THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF MISS GLADYS WARD,
MISSIONARY

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The original typed manuscript was digitized by Charles Browne and Barbara Bean Browne (whose grandparents were United Brethren missionaries in South China in the early 1900’s and whose father was second cousin to Gladys) in March 2008.
Figure 1 - Gertrude Ling and Gladys Ward (identification on back of photo)
This photo was attached to the original manuscript in the HC-78 Collection
I should like to preface this book with the words of the Apostle Paul: "By the grace of God I am what I am." As I look back at the conceited, selfish teen-ager that I was I can only thank God that He saved me and changed the center of my life. I also want to pay tribute to my Father and Mother who not only gave my physical being but instilled in me the beginnings of spiritual life. By example and precept they taught me the high ideal of sacrifice and service that should be a missionary’s life. They gave me not only a good general training but also laid for me an early foundation in God’s Word. One of my clearest memories of early days is that of our evening prayers in our home. These included the Chinese woman and her husband who helped us. I learned Bible there that has never left me. And it has been these same family prayers throughout the years in entirely diverse situations and widely separated places that have kept us a close-knit family. The wife of the man mentioned above as the one who took care of me as a child learned to read in our evening prayers. Later she went on to a simple Bible School and finally became a Bible woman in one of the country churches.

One of the greatest lessons I learned from my Parents was that of absolute submission to God’s will at whatever cost to self. God and His plan came first, other things were relegated to their proper place. That complete submission to God’s will was tested before they ever set foot on foreign soil. Both of my parents graduated from a small college in Iowa, Leander Clark, which later amalgamated with Coe College from which I eventually graduated. Leander Clark College was small in size but it produced dedicated missionaries far beyond larger places. My parents, with six other couples, classmates, felt called to Africa and were ready to go with the others when just the night before at the final Conference of Dedication the Mission Board received an urgent cable from China asking for a desperately needed couple to be sent to them. My Father and Mother were the ones asked to consider changing their plans. That was an acid test because instead of going out with a group of friends they would have to go alone. After considering in prayer that night they decided it was really God’s will for them to change. And so it proved -- God had work for them to do in China. If they had gone with the others to Africa they would have been massacred as were those who did go. After a short period of orientation in a Chinese Mission in Portland, Oregon they set sail for China in 1898. With the exception of several years out because of sickness my Parents gave faithful witness to God and His love and salvation to the Chinese for thirty-five years until retirement in 1941.

The words of this book are written to the glory of God -- to declare the way in which He has led through sixty years. It is not strictly an autobiography but rather desires to give the incidents in which God so clearly showed His guidance and keeping power. Interspersed between incidents are interesting sidelights as background of the times. My life in China itself covered four successive political regimes. My childhood in the beginning was spent under the old Manchu Dynasty. This was followed by a supposedly republican form of government lasting in somewhat varied forms until the Japanese invasion in 1937 and after that the Communist regime under which I was still able to work for over a year until America went into the Korean War. Then it was "For Korea and Against America". We were not forced to flee but we felt it was best to leave as soon as possible. More of that in another chapter. No great accomplishments will be found in these pages but even in small things may they help to prove that the sufficiency is not of ourselves but of God, who works in us “Both TO WILL and TO DO of His good pleasure”. (Phil. 2:13)
One hot summer evening in August, 1901 in the city of Canton, China a red-faced bundle of humanity announced her entrance into the world in no uncertain terms. The doctor declared her to be the homeliest, squallingest, baby she had brought into the world. But by the grace of God that voice was later to be used to proclaim the message of salvation to the people among whom she was born.

SIU LAM -- Kwangtung Province

I was born in Canton but most of my early years were spent in Siu Lam, 50 miles southwest of Canton, the metropolis of South China. It was a country place scattered over a large territory with an estimated 200,000 population yet still called a town. It had no modern conveniences. Roads were slabs of stone laid end to end or side by side, serving as a road. There were canals everywhere so most things went by boat, or on bamboo poles slung across the shoulders of men called coolies. Siu Lam was a center of silkworm raising with large fields of mulberry plants in the surrounding countryside. The leaves of the mulberry plants were used to feed the silkworms which was a very meticulous business; the leaves had to be just right and completely dry or the silkworms either died or were too poor to make good silk. A great percentage of the populace were wealthy landlords, owning the fields or renting out houses. My parents being pioneer missionaries lived in very primitive conditions. Their house was brick with wooden floors. Upstairs were a bedroom, a so-called dining room and a reception room used mainly on special occasions for people to come up and see where and how we lived. That was one of Mother’s trials, for nothing was private in the China of those days. The family was what Paul called a spectacle for the world to see, specially the golden haired little girl, for such had never been seen in that part of the world before, and it had to be touched to see if it were really alive! The big occasion for which this reception room was used was Chinese New Year. Then the whole house was thrown open for investigation to see that there were no eyes gouged out of children for medicine as rumor had it. Even the Communists, though they tried to, were not successful in eliminating this Festival from its previous bourgeois background. This was the great time of the year for me as Mother allowed me to dress up in the Festival costume of that time even to doing my hair in a special way with a wreath of paper flowers around the back of the braids. And above all there were goodies to eat which were made only at this time of the year and they were the joy of my small existence. In the upstairs reception room tea was served and the ubiquitous ever-present watermelon seeds, the shells of which littered the floor after each session. The real object, of course, of all this entertainment was the opportunity to tell the story of Jesus to those who had never heard. Mother had a small organ which was a curiosity. While she played and sang, a Chinese Bible woman would explain the words which were written out in big characters on a song sheet in front of the room, and also some big Bible pictures. Two items from these days stand out in my memory. As I said, the reception room was upstairs so people had to climb up. One day a woman with bound feet came slowly upstairs. Before she got to the top Mother happened to come out to the top of the stairs. The bound-foot woman had apparently been persuaded to come and see the curiosity of a white woman and child. But when she caught sight of Mother she screamed and went back downstairs as fast as her bound-feet would carry her! Such is the chasm that often has to be bridged between two cultures. It was a long time before Mother could live down that bit of information when it got to the ears of fellow-workers.

The second memory of those days is rather a second-hand one than a true memory of my own. It was so typical of this missionary’s child that it needs to be told but mainly for the sake of showing once more how the angels of God stand guard over such of God’s little ones. I
dearly loved sugar cane and when after an occasion such as related above I found a piece of half eaten sugar cane I lost no time in setting my teeth into it. You can imagine Mother’s horror when she discovered later that the child who had eaten the other half of the sugar cane had just gotten over the small-pox! When I did come down a few days later with fever I was “rushed” (eight hours by boat) to Canton for there was no such thing as a doctor in that town, I mean a medical man. There were Chinese herb doctors. So God kept me for future use. The only lasting sign of that incident is a huge vaccination scar which I shall carry to the day of my death.

During these years my Father was working with the Chinese preachers in one of our Mission areas. My Mother had started a very primitive kind of a school for girls which was quite an innovation for that part of the world at that time. Girls were not supposed to have minds that needed to be educated. If they were wealthy they must have bound feet, (which was a dreadfully painful process) because big feet were a sign of servitude or at least the working class. So-called upper class girls had to learn embroidery, and something of the finer intricacies of proper etiquette. The main thing in Mother’s “school” was to learn to read the intricate characters of the Chinese language and if possible to write them. A little simple arithmetic was also added. I was proud to be allowed to go to classes half a day. This gave me a very early start in learning Chinese characters. And as I remarked before, our evening prayers helped it along. Outside of the time spent in school the rest of the day was under the care of a Chinese woman. (She was also one of Mother’s trials) called an “Amah”. These Amahs were notorious for letting the children under them do as they pleased, it was simpler than arguing with them! Mother had other ideas. She was also worried for a while because when we had our semi-foreign meal at noon I never had any appetite. But she soon found out that I had filled up with Chinese food when the Amah ate hers around ten o’clock! Speaking of food, one of my special delights was the coming of the candy man. I can still remember rushing into the street with the Amah behind me when the little bells of the candy man tinkled. I dearly loved to eat those little candies! It made no difference to me that the flies liked them as much as I did! Surely God’s angels must keep watch over such children. It did have one good effect however, I probably developed an immunity which has stood me in good stead all these years. So much for the deeply ingrained habits inherited from childhood. I still enjoy some kinds of Chinese cakes more than English ones.

The whole of my being was Chinese in those days. When the Emperor of China died all Chinese were supposed to wear black braided into their hair. So of course, I too had to wear three black balls of yarn at the end of my pigtail! All my playmates were Chinese as I had no brothers or sisters. So when my parents went on furlough when I was nine it was to an entirely alien world that I went. Because my reactions were very amusing to relatives they often teased me. I became very belligerent. At that time women in U.S. were wearing things in their hair to puff it out. These were called “rats”. One thing people teased me about was that Chinese ate rats. I retorted that it was no worse than wearing them! I also knew only tinned milk which had scum on it when boiled as we always did. I disliked that. So when I got to America it took quite a while to persuade me to try the rich cream which came from the Jersey cows on my Uncle’s farm. Because my parents had to go on speaking tours I was only able to be in school several months. Up to that time Mother had taught me as well as she could so I was tried out in the third grade. An interesting sequel to that is that seventy odd years later on my own furlough, I was able to see this same teacher of that third grade, now ninety years old. After all these years she remembered me. (I leave it to the discretion of the reader as to whether the fact that she remembered me was good or bad!) At any rate, we did have a good “remembrance fest” and she sent me some chocolates that Christmas!
CANTON

After my parents returned from furlough in 1911 they were stationed in Canton. My Mother's special work was to take care of an orphanage. One instance from that situation may be of interest as background color. Once a twelve-year-old girl was brought in from the country, fighting like a tiger. She had been a slave girl badly treated by her master. A kind-hearted Christian felt sorry for her and paid forty dollars for her release -- an act I think that must have been specially recorded in heaven as the man was poor and forty dollars at that time was a staggering sum of money for a country person. Before giving her up her master had filled her full of tales of what would happen to her after she was put in the orphanage. So when she arrived at the orphanage she was so filled with fear that they had to lock her up alone in a room for a day or two. But kindness finally overcame her and she became a very fine young woman specially helpful with the younger children.

One of these babies was a bright, mischievous little girl, always into something. After she finished our high school she went on to a Bible Training School where, after graduating she was assistant to the Principal for several years. Finally she felt called to go into full-time church work and went to Canada where she served until retirement.

One amusing sidelight of that time was connected with a nearby mental institution. My Mother used to have to walk past it often on her way to another part of the city. The worst cases were behind iron bars. Each time Mother passed one place a woman would call out in the most pleading tones "Oh, tell me, how did you get out?" It was quite a while before Mother could live down that remark! The more normal people were allowed to work outside during the daytime. A man who worked in our yard seemed perfectly normal except in one respect. He wore a brick tied around his waist. To him that brick was his store of hoarded gold and woe betide the person who tried to touch it! Then he would go wild. Do some of the things we hold dear look equally foolish in the sight of our Heavenly Father?

By that time I was ten years old and needed some more formal education. God provided a sister of one of the missionaries who was visiting there. For one year she taught several of us missionary children (there were no schools around there). In the fall of that year the Shanghai American School opened and I was sent there and from there eventually graduated. (Missionaries' children, as well as the parents, have a price to pay!) I had never been away from home. My Father was sick so I was sent in charge of several doctors who were going to Shanghai for a conference. At that time the only travel was by boat and it took five long days! The doctors were seasick, I wasn't. The boat carried few passengers so I was left alone most of the time, desperately homesick crying my eyes out under a blanket sitting on a steamer chair. Again the angels were caring for children, and came in the form of a fellow passenger, a young woman traveling with a group of actors if I remember correctly. She took me under her wing and made life quite different. Such acts of kindness are also recorded in heaven I believe.

SHANGHAI

The first days in Shanghai School were also traumatic. I was used to playing with Chinese children and probably being boss of the show. But these missionary children from that part of China were much more sophisticated. I lived for the day when school would be out and I could go home. That day came and my Father met me in Hong Kong. When I caught sight of him on a small launch coming out to the big boat I wanted to jump overboard. Our house in Canton was set well back from the river so one had to traverse a long sandy-flat to get there. When I got half-way to the house I began to run. But even that speed was not enough, and before I could reach the house my pent-up feelings expressed themselves in one grand call, "Mother!" The neighbors smiled and said, "The daughter has come home." Even as I
write, the memory still brings tears after seventy years! This picture is just one of the sidelights of a missionary’s child. And the idea of going Home at this later stage of my life brings the thought of another Home going which may be coming very soon for me, when the journey on earth is ended. Are we all getting ready for a joyous Homecoming then? Will we be hearing the words of Jesus, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord?”

My first year in Shanghai American School I was in a room with two smaller girls. I shall never forget one night when there was an eclipse of the moon. The little girl next to my age was a pastor’s daughter. Her Mother had recently died. The Father had told her that her Mother would return with Jesus when He came back to earth. From somewhere she had also heard that when Jesus comes back the moon will turn to blood. That night as the eclipse progressed the moon began to take on a red color. This little girl began to clap her hands, dancing around saying, "Jesus is coming back and will bring my Mother with Him." But the smallest girl had no such background. She was a merchant’s daughter and was terrified. I have often thought that that was a perfect preview of the Day when Jesus will actually return. Some will welcome Him joyfully, others will be in great terror.

Speaking of terror brings another recollection of those days in Shanghai. As a child in Siu Lam there used to be terrible fires with no way of fighting them except by hand pump. The town, (Shanghai), was divided into fire sections each with a huge bell which would ring instead of a siren. When that bell clanged in the silent night air it struck terror to my heart until I began to shake, a habit broken only in later years. Edgar Allen Poe’s descriptive poem of "The Bells” catches that atmosphere perfectly.

School days in Shanghai were rather uneventful as far as anything really worthwhile recording is concerned. But of course with seventy missionaries’ children generally reported to have a tendency to mischief there were not many dull days!

I confess that at that time I was more interested in athletics than in serious studies. But I want to mention five teachers that left a specially lasting impression on my life. Miss Annaberg was the one who made life more livable by her kindness and understanding in my first difficult year in school there. Miss Watkins was my Bible teacher, a very saintly woman. I can still see the tilt of her head (she was older) when she spoke of her Lord. Miss Rhodes was the Latin teacher and she taught in such a way that to this day, after nearly seventy years I can still sing ‘America’ in Latin! She was a stern teacher but she taught us other things as well as Latin. With her was Miss Adams who taught our School Chorus. She had been an opera singer but after a train accident had never sung in public again. It was my privilege to play for our School Chorus under her direction. She required hard work but she produced an outstanding chorus. Under her tutelage as accompanist for the Chorus I learned priceless lessons often at the price of bitter tears, for her standard of playing was high. My piano teacher, Miss Lamond also became a real friend, a friendship that extended over the years until she died.

One of my most lasting happy memories is that of going each morning to the room assigned to the smaller children and helping them comb their hair. No one had bobbed hair at that time and some of the girls had thick, long hair. We older ones were responsible for the younger ones and their trust in us was a challenge to so live that their trust would not be betrayed.

UNITED STATES

When I finished High School my parents were still in China so I went alone to the U.S. with an older missionary, whom I helped rather than she helping me! My Uncle was a professor in Coe College in Iowa and I was able to obtain a
scholarship there. The small college from which my parents had graduated had amalgamated with Coe College. I was in Coe College only one year when my parents had to return to the U.S. because of my Father's ill health. They bought a small home in Philomath, Oregon, so I went out to live with them. There was a small denominational college there so I could continue my second year. That was really a very important year in my life as I made friends there who are still living as I write and still vitally interested in what I am doing. Again because of ill health my parents moved to Arizona where I experienced a new kind of education in the University. But in the end I went back to Coe College for my last two years.

Since the way was not yet open for me to go back to China right after graduation I went back to Oregon and taught a year in a small grade school to be near my parents, as they had returned to Oregon. The small school was in a rough logging district. In the first grade was a six-year old son of a logging man. Their teacher was a fine Christian woman who told her class about Jesus. That little boy had probably heard that Story for the first time. One day we saw him standing in front of a picture of the crucifixion which the teacher had in her room. The little boy stood there motionless for a long time with his hands clasped behind his back. Suddenly we heard him remark, "To think that He did that for me!" Little children can easily take in the story of that Love.

My consecration service was held in the Philomath College Chapel in October, 1926. Dr. Russell Showers was out on the Coast at that time and conducted the service. On Oct. 4, I set sail for China. Going out with me was Myrtle Lefever. Returning after furlough were Miss Esther Schell and Miss May Dick. We were a quartet of single ladies and caused quite a bit of merriment and good-natured teasing because we were listed in the Ship's list under our Denominational Name -- United Brethren in Christ!"

