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The WORLD SCHOOL

# West · China · Missionary · News ·

用和平彼此聯絡竭力保守聖靈所賜合而為一的心

以愛心互相寬容忠實遵行基督親示神人團契之道

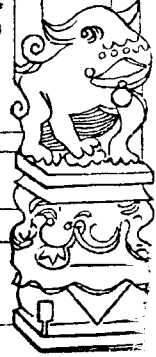
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JANUARY - FEBRUARY

*Let us agree to differ, but resolve to love, and unite to serve.*  
T. T. Lew



## *Important Announcement*

The Canadian Mission Press greatly regrets to announce that owing to the abnormal and still rising cost of production together with increased postage rates it has become impossible to continue the practice of sending out samples of new publications as at present being done. Rather than attempt to carry on under greatly increased charges it seems better at any rate for the present to discontinue this service.

The utmost that can be done under present conditions is to issue periodic announcement—these will be sent out to all addresses on our present mailing list. If any friends desire to add their names for receiving such announcements we shall be glad to receive at any time.

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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

**Rev. R. O. Jolliffe B.A., D.D.** is a member of the United Church of Canada Mission who came to China in 1904. After many years of active church work in many different places, he has of recent years given his whole time to the production of Christian literature in West China.

**N.H. Lapwood** is the wife of Ralph Lapwood of the London Missionary Society. She and her husband are now in the middle of an a four months tour of Industrial Cooperatives in southwest and south-east China. Before her marriage she was teaching in Tientsin.

**Miss G.E. Mitchell, Miss E.A. White** are both missionaries of the C.I.M. The former came to China in 1915 and the latter in 1924.

**Miss Jean Somerville** is Christian Homes Secretary of the Church of Christ in China.

**Rev. Gerald S. Bell. M.A.** is the Secretary of the United Church of Canada Mission in Szechwan. He came to China in 1915.

**Rev. H.A. Boyd** is a member of the United Church of Canada Mission, who until the Japanese occupation was working in Honan. He is now helping in the work of the Cheng-tu district.

**Rev. W. Cranston Bell** is a member of the English Baptist Mission in Shensi. He is a second generation missionary, having been born in Shensi.

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## THE WEST CHINA MISSIONARY NEWS

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**Note:** Dr. Harry Openshaw, 224 South Westlake, Ave., Los Angeles, will forward American and Canadian Subscription.

# West China Missionary News

*In essentials unity, in non-essentials  
liberty, in all things charity*

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## *Editorial*

*A Happy New Year.* The wish perhaps seems inappropriate and a little selfish as we look out over a world at war, a world where so many are suffering. How can we think of happiness? What hope is there for a Happy New Year? Is not the wish meaningless? Certainly for many the year cannot be a happy one in the ordinary sense of the word, but it is possible for it to be a happy one in the deeper sense of happiness,—the happiness that Jesus describes in the Beatitudes, the happiness that is not dependent on outward circumstances, but is grounded in an inner condition of soul. May we all this year attain that “serenity of inward happiness” which comes from living close to God.

Such serenity is not an opiate, as some would have us believe; it is not a shutting of one's eyes to the problems and suffering of the world. Rather it is the source of the power that enables men to persevere in the face of overwhelming difficulties till the goal is won. Otherworldliness is not, as some seem to think, a useless dreaming of pearly gates and golden streets beyond this vale of tears, but a confidence in the reality of the spiritual world, a realization that the ultimate meaning of the world is to be found not in the material but in the eternal values of beauty, truth, and goodness; a conviction that things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. This does not mean that the things which are seen are unimportant, that Christianity is blind or indifferent to the suffering of this world, and thinks only of a world beyond the stars to redress the balance of this world of pain. Even if Christians have sometimes dwelt unduly on the life to come, others have found in a deeper understanding of eternal life an inspiration and a power that has not only transformed their own lives, but has led them out to transform the lives of others in the physical, no less than the spiritual realm. And so in the vanguard of all movements for the betterment of mankind, the relief of suffering, the raising of the status of womanhood, the abolition of social injustices, there have always been found many

Christians;—in many cases the initiative has come from the Church of Christ. But the success of many of these movements, the power that has enabled them to face calumny and misrepresentation, as with Wilberforce in his struggle to free the slaves, has come from a deep spiritual experience, which has fortified their souls, giving them a resolution that could not be shaken. So today in these hours of strain and difficulty, we need that awareness of God, that sense of the reality of the unseen, that confidence that life has meaning, which can only come from an otherworldliness, which enables us to rise above the pressing problems of the moment, and see things *sub specie aeternitatis*, with as it were the eyes of God. We need the heavenly vision which enables us to see meaning in the tangled skeins of life. We need to be 'in Christ'.

'In Christ'—this was the heart of S. Paul's own religious experience,—a chord which sounds again and again throughout his epistles. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me". "For me to live is Christ". Christ . . . is our Life". These and many other expressions of S. Paul but echo the our Lord's closing exhortation to his disciples:—"Abide in me". This aspect of Christian truth is one which is apt to be neglected by some sections of the Chinese Church, who unlike their brothers of the Church in India, seem to find the mystical experience unreal and unpractical. Their interest is in the practical problems of life whether individual or social, and this is all to the good; but there is a real danger of efforts put forth in the so-called practical realm coming to nought through not being rooted and grounded in a vital spiritual experience. The thought of service appeals to the youth of China today, as it does to the youth of all lands, but the spiritual experience which alone can give an adequate basis for that service is not so coveted a prize. Is not one great contribution we can make to the development of the youth of the Christian Church in China, so that they will be really strong leaders in the years to come, to lay greater emphasis on the need of a vital spiritual experience, and the practice of the presence of God;—in other words on the personal spiritual life?

#### VICTORY YEAR

Our Chinese friends have hailed 1941 as "Victory Year". While no one can foretell the future, there are many indications that the tide has turned in China's favour. The new Year finds China in many ways very much stronger than ever before; while thanks to the Tripartite Pact,—which has had the opposite effect from that intended—more help than ever has been coming to China from Great Britain and the U.S.A.



That 1941 will see the end of the war seems hardly probable, but a counter-offensive that will push the Japanese back in many places is more than likely, though its success will in part depend on international developments. And so we enter the new year on a note of optimism, with a feeling of hope, and a confidence that it will be a happier year, for brighter days lie just ahead.

In Europe too in place of the depression and gloom that spread last year over so many countries following the tragic events of April to June, when many in the U.S.A. and elsewhere felt that England could not possibly hold out,—could not stand the terrible pressure of the vast German war machine,—there has gradually come fresh hope and a renewed confidence, as the details of the epic story of the evacuation of Dunkirk became known, and the air blitz on England failed; as the people of England showed that they could stand up to the worst of the Luftwaffe's days and nights of terror; as the heroic Greek people threw back the invader, and the British army in N. Africa defeated so crushingly Mussolini's legions; while all the time the Royal Navy maintained its supremacy on the sea, and a steady flow of munitions poured from the factories of the U.S.A. "the arsenal of democracy". We face 1941 with confidence that the forces that would enslave the world will yet be overthrown. But though a year of hope, it will be a hard year, as Lord Lothian reminded the world in his last speech before his death,—a year of great suffering. Self-sacrifice and discipline, which the Generalissimo said in his New Year's address would be the great needs of China this year, will be needed no less by Great Britain and her allies. But the day is dawning, the horizon is brightening, even though we may have many hours to wait before all the clouds have rolled away.

## PEACE

Man's Via Crucis never ends,  
 Earth's Calvaries increase,  
 The world is full of spears and nails,  
 But where is peace?

"Take up thy Cross and follow Me,  
 I am the Way, my son,  
 Via Crucii, Via Pacis,  
 Meet and are one".

*Studdard Kennedy*

## *West China—The Land and the People*

### THE LAND

West China! The land on the roof of the world, of towering heights, deep precipices and falling cascades; of teeming cities, fertile fields and bustling market towns. A land of deserts, vast and bleak, of genial oases and irrigated plains. A land of fierce torrents and awe-inspiring gorges; of spacious river basins, granaries of the nation; of mountain peaks white with perennial snow and ice, of torrid plateaus decked in tropic flora, the red-leafed poinsettia and the palm. The land of the panda and the musk-deer, of Tibetan lamaseries and far-flung mission stations, of lost horizons, fragrant teas and rare medicinal plants, of silks and furs and wood oil, of the finest bristles for prophylactic brushes.

West China! Which nature decreed by geographical foundations should hold the key to the destinies of nations, to the culture of races and to the economic life of peoples: the region of Central Asia that more than once in history has proved decisive in the political life of both Asia and Europe. The land that today stands at the crossroads of the great nations of the world now in ferment or at war: Russia on the long north; Great Britain in Afghanistan on the West and in India and Burma on the south; France in Indo-China on the south; and Japan on the east.

West China! A land that time and again in history has sent its armies eastward to decide an issue within the Empire; that today, not as an independent unit but as an integral part of the great Chinese family, gives of her vast resources in a supreme effort to preserve the nation, to resist the enemy and to build the great new China that is to be.

A land where stupendous changes are taking place almost over night! Steam and gasoline, instead of overstrained human muscles, to bear the brunt of long distance transportation; roaring steel furnaces, humming cotton mills and leather goods factories to meet the war emergency; with flour mills, bleaching and dyeing plants, and textile industries to supplement the old-time "all-in-the-home-establishments." The inland "continent" where no effort is being spared to investigate all the resources of every section that each may make its full contribution to the national life.

A land where strenuous efforts are being made to unite the varied peoples and the many tribes, not by force but by friendly and helpful projects; where there are forms of missionary work sponsored by the government and in some districts by the Christian Church.

To acquire even a superficial knowledge of the geographical position, the commercial importance and the historical

significance of a few of the most prominent places within this land, three-fourths the size of North America, necessitates wide travel. But the means of conveyance are many! Strong legs with which to walk, the oldest and sometimes the only means; stately camels, ox carts, sedan chairs, yak, and wheelbarrows may all be had in their turn; nimble horses in the hills and scraggy ponies on the plain, with rickshas, bicyeles, buses, steam boats, motor boats, junks, and some railroads. But best of all, by land, two bamboe poles with a swinging seat between and four lusty men to carry; by water, a little boat with two men to row; or, failing these, an airplane.

In an airplane manufactured in China let us reconnoitre this immense stretch of territory called West China describing a right-angled triangle as we go. The angles of our triangle shall be three important doors: on the north, the point where the Yellow River, the Great Wall of China, and the three provinces of Shensi, Shansi, and Suiyuan all meet; in the far west, Kashgar (Shufu); in the south, the railway door to Yunnan, Hokow. On the eastern side of the triangle is Chungking, the wartime capital of China. It is fourteen hundred miles up the Yangtze from the coast and marks the end of steam navigation.

We shall leave this city and fly north. How green are the fields of fall wheat and beans and rape, but as we cross into Shensi how brown and bare are the loess fields and how cold look the cave dwellers! In summer this will be one stretch of waving green, and the caves will be cool and comfortable. Beneath us is Sian (Western Peace), now the capital of Shensi Province but during five of China's nineteen dynasties and for ten of her thirty centuries of history, the capital of the Empire. In those most glorious days of the house of T'ang (618-960 A.D.) Sian covered thirty square miles and occupied the proud position of being not only the capital of China but the metropolis of the Orient, to which all roads led and at whose royal court might be found the elite and the learned of all Asia.

Here at Sian was the famous university—the first opened in China—attended in the seventh century by students not only from Korea, Sin Lo and Turfan, but from Japan, who upon their return exerted a profound influence and effected many cultural reforms in the Land of the Rising Sun. We think of them as we circle above the bombed areas of the city below and continue our journey.

There in front of us the Great Wall, where it crosses the Yellow River, marks one of the doors out of the north. This wall was begun more than two hundred years before the time of Christ in order to keep back the nomad marauders; for from a period 1400 years before Christ, down through the

centuries, many unwelcome guests have come from the bleak regions beyond. The history of thousands of years shows hostile military states surrounding and ceaselessly attempting to conquer the Middle Kingdom but at last finding themselves not the conquerors but the conquered and absorbed into the Chinese Empire.

To link history with a bird's eye view of geography, we must turn here and fly due west, keeping just south of the fortieth parallel. We have crossed a corner of the province of Suiyuan and are again meeting the Yellow River, which this time flows north to make its big loop before turning south. Since it passed through Lanchow, the capital of Kansu Province, it has traveled many miles. West of the river we find ourselves flying over a corner of the Little Gobi Desert formerly included in Mongolia, now in the province of Ningxia, and again we cross the Great Wall into the long northwestern neck of Kansu Province.

At one period this province and Shensi formed a separate kingdom called "Hai," but in 1225 A.D. Genghis Khan invaded it and laid the foundation for the conquest of all China, finally consummated under his grandson, Kublai Khan.

Priceless secrets have been unearthed from manuscripts and ancient records in the Thousand Budda Cave and from these sand-covered walls and watchtowers to our north. What secrets still lie hidden? But look! Our plane has crossed the three-thousand-mile trade route, the longest in the world, and is passing over the province of Sinkiang (New Frontier). As you might judge from the number of large trucks visible a modern highway follows the trade route. The trucks of one wool and fur company are supplemented by three hundred mule-carts and twelve thousand camels. We shall fly direct to Kashgar via the Takla Makan desert; to follow the trade route through Urumchi (Tihwa), the provincial capital, would mean a detour of two thousand miles.

Passing over these stretches of desert land dotted with oases, we skirt the edge of the Tarim Basin. The fine dust in the air forms the firmly caked loess, marvellously fertile at oases where rivers permit irrigation. Yet, buried cities, sand-swept dunes, history and tradition, all tell strange stories of great civilizations and of terrible scenes enacted here by the human family. In the middle of the seventh century the frontiers of the Chinese Empire included not only this section of Turkestan but extended as far as Eastern Persia and to the Caspian Sea.

