightful vehicle, giving all the exhilaration of a switch-back or a shoot the chute, or other modern amusement.

The summer was unusually wet and by the time we reached the river it was too deep for carts to cross. The children were carried over pick-a-back. Mrs. Wong sent men and an unusually large horse to take us across. Little Ashley had no fears for his

own safety, but he nearly strangled the cook who was carrying him. He feared that the cook might fall and be drowned if he didn't exert all his own puny strength to hold him up.

In Behgo the children luxuriated in most appetizing food. They had the companionship of other children, and pet animals to play with. They never tired of seeing the stock fed.

The rain continued. Water invaded the house. One bedroom had to be abandoned. The river was impassable for several days. Chinese houses, built of adobe brick, have a way of melting in a prolonged rainy season, and the falling of walls adds to the interest of such times. At last we started home in mule-litters which had to be carried across the river on men's shoulders while the mules swam.

Peculiar Problems

In China the evils of alcohol are so far below those inflicted by opium that few of the Christians had taken any stand against wine-drinking. Serving wine at a feast seemed necessary not only for proper hospitality, but also to assist nature in neutralizing the harmful effects of too rich food. Wedding and other feasts meant the free use of yellow wine made from glutinous millet and served hot. Though not very strong in alcohol, yet it made faces red, and voices loud, and often

resulted in quarrels and hot language as well as in conviviality. Another more potent liquor sometimes served is almost pure alcohol.

Consecrated Christians give up drinking wine and serving it to others. It is a real cross, not because they love the occasional drink, but because it is difficult to go contrary to established custom, and they must bear reproach for what seems to others a breath of hospitality.

Perhaps it is only in China that the question of a proper beverage for use in communion services has been discussed. In early days the juice of the grape was not known in China. All their liquor is made from grain. For small churches away from the ports the use of grape juice either fermented or not would necessitate almost impossible trouble and expense. In many sections grapes can not be grown. Some missionaries of other denominations took the stand that had Christ lived in China He would undoubtedly have used the recognized Chinese beverage, tea, and that we were at liberty to substitute tea for wine. Others maintained that only the pressed-out juice of the grape, red in color, was suitable.

North China has plenty of grapes. I began putting up the juice in small bottles for use in the churches of which my husband was then pastor.

Dr. Hartwell had all the zeal of youth with the mature wisdom of added years. He held Bible classes with the different churches. He preached indefatigably to the crowds of students at examination times. He held evangelistic services with our schoolboys. In the fall of 1896 he was laid low with typhoid fever. The Association met with the Hwanghsien church, and how the brethren prayed for his recovery! The spirit of petition animated the whole gathering, and as they prayed the assurance came to them from above that their prayers were being answered and that the valuable life would be spared for yet more service. As in the case of Hezekiah, fifteen more years were granted to the beloved pastor, and in those years he was used in helping to place the Bush Theological Seminary on a firm foundation and to see his students scattered over the province preaching Christ.

Chinese Christians believe in the power of prayer. Great is their faith.

We seldom realize that the blessing of congenial social meetings is a product of Christianity. It is a new element in the lives of Christians. For members of different families, from isolated homes, to come together and with one heart worship the same Father in whom they are a single family is a joy that heathenism does not know.

The Hwanghsien Woman's Missionary Society was started long before there was any main society to which we might belong. We had twelve charter members and met around from house to house. Most often our meetings were with Mrs. Chu, for her *kong* was the largest. Most homes had no clocks. No two timepieces kept the same time. Mrs. Chu herself went to the homes of the members to tell them when meeting time came. Her own family was large and her work heavy. Sometimes she folded the clean dried garments from her recent wash and placed them on the smooth surface of the warm *kong,* where we, sitting decorously in our religious service, were also, by our well-distributed weight, smoothing the clothes.

We took no collections at our meetings. After singing and praying each member told of her own personal work during the month. Each Christian woman, old or young, was distinctly interested in bringing those she met to know the blessedness of hope in Christ.

The ordinary home laundry in China is quite different from what one imagines who has seen Chinese laundries in America. The garments are washed at the river without soap or starch. For ironing board a flat piece of smooth granite is used. The flatirons belie their name, for they are round wooden clubs, with which the garments are beaten smooth.

The first girls' school was started in 1898, an independent enterprise of Christian parents who had girls to educate. Mr. and Mrs. Chu donated the schoolroom and dormitory space for those girls who could not board at home. They all contributed to the modest stipend of the Christian woman who taught them. The girls, made all the money for their board by canning cherries, apricots, and peaches, for sale to Hwanghsien wealthy families. The Boxer uprising in 1900 put a stop to this enterprise.

The Boys' School

When we opened the school for boys the position of the teacher in China was ideal. His authority was absolute and he was regarded by his pupils with an outward reverence second only to that given a parent. Discipline in the schoolroom was an easy matter. This, however, did not prevent disobedience on the sly. The boys persisted in running up accounts for candy and peanuts with the vendors of sweets who used to camp near the gate. The honor system had not been heard of in Chinese schools.

The chief rebels against our authority were the ever-present vermin that came in on the heads, and sometimes the bedding, of the pupils. There was no end to the warfare. I used to think that the most appropriate emblem to be blazoned on my tombstone would be a fine-toothed comb. Each

boy had long and abundant locks. If the Chinese revolution had nothing else to recommend it, the attitude of new China to the queue would justify it. The well-kept heads of the new generation of schoolboys makes one almost ready to welcome bobbed hair for girls, too.