PART II
MISSION IN CHINA --- 1926-1951

1926-1931

The first years of my missionary life were not destined to be tranquil ones. I had wanted to do evangelistic work but the Lord had ideas of a different kind. I was sent to our Girls' School in Siu Lam, called Miller Seminary, the old term for girls' school. There I could influence girls in a different way. Because I already knew the spoken Chinese and was needed right away I was not given the opportunity for language study but had to go straight to work in the School. So I had to dig in for myself. At that time there were three young lady missionaries in Siu Lam, Eunice Mitchell and I in the School, and Esther Schell in the hospital. (Miss Lefever was studying in Canton). I had only been in Siu Lam a short time when all Americans were ordered to leave that section because of a sudden uprising of
Communists in Canton. We were in Hong Kong several months before being allowed to return to Siu Lam. In the meantime Miss Mitchell's furlough had come due and she went on to the U.S. The principalship of the School then fell to me. But the actual work was done by our Chinese vice-principal Helen Chan. I want to pay tribute to her here. Not only on this occasion when we were away did she keep things going but in the many, many times through the later years she stood by in times of need and always was the guiding voice in decisions needing to be made and work to be done. She lived for the School and literally gave her life for it. She knew more about the school than anybody else because she had been with the School from the very beginning. She refused to be Principal in name but in actual fact hers was the real position. When the Japanese came and we Americans all had to leave the whole burden again fell on her shoulders. After the school was closed by the Japanese, Helen Chan had a hard time because food was hard to get. Many people starved to death during those years of Japanese occupation. She herself developed tuberculosis of the lungs and in a short-time was released from her sufferings. She gave herself unstintingly. I am sure her reward will be great.

HEAVENLY WARNING

The months after our return from our stay in Hong Kong were troubled ones. Robbers were everywhere, not looking for things to steal but to kidnap and hold people for ransom. The whole town was divided into sections with watch towers. Night after night the alarm gongs sounded announcing that the robbers had entered the town. Our oldest teacher whose bed was next to the wall was taken from his home after a breach had been made in the wall. Several months later after much prayer he was finally released by some soldiers. But the sad fact was that even after his release he refused to accept Christ. He was a strong follower of Confucius and satisfied with his own good works. At that time Americans were not yet molested so we had no fear for ourselves but we had sixty boarding pupils for whom we were responsible.

One day a strange thing happened. Three separate people came to warn us that robbers were coming that night to take some of our girls. We thought that queer that they should be so considerate as to warn us first! But we felt that maybe God was really making it possible for us to act quickly. By this time Miss Mitchell had returned from furlough. So after prayer we decided to send all the boarders over to the Hospital which was in the center of the town. Our place was outside and very vulnerable. The next morning early the pupils could go from the hospital to take the boat for Canton. I'm sure no tears were shed on their part for they were thus able to escape exams which were due in two weeks! (It's an ill wind that blows no one any good!) Miss Mitchell and I sent all the Chinese staff and servants also off the premises while we kept house over all the large School grounds. Our outer walls around the compound (a word meaning the whole grounds) were very low. At dusk someone climbed to the top of one wall and called out loudly, "Where has everyone gone?" From behind closed shutters I answered that not everyone was gone. We had no disturbance after that and slept peacefully all night. In our devotions God had given us His word from Psalm 4, "I will both lay me down and sleep, for Thou alone, 0 Lord, makes me to lie down in safety".

GOD'S PERFECT TIMING

After soldiers came to Siu Lam most of the raids ceased but the situation was still upset. A group of young men with too much leisure led by a one-eyed ex-convict were causing a lot of trouble. And other groups also were out for mischief. One day as I was dressing for our graduation exercises I heard a great commotion in the yard and I was called to go down quickly. Because our school auditorium was small, admission to the graduation exercises was by ticket only. Relatives could get tickets but the brother of one of the graduates chose to make trouble rather than come in by ticket. He came with a group of hoodlums and tried to break into the
entrance to the school. But our gate-keeper was a pugilist and was equal to them all. This angered them. Across from our school was a pawn shop. One of the boys had a pistol and ran to the second story of the pawn shop. By this time many people had gathered in our yard awaiting the time for the exercises to begin. This boy aimed the pistol directly into the middle of the yard. What might have happened I leave to your imagination. But our Lord was present there and He intervened. He saw to it that at that very moment the Father of one of our graduates was passing in front of the pawn shop. He was an influential man in the town and with him as his invited guest was one of the head men of the local army. He saw that pistol and immediately ran into the pawn shop but the young fellow had escaped by a back door. Later, when the soldiers couldn't find the boy they arrested the Father. I actually had nothing to do with the situation but the Mother and sister of the young man came to our school and camped on my doorstep until I promised to go with them to see the soldiers and tell them that the Father had nothing to do with it all. It didn't do any good, of course, but it satisfied the women.

One other time early in the evening when I was having a group of mothers in for an informal gathering, a group of young men led by the ex-convict came over the wall demanding what I was doing with that group in my house. He pointed his pistol right in my face. I explained who they were and what they were doing there. Then I invited the men into another room and fed them some tea and cakes. They left peacefully a few minutes later. So one never knew what might come to pass next. But God was there and that was sufficient.

HOSPITAL AID

During those times I sometimes went over to the hospital for the night so the nurses could go to the school for some relaxation. Miss Schell kept house in the hospital. One night a white-faced man came rushing into the hospital to ask for help for a man outside in a boat. (The hospital was situated alongside a canal). Miss Schell with the help of some servants had the man brought in and called the doctor who lived close by. Two hours later there was great excitement as soldiers came storming into the hospital. The wounded man was a robber chief that the soldiers had been looking for. Truly there was never a dull moment!

Another time I was pressed into service in the operating room to hold a big lamp while nurses and doctors were working on a woman in labor. (There was no electricity at that time because the people stole so much electricity that the original company went bankrupt!) The birth of that baby brought home a lesson to my heart. The baby born was a big healthy-looking, beautiful one. But it had one important defect - it never breathed -- it had no life. Even so outward appearances are often deceptive. There must be life within in the spiritual world also to be alive and useful.

A PLEASANT SHOCK

In 1928 when Miss Mitchell returned from furlough I received a pleasant shock. Without any announcement my Father had come back with her to visit me! When my parents several years previous to this had had to return to the U.S. because of my Father's health God did a marvelous thing in opening the door for my Mother to become the Post Mistress of the small town where they lived. That enabled her to make a comfortable living for both of them but their hearts were still in China. So they saved up money and after my Father had recovered his health Mother sent him out for a visit. And a year or two later the Lord opened up a door of service for my Father in the South China Boat Mission. When he was firmly established Mother gave up her job as Post Mistress and joined him in Canton. Later our own Mission needed them and they came back "Home" to the Mission they had had to leave. They worked in that Mission until they had to retire in 1941.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

As I said above those were troublous times but the Lord was with us and life was not all serious. The school had regular events such as track meets and special programs in celebration of special events. Chinese are born actors and can get up a skit on short notice. We had a good school chorus also. One of my happiest memories is of our Sunday evenings. Our fifty or sixty boarding pupils met in our
parlor sitting on the floor for an evening sing and reciting of Bible verses. Thirty or forty years later when I saw these girls again in Communist China their testimony was all the same – for them too that was the happiest memory that drew all close. On special occasions like the Moon Festival we would go up on the flat roof of one of our buildings. In the light of the moon, and with paper Lanterns lit, we would sing praises to our Heavenly Father, Creator of the moon, while all around us ceremonies were going on worshipping idols. At such times naughtiness was forgotten and I loved each one of them though later one or two would almost break my heart.

Another occasion which produced a lot of fun and was looked forward to all year was our yearly sale. Just before Christmas church women in America would send to the school packages containing all kinds of useful things. From these we teachers selected gifts for everyone. On the remaining articles we put cheap prices and put them up for sale. The students saved their pennies and looked forward to that day when they had a lot of fun as well as being able to buy cheaply things they wanted or needed. Just before Christmas holidays we brought out the cardboard boxes in which these things had come and used them for a bonfire. The girls sat around in a circle, some day pupils also joining in and staying for the night as an extra treat. We roasted sweet potatoes and chestnuts, ate candy and fruit and sang hymns and songs for a long time. Someone once asked me if I didn’t get lonely in such a country place. No, not with such opportunities! Temptations came rather along lines of discouragement when disappointments came and we didn’t see the fruit of our work as we had hoped.

1931 A NEW LESSON TO LEARN

As my five-year term was up I returned to the U.S. for a furlough. But after three short weeks in Oregon the car I was traveling in was hit by another and overturned. My back hit a side brace which crushed a vertebra. The Lord had a new lesson for me, who had always been so active, to learn. Just the day before the accident a friend and I were discussing some of the things of the Lord. I made the remark that an idea sometimes bothered me that I had never been tested by suffering as some people were. The Lord took me up on that the very next day! After one month flat on my back in the hospital I experienced a never-to-be-forgotten “hanging”. The hospital was a small one and the modern ways of doing things had not yet come into being. In order to put a cast on the upper part of my body they hung me up to the ceiling by my chin in order to wrap strips of the plaster around me. I was getting blue in the face when they hastily removed me. I stayed in the brace for two months with pieces of the plaster crumbling inside making life miserable. After that I was put into a removable aluminium brace. Miss Schell came from the East and I went back with her for several months to a Bible School. I was permitted to return to China at the end of my furlough. But the brace did not come off for another two years. So through irritating days of summer heat, and shiveringly cold days of winter I learned patience and the meaning of suffering and submission. I praise God that when I was finally allowed to take the brace off I had no further trouble with my back. That was His “abundantly able”.

NEEDY HEARTS

On the same boat on which I was returning from furlough was a woman professor in a big university in Shanghai. She was a spiritually needy person, nervous, restless, seldom seen without her cigarette. She liked to talk to me. Once after she had asked about Siu Lam where I worked, if it had a dance hall, etc., and I had replied that Siu Lam had nothing of such a nature, she let out a great sigh with the words, “What do you do with yourself all the time?” I wished I could get her to know how to trust the Lord Jesus that I knew. I told her I hoped she would find the same peace and joy in Him that I had.

One time on another boat was a woman with a small child. (We never knew who the father was). The mother was interested only in men. The child bored her so she was left most of the time at the mercy of whomever would care for her. Some of us took her under our wings. She was a sweet child but her piteous obsession to try to make her Mamma happy made our hearts ache for her. The mother couldn’t care less. That lesson spoke to my own heart. We have a loving Heavenly Father Who not only cares for us but gave His Son so that we might
become His beloved child. Is our deepest desire to make Him happy? How often do we cause our Heavenly Father grief because we fail to do that which pleases Him?

**UN SUSPECTED KIND HEARTS**

1932 - 41

When I returned from furlough I was no longer needed in any executive position in the school as Myrtle Lefever and Helen Chan were in charge. One year later, 1933, the School Board elected Dr. Ma Yi Ying to be principal of Miller Seminary. So, I could do outside evangelistic work. I also had a good opportunity each week to talk to a local high school and also to a hospital clinic where some nurses were Christians.

**A NEW ADVENTURE – Yung Kei**

For a little time I helped with the Sunday School and led the choir at the church. Then since I was no longer really needed in Siu Lam I was free to work in the town of Yung Kei, about ten miles from Siu Lam. Once every two weeks I went back to Siu Lam to teach piano. That meant taking one of the wooden passenger boats which was towed by a steam launch. For such boats there were no scheduled hours so it meant going down to the wharf at approximately the time when it usually came and possess one’s self in patience until the boat arrived. But there was a useful side to that waiting. It afforded an opportunity to talk to people also waiting. A special burden was put on my heart for the wharf coolies who were always on the wharf looking for jobs from the incoming boats, which passed at all hours of the night from various places. These coolies were a rough lot, living on the wharf day and night. I felt guilty going every two weeks and seeing them and not knowing just how to reach them. So I made it a special object of prayer and committed it to the Lord. One time as I was talking to a woman beside me on the wharf, I suddenly found that the coolies had stopped talking and were standing in a circle around the other woman and me. So I began to talk to them. I prayed the Lord would hold the boat to give me a chance to really talk to them. And He did. It was a wonderfully undisturbed opportunity to tell them about God and His love and Jesus who died for them. Those men would have no other opportunity to hear at any other time.

In Yung Kei there was a small chapel and another one some miles from there. The membership in both places was small and weak so I used to shuttle back and forth between them holding meetings at night or in the daytimes, sometimes holding street meetings or just staying in the house and talking to people who would come in. I lived in a rented Chinese house with earthen floors and only two small skylight windows way up in the roof. Its one great advantage was that the roof was high up which made it cooler in the heat of summer. The woman who lived with me and ate with me (she doing the cooking) had an interesting history of release from demons that used to bother her before she became a Christian, the demons even getting inside her mosquito net. In front was a small courtyard leading to an outer door. I had my bed in a little room with a slanting roof just off the main room. The other lady lived in a small room inside. The middle room was large enough so we could hold small groups in it for meetings.

Yung Kei was noted for its silk filatures, places where the silkworm cocoons were put into boiling water and the silk strands reeled off onto large overhead spools. This work was done by girls who worked long hours standing above the vats of boiling water guiding the cocoons with chopsticks so that the silk strands would keep their proper place. The worms being thoroughly boiled were edible if one had such a taste. I lived close to a large filature and had some contacts with the girls though their hours did not permit much extra time. Several times I did go in and talk to the girls as they worked. One girl specially used to like to come to my house after work and talk to me. She listened eagerly to the story of Jesus and what He did for her, and seemed to take it all in. But when it came down to really accepting Jesus as her Savior she had one great hindrance. She had a bad temper and I was not able to overcome her perverted idea that she must get rid of her temper before she could accept Jesus. I tried many times to tell her that that was the very reason she needed Jesus to help her take away her temper. It was not my privilege to see her accept Christ but she had a hungry heart and I prayed that even though I lost track of her after I left that place, she might still turn to Jesus. The way of
salvation had been made plain and in her heart she knew her need.

Besides the regular passenger boats going from Yung Kei to Canton there were boats that carried the silk into Canton. These did not usually carry passengers but I was once allowed to ride on one of them into Canton. I was the only passenger and the workers on the boat were all men. I asked the Lord to open up a way to talk to them. I had taken along some letters to write as it was a journey of several hours. The Chinese call English writing "chicken intestine characters". So I felt that if I began to write they would be interested to come and see. So I chose to write to a friend who was not a Christian. So when they came full of curiosity to see what I was doing I had a chance to tell them what I was writing. I could tell them all about Jesus and what He did for them and how God loved them. So by some means or other came opportunities of making known the story of Jesus.

RETURN TO PRINCIPALSHIP

I was in Yung Kei for two years doing some work in places in another district also. Then, because of the resignation of Miss Ma (Dr. Ma had stayed only one year) I was asked to return to Siu Lam to pinch hit as principal until my furlough in 1937. Two events of that time stand out. In 1934 the Siu Lam church dedicated its new church building with its cross uplifted over Siu Lam. It was a fine large building of brick and stone, worthy as a testimony to the Lord’s Presence in that city of idolatry; a place where the good news of Jesus and His salvation was faithfully proclaimed until the Communists took over and used it first for their meetings then for other purposes. But as I write I am happy to state that the building has finally been returned to the church people who have dwindled to a faithful few. May these be such faithful witnesses that many may come to know the Lord through them.

In 1936 Miller Seminary celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary. We had a great time with all kinds of celebrations. One interesting feature was a soft-ball game between the students and the teachers all dressed in the old-fashioned flowing sleeves and wide dresses of many years ago. It was hilarious from start to finish. I had been a little fearful that getting back into administrative work with its technical problems might cause me to lose the close sense of God’s Presence which I had in the so-called "full-time" country work. But if anything there came still more opportunities to prove the Lord’s Presence and guidance and provision in all our needs. When we let Him, He fights our battles and wins. Through every avenue of work I felt God’s distinct guidance and experienced in full measure the words of Proverbs 3, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your paths".

