

West China Missionary News

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The
West China
Missionary News

OCTOBER, 1924

EDITORIAL

Border towns, border communities, border lands are almost synonymous with struggle, turmoil, war. This is still more emphasised if the boundary be that between races differing widely in culture, tradition and temperment, as do China and Tibet. Accordingly a wide area, forming a portion of the western frontier of our province seems in periodic flux. Back about the year 1900, under the old Manchu regime, all seemed peace for a time, but the disturbances of the Boxer upheaval, later found their way to this far off region and a well known Amban was brutally murdered as he made his way from Tatsienlu to Lhasa. The Tibetan forces soon came eastward and almost all the country fell into their hands. It naturally took some time to arrange the counter attack from China, but eventually the veteran Chao Er-fung arrived with well trained troops and was everywhere successful. To his honor, it is generally reported that, he not only tranquilized the country outwardly, but through fair dealing gained the good will and even cooperation of the masses of the people throughout the district. He had further many plans for the peace and prosperity of the country, invited immigration, and securing the services of two skilled foreign engineers, had a splendid bridge built on the main road at Hokeo. Frequent rest houses and other improvements made the route to Batang and beyond comparatively safe and satisfactory travelling, so that missionary and other parties usually took the way in by Yachow, Tatsienlu and Litang.

Since then the great Revolution has come. At first the new Republic sent men and supplies to hold the territory, and they were evidently for a time comparatively successful. But the struggles have been long drawn out, men and money have been concentrated elsewhere, and again the control of the region has largely fallen into the hands of Tibetans. The consequence of the struggle is again the chaos Dr. Crook shows us in this article in this number. For years few if any foreigners have travelled the road, the Batang workers preferring to enter from Yunnan, the rest houses are gone, and travellers must bivouac in the open, robbers infest the route at different points, and the splendid bridge has now nothing to show but ruined buttresses. Assuredly the great oncoming wave of peace among the nations, which one seems to see steadily advancing in the west is also a dire demand for these two great peoples of China and Tibet and their ruined border land. Let us pray that the new spirit be not spent ere it reaches these sadly harassed sections of our province.

But much more must come with the mere sheathing of the sword if these districts are to have peace and prosperity. Mr. Phelps shows us some of these. If his picture of the Badi Bawang people is at all typical, then the appeal is plain. They manifestly sorely need modern medicine and sanitary science. What a sight to behold the majority of the adult inhabitants going about so afflicted with goitre, that all are carrying great protuberances, many as large as "indoor base-balls", about their necks. And what a modern miracle and mission of mercy our medical men could work, with their knowledge of the powers of iodine and other treatment. With this must naturally go the longer and slower process of education, changing the people not only physically but psychically, granting them new knowledge and power over the natural forces about them, better food, better clothing, better homes, better transportation, better communication. Needless to say we, as Christians, will add that deepest of all is needed a religious transformation which will banish from their midst the degrading conceptions

of that Power in which we live and move and have our being, and with a revitalizing knowledge of a common Father will send them forth with the highest standards for the individual life and compassion and cooperation with all men as brethren. But it is easy to point the way. The stern question is, who is to be the messengers. Our coming conference should at least surely bear well in mind that there are still "regions beyond", and some of these just over the ranges on our borders.

There is another, an even greater border question which again confronts us today. It is the question of the life after this life. These masses about us, as have the great majority of men everywhere throughout the days of recorded history, have held the belief in a future life in some of several forms. The Buddhists have taught transmigration, the Taoists the transformation of men into génii, the Confucianists, and indeed almost all of the nation, have been firmly convinced that their ancestors still survive. But the wave of materialism that overran the west during the latter days of last century is finding many followers among the students and other classes throughout this land today. From there it is inevitable that it will in time work out among the masses. An article then upon the subject from the standpoint of religious education should not be inappropriate. If the old hope has utterly perished for want of spokesmen among those claiming modern scholarship, then there is little to stem the tide save scriptural inspiration. If on the contrary there is, as the writer believes, a growing conviction among modern scientists and others that the great race hope is justified, then it is well that we review the evidence and be prepared to meet the young men of today from their own standpoint. Should some of our readers feel that there is a measure of value in the article, somewhat suited to our time, then it may be added that it may be had in translation into Chinese, at the Canadian Press Chengtu, or from the Christian Literature Society, Shanghai.

THE COST OF CRIME.

(Is this at the same time the Cost of Closed Churches, decimated Congregations and diminished Contributions to the Christian Cause in general in any Country? If so then the Church in a nation is assuredly one of its finest assets even financially! The Anti-Religion Movements might ponder this! Ed.)

Crime it is startling to learn piles up such a staggering loss to the country every year that it costs more than our Army and Navy, more than our police systems, more in fact than any other item in our national ledger. It is the biggest drain that business is forced to meet. We have frequently discussed crime from the religious standpoint, and it is not without interest, and certainly not without concern to us all, to view it as a book-keeper would at the end of a fiscal year, from the standpoint of profits and loss.

Most people think of crime cost as a slight and incidental burden on the state and national revenues. But it is a drain on every man's purse, as certain and unavoidable, under the circumstances, as the income tax or the cost of bread and shoes. The total annual levy which crime places on this country is probably not less than \$10,000,000,000. So writes Edward H. Smith in *Business*. This sum he tells us is about three times the amount of the national budget for 1923, and twelve times the annual cost of the Army and Navy.

"If as has been repeatedly estimated, the total income of the country is from sixty to seventy billions a year", he continues, "it is clear that a sixth or seventh of our total earnings is wasted, directly or indirectly, by crime.

"Penologists and criminologists estimate that in one sense or another from one to one and a half per cent of the population is criminal. At all times about 200,000 persons in the United States are under lock and key. But these represent less than one-fifth of the active criminal population.

"What's the answer? Do you ask for a miracle, an overnight transformation of human nature? There is no single answer, unless it be in education, education of the victim of crime to protect himself more efficiently and economically, and education of the criminal and prospective criminal to the end that he may know that, not even for him, does honesty pay." (Good, but will he not take his risk unless his conscience is also educated? Ed.)

DO MEN DIE?

J. L. STEWART, B.A., D.D.

What a strange question for sane men to ask, certainly men die. Every one dies some time. A few may live to be one hundred, even one hundred and ten years of age. One man in recent years is said to have lived to be almost one hundred and thirty years old, but he too died. Witness too our cemeteries everywhere. All men die!

Some of a more scientific spirit would modify the above. They would say there is a sense in which men do not die. They live on in their offspring. As the flower lives on through its seed, so the parent lives on in his posterity. This is true not only of men's bodies but also of their minds. In our day the doctrine of heredity has a great hold upon us, and we are told that approximately two thirds of all our abilities are inherited from our ancestors. "We are all omnibuses in which our ancestors ride."

Others again speaking more from the standpoint of society will add, that we are undying in still another sense. We live on forever in our influence upon others. Great writers live in their books, great musicians live in their musical creations, great statesmen in their laws, great philosophers in their theories of the universe, great reformers in their reconstructions of life. This power of influence we all share in measure. In this sense it may also be said man is immortal:

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And live forever and forever!"

But the question still persists. Do men die when their bodies die? Or if we are immortal, is it only in the bodies and nervous systems of our posterity, or our influence transmitted to future generations? Many claim in addition to these that our 'souls' are immortal. This claim raises at least two questions: What are souls? What are the proofs, if any, of immortality?

I. What Are Men's Souls.

Various answers have been given to this question. Many in ancient times said the soul was only a refined part of the body. They asserted that our bodies were formed of earth, or water, or fire etc, so our souls were simply refined earth or water, or fire. Others said the soul was air or breath. When this departed the man died. Some even said this spirit was a sort of smoke and might be seen departing. In some civilizations the soul was looked upon as a pure personality sent from God and constantly struggling with its body which being formed of matter was the source of evil. In other places souls of the dead were supposed to come back and inhabit the bodies of the newly born. Where they came from originally was not clearly defined.

Today we mean by the soul the man himself as distinguished from his body. We mean the man who senses, remembers, thinks, feels and wills. Sometimes the soul has been considered to include only a part of these. Men divided the spirit into two parts mind and soul, the latter including only the emotions and the will. Today we speak of the whole mental man as the soul, or the self.

As to how many selves there are, there is a common saying among some that each man has three souls. On death one goes to his tablet, one to his coffin and one to the City God Temple to be judged and then to the land of shades. Regarding this we have no evidence, only hearsay. While we are alive we know nothing of three selves within us. On the contrary all we think or do we attribute to one self and speak of it as "myself". We conclude therefore that there is but one self.

Our question then is. Does this one conscious, self-conscious self die when the body dies, or does it continue to exist?

Concerning this men in all ages have asked most anxiously. Every day new generations are being born only to live a few days or months or years, then pass away. Where do they go? Soon our time too must come. Whither are we bound? Do we survive or are we snuffed out as a candle? Surely this is a question to command earnest thought!

II. Does The Soul Survive ?

Naturally such a question is not easily answered. As is frequently pointed out by philosophers, our minds are constructed chiefly to comprehend material things, objects in time and

space. This is because our present life depends largely on such for food, clothing, shelter, and mingling with other bodies as minerals, vegetables, animals and men. When we come to speak of the survival of the soul, we cannot look much to such material things. We must necessarily look to the soul itself. Such evidence as we have is, therefore, mainly psychological and philosophical in its nature, and so sometimes less obvious. Unfortunately with some, therefore, it does not receive proper weight. But though emotions, desires, beliefs may not be at first so obvious, as stones, cattle, houses and human bodies, they are quite as real. Indeed if we pause for a time to reflect we will admit that these matters of the inner, immediate experience are the most intimate and certain things we know. Doubt them and all is despair.

Let us weigh then, not superficially, but seriously as we may, the evidence against and for this belief in the soul's survival.

A. Argument Against the Soul's Survival.

1. *Unwilling* :—There are those who do not want to believe in the soul's survival. They prefer to believe that death ends all. Their lives have been more or less full of evil. They have managed to escape detection or punishment here, but they fear the hereafter, so deliberately refuse to entertain the belief. But such an attitude can of course only lead to self deception. Some foolish sects occasionally believe that they cannot be wounded by swords, or shot. But they get killed just the same whether they believe it or not. Refusal to believe a thing, if true, can only injure the person concerned and others whom he may so persuade. We should have minds open to truth whatever its consequences!

2. *Unable* :—Some people are not good at following arguments. They listen but do not seem to grasp the import. This, as pointed out, is especially true in the case of arguments regarding the soul which are philosophical and psychological in their nature. But this is true also of many more obvious things, for example, sickness. Today we know that nearly all illness is due to microbes carried by insects, in water we drink or in the air etc. Yet a great many refuse to believe this and insist that the cause is devils or dead enemies etc. Such people should be willing to follow the conclusions of the majority of experts. But they should also at least make an honest effort to understand

for themselves. Many difficult things are made clear by continued reflection!