Among fifty boys there were frequent disputes. I do not remember a single case of assault or a quarrel with fists. They could hurt each other far worse with words. To be reviled was worse than to be beaten. Some words, to us wholly inoffensive, convey insinuations that sting like vitriol. To say, "my son," is an insult to the boy and to his immediate ancestry.

Our outspoken direct-to-the-point method of speech seems crude to the sophisticated social sense of even Chinese schoolboys. Anglo-Saxon development up from barbarism has been shaped by the influence of Christianity and has emphasized truth sometimes at the expense of civility. The more ancient Chinese civilization is more superficial. It has exalted outward smoothness and sacrificed truth. In polite conversation, one studies carefully what his *vis-à-vis* wishes him to say; what answer is desired. He does his best to give what he thinks is wanted, often to the confusion of our confiding minds.

Another hindrance to successful schoolwork was the custom of early marriages. A frequent

interruption, was the call for a boy to go home to his wedding. He had been engaged without any say-so from him, but attendance upon his marriage was necessary. He had no more to do with setting the day than had the bride.

When a student married, his mates had the custom of taking a contribution of a few cash from each to buy a pair of red scrolls on which the teacher wrote appropriate quotations from the classics. These scrolls were presented to the groom.

After one such presentation, eleven coppers were left over. It was manifestly impossible to distribute these among fifty contributors. One boy suggested that it be put into the church collection, thus buying a fractional blessing for each. But another vetoed that. He was not a member of this particular church. He moved that peanuts be bought and distributed. His motion carried.

We had several trying experiences that threatened to disrupt the church and bring the work to naught. Had the enterprise been only of man they would have worked ruin. One was over the broken marriage engagement of a schoolboy. A broken marriage engagement was all but unheard of. The middle men, who were prominent in the church, and had acted in all good faith, felt that we should expel the offending boy from school, and the church should excommunicate him and his

parents. The girl's mother would likely commit suicide and her death would be laid at our door unless we used coercive measures. But even this storm passed.

Times of spiritual awakening came to the school. Boys were converted and, with happy faces, were baptized, some to endure bitter persecution at home. When Mr. Wong of Behgo died, his heathen son threatened to break the legs of a Christian grandson who refused to worship at the grave.

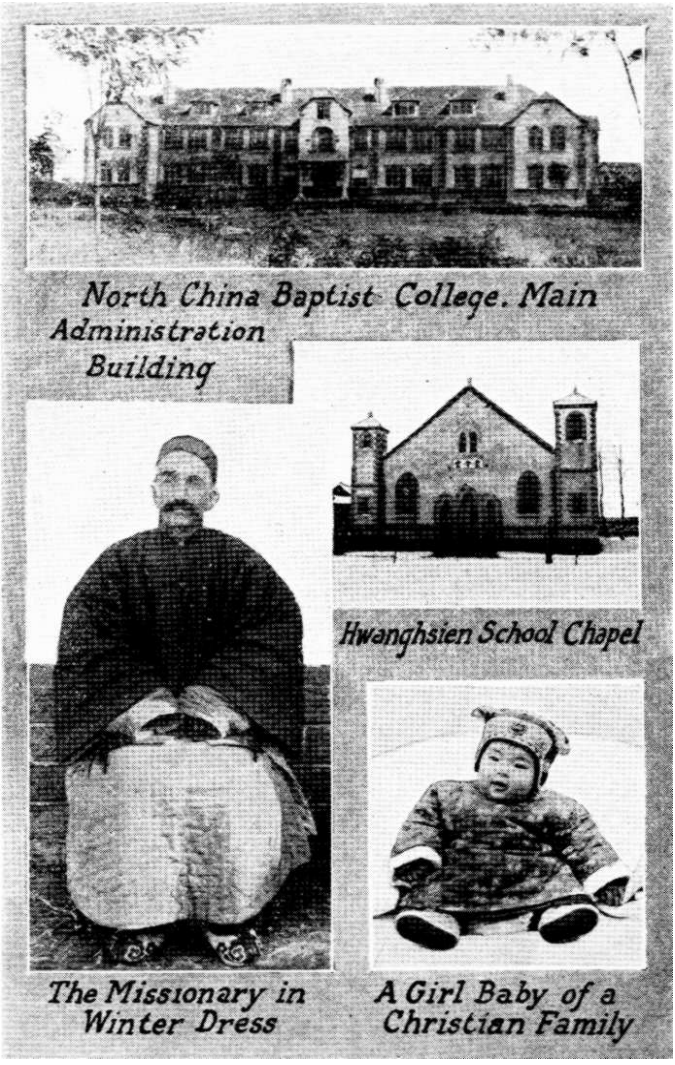
Several boys decided to give their lives to Christian work.

As the boys grew older and went out into life that I knew was full of temptations, I felt increasingly their vital need of teaching that I, a woman, could not give. They must be fortified and built up in those places where Chinese nature, indeed, all unconverted nature is weak. I longed to be able to turn the school over to stronger hands, and begged the Board to send out a man for school work.

In those early days the boys issued a school paper half in English and half in Chinese. A mimeograph was the printing press.

Life and Death

In the spring of 1896 there came to us our first



great sorrow. Our little Virginia was taken. She had always been such a perfectly healthy child, a

'not cry" baby, as the Chinese expressed it. A serious epidemic among the schoolboys reached her, and, after ten days of excruciating suffering from erysipelas, she died, and we thanked God for the release of this precious one from the torture of diseases. We could not understand why an innocent baby should have had to bear such pain. Yet we were sure that the Lord who said, "Let nothing be wasted," had not called her to suffer in vain. Those ten days of agony must have been fitting her in some way for higher enjoyment and greater usefulness in the more abundant life which she had entered.

