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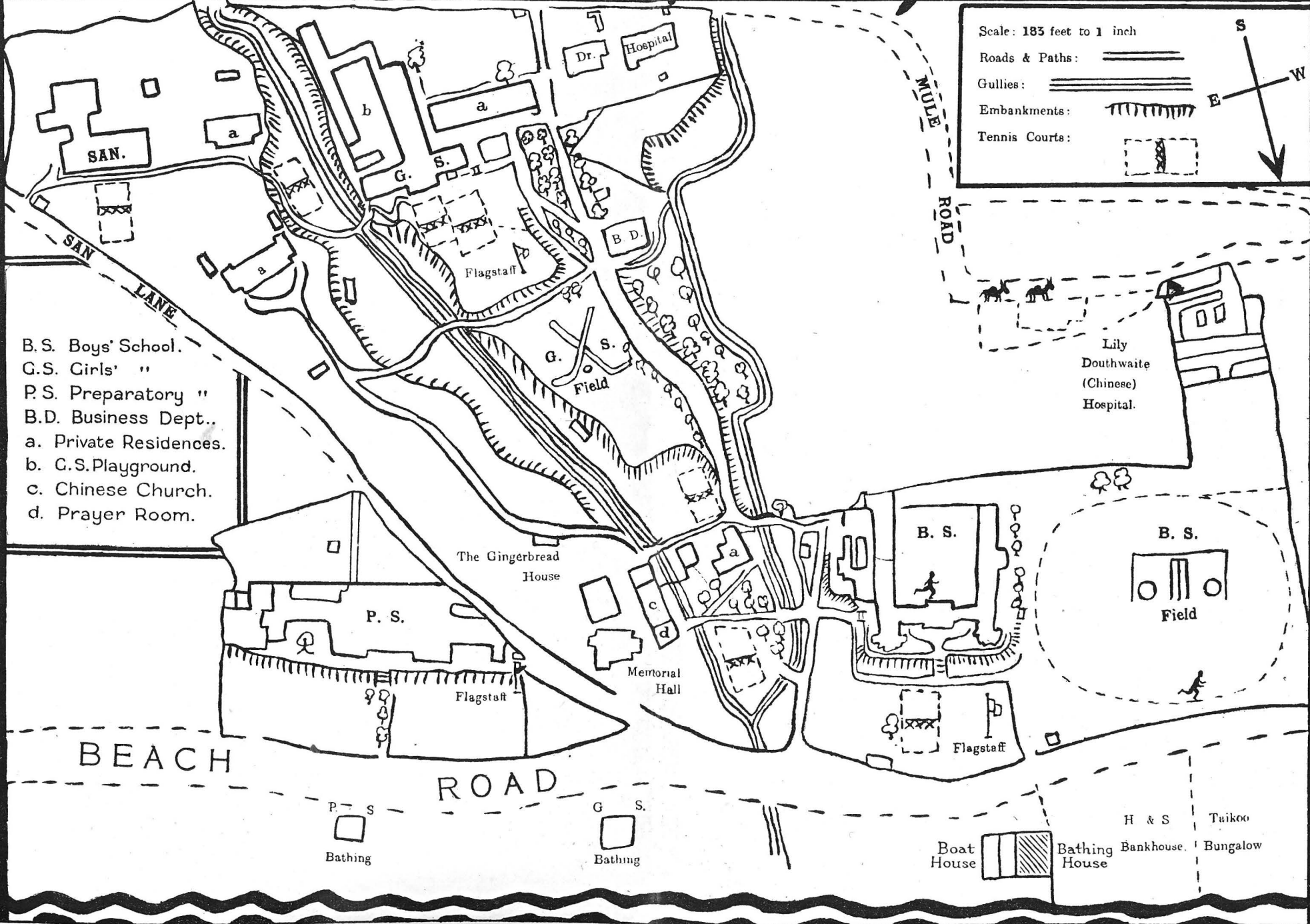
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Mem. C. I. M. Compound, Chefoo.



Scale: 183 feet to 1 inch

Roads & Paths:

Gullies:

Embankments:

Tennis Courts:

S
E
W

- B.S. Boys' School.
- G.S. Girls' "
- P.S. Preparatory "
- B.D. Business Dept..
- a. Private Residences.
- b. C.S. Playground.
- c. Chinese Church.
- d. Prayer Room.

SAN LANE

BEACH ROAD

MILE ROAD

Dr. Hospital

Flagstaff

B. S.

G. S.

Field

The Gingerbread House

P. S.

Flagstaff

Memorial Hall

B. S.

Field

Flagstaff

Bathing

Bathing

Boat House

Bathing House

H & S

Taikoo Bungalow

Lily Douthwaite (Chinese) Hospital.



Photo by

[K. Powell

PANORAMIC VIEW OF CHEFOO, SHOWING THE BLUFF ON THE HORIZON, SETTLEMENT POINT
ON THE LEFT, AND IN THE FOREGROUND, THE BOYS' SCHOOL, GIRLS' SCHOOL, SANATORIUM,
AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Frontispiece

CHEFOO

BY

STANLEY HOUGHTON, B.A.

EDITH B. HARMAN

AND

MARGARET PYLE

WITH FOREWORD BY

F. McCARTHY

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON
PHILADELPHIA, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, AND
SHANGHAI

AGENTS: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

4 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4 . . 1931

FOREWORD

“LITTLE is much if God is in it.” Who, fifty years ago, looking at that class of three boys, gathered in a small room in the doctor’s house, could have foretold what great proportions would be attained from such a small beginning? But “with God all things are possible”, and to-day, in this our Jubilee Year, we thank God for His grace given to Mr. Hudson Taylor and Mr. Elliston that they did not “despise the day of small things”, for to them and to each member of the China Inland Mission, in the succeeding years, has been given the joy of watching the expansion of the work. They have not needed to wait for the time of rejoicing until maturity had been reached. For our school has followed the course of so much that is characteristic of our Mission in other departments—that is, a gradual advance from seemingly quite inefficient arrangements—but each step forward has been an opportunity to secure experience for greater responsibility and to try out ways and means in administration. Thus God has led us on, and brought us to a “Rehoboth”, where He has made room for us: and now we celebrate our Jubilee with rejoicing.

The wells of memory have been stirred while perusing the pages following; but one must refrain from

adding more to the descriptions so graphically given by the writers, each of whom is, or has been, a member of the staff in the school. Occasional overlapping may be noticed, but this is explained by the fact that each wrote independently of the other. Moreover, in every living organism, the past can be traced in the present, as the present will be in the future.

With regard to the name of our school, it has been customary to refer to the Boys' School, Girls' School, and Preparatory School. But our official title is "The China Inland Mission School", with its three departments. The old name, "The Protestant Collegiate School", was given to it because, when it was founded, nearly all the education of boys and girls in China was in the hands of the Roman Catholics.

The Mission's activities in Chefoo have not been confined to the school. From the very commencement work has been carried on, not only amongst the Chinese on the Compound, but amongst others outside. A small primary school for the sons of the Christians has been in existence for many years. A flourishing work amongst the girls and women in the silk factories in Chefoo, and also in the neighbouring villages, has been signally blessed of God. Since there is a resident doctor on the Compound, we have sought to "heal the sick" as well as "preach the Gospel" at the Chinese hospital. In connection with that institution, it is an interesting fact that the "Warden of the Gate" is an aged Christian converted more than fifty years ago, while working on the first building put up on our Compound.

May the record given in the following pages stimu-

late prayer and praise, and bring glory to Him Whose Name is Wonderful.

F. McCARTHY

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE number of present and former members of the Chefoo staff who have assisted, by suggestions or criticism, in the production of this booklet is very large.

We are especially indebted to Mr. H. J. Alty for permission to use his account of the Chefoo School, a carefully compiled manuscript which saved much time and labour in research.

The cover picture is from a painting by Miss M. A. Orr-Ewing, who was both a former pupil and, later, a member of the Girls' School staff. The scene is familiar to everyone who has lived in Chefoo, for the School faces the "Bluff" across the bay.

The plan of the Compound used for the endpapers of this book was prepared by a member of the staff, Mr. S. Gordon Martin, M.A.