JAPANESE INVASION

The year 1937 brought the beginning of the Japanese invasion of South China. Siu Lam was in the direct path of bombers going from Japanese warships to bomb Canton. Because Siu Lam was noted for being the home of the guerrilla fighters it was the object of occasional bombs dropped around the outskirts of the town. Our first taste of bombing came one Sunday morning just as the Pastor laid hands on someone joining the church. The bomb happened to be some distance from the center of town but we had never experienced a bombing so didn’t know that. It sounded very close. But the Lord knew. The day before that the Lord had given me the promise of Psalm 50: “Call on Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver you and you shall glorify (honor) Me.” The Pastor never hesitated. I was sitting in the front of the church at the little organ. So when the opportunity came I gave the congregation that promise and we did glorify God.

A TESTIMONY TO GOD’S CARE

Japanese gunboats could not get any closer to the town than the mouth of the river about three miles away. But from that place they would send shells into the town. By order of the American Consul, American flags had to be painted on the roofs of all our buildings and an American flag flown from the top flagpole. But we felt rather that that pole was being used as a target for Japanese guns so we took it down. There was no pre-warning of shelling but our Chinese doctor had heard so many shells that he became adept at gauging the distance of incoming shells. One morning, as I was talking to the clinic patients in one of the older buildings of the hospital, shells started to come over. At first they sounded farther away but suddenly
became closer so the doctor ordered the patients to go over to the main building of the hospital. In the maternity room on the third floor was a woman who had been there all night in labor. So when the shells came closer, the doctor, with the woman’s husband, dashed upstairs and brought her down. They had barely reached downstairs when a shell burst into the very room where the woman and ten other women had been. Debris came hurtling down the front of the hospital. God’s protection was really felt that day. Usually people were coming in and out of the front door but only one man was scratched a little. Even people in the streets felt our God had protected us. So it was a testimony to them of the reality of the One True God.

UNDER THE JAPANESE

After Canton fell to the Japanese our section was still unoccupied but was the scene of continual shelling and occasional bombing. The day before the Japanese finally came into our town we had our baptism of fire. One bomb fell by the side of one of our older buildings, the one in which I had grown up, and was at that time being used as a residence for both the doctor’s and the evangelist’s families. The explosion knocked down one third of the old house and the wall between it and the neighbors. The doctor was working on bomb cases when news was brought to him that his house had been bombed. It was a shock to him for his family had been in there we thought at the time. But even in that critical hour he showed an unusual sense of duty as he finished his work on the bomb cases. My Father, who happened to be at the Hospital at that time did go over and discovered that a neighbor man was half buried in the rubble of the collapsed wall. He was a very cheerful person and called out, “I’m not dead. Dig me out!” He was dug out and taken to the hospital with nothing more serious than a broken hip. In the meantime the doctor had finished his patient and rushed over, not knowing what he would find. But God’s private wire had been busy! His family, unknown to anyone, had felt they should leave and had gone over to the hospital. My Father, who happened to be at the Hospital at that time did go over and discovered that a neighbor man was half buried in the rubble of the collapsed wall. He was a very cheerful person and called out, “I’m not dead. Dig me out!” He was dug out and taken to the hospital with nothing more serious than a broken hip.

The advance of the Japanese into the districts around us brought a flood of refugees in to Siu Lam. Under Miss Schell’s supervision we tried to help a few of these, specially mothers with children. We rented an unused old temple near us having two sections. One was used for makeshift beds made of bamboo slats. These accommodated fifty large and small. There was a wide space where we set up boards and saw-horses for tables. We were able to give the people two simple meals a day of rice and vegetables with sometimes a bit of meat. The women were taught to make palm-leaf raincoats to sell and make a bit of money. We tried also to give the children a little simple reading and writing and arithmetic. We had also a Bible class for the women, teaching them to pray and even to read a little bit. Most of them said they had sin and wanted Jesus to forgive them but hadn’t asked Jesus to do so. So we gave them some verses like the promises of 1 John 1:9 where forgiveness is promised to those who confess. The next step was to let Jesus into their hearts. This profession was soon tested. Two of them got into a fight. I took them apart for prayer. All each wanted to do was to tell the Lord that she herself was right. I told them the Lord knew all that. All He wanted and what they needed to do was to confess their own wrongs. Finally they did and peace was restored. I wished some of our church leaders who were at sword’s point with each other could be led to the same experience.

One of the women had brought with her a strange little girl. She seemed bright enough in general but never spoke until one day someone dropped a bit of food and involuntarily the expression came from her mouth, “You’ve dropped a piece.” (In Chinese this is only two words!) But she still wouldn’t speak. One time Miss Schell discovered that the child had scars on her body and she would have terrible spasms of pain in her stomach. She also discovered that the child did not belong to the woman who had brought her at all. She was only using the child as a beggar to get some money. The child was taken away from the
woman and put into the hospital. The woman was very angry and used foul words. We finally asked her to leave. When the little girl was released from the woman and put into the hospital she proved to be a real chatterbox. She learned to love her Lord and would talk to people about Him. Finally she with several other orphans were sent to a Christian orphanage inside China. But she never recovered from the terrible treatment she had experienced with the old woman. She finally succumbed to the internal injuries. But heaven had received one more of the "Least of these".

THE LOST BOMB

When bombings occurred people often rushed to the hospital thinking it would be a safer place. The main hospital residence where I was living at the time with the Head Nurse, Miss Schell, was a three-storey building with a wide, open verandah downstairs. On the day of the final bombing around one hundred people were crowded onto that verandah. If a bomb had fallen it would have "Cooked the whole pot" as the Chinese say. I was standing guard under a tree out in the yard to keep people from rushing out to see the airplane, which would have brought a burst of machine gun killing many. Suddenly, right above me a plane zoomed downward with a peculiar whine once heard, never forgotten. It is the sound that says a plane has dived to release a bomb. For one split second there is absolute silence, an eerie deathly silence, then the bomb hits its target and explodes. By any ordinary explanation I should not be here today writing these words. I thought my "number had come up" to leave this terrestrial globe! But God still had something for me to do and He had His hand on that bomb. There is a sequel to that story. The Japanese entered the town the next day. For three days the whole town kept its doors tightly locked. Miss Schell and I took turns at being door-keeper at the hospital gate, as the Chinese nurses were terrified of Japanese soldiers wherever the ordinary soldiers went they would seek for "Flower Ladies". I was at the door when the first soldiers came. They were a bit taken aback when they saw a white woman there. They could speak very little English but by drawing pictures of a falling bomb they let me know they were looking for the building that had been bombed (the doctor's residence). So I showed them how to get there. Two weeks later on Good Friday, just as we had finished our service at the church and I was still at the nearby church, a servant from the hospital came rushing over to ask us to come quickly. When we got there we found Japanese soldiers with machine guns lined up all along the hospital outside walls. An army officer had come from the nearest Japanese headquarters to investigate the bombing of two weeks previous. (In the meantime we had not been able to communicate in any way with our Mission Headquarters in Canton.) The bombed house was American property and reparations would probably be required. That investigation was an experience in itself and lasted for two long days. I was the one who had to do the talking in Cantonese and the Japanese Officer had an interpreter for translation into Japanese. The commanding officer was a tall dignified man. They apparently came with the idea of estimating the damage done, and what the cost of rebuilding would be. One of the soldiers was an architect and presented a plan for discussion. We had not as yet thought of such a thing as rebuilding so were entirely unprepared for such a discussion. After hours of interpreted talking they finally asked us to get a local man to make an estimate of the cost required for rebuilding. During a lull in one of the conversations the Head Officer asked Miss Schell to show him around the hospital. Heretofore he had spoken through an interpreter but as they two went up the stairs to the second floor the officer suddenly turned to Miss Schell and said in perfect English, "You are doing a fine work. Keep it up!" She was nearly knocked off her feet with surprise.

A TENSE MOMENT

After plans of both sides were compared there was another day of discussion which ended with the presentation of a paper by the Japanese which we were asked to sign. Here we hit a snag. The American Consul had sent word that on no account were we ever to sign any documents presented by the Japanese. When I told the officer that, he was put in a difficult position. He had to have something to take back to headquarters to show in writing that he had accomplished his task. If he had to return with nothing to show for two days of investigation he would be in trouble. For a while the situation was tense. Outside were all those soldiers lined up. Who were we insignificant
people to defy that mighty power? But there is a Power greater than soldiery. God was there. We, of course had been praying earnestly in our hearts for wisdom, how to deal with the impasse. They wanted us to sign a lengthy article about their thorough investigation and that they had treated us courteously. Both those things we were willing to subscribe to so I finally suggested a compromise. I was willing to write out in my handwriting (because I was the one that had been doing the talking) a statement to the effect that the investigation had been thorough and that we had been treated very courteously, both of which statements were true. So finally at eight P.M. (without any time out for supper) my paper was signed, the tense situation was resolved and the investigating "invasion" ended peacefully. Though for a while the situation was really tense yet in the end there was a bit of humor to lighten up the seriousness. When the big procession finally got ready to leave Miss Schell escorted the Head Officer to the front gate with the investigating committee following in line. At the very last came the architect with me bringing up the rear guard. This man had been unusually friendly all along and just as he reached the outer gate he put his hands behind his back and dumped into my hands two small tins of apricots! I almost fell over. But we had lots of fun over those two tins of apricots. Miss Schell and I joked a bit about whether it was safe to eat them or not. She finally made them into a pie which we put in our cupboard. But those apricots were not destined to have a glorious ending. In the busy Easter meetings the next two days such mundane things as pies were forgotten and the poor pies died an ignominious mildewed death!

The visit of the investigating committee added an unfinished chapter to the mystery of the unexploded bomb spoken of previously. At the close of the process of the investigation, one of the soldiers asked Miss Schell to take him to see the yard around the residence. It seemed a strange request but it turned out that he was the man who had dropped the bomb into our yard in the final bombing two weeks before. He wanted to find the bomb which had never exploded. It was never found! Only the annals of heaven recorded that mystery. Perhaps in that far off day we may be able to know just what happened to it. But it did prove one more incident of the Lord's watch over His own.

TO GO OR TO STAY?

At that time Pearl Harbor had not yet happened so America had not entered the war. But by the spring of 1941 things were such that America must soon be drawn into the vortex. Therefore, since Siu Lam was an isolated place, our Mission suggested that Miss Schell, Miss Lefever and I should go somewhere else before the situation got too hot. (In such situations our Mission seldom gave direct commands but felt we should follow the Lord's individual leadings.) It was suggested we go to Hong Kong, to which place our Mission Headquarters had already moved; or to the Philippines where we had a large Mission; or at least to Canton where there were more missionaries. All week long I had been praying earnestly that the Lord would show me just what His will really was. But not until the last afternoon of Mission Meeting did His answer come through the reading of His Word. I had been reading a section in Jeremiah where Jerusalem was under siege by the Babylonians. Zedekiah, the king, and other leaders wanted to flee to Egypt. But God's Word to them was that they were not to go. "If you go down into Egypt the sword you fear will overtake you; the famine you dread will follow you, and you will die there." I had read these words many times but God used those words to speak to me in no uncertain terms. The message was that we were not to leave Siu Lam. We three went back to Siu Lam and were able to continue our work for nine months until America did go into the war, thereby laying a better foundation against the time when we had to flee. And as later events proved, if we had gone to any of the places suggested above we would have been taken as captives by the Japanese.

GOD'S PLANNED EXIT

We had made no plans to leave but God had His plans ready. When we woke up Sunday morning Dec. 8, 1941, little did we realize the fatefulness of that day; nor did we know about Pearl Harbor's attack until two days later. Our water-powered radios had just gone out and had not yet been replenished so we were without any inkling of what had happened until Tuesday morning when a man from ten miles away came to tell us that war had been declared and that the Canadian missionaries only twelve miles from us had been taken prisoners. Our
pastor and the hospital doctor came over and we three with them held an all-day consultation and prayer meeting. They advised us to leave while we were still free. We had no idea where to go. But God knew and again out of the blue He provided a way of escape. A Chinese medicine doctor whom the hospital had befriended when the Japanese first came in came over to urge us to let the guerrillas (who virtually governed that part of the world) take us out to free China. He had some connection with them. More marvelous still, it seemed to us, was the fact that the Japanese soldiers stationed in Siu Lam, who used to come over nearly every day to have Miss Schell give them injections, had not come at all during those three days. So it did seem as if the Lord were opening up a way for us. After an all-day's discussion and prayer meeting we finally put on warm clothes, each took a small wicker suitcase that we could carry ourselves and a blanket, and at one A.M. followed the guerrillas who came for us. They took us to the home of the head guerrilla chief of that section which was only a ten-minute walk from our house. There we were treated royally. The next morning the Japanese came to the hospital, never dreaming but that we would be there. When they found we were not there they were very angry and threatened to set fire to Siu Lam if they could not find us. When that news was brought to us we wanted to return to the hospital and turn ourselves in as we hadn't come to bring disaster to the town. Then was enacted a scene which was worthy of a detective story! Standing near us in the chief's home was the brother of the chief's wife. He was in the full uniform of the Japanese Puppet Government! In order to help their own people, these Chinese had formed the Puppet Government to try to be a go-between between the Japanese and the Chinese people. So by the day they worked for the Japanese but at night they were guerrillas who harassed the Japanese soldiers, stationed in Siu Lam. The man standing there in the home in a Japanese uniform turned to us and said, "Do not go back. We will ask the soldiers to let us hunt for you and we will not be able to find you. And that was what happened. Thus began the first step of our journey into Free China. We were taken the next morning in broad daylight to the country home of the chief where his Mother lived. There we stayed until it was safe to cross the river which was the only way into Free China. By that time a price was on our heads.

We remonstrated with the guerrillas for taking us so openly into their village. We were afraid they would suffer because of us if someone would leak out the news. But the guerrillas laughed in fine scorn. No one would dare do such a thing to them. And that proved to be true.

The next day I was still uncertain in my own mind as to whether we had taken the right course by leaving or if there might be a possibility of being prisoner and yet being of some use. But again Jeremiah came to the rescue. As I continued reading in his book the next morning the words from the 39th chapter almost leaped out at me as if God Himself were standing there speaking to me. "In that day, I will deliver you; you will not fall into the hands of the ones of whom you are afraid. ---- because you have put Your trust in Me." So from that day I was satisfied that we were going the way God intended for us to go.

INTO FREE CHINA

After two weeks in the country home of the second man in command of that district we were finally able to start our journey to the bank of the river which we were to cross to get to Free China. There were two small boats to be taken up to the head man inside Free China. Because the Chinese name of the head man sounded like the word for "Round" he was called "The Round One" or simply indicated by the shape of an "0" made by the thumb and first finger of the hand. This time our situation was very different. We three ladies were in one boat, a criminal being taken to judgment in the other boat. We three ladies were in one boat, a criminal being taken to judgment in the other boat. We were in the charge of the headman's son who was a very nervous person. So we were put in the bottom of the boat and well covered over. He was anything but pleased at being shouldered with the extra responsibility and anxiety of three foreign women. His wife spent most of the time regaling us with all the horror tales she could think of. It was raining hard as the boats poled their way silently through the tortuous windings of a robber-infested countryside. Then our guide lost his sense of direction and it was pitch black night when we finally reached our destination. After leaving the boat we were taken in absolute silence and darkness over narrow paths of butter-like slipperiness that wound in and out of the rice fields on either side of us where a false
step would have meant an unappreciated bath. The house to which we were taken for some indefinable reason gave us instinctive creeps. We thought perhaps it was a robber den. At first we saw nothing but fierce black-bearded men but after a while some women came out. The three of us slept in a bed just wide enough for that many. So we took turns in calling traffic signals when we wanted to turn over and rest our bones when they woreied of the struggle with the bed boards. The odor of certain things in the room didn't add to its attractiveness either, so needless to say we didn't sleep much. We were smuggled out in the wee small hours of the dawn to our boats and proceeded back to the place of which I spoke above. We left from there for a second try at another place in the river and got across after a wait of a few hours.

At the riverside where we had to wait was a high embankment behind which was a canal in which many small boats waited to get across the river. This could be done only when Japanese patrol boats had gone out of night. So the Chinese had set up a flagstaff and had a watchman on a high hill. When the Japanese boats had gone out of sight the watchman would raise a Chinese palm-leaf raincoat on the staff as a signal and then there was a mad scramble to cross the river. On our particular day someone counted two hundred little boats waiting to go across. Even I had a paddle and used it in a proper way! Life depended in getting to the other side, before the patrol boats came back. It took us about twenty minutes to cross and then we were in Unoccupied China and were free to travel, the only thing we had to dodge being Japanese airplanes which might be inclined to lay "eggs" as the Chinese called them.