3. *Undue Haste*:—Some come to their conclusions too hastily. Naturally there are many beliefs about the future life, many of which are not founded upon evidence. Thus we have seen that some claim that man has three souls, that after death we return again to be born as children, or animals, or trees. Others claim that the soul returns to have a last look around and needs to be bathed, feasted etc. Still others say that a man's soul sinks into the ground and comes back after a certain number of days, when if the family do not run away and leave the rooms empty, they will suffer injury. Later in life people see that most of these beliefs are unsupported by any facts and then rush to the conclusion that all belief in the future life is false. But we should not decide so quickly. Tradition accumulates many accretions which need to be cleared away, before we can ascertain whether or not there be a core of truth. We should be careful not to throw away the baby with the bathwater!

4. *Unsensed*:—"Show me your departed souls!" say some, "and then we will believe." But that is a shallow request. Souls or Selves, or minds are not visible during life, how then should they be so after death? During life our relatives, friends, neighbors, strangers live all about us. We sense their bodies continually, but no one ever saw or otherwise sensed their minds, their souls.

Yet we believe these friends and relatives are more than bodies. We believe they have minds like our own which account for their speech, actions and changes of attitude, even though we cannot sense their minds as we can their bodies. Mere inability to sense things is not enough. Reason is a much higher mental guide. Sense says today an orange is sweet, tomorrow we taste it and say it is sour. Reason says the orange is the same. It is your health or some other factor that has changed. If there are good *reasons* for believing souls continue to exist we need not hesitate because our *senses* cannot corroborate the results!

5. *Incompatible*: That the soul should continue to exist seems incompatible with the fact that the body dies. But it is worth while to examine what we mean when we say that the body dies. Do we mean that the body is annihilated? No, we

only mean that it returns to its original form. Even according to the holdings of science matter is indestructible, so not one particle of the body's substance is destroyed. All still exists. If then the body still persists in some form, why should it not be equally reasonable to conclude that the soul does also? Moreover, the soul is the master of the structure. The body is only the servant. It is but the machinery for the mind's activities. Is it reasonable, therefore, to believe that the master mind, is destroyed while the machinery is preserved? Is it not at least equally reasonable to believe that the material body is but a staging for the soul to be returned for further use when the soul has completed its stature? The death of the body does not at all disprove the continued existence of the soul.

6. *Impossible* :—The materialist declares that the survival of the soul is simply an impossibility. He starts with the theory that all things and atoms, are very small material particles. The soul also he asserts is but a combination of these atoms forming the brain. When the brain dissolves at death, the soul necessarily also perishes. But to begin with materialism is only a theory. No one ever saw or in any way sensed matter. Next, it is a theory that does not agree with present day findings, for today scientists have examined atoms and find they are electrons, and that electrons are positive and negative energy. Thus there are no such things in modern science as small dead material particles. Finally materialism as a theory has always failed to explain motion, life and mind. How can dead particles move, and how can they produce life? If they cannot explain these how much less can they explain how dead particles can think, feel, desire and will! When we examine the evidence therefore we discover that it is not belief in the survival of the soul that is impossible, but the belief that all things can be explained on a basis of materialism!

So far we have examined the arguments usually urged against belief in the continued existence of the soul after death. We have not found them by any means convincing. It would at least seem quite as possible that the soul does survive as that it does not. Some further objections we will discuss as we proceed, but let us as far as possible face the other side of the question with unprejudiced attitude, and ask why men do believe the soul of man lives on some form after the death of the body.

B. Argument for the Soul's Survival.

1. *Generally Believed*:—Doubtless many believe in immortality because they were taught such in childhood. To this of course the disbeliever objects, saying that the belief is thus clearly a childhood prejudice. But this raises a deeper question, namely, why are the vast majority of the race so instructed in infancy? Is it not because the masses or parents believe. And this is not the case simply in one land but in all lands. Nor is it true of our generation alone but of the vast majority of men in all generations of the past. Doubtless the origin of some of this belief has been very primitive, as seeing the dead in dreams etc. But whatever the origin, the belief has been held in some form everywhere, at all times, and still persists. Were it simply the belief of one locality, one civilization, or one age then we might view it less seriously. But the predominant belief of mankind in all lands throughout all generations should not be lightly cast aside. The burden of proof is assuredly with the man who does not believe, and that proof we have found he is unable to effectively produce.

2. *Occult Evidence*:—Some believe in the future life on the evidence of individuals who say they have powers to look into the land of shades or even to enter there and return. Thus in China certain persons say they can in trance enter the other world and hold communication with the dead. Some of these are doubtless frauds who impose upon people for the sake of money. In the case of others, we account for most of the phenomena today by hypnotism which is simply a sleepy condition imposed by the individual himself or by others. Just as in dreams we see things and at times speak of them, but on waking can remember nothing of what we have seen or said, so the individual in hypnotic trance sees and speaks to others, but on returning to his normal self remembers nothing. During such trance, he is ruled by suggestions from his own thoughts and from bystanders, not by his reason.

Others again, claim that they are lictors in the employ of the officials of the land of shades. They claim they see the shades of men in the courts of the dead. They also aver that they have access to the records of the other regions and can tell when a man will die and other occult things. This sort of evidence though it weighs with some, is discarded by investigators today. It is doubtless also based on fraud, hypnosis or abnormal psychological conditions.

3. *Messages Through Mediums*;—But such phenomena today is not confined to China alone. It is widely spread in western lands also. In recent years eminent psychologists, philosophers and scientists, members of the British and the American Societies for Psychic Research, have investigated these matters, especially the claim of some mediums to receive messages from the dead. Many are naturally unconvinced and claim that all the phenomena can be accounted for by fraud telepathy or other unusual psychological conditions. On the other hand some very eminent men such as Sir William Crooks, Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent writer Conan Doyle and others are convinced that such messages are actually received. If this be true, the whole controversy would at once be settled. We would know the souls of the dead still live, for they can still communicate with us. Moreover, though it seems strange to us now, if such became common, we would soon become accustomed to it and think it no more wonderful, possibly, than that we now communicate with people by invisible means such as wireless telegraphy, radio etcetera. However, the claim is still far from being proved, and though we should always keep an open mind in such matters, we can well allow this sort of evidence to await much further investigation. At present we await more evidence pro and con, so may leave this argument to the experts.

4. *Demande by Desires*;—When we stop to analyse human endeavor we discover that it begins with desire. We desire food and drink and air, clothing and shelter and healing from disease, knowledge and friendship, justice and offspring. A periodical once offered a prize for the best brief definition of a baby. Many answers came, but the prize was awarded to one who said, "A baby is a bundle of desires," Now for all these desires there seems supplied some measure of satisfaction. The hungry, if he searches, can find that nature has supplied abundance of food. The thirsty can find drink. The desire to breathe finds a world of air all about us. The naked can find clothing, the homeless shelter and the sick medicine, or a way of healing for practically all diseases, and even those so far incurable, we believe will one day have a remedy. So too the searcher after knowledge and justice, friendship and offspring can find means to fulfil in measure all these desires. Fulfil these desires, within proper restraints, and we grow. Deny them and we die. Thus desires are foretokens of future realities. We venture out upon them to find they are the great verities.

Now we have, as we have seen, a great race belief based upon a great race desire. A few here and there may desire extinction at death but the inexorable demand of the race as a whole is everywhere and everywhen for immortality. Can it be that this unquenchable desire is to disappoint us? That lower desires have each and all led to newness of life and this one, so significant, leads only to nonsense or nothingness? Have millions of the race, generation after generation, died radiant in the hope of great future happiness in some future home, and we today, at last, discovered that humanity has been humbugged? These questions will not down. If lower desires are foretokens of fulfilment, then surely this vast and vital, higher longing must also in some way be satisfied. The race desire demands immortality.

5. *Incomplete Satisfaction*:—When we come further to examine others of these higher desires we find that they too demand a future life. Let us examine two or three:

a. *Knowledge*: Men's bodies like the animal and vegetable world about us seem to run their cycle and pass away. Physically we are born, grow to a maximum of manhood then as gradually decline to feeble age. Not so with knowledge. We never reach its limits. The wisest of men feel they are but beginning to know, when death enters to intervene. Is there no where, no when, no how for the fulfilment of these longings?

b. *Affections*. In this life we are in death, says the Book. About us day by day children say farewell to parents, relatives to relatives, friends to friends. About these during life, what ties of affection have been twined! We have worked with them side by side. We have fought with them shoulder to shoulder through life and death struggles. We have tried them in all vicissitudes of life, and found them true. A brain clot, a shot, a quick cry of pain and the comrade is gone! Where? Nowhere? Then no wonder men turn pessimist and speak of life here as the refinement of torture! Mothers die of broken hearts despite the highest comfort. How utterly sad the torment, if also this hope is now to be scrapped, a mere superstition, a sort of race soporific!

c. *Justice*. The sense of justice is also strong in our race. Read the history of any land and note the incessant cry, the honor to the just judge, the ignominy heaped upon the unjust. Yet how often death finds justice unfulfilled. Here is some rich Dives who oppresses hundreds of the poor, even plunders and slays them. Here is some down and out Lazarus, sick, covered

with sores, the victim of his over-lord's lusts. One fares sumptuously, the other with the dogs dines upon the crumbs. Is there no higher court for such crimes? Must the monster who cheats the gallows meet no righteous judge? And will the murdered maiden will be forever unavenged?

No! The heart of the race refuses to believe that such is possible. It demands that the search for truth be sometime rewarded, that affection somewhere secure its fulfilment, that justice shall be done! Thus not only the great race desire itself, but these incomplete strivings and longings for knowledge, affection, and justice demand another life for their completion and consummation!

6. *The Meaning of Life*:—One of the ageless questions among the thoughtful of our race in all lands is and has been, What are we doing here? Individually we grow in years, in stature, in experience, in character. Then after the years of struggle, an accident, a fever, or old age comes and we pass. Is that all life means, growing, struggling for knowledge and harmonious relations to others, then suddenly being snuffed out, just apparently when one had gotten ready to live? But, say some, we must not forget, as was pointed out above, that every one who lives to the fullest makes a better world for those who follow after. As our poet has said, We thus

“Join the choir invisible, of those immortal dead,
We live again in minds made better by their presence”

Yes, this a great inspiration to long and noble living. But what is ultimately to be the goal? Our scientists best guess at the riddle of existence so far as this little globe upon which we dwell is concerned, is that gradually it is cooling. Already a great ice cap covers its poles. This must gradually extend until all vegetation perishes animal life disappears and man passes from the face of the earth. Is that then the goal of all our endless striving? After long generations we will free the world, it may be, from disease, from ignorance and from crime. We will fill the earth with truth, beauty and goodness and then? Why then, in a long drawn out regress of struggle for food and shelter, man will again revert to the brute and miserably perish. No, if that is all, the intellect is insulted, not inspired, hope lies humiliated, faith falters, progress is paralyzed. Were an individual to spend even a decade rearing an edifice, beautiful with all the art that earth could afford, then at completion suddenly destroy all, we would unanimously declare him

demented. What of a universe that would spend a billion years to build up a world of beauty, only to have all at last burst as a bubble! No, that view of the purpose of our world, if all, fails to satisfy the human soul. It may be true, but it cannot be all of truth. But posit the belief that this world is a preparatory school for graduation into the university of immortality, and then the meaning of life becomes clear. All that I am will abide with me when this body dies. Tell me this and then all struggle for health, for knowledge, for character, is well worth while. I go out into life, not to shirk, but to

“Welcome each rebuff, that turns life’s smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand, but go!”