A FEW DATES IN THE HISTORY OF
THE CHINA INLAND MISSION SCHOOL, CHEFOO

- 1881. Foundation.
- 1883. Boys' and Girls' Schools separated.
- 1887. Mr. F. McCarthy joined the Boys' School Staff.
- 1888. Death of Mr. Elliston, the first Headmaster. Also of Mr. Norris, his successor.
- 1891. A centre formed for the College of Preceptors' Examinations.
- 1895. Preparatory School started, and moved to Tungshin. Mr. McCarthy appointed Headmaster.
- 1896. Foundation Stone of the present Boys' School laid.
- 1897. Girls' School enlarged.
- 1898. Boys' School completed.
- 1899. Preparatory School moved back to Compound. Death of Dr. Douthwaite.
- 1900. *Boxer Rising.*
- 1901. Preparatory School moved to present building.
- 1907. Girls' School enlarged.
- 1908. Oxford Local Examinations held for the first time.
- 1910-11. *Outbreak of pneumonic plague in Chefoo.*
- 1911-12. *The Revolution in China.*
- 1914-18. *The Great War.*
- 1915. The present Hospital built.
- 1921. Unveiling of War Memorial Tablet.
- 1924. Opening of Memorial Hall.
- 1930. Retirement of Mr. McCarthy.
- 1931. Jubilee.

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TODAY

FOUNDATION DAY

THE sun was dazzling, the sand glaring, the sea lazily shimmering, but no one expected it would be otherwise at four o'clock on an afternoon in the middle of June; no one at least who lived on the shores of the Yellow Sea at Chefoo, the busy northern port in the province of Shantung. It was the same sun, the same sand, the same sea, but to-day the spirit of adventure was abroad. The sun shone resplendent in the heavens, the grains of sand seemed almost to crackle under foot, the sea began to shiver convulsively.

And then the beach became alive with figures; round the edge of the boathouse they ran. There were boys in khaki shorts and shirts, hurrying, excited, and chattering: taller boys sauntering in cool white rowing-vests, hiding their nervousness by an air of unconcern. Here and there the eye caught a dash of colour in the white-and-carmine, black-and-red caps which some members of the School Boat Club had earned the right to wear. Still they came—"kiddies and grown-ups too"—Prepites under ten, looking like a monstrous wriggling snake, as they moved towards the shore from the large white building on the sea-front: older folks standing about in groups, waiting, chatting. Then came the long line of girls who formed behind ten of their number, distinguished from the crowd by their sailor-collars of red or blue and white. The crews were all present.

The voice of the rowing-coach boomed through the megaphone: the whole company obeyed and formed a semicircle round the front of the boathouse: a short speech was made: a lady rose to present colours to two or three of the boys' crew, cheers were raised, and the adventurous took to small boats. When the umpires had taken up their appointed stations, crews were towed by a launch to the end of the bay and the crowd breathlessly awaited the pistol-shot which was to signal the start of the first race.

On shore nothing could be heard save the unceasing cries of "*Hero*", "*Leander*", as the two boats furrowed the sea with well-timed precision and raced through the water to the winning-post. Louder and louder grew the shouting, tenser and tenser grew the faces of parents whose sons formed the crews. Was it possible? Could the *Hero* ever shorten that long gap? And still they rowed, and Stroke kept his head, and with fine judgment, relying on the superior weight and ready compliance of his team, he spurred. The crowd held its breath. *Leander* writhed like a wounded serpent and, as the umpire's shrill whistle sounded, *Hero* shot past to win by half a length. Two more races full of the same thrills, one for the girls and one for the boys, and the first part of the annual celebrations of Foundation Day at the China Inland Mission School was complete.

At eight o'clock the following morning the Boys' School Cricket XI met a team of masters and parents on the only cricket ground Chefoo boasts—in the grounds of the school. Before half an hour had elapsed, the raised seats provided for spectators were well filled with visitors, parents, and members of the school: all of them, it must be confessed, anxious that, on this occasion at least, the boys should show their superiority



MAP OF CHINA, SHOWING CHEFOO AND OTHER PLACES MENTIONED
IN THE BOOK



“ AND THEN THE BEACH BECAME ALIVE WITH FIGURES ”

(see p. 3)



THE BOAT RACE, WITH THE BOYS' SCHOOL IN THE BACKGROUND

To face p. 5

over the older generation! And show it they did, if by only a small margin of runs.

The sun was already high in the heavens when all the company left the field for the Memorial Hall, built in memory of the Old Boys who fell in the Great War. Here was held a service in which the youngest child in the Preparatory School could join equally with the most senior missionary: a service where praise to God was the predominant note, where all were reminded of the necessity of making Jesus Christ the foundation of their lives.*

A few steps from the Memorial Hall round the corner of the Prayer Room, once part of the original Boys' School building, a path leads across a tiny bridge spanning a narrow gully, through a clump of trees, to join the main road up the Compound. On one side lies a plot of grass, planted here and there with acacias and mulberry trees, and, on the other, another plot behind a hedgerow, where shrubs and trees grow in charming disorder. Nestling in the background stands the house of one of the masters, a long, low bungalow, famous in the history of the Compound as part of the first Boys' School.

In these restful surroundings, protected from the sun by the spreading branches of the trees, with the grass for a carpet, all the friends of the school gather year after year for afternoon tea and social intercourse on this festive day. Here, too, brothers meet their sisters, and the schools fortify themselves with buns and lemonade before the annual tennis matches are played.

As the hour of four draws near, a small group of boys

* This account is typical: it does not profess to represent the celebrations of any particular year.

and girls, growing obviously restless, moves towards a large building, partially covered with creeper, picturesquely set on a terrace a few feet above the general lie of the land. This is the signal for the remainder of the company to saunter to the seats placed on two terraces overlooking the north tennis-court of the Boys' School.

Who is not fascinated by a crowd? Here is good material for the psychologist, an attractive setting for the photographer, and a suitable opportunity for us to chit-chat. The spectators include many from distant parts of China. Here are parents who, in response to the call of God and the needs of the unreached millions, have made their home in districts hundreds of miles from Chefoo: parents, some of whom have not seen their children for three years. Here is a mother from the borders of Burma, who has travelled many miles overland before taking the long steamer trip *via* Hongkong and Shanghai to spend the summer with her daughter, who is a boarder at the Preparatory School. On the terrace below is a doctor with his family, who travelled for weeks through brigand-infested areas, before he reached the coast in safety, to bring two of his children to the Preparatory School.

But the first part of the tennis tournament is almost over, a boy and a girl are the proud possessors of the champion racquets given to the pair who win mixed doubles, and it is time for the matches between the past and present members of the school to be played. As these are concluded the light begins to fail. Time is short; for there is still another function before the time-honoured celebrations come to an end. Supper over, everyone gathers in the Memorial Hall for the concert of vocal and musical items: and the day's proceedings

close with the Doxology, sung from hearts full of thankfulness to God for another year rich with His blessing.

Can such things be in China? Yes, in spite of the impression the reader of a home newspaper might gain from a glance at the news bulletin from China, where famine and flood, brigandage and bribery, seem to make up the sum total of living conditions in that country. It must be admitted that Chefoo has suffered less than most places in China, and no place has proved safer for foreigners during the past decade.

But it would be misleading to omit the Chinese background to Foundation Day celebrations. Each item in the day's programme is dependent on Chinese preparation. "Kan-sanpan-tih" (the boatman) looks after the boathouse on the beach, uses Chinese servants from the school to carry the boats to the water with a long carrying-pole and ropes, and smilingly receives his annual tip at the conclusion of the races. It is a Chinese who has carefully prepared the cricket-pitch, which lies like a strip of sandy-coloured linoleum on a carpet of green. Chinese servants, in long blue gowns and trousers bound tightly above the ankles, are much in evidence when tea is served under the trees. The tennis-court is dug, prepared, rolled, and marked entirely by Chinese; and, finally, the Memorial Hall was built by Chinese with stone of local quarrying.

THE SCHOOL

THE China Inland Mission Compound serves two main objects: the education of the children and the recuperation of missionaries suffering from ill-health. The buildings accordingly include three separate schools, with classrooms and boarding accommodation for staff and children, a treasury and business department, the Memorial Hall, the Prayer Room, a hospital, and a capacious sanatorium, in addition to private residences. Provision is made, too, for a Chinese Church, a laundry, and bakery, besides dwellings for many of the Chinese engaged in service on the Compound. The Chinese hospital stands on the Ninghai Road, commonly known as the Mule Road, which forms one of the boundaries on the Compound.

As school life at Chefoo involves so much more than is general at schools in the homelands, a sketch of the scholastic development alone would convey a one-sided impression of the life as a whole. It is generally recognized nowadays that the education of a child should begin in the home. Let us attempt to outline the background of the average boy or girl who comes to the Preparatory School from the interior, bearing in mind that the school is primarily, but not exclusively, for the sons and daughters of members of the China Inland Mission or missions associated with that body.

