

CHINA THROUGH A COLLEGE WINDOW

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The Land and Life of China ; Turbid Waters, etc.



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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IN a number of the most strategic cities of China, both on the coast and in the interior, there are Christian universities or colleges. In these centres Christians of East and West co-operate in an attempt to bring the best of the world's thought and learning before picked men and women of the rising generation of new China. Though sharing in this purpose each university has its own individuality, and is making a distinctive contribution. Jen Dah, the college about which this book is written, has something in common with all the others in the group, although its name does not occur in the Education yearbooks, and the city of Duliang is not to be found on any map of China.

The sole design of the following chapters is to portray life as it is lived to-day among Chinese students in a city removed from the extremes of coastal influences. The author has drawn freely upon personal experience as a teacher in two of the Christian colleges, and as the secretary of a committee connected with them all. The characters, like their surroundings, are composite, and are not to be identified with living persons. It is inevitable that the picture should be one as seen through western eyes, but for western readers this is perhaps no great disadvantage.

The author's thanks are due to a number of people.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

First and foremost to Chinese and western colleagues and to Chinese students in various parts of the Republic who, consciously and unconsciously, have contributed to the picture. He also thanks Wong Chun-hsien for material he has supplied; Miss M. Robertson for the sacrifice of well-earned holidays to assist with type-writing; his wife, Hilda Sewell, for help in many ways. He is grateful to friends in England who have given sound critical advice, and particularly to Miss W. G. Wilson, on whom has fallen the burden of the final preparation of the material for publication.

W. G. S.

BEHLUDIN, *May 1937.*

EDITORIAL NOTE

SINCE the book was set up in type the possibility mentioned in Chapter V, page 121, has materialized: war between China and Japan has broken out. The Communists, whose status was materially altered by the Sian affair (see p. 123) are working with the National forces to form a united front against the common enemy.

September 1937.

私立仁義大學

This beautiful Chinese lettering, by a Chinese writer, represents the name of the College about which this book is written—

Se Li Jen Ni Dah
Shioh—

The Privately Established
Big School of Benevolence
and Justice

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CHINA THROUGH A COLLÈGE WINDOW

CHAPTER I

THE COLLEGE OF BENEVOLENCE AND JUSTICE

IN the early days of the Middle Flowery Republic when the black ocean liner, still a little hot after its voyage through the tropics, had hooted its way up the Whang-poo River to Shanghai, my wife and I saw the Chinese scene for the first time and heard the chanting of the coolies as they worked. A few hours later, some of our Chinese friends had carried us off to meet people as young as ourselves who were lawyers and judges, medical men, officials and leading business men of this new China ; and we realized something of the thrill of being in a country which had donned the seven-league boots of progress. During the years since then that thrill has never left us.

A decade ago, when I first went to teach chemistry at the Christian College at Duliang, the journey took twelve days after leaving the Long River ; the first ten were by sedan chair and the last two by wooden junk on the Short River, which brought me to within a stone's-

throw of the college. Until a year ago, when the air service was first started, travellers from Hong Kong had to journey inland for several days by steam launch and then, for two days more, jog and bounce over one of the most impossible tracks that was ever given the honorific title of "motor road."

The trip by air to Duliang, over a great tract of land through which no trains pass, and which only recently has known the motor-bus, is an experience in keeping with the rest of life's adventures. What was formerly a fortnight's journey has been compressed into one of two hours and a half! No wonder I gasped a little as the aeroplane rose. A similar sense of rapid change had been forced upon me at the Education Conference I had been attending at the coast. It was almost frightening the way one stage of development kaleidoscoped into another; government orders regarding schools and colleges were being issued in rapid succession, new ones replacing the old ones before there had been time to put them into actual practice. There seemed to be nothing in China one could put one's finger on and define with exactness, for it was changing even as the words were being spoken. There were no solid foundations: it was as though the whole nation were an escalator which was ascending at an ever-increasing rate. Just where we all should finally arrive seemed less important than the sense of movement, the exhilaration of speed and the intoxication of lightning changes.

China is one of the places in which it is good, and

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just a little dangerous, to be alive. The thought of danger came to my mind as the aeroplane swayed in an upward current of air and passed over the crest of a small mountain range until below us lay a plain of square rice-fields across which a motor road stretched as straight as it if had been ruled in yellow chalk upon a chequer board. This was the road along which, three weeks previously, I had bumped my way from Duliang to the Long River. It had been a happy journey until the bus rounded a hillside at the edge of this plain, when some men suddenly jumped out and, with raised guns, called us to stop. Instead of stopping, the driver accelerated. With shots following from behind, we rocked in a sickening manner along the road. A burly farmer slipped quietly from his seat and huddled down upon the floor; some minutes later we discovered that a bullet had passed through his head. The banditry and general lawlessness which lay behind the tragedy were all part of the pains springing from this ultra-rapid growth of new ideas and new movements in the unwieldy land of China. The memory of the incident was all too vivid as the plane passed over the scene of its occurrence.

Soon we were flying over the hills again, and the assistant pilot, one of the first students of our college, leaned over me, pointing out places of interest below us. "See, there is the village where Chang Lin-su, one of our medical graduates, came from," he said, as we glimpsed a small patch of grey nestling among the caps of green. The hills grew lower and we saw a walled-in mass of houses. "Three students come from that town; their

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father is a merchant," I heard. The yellow of a Confucian temple roof flashed in the sunshine: there the first Christian Student Conference had been held. I visualized as never before the threads that bind our college to the people.

Mile after mile we passed over the land with its multitude of labourers in the fields, most of them living on starvation wages: men, women and little children toiling together. The farmers below us were faced with vexatious oppression from military rulers. Few own their land, and the others have a constant struggle to pay their landlords. Farming just as their parents have farmed, they see no way of improving their crops. Some may have heard of co-operative schemes, but most of them have grown indifferent to raising the economic level. The shopkeepers and householders in every little town are struggling in hopeless uncertainty as the old China gives place to the new, and the old gods whom they have worshipped are cast aside. What a wild ambition that our little college should seek to serve them all!

The low hills merged into an undulating plain as we neared our journey's end. In the hollows was a rich mosaic of flooded rice-fields, while the hilltops were green with young wheat. Grey villages and brown thatched farms became distinct as we lost altitude. Then at last below us was the city, on the outskirts of which lay the university. This hive of modern learning was founded nearly a quarter of a century ago by a group of Christians representing British, Dominion and

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American churches. In English it is called the Christian University of Duliang. Officially, in Chinese, its full name runs: *Se Li Jen Ni Dah Shioh*—the Privately Established Big School of Benevolence and Justice. Although this long name looks well when written in Chinese characters¹ on university documents and the visiting cards of staff and students, it is far too cumbersome for ordinary use. Usually we say simply, *Jen Dah* (Benevolent Big), and in this way distinguish the college from *Jen Chung* (Benevolent Middle) and *Jen Shiao* (Benevolent Little), the secondary and primary schools which are connected with us. The College of Benevolence and Justice—a high-sounding name, fanciful and romantic when translated into English. We who use the words every day, however, use them without thinking of their inner meaning, just as one uses the name Dorothy to a friend without thinking of its owner as “the gift of God.”

The Jen Dah grounds lay mapped below us. In the centre is the octagonal Great Hall, and round it the central offices and the seven teaching buildings, still maintaining the octagonal design so popular in Chinese symbolism. From the height the beautiful curved roofs looked flat, and the gay colours of the lacquered pillars were hidden by the overhanging eaves. Outside the ring of teaching buildings are the student hostels, which from the air formed a chaplet with the lake for clasp, while the surrounding trees seemed to hang like tassels. Around the whole are playing-fields, with Jen Chung in the

¹ See p. 8.

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eastern corner, Jen Shiao being outside the grounds on Wheelbarrow Lane, which leads from our main gate towards the city. Along two sides of the grounds straggle the hedged-in homes and gardens of the Chinese and western members of the staff; the two lines meet beyond the wood around the lake and are knotted in a cluster which is the model village. From the aeroplane we could make out small figures on the paths; they were the students from whom we expect so much, the men and women who will return to the country places we have seen, to the towns and cities, carrying the power of their new learning and experience.

Twice, as a special kindness to myself, we circled low and I glimpsed again the country with its mass of toiling people before we passed over the city of Duliang, which appeared as a maze of homes and green open courtyards, with scattered parks and military parade grounds. What a tremendous possibility there is for our college situated between the city and the great expanse of country which reaches right to the walls themselves! The work still seems untouched; we have accomplished little and our graduates have not yet made their mark. But we are very young, and like so many other forces in New China we are pressing on to the future which lies before us.

In a few moments the aeroplane had landed and, with ears still buzzing, I was trying to fill in the particular form which was popular at that moment; a soldier had put it in my hands even before I had got my foot off the last step of the ladder. What was my age? it demanded

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in English. What was the name of my House Lord? (a vast improvement this over the usual landlord). What was the House Lord's address? What was my title in the family? What was my present occupation? I resisted the temptation to say "filling up forms" in answer to this question, for this documental and statistical stage of China's development must be treated with respect even though one knows it is partly just a game. "Who conducted you to China?" puzzled me, and I was relieved when the impatient soldier said "*Keo-lo*" (that is enough), and took away the uncompleted form, leaving me free to join Dr Williamson, who had brought his car to meet me.

Dr Williamson, the Dean of Medicine, is one of the younger generation of western teachers at Jen Dah. He is Canadian, tall and intellectual, with grey eyes that twinkle behind his horn-rimmed glasses. His spotless suits and fancy-coloured shirts are a joy and sometimes an irritation to his colleagues, who often fight losing sartorial battles in the heart of China. Williamson chooses chairs with cushions, explaining that he must preserve his suit from getting shiny as it must last until his furlough comes, and there are still two or three years to wait.

As the car passed the sentries at the exit to the air-field, the doctor gave me a note which he had brought me from a student friend:

"DEAR PROFESSOR," I read aloud, "welcome back to our undeserving city. A visit to a friend who is sicking hardly keeps me from meeting you.

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I shall come to your house later when slight tea will be appreciated by my friends. Your humble student,
CHEN DEH-LI."

We smiled in sympathy, realizing our own blunders in Chinese, and knowing that the amusing English disguised the most polite intentions. I realized also that I was plunging at once into the joys and problems of our college life.

After we had crossed the city and threaded our way along Wheelbarrow Lane, the car swung in through the gates of Jen Dah, which were opened by the watchman, his face wrinkled with broad smiles of welcome. The bustle of the crowds died away as we entered the road bordered with tall *lan mu*, whose evergreen leaves intertwined above us. At the end of the avenue were the black lacquered pillars of the Central Offices. We turned into a narrow ring road, with the hostels on the inside of the circle, while outside stretched the football fields and the farm land which our agriculturists work. After the city, swarming with people, the grounds seemed peaceful. They were unusually deserted: no sounds came from the hostels, and both tennis-courts and playing-fields were empty. It was not yet four o'clock and teachers and students alike were in the classrooms and laboratories round the octagonal Great Hall. We sped past the lake and so to my home, which might be classed as English suburban in architecture but for the roof with its curving corners and the shady verandas guarded by lattice balustrades and mosquito screening.

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Dr Williamson would not come in. He had been called, he told me, to a consultation about one of the medical students who had suddenly been taken seriously ill. Before very long, as Chen Deh-li had thoughtfully warned me, he and two or three of his friends turned up for tea, which happily for my "face" was more than "slight." The young men came laden with oranges: a gift for me on my return. The Chinese are generous to a degree. No opportunity for giving presents is allowed to slip away unnoticed. They must consider that we westerners are boors. Apart from a few gifts for my wife and children, I had returned from Shanghai with new ideas for general distribution, and a new text-book for my chemistry students, but with nothing personal for my Chinese friends. In the art of living we are constantly rebuked and shamed.

Chen Deh-li is a round-faced, rather serious young man with glasses. He makes a very friendly bow, just a trifle lower and lasting half a second longer than the one we make him in return, for he realizes that he is still a student. His father, who was once a pastor, is now old and has retired to his eldest son's farm north of the Yangtse River. The children were all brought up as Christians and the old man himself taught them before they went to secondary school. Deh-li has always wanted to help the country people, whose lot he pities. Like so many of our students, he thinks of the farmers ground down in abject poverty, cheerful through it all, and yet denied life in the slightest measure of abundance. Scarcely one in every thirty thousand of the people in our

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part of China has the opportunity of a higher education. Chen was one of those who did not lightly accept his privilege. He was conscious of the toil of others which made it possible for him to attend Jen Dah. "My brothers have borrowed money for me to come here," he once told me in Chinese. "I am studying agriculture so that I can help the people. We must teach them how to improve their crops, just as we must teach them how to live and think." From day to day I had watched Chen and saw how in his quiet way he was the greatest influence for good among his fellows. I grew to rely on him, and depended on his judgment, using him as middle man to settle the problems that inevitably arise from time to time.

On this occasion he and his friends were restless, but, student-like, it was not until they were rising to go that they told me what was on their minds.

"I had meant to come to the air-field to meet you, *Shien-sen*," Chen said, "but Shu Fu-lin was very ill and I had to be with him."

"Tell me," I encouraged him, sensing that there was something more to follow; and he told me how Shu, a third-year medical student, had become ill and worried, fearing he would fail in his examinations. Day and night he was never parted from his books. "Sometimes I think he never slept," Chen told me. "The climax was inevitable, and he was in high fever when they took him to the hospital this morning. But this afternoon when I went to see him there had been a dreadful accident"—anxiety was written plainly on Chen's face and in his

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troubled eyes—"Shu jumped from a window and might easily have killed himself. He was badly injured. We do not yet know whether he will live." When I wanted to ask more Chen would not stop, but hurried away with his friends, saying in parting: "There is much to do about this important business." Like most students he loved any circumstances that could possibly be woven into a knotty problem.

Shu Fu-lin was one of the students in the Hostel of Good Comradeship of which I was the warden, so, as soon as I was free, I went to discover for myself just how ill he was. The Jen Dah hospital is on a hill outside the east gate of Duliang, nearly a *li* beyond our grounds. When I arrived Dr Langham was still at supper, and I waited so that he could come with me to the ward. Besides being superintendent of the hospital, Langham is also our leading dramatist. He is stout, with ruddy cheeks, a small moustache, and light brown hair which, despite his careful combing, does not conceal his baldness. His enemies sometimes accuse him of being lazy. We may fondly think that we can hide our failings from our Chinese friends, but they are keen observers. One new student from the coast, after he had been with us for a term, confided in language that he thought was English: "Say, that guy is sluggish!" But all the same there is a cheerful good-humour about Langham that helps us all, especially his patients; and when he acts he is inspired.

Later we stood together at the bedside of the luckless Shu, who was in a heavy drugged sleep. "It was a dreadful thing," Langham was telling me. "We had

taken all precautions, and were waiting for Williamson to come for a final consultation. Shu was quiet but dazed, and as a safeguard we had put an orderly in the room with him. No one knows just how it happened, but the patient was out of his bed and through the mosquito netting on the window before the boy who was with him had time to stop him. Luckily he only broke a collar-bone—it might have been much worse.”

In answer to my questions Langham told me that there was no danger; in fact, he believed that benefit would come as Shu would now be forced to remain in bed. “Rest is what he needs, and now he has no choice. You know,” he said, becoming speculative, “I feel the father was to blame for this. He expected too much from the boy, who, after all, is not a brilliant student. He may make a good all-round doctor, but he is no prizeman. The father is unbalanced too. You know who he is?” he asked.

I did know; and as we had been talking I had been looking down at the boy, so like his father, except that he was narrower about the shoulders and lacked the touch of grey in his black, glossy hair. He had the same rather thoughtless, reckless courage, and I remembered a glint in his eyes which made one feel that he might do strange things at times. I was wondering whether we could justify the trust his father had in us.

The older Shu first became known at Jen Dah during a period of anti-foreign feeling. He had brought an excited rabble to our grounds and knocked down part of our slender walls, stating that we were making another

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foreign concession on Chinese soil. Almost five years later, when I was passing through a small mission station, I was told that Shu lived neat and that he was no longer the wild man he had been. I went to see him at his country home.

I shall never forget that warm spring afternoon as we sat on narrow trestle stools placed in the doorway of his farm. We looked out over terraced fields, bright with golden rape, skirting the hillside which was capped with green. A few hundred yards away was another farm, half hidden by drying vegetables hanging from wooden trellises. Bamboo plumes waved gently from a cleft in the hill. It was so beautiful and peaceful that the story the elder Shu was telling seemed to be of another, harsher, world.

Bitter discontent and a desire to free his country from oppression had driven him into league with communistic firebrands; and together they had planned against the westerners and Jen Dah. While we sipped tea brought by a small serving-maid, Shu told me how later, when the anti-foreign tumult had died down, he had split away from these extremists and joined the army, though still believing sincerely that China could never obtain greatness as long as foreigners remained to weaken and enslave her people.

As he possessed some property and had education, Shu was soon made an army captain with almost unlimited powers over his men. It was then the event happened that made him change his life. One of the soldiers was disobedient and Shu ordered him to be strung up by his

thumbs—a usual punishment. He was busy that afternoon—there was a feast—and he forgot to command that the man should be taken down. In the night Shu remembered, but he forgot that he had also ordered the culprit a beating. The soldier died while he was being punished.

Shu, while he was telling me this story, had risen from his seat and stood toying with the lid of his tea-bowl as he looked out over the rape. "I had never possessed great courage," he said. "One soldier more or less didn't really matter. It was good for discipline to be fierce at times. But it preyed upon me that I had killed this man, and in an agony of mind I threw over my commission and went away up to the hills. I sought peace on the sacred slopes, but could not find it in the temples there."

As he meditated, thoughts of Jen Dah had come to him; and later, when he returned unsatisfied to his home, he remembered that there were Christians in the nearby town. In an ashamed fear he sought them out, to find that they welcomed him in spite of all that he had done. Soon the Christians were meeting every fortnight for worship in his home.

Then Shu told me of his boy, and how he took him away from the provincial secondary school to send him to our Christian college, thinking he might serve his country as a doctor, and I assured him that we should do the best we could for his son. But as I looked down at the boy in hospital that evening, the whiteness of his face accentuated in the dim electric light, I wondered if

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we really had the wisdom to mould his life aright. His friendship with Chen Deh-li was, I believed, one of the best assurances we had that his father's trust was not misplaced.

That evening, before I went to bed, Chen knocked upon my door. He had obviously discovered the trouble which he had feared. "Shu Fu-lin's father made enemies," Chen explained to me. "When he left their party many of the extremists were angry and waited for revenge. Now is their chance not only to harm this university, but also to injure Shu by making his son the excuse for their attack. They have friends in Jen Dah—a few in this hostel, a few in that. No one knows just who they are, but they are working." When I asked him what I could do, Chen urged me to use my influence to restrain my western colleagues from pressing for any action. "Only leave it," he asked me, "and those of us who love the college will do our best. If we can settle it there will be no injury; but if it is brought out into the open it will be bad for the good name of Jen Dah." Then, as he was leaving, he added in English as a parting shot: "As for that orderly who let Shu Fu-lin hurt himself, his odour is just stink!"

Next morning, as warden of the hostel where Shu Fu-lin resided, I was summoned to a meeting at the home of our Chinese President, Dr David Fan. His house was in the place of honour among the trees beside the lake; and in his guest-room four or five of us were waiting. Through the wide-open windows a gentle breeze blew in from the garden, bearing with it the perfume of

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orange and pumelo blossoms. The air, catching the silk and paper scrolls which were hung upon the walls, made their wooden rollers tap softly, drawing our eyes to the fragrant sayings of old China, examples of the perfect penmanship of famous scholars. The furniture was foreign in design, yet the style of the room was unmistakably Chinese.

Charcoal braziers were used to give warmth in winter, so that the room had been built without a fireplace, and round all four sides there were chairs and tables. Three of the chairs were already occupied. Dr Walton and Chu Fu-yuin, the Dean of Arts, were sitting talking to each other across a table. Walton, our western Provost, is an elderly, clean-shaven American, with hollow cheeks and a nose which seems too prominent in China. His long life in Duliang has given him shrewdness and understanding; his experience smoothed out many of the difficulties which beset our college during its early years. He has a natural gift for diplomacy and his love of storytelling is a joy to all his colleagues. Judging by the smile on Chu Fu-yuin's usually serious face, Walton was being exceptionally amusing.

Chu Fu-yuin, or Frank Chu, as we usually call our Dean of Arts, is a quiet man, shorter than most members of our staff, who has real sympathy with staff and students though it seems at times to be hidden by his air of dignity. He walks slowly with short emphatic steps. Usually he dresses in a blue silk gown into which are woven artificial silk swastikas. He was wearing that day a velvet hat and black felt shoes—the very latest fashion

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in Duliang. I have never taken his dignity too seriously, feeling that much of it is due to shyness.

Opposite me sat Lee Yuan-chang, tall, thick-set, with ancestors from northern China, one of the most thorough men on our Jen Dah staff. He is a geologist. In his hand he held a report, not on the strata of the province but on the case we were met to discuss. We were talking together when the President himself arrived. He was accompanied by Williamson, the immaculate Dean of Medicine. "My apologies, gentlemen, for being late," Dr Fan said, motioning us back to our seats, for we had risen to greet him. He had a friendly word and bow for each, and, before he himself sat down, he saw that our bowls were refilled with tea. Finally, he joined the circle. Then, straightening his long slender fingers, he passed both hands over his grey silk gown, smoothing away the creases. With a familiar gesture he raised his arms, shook the long sleeves back from his wrists, and proceeded, without unseemly haste, to the business before us. His long thin face was pale, but there were no lines upon his forehead and a slight smile played upon his firm and rather narrow lips. As he spoke he turned his deep brown eyes first to one and then to another of us; and looking into them one realized his tenacity of purpose and the real depth of character which can result from a life lived near to God.

He told us that he had been delayed because he had been to a meeting of the students' committee. There was obviously a group of students that was intent on making trouble. The news had been spread that Shu

Fu-lin was dead, and the sum required as indemnity from the Jen Dah hospital was growing every moment. The orderly who had been set to watch the patient had vanished in the night, and could not be traced. Statements condemning the college were being prepared for distribution in Duliang, and for the Hankow and Shanghai papers. As we discussed the facts, it became obvious that even among ourselves we were divided as to the correct course of action. Frank Chu urged that we should meet the students more than half-way. He considered that the hospital was really negligent, and therefore should pay money to compensate Shu for his broken bones. He advised that a full apology should be prepared for publication in the local press.

At the opposite extreme were the views of Mead-Smith, our lean-faced, over-worked accountant. He is without doubt the right man for his position. Wild horses cannot drag a dollar out of him without a properly authenticated order; and we are all proud of him, for, without his care, Jen Dah could not long continue to exist upon its slender income. In his work, as in his social life, his first instinct is always to say "No!"—a tendency he shares, in varying degrees, with most of his English colleagues. Americans, on the other hand, more readily say "Yes," even though later they may have to modify their natural readiness to agree. Mead-Smith told us in Chinese, in which his Oxford accent still survived, that he felt definitely that we should say "No!" about the affair of Shu Fu-lin. It was time to put our foot down and prevent the students from thinking they could run

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the institution. If there were trouble we should close our doors. The hospital had taken full precautions and could not in any way be held responsible for the accident. He hoped that those who were making trouble would be expelled unless an adequate apology were forthcoming without delay. A time limit should be set, and it should be short.

The diplomatic Walton was all for compromise. We might be prepared to move a little and yet not yield too much. We might be able to persuade those who were making trouble to give way a little too ; and in this way we might keep them with us and later win their loyalty in greater measure. The hospital should take some of the blame, though the accident was unforeseen. Walton believed that the students felt that the only safeguard they had against similar misfortunes in the future was to take direct action now.

Lee, my tall Chinese colleague with whom I shared a tea-table, untrolled his notes. They were written in Chinese on sheets of unsized paper. The narrow strips had been pasted together until the document was several yards in length. We listened as he read it inch by inch and foot by foot. He had sensed the unvoiced criticism of Dr Langham, and was eager to rise in his defence. Personal loyalties are strong in China, and Lee owed much to Langham. His first contacts with Christian teachers had been in the years before Jen Dah was founded. Dr Langham, then a language student, was out with a group of Chinese schoolboys on a ramble to a famous temple. Lee, a youngster in his teens, who had

been standing by the roadside, saw him coming and, inquisitive about this broad-shouldered foreigner, hid behind a rock that he might examine the rather frightening apparition. He was amazed to find that Langham had an attractive face ; so, encouraged by the happy school-boys who were with him, Lee followed after. In the temple Langham noticed him, and chanced to speak some friendly words which won the young boy's confidence and prepared the way for the time when Lee finally became a Christian and joined our staff.