Posit annihilation and the riddle of the struggle of existence becomes a long drawn out tragedy on a tiny planet. Imply individual immortality and this earth becomes illumed as a time school for eternity. The survival of the soul is demanded to give life meaning.

7. *The Belief Beneficial*:—Long centuries since, Jesus declared “Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit. By their fruits ye shall know them! “This same test of truth has been revived in a new form in recent years by a school of philosophy called “pragmatism” or “humanism”. It agrees that a theory to be believed should be in accordance with facts and reason. But the final test should be, does the theory work? What kind of fruit does it bring forth? Now the fruits of the belief in a future life depend upon the form in which it is held. The Egyptians believed that the dead would after a time return to inhabit the same bodies and homes which they had during life, so embalmed the bodies at death, and built vast graves filling them with treasure while the poor among the living died of hunger. This belief is at least partly pernicious. So also is the belief that the dead are dependent on the living for their sustenance. Confucius did rightly when he hesitated to endorse wholly the belief common in his day. But the Christian hope is more reasonable, for based more on the facts of life. It finds no proof that men return here, so presumes that they go on forever in the other life. It sees no way in which burned cash paper, or other objects, can aid the dead, so presumes that the same, all-wise and loving Father, who guards the living, will also care for them in the life beyond. In this life all has been

growth, so Christianity believes that in the life to come the soul, the self, grows on in knowledge and character, eternally expanding. The results of these beliefs in Christian lands are clearly seen after an experience of twenty centuries. It sends men out with a deep thirst for knowledge and righteousness, and burning desire to lead others to the same standard, in short to establish that ideal human society, which Jesus calls the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Further it inspires him with courage in the midst of danger, faith in days of doubt and a radiant hope when death draws nigh. What fruits could be more beneficial in life than this belief? If the fruits approve the roots, then the Christian faith in immortality is assuredly amply demonstrated to be firmly founded as one of the abiding verities. "This mortal shall put on immortality!"

8. *Great Leaders Believe In Immortality.* Naturally the arguments for immortality advanced above have weighed differently with different individuals. Despite the appeal some have remained in doubt, and even declared themselves to be agnostics in the matter. Yet few of them have faced the alternative of annihilation with equanimity. Thus Huxley wrote to John Morley in 1883, "It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror, that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I would sooner be in Hell a good deal, at any rate in one of the upper circles where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way." Huxley's materialistic theory of things said, we perish at death, but his undying desire for knowledge revolted at the thought. Darwin also wrote, "It is an intolerable thought that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation, after such long-continued and slow progress." Yet materialistic theories annihilate not only the individual but ultimately the earth itself and all organic things. Professor Palmer of Harvard, sadly recording his wife's decease, has well voiced this revulsion against the annihilation of personality: "Though no regrets are proper for the manner of her death, who can contemplate the fact of it and not call the world irrational, if out of deference to a few particles of disordered matter it excludes so fair a spirit!" Professor Fiske, himself a believer in evolution asserts, "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known in the history of philosophy."

To this Professor Paulsen of Berlin adds, "The proposition that thoughts are in reality nothing but movements in the brain, that feelings are nothing but bodily processes in the vaso-motor system, is absolutely irrefutable; not because it is true, however, but because it is meaningless. The absurd has this in common with truth, that it cannot be refuted." We have thus quoted at some length from authorities who for various reasons discard the theory of materialism, for in our generation materialism is the chief cause of disbelief in immortality. We may well close with this significant sentence from Professor Tyndall, "I have noticed during years of self observation, that it is not in hours of clearness and of vigor that this doctrine (of materialism) commends itself to my mind; for in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form a part!"

From the standpoint in some form of an idealistic interpretation of the universe, the great of our race who have believed in immortality form a long list of leaders: Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist; Sir William Osler, the eminent physician; Kepler, the astronomer; William James, the psychologist. Among the great poets might be included almost all, certainly Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant. In literature come the names Scott and Dickens, Hawthorn and Irving. In philosophy come great names ancient and modern: Socrates and Plato, Kant and Hegel, Green and the Cairds, Emerson and Eucken.

Seeing then we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us weigh well the evidence that led them to their several convictions, nor lay aside lightly this so great and inspiring power which has led in individuals and races ever buoyantly onward and given to ten million hearts undying hope as their time came to Cross the Bar!

CHRISTIANIZING THE CHIANG.

T. TORRANCE, A.B.S.

(This letter was written for home friends. We feel sure it is of interest to our workers here and so have requested permission for its publication. Ed.)

I have been half-in-doubt this year as to whether to send a report of my journey to the Tribes Country. You have had

several in the past and as the writing of such necessarily involves a lot of repetition I feared to risk this and tell you again of the work there.

This summer Tom went with me. He pled so hard to accompany me that I could not refuse him though, truth to tell, I wanted his company. It is cheerier to have some one along to whom you can talk English. He rode behind me on the mule where riding was possible. This conserved his strength and we got on famously.

Miss Hutchinson of the Friends' Mission travelled with us the first two and a half days. One of the problems arising out of our efforts to reach the Ch'iang people has been that of winning the women. If their evangelization is to be successful it must proceed by raising the wives and mothers to as high a standard of Christian instruction as the husbands and sons. This naturally lay beyond a mere man and since Mrs. Torrance owing to family encumbrance could not go Miss Hutchinson gladly responded to the need. The plan was to conduct a Bible class for the women whose husbands were Christians and enquirers. This she did at Weichow. Some ten women came and stayed in the mission premises for nearly a fortnight.

Tom and I spend the first Sunday at Wenchuan. For a year or two we have had a house rented here. The place has been a hard one to reach though many have become genuinely friendly, their interest in the Gospel has been almost nil. One man last year was won. He stood as the only Christian in the district.

Last February in an attempt to gain men I sent my Chengtu man to conduct a months Bible class here. By providing their board he was able to gather in about a dozen men for instruction. The net result of his labours were two Ch'iang and one Wasze tribesman. One of the Ch'iang was an old man of over 70 years whom I have mentioned in previous letters. He had been very friendly ever since my first visit five years ago, tho all our preaching seemed to remain at that. But now the truth laid hold on him. It was a veritable eleventh hour repentance for a month or two later he sickened and died. Before he passed away he charged his son to come to church. His last words almost were a prayer to the Lord to hold him fast for he would not cease to cling to him.

On the Sunday afternoon Mr. Ch'en the evangelist, Mr. Keo the Wenchuan Christian went with us to Tseh tou, an important Ch'iang settlement. We had very soon a nice gathering

of people around us. It was good to notice they had lost their old shyness. Not a few women were among them. They said "we would all come to church if only Mrs. Torrance could visit us"

On Monday forenoon we climbed the Tongling mountain to call on King So, the chief of the Wasze tribesmen. I called once before at his fort but failed to find him at home. This time we did. He gave us a royal reception. His appearance was not very kingly for he was small of stature and not over robust in appearance but he made up for his physical deficiencies when he began to talk. He certainly knew what my business among the mountains was for almost immediately of his own accord he began to talk about religion. Speaking of the propagation of Christianity he said it would be easier among the Ch'iang than among other people for they had no religion. This ignorance of his neighbors and his contempt for their sacrificial ritual amused me tho' it did not altogether surprise me. Paganism usually affects a highflown superiority over simpler and purer faiths. However, I was not there for argument even tho' I was a Scotchman; I let his remarks pass for I wanted to get home to him the message of Christianity. He prophesied that within 20 years their old religious would have gone for good. With a touch of pride he went on to say he too had a Bible and showed me an A.B.S. copy the Rev. H. Edgar had given him some years ago. It was a leather bound edition of the earlier version.

The skins of several golden monkeys hung in his courtyard drying. As I knew this to be very rare I asked if they were shot in his mountains, to which he answered affirmatively. He intended going soon again on a pleasure hunting expedition. He told us the wild yak grew to great dimensions in his hinterland. Foreign dogs, in his opinion, could not be compared to the native ones for boring thro' bush and forest after wild animals, but he admitted ours were superior in a grass country. "So" insisted on us staying to dinner. Tom was tremendously interested in everything. To see a "King" and dine at his house was something that appealed to his imagination. The one thing lacking was that he did not see him sitting on a throne.

We returned another way to visit a Ch'iang fort. The road was steep and narrow—it kept me watching Tom and warning him to beware of his feet. He seemed quite without fear.

After Wenchuan we went on to Lifan, only staying one day at Weichow. You'll remember that at Lifan there is a Canadian Methodist out-post that is run by the contributions of their church in Szechuan. Mr. Ch'en, my evangelist, went with me. Pastor Mao was more than glad to see us. He was like a backwoodsman at home welcoming one of his own after a long spell of loneliness. We believe we did him and the work good. The meetings we had proved very encouraging. Compared to two years ago the church had gone forward. The outlook was distinctly hopeful but he was not reaching the Ch'iang. This disappointed me. I asked him to give me a list of the Ch'iang "forts" and I would send my two men to visit them. I have kept them out of the Lifan district, preferring to send them elsewhere but on realising he was not able to get them to come in I thought we must try and help him.

Mr. Sang, the Chief of the Anpo tribe, was in town and he called on me. So did Mr. Yang, the acting Chief of the Ch'iang who is the son of the old Chief. His father was on the mountains and I missed seeing him. Mr. Yang promised, at my request, to find and send down to me to Chengtu this next winter two earnest men for Bible study. If they come we may be able to do something for the Lifan Ch'iang.

These Chiefs related to me the story of their opposition to the Chinese officials last year in growing opium. When ordered to plant it they all refused. In the autumn the Chinese officials demanded the tax on it as if they had grown the drug. Seeing this was not forthcoming a conference was called when three of the five Chiefs and the son of a fourth were held in custody until it was paid. This angered their followers so much that at once they rushed to Lifan with their arms and promptly released the imprisoned men. The Chinese government had no face to pursue the quarrel further and the matter dropped.

The proclamation issued last November by the Civil Governor against the growth of opium was not published at Lifan. Anticipating this I had a special copy sent on to Yang, the Ch'iang Chief, and this was posted up at his mountain Yamen. In the mountains where the Chiefs rule no opium has been grown this year again but in other parts it has been, tho' not in such a great quantity.

From Lifan we went to Tongmenwai, the Ch'iang centre where the first Ch'iang church was established last year. Now the Christians had a building of their own. They had mortgaged a house, rather half-a-house with two rooms 20 ft. x 13,

one over the other. The lower one had been cleaned, a small platform erected, and forms placed in it. The upper one was for the preacher's residence when he was there. It was gratifying to see what had been done. They certainly were proud of it. The mortgage money they had raised entirely themselves. I only gave them \$5.00 towards repairs.