Born in a mission station many miles from the coast, the average boy first imitates the speech of the Chinese, mingling in quaint fashion a few English words learned from his parents. Often he meets no other children but those of the Chinese Christians, his other companions being his father and mother. Under ideal conditions, with exceptional care on the part of his parents, the early influence surrounding his life may be healthy and pure; but this depends largely on the time his mother can devote to his training. Some children see and hear far more than their parents realize. For weeks at a time his father may be away from home, visiting distant out-stations, or taking evangelistic tours through districts previously unreached with the Gospel. The boy certainly receives his fair share of admiration from the Chinese, though, as he grows and dons foreign clothes suitable for his age, admiration is less noticeable than curiosity. If he wears short trousers, Chinese boys will tauntingly ask whether he does not feel cold—bare knees being taboo for Chinese children in most parts.

At length the time comes for him to make the long journey to the coast with his parents. He probably arrives at Chefoo in the summer, and is left behind, almost an orphan, at the close of August, when the school year opens.

And what a journey! Perhaps on a raft of goat-skins, gliding hundreds of miles down the broad stream of the Yellow River, in constant danger from armed robbers on the riverside; perhaps in a cart—one of those springless, incessantly-creaking wagons on tyreless wheels, drawn by a four-legged creature euphemistically dubbed a horse; perhaps, if speed is preferred to comparative comfort, by 'bus, a misshapen piece of mechanism, so badly treated by drivers and roads that it has no option

but to treat its passengers likewise. As often as not, the close of the day will see the traveller lodged in a way-side inn infested by elusive microscopic creatures from which man would fain flee. But once the railhead is reached, the journey to the coast is continued in comparative comfort.

Once in the Preparatory School, John—for now he no longer answers to the Chinese name by which he has been known—finds himself in an entirely new world; a world of new faces and new experiences, of long corridors and airy classrooms, of bewildering rules and regulations. The clockwork regularity of the various items on the day's programme, the novelty of playing with other boys, the kindly welcome of the staff, and the attraction of the shore, doubtless make their unconscious appeal to him after the first sense of loneliness has disappeared.

The story is told of a missionary who prefaced an account of God's work in her station in the interior of Szechwan with words such as these: "I cannot tell you of the encouragements and difficulties of the work in my station without first praising God for the Chefoo School. Without it I should not be in Szechwan; for it is only because I can leave my two girls in such loving hands that I feel ready to remain in the interior."

The record of long service which stands to the credit of many a missionary of the China Inland Mission is surely due in part to the fact that provision has been made in China itself for the children of missionaries to be educated. In other missions it happens, not infrequently, that the parents retire from missionary service when their children reach school age.

Though parents tear themselves from their children at Chefoo with aching hearts, knowing that one, two,

or even three years may elapse before they see them again, yet they experience real relief in knowing that their children are safe, and no longer exposed to the hardships and uncertainties of life in the interior. They leave them with the thought that the members of the staff, each a missionary, have the best interests of the children at heart, and are prepared to spend and be spent in prayerful endeavour to win them for Christ and train them to realize to the full the capabilities with which they have been endowed.

The scholastic training in the Preparatory School coincides with the up-to-date methods followed in British schools. Boys and girls from six to ten years of age live, work, and play together in a large building which faces due north and commands an extensive view of the bay and harbour of Chefoo. As this building is in need of constant repair and the structure has been condemned, plans are being prepared for the erection of a new building. By the time they are ready to enter one of the other schools the children can read, spell, and write satisfactorily; they have also mastered the elementary principles of arithmetic. All the subjects considered indispensable nowadays for the foundation of a good education are also taught, handwork and singing being given the importance attached to them in the home countries.

Homesickness rapidly disappears and the children settle down very happily.

The north playground, which extends the whole length of the school building and is protected by a high wall, is a large grass plot below a steep bank planted with trees. Here the children ramble at will and play during the summer months when they are not on the beach; here, too, the boys learn something of the

rudiments of cricket; and here is the arena for the annual Sports Day. In colder weather the girls and boys use separate playgrounds on the south side of the building, where the full benefit of the sunshine may be obtained.

When the children have spent one year in the top form—Upper I—or have reached the age of ten years, they pass into either the Girls' School or the Boys' at the beginning of the school year. A completely new chapter in their lives now opens. Delight in a newly found freedom and a sense of bewilderment at so different an environment mingle confusedly in their minds at first, but the majority settle down quickly and find their feet by the end of the term.

The education at the senior schools embraces a liberal number of subjects, the syllabus of study being so arranged as to afford an opportunity, to all who reach the upper forms, of sitting for the Oxford Local Junior Examination and the School Certificate. Statistics covering the last twenty years show that a satisfactory standard has been attained in these public tests. In the year 1930, two girls and two boys gained First Class Honours in the School Certificate; one boy and one girl also obtained Second Class Honours. Moreover, the distinction mark was gained in Scripture, English, Roman History, and Mathematics.

Training in leadership and co-operation is given in both schools to those who show themselves worthy of trust, the prefect system being run systematically. *Esprit de corps* is officially encouraged by the house system and by Form expeditions, while every boy or girl is encouraged to make his or her own individual contribution to the public life of the school. Some of the boys make their *début* at the weekly meeting of the

Literary and Debating Society; others win laurels on the sports field; but occupations out of school naturally differ in the two schools.

The girls' outdoor sports are netball, hockey, tennis, boating, and swimming. The Boys' School quadrangle and field play a large part in the life of the boys. Besides providing two fives-courts and a tennis-court, the "Quad"—as it is always termed—is the stage for a series of definite games which appear at definite seasons, and establish themselves only to give way to the next craze. Most of these games are played with a ball, but towards the close of the summer term the old game of "Prisoners' Base", played by perhaps thirty or forty boys, supersedes all others. Let anyone who wants to see youth in its full glory and grace, expectant, excited, mirthful, bursting with energy, visit the "Quad" between six and seven o'clock on a June evening and he will pine to renew the days of his own childhood.

Though unwise stress is not laid on sport, the school recognizes not only the importance of healthy exercise for its own sake, but also the influence of organized games on the building of character. Drill, which includes physical training of various kinds, is a regular part of the curriculum in both schools. All boys play cricket and football and train for athletic sports, unless pronounced medically unfit. The men of the foreign community in Chefoo provide the element of outside competition—impossible to obtain in the girls' out-of-door activities—by sending a team on Saturdays to play matches against the Boys' School. In the summer every boy learns to swim, and very few leave the School without being able to swim two miles, many successfully covering even three miles. The girls' record, too, in swimming, is one of which the School may well be

proud. The boys and girls have separate Boat Clubs, which function during May and June, in preparation for the Boat Races on Foundation Day, while Mixed Doubles in tennis are played on the same occasion, as we have already mentioned.

THE MEMORIAL HALL

THE interdenominational character of the Mission is evident in the school. Though the absence of sectarian views prevents the boys and girls from becoming attached to organized bodies of Christians, it also doubtless saves them from emulating the narrow party spirit which is largely responsible for a lack of religious unity in the homelands. Needless to say, the doctrinal principles of the China Inland Mission operate fully in the schools. Morning Prayers are conducted daily by the heads of each school. Special attention is paid to the inclusion in the time-table of Scripture lessons.

A period of silence allotted for Quiet Time in the morning and evening makes it easier for those who are in earnest to read and pray. Bible classes are held on Sunday afternoons, and once every Sunday boys and girls attend worship either at the Union Church or the Church of England. Yet perhaps the service conducted every Sunday for the three combined schools in the Memorial Hall leaves the deepest impression on all who pass through the school.

Let us enter the building half an hour before service-time on a hot, steamy day at the end of July. Passing through the porch, we see the main doors swing open. We enter on our right a spacious airy hall and are instantly aware, as we look towards the opposite end, that the seats are arranged on a very gradual but per-

ceptible slope, the lowest part of which ends abruptly in a raised platform, which juts out from the white wall in its rear. Attached to the rear of the black railing which rises about three feet from the platform is a draping of old-gold colour which matches the gilt monogram, C.I.M.S., in the centre. It reappears as a hanging for a curtain which relieves the light background of the platform wall. As our eyes catch the old-gold stain on the gently sloping backs of the long cane seats, we see some boys arriving at one door and some girls at another. These form the choir of thirty-six, who sit in two groups on either side of the Hall, below the platform. We must sit down quickly ourselves, if we want to secure a good seat. The Hall is rapidly filling now. Here come the boys in white suits, most of them in shorts—for the heat is somewhat overpowering, as is obvious from the incessant movement of fans all over the Hall. Through another entrance trails the long file of girls, dressed in white, speedily followed by the Preparatory School children, who sit on low seats below the platform. If we stay to the service, we shall be impressed by the heartiness of the congregational singing accompanied on the grand piano—the gift of an Old Girl—the reality and sincerity of the prayers, the rustling of pages as passages from the Bible are read, and the evangelical tone of the message delivered. As we hear special prayer offered for the Old Boys and Girls now scattered over the world, we shall be reminded, too, of the fact that this Hall was built in memory of the Old Boys who fell in the war.