OVERLAND – Inside Free China

From the river crossing on we went mostly in a mountain chair which did a very commendable job of mixing thoroughly what might be remaining of former meals inside of us. This overland journey took us four days, the highlight of which experience was being entertained in the home of the head of the guerrillas and a divisional commander in the Chinese army. His 5th wife was a newly-converted Christian and as eager as a sponge for any and every bit of new knowledge about the Bible and Christ. She kept us busy. The morning before we left that house we were able to have a short meeting. We were specially happy because it happened to be Sunday. We were highly honored by the presence of the general himself and of one of his high officers at the morning meal. A splendid opportunity came to talk to them about Christ. The general was seldom at home because of the danger of being betrayed by traitors who would inform the Japanese by some means known only to them, and airplanes would suddenly appear. Twice he had narrowly escaped attacks on him by low-flying well-directed airplanes. So even though we felt highly honored by his presence, when in the middle of the meal an airplane came and circled right over the house, we were not quite sure whether at that precise moment we were entirely appreciative of the honor or not! We stayed there that night and were pressed to stay there longer but we hoped to get where we were going by Christmas so wanted to get on. And it must be confessed we weren't too much attracted by the idea of staying in such a popular place! So we moved on and spent the next night, Christmas Eve in a country inn. I must not take space to describe it here except to say that the biggest decision we had to make that night was whether we preferred to feel clean and use our own comforter which we had gotten out with us when we left home and thus contaminate it or be more sociable and take in the company of the other "inhabitants" of the bed, be dirty, and bitten, and save our comforter. We decided on the latter course as we didn't want to take along with us any live memento's of our journey! However, the inn did have an experience which it never had before because as we lay on our backs and enjoyed the "solid" comfort of the hard bed-boards we could see through a tiny skylight in the roof several stars. We were reminded that it was Christmas Eve and we sang the grand old Christmas carols of Him Who was born in a stable in a strange land so long ago.

We continued our travel all Christmas Day varying it a little by a journey in a boat towed by a steam-launch up a river. We arrived quite late on Christmas night at the small city to which we were journeying. This was the home of a blind lady missionary, Mrs. Burtt. She was a woman of remarkable abilities, a graduate of Wellesley College. All through the years of war and bombing she had managed to keep her home for the blind open. We found a warm welcome and a soft place to pillow our weary heads. We
had barely gotten to sleep however when we were awakened by the strains of Christmas carols. The blind girls wanted us to have a bit of Christmas even though belated, and gave us their welcome thus. It nearly proved our undoing mentally and emotionally for it was the one thing that had pierced the armor of deliberate forgetfulness with which we had mentally fortified ourselves and brought in a flood of memories of happy days of the past. That night for the first time we slept without the protection of our guerrilla guards. How we prayed that the Lord would use some of the words spoken to them along the way that they might find the Way of Life. The next morning after Christmas we were taken to the head magistrate of that district. After inquiring what our final destination was to be he gave us our official release and from that time on we were on our own. The first stage of our experiences was over.

THE VILLAGE OF EVERLASTING PLENTY -- (But Actually Having Nothing)

When we left Siu Lam we were faced with the problem of where to go for we knew no one in that section of China. Then we remembered the words of a friend of ours who had an orphanage way up in the mountains, Miss Ruth Hitchcock of the Hebron Mission. She had rather laughingly said to us once that if the Japanese came we were to go and visit her. So we decided to take her at her word. We expected to find our way from Shiu Hing where the guerrillas left us but the evening we started out we met this friend coming in so we were able to go back with her. The orphanage was twenty-odd miles up the river in the mountains. Our first trip we made by boat with the rice supply which this friend had gotten in the city. We went in a flat-bottomed river boat which had a constant struggle against sand-bars and rapids. It was propelled by hand labor only and I think I have never seen anything that required harder straining of human bodies, sometimes having to get out in the hot summer sun or icy winter water to pull or push the boat along. The time we came back out to civilization however, the water was too low and the journey back too hard so we tried what the Chinese call number 11 bus, our two feet, "shanks' mares", in English. We succeeded in learning to walk that far at the price of well-blistered feet. Most of the road was only a narrow path, either between rice fields or up the sides of a mountain trail. When it rained, the paths in the rice fields became slick as butter and required intense concentration just to keep upright on one's feet. For a half mile in rainy weather in one place one had to wade mud knee-deep so there was no use in trying to preserve either one's questionable dignity or one's shoes and stockings. So we discarded both and learned to walk for several hours at a time barefooted, which brought reminders of the days of my youth in China, except that youth never worried about hookworms as adults were inclined to worry!

In the little mountain village where we lived for the best part of eight months everything was very, very primitive but the scenery was beautiful, with majestic mountains both near and far. All the pests of the orient seemed to inhabit our houses by turns, from mosquitoes to flies and bedbugs to fleas. The houses themselves were mud-brick structures with thatch or tile roofs. Our house had been a shop so we had an upstairs under the roof. Miss Schell, Miss Lefever and I shared our mosquitoes etc. with two Chinese helpers who lived in the middle section of our loft and ten babies in the front part. They really were not babies, many of them being three or four years old but could not talk or walk because of undernourishment for they had come from some of the sections that had been repeatedly devastated by the Japanese because of guerrilla activities there. But the spirits of these babies had not been entirely quenched and it was fun to feed them and watch their cute ways.

This whole region presented one of the greatest challenges for the need of the gospel I have ever seen. There were endless mountain paths leading to hundreds of villages tucked away in the recesses of the hills and mountains where the foot of white man had never trod and probably not even the feet of native Christians; where the story of Jesus and His redeeming love had never penetrated. The thought of how all these places needed to be penetrated, and how to reach the people was a staggering one as they were seldom at home. The land in this section was very poor and even though the people worked from daylight to dark they usually did not make enough for two decent meals a day. So often when we did get a chance to talk to them they would be interested in knowing about
such a God but would reply, "That is all right for you who have the time but we don't have time". So we used to adapt ourselves to them. Sometimes on moonlight nights we would go to the village near us and while they rested their weary bodies in an open courtyard we would sing and talk to them. At other times along the roads or under shade trees where they would rest their burdens we would find opportunities of presenting Christ to them. Sometimes during the harvest season we would go out to their threshing floors. This section being so primitive the people simply brought their hand-cut sheaves to a flat piece of ground and had an ox tread out the grain or else they would work it out with their own toes. Miss Schell got so she could do that quite well and would work with the people while I talked to them. These close contacts with the people and simple ways of telling the gospel story made me feel a new sense of the way in which Jesus must have worked. On market days we would find a vacant space and put up our song sheets and sing until we got a crowd, then give them the gospel message and pass out tracts to the men who could read or sell gospel portions. On one interesting occasion we had an unusual opportunity of presenting the gospel to a group who had gathered in a theatre of a county fair.

Outside of this Miss Schell helped take care of the babies as there was no other nurse there at the time and I used to help teach them a bit of singing and help in the prayers. And always after supper the little children would come crowding around to get ahold of our hands to walk or climb up into our laps. They liked to be loved. It stirred some deep emotions to be able to supply a bit of happiness to these "least of these" whom Jesus always loved. Miss Lefever who had been with us in the beginning found an opportunity to teach English in a government school and help a Christian teacher there to do some work among the Christians in the above village. Part of the time I was in the orphanage and part of the time I had the privilege of working with a missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission in country work going from place to place, staying in one place several days at a time visiting and holding meetings at night. This took us way into the mountain regions. In this section the need was also great. But they needed to have someone who could stay on and minister to their needs. I remember in one place an old lady came to us. Her face was lined and full of care and all she could do was to shake her head and say, "So many sorrows, so many sorrows". We told her of the One Who said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest". Her face brightened and we taught her how to pray to that One and that He would be with her. She did pray and went away with her sorrows lightened but she was a very ignorant woman as far as reading and writing was concerned and there was no one to help her after we left and she lived far away from any Christian. We could only commit her to her Lord and pray that He Himself would give her a special bit of His Spirit to be able to take His help even though she had very little opportunity to learn more of Him.

For a month or two I also was able to make a few contacts in a government Normal School two hours walk from us. I went there each week end and taught two classes in English for the sake of the contacts. I had a small Bible class and held services in a small shop on Sunday. Only one or two of the students were Christians. But I wasn't able to stay there long enough to really accomplish much. And that was the sad story all along. They needed someone to stay there and teach them for a long time.

One of the famous spots of this region was the temple of the Dragon Mother, a goddess who was supposed to be specially holy and merciful because she had raised a dragon. Before the war regular excursions were organized to this place every year from all over our South China land. One interesting and thought provoking sidelight on these excursions was the fact that everyone was supposed to wear clean clothes and men and women to stay away from each other so there might be absolute purity amongst those who went to worship the goddess. It is interesting to compare that with some of the laws of worship in the Old Testament and we would do well to ponder the thought for ourselves that if those who worship an idol made of wood or stone feel that way how much more ought we who worship a God Who says of Himself that He is Holy, be pure as He is pure.

Most of the country work was reached by walking overland. We found many types of people, interested and indifferent, educated and uneducated. Many of them had hearts that
were dissatisfied with the worship of their idols and we could only pray that the Holy Spirit would keep burning in their hearts the light which we had given them and teach them Himself to really know their Lord in their hearts and walk with Him.

All this time recorded above we were trying to get into definite contact with our own Board as we had no churches in the regions where we had been. We were working with friends of other missions. But of course our Board wanted us to go farther north where the Church of Christ in China with which our mission was connected had work. We were just getting ready to go when Miss Schell fell and hurt her back and had to be taken to a town where there was a big Baptist Hospital. This was over the border into another province in the town of Wuchow. And there began the second stage of our wartime trek.

**LIFE IN THE TOWN OF WUCHOW -- with Other Missions**

While Miss Schell had to be in the hospital with a cast on I lived with the American doctor's family next door and ate with Miss Schell. Fortunately one of the girls she had helped was able to be with us and cooked for us, in half Chinese and half American style. Hospitals in China then were not able to be what hospitals in America are so in this one we had many liberties one would not generally find in a hospital. We ate in our room and even did some cooking there over a little charcoal burner. In fact at Christmas we even made some peanut brittle with Chinese brown sugar for our friends for Christmas. And we had a Christmas tree for two of our Chinese girls who came up from a nearby school for the occasion. The tree was decorated with little colored chains made by the kiddies and one little girl who had a tubercular limb and had been in the hospital for months. We had a little service for four or five of the children in the same room mentioned above and gave them gifts and eatables.

Living so near the hospital I had many fine opportunities for work amongst the patients and in the church nearby, holding Bible classes and helping in special meetings. There was experienced the joy of seeing people accept Christ and the joy come into their lives. There also came the heartache of seeing obligation.

This young woman had accepted Jesus as her own Savior one evening at the church and I think I have seldom seem a happier face than hers. But her family were Buddhists and by subtle means rather than open opposition made her feel that she was betraying her family and bringing ruin on them by turning away from the worship of Buddha. They told her she could annex Jesus Christ and worship Him along with Buddha but not discard Buddha. Of course she knew she could not do that and she yielded to her sense of duty to her family. But I cannot forget the unutterable sadness on the face of that young girl when I went to see her and she confessed that she felt she must go back on her Lord for the sake of her family. And let us not judge her, for what things have we too denied our Lord, not acknowledging the fact perhaps even to ourselves? As I spoke to that girl that day and asked her if she realized what she was doing, I was reminded of the rich young ruler who too turned away sorrowful for there were things that conflicted with his following Jesus and he gave them first place. She too had turned away from the One Who loved her and gave His life for her, turned away because she felt the price of following Him was too great. She went to a much-bombed city and I do not know what happened to her but I did not forget her and prayed that God would spare her life and bring her back to the One Who once had brought such joy into her life.

**REFUGEE AGONIES**

In this city I came into more direct contact with some of the most heart-breaking work and at the same time the most satisfying work I have ever had to do—work with refugees. These pitiful human beings, or more properly the remains of human beings in many cases, had drifted into the city from all parts of the country. The sight of those people never ceased to tug at my ......... that had been bombed for the refugees to live in. It had no windows, the floors were of cement and the cracks and holes in the walls had not been fixed properly so that it was cold and drafty and damp, being made worse by those who were sick or not careful with drainage and toilet. Some had straw to lie on but others had not even an old covering of any kind and as we were refugees ourselves we could do very little to help them. We finally did get some money, (a committee in the city did rather,) and one of the men with some Chinese helpers went
down every morning for as long as the money lasted and dished out to each one in the house a bowl of thick rice gruel. There were about one hundred of these people. But after a while as the news spread in the city that there was food at this place it required a policeman to help keep out people who flocked from other places and there was no possibility of feeding the countryside indefinitely. While the people were dishing out the rice I had a chance of going around to the folks on the other floors and telling to them or singing a bit or telling the story of the Savior Who suffered for them, to redeem them from spiritual suffering as well as physical suffering. We were able to send a few of the sick to the hospital but most of them were simply suffering from lack of food. The sight of all that misery was something I never got used to and there were so many stories of tragedy behind the lives of those who had gotten that far. Too often as we came down in the morning there was a fresh corpse lying by the door, sometimes partially covered with matting, dirty matting which had been the movable home of the occupant, or more often simply a body scarcely covered by a ragged garment. Always as I looked on such a scene I could not help but remember that that too was one for whom happiness as you more fortunate ones had. Oh, the heartache of such scenes. There was one other refugee center where I frequently went. This one was of a more permanent character and the folks in it were one step better off. Most of the folks in this second establishment had beds (bed-boards of course) and either had fairly steady employment or picked up odds and ends of jobs as they came along. One beggar woman however was slowly dying of tuberculosis. Another woman helped her but we used to send over food to her. Just before Christmas we got some of the local people interested in these folks and they contributed some money to help them. So on Christmas Day we got the kiddies together and had a nice program with them then gave each child a good-sized chunk of beef. They were all delighted with such a treat.

FELLOWSHIP WITH OTHER MISSIONARIES

This life in the town, or small city, whichever it may be called, was quite different from the life in the country of which I wrote above. Working in this town were missionaries of three different missions and we made the fourth. We enjoyed this fellowship very much. Every Sunday afternoon we gathered together for an English service. On Thanksgiving and Christmas we had a community dinner and fellowship. One or two other times when work permitted a bit of relaxation we gathered in someone’s home for a good sing or a game or two. When Miss Schell was well enough to travel and we finally left, the Christian and Missionary Alliance folks who lived in Wuchow did us the high honor of taking one of their two or three remaining tins of canned milk and some of their precious sugar and making some home-made ice-cream. It was a real send off with a time of fun and then a time of prayer and singing before we separated. These same Mission folks had let us live with them for six months until Miss Schell was able to travel. Those times of Christian fellowship were happy ones in spite of the constant threat of war that hung like a cloud over the horizon. I enjoyed too the last two months the opportunity of teaching Bible in the Alliance Bible School. It was a high privilege to work with those young people, sharing with them their successes and their failures, preparing them to go back to their own people to tell the story of Jesus and His power to redeem life from sin and make it happy in spite of the sorrows and difficulties of life. Each Sunday morning there was a special service in either English or Chinese and then translated into the other language. This was specially for the University students who were close there and wanted such a service.

BOMBINGS

An account of life in Wuchow would not be complete without some mention of the bombings and air raid alarms which were an integral part of life for they generally disrupted something nearly every day. The hospital had a big cave for able bodied people but those who were bedfast had to be moved which was a real task where the force of workers was limited. Sometimes there was ample time to move folks if there were a first alarm but sometimes there was very little time between the first alarm and the alert. The hospital had several good concrete floors so there was some real protection. We had one bad bombing one day when a good many of us were in an inner room. And when we emerged after the bombing was over black billows were rolling from the part of the town that had been bombed. Loss of life was pretty heavy in spite of the fact that that day there had been ample time to get away.
There had been so many alarms and even planes flying over but no bombing for a long time so the people had become ………… alarm and then there was no warning at all. Such a thing happened one night about one o’clock. We were suddenly awakened by the roaring of planes and before we could get outside of the house they were directly overhead. Fortunately for us at least, they did not bomb that night or the casualties would have been heavy. But even where people went to the not-too-far distant caves it was a perilous undertaking for the caves were insufficient for the number of people, and children were often separated from parents or sometimes trampled underfoot in the mad rush to get in to safety. At such times the rush of people sounded like a mighty roar of the sea. I remember being in one other small town once working at the chapel. I had not heard any alarm but all of a sudden I heard this terrible rushing sound of hundreds of human beings stampeding madly for the comparative safety of the outskirts of the city. And one who has heard that sound will never forget it. It brings a sort of terror to one’s heart. Times such as that bring out all the best or all the worst that is in a human being. It just is an experience that one would rather not have to go through with any more than is necessary. And always during those war years in unoccupied territory one never knew at what moment might come the dread alarm, or worse, the planes without any alarm.