When Lee had finished his long speech I suggested, following the advice of Chen Deh-li, that we should hold back from any action for the moment. This view I found was similar to Dr Fan's. He felt that there would be a great step forward in the growth of our college spirit if the students themselves could handle this affair successfully. By common consent, classes were off that morning, and Fan advised that before coming to any final decision we should wait until after the students' meeting which was then being summoned by the booming of the temple bell hanging outside the Great Hall.

That modern interpreter of his people, Lin Yu-tang, has stated that whereas in the west we tell our children, in the tradition of Tom Brown, to hold their heads erect and speak the truth, the Chinese mother on sending her son out into the world will instruct him not to meddle. From this attitude to life have sprung some of the great weaknesses in Jen Dah, reflecting a similar problem in the Chinese world around us. Those who are loyal and have

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the welfare of the college at heart, too often will not interfere ; instead, they leave the power in the hands of an irresponsible minority, who from communistic or petty personal motives may wish to undermine our spirit and even make it impossible for us to continue with our work.

Just as they were now wrangling over the rights and wrongs of the Jen Dah hospital, so ten years ago the students had met to discuss the situation arising after the bombardment of Wanh sien and Nanking on the Yangtse. The chairman of the Union at that time was a second-year student, a keen-faced young man who spoke with bold assurance. "Can we endure to be taught by imperialists ?" he had asked the rest of the young men and women. "Their gunboats have bombarded our cities and killed our people. They are here to betray us and lead us away from love of country. They have objected to our demonstrations against the barbarity of their countrymen. Let us declare a strike to show our independence, to prove we are not foreign slaves." As he had spoken the audience melted ; and when, after further speeches, the matter had been put to the vote, it was carried by an overwhelming majority, though only a small fraction of the total student body voted. Those students who were loyal to Jen Dah had retired to their homes, following the tradition not to meddle. They had developed urgent family affairs and had left our college in the hands of a minority of extremists. Through the disinclination of the seniors to combat the wild ideas of their immature juniors, freshers who had no tradition

were given power to govern and indeed to ruin the University of Benevolence and Justice.

Conditions had changed since then and we waited anxiously for the outcome of the present meeting. Apart from Colonel Liu, our military instructor, who according to government regulations had to attend all student meetings, no member of the staff was present. Dr Fan later brought to us an account of what had happened. The Chairman of the students' meeting, a mellowed youth in his fourth year—juniors no longer being eligible for the position—set forth the problem. He had hardly finished speaking when a young firebrand mounted the platform. "Our comrade, Shu Fu-lin, has broken his collar-bone, and he may die," he shouted, moving rapidly to and fro. "The hospital authorities knew that he was in high fever, and that he was mentally unbalanced. They are responsible. We must avenge our comrade! Some one must be punished. Dr Langham must be sent back to his homeland. Shu's family must be compensated for the damage." Excitedly he urged that a committee should be appointed to draw up their demands, to inform the government authorities, to write to the press. "We must march into the city to protest," he incited. "We must strike to show our sympathy and determination."

Obviously there was strong feeling in sympathy. Row after row of black heads were nodding approval. Then from among the women students out stepped Miss Lan. With quiet poise she mounted the platform and in calm tones she reasoned: "Had we not better first

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enquire into the facts? What do we really know? Of course we sympathize with Shu Fu-lin, our fellow-student. Every one loves him. Do not the doctors and nurses also love him, for he too is a medical student? Let us not be hasty but appoint one or two to enquire into the facts." Because a second-generation Christian girl knew that there were times when one must "meddle," those who were loyal took heart and in the end the trouble-makers were thoroughly out-voted.

That afternoon classes went on as usual; and by evening all misunderstandings had been cleared away, Dr Fan stepping in and by his wisdom smoothing away any rough places that remained. Within a week Shu Fu-lin was on the high road to recovery, and the incident was soon forgotten. But although the events slipped from the forefront of our memories, they were woven into the life of Jen Dah. We went forward with new confidence because we knew that so many students were willing to come out into the open in defence of the loyalty they felt.

In China loyalty is much more personal than it is in many other countries. We westerners have been trained to be loyal to our institutions, to the throne rather than to the King himself, to the traditions of the school and not so much to the people in it; but in China loyalty to people is much more vital. While in Jen Dah we believe that we are gradually developing a genuine *esprit de corps*, yet it is the personality of Dr Fan, our President, that really welds us into one. We may gather where his power has come from if we follow the story of his life.

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David Fan's father was a well-known official in Lintan, who had already retired when the revolution came in 1911, but was still so famous that people came constantly to seek his advice. Neither David nor his father was a Christian then, but the father was anxious that his second son, David, should learn to speak English well, so he looked around for a private tutor. Eventually he found Jack Nelson, an ardent young missionary, then a teacher in Lintan. Although at first it was not apparent, it was obvious later that he must have taught young Fan much more than the English language. Nelson was often at their house, and became friendly with David's father as well as with the boy himself.

When the European War came, Nelson returned to England to enlist. One day the mission in China received a cable to say that he had been killed in France. Old Mr Fan felt his death as though he had lost a son; while David mourned as for an elder brother. Six weeks later the Fans got a letter which must have been written just before Nelson had been killed. What was in it was never disclosed, but almost at once the two Fans joined the Church; and David soon became one of the foremost Christian leaders.

When the old man Fan lay dying he declared that he desired a Christian burial. The rest of the family were opposed to this, arguing that such an unheard-of thing was likely to blast the good fortune of the family; and when he was dead they pooh-poohed the whole idea. Priests were called and a geomancer was asked to calculate the right position of the grave necessary to give peace to

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old Fan's soul and prosperity to his children. Young David Fan, however, remained quietly adamant and refused to compromise, saying that his father's last wish should be carried out at any cost.

Even on the day of the funeral he did not give in, but early in the morning he fell upon his knees beside the coffin and prayed, sometimes silently and sometimes aloud. Hour after hour he prayed, and his brothers were powerless, for they did not like to use force to move him from the coffin side. Eventually opposition melted of its own accord; the priests and all but a few of the family went quietly away. The end of it was that the Church members in Lintan gave old Mr Fan the Christian burial he had desired.

That same year David Fan entered Jen Dah. He was one of the most brilliant students that the Faculty of Arts had ever had; and when later he went to England to study for his doctor's degree, he was greatly missed. Finally he became our President and one of the outstanding personalities of his generation, respected in our college and in our part of China as an example of noblest filial piety. The boy who prayed beside his father's coffin has grown into a man whose tenacity of purpose never fails. He has skill in handling men, while his western education has given him the knowledge which enables him to keep the balance between Chinese and western staff. Sometimes, indeed, we may chafe and feel that he is compromising himself and us with the methods of the past; sometimes our Chinese colleagues may feel that he is too outspoken and too modern, but in the end

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he keeps our loyalty and wins us back. Having his steady hand to guide us, his courage to inspire us, and his deep faith to keep our own from growing dim, we venture forth together, Christians of East and West, knowing we shall not falter, believing we shall not fail as we co-operate in service at Jen Dah.

CHAPTER II

THE ART OF LIVING

As the clock strikes eight on any weekday morning the Jen Dah grounds, which up to that time have been comparatively deserted, suddenly are thronged with students making their way to the teaching buildings arranged round the central hall. From their hostel come the women, nearly all of them small and exceedingly slender, most of them dressed in plain blue gowns. With short, quick steps they hurry in their gay felt slippers along the cinder paths. Some are laughing, some are talking, and where friends are together their arms are linked. All are bareheaded, their bobbed black hair lying naturally straight, or made wavy and frizzy by art; their smooth, soft cheeks, kept so fresh and lovely by the use of steaming hot cloths for cleansing, are rouged by the keen autumn wind. Four streams of young men, in light grey cotton uniforms, their coats buttoned up to their necks, are also converging. They come from the hostels of Good Comradeship and Flowery Beauty, from Fragrant Courage and Harmonious Virtue. With them there is less talk and laughter and, compared with the girls, their faces are pale. Most have never yet used a razor; indeed, in only a score is there a darkening on upper lip and chin. Beards grow late in China, and carry

with them the respect which is due to mature old age. Soon the streams mingle, and sometimes—it can hardly be by chance—a young man and woman break away from their comrades and go on together to their work.

The buildings, which vary in size and design, are made of grey brick : they are fronted with tall wooden pillars, some lacquered red, and others black. The lower windows are shaded by wide overhanging eaves, a welcome protection from summer suns ; over all are the heavy tiled roofs with upturned corners, and dragons and dolphins that sport together out on the crests. As we follow some students through one of the porticoes and between long golden signs which hang down on either side of broad latticed doors, we discover almost with a sense of disappointment a western interior ; and instead of classes in geomancy or the use of magic herbs, we hear about the philosophy of religion, harmonic ratios, or it may be about the illnesses of childhood. Locally-made desks and tables, blackboards, electric lights, all give an air of scholastic efficiency. True, in the chemistry and physics building the water pipes and the petrol-vapour supply for bunsen burners may seem a trifle odd ; but we ourselves have put them in with our own hands, and in our pride we overlook defects. Although our microscopes and glassware and special scientific apparatus have to come from other lands, it is part of our educational method to use or adapt Chinese products whenever it is possible to do so without lowering our standards of efficiency.

In the Arts building teachers and students alike are

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huddled in their thickest clothes, for our winters are short and we have not thought it worth while to install heat in every building. This is no real hardship except to westerners, for, as one student expressed it: "We Chinese wear sufficient clothes in winter time, and so, unlike you westerners who do not wear enough, we do not depend on fires." Those who are studying medicine take most of the work in their final years at Jen Dah hospital, but the medical building itself is with the others on our grounds. On open days, when the people of Duliang come to visit us, this is the most popular of all. "Male and female, young and old" (as the Chinese say, rather than our "rich and poor" or "people of all classes"), throng to see the exhibits of what is to them a new science, and has such significance for all. As they troop in through the doors of the dissecting-room, one remembers how only twenty years ago it was not possible to get a servant to remain in charge. Several were tried, and when at last a hardened villain was secured, he too vanished within a week, saying that he could not stand being an accomplice in the intimate liberties that were taken with the dead.

Least western of all interiors is that of the School of Chinese Studies. Scrolls of famous sayings, and black paper rubbings of ancient monuments from all parts of China, line the walls. We may catch a glimpse of Old Teacher Ma sitting with folded hands and rapturously closed eyes leading with measured words a class of modern young men and women along intricate and hoary paths of Chinese philosophy. Ma, in whom it seems as

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though the wisdom of ancient China had crystallized, is such an important figure in our Jen Dah life that we must look at him a moment longer. He is tall and elderly, a venerable figure with long, straggling grey beard, and face lined with age and wisdom; when he walks he moves slowly, with arms lightly folded and hands tucked into his sleeves, the loose folds of his gown round his ankles impeding his steps. In his presence we instinctively feel that our western civilization is without deep roots. His unfailing politeness quite unintentionally makes us realize that we are natives of a barbarous world beyond the boundaries of *Tien Hsia*, the land upon which heaven smiles down. He is old China; and seems untouched by the modern world around him.

Ma is one of Jen Dah's greatest friends, though he is not himself a Christian. He came to us a scholar with his reputation made, and with a nation-wide experience of administration. He saw in our small experiment something which he believed his country needed, and so of his own free will he came to help us. By his advice our barque was steered safely through the uncharted seas, avoiding the mines of rigid regulations which an unfriendly government at one time sowed for our destruction, past the rocks of popular antagonism, to the peaceful seas where, co-operating with the government, now grown sympathetic, we can feel that we are wanted and have a part to play in Chinese life. His friendly nature, his readiness to see and expect the good in others, his wise humility, win him a special place in all the students' hearts. "We must start early in life if we are to be good

like him when we grow old," my friend Chen Deh-li once confided.

One of the few outward forms in Ma's life is his vegetarianism. His cook prepares for him simple meatless dishes to add flavour to his rice, or, when he has guests, extravagant vegetarian "fish" or "pork"; for in the East as in the West those who prefer to go meatless often tempt the appetite with imitative dishes. As a vegetarian Old Teacher Ma reflects the custom of his Buddhist home. He is also a well-known Confucian scholar. In his simple bedroom, however, he hangs pictures not only of Confucius and the Buddha, but also of Jesus Christ, Chwang Dze, Mohammed and the great ones of the world. Like every Chinese, he has the capacity for infinite respect. He rises before anyone is astir, and kneeling on a round palm-fibre mat, he bows before the pictures of these teachers and spends long hours in silent meditation. If we must seek to label him, we cannot do better than call him a man of God. He has reached that place where worldly distinctions vanish. Like Dr Fan, he lives so near to God that he is an influence on us all.

Perhaps one of the reasons why we always use the name Jen Dah is because we never know whether Jen Ni Dah Shioh should be translated Jen Ni University or Jen Ni College. Though the former is often used, we are, in fact, much more like a college. Our students are almost entirely lectured to and instructed; only an occasional man or woman has capacity for individual

study or research. Our library, one of the buildings round the Central Hall, has a wealth of treasures much of which is undiscovered. The few pages of reference-matter definitely assigned by teachers are sometimes read ; but for most students that is all they achieve. The introduction of radiators has enormously increased the numbers of those who visit the library and take out books in winter months, but it is doubtful if much more is read. After all, we cannot expect everything in one short generation. Modern learning is new in China. There are still many who believe that to study means to learn by heart. Every morning at dawn, as examination time approaches, individuals may be seen walking about our grounds, shouting aloud in the traditional manner pages from the Biology text-book, or from *The Christmas Carol*. The habit is hardest to eradicate from students in the arts departments, and complaints are heard from medicals and science men that they are rooming in the hostels next to noisy people who shout their books aloud. We can also still remember students who came to us believing that large stones grew from small ones : for, they argued, are they not all found together ? We have grown tremendously, however, during these first twenty-five years ; the changes in our student body are very marked. Already we are getting young people whose parents were here before them : they give us promise that future development will be even more remarkable than that of the past.

When the college was first founded, the President as well as the teachers were all American or British. There

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were no trained Chinese to be discovered. Gradually, as the new learning spread, we found one here, one there. When we were able to add our own old students to the staff, we progressed more rapidly. Some came to junior positions immediately on graduation; others to greater responsibility after they had studied at the coast or abroad. It was a red-letter day when David Fan became our President, for then we felt that we were beginning to realize our ideal. Our western presidents were good, but, as long as they were there, we could not lose the sense that we were a foreign institution. The students in those days would speak of "your college"; it is only now that they are beginning to call it "ours." We westerners have come from the four corners of the world not in order to force an alien religion or a foreign culture on our Chinese friends, but to co-operate with them as they seek to build up a new national life. During this time of strain and stress, when so much of the framework of their ancient civilization is being cast away in inevitable response to the impact of the forces of the outside world, there is a deterioration of both national and personal values. There is a determination on the part of all thinking Chinese leaders to create a new and better China on the surer foundation of individual worth; and we would serve them as they strive to change their theory into practice.

The selection of our staff has been vital to our progress. We have always remembered that we are a Christian college, while at the same time we have never lost sight of the fact that just because of this we must

keep our academic standards high ; our teachers must be masters of their subjects, whether in arts or science, in medicine or theology. Most are Christians, but from all we expect loyalty. This, however, is of recent growth. In the earlier days there were many rival factions among our teachers, each vying with the others, striving to secure special advantages for themselves. When classes were over the lecturers would vanish to teach in other schools or to manage their own affairs. Only gradually are they learning that perhaps the most vital part of college life is lived outside the classroom. Nowhere is the relationship of student and teacher more clearly defined than it is in China. All through life the teacher can influence his student. One of my old students, even though advanced training in Europe and the States has given him more knowledge than ever I possessed, never ceases to give me first place, and, if strangers come, humbly introduces me as his teacher, saying that he owes everything to me. There is danger that a sense of inferiority may remain with a student all his life, but there is also a certainty that the influence of college days will survive a lifetime.

When Jen Dah was founded, the co-operating missionary societies agreed that they should each share in the main teaching buildings and in the women's hostel, but that in addition every society should maintain a hostel of its own. Each of our four men's hostels represents, therefore, one of the co-operating missions. The students in each hostel regulate their own affairs to a large extent. They appoint officers and committees,

almost without number. They arrange for their own food, and engage their cook, against whom they wage constant warfare lest he squeeze them too unmercifully. It is the business of the warden to see that each student pays his board money in full at the beginning of the term, and that is no simple matter. One student's money will not yet have come from his home ten days' travel away. Another will tell how he was robbed on the way to college. A third says that his father has died and so much money has been used on the funeral that there is nothing at present for his board. "It will take a month to collect some more," he explains. "Please let me live here without paying until then."

"A friend has just arrived from Nanking who needed money. What could I do but lend him mine?" asks one young man who, like all Chinese, can never deny a friend. The harassed warden must decide whether to break the rule that all money must be paid in advance, knowing from past experience that some students, if admitted without payment, may never pay their board, though others faithfully will do so. Once the total cost of food proved cheaper than was expected, and a small balance was returned to the students by their chairman. Although three men had never paid their fees they were each given the same refund as the others, because, as the students pointed out, they could not possibly offend their fellows by a discrimination against them. The warden, of course, was called upon to foot the bill.

One year the market was flooded with false dollars. As warden of the Hostel of Good Comradeship I had to

examine each coin and ring it before accepting it. After unwrapping the paper from a long roll of silver dollars handed me by one student, I found that each one was false. Pushing them back I said, "I am sorry, but these are bad." The student without a word and with impassive face drew out another packet, the exact amount all made up ready, and changed it for the rejected money. All the dollars in this roll were perfect. The foreigner was not so gullible as the boy had hoped!

It is our expectation that soon all of the hostels may have Chinese wardens, but we have not yet grown as far as that. Some of us westerners who still occupy these positions are brought face to face with problems which constantly enlighten us as to the background of our students' lives. We see the good; we see the bad; we realize as we survey the raw material we try to mould that we are entrusted with no easy task.

We find much of the strength of ancient China in our students. They have that loyalty to their family which has meant survival for the old empire. They have that understanding of human relationships that has been the oil for the machinery of Chinese life throughout the ages. They have learned the art of living. They have humour, and are for the most part courteous. Not only is there outward politeness such as makes a class rise as its teacher enters a room, bowing to him at the opening and close of every lecture, but also there is real consideration. Once a guest of ours, a fresher, having his first meal in a foreign house, realized that he could not, as he was accustomed, spit cherry-stones upon the floor. Later we

discovered with dismay that in his polite thoughtfulness he had swallowed every one. Recently a meeting with some merchants in Duliang was called *punctually at nine*. Before the time appointed the promoters, knowing my western tendency to be punctual, informed me that I need not arrive before eleven, which was when the meeting would actually begin. Another time a student dropping in for a talk realized next day that he had kept us from an interesting lecture. Without consulting us he hunted out the speaker, borrowed his manuscript and brought it to us with real distress, but with hope that we should forgive him for his lack of thought.

One writer says of the Chinese: "Their virtues are the virtues of an old people." In this present day of the republic many of these ancient virtues have changed to sins. *Ch'a bu dob*—out not much, nearly the same—which, by setting a standard of approximation, has prevented much needless friction between individuals in the past, becomes a crime in the modern scientific world. *Make do* served for many centuries, but is no longer possible in an age of aircraft and wireless; though string and bent nails may still hold on the wheel of a motor-bus, and straw sandals replace broken springs, enabling a long journey to be completed safely.

When the Chinese are described as peace-loving people, it is usually meant that they are peacemakers who delight in compromise. Our students and Chinese staff alike are past masters in the art of smoothing difficulties away and maintaining peace, or rather "face," at any price. Every problem, both in personal and committee

life, is settled by complicated compromises which ensure that every one is pacified to some extent, but in most cases also act as an anæsthetic, effectively preventing progress. To those who have grown up as loyal followers of the Anglo-Saxon tradition of majority rule, this endless compromise has little to commend it.

Once when I was in the city, riding in a rickshaw, the puller accidentally bumped a soldier who had stepped suddenly out into the road. The soldier, without a moment's hesitation, overturned the rickshaw, throwing me and my parcels into the dirty gutter. I might have maintained a dignified indifference but for the fact that shortly before I had seen a Chinese gentleman similarly treated. The soldier, being a privileged person, had gone unquestioned on his way, though the incident had taken place under the nose of a policeman, and I was filled with sympathy for the civil population bearing its burden under the present military regime. As I picked myself out of the gutter I remembered that I also was privileged, so presuming on the courtesy that the Chinese show their guests, I took the surprised soldier by the arm and marched him to the police-station. Happily an officer of the military police was there, and I handed my prisoner to him. Then I realized that all the attention of the police was being devoted to pacifying me—an unnecessary labour, as happily the incident had left me quite unruffled. The more I suggested that they should teach the soldier manners, the more I argued that for me it did not matter, but for elderly folk or women with small babies the results might be more serious, the more

honeyed were the words they poured out. At last, lulled by their sweet subtleties, I left with a warm glow in my heart, although I knew that a few moments later the soldier would also leave, probably with apologies that he should have been treated in this manner by a foreigner who did not understand the rules of the game as played in China, but who believed that some principles of right and wrong were more important than the maintenance of peace.

Outside our college gates hawkers of sweetmeats like to set their stalls. Mead-Smith, who combines with his other unpleasant duties the charge of our police, chanced to see a lemonade-seller putting his stand within the sacred portals. With western love of law and order, Mead-Smith gave instructions for the offender to be ejected. The policeman, scowling and bristling with officiousness, at once started a verbal battle with the wizened salesman. The attack, however, was all for Mead-Smith's benefit; when he had gone the tactics changed. Ten minutes later the stall was only half inside the doorway, while policeman and seller were sitting on the trestle stool together, sipping lemonade in greatest concord.

It is not that the Chinese do not understand the difference between right and wrong, but that peace and harmony between people seem more important than truth for truth's sake only. I have seen Frank Chu listening to a missionary recruit of six months' standing as he spoke emphatically of right and wrong, and I have known from Chu's expression of great pain that to him

no black is black but only a modified grey, just as no white is actually white but only a lighter shade of grey. To him life is an art, and not a game for westerners to play. His mind is used to tortuous thought, so that we direct-speaking foreigners seem sometimes barbaric, and at other times, curiously enough, subtle to an unwarranted degree.

The art of personal relationships is woven deep into Chinese life. For generations men have learnt to live with each other, often at closest quarters. They have mutual respect and, outwardly at least, respect each other's "face." They have learnt the value of the indirect approach to human problems. The fact that Chinese find it so hard to withstand each other and their friends is the main reason why in Jen Dah we still have so many western wardens. Financial ruin faces the hostel whose warden cannot refuse to admit the student who will not pay. Six years ago the chemistry technician, a Chinese, refused to be responsible for the apparatus. He dared not offend by a refusal the students who asked him, as a favour, for test-tubes, or to refrain from reporting their breakages. A sign of advancing times is that his successor manages to-day without much trouble. However, we still sometimes have to receive students who have failed to pass entrance examinations because we dare not offend their relatives, perhaps an important official in Duliang, or personal friends of the chairman of our governors. Some of our greatest problems arise through this transition from the old to newer standards, and probably there is no better means than a scientific training for

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helping students to adjust their lives in a natural easy manner.

Personal considerations can easily be carried to excess, as at the meeting to welcome back from his last furlough the Dean of Medicine, Dr Williamson. We had to listen to speeches from representatives of the men and of the women in every student year, from a delegate of each hostel, from the chairman of the student body, and from the faculties of arts, education, science, theology and medicine. After these twenty-two speeches, many of them happily abbreviated to a formal bow, each teacher and guest was called upon to speak. Although all present were reduced to a desperate state of boredom, at least we had the satisfaction of knowing that no one was left out or could be offended !