The Memorial Hall is not devoted solely to worship. Here are held end-of-term concerts; here, during the winter session, fortnightly lectures are given on topics intended to widen the intellectual outlook of the boys

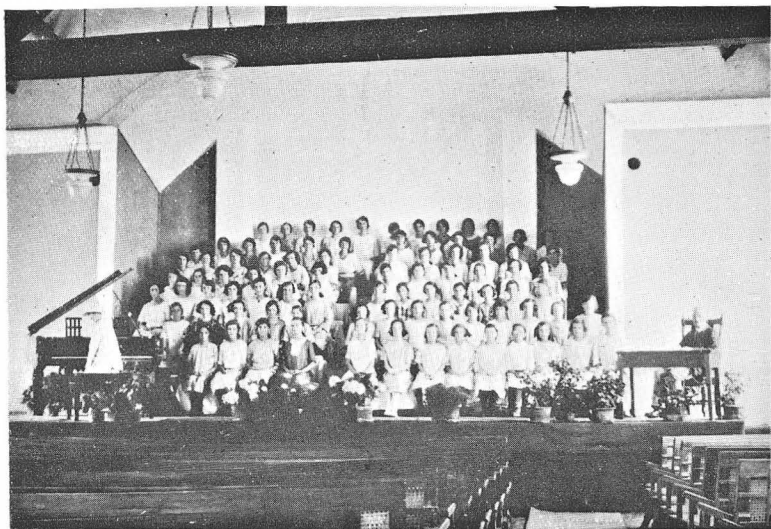


Photo by]

[Miss M. A. Orr-Ewing

THE GIRLS ON THE ENLARGED PLATFORM IN THE MEMORIAL HALL

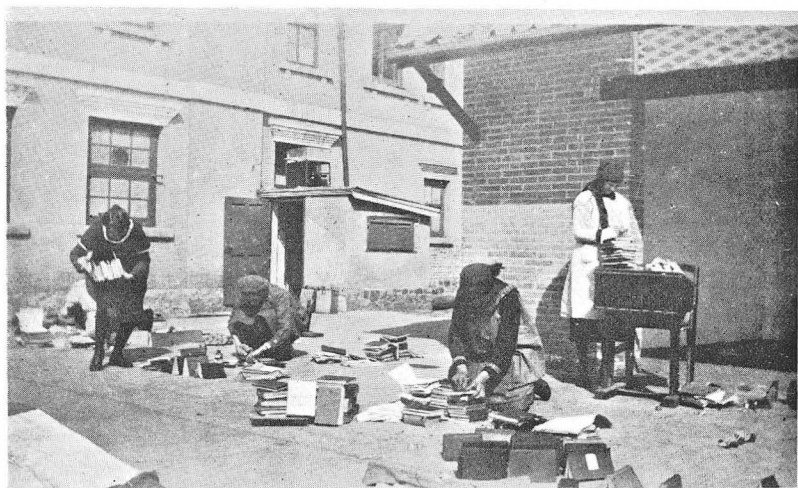


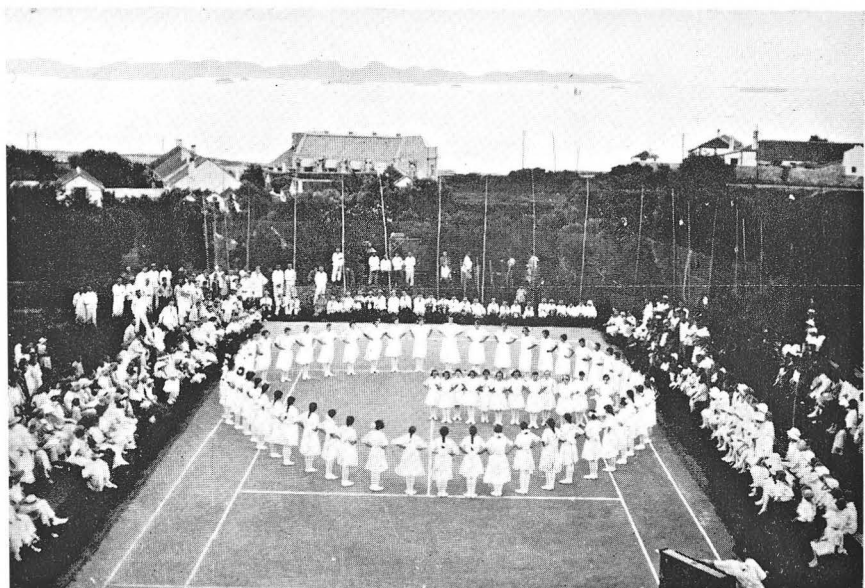
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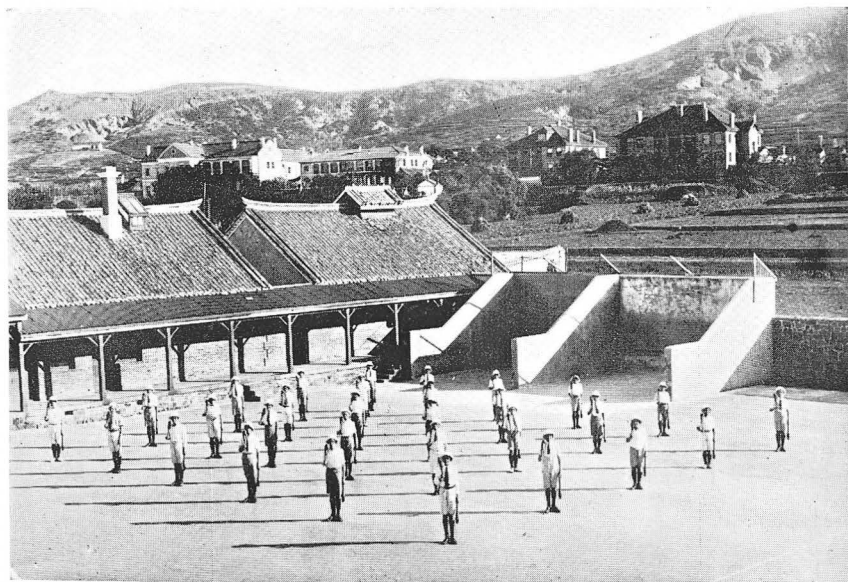
A BUSY DAY IN THE GIRLS' PLAYGROUND

Sorting books after disinfection (see p. 46)

To face p. 16



THE GIRLS' DRILLING DISPLAY, WITH THE MEMORIAL HALL IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE BLUFF ON THE HORIZON



THE BOYS' DRILLING DISPLAY IN THE QUAD. WITH ITS FIVES COURTS. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL

EXHIBITIONS

To face p. 17

and girls: here are held the annual prize-givings, known in Chefoo as "Exhibitions", when on three successive days the schools take turns to appear on an enlarged platform built for the occasion, and present a programme of vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with recitations, to an audience which occupies every seat of the Hall.

BEHIND THE SCENES

“MAN’s chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever.” So run the words of the Shorter Catechism, and so may be fitly summed up the motto which the staff of the school set before them in their daily contact with the boys and girls. The education of the whole man must primarily be concerned with the spirit of man. The realization that in those committed to their charge are potential forces for good or evil, unites the staff of the C.I.M. School in one common, purposeful determination to exert only those influences which will tend to lead the boys and girls to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. But the recognition of their powerlessness to co-operate in God’s work apart from the Holy Spirit’s leading, forces the staff to their knees. In prayer was the school planted, by prayer must the school be watered. It is a statement of fact that no school in the world can owe more to prayer than does the C.I.M. School.

Not only is there concentrated prayer from many parents, from other members of the Mission, and from prayer-helpers in the home countries, but within the walls of the schools themselves prayer rises daily from the staff and many of the boys and girls. Each of the schools has a daily staff prayer-meeting, and each member of the staff is supplied with a prayer-list containing the names of the staff and children, for private use. Every Tuesday evening the three staffs regularly meet

to pray for every department of the work. By the girls and boys, too, prayer-groups are organized.

Come with me in thought to the Boys' School on any Thursday evening after the usual period of preparation is over. A dozen or so of boys in the Upper School will be found devoting a quarter of an hour of their spare time to prayer. After the leader (sometimes a master, more usually a boy) has suggested a few topics for special mention, the boys will pray, one after another, sincerely, simply, and earnestly, for various aspects of the school life, for the Old Boys, and for God's work in different parts of the world. The brief meeting over, one may remain behind to talk to the master about some problem in his Christian life.