The number of enquirers had grown to 39, that is 39 men.

At Wenchuan I felt somewhat despondent at the slow progress being made: here my weak faith grew stronger. The Christians were full of plans for the future; it was cheering to listen to them. When they get their big real church built by and by they intend storing in it a record of the old Chiang religion so that future generations might know the nature of the faith of their fathers and how it only passed away at the coming to them of Christianity. When that record is made I, for one, will be deeply interested in reading it and comparing the document with the results of my own researches.

On this journey I secured an ancient priest's staff. It resembled a long rod with a snake wound round it Moses' rod, as one of the Christians put it.

I also secured an ancient burial urn of a type unknown before. A second somewhat different has been promised me. These I'll put in our Cheugtu Christian Museum at the Union University. I happen to be at present interim curator.

To improve the Ch'iang cattle stock I brought them up this time a half-foreign bull. Last autumn I sent them one, but it fell down a mountain and was killed. This one I sent to an opposite range where the grazing is less dangerous. By and by I may be able to find another animal for them; the Chengtu University have now got several purebred Holsteins and more calves will be coming.

The man who led up this animal was a young Rong tribesman whom I have in Chengtu studying for some months, preparatory to sending him in to the independent native States with consignments of Gospels. He has made good progress and shown a fine spirit. He returns in November for further study. Next spring if we can secure sufficient Tibetan Gospels, I plan to send him in the spring to Somo, Tongpa and Chaksgee, etc. There is no one to take these people the message of life if I don't send it to them.

We met at Weichow a band of Lamas from the States. I had no Gospels but was able to supply them with one or two Catechisms.

At the Ch'iang fort of Kagu, a man came out after us and insisted on our returning to his house for a rest and a cup of tea. His earnestness of manner told me he had something to say. He seated us in his best room which was well furnished and very bright for a native house. After tea was brought in he began to speak of the Ch'iang religion and its intimate resemblance to Judaism. He had been reading Genesis and Exodus. From this he launched out into the unknown origin of his race, strongly maintaining at the same time their equality with the Chinese and superiority to the tribes further west of them. He was well read and spoke so fluently that it was a pleasure to listen to him, especially as the light of Christianity was beginning to shine in his heart. With no less earnestness than his own I spoke to him of Jesus Christ as the Hope of all men. He had three sons; one of them, I think, he will send to Chengtu to school: if so, he may yet be a herald of the glad tidings that came to his father by an A.B.C. colporteur-preacher.

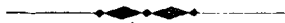
Back at Weichow we found Miss Hutchinson much cheered by her work among the women. Their warmth of feeling and heartiness deeply impressed her. She admitted, however, their great need of teaching. If only a woman-evangelist could be found, she said.

We met the Rev. D. C. Graham here on his way back from Songpan. He went there in July in the interests of the Smithsonian Institute. He had secured several hundred birds and of insects and butterflies, etc, several boxes. He was now on his way to Wenchuan to try and find rare animals. I recommended him to get King So to help him. He did this. I am sorry to say that after we parted he lost one of his coolies by drowning. A rope-bridge gave way as he was crossing and falling into the stream was swept away and was not seen again. Graham lost a camp-bed and a gun.

We ourselves got back without serious incident. The only incident I had was a bruized toe. Tom suffered acutely from the fleas in the villages; they actually raised blisters on him. But nothing damped his interest or ardor. He stood the journey splendidly for a boy of ten. His mother verily imagined he returned looking better than when he went. It was otherwise with Miss Hutchinson. She had to go to bed with an infected leg, due primarily to flea bite. Only she regretted in no way her going. The country, the people and the work had fired her imagination. A strong evangelical herself, the

romance of giving the Ch'iang the Gospel had touched her heart. She thought it was wonderful the way they were responding and how they trusted us. She found there was a great opening and the only ones trying to meet it were our A.B.S. men.

A young widow was the smartest at her Bible class. She could learn or memorize anything. She wanted to bring her to Chengtu to Mrs. Torrance for a period of systematic instruction. When I told her she was a veritable Magdalene, her surprise was indeed great. I repeated that Christ came not to save the righteous but sinners; she said the same thought was in her own mind. Were this woman truly converted she would be, by God's grace, a great power for good. The other women, I know, greatly benefited by the class and with their advancement we feel sure there begins a new period of blessing in their highland homes.



THE BLACK CATHEDRAL OF TIBET.

DRYDEN LINSLEY PHELPS, M.A., B.D.

Less than ten white men have ever beheld the heathen temple I am about to describe. Indeed I can hardly tell you where to look on the map, where the Big Gold River hurls into the chocolate avalanche of the Tong its chasm-bound fury. Southeast of Kokonor, north of the Ta Tchien Lu-Batang road on the Chino Tibetan Border, in the country where Dr. Shelton was killed there Romi Drango clings to the cliff wall. But let me open my diary.

Wed. 26 July: Romi Drango to Bawang: 40 li (cir. 15 miles); el. 6900 feet. The Ulag (pronounced "ula", an escort and carriage of native men, women and children, horses, mules and yak load-carriers enforced from each district) arriving tardily, we left the filthy streets of Romi only at nine a.m. Clouds mantled the ragged cliffs as we followed a tortuous path up the Big Gold River. One Tibetan town included seventeen

black stone towers—fortress, worship or lookout, no one definitely knows—unpoetically resembling Massachusetts shoe factory chimneys. At a distance, across the river, these Tibetan village fortresses, all stone built, with peaked corners and towers, look like summer mansions on the Hudson. Entered, they are foul holes. We stopped at an inn for lunch. A little girl with face, arms and legs broken out with smallpox, brought us water.

“See that man walking across the court,—the one with the white feet—he is a leper.”

More than eighty per cent of this population suffer from goitre. Their chins rest on these huge protuberances, like Elizabethans and their ruffles. It is a strange sensation to see all the people, men, women and children, going around with the same disease, a disease in so terrible and dangerous a place. Imagine wearing an indoor baseball under the skin of your jaw.

At Bawang we furtively entered the court of the Red Lamaserie, lest we be caught unawares by the ferocious Tibetan dogs in the court. Like the Irishman who saw a sword-fish on a California wharf and grunted, “The man who caught that is a liar”, you would call me one, if I should accurately describe to you just how ferocious these Tibetan dogs are. The largest surpass our Mastiff-St Bernard combination in size. Some are red, some tawny, some black, with great manes of coarse hair on the fore part of the body; the haunches lean and close cropped, like a small Nubian lion. Some years ago I walked through a long low stone menagerie in India, just before feeding time. A sudden, supulchral roar, like Polyphemus bellowing in his cave, raised every blade of hair on my head. Again I heard that deep, terrible, unquenchable roar on entering the court of a Tibetan lamaserie. Usually the monks restrain these beasts by great collars of yak leather and hand-wrought chains.

This time they were free, and came galloping across the stone court. A tribesman, entering the portal with us, had taken forethought to carry in his hands two rocks the size of mallet heads. But a couple of monks came running out from their corridor cells and cursing the dogs leapt upon them, restraining their snarling fury with hands buried in their shaggy manes. A monk lay his whole weight on each dog to hold him down until we had passed.

A newly painted Prayer Wheel embellished the entrance, dragons, fish, and brownhorned demons depicted on this vertical, revolving cylinder in flashing pigments of red, yellow, green

and blue. Sanscrit writing, looking to us like etymological pretzels, filled in a decorative border. This circular petition, about nine feet high and five feet in diameter, is turned by the devotee like a spiritual merry-go-round; and every revolution tallies on the Tibetan celestial scoreboard for as many petitions as are inscribed on this magnified rolling-pin prayer wheel. One sect turns the wheel from left to right, muttering, "Om mane padme om"; the rival sect turns from right to left, and mumbles, "O me tophu, O me tophu", and over this distinction there have been wars, tortures and martyrdoms. Sinister reflection of ecclesiasticism!

That night we slept in the high, wooden-floored, tawdry "Palace" of the Chieftainess. The windows, and upper earthen porch overlook the foaming, tempestuous river.

Thursday, 27 July: Bawang to Badi: 40 li; el. 6,800'. Badi-Bawang is a Tibetan-Tribal principality, independent in somewhat the same way as Monaco. Before departing for Badi we stood in the great doorway of the Lamaserie and listened to the morning chanting of the monks and neophytes, crouched like growing animals in aisles. Clad in vermilion robes, they resembled a congregation of executioners. A wretched, ragged worshipper stole up and down the squatting ranks, seeking a blessing and benediction from these mentally and morally illiterate priests. Each monk puffed with his mouth on the bent head of the peasant; some held a long sheet of the open scripture above their mouth. Breath, the breath of life,—how that idea has permeated all religions.

At one point on the road the poor Ulag carriers, men, women and children, came and knelt in the grass beside the road, and with clasped hands kow-towed before us, their long black locks and queues sweeping the ground. Old missionary magazine pictures of "Preaching the Gospel to the Heathen" flashed through my mind. But in this case, it was not a thirst for Living Water, but an acute hunger for spot cash, which prompted their protestations.

A Missouri mule compared to a Tribes Country mule is a gentle palfrey. To make them amenable with a triple-curbed bit on a precipice ledge would be difficult enough. But with thong-lashed sticks for a halter, and twisted, cloth-woven bridle, it is the mule who rides; the traveler merely attend his caprices, in an ever fluctuating state of suspense between the wrath of Jehu and the helplessness of chariot-dragged Hector. Our road skirted precipices, crest careening above us, base yawn-

ing below us, the rocks of our path grease-slippery from the rain. Below fathomless space churned the cataracts of sliding water. In places on the cliff face where no rock-hewn way could be gnawed into the leaning stone, holes had been somehow bored and horizontal poles stuck in. Upon these protruding and treacherous supports axe flattened beams had been slapped down,—a scaffolding to shake the nerve of Houdini. I forested the disgrace of “pulling leather.” Now I clung to the mane of my mule; now perched on crupper, maintaining a tentative steadiness in Tibetan iron stirrups. The saddle was a “giang-giu” pack-saddle mended with hanks of leather; the bridle a piece of old rag turban.

Approaching Badi we caught our first glimpse of the Black Lamaserie of Bonism, The Black Cathedral of Tibet. Like a forbidding Rhine fortress, this mighty, square monastery-temple rose on a hillside above the river. At each corner, where Notre Dame would have a chimeve or griffin, a high, unornamented triangular stone peak or tooth cut the skyline fifteen feet above the upper balustrade. It is said that the jagged mountain peaks of the Tibetan steppes have thus influenced the architecture. A wide black stripe girdled the four walls, conveying a bizarre effect not unlike the Florentine Duomo. A tower surmounted this grey pile.

The first stone gateway brought us into a large outer court—a great square cloister,—where we tied our horses and met the friendly monks who descended the high stone steps of the distant temple portal. They were exceedingly cordial, for the Bons, the Black Sect of Tibetan Buddhism, are few in number, and fear their larger and richer rivals, the Red and the Yellow Sects. The Bons therefore court friendship, while the devotees of the Red and the Yellow Lamaseries are barely tolerant of the strangers approach. I believe there are but three of four Bon Lamaseries in the world—all in Tibet.