Patience and indifference are still reckoned virtues. The student is cheerfully contented with his lot. Although he may have learned to criticize, he is too tolerant himself to take action against those who may oppress him or his home. He has learned to adjust himself to whatever circumstances may surround him. Unless, however, he can capture a real discontent for the lot of others he will never become a radical reformer. The students may be keenly interested in the problems of life, but from past experience they have learned that inaction pays.

Wrapped up with this is the need to develop a sense of responsibility. Some years ago a platinum crucible was stolen. First this coolie was suspected, then that. Our Chinese staff were hot upon the scent. Then

suddenly fresh evidence led to startling conclusions: suspicion fell upon a senior student. The Chinese officers would take no responsibility for pressing the matter further, and when the police, who had already been called in, produced their warrant, it stated that Dr Walton, American, charged So-and-so, a Chinese student. There was nothing for it but to drop the whole affair. Now, whether he will have it or not, the Chinese head of a private institution such as ours has himself to be fully responsible for all that goes on within it. David Fan has spread his broad shoulders and is carrying his burden like the man he is. One morning early, when a communist scare was sweeping like a plague over Duliang, troops were sent out to arrest a student against whom information had been given. Dr Fan, summoned from his bed, was on the scene almost at once. With courage he stepped between the soldiers and their prisoner, stating simply, "I will be personally responsible for this young man. I guarantee that he will do nothing wrong," and with this assurance the soldiers withdrew and left the boy at liberty.

The old belief in words rather than in action is also passing. In former days our students would decide upon a course of action, and then would call a meeting to discuss it further. A committee would be formed and a constitution drafted. The English Club once drew up one with fifty-three clauses, and this was no extraordinary affair. Another meeting would be called, at which the constitution would be discussed again and perhaps approved. There the matter usually ended; the business

was finished, the society or club rarely met again. But all this is changing ; there is new life everywhere.

Recently I met one of our medical graduates, who was visiting a student in the Hostel of Good Comradeship, followed by a servant carrying his stethoscope ; but this is really an exception nowadays. A new love of work and of really hard labour is spreading. Each morning for a month our students have been carrying pebbles from the Little River to rebuild a section of Wheelbarrow Lane. One day two girls in short blue skirts stopped to speak to me. They slipped the carrying pole from their shoulders for a moment, and put down their loads whose weight would not disgrace a coolie. " Yes, *Shien-sen*, this is hard work, but real good fun," they smiled ; then off they went with a graceful swing of their strong young bodies, the light of effort and of achievement in their eyes, and a glory in manual labour which an older generation of students could never have felt. Yes, China is rapidly changing.

Christianity makes only a limited appeal to many of our students. They are essentially practical-minded ; the claims of this life and of the nation are very definite and real, and there is much that to youth seems vague and impracticable about religious belief. Frank Chu once challenged us by stating that Christian theology could never withstand the superior logic of Confucian philosophy, but that as a way of life Christianity was unique and supreme. Yet even so the Christian ideal sometimes seems to be too difficult to attempt. Once a number of us joined in a co-operative venture, which unfortunately

came sadly to grief. Our capital all gone, we met to discuss how we should deal with our creditors. A student, of whom we are proud, said that as Christians we must levy the members and pay off all that was owing. But although all westerners present voted in favour, there was a great outcry. "It is not according to our Chinese tradition." "You are quite right in principle, but it will never work." "No one will pay!" The Christian, seeing the principle, attempts at all costs to carry it out; but many of our Chinese friends are far too practical in their outlook to attempt what seems to be impossible, although at the same time they know their own weakness, and, tired of theories, are eager for something that will help them to live.

The spiritual help they need is not gained through Bible study groups and religious services alone: these sometimes are dismal failures. What really matters is the quality of life of those who profess themselves Christians; for right living is really infectious. However successful it may be for other groups or races, the Chinese college student is often unaffected by what is called "direct evangelism," and, in fact, frequently resents it. Yet there is room for good preaching, and staff and students can be gripped by an emotional address. It is also true that special evangelistic campaigns may have a vigorous appeal, shaking some out of their lethargy and so compelling them, when confronted with the issues, to take decisive steps. However, when we discuss the matter with our Chinese friends, it is nearly always the westerners who say, "But we must preach, or how can the people

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hear?" The Chinese then answer, "Words—we can talk better than you. Eloquence is an art every one of our school children has mastered. What we want are actions. Show us your lives; if they are different from ours, we shall come to learn why."

Over the central octagonal Great Hall, in which student meetings and college assemblies are held, is the College Chapel, the focus of the religious life of Jen Dah. On either side of the hall entrance are staircases leading to the upper rooms. At the top we pass the offices of the Christian Student Association and the small Hall of Worship, then, pushing open the folding doors leading into the side of the chapel, we find ourselves suddenly in a world set apart. Soft-tinted glass in fine lattice windows cuts out the glare of bright summer skies, and a sense of peace and reverence surrounds those who worship. The camphor-wood pews face the plain altar of blackwood, the rosy light from small panes of glass shining down from above.

At the heart of Jen Dah this chapel remains as a perpetual reminder of our purpose in life. Here in this room the College meets every Sunday for a united service; and on frequent occasions those from outside come to lead and inspire us. When a Chinese Bishop or Archdeacon or the Superintendent of a Circuit steps into the pulpit, we realize the growth of the Chinese Church round about us, and know that we are not a solitary unit but are linked in this nation-wide fellowship which is part of the Church universal.

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All these gatherings in the chapel are voluntary for our students, and are not attended, by any means, by all of our numbers. In addition, short periods of worship are held every morning in the hostels. In one there is also a group of "seekers after sincerity." These students meet weekly, striving to discover just what more Christianity could hold for them than the religions with which they are familiar. The most successful of our gatherings are probably the Sunday daybreak services of the Christian Student Association, which is a group of young men and women pledged to help each other to accept the full implications of the Christian life, and to try to lead others to do the same. Each new student generation evolves a special type of service, used for a time, then superseded. For the continued quality of our college Christian life we depend on the staff. "What made me become a Christian," one student wrote in an essay, "was the way foreigners prepared their lessons. I hated Christ and I was opposed to your college, but I came as I wanted even more to learn to be a doctor. In other schools the teachers come straight to class from their *mahjongg* parties, but in Jen Dah the teachers come with their lessons prepared. That is why I became a Christian."

Tang Su-may, one of the junior teachers, who loves English sayings, which he frequently misquotes, never attends a religious service. "They go over me like pouring water on a goose," he observed. Yet Tang in his way is an influence for good. He strives to be a humble follower after Jesus Christ, but he has not found

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the right means of uniting with those who share his beliefs. John Sen, our young Chinese chaplain, has tried to encourage him to join a study group, and has tried to get him to a prayer-meeting for the Chinese staff, but he has failed ; yet Dr Williamson has succeeded in getting Tang and others of his colleagues to unite in studying John Macmurray's latest book. For Tang, for Chinese youth in general, it would seem that the type of religious service most likely to appeal has yet to be evolved. In another generation China may have become so westernized that a western form may fulfil her needs, but in the meantime one feels that something is required, not Methodist, Anglican or Quaker, or any of the forms of service we have introduced to China. We have so far only caught glimpses of the possibilities ; but, although our Chinese friends may borrow our forms of ecclesiastical administration, the act of worship itself may well be their very own.

John Sen was one of those who was first repelled by personalities, but later was moved by preaching. He came from a non-Christian home, but friendship with a Christian boy led him rather fearfully to ask his father to send him to a mission secondary school. On his first Sunday he went to a service, which in those days was compulsory for all. Not knowing what was expected of him, he sat in a seat reserved for a senior form and was reprimanded by his new head master. For the benefit of some western friends Sen has written his life-story ; in it he says about this incident : "I was so angry in my heart because of this unjust censure that it took me

more than three years to overcome my opposition to Christianity."

He then had a misunderstanding with a westerner over some fees, so that he wrote, "I began to hate all foreigners ; and I hated my school because it was not only Christian but foreign." However, despite various attempts, he did not leave. Forced to study the Bible, he found that he approved and assimilated much of it. Compelled to attend religious services, he heard, three years after entering the Christian school, the sermon that influenced him through life. A veteran Chinese preacher came to speak to the boys and in Passion Week he addressed them every morning. "Old Pastor Mu told us how Jesus was nailed on the Cross ; and as he spoke he wept. His sincerity touched my heart. He pleaded with us that China needed not only doctors and teachers, but preachers, so that the hearts of the people might be changed. In his desire that we should be preachers, Pastor Mu shouted at us with emotion for nearly an hour : his sincerity made me resolve that I would be a preacher."

During the weeks that followed, a kindly act of Dr Walton's confirmed Sen in his resolve. The central offices of Jen Dah were at last completed. Dr Walton, who was then our President, invited the gentry of the city to the opening ceremony. The governor of Duliang and the leading magistrates were there ; sitting among them on the platform were the foremen of the builders, the carpenters, the masons and the coolies. Before the great assembly Dr Walton thanked them all for the work

they had done so well. "This influenced me greatly," wrote Sen, who with others of his school was at the ceremony. "Never had I found power in any other religion that was strong enough to break down class distinctions to such an extent. I was thoroughly resolved that I would be a Christian." "But I was determined," he said later, "never to preach a Jesus who was too mysterious, too holy for the simple people to understand. As I know from the services I have attended, too many preachers make this mistake; it is like giving fish to a delicate baby: they choke him with the bones."

After leaving his middle school, Sen came to Jen Dah as a student. He had such insight into the needs of his fellows that he seemed able to draw out their latent spiritual desires. He had such depths of real experience himself, such infectious ways of sharing it with others, that after his graduation and his ordination, followed by a year abroad, we asked him to return to us as chaplain. In neat western-style clothes which he wears well, this rather short man with square shoulders, round open face and a faint tinge of pink in his cheeks, has become one of the most familiar figures at Jen Dah.

He has sensed that many of our students are made impatient by long sermons, and that their love of ritual, both silent and vocal, needs varied expression. Sometimes we find the pews rearranged and a great brick altar specially built in the middle of the floor of our chapel, which is above the central hall. Although these special services may be held on a bright afternoon, each wor-

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shipper takes a lighted candle at the doorway, and bearing this symbol of purifying flame carries it to the altar and places it reverently in one of the niches. Sometimes we worship in silence, listening to soft music played behind long curtains. Sometimes we pray together at break of day, and in this we find something which specially appeals, for handed down from the past are many noble thoughts associated with dawn which inspire our Chinese youth, and help to make this time symbolical of consecration.

John Sen is a seeker. One morning from my home I saw him standing bareheaded among the trees by the lake beneath a spreading ginkgo whose leaves were golden in their autumn glory. Round about him a little band of young men and women knelt, and I knew that they were praying. Then over the distance there came the faint words of an English hymn :

*"Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee ;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame."*

CHAPTER III

THE NEW WOMANHOOD

“*Hao, hao ! Good !*” The audience shouted its appreciation as the painted and gaudy actors strutted across the stage, their classic postures and cadent phrases re-telling a moving tale of ancient China. The Great Hall was crowded. We members of the staff, Chinese and foreigners, sat in front with our wives and families. Not far from me was Dr Walton, a look of happy amusement in his eyes ; next to him was Frank Chu, still thoughtful as though he had not forgotten the knotty problems of administration with which he and President Fan wrestled daily. Behind us the gay mingling of coloured silks showed where the women students sat, with the stern but kindly Miss Peterfield, and Miss Way, the new Chinese warden of the Women’s Hostel. Then came row after row of men, until individual faces melted in a blur in the distance. Along the back wall and round the door clustered as many blue-gowned servants as could possibly squeeze in, and the college police in their uniforms of black. A sprinkling of the local militia, carrying their rifles with bayonets fixed, had dropped in while doing their rounds and stood near a group of carpenters from the work-sheds.

Some ragged children from Wheelbarrow Lane, the

street which leads to our main gate, had gradually pushed themselves half-way up the hall with the universal privilege of childhood, nowhere so freely granted as in China. Students took some of these little urchins upon their knees, and willingly sat closer to make room for others.

"Every one seems really happy," my wife whispered to me. "Let us hope that the students will not spoil it." Indeed it was a joyful time. The hostel entertainments always were, each hostel trying to make theirs the best of all. The women had done well a month before, and the men of Fragrant Courage were not far behind; but this time the students of Harmonious Virtue seemed likely to prove better still. The concert had already lasted an hour or more, nearly half the time being spent in speeches; but they had been clever and amusing. Dr Fan, especially, had been witty and had made the people laugh until the tears ran down their faces. Some foreign teachers had sung, and the freshers had giggled out of sheer embarrassment at Miss Jones's soprano voice which was so un-Chinese and strange, grating on their ears just as Chinese music jars at first on westerners.

After the classic play we all watched in entranced silence a group of clever professional acrobats. Then some seniors produced a tragedy of peasant life. Scarcely an eye was dry, and one of the men acknowledged later that for several nights he cried in bed when he thought about the play and the unhappy lot of China's farmers.

Then what my wife had been fearing happened. A number of students began acting a burlesque laden with

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what some of us felt to be crude obscenities. Laughter shook the rows of men. Suddenly silence fell upon the gathering. The small group of women students had risen from their seats. Solemnly they marched down the hall, the servants and the militia round the door parting to let them pass. A buzz of excited conversation broke out; and shortly afterwards the entertainment ended.

“——and until the students of the Hostel of Harmonious Virtue apologize we shall attend no other entertainments or students’ meetings in the college,” ran a sentence in the letter sent next day to the chairman of the Students’ Union, signed by all the women.

Only three years previously had Jen Dah, after great discussion, admitted its first women students. Already they were making themselves a power in our little world. The first girls who came were most carefully selected, and almost their every action governed so that right traditions might be established. At no time could one of these pioneers walk out alone; even in classrooms and laboratories there was always an elder married woman sitting near as chaperone. In those days it was still novel for boys and girls to be together. They were shy and embarrassed in each other’s company. Chivalry and courtesy were ideas unknown. To the young men women, when they thought of them at all, were inferior, often not only with crippled feet, but also limited in their understanding. They were the stuff of which wives and daughters-in-law or servant-girls were made, or they were for poets to sing about. Time enough to give them respect when they had borne sons, and with age had

gained ripe experience and power. In those days equality and comradeship in the same age-group were new conceptions.

Gradually the men got used to the handful of girls on the Jen Dah grounds, and even more gradually restrictions surrounding the young women were relaxed. In time the girls themselves took part in establishing their own position. One of the pioneers on taking her seat in class saw a saucy rhyme about the women written on the blackboard. At once she stood up and told the men in no mincing terms that better behaviour was expected of them. It was this same woman who, declaring war on the vulgar plays which had up till then been accepted, had led the girls out from the entertainment given by the Hostel of Harmonious Virtue. By that time the men were becoming sensitive to criticisms by the women, and so in the end the latter won. Since then several generations of students have come and gone; and now we no longer get vulgarity, though there is a natural frankness, healthily free from suggestive indecency. By common consent the men, when they meet the women, now raise their hats. Round hats, felt hats, cloth caps, or the round military hats of the new regime, all come off: a new chivalry has dawned. The manners of the foreign teachers have been taken as the standard. The pioneer women students entering a crowded room would have been left to stand, but to-day there is a rustle of men rising to offer them their seats.

In the few years since they came the women, besides giving us a new courtesy and improving our moral tone,

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have added fresh depth to our religious life. It is not only that they are regular attenders at religious services, insisting on their friends and relations going as well, but they have given an atmosphere of their own to our college worship. One Sunday morning I arrived early at the Day-break Service, held in the small Hall of Worship which is next to the chapel. It was still quite dark. Mary Fung was lighting the candles, so that by the time the people gathered the room would be bathed in their soft light.

"Let me help you," I said.

"Thank you, but I am nearly finished."

From the way the words were spoken I knew she did not want my assistance. I watched her face, which was intent with reverence, her thick black bobbed hair giving her the appearance of an Egyptian priestess. As each flame burnt up it was as though something had kindled within her. When the sacramental task was finished she sat down beside me. "How can we get more worship in our lives?" she asked. "I love the quiet beauty of your English Church service, the solemn calm of a Quaker meeting. We Chinese must have ritual before we can really worship."

Like shadows the students slipped into their places. Softly we sang low hymns of praise. As the candles flickered in the breeze which came with dawn, we knelt together. Then in silence we worshipped, while the daylight flooded around us. "May we with our pale candles bring light into darkness until at last Thy great Love shall fill all life with Thy brightness." The last

words of the leader were in our ears as we went out to our homes for breakfast.

Some of the women students came from wealthy homes, but Mary Fung, who meant so much to our religious life, was of humble origin. The first that was heard of her was when, as a small girl in rags, with her baby brother strapped on her back, she knocked on the door of a foreign home in a town two days' journey from Duliang. "Please may I come to school?" she begged the lady in charge. "I will do anything you ask if you will take me." But she was not willing to be separated from the small brother on her back and so she could not be taken into the boarding-school, though the missionary, touched by her faith and her story, was willing to receive her. So Mary and Baby Brother went to a night school, which proved the first rung of a very long ladder. After primary and secondary school, Mary was trained as a teacher. Then after some years of experience she resolved to get still further training and worked her way into Jen Dah, where she studied medicine. With her quiet poise this small staid woman inspired confidence in every one. It was typical of her that she was the last student in the Women's Hostel to bob her hair. She had always twisted the thick black coils into a quaint "bun" at the back of her head. Then one day she appeared with her hair cut short. "I had to do it," she announced with eyes dancing. "When we were called out at night to see an important obstetrical case I was always five minutes behind the others. So the bun just had to go." She could not be content with a

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life that was only study. In a great glow of service she went one vacation to the country. She had counted her money and divided it out. With part she bought medicines and on the rest she lived in a small dirty village. Here she gathered around her the injured and ill, preaching and attending to these neglected people until, as she said simply, "My money ran out and so I just had to come home." She had never asked for help from anyone else ; what she used were her own savings. She returned to us radiant with new joy discovered from her experiences.

At first most of the girls admitted to the college had been teachers and did not come straight from secondary school. To have these women of experience made the earlier days much easier, but naturally as time went on more came as raw schoolgirls lacking in poise, and with them the problems increased. It was a happy day for Miss Peterfield, on whom the wardenship had first rested, when Miss Way You-lan succeeded her, for it needed a Chinese woman to understand and control the girls.

Way You-lan was born near Duliang, but was not one of our old students. Her father, the son of Christian parents and himself a Christian from childhood, was, however, one of the few Chinese who had shared in our foundation. He had come from a coastal province to work in the Salt Administration, and had settled near our city. As the only girl in an enlightened family, herself a Christian of the third generation, his daughter, after attending a local school, had been sent to the coast to complete her education. Two years in America then

followed. Before coming to us she had already proved her worth as a secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Northern China. She turned out to be a progressive woman with a genius for friendship which had expanded in America and in her previous work. Added to this she had dignity, which won the respect of the women students and all with whom she worked. She was short and vivacious, and when she spoke her words flowed with ease; her voice, which tended at times to be shrill, was distinct, while her tones, when occasion demanded, were decisive.

In the beginning Miss Way had her difficulties however; and her position in our college was not assured until after her struggle with Colonel Liu, the military instructor. It had always been a question whether the instructor appointed to our staff by the Government to give military training and see that the students observed military discipline in their daily life was the final authority in control of student life or whether responsibility lay, as we maintained, with the hostel wardens, and ultimately with Dr Fan. So far our views had not been disputed, but the Colonel, after the arrival of Miss Way, refused to accept the leave of absence which she gave to those girls who for one reason or another could not attend the drill or the raising and lowering of the flag. Also, we had a regulation that no woman should be absent overnight without express permission of the warden, but Miss Way discovered that several girls were absent who had obtained leave from the Colonel but not from her. Exactly what happened next has never been discovered, but the resolute Miss

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Way had voluble interviews, first with Dr Fan and then with Colonel Liu. For twenty-four hours we feared we should lose our new women's warden. We believed that finding the position too difficult she would resign and leave the field clear, as so often happens in a struggle between two Chinese. We had not reckoned, however, with Miss Way's strong character, her modern outlook and her Christianity. Finally a few sentences appeared on the notice-board to say that in future the permission of the Women's Hostel Warden would be required for all leave of absence of women students. Miss Way had won. From then on she commanded the respect of us all; she was thoroughly capable of managing her affairs, and very rarely found it necessary to consult the experienced Miss Peterfield, who was there in the background. The women students found in her an approachable and sympathetic friend, and the college was thankful that her guiding hand was on the helm.

Stability of character and sympathy were both needed in dealing with the problems of the women. They, even more than others, had been caught up by the flow of new ideas in changing China, as Miss Way You-lan herself well knew. The torrent had swept the old safeguards and conventions from them. Some had been borne on the tide to peaceful havens, but more were floundering helplessly, the security of their ancient status being lost for ever in the flood. Happy were they who had the love and wisdom of understanding Christian parents to guide them through those days. In few other countries could the change have been so swift. Suddenly a generation

found itself free to determine its own life as best it might. Always the Chinese family has paid less attention to daughters than to sons, for the girls all left home at an early age to become the daughters of other households. So, oddly enough, in the new freedom many girls found themselves less restricted than their brothers. Some families, only half understanding the meaning of higher education, were yet willing to risk it for their daughters.

Yang Fu-kwen was one who was granted freedom. A girl friend of hers was ill and Fu-kwen visited her in the Jen Dah hospital. She knew that but for the skill of a foreign surgeon her friend would certainly have died. She made enquiries about the Christian hospital, and what she heard made her want to learn still more. She begged her family to send her to Jen Dah, and they agreed. "I do not want to study any special course," she had said when questioned. "I want to come that I may learn about Christianity." In a systematic manner she talked with every one, questioning them, seeking to make their experience hers. Now, three years later, she is well started with her medical course, believing that the Great Physician would have her go up among the hills to live among the Tribes people. During the recent long summer vacation we received a letter from her. In an unusual but striking phrase she wrote: "Every morning I go out by the river side, and in the quiet, for half an hour, I associate with God."

Other girls have not been as fortunate. Some are hastily removed from the college when their parents discover they are being drawn towards Christianity.

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A few whose mothers are dead have come to us partly perhaps to escape from boredom or unhappiness at home, and after a year or two they leave. Their step-mothers, who were at first willing enough for the girls to go away, change their attitude when their own children are born. They grudge the money spent on the daughter of a former wife and persuade the father that it is a waste to continue to educate his daughter. We lost three girls in this manner, all promising young women. Two left us, without the shadow of a hope that they could complete their studies, to be married to men whom they had never met, and who were obviously not of the same calibre. The fate of the third was indeed tragic. Despite attempts to thwart the plan, she was married as secondary wife to a dissolute official, old enough to be her father; she lived in company with other women whose lives were a continuous sulk enlivened by cards and cigarettes. She did not reach her real tragedy until her son was born. The first wife unfortunately had no sons and so, as she had right to do, she took the boy to be her own, leaving the mother without redress. Shortly afterwards the man took yet another wife, and the last we heard of him he had grown weary and had left all three women.

Except in the case of the more enlightened families there is always a danger that a girl will have to leave before her course is finished, so that the family may marry her to some suitable young man whom they have selected. Happily, however, this is less common than it was. It is equally possible that a young man will shamefacedly

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ask leave of absence from his hostel, and may produce a letter from his father demanding that he return home for his wedding. But for the boy the matter is less devastating ; the ceremony over he can resume his work. In the case of the girl her chance of study is usually lost for ever.

In the old days the dual standard was very real. The lives of girls were regulated by hide-bound tradition, while for men there was a measure of laxity and freedom. A wife who proved unfaithful might be put away in deepest disgrace, but a woman could not question the behaviour of her husband. He was privileged to be fickle if it so pleased him. To-day by law that discrimination is abolished. Any married person, either man or woman, who is unfaithful, is liable to be sent to prison. Also, the law declares, a marriage shall be come to by men and women of their own free will. In practice, public opinion is still stricter in its judgment of women. Nevertheless, because they are no longer legally forced to accept a lower standard from their men, and have obtained a new vision through education and the freedom of economic independence, women are becoming forces not so much for the lowering of their own standards, though this has been done in many individual cases, but for demanding more of men.

In the early days most of the men students came to us already married or engaged ; but now these cases are much fewer. The opinion of modern youth unhesitatingly permits breaking the betrothal of a man or girl made by their family in childhood. Similarly, following

the example of the greatest leaders of modern China, it approves the divorce of an uneducated wife in those cases where there can be no affection or unity of heart or mind, though the man is always expected to make proper provision for the discarded person.