It is at such times as these that a master has an opportunity of establishing close personal contact and of gaining the confidence of the boys. But opportunities abound. In the Girls' School, girls often obtain leave to visit a mistress just before bedtime. Some of the Preparatory School teachers arrange to have the special oversight of one or more dormitories, in order to get in touch with the children during those most impressionable moments before they go to sleep. Married members of the staff can give the boys and girls a touch of home life by inviting them from time to time to their homes. Once sympathetic contact has been established, barriers can more easily be broken, and it is possible for life problems to be discussed. Friendly relationships between staff and children are, however, the rule rather than the exception. Suffice it to say that it is the prayer of every member of the staff that no boy or girl may pass through the school without entering into vital touch with the Lord Jesus Christ by being born again.

In addition to the unofficial occasions when spiritual

help may be given to the boys and girls, there are the official meetings, called "Bands", which are held in both schools on Wednesday evenings. Speakers chosen by the seniors are invited to address the gatherings, which are always well attended. At the Boys' School, the White Cross Association, with its committee of masters and boys, has proved an invaluable asset towards purity of life. In the Preparatory School, naturally enough, the children are too young to organize anything for themselves. The children often give their confidence to those who love them and look after their interests. Some of the staff have recently adopted the plan of inviting a boy or girl to their own rooms while Quiet Time is being observed by the remainder of the school—a new method which is certainly appreciated by the children.

On the last Saturday of the summer term, 1931, eight boys gave brief testimonies of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and were later baptized. Two of these said that they believed their Christian lives began in the Preparatory School as a result of talks at evening prayers. Another referred to the help received from a Sunday address by a member of the staff in the Memorial Hall. Another mentioned how he had been influenced by the change in his elder brother since he had become a Christian.

On the same evening, at a Girls' School testimony meeting, eight girls confessed their faith in Christ. Here again it was a great joy to hear of conversion or blessing resulting from services in the Memorial Hall, and from personal work of other Christian girls in the school. Some mentioned, too, the influence of the Children's Special Service Mission gatherings, which are held generally in August and January.

SOME DIFFICULTIES

ARE there unusual handicaps and difficulties in running a school for westerners in the east? Stiff handicaps and peculiar difficulties. The foreign child born in the interior of China is handicapped from the start. Cut off from contact with western children of his own age, he may spend much of his time with the Chinese. From his Chinese companions he may learn much that is undesirable, if not actually harmful, for him to know. Unless his parents give considerable time and care to his upbringing, he may receive, through eye or ear, bad impressions which time will never obliterate. The low standard of purity and lack of delicacy amongst the Chinese undoubtedly affect some children more than others, but the danger is very real.

As the boys and girls of the school are eventually destined to live in Europe or America, they need to be abreast of the continual changes and developments of western countries, but the necessarily sheltered life at Chefoo makes this difficult of accomplishment. The schools are unable to obtain the advantages of the large reference and circulating libraries so much valued in the home countries. Apparatus near to hand in the west is either unobtainable or very costly in the east. Competition with other schools is also impossible.

Another outstanding difficulty is the lack of home life for the boys and girls. However much is done

towards rectifying this, there is no real remedy. When a boy does not see his parents for three years, and lives meanwhile in a building of bare desks, bare forms, and bare tables, is it surprising if he finds it difficult at times to view life as happily as the schoolboy who spends his holidays at home with his parents? But boys who are converted, and can appreciate the sacrifice their parents are making by living so far from the coast, learn to take the separation from their parents as part of their share in the extension of Christ's Kingdom; and, happily, those who see their parents at such long intervals are few.

While the boys' bounds extend some distance beyond the Compound, the girls are necessarily more restricted in their liberty of movement than they would be in the home countries. The many activities in the school and Compound, however, to some extent make up for this lack of freedom; and boys and girls alike seem to be very happy in their school life.

The reunions of Old Boys and Girls in London, Toronto, and other places from time to time show how strong is the bond which binds them to the old school. The fact that the Chefoo Schools' Association, with its headquarters in England and its branches in North America, Australasia, and China, still functions and has recently forged a new link with the school by sending a news-sheet of the activities of the Old Boys and Girls for publication in the *Chefusian*, the school magazine, proves that the members of the Association want to keep alive the memory of the past. By letters, personal visits, and gifts the Old Boys and Girls have constantly shown their appreciation of the C.I.M. School. Only in this Jubilee year some of the past members of the school in China have presented a new diving-raft as a token of their gratitude and love for the school.

Those who serve on the staff are indeed thankful that the work is not in vain, but their chief ground for encouragement will always be the knowledge that God is in the midst. The school and the whole Compound are a standing witness to His power to supply every need in answer to believing prayer, to His wonderful provision of a shelter and refuge for the children of His servants, and to His leading and guidance during the past fifty years. The very handicaps and difficulties present a challenge to all who read these words to join the number of those who faithfully and regularly seek to strengthen, by fervent and persevering prayer, the hands of those in the forefront of the battle. To pray for the work of the school at Chefoo is to sympathize in no small measure with missionary parents in China and to lighten their daily burdens. The promise once given to the city of God we may confidently claim for the Compound at Chefoo—"God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved".

YESTERDAY

1881

God plants us where we grow.—BROWNING.

IN 1878 a terrible famine in North China was stirring the sympathy and pity of praying men and women in England. Millions were facing starvation, women and girls were being sold into slavery, children were dying by thousands, and harrowing tales of every description were reaching Mr. Hudson Taylor's ears. He was in England at the time, and as he sought to make known the needs of the poor sufferers, his heart burned within him and the burden of the condition of womanhood in China increased almost beyond endurance. This burden he naturally shared with his wife. But it was not until after a time of deep heart-searching that she was at length willing to go forth alone to China to organize relief and refuge work for the women of the stricken province of Shansi. She felt very keenly this separation from her husband and children, but it meant even more perhaps to Mr. Taylor, who, in poor health at the time, would miss her sorely in the work and in the home and care of their children.

In 1865 the responsibility of sending pioneer missionaries into the inland provinces of China weighed heavily upon Mr. Taylor. Now there was to be a further test to his faith as God gave him the vision of women workers scattered over that great heathen land, of Christian homes away in the interior and of little ones brought up in the

dark surroundings of heathendom. Was it not part of the Lord's gracious dealing with His servant that He should have allowed Mr. Taylor's own wife to be one of the first pioneer women missionaries? The separation of the mother from her little ones at an age when childhood needs the loving care and training of parenthood also gave Mr. Taylor that sympathetic insight which enabled him to understand the hearts of other parents, as they too were called upon to send their boys and girls away from home—home in China, a place of danger to little eyes and ears because situated in the heart of a heathen city.

On a coastal steamer making its way from Shanghai to Chefoo, Mr. Hudson Taylor was lying weak and ill. It was May 1879, and after a strenuous year in England Mr. Taylor had reached China full of plans for the extension of the work and for visits to the stations. It was going to be an extremely busy time for him. Correspondence had accumulated during his enforced rest on the outward journey, and there was the editing of *China's Millions*, as well as all that devolved upon his shoulders as Director, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Mission in China. It seemed as if at this crucial time he needed all the health and strength possible. Then why had the Lord allowed this illness? Why had he arrived at Hongkong so weak that life was almost despaired of? Why was he unable even to go to Chinkiang, in the Yangtze valley? There at least he would be near Shanghai, and in a better position to help the new workers recently arrived and to keep in touch with those who were needing guidance? The doctor in Shanghai insisted that it was imperative for him to go to a northerly sea-coast town, preferably Chefoo, and

that it would be fatal for him to remain in the damp heat of the Yangtze valley during the summer months. For the moment it seemed as if the enemy was triumphing, that the life which was so valuable to the Mission at this time, was going to be taken. What did it mean? Would it be any wonder if such questioning surged through the mind of Mrs. Taylor and those who understood the need of Mr. Taylor's experience and guidance at Shanghai? Little did they, or even Mr. Taylor himself, realize that the Lord was trusting His servant with severe illness and weakness, taking him even to death's door, in order to bring him to the place where He could reveal the plan of His Father-heart for His children. They had given up home and all that was dear to them in order to tell His Love to the Chinese. Had He not said in His Word, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting"? (Luke xviii. 29, 30).

The bracing air of Chefoo acted as a tonic on the invalid, and as the summer proved to be an exceptionally hot one, Mr. Taylor sent for the workers who had recently arrived in China. A little later he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Judd, suggesting that they should bring their family away from the overpowering heat of Wuchang to enjoy the sea-breezes of the northern port. Even on their way up from Shanghai the two small boys of the party were beginning to throw off their lethargy and listlessness, and very soon, with sun-tanned faces, they would scamper down the sands for their daily dip and romp in the blue sun-lit waves, their laughter and frolics being a source of real refreshment both to the weary parents and to Mr. Taylor himself. What mattered it

that there were no tables and chairs? It was all part of the fun to sit on boxes and lie on home-made beds fixed up on shelves, one above the other, and to have dinner spread on the top of packing-cases.