So there in Wuchow we experienced life from many angles: we shared in a small way the misery and suffering of the refugees; became part of the spiritual and social life of both natives and missionaries alike; entered into the joys and problems of student life; and experienced with the general public the constant tension of never knowing just where one would be caught by an air alarm; and once or twice going through the experience of a real bombing. ………… to travel and then started on the last lap of our journey to our final destination.

PERILS ON WATER AND PERILS ON LAND

A feeling of sadness swept over us as the houses on the hilltop and the city below faded into an indistinguishable blur in the shimmering moonlight. We had been strangers and they had taken us in and the fellowship had been sweet. The road before us to our final destination was still a long one stretching ahead of us, fraught with difficulties and dangers. Travel whether by train or by boat was subject to sudden raids from the air and while as much as the traveling was done at night as possible yet the brilliant moonlight at that time made the night almost like day. This particular stretch of water from Wuchow to the town of Taiwan (not the Island) where we would catch a train was a treacherous one for the boats had to go through some bad rapids. The boats were the old-fashioned cumbersome tow boats, flat-bottomed and two or three stories high in the back and lower in front, towed by a steam launch. Life and death lay in the strength of the single heman or bamboo rope which held the boat to the launch. It took all the force the steam launch was able to muster to push ahead by inches against the surge of the boiling waters. Sometimes the boat inched forward, and sometimes launch and boat and all would drift backward. If the rope broke the boat was dashed against the rocks on either side of the narrow channel, and the boat was loaded full of human souls way down into the hold beneath the water line, men and women who would have died like rats in a trap if the boat had been punctured below. Christian people made that journey in prayer and even the boat people who …….. The Lord took us safely through the experience even though our first launch gave up the unequal struggle and we had to sit by the wayside figuratively speaking waiting for another bigger launch to try it again.

When we finally arrived at the junction, the process of getting from the boat to the train was an experience in itself. Space forbids here a detailed account of that. We finally managed after much haggling to get some people to carry our baggage up the large slabs of uneven slippery stone of the river bank to the elevation where the village began. Eventually we found ourselves ensconced in a fair-sized room in one of the newer cleaner inns, and wet and bedraggled as we were any shelter was gratefully received. We had by now four in our party as the two Chinese girls who had lived with us in Siu Lam had joined us because it had become increasingly difficult to get funds into Japanese-occupied territory. I left Miss Schell with the two girls, Susan, 15, and Joan, 7, while I went in search of some information about trains. The railroad was a branch line just newly extended that way and all the land around the station...
was a nice composite of red sticky mud, beautifully glutinized by a steady drizzle of rain. One had to walk very circumspectly one step at a time lest one's shoes should part company with one's feet. When I eventually reached the station an entirely new experience awaited me. For the first time in China I could neither understand nor talk Chinese, for all the train employees were from the North and spoke Mandarin. But finally after vainly trying to buy three tickets and find out when the train left, someone was found who could speak an intelligible dialect! Then I learned that there had been a wreck as the poorly-laid roadbed had not been able to stand up under the avalanche of rain. The morning train would not leave on time, probably not until night but nothing definite. That meant a policy of watchful waiting. I went back to the inn and after getting something to eat and using up an hour or two in other ways we moved our baggage and ourselves to the sticky train platform and proceeded to wait in a milling mob of people to get our baggage weighed and checked and rained on and to get ourselves onto the train, which after an indeterminate number of hours finally crawled out along the line which had been washed out some hours ago and fixed up a bit. The people at Kweilin knew we were coming but under such circumstances there could not be any knowing of times of arrival. They did come to meet the train twice but instead of arriving in daylight as we should have done we got in at two-thirty in the morning in a pouring rain. The train shed leaked like a sieve and we were escorted to the station by a whole group of folks. We got on what was supposed to be a through limited, express so to speak. As I wrote to one of my friends later I felt it was a very appropriate title as it was "limited" in its possibilities of speed and for twenty-four hours at least was "through" with its traveling while we waited for a second wash-out on the line to be fixed. But this time we did have a sleeper and the kind friends had furnished us with a good lunch in spite of wartime restrictions so we fared well. In due time we arrived at the junction city of Hengyang in another province again. Here we had to transfer to the other side of the city which took an hour of slow travel. This was a much-bombed important railroad city so we were glad to get safely off on another train before an air raid occurred. This came not long after we started out and the train stopped in a ravine. All the passengers had to get off and scatter through the fields. We heard the planes but did not see them as they were flying high over head. Then we went on our way unmolested after another transfer of trains because of high water and finally arrived safely at Kukong, the ...... not more than one hundred miles from Canton near where we started from but because of the Japanese and lack of good communications we actually went about nine hundred miles. Here in Kukong the Church of Christ in China with which our church was affiliated had its headquarters during the war. We were still not at the end of our journey as our final destination was Linhsien, still another ten hours by train and bus. We soon discovered that the bus was not running as high water had washed out a bridge. So once more we settled ourselves to wait. In the end we had to take a small semi-houseboat which would take from ten days to
two weeks to go the ten hours by bus and train.

TRAVEL A LA MODE

When I mentioned that we had to hire a private semi-houseboat I didn’t mean to introduce any delusions to your minds. That simply meant that there weren’t any more paying passengers on the boat. Nothing is private in China in the sense in which you understand the word. The boat we finally got was a fair-sized river boat propelled by three or four oarsmen with an extra one at the rudder. Our boat was short-handed so in emergencies several times I was called to take over the rudder and instructed in how to use it, which brought a good many thoughts on the importance of proper steering in life. We ate and slept and sat all in the same place in the center of the boat, a space too low to allow one to stand up. At night we tied our mosquito nets to parts of the boat and spread down our bedding on the boards to provide a bed of solid comfort. During the day our occupation varied from teaching the children arithmetic and Bible ........ sport of trying to exterminate the almost invisible gnats which nevertheless had a vicious bite and made life so miserable that sometimes the only relief was to let down our mosquito nets and retire behind them. Reading in such an environment didn’t meet with much success.

Cooking occupied part of our time as we had to do it ourselves and that was an art in itself. The portable Chinese three-pronged stoves were back in the back of the boat right under the low rudder (The inside part of the rudder of course!) One had to stay low there with one eye on the rice cooking and the other on the rudder lest it swing back suddenly and give one a real bump of knowledge! Miss Schell’s back did not permit her to engage in such gymnastics yet so I had a chance to get some practical knowledge about Chinese cooking and we didn’t starve either. Our day’s schedule had to be adapted to the convenience of the boat people as we had to cook when they were not using the stoves. Sometime during the day we found time to have some family prayers. At night there were no lights so the order was usually Bible stories, and many were the questions the keen-minded little seven-year-old asked. After the story of Isaac being deceived because his eyesight was dim she wanted to know why he didn’t get glasses!

Life was not dull — we had plenty of variety! Two or three times we were pursued by high water again and while we waited by the side of the river until the swiftness of the current abated a bit we saw many strange and sometimes heart aching things. The first day the high water washed out a half of a big bridge from Kukong. This came floating majestically crosswise down the river. Then there came all sorts of things washed out of the little ........ were completely washed away by the sudden rising of the water. Parts of houses, furniture, personal effects, all came tumbling along with once a suitcase full of clothing bearing mute testimony to the suddenness of the disaster. We could only pray that the owners had escaped with their lives at least.

One morning when it was scarcely light we were awakened by a terrific commotion outside the boat. We thought someone had drowned but soon heard a voice asking for help. Our boatman replied that there were two foreign nurses (that was an easy way for me to get an R.N. degree!) inside. Anyway, Esther Schell was needed and I went along to “assist”. In a very short while in a little boat fastened alongside our big one there came forth a lusty yell and a new life was added to China’s teeming millions, and a little soul introduced into a troubled existence. The gratitude of the woman was unbounded. Esther Schell of course would take nothing for her services but the woman on our boat demanded $10 to buy firecrackers to shoot off at the front of our boat and to buy a little paper figure to set up on the bow. I asked what it was for and she replied that it was to purify the boat from its contamination because of the birth in the one anchored alongside. It reminded me of Old Testament times.

Often when I was cooking and the woman steering we got into conversation. I was specially interested one day when she was laying out the weather in general for being so contrary; dry, when it shouldn’t have been and now raining floods when it should be dry and in that manner hindering our progress. She ended her tirade by remarking, "But that is to be expected in the end of this age". For a moment it astounded me until I realized that she meant probably the end of a period in Chinese history rather than the end of the age that I was thinking of. But it was nevertheless interesting when I asked her what she meant and she replied that anyone would know it was the end of the age because things were so topsy-turvy.
Each night we generally drew up beside other boats for protection in numbers as those places were not too safe. One night we anchored in front of a sandy beach on which everyone got out to stretch weary limbs. That gave us a fine opportunity to present the gospel.

One particularly narrow gorge was a place noted for dangerous robbers. Before we reached there our boatman had wanted to know if we didn't want to hire some soldiers as escorts. That was an expensive proposition and in our hearts we did not feel at this particular time led to do that. So we said "No". Somehow we felt that we were to use this as a witness to the fact that we believed in a God Who knew about and took care of His children. And He did provide in a marvelous manner. Just before we got to the place we saw soldiers walking along the shore and discovered they were escorting the regular passenger boat which was just leaving. So we followed right along. But beside this God provided a private escort for which, as it so often happens at the time, we were not one bit grateful. In the middle of the afternoon out of a clear sky some soldiers rowed out to our boat and insisted on getting on and riding, they wanted to go to a place which would require being on over night we thought. We begged them not to as the space was small and we were only women. But they paid no attention and calmly made themselves at home in part of our "bedroom". We found they were only going to the next town which we should reach by night. But again we were delayed by high water and had to anchor in a robber-infested place all night instead of going on to the town for safety. Then we knew why the escort had been provided. How often do we short-sightedly complain of things that seem inconveniences or something we do not understand at the time only to find later that they were God's provision for a need we did not even foresee. That night we had a fine opportunity to bring the gospel to the soldiers too.

Our water route led through tortuous but beautiful wild scenic gorges and over some very dangerous rapids. Rowing alone did not furnish enough power so the rowers would attach a tow-line to the top of a mast on the boat then take the line to the shore and pull. Several times we held our breath lest the slender strength of the men straining at the ropes would not be a match for the angry waves and man and boat alike be precipitated into the vortex of madly swirling waters. But from these waters I learned a very valuable lesson. I was much impressed with the fact that in the rapids it was not the place where the waters boiled most furiously or roared most loudly that the current was swiftest and hardest to buck but rather in the calmer innocent-looking waters right beyond. So I thought it often is in our lives. It is many times not the big temptations which we know are wrong that in the end are the strongest but rather the subtle, scarce-recognized currents that undermine and prove the most dangerous foe in the end.

So through devious ways God led us to our desired haven. We were truly grateful after sixteen days to get on land again and to find a welcome from friends already there. This was our last place of work for one year and a half until we were forced to flee once more before the oncoming Japanese and go on to America.

WORK IN LINHSIEN AND THE COUNTRY

Linhsien was the final destination of our long journey. It is in the northern part of Kwangtung province. Here we found opportunities for nearly every kind of work imaginable. In the first place of which I wrote our work was mostly among the very poor uneducated farming people. In and around Linhsien we went to visit many villages where we found this type of people also but in general our work dealt more with the educated folks such as students, teachers, and government and mission workers. Particularly was this true when, because of the advance of the Japanese the provincial government moved to our humble little town. Overnight we found ourselves surrounded by talents and education circles of all kinds. Within a radius of a mile of us were five high schools, three Christian ones. This brought three pianos to our country place and resulting concerts of all kinds, violin, vocal, and piano. But alas, while the pianos came the players mainly went elsewhere so missionary work for some of us several times meant getting out of moth balls some ancient muscles and knowledge of piano music and doing what we could to help out in accompaniments of various kinds. During the summer months the mission grade school was turned into a refugee camp for students. I had a Bible class of about fifty every
Sunday night. Once in a while there came an opportunity to get into the non-Christian schools. I have never enjoyed anything more I think than the privilege I had once of speaking of the things of Jesus to a group of young people mostly not Christians gathered from various schools. One other time I had the rare opportunity of spending three days in a big government university. I slept in the dormitory with the girls and had good fellowship with the Christians there. Out of several thousand students in the university only forty were Christian but these had obtained permission to hold evening prayers in one of the shacks used as temporary classrooms. I know of two of those girls at least who used to get up early in the morning before the general school awoke and retire to one of the classrooms to pray. That took physical courage for some of those mornings were bitterly cold and of course there was no fire. On Sundays they had special services with speakers.

Near us was also a government Normal School. We were not allowed to speak there but some of the girls came to Bible classes on Sunday afternoons after church when we would have a little lunch and chorus singing and then Bible study. During the vacation three times a week we had early morning Bible classes for these girls. Once I was asked to speak at the grave of a girl from this school who was a Christian. It thrilled me that day to have this opportunity of talking to those classmates of hers who stood beside the open grave—talk to them about the One Who is not only the Resurrection and the Life later but our Lift right now.

There were three government orphanages for children not far from us. There were a few Christian children in them and we were allowed on special days to have them come to our homes. Mrs. Fuson of the Presbyterian Mission did most of the work but the rest of us helped entertain them. They loved to sing choruses. Once or twice I was allowed to speak to a specially gathered group in one or two of the orphanages where there happened to be a Christian teacher.

Eight miles from us was a place to which the government bank had moved in evacuation from the capital. There were some fine Christian young people among them. I used to walk out each Monday morning and hold a Bible class there in the evening and then come back next day. We often held an early morning devotional period out on the pebbly beach of a nearby stream. There were many beautiful mountains in this regions and the scenery was inspiring. The walk was a real relaxation and pleasure to me.

Besides all these there was much opportunity in the Christian schools, in the hospital, visiting patients, holding Bible classes for workers and helping on special occasions as Christmas when people from the outside came in and heard for the first time the Christmas story of a Christ Who came down to be God-with-us. There was work in the city jail and sometimes with wounded soldiers when boatloads of them might come in near us. That was heartbreaking work. Most of them were sick and ill-fed and ill-clothed and uncaered for. Miss Schell and the nurses of the hospital found a way to help them materially as well as spiritually.

When school opened we helped in teaching Bible to the kiddies out of school hours. And always, of course, there was personal work and house visiting with the Chinese workers to do. When the pastor of the church resigned some of us had to help fill in there too. So it was just a little bit of everything here and there.

For two months before Christmas I went out with one of the Chinese workers to visit country places. We would stay ten days at each place, visiting during the day and holding Bible classes or preaching at night. We generally went to the homes of church members but by the time we got inside such a crowd of relatives and neighbors had gathered that it had to be a gospel meeting, a simple telling of the story of God’s love to those who knew it not rather than a quiet time of worship with the family. I wish you could visualize such a scene. These country homes may be made of brick, or mud and straw, with mud floors generally, and just one doorway and no windows. Sometimes there were simple chairs but usually just stools. Always there was a swarm of curious children usually dirty and noisy and mothers with babies that attempted to howl us down when we were talking. On rare occasions we found fairly quiet opportunities. It was a blessing to get into some of the better class homes where the rooms opened onto a courtyard instead of directly onto the street. There the group that gathered could
be controlled better and one felt more that something could be gotten across. Space forbids going into more detail but this will give you an idea of the different kinds of work one needs to do in carrying the story to all.

Life in those days was pretty full of tension for there were constant air alarms though no direct raids on our town. Then too the Japanese were not too far away and one had to be prepared to run to the hills at any moment. But in spite of such things we did manage on birthdays and special occasions to have some get-togethers and relax and have some fun.

TWO ORANGES

The year and a half we were in Linhsien sped by very quickly. There were many new contacts and fellowship in the homes of the Christians and of course some disappointments and heartaches too. But the loyalty of the Chinese friends here as well as elsewhere filled one's heart with joy and gratitude to God for them. The shadows of the threatened Japanese invasion in our section lengthened and in the end we felt God was leading us out. The wonder of how He so marvelously did open up the way when all avenues of escape seemed closed has never faded. May there echo in your hearts as there has echoed in mine the words of a little woman in whose home we visited once near Linhsien. As we left after several hours of steady talking she asked us when we would come back again. When we could give her no definite promise she said so reproachfully, "How do you ever expect us to really know about Jesus when you come only once a year to tell us?" I leave those words with you—what are you doing about it?

