

Wed. Oct. 16 The principal event this evening was the Baptist Missionary prayer meeting. It was very helpful.

The U. S. Consul General from Shanghai, Mr. Goodnough, called today. There used to be a consul in Ningpo but after Shanghai became the important port in this area, he was withdrawn, but the British still have a consul here.

The South Gate preacher called today. We like his appearance. His name is Tsih. (While we were still in Ningpo he became pastor of the main church in Ningpo at West Gate and was still pastor in '46 and perhaps is now in 1950).

Thursday, Oct. 17. We are just getting an introduction to the Chinese language. It is very difficult, to say the least. Went to the General Missionary Prayer Meeting at four in the afternoon. Only the American missionaries, Baptist and Presbyterian, were there; the English Methodist and Church of England missionaries didn't happen to come. After the meeting we called on Mrs. Goodnough, who is visiting the Fitch's.

E. Oct. 18. Studied this morning as usual. We have the teacher in the morning and study by ourselves in the afternoon. We had tiffin with Miss Cunningham of the Presbyterian mission where we met the Robert Fitch's, Mrs. Goodnough and Mrs. Shoemaker.

Edith-Oct. 21 (Letter written home.)

We have just returned from our first visit to an outstation. We went Oct. 19 with Dr. Goddard to Do-kyi-deo. We all arose early Saturday morning, for we wanted to get an early start, but earliest of all was Shu Kwe our little table boy, who was also to make his first boat trip. The cook was sick and Shu Kwe was to fill his place as cook. Such importance as he manifested throughout the trip. (He afterward became a very fine Christian minister.)

When we all had gotten our luggage together we had all three coolies could carry; for we must take bedding, food, table and cooking utensils, a small stove, a lamp, etc. depending on the country for nothing but rice and eggs. We do sleep on their beds but use our own bedding over the thin mattresses. The Chinese also carry bedding rolls (Fu-Kae) including their cotton mattresses with a waterproof cover. If you could get one whiff of their food while cooking, you would see, or smell, why we cannot depend upon them for food. (But we did learn to eat it later, but still preferred American style food most of the time.)

When all was ready, the procession started; the three coolies in front, then Shu Kwe with an eye on them and Dr. Goddard, Frank and I following. We walked about a mile between our North branch of the river and the grey old city wall through the streets, with difficulty making our way among the many baskets of provisions that the early marketers were carrying. I wish you might enjoy one good smell of those streets and one good look at the people and you would feel that they need something. Finally we reached the West Branch of the river, crossed on a ferry boat, rowed with a rear scull (passengers, bag and baggage costing four Chinese cents, 2 cents U.S.)

Walking about a half-mile farther we came to the canal on which we were to begin our journey. We had quite a good boat, commodious and cleaned for our benefit; big enough for us all to eat and sleep and high enough to stand up under the round, woven bamboo sliding covers.

The canal is a large one and there is much traffic. You know all travel and all traffic of every kind is carried by the canals in this part of China. All that cannot go by water must be carried by people



for there are no wheeled vehicles whatever, not even wheelbarrows, or rickshaws as there are in Shanghai. The city streets and country roads are all paths made of rough stones, either slabs or smaller stones placed close together.

But the canal serves many other purposes. Here and there are stone steps leading down to the water and they are full of people in the early morning. One woman will be washing clothes in the canal beating with a club on the stone steps as the Chinese have not learned to use soap generally. Another woman will be washing her rice and sweet potatoes, another her nightsoil pail. Presently a man will come down beside them and calmly begin washing his feet while he talks to another who is washing out his boat while still another is cleaning his pipe. They all scrub vigorously and feel perfectly clean in the end, and oh, yes, here comes the water carrier with a huge bucket on each end of a carrying pole and his buckets are filled with the rather cloudy water and he goes swaying away with the family water supply.

We laughed heartily about it until we saw Shu Kwe washing our rice and our dishes also in the canal. But at home we have to use common cistern water.

But to resume our journey; as the wind was in our favor the boatman put up his sail and we moved along without rowing, much to the boatman's delight. We passed several large villages in our twelve mile journey. In only one of them is any Christian work being done; work for a dozen men along our route.

We attracted much attention from people on the bank and in the boats we met. All faces were friendly, and many of the younger ones smiled kindly at us and our strange dress. Many of the older faces had that blank look that sorrow and hard work bring when the heart knows nothing of the love of God or man.