One day a fresh breeze was blowing, and as Mr. Taylor and Mr. Judd were taking a walk along the sandy shore the bay was looking particularly attractive with the gentle slope of hills rising in the background. The thought passed through Mr. Taylor's mind, "What more lovely spot for tired missionaries and their children?" Presently they were accosted by a farmer, who asked if they wished to buy land. They hesitated for a moment, not wishing to appear too eager to make a purchase. The land the farmer was prepared to offer them turned out to be the very beanfield upon which they had already cast longing eyes.

"Then and there the bargain was struck", recalled Mr. Judd. "I never knew a piece of business settled so easily. The money was paid and we got the field, with a gully and fresh water running down beside it. Then neighbouring farmers were willing to sell theirs as well; and we bought all we wanted at a remarkably fair price. Now, of course, it is much more valuable."

The story of the building of the first house on the China Inland Mission Compound at Chefoo reads like *The Swiss Family Robinson*. There was even a wreck to supply the wood for beams and rafters! The wrecked ship had been called *Christian*, and a Shanghai newspaper, referring to the incident, facetiously remarked, "The *Christian* has ceased going to sea and has joined the C.I.M.!"

"Let us quarry our own stone," said Mr. Taylor, "and bricks can be made from the surface soil, which seems to be quite suitable for the purpose." Another

wreck, the *Ada*, conveniently provided doors, locks, cupboards, and articles of furniture. Interested on-lookers were amazed at the speed with which this new building was erected.

“How would you like to go out to the ground and see the operations”, wrote Mrs. Taylor in November. “It is quite a busy scene. Builders, brickmakers, stonemasons, and carpenters all have their matting tents, while others you might find occupied by Mr. Judd and Mr. Coulthard, or Mr. Taylor and Mr. Hunt. Looking well after the men is necessary to save expense and mistakes. The young men are finding it a capital school for the language, and are looking twice as robust as when they came out. The Gospel is explained to the workmen daily, at an enlarged sort of family prayers, and on Sundays they rest, at half pay, and one or two services are held for them. The young men find it an excellent opportunity for living Christ as well as speaking for Him, for patience is often exceedingly tried. The front of the house will face the sea, from which it is five minutes’ walk, and the back looks on the hills. . . . It is so bracing and pleasant here.”

The simple building, put up with much prayer and faith, lasted many years. It was used consecutively as missionary home, school, and doctor’s residence, until finally, in 1915, it had to be pulled down in order to make room for a good-sized hospital.

More of the adjacent land was acquired; and, writing home in the spring of 1880, Mr. Taylor remarks:

Further accommodation is needed for the temporary use of invalid members of the Mission; and it is hoped that a school for the children of our missionaries, and a hospital for Chinese, may also in course of time be added, as the Lord shall provide the means. The site we now have is sufficiently large for such buildings.

Such was the far-seeing faith of our founder.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Judd were enjoying their new home, and they received visits not only from those of their fellow-missionaries who were needing rest and recuperation, but also from new workers who spent the summer months by the seaside studying the intricacies of Chinese signs and symbols. Among the former was Mr. Elliston, who had arrived in China in December 1878, and had been engaged in evangelistic work in Shansi. Never very robust, he had had to leave the work he loved so much, in order to come to the coast for medical treatment. Once again did the Lord allow physical weakness to be the pathway of His will, for it was Mr. Elliston who eventually became the first headmaster of the Chefoo School. While spending weeks recovering his health and strength, it was suggested to him by Mr. Taylor that he might use the time profitably in teaching Mr. Judd's sons. This he was delighted to do, having been a qualified teacher before he applied to the Mission. And so in 1881, in a small room with very rough furniture and very few books, the Chefoo School had its birth.

Chosen and sent forth by the Lord, Mr. Elliston, this skilful workman, was the first of a long line of gifted men and women who have, with utter devotion, laid their talents on the altar and spent themselves for the children of their fellow-missionaries. Could they all write their life stories, what marvels of God's grace, wisdom, and guidance would be revealed. Each one came forward with his or her special training to fill a special need, and one can but give all the glory to the One Who has thus given and still gives gifts to His work at Chefoo.

1888

Such ever was love's way; to rise, it stoops.

BROWNING.

SPEAKING at the China Inland Mission May Meeting, in 1884, Robert Scott, Editor of *The Christian* at that time, made the following remark: "If I were a missionary compelled to send my children home for education, the separation would rend my heart in pieces, and, I fear, in no little degree mar my usefulness".

One who had taught in a missionary school in England and, later, joined the staff at Chefoo gives the following testimony:

I know how serious is the problem of separation. It means a heartrending blow, and at least two, often three broken hearts. I have tried the almost hopeless task of comforting a boy of twelve, whose parents have left him for the first time; and I have known even a sadder picture, when the parents have come back after seven or eight years, to find their children almost shy to meet them, almost dreading and tremulous at that first interview. I have known the children often to leave their parents at such a moment, and go off to their matron, whom they have learned to know better and to love better than their fathers and mothers.

The Lord is never our debtor. He gave His only Son, and He fully understands and appreciates all that it means to parents to give up their children. His gift of the Chefoo School to C.I.M. parents is a monument to His loving acceptance of their sacrifice. The children

are trained, taught, prayed for, and helped in every way by a band of missionaries, who have gone to China to serve first and foremost the One Who loved them and gave Himself for them. For every member of the Chefoo staff is a missionary, and this fact alone not only makes the school unique but is also a source of real comfort to those who entrust their little ones to the care of others.

The number of pupils rapidly increased, as not only C.I.M. children were accepted but also those of other missionary societies. British subjects and other English-speaking foreigners in China were also glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to educate their boys and girls at the China Inland Mission Protestant Collegiate School. It therefore became necessary to erect a new building to be used for the boys, and the old premises were turned into a boarding-school for the girls. With the increase of scholars, there arose the need of a larger staff, and while Mr. Elliston was home on furlough in 1886, after a period of seven years in Chefoo, he made known this important branch of the work in China. He appealed for teachers "to go out in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ to live Christ, and even while teaching secular subjects to keep very strong within them the desire for the glory of God and the salvation of all the children".

During Mr. Elliston's absence Mr. Norris became headmaster, and as he was thoroughly capable, Mr. Elliston was set free to return to work amongst the Chinese; but after a few months he was taken to his Father's Home, in 1888. During his last illness he was constantly praying for the Chefoo School, mentioning the boys by name. The Lord alone knows how much the school owes to his life of devotion and to the inspiration and impetus he gave to it at its very begin-

nings, when many difficulties were met with a courage born of faith.

Mr. Norris, with the valuable help of Mr. McCarthy, who had arrived in China in 1887, trained the boys under his care. There were so many applications for admission that the Boys' School building was enlarged. A letter from Mr. Norris reveals the spirit in which the work was done and the desire to give the children of God's servants the best possible education:

Since last June we have received applications to take no fewer than twenty-eight new pupils. In view of this, and in view also of the need for providing for the children of our own and other missionaries, it is the opinion of all who speak on the subject that we should extend our accommodation. It is felt that as little delay as possible should elapse before building operations commence. From the plan sent, you will see that a carpenter's shop is included in the building. This I desire to fit up with a turner's lathe, turning tools, and tools for wood-carving and fret-work.

I hope to be able to send you soon a proposed curriculum of a six years' course for boys from nine to fifteen. From this you will see that, with the aid of Dr. Douthwaite, I hope to make a study of natural science, an important feature during the last two years of such a course. For this purpose scientific apparatus of all kinds will be needed, and I wish to begin at once to collect, as our fees are so small as to make my hopes of being able to expend for those things from the school income only faint ones. I should be glad to receive gifts of a microscope, telescope, magnetic batteries, chemical apparatus, apparatus to illustrate sound, light, and heat, diagrams to illustrate geology, botany, etc.

Our library is slowly growing, and we have in it some few more than two hundred volumes. I am anxious to cultivate in the boys, before they leave school, a taste for good literature.

Hanging on one of the whitewashed walls of the boys'

schoolroom today may be seen a simple black frame enclosing some verses, from which the following are quoted:

They bore him sadly to his early grave,
 On that green slope that fronts the restless tide,
 Their bright young faces awed to tearful calm—
 The lads for whom he died. . . .