We have crossed the Yarkand River nearing Kashgar and are in a region where the land surface of our planet has outdone itself in spatial proportions. Sinkiang lies farther

from the sea than any other land in the world. Beyond the Pamirs is a glacier over thirty miles long, the longest in the world. To the south are the Himalayas, with the highest peak yet measured by man. The city of Kashgar lies at the end of the longest courier service in the world.

Romantic Kashgar on the western fringe of the great desert basin looks out to the north on the "Mountains of Heaven" and to the southwest on the snow ramparts of the Kashgar Range, looming up 18,000 to 25,000 feet against the sky. In the days when the unvoyaged oceans sealed her eastern doors to all intruders and to all but a few visitors, China's gateway on the western frontier was open to the nations of the world. Through it in the time of Han Wu Ti (140-86 B.C.) went the widely-traveled Chang Ch'ien pioneer the path for empire expansion in Central Asia. Through the Gates of Kashgar went silk, worth its weight in gold, to Caesar's court in ancient Rome. Through it in the early centuries of our era came the Buddhist missionaries, and through it in the seventh century came the Nestorians carrying the message of the Cross under royal patronage to the officialdom of China. Under the Crescent came the Muslims to lay wide foundations for Mohammedanism throughout the land. Seven centuries later Marco Polo leisurely wended his way through this door into the provinces of old Cathay.

Rounding the acute angle at Kashgar we fly southeast along the hypotenuse of our spacious triangle, out of Sinkiang, through a corner of Tibet and into the province of Sikang. We have been circling around Tsinghai, or Blue Sea Province, named after the color of one of its lakes; but we shall not see it. Here in these regions are impassable barriers of mountain range and desert sand to enforce the decrees of nature and set the bounds to man's imperialistic ambition; the Kunlun Range, heaved up to determine the geography of northern China, stretches from the Pamirs west of Kashgar through the uplands of China to the mountains of Japan. And from out this region nature flings the giant heights that sweep round south and east in a complex of high hills and mountains, gradually corrugating on lower levels to provide vast fertile gardens for the hundred million people who now live in the provinces of Yunnan, Kweichow, Szechwan, Shensi, and Kansu.

Here are the sources of many mighty rivers which flow southward and eastward to create fruitful fields, busy marts, and the most densely peopled countries of the Orient: the Yellow River and the Yangtze, their source divided by the Kunlun Mountains, the Western Fairy Queen's immortal home; the Salween and the swift Mekong, with canyons deep and inaccessible, to divide the cultures of the peoples, Indo-Tibetan on the west and Chinese to the east.

We are now in Sikang, the dreamland of the world, where the sky is too dazzlingly bright to be sky and the earth too green to be real; where the coats of scrub on the grassland seem forever to be falling away into infinite stretches of well rolled lawns; where the fierce sudden storms and the frosts and the glare seem to answer the call of wild whimsical sprites.

Skirting the northern boundary of Burma we are passing over the province of Yunnan and are about to cross the Tropic of Cancer, which runs south of Kunming; but what we see winding through the hills is not the Tropic of Cancer; it is the new highway from Kunming, "on the road to Mandalay."

Yunnan (South of the Clouds) is largely a plateau five to seven thousand feet high. Particularly rich in copper, which is found in eighty different districts, it ranks third among the provinces in the production of tungsten and of antimony, of which China produces seventy percent of the world's supply. In its population of some fourteen million there are many groups or tribes ethnically different from the Chinese. Conquered by Kublai Khan near the close of the thirteenth century Yunnan was not incorporated into the Empire until the seventeenth century.

We have now reached our third angle, Hokow, on the extreme south of Yunnan Province. This modern doorway into West China opens with a bang as the overloaded railway puffs in from Indo-China, roars through a hundred smoky tunnels, rattles over a score of suspension bridges and struggles up the long grade to Kunming, capital of the Province. Turning northward we soon enter the province of Kweichow, or Prized Division, perhaps called so because it is rich in copper, silver, lead, zinc, and is said to have the largest supply of quicksilver in the world. Three-fourths of the people in the province belong to aboriginal tribes; the largest groups are the Miaos, the Lolos, and the Shans. Kweichow came into the Chinese Empire as recently as 1371.

Now the rising fog, like carded wool, has flecked the green-patched valleys and the wood-capped hills until we are traveling above a sea of mist, with islands of mountain peaks poking through, and the sun playing seven-toned chords of color-music on the billows of cloud below. Up, up ten thousand feet, then over the ridge and down, down into the clouds and rain of Szechwan, "the granary of China."

Without its winter clouds Szechowan would dry up and famine would come regularly to the province whose history records but one in over a century. Beneath the paddy fields and the reservoirs is fine clay to prevent leakage; above, a blanket of fog to guard the precious water from evaporation, holding the summer and winter rains for spring planting.

Back at Chungking and standing again on the banks of the great Yangtze we look westward toward its source. Thinking into the long stream of history that flows down from the dim ages of the past we ask, "What is the secret of China's elixir of national life?" Other great nations, contemporaries of ancient China, are now mere subjects of historical study and archeological research: Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome—gone, or existing only in a people who preserve the name but have lost all ethnic or psychological continuity with the race and nation of ancient days. But today, imbued as she is with the modern spirit, China is essentially as Chinese in race, political moods, and soul as she was in the days of Chow or Han.

### THE PEOPLE

The people of China might be studied on the basis of whether their conditions of life were determined by wind, water, or earthquake; whether they are living on the loess distributed by the wind, on the alluvial soil deposited by the rivers, or on land plowed by the earthquakes. But to rediscover a people representative of almost every province in the Republic we must travel in Szechwan, within that area called the Red Basin. During the last days of the Ming dynasty, Chang Hsien-chung, the mad bandit, established himself in Chengtu as king of the West and ruthlessly massacred most of the inhabitants of the province. Later came exiles and immigrants from the eastern provinces. Surrounded by lofty mountains, the only gap on the east being the channel which the Yangtze has cut through the mountains and that one guarded by the famous gorges rising in some places 2000 feet above the river, they dwelt within their "great wall" in complacent seclusion: ethnically and psychologically, a China within China. During the present war large numbers of refugees have again added to the representatives from Eastern China.

The Red Basin—so called because of the general red sandstone quality of the soil—is abundantly fertile; forty million people work and wash, live and die in this Basin. On our journey from Chungking to the provincial capital, Chengtu, we shall pass through the centre of this wonderful region.

At least seventy-five per cent of the people of Szechwan live in the country or in market towns. We must meet them on their farms, in their homes, at work, at play, at worship. Behind China's leadership and China's solidarity of the present day stand the masses, the so-called ordinary people, the farmers and the artisans. We cannot visit them by airplane or by motor car, but for the narrow country path the bamboo poles and the lusty carriers are ready. Let us go.

Outside the city the rolling hills swell into vision, appearing at a distance like huge crouching dragons against the sky. But the dragon of the hills is kindly. He gives his dark brown scales to be powdered into fructuous earth, now green with huge steps of beans and tufted wheat; he sheds the rain into the streams below and blinks benignly on the valley at his feet rising fanlike from the water channel like some mighty amphitheater for the gods, each seat a rice field where in spring and autumn the busy farmers bow their weary backs in obeisance, as they plant ten thousand shoots of rice and reap a thousand stocks of grain.

There is a girl by the doorway stitching, and a farmer, possibly her father, carrying two pails of water up the pathway. Every Chinese peasant is 8000 years of China in miniature. He may not peruse the books of history but he (and she too) has heard the story-teller night after night relate in detail, and with delightful embellishments, stories of the history of China from the time of the early rulers to the present day. He and she have attended the theatricals where the stories of romance, of adventure, of loyalty, and of virtue have been realistically visualized in the open-air theatre that adorns the square of every self-respecting market town.

Their culture thought-patterns are vertical not horizontal, and the heroes they worship are not chosen from present-day movie stars but from great men of old. Their aesthetic tastes—training garlands of beautiful flowers; carving soap-stone vases; stitching incomparable embroideries; designing curvate temple roofs or sculpturing out the grain fields on the hillside in harmony with the grandeur of nature's master landscape patterns all are intuitive.

The common people, though anything but common as we have known them, have absorbed, not read, from the Masters of forty centuries. They express their literacy in a study of the library of life, rather than in the reading of books, and in deft forms of esthetic artisanship rather than in the art of fine calligraphy. But to meet the demands of a new day, when solidarity must perforce involve a fuller knowledge of world events and a deeper understanding of the meaning of national life and of all life, it is imperative that a new literacy, related to the school book and the daily paper, supplement the gifts of skill and intuition. The Mass Education Movements are ceaselessly striving to carry over into the new the best values of the old.

Look at the huge structures of spliced timbers looming up a hundred feet into the air! They are salt-well derricks, which represent one of the large-scale victories of man over the physical difficulties of nature where the effort is based entirely upon empiric methods and not upon scientific principles. The height of the derrick is the length of the



eight-inch bamboo tube that comes up full of brine at each haul from the well, not unusually a depth of half a mile. The drilling of these wells, a process taking years of labor in former times, represents the workman's amazing ingenuity and self-confidence in meeting practical problems, patience in disappointment, courage in the face of danger and the constant development of resource and ability; a task calling daily for adaptation and new devices, in spite of the disadvantage of the crudest tools.

If human character is built up in the quality of man's response to his daily task, can the workman be reimbursed, not in money, but in terms of life for his losses on behalf of progress in this new day when machinery snatches his opportunities for development?

How delicate in texture and how beautiful in color are the skeins of silk those women are spinning at their doorway! It is not without reason that in occidental history China has been associated with silk. It is distinctly a product of the home. The silkworm eggs are hatched in the home; the worms are fed there on mulberry leaves, one ton of leaves for the voracious little wrigglers hatched from each ounce of eggs; the leaves are gathered in the old family compound; the worms and cocoons are guarded by the family cat; the silk is spun by the women of the home and sold by its men.

These narrow streams beside the road are the irrigation waters of the Chengtu plain. Fantastically speaking, if all of North America were as thickly populated as the Chengtu plain, it would have nine times as many people as there are in the world today! This plain, a district of about two thousand square miles, supports in round figures nearly four million people; not an industrialized, semi-city population but farmers with produce enough and to spare.

The amazingly efficient irrigation system that keeps famine far from these fertile fields begins at the city of Kwanhsien, where the waters of the Min River, dizzy from their mad tumble through the lofty mountains to the west, are brought under control and distributed over the plain. Advantage has been taken of the natural contour of the river banks and the direction of the current to divert enough, but not too much, water into each of the main arteries of the irrigation channels. From these the water is led off into a countless mesh of smaller irrigation streams and ditches until the whole land is amply provided with both precious water and the rich alluvial deposit that gives the farmer new silt for each returning crop.

Whether the honor of initiating this irrigation scheme should go to Li Ping (about 300 B.C.) or, to an earlier personage, or indeed to the many wise and energetic rulers who aided in its development through the centuries the credit for carrying out and preserving the project belonged to the

never ceasing and untiring cooperation of hundreds of thousands of farmers. Meticulous regulation in the timing and quantity of water released and even in the preparation of the main stream beds would be entirely futile without this remarkable individual initiative coordinated with group well-being.

Behind the cooperation of the millions of people on the Chengtu plain there is a type of social psychology in which cooperation itself assumes value apart from its immediate economic results. It comes willingly; it could not be of the quality it is and be under compulsion. The Chengtu plain has not only produced food for the millions but has also given to competitive humanity an object lesson in cooperation.

What is the meaning of these signs of decay in shattered wayside deities and in deserted country shrines? What mean the changes in city temples? Turning from the busy streets, we pass beneath shady cypress lanes into magnificent centers of worship. The priests still stroll to and fro along the dim corridors; the placid idols still clasp their hands in meditation and display the mystic signs of emancipation, purity, and immortality. The acolytes still trim the lamps before the altars and tap the bells the resound like music through the empty halls; but few attend the worship or enjoy the fragrant incense rising from the cloudy urns.

Philosophic Taoism has ever cherished man's hope of immortality and championed his right to supernatural powers; philosophic Buddhism, accepting life as sorrow and distress, has pointed the way through sacrifice and self-denial to curbing and eliminating conscious life, the source of all ills. But in this strange new world where science vaunts her power to change man's life and place within his hands the source of unrestricted magic, where group decisions and national tragedy call for action, red blood, and collective deeds of bravery, what urge remains to think in terms of moral and religious forces?

And in this day when might crushes right; when many of our brethren in East China face the question, not of religious theories nor of philosophical dilemmas but of life or death; to meet such facts only with human judgment and with reason means but contradiction and despair. There are those who, believing unreservedly in the goodness of God and the ordering of their lives thereby, have, to an amazing degree committed themselves to a way of love and faith. But the masses of West China, with the great masses throughout all nations, have stepped out from the temples of the past and now stand in bewilderment of mind and searching of heart—waiting.

R. O. JOLLIFFE

This article is the original of the chapter with the same title in "China Rediscovered Her West" published by the Missionary Education Movement, New York. In the book the article had to be shortened for reasons of space.

## *Can Women Cooperate?*

### *Scenes from Kweiyang.*

The setting is Kweiyang, capital of the mountainous and isolated province of Kweichow, situated among hills whose steeply conical outlines resemble the tents of an army of giants. From these hills can be heard the love-songs of the Miao tribesmen— an independent race, trading with, but never really mixing among their Chinese neighbours. Kweichow's reputation in the past is neatly summed up in the jingle of which this is a free translation:

Heaven ne'er gives three days fine,  
Earth has never three feet flat,  
Men have never three whole dimes,  
Kweichow is like that!