The Chinese are a busy people and we saw little of idleness either among older people or children.

We saw men and woman and children treading the long wooden chain pumps, pumping water out of the canals for irrigation. But sometimes it was a water buffalo doing the work of pumping, going round and round or plowing in the fields but never hauling anything.

One could not help pitying the poor women who went stumping about their work on bound feet. Only Christian girls have natural feet. (And now 1950 there have been few girls feet bound for almost a generation largely because of the example and activity of Christians and finally of government prohibition after the revolution.) Often we saw young boys groaning under loads far too heavy or bending their small bodies all day over the oar in the freight boats.

We ate our lunch on the boat and about 12:30 we reached Pao Tzong, a large village where we left our boat to walk about two miles through the hills to another canal where we could continue our journey by water. The pass through the hills is a beautiful valley in the side of which is a Buddhist monastery which we visited. Evidently idolatry is not yet dying out. They are building an immense new hall at great expense. In it we saw some great idols partially constructed of wood frame covered with lath plastered and some covered with gold leaf. In the old monastery were many priests praying and chanting, bowing down and worshipping the idols. They spend most of their time in this way.

In the pass were old ruined fortifications used in one of the many previous wars or revolutions. Coming to a canal smaller than the previous one we had to take two smaller canoe-like boats but with covers. We found some difficulty in arranging ourselves in these. After two hours more of travel we came to Do-Kyi-deo, our destination. We were warmly welcomed by Mr. Goh and his family, (the pastor).



After eating our dinner we went in our boats a mile along the canal to another village where some of the members live. Here we were welcomed indeed. We could not understand their words, but their smiles and tones we could easily interpret. And such a crowd as gathered to stare at us. Fifty people at least gathered in front of the house, peering in at the doors and windows. Our hospitable hostess brought in a basin of hot water. The host wrung a cloth out of this and grandly handed it to Frank (wishing him to wash his face and hands). Dr. Goddard was given the cloth after it had again been wrung out, and after the men had been served I was allowed to wipe ~~all~~ also. (According to Chinese custom men are always served first. F.)

Then we had tea. In China whenever you make a call you have a cup of tea. Four times in succession were we served tea in different houses.

Sunday morning we awoke much refreshed from a good nights sleep in a Chinese bed. We stayed at the pastor's, Mr. Coh, in a room especially cleaned for us. After breakfast, Dr. Goddard and Frank went for a walk and while they were gone I started out for a little stroll along the canal. But I could not go any distance for the people flocked out of their houses at the sight of a young foreign woman, especially one with red hair. They talked and laughed about me, coming up close to examine my face and dress so that I felt almost frightened, although they were all very friendly, so I hurried back to our room. It is so hard not to be able to understand or to talk.

We had service at 10:30 and the little chapel was crowded. Several Christians came from Za-gyiao, a town about ten miles distant in which we are working and where Mr. Tsiu dziang-ziu is pastor. In the afternoon we had communion service. There were nearly twenty Christians present. They were all so glad to see Dr. Goddard and to welcome us. Many of them brought Dr. Goddard a present of eggs, so that he had six dozen to take home. We went out again to call again on some of the members and everywhere we went the people would follow, curious to see the foreigners, especially the foreign woman with red hair.

During the day we saw one very strange thing. I noticed a woman out on the bank of the canal shouting angrily at the top of her voice. No one was near her or seemed to notice her. She continued that screaming for nearly a half an hour, fortunately then a heavy shower came up and drove her in. Dr. Goddard explained that she was angry at someone and was thus publicly telling her trouble, hoping to interest someone else. Often they will continue to scream until they fall to the ground from utter exhaustion. No one seems to hear or to care. It is such a common occurrence that people work on, paying no attention to the woman's screams. (Later we once passed a woman screaming in the morning and when we came back in the afternoon she was still going through the motions but could only whisper as her voice was gone. F.)

It seemed very strange and sad to see people at work on Sunday as on any other day. It was good to know that there were a few who were spending the day in a godly manner.

There are many more interesting things to write. So much is new and strange and often very sad. One feels impatient at his inability to talk to the people and attacks the language with new vigor for one longs to be able to tell the people the gospel story.