As one descends into the subterranean Dravidian Temple at Madura in South India one enters, as it were, the underground passages of the racial soul. Such a sensation oppresses one peering into the forest gloom of Badi's pillared nave. Of all the European cathedrals Cologne is to me the most inspiring. Its superb Gothic pillars have an airy lift to their pointed arches unequalled. It is said that the early builders designed these massive columns and upper tracery to recall the deep forests, where the spirit of the worshipper followed his gaze aloft to the throne of God. Now amid all the sordid heathenism

which almost overwhelms, Badi's forty-two great black pillars lift the gaze-and the heart-from the bestial vulgarity of greasy shrines to the high light of the open tower. The aspiring quality of human worship is common to all religions, however debased and clogged by unworthy forms. These forty-two pillars are forty-two trees brought from the Tibetan mountains. In the shadowed twilight of the temple interior, with the yellow western rays drifting through grated windows, it was indeed a Black Forest. On these sombre pilasters hung ancient flags, masks, spears, swords and gaudy symbols of festal days, now darkened with the grime of decades. Save for scattered, barred upper windows—"clear storey lights"—the gloomy interior is lighted only by the central open tower, built like the Ely lantern but infinitely less harmonious in color or symmetry. On the plastered walls huge murals flamed and glared, sitting Buddhas painted in brilliant indigo, vermilion, brown, and I recall not how many other shades; while below and around these squatting, fat figures a thousand and one incarnations, male and female, demons and animals, tricked out with every ornament and attire possible to a lurid and devious imagination. What a far, far cry all this to the simple and profoundly spiritual frescoes of Giotto in the Duomo! As someone said of Turner's paintings, this frenzy of insane coloration resembles a calico-colored cat gone crazy in a platter of tomatoes.

But I will not dwell upon these fat-bellied dieties with their staring eyes and pudgy, braceletted arms. At the head of the central aisle, behind a screen of fine chicken-wire, sits in undisturbed reverie a golden Buddha. But all that glitters is not gold. Its glossy epithelium is probably only skin deep-like its dignity. Most of the gods of China—and I believe of Tibet—are mud and lime plaster on straw and bamboo framework. I know a gaudy god of wealth who is sorely out at the elbow, straw-and-fibre bone sticking through his seedv gentility. Behind this caged divinity rose in the dusty darkness other oblivious, akimboed, cross-legged idols. On the left of these central images stand a row of double figures, each eight or ten feet high, with the symbols of the worship of procreation at their feet. They are the Copulating Buddhas, the incarnation of debauchery, the epitome of fetid degradation. "For of old time I have broken thy yoke, and burst thy bonds; and thou saidst, I will not serve; for upon every high hill and under every green tree thou didst how thyself, playing the harlot." There are some travelers who condone this symbolic nastiness

as a veneration of the mysterious and marvelous creative energy of God. Of such one may say what was said of a certain traveler: "He hasn't enough religion to wad a shot-gun!" However latitudinarian one's viewpoint may be, however eclectic his philosophy, a man treads dangerous ground when he attempts to drag spiritual meanings through such a welter of sensual representations.

The priests showed us every courtesy in escorting us to upper galleries, through labyrinthine passages and out on the great flat roof. Their simplicity and kindness marked them superior to the objects of their worship, grinning horribly from the walls. But this is not an anomaly confined to "heathenism". A boardbound set of the Sanscrit Scriptures, stained with three thumb-daubs of blood, and darkened by countless greasy hands, lay on a low bench. Mr. Loo, a Chinese student who accompanied our party, entered into long diplomatic negotiations for this rare souvenir (rare to us but commonplace to them). In place they offered a new, unstained copy—more attractive, but lacking the "local color" (and smell!) of the used copy. As I was leaving the temple a bowing monk presented me with the coveted treasure. That night by messenger I presented him in return with foreign cakes of chocolate wrapped in red paper, in a "George Washington Coffee" can.

Before our departure in the later afternoon, the priests held a service for us. In rows along the pillars they squatted on cushions before low benches on which lay the many loose leaves of their Scriptures. At their hand stood the neverfailing Tzaamba bowl, a hot, thick, greasy brew of strong, coarse tea, meal and melted yak butter (long, black yak hairs not excluded!). Then the music and the chanting opened fire; the guns of Mons, flight of the Walkure in the Yale Bowl, jazz of the Parisian demi-monde, eerie rumbling of Maoris intoning, ghoulish cry of Chinese music . . . Alexander's Ragtime Band outraged and outjazzed. Conch shell horns, tambourines and a brass hybrid between a cornet and a trombone whined and wailed above the booming of three immense suspended bass drums. Then the pounding of the drums in weird synchronism alternated with the scream of the horns,—this rabble and rout of sound finally dying away in a long and lonely blast reverberation dismally.

Finally we turned to leave this morgue of pessimism, fury and beastiality. Staring eyes, orange, red and yellow figures melted into the darkness the silence of night—their proper abode. The ponderous doors, with their panels of halfbird and half-

man, crunched on their iron flanges-closing in heathenism for another night, freeing us to the open sky, the stars and the mountains.



A VISIT TO LITANG

RUDOLPH L. CROOK, M.D.

While I was attending the Chengtu Language School Mr. J. H. Edgar gave a lecture on Tibet especially emphasizing Litang. Ever since I have looked longingly beyond the white snow cones to the West, planning to visit the regions beyond. My guardian constellation appeared in the heavens this past summer and with the kind assistance of H.B.M. Consul-General G. A. Combe, Mr. Edgar and I were able to leave Tachienlu July 10th for Litang.

Since the Revolution of 1911, Litang has been a closed region and as far as I know, no foreigner has visited the place these twelve years. Naturally Mr. Edgar was anxious to revisit his former field of labor to scatter literature, and I was more anxious to see the beyond. With six Yak and three Tibetan ponies, we climbed the rough, stony path over the Jedo Pass (14900 feet). From this, a new world greets the traveler. The rough, craggy, gray peaks have given way to rolling, rounded, green hills. The dashing mountain streams are replaced by deep fertile valleys with slow meandering streams where the Tibetans raise barley and wheat. As far as the eye can see all is a stretch of high rolling green hills with deep valleys. Further in, the land is more flattened, while in the deeper valleys are found abundant forests of pine, spruce, fir, prickly oak, and numerous fruit trees. However, on the high hills there is nothing but a sea of green, where the nomads pitch their tents to pasture their yak, sheep and horses.

In five days we reached Hoko (Yachianghsien) after going over Ga-chī Pass (15600 feet) just after a snowstorm, so that the snow still remained on the nearby hills. Hoko is a small official center on the Yalung River, tho of no importance as a trading place. Since the main road to Lhasa passes thru

Hoko a good suspension bridge was constructed across the Yalung in 1911 by two French engineers at a cost of \$500,000. Shortly after completion, this fine structure was cut down to keep back a hoard of robbers. Today the two end buttresses stand as two sandstone obelisks in memory of the careful work of the engineers and the ingenuity of Chao Er Fung, the last Szechwan Viceroy.

Four more days and we were in Litang. This part of the road has long been unsafe and the Hoko official thot it wise to send 20 guns with us and wisely so, since fourteen bandits made a has'y appearance near Litang, but just as hasty a retreat. This road goes over five mountain passes (14,000 to 15,600 feet) while passing thru only two settlements. Chao Er Fung at the time of his conquest of this region built numerous rest-houses or inns along this road, but today only one unusable resthouse remains standing. This made it necessary for us to camp in the open one night. That night is long to be remembered. Jacob had a stone for a pillow, ours was a stone bed; Jacob saw the heavens open and angels going up and down, we saw the heavens rent and weep bitterly all night. Not having tents we were glad to dispense with soaked bedding and be off at 2.00 a.m. in a cold drizzly rain.

July 20th we came within sight of the Litang plain from the 15,600 foot pass. The plain is about 60 li long and 30 li wide with the Litang River winding its serpentine course thru green pasturage, where numerus specks of black and white yak and sheep, are grazing. Later I was told that there are 50,000 sheep, 40,000 yak, and over 1000 horses on the plain. Twenty li more and Litang (Li Hwa Hsien) can be seen nestled among the hills. The two golden towers of the lamasery at once strikes the eye and stands out above the temple buildings and lamas' quarters in their maroon and yellow color. Over 3,500 lamas are registered here tho at the time of our visit many were not at home.

Litang proper is a compact street about four hundred yards long and ten feet in width lined with one story mud or stone houses with the usual flat mud roof after Tibetan fashion. There are no alleys or central courtyards. The walls adjoin and extend back for three or four rooms. Thus air and light is only obtainable from the front, rear, or above. The room Mr. Edgar and I occupied had only a small one foot square opening in the ceiling which served as chimney, window and vent. In such dwellings the Chinese and Tibetans live as neighbors, the

Chinese having to a large extent adopted the Tibetan customs and religion. About 150 families live thus, making a living as merchants and traders. On the plain and nearby hills we find 250 more families living in commodious Tibetan houses, or in tents. Thus Litang has in the neighborhood of 6000 to 7000 people, all living at an altitude of 13500 or 13900 feet above sea level. Is this the highest city in the world with this population?

What does Litang produce? Grass, yak, sheep, horses, Tibetans, half-breeds. Of course the Chinese try to raise a few vegetables in walled off gardens, but by the latter part of July they were only two inches above the ground—real incubator babies. The Chinese have wondered why rice will not grow on this 13500 foot plain as well as on the Chengtu plain. Mr. Edgar tells a legend of this region:—"While Yoh Chung Chi was engaged in the conquest of Tibet a Litang lama by the use of black magic claimed that he could stop the victorious Yoh. The Lama was captured and sentenced to be executed. He said that he could not be executed. The fearless Yoh ordered his execution but as soon as decapitated another head grew in the place of the former. This happened seven times. When they were to decapitate him the eighth time the Lama said, 'If you do not stop this something will grow up which no Chinese can decapitate, and moreover this glorious and fertile plain of Litang will be unproductive forever.' The executioner's knife fell the eighth time. No head reappeared, but to the West was seen rising a pyramidal mountain, the shape of the executed lama's hat, which to this day bears silent witness to the Nine-Headed-Lama's curse." It is of special interest that Mr. Edgar once was asked to remove this curse of unproductiveness.

On our homeward trip we encountered a rain and hail storm in passing over the Ga-Chi Pass but it cleared the air for a most glorious view of the snow mountains. North, East, South in a semicircle, silvery peaks sparkled in the sun. From Chengtu, Omei Shan, and Peh Luh Tin, we have seen a great snow cone to the West, now we were looking at the same peak from the other side at a distance of 25 miles. The white gorgeous peak stood as a giant among pygmies, the snow line being at least 10,000 feet below the summit of the towering cone. With this view in memory we retraced our steps to Tachienlu, wishing to spend another season on the Top of the World.

LITTLE LESSONS FROM LIFE.

ESTER B. LEWIS.