Side by side in China the two types of marriages exist: the one in which a woman obtains a daughter-in-law, the opinion of the boy or girl, if asked, being only incidental; and the other which is based on mutual love, in which comradeship is desired. A college is the natural place from which the latter type of marriage may spring, and Jen Dah is no exception.

A few years ago we had a rigid rule that no married women could be admitted to our college; now this rule has gone. It broke when Violet Ding and Chang Lin-su were married. Lin-su, whose village home we saw from above as we passed over in the aeroplane, and Violet, daughter of one of the leading Duliang pastors, were medical students of the same year. It was obvious that they were mutually attracted. Morning and afternoon he saw her home from class, carrying her books for her. He helped her assemble her apparatus in the chemistry laboratory, while afterwards she washed both his and hers. In histology it always happened that it was these two who shared a microscope, though there was only one short for the whole of the class. The staff smiled at them, for, unlike so many other lovers, their mutual determination had raised rather than lowered the standard of their work.

There came a time when Chang Lin-su's old father made the journey to our city. It was natural that Pastor

Ding should invite guests to meet his friend. One afternoon in June the thunder-clouds were gathering and the Dings' bare summer-house was ablaze with the many colours of summer dresses and dazzling with the fluttering of paper fans. The conversation died away and the fans were folded as the pastor clapped his hands and, drawing the elderly Chang to the end of the room, began to speak. "I have asked you to welcome my old friend who has honoured us by his visit," he said. "We were colleagues many years ago," and he enlarged upon their old association. "Now we have an added reason for mutual friendship. You have all observed our son and daughter and no one can have been happier than ourselves at the turn events have taken. We have watched over them with care, but soon they are leaving our grounds to complete their course at the Jen Dah hospital, and then no longer can we have them near us. My friend and I have considered this very carefully, and we feel that for the good name and happiness of us all our two young people should be married. To-day we have invited you to attend the wedding."

The two old men stood smiling at their guests, who were taken utterly by surprise. Chang gravely nodded his wrinkled face; Ding's was wreathed in smiles; there they stood, two conspirators of the older generation meddling in the affairs of youth. If we were startled, what of Violet and Lin-su who had received warning only that very day? Violet sat with her face buried in her hands, while Lin-su fidgeted by her side. There was no rebellion, however, at this compromise of old and

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new. Chairs were quickly re-arranged, hymn books were given out, and the young couple were standing before Dr Fan, who was seemingly a partner to the plot. Soon, as man and wife, they were bowing to their parents and to us.

After that our regulations had to be changed, for we could not turn out the daughter of one of our pastors, and it was decided that in future married women might attend classes like the rest. Now, five years later, out of the fifty women graduating, no less than ten are married. These, with the exception of three wives of members of our staff, are medical students going out into the world with their doctor husbands, together to start in private practice, to work in mission hospitals, or to co-operate with the Government in its schemes of public health.

The older teachers will tell how in years gone by they had to play middlemen in their students' love affairs. A young man would be too embarrassed himself to ask the lady of his choice if she would marry him. Also, an indirect approach prevented the loss of face a refusal would involve. Some young men asked their teachers to find suitable wives for them, and several such matches arranged by the wise Miss Peterfield have turned out very well. Now, however, the students do their own courting, either on the paths or in the shade around the lake, but chiefly in the tasteful common-room at the Women's Hostel. Strange that this home of so much romance should alone out of our hostels lack a romantic name !

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We have had our tragedies as well. There has been suicide because of unrequited affection; and for one short period there was violent inter-hostel war when the boys of Flowery Beauty were supposed to have insulted a girl whose fiancé lived in Fragrant Courage. A recent elopement, too, has made us pause to think. Lucy Tang, a first year student, tall and very slender, with plaintive eyes that seemed to speak of hidden sorrow, was indeed perplexed. Her family had little interest in the daughters; and, money being no object, they decided to send Lucy, their third or fourth girl, to our college, largely to keep her safely occupied. Study was not easy to her, and she found it difficult to throw off the results of repression in the home so as to make friends with other girls. Extremely lonely, she considered that the world was all against her. The only solution for her difficulties was, she felt, the lake; and one dark night she would have sought its refuge but for Wang Way-deh, the student who had once tried to give me false dollars for his fees.

Way-deh's father was a small farmer who had once heard a foreigner preaching in the market town to which he had taken his vegetables for sale. A contact had sprung up which led to his son going to the mission primary school and later to the secondary school. Some one had become interested in the lad, perhaps because of his mischievous energy and his twinkling eyes. Wang had taught for a time in a mission school, and now his missionary friend had helped him to come to Jen Dah, with the understanding that later he would enter the Church. Way-deh had, however, no real desire to be a

preacher. He loved the open air and games and freedom. He hated studies, and his examination results were always poor. He was popular among the women, though he was, we knew, already betrothed by his family to a girl in his country home.

The last time that Lucy Tang was seen at our college she was walking away from the Flag Lowering Ceremony with Wang Way-deh. She left a letter in her room which told of the sadness of her life. She said she had been forced to seek death in the college lake. As we looked at the cloudy water overspread with lotus leaves, we doubted that her body lay beneath the surface. I remembered one student to whom I had foolishly lent money and who wrote that ill-fortune was driving him to throw himself into the river. "There is no need to seek my body," he had thoughtfully added. Next time I saw him he was in the army.

Lucy's parents were informed of what had happened, but they did not seem to get excited. They wrote that they were sorry she had died, and thanked us at length for all that we had done. Later we missed Wang, and then heard that the two were travelling together to Canton. This time the parents wrote more curtly. "We do not believe this story. The girl is dead to us. The affair is finished." Only a girl, so they would not trouble further. The easiest way was to regard her as dead; they would not help her in her present need. Wang, it appeared, had been touched by Lucy's story. She had thrown herself upon his help, and together they had planned their flight. Unknown to the family one of

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Lucy's married sisters had given them money ; and on this slender allowance they lived. They are married now, and just what the future holds for them is still uncertain.

The women on the staff and the wives of our teachers have an important part to play in helping our women students to find their place in life. We are growing so much together that we draw less and less distinction between Chinese and westerners, but it is the former who are the chief inspiration. Some of the young unmarried Chinese women have successfully adjusted their lives in a country where until recently it was hardly respectable for a woman to remain single. Other young women on our staff have achieved real happiness in marriage under the new conditions. Special help, too, comes from some of the older women who, though themselves belonging to a generation that has gone, have yet an understanding and ready sympathy for the younger girls among us.

On the other hand there are educated members of the staff whose wives are not interested in Jen Dah, and whose time is spent in playing *mahjongg* and endless gossip ; but they are few indeed. There is pathos in the life of one of the most brilliant teachers in our Sociology department. His wife, to whom he was married while still a boy at school, is quite uneducated. She has tried to study but her mind is torpid. He takes her to many of the social functions at Jen Dah and Duliang ; his thoughtful courtesy is good to see. His friends have frequently urged him to seek divorce, but he has refused. He is the salt of China : one of the multitude of honest

folk, who, finding themselves victims of changing circumstances, refuse to obtain personal freedom at the cost of suffering to others.

Family problems are with us all the time, and in approaching their solution we either enhance or mar the Christian spirit of the college. Tang Su-may, for instance, was, as he said, "a rose between deep sea and devil," for he cannot live within his income. His mother, his sister and two small brothers have come to live with him; it is only in the best tradition that he should keep them. The cheerful shouldering of responsibility for near and distant relatives is one of the things that we may learn from Chinese friends. Sometimes, of course, it goes too far. Dr and Mrs Sung had more than they could cope with. Besides his aged father and mother, who were ill and needed nursing, there were brothers and sisters who were still at school, and their own tiny children who required constant care. At last Mrs Sung, whose health was failing, had to be spirited away to a place where she could regain her health. But, somewhat restored, she steadfastly returned to shoulder the responsibility she has had thrown upon her, though it seems certain that it can only lead to another and more serious breakdown.

One Chinese member of our staff nearly lost his wife within a week of their marriage because his mother and sister came to live with them two days after the ceremony, determined to stay indefinitely. The new wife, a modern girl with decided ideas, left him and went to her friends. From there she delivered her ultimatum. He must defy

tradition, choosing between her and his mother and sister ; and moreover, if she were to return, he must buy her a gramophone in addition. Those kindly souls who went at once to act as middlemen had many weary trips back and forth between the couple. At last, however, the mother and sister went away and the newly married pair were reunited ; but in all bargains there is compromise, and the gramophone remained unbought. Perhaps the small portable harmonium which some unknown friend gave them on their reconciliation would do instead.

The interplay of staff and students, the adjustments between men and women, the experiences in the modern home, all have their influence on those who live within the miniature world of Jen Dah. Some students go out to serve their fellows with lives that are definitely influenced. For these we humbly rejoice. Some seem set in unprofitable ways ; for these we grieve. Along which road some of the others are likely to travel we have no means of telling. Yet we hope that even in those for whom we grieve there will be something better than if they had never lived among us.

If we get discouraged we remember Constance Ran, who seemed as unresponsive to the touch of Jesus Christ when she graduated as on the day she came among us. She was taciturn and resented talk that might lead towards herself. After she left Jen Dah, she lived for a time with her married sister, and there one day came a country-woman seeking employment. The sister engaged her, and next day the woman told a piteous tale. She was the

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wife of a farmer in a district to the south of Duliang which had been harried by Communists and soldiers, and afflicted by drought. Starvation faced them, and so the woman with her little daughter three years of age had walked several days' journey to our city to seek employment and food. Without experience, a raw countrywoman, she was approached when she arrived by a woman looking for such as she. This false friend told her that with a child she would never get employment, and before they separated the farmer's wife had been persuaded to part with her small child for two dollars, the woman promising to find a good home for the girl. The countrywoman got a job, but she fretted without her child.

Constance was greatly moved by the story and, despite her reputation of being hard where money was concerned, she gave the woman two dollars with which to purchase back the child. The keeper of the home where young prostitutes were trained would not, however, part with her for that, declaring that already her value had gone up. Three dollars were demanded. Constance paid the extra money and the little girl was recovered and lived with them.

As a result of this experience Constance determined to investigate prostitution in Duliang. Seeking the help of her old teachers at Jen Dah, and through them the co-operation of the police, she discovered something of the conditions under which the girls live, and learned how they found themselves in their unhappy circumstances. She planned a school for them and read of

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rescue work in other lands. The local Government was interested in her small beginnings and put money at her disposal. Something has been started and we do not know where it will end. The seed which had fallen on Constance Ran's heart had not after all fallen on stony ground.

CHAPTER IV

IN WHEELBARROW LANE

COMING from the city along Wheelbarrow Lane you pass, just before you reach Jen Dah, a long, one-storey, mud building, divided into ten or more rooms, just large enough to hold a bed and a table. Each of these is the home of some of the poorer of our neighbours. The roof is roughly thatched with corn stalks and tall pampas grass cut from the graveland near by. The adobe walls are innocent of windows, and the only light goes in through the doors, which are usually open from dawn until dark.

One summer day I was coming home from the city and noticed that the door of one of the houses had been lifted from its wooden staples. Directly within the opening was an empty coffin of rough unpainted wood, at the bottom of which a few inadequate and dirty rags were scattered. On the unhung door, which had been placed across two bamboo stools, lay the body of a girl of fourteen or thereabouts, scantily clad in ragged coat and trousers, her face pale and still. At her feet were smouldering three incense sticks stuck in earth contained in a broken bowl. On the opposite side of the coffin, sitting on the edge of a wooden bed-frame, was the child's mother. Her head was bent ; her hands hung loosely in

her lap ; she neither saw nor heard. Her lips were parted but she made no sound of mourning. Her little world was shattered by calamity.

Near the college main gate I overtook Sen Dze-shin, one of our students, meaning to ask him if anything could be done to help the poor woman.

"*Shien-sen*, you saw?" he asked me before I could speak ; and I nodded. "I wanted to go in," he continued, "and walked past the house several times, but I did not have the courage to interfere. It is our Chinese custom never to meddle."

I looked down at the sensitive young man by my side. He had come to Jen Dah in fear and trembling from a Confucian home. He came because his old-fashioned father believed that, in a China which was changing for the worse, we stood for high moral standards and still honoured the old learning. The young man had been warned, however, against our Christian teaching. After he had been with us, we had won his full confidence and moreover had gained the good-will of his parents. With their consent he had become a Christian, and there was born in him a desire to help the needy. The sight of the tragedy in Wheelbarrow Lane had made this new purpose fight with his predilection to pass by.

"Suppose we go back together and see what we can do," I suggested. A look of gratitude passed over his face, which suddenly changed as he was gripped by a new resolution. "No, *Shien-sen*," he said quietly, "if you will excuse me, I will go back alone. It would really be better."

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I watched him turn back to fight his own battle, to break down tradition. That evening he told me how he had gone into the room, stammered a few words to let the poor woman know that some one else cared, and had given her money to buy some cheap silk in which to wrap her daughter.

It is as impossible to generalize about our students as about any other group of men and women, but with few exceptions they are very sentimental, with emotions that are easily aroused, though not often leading to action. The death of a fellow-student, the murderous raid of robbers in a neighbouring town or village, or even a play, will stir them deeply. Laughter and tears are never far away. Anger and dark passions are covered in some by a veneer which is very thin indeed. Security is hard to find in China, and no one's life is lived far from distress and calamity. The tragedy which we can see on every hand may overtake ourselves to-morrow. From past and often bitter experience of one's own it is easy to imagine the other man's sorrow as happening to one's self. There is so much to touch our pity in the life round Jen Dah. True, we are an island of peace in a struggling world, but the very fact that we have come from city or small village to seek refuge in its calm, makes us all the more sensitive to those around us.

In the city itself the broad new streets, the spotless expensive motor-cars, the variety of goods in the most modern shops, the bright colours of the shoppers' gowns, the important bustle of the men in uniform, all may give

an impression of well-being. But in the shops which line the roads or in the mansions which spread themselves round open courtyards behind high walls are men and women who are finding that life deals many cruel blows. Wheelbarrow Lane is no exception. Here we know most of the people; and their lives are bound up economically with our own. The shopkeepers from whom we buy our daily food, the bricklayers, masons and carpenters who erect and repair our houses and college buildings, the tinsmiths, brass and iron workers—every trade and occupation are represented in the Lane. Each small shopkeeper and workman has his wife and family, and maybe several apprentices as well, so that the street swarms with people from morning until night. In the alleys opening off the Lane live the families and relatives of servants employed in our homes and hostels.

After leaving the college gateway and passing the mean mud-building, the houses in Wheelbarrow Lane improve. Opposite a temple, now used as a school, is the dwelling where Dang, the carpenter, lives. On the footpath and encroaching on the street in front his men are planing sweet-smelling camphor wood to enlarge the herbatium in our Botany Department. Children are playing in the shavings, though they are careful not to interfere. Dang himself is sitting in the doorway on a bamboo chair, his feet on the wooden doorstep. It is summer and in the heat he has discarded all clothing except his broad white cotton trousers and slippers. He is lazily yawning, and with leisured movements scratches

his naked chest with the handle of his plaited fan. As he sees me he quickly closes his eyes and feigns sleep ; it is too hot to rise and bow. Dang is a solid trader looked up to by the others who dwell in the Lane. They have elected him their head, and he represents them at the meetings of street head-men, called from time to time within the city. He is responsible to the police and municipal authorities for good order in the street ; while under him are the men representing every ten families who answer for the behaviour of all within their group.

Beyond Dang's house is the large tea-shop in whose cool depths men gather to share their gossip and sip tea. Sometimes there is a story-teller to attract them, or a show of Peking Puppets. Opposite the tea-shop is the black-lacquered door leading to Jen Shiao, the primary school which is linked up with our college ; from there right to the city walls are open shops of almost every type. The maker of black lacquer coffins, the bicycle repairer and other artisans are idle in the midday heat ; while in front of the dry-food shop with musty smell of dried seaweed, dried mushrooms, peas and beans and gelatine spices, little children sit listlessly on old straw mats, too hot to play in the blazing sunshine. Other children gather in the shade of the vegetable stalls, for the water constantly flicked by the shopkeeper upon the greens and turnips and the street in front makes the air seem cooler.

In the shop where sauce and cooking-oils are sold a woman is sewing, while outside on the pavement two Taoist priests are begging. In their hands they each

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have a little wooden clacker which they wave to and fro. Their bodies bend slightly with the motion. There they stand, swathed in numerous long-sleeved, loose-fitting garments, their long black hair coiled through a hole in the crown of their stiff cloth hats ; swaying as they clack their wood, they chant in dull monotone a request for money. The woman sews steadily for a time, pretending to take no notice ; then suddenly her patience goes. She rises, throws down her work upon the counter and opens the box she was using as a seat. From it she takes a copper and throws it to the priests, who, with bows of gratitude, move next door to continue their monotonous appeal.

Though restricted in its horizons, life in the Lane is never dull. Bargaining is a lengthy process and there are no fixed prices. The buyer is legitimate game : high prices and short weights will be offered if he is not sharp enough to detect the fraud. If a servant does the shopping, he in his turn extracts a commission or " squeeze " when reporting to his employer. By industry and by " eating thunder," as these sharp practices are called, one can raise oneself and one's relations out of the slough of economic distress in which the majority of the people live. One may even become opulent enough to support two wives and produce an even larger number of children than other people, in this way not only gaining prestige, but also making the future more secure.

There are some in the Lane who are definitely dishonest, while others may stray from the straight paths of virtue when economic pressure becomes too great.

Against these we carefully protect ourselves. Police watch over Jen Dah by day, guarding the hostels and houses, the grounds and gardens, though they too may occasionally take their share of whatever is available. At night watchmen prowl round the paths, at times beating a gong or blowing a whistle to warn thieves and marauders to keep their distance.

To some of the poorest who live in Wheelbarrow Lane, Jen Dah is a special godsend. The women and girls come with sharp bamboo rakes to gather fuel, which they carry off on their backs in plaited bamboo baskets. Nothing is spared by them. They scratch up the grass of the playing-fields, rake under the bamboos and prickly thorn hedges; the golden ginkgo is shaken when at the height of its beauty so that its leaves will fall into their baskets. While one army of women is being repulsed another is tackling our lawn with short curved knives to collect fodder for their goats or cows, or for army ponies.

They come also for medicines which they sell in the city, and sometimes treasured plants will suddenly vanish. "I am nearly blind, and I have no money to go to a doctor," says an old woman with the tiny bound feet of pre-Republican days, as she strips from a hedge the fragrant white hibiscus blossoms with which to make eye-lotion. Even the poorest can exist in China if the women collect firewood and medicine and the men sell vegetables. "No one need starve as long as he will work," said an official to whom I once suggested some scheme of social service. Even the oldest rags are collected, pasted on boards and dried in the sun, the

stiff card, when peeled off, being excellent material for soling cloth shoes. Nothing is wasted ; and though ground down by dire poverty the people somehow exist, getting what happiness they may out of life, and depending, when evil days come, not on State help and relief, but on the liberality of their relatives.

When our eyes have been opened by sympathy we see much misery among our neighbours. There is great insecurity and shocking oppression ; quarrels in families, cruelty to children and marital faithlessness are common occurrences ; terrible diseases and epidemics strike these ignorant people, causing serious after-effects that might have been avoided. Grimly accepting existing conditions, the people seem to lack all vision. Many can read and write, but they have no real education. Their efforts are so concentrated on finding a livelihood that they are incapable of grasping the fair things of life.

Our staff and students were all distressed at the lot of our neighbours ; perhaps some of us thought that but for the grace of God we might be like them. We deplored their starvation wages, and were indignant that they were so down-trodden ; but we did not seem able to organize any definite pieces of social relief until into our midst came Hercules Wu to inspire us and start our new projects.

When this little southern Chinese with his determination and his untiring energy burst into our college, it was as though a wild tempest had struck us. Our life, which had been going so smoothly, was turned upside down ; all our conventions were questioned, our actions

were criticized, our cowardice was ridiculed, and we found ourselves examining our spiritual poverty. At first some of us deeply resented this intrusion, but later we were won by his earnest enthusiasm and genuine nature, and learned to expect his surprises. Hercules Wu never doubted that we would co-operate with him; and without pre-arrangement he freely and naturally gathered groups in our homes. When we had settled for a quiet evening's work we might be invaded by a dozen young men and women come to discuss together.

We knew of Wu's reputation in connexion with the Church and youth movements, but of his personal story we had heard little. "I was nothing," he once told us when we asked about himself, "just an ordinary sinner. I was drifting along doing nothing positive. I worked in a bank and hoped that some day I should be a manager. Then, rather unwillingly, I went with a friend to hear an American preacher. I had read of him in our papers, but I never imagined that what he would say would move me so deeply. Before he had gone I had joined a group to learn more. Then six months later I resigned from the bank, for I had found what I wanted to do with my life. I have only one aim: Jesus Christ for our students and people." There was infectious determination about his manner of talking. He was a natural leader, one of those men who command attention when they speak; others near him stopped their conversation to listen. The Cantonese dialect was his native tongue and though he spoke only imperfectly the National language which we

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use round Duliang, it made little difference : his personality was eloquent in itself.

He had been granted a sabbatical year from his work. For half of the time he wanted to study, but for the remainder he felt a strong call to come to Duliang and tell us his message. He made Jen Dah his centre for the four months he was with us.

Jesus Christ is not western, but most of organized Christianity naturally is. Hercules, unlike us foreigners, did not come as the representative of a Church in the west. Even if he belonged to any one denomination he never told us, as far as I know. He came to preach Jesus Christ to us, and the worship of God through the service of men. He told us that worship was no meaningless abstraction but devoted hard labour. "You cannot find God unless you love man, and you cannot serve man unless first you love God," were words he used often.

He saw good in us all and discovered it in most unlikely people. He knit us together and through him the Christian Student Association was founded.¹ He took groups of young men and women out into the villages. They would camp in a temple, spend their mornings at study and prayer, and then, in the afternoons, worship by service. They took simple remedies for the country folk who were ailing ; they taught reading and writing, and they organized the children into play groups.

When Hercules left to return to the south there was a

¹ See also Chapter II., page 37.

strong little group of thirty or forty determined to continue the work. He had shown us how our vague sympathies with the people could flower into action. He had shown us the source of the power we needed to make us reformers. He had discovered powers of leadership in some of our students: John Sen, our present chaplain, really dates from this time as a force in Jen Dah. Less than six months later, when the first enthusiasm was flagging, the tragic news came from the coast that Hercules Wu had been run down by a bus, dying later in hospital. In a spirit of re-dedication the torch was held higher, and though at times it has flickered and burned very low, it has been handed on faithfully from one generation of students to the next, and still burns to inspire us.

It is easiest to plan service for those farthest away, but we were determined to start with our nearest neighbours. Hercules Wu had hardly left us before Miss Lan, a determined girl who had defied her stern father over her marriage, and John Sen, who was then in his final year as a student, organized a school for the servants employed in the hostels and in the homes of the staff. They drew up notices in English and Chinese asking every one to have their evening meal earlier, and telling the servants about the classes that were being started. At first there was tremendous enthusiasm. Nearly all the servants attended, while the rest of us rushed over our suppers so that our cooks could learn writing. We ourselves put the babies to bed so that the *amahs* could do simple sums. Old Wang, our coolie, who was trying to learn English,

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told us that he had discovered that his name meant "king," and so in order to help would we please say "Mr King" in future when we wanted to call him.

After a time the attendance at night school went down ; only those with a genuine desire to benefit themselves continued to go. They mastered the Thousand Characters, and learned to read newspapers and books. During the evening between classes they met for a simple service ; together they sang the hymns they had learned, and each in turn read the Bible. It is probably true to say, however, that the greatest benefit of all came to the twenty or more students who took turns to keep the classes going. They discovered the great joy of service, while out of their vague emotional sympathy was growing real understanding of the needs of the people.