Hers was the first death in our Hwanghsien community, and as we owned no land, we had no burial place. We buried her on the hilltop in Tengchow. I turned from the spot, strong in the hope that her life and death might bear fruit in our greater usefulness. I wanted to take to Chinese mothers in the hopelessness of grief for their dead babies, the love of the Savior and joy in the knowledge that the children taken from their arms had not been snatched in anger by evil spirits, but were forever safe in a home of love and peace.

Death having once entered our home, I felt that never again could I rest secure. I longed to carry my children to a *safe* place. For months I lived in fear of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Then I realized that Christ's oft-repeated injunction to his

disciples, “Fear not,” was meant for me, too, and that fear was lack of confidence in Him. What a blessing it is that life and death are not in the hands of doctors or parents, but in the tender touch of Him who blessed little children and said, “forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’’

More and more did we long for a doctor to come to Hwanghsien to bring to the suffering people bodily healing, of which even the most ignorant felt the need. Even more did we want this work of love to reach them with the spiritual healing for their sin-sick souls.

The extreme heat of the next summer, which we spent alone in Hwanghsien, fastened dysentery upon the children, and it was late in the fall before they made the turn for the better and ceased to be painfully thin and pale.

CHAPTER V

IMPORTANT CHANGES

The Opening of Tsingtau

IN the autumn of 1897 a cloud, the size of the Kaiser's mailed fist was seen rising on the political horizon. The people paid little attention to the rape of territory by the Germans on the flimsy pretext of just reprisal for the murder of German missionaries. But the building of a foreign port on Kiaochiu Bay was a momentous event. It spelled opportunity. Skilled artisans flocked there for steady work and good pay. Among our English-speaking schoolboys it created a Klondike rush on a small scale. The German city of Tsingtau soon became an object in civic cleanliness, hygienic sanitation, good government, and architectural beauty. It was also the Mecca where good wages could be earned and where business was on a stable foundation, not subject to the arbitrary impositions of an autocratic government.

Our trained cooks flocked to Tsingtau to get better wages. Boys who had learned from us how

to wash and iron went to open laundries. School boys went to market their small savings in English, and many of them then and there began careers as good business men. Their earnings were so much greater than they could have hoped to get had there never been German occupation that instead of complaining of this alienation of territory, they blessed the event that had brought these opportunities for gain.

The curse of wealth has come to some of these boys. Opium is an ever-present temptation to those who have money. The rich man is also tempted to take another wife. His true wife is at home with the old folks. Public sentiment makes it not only permissible, but almost obligatory to take a "small wife," or concubine, to be with him in his place of business.

Young men, when disciplined in church for this sin of bigamy, have sometimes failed to see it as a sin. They claim the examples of Abraham, Jacob and David, who were well-pleasing to God. In America, where there are well-respected laws against polygamy, new converts are not generally warned of that particular temptation. In China it is so different. We felt that we had failed to strengthen them where they were weakest.

The new wives bought at the ports were of a decidedly different type from the real wives left at home. They were more sophisticated, often better

educated, and more attractive.

So many of our students and other Christians flocked to Tsingtau that we began Christian work among them as soon as possible. They rented a chapel and called Mr. Pruitt to be their pastor. He was able to go to them not oftener than once in two months, but they kept up regular services.

The rapid growth of Tsingtau, the building of the railroad to the capital of the province and the frequent coming of steamers were all counted as blessings to the country. They brought trade, wealth, and opportunity such as Shantung had never had before.

In only one particular did we hear any complaint of foreign domination. During an epidemic of cholera the German authorities insisted on cremating the bodies of all who died, and forbade carrying the sick through the country, that they might be buried in their ancestral cemeteries.

In 1899 the Chinese Imperial Postal system was inaugurated as a branch of the Customs Service, under the control of Sir Robert Hart. The Chinese government desired it, not so much for the convenience of the public, as for a new source of revenue. It was a great innovation in Chinese individualistic life, as any service for the public would then have been.

Hwanghsien's progressive citizens welcomed the innovation, and our first postmaster was a wealthy member of a prominent family. He manned the office with trustworthy servants of his own selection, who soon brought it to a high degree of efficiency.

The Valley of the Shadow

In December, 1897, our third son, Robert, was born, calling forth extravagant congratulations from our Chinese friends. But early the next year our five-year-old Ashley died suddenly of diphtheria—at least, we suppose it was that dread disease. There was no doctor to tell us. The merry little fellow had always been so full of joy. He loved everybody. Knowing that we were anxious about his sore throat, he told me that he was not afraid to die if Jesus wanted him. He was truly a trusting child of God. The light of the home seemed to have gone with him.

A carpenter had been at work at our house making coffins for all the adult members of our cook's family. Ashley, just learning to use long English words, called him the "coffinter." Now this same coffinter came and made the plain wooden casket, which Mrs. Stephens, at home with her own sick boy, made beautiful with a covering of white flannel and a lining of silk. A messenger was sent to Tengchow to have a grave dug on the hilltop beside Virginia. The bereaved

father and our faithful friend, Mr. Stephens, took the sad journey over the mountains to the lonely burial place. To prevent contagion there was no service, and these two stood alone beside the grave and saw the body lowered and covered over with a brick arch to protect from wild clogs, then returned the twenty miles without stopping at any home to rest.