Of very little historical significance, Kweiyang has suddenly sprung into prominence on account of its strategic position on the Kunming-Chungking highway. Trucks, more trucks and still more trucks—that is one's first impression when approaching the city today. The coming of the Red Cross and several schools and universities has increased the "target-value" of the city, but, compared with Chungking, it remains practically unscathed.

*Scene I.* classroom in the Y.W.C.A. Mr. Sun of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives (CIC) is giving a lecture on Cooperative principles and organization. The group of girls listens at first with a fair amount of attention, though somewhat distracted by the presence of three foreigners. But when the lecturer begins to put forward the problem of wages, a lively and humorous discussion of the varying merits of payment by the month, by the hour or by piece work ensues. These girls, refugees or needy local folk, are nearing the end of their four months' training under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. and will soon form their own tailoring cooperative. Twenty originally began the course, but some "fell by the wayside", being either too indolent or too dull to learn. One, a born capitalist, utilized her small amount of knowledge to set up a tailoring shop of which she is now the managing director! But the remaining twelve have gradually grasped the democratic principles underlying the cooperative movement and are looking forward with keen anticipation to the day when they may launch out on their own.

*Scene II.* A side court of the palatial mansion in which the Generalissimo stayed when visiting the city. A long, sparsely furnished building houses forty-five women and girls, the wives and daughters of soldiers on active service. They are housed and fed—extremely simply—by the Women's Work

section of the New Life Movement. In the first room are sixteen women, some turning the handles of stocking machines and neatly lowering or raising the needles to shape the heel and the toe, while others cut the queer-looking lengths into individual stockings and stitch up the tops and toes. White hose have been made so far, but out in the court hang skeins of newly-dyed yarn—blue, green and grey and a violent purple which even the most optimistic agree is not likely to prove popular. But this is a first experiment and we live and learn!

Next door is a scene vaguely reminiscent of Macbeth. Three females stoop over a fire, stirring industriously, but their cauldron is an enamel wash-basin and their magic brew is household soap. Another group is stirring a bowl of paste, while still another fills and labels the paste-bottles.

At the other end of the building we find a group of nine girls with heads bent over fine embroidery. The material is the local cotton cloth—coarse but strong—and the patterns are taken directly from the traditional designs of the Miao tribes. Originally used to decorate their festive garments, they are now being adapted for use on table-cloths and other such articles. Many are reversible, so one need no longer fear the topsy-turvy idiosyncracies of Chinese servants.

Technical advisers, sent by the CIC, supervise all three sections of this training course and Mr. Sun again conducts regular classes in the methods and principles of cooperation. Classes in the "Three R's", hygiene, singing and physical training are conducted by the New Life Movement and they also supply medical care. Charts show that tracoma is by far the most prevalent disease and this is being combatted by daily treatments and hygienic precautionary measures. Many of the women have small children, so the latter are being cared for in a Nursery outside the city where the danger of air-raids is reduced to a minimum.

The question, "Can Women Cooperate?" is in process of being answered here and a promising beginning has been made. Unskilled and economically destitute women are being trained in trades which have a close relation to the needs of the home. At the same time they are being taught the fundamentals of democratic living.

N. H. Lapwood

3/12/40

## *Chinese Industrial Co-operatives at Kwangyuan*

The Industrial Co-operatives have been in our midst for about four months and we have heard of the various enterprises which they have set going during that period. Today, at their invitation, we visited the Co-op Coal Mine. A company of seven or eight set out at 7 a.m., crossed the river, had a walk of about six English miles over hills and valleys on a narrow, stony, sandy path at the end of which a twirl of smoke advised us that we had arrived somewhere. To the uninitiated there was nothing more than a few small country houses but actually we had arrived on the scene of a very great industry and one which, given the necessary appliances might expand considerably. In one of the small farms there was a room which made the neat little Co-op office with the Co-operative "Three Character" Classic and other tenets of the C.I.C.'s posted on the walls. Here, whilst resting, we were most kindly entertained by Mr Ma, manager of the mine. We were told that the workmen represented three provinces, Hopei, Shantung and Honan. Mr. Wang Hsi-Yu, head of the organisation department of the C.I.C. office, after warmly welcoming the visitors proceeded to give a brief report of this work since its inception:

1. On June 29th seven worker members together contributed \$400.00 and on July 3rd Tseng Chia Keo was chosen as a suitable place to commence the work.

2. During July, August and September the abnormally heavy rains kept all busy clearing the mine whilst the actual work of producing the coal was greatly hindered.

3. To make up the sum of \$2,000.00, the C.I.C. Depot Treasurer added \$1,600.00 to the \$400.00 already contributed but owing to the rapid increase in the cost of living, labour, materials, etc. this capital now is wholly inadequate.

4. During September proceeds from sale of coal were \$420.00. During October up to the 28th (the day of our visit) they were \$1,200.00 and the quantity produced was 50,000 cattles.

5. From the commencement the aim had been to expand gradually. Now that the foundations are securely laid there is need of more capital, larger staff, more workmen, quicker transport, and the establishment of a purchasing station in or near the city.

Mr. Wang's report concluded, we visited the scene of their labours. On arrival at the pit entrance the writer was advised to leave a white sun helmet outside and soon saw the

reason for this. We made progress—it could not be called walking—slanting downwards for about one hundred feet distance—on a path three or four feet wide and three or four feet high, or low, as an occasional bump reminded us, then onwards on level ground for a distance of about two hundred feet when lack of air demanded a return. Emerging from the entry and talking with the manager who has had some considerable experience along this line in his own province we learned that although there is abundance of coal in the mine, owing to lack of labour and the slow and difficult methods of mining, at present the supply is not equal to the demand of would-be purchasers. This year also there was considerable delay owing to abnormally heavy rains. This group of workers is to be commended for their perseverance in face of great difficulties. They are endeavouring to supply a much needed commodity to the population of Kuang Yuan which has more than trebled during recent days. Supplies of coal would increase greatly if a few improvements were financially possible, especially as the C.I.C. staff travels periodically to inspect the work. This would greatly facilitate the transport of the coal from the mine to the city. Another improvement would be a trolley moving along wooden rails worked by a machine which would bring the coal up from the mine instead of the method which we witnessed—a man with rope around his waist dragging a conveyance which was packed with two hundred and fifty catties of coal. This little trolley would emerge in much less time and would take heavier weight. The building of two or three more air shafts would help too. The writer wondered how the workers could work all day and day after day in such an atmosphere.

With pieces of the mined coal at our hand and thinking over the events of the day we were filled with admiration for them.

The C.I.C. workers are also conscious of another need in their present environment and that is of education for the children and young people of the small farms around, and they hope to open a school for them.

China Inland Mission.

Kwangyuan.

W. Sze.

G. E. MITCHELL.

E. W. WHITE.

## *Shensi.*

It was Sept. 23rd when, after weeks of waiting in Chengtu, Miss Chi and I actually set out for Shensi. Before four in the morning we were at the rendezvous, but it was one in the afternoon before we moved off—four truckloads of banknotes, with passengers perched on top. A spirit of good-fellowship prevailed on the top of our truck, and this stood us in good stead, for it was a hard trip. Bad weather and worse roads had for many weeks held up motor traffic; in consequence there were a great many trucks on the road. When it came to crossing bridgeless rivers we and the banknotes had right-of-way on the ferries, but we were less fortunate in the matter of finding sleeping accommodation. Night after night we arrived, some sixty or more of us, to find every inn filled up; so we slept in all sorts of nooks and corners—on the top of the truck—on inn floors and balconies—but we never failed to find a spot to curl up, if not to stretch out. Then there were whole days of waiting while the bank officials (whose travel guests we were) attended to their business or their visiting.

The wind-swept top of a truck was the best place in the world from which to enjoy the grand countryside through which we were passing. From vistas of flooded rice-fields where snow-white heron poised motionless, and of whole mountains terraced with lush sugar-cane, through avenues of old old cedars, we passed into the sterner mountain country where the autumn colors had touched the higher slopes, though the wild flowers of summer still bloomed by the roadside. Range after range of peaks, infinite in number and in variety, impressed on us the grandeur of China's natural heritage. Much of the time, however, our attention was fixed on the road before us; now up and around and up, now down and around and down. Sometimes we looked up at a fearsome overhang of rock; at other times we held our breath as we crossed a precarious bridge. Many mule-drawn vehicles were carrying Shensi cotton down to Szechuan, and they had to pull up at the side of the road to let us pass. I could not make up my mind which to admire the more, on those mountain roads, the nervelessness of the truck-drivers or the patience of the muleteers.

Thrilled though we were with peaks and gorges it was with relief that we relaxed as we reached the long level stretches of the Hanchung valley. Then after another day or so of heights and depths we arrived at Paoki and the railway. A seven-hour train trip is luxury when it follows ten days of travel by truck. It was the dead of night when we arrived outside Sian's massive city wall with its towering gates. A few minutes more and we were in rickshaws riding

along a broad avenue, never-ending it seemed, but at last we came to the street of the East Woodmarket, and roused our hostesses of the English Baptist Mission there.

Soon we were in the midst of a busy program. Our first meeting was with a very interesting group of young women in Sian city, a group which in addition to its Bible Study program, is facing the problems which arise in the homes of its members, and is seeking avenues of service in the life of the local congregation. Between meetings there was time to meet old friends and make new ones. A monthly gathering—happy combination of prayer meeting and tea-party—gave us an opportunity to get acquainted with Sian's Western Christian community. As for Chinese friends, Miss Chi found many whom she had met on her previous visit, and many more from all over China who had recently found a haven in Sian. For my part I had the pleasure of seeing again some tens of our North Honan young people, refugees from the Hwaiking area, who, largely through the helpful interest of the Shensi friends, have found places in the Shensi mission schools and hospital. This finding of old friends among new has given me yet another evidence of the way in which war-time disasters are binding together the people of China, so that each is coming to know and to share the problems of the other.

In October of last year, at the season of the National Holiday, Sian was disastrously bombed; so, as that day approached this year, there was considerable apprehension. Church leaders told us that it would not be practical to get groups together that week, so Miss Chi and I moved on to Sanyuan, a county town which, during these years of air alarms, has grown to be the centre of church and mission life. There is now train service between Sian and Sanyuan; it is a brand-new stretch of railway, so new that the road-bed is still unsettled; the train goes at a snail's pace, and even so, not infrequently leaves the lines! Of especial interest was one deep cutting which reveals the vertical face of a mountain of yellow loess soil—not a stone in sight—so different from the rocky gorges through which we had passed a few days before.

In the Sanyuan area, church and school leaders were very generous in arranging time for Miss Chi and me to meet and talk with their groups, and nowhere have I seen so great a capacity for listening; one sermon on the heels of another seemed to produce no indigestion whatever! The girls and boys of the Junior Middle Schools (schools crowded, as some one said, to 'epidemic point') were very friendly and eager, and we met them both in larger and in smaller groups. There were Bible School students too, and Primary Schools; there was a Mothers' Meeting, and several conferences with



church leaders; but best of all, there was a CHURCH, a live, wideawake, de-centralized rural church, each little village congregation a responsibility-bearing group, its members under regular instruction from leaders who are themselves given one day each month of intensive training. The promotion of rural Sunday Schools has met with considerable success, and in one village we were given an interesting account of a recent Children's Thanksgiving Service.

We made three one-day trips, and one longer one, to four village church centres, at each of which we received a very warm welcome. We found more than once that a considerable portion of our audience had walked ten li or more to be present at a week-day service. Many were beginners in the Christian life, but one and all they listened attentively to our suggestions as to how to make and keep Christian homes truly Christian. As one old lady said during a meal-time chat, "It is the lack of harmony that makes our homes unhappy—the lack of understanding between the old folks and the young people." Yet, as a rural pastor said one other day, "The young folks simply won't bare their hearts to their parents", to which we gave as an answering suggestion the thought that something more might be done, while the children are little, to promote friendship between them and their fathers and mothers—more games together, more walks together, more worship together, a growing-up together with a mutual sharing of interests.

As everywhere in Free China we found in Shensi that the large influx of population from the occupied areas was bringing new life and creating fresh problems; but in Shensi outsiders are not altogether a new story, for some fifty years ago there came immigrants from Shantung, many of them Christians, and it would make an interesting study to compare the two strains of farmer folk, living side by side to-day in the Shensi villages.

The weeks passed quickly and soon we were back for a final few days in Sian city. Besides women's and men's Fellowship Groups, and a Y.W.C.A. gathering, Miss Chi had a very welcome opportunity to talk with two groups of nursing students. It was the season of Autumn Rallies of Christians, so we had an exceptionally good opportunity to extend to the Shensi church folk greetings from the church at large, an opportunity to look into their faces and to learn something of their leaders' hopes and problems, and I feel that in Shensi we have a church of which its own leaders and the whole C.C.C. may well be proud.

The end of October saw us on our way back to Chengtu. This time we travelled by Postal truck and made the journey in half the time and at much less expense. However, it was a strenuous trip, with none of the spirit of good-fellowship

which we enjoyed coming up. Three times in a four-day trip we had definite tussles to avoid losing our places on the truck, but Miss Chi is the best of managers, and we reached Chengtu weary, but without delay. As we think back over our Shensi visit it is with a warm feeling of appreciation of the hospitality of our English Baptist friends. Not only did they make us feel right at home in their homes, but they gave liberally of their time (and they are busy folk) to talk with us and to go with us from place to place.

If I have a regret it is that we got so much and gave so little, but regrets are not going to be to the fore in my memories of our trip to Shensi.