F. Tuesday, Oct. 22 We began the study of the character. The language seemed very difficult already. But the character seems about insurmountable. But there is grace for every need. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God."



Wed. Oct. 23. Our teacher, Mo Sin Sang brought us some Chinese writing materials; brush pens, a stone slab and a piece of ink. You rub the ink on the stone with a little water, thus making the black liquid ink and then dip the brush in it. Mo Sin Sang writes very beautiful characters and when written well these characters are much more picturesque than the most beautiful English writing.

Mrs. Fitch of the Presbyterian Mission across the river brought us some strawberry plants which I set out, I hope they are a success.  
E. Thursday, Oct. 24. Mission Prayer Meeting in the afternoon, a large number present. Met Mr. Loosely of Wichita, Kansas of the C.I.M.

Friday, Oct. 25. Miss Corbin passed her fortieth birthday last August Chefoo. The Chinese heard of it and as it is their custom to make much of the fortieth, fiftieth and sixtieth birthdays, when she returned the presents began to come in from the women, many of whom had been in the girls school years before and counted themselves as Miss Corbin's girls. According to Chinese custom, Miss Corbin could do no less than invite these friends to a feast. This she did and the feast occurred today at her house. Miss Elgie and I were invited as honorary guests and allowed to eat with the silver mounted chopsticks which were among the presents.

The feast was set for twelve noon and at that hour all the guests had arrived, in all about thirty women and several small children. We were seated at five small square tables all in one large room. There were no table cloths and the seats were benches just as the people usually have all shining clean.

When we were seated they sang the blessing, the school girls leading. Then the feast began. No one had plates, each person having a pair of chopsticks and a heavy porcelain spoon. The eatables in bowls were placed in the center of the table and all helped themselves from these bowls. Rice comes near the last and each person has a bowl and his own cup of tea which is last of all after all the food is eaten.

The dishes were many and varied, many of them vegetable and meat stews. Among others were boiled peanuts, garnished with pork, boiled chestnuts, spinach and mutton, boiled hen-tz ( a small sea vivalue) in the shell, pickled crabs, boiled crabs, fish with ginger sauce, noodles, roasted watermelon seeds, which are cracked with one's teeth when you learn how.

The noodles correspond to our birthday cake, meaning long life and must all be eaten by the guests. Many of the dishes did not taste so bad, but their number made one long to escape. The other guests seemed to have no such feelings but devoured all that appeared with great gusto. What little escaped was carefully done up in their handkerchiefs and carried home. This is the custom among woman at feasts. The girls among whom we ate were very polite, always waiting until Miss Elgie and I had taken of a dish before helping themselves and even helping us.

All bones and refuse is left on the bare table which soon is covered with piles of refuse heaps. (You see why they use no table-cloths) Taken all in all, it was not so bad; but this was an exceptionally fine feast.

In the evening Frank and I read Browning.

Saturday, Oct. 26. Went across the river to the Settlement this afternoon and called at the Presbyterian Mission.

F. Viewed the moon through Dr. Goddard's telescope.

Sunday, Oct. 27. Went to the South Gate chapel this morning. Our way led right through the business part of the city and the people were buying and selling just as on other days; two miles of heathenism, we



are so weak to undertake it. But the resources of the King of Kings is at our command. "Jehovah will give strength and victory."

At the South Gate chapel, the preacher and his family were all very pleasant. The building was clean and tidy.

We went up over the Salt Gate to view the sunset. Just then an idol procession came along, with beating of gongs and firing of crackers with a great idol in a chair and a ragged looking apology for a dragon that seemed about to come to pieces. The people did not seem to take it very seriously, except perhaps a lot of little children, who put their hands together in worship before the idol in a way that made us feel very sad.

On top of the wall we saw cannon in various states of dis-repair that hadn't been used since the time of the Tai ping rebellion 1850-1864.

The sunset was finer than any we saw on the ocean. The golden sand seemed to sift down over the beautiful western hills and after the sun got near the horizon, the western sky was a mass of gold filigree work. It was a true Chinese sunset for the Chinese word for sunset "Nyh-deo-loh-saen" means the head of the day dropping behind the mountains.