GOD OPENS THE WAY

The local Christians had asked us not to leave but rather if the Japanese came we could be hidden in the near-by high mountains where there were many Christians. But when all the American airfields around us were evacuated it meant that the Japanese would not just be passing through but would be all around everywhere. Then the Christians said we must go. That was easy to say at that late date, but how? Two obstacles had to be met first. Where to go and how to get some money to travel. Our funds from the U.S. had not come through for several months. We almost got down on our knees pleading with the bank to give us our money which we felt had come. But always the answer was "Not yet". I still felt that we must know beyond the shadow of a doubt if it were the Lord's will for us to leave. He would show us clearly and open the way. One day I said jokingly that if the Lord let us get the funds from the bank it would certainly be proof that we were to go. The day after I made that remark the bank sent notice that our funds had come, for us to go and get them! Thus quickly did the Lord answer that question. And the rest of the way opened up equally fast. A chaplain in the U.S. Air force that we had known in Canton came through that very day and told us how to get to the remaining airfield near our section. He said if we could get there they would take us over the 'Hump' into India. God had planned the way. So Miss Schell and I packed up our things—provided for the Chinese girls with us and left in four days, going by bus; teetering over the little piece of railroad that had been left after tearing up the tracks to delay the incoming Japanese; and finally by Postal truck to the city near the airfield. The ice was two inches thick as we waited in the bitter cold of a deserted hospital residence until the time when we could get a plane out. The delay was caused by the fact that passengers were only allowed to travel on planes with parachutes. We almost had to put ours on. While the pilot of the plane was still warming up his engine preparatory to taking off a jeep came from headquarters telling us to hurry off as Japanese planes were coming. We took off in a blackout and fifteen minutes later heard on the radio that the field had been bombed. When we were given our parachutes the man told us we would not have to use them so we could sit on them. An hour later he came to say that we had to put them on as a plane was following us and we might have to jump. Before boarding the plane, we were told there was no heat and to put on all the layers we could get. But when we got on they were trying out a new heating system and we nearly basted. It seemed a ridiculous thing to try to put a parachute on top of our fat bodies so we wanted to take off the top coat but were told "no" because if we were to jump the air outside was very cold. I said out loud that if I had to jump someone would have to push me, I'd never have the nerve to do it myself! At which one of the GI's on the plane with us remarked, "Never mind lady, we'll do the pushing." But somehow
after a moment of astonished surprise I felt that the Lord wasn't going to bring us all the way we had come just to dump us into the hands of the Japanese in such a fashion. That gave me confidence to pray that the plane would be sent away and not long afterwards the man came in to tell us we could take our parachutes off as the plane had disappeared. We reached in safety Kwunming in the western part of unoccupied China and joined the Shoops of our Mission who were there. Miss Lefever had gone from another place earlier. We heard from the Shoops that our Board in U.S. had cabled for us all to return to the U.S. That telegram never reached us but the heavenly message from Above had moved us to get out.

BY TROOPSHIP TO U.S.

We spent Christmas in Kwunming than flew over the Hump into India from where, after a wait of several days, we were able to get on a troop ship headed for the U.S. There were no soldiers this time but in the lower parts of the ship when we docked in Melbourne, Australia for a day we saw nearly 2000 Italian prisoners of war pouring out of the bowels of our ship, many of whom were carrying instead of guns, musical instruments! We were not allowed off the ship because of the indiscretion of former passengers who had taken the opportunity of cabling home when they had been warned very explicitly that that was not to be done for security's sake. That voyage was an experience in itself with its daily gun practice to remind us of the danger of lurking submarines. We were escorted by two gunboats which gave us a shock. One day without warning depth charges were sounded on both sides of us. But it proved to be only the parting salute of our own escorts who were leaving us.

A year in the U.S. was filled with speaking engagements. We were often asked if we had had many thrillers. My reply was that most of our experiences, by the grace of God had been "near Misses". I am sure the reason that they were near misses instead of casualties was that all over people were upholding us in prayer. As I look back at those tempestuous days fraught with so much danger I am filled with a sense of awe to see how the Hand of God had led step by step, protected and kept us for His future use. I have never felt that God always keeps His children from danger or even death but always out of what experiences He allows He will work things to His glory. A year later while I was still in the U.S., Japan surrendered. I can still feel the thrill of the day we heard that news. We with several others of our Mission were able to get on the second boat for Hong Kong, a troop ship used to carry missionaries back to their posts.

1947-1949 BACK TO SIU LAM

The journey back to Hong Kong on a troop-ship was unique enough to deserve a few lines of description. Several hundred people large and small were jammed into the bay of the ship in three-tiered series of bunks. The troop ship was not made for ordinary people with baggage. Even though each person was limited to very little hand baggage yet things were strewn wherever a vacant spot could be found. Getting to the bathroom was like running an obstacle race. And when the many babies voiced their woes sleep fled somewhere else! We had forgotten to tell people not to send flowers as there would be no place to put them. When some were delivered to us after the boat sailed, the ways of disposing of them were ingenious. The waves of the ocean did not disturb my equilibrium, so I quickly chose a top bunk lest some less-oriented person above me might shower me with the contents of their last meal! The Rebers and Charles Ashley were with us going out for the first time. I had a good job as nursemaid for the two young Rebers as their parents did not appreciate the movements of the ship! Esther Schell, Miss Lefever and I were returning from furlough. We three went right out to Siu Lam, the others stayed in Canton for language study.

SIU LAM – Relief Work

Miller Seminary had not suffered so much as there had been people in it most of the time but the Hospital Building and residence had been ransacked for what could be taken and sold or used. The residence was nothing but a shell with four walls standing. The roof was gone except one part from which was hanging a large black object-the water tank! Thereby hangs a tale. Miss Schell with her usual ingenuity had made use of the dry tank to store all kinds of things against the day when we might return. There were medicines and baby clothes, personal belongings of various kinds including
two typewriters and a phonograph. The tank hung unharmed marvelous to relate but inside there was destruction of another kind. White ants had found their way into the tank and eaten everything that was edible. The wood of typewriters and phonograph, baby clothes, labels of all the medicines were chewed, making the medicines useless. A few things did escape unharmed. Today, nearly forty years afterwards, I still have the embroidered pillow case which a friend had given when I first left for China. So much for treasures laid up in this world where white ants corrupt! Needless to say anything that had been left behind anywhere else had long since disappeared. One day in a local store we saw one of Miss Schell's trunks priced at $70,000 (inflated local currency!) This seemingly outrageous price was part of the whole situation. Exchange had gone up to $18,000 local dollars to one U.S. dollar. Overnight we became millionaires! Salaries were paid in baskets full. I still have in my possession a $500,000 note. Trying to keep accounts was a dizzying experience. Miss Schell and I moved over to a residence on the Miller Seminary grounds. Miss Lefever was in the school building. By that time Miss Schell and I had acquired four children ages from five to fifteen. The girls had been left as babies at the hospital. The two boys had found their way back to Siu Lam after their parents had been killed in bombings in Hong Kong.

We had brought a card table with us and four chairs from the U.S. and a good stove was found. Most of the rest of necessary furniture was made from packing boxes of our freight. In the first year of our return one of the most important pieces of our work was helping what we called refugees even though most of them lived in the vicinity. The countryside had been devastated by war. Fortunately the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association (UNRRA) came to our rescue and provided milk (powder) and tinned goods for distribution. Our Bible woman and helper got up before daybreak each day to cook the concoction fed to the people. It couldn't be dignified by any other name for one day it consisted of corn beef and baked beans and powdered milk. The next day it was sweetened milk. One thousand a day were fed for a while. For older folks and babies each was given a dipper full of powdered milk. It was a least enough to keep soul and body together. I usually talked to the people while they were waiting but it was like trying to buck a strong tide. The people were too intent on getting something into their stomachs. As I watched the faces of those who got their portion and read their reactions I thought how very much like life in any situation it all was. So many were grateful but others were simply complaining.

We had brought with us many trunks full of old and good clothes. We had to get special permits from the government to bring those trunks in to Canton because we had a hard time convincing the customs that we were not bringing in so many things to sell. We were truly grateful that we had been given so many things in the U.S. and that we were able to give them out to needy ones. Many families had lost everything; some from robbers at night. One preacher's family had everything taken from them. It was a staggering blow as they had two children and were living on a very meager salary. It was a great joy to be able to help with both clothing and money. Many pastors and Christian workers contracted T.B. that further weakened them. So friends in America could know that their kindnesses had met both physical and spiritual needs. We also were able to get some tracts to use, not only for ourselves but also to other places that needed them.

One Christian Mother deserves special mention. In better days she had been a teacher. She was able to keep her boy in the free school. He was an unusual child. If he came home and found there was nothing to eat he would go back to school without a murmur. Neither did he try to steal as so many did. The Mother was a Christian and also very different from most folks in such a situation. She refused any work that would dishonor her Lord. She preferred starvation to dishonoring Him. Such people are extra deserving of help. It takes great strength to turn down an invitation to make money in the wrong way when the stomachs of your children and your own are empty. We were able not only to give food and vitamins but also to provide a little bit of money so that the Mother could have a little capital to start a small sewing business.

SIU LAM CHURCH'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In 1947 the church celebrated it Fiftieth Anniversary. That was not the right year exactly
but it was used because Dr. Ziegler, head of our Mission Board and Bishop Dennis could be with us at that time. It was also the time when the foundation was laid for a small annex next to the church where the Bible woman could live and have a room downstairs for a reception room and for small gatherings. The Pastor of the church, Rev. Wong, was the one to officiate at that occasion. Well he deserved it. I should like to add a few words here as a tribute to his faithfulness through all those years. He had been with the church almost from the beginning with short absences. Through thick and through thin, through dangers by robbers and bombings, and shellings by the Japanese; through physical want and sickness he stood faithfully by, a guiding light in the darkness all around. We rejoiced with him in the triumph God had given him that day. After that, special meetings were held when Dr. Andrew Gih, a well known evangelist came to help us.

Another event of totally different character that should also be noted, was a feast given in gratitude to the Head Man of the Army in that district and those from Siu Lam itself who had helped us escape from the Japanese and had taken us up into free China after America had declared war on Japan. It might be of interest to note also that at that time of inflation of $18,000 local to one dollar U.S. the feast cost $600,000 and the picture taken after the feast cost $75,000!

WORK IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE

During this time I was able to go regularly to a small village two hours’ walk from Siu Lam. We had a once flourishing church there but the war years brought disaster worse than physical destruction. The Devil had been busy tearing down. Two men who had been pillars in the church and very earnest in reaching others to bring them to Christ suddenly developed an enmity and no longer came to church nor would speak one with the other. The result was that by the time we returned the church had gone down to almost nothing. One man had gone back to gambling and the other to smoking opium. The Chinese Pastor and I began meetings there and soon young people began coming. We held outdoor meetings in the early morning before people went to work. Within a radius of two hour’s walk from that place were two or three other places without pastors or churches since the Japanese war. In one place where the district worker and I went there was a small chapel. It was filled one time with young people, mostly boys. How my heart longed for them to really experience the love of Jesus and the meaning to life. In one other place which was devoid of any Christian work we found in the market place an old deserted theater, hung up our song sheets and proclaimed the Good News of salvation through Jesus Christ. Some nearby gamblers even stopped to listen. We always passed out tracts. (It must be admitted that in country places the sight of a white-skinned, blue-eyed foreigner was the main attraction in the beginning. But I prayed that God would use that curiosity to bring home the message.)

The town of Siu Lam had a big silk market where we repeatedly went to speak. We didn't often see direct results but sometimes after such a meeting young people would come to see us individually to talk to us and sometimes we were able to lead some of them to Christ.

A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Along the way God used small things to encourage us. Many of the girls who came to our Miller Seminary became Christians. Those who did often had to suffer persecution from parents. In one home the Father refused to let the girl go to church. In that same home was a small grandson. The girl had taught him to pray. One time the Father became very ill. The doctor said there was no hope. The little grandson asked the grandmother to let the Bible woman from the church come and pray for the Father. The Grandmother did that and the Father was healed. From then on the girl and her Mother were allowed to go to church. Again a little child did lead them.

Sometimes when we are working far afield we neglect those closer to us. In the alley leading into our School entrance were several houses. One day I was convicted in my heart that while I was visiting outside homes I had never gone into the homes right next door. Sometimes those neighbors closest to us were antagonistic but these were not as they realized that the School was for their good. So one hot night when people were all sitting in the alley outside our door I went out and joined them. It was a very fine opportunity to tell in a natural friendly way
the story of Jesus and His love. I was filled with
special joy as I went home as often the ones
closest physically are the hardest to reach. It is
hard for outside people to realize the
concentrated fear and suspicion of anything
Christian that exists in the darkened hearts and
minds of those who do not understand the
meaning of the Love of the One Who died for
their sins. So they shy away from Him.

SECOND DISTRICTWORK – Utter Devastation
Rebuilding Materially and Spiritually

After my return to Siu Lam after the Japanese
War I said above that I had done work around
Siu Lam itself. Then I was also appointed to
work in a larger field, the whole of the Second
District, a radius of several tens of miles.
Making known the glad tidings of Christ and
His Salvation – what could be a more thrilling
work! True, there were difficulties along the way
and discouragement too but all that is forgotten
when a person who had walked in darkness
suddenly sees the Light of Jesus and that Light
begins to shine in his or her own face. But if
that is to be true men must hear and there are
millions who have never heard the Name of
Jesus. Therefore we were glad to make use of
every time and opportunity and means to that
end. So the term "Evangelistic Work" covers
nearly any kind of place, time and method of
making known the Good News in churches,
schools, hospitals; on the streets, on wharves
waiting for boats, on boats themselves. In
homes and wherever there were people—there
was the opportunity.

As I went with the Pastor or Bible woman into
the Second District after the war we found utter
devastation. It was estimated that nine-tenths
of the buildings had been destroyed or badly
damaged. And almost that percent of the
people had either been killed or died of
starvation. Some had fled before the oncoming
Japanese. Robbers had torn down houses for
anything in them that could be sold and white
ants had finished off the rest. The streets when
we went were still full of rubble. Churches
which might be still standing would require
almost complete rebuilding. Few church
members remained in most places. So
construction of buildings and building up of
congregations were urgent necessities. In seven
of the ten churches in the Second District there
had been no Pastor or Worker for the best part
of ten years. I usually went with someone but
once or twice I would go by myself to a certain
place and be met there by someone from the
church. Just to give a touch of reality I shall
describe one such occasion. We generally
stayed in one place four or five days holding
meetings for Christians in the daytime and for
non-Christians at night. There was no difficulty
in getting crowds for such meetings. Even
though I dressed in Chinese country style
clothes I was still a novelty with my brown hair
and blue eyes and white skin! I generally played
my accordion so the whole occasion was a
welcome and interesting experience after the
humdrum daily life. I also had flannel graph for
children. For most of the people it was seed-
sowing but there was good fellowship with
whatever Christians remained and we were like
a breath of fresh air to them, to their hearts that
were hungry and eager for spiritual food. In one
place torrential rains made it necessary to wade
water to get to, the church. But the Christians
came three times a day. Young people too were
an encouraging factor. All over the South land
after the war young people were eagerly seeking
to know the truth and what life was all about.
As we sometimes got into Government schools
and even Universities we found the Spirit of God
was working and young people were finding
Jesus Christ in a life-changing experience. But
the problems of the future they faced were
staggering. Because of corruptness in
Government circles at that time Communism as
it was presented in glowing colors was already
seeming an attractive alternative.

Of course reactions were varied in various
places, some eager to hear, some indifferent
though not often antagonistic. At one place I
was told a woman in talking to another woman
said very frankly, "She uses so much energy
talking to us. What's the use? We won't believe
anyway." But one little old lady was like a
sudden spring of water in the desert. I was a
little bit doubtful of the reality when she so soon
professed to accept Jesus into her heart,
because I knew after I left there would be no one
to help her. But when I returned after a year
what was my great joy to find she was still
rejoicing in her new-found Savior, and sins
forgiven. I was able to stay a bit longer and give
her and some others a better foundation in
Bible study, in God's Truth.
TRAVEL

Getting from one place to another was one of the big headaches in Second District work. We had to take everything needed with us as post-war conditions had left nothing to use anywhere we went. These included cots and mosquito nets and simple bedding. Of course we had to take all work materials also and sometimes a thermos and a little food. We had to be ready for any and every exigency. Sometimes we were held back by flood waters. Other difficulties were unwelcome "visitors" of various kinds. I usually felt fairly safe from crawlers when I got under my mosquito net. But one night I felt something crawling up my pajama leg and instinctively crushed it between my hands but it stung me. When I turned on my flashlight and saw it was a centipede I instinctively flung it from me, which was a foolish thing to do as it was still inside the net. Fortunately it was only a small one and I had wounded it. A larger one would have caused sickness.