Going to the mountains this year, we brought our not-a-year-old pet cat, Bobby, so named because she is stub-tailed. The motion and confinement within the chair frightened her to nervous chills, when she trembled exactly as we humans do under great nervous tension. Over and over again did she attempt jumping out. Several times when I failed to restrain her, hanging suspended in mid-air by the cord which bound her to the chair. Specially was she frightened to bulging eye and frantic effort to escape, by creaking wheelbarrows and the rush and roar of the mountain streams, we crossed and re-crossed. Apparently she imagined her frights and troubles would cease could she but reach the solid old earth or at least *some place out* of the confining chair. I tried reprimands by way of stern voice and gentle taps which quieted her wild ideas of escape for a time, but immediately a screeching barrow or the rush of water reached her ear, up she jumped miao-ing and, now and again, growling at my restraining hand. Then I tried gentle tones, talking as to a child, and soothing strokings, holding her tight up to me. This quieted her nervous trembling and reassured her troubled mind, but for a season. She was convinced some other way was better than the one by which she was being conveyed and neither comfort nor reprimand served to quell fully her apprehension of trouble and danger.

I was reminded of our human efforts to go some other way than the one God is taking us; how He has to use means to comfort and console, now to reprove and rebuke for our lack of faith in His guidance and care. How, forgetting the assurances of His leading and care, we again and again struggle to get our own way, only to be led back to His path until one day, soon or late, we do reach full assurance of faith and really "rest in the Lord".

On the ascent beyond Kuan Keo, wind and rain buffeting weary travellers, from my well curtained chair, I saw ahead of

me, climbing on bound feet, in the teeth of the wind, a woman and her daughter. Their one paper Chinese umbrella had been turned inside out by the wind and shredded into three main parts. One of these the girl had over her head, the attached handle hanging down her back. The mother (I took her to be) carried aloft another third of aforesaid umbrella, essaying to keep her head dry. In her right hand was the last third and a big bulging paper fan. As I came up after them she stopped, trying to tuck this unwieldy fan under her garment behind, wishing to keep it dry, no doubt; but 'twas too bulky and wouldn't be tucked away either before or behind, as she had decided just as I came abreast. Judge my astonishment to see the mother turning to the girl, make some laughing remark to which she responded with an answering good nature. Astonished I was, because nine out of ten mortals would have carried faces black with ill-nature over Nature's weepy, blowy mood, and their own small misfortunes. To just glance their smiling faces as I passed, brought a smile to my own none-too-happy countenance and an admonition, "Don't grouch; smile over your discomforts and others will smile with you".

EDUCATIONAL UNION NOTES.

The Executive have recommended that the Board of Education meet in Chungking the week ending November 15th. If this prove convenient for the people of the Eastern District, the meeting will be held there.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Fang expect to visit T'ong Chuan, Mienchow, Mienchuh and Penghsien to meet with the Educational workers and discuss problems connected with school work and to get recommendations for the Board of Education. Later Mr. Hua Shien Da and Mr. Brown will start for Chungking. They will spend a short time at the stations along the river. After the meetings which are projected for Chungking, during the week between Nov. 10-15th, they will come back by Tzechow, Tzeliutsing, Junghsien and Jenshow.

The largest matter to be taken up is comprehensive policy for the preparation of our teachers. Perhaps no single matter in regard to Mission education is so significant or so pressing as that of a teacher-training policy. It is a great pleasure to report that, due to several factors doubtless, but certainly to a great extent to the co-operation of many enthusiasts who have influence with students who are coming to Chengtu, the Normal School is full to capacity. Many students have been turned away. The Summer Normal and the University courses in Education are flourishing so far as students are concerned. A more adequate programme, ministering to Primary school needs in other parts of the province and giving more opportunity for advanced work in Education is required. It would seem too, that provision should be made for maintaining the professional spirit of teachers through the organization of teachers and through Summer Schools.

The matter of textbooks, regulations for examinations, problems of supervision, and the relation of mission schools to Government education will receive attention.

Last year's Annual meeting decided that the Union should offer to mark the papers for the 2nd year Higher Primary students and issue H. P. graduation certificates to successful students of any H. P. schools which might apply for such examination. This was considered simply a privilege offered to schools which wanted to adopt the New System immediately. About 1/3 of the schools registered in the Union took advantage of this privilege. It has proved however, that practically all schools wish to change to the New System and wish they had availed themselves of the opportunity. In view of the fact that the Union did not clearly foresee the future, and so did not advise all schools to have their papers marked by the Union, the Executive at its last meeting decided to ask all Higher Primary schools to forward the marks of H. P. preliminary papers marked locally, to the Union and on the basis of these students will be awarded diplomas.

A third year examination however will be given next summer and H.P. certificates of the Old style will be issued, also. It is hoped however that as many students as possible who propose to take this year's work will take the course recommended by the union for the 1st year Jun. Middle School.

H. G. BROWN, *General Sec'try.*

NOTICE.

Proposed Changes in Constitution.

of the West China Christian Educational Union.

Resolved, That we change the section IV to read ;—

The Educational Union shall function through (1) The Board of Education; (2) The Executive Committee of the Board of Education, and (3) District Educational Associations.

Resolved, That change section VII to read ;—

District Educational Associations ;

These Associations shall meet in such centres as may desire them and as frequently as they see fit for the discussion of matter of Educational importance, and the maintenance of the interest of the teachers in Christian Schools in the work of the Union. They may receive reports from the Senate of the W.C.U. University and the Normals School. They shall have the right to make recommendations to the Board of Education. In making recommendations to the Board it shall be stated how many members were eligible from the District for membership and how many were in attendance when the recommendations were passed. It is recommended that all central stations form associations.

HOMER G. BROWN.

(It is also suggested that when matters of great importance are to be up for discussion, that a number of Districts may unite to hold a large meeting. Such meetings might very well be held just prior to and in the same place as the Board. Such meetings may be organized carefully and be made up of definitely appointed representatives, or they may be organized simply as informal conferences.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR DR. STEWART—

When the world rolls between how little we know of each other even with a lively interest. What am I doing? How do I spend my time?

The first year at home I took a whole college year of Post Graduate work in Anatomy, Physiology, and Obstetrics. Rockefeller paid the bill (for which I am profoundly grateful) and the University, my Alma Mater, gave me my Masters degree.

While doing University work I was out practically every Sunday. Since then the church authorities have *constantly* kept me busy speaking. I am sent to churches, District meetings, Conventions, Conferences etc. principally; but schools, colleges, W.F.M.S. Meetings, Kewanis and Rotary Clubs find me occasionally. I have spoken on an average once a day and sometimes six times in one day. Have been in every state in the Union now with one exception, Maine. Strange, I admit it. I sometimes stop to rub my eyes as it were, and wonder if it is all a dream—that I, of all men, should be doing this kind of work, but it *is* true, and I put into it all of vim, energy, personality, and influence, that I possess. I try to interpret CHINA to AMERICA. If I have succeeded in any small way even, it is because of Divine help. I believe in China and in the Chinese.

I spent practically a year in Ohio churches, one among the churches in Mich. then I was sent into the South Land among the "hills and hollows" of the Highlands of the South. Had about nine months down there. Every summer have been in some Epworth League Institute. In August last summer taught "Missions,"—Japan, in three Institutes. One in the mountains of Tennessee, one in Georgia, and the other away out on the Atlantic Coast in North Carolina. Had six weeks on the East Coast of Florida last Autumn. Nov. in Pa., Dec. in North Dakota, Jan. in Montana, Feb. in Idaho, March in S. Dakota and Minnesota, with a month in Iowa just before Gen. Conference. Was in Springfield most of May with side trips into the surrounding states on Sundays in Conn., Mass. specially around Boston. June down on the Ohio river again, and then was invited to return to Montana to teach "Missions" in their three E. L. Institutes. This year the book was "China's Real Revolution". Our first Inst. was at Yellowstone, second at King's Hill, third in Glacier National Park away up next to your honorable country. Mrs. Canright came with me and we are still here enjoying our vacation this month in a real little log-cabin right on the shore of lake McDonald in the Park. Great! Mrs. C. is improving. This is the first summer that she has been able to do that since we came home. But I must not enter into these details.

Wonder would a bit of family history be of interest? Cyril graduated from Medical College this June. He is now intern in Baltimore General Hospital. No, in Maryland Gen. at Baltimore rather. He writes that he has 11 more months there and then he will be ready for Chengtu, (9 when this reaches you) We are justly proud of him and his wife. It is a hard struggle to work your way through a medical college these times. Dorothy is married to a fine young class mate of hers, Eugene Powell. He is in charge of the Biology Labs. in the state University at Lincoln, Nebraska. Joyce is also a college graduate and a banker of four or five years experience now. He is planning to take advanced work and fit himself for some higher teaching position in China, along the line of athletics, sociology, and psychology. Ted. enters college this autumn and in about four years more he will be ready for China. Say our hearts are not there? I guess they are.

My greatest hope is to return. I have turned down many other things because I just cannot give up my interest in China. You would laugh if I was to tell you what the last one was. But, No I am not going to. The Bishop said I have twenty years out there yet. My best friends say I am ten years younger than when I came home. I must be or I would not get this young peoples work. 56 full time, or Life Service recruits in these three Institutes alone. If one half of my missionary children ever get to the mission field I will have accomplished more than I ever did in China even with million patients. When these, our own young fellows, get out there I am not sure what the father and mother may do. Our hearts are in China.

A Modern Macedonian Cry.

THE CHINESE.

From Yellow Sea to 'O Mei's crest behind,
There comes *the call* of that benighted throng,
Numbered four hundred fifty millions strong,
These toil, in conscious pride of race and mind,
Yet bow to *idols*, strange, of numerous kind,
While constant *fear* of spirits, evil all,
From birth to death their burdened souls enthrall.
And grope, gross *superstition* to unbind.

Civilization's farthest limit reached
In ages past ; a gracious God unknown ;
They've gone as far as man go alone.
Their call rings clear, for help we are beseeched
To-day, shrinking, afraid,—to live or die,—
“Deny us not the Lamp of Life”, they cry ;

Only last night I dreamed I was back in China. Wish it were true and I was starting in this eventful and historic year with you all.

Sincerely,

H. L. CANRIGHT.

EDITOR, NEWS.

In preparation for the West China General Conference, I think we all will agree that unity of purpose and action should be given a prominent place and therefore as individuals and groups, it is of special importance that we should be united in prayer for the success of this Conference.

We have rather taken it for granted, after several years of suggestion and discussion, that such a Conference should be held.

Now in our daily prevailing prayer are we going to put ourselves behind this cause? For surely real success very largely depends on this.

What is the supreme need of the West China Church today? When I know that, I believe I have also found the one thing for which I must pray and look for, in view of this coming Conference.

Perhaps the greatest hinderance to our cause at present, is the lack of a vital, satisfying, inward experience on the part of our Christian constituency and therefore in believe that we should hope and pray that the Conference, in this respect, will bring us out into the light, for if this is brought to pass, other things will, very largely, fall into proper line,—the lack of vision means the lack of everything.