One of the most regular attenders at the classes was Jay So, a cook who was full of ambition. Despite having no education he had risen to a position of influence. He could neither read nor write when he first came to the school, but because of his ability he was head of the cooks' union, having once successfully negotiated a strike and secured more wages for all the cooks employed at Jen Dah. He realized that for himself there were limits, and so he centred his hopes on his son. He had sent the boy to a secondary school and had persuaded his Canadian employer to teach the boy to use a typewriter. Even before he could speak English the boy's copying was perfect. Jay was determined that eventually his son should enter the college as a student. In the home, hiding his affection, he constantly

bullied the lad, who finally became surly and disobedient. This in turn made the father, in his anxiety, become definitely cruel. One night old Jay ran to the night school, his face white and frightened. "My boy is ill, *Shien-sen*," he whispered breathlessly to Edward Fu, one of the students, who was teaching. "Is it troubling you too much to ask you to write a note to Dr Williamson about him?"

"I will come with you and see your son," answered Fu, himself a medical student.

"I could not trouble you as much as that, *Shien-sen*," the cook protested, hiding the relief he felt. But a few moments later the classes ended, and they went off together, past the rude mud building to a little tiled house where in two rooms the cook had his home. His wife was sitting hopelessly by the door while the smaller children played round her. On the bed lay the boy covered with a blue padded quilt. Fu pulled back the bed curtains, black with many months' grime, and looked down at Jay's son who, it was obvious, was seriously ill. He took hold of his hand, which was cold to the touch. At the contact a change came over the patient, who was seized with violent convulsions from which he never recovered. Later it was discovered that the boy had ended his life by taking a large dose of strychnine.

The remorse of the father who had lost a son and a "scholar" by his misdirected affection was pitiful to see. No one was more shocked by what had happened than Edward Fu. "If only we had known this boy we might

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have helped him and his father to understand each other," he told some of his friends.

Almost at the same time another similar tragedy was just averted. A woman who came to the classes did sewing for one of the American families. She had no sons and only one daughter, a girl of twelve or thirteen, whom she and her husband were sending to school. Then, without any warning, her husband brought a younger wife to the home in the hope of getting a son. Adjustment in this case was impossible, and the mother in anger took her daughter and went off on her own. She struggled to keep her daughter at school and might have succeeded, but a few months later she died, leaving the girl without help. The father, to whose home she returned, would not allow her to continue at school, while her stepmother was not willing for him to pay for her dowry. "If you do not do something the girl will kill herself, like Jay's son," one of the servants said to Miss Lan.

The Christian Student Association talked over the problem, and as a result they decided to open a club for adolescents. Two nights a week they met with these young girls and boys, giving them lectures, teaching them games, and collecting books for a library. The girl whose misfortunes had started the venture came for a short time, but eventually was sent off to the country to live in the house of a man whom it was finally arranged she would marry when she was older. In their turn the club members were inspired to help others, and from them sprang the idea of a playground for some of the

smaller children. The club members and the students gave two entertainments to raise funds for swings and see-saws, while Dang the carpenter was persuaded to rent to them, for a nominal sum, a small piece of land. Someone on passing this small patch of joy called it, in happy remembrance, "Hercules Park."

Once, at Christmas, which an old Chinese workman described as the time when "foreigners sacrifice geese to their gods," I had been to our city to buy last-minute presents. The wind was bitter, but with thick extra clothing I was warm and contented. My happiness deserted me, however, when on leaving Wheelbarrow Lane I saw huddled behind the great city gate six little destitute boys, with only scraps of threadbare sacking to cover their shivering blue skin. Their bodies were filthy, and from their drawn faces great round eyes were staring. Their blue lips were taut as if they were crying, but it was too cold for tears from those poor haggard waifs.

These unwanted boys are one of the problems of our city, which none of the churches or Christian organizations with their small resources seemed to know how to solve. Some are the children of professional beggars; others are orphans, without relatives to care for them; still others have run away from home and been lost. A few of the wealthy families help them by spasmodic charity. Shopkeepers and housewives could nearly always be relied on to spare them a few grains of rice, but there were no organized measures to try to lead them out of their miserable existence. Unwanted girls are not found in

the streets. The unfortunate ones are sold to the brothels ; a little better is the lot of those who are taken by families as *mut sai* or bond-maids ; the most fortunate of all are adopted, sometimes in very good homes, as possible future wives for boys of the family.

Orphaned boys, apart from those who are cared for by relatives and friends, are adopted or go to the temples or are condemned to drift on the streets. They beg from door to door, and if they survive the exposure and the half-rotten food they are given, or which they sort from the refuse, they sometimes can carry the sacred umbrellas at funerals or bear gifts to a happy young bride. Once, as a number of cows were being driven through the city, their brass bells ringing in pleasant discord, I happened to see crouching under them several of these urchins trying to milk them with their mouths as they walked down the street.

That Christmas Eve as I returned home after shopping, the storekeepers were already bringing in their wares from the food-shops and putting up their shutters, the apprentices fitting them into the rough wooden slots with cheerful clattering, as much as to say with relief, "Another day over." As the last shutters were wedged in position, the glow of the oil lamps inside shone through the narrowing spaces, and at last each family was secure in its home. In the streets the doubled-up beggars were shut out to a night of bitter cold, with no protection unless they could find a little waste straw or had managed to beg a few scraps of charcoal to glow in their small fire-baskets. For those who were half naked it was too cold for sleep. For many the one hope of

happiness seemed to lie in the possibility that before morning they would be dead.

It seemed as though nobody cared for those outcasts ; but this was not true. A number of people who realized that a two-hundred-cash piece thrown to this one or that was no real solution were deeply considering what could be done. Officials and magistrates, with no experience of poor law administration, were planning how they could free the streets of these miserable objects. They realized that the grown men and women were probably beyond all hope of reform.

One day some months later I saw in the city two policemen collecting these poor beggar children. They bound them with ropes and led them out from the city. A more abject procession it is hard to imagine, as these small boys in their filth and their rags did not know what was happening ; they might, from the fear in their faces, have been going to their death.

Florence Tau, a medical student in her interne year, could not keep from her mind the question of what had become of these little boys. She determined that she must find out, so in her spare time she visited the temple, a *li* beyond Wheelbarrow Lane, which was one of the places where the beggars were housed. She found nearly three hundred of the children gathered in the loggias which surrounded the big open courtyards. They were huddled together in front of the altars. Several diseased boys with fevers and horrible sores were lying in a pile of old straw. They had no bedding to cover them, except some old sacking. Eight or nine

of the boys, luckier than the others, had secured an old bed-quilt. The city officials were giving them food probably better and more plentiful than ever they had before in their lives, but they had to eat with their fingers from old broken bowls or from small pieces of bent tin. Those in charge had not realized that more was required than just giving them rice.

Miss Tau became very unhappy at what she had seen. When she returned to the Jen Dah hospital she collected some bandages and medicines, and during her next time off duty she returned to the temple. She paid visits daily; and the small boys soon grew to know her. They watched anxiously for her, running to greet her when she came to the door. With the help of some of her friends she began to wash the dirt from their rags and their bodies. In the hospital wards she told the rich patients about the work she was doing. On her rounds to some of the mansions in the city she managed to interest certain wealthy ladies in these poor little strays. With the money she gathered she bought bowls and chopsticks for all the children. She also bought cloth, and did not find it difficult to get other students and nurses and some of the patients to help with the sewing, so that soon half the beggars had adequate clothing. The churches in Duliang were all eager to help her as far as they could.

Many of the boys she found mentally dull, but some were exceedingly bright. Among the latter were probably those who had run away from their homes. The intelligent boys she taught to make garments, and in her spare time she sat with them sewing and mending.

Three nights a week this remarkable girl arranged a night school for some of the brightest. She borrowed rooms in one of the city churches, and obtained leave from the officials to have the boys there. As they went through the streets, all clean in their new clothes, it was obvious that they were gaining a new self-respect. They were no longer beggars but students.

My student friend, Chen Deh-li, threw himself wholeheartedly into the work of collecting money for clothes to give to the boys. Edward Fu helped Miss Tau to run the daily dispensary. It was amazing to see Wu Su-may rushing round on his bicycle collecting old clothes; he was one of the students whose one thought had seemingly been of himself. The group took selected boys to every meeting and entertainment that they thought might help widen their outlook. On Sundays, at the hospital church service, it was a regular thing to see Florence Tau sitting among a group of the boys.

Thanks to the sensitive nature of this Chinese girl who had worried herself about these poor little boys a scheme of reform has now come into being, a scheme which it is hoped will not be as ephemeral as many in this land of good intentions. The Government officials, willing but inexperienced, saw through her practical example just what could be done. They themselves are now planning to organize ventures in the other parts of the city where they have segregated beggar children.

Frequently there are terrible quarrels in Wheelbarrow Lane. One day as I was approaching the tea-

shop there were angry shouts coming from the middle of a crowd. A man and a woman were working themselves up into an uncontrollable passion.

"This unspeakable woman has stolen my money."

"This man, a vile impostor, has turned me out of my house."

"A dollar was missing."

"It was my very own dollar, the foul son of a tortoise."

"The liar, it was not."

By the pitch of the voices it seemed as though murder was not very far distant. Before I could reach the scene, suddenly the crowd parted, for out of the black lacquer door of Jen Shiao, the primary school, stepped the headmaster, Gow Chung-ho, a middle-aged man in rough western-style clothes, wearing large round spectacles and with a short scanty beard. The people evidently knew him, for they listened to his words as he bade them be silent. He asked what was the matter, and the man and the woman answered briefly and sullenly as he drew their grievance out of them. He spoke to them gently, and their surly looks softened. He appealed to the crowd, who nodded approval; then he soon had them laughing. He called for tea and left the man and woman, rather embarrassed, sipping it together.

Gow saw me and called me to come back with him into the school.

"You must not think that this rowing is all vulgar behaviour," he said as we settled in the straight-backed chairs of the guest-room. "It is the best way that

the people have of securing justice. They bring their quarrels out into the open and lay them before the jury of public opinion. Of course those who speak first and loudest have some advantages, but the neighbours are shrewd and pretty good judges."

I asked Gow about the new legal system of which China is so rightly proud, but he maintained that although it may be good for those who have money and important affairs, the old method is best for the ordinary people. Public opinion certainly is a force that makes for orderly behaviour, but, as one might expect, it regards the restoration of peace as more important than the clear distinction of right from wrong. This affects even the Christian community. The pastor of a Duliang church died one summer of malaria. His widow, a grasping woman, was not satisfied with the pension she received, but insisted on an excessive sum in addition as compensation. She had no right on her side, but she clamoured everywhere, raising her complaint in service-time on Sunday mornings, shouting at church leaders as they went about the streets, and telling her woes to all who would listen. Driven to desperation, those in authority consulted the local magistrate, who represented the old rather than the new forms of justice. Peace was the main aspect that appealed to him. After bargaining with the woman he fixed a sum which should be paid to her to keep her quiet, and there was nothing for the church to do but pay the bill.

Public opinion in China is such a force that in self-protection anyone who is in the wrong must quickly

justify himself to avoid condemnation. One day I saw a rickshaw-puller knock over a child who had suddenly run out into the street. "Hold him, hold him, he has killed a child," shouted a group of women; but before their voices were raised the rickshaw-puller had already cried: "This child's mother is a lazy slut, and does not know how to keep her baby safe." Because he yelled first and loudest they let him go, and, instead of holding him, only cursed, while the child, unnoticed, picked himself up and ran home.

For an ill-treated wife public opinion is the greatest hope, for if she really has been wronged people will give her moral support. Only very rarely will outsiders actively interfere, but the offender feels shame if he knows that others disapprove, and except in the most hardened cases may soon mend his ways.

Public opinion being so vital it was with interest that I went with Gow Chung-ho round his school, for I knew that he specially stressed general education of the people so that their opinion might become more enlightened. In the beginning the school had been founded by Jen Dah as an experimental kindergarten run on modern lines. Before that time Gow had been an urchin brought up in the Lane. In his early teens he was employed as a coolie by Dr Langham, who saw that the boy was remarkably intelligent and so taught him to read and write. He then sent him to school where Gow, because of his excellent work, was given a scholarship. Langham had vision to see that the boy needed personal adjustments if his life were to be effective. Left in

Wheelbarrow Lane, Gow might easily have shared the fate which later came to the son of Jay, the ambitious cook, but happily he was sent by Langham away to a middle school at Lintan, where friendship arose between him and David Fan.

Gow was one of the first students to come to our college, and when he had finished his course he went to the kindergarten among his own people. Almost at once he added the primary school, Jen Shiao. From smallest beginnings the school developed until not only the poor boys and girls attended, but our staff sent their children, while still others came from rich homes in Duliang. This man of humble origin had become quite famous, and his methods were followed by many other schools.

The first thing the visitor noticed at Jen Shiao was that by the sides of the paths and over the narrower walks were hung painted signs, those in blue giving the children instruction in their behaviour, describing school regulations; while those in red were moral sentiments, sickly but no doubt much needed. The children in their classrooms learned the usual subjects, but also they had special training. They knew how houses were built and how roads could be drained. They learned swimming and fire drill. They raised money for their own school and also for orphans and blind children, and then for the beggar boys we mentioned earlier. They had fly-killing campaigns, and last year in one week fifty thousand of these pests were slaughtered. They also learned to care for animals. As the small boys and girls came to under-

stand their rabbits and monkeys, the usual rather callous attitude of the Chinese was replaced by sympathetic care.

Gow realized that if he were to deal successfully with children he must not neglect their parents, so he taught the fathers and mothers the Thousand Character script and how to care for babies and the growing boys and girls. He knew the needs of all his people. The students of Jen Dah Education Department, doing their practice teaching under his guidance, gained real experience of a successful attempt to educate the masses. They had closest contact with a man who, once a student like themselves, had learnt how to inspire others with his faith.

Gradually our Christian Student Association has grown more ambitious. Co-operating with others, whose motives are patriotic rather than religious, it has gone farther afield. In a small village an hour's walk away it has established a station. To this Edward Fu has gone as the first resident worker. When he finished his medical course he decided that he would give to the people one year of his life. And so for a wage that is less than a farmer's and hardly enough to buy him rice and fuel, he is setting an example which we hope others will follow. He runs a night school for mass education and has opened a dispensary, seeking to understand the people among whom he lives. At least once every week other students join him to hold religious services or to help the farmers to select their seed or improve their crops.

Sometimes the teams go by bus along the new motor roads to spend week-ends in and around some small market town. Theological, medical, agricultural and other well-wishing teachers and students share in this work, which sometimes has served to bring into being co-operative schemes in which we unite with the local officials. Recently I joined an enlarged team of the Christian Student Association, staying for a week during our winter vacation in a small town seven miles from Duliang. We lived in an old Buddhist temple enjoying the real hospitality of the priests, as they thought of our needs and entered into our spirit.

The mornings and evenings were given to worship and discussion, usually in a square "heavenly well" among the crêpe myrtle, or in a small sheltered courtyard by a twisted old banyan, under which was placed a simple altar, decorated with flowers and candles arranged round a plain wooden cross. Each afternoon we divided into small bands, going out to the farms and the villages. Often we found the doors closed against us, but sought to break down the barriers of suspicion and doubt and to make friends with the people.

The last day was one we shall never forget. In the open square of the town, before the high platform used for theatricals during the feasts of the gods, a great crowd gathered. Seven or eight hundred blue-coated country-folk, come to market from the places which the small bands had visited, had accepted our invitation for the final mass meeting. For nearly four hours they stood in the square. Round the sides were the women, while in

the centre was a solid mass of men ; the children, of course, had pushed their way to the front. Some of the crowd were bareheaded, but most had a cloth wound round their temples. Faces, which seemed never to move, were upturned to the platform ; eyes were glowing ; mouths were open and at first scarcely a sound passed through the motionless throng, though their expressions showed that they were not unresponsive. They listened with polite attention to the short speeches made by John Sen and others ; but when a series of impromptu plays was announced an air of expectancy swept over the group.

Our students will never rehearse a play, but, given the briefest of outlines, their innate histrionic ability carries them through. They know how to move an audience to laughter and to tears. Countless eyes filled as the cruel rewards of opium-smoking were depicted ; there were grunts of approval as a small orphan child was helped to study and so set on the path leading to distinction and service.

The success of the occasion was a medical play. King Disease held court and summoned his councillors—Louse, Mosquito, Flea, Bed-bug and Fly—to improve their activities in spreading disease. Each in unmistakable costume, with his own picture stuck on his back, planned his campaign.

“Old Wong the Barber’s baby has typhus,” said Louse. “I will bite him and then bite the baby next door, and so on down the street until all are infected.”

"Widow Chen has a cesspool which has not been cleaned out for years," announced Fly, mentioning a fact which made every one laugh. "I will find something to eat there and then go to the food-shop and taste what they are selling. Magistrate Sung has invited many important people to dinner, and the food-shop is preparing their feast. I shall walk on their bowls and so make dysentery spread."

"I shall breed in the pools by the side of the temple, and will buzz in the night from Old Liu who has malaria to the pretty young Lo bride, who hasn't yet bothered to mend the hole in her bed curtains," said Mosquito. And so, one by one, they discussed how they would increase disease. The topical jokes caused great bursts of laughter; while the actors, as they warmed to their unrehearsed task, were wittier than they expected. They drew upon the facts we had discovered, and the gossip we had heard, until the audience felt they were part of the play. It was nothing obscure and remote but something which affected their most intimate lives.

The second scene showed the attack. Appreciative mirth greeted the antics of Flea as he hopped down the neck of unwashed Mrs Ma, and then up the trousers of the tinsmith as he shuffled past in his slippers. Fly hovered on the sugar-cane exposed on the stalls by the side of the street, and then, after visiting Widow Chen's cesspool, played on the lips of the carpenter's new baby as it was strapped on the back of its buxom young mother. The final scene came with the victims in hospital, slowly won back to health and, it is hoped,

to a reformed way of life. The play over, all tongues were immediately loosened. Every one was telling his neighbour what he knew of disease, and was good-humouredly laughing at the butts of the jokes. Widow Chen's cesspool will remind them of us for many a day ; but whether they will do anything about it is quite another affair.

The day closed with a bonfire for the team. We sat in a ring round the blazing brushwood, while in the shadows, like motionless statues, stood some of the townsfolk who had crept in to see what strange rite was being observed. Together we sang songs, rounds and hymns, and told the usual stories of student days in western lands, and the laughable things we foreigners say in our poor Chinese. The spirit of comradeship united us all. The night air was cold despite the warmth in our faces ; and some of the students brought the padded quilts from their beds. The man next to me put his quilt round my shoulders as well as round his own. "Come under the auspices of my counterpane," he invited, grown sufficiently bold to speak English.

Finally we made the bonfire an international affair. Stepping out from the ring, each of us told of the special problems of our nation ; and as we spoke we fed faggots to the flames which we pictured as being the courageous spirit of the youth of the world. Then when the countries actually represented were exhausted, the students impersonated others—one, with great bravery, speaking for Japan. Round the fire in the old temple courtyard we saw that night how youth the world over

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is confronted by critical questions, and how the spirit of the new generation is one single flame. In this remote town of China we realized that co-operation across frontiers, discarding all barriers of colour and race, is essential to the peace and harmony of the world.

CHAPTER V

THE SOUL OF CHINA

ONLY a few years ago Jen Dah was caught up in a wave of intense anti-foreign feeling. There have been such striking developments in the outlook of succeeding student generations that it is difficult now to believe that we were once so immature and futile. As we note the changes that have taken place we realize that our college has reflected the spirit of the Chinese nation. In the early days of the Republic, when Jen Dah was founded, there was still belief that all that was required to make China great was for her to acquire the superficial knowledge of the West. If China had ships and trains, if steel bridges spanned her rivers, if her citizens could speak to one another across great distances by telephone, if she had big guns and high explosives, then China would be great. Moreover, it was believed that she would still be the same ancient China, the Middle Kingdom, the Flowery Land beloved of God which, without suffering any fundamental change, would become great in this modern world, where, by force of arms, barbarian nations fulfilled their imperialistic dreams.

In those days students flocked to the Christian schools, eager for western knowledge. Amid great

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enthusiasm and the encouragement of the Chinese gentry, Jen Dah responded to the popular demand by increasing its staff and adding new scientific subjects to its curriculum.

Then came disillusionment. It was discovered that western inventions were not merely material, but that behind them was a spiritual force. As motor-cars and Lewis guns began to alter the external life of China, a new philosophy and the scientific spirit were corroding the old religious traditions on which China's life was based. Instead of achieving greatness China was driven into chaos.

As social life disintegrated and whole counties were laid waste by civil war, and as the economic structure began to break in the general turmoil, the blame for these great humiliations was laid upon foreign powers, particularly upon imperialistic Britain and Japan. It was only natural that this should be so. The Chinese remembered how trade had been forced upon them: ports which the victorious nations had compelled her to open were doors through which the poisonous opium came. These other nations seemed to care so little for China's internal difficulties and thought only of their trade. Then, after the coming of the Republic, again and again the movements which were full of promise, or the men who, it was popularly thought, might lead China to prosperity, were thwarted by the foreign powers which supported decaying governments and reactionary warlords for fear lest the money they had invested should be imperilled. The unequal treaties which placed foreigners living in China outside the jurisdiction of Chinese law

were felt both as a humiliation and as a force which prevented China putting her own house in order.

"Down with imperialism"; "Abolish the unequal treaties"; "Take back education out of foreign control" were slogans which were often chalked in those days upon our doorposts or on our college walls. Once a group of schoolboys from the city were pasting a particularly objectionable poster on our garden gate, and I asked them why they did it. "These are our grounds, this is our house. You have stolen it from us," they replied. When I pointed out that we had rented the land, they still would not modify their attitude. "If you rented it, then it was only because your country forced us to agree," said one; and considering the clause in the treaty giving special privileges to missionaries, there was some truth in what he said. Another day a young soldier sat himself uninvited in a chair on our veranda, truculently and quite untruthfully stating, "These foreign houses were built by Chinese money for the Chinese people and then seized by you foreigners."

Every one was thinking of the wickedness of foreigners. There were talks in the tea-shops and special lectures in the schools. "But why do you want all this money?" said an old lady to Miss Peterfield, who was then warden of the women's hostel. "I know you are doing good helping us in China, but you are so rich and I am poor." It turned out that the official collecting yet another war tax for the military governor of the city had told the people that the money was to support the foreigners at our college.

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"*Shien-sen*, will you post this letter for me?" asked Old Wang, the coolie. "Why not post it yourself?" I questioned in reply. "Because you can send it free," he answered. This puzzled me, for I knew that many a time he had taken stamped letters for me to the post office. Then I discovered that he did not know the significance of postage stamps, though he knew that on the odd occasions when he sent letters of his own he had to hand not only his letter but also some *cash* across the counter. "You foreigners are fortunate getting your vegetables for nothing," another workman told me. He had heard that we sent our servants at night to steal from the farmers round about who, because of the unequal treaties, could take no steps against us.

Some of our own students also were perplexed. "When will your king allow you to go home on furlough?" asked one, who believed we were all agents of our governments. "Why do you have a British Consul in Duliang?" asked another, who thought of the consular officials as the forerunners of imperialist invasion. He could hardly be persuaded that there were similar Chinese officials in Great Britain, and certainly did not believe that there were more Chinese living in the British Empire than there were British in China. We had difficulty, too, over our students' physical examination, for the word went round that this was part of an attempt to discover the physical strength of China, so that Great Britain would know how many soldiers she would need to control the country.

Nevertheless, for the most part our students went

quietly about their work, saying little but no doubt thinking much. However, after British gunboats had bombarded the city of Wanhhsien in order to protect British trade on China's internal waters, it was too much even for them. As we have already described, those who were too loyal to make open trouble went quietly to their homes. The rest paraded past our houses shouting anti-foreign slogans. Emotions were so much aroused that some of our boys even muttered under their breath, "*Sha, sha—kill, kill,*" as they passed their western teachers. As Tang Su-may, re-telling the story of that period, said, "Every Harry, Dick and Tom seemed to think that to kick a row was the only way to show he loved his country."

Classes were difficult and relations strained. Jen Dah was in gravest danger: enemies outside united with enemies within. That was the time when Shu Fu-lin's father led the rabble which knocked down our walls. A few months later, feeling still running high, a strike of students and servants was arranged. The hostels were emptied, our college was deserted. The shops on Wheelbarrow Lane were closed against us, and we would have starved but for a group of friendly students who came by night with food. Gradually, however, the notion spread, perhaps encouraged by city officials who feared lest things should go too far, that there was no quarrel with us as individuals, but only with our nations. Servants returned, classes were resumed, but not before many western families had been compelled to move to the coast.