My own place was with the other children, one of whom was ill with what we feared was the same dread disease. Working for them was my comfort. We knew that our darling had gone to a home far better suited to his loving heart than earth could be, and we rejoiced that he would never be hurt by unkindness.

The knowledge that his precious life might have been saved had we had a doctor added to the bitterness of our bereavement, but we knew that God could have sent help, as He had done at other times. We were sure that He had taken our boy, not because of our ignorance and lack of medical skill, but because He wanted him for the better Home and wider life.

Dr. Randle came very soon and gave us the right remedy for the other children of the station.

I shall never forget Miss Moon's wonderful goodness at that time. Her own throat had always been tender, and wherever possible she avoided

contact with tonsillitis and kindred ailments. But when she knew our sorrow, she came right to us, and was the greatest comfort that God could have sent. As the children recovered, she spent hours with them, playing childish games for their amusement, thus aiding materially in their recovery. How bored she must have been at the endless repetition of "William o' tribletoes" and "Eeny, meeny, miny mo," had not her heart been so full of unselfish love.

That spring we knew that our country was at war with Spain. The children liked to hurrah for what they called the 'Yanko-Spanko" war. Europeans living in China were almost unanimous in the loudly expressed belief that Spain was far stronger in military power than the United States and would make short work with our army and navy. For many years the American naval power had been represented in Chinese waters by the old side-wheeler Monocacy, the laughing-stock of the coast. It did not surprise us that those who judged America's fighting strength by this decayed specimen of archaic naval architecture should expect an easy victory for Spain. Up to this time Ida and John had studied contentedly at home. But the next year they both entered the China Inland Mission Schools for missionaries' children at Chefoo. Later Howard Stephens, and later still, Carey Ayers followed. Six times a year that two-day journey to Chefoo and two days back had to be made to carry and fetch the children. Our

families took turns at the task. It was twice in the bitter winter weather, twice in the spring, and twice in the heat and flood of summer.

In the spring of 1899 the Stephens family went home on furlough and invited Dr. and Mrs. Randle, who were resigning from the Mission on account of doctrine, to occupy their house for a few months. While in Hwanghsien, Dr. Randle had quite a paying practice in dentistry as well as in medicine. He was a great comfort to us with our delicate baby. When out of reach of a doctor, a mother must of necessity carry what Chinese call "a suspended heart." As Mrs. Stephens expressed it, "We worry ourselves sick because we have no doctor to cure us."

The next January the Rundles went home to England. Hardly had they gone when Robert developed pneumonia.

The Boxers

In the latter part of the year 1899 there was a great deal of talk about Boxers, as the members of the Big Sword Society came to be called. Originally a secret society that aimed at putting a Chinese Emperor on the throne in place of the Manchu dynasty, had been outlawed.

Chinese patriotism was being born. Though ignorant of geography and general history, yet the Chinese leaders had a growing realization of the

fact that foreigners were coming to China in ever-increasing numbers, that many of them were making money and living like princes and unbearably arrogant toward the natives, that more and more land was being dominated by them where Chinese were not allowed to do as they pleased. The Big Sword Society turned aside from its main object of "Down with the *Chings,"* and took up the new rallying cry of "Down with the foreigners."

The Empress Dowager believed in China for the Chinese (Manchus first, and Chinese second), and concluded that it would be a wise move to encourage this proscribed society by giving them other quarry to bait than the reigning dynasty.

The *Waichiaobu,* or Department of State, in Peking existed mainly for the benefit of the foreign governments that insisted on diplomatic relations with China, though China greatly preferred to be let alone. But, since these outside countries insisted, they were accorded the privilege of sending their ministers to Peking to hold audiences. But that meant nothing to China. Peking Foreign Office was nothing more than a fancy button on the topknot of the body politic.

The way in which the Empress Dowager had usurped authority, beheaded the Emperor's counselors and favorite wife, and imprisoned the Emperor had aroused our indignation, for we had

reason to hope that Kwang Shu might become an enlightened progressive ruler if allowed to carry out his plans. Though a Manchu, he seemed to have a genuine desire to benefit the whole country over which he ruled. Yet to the majority of his subjects it mattered little whether the ruler in Peking was Kwang Shu or his aunt.

Duplicity has ever been characteristic of Chinese diplomacy, even to a greater degree than obtains in other countries. Because done with consummate skill, it has been, in most cases, successful. Peking statesmen have used their oratory to such good advantage that they have won, throughout China, the nickname of "The oily-mouthed." So with one set of edicts the Empress Dowager promised protection to the foreigners, and sought their favors by elaborate teas for the wives of the diplomats and presents of rich satins and paintings from her own brush. But with another pen she wrote orders for the massacre of these same foreigners.

Shantung province had a cruel man, the head of the Boxers, for its governor. He may have been a patriot at heart, but a terribly misguided one. The Christians in the Province suffered severely. He made the mistake of believing that any Chinese who had any dealings with the foreigner was a traitor to China. The name "foreign devil" was for us. Christian converts, clerks and servants in foreign firms, any who helped the outside

barbarians, were "secondary devils."

In the closing months of 1899 many Christians were killed, and on New Year's day of the fateful year 1900, Mr. Brooks, the English missionary, was slaughtered without provocation.