Former experiences have, fairly well, carried our people hitherto, but in this day when, practically everything, is being questioned nothing short of a real inward anchorage will hold.

Everywhere today, people are admiring the work of the Christian church, but they are puzzled to know the difference between that so called church and any other “Chiao,” and while that is the case, is it any wonder that many feel that Buddhism

or some other of their own native "Chiaos" should be given the most prominent place, as serving their needs.

Years ago, during the days of Revival movement in Korea, North China, as well as what little we experienced in West China, one of the most common statements made by outsiders, very largely by those having no direct contact with the church previously whatever, was, "If you attend their services you will be sure to be converted and become one of them". How we all wish that were being said today.

To them, there was a manifest difference between the church and other "Chiaos" They felt and knew that there was an irresistible, if unseen, power connected with the Christians and their church.

While there were excesses in those days, that we should avoid, it does seem to me, that far too many of our Christians are falling off by the way, simply for lack of this deeper, satisfying experience and our steadfast, reliable Christians all long for such. May we not all pray, that the Conference will be a real success in getting us on to the way toward attainment of such experience. "Ask and ye shall receive."

A. C. HOFFMAN.

Tzeliutsing, Sept. 26, 1924.

NEWS NOTES.

Mount Omei—

The summer community on Mount Omei was one of the largest of the fifteen years of its history. While two of the forty odd bungalows were unoccupied the total number of foreigners was not less than that of other years. The usual contingents were there from Chengtu, Pen Shan, Kiating, Yachow, Jenshow, Suifu while in addition we had the Wouds and Misses Brooks and Tindale from Luchow, Misses Brittle and Tebutt from Tungchwan, the Wighams and Miss Cumber from Chungking.

The ever increasing difficulties of transportation from Kiating were ably met by Messrs Adams and Hibbard and the service was, on the whole, most satisfactory. The weather man

was on his good behaviour and throughout July gave us ideal weather instead of the constant rain of the previous year. August too was most pleasant, sunshine alternating with rain and mist with now and then a terrific storm to break the monotony. Never once throughout the season did our cisterns fail to provide for the family wash and on the other hand never did we have such splendid roads so constantly.

Sunday services as usual were largely attended and the addresses of the various leaders were helpful and much appreciated. The choir, under the efficient leadership of Doctor Yates again rendered valuable assistance and, as in former years, provided the community with a splendid concert. No man in the community does more for "the common cause and general good of Rome" than does "Mort." As chairman of the recreation committee he devoted himself unsparingly to the community welfare on the tennis courts. We are all under a debt of gratitude to him and a few who forgot to pay their fees are still under that debt too. In such a large community it seems necessary that someone should be given special privileges of selfdenial and the opportunity of devoting much of his summer vacation to provide pleasure for others. We miss John Thompson, who is home on furlough but "Mort", with his training in filling cavities, has splendidly filled the empty (?) chair.

A new and valuable contribution along social service lines was made by Mr. Cossum. Night schools for the servants and recreational opportunities for all the Chinese were greatly appreciated and did much to avoid some of the unpleasant experiences of previous years. The dispensary, under Doctor Leslie Kilborn's efficient management deserves special thanks from all.

The numerous side trips were as popular as ever. The Gin Din trip was not taken by as many as usual but those who made the climb report the snow mountains sunrises and sunsets from the top as soul-thrilling as ever. Incidentally they mention that the cost of living on those altitudes has climbed up to higher levels. Forty cents a night with free shower bath while you sleep should not however be considered too high at "Rest in the Clouds" temple. The Gi-Po-Dang at the foot of the perpendicular walls of the great precipice was the popular resort for short trips this year. Its popularity is largely due to the glowing reports brought back by that pioneer explorer, organizer of personally conducted tours, poet, potato agent etc. -A. P. Quentin of Kiating. The writer has no desire to

throw cold water on the enthusiasm of any one about the Gi-Po-Dang, there is plenty of it there, so cold indeed that it gave him the blues for a week instead of the expected "glow." No pen can begin to picture the sublime grandure of those awful canyons and towering cliffs. Mr. Quentin has written a poem on the subject which he sang for us at one of our picnics. No doubt it was this poem that caused the stampede—we do not mean from the picnic, but to the Gi-Po Dang. Perhaps "Bert" will give it next Council time for a larger audience.

The Sunday School picnic was all that could have been desired, thanks to the efficient leadership of Dr. Agnew, Mr. Rackham, the weather man, the "Eats" and the children. An "Old-Timers and Second Generation Missionaries" picnic was a unique event. Stories of the earlier days in China and reminiscences of childhood in this great land provided an interesting program. The C.M.M. held a picnic in the spacious grove of Avalon and on the adjacent tennis courts. After group games and a bounteous repast there was a program. The outstanding feature was a controversy in song and shadow pantomime on the great question of "To be or not to be—bobbed hair." The pro-bobs won by popular vote. This was followed by a huge bonfire—we do not mean of hair however.

Two evenings of special interest were provided by the Kilborn-Walmsley-Willmott-Rackham Company which favoured large audiences with readings of Pollock's famous play—"The Fool." The realistic effect produced without resource to the use of scenery or acting of any kind caught the imagination of the listeners and all went away deeply impressed with the idea of what this world might be if the followers of Jesus would dare to apply his standards of brotherhood to the social and economic problems of our day.

A Conference was held under the chairmanship of Mr. Beaton looking to the West China General Conference in January next. Much valuable discussion was had and helpful suggestions were made.

With the building of so many bungalows on the hills adjoining the temple and the opening of new tennis courts in that vicinity the inevitable division of the large community into two sections has occurred. But while we no longer meet all together at the central tennis courts we are still "joined in heart and hope to meet again" nor have our hopes been unrealized

Mr. Franck the traveller and writer made us a hurried visit on his way to the top, accompanied by Carmen Brace.

Two births have already been reported, sons to Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard and to Mr. and Mrs. Brewer. All join in congratulations.

No engagements this year—so far as we know.

Nineteen twenty four was, all in all, a splendid season at Omei combining rest, physical, mental and religious development. All return to their various stations feeling that it was good to have been there.

A. J. E.

Beh Lu-din.—

Just as the Californian is always singularly reticent (sic) about the glories of the Golden State, so the Beh Lu Din-ite never boasts of the superb excellencies of that matchless resort! But an unflagging Editor's insistence finally prevails upon me to say a word about a perfect summer at the mountain, so I will forsake, this once, my natural silence.

Skies of Italian blue prevailed through the long summer, filling the courts with tennis players on all but six days from June fifteen to September one. Beneficent Nature timed her whong-t'ong-filling showers at night or in the early mornings, so that the Helen Wills and Tildens might play daily on dry, hard courts. That is the charm of the White Deer Summit: a fellow does what he likes, and nature makes the doing of it delightful, a gorgeous trip to the Nine Peaks, thirteen thousand feet high, a trip to the Pottery, or the swimming pool; or lounging on the porch in scattered sunshine through the trees. One reads, studies, builds a cottage—

“A house of dreams untold

It looks out over the whispering tree-tops.

And faces the setting sun,”

chats with his friends, plays tennis or tramps. Flannels and silk socks, or overalls and hob-nailed boots—the spirit of the place is *laissez-faire*, untrammelled re-creation.

So our friends of the Church Missionary Society found it—the guests of their genial Bishop Mowll. Nor did even the most acute listener to the wave-lengths of the “Magna Vox” once suspect the romance progressing beneath the surface, which will forever place Beh Lu Din in an enviable position among

the glittering summer resorts of West China. The pre-announcement denouement took place on a secluded porch, while Scotland Yard was at the tennis court; but the gay Announcement Tea for Miss Martin and the Bishop invited all the hill.

But this was not all. There was the speed and dash of Dr. Lechler's back-line driving; Bazire's fascinating Sunday Services for the children, where the grown-up stole in, too; the new paths through the undisturbed serenity of woods along the cliff-walls; and finally, across misty blue canyons, the myriad shaded walls and snow mantled battlements of the Tibetan snows. With this in the mind and soul, one eagerly returns to the winter's work—two days from six thousand foot summit to Chengtu, broken only by the rare and refreshing hospitality of Penghsien friends.

DRYDEN L. PHELPS

Kwanhsien.—

For the first time in many years Kwanhsien had rooms unfilled. This was easily accounted for. The following regular residents were away on furlough or preparing for such: Baynes, Braces, Mullets, Wilkinsons, Mortimores, Plewmans, Freemans, Kerns, Neumanns, Mrs. Stubbs and children, and Mrs. Hutson.

In their places we had the following families of new residents, the Ogdens, Bests, Taylors, Norths, and Starretts also Misses Ogden, Bassett, Bruce, Nelson, Hartwell and the Brethorst sisters.

Of the more permanent residents we had the Franks, Stewarts, Torrances, Davis', Carscallens, Johns, Bowles, Hartwells and Kellys, and Miss Hutchinson. This latter group it will be seen was quite small compared with the regular residents as numbered in former years.

Needless to say the absent families were much missed but the new comers joined most heartily in all the life of the community and did their full share to make the summer pass pleasantly and profitably. There was the usual tennis on the fine shady courts under the shadow of the great cliff, more than one public tea out under the trees of the court grove, the usual business meeting at which it was difficult to get up enough divergence of opinion to create a discussion, and a jolly evening filled in by the social committee in which the audience itself was conspicuous as chief performer.

Most characteristic of the summer as a whole was perhaps the number of parties constantly coming and going as they

made their way into the tribes country to the west and other points. Their coming was naturally a source of pleasure, but compared as nothing with their return with records of strange peoples and customs, passes crossed or nearly so, and of the conspicuous 'beauties' to be found so far afield.

It would of course be quite unkind as well as uncalled for to say anything of the peculiar charm which is Kwanhsien. Its premier place has been assigned it, not by any poetic pen, but by old Mother Nature herself. From their central position, the fortunate dwellers amid the calm, cool corridors of her beautifully placed temples look far out over the hot plain to another spot far to the south east and pity those so constantly buried in cloud, while a few steps along a charming mountain path commands a view of another spot away to the north east where report says even in midsummer the unfortunates huddle about their fires. What Kwanhsien is to become in future with fine limousines speeding up and down the great Chengtu road we may leave to these who indulge in fancy!!!

W

C.M.S.

We have news from home of a large number of University men dedicating themselves to God's service in the Mission field. It will necessarily be a long time, perhaps years, before the majority of these men can come out, but hearing of this we may well thank God and take courage. Two Cambridge men, Mr. A. Stibbs, B.A., Christ's College and Ridley Hall, and Mr. Godfrey Holland B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, both hope to be in the diocese of West China in two years' time.

This year for the first time in our history the majority of our people got away from the Mission District for the summer. Owing to the kindness of the Beh-Lu-Din Association, various C.M.S. members were able to rent four bungalows and a large party spent most of July and August there. There were daily meetings for Prayer and Bible study. Aug. 14, the anniversary of the murders, was set apart as a day of prayer. Tennis was much enjoyed and social intercourse with the many warm friends from other Missions. Altogether it was felt that the new departure was a great success.