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After this dark night a new dawn came slowly both for the nation and for our college. In her hour of need China had turned to Russia as the one country that would help her. Numbers of perplexed but loyal people embraced Communism, hoping to do their share in saving China. They saw in it a way of ridding the country of corrupt officials and of bringing in a better day for the common people. Later, many of them realized that it was not bringing all the blessings they had hoped. Chiang Kai-shek, as he led his victorious armies north from Canton on their march of conquest and unification, saw that he must break with Russia. Communism, for the time being at any rate, no longer holds the vital place it did in China's life, though numbers of students still incline towards it.

With the victory of Chiang Kai-shek and the establishment of the National Government at Nanking, a new day dawned for China. The new leaders, men of ripe experience, saw that the real troubles of their country lay not solely in its relations with foreign powers, but largely in itself. They knew that the stability of ancient China had been undermined by the spirit of the modern world. They saw that they must reconstruct their nation, basing its strength on the character and unity of its people.

Our students followed with great enthusiasm the progress of the Nationalist army under Chiang. They rejoiced as one by one the majority of the provinces gave allegiance to Nanking. They resumed their studies in a more contented frame of mind as the nation became more

stable. Since the European War the students had known that despite the differing colours of our skins, men of all nations are made of common clay. They noted, but did not overflow with gratitude, when the Powers made belated overtures of friendliness and changed their policies to suit the times. No longer did we westerners occupy the position we formerly held in the students' minds. We did not represent a culture which must slavishly be copied, nor were our nations considered the sole reason of China's degradation. A new relationship based on mutual respect was springing up.

Men and women come to study at Jen Dah from a variety of motives. To become a scholar has been the ambition of Chinese youth for many a generation; and certain students are sent from the wealthier families with this aim in view. The desire to qualify themselves for entering the new professions is probably the reason why the majority of our students come; in these days of economic change the need for discovering fresh ways of gaining a livelihood is very real. A few have a sense of real vocation; they would serve the Church as pastors, or their country as teachers or doctors. It is true to say that with very few exceptions the students feel a real responsibility toward their native land. Patriotism has been inculcated with intensity from kindergarten to college. They are deeply sensitive to the misfortunes which have beset their country, and hope that they may have a part to play in bringing new power and glory to her. In years gone by the students felt that by strikes and

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boycotts and anti-foreign agitation they must check the actions of unpatriotic statesmen and make themselves a powerful factor in shaping Chinese policy. When Chiang Kai-shek was established in Nanking he told the students firmly that they could best serve China by attending to their studies and leaving national and international affairs to the Government itself. Although our students acquiesced, they never forgot that they were the self-appointed guardians of the nation, the one organized and articulate body of opinion in China, which if need arose could make its voice heard and its opinions known.

When the students turned again to concentrate upon their studies, the questions they asked were upon what subjects should they specialize, and what should be their attitude to western knowledge. They never tired of discussing these problems among themselves and with their teachers. The need for doctors and teachers, experienced agriculturists, chemists and engineers was obvious enough. They were divided as to China's need of Christian pastors. They also wrangled endlessly as to whether they should accept western knowledge in its entirety, which would involve the adoption of a western philosophy and way of life, or whether they should avoid the modern scientific world and return to the teaching of Confucius and the Sages. The majority of our students felt that a middle course was right. They would examine carefully every aspect of western life and thought, selecting only what could usefully be adapted by a China which still retained much of her old religions and traditions.

Dr Fan, a wise leader of our students in their perplexities, pointed out at one of our weekly assemblies how culture was now not national but world-wide. Neither East nor West could claim the monopoly of wisdom. China must learn from other people not grudgingly and only in order to win power, but with enthusiasm so as to enrich her life. China herself has contributions to give to the new world culture. No longer can we say that we will take the best of the East and combine it with the best of the West, but instead each country must take from the common stock all that will help it to develop its special genius to the full.

Dr Fan stressed the good fortune of the students that they could learn directly from western teachers about occidental culture. He urged that more of them should study history, and emphasized that though they naturally desired all that was modern, it was impossible to judge the present or think intelligently of the future without a knowledge of the past. "Only as you form sound judgment," he said to them, "and develop a sense of what is true and fitting, can you hope naturally and without mistake to select from the common culture of the world those things which will make you truly great. The future of our China may depend on the choice we make."

Another turn which has led our students along the road of constructive nationalism came with the Japanese aggression in Manchuria in 1931. This has changed the focus of their patriotic endeavours. The vague anti-foreign feelings which still lingered were concentrated on their island neighbour. With the failure of the League

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of Nations to stay the hand of Japan, there came, after the first wave of depression had passed, a realization that China could not rely on other countries to come to her aid, but she must herself fight her own battles. A clarion call for repentance and for dedication was issued from Nanking; and with a ready will our students set themselves to work towards a new and clearly defined goal.

The goal so distinct in the minds of our young men and women was rather different from that defined by the Chinese Government itself, whose policy had been conciliatory to Japan. Though many believe that the day of battle must inevitably come, yet there is much to do before that time, unless, of course, the issue is suddenly forced. A greater unity of the people is necessary, and reconstructive measures are required to develop rural areas in order to produce economic prosperity and the attendant loyal co-operation of the farming classes.

In the Great Hall of Jen Dah were hung new scrolls, one on either side of the portrait of Sun Yat-sen and the flags of modern China. In bold gold characters one reads: "Place the interest of the State above that of the individual," while the other scroll balances this by admonishing us to "Place the interest of future generations above that of the past and present." What revolutionary sayings for a land in which for generations people have looked back with reverence to their ancestors, longing that an ancient golden age might come again!

One wonderful day the Generalissimo himself came to Duliang. Our students waited for several hours,

standing in the blazing sunshine on a great parade ground with tens of thousands of other young men and women and boys and girls from the colleges and schools. At last their hero stood before them. "The aim of your education," he said, in words similar to those he used in other parts of China, "should be to train exemplary soldiers and worthy citizens for the State. You should not desire power or glory for yourselves. The aim of life is not individualistic. Instead you should seek glory for our nation, of which the individual is a part."

He told the students that the Government was expecting that each one of them would become self-reliant and self-controlled, entirely self-respecting and self-supporting. He explained to them that when he said they should be militarized he meant not that they should all be men of war, but that they should have the spirit of the soldier. They should be strictly disciplined, obedient to the call of duty. They should have solidarity and calmness in the hour of need. They should make their own the military virtues of wisdom, faithfulness, kindness and courage. They must bear responsibility and be honest. "Unless we militarize," he concluded, "we cannot become modern citizens, our nation cannot attain independence or glory. But we must remember that our final aim is world fellowship. We must seek to pacify the world and spread virtue in every corner of the globe. To do this we must enforce the *Three Peoples' Principles* of Dr Sun Yat-sen, first in our own country and then in time throughout the world, but before we can pacify other lands we must pacify our own. Before we can

do this we must rule the family, and even this depends upon the discipline and honour of the individual."

Was it only still more words, we wondered, as we listened to the speech, remembering the many slogans that had had their day and now were forgotten? Was it similar to the posters which the students in their enthusiasm had pasted on our doors, where exposed to the rain and sunshine they gradually rotted away, meaning in terms of action practically nothing? Somehow we felt that this was different. This was directed and controlled; action and not mere sentiment was demanded of the people.

For some of us the words we heard had also an ominous ring about them. It would seem as though the peace-loving attitude of the Chinese was being deliberately undermined. The habits and traditions of generations were being swept away in a sudden overwhelming passion for a man who represented for youth the salvation of the country. How much the students were filled by worship of Chiang Kai-shek was apparent in 1936, on Christmas Day, when he was released from his captivity in Sian. When the news was received the students went wild with enthusiastic rapture; but to me, more significant than the crackers and parades was a note which I found waiting for me on my return home on Christmas night after spending the evening with some friends. I did not then know of the release, but a student had thought of me and written "Besides the happiness of Christ's birthday here comes another happy news. The Generalissimo is free again. Long live

our leader." Assuredly 25th December will be added as a festival to the Chinese calendar: but it will be remembered not only as the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

As in other parts of China, the lives of the people of Duliang and of Jen Dah were being regulated by the New Life Movement. By simple rules and regulations a new orderliness and control were being introduced. Special police taught us that we must fasten the buttons of our coats, we must not eat or smoke as we walked along the streets, hands must be taken out of trouser-pockets. These might seem trivial details, but individual discipline begins with such small things. Imagine the colossal courage of the men who were determined to rebuild from the very foundation this new China of four hundred million people. They hoped to check the disintegration of the nation by cultivating habits of simplicity and integrity in the people; they strove to replace "make do" and "out not much" by a new thoroughness and a clear perception of right and wrong.

Every morning just before dawn the callers-up went round the city summoning the people from their beds. By five o'clock the shops in Wheelbarrow Lane were all open. They were spick and span, ready to start the day's business, which continued until dark or at latest until nine o'clock, by which time the people must be off the streets. Every morning for an hour, on the little playground we called "Hercules Park," and even on our ground (for our gates kept no one out, least of all

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anyone in soldier's uniform), the able-bodied men and apprentices were marched up and down. They were given their first ideas of corporate discipline, and then sent home by their military instructors with such appetites as they had never known before.

There were difficulties, of course. One noon Wang, the coffin-maker, was eating his meal with special pleasure. It included a dried hare his son had brought him from the country. He sucked the salty morsels and, forgetting the New Life Movement and that he was a regimented man, he spat the bones with pleasure on to the pavement just outside his shop. It was sad for him that at that moment a soldier happened to be passing. He saw the bones and pointing with his finger ordered the coffin-maker to sweep them up. Slightly daunted, Wang nodded cheerfully, "Yes, as soon as I have finished." "Do it at once," the soldier answered. This aroused the coffin-maker's ire, and in a loud voice he announced to all and sundry certain opinions about the soldier's parents. The soldier at once attempted to arrest him, but unfortunately the coffin-maker was the head-man of ten houses. As the soldier laid his hands upon him Wang blew his whistle. Neighbours came running to the rescue and several soldiers joined their colleague, while the offending bones, now quite forgotten, were snapped up by Wang's dog. In the fracas several civilian heads were broken; and it was some time before the incident was forgotten. After that it was decided that our students must educate Wheelbarrow Lane. So they held meetings; and in twos and threes

they went from house to house explaining the significance of the New Life Movement.

Besides teaching others, these student-preachers of this new religion were realizing that they must themselves lead moral lives. They were, in fact, learning to live more simply and healthily under the discipline of the New Life Movement, and were probably taking their studies more seriously than at any time since Jen Dah was opened. By order of the Government they were under military discipline, by means of which it was hoped they would develop a real unity as a group and that as individuals all the virtues would flower within them. They got up before dawn, saluting the flag as it was raised. Then after physical training they returned to the hostels to prepare for breakfast. Instead of being free-and-easy times, meals became the occasion for regularity and good behaviour. Twice a week evenings were taken up by lectures from Colonel Liu, the instructor who was appointed to us by the Government authorities; and on two afternoons a week the whole student body had military drill, the girls substituting classes in military nursing for part of these.

At first our students enjoyed the new regime, but then their attitude changed. The drill was giving them health, round shoulders were straightening, and they moved more briskly to and from their classes: this, however, would have been the result of any form of physical drill. From the military and patriotic lectures they gained little. The Colonel, with the best intentions in the world, could only pour out propaganda, and the

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students, whose minds had already been awakened, grew restless at the waste of time. The endless forming fours did not seem to bring them any nearer saving China. When, in revolt, a student refused to toe the line and Liu locked him up and fed him on salt water and plain rice, the students rescued their comrade; and the Colonel, through pressure of opinion, was forced to leave Jen Dah. After that the attitude to military drill was never quite the same. The students did it because it was their duty to their country, but they no longer believed that it alone would bring salvation.

It is easy to understand why China should so stress this cult of patriotism, with its resulting emphasis on discipline and physical fitness, yet it cannot but be a matter for regret that it should be so definitely on military lines. There are other types of drill much more likely than stiff parades to give growing young men and women healthy habits and graceful, well-developed bodies. There are worthier aims for a country than to become a powerful armed camp, spreading more fear and distrust in a world which is already enslaved by the god of war. It is true that China must give her people more self-control, more capacity for organization, and must inculcate habits of co-operation; but playing-fields are more important for these ends than imitation trenches. The world hungers for what China has to give, for the realization that human relationships are of as much significance as abstract principles, and that in the art of living there are ways of settling rival claims and differing opinions other than by open rupture. We believe that

it is not yet too late for the best that is in China to be saved; but for this to come to pass, there is need for consecration on the part of all who love righteousness and peace.

Most of the Christian teachers at Jen Dah felt dismay that the excessive time and energy spent on national training lessened the time the students could give to other things. Athletics, football, tennis and other games were, by common consent, abandoned. Many scientific and literary societies lapsed; and attendance at religious services and Bible study and discussion groups declined.

For those teachers who were pacifists the situation was even more perplexing. We found ourselves part of an institution in which there was compulsory military training, with its attendant military discipline and way of thinking—the latter a much more serious thing than mere proficiency in the art of killing. Without this military training our students could obtain no national certificate on graduation, and would be disqualified from many avenues of work. We were faced with the fact that the Government regulations were supported by the opinion of the large majority of Chinese staff and students and also of the people of Duliang. Few indeed were the Chinese who could understand what pacifism meant; and in a land where compromise is itself a fundamental principle, the idea of personal sacrifice rather than compromise on what seemed an abstract theory appeared to be outside the limits of rational behaviour. Many westerners felt their lips were sealed, for their own countries had made it easier for China to believe that

might was right. Though Chinese friends might hide their smiles, we knew what they were thinking when those who came from countries whose positions were assured preached pacifism and disarmament.

Those who would adopt an extreme position, either on pacifism or any of the other principles we feel so vital in western lands, find that the ground is cut away beneath them. It is not easy to be uncompromising with polite and chivalrous officials who smile at you, and modify their rules and regulations out of consideration for your personal views. Let us change the names of things, they hopefully suggest ; let us obey this rule or that but not the other ; let us re-shuffle the cards and then deal again. Is it surprising that after a while no one knows just where he is ? The bland officials will be quite content though they mix the most incompatible ingredients, and will raise eyebrows in surprise if some westerner with uncompromising vision and tender conscience finds the stew not entirely to his liking. One of our students refused to do military drill and was faced with the fact that his certificate would not be stamped by the Government bureau. He wrote, however, to say that he was determined to serve his country, though not in military ways. In due course he received a pencilled note, stamped with the great red seal of office, to say that the authorities were satisfied and that his diploma would be granted.

There is, in addition, a likelihood that the conditions to which one objects will be modified before an effective protest can be registered against them. The Chinese,

while they may avoid a direct attack and may indeed resist one, have their own methods of getting away from things which they dislike. In the early days of the New Life Movement all Government employees in Duliang had to gather every morning very early in the central park to salute the flag as it was raised and shout the slogans of loyalty and dedication. Now, though the ceremony still continues, it is entirely carried out by two rather shabby policemen who are paid to do it.

Nevertheless, though there is this willingness to compromise, to pay regard to the strange views of western guests, yet it is quite apparent that a new generation is springing up in China which, besides being efficient, has a tendency to be really warlike. Should China ever become an aggressive military power, the world will face one of the greatest problems it has known.

The majority of our Chinese students, confronted as they were with the problem of their relations with Japan, regarded pacifism as a counsel of defeat and cowardice. As Frank Chu, the Dean of Arts, was fond of saying, these were no days in which to talk of peace and reconciliation, but rather to live in that spirit which made war impossible and dispelled all hatred. The Chinese have too much common sense to be interested in an impracticable idealism, and those who would advance a theory must show that it is worth putting into practice, and must be prepared in their own lives to take full risks. Some felt it right to travel through dangerous bandit-ridden districts without the armed guards

courteous officials were willing to provide ; others threw themselves whole-heartedly into one scheme or another for promoting international understanding ; but for all of us the real test lay in little things. We were watched to see what we would do when, for instance, a student to whom we had lent a bicycle sold it without our consent and spent the proceeds on himself, or when a student who had borrowed a gramophone returned it with bows of grateful thanks, leaving us to discover at our leisure that the mainspring had been broken.

Members of the Jen Dah staff, both Chinese and western, knew that in those days of national crisis and awakening the students' personal needs were great. Friendship with them led us to discover the tremendous conflict through which many of them were passing. Over and over again men and women were feeling that in certain ways their loyalty to their country clashed with their loyalty to Jesus Christ. They were torn, as they could not see what road to follow. Even those who could see plainly were often unable to march breast-forward, the living glow being quenched by inner darkness. For all of these the hand of friendship often meant a real release from hesitation and despair.

Though many seemed to be facing life with joy, yet if one got below the surface it was very rarely that one found real happiness. There was much perplexity and doubt in the lives of these young men and women. They felt the pressure of economic hardship in their homes. They were in despair over the humiliation of their country. Like humanity the world over they found

that though they wanted to be strong their lives were full of sin. As one student expressed it in a quaint twisted sentence based on the Biblical phrase: "The ghost is quite willing but the meat is too weak." They saw that in these days of change they must have strength, but they did not know just how to find it. They discovered that when they should be calm and steady they were swayed by dull resentment at the position they were in. They were jealous of others who seemed more fortunate than themselves, while they were discouraged by selfishness which blocked the way as they sought to sacrifice their lives for their fellows and their country.

"By God's good grace, seek to enter into the lives of all our students," said our chaplain, John Sen, on one occasion to the staff, "and by friendship and love help them to find the goal to which they each can strive, proving in their lives that God is sufficient for their needs and that in His service we can find relief from our unworthiness and sin."

To Dr Fan patriotism meant the moral and spiritual regeneration of the people. The accomplishment of this was the task he put before the students after they had bowed together and stood in silence before the portrait of Dr Sun Yat-sen at the weekly assemblies. "It is not only ignorance," he told them once, "but mental stagnation that is our enemy. For so long the people have not used their minds that now they have lost the power to think. When we urge the farmers to use co-operative means, it is not only the economic values we have in mind. Through such things we believe their

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minds can be awakened and they can learn co-operation in every aspect of life. Just as games in kindergartens and schools can lead to unity, so schemes of co-operation can weld people into one, cementing together what Dr Sun has called the loose grains of shifting sand."

The spirit of the new patriotism was urging our students out to service just as the spirit of Jesus Christ had done and still was doing. In this giving of ourselves to others our Christianity and our patriotism blended. "Your service will be empty unless you have the capacity for suffering," Dr Fan said at one of his weekly talks. I was watching the students as he said it. They hung upon his every word. I saw that my friend Chen Deh-li was, like the others, filled with a sense of personal dedication. Visiting him later in his room I noticed that he had copied and hung upon his wall the words: "Do not fear if our country is poor, weak, or oppressed; only fear lest our hearts should fail and that hope should die within us." "No, I am not afraid," he said to me when I asked him. "We of our generation have discovered that for us there can be only bitterness and sorrow. We are learning 'to calculate upon the abacus of suffering.' Jesus suffered too. Perhaps like Him we of our generation shall in our pain discover something deeper than happiness and joy. When we have finished," he added simply, in words which often sprang to the lips of youth, "China will be both strong and free." A few weeks later he graduated in agriculture and went to live among the farmers.

Just as a change is taking place in the lives of Chinese

men and women, so it is also true that a transformation is taking place in national life. In the old days there was never any national spirit as we know it. The family, the trade guilds and the social organizations were all highly developed, but there was no state in the modern meaning of the word. The Chinese nation lacked a soul. One evening as I was walking across the playing-fields the bugle blew. I stood still as the students gathered before the flagstaff. From three hundred clear young voices came the notes of the National Anthem. The sound, gradually swelling from its low beginning, floated beyond our college grounds so that farmers in the rice and vegetable fields paused to listen, while the young apprentices on Wheelbarrow Lane stood briskly to attention. The melody suddenly ceased when the short verse was over, and as the bugle sounded all eyes were raised to the flag while it was slowly lowered. I remembered the days when the ceremony had been begun. Looking at the intent faces of the men and women I realized that since then something had taken place. Here in our students the soul of China was being born.

CHAPTER VI

WALKING IN CHINESE SHOES

"I was wrong," apologized Li Yoh-deh, the hospital pharmacy clerk, when we were discussing how to remedy a rather serious failure in our administration.

"Yes, perhaps you were," quickly replied Mead-Smith, our accountant. "If you had only recognized it a little sooner we need not have wasted all this time."

"Indeed, I was not wrong at all." Li, a red flush mounting to his cheeks, was on his feet. "The entire fault lay in the accountant's office." He raised his voice and for the next half-hour we listened to a painful tirade, which, instead of bringing a solution nearer, only sowed fresh seeds of bitterness.

"The trouble with so many of you westerners," Frank Chu said to me afterwards, "is that you have never learned to walk in Chinese shoes. Of course the fault lay almost entirely with Li Yoh-deh, but every problem has two sides. By acknowledging his mistake Li had come a long way along the road and had put the subject on such a basis that we could have discussed it quietly. If Mead-Smith had also acknowledged blame, the whole affair would now be settled. But I know," he smiled at me, "it is hard to put on Chinese shoes."

"Walking in Chinese shoes" is indeed one of the

hardest arts for British and Americans to acquire. So many of the conventional subtleties of the East and West are so different that, with the best wish in the world, we cannot always behave just as we should. It is true that in every land the design of courtesy is to smooth away the rough places in human relationships and help men to live happily with their fellows ; but, unless one can understand the traditions on which society is based, it is not easy to be sure that our behaviour is correct or will even be understood. Chinese friends have natural gifts of sympathetic politeness, and in times of doubt if we can follow the highest standards we know we shall at least call forth a courteous response. We westerners find that our sense of the value of truth and principle for their own sakes is exaggerated when we are brought face to face with those who regard human relationships and compromise as of even more importance. Those who have been mellowed by many years of life in China consider that a happy mean is to be preferred to the extremes of either East or West.

Every westerner gradually learns what is expected of him. My own first lesson came when I was acting as warden of the hostel of Good Comradeship. One of the students who lived there had been exceedingly rude to Tang Su-may, whose misquoted English was one of our delights. We met in Dr Walton's study to discuss the matter, Tang threatening resignation largely because of the loss of face he had sustained. Only one thing could conciliate him : expulsion of the boy ; but this for personal reasons no one wanted, not even Tang himself,

whatever he might say to the contrary. In our attempt to find a satisfactory formula we argued together for several hours. Tang, with an agitation which increased as time went on, paced back and forth, excitedly reviewing the case and demanding the boy's dismissal. We had come no nearer a solution when at length we adjourned.

That evening I visited Lee Yuan-chang, our very thorough geologist, whose advice I welcomed, for he was one of the few who did not fear to speak frankly to his friends. As we sat in the simply furnished study in his house beyond the lakeside wood, I learned that in my innocence I was partly to blame for the impasse. Tang Su-may had said several times that some one was trying to "pass the bucket," but I had not taken his words to heart and realized that he considered I was shelving my responsibility.

"If only you had taken all the blame as we expected you to do," Lee told me, "the discussion would have been over immediately. If you had said it was all your fault that the student had been so badly trained,"—and this despite the fact that I had been warden only a few weeks and hardly knew the boy!—"then Tang would have said no more, for you and he are of equal status. Your apology would have balanced his loss of face, and we could have dealt with the student as a separate problem." I made amends by letter, and sure enough the incident was over. I began to realize that there are subtle methods of negotiation needed in almost every circumstance, that our western directness

may lead only to disaster, and that every one who lives in China must learn to be a diplomat in his small way.

After that I listened with new understanding to students when at meetings they gave the customary apology in advance for the poorness of the programme, hoping we would excuse their inexperience and instruct them to do better. I realized that it was more than mere politeness that made the perfect host deride his own attempts to entertain us, expressing the hope that he might learn improvements from his guests. Criticism must be disarmed in advance; this is the touchstone of one's attitude to others. By taking the lowest seat one ensures that one cannot be abased still further, while the elevation to a better place, which inevitably follows, gives a sensation which increases self-respect.