JEAN H. SOMMERVILLE

Chengtu.

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### *Impressions of Szechwan Today.*

Szechuan can still provide variety in methods of travel. During a recent two months' journey I travelled by motor truck, motor ambulance, ricksha, small river steamers and launches, native junks and when all these means failed travelled 600 li on foot. Motor travel is becoming more difficult and uncertain all the time. There are fewer buses on the roads. Travellers have to take their chances with "catch can" rules in getting seats or standing room in open trucks: on one occasion I travelled on a truck which carried 43 passengers and nearly a ton of baggage.

Travel on the Yangtse is also heavy. All steamers and launches are dreadfully crowded. We made three attempts before getting passage from Luchow to Chungking. Then we had just enough room to spread a bedding roll. There were six men and two women sharing the 10 feet dining saloon--four on the floor, and the rest on the benches built around the walls. Another time there were 54 persons and about one and a half tons of baggage on a "lan dzai" (small native junk used between market towns) for an all-day trip between Fowchow and Fengtu with numerous rapids to run. It is with a deep sigh of relief that one steps ashore at the close of such a day.

In overland travel, when one does succeed in getting passage by motor truck, there are numerous hazards due to faulty motors, loose steering gear or careless driving. The runs from city to city are, however, quickly made as compared with the old ways of travel. But with the speed and economy of time something typical and precious in Szechuan travel has been lost. The leisurely ways, the contacts and

interests of the road and wayside or village inn have gone. I left Junghsien early one morning to walk to Kiating. A few li from the city I met an old lady with a very, very wrinkled, but kindly face. I was struck by the determined way in which she was striding along on her small, bound feet. Striding seems an odd way of describing the walk of a woman with bound feet, but in this case it is decidedly appropriate. As she approached I stopped to ask her where she was going at such a pace. She smiled and said, "I have been to Kiating to see my daughter who has been very ill. I am now returning to my home at Leikiang." "But that is a long way for an old person like you." "Yes," she replied, "but it costs so much to travel by 'hwa gan', and I haven't the money." "Well, take this and get a good breakfast at Junghsien." A surprised and happy smile quickly gave way to tears which ran unheeded down the wrinkled cheeks. Words of thanks were spoken and we parted going our separate ways. But for one at least the day was brighter and the road a more friendly place.

The greatly increased cost of travel by whatever means reflects the rise in all living costs. The cost of living was the constant topic of conversation among travellers. It was the chief theme in all meetings with our fellow-workers. How can the Church find ways and means to support its workers under present abnormal conditions? All the available resources had not enabled us to overtake the rapid rise in prices. Salaried people everywhere are in real distress. Frequently workers were only getting about one-third the amount required to keep their families in the necessities.

Prices on the average have risen eight to ten times above those of 1937, and for rice, the staple food of the people, the increase is greater than that. These conditions present an urgent problem to the Churches and Missions. No effort of local self-support can meet the immediate needs. Other ways must be found. These will probably be in two directions--reduction of staff and increased funds from abroad.

Such a situation affords an opportunity to close places which have not been making progress and to displace the unfruitful worker. This is in one sense a negative way of meeting the problem. In our own Church, as doubtless in others, there is a crying need for the addition of young men with outlooks in harmony with these new days, and with qualifications for advanced training to fit them for greater usefulness in post-war years.

The Church work in all the larger cities has been greatly affected by the enforced evacuation of large numbers of people. Smaller congregations, frequent interruption of services by air raid alarms, moving of the schools to the country or smaller towns, all contribute to a slowing down of city

work. On the other hand, rural work is more interesting and promising than ever. At Fowchow evangelistic bands have gone out day after day into the surrounding country and villages to hold meetings among the people escaping from the terrors and dangers of the city. Such work has been greatly appreciated and the response has been good.

The removal of the Boarding Schools to country districts has given increased opportunities for service. The Tzeliuting Girls' Middle School has organized seven or eight Sunday Schools in country homes and primary schools. At one of the latter with over 200 children the meetings were at first held on Friday afternoon. After a few weeks over 100 children agreed to come to their school, an old temple, on Sunday morning so that a better Sunday school could be organized. This work is done entirely by the Middle Schools under the direction of Miss L. H. Hambley. Thus a whole rural neighborhood, eight li from the nearest town, is receiving a knowledge of the Gospels and the Christian way of life.

Several of our stations have suffered repeated bombings during the past year and a half. A great deal of mission property has been destroyed or damaged by bombs and fire. Hospitals have been particularly unfortunate in these bombings. But everywhere the hospitals are continuing to render invaluable services to their communities. Doctors, nurses and servants have carried on often under most difficult, dangerous and unsatisfactory conditions. Financing the work of the hospitals has also grown more difficult with every month. Doubling and trebling the fees does not overtake the rapid rise in cost of drugs and other materials not to mention the price of food. All this makes it increasingly difficult to give free or partially free treatment to many poor and needy patients.

Thus the war is constantly creating new problems and adding to old difficulties. But in spite of many discouragements the morale of the Church is generally good and there are many signs of achievement as well as of promise for days to come.

GERALD S. BELL

### *Notice*

Owing to pressure at the Press the last two issues have been very late in coming out; it was, therefore decided to miss one issue and bring out a double Jan.-Feb. number. This will enable subsequent issues to be published on time, unless there are other unforeseen difficulties; it has the additional advantage with rising costs of making it easier to balance our budget.

## *Christian Forward Movement In Chengtu C.C.C. District.*

The end of the year is *STOCK-TAKING* time. There are several new factors at work in the life of the Church that have made a forward movement possible during the year 1940. For example, a number of Chinese Pastors have broken away from old routine lines of work and have followed definitely planned programs of work for themselves, as well as interesting and helping to become more active an increased number of voluntary workers. Some of the Pastors are young, active and well trained men who are ready and eager to make more effective Rural Church Extension activities.

Pastor Chou of Hsipu has had a record year for increased financial support, Bible Study Class work and voluntary help by his church members. He was able to improve Sunday offerings by introducing systematic weekly or monthly contributions and also making definite appeals for different departments of work. Two members of his congregation helped collect and record the offerings. These records were posted where all the members of his congregation could read and see for themselves the progress made in regular givings. He discussed with his church members the worthy objects to be supported and had them share in the work as well as the support, with the result that their total offerings for the year increased several hundred percent. The progress reported by the Shipu congregation at the District meeting was a real inspiration and indicated what might be done by other small congregations if similar methods were adopted, rather than where the weekly offering is of a very desultory nature and with little apparent relation to the rest of the worship service.

Djong Ho Chang is a prosperous market town but the Church there added no new members for several years. Over a year ago Pastor Yü Mu Jen of the Union Theological College lived there with his family and he connected up with the Church in an advisory capacity. He first had a Church Committee formed of those willing definitely to take responsibility. Suitable programs of worship and service for Adults, Young People and Children were arranged and carried out by energetic leadership. The activities of the church were carried into the homes of those willing to co-operate, both in the town and country, and through the help of some voluntary work from some Christians who treked into the area from another province some village work was started. An energetic young student and his wife have been in charge during the last half year (Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Ho). On Christmas Sunday a Baptism and Communion service was held. The number of new members added has now doubled

the membership and includes two complete families, father, mother and young people who have been baptized. One family in the country has a little prayer room dedicated in their home where a dozen or more people may meet at any time for a quiet time of worship and prayer. The writer of this report has for many years lived in a part of China where the country people live in villages, but since coming to Szechuan and seeing the immense number of little villas or country residences dotted over the most fertile plain of all China, there appears at once the wonderful opportunity to Sing, Preach and Teach the Gospel Story to the families and groups of families who reside within these quiet and picturesque bamboo enclosures. There may be a pack of noisy dogs near the entrance but when once received within there is a cordial welcome and hospitality extended to the bearer of Good News.

If there are any Pastors or Evangelists feeling discouraged over a poor attendance at their Sunday Morning Service, there might be nothing better than to pay a visit to Wenchiang for a week-end, and try to discover the secret Rev. Solomon Pan has for filling his Chapel there with a reverent and happy crowd of worshippers. Less than two years ago there were very few who attended—not even a faithful few church members. Somehow one cannot but feel the warmth and joy of Christian living, if only by taking a walk with Mr. Pan to do some visiting. In a short time one finds after one have called in many Christian homes, schools, shops offices that the Church, its Leaders and its service, is held in high esteem. Truly the Apostle Paul has said; "There are diversities of gifts." It is surely a wonderful gift as well as a great privilege and responsibility for any Pastor to be able to call together and lead in quiet, thoughtful, creative worship; finding for them comfort and strength to live acceptably as a body of God's People, in war-torn China.

Pih sien is now an example of where a Primary School that is subsidized with Mission funds but was ineffective as a mission agency has been re-organized. A capable Christian Principal is now in charge, the other teachers are also Christian as well as having a well trained young Bible Woman to assist with the voluntary worship, Bible Study and Sunday School teaching. The number of pupils are not so many as formerly but the teachers and Bible Woman are getting to know the parents of the pupils and the school now has Christian Education value and is proving helpful in other activities of the Church work.

Students from the Union Theological College under the able leadership of Dr. Peter Shih have given much practical help to the Church at Tsong Ni Chiao. The experiment of having the Girls from the M.E.M. Middle School, the Women

workers from the W.C.T.U. Industrial School and the Christians from the former congregation with their friends and newly interested people, all unite in the one Sunday Service and the weekly program of church activities, is bringing a helpful spirit of co-operation into the life of the community.

One of the many triumphs of the Christian Church is the co-operating of forces within the church itself. The Chinese Pastors on the Chengtu District come from at least five different provinces of China and from as many different church or Mission backgrounds. A goodly number of church members and voluntary workers from other provinces have filtered into the congregations of the district. This gradual coalescing of the traits of character peculiar to the different provinces is now evolving a richer Christian fellowship and is to some extent responsible for new factors at work in the life of the church.

H. A. BOYD.

### *The Challenge of China's New North-West*

In central Shensi, at the western end of the Lunghai Railway, nearly one thousand miles from the Pacific Ocean, is the little town of Paoki. The war has made it into a flourishing city. Its progress is typical of war-time developments in China's great north-west. Paoki means "precious chicken", or perhaps better "jewelled pheasant". It was probably named after some beautiful pheasants which inhabited the Ch'in Ling Mountains near by in ancient times. Lovely golden pheasants can still be seen, but the jewelled pheasants from which the name was probably derived can no longer be found.

The little town of Paoki was the centre of great events in ancient times, as well as the scene of many historic battles. In fact, the battles were so many that few relics of its great past remain.

Modern Paoki is entirely a product of the war. Before the war it had less than 10,000 inhabitants, now it has become a great industrial city of 70,000. It is a communications and commercial centre for the whole of China's new North-west. Bus lines connect it with Szechwan, Chungking, the war-time capital, and with the south-west on the one hand, and with Lanchow, Chinghai, Sinkiang and Soviet Russia on the other.

A railway links it with Sian, the capital of Shensi, with Shanghai on the Pacific Ocean and with lands beyond, as well as with Peiping and north China. Five miles of a new railway going west from Paoki has already been completed.

The rails for the new railways in the north-west are being taken from territory occupied by the Japanese or threatened by occupation. A tiny railway has also been built alongside the motor road, on which goods are carried by hand-car to Shuang Shih Pu, 100 miles south of Paoki.

Paoki's sevenfold growth has taken place entirely in the past two years. Whole areas of new buildings of good brick have been built. Hundreds of buses and trucks can be seen at the bus station. A traffic jam held us up for half-an-hour when we left the city. Land sold two years ago at \$70 a mow (one-sixth of an acre) now sells for \$10,000. The whole city is humming with business activity.

One of the things which has brought prosperity to cities in the North-west is the new industrial co-operatives. In Paoki 2,000 refugees living in caves, and hundreds of other workers, have found useful and profitable work in the co-operatives. Here training schools train department heads, organizers and accountants. Already 160 have graduated from these schools. Most of them are university graduates. We had dinner with the present class of about 25 and they are a splendid group of young men. They sang the song "Comrades of C.I.C." (Chinese Industrial Co-operatives) for us. It was not only inspiring but reminded us of the fact that the C.I.C. is not only a good business proposition but also a great spiritual movement.

The co-operatives are not only producing vast quantities of much-needed goods, but are giving employment to tens of thousands of refugees, are creating hundreds of little factories beyond the reach of Japanese bombs, and by distributing the profits to the member-workers are also slowly replacing capitalism with a form of socialism.

The Paoki C.I.C. also runs training schools for spinning and weaving and five primary schools for the children of members and non-member workers. Besides the ordinary co-operatives making cloth, leather, soap, blankets etc. there are also iron and coal co-operatives. There are now twenty-six co-operatives in the Paoki district alone.

Two years ago, some twenty refugees near Paoki began a spinning co-operative in a cave. Last year they netted \$13,000 profits, which were divided among the member-workers. According to co-operative law, the officers were to get an extra 10% of the profits over and above their regular share as member-workers. They refused to take it and gave it to social work instead.

The Paoki co-operatives have also opened a health centre, and several clinics, and are now planning to open a small hospital.

At Shuang Shih P'u, which means "Double Stone Shop"—named after two meteorites which fell in the neigh-



bourhood in bygone ages,—the co-operatives have achieved equally amazing results. This little village of 700 inhabitants has recently grown into a town of nearly 3,000. About one third of the people are in the co-operatives. Shuang ShihP'u has a machine and iron-works cooperative where good machinery and fine tools are made. By a dam and a water-wheel power has been developed to run this machine-shop, and when it was found that there was more power than was needed for this purpose, an electric light plant was also started. There is also a large co-operative flour-mill and most of the business places and schools are entirely or partly co-operative. A co-operative hostel, which can accommodate sixty people, has also been built. My fellow-worker, Mr. Peter Shih, and I spent a night in one of the new buildings in this hostel.