Of course, diplomatic pressure was brought to bear upon the Empress Dowager, and she was obliged to give our province a different governor. To this fact we owe our lives. Fortunately for us she sent Yuan Shi Kai, a man astute enough to know that China would be making trouble for herself in killing foreigners. Our former governor was degraded and punished by exile to an official position more lucrative than the one he had left, but farther away from the meddling foreigner. It was he who, with his own sword, beheaded many of our friends in Tai Yuan Fu the next July. Our Consul sent repeated requests for us to retire to Chefoo, where we might have the protection of American gunboats. But we remembered how fortunate we had been in the Japanese war, and we hoped that the present disturbance might soon blow over. We had confidence in the friendliness of our Chinese neighbors. We did not like the thought of leaving the Chinese Christians when their lives might be in danger.

In May Mr. and Mrs. Stephens returned and brought with them Miss Emma Thompson, Mrs. Stephens' sister. We felt secure and welcomed the

friends without any anticipation of evil.

But the clouds thickened. Chinese officials warned us all to stay close at home to avoid danger, yet made no effort to stop the Boxers from going where they pleased. One missionary expressed the situation in terms of a school where the bad boys were allowed full liberty, but the good boys were kept in lest the bad boys hurt them.

We were not apprehensive for ourselves, though we knew there was danger in other places. The wealthy citizens of Hwanghsien feared trouble even more than we did, for they knew that the lawless element would use it as excuse for wholesale plunder. Mr. Ding, the rich postmaster, and Mr. Wong, his Christian tutor, made frequent trips to our house to talk over the situation. Promises were exchanged that whatever news one received would be communicated to the other.

The Boxers used magic as well as swords. They claimed to be able, by incantations and the drinking of specially prepared medicine, to become invulnerable. They gave exhibitions of their prowess, in which they seemed to prove that they were unharmed either by bullets aimed at them or swords against their necks. The whole country was soon a hotbed of Boxerism. People now look back upon it as an epidemic of demoniac possession. Everybody joined the society and

drilled. Bands of old women, obsessed by new ideas, drilled and danced like dervishes. Young girls joined and yielded to the magical influence. Everywhere in the country the boys donned red sashes and felt themselves ready to meet any enemy.

In June we knew that Peking was in a state of siege, and we greatly feared for our friends there. But mails were deranged and we had no authentic news. Still we were unafraid. But there came a certain market day when a man from another province passed through town making his boast that on a certain day the Presbyterian Mission premises at Weihsien, just west of us, were to be destroyed, and a few days later the same would be done in Hwanghsien. Placards denouncing foreigners and calling on all good Chinese to rise up and kill blossomed out in every schoolhouse and city gate.

Mrs. Stephens had taken her sister to Tengchow, where Miss Thompson was studying the language. Mr. Stephens refused to leave while we stayed.

We saw a distinct change in the attitude of the people. Our non-Christian schoolboys all asked leave to go home to see sick grandmothers. In taking our daily walks as usual, we were struck by the look of consternation on the faces of those who had always greeted us with smiles.

Ida and John were at school in Chefoo getting more news than we, of massacre and destruction in other places. They were much concerned for our safety. We were equally anxious about them. We knew that the two Chinese forts, one on either side of the foreign settlement, had said they would open fire on the foreign houses if any troops were landed from any one of the several foreign gunboats in the harbor.

Word came of the destruction of our mission property in Pingtu. Fortunately the missionaries were in Tsingtau.

Early one mid-week morning Mr. Ding came to call. He was greatly agitated. We knew there was important news, for, like all wealthy Chinese, he ate opium and was not given to early rising. The telegraph operator had intercepted a message of importance. The Presbyterian premises at Weihsien had been destroyed, with two casualties. Hwanghsien might be the next. Day and night we were in readiness for flight, but still kept on hoping that all would yet be well. The mandarin promised unlimited protection, but could he give it?

June *24* was our regular church meeting, when country Christians came in. We assured them that we had no intention of leaving. Two brethren from Pingtu came that day and ate with us. They were self-appointed evangelists who dressed and looked

so much like beggars that I inwardly resented their presumption in numbering themselves with our respectable Christian Brotherhood. They left early Monday morning on their way to Chefoo, preaching as they went. Wednesday they were met by Boxers, and because they would not deny Christ were buried alive. They were faithful unto death and had received the crown of life. Had I judged them by their faith instead of by their appearance, I should have honored them as my most worthy guests.

School closed for summer holiday on Friday, and the students returned to their homes in peace. They had scarcely gone when another most urgent message came from the Consul. We saw the situation in a new light. By staying at our post we were *endangering* the lives of Christians instead of *protecting* them. Were we away they would feel free to scatter among friends and non-Christian relatives, and so be safer than remaining in a compact body around the foreigner. So, late on Saturday night, we decided to go to Tengchow, where our Consul would have a small steamer to meet us.

Before sunrise on that peaceful Sabbath morning, with Robert in my arms, I started by sedan-chair on the twenty-mile journey to Tengchow. I carried almost no baggage, for we knew that the prospect for loot might precipitate an attack. Mr. Stephens and my husband would not

consider allowing me to travel alone in those uncertain times, yet they stayed to lock up the premises and take the key to the county magistrate. They promised to ride quickly on their bicycles and overtake me. We knew very little that was happening in other places, and had not the slightest conception of the terrible massacre of our friends that was taking place that very day in Paotingfu.

I met many companies of travelers who might easily have annihilated us, but they were as peace ably inclined as I. We stopped under trees by the side of the river to rest the bearers an wait for the cyclists. The travelers were all anxious for news, but manifested not a particle of hostility. I concluded that the uprising was a small one and hoped that we might at once return to Hwanghsien and go on with our work.