The next big lesson came from an unfortunate misunderstanding with Dr Sung, lecturer in the history department. One day in the hostel of Good Comradeship I noticed that a table of ordinary design such as students use had been placed in the main hall-way. It seemed obviously out of place, and so, as the warden, responsible for the tidiness of the building, I moved it inside the store-room. A few days later I began to be aware that some of the Chinese staff were not as friendly as they had been and that the students also seemed strained. Finally, things got to such a pitch that I sought out Dr Fan. "Certainly there have been students' meetings to discuss you," he said. I was aghast by what he told me. "You know you have greatly offended Dr Sung, who is telling us that now he understands the meaning of imperialism.

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The table that you moved was put in the hall by him ; he was going to put some of his prize chrysanthemums upon it. He feels that you have deliberately insulted him."

"Of course I did not mean to offend," I replied. "I had no idea that it was Dr Sung who put the table there. Why did not he or you come direct to me so that we could have got the matter straight?" But it is almost too much to expect a Chinese friend ever to come to you with news which might damage in any way your self-esteem. Quickly I went to Dr Sung's home and apologized for my thoughtless action, while he in turn apologized for not telling me, as warden, before putting the table in the hall. Our full friendship was restored ; and as there are few secrets in Jen Dah, the students who had been supporting Dr Sung dropped their antagonism at once.

Lee Yuan-chang told me, when I talked the matter over with him, "It is all your western rush to get things done and do them quickly. You should never have touched the table. You should have asked the chairman of your students to move it. He would have known who put it there, or at all events would never have dared to touch it until he found out. Never do anything yourself, but always involve some other person." So I too began to learn not to meddle.

Some of the subtleties we shall, we fear, never learn. Our summer school had been open for a fortnight and was more than full. Obviously we could not admit any more students, but a girl with poor qualifications

arrived and begged to be received. "It is very inconvenient coming so late," I began to reply in Chinese, my western sense of punctuality aroused. "We have closed the list of students and can hardly make an exception of you." But I was not allowed to finish, for Tang Su-may broke in, "We are tremendously flattered that you should desire to come to the summer school." He smiled at the girl, putting her at her ease at once. "We are honoured, and although the classes are already started, a person of your ability would doubtless fit in easily."

I sat back, marvelling as Tang went on to tell her in a very indirect way exactly what I had blurted out. Before she left she had been persuaded to engage a senior student as a private tutor; she went away feeling pleased both with herself and us, whereas I had merely been insulting her with my western bluntness. Dr Fan, in describing to our students a recent trip to Britain, said that what struck him most about young Englishmen was their extreme *naïveté*. "They say just what they think," he told them. "They are outspoken, and their words have no subtle meaning." After living in China I thoroughly appreciate Dr Fan's point of view.

Naturally there are times when the Chinese shoe pinches, and for the sake of conscience must be discarded. At such times, however, one must be prepared for difficulties. I have a vivid picture of a chauffeur jumping up and down in his seat working himself into a passion because a westerner had told the local tax-collector that some of the luggage in the car did not belong to him;

whereas if he had said nothing a long delay for examination and haggling over the amount of illegal tax could have been avoided. "You foreigners are always making delays and troubles," the driver was shouting. "Never shall I hire my car to a foreigner again. If only just now and then you would not tell the truth. What is the use of it? We Chinese never tell the truth unless we have to." This final slander on his race was proof that by his standards we foreigners are utterly absurd.

Humour is an almost universal solvent for racial differences. It will help when all else fails. One foreign matron in Jen Dah hospital was still so new that she took as her standards the best hospitals in America instead of getting a true perspective by comparison with the best and worst in China. She was so insistent that everything should be spotless that the servants were driven nearly to despair. "She wants us to clean even inside the cupboards and under the bed legs," they complained as they threatened to go on strike. The situation for the patients was very serious, as the hospital could not carry on without the servants; and great responsibility rested on Dr Langham as he listened patiently while the strikers' representatives told their story. "Now you know just what we western men have to put up with from our wives," he said when they had finished. A smile lit up the angry faces; the smile broadened to a grin, and then laughter shook the deputation. The strike was over. The hospital went happily on: though only three-quarters clean compared with foreign standards, it remained as a shining example in Duhang.

There are some things about our lives, however, which are a real difficulty for many of our Chinese friends, and also they are a perplexity for us all, for automatically they tend to exclude both Chinese staff and students. We live in large houses with comparatively expensive fittings ; we have a number of servants to help us ; and then every summer we are taken by a small army of load-carriers away up to a mountain-top where it is cool and healthy. To say that we have much less money than people in similar positions in England and America, to point out that we cannot afford to give our children as good an education as we are giving to our Chinese students is meaningless to those who have no standards with which they can compare. It may be only economical that when we have come so far we should have extra servants so that both wife and husband may give greater time to teaching or other work among our students. We could also point out that we spend our money in different ways from Chinese people of similar position ; we buy carpets for the floors because we are used to them from childhood ; the " silver " which looks so expensive when set upon our tables is not actually more costly than ivory chop-sticks and Chinese porcelain ; we spend less on lavish entertainment and so have more money with which to decorate our homes ; we may explain with truth that our children wilt in the summer heat, and that without respite we ourselves cannot continue to work at the high pressure which is forced upon us during the weeks of term.

Yet, despite all this, the fact remains that we receive

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more salary than our Chinese colleagues who do equal work, share equal responsibility and who may also be better men than we are. The situation has eased considerably since the Chinese Government has fixed a scale of salaries for teachers which is higher than that adopted by foreign societies for their missionaries. The presence of men in Government offices and national schools who get more money has shown to every one that the westerner is not outrageously wealthy. We do not ask that those in Christian work should receive the same as those in Government service, but we do believe that until those who do similar work have much more comparable pay there can be no real sense of equality in an institution such as ours.

Some people have tried to bridge racial differences by wearing Chinese clothes and living exactly as our Chinese staff and students do. But although such methods may help in country places among ignorant people they are looked down on by our students, who would rather have a teacher be himself than unsuccessfully pretend to be what he is not. Actually there is only one way of breaking down all barriers, of walking with confidence and joy in Chinese shoes—and that is the way of friendship. As friendship ripens, enriched by sympathetic love and understanding, the outward things which separate dwindle away until neither national customs, nor economic inequalities, nor a different sense of values can keep true friend from friend.

In the Provost's home a number of young westerners were once discussing their attempts to overcome the

barriers which seemed to stand in the way of friendship with the Chinese people, and they had asked themselves why they had joined the staff and what they were seeking to do. Naturally they turned to the experienced Dr Walton, seeking advice. "Always remember," he told them, "that the prime object of our lives in China is to make men Christian. That is the reason why Jen Dah was founded. That is the reason why missionary societies sent us here. That is the nature of the call we ourselves have heard and followed. This is more vital than medicine or chemistry or specialized subjects that we are teaching. We are Christian missionaries first and educators second."

"I should express myself rather differently," ventured Dr Williamson, who was also present. "I, too, feel that I have come to share with others the knowledge of God's love as shown by Jesus Christ and to join with our Chinese friends in discovering more of the life abundant. But for me, and I believe for many of the younger generation, Jen Dah is an expression of Christian love and sympathy. Blessed indeed are we if we do bring our students to Christ, but the main reason why we are here is because, like the Good Samaritan, we have seen deep trouble. We cannot do other than respond because we ourselves know something of God's love to us. That we are here is because through Christian people in England and Canada and in the United States of America there is an outflowing of God's sacrificial love. We are here to help China in her need, and because we are Christian people we dare not spoil the gift we are trying

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to offer. We must not lower the standards of our medicine or history. We must not compromise our College."

In practice there is little difference between those who agree with Dr Walton and those who think that Dr Williamson more nearly expresses what is in their minds. We live happily together in a work which in its various aspects we feel to be the expression of our Christian experience. Perhaps each generation interprets its motive in slightly differing terms, which by their freshness give an added driving force. Yet it is true that there is a slight shifting of the emphasis, and that the attitude of Dr Williamson is one with which our Chinese colleagues can have more ready sympathy.

We must never forget that every year more Chinese members are joining our staff. Most of them are loyal Christian men and women, but it is obvious that none of them are foreign missionaries. They have the same vital interest in the welfare of Jen Dah as Christian teachers in a school or college with a religious foundation in the West. As a result the emphasis is naturally changing: it is no longer entirely true that our college is primarily missionary in aim. It is an expression of our Christian faith rather than a means to an end. We have, in fact, taken the first steps towards becoming truly indigenous.

Those who are inspired as Dr Walton has been are tempted to rely on material means for encouraging our students to become Christian. Quite apart from those who have obtained legitimate scholarships after competitive examinations, some promising young men and

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women have had their fees paid by individuals or by missionary societies, who have faith that these students will grow into a life of service, perhaps taking positions as Christian leaders. Often this faith is justified, as in the case of John Sen, but some, perhaps hardened by constant exposure to Christian propaganda, seem to have their eyes blinded to the vision. Walter Wong who ran away with Lucy Tang was one of these. It has been said that Jen Dah itself, our hospital, primary and middle schools, the excursions to the country places, all represent an investment from which a calculated return in terms of consecrated lives may be expected. In their devotion people may forget, it seems, that it is love and friendship, those incalculable gifts so much akin to prayer and worship, that unlock the doors and windows of the soul, allowing the winds of the Spirit to blow freely as they will. Love expecting nothing may win all, whereas the material investment expecting to lead to a spiritual return may spoil men's lives. Love alone can sanctify the gift.

Sometimes we feel that the many material gifts which have come from abroad to our college have led us to look too much to the outside world for money, men and inspiration. We have each of us tended to forget that the spiritual life of Jen Dah, like the revival of the Church, must begin "from me." Perhaps it would have been easier for us if material and spiritual co-operation had been a reality from the first. Only lately have our staff and students begun to call the college "ours." We see our beautiful buildings and shady walks and know that they would have been still better, even if they might

be simpler, if Chinese money had also been invested in them. As we see the great experiment which in generous love and far-reaching devotion the Christians of the West have given to China, we realize that at present the burden is too great for us to bear. We must humbly ask the Christians of America and Britain to continue for a time to maintain their present contributions in men and money, though we have hope that as the economic level of China rises we may expect that this reliance on the West will naturally be modified. Mercifully love flows free, and we know from our experience and the lives of both staff and students that the Spirit miraculously discards the stumbling-blocks of material and financial barriers.

What is the future of it all to be? The foundation of Jen Dah resulted almost entirely from the inspiration of a group of western people who saw the urgent need for higher education as China was driven by circumstances from her old traditional mode of life. They saw that for the future of the Church in China such education was essential. Many hoped that the college from its western beginning would eventually become entirely Chinese. In the early days its degrees were given under a charter granted by an American university. Later, when China was beginning to control her developing educational system the anomaly was rectified by registration with the Chinese Government. Some see our future as that of a Christian college affiliated with the Chinese Church, strictly limited in size, yet making special contributions

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to Chinese society in subjects not stressed in national universities. Others believe that by federation or by organic union we should seek fuller identification with the Chinese educational system itself, our Christian nature being maintained by what after all is the only means—the character of the staff. Whatever the future may have in store, it is hoped that the international character of the college, which is one of its greatest assets, may never be entirely lost. Some have suggested that though we will naturally become predominantly Chinese, yet, with the consent of the Chinese Government, which is notably ready to welcome new and far-sighted schemes, we might seek a charter from such a body as the League of Nations as an international college, in this way emphasizing the fact that education is in truth not national but universal.

About one thing we feel no doubt. Just as a scientific theory develops as new facts are discovered, without having its underlying truth denied, so whatever the future may hold for Jen Dah it will, barring some great national or international catastrophe, be a natural development from the past and present. We have been so blessed since our foundation that we have faith that nothing will be lost as we grow in service of the Chinese people.

George Parker, D.Sc., was one of the few who thought that the time was already ripe for foreigners to leave our college. He was only in his first period of work in China but he had already made his mark. He was a brilliant biologist; gold medals and prizes had showered upon

him in his student days. Already his research was widely known, and scientists predicted that in time an F.R.S. might come his way. At a Student Christian Movement conference he heard a lecture and a sermon from Dr Fan, who was then in England. Parker had been greatly impressed and decided that he should bring his gifts to the service of China at Jen Dah. During his time of language study he was attracted by problems of silkworm culture, and later, following in Pasteur's footsteps, he began to improve the silkworm. "Parker's eggs" soon became famous in our province; the farmers sought them, and our students who were interested in rural reconstruction talked about them on their campaigns in the villages and market towns.

One afternoon I was sitting on a high stool by a bench watching Parker at work with his microscope. "No, I shall not come back," he was saying, as he adjusted a cover glass upon the slide. "When I go home to England I stay. I must do research; it is my life blood."

"But cannot you do it here?" I questioned, looking at his smooth, high forehead, and noticing that his cheeks, which had a boyish bloom about them when he first came out, were already yellowing after four summers in the East.

"Facilities are not good enough; no adequate supplies of scientific journals within a thousand miles; no money to buy the reagents I require." Parker turned from his bench and looked out through the window. From where we were sitting we could see the medical building, to the right of the octagonal Great Hall. "Of

course there are some simple things I can do," he said, after a pause, "but like the work on silkworm eggs one soon gets to a stage when one can do no more. Others can carry on and ensure that the standard is kept up. I could serve China and science best by doing my special work in England. I might also be able to carry the silkworm problem a stage further." He laughed, and lifted up another slide.

I suggested that there were many people in the West to do scientific work and so few in China that he should remain, but he would not have it. "Besides," he said, "the Chinese are so ungrateful for all that one is doing!" and I discovered that Parker was one of those who expected a spiritual return for material benefits conferred.

"Indeed, they *are* grateful," I was able to assure him. "Their gratitude is embarrassing for anything that is given out of friendship and is not mechanical and calculated. After the Richardsons retired, their old cook, believing that they were finding it hard to live in England, gave ten dollars to send to them. Knowing the tenacity with which servants cling to money, this means gratitude of a very real kind. This is a trivial example, but typical of others."

"Nevertheless, the Chinese here are so self-sufficient. They can manage quite well without us. They give me the impression of tolerating us only for the opportunity of a livelihood that we bring to them. They regard the college as a means for the distribution of foreign money to the deserving sons of Han. There is such a lack of honesty and principle. They divide into their rival

groups instead of giving loyalty to the college." Then Parker began to review some of the familiar incidents of our Jen Dah life. We remembered how Li Yoh-deh, the hospital pharmacy clerk, went to Mead-Smith, the accountant, at the end of term and got the key deposit money. Then, instead of giving it back to the medical students he allowed them to keep the keys, while he spent the money to buy peaches from the orchard to give to a girl in Duliang, and this despite the fact that he had a wife and children in the country. Finally, to crown it all, he tried to justify himself on the grounds that his salary was too low, and raised such a storm of protest as to make it seem as though not he but Jen Dah were in the wrong.

"Personal influence is everything," Parker said dogmatically. "You know how over and over again we have to give special privileges because a student is the friend of some one or other. This unwillingness to offend other people is sometimes downright dishonest, and it's more than I can stand."

We discussed a recent episode connected with the chapel of Jen Dah hospital. A man named Lung thought he had a claim on the hospital because of his brother's death after appendicitis. He brought the coffin with the body sealed within it and placed it near the pulpit as a protest. No one dared to move it, fearing lest they should be involved. Eventually the hospital paid five hundred dollars to get it out, though there was not even a shred of suspicion that the operation had been wrongly performed, or that the hospital was in any way responsible

for the patient's death. "What is the use of coming to China and trying to help people like that?" asked Parker, thinking aloud, rather than expecting me to answer.

While he was speaking, Dr Walton, the provost, had quietly come in, and had stood listening as we talked. "I can tell you another incident," he said, an enigmatic smile upon his rather wise old face. "Recently in a country town the pastor had been flagrantly using the church funds for his own purposes, and the amount that he had used was by no means small. A district conference was held to enquire into the matter, and his brother pastors and the representatives of the congregations completely exonerated him, as they said his salary was so low that his needs were greater than those of the church.

"I admit everything that Parker says," the provost continued in a tone which made Parker and me exchange glances. We knew that he was getting into stride and that he was good for half an hour at least. "From my experience here," Walton went on, using the familiar words, so impressive to his younger colleagues, "I could match every incident with a dozen more to show the hopeless state of compromise that exists, and the lack of principle. Why, during the servants' strike after the Wanhsien incident, it was suggested that we should pay the servants full wages while they were away, but we told our middleman that we would not agree. Yet, after our servants came back we were informed that this very thing had been agreed to on our behalf. One of our

most honoured Chinese friends said that we had been told a lie because it was more important to get the servants back and the college running than to tell the truth. He actually said, 'It is impossible to live according to western principle in China.' Yes, I admit what Parker said and, moreover, I can tell you similar stories about ourselves and western people, for human nature is very much the same all the world over, but I can also balance these stories by others of a different kind." Then in his low, quiet voice Dr Walton continued to talk to us. He climbed up on a high stool, while Parker pushed his microscope to one side and rested his head on his arm, as he prepared to listen.

Walton told us of an interview he had with General Wu. He was one of the richest military men in Duliang, though perhaps it would be unwise to enquire too closely where he got his money. We knew, however, that he was governor of half a dozen counties and that no accounts were kept. But whatever he may have been in the past, the General was now a public-spirited man who wanted to use his money for the benefit of the people. He had made roads, opened a hospital and built a civic centre for a town not far away. He had invested in electric light works and printing presses, but he found that everything went wrong. The drugs vanished from the hospital and the nurses drew pay but did no work. The model school he built became crowded out with extra students whom the teachers admitted so that they could divide the fees among themselves. The electric light plant got overloaded because people stole the

current. The printing presses did not pay, as the manager who sent out bills put the money into his own pocket. Only one thing was successful: a pharmacy he established; and that was controlled by one of our old students. This young man alone had not taken advantage of the wealthy old soldier. "Where, oh where," asked General Wu of Dr Walton, "can I find men who can be trusted?"

"He has come again to Christian Jen Dah to try to find the men," Walton said significantly, and paused a moment while his point went home.

"Dr Fan and the headmasters from other schools have been comparing notes." Walton held the lapels of his coat with both his hands, and beamed at us as he went on. "Our budget is smaller by many tens of thousands of dollars than that of other colleges round about, and yet our money goes farther. No one would believe we have so little, for we obviously accomplish a great deal. I do not say that we have no 'squeeze,' but I believe the difference is that we have honest and sound accounting. Most of the things which we had when the college was opened a quarter of a century ago are still in use. This is unheard-of in other schools, where if an article survives a year or two it does well.

"Now the Government has come to us with money asking us to train more teachers for mass education work. Why have they come to us and not to one of their own schools? Is not this a striking testimony?" Dr Walton asked, a look of benevolent triumph on his face. He turned to each of us to see if we agreed. Then we

discussed the facts together, and there seemed no cause to feel discouraged though plenty of reasons why we should continue with our work. "When I look back," said Walton, "it is plain how we have advanced in every way. A new conscience is growing both in Jen Dah and in the nation. China is learning quickly. Think of the New Life Movement and the ideals which Chiang Kai-shek has put before us, and remember the way our students are trying to carry them out. The faults of old China lay largely in the fact that human relationships and the sacredness of the individual self-esteem were in our opinion stressed too much; my own fear is that in the present crisis China may move too far the other way." The temple bell outside the central hall was ringing to announce the change of classes. As he was leaving, Dr Walton made his final point. "We ourselves need to acquire the poise which all educated Chinese possess, and to learn more consideration for other people."

Most of us, like Parker, have been through times of doubt, but we have eventually come to see the worthwhile nature of our work, realizing that there is still a definite place in Jen Dah for western teachers. There are not yet sufficient qualified Chinese for some of the higher and more specialized positions, but there are also reasons which are not solely academic why foreigners can help. When Lee Yuan-chang, the geologist, first came to our staff, he lacked self-confidence. To make matters worse he had discovered a student cheating in an examination and had dared to expose him. War had naturally followed. Lee received anonymous letters threatening

him; he was accused in the local press of discreditable love affairs, and despite these and other obvious slanders he had no redress. "I must leave," he kept saying; "it is not for myself, that does not matter, but for the good name of Jen Dah!" He would never have stood out against his deep despair and remained at his work until victory came at last, if it had not been for the confidence inspired in him by friendship with his western colleagues.

Lee is not alone. Managing a college is still a comparatively new affair in China and the westerners may often give confidence and technical help. One old student expressed the judgment of our Chinese colleagues when with candour he wrote: "It is much better for missionaries to spend their time in training Chinese and to give advice and help. They should try to avoid controlling and managing things themselves."

Friendship is perhaps the greatest gift we have to offer. As we think of those students in whose hearts the love of God has blossomed, we realize that nearly always the seeds were sown and the young plants nurtured by loving friendship. The westerners who have influenced Chinese most have been those who have been gentle yet steadfast, who have sympathized with them in times of stress, who have understood the sorrows of the Chinese people and who have themselves been humble, ready to recognize their own national failings. One of the miracles of friendship is that it is not all giving but also receiving; many of us feel that we have learned more than we can ever give. Together with our Chinese friends we are

seeking to live in a richer, better manner. Love of compromise and the reality of human values on the one hand, and insistence on principle and strict truth on the other, are blended and balanced as we attempt to allow the love of God to mould our lives.

When John Sen first returned to Jen Dah as chaplain he found that a number of students were opposed to him and tried to undermine his position. One evening they held a special meeting to discuss him. Some students considered that, because they had contributed towards the fund for religious activities from which part of John's salary was paid, they had hired him and so had a right to control his actions. John, young and easily discouraged, was dreadfully hurt. "My heart was full of grief," he wrote, "so I sought some foreign friends, but when I saw them I could not talk, for my breath seemed frozen. Then gradually I began to tell them what was the trouble, and they tried to comfort me and we prayed together. They would not let me go away, and I slept in their home that night. Next day I came away with a merry, happy heart. I no longer felt hurt or discouraged, or angry with anyone. Oh! wonderful, wonderful! I am glad, and must thank God that He has given me such good friends to strengthen and comfort me."

At one of our weekly prayer-meetings held in the small Hall of Worship next to the chapel, Dr Williamson, the Dean of Medicine, was giving us a learned dissertation upon attitudes. He was stressing the danger of coming to a land like China saying, "I have something which you have not." He was telling us of the wealth of China's

spiritual heritage, and how in reality our task was to share and seek together. Then suddenly he laid down his manuscript and began to say something which was obviously of tremendous moment to him. His voice trembled slightly as he spoke, though his grey eyes were steady behind his horn-rimmed glasses.

"Quite recently I realized," he said, "that I was not putting first things first, and that my attitude was wrong. I knew in theory that friendship was more vital than anything else, but I had not changed my life to make this true in fact. I decided that I must adjust my life so that no one coming to see me would feel he was not wanted. You all know how students come to us early in the morning before breakfast, at meal-times, late at night, when we are preparing lectures. No time is sacred, and we say, 'Here is this nuisance of a Wang again—what can he want? He will have to wait.' I decided that I must change all that kind of attitude and that whenever a student came I would make him feel that I wanted to see him more than anyone else."

The difficulty of such a decision was apparent to us all. There was not a member of the Duliang staff who was not already overworked, combining administrative duties with his teaching. Yet we all knew that we were failing as we lacked the time for personal friendship, both with students and with staff.

"Instead of standing while I talked to the next student who came to see me in the hope that he would soon go," Williamson was saying, "I made him sit down, pushing my books away from me to let him know that

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my time was his. Then I got a surprise. In five minutes he said, 'I want to become a Christian, but must talk over some small difficulties first. I have waited to talk to you for nearly a year but there has never seemed an opportunity before.'

"That was a fortnight ago. Since then five other men have said the same or very similar things. Three of them have finally decided to follow Christ. Only this morning I had a visit from a student, one of the leading athletes in our college. Quite unexpectedly he said, 'Dr Williamson, I have been afraid to acknowledge Christ publicly; pray for me.' Let us pray for him and for others like him. Let us pray also for ourselves that we may find time to hear the voice of God in our students and in our colleagues. Let us pray for the gift of friendship, or, as St Paul called it, love, without which our lives here in Jen Dah and all our good works avail us nothing, and are as sounding brass."