In the evening we looked over some of my old outlines to get a prayer meeting subject for next week. Then we studied the two "Genealogies" in the Life of Christ. We got a great deal of food and comfort from this seeming dry list with the help of Dr. Broadus' Commentary on Matthew. He showed so beautifully how God is working out his plans through many and obscure lives.

Monday, Oct. 28. Dr. Goddard and I went to call at the English Methodist Mission. They have a splendid new compound. Dr. Swallow is a bluff, goodhearted Englishman. We also called at the China Inland Mission. Hudson Taylor began his work here but soon went inland and started work in many before-untouched places so that now this is only a supply station.

Tuesday, Oct. 20. In the afternoon we went to the Bungalow, the oldest foreign house in Ningpo, built about fifty years ago (1848) and began tearing up the small stone borders in the garden, preparatory to making a lawn. The stones were put down by Dr. Lord when he built the place. With considerable repairs it will make us a comfortable home.

Wed. Oct. 30. Today we went to a feast given in our honor by Kong Sin Sang, the pastor of the West Gate church. It was given in the parlor as is the custom and was a great spread. There were perhaps fifty different dishes, all of which one is expected at least to taste. The greater part was very good, but many of the dishes were selected especially to suit our liking. It was my first introduction to chopsticks. I got along fairly well.

After the feast we visited the greatest Buddhist temple in Ningpo where the priests were chanting a mass. In a tower on the grounds is a very large bell. The French carried off one, so this one is new. The large Chinese bells are stationary and have no clappers but are struck on the outside by a suspended beam. It makes a more musical sound than the metal clapper.

This morning Mr. Fitch brought Robert Lewis, Y.M.C.A. secretary from Shanghai, to see us. He came in the interest of the Y convention in Nanking. Dr. Goddard and two young preachers will attend. Our chief business at present is language study and we spend most of our time that way.



Our Baptist Mission prayer meeting met this evening at the Grants'. Many questions came up for discussion; methods of work, emphasis on different kinds of work, capabilities of workers and how they could be helped, etc.

Thursday, Oct. 31. It rained the whole day. It reminded me very much of Rochester weather. I led the combined prayer meeting over the river. My subject was "Learn of me" Mtt. 11:24-30. It was a helpful meeting. This was at 4 P.M.

Friday, Nov. 1. Rained again all day and was very cold and unpleasant.

Saturday, Nov. 2. In the afternoon we went into the city to visit the florists. We went to four different places. The flowers did very well for Chinese. Dr. Goddard bought some roses and chrysanthemums.

We visited the two temples of the City God and the temple near the Salt Gate of the god who as a newly arrived official inquired what was all the excitement. When told that a maiden was to be thrown into the river to appease the river demon, he promptly jumped into the river, slew the demon but lost his own life so the people made him a god and erected this temple for him a long time ago.

We visited the pagoda again. The view from the top is wonderful.

The last time we visited the pagoda the stairs had become so unsafe that no one was permitted to climb them.



## Chapter 14

TALKING CHINESE

Sunday, Nov. 3, 1901. We went to the West Gate Church in the morning. Chinese do not like to go about in the evening as there are no street lights to speak of so there are no evening services. In the afternoon we walked to Miss Corbin's. The sunset was perfectly glorious; in fact, they all seem to be. The delicate heliotrope shade in the east as we walked home was past description.

We are reading Ulhorn's "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism" in the first centuries. Apparently China is just about in the same stage as the Roman Empire at that time. Read Psalms 15 and 16 and studied a section in the Life of Christ.

Monday, Nov. 4. BEGINNING TO TALK. We began reading Mark in the Ningpo Romanized Colloquial. Oh, to be able to speak the language.

After tea we saw Dr. Goddard off on the ship for Shanghai and Nanking, then called at the Methodists and did some shopping in the Settlement. We are to be in charge of the house for ten days after being in China less than a month. We have enough words to be able to manage.

Wed. Nov. 6. This afternoon Mr. Elwin of the English church mission came for me to take a wheel ride. We rode right through the city toward the South Gate. Mr. Elwin had to ring his bell and yell all the time to get the people out of the way. We always had a crowd of boys following us, usually good natured. Once they yelled wa-to-bad, but Mr. Elwin asked them if they were wild beasts of Chinese and that quieted them.