The C.I.C. has become a great movement, producing \$6,000,000 worth of goods monthly in the north-west alone. Last year they produced \$40,000 army blankets, and this year they expect to produce a million. To do this they will need half the wool in the north-west.

Most of the new buildings in Paoki and in the other growing cities of the north-west are well-built of good brick. Some excellent results have been achieved by much ingenuity and little expense. The theatre in which we held our meetings in Paoki has a sloping floor. It was made by building on the side of a hill. All that was needed was four walls, a roof, platform and seats. The hill provided both the floor and the slope.

Religious work in these growing cities could be as prosperous as the cities if sufficient workers were available. The Y.M.C.A. in Paoki was opened only a year ago. Already they have the goodwill of the leading officials and business men of the city. The Y is in a good building on a new street, on which all the buildings, including the Y, are new. Most of the merchants in this new street are already members of the Y. In one year the Y has achieved a membership of over 1,000. The reading-room is always crowded, as the building is already too small. Over 100 eat daily in the Y dining-room. A night-school, Bible classes and religious services also form a part of its programme.

Without the Y our programme of evangelistic meetings in Paoki, as well as in Lanchow and Sian, would have been quite impossible. This was especially true of Paoki. Due to the Y's advertising and organizing work and their many contacts, we were able to hold a meeting for over 600 wounded soldiers, one for some 500 young people of the "San Min Chu I Youth", one for a school of 500 students, another for 800 government officials, military and educational leaders, called by the Mayor, as well as a series of religious meetings

open to the public in a large theatre, attended by some 800 daily.

At the meetings for wounded soldiers, youth, students and officials I spoke on the relation of the European war to China's War of Resistance, but in each case I also told why I believed in God and why I tried to follow Jesus. These meetings created interest and hundreds from these audiences also attended the religious meetings at which I spoke, first on the "Future of the Sino-Japanese War", and then on "The World's Needs and hopes", "The Meaning of Life" and "The Meaning of the Cross". At the final meeting eighty-two signed their names to become Christians or to study Christianity.

The local churches could not possibly have organized such meetings. The C.I.M. and the Free Methodists have just begun work and the other two churches have little contact with the leadership of this growing city. Some of their leaders are both unable and unwilling to preach that big social part of Jesus' message which attracts and grips so many today. However each of the four churches was represented at our Sunday afternoon worship service at the Y. It was decided to have a weekly union service for Church members and for those who made decisions in our meetings. Study groups were also arranged for. So our meetings at Paoki not only resulted in thousands hearing the gospel, in nearly 100 decisions, but also in bringing the church leaders together in a way they had never been before.

In other cities in the north-west the needs and response were equally great. We travelled eight days north and east from Sian across the Yellow River into Shansi to Marshal Yen Hsi-shan's headquarters. Here we saw two great cities in caves, one in Shensi and one in Shansi, entirely the product of the war. One has over 10,000 inhabitants living in five impregnable gorges, safe from army or air attack. The other has several thousand inhabitants and is rapidly growing. The first is Marshal Yen's headquarters in Shensi and the other his new capital in Shansi. The latter is still in process of being built. It has already hundreds of caves and hundreds more are being built. Permanent government buildings of rock with stone floors and arched roofs also of stone are being erected, as wood is scarce. These cities have the appearance of permanence; strength and beauty are combined. The Marshal's new capital, where hundreds are now engaged in digging and in building, is quite properly called K'e Nan Pao, which means the City of Overcoming Difficulties.

Here Mr. Shih and I had the pleasure of meeting Marshal Yen, well-known in the past as the governor of the model province of Shansi, and his political and military leaders,

as well as the aged but delightful and mentally keen governor Chao of Shensi. At the City of Overcoming Difficulties I gave three addresses, one to a thousand people, over which Governor Chao himself presided. After my lecture the governor especially referred to my being a Christian and to my remarks on religious faith. "I believe in God and in religious faith the same as the speaker, don't you", he said. Hundreds shouted back, "We believe".

Marshal Yen, who had invited me to Shansi, was most gracious and friendly. In his Shansi capital and in his Shensi headquarters, we saw hundreds of young officers and men, who are loyal to the Central Government, to the Marshal and to the new socialist system of "distribution according to labour", advocated by the Marshal. Mr. Bulson Chang, Marshal Yen's representative in Szechwan, did much to make our visit to Marshal Yen's head quarters so happy and successful.

In personal conversation a few of the young officers made decisions to become Christians, but in these two new and growing cities, and in several cities near by which we visited, filled with idealistic and loyal youth, there is not a single church nor even one Christian worker. The same is true of Yen-an, the Communist centre in North Shensi. Yen-an has been entirely destroyed by Japanese bombs, but a greater Yen-an, composed of tens of thousands of people, has been built in the mountain gorges far beyond the reach of Japanese planes. Here I saw thousands of students and a dozen fine hospitals, all in caves.

Scores of Christians are working in Yen-an. They all said that the attitude to religion in general and to Christianity in particular has greatly changed. At a student meeting, in which half a dozen colleges were represented, the student chairman introduced me as being a Christian, and thanked the Church and the Y. for help given to the student sanatorium. Chu Teh and Chairman Lin of the "Border Government" both said that the church in Yen-an which was entirely destroyed by Japanese bombs, could be rebuilt on its old site, or on any site we wanted. They also said: "We asked the Y. to come last year. Why didn't you come?" Many asked for Bibles.

I spoke to over 1,000 officials, students and factory workers at a memorial service for Dr. Bethune, a Canadian doctor, who gave his life for China, and here, as well as at the meeting of student representatives, my remarks on Christianity and on the mission of Jesus, were well received. Coming away from the students meeting a dozen or more Christian students accompanied us down the mountain and called after us as we left them, "May God protect you on the road". A new mosque has already been built at Yen-an to

honour Mohammed—why as yet no church and no Y.M.C.A. for the Nazarene carpenter and His cross? (It is with great pleasure that I have just heard that the Y.M.C.A. has definitely decided to send a team to Yen-an to work and preach in the very near future.)

In Lanchow, Kansu, I found the same war-time prosperity and the same response to preaching. The two mission churches and the Y. just opened, are quite unable to meet adequately the new challenge which comes from the scores of Christians who have come from "occupied" territory and the new opportunities offered by the new schools and industries, and by the government institutions and social services in the new and growing city of Lanchow. Chinghai, Thibet, Mongolia and Sinkiang, each as large as several of the larger European nations, also have practically no Christian workers, either Chinese or foreign.

The largest number of decisions in response to our preaching was in the cities of Central Shensi, in San Yuan and in Sian, where stronger churches and missions exist. San Yuan is thirty miles north from Sian, the capital of Shensi province. It was a centre of ancient Chinese culture; it is now booming with new schools and industries. It is connected with the capital by a railway, which is now being extended northward.

In San Yuan I spoke in six government middle schools, in Shansi University, Marshal Yen's University, and in one Christian Middle School, as well as to an audience of 700 officials, educational and military leaders, called by the Mayor.

In Fu Yin Tsun, which means "Gospel Village", ten miles from San Yuan, I spoke in the Christian boys' middle school. Here 212 made decisions to become Christians, and to join the church. The teachers in this school are nearly all Shantung men. In "Gospel Village" 70 out of 75 families are Christians or studying the gospel. The surrounding country, which was famine area a few years ago, is now well irrigated and the richest land in the province. It is mostly settled by Shantung immigrants and it was these Shantung Christians who invited the English Baptist Mission to come to Shensi.

In the Baptist Girls' Middle School (now Church of Christ in China) in San Yuan, another 125 decided to become Christians. Another Christian Middle School, unconnected with any mission, five miles out in the country, brought its 200 students into San Yuan to attend our meetings for a day and about twenty of them also made decisions to follow Jesus. These three Christian middle schools, in and near San Yuan, are the only ones in China's new and vast northwest.

In San Yuan and in Sian, as well as in a few other cities, Mr. Peter Shih of the Lanchow Y.M.C.A., who accompanied me on my tour of the North-west, gave very inspiring addresses on "China's New North-west", "Thibet" and "Why I am a Christian".

Our biggest five days programme was in Sian, the capital. Sian means "Western Peace". It is called also "Ch'angan" or "Everlasting Peace". It is the centre of most of China's famous past. It houses the "Forest of Tablets", which have recorded China's ancient greatness on imperishable stone, also the Nestorian Tablet, which witnesses to the existence of Christianity in China in the 6th century.

Sian has grown from 150,000 to nearly 250,000 since the beginning of the war. It has scores of new schools and hundreds of new factories and industries. It has the widest streets of any city in China. It is no doubt the finest city in free China to-day, if not in all China. It was the capital in the greatest days of China's great past, and it may well become the capital again in the days of her still greater future.

In Sian I spoke over twenty-five times in five days. I spoke in ten schools, most of which had over 500 students, one had a thousand and another 1800. Most of these schools are less than two years old. Almost all of them were begun since the War. The site of the school with 1800 students was a wilderness a year ago. Now it has thirty buildings and 160 fine cave-dormitories. I also preached to some 500 in the largest church and to two audiences each day in the Y.M.C.A. In the Y. meetings over 180 made decisions to be better Christians or to become Christians, and in the one meeting in the Church there were over 80 decisions.

I also visited and spoke at the Agricultural College at Wukung, near Sian, to over 600 students. Here we found a few Christian students and some 20 Christians on the faculty, including some Cheeloo men, but there are no Christian services or activities, due to the lack of Christian leadership and workers.

The same need and wide-open door exist in Hanchung and in the other towns and schools nearby in southern Shensi. Hanchung is a great city of 200,000. Its name means the "Centre of the Han", which is another name for the Chinese race. Here are two small churches, the C.I.M. and the Seventh Day Adventists, also an independent church and a few hundred Christians, but the city is almost entirely unevangelized.

Near Hanchung, scattered in several ancestral temples, is North-Western Medical College, with twenty students. Here I spoke to the whole student body and helped some Christians to find each other. Further in the mountains is an Industrial College with a thousand students, which due to lack of time I was not able to visit.

Further out from Hanchung is Chengku, another centre of ancient culture, and now a great educational centre. Here are North-West Normal College, North-West University and nine middle schools. At Chengku I was only able to spend one night, including an evening and a morning. I found a dozen Cheeloo men and many other friends. Although I arrived unannounced, 500 university students attended our evening meeting, and the next morning, Sunday, the Church was crowded, many standing, when I preached, and over thirty raised their hands indicating their desire to become Christians or to study Christianity. In these colleges there is an earnest group of Christian students and teachers. They decided to start a Christian Fellowship to carry on Bible classes, religious services and Christian work. The National Y. M. C. A. has already decided to make Chengku a Y. centre and Mr. Li Yung-chuan, a former Cheeloo man and a returned student from England, has already been engaged to come to assist in the work here. The 2,000 university students and the several thousand middle school students make Chengku an almost unlimited field for Christian work.

The whole new North-west is wide open for the gospel. I am writing this report in a tiny but growing town in south Shensi, called Miao T'ai-Tzu, or Temple Crest, which lies in a lovely valley full of evergreen trees. "Temple Crest" is now the mid-day stopping place for scores of trucks, travelling from Szechwan into the North-west or from the north into Szechwan. My room is in a new hotel. Beyond are the little pine trees, the silent mountains and the quiet temple, but below and nearer I can see a score of trucks, and can hear the honking of the horns of modern civilization. Our truck has engine trouble. We are here for the night and maybe for to-morrow, perhaps long enough to finish this report. Scores of others are in the same condition. Hundreds of people pass through or stop in "Temple crest" daily now. Here also is no Christian church, and not one Christian worker. "Temple Crest" is just one of the hundreds of such towns in the new North-west. All the doors are wide open. All who can be spared in the East or who find work impossible there should come to China's great north-west.

China's new North-west is no doubt one of the greatest mission fields in the modern world. The harvest is truly plenteous and ripe. May the Lord of the harvest send forth workers into these his fields. May the church arise now to "occupy" these fields and to build, not the new order of tyranny, aggression and violence, but Christ's new order of freedom, justice and peace, in all the vast areas of China's new North-West.

S. LAUTENSCHLAGER  
CHEELOO UNIVERSITY  
DEC. 17th, 1940

## Yaan Notes

The night of Dec. 12 a disastrous fire swept over the same section of the city that suffered a year ago. The fire started near the east gate and burned both sides of the main street to the four corners near the Baptist church. The Bank of Communications, the China Book Company and a number of other prominent places of business were destroyed. The starting of the fire is said to have been due to a quarrel between a husband and wife. The wife, eager to outwit her husband, set fire to her home and then ran away. The place where her home was has been heaped high with debris from the fire making a very noticeable 'X' to mark the spot.

Miss Gladys Schwake, Miss Dorcas Ling and Mr. Floyd Johnson were guests of the Crooks for several days on their way back to the interior.

Master Bruce Vichert celebrated his fourth birthday by a tea party at the home of his parents. His able advertising of the event brought concrete results from both Chinese and foreign friends. Bruce is anxious to have another birthday as soon as possible.

Miss Ada Nelson, having acquired a bicycle, is starting a commuter's special between Min Shan and Yaan.

The foreigner's Christmas party was held on Christmas eve at the home of the Vicherts. An English Christmas dinner—minus the boar's head—was served. This was followed by a brief devotional service, the opening of presents, a carol in its original sense, and a Christmas "Information Please". The hostess wore a teal blue dress complimented by a cranberry jacket. Mrs. Crook wore a navy blue crepe with mink. Miss Therolf had a creation by Pierre topped by a jacket of blue velvet. Miss Nelson caught the eyes of the young men with a jet black velvet adorned with brilliants. The attire of the men was conservative with the exception of Dr. Crook's tie.