Still, the failure of the two men on wheels to catch up gave me considerable apprehension. Had the mandarin kept them? What should I do toward their rescue? We were almost in sight of Tengchow when they came in sight, wheeling rapidly. They had been attacked *en route,* but, thanks to good pedaling, had escaped rough handling.

I did not know till I returned to Hwanghsien, more than a year later, that my chair-bearers had been told to throw me into the river. They were not Christians, but were faithful friends and neighbors.

I was also deeply touched by the fact, learned later, that the crippled wife of a military official, knowing of our danger, but not of our flight, made her painful way to our house to offer us the shelter of her home. She had died before our return to Hwanghsien.

At Tengchow we learned more of the real situation and abandoned all hope of returning to our station. In company with the Presbyterians and Baptists of that place we took refuge on a Chinese cruiser, the Haichi, then a fine, new ship, the prize of the Chinese navy.

It sounds paradoxical that we should seek safety on a Chinese gunboat when China was openly at war with all civilized nations. An unusual chain of circumstances made this possible. The Captain, later Admiral Sah, was an enlightened Christian man who had no sympathy with the Boxers and refused to recognize the usurping Empress. He gave his allegiance to the imprisoned Emperor.

The Russians had a gunboat near at hand and planned to take the Haichi as a prize of war. Our American "battle-cruiser," the renowned Oregon, had run aground on an uncharted part of the Yellow Sea, a few miles from Tengchow. Captain Wilde and Captain Sah were good friends. Captain Sah was given permission to fly the American flag while he had Americans on board. The officers received us kindly, gave us their staterooms, and

served us a sumptuous dinner.

Captain Sah had more than his American guests, or even the Russians, to think about. Certain of his own officers as well as men were Boxers.

In the morning I thought to walk about the deck with my baby boy to learn from the looks of the men their feelings towards foreigners. Under ordinary circumstances Chinese will smile at a. baby even though he has yellow hair and blue eyes. But these officers, from the two-striper down, had no smiles for us. As we passed, there was an ominous hush, broken only by a sibilant "swsh," the sound made to represent the gush of blood from a body just decapitated. Captain Sah had his hands full, with enemies without an within.

While he and his cordial first lieutenant were kindly showing us the working of a machine gun, we saw a boat put off from the Russian cruiser. *We* did not suspect what it meant, but the ever-watchful captain knew the Russian officer was coming to demand his surrender. In an instant the Stars and Stripes were floating over us. The Russians turned at once and went back to their ship without making the morning call which they had started to make.

All through our exodus there were two passages of Scripture that kept ringing in my heart, one, a

promise of safety for our friends in Peking, "The Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save." It did not seem reasonable to believe that they *could* be saved. The guns of the Imperial troops reinforcing those of the Boxers were not the only enemies that they faced. Starvation and pestilence, how could they escape these?

For my own use was the shorter verse, "Remember Lot's wife." I must take joyfully the spoiling of my goods and cast no regretful eye behind.

As in the Japanese war, so now, our Consul, Mr. Fowler, had been most efficient in looking after the safety of missionaries of all nationalities, On his own initiative, not waiting for orders or money from Washington, he hired a steamer to go up and down the coast of Shantung to gather up all whose lives were in danger. Unable to trust the native captain, he put a Presbyterian missionary in charge. This boat took us to Chefoo, where, with many others, we were housed in the house that Dr. Yates had built as a refuge for missionaries from the summer heat of Shanghai. This house being empty, Consul Fowler commandeered it for the use of refugee missionaries. Glad to be safe and a reunited family, we did not complain of crowding.

My chief recollection of those nights of suspense and those days of evil tiding is of the brotherly love with which we were surrounded. No

one thought of any possession as belonging to himself. As in the days of the early church, we practiced communism and all shared alike. It was true Christian socialism. We had all things in common, from the cookstove that served forty people in four separate messes, to mosquito nets and pillows. What one had was at the service of any who needed it. When a newcomer arrived minus earthly belongings, he was given a straw mattress by this one, a place on the floor to lay it, by that one, and food by the community of the whole. Friends in Chefoo sent boxes of clothing for those who had left their all behind.

Sure that it would be many months before work in the interior could be resumed, it was decided that the Pruitts take their furlough. We had been back in China eight years this time, but had hoped to stay nine. After one week in the house of brotherly love, we left our space on the floor and our beds of straw to others.

Our first news on reaching America was that the legations in Peking were *safe.* The impossible had become truth.

Our friends in America were immensely relieved that we had escaped the perils of China. But let no one imagine that poor China, soldier-infested and bandit-ridden though she be, has a monopoly of hazard to life and limb. In Georgia we were in a railroad collision, in Ohio we were in

a bad runaway, and were not far away when a fatal mob dynamited the Akron city hall.

For a year Hwanghsien work progressed without American help. Most of the time the Christians were able to meet together for worship, and quiet prevailed. No property was destroyed. In spring, when the first missionary, without consular approval, ventured to the interior he sent back the message, "Ebenezer." When this was reported to Consul Fowler he said, "Take care that it isn't Oba-die-ah before he gets through."

How God Answers Prayer

After the deaths of our two children whose lives, humanly speaking, might have been saved had there been a doctor in Hwanghsien, the hearts of Georgia women were stirred. They determined that Hwanghsien *must* have medical help. They wrote to Dr. Willingham: "Hwanghsien must have a doctor. We are raising the money to send him."