As I said above I usually travelled with either the Bible woman or the Pastor. But this one time which I will describe I was traveling alone to be met at a certain place. I left Siu Lam early in the morning with two suitcases, going in a small boat paddled by two men which made it rock back and forth, like a cradle. I spent five hours on that boat which gave me plenty of time for quiet meditation and talking to the boatmen. At the end of the five hours I reached a place where I had to make connections with the big tow boat which would take me nearer my final destination. There was no wharf at that place so we had to get out in a small sampan to connect with the big boat. That was a process which I never learned to appreciate. It takes great skill for the boatman to be able to gage the distance to the oncoming tow boat so that the sampan wouldn't be run over by the big boat or get left behind. Sometimes the big boats only slowed down a little instead of stopping entirely which makes it more difficult. But this time fortunately it stopped entirely. It had to wait a moment before we got to it, so the captain gave us a piece of his mind on the subject of making boats on time. But that advice was easier given than followed for there was no such thing as time schedules for the big boats where tides and people all have to be taken into account. I got onto my boat and safely into my "compartment" which was part of a long shelf the length of the upper part of the boat and raised from the floor. This shelf was divided into "apartments", individual spaces just wide enough to turn over, partitioned off by boards about three or four inches high. That was the extent of our privacy! I was on that boat from two P.M. that afternoon until eleven o'clock that night when I had to transfer to another sampan which took me to land. Someone was supposed to have met me there but no one was there. For a minute or two I was a bit disconcerted as I couldn't get to the next village at that time of night. It was not too safe to try to walk it and anyway my suitcases were too heavy to carry. Then I realized that the Lord knew my predicament and must have some plan. So I just committed it to Him and only asked that strength be given for the night vigil. Not far from the place where the little sampan had landed me was a small hut, for shelter from the weather. But it was full of men gambling. I was surely not alone at least! Since all benches were taken I put my sweater around me, sat down on the stone steps and prepared to stay the night. The stars were brilliant that night and I filled my soul with quiet communion in that noisy place. Presently a curious soldier came along and under pretense of examining my suitcases made me open them. I was tempted to be irritated at first as both of my suitcases were tightly strapped, and the knots hard to undo. But I complied and it gave me a bit of outdoor exercise to while a bit of time away. And it was well that I followed my better sense because once again that act led to the accomplishing of a purpose that God had but I did not know. God, in getting my contact with this soldier, had begun to provide His way out of my difficulty. Some women were nearby so I started to talk to them. And when a white person begins to talk (in either Chinese English) in a country place like this it immediately attracts people. In the process of talking I found out that the soldiers nearby changed their watch at midnight. So I could go with them into the village and have a man to carry my suitcases besides. So the Lord provided in a way that I had not thought of. And I had the experience of walking along a lonely country road at midnight escorted by soldiers God had provided! Such is His "abundantly able". I arrived safely in the village and woke up the astonished preacher at one A.M.

Country work of any kind develops one's sense of taking things as they come cheerfully.
Waiting for boats was a patience developer but that often was counterbalanced many times by the opportunities to talk to people as I waited. On the boats themselves one never knew what one would get into. I once got on the regular boat in Siu Lam which should have gotten me in to Canton around noon or a little after. But it was stopped by customs people and not allowed to pass as it was full of cocoons which apparently should have been registered or something like that. I never did know exactly where the trouble lay. At any rate we sat in the river until late that afternoon before we were allowed to go on. All the things to eat and even the tea was no longer provided. Someone had given me some dragoneyes (a juicy fruit) which helped out a little as the day was very hot. These tow boats were divided into an upstairs section and a downstairs which was level with the water line. Sometimes upstairs one could get a room or at least some bed boards to lie on. But one time it was again the cocoons that caused trouble in a different way. This time the boat was filled with cocoons upstairs so we could not get in there. So we had to go down to the water level which was already full. One sat there cross-legged if possible. But this time we were jammed in tight so that all I could do was to sit in an upright position with feet out leaning against a bag of potatoes. The passengers there that day included not only humans but also pigs and chickens as well. The boat was delayed so that it was evening before we reached our destination. The pigs were insulted because they had not been fed and complained loudly. The roosters, confused by the deepening darkness, let off their sirens. So went life in country work!

DISTRICT WORK

Besides visiting outside places I also was asked to help in Second District Workers' Retreats and Bible Conferences. Politically this was a time of tension, not knowing when the Communists would actually come into our section, each time thinking it might be our last opportunity for such a meeting. Actually we were able to continue our work for two years. After the Second District Churches got on their feet again I was free to conduct evangelistic meetings and retreats for leaders in other districts. I spent many happy hours with leaders and missionaries in two other districts. In Canton I held meetings with Youth for Christ and in the Shung Kei Bible School and True Light Middle School. I found many young people hungry for the Truth, meeting with me after the services. One of the most interesting meetings at this time was in the New Asia Hotel in Canton. The manager was a Christian so had gathered all his workers together for the meetings. They were an interested group. One humorous angle was that our meetings were held in a place called "The Seventh Heaven". The place itself certainly had no relation to the vision Paul saw but it at least was easier to reach!

The highlight of all my experiences was a week spent in fellowship with the Missionaries of the Oriental Mission in Canton. I had been asked to speak each day. But I felt that the speaker was more blest than those who listened. I think I have never experienced such earnestness in such a group. The whole atmosphere was to ask the Lord to work in us at any cost whatever. I felt as if I were standing aside and watching God work.

Coming closer to home I was asked to go to Shekki, the main city in our district for a few days of meetings. I was royally entertained by the German Sisters of a Blind School there. I held morning and evening prayers with the students in that Blind School. They went to meetings besides. God was with us in those meetings in a special way, for always above us hung the threat of an imminent invasion by the Communists and the knowledge that these might be the last meetings we could hold. Of those who accepted Christ in those meetings were three of our own Miller Seminary girls from that place. One of these is now the wife of a pastor in Hong Kong.

After that time I worked mainly in places around Siu Lam until 1949 when the Communists finally did come into our section. Our take over was a very unusual one. No soldiers came to take over. We went to bed as usual one night and when we woke up the next morning we were under Communist control. We learned that, unknown to us, there had been a Communist cell in our place for six months. Two of my own Sunday morning Bible class were members of that cell. But I soon discovered that their conception of Communism as for many other young people, was a very idealistic one and didn't even interfere much with their ideas of God. I met
them several times and had long talks with them. One even needed some financial help! It might be interesting to note in after thought that thirty years later inside China when I met with seventy of my former students they were among the number.

UNDER COMMUNISM — 1949-1951

With the coming of the Communists came indoctrination meetings specially for the young people. These consisted of meetings lasting three to four hours. Then they divided into small groups of six to eight each, for intensive application of the general things heard. Each one was quizzed about what he had learned in the general meeting. If the leader felt the young people had not properly assimilated the main ideas they were put into another class to get more instruction until they finally came up to the required standard of thinking. Our church was the largest building in Siu Lam at that time so it was drafted for use. Later when we missionaries were moved to the gallery of the church to live we had grandstand seats. One of the small groups was just outside our door so unknown to them I could take it all in. The ideals presented to the young people were high ones, not giving any hint as to the sinister control of minds taking place under the guise of patriotism and truth. No longer was one allowed to think for himself. These young people, on fire with enthusiasm for Communist ideas as presented to them, were a Challenge to Christians who in possession of the knowledge of the Word of Life were yet living their self-centered lives. I visited in the home of a girl, now a member of our church, who at one time was an ardent Communist. But when she awoke to some of the realities involved in Communism she left it and instead became an ardent follower of Jesus. She told me how her brother used to get up at five o’clock in the morning and read Communist books for two hours to learn what he as an individual could do to bring in Utopia. That is the secret of the swift spread of Communism. What a challenge and sense of shame it should bring to us Christians who know the Way of Life and are not so ardent in bringing that message to others.

Miller Seminary had to include Communist classes in its curriculum and there were constant propaganda sessions. How sad it was to listen to beautiful innocent voices of kindergarten children chanting parrot-like the words, "Not love Mama, not love Papa, love our country."

For the best part of a year we foreigners were left alone probably because in the six months of the cell group they had learned all about our work that they needed to know as we had been there already twenty-five years. Church, hospital and school were all able to continue as usual for one year. I was even able to continue my Bible class in the country church two miles from Siu Lam. One night during that Bible class an interesting thing happened. My back was toward the door as I was speaking when suddenly I was interrupted by a so-called soldier with several other people behind him. He was all excited and said I should not be teaching all that stuff from the Feudalist ages. He accused us of taking money from the poor (he had seen somewhere the taking of collections during church services). He even went so far as to accuse us of teaching the people to worship idols which showed how muddled his thoughts were. Fortunately I finally had a chance to get my word in and answered some of the things he said. Apparently he had been listening outside to what I had said about God and the Devil. So he said, "If there is a God, let him strike me dead to show that he exists." And if there were devils (he used the word for ghosts) why didn’t all the ghosts of dead Communists come back etc. The young man had heard me talking about sin also and asked me what sin was. His speech was of the most arrogant kind but in the end I had an excellent opportunity to tell him at length what sin was, giving some examples. He was having a good time spouting off steam when in walked an officer of higher rank of the group that were in charge of Kau Chau Kei where I was. He peremptorily ordered the young man to stop. The young man got angry and we almost had a free-for-all. But he finally went sullenly away. Human nature is human nature, Communist or non-Communist. In the end the officer apologized for having disturbed us. We were free to hold meetings, only don’t make them too long!

During those days I asked God specially to give me wisdom in dealing with the many difficult situations that arose towards the end of our stay in Siu Lam. We needed great wisdom for intensive training of young people who would be
equipped to carry on after we had to leave. We knew that the difficulties they would face would be almost overwhelming. Most certainly they would have to know God in a special way to have wisdom and courage to buck against the tide of Godless Communism that was being broadcast over loud speakers all the time. Not only must they be able to stand true to God but also be able to help others to know that same God Who answers the temptations and trials of life and brings joy even in the midst of sorrow, a God who would not just answer the outside needs but was able to come into a person’s life and answer the deeper spiritual needs. As I watched the tireless zeal of the young Communist idealists my heart cried out that that zeal might be put to greater use in the Eternal Cause of the God Who ruled over all. I felt we needed to put forth special effort in those last days so that the Holy Spirit could do His work of convicting and upholding power.

Those times were a rather interesting mixture of situations that presented unprecedented opportunities of reaching young people for Christ and others that made one feel that one was almost butting her head against a stone wall because of the ideas filling the minds of the young people.

But even in those days we did experience drops of mercy in the working of the Holy Spirit. In the village of Kau Chau Kei, spoken of above, where so many of the older people had grown cold God did a special work among the young people. The local Bible woman had laid a good foundation of Bible study and teaching. In three nights of meetings, 18 young men gave their hearts to God. I could hardly believe it for joy. We were able to have Bible study with them until we finally had to leave. We cried out to God for those young people, mostly young men. There would come terrible testing times for them. Only a real experience of God Himself could hold them steady. If Jesus was real to them they would have courage from His indwelling Spirit to hold true to Him in spite of persecution. There would be subtle or loudly expressed ridicule for believing in the “decadent, Imperial idea of God.”

Communism began only slowly to show its true colors. There was a saying going around among the Chinese who are always clever in their expressions. This one was a subtle appraisal of the three steps of Communist approach. The first was the “Nod head” stage. The second was the “Shake head” stage and the third was the “Cut head” stage, which often proved true. All church leaders were put under pressure to express patriotic fervor and uphold the Three-Self religious Movement instituted by the Government’s section of religious affairs. The Three Self Patriotic Movement included Self-support, Self-government, and Self-propagation. The beginning of this Movement was actually started by the Chinese leaders themselves to clarify their own situation during the Japanese occupation but under the Communists it had taken on another form. Workers in all Christian Institutions were forced to subscribe to the edicts of the government under a patriotic guise. Then came accusation meetings. These meetings produced terror and fear, suspicion and hate, often resulting in friends and family accusing each other to save one’s own life. Some who came out from those days expressed the atmosphere in these words: “In the beginning there were great hopes of change but later such words were never heard. The country is suffering from a guilt complex from knowing it has given way in all moral issues and this has so sapped the strength of the people that even the desire and hope of resistance has gone.”

In accusation meetings the accused were not allowed to defend themselves. On the contrary the one who was at the head of the meeting would fling out accusation after accusation against the individual standing before him. The audience would answer each time growing ever more vehement until the whole group was worked into a frenzy and vented its wrath on the unhappy victim. Some of the punishments inflicted were barbarous. Later the Cultural Revolution which rocked China to its very foundations, added another chapter when unbridled passions of Red Guards and others turned life into a veritable hell for many innocent people. Somewhat like the self-accusations were another phase of life. Each person was required to think and remember and write out all the sins, big or little of the past and confess them. This was like a pre-view of the final Judgment Day which God has decreed except that He Himself will have the records.

In memory I can still feel the tremendous ardent enthusiasms of those young people who felt they were helping to build a perfect society which in
turn would produce the perfect man. All this sounded very attractive to the highly motivated young people. They felt no sacrifice was too great to make for such a high goal. They were so thoroughly imbued with the idea of sacrifice and its effect on daily living that they ate almost starvation rations. If offered even a drink when on guard they would refuse it. All the more when offered money they would not think of taking it. One shopkeeper who once offered a Red Guard some money and was refused exclaimed, "If you refuse money you are not Chinese." Another young man broke his engagement and wrote a note to his fiancée telling her that now he could not give time to such a thing as love. His whole energies must be given to his country. Such dedication presented a challenge and made one long that it might be turned to the love of Jesus and His real program for the perfect man. This ardor cooled somewhat after a while when some disillusionments came. And when the young people reached the wicked tempting life of the city of Shanghai they found they were human after all! Some of them did falter when faced with the bourgeois temptations of the not-yet-completely subjugated city.

During our year and a half under the local Communists they seldom disturbed us. But they did go around to houses during the night to see if people were at home or if some mischief was brewing. They came to us one night just after we had gone to bed. They were courteous and just wanted to get our names and when we first came to China. One other time in the daytime we were visited by officials who wanted us to tell them if in any way they had neglected or mistreated us. To see criticism of yourself was a part of their program so you could learn to know what needed to be changed and to change it. Of course, we replied that we had never been neglected or mistreated. (In fact if we had told the whole truth we would have said that we were grateful to have been left alone).

In 1950 all foreigners of every nationality were taken to a certain place near Canton for registration. We were well escorted by soldiers. People along the road as we walked, not knowing what it was all about expressed wonder if we were being "led to slaughter" so to speak. It was six days, including coming and going, before we were brought back to Siu Lam. My one recollection of that time was of the chief interrogator. His expression reminded me so much of a Cheshire cat ready to pounce on its prey. His questions were shot at us in stern tones. After that we were in Siu Lam and were there for several months until our final summons came after we had asked permission to leave.

**FINAL MONTHS IN SIU LAM**

In the fall of 1950 after America entered the Korean War we knew we should be leaving because the slogans everywhere were "Against America, for Korea". Still we had not been told to leave. But one day a very young cadre called a meeting of us three American ladies, the School Principal, the Church Pastor, the Hospital Doctor, and a representative of the very small Catholic Church in Siu Lam. The Priest was a Belgian but was seldom there. I shall never forget the picture of that young man as he sat there. He was not arrogant, but very anxious to show his utter disdain of the bourgeois ideas of propriety. So he sat there with one foot up on the chair. (He had on only sort of slipper-sandals easily slipped off) picking his toe nails! He didn't say much, just giving us some words of admonition under the then present situation. Mainly he wanted each of us to sign a Peace Treaty which he had brought along. I refused to sign because I said it was not a real peace proposal. I got by with it fortunately. But more and more, for the sake of our Chinese workers, we felt we should be leaving even though they did not want us to go. We had heard that often when one asked to leave, the government would not give permission for a long time, or if they felt the person wanted to stay longer, they would get the permit to them immediately. As I wrote once above, we had four Chinese children with us of varying ages. We would have to make provision for their future, but we wanted to have one more Christmas together before we had to leave. So we didn't send in our application for permission to leave until just a day or two before Christmas, and we knew it could not get back by Christmas.