Christmas day at the church started with carols at 4 a.m. followed by a formal service in the main church at 11 a.m., dinner at two and informal entertaining later in the afternoon. Over \$100 was given as a Christmas offering for war refugees.

A bus accident near Min Shan brought a number of patients to our Mission hospital. One wheel of the bus went off the side of a bridge with the result that a number of passengers thought the bus was going to turn over and therefore they jumped. Injuries varied from broken bones to more serious wounds.

Banditry in the Yaan area is rapidly increasing. Both T'ien Ch'uan and Yuin Chin have large groups of bandits just outside the city walls. In Yaan the absence of an adequate police force has caused a recurrence of thieving and

crimes of violence. Prices in Yaan stay about the same with the exception of rice which has gone down slightly.

Mission schools are closing for the holidays about the first week in January. Special graduation exercises have already been held in the two primary schools.

Mr. Wang Shao Yun, formerly connected with the evangelistic staff of the Yaan Baptist Church has gone to Chengtu to act as secretary at the Nanking Seminary.

Local officials tendered a reception to Liu Wen-hui's daughter and son-in-law on their return to Yaan after their marriage in Chengtu. The feast in connection with this event is said to have cost \$70.00 a table.

Mr. Li, a teacher in the Baptist Middle School, was attacked by two thugs one evening on his way back to the school. He put up a stiff resistance with the result that his assailants fled. They left behind them a brand new foreign hat of which Mr. Li is now the proud wearer. The sequel to this story is the news that Dr. Crook reports a hat of his having been taken from the hospital. Police are working hard to find out whose hat is where.

Mr. Vichert, who suffered a slight attack of libermania, is now fully recovered. The disease ran its usual course through to the last page. Mr. Vichert wishes to thank those friends who made his two weeks in bed possible.

A recent visitor to Yaan sent us a note which, due in part to its complimentary nature we considered well written. A day or two after this visitor had departed we were surprised to receive another note from the same source saying that the first note had contained two grammatical errors and that the writer had not been able to sleep because the weight of these errors lay heavy upon her conscience. She requested that we correct these errors and regard the first note in its original form as having never been written. Immediately we began a frantic search for the note in question but without success. Two grammatical mistakes and an endless row of sleepless nights lie before us. What to do? What to do?

C. G. VICHERT  
YAAN, SIKANG  
DEC. 28 1940

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### *Wedding*

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Sparling have received a cablegram from their daughter Florence in South Africa, announcing her marriage on January fourth to Edward Graham-Smith. Mr. Smith whose home is in Johannesburg is an electrical engineer in the gold mines in that district.



## *Impressions of England today\**

..... The voyage across the Atlantic was perfectly peaceful. Of course one had to be prepared for all sorts of emergencies, but there was no sense of strain on board, and the only effect of the danger seemed to be to draw all rather closer together than one sometimes finds on shipboard.

We docked at the great west coast port that you would naturally expect to arrive at, and landed without any difficulty though with slight delay owing to an air-raid alarm. There were, I am glad to say, practically no signs of damage apart from a few broken windows, despite the fact that the Germans claim to have put the port more or less out of action.

As we neared England it was a great joy to see the convoys passing backwards and forwards..... a contrast to the many thousands of tons of German shipping I saw laid up in various ports Shanghai, Kobe, etc.

You have heard so much about it that I need hardly tell you how high is the English morale. The best thing about it is that it seems to be just naturally high without any special effort to keep it so. Jokes are plentiful, but they spring spraight from the various situations and are in no way forced. Most people have ceased to worry about any danger that may be involved. Although practically all conversation centres in the war, it is seldom spoken of in an anxious way. The only signs of annoyance that I have heard have been over any suggestion that we are not being told the absolute truth or that bad news is being broken to us too gently. People like a retreat to be called a retreat and not a 'strategic withdrawal'.

The technique of dealing with air-raids is very different here from what it is in China. Of course the attacks take a different form at present too. Whereas in China we get a raid for, say, three hours and then are all clear for the rest of the day, here we may have a solitary raider over at any time, day or night, but seldom do we seem to see more than one or two at once. The consequence is we do not have the long periods of alarm we are used to in China. Indeed, people take very little notice of the sirens.

The warning is not a sign to stop work but is simply a sign to be on the alert. It is always called the 'Alert' now. The meaning of an 'alert' is that enemy planes are in the neighbourhood and a 'spotter goes to the roof of your building, if it is a tall one, e.g. our own C.M.S building, and if he thinks that the plane is going to fly too near to the building to be comfortable he gives the sign and people, if they wish to (many don't), dive for shelter. During the day raids are not very frequent now, but at night the alarm is more or less on all the time. We are all spending the night in our house downstairs, where one room has been somewhat re-inforced. Sometimes we hear the whistle of a bomb falling and then, as an added precaution, we throw ourselves flat on the floor, but even this piece of ritual is being less and less observed.

One story, as indicating how people are taking the bombing, I find too good not to pass on. A friend in the Navy was on leave here, when a flat not far away got a direct hit. He went along to see if he could help and found two old ladies in the early 70's or thereabouts. One was still in bed several storeys up, looking down through the gap where once the rest of her flat had been; and the other lady had somehow landed up in the midst of the wreckage on the top of the dining-room table. In response to the question 'are you quite alright', the dear lady replied with dignity 'Thank you, I am as comfortable as can be expected under the circumstances'.

\*being extracts from a letter to Bp Raiph Ward

One more fact to show you the spirit of the people. We were half-way through Church Service on Sunday when the alarm went. A pause was made to allow those people to leave who felt they should. Out of a packed Church into which extra seats had to be brought, only one person left the Church.

The best summary I have heard of the English attitude is that Britain has become young again. The last war made us all old..... We continued to be old as a nation until Munich, which shook us right up.....

To a person who has seen the damage that the Japanese have done to China's war-time capital, London is comparatively untouched. Of course, you have to stress the word comparatively.....It is amazing the speed with which a bombed area is cleared up, and shops that have lost their windows quickly replace them with wood, containing small squares of glass..... This can be extra - ordinarily attractive, and reminded me of certain exhibits in the New York World's Fair. Undoubtedly it is the poor districts that have been most badly hit. I have seen some districts where well over half the houses have lost their windows. Many of the people have moved out and so, in one way, one is not sorry to see old slum areas demolished. Unfortunately, bombs are no more respecters of property than of persons, with the result that some fine new "slum-clearance" buildings have been hit in places as well as the old slum buildings themselves.

The Church Missionary Society has been fortunate so far. It is true that its Women's Training school has been bombed out, but the city office is all complete. The Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society got a direct hit, and we offered them part of our building, but they decided to move to another city.

All this has an influence on church finances, but they are flourishing amazingly—another indication of the Spirit of the people. This year every month has been better than the corresponding month last year, and better also than the average for the past five years. Truly the Lord's people know how to rally round in time of crisis.....

Douglas Sargent  
Nov. 3rd 1940

The attacks have been so continuous and so heavy that it's quite wonderful that we've all escaped.....the post is shockingly slow. Three four or more days are sometimes taken by a letter from the other side of London. Why, is a mystery. The milkman and the newsagent, whose work is much more difficult, do their work promptly almost always.....

You have no doubt got some idea of the savage assaults we are living under. This is a typical day:-9.a.m. raid till 9.30, 10.30 to 11.15, 1 p.m. to 2.10, 3.45 to 5.15; 7.p.m. right through to 6 or 6.30 am the next morning. Not a peaceful night! The night raids are resisted by anti-aircraft guns, which keep up a terrible noise hour after hour. Day raids are tackled by our own fighters, and we sometimes see exciting battles in the sky.....

Our London Cockneys are irrepressible under misfortune. One man was found sweeping up glass after his little shop was wrecked. He looked up with a grin and said: "I'm Hitler's blinking housemaid". Two other little shops in East London were unroofed. Next morning one had a bill on the front "Open as usual"; the other with the roof off had a bill: "More open than usual".

J.W. Hickson\*  
Oct. 18th

Since writing my last general letter the bombing of London has been brought very close by the death of my brother-in-law Jack Beresford. He was killed while on Home Guard duty at one of the Government offices.....

\*brother of Miss Hickson of  
Cneeloo University

Since I last wrote we have—of course—had air raids every night, and during the full moon we had some particularly unpleasant nights;—there were two or three nights of perfectly beautiful moonlight weather, and the whole air seemed full of German planes zooming round—and of course bombs and guns. The Germans claimed there were 1000 planes over London; our reports said about 250; anyway there were quite enough, and a good bit of damage was naturally done, though I don't know whether of much military importance. Some nights you hear the drone overhead, the gun fire and sometimes the swish and explosion of bombs, and then a pause—sometimes long, sometimes short, but that night there were no pauses, the zoom was continuous, and to a lesser extent the gunfire too... ..

One night we had quite a lively time in the shelter, because four time-bombs were dropped quite near; we could hear them falling, and knew that some at any rate did not explode, and therefore guessed that they were time-bombs. The warden went out to look for them; it was a very dark night and looking for them must have been pretty hard work, as there are quite a lot of gardens and squares..... However they found them, and had to evacuate the people living in certain houses, because you never know when they will go off, or how much damage they will do..... Anyway roughly over 100 people flocked into the shelter where I am marshal. They had all left in a hurry, and while most of them had got as (as I imagine most of London has by now) a suitcase packed in case of emergencies, not many of them had rugs or pillows. If you provide yourself with a camp bed, or a deck chair and sufficient rugs and pillows the shelter is not so bad, but all it provides is very hard and narrow wooden benches, and concrete floors; so that for those who have nothing of their own it is singularly cold and uncomfortable. Our permanent inhabitants felt slightly aggrieved at having their night's rest interrupted, and the new comers could not make themselves at all comfortable, and so did not settle down very well. People who were already there did lend them things, but of course there were not nearly enough to go round. Also it was very difficult to get them to distribute themselves over the space that was available, as they all wanted to remain with their friends..... I can't say that many people had much of a rest that night in our shelter but really on the whole they were very good about it;—they would talk, but they didn't do very much grumbling..... It is interesting to notice how willing most people are to return to a house, even though they know that these bombs do quite a lot of damage, but the mere risk of being blown up seems very little—apparently—compared to the comfort of having a bed instead of a hard bench, and of course it is true that generally only one or two of these bigger houses is effected. I think if the police had announced that people could go back at their own risk, practically everybody would have returned.....

Eva Spicer

Oct. 28th.

### GOD'S DEALINGS

It is because people live in the things they possess instead of in their relationship to God, that God at times seems to be cruel. There are a thousand and one interests that God's providential hand has to brush aside as hopelessly irrelevant to His purpose, and if we have been living in those interests, we go with them.

*Oswald Chambers 'So Send I You' p.103*

## *Visit to Northern Hills' Churches.*

Shensi, Oct. 7—30.

This trip was planned as long ago as March of this year, but owing to lack of staff, the pressure of other work, and the unduly heavy rainfall it was not found possible. Actually October is an almost ideal month for travelling and the weather was nearly perfect; day after day of bright sunshine reaching summer heat at times and with only one day of rain and two days of cold. Almost as soon as Fuyints'un is left behind, the countryside changes contour and from the vast flat plains the road passes through "downs" country until the hills themselves are met, and there climbs up through narrow gorge and wide valley until a height of over 5000 feet is reached. This is at a place called K'u Ch'uan (Springs of bitterness—not because the water is of poor quality but because the life of the folk there is hard and the winter cold severe.) From there the mountains fall away in very gradual ranges of steep hills and spreading plateaus until at Yuin, eighteen stages from Fuyints'un it meets the level deserts which sweep on into Suiyuan and Mongolia. Our trip this time took us only as far as Lo Ch'uan, five stages out, where we reached the boundaries of the area under the control of the Border Region Government, the civil power of the 8th Route Army.

I had at first hoped that it would have been possible for one other of our men missionaries to have accompanied me, but we are still, not sufficiently well staffed to permit of this, so I set off from Fuyints'un with Nieh Mong-chiu, chairman of the Evangelistic Committee of our San Yuan Ass'n. He is unfortunately not very strong and was able to go with me as far as T'ung kuan only. From there I had Chao Pao-yu as a companion. He has been one of our colportors for many years and is now appointed to the San Yuan city preaching hall. He is a cheery fellow traveller and though a loss of voice prevented him from giving much help in the meetings we held, yet it was good to have him along, and he is a pastmaster at making contacts with all sorts and conditions of men.

The aim of the trip was to visit each of our churches as far north as we found it possible to get. The main object was to reach Lo ch'uan and there meet with as many of the representatives of the churches in the Yen'an Ass'n as could manage to get away. We did not rule out the chance of making a personal visit as far as Yen'an itself, but on arrival at Lo ch'uan and in consultation with the evangelists there and from the north thought it inadvisable to proceed any further, since a visit from a foreign missionary at this time to our

churches in that Communist area might have resulted merely in increasing the difficulties of our Christians there. . . . Each district town, market town, village, even isolated hamlets and groups of hillside caves we found alive with troops, and work was being feverishly pushed forward on the construction of watchtowers, and the repair of roads and bridges, many of the latter having been seriously damaged in the summer rains. The road (there is only one main road into these hills) as far as T'ungkuan bore an almost continuous stream of traffic—pack animals and heavy carts, taking up flour and wheat, and bringing down coal from the mines, many of them new, —while on the other side of the river workmen were engaged in cutting through the earthslopes or blasting out the rocks in order to make a way for the railway planned as far as T'ungkuan. Beyond T'ungkuan carts are much less in evidence, but it is now possible for these vehicles to go as far as Yulin—in fact outside one town we overtook several rubber tyred carts in charge of several military officers going as far north as that and carrying padded clothing for the troops stationed there. But pack animals were almost as numerous as further south and at least every half hour we would meet or overtake a train taking up flour or cotton and bringing down soda, wool or petroleum.