CHAPTER VII

MERCHANTS OF LIGHT

“ONE day a farmer was out in the fields when a rabbit ran past him and in its fear dashed into a tree and was killed. The man was delighted and took it home with him. Next day he returned to the tree in the hope of getting another free dinner.” Dsen Den-lee was telling me this story as we climbed up the hill behind the market town of White Waters. “There is unfortunately some truth in it, the ignorance that lies behind that story,” he was saying. “I never knew until I came to be pastor of the church at White Waters how unawakened the country people are. My Sunday sermons have to be in the simplest words, and the evening classes that I run are very hard work. The children, happily, are as alert as any in the city. Their day school is no problem, but we shall have to wait until this generation is grown up before we can hope to unify our China.”

We paused for breath and looked down the path to the grey roofs of the small market town far below us, and to the river which ran past it, twisting and winding among the islands of bright boulders gleaming white in the afternoon sun. The dark green ridges of the foothills stood out around us, while above towered the high mountains, their steep slopes bare of all vegetation. A

solitary wisp of feather-down cloud floated slowly over one of the lower wooded ridges, brushing the tops of the cryptomeria trees until gradually it trailed away into space. The mountain-side above us was yellow-green with dense bamboo scrub. Up toward this we toiled on the rough stony path through the fields, in which the farmers were at work preparing the poor soil for their sweet potatoes and maize.

We came at last to a large paper factory at the edge of the scrub, near a swift mountain torrent which gushed from the hillside. Outside the doorway, where a piece of ground had been levelled, men were cutting the bamboo canes into short lengths, and others were shovelling coal into the fires under the great tanks where bundles of sticks were digested with lime. Rows of women, apparently unaffected by the unpleasant smell of the retting pits, were beating the fermented bamboos into fibrous shreds. "An unpleasant job," we agreed, as we noted the way they were splashed with the fetid juicy pulp. One and all looked up and smiled as we came, while Den-lee had greetings for every group. Once a week he climbed up the mountain to teach these forty or fifty people who worked so far from the towns and villages. Their homes were in the small farms and straw huts scattered over the hillside, and they eked out a living at the factory. Hours were long, though there was no feeling of speed or rush; but the life was very hard, and all their savings went to provide food for the cold winter months when the paper mill was closed. Apart from the round of birth, marriage and death, life

had few landmarks for them. Several times a year the more fortunate went to White Waters in the valley below ; one or two had been even as far as Duliang, sixty *li* away, and as a result were looked up to as men of wide experience.

When we arrived at the factory we drank tea ; then a whistle was blown and the noise of the great wooden hammers which beat the fibrous shreds into fine pulp ceased, as the water-wheels which drove them were allowed to run free. Work was laid aside and all the men and women came trooping into the courtyard, bringing trestle stools with them. Instead of a blackboard Dsen used thin sheets of paper pasted to the wall, and on these with a large brush he wrote the new characters they were to learn. They shouted in unison at the top of their voices when they read from their primers. When they had finished, I, as a visitor, had to say a few words. Then Dsen told them about recent events in China and some simple facts about the outer world. Finally we sang together the Chinese national anthem and a hymn Den-lee had taught them.

Sometimes Dsen, like most of the work-people, spent the night at the factory, but that evening we returned to White Waters. Before we had gone very far on our way night fell, but the moon, which was almost full, lighted our way. In the distance the mountains were plainly visible, range after range, mysterious and grey ; among them were drifting long strands of clouds, bright in the ethereal light. It was a night when one felt the mystery and stillness of nature ; but it was almost as though

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the light were flooding a world that was dead. Then, suddenly, away down in the valley below us came the faint cries of farmers keeping thieves or wild animals away from their crops. Some dogs were roused, and then near and nearer came fresh outbursts of barking ; on this mountain which seemed so lonely there were farmsteads without number. The man who walked by my side was doing his small share to bring new life to those who lived in them.

I was spending two or three days on the hills, about seven hours' walk north from Duliang, intending to visit several of our old students. First I had been with Dsen Den-lee who, with the enthusiasm of his college days still about him, had come after his graduation to the church and school at White Waters. I worshipped with the little group of Christians there ; they were very poor in this world's goods, but rich in simple faith and willing to be led. They were still hardly touched by the wave of progress which had overtaken Duliang and the larger cities of China ; for all intents and purposes they were living in another world than ours. Lustily we sang hymns together, the congregation racing with the little organ and winning every time. One old bearded farmer had turned to the wrong number ; but that daunted neither himself nor his neighbours as he praised God in his own tune and manner. There was no doubt whatever of the regard they felt for the young man who was giving himself to them, who led their worship, who taught them simple lessons, who wrote their letters and helped them struggle over their financial problems and

their disagreements with their neighbours. It was with regret, after our excursion to the paper mill, that I left Dsen Den-lee and his many friends.

Scrambling around the lower slopes of the hills I came to Wen-fung-shien, a small walled town. Not far away there came out from the mountains a torrent which, after twisting between the lower hills and straggling across the plain, became the Short River which flowed past my Jen Dah home. A cement dam had been built across the end of a long gorge, which the waters had filled, forming a narrow lake. At one side of the dam was a power-house, small it is true, but capable of expansion. In it were dynamos which had come from Europe; they were brought up the Long River from the coast and then shipped at the Short River on to long wooden rafts. With naked limbs gleaming in the bright summer sun the boatmen dragged and poled these rafts until they could get them no farther. Then scores of men, harnessed together, lifted the cumbersome machines over the shallows. Day after day and week after week they toiled until they got the dynamos into position. Now at last all was ready for the official opening of the power-house, for which historic occasion I had timed my visit.

I also hoped to meet another of our old students, Kung Da-li, an engineer employed by the county officials to take charge of the dynamos when the foreign company which was erecting them withdrew from the scene. Just as the ceremony was reaching its culmination I saw him, resplendent for the event in foreign clothes, directing

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operations near the floodgates. The speeches had been made, and the magistrates and officials were up at the temple overlooking the gorge giving thanks to the gods, letting off crackers and burning incense. Then at a given signal the water was fed to the turbines, the dynamos revolved, and the high-voltage current was supplied to the waiting cables.

As the crowds moved slowly away, Kung Da-li showed me the details of the plant, explaining its intricacies and telling me proudly of all that he had done. For the first time in history modern engineering science had laid its hands upon this remote corner of China, capturing wild natural forces for the service of man; and this young man, slender, athletic, poised and balanced as a dynamo itself, had played a part in the adventure. No wonder he was radiant with the glory of it all! For centuries untold the mountain torrent had watered the lowlands round Duliang; the farmers watching their rice relied on its life-giving stream. But now an additional service was demanded from the river. Through the high-tension wires power was going to Duliang to light lamps in the homes and streets, to turn the wheels in the new modern factories.

As we pictured the uses to which the current would be put, both in Duliang and in small towns and villages round about, we thought of Jen Dah which would also get light from this distant source, and then we talked of the people we knew. "Since I came here," said Kung, "I have often remembered the sermon preached by Dr Walton at the time when I got my degree. He told us

that Jen Dah was like a power-house which supplied current to each one of us. We students, wherever we might be, were the cables leading this life-giving power to those with whom we came in contact. Through us, if we were faithful, lights could shine in small villages and lonely farmsteads, as well as in the crowded cities."

Since leaving Wen-fung-shien I have often thought of Kung Da-li's words, and have tried to determine the value of Jen Dah, its staff and students, as a means of supplying power to bring light to the dark places round about us. It is difficult, however, to evaluate our work; it is almost impossible to judge the actual value of a man or a woman. It is not easy to see the full working of their inner lives; though just as after rain we can see the distant hills clearly and distinctly, discovering beauties which ordinarily are hidden, so a man after he has seen the vision may appear to those of us around him in a new, radiant light.

Our college is still young and the fruits of our labours are comparatively few. There may be some of our students who, from our point of view, have definitely failed; though one can hardly expect every one passing through Jen Dah to go out and live the kind of life his teachers would have him. One went as private secretary to a powerful war-lord and used his brains to devise new methods of extracting money from the peasants. There may have been others as well, but we can never be quite certain that good will not finally triumph. The majority are leading quite ordinary lives, battling with economic problems, strug-

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gling against the meanness of others, striving to make the best of their professions. Most of these, we believe, are in some measure helping forward the life of the people in a way they could not have done if they had not attended Jen Dah. There are a few who gladden our hearts by the exceptional work they are doing and the lives they are living.

From one town comes the news of a co-operative consumers' society founded by our old students. They are interested in it as an ideal and an example rather than just as a business. There are others who are quietly making a success of their lives, and whose homes are unassuming examples of what Christian family life should be. Loo Shin-lung is one of these. He makes soap, a lucrative occupation, as the desire of the people to be cleaner and healthier causes the demand far to exceed the supply. He has tried to build up his business on modern methods, and is using steam in his factory. To do this he designed a small boiler and had it made locally with apparent success. Unfortunately, however, his inquisitive relations were always visiting him, hoping to share in the profits they were sure he would make. One day an ignorant aunt, despite Loo's warning, meddled with the safety-valve of the new, flimsy boiler, and was blown up through the roof. Loo was put into prison and was released only on undertaking to pay excessive damages for the loss of his aunt. By patient work he has paid off all his debts and once more is enlarging his factory.

From another city we hear of a graduate, now a secondary school Principal, who is trying to instil into

his pupils the integrity he himself learned at Jen Dah. Once when the school lamps were being refilled with paraffin oil he was approached by his father, who brought his own lamps for filling. "I am sorry, father," the young man said, "but this paraffin is for the school lamps and so I cannot fill yours."

"But are you not Principal of the school and am I not your father?" was the amazed reply.

The young man, however, was politely adamant, though the father was angry and complained to others about his unfilial son. It was plain that Jesus had brought into this Chinese family a sword that divides.

There are also men like Dsen Den-lee at White Waters unobtrusively giving themselves to the work of the Church. In this connection, however, we must admit to a measure of failure. Some of our founders had hoped that from our college, in addition to the doctors, teachers and public men, would come a stream of pastors going out to the churches all over the province. That this has not been the case is due to various causes, spiritual as well as economic.

While there is no doubt of the universality of Jesus Christ, it is questionable whether the outward forms of western Christianity are at present entirely suited to the East. Religion, to most Chinese, is essentially an individual matter, and it is difficult to make them realize that besides this aspect Christianity has also its corporate side. In this the Church is facing a similar problem to the one which is confronting the Chinese nation; and it is a problem which time alone will solve. It may be that

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when Christianity becomes really indigenous a new type of corporate worship will be evolved, more suited to the genius of the people ; or it may be that the Chinese will grow more and more western in their outlook so that they will fully appreciate our western types of religious service, just as many individuals already do in the larger Chinese cities.

Then again there is also an economic cause for the paucity of the response to the needs of small country churches. There is still constant change and no real financial stability in Chinese life. The economic level of the people who make up the bulk of Church members is so low that they cannot afford, even with subsidies from the missions, to pay their pastors the salaries which, as graduates of a college, they could command in other professions. Pressure is so great in the lives of our students and their families that often they must put money-making first. It was this desire to provide for his family and aged mother that drove one of our leading preachers out of the Church into business. Another student who was expecting to be ordained when he left us went instead to direct rural reconstruction in one of our counties, as this government position made him financially secure. This pressure of circumstances surrounds every one in our province, so that even in Buddhist temples, Mei Li-Fu, the laughing Buddha, the Messiah who is still to come, is often displaced from his position in the entrance by the Bodhisattva who gives wealth : we are so poor that the means of life in the present have become more vital than any future bliss.

Of course there is wealth in Duliang as in the rest of China. There are rich old landlords and the upstart military ; but the majority of the people are very poor ; shopkeepers, farmers, small merchants, students, mostly have no margin.

This problem of the pastors may gradually be eased, but at present it means that only those who have a real sense of calling enter the Church, though these few, like Dsen of White Waters, are remarkably good. On the other hand, some become pastors who are too poor in their work to enter other professions, or who are bound by agreements they heartily dislike. They give loyalty without enthusiasm, which is not the way to fill the Church with life.

That Jen Dah is a vital factor in the general dissemination of an appreciation of Christian teaching there is no doubt. Our students take with them a message, spoken or unspoken, wherever they go. By getting Christian students out into society we are bringing nearer the day when the Christians in China can be economically independent of the West, thus liberating vast sums of money for Christian ventures which the world is still needing. It is easiest to see in our medical work how the life-giving power is flowing from Jen Dah. Some of our graduates set up in private practice, or, in the absence of government or public institutions, run private hospitals of their own ; but most take up posts in the Christian hospitals which are run by the various missions. Not long ago I took the opportunity of going with Dr Williamson by car to visit a Christian hospital in a large

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town fifty miles from Duliang. Dr Tsai, who had recently replaced the foreign superintendent, was busy, so we sat in the waiting-room until he was free. The seats were crowded with people, some fashionably dressed, some in rags ; several had their heads bandaged or their arms tied in slings ; some were in obvious pain and distress. Dr Williamson, as usual spick and span despite the ride over the bumpy road, looked round the room with a professional eye ; while my attention was attracted by a restless young mother, bringing her small son to the clinic, who kept jumping from her seat and watching the door, nervously flicking her long fingernails as she waited.

Suddenly from a nearby room we heard angry shouts. Dr Williamson and I were there in a moment, followed by patients who came to see what was the matter. Dr Tsai, dressed in a long white coat and wearing his head-mirror, stood facing some angry soldiers with drawn revolvers. " You are blinding our general's eyes," they were crying. We stepped in between them and gradually the wild shouting slackened. In the face of foreign intervention the soldiers stood back and lowered their guns. Dr Tsai, we discovered, had earlier that morning put atropine into the General's eyes. Although he had warned his patient that the pupils would enlarge, the General had apparently not grasped his meaning. He had gone away, intending to return later, but to his horror he found his eyes were growing dim and the characters in a letter he was trying to read were blurred. The General naturally presumed that Tsai was attempting

to blind him; and in anger he sent some of his body-guard to arrest the doctor. We were able to convince the soldiers that nothing was wrong, before the General himself arrived, fumbling his revolver. But for our presence things might have gone very badly with Dr Tsai, this apostle of the new western healing.

When the excitement was over we remained watching Tsai at work, enquiring into his patients' symptoms and examining their wounds. His nurses, both men and women, worked cheerfully under him, though we heard that only a few months previously there had been some trouble. One of the nurses had died and all the staff had felt they should attend the funeral. This was to be in the country and would involve a whole day away from work. Although a foreign doctor would have insisted that some nurses remained to look after the patients, and in so doing might have caused serious trouble, Dr Tsai had merely pointed out the desirability that half should stay behind. Finally, as a compromise, all but two had gone. "However," Dr Tsai smiled, "it is better than it used to be. A year or two ago no one would have remained on duty. Gradually a sense of responsibility is growing."

Later Dr Tsai told us how he was trying to overcome the heart-breaking work of patching up the same people again and again, or attending those who, because they had delayed too long in coming to hospital, could not be saved. The hospital opened three stations in small market towns, at each of which was a resident nurse. Each week Dr Tsai visited one of these places, telling the

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people a few simple rules of health. The nurse saw patients every day, did midwifery work, or had care of the schools. When Tsai went he gave one or two lectures, either co-operating with the pastor or getting into a school. His desire, he told us, was to make the people healthy, but they were so many and the doctors so few that prevention seemed the only feasible method. His hope, like that of so many young doctors, was that the Government would co-operate in the work by giving money and linking them up with the provincial schemes of public health. Now that the Government was willing to be friendly it was a unique opportunity for Christians to seek to join with them wherever they could.

There are already a score or more other old students throughout our province who, like Dr Tsai, are healing the sick, struggling with difficult personal problems among their nurses and staff, always faced with unexpected situations that arise through the ignorance of the people among whom they work. The opposition of the old Chinese doctors and herbalists who see their livelihood endangered may often be bitter and even dangerous. While every credit is due to the time-honoured treatments which have proved efficacious for various diseases, the western-trained doctors wage war on nostrums and superstitious practices. A popular remedy for sore throats is a powder which may usually do no great harm, but which, if blown into the mouth of a diphtheria patient, will be carried to the lungs and produce certain death within three days. If a young doctor has the courage to protest and warns people against using it,

he will be marked by the vested interests concerned; should one of his own diphtheria patients die he may have lawsuits brought against him, and he will be lampooned in the papers until his practice is ruined and he is driven from the town.

The ordinary people have not the information to enable them to judge between the old and the new; round Duliang modern medical science is such a recent growth that they do not understand the causes of disease. Although the doctors may talk of bacteria, the people, as Dr Tsai told us, do not really believe. It is hard to persuade them to isolate infectious patients. Tsai described how once in desperation he took liberties with science. He led a hospital orderly, who would not boil the water, out to a tank and showed him mosquito larvæ wriggling in the water. "These are the germs. Now, do you believe?" Tsai asked the boy, who was thoroughly converted, and from that time never failed to boil all the water that the hospital required.

Some of our women doctors are striking out into new ground. They are, as Miss Way once said, "almost as rare as hen's teeth," and so are finding plenty to do. Among the most conspicuous successes have been those few who, so far, have not married. They have given themselves to their profession with great enthusiasm, perhaps partly because of the novelty of being pioneers. They have filled their own lives which otherwise must have been empty, and in so doing are changing the lives of others as well. In the West much of our social advancement has been possible because of the devoted and gener-

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ous service of unmarried women. We can hope that in China this new generation of unmarried women will also have the time and the energy and the real inspiration to help forward a great social change. Not only in medicine but in other professions women are working, and are particularly able to influence the position of women and children in the new China.

Old Students' Day comes once a year and is followed by Old Students' Sunday. Our grounds are decorated with small paper flags inscribed in black ink with suitable characters. These pennants of green, purple or yellow wave a welcome to our guests. "All in Jen Dah are one family." "Together we serve China," the red and blue flags by the entrance announce. Our graduates—pastors and teachers, bankers and business men—come with their wives and their children from Duliang and the towns round about. Last year, as we saw the increased numbers who gathered, we felt pride, and also real satisfaction that we were forging these visible links with Chinese society.

The gay-coloured groups moved from building to building, examining the exhibition which had been prepared for them, listening to the short lectures on recent advances in the various branches of knowledge. The Education Department had arranged a special demonstration to illustrate the latest methods of mass education. The children ran to play with the toys in a model nursery school which Gow Chung-ho of Jen Shiao was explaining, while the mothers were more

interested in the latest patterns of baby-clothes and mosquito-proof play-pens and beds which were part of the Public Health work exhibit. But the great success of the day was the Agricultural Department's defence of goats' milk as a natural and possible method of raising the farmers' and small-holders' standard of living. A pure-bred Swiss baby billy-goat was brought on to the platform to show how he drank milk from a bottle. His short tail wagged vigorously to the great delight of the audience. It is hoped they lost some of their prejudice against goats' milk, for in a country which lacks pasture the goat is much more likely than the cow to prove a success.

Most of the guests wandered through the hostels, for on this day no doors were closed. They admired the neat bedroom studies of the women; spotlessly clean and seemingly with every convenience, yet so simply designed that there would be few who could not afford to model their homes on a similar plan. As they went from room to room in Flowery Beauty or the other men's hostels, they must have been dazzled by the pictures of pretty young girls who smiled down from the walls. Not the least of the revolutionary forces at work in moulding new China is the discovery of the human form; in the past artists have never done more than depict conventional figures with full flowing robes.

At noon we gathered in the library for a meal together. We sat down, eight at each of the square tables, and there were three rows of seven arranged down the hall. The serving-boys threaded their way down the aisles, carrying

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the large bowls of steaming vegetables and meats, while at the side of the room were great tubs of hot rice from which the guests helped themselves.

At my table, at which Gow of Jen Shiao presided, was my friend, Kung Da-li, the engineer who had come the short day's journey from Wen-fung-shien for the week-end. The rest were all teachers. "I envy you who live here in the city," one of the teachers from a distance was saying. "You can come to Gow *Shien-sen's* seminars every week to keep up with your work, or you can attend the meetings of the various departmental societies. We in the country get no time for reading, and we have to solve all our problems as best we can without any help."

"Though do not forget that for you we run summer schools," Gow pointed out. "In our college magazine we try to give you the latest developments in the various subjects."

"It is not keeping abreast of advancing knowledge that is my difficulty," said the headmistress of a large Christian secondary school for girls, "but it is the endless problem of keeping friendly with the education authorities, giving feasts to this man and his colleagues, firmly but tactfully refusing to engage that man's relations, knowing all the time that if one is not careful our school may not have its Government grant renewed."

Financial worries obviously loomed large.

"We are just in the same position, only worse," the head of a Government secondary school was saying. "We have no missionary societies to fall back on. We cannot

increase our fees as so many of the students' families are desperately poor, and some we have to take free, as they have come to us as refugees from communist areas."

The Government regulations which come in such endless streams were a trial to all—"and the forms we have to fill in," the teacher from a distance complained; "it is fifteen copies of this and twenty of that. We have to employ almost more writers than teachers."

But before the crisp seasoned fish had been eaten we had left our difficulties behind and were rejoicing in the progress we were making. The head of the Government secondary school would have us believe that his school was as Christian in spirit as Jen Shiao. "I have four Christian teachers as well as myself," he told us. Under the Government decree that no religion should be taught in the primary schools and should be strictly voluntary in the others, a great deal depends on the character of the staff. Frequently in these Government schools the Bible is used as a text-book in English. Before our chopsticks were laid by our empty bowls, we had realized something of what Jen Dah can mean through those who are teaching so many of the younger generation in our city and province.

In the afternoon the students and staff entertained their guests, and Dr. Fan gave his annual address. As he stood before us in the octagonal Great Hall speaking to our Old Students, some of whom were his contemporaries, we knew that the success of Jen Dah largely depended on him. He is one of the most inspired of our Christian leaders, and while he ably directs the college

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he never forgets its place in the whole Christian movement. As he spoke we noted the statesmanlike way in which he directed the loyalty of our old students not to himself but to the college, telling them of the number of ways they could help us and how they might carry our message out into the province.

The guest of the occasion was an old student, Den Su-lan, who had returned to Duliang on Government service, and who was becoming an important man in the affairs of China. On the next day, Old Students' Sunday, many of our graduates gathered with the staff and students to hear him give a special address. Den was once, we all knew, no friend of Jen Dah. He had been one of the anti-foreign leaders among our students, urging the servants to strike and nearly destroying our college. So now that he was a national leader we came to listen to him with interest, mixed with anxiety, not knowing just what he would say.

In the Hall he reviewed for us the events of his life. Dressed smartly in his khaki uniform he stood stiffly at attention and told us that when he was a student he used to dream of saving his country. He took a course in history and revelled in reading of the great national heroes. When he was a boy his father, a liberal thinker, had told him stories of Napoleon, Bismarck, Garibaldi, Lincoln and other great men. Den could not be satisfied with trying to destroy foreign power in our small college, so through the influence of a friend he was one of a number sent from Duliang to the military academy near Canton. He was desperately poor and studied day in

wonderful name! Cannot we do away with all the pettiness, overcome the barriers, and make Jen Dah in truth another Solomon's House? Think of our students receiving the message and then carrying it forth wherever they go! The pastors and church workers, the doctors and teachers, the officials and writers, even those who are extreme radical thinkers, carry the Light to the dark places of our province. In all the homes that our students are building, the Light should be burning."

The clear stars were shining with eastern brightness; lighting the path at our feet as we came to the lake, fringed about with tall graceful willows. As we stood together on the bank it seemed that the young men by my side embodied the hope of new China. The chaplain was so completely in earnest and devoted to his life-work. His happy smiling face was a passport wherever he went. The young engineer was absorbed by his great love of his country, intent on bringing to its service all the material advantages the West has to offer. Yet he was nevertheless determined that behind these new forces there should be the right philosophical and religious outlook, so that as far as is possible China should control them, instead of herself becoming their slave. It was impressed on me then that with men such as these there must be much in the future to which we could look forward with quiet confidence.

We remained for a moment part of the peaceful scene. From the hostel of Fragrant Courage came the clear notes of a flute, burdened with beauty. Lights shone in the windows of the Women's Hostel; and though the

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willows hid from our view the hostels of Good Comradeship and Harmonious Virtue, we could hear the faint sound of talking and laughter ; young life surged around us. In what patterns was Jen Dah moulding these young men and women, and for what service would they leave us ?

In a spirit of re-dedication we turned homewards from the lake, each to continue his work with new hope and courage.

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