Dr. Willingham was more than willing, but he had to answer that no suitable doctor had applied for China.

The women of Georgia raised the money to send a physician and to pay his salary, but the money stayed in bank a whole year, waiting for a doctor.

Dear Dr. Willingham and the beloved sisters in

Georgia made their requests known unto God, and we in China were praying earnestly for the promised medical man. Meanwhile, knowing none of this, Dr. T. W. Ayers, a Georgian then living in Alabama, was doing his best to escape the conviction that God was calling him to mission work in China. Only God knew the two sides, and in His hands the separate parts of the plan were fitted together.

It was God who chose Dr. Ayers for this work, in answer to many prayers. And God's blessing has been poured out upon this work in proportion to what he gave tip to go to China. It was no easy thing for Dr. Ayers, in his prime, to leave his many friends, his position of influence and usefulness in city and state and come to China to live on the salary of a missionary.

His wife sacrificed even more than he. She gave up a comfortable home, expecting never to have anything better than a Chinese hut. She brought small children, not knowing what advantages they could have nor what dangers of disease and hardship they might encounter.

Hardest of all, Dr. And Mrs. Ayers had to leave three grown children in America. At the very beginning of their missionary life they were called upon for all the sacrifices that, for those who come earlier in their married life, are scattered over many years.

The Silver Lining

God comforted us for the death of our children. He let us see this great blessing of medical work come to all Hwanghsien. We think of the Warren Memorial Hospital as, in a sense, the bequest of our little ones.

Just as soon after the Boxer troubles as Hwanghsien could be entered, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, with Miss Thompson, brought Dr. and Mrs. Ayers to begin the work of healing. The doctor was not allowed even time to study the language before his services were sought by the sick and suffering.

When we returned a few months later we found the doctor already established in a flourishing practice. His patients came to him from all directions and by all manner of conveyance, the wealthy in carts, the poor on the backs of their friends or curled up in round baskets, borne of two. His fame traveled fast and far, and his genial ways and his considerate treatment of all made them believe in him even before he could speak any language but a smile.

Mr. Stephens, though living a mile away, had opened the school and was managing that with efficiency. All the work of the station was prospering. It was good to get back. Home was better than ever.

Mission Meeting in Hwanghsien

The momentous event of that autumn was Mission Meeting. For weeks before our thoughts were bent on that, and happy were the hours spent in planning. The Mission was not large, neither were our homes, but our hearts were expansive, and it was the joy of all three families to entertain visitors. The Searses had returned to Pingtu from their first furlough, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe were planning to open a new station at Laichow.

Dr. P. S. Evans, then newly arrived in China, was in attendance. He had not yet decided where he was needed most, whether in North China or in the Central China Mission. Dr. Ayers coveted him for the growing work in Hwanghsien, the needs of the new station at Laichow were pressed, and Pingtu was again in need. In the embarrassment of having to choose among three stations in the north, Dr. Evans took the simplest course, and went to Central China, where he was less a bone of contention.

We had a fine meeting. The children of the station were glad to sleep on beds improvised from the organ box, the closet shelves, or the dining room floor. It was all a part of the good time, and added to the zest of the meeting. It was what the Chinese designate by the adjective *yea nao,* hot and lively.

We all rejoiced when in 1902 Miss Jessie Pettigrew was added to the Hwanghsien medical staff. The First Church of Macon, Georgia, sent money to build a hospital.

Hartwell Ayers was born that winter. Mrs. Ayers deserves canonization for living without complaint, all those months, with her family of five children in four small Chinese rooms.

In the spring they moved to the site of their new residence, next door to the Stephenses. Land was purchased just east of their residence for the new hospital.

Mr. Stephens had given Hwanghsien people something new to talk about, He had built a second story to his Chinese house. Thus was constructed Hwanghsien's first two-story dwelling. What a marvel it was! People came from a distance to see it and to experience the novel sensation of standing far above the ground and looking away to distant prospects.

It was not easy for women who had never mounted anything but a ladder to climb the stairs, and the flatter of maintaining their equilibrium in the descent was more than they dared attempt in an upright position. Some went down backwards as on a ladder, holding valiantly to the railing, or even to the stairs above. Some crawled down on hands and knees, and some sat down and slid.

By autumn another two-story house stood beside the first. The endurance of Dr. And Mrs. Ayers was rewarded by having, once more, a real home to themselves.

Dr. Ayers could "a tale unfold" as to the labor of building a western house with workmen who had never seen such a thing. Carpenters and masons who had constructed only Chinese houses knew nothing of board floors, and plaster ceilings, and had never seen a screw, a panel door, or a sash window. The staircase was an intricacy whose fine points must be figured out by the missionary himself, and he must oversee every step of the work.

Stone and lime were bought by the pound. Who could be trusted to oversee the weighing? The laborers were paid by the day. Chinese artisans can be dishonest as well as provoking. To build a house like that with the means at hand was an unparalleled test of Christian grace. But the house was built and completed before cold weather set in. It is still a credit to the builder.

Knowing the prejudice of the people of North China for ground floor apartments, Dr. Ayers built his hospital three stories, indeed, but one behind the other instead of on top. He wanted things to look homelike and inviting to Chinese patients.

A New Era

Changes came rapidly in those years following the Boxer outbreak. As the Japanese war had done much to remove opposition and reconcile the people of Hwanghsien to the present of foreigners, so the Boxer uprising was used to insure for us a more cordial welcome. The opening of medical work, with Dr. Ayers's constant regard for the sentiments and feelings of others, was greatly blessed for the furtherance of the Gospel.