As far as Yaochow we travelled by cart, but on the outward trip from there on we hired donkeys as we needed them. My bedroll on one side of the wooden pack-saddle balanced by my campbed and suitcase on the other, a rug folded several times laid over the pack frame on top—and myself sitting with legs dangling either side of the donkey's neck or else swinging to one side—it sounds a bit precarious, but after a mile or so I got quite nonchalant about it! However it is not the most comfortable means of transport, and I walked anything from ten to twenty miles each day, a day's journey varying from twenty five to thirty miles. Coming back we travelled in greater style. The church folk at Chung Pu had hired us two animals—a horse and a mule and I brought another horse down with me to sell on behalf of the elder in charge of our Yen-an Ass's, so we were able to go much quicker and did the usual four stages from Chung Pu in three days. It was the first time since childhood days that I had ridden a horse for such long periods and in spite of stiff legs and a crick in the back, I enjoyed it.

We met nothing but friendliness and courtesy from the various officials—military and civil—with whom we came in contact during the trip. I carried my British passport with me, but did not need to show it once; it was sufficient to hand in my visiting card. In view of the fact that I was travelling in a country at war and moreover in an area where

internal politics are at such an acute stage, I consider the treatment I received is sufficient evidence of the lack of suspicion with which China treats the stranger in her midst. . . . I found an amazing grasp of the main facts of the international situation and a keen appreciation of the weaknesses and strength of the British position, always with the sure expression of confidence—"Of course you will win". I made a point of calling on the district magistrates at both Chung Pu and Lo Ch'uan and found them in each case young men, informal and friendly, and giving the impression of capability. In both cases our church folk spoke well of them—and there is no hesitation in criticism if it is at all due . . . .

Of each church we visited I write in greater detail below. Two points however I should like to emphasize here. One is the case with which contact is made with all and sundry and the interest, sometimes merely polite, but mostly real, with which they meet the preacher of the gospel. In fact it would not be too much to say that there is a *hunger* for spiritual things at this time, more especially amongst the military class. The ground is ready for the seed and in place after place we felt that the Lord had many waiting to be saved—no other way of describing the opportunity seems so fitting. As I have noted before again and again we found Christians in positions of influence and importance—military hospitals, civil magistrates, public services e.g. postoffice, divisional headquarters, A. R. P. posts—and their need was for Christian fellowship and instruction. The other point is that the men we have as leaders of the churches in this area are as a rule neither numerous enough nor strong enough to cope with the opportunities that surround them. The churches as a whole are weak—the fault lies as much with us here as with them—and I have to give thanks to God that He has kept those that there are from falling away. But there is a real challenge in the situation that obtains in this northern hills' area and humanly speaking I do not see how we are going to "buy up the opportunities". This is what calls for your prayers.

Now for some thumbnail sketches of the churches themselves.

*Yaochow.* The first stage out. A church with a 30 years' history but sadly weak, in fact almost defunct until 4 years ago. A new caretaker began the revival by means of a small Bible Class. An experienced pastor was appointed who is able to give systematic Bible instruction. At one time we rather feared for the future of the church since it had entered upon a stage of very emotional religious experience due to the speaking of a missionary from the "Family of Jesus"—an indigenous sect who lay a perhaps undue emphasis on *feeling* as a mark of spiritual life, whose danger lies in an exaltation of the doctrine of the Spirit to the subord-

ination of the historical gospel, and whose peculiarities are a semi-communal form of life and a form of public prayer with united utterance, speaking in tongues, and violent actions such as leaping and rolling. However as far as the Yaochow church is concerned, while the emotional pitch is still too high to be entirely healthy, yet there is a warmth in their fellowship and gatherings which I should like to see more in evidence in many other churches. Mr. Nieh and I held three days' meetings there and on the last day I baptized 20 men and women, all of them converts of this year's standing and brought to Christ through the tent preaching which is done regularly by voluntary workers of the church. All 20 come from one village a mile outside the city. There would have been ten more but for the fact that a day or two previously soldiers had been billeted in their village and they found it difficult to be away.

*Tungkuan.* The second stage out. This is the weakest of all the churches visited. Reasons are many, the main one being that the foundation was laid wrongly. A deacon in charge here thought more of the material wellbeing of the church than of its spiritual wellbeing. It has also suffered from many occupations by troops in the disturbed years that have gone. Now there are not more than half-a-dozen families associated with the church in the neighbourhood. Relations have been bad too for the greater part of the year between the evangelist (a refugee cripple from Shantung) and the caretaker, the latter being chiefly to blame. By the end of the year the church will have to seek new premises since the present buildings are mortgaged property and the owner wishes to redeem. It has been difficult to find anything like a suitable site, but we hope to secure a piece of land in the north suburb, which will be a far better situation than the present one in a gorge to the west of the city. Mr. Nieh and I held two days meetings here, attended rather poorly by 20-30, and then after he had returned home, on the third day I paid a visit with the evangelist to a little group of caves four miles outside the city where there is one Christian with a small group of learners. We spent a happy day with them and it needs only regular visitation for a small church to be started there.

*Chungpu.* The fourth stage out. Here again is a church with a 30 years' history, but with little signs of awakening. They too have suffered much from the disturbances ever since the Revolution of 1911, with continual occupation from soldiers, and regular work and worship has been sadly interfered with. The premises have been occupied by an officer's wife for the greater part of the year and we thought we might have difficulty in getting accommodation when we first arrived. But we found that she had been called

away by her husband the day before our appearance, so that that problem was solved for us. On our return from Loch'uan I paid judicious visits to the various military commanders in the district and found them all friendly, and now with the temporary appointment of an evangelist and a colporteur we shall hope to keep the premises for the church's use solely. It has been largely due to the faithful watch and ward kept by the Hui Shou (church "head") that has enabled anything like a Christian witness to be maintained. Mr. Chao and I held two days' meeting here which were attended by a good number of outsiders as well as those attached to the church. During the times when Mr. Chao was speaking I gathered the children out in the courtyard away from the chapel and there showed them coloured Bible pictures and told them the stories and taught them songs. There is hope for this church and many opportunities in the normal school of 200 pupils and a small-arms factory recently opened where there are 700-800 workmen mostly brought in from Shansi province.

*Loch'uan.* The fifth stage out. This city has been bombed three times, and on each occasion our premises inside suffered. After the second raid the church members and leaders decided to move out to a village  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile to the SE.—where the evangelist has his home. There in a "house" of 3 brick built "caves" the church has its worship and meetings and the school of 25 scholars has its lessons. The quarters are cramped and rather dark, but this is wartime and it is good to have at least a rallying point for the scattered Christians of this area I have hopes that we may be able to find the funds sufficient to allow us to put two at least of the city rooms into sufficient repair so that an evangelist may live there, and hold evening meetings for the many interested folk at present living in this city. This is the 2nd Military H.Q. for the Shansi troops and men of this army were amongst the friendliest of any we met en route. On arrival we had expected to find the representatives from the north there before us, but there was no word of them and it wasn't until the third day that news came to say the letters calling them had been with held and they had had delays getting passports. On the Sunday evening after a full day of well-attended meetings they came in—four men and one woman, tired but cheery. It did one's heart good to see them after the lapse of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years, when we had met with them all in Yenau itself. The woman had left a 10-month's old baby to the care of a neighbour in order to make the three days' journey. I think the mere fact of being able to meet as we did for the next four days in an atmosphere of freedom with no fear of "investigators" or threat of coercion or intimidation meant as much to them as the subject matter of our meetings. For the most part we spent the time in devotional meetings and Bible study—



an early morning period, a main morning Bible study, an afternoon gathering for all and sundry, and evening prayers. I took all but the afternoon meeting and in addition we had one period a day for a general discussion of plan and policy. It was during these times as well as in hints dropped in the course of conversation that I was able to piece together a picture of the conditions under which these men and women, our fellow-Christians and fellow-workers, have been maintaining their witness. There is theoretical freedom of faith and worship, but. . . .

*Ichun.* Third stage out. There is no church or church work being done by us here, but for years we have felt the need for such to be begun. . . . On the one night Chao and I spent there we had visits from the heads of the Post Office, and the Telegraph Office, a school teacher and a military commander, the latter a true seeker, while the landlord of the small inn in which we stayed has a mother a Christian. We felt a call to this place.

*Kuch'wan.* Between Tungkuan and Ichun. We spent a night at this place with an erring member who has associated himself with a reformed sect of the Seventh Day Adventists. We found him too ill to bear much exhorting, but had a long and searching talk with the Pao chang (rural district councillor.) and at the end prayed with him and got him to pray, which he did stumbling but with the simple faith of a child. An uplifting experience.

W. CRANSTON BELL

## CHRISTIANITY AND MONEY

I think it was Bp. Gore who reminded us that for the first three centuries of the Church's existence money was looked upon as an evil, and riches as a positive misfortune. It was only when Christianity became fashionable in the fourth century under the Emperor Constantine's protective aegis, that worldly standards invaded the Church itself, and insensibly our view of God and His providence has undergone a subtle change. We acquiesce with pagan philosophy in the poverty and suffering of others whilst we demand an increasingly higher standard for ourselves. William James, the pragmatic philosopher, tells us that a pleasantly warming sympathy with the sorrows and hardships of other people, which yet finds no expression in loving service, is actually psychologically harmful to those who experience it. The paradox of Christianity is that, whilst setting less store than the worldly-hearted by material good, the Christian labours with more passionate zeal for the physical well-being of God's children, since all are members one of another.

*Lady Cynthia Colville*

## *Begin Now\**

My dear Oldham,

Many recent events have led me to believe that we have reached a turning point in connexion with everything for which the Christian News-Letter stands. First, of course, there is the crisis in world events. If we are to rise to the test of the present and the opportunity for which we hope in the future, there must be a rapid crystallisation of much that is now fluid in Christian sentiment and aspiration. Secondly, the C.N.-L. has secured over 10,000 subscribers, which at once provides a constituency to which appeal can be made. Thirdly, I have had very recently the experience of attending meetings of different people who had all been led to a similar conviction.

You have analysed the situation pretty often. I do not think we need much more analysis. We need two things: a gathering together of the great mass of Christian sentiment which undoubtedly exists, and the direction of this towards some definite goal. It may be desirable to indicate at once the kind of goal that I have in mind. In general terms it may be defined as international and social justice. But, of course, everyone subscribes to that. It is indispensable that someone should take the risk of more detailed proposals.

Here we inevitably enter upon controversial ground. But the time for pure generalities is past, and someone must take the responsibility of being more particular.

I am not now concerned with any immediate settlement after the war, but with the goal to which we should hope to move. Broadly, this may be described as equal freedom for all nations, equal access to raw materials, equal opportunities of developing both material resources and human capacities. That will not be achieved by mere *laissez-faire*. Freedom in this world is a product of law and of the force which law directs to the prevention of violence and tyranny. So we must work for the end of international anarchy and the establishment of international law, made and upheld by an international authority. In other words, one form or another of Federalism must be our goal. And we can urge our own nation at once to repudiate the claim to be judge in its own cause as a first step towards the federal goal.

### THE PROFIT MOTIVE

But I do not believe that a federal system can of itself secure justice or even abolish war, unless the economic life of men is ordered on principles more expressive of fellowship than at present. The trend towards war is inherent in the

\*Beginning a letter to Dr. J.H. Oldham from the Archbishop of York printed in the Christian News-letter for Aug. 7th 1940

Internal economy of the modern nation. The essential evil in the ordering of European life has been the inversion of the proper relations between finance, production and consumption. It is evident that the real object for which goods are produced is that they may be enjoyed; and this in most instances means "consumed." The consumer is the factor of primary importance, whose interest ought to be decisive, for his is the only truly human interest in the whole process. Yet food is destroyed while men are hungry. Why? Because they have not the means to make their need constitute a market. So the primary aim of producing food turns out to be in practice, not feeding the hungry, but making a profit. The profit-motive has become the dominant motive. It is this which has led to the sacrilegious sacrifice of rural England to urban interests and subjects it to policies framed for urban conditions. It has turned man into an economic animal.

This leads to a competition for markets, which was comparatively harmless so long as the market was expanding with no visible limit. But that is no longer so. Now the predominance of the profit-motive as the mainspring of industry leads to dangerous rivalries, which often contain the threat of war. It is perfectly true that few, if any, industrialists desire war; it is true that for most forms of business war itself is a source of loss rather than profit. It is not the policy of the industrialists, but the principle on which industry is organised, which has a tendency towards war.

Moreover, the system shows signs of ceasing to work. It is unable to provide employment, and therewith the basis for honourable life, to an alarmingly large number of citizens. Even now there are three-quarters of a million unemployed in Great Britain, though all younger men, apart from those in reserved occupations, have been "called up" and production of munitions is being pressed forward. And an expert writing in *The Times* tells us that we are now near the minimum figure! There are people who want to work and cannot work, because they cannot be "profitably employed." Profitably to whom? That their work might be profitable to the nation and to themselves there is no doubt.