The climax came with the announcement of the engagement of Miss Martin to Bishop Mowll. Every one was delighted to hear it and we are all looking forward eagerly to the wedding which is to take place at Mienchuh, Oct. 23.

Mienchow.

Five were baptized and eight catechumens received on Whit Sunday. The Middle School had a successful term. In the Higher Primary School there was a good deal of sickness which much hindered the work. But the worst feature of the term was the rebellious spirit of some of the elder boys. Two were expelled and five will not be allowed to return. The schools have started well this term. Mr. Ling who had spent some years in England and had given valuable voluntary help in the school has left for Shanghai with his two younger brothers, Ling Chao Yin and Ling Chao Ren, who were in the C.M.S. Dormitory, U.U., Chengtu.

The Women's Bible school had a successful session, twenty-seven boarders and seven day scholars during the spring term.

The Girls' School had ninety-one boarders and ninety-seven day scholars. Over thirty have taken the Union examination in four grades. A summer Bible school was held from July 4 to July 10 and was attended by 60 men. Our friends will have heard with deep regret that the Rev. A. H. Wilkinson has accepted the living of Poynton, Cheshire, and resigned from the Church Missionary Society.

C.I.M.—East.—

During his last journey Bishop Cassels was away six weeks visiting nine stations and seven outstations, travelling 22 days by land, 3 days by small boats and 2 days by steamer. He dedicated one new church and confirmed 169 men and 101 women. Owing to the drought, departure to the hills was delayed, but a party of 21 adults and 6 children gathered together at Sintientsi.

A number of districts suffered from brigandage and fighting and this has hindered the work in many ways, but many encouraging reports of progress come in from time to time. Drought has caused a good deal of anxiety and distress and in many places the harvest is poor.

We hear of a Christian sergeant in Paoning bringing a number of soldiers to the Church Service; of a boys' school teacher at Haihsien a clever and influential young man deciding to study for the ministry; and from Wanhsien of a soldier who was converted two years ago and had left the city now coming back full of zeal for Christ. These and other signs help the workers to be steadfast and immovable knowing that their labour is not in vain in the Lord.

H.H.T.

F. F. M. A.

Owing to the recent fire the Friends' Institute, Chungking, was completely destroyed. We are thankful however that it had been insured a short time before.

Mr. T'ien Hai Yuen had accepted the position of organizing secretary of the Institute and had only been in Chungking a few weeks before the place was burned down. However, plans are already afoot for the rebuilding.

Dr. Davidson had to leave Suining at the end of July and go to Chungking for an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Alfred Davidson accompanied him. Both have now returned to Suining.

We have news of the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Sawdon, Mrs. Stubbs and their children in England and are glad to report an improved account of little John Stubbs' health.

A. I. H.

Tatsienlu.—

I have had a busy time this year. Forty-six days in the Kanze region, 23 in that of Litang with R. L. Crook, Esq., M.D. and 39 in Badi Bawang—mostly with a poisoned foot. This limb kept me in bed at Mong Kong more than a week and for 26 days I never ventured beyond two li. I am nearing my 130,000 portion of Christian literature this year and must have preached 600 times, mostly in Tibetan. I am often from morning to night at a table on the streets of Border towns and on one glorious day preached 25 times,—my record. The mission is supplying me with ample funds and I am "going strong".

I have had a visit from Capt. Spear of the Indian army. He has made a wonderful journey through Tibet, it would seem in a fit of absent-mindedness, and then forgotten all about it. Some years ago, during the great War he was attacking Turks for the Government around Jerusalem and later was on the track of unwise but enterprising Afghans. It was a great treat to meet him. He is not likely to be in Chengtu in spite of my warning that such oversight would sadly tarnish the glory of his Tibetan experiences.

University—Campus.—

Dr. J. R. Cox of Junghsien surprised all his old friends by a visit to Chengtu. Dr. Cox has not visited the capital for

sixteen years so it was a very happy and interesting occasion for the doctor and his friends.

The opening of the Canadian School usually bring some friends who only come once a year. This year we had the pleasure of having Mrs. Would of Luchow, Mrs. Jensen of Yachow, Mrs. Batdorf of Tzeliutsing, Rev. A. P. and Mrs. Quentin and Rev. Jas. and Mrs. Neave of Kiating, Rev. W. R. Morrison of Chungking, and Rev. C. J. P. Jolliffe of Jenshow.

Dr. Wallace Crawford of Kiating is on the Campus for a six weeks' course of lectures and demonstrations to be given to the Medical students of the University.

Little Edward Johns suffered a most distressing accident recently. A pair of Chinese scissors he was using penetrated his eye-ball. He was rushed to the hospital, where fortunately Dr. Peterson was on hand to operate immediately. It was at first feared that the sight was damaged but we are happy to say that more cheerful reports are coming to hand now.

The campus has never been so crowded with students. The registration in all departments steadily grows. The Normal School has over forty, the Middle School approximately three hundred and the University about two hundred and fifty. All the dormitory space is full and the question of new dormitory space become imperative. Naturally the problem of sufficient staff is also pressing, this is perhaps especially so in the Department of Education.

A.B.F.M.S.—

Mr. Jensen of Yachow has gone in to Ningyuen for a few months to look after our Baptist work in that district. Mr. Davies was thus relieved to return to his family at the Coast. The latter writes from Shanghai as follows;—"I reached this city after a pleasant journey occupying about a month. Last evening (Sept. 5) I had a visit with Mrs. Salquist at the Surtees home, Mrs. Salquist starts on Monday, the 8th, for West China."

Mrs. Salquist spent the summer at Kuling, will spend a few weeks in Suifu, where she worked before her last furlough, and then goes to Yachow for this term's service.

Mrs. Foster, writing Meridian Day, enroute to Seattle, speaks of a very good trip on the S.S. Pres. Grant. Mr. Foster was in splendid health and the children were keeping well. They hoped to reach Seattle July 21st and are doubtless by this time settled in Iowa with Mrs. Foster's mother.

B. E. B.

The Editor,
West China Missionary News.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1924

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Although there is nothing of interest to report from Ichang it is a privilege to keep in touch with our friends in the West by means of your paper. I presume you do not regard Ichang as part of "West China," yet we are well within the "sphere of influence" for you can't get there without getting here first, so I venture to send a line to your paper again.

The summer has been very bearable and the river has not reached its usual high water mark, for which we are very thankful as it has meant fewer cases of drowning. Most of the foreigners have returned from Kuling and work is resuming its normal conditions.

Owing to the floods below Shasi, the steamers have been leaving Ichang early in the day, as it was almost impossible to tell where the river channels were there being in some parts almost 40 miles of water, "like being at sea" as one Captain told me. The floods have subsided and the steamers are leaving Ichang about 5 p.m., the Hankow steamers leave for Shanghai at 9. p.m.

May I point out that friends who intend returning under six months should take return tickets from Ichang for Hankow or Coast thus saving a considerable sum.

Glad to see fewer ONE HUNDRED CASH PIECES coming down.

One of Wu Pei Fu's transports reached here from "somewhere" in Szechwan a few days ago, crammed with soldiers en route for Nanking.

A new Firm of Forwarding Agents has commenced business here,—ELLIS & Co.

Mr. Ellis was formerly Agent for Mackenzie and Co here, and I have much pleasure in recommending him to our West China Missionaries. I am sure many will be glad to know there is a reliable man here to whom they can refer their business matters. Goods shipped out from the Home Countries to ELLIS & Co, ICHANG, will receive personal and prompt attention, at moderate charges.

Mr. Ellis also undertakes Insurance etc. Write to him direct for full particulars.

We hear some more small steamers are coming on the run during the winter, so we quite expect to have an ALL-YEAR-ROUND service of boats between Ichang and Chungking.

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT J. SQUIRE.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

ISSUED BY THE ORGANIZING COMMITTEE OF THE WEST CHINA
GENERAL CONFERENCE.

TO BE HELD IN CHENGTU. JAN. 13-18. 1925

The approaching Conference in which representatives of all the christian forces in West China will convene for prayer and consultation concerning the progress of the kingdom of God within our borders, is an event of far reaching importance. It may mark an epoch in the conquest of West China for Christ. It can only fulfill its function if in all things Jesus has the pre-eminence, and his Spirit is the atmosphere in which all its sessions are carried on. We can make adequate preparation for this spiritual fellowship in only one way, continuous, effectual, fervent prayer. Will every one who reads this call and as many more as can be enlisted, join together in a prayer league to glorify our Christ by this Conference. In private devotions, in family prayers, in congregational gatherings, in the official meetings of our churches, let us pray in faith, believing that God is more interested in the outcome of our Conference than we can possibly be, and more willing to answer than we are to prepare our hearts for the answering.

Let us pray for the Secretaries of the National Christian Council who will come to bring us the inspiration of contacts with the whole church of God in all China.

Let us pray for the members of the commissions who are working to present before our delegates the results so far achieved, and the task still to be accomplished in leading West China to Christ.

Let us pray for the local churches that the delegates chosen may be those whose spiritual experience, sincerity and devotion, fit them for taking part in such a Conference.

Let us pray for the Organizing Committee, that all the details regarding the Conference may be arranged under the direct and conscious guidance of the Holy Spirit.

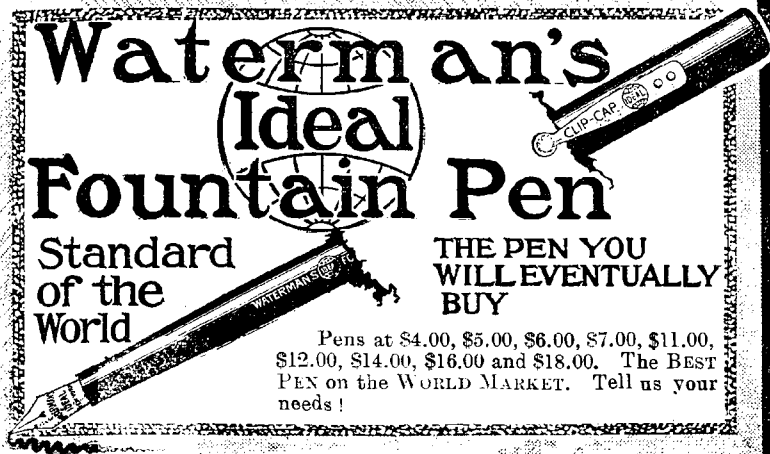
Let us pray for the Conference itself, that the meetings may be animated by a common purpose to express in prayer and praise and resolution, OUR UNITY IN CHRIST.

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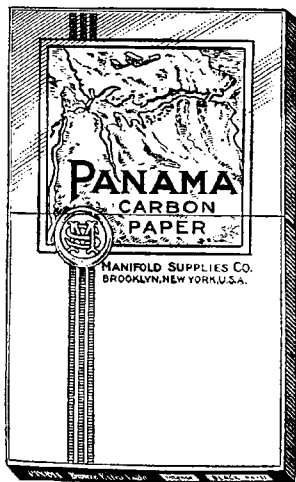
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