Two Chinese, a Christian doctor and a military officer, met us and went with us to a large monastery near the South gate. The mandarin was very genial and friendly. He is a very progressive man. In the monastery we met the abbot, who had a peculiarly mild and lovely face, with full black beard and shaven head. He entertained us royally, had tea brought and asked us to stay for supper, and carried on a very delightful conversation. He remarked on the different costumes of Mr. Elwin (clerical) and myself and asked if we spoke the same language. (I suppose he was surprised that English and Americans spoke the same language). He wanted to know how far apart England and America were. Then he said we represented four different peoples: English, American, Chinese and Indian, by virtue of his being a Buddhist priest, although he was Chinese. They took us into the main temple to see the idols, the largest in Ningpo. I would think they were twenty-five feet high seated. We went to the kitchen and saw the huge rice pots. Then we went to another part where the priests had been so bad that a mandarin had expelled them and another mandarin lived there. A soldier went through a sword performance and I rode my wheel around the court. Here I saw a typical reception room with the chairs arranged on each side with tea tables between and a couch at the back with a low, long tea table on the middle of the couch. At the gate were hanging the staves they used to beat criminals. The punishment would be so cruel that men often died. Bidding goodbye to our kind friends we rode home under the shadow of the city wall.

Thurs. Nov. 7. Went to the West gate church to prayer meeting accompanied by the servants and all the schoolboys. The meeting was spirited and good.



Sunday, Nov. 10. I went to the West gate to church. Mr. Kong was unwell so Le Tsing Eng, our printer, preached; a very good sermon I should judge. In the afternoon we went to Sunday School. I went along while an old man talked to the heathen. There was a good number and some very interesting faces, especially one boy about sixteen. Oh, for a tongue to speak the riches of Christ, to tell these poor people of His beauty and wisdom and love. We are making some progress.

We came home walking on the city wall with all the boys to attend us.

Friday, Nov. 15. The Djun-dao-we or Ministers Conference met yesterday. I went a little while in the afternoon and this morning I heard most of the men speak and so got some idea of them. There are fourteen preachers. Only one has slant eyes. That characteristic seems most common in the south of China. One, Mr. Tsiu is fat and smiling and the others call him the laughing Buddha. One is tall and eloquent and reminds me of Williamson of St. Louis. They are all going to preach against wife beating which is very common and even occurs sometimes among Christians. They meet every two months.

Sunday, Nov. 17. There were two men and one woman baptized this morning at the West gate church. Strange to say, there are more men converted than woman, partly because the men get out in public more and thus come in contact with the gospel and then the woman are more apt to be ardent Buddhists while most men haven't much religion of any sort.

One member of the church, Mr. Tsiang, a silk weaver who employs a number of people often brings some of his helpers who become Christians. He had a daughter but no sons, so he took a young concubine but when he became a Christian he arranged a marriage for the concubine and adopted a son.

Another person, a blind woman, whose eyes had been blinded by a cruel stepmother and during the Taiping rebellion had been set adrift and came to Ningpo with a band of beggars, was known only as Pao-veng-ahm, or the mother of Pao-veng, is quite a character. She always speaks in prayer meeting, goes into the homes and tells the gospel story to the woman.

Thursday, Nov. 19. Letters from Mother, Walter and Florence. How good to get them. The day mail comes from America is a great day. It happens once in a week or two or a month.

Wed. Nov. 20. Had some of our neighbors to supper. Very enjoyable.

Monday, Nov. 25. Saturday, Dr. Goddard and I went to a station eight miles northwest at a place called Jih-z-kong. We made the journey in a foot boat at a rapid rate. The boat is about three feet wide in the middle and 18 to 20 feet long with a round bamboo cover just high enough to sit down in the bottom which is covered with straw matting. The boatman rows a big oar with both feet and steers with a short paddle and smokes his pipe. In rainy weather he holds an umbrella. People jokingly say that you have to part your hair in the middle lest you upset the boat.

For three miles we went by a continuation of the West gate suburb to a place called Mong Cing gyiao where we have a chapel. From there our journey lay through beautiful flat irrigated fields. Many places we saw the oxen blindfolded going round and round to draw the water out of the canals with the long wooden chain pumps slanting down into the water. The principal thing we saw growing at this season was matting straw. It is very pretty with its round dark green stems. We saw the straw in bundles and also the finished matting. Chinese white cabbage, Bah-tsae is grown every where. It looks more like celery than cabbage.