If we are to dethrone the profit-motive from its predominance, how is this to be done? Sir Richard Acland proposes universal communal ownership. That might make matters worse; there would have to be an immense bureaucracy, and human egoism would find its outlet in laying hold of the levers of the bureaucratic machine. On the other hand, effective Distributivism is impracticable. It is indeed desirable that every citizen should hold some property. But we cannot put the clock back, and mass-production, which

supplies the people at large as they never were supplied before, is come to stay. It is probably unwise to attempt any sketch of an ultimate ideal; but we can indicate some steps to be taken in the period just before us.

#### FIRST STEPS

(1) *Whenever limitation of liability is granted it should be accompanied by limitation of profits.* Surplus profits should be payable into various funds: (a) an equalization fund for the maintenance of wages at a standard rate in bad times; (b) a similar equalization fund for profits; (c) a sinking fund for the repayment of capital lent or "invested"; (d) a fund for the extension of fixed capital; (e) a public service fund to be administered as a rule by representatives of the workers (including management) and of the national State or Local Authority.

(2) *The principle of the Mosaic Law of Jubilee should be applied.* It is perfectly ludicrous that because someone lent money for the building of (say) the Great Western Railway, he should become possessed of a saleable right to levy a private tax upon that railway for ever, and that this should pass from hand to hand by process of inheritance or sale as if it were a commodity. Shares should either be "debentures" and repayable at a certain date, or should, after bearing interest for a period of (say) fifty years lose  $x$  per cent. of their capital value every year until they are extinguished. Of course, the type of enterprise, degree of risk, delay in returns upon outlay, and similar factors must be taken into account in determining the maximum profit in any case, the period during which the capital sum remains intact, the rate of interest, and the rate of its decrease after that period.

(3) *The contribution of labour, whether managerial, administrative or manual, must, equally with the contribution of capital, and with still fuller right, carry a title to representation on the Board of Directors.* The investor gets his interest; the workman gets his wages. There is no reason why the former should also get control and the latter should not. It is on the whole more reasonable that Labour should hire capital than that Capital should hire labour, because capital can exist without capitalists, but labor cannot exist without labourers. But neither is altogether reasonable. The two are alike necessary and should share the control, so long as the concern is making any use of investments earning interest.

These principles can be applied piecemeal and with infinite degrees of variety. In some cases, perhaps in many, something resembling a guild system or Fascist corporation would be established. It would, of course, be essential for the avoidance of the special evils of the Fascist system that

the right of free association should be maintained. It would be worth while to enquire how far the evil sting of Fascism would be drawn and its other economic arrangements found mainly good, if Trade Unions continued to exist, and especially if the representation on the management of corporations were through independent Trade Unions. It would certainly transform the actual Fascist system in vital ways.

#### RECOVERY OF THE NATURAL ORDER

The object of all these proposals is to reverse the reversal of the "natural order" which is characteristic of our phase of civilisation. The "natural order" is that consumption should control production, and that production should control finance. This order has during the last century and a half been completely inverted.

It is evident that my proposals imply an authority giving sanction to each scheme. That authority must be charged with the responsibility of seeing that all needs are reasonably met and that no glut of commodities is created: in other words, it must "plan" our economic life.

These proposals are put forward as perhaps offering the maximum application of the twin principles of Freedom and Order—Personality and Fellowship—in an age of machinery and mass-production. Whether my actual proposals are the best for this purpose, or even good for it at all, I leave to more expert judges to decide; but that is the purpose which Christian citizens must pursue.

But we shall pursue it successfully only if we do this as part of the recovery of the natural order throughout life. We shall not succeed in subordinating the economic to the truly human unless we subordinate the human to the divine. Humanism, so right in the qualities which it admires and consciously cultivates, is devoted to an impossible enterprise unless it be grounded in Theism which it has so often repudiated or regarded as indifferent. Man can be saved from mechanism only by devotion to God.

#### A CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Mr. T. S. Eliot (in whose *Idea of a Christian Society*, as in the writings of the blessed Paul, "are some things hard to be understood," and I fear that I may be "ignorant and unstedfast" and therefore "wrest them to my own destruction") has taught us to distinguish between "the community of Christians" and a "Christian community." Our first appeal is to the former; but if they are to establish the latter, they must call in a great multitude of those whose religious position is that of a stoic Theism with a strongly Christian tinge. This is immensely common in our country. These folk, who come to Church on a National Day of Prayer and perhaps for a Harvest Thanksgiving, possess something

of enormous potential value. Their faith in God as righteous ruler of the world is very real, and when they fall back on it they find in it real strength and support. But they use it for support; they find in it little of fresh impulse. Moreover, though the understanding of God's righteousness is coloured by the Christian doctrine that God is Love—sometimes understood in terms of sentiment rather than of purpose—there is little or no apprehension of the essential Christian Gospel of the Incarnation and Atonement, that God "hath visited and redeemed His people."

What, in face of the urgency of the world's need, is the "community of Christians" to do in this situation? We need to call so many of this marginal fringe as will respond into a Christian fellowship consisting of both these and of those fully committed members of Christian Churches who will join. Thus would be formed a great inter-denominational fellowship containing many who, though not yet committed to the Christian faith, were ready to join in seeking the Christian solution of our problems and doing what might be in their power to act on what they find.

You have urged the readers of the C.N.-L. to come together in their various districts and consider what needs and opportunities there are for the manifestation of Christian brotherhood and service, especially in their own neighbourhood, and to take what steps are possible to set the congregations acting to these ends. That, wherever it happens, will provide a nucleus of the Christian fellowship that we need. There is one city where the Anglican and Free Church leaders have addressed a joint letter to the Church workers of all denominations to do their utmost to carry on their work with a full sense of fellowship with all the others, and also asking them to come to a meeting where they had the opportunity to pledge themselves to promote Christian fellowship in the city and to help in whatever way they can. The aim is that these may form groups or cells for exactly those purposes which you have urged upon your readers.

Now if all this is to catch fire so as to burn up the dead wood with which we are encumbered and supply energy for a forward movement, two things are needed, together with some such interpretation of international and social justice as has been attempted earlier in this letter.

#### BASIS OF CO-OPERATION.

(1) There is need for a statement of the basis on which we invite people to join together. This must be specifically Christian, but should insist only on those parts of the Christian faith which are essential for the interpretation of these times. It is not proposed that all who join should already assent to this statement; what would be asked of them would be a desire to explore the Christian way as indicated by the statement, and act when possible on their conclusions.

The statement now offered was drawn up at a group consisting of Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Friends, and had the assent of them all. Here it is.

#### DOOM. DELIVERANCE. UNITY.

God reigns. That is the fundamental truth. From heaven He reigns—creator and upholder of the world. From the Cross He reigns—making defeat itself the stuff of His triumph. From the heart of His people He reigns—extending His rule by the energy of His love constraining them.

Accordingly:—

(i) We recognise in the troubles and anxieties of this time a just doom—the consequence, according to God's laws, of our neglect of His command and defiance of His will.

(ii) We acknowledge Christ as absolute Lord of Life and Saviour from the sin which brings these evils upon the world. We pledge ourselves and call our fellows to penitence for the future. Especially we confess our acquiescence in social injustice and national jealousies; and we dedicate ourselves to the establishment of economic and international justice and fellowship.

(iii) We declare that in this allegiance to Jesus Christ we are united to all others who acknowledge Him, in a fellowship which is unbroken by any earthly divisions and persists beneath even the wraths of war. In this unity in Christ we have both the hope of peace in this world and the foretaste of eternal life in fellowship with God.

#### A SIGN OF MEMBERSHIP.

(2) There is also need for a means by which those who join up may recognise one another. This might perhaps best be achieved by the wearing of some kind of badge or symbol. But a means of knowing fellow-members is essential to the spontaneous growth of the fellowship.

I picture a great multitude of folk, mostly young, belonging to all denominations and to none, challenged by that statement and responding to it at least so far as to test its truth in practice. I picture them growing on the principle of the snowball, one drawing another in. I picture them meeting in their cells or groups, learning more and more to hear the Gospel in its fullness, catching fire and kindling others, till overleaping all our divisions there is a Christian fellowship "afame with faith" and ready as true disciples of Christ must always be to turn the world upside down.

YOURS EVER,

WILLIAM EBOR:

*All communications and subscriptions should be sent to—*

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### *Kiating Items.*

Before Christmas Mr. Jensen was in town for a short time. He was waiting to escort his son Louis on the river-trip to Suifu where the latter spent his Christmas and New Year holidays.

The New Year brought us quite a few guests. Miss Harrison of the Canadian Mission was in town two days. The foreign community enjoyed a get-together one evening at the W.M.S. Home and Miss Harrison gave us some impressions gathered in Japan, Hongkong, etc., while en route from Canada to Szechuan.

Recently we were fortunate in having with us Mr. Chang of the Farmers' magazine. Mr. Copland brought him to our Missionary Prayer meeting where he gave a very enlightening talk on the history, and distribution of the paper, he also told us of interesting letters that come in with reactions to articles in the magazine.

On January 8th Miss Brodbeck and Miss Esther Nelson arrived by small boat from Suifu. Miss Brodbeck is just back from furlough. On the 9th she started out for Yaan, walking, and hopes to return the end of this week. She is planning to move her possessions down-river by raft, as she is appointed to Women's work in Suifu this term. Miss Nelson is also en route to Yaan, via Chengtu. She will gather up her things and continue on to Yaan for medical work in the hospital.

The C.I.M. friends had temporary guests on New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Tweeter and child, also the Misses Jespersen and Machin arrived by boat from Chengtu, en route to Suifu. The two young women were in Tsingtao one year for language study and had a very hazardous trip across the northern part of China and into Szechuan.

On the morning of January 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon and two children left Kiating for Chengtu, beginning the long trip back to Canada. We shall miss them very much but wish them a pleasant furlough 'at home'.

The work in all our churches continues to be very encouraging. Jan. 11, 1941. BEULAH E. BASSETT

### *Important Notice*

It has been brought to the editor's attention by the Librarian of the West China Union University that there has been a mistake in the numbering of recent volumes. Last year's volume was numbered XLI because the editor when he took over found the preceding year 1939 was numbered XL. It has now been pointed out that 1938 was already numbered XL, and that 1939 should have been volume XLI and 1940 XLII. In accordance with this discovery this year's volume is being numbered XLII.



### *Chengtu U.C.C. District*

The aim of the Chengtu District of the Church of Christ for 1941 is to mobilize into active service as many of its membership and friends as possible in an effort to help win the family and neighbours of all members. We are making a splendid start during the winter vacation when about twenty-five students and professors of the Theological College are helping our regular workers in special efforts in twelve or more centres.

The methods being used in the different places vary a good deal which adds much to the interest. At the East Gate Church, Chengtu, the suburb has been divided into four sections,—two weeks meetings with all the church members in that action and carrying out an intensive calling program. Christianity is presented and an invitation is extended to attend the special Gospel School which is to be held the last two weeks of the vacation. Classes are being planned for literate and illiterate, for young and old, for Christian and for non-Christian.

At Chong Ho Chang the three Theological students are spending the first weeks in different places, one in town the others at the two rural centres now established in connection with the Djong Ho Chang church. At the end of two weeks they will meet and decide in which place the response has been greatest. And then in that place Rev. Mr. U. will help the students and the workers of Djong Ho Chang, to run a Gospel School for the remainder of the vacation.

Rev. Chu Gin Ih is helping with the work at Shi Pu, Dr. Frank Price at Wen Giang, Rev. Peter Shih at Tsong Ni Chiao. We are sure that interesting work is taking place.

A team of six is working under Mr. Dong in three centres where as yet there are no regular places of worship, but where there are Christians who have made the arrangements for the accommodation of the team and a good place for the services. A tea shop was utilized at Cha Dien Dze, a school at Dong Dze Keo, and at Shiai Dze Ti it will likely be a temple.

On Saturday, Jan 18, the Young People of Sze Shen Tsi church held a retreat in the home of one of our members a few li in the country. During the day the young people decided to find a centre in that vicinity where they can carry on regular medical and religious work. They plan to go out two days a week during the vacation and several have already volunteered to do regular weekly work during the spring term.

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*Inter Alia*

We are glad to see Dr H.L. Richardson up and about again after a month in bed, following his serious accident when the truck in which he was travelling overturned. Unfortunately Dr Struthers has met with a similar accident,—a post office truck overturning—resulting for him a broken collar-bone and other injuries. We are glad, however, to learn that he is making good progress. The splendid recovery Mrs R.O. Jolliffe has made from her attack of typhus has rejoiced us all; as has the quick recovery of Rev. Frank W. Price from a bad attack of dysentery (double infection—amoebic and bacillary). We are sorry however to learn that young Frank has been so unfortunate as to break his leg playing football at Jenshow. We welcome Dr. Crawford back after his arduous task down near the French Indo-China border, and are so pleased at the recovery he has made from the illnesses resultant from this special work.

The joint meeting of the Sino-British Cultural Association and the Chinese-American Institute for Cultural Relations held on Dec. 28th was addressed by Governor Chang Chun, who gave us an interesting talk, in which he emphasised the growing co-operation between China, Great Britain, and the U.S.A., and its possibilities for the future.

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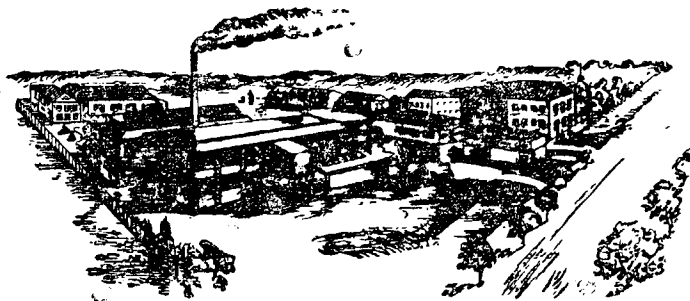
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