He loved them all, and longed to make the boys
 Brave, trusted, strong as English lads should be,
 With gentle hearts and ready sympathies,
 Faithful, and bold and free.

Not dead! not dead! in the far years to come,
 The lads he loved—their boyhood left behind,
 Shall in his noble life—his early death,
 An inspiration find.

This seed-thought, planted sadly by his grave,
 In future days its precious fruits shall bear,
 Firing to acts of brave self-sacrifice
 The boys he held so dear.

In simple language the description of the heroic life and death of this young master is expressed. Mr. Norris, in 1888, laid down his life to save boys under his care. It was an August evening, and the boys were sitting in their schoolroom with doors and windows wide open to catch any cool sea-breeze that might be wafted in their direction, so welcome after the burning heat of the day. Suddenly a mad dog rushed in and made for several of the boys. Shouting out in fear, they clambered on to their desks to get out of the way of those foaming jaws. The animal then charged down the corridor where the boys' bedrooms were situated and where some of the younger ones were already preparing for bed. Mr. Norris, realizing the danger, dashed after the dog and cornered it. The brute flew at him and bit his finger. Not until the creature was killed would Mr. Norris leave the building in order to go up the Compound to

see the doctor. The bite did not seem serious; in fact, it was little more than a scratch. The doctor cauterized it, and no more was thought of it. About three weeks later, however, Mr. Norris became unwell, and as he was a little delirious, he was moved to the doctor's house. He grew rapidly worse, and the friend who tended and cared for him until the end, wrote as follows:

Delirious as was his talk, I feel I shall always be the better for having heard it. Such high aspirations, and such a grand conception of his work—so happy in it, and in his connection with all in the Compound. His trouble was that he could not do all that he would for the boys, being so short-handed, but he comforted himself with the thought that God knew how much it was possible for him to do, and would not expect more.

Many of the boys he mentioned by name, and said what dear boys they were. He spoke in very loving terms of Mr. F. McCarthy, and said what a blessing it was for the school that he had been led to take up the work.

It was not until Wednesday that the horrible thought flashed across Dr. Douthwaite's mind, 'Could the disease be hydrophobia?' And when he went over the symptoms, no doubt was left in his mind that this was the case. . . .

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Of whom may this be more truly said than of my beloved friend Norris?

A more noble, generous, and loving friend I have never had, nor can have, for he was the embodiment of all that is manly and Christ-like.

Mr. Norris was indeed a hero, and, although not called upon to lay down their lives in such a startling way, the men and women who have followed him have, through times of strain and stress, sickness and sorrow, anxiety and weariness, led lives of quiet heroism for their Master, for their fellow-missionaries, and for the children under their care.

1895

Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee.—Psalm lxxvi. 10.

IN 1895 war broke out between China and Japan, and a battle was fought as near to Chefoo as Weihaiwei. News of it soon reached the parents and friends away in the interior, as well as in the homelands. Prayer was centred upon the school, for the defeated Chinese army was fleeing to Chefoo. One morning, just as 500 men, miserably clad and wretched, passed along the road above the Compound, Dr. Douthwaite, busily tending the wounded and dying, received a note from the Consul, "Keep yourselves in readiness to leave any moment for the Settlement". Flight with nearly a hundred children of all sizes and ages to a place forty minutes' walk away would have been a serious difficulty, especially as fleeing Chinese soldiers can become something more than unpleasant. But the Lord gave peace of heart and preservation of life as His servants took their stand upon His promises. There proved to be no necessity to flee, and the children went on with their lessons from day to day.

One night, however, about nine o'clock, in the fort and camps not far away, firing suddenly started and continued for about an hour. Before very long, shouting was heard along the road. From the neighbouring villages the people, all in a state of great excitement, were pouring past on mules and donkeys. The children were

in bed, and it was certainly an anxious moment for the staff as they realized to what danger their charges were exposed. It is at such times that the reality of such a verse as "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee", is experienced.

As time went on, the need of larger and better accommodation for the ever-increasing number of boys and girls was felt more and more. A building suitable for carrying on the work in an adequate way would cost at least four or five thousand pounds. The staff, parents, and friends made this a matter of special prayer, and many were beginning to wonder how such a large sum could possibly be forthcoming, when one morning the post brought a letter for Dr. Douthwaite containing these words: "The Lord has laid it upon my heart to bear the whole cost of the building". "Truly," as someone remarked at the time, "the history of this school proves that God answers prayer and that miracles are not doubtful events of a bygone age of superstition."

The new building was commenced as rapidly as possible, under the supervision of the architect, Mr. E. J. Cooper. Several hundred men were employed, and evangelistic work was carried on amongst them, fifteen eventually applying for baptism. Great was the surprise of the builders when they were told not to work on Sunday. Services were held for them on that day and, as they were given half a day's pay, any discontent soon died down. "A school", wrote one who watched its erection, "whose stones are laid in an atmosphere of such manifest desire for God's glory cannot but have His smile."

It was no easy matter to obtain material for so large a building; but once again the Lord intervened and

provided in unforeseen ways all that was needed. As a token of gratitude to Dr. Douthwaite for his kindness to the soldiers in his Red Cross work during the Japanese war, the Chinese general sent 1600 loads of stone. Enormous planks were needed for beams and rafters. These could not be obtained locally and were ordered from Shanghai. How to get them transported to the Chefoo Compound was a serious question. One Chinese shipping company promised to convey them not only to the harbour but also arranged to have them carried right up to the site of the building, remarking, "Your people were so kind to our wounded during the war!" So that even through the horrors of war the Lord brought glory to His Name.

On June 15, 1896, boys and girls, masters and mistresses, parents and friends gathered round the site of the new building, and there, under waving flags, the foundation stone was laid. It bears this simple inscription:

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us

This Foundation Stone is laid

to commemorate

the Faithfulness of God

in connection with the

CHINA INLAND MISSION SCHOOLS

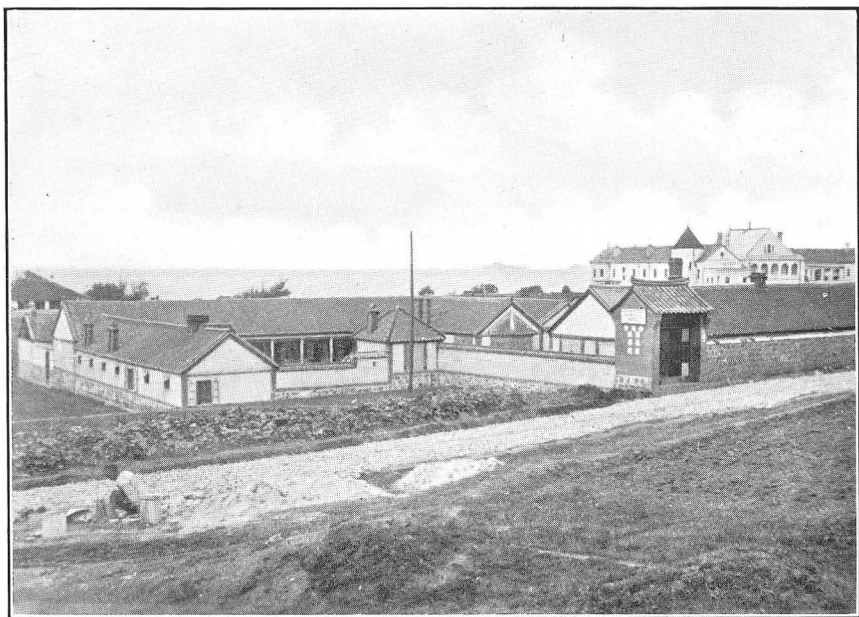
which were founded A.D. 1881

for the education of children of missionaries

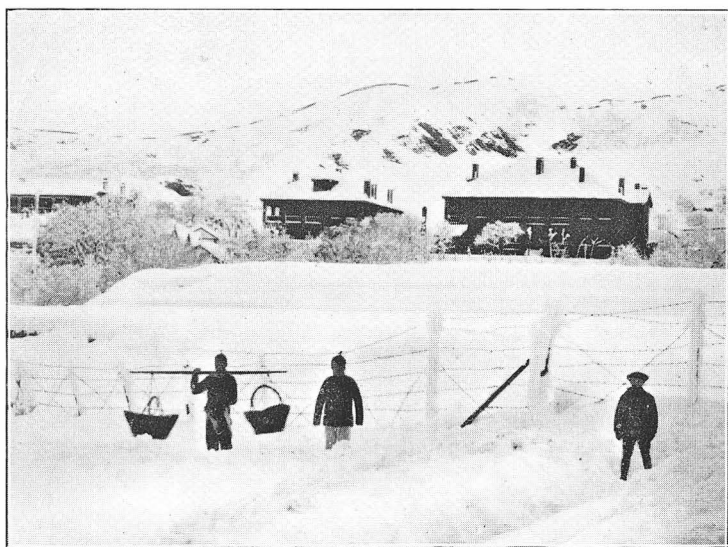
The Lord will provide

June 15, 1896

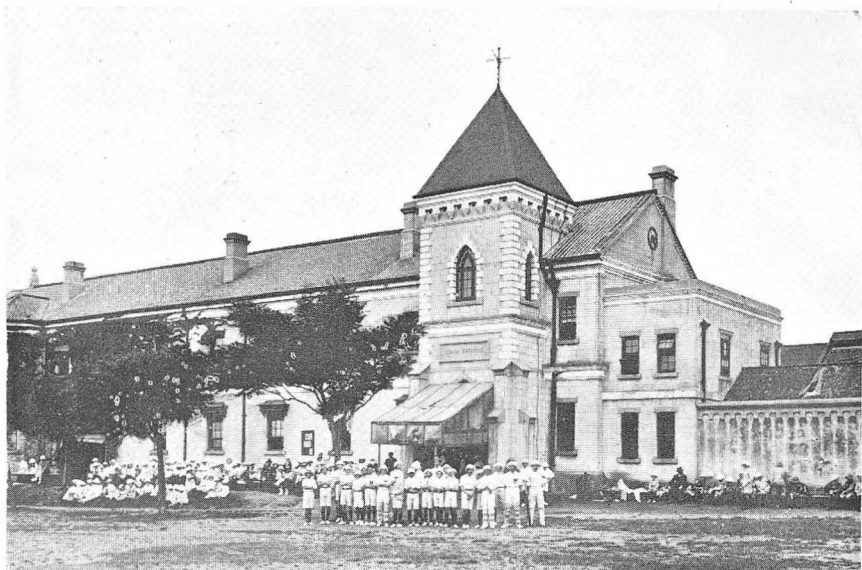
It was a red-letter day in the history of the school, and ever since, on June 15, Foundation Day has been celebrated. But the Lord not only set His seal on the work of the school by outward tokens of material



THE LILY DOUTHWAITE HOSPITAL FOR CHINESE, USED FOR RED CROSS WORK



A WINTER SCENE, SHOWING THE SCHOOL HOSPITAL AND THE DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE



FOUNDATION DAY CRICKET ELEVENS STANDING IN FRONT
OF THE WEST PORCH
(see p. 4)

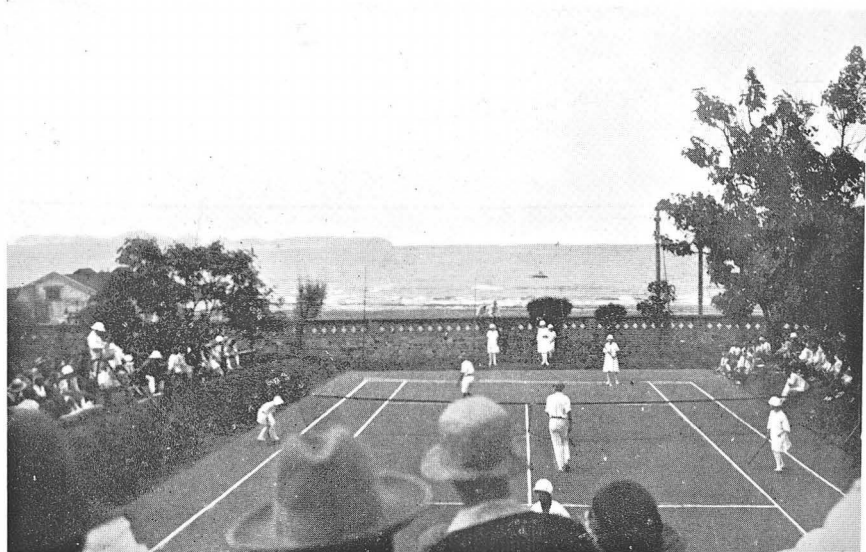


Photo by]

A TENNIS TOURNAMENT

[Rev. F. Doggett Learner

To face p. 41

blessing, He also encouraged those who were devoting their lives to this part of the work of the Mission, through the conversion of many of the pupils. It was also in this same year that the Chefoo School provided its first missionary to China, in Dr. F. Judd, one of our most valued medical and evangelistic missionaries, who was one of the three boys taught by Mr. Elliston at the very outset. Since then many others have followed in his steps.

Owing to the demand for labour to reconstruct forts and other buildings destroyed during the Japanese war, the work on the Compound did not proceed as rapidly as was anticipated. At the same time as the new Boys' School was being built the Girls' School was being enlarged, and neither was finished until towards the end of the following year. In January 1898 the present Boys' School, with accommodation for over 100 boarders, was occupied. What a day of rejoicing it was when the move could be accomplished! It was with no little sense of importance that the boys found their new dormitories, rushed to see their classrooms, and assembled that first morning for prayers in the big schoolroom. What a place of hallowed associations and happy memories that big schoolroom has become! What tales the walls could tell, not only of hard and honest study, interesting lectures, public examinations, but also of Christmas festivities and enjoyable concerts. This room has also become the birthplace of souls, for it is there that not only morning and evening prayers are conducted but Sunday services were also held in it for many years.

About three miles to the west of the Boys' School, and right away beyond the Chinese city, was a good-sized dwelling with large airy rooms and wide verandahs. So magnificent did the rooms appear with their

balconies, to eyes become accustomed to the usual low-pitched Chinese dwellings, that it was called "The Marble Palace". This, with outbuildings and a chapel, belonged to the C.I.M., and in 1895 it was thought advisable to move the younger boys and girls of six to nine years of age over to Tungshin, the village in which this compound was situated. For four years these buildings were used for the Preparatory School, but in 1899 Mr. Taylor was led to arrange for all the children to be together again on the one Compound. That this was the Lord's leading is very evident when one but mentions the year 1900.

A new sanatorium had just been built, and the old Boys' School was therefore no longer needed for visitors. The little ones were brought over during the summer holidays and settled down in their new quarters, which they found rather cramped after the "Marble Palace" at Tungshin.

Close to the Compound was a fine building with wide corridors and spacious airy rooms. It was an hotel for foreigners, and in 1900 it was put up for sale. The Mission recognized in this just the building needed for the Preparatory School. The property was put up for auction at Shanghai, and the chief bidders were to be Roman Catholics. After a time of prayer, two C.I.M. gentlemen went down to the sale, looking to their heavenly Father to control things in such a way that the price might not rise above the amount they were prepared to pay. Hour after hour of the morning slipped by, and still the hotel was not called, until finally at lunch-time, when a number of the would-be purchasers, including the Roman Catholics, had gone off to take their meal, the field was free for the C.I.M. to purchase it, and the Chefoo Hotel became theirs for the sum at their disposal. Once again



THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

To face p. 42

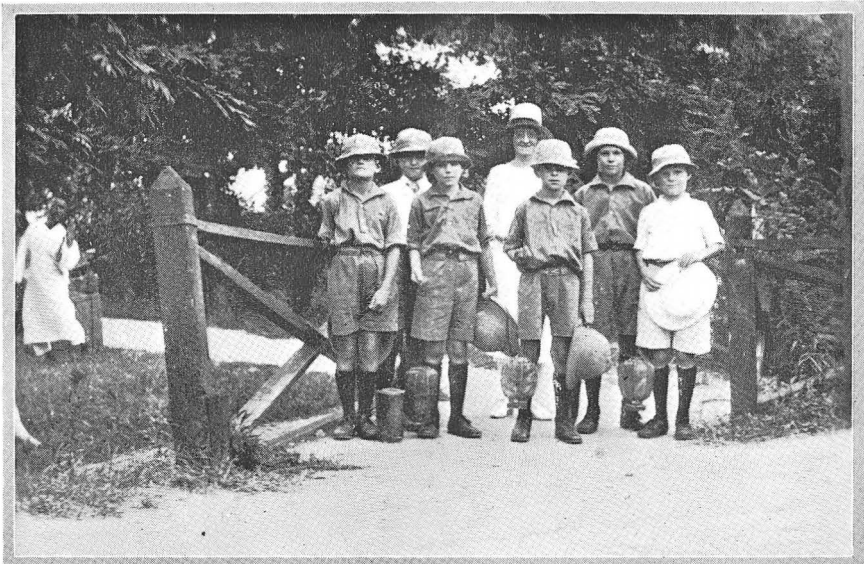


Photo by]

[W. H. Oldfield

CHEFOO SCHOOLBOYS LEAVING THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR THE SENIOR BOYS' SCHOOL AFTER THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS (see p. 12)