Mohammed won his converts by the edge of the sword. Our doctors often gain theirs at the point of the lancet. Their best work is the relief given by surgery. The Chinese had no surgeons.

Dr. Ayers and his helpers took country trips that were doubly successful, for those who came to the clinic conscious of physical ailments were told of healing for sin-sick souls. They were won by seeing Christian love in action. Caring for the sick and the diseased has been considered a most menial occupation. Only the very poor and degraded could be found willing to earn money by caring for the sick outside their own families. The Christian ideal of service does not grow in a heathen land. It seemed marvelous that doctors and nurses should be willing to tend to the loathsome sores of the poor, and with their own hands relieve the condition of the unfortunate. Sickness being considered the just judgment of a vengeful deity, anyone who interferes runs the risk of bringing the curse upon himself.

The growth of the medical work and its beneficent results to both bodies and souls of patients has been steady. The hospital has been enlarged till now three two-story buildings occupy the place. The equipment has grown and includes an X-ray machine and a fluoroscope. The patients have the Gospel preached to them daily and, better still, see it lived before their eyes in the unselfish service of doctors and nurses.

Dr. Ayers, seeing the appalling need for more doctors and nurses, a need far beyond any that America could meet, started a medical class. One student was a woman whose husband was also taking the course. She was probably the most promising of all. They learned the theory of medicine from translated text-books, but the best part of their training was practice under Dr. Ayers's own eye. Before graduation all had performed operations independently. They were specially expert in cataract operations upon blind eyes.

When the time came for the class to hold their closing exercises, the county magistrate and other dignitaries were present, eagerly watching all that might transpire. To illustrate the work that had been done, there were several patients recently operated upon, whose bandages were to be removed that very day.

One man had been blind for twenty years and

had never seen his own child. When his eyes were unsealed in the presence of the interested company he gave testimony to the skill of these young Chinese doctors who had made the blind to see. The Mandarin was greatly moved.

"What about the woman student? Could she perform this miracle, too?" He asked.

"Oh, yes. The patient on whom she operated is well and has already gone home," was the answer. Thus was feminism vindicated in old China.

Due to the medical work, religious interest sprang up in villages far distant. Later, churches were organized, the fruits, primarily, of the gift of healing.

The day of small things had passed. Most things were become new.

Mr. Tsang, the faithful principal of the Boys' School, was chosen and ordained as pastor of the growing church. Money came from Alabama for the building of Bush Theological Seminary. Dr. J. B. Hartwell was called from Tengchow to join Mr. Pruitt as faculty for this much-needed school. With him came his daughter, Miss Anna, a wonderful worker with women. Later, Rev. Dr. W. C. Newton and Rev. Dr. W. B. Glass were called from their stations to reinforce Hwanghsien station, while working for the entire mission.

Mrs. S. E. Stephens opened the John Carter School for Girls while her versatile husband taught the Boys' school, and built a chapel, a schoolhouse, and a home. Dr. Willingham was in Hwanghsien at the dedication of the church building erected by gifts from Jackson, Georgia.

The Boys' school, under the management of Mr. C. N. Hartwell, grew in size and importance, and in 1920 was joined to the Carter School for Girls, and to Bush Theological Seminary, and added two years for a junior college. This combine institution, known as the North China Baptist College, includes a kindergarten at one end and theological and normal courses at the other. It now has the beginnings of a helpful course in agriculture.

The seventy-five million campaign gave us buildings. A corps of consecrated, efficient teachers, forty of whom are Chinese, has given the Hwanghsien educational work an enviable reputation in the province. The *heart* of the whole is the seminary, which trains educated young men and women for Gospel work.

The Chinese people, wonderful in intelligence and native ability, need leaders, who, walking as Christ walked, in humility and love, shall teach them a better conquest than that of guns and bayonets, a more stable and abiding socialism than that forcefully thrust upon an unwilling people.

Never in all its history has China had a greater need of higher education of a distinctly Christian sort than now, when the poison of atheism, communism, and free love have been liberally broadcasted among her student class. Heathenism offers a rich soil for such growth, and only Fundamental Christianity can neutralize the seeds already taking root, and render immune a new generation for the China of the near future, in which our own country will have an ever-increasing interest.

NORTH CHINA MISSION, S. B. C.

Station	Date of Opening	Mission Institutions
Tengchow	1861	
Hwanghsien	1885	Kindergarten, North China Baptist Junior College, Bush Theological Seminary, Warren Memorial Hospital.
Pingtu	1890	Oxner Memorial Hospital for Men, Louella Roach Alexander Hospital for Women, Effie Sears School for Girls, Pingtu Institute for Boys.
Laichowfu	1901	Training School for Bible Women, Mayfield-Tyzzer Hospital *for* Men, Kathleen Mallory Hospital for Women.
Chefoo	1906	Williams Memorial School for Girls.
Laiyang	1912	
Tsingtao	1919	
Tsinan	1920	
Tsining	1921	
Harbin	1924	Hospital in a rented building.
Dairen	1924	

Anna Seward Pruitt published this book in 1929 after spending a long missionary career in China with her husband C.W. Pruitt.

This is the story of her first years in China as only the second woman Southern Baptist Missionary to China, the first being Lottie Moon, who is mentioned about a dozen times mostly in first person accounts, in the text.

Her daughter Ida Pruitt went on with Rewi Alley to become one of the few Westerners acknowledged as a friend of early Communist China.