An incident at the Christmas service at
the Church showed just how tense the situation had become. I was down front playing the organ. We were having a musical service that morning. Our church had a gallery around three sides with two stairways leading down to the sanctuary below. I was told later by someone sitting at the back of the church that when our choir began to come down the two stairways with lighted candles, two Communists who were sitting at the back of the church got very excited. One said to the other, "Let's go and break it up!" The other man suggested that they should wait and see what the choir was actually doing. When they discovered it was nothing but music they calmed down.

From this time on, we began to make preparation for leaving. Feeling that things might soon come to a head, we made arrangements for the four Chinese children in our home. The three older ones were able to go on to study and then to work. The smaller boy we placed in the home of a Christian carpenter where he could go to school and also learn a trade. But he was so disobedient and so often gave false reports to the Communists about the carpenter that he finally turned him out. He made a living fishing for a while, then he somehow worked his way down to Hong Kong. But by that time he had cancer and died not too long after that. The older boy was able to get to Hong Kong where Miss Schell helped him through Seminary. He was a pastor in Hong Kong for several years, married then with his family moved to the United States. The older girl remained to work in the Hospital, then married and with her family is now still in China. I have been able to see her several times. The younger girl went through nurse's training and later became a doctor also inside China.

Two weeks after Christmas someone from Communist Headquarters came to tell us we were to move to the church. They gave us from eight o'clock that morning to noon to take anything we wished and move over there. They also searched my desk drawers. Fortunately the Lord hid from their eyes one or two of what might seem incriminating information. They might have provoked a difficult situation. We had had one experience of having lost everything at the time of the Japanese turn over. So this time we had already sent to Hong Kong things we wanted to save - a trunkful in fact, besides all the books we wanted out. So we really had little to take out except things to use. The school girls came over and formed a "bucket brigade" to help take things over to the church which was only about a ten-minute walk. God had early prepared a place for us at the church. The balcony originally had no rooms except the bell room. But a short time before this Miss Schell had had some money sent her and she felt to use it to build two small rooms on each side at the back of the gallery. So when we had to move, the place was already prepared for us. The other ladies did not appreciate living upstairs in the church as it was very cramped. But the morning after we moved, God gave me the verse in Psalms 65 "Blessed is the man You choose and bring near to live in Your courts. We are filled with the good things of Your House, of Your Holy Temple," so I felt happy there.

The Communists had commandeered the church for their meetings several hours each day. There were harangues usually several hours long. Then they divided into smaller groups for fuller discussion. In these groups each person was tested to find out how much he or she had really taken in of the big lecture. If the leader felt that that person was not enough propagandized, he or she was put into another class for further indoctrination. These small groups overflowed into the gallery outside my room. I learned many things those days when the leaders outside did not realize my presence there nor that I could understand what they were teaching.

We were in the church about three months when one morning a messenger came with an official letter from the Siu Lam Headquarters giving us our Leaving papers. I could read it and it said "One Way" so I asked the messenger if we should take our baggage with us. He did not really know but thought we could come back after it. But he was mistaken. So we went
to Canton in our Chinese clothes with just an extra change. When we reached Canton we were told we were to go right down to Hong Kong the very next day. I had only one thing that I wanted which was my well-worn Chinese Bible. Miss Lefever also wanted one thing. So one of our Miller Girls who was studying in Canton at that time went out to Siu Lam by the night boat and returned the next morning with those things.

From Canton we went to our Mission Headquarters in Hong Kong. As soon as we could get passage on a ship we left for the United States as our furloughs were due. [We got some real clothes in the meantime!] Thus ended twenty-five years of missionary work in China. But I am constantly praying that the seed sown will continue to be bearing fruit unto Eternal Life for those who went on with God.

**INTERLUDE -- Manila --- 1952-1955**

Manila! The name conjures up many different pictures and emotions: sunsets in Manila Bay; Beautiful Dewey Boulevard stretching for miles along the sea; and McArthur Boulevard ever keeping fresh in memory the names of two Americans heroes, who though separated by years in time and circumstance yet were pivotal figures in Philippine History. But there are other less entrancing pictures of still wide streets and other narrow ones all crowded with vehicles of every kind and description; from the horse-drawn calesas where the poor animals are in constant danger of life and limb because urged forward by their drivers into the very teeth of oncoming cars, to the lumbering awkward inter-city buses all jostling to get ahead of other vehicles. But most ubiquitous are the notorious "jeepneys" - a Burbank - cross between a wartime jeep and a taxi. These are a law unto themselves, or more correctly make their own laws. These vehicles are of various sizes with names painted on them and bright decorations according to the tastes of the young drivers. These being mainly Catholic in belief usually have glorified pictures of the Virgin Mary in a prominent place, sometimes adorned with flowers. These jeepneys are a constant source of danger. The impulse to stop is the deed, specially if the driver spies a possible passenger. There are seemingly no places where jeepneys can’t go and no risks they aren’t willing to take! They may come to an unsignalled stop or dash wildly to make a wedge between two other vehicles. This often snarls up traffic and a battle of words ensues. Such is the background picture of the Manila of my day.

Traffic jams in Manila brought many thoughts about some of the things in life. When traffic gets jammed up it is often because someone is not willing to yield even a small fraction of what he considers his right so all can pass quickly.

Or in order to get ahead he goes over to the wrong lane and blocks the oncoming traffic. Then no one can move until someone yields and backs up or someone opens up the way. How true that is of our human relationships. When we all go along in our proper place of love and mutual helpfulness on God’s highway we have no difficulties. But as soon as selfishness takes hold of the wheel, disregarding the rules of life’s road or the welfare of others then there is trouble. Sometimes such selfishness results just in some delay but often the result may be a real smash-up. Nothing has been gained and much is lost. The Bible injunction to yield in love is applicable not only in road traffic but equally applicable to our daily lives.

My first month in Manila was rather traumatic. I was placed in a room in the Penthouse of a several storey building owned and lived in by a wealthy member of the Fukien Church which had invited me to Manila. I ate with them but all we could do at first was to smile at each other as I did not understand Fukienese and they did not understand Cantonese. The oldest girls had a smattering of English from their High School so I managed to convey some ideas to them and also in time to learn a little myself of the simple Fukienese or Amoy as it was called. But the Filipino version of English words was almost like a foreign language because of their accents on different syllables. It took me nearly a month to realize that what I thought sounded like the word "Restorent" was really "Restaurant!" Such is the heritage of the mix-up of languages from Babel! School was not in session when I arrived and the month before I could get into any real work was a rather lonely one. Even books were not to be had, but there was plenty of time for quiet time. The radio was my constant companion and fortunately there were many hours of English broadcast of fine programs and
music. Finally just before school began I moved into an apartment with two ladies, one American and the other Chinese, the Principal of the "Canaan School", with which I worked. We ate together and shared certain things. But a three-cornered situation is not always easy to fit into, specially when two have known each other for many years. But we were good friends.

I had consented to go to Manila under the impression that the Fukienese Church had wanted me to help start a Cantonese Church of which they said there was none around them. But when I got to Manila I found what they really wanted me for was to teach English which was the last thing I wanted to do! Moreover I soon discovered that two churches close by had services for Cantonese! Was I ever disgusted! But I was already there so I compromised by teaching several English classes a week leaving me time to go visiting in the homes of the Cantonese women. I felt sorry for the students in the Canaan School as they had to go to English School in the morning and Chinese in the afternoon thus carrying two heavy loads. There was almost no time for play as the boys specially had to have tutors after they got home from school. As usual I found that when I was willing to accept the situation God had a plan in it. The sixth grade English never ceased to be a thorn in the flesh as most of them were from wealthy homes and couldn't care less about learning English which made them very hard to manage. The teacher was often the target for their pent-up energies! But in the High School I found many needy hearts. One girl, on top of the heartache of her Mother's death found herself facing the responsibility of younger brothers and sisters while at the same time trying to keep up with her own school work. She needed both comfort and physical help and spiritual advice. In a still deeper way I became involved in the life of another family. The Father was a selfish man. He had developed tuberculosis and demanded so much of his faithful wife that she contracted the disease in the most virulent form and died in a few short months. That left a motherless family of five, the oldest in her teens and the youngest only three or four years old. After the Mother's death the Father went to the Chinese Hospital, leaving the family of four girls and one boy to get along as best they could. But the Father kept the best of the dresser for his clothes and insisted on the older girl each week going to the hospital for his clothes to wash at home. (By the grace of God none of the children contracted tuberculosis.) The oldest girl was in one of my classes so I soon heard of the situation. The house they had was small, situated inside a small alley. I finally decided to go live with the family for one month. On one hand no one had any time to do anything about the house of course, though there was a Filipino maid to help a little. But when I got there the whole place was like a rat's nest, nothing done except what the moment required. The first thing I did was to start a clean-up. I nearly wore the older girl out. She exclaimed very pathetically one day, "Don't you ever get tired?" But we made the place livable. The littlest girl, five years old by the time I went to live with them was a very strong-willed little thing. Her sister didn't have time to argue with her so the little one soon learned that she could get candy to keep her still by just going into a tantrum! That too I had to help overcome. All of them are happily married now except one and have fine families. The single girl is teaching. (The Father finally died.)

I found out that one or two of the Amoy women spoke Cantonese. They asked me to start a Bible class in one of the church homes. One who understood Cantonese translated into Amoy. So I got some good contacts there. But I felt my real work for those years was with the Cantonese women. Most of the first ones that I knew were from the two Chinese churches nearby. But gradually others came to the meetings I held in the homes. A Cantonese young woman went with me as she knew all the women. That kind of work made it possible for the women to get some Bible study and also bring their children, though that fact made Bible study not so concentrated! A very close relationship developed between those women and myself. Some still keep in touch with me at Christmas time. When I went back to visit in Manila several years ago I had a royal welcome. It did my heart good, as well as my stomach! The son of one of the women had a restaurant, and gave a real feast in my honor.

An incident that happened in one home where I had a Bible class stands out in my memory. The Father of this house was a cook, doing night duty in a restaurant so had to sleep in the daytime. The rooms in the house were divided simply by thin board partitions. I waited until
he got up to begin class. Then I spoke loudly enough to be heard inside the partition very clearly. Ordinarily he was very antagonistic to Christian things, and would scold his wife. But one day God took over. The Bible teaching had apparently been taking effect! One day the wife came rushing over to say her husband had fallen when drunk (he was a great drinker) and hurt his head badly and was asking to see me. I went and prayed for him. After he recovered he was completely changed. I had the joy of seeing him accept Jesus as his personal Savior and later join the church. He never could express enough thanks. God's ways of bringing men to Himself are sometimes strange but they work!

Some other work among Cantonese-speaking people was of an altogether different variety. On various pretexts the Philippine Government had rounded up Chinese businessmen and put them in a large prison camp just outside of Manila. These men were a sad lot. In the beginning no reason had been given to the accused for their imprisonment but later they were charged with being Communists, at least assisting in their activities. When I arrived in Manila they had already been in Camp a long time with no release in sight. The Church connected with the school where I taught was able to obtain permission to hold services with these people on Sunday afternoons. So part of my experience in Manila was going to prison! (But I was good enough to get out right away!) It was a new experience but I was glad for the opportunity of bringing a ray of God's sunshine into drab hopeless lives of those men, and once or twice even being able to help in small material ways. There was a happy sequel to this story. The men were finally released. One man was from Hong Kong so when I returned to that place from the Philippines I got in touch with the family. I was able to help get the older girl in school. By the time she graduated from High School the Father had returned from Manila. And later, through some relatives the whole family was able to emigrate to Canada. The daughter got married there and now has a family. She keeps in touch with me each Christmas. The Mother became a Christian. The Father, who had been a very grumpy, sour sort of man changed and has shown real gratitude. One never knows how far the ripples of one small deed may reach.

After two years in Manila I was asked to speak in a two-week Bible Conference in Hong Kong. At that time the Church of Christ in China leaders asked me to return for good but I felt I should fill out my three years in Manila. At the end of those three years I did say farewell to many friends in the Philippines and return to stay for the next fourteen years until I had to retire in 1969. So began my missionary work in a third field. Of course the language was the same as in China before and some of the people had also come down after the Communist takeover.

**POSTLUDE --- Hong Kong 35 Years Later**

A sad sequel to our leaving Siu Lam was the imprisonment of many teachers and Christian leaders because of their association with the "Imperialistic Missionaries" and the American-backed institutions. The saddest incident happened to one of our oldest, most faithful Christian teachers. She was continuously harassed day after day by interrogation sessions. She was told each time to recall all the misdemeanors she had committed and all the imperialist ideas which she had imbibed. But she had nothing to confess. The strain of the constant drilling and interrogation proved too much. Her brain snapped under it. One day when there was a well near where she was sitting, she suddenly jumped into the well and drowned. It was a terrible shock to all. But who are we to judge the right or wrong of such a situations Only God knows and fortunately only He is to be the Judge.

Since that time now so many years ago strange changes have taken place. People whose names were on the black list (and mine was one) were restored to good standing and money taken from them was returned. Even I have been taken off the black list and invited even to go back to Siu Lam. I may do so sometime.

It is not my purpose in this book to discuss Communism at length but having lived so long under and near them I feel a few personal observations may not be amiss, and they are exactly that -- personal reactions, not a political dissertation. Thirty-five years of Communism have not produced the promised Utopia in
China but changes are taking place today inside that ancient land. The disastrous Cultural Revolution which rocked China to its very foundations, had devastating effects on the country both materially and mentally. For young people, specially it brought disillusionment and confusion. Their minds had been geared for so long to one channel of thinking of prescribed thought that when that secure foundation was pulled out from under them, and even the great Helmsman himself came in for questioning it left them adrift, lost and without meaning in life. Added to that when all classes of students were sent to the countryside to work under conditions for which they were totally unfitted it created resentment and deep-seated discontent. Talented young people chafed under their country assignments and longed for opportunities for education and advancement in life.

China has still a long way to go but as I write this in 1985 she is being started on the road of modernization by Teng Shao Peng. He is a pragmatist (once cast aside but now risen from the dead). He is now introducing his Four Modernizations Program to help bring his country into line with modern trends and the country's own needs. By the time this reaches you the results will be known. All may be changed by the time you read this.

Two more important things should be said about the situation inside China as of this date. First, the Commune system, the pride and joy of Communism has largely been abolished. Individuals are much freer to make some personal money in whatever ways they find best, as long as they reach their government quotas. The result is money to spend and a demand for more consumer goods, such luxuries as television sets, refrigerators and even pianos -- the latter probably more as a symbol of status than for actual use.

One of the most amazing factors of the present situation is the rapid spread of the Christian Faith which for so many years was forced to go underground. Recently, churches in many places have been given back to the Christians and for some the government even repaired them. These churches are under the Religious Department of the Government called "The Three Self Movement", mentioned above. Seminaries have also been started under the same Movement to train young people for the many churches that have sprung up and need leadership. What kind of Christianity is being taught under Communist tutelage is an open question, certainly accompanied by plenty of indoctrination. But at least so far the whole Bible is being placed in the hands of the young to speak for itself. Our earnest prayer is that the Holy Spirit may so illumine its pages for the person studying it that the great fundamental truths of Salvation may be made real to the reader himself and through him to the many who are hungry and seeking for the Truth in China today.

Besides the regular established churches there are many so-called House Churches, some with hundreds of members which meet wherever they can have a suitable place. The government made a great effort to get rid of these as they are not under their direct control. For one thing there are not enough churches to demand that these House Churches meet in regular church buildings. On the other hand a greater difficulty lies in the people themselves as they resist every effort to join established churches because they feel that they will lose their freedom of worship. A few may even be afraid of what might take place in a distant future as one never can be sure what turn the powers that be may take next. Several of these House Churches have recently been raided during services and people arrested. When that happens they divide into smaller groups and meet at unspecified places and unspecified times known only to the few.

The Holy Spirit is working inside China and one of the instruments He is using greatly is the Christian Broadcasting work. There are transmitting stations for broadcasting into China from the Philippines, Korea, Guam and now the Island of Saipan. Even from the West Coast of the U.S. comes the Good news of Jesus and His Salvation in Chinese. The two best known are the Far East Broadcasting Company stationed in Manila and Transworld Radio in Guam. These are fed by many studios all over the Far East sending tapes for transmission to the various countries in South East Asia and, specially China. The air waves reach even to the far-off places such as Mongolia, Manchuria and even Tibet. Many have found, and many are still finding Christ through these broadcasts. So the joyful news goes forth. It needs your prayers to help it accomplish its task of bringing the
Gospel even to the “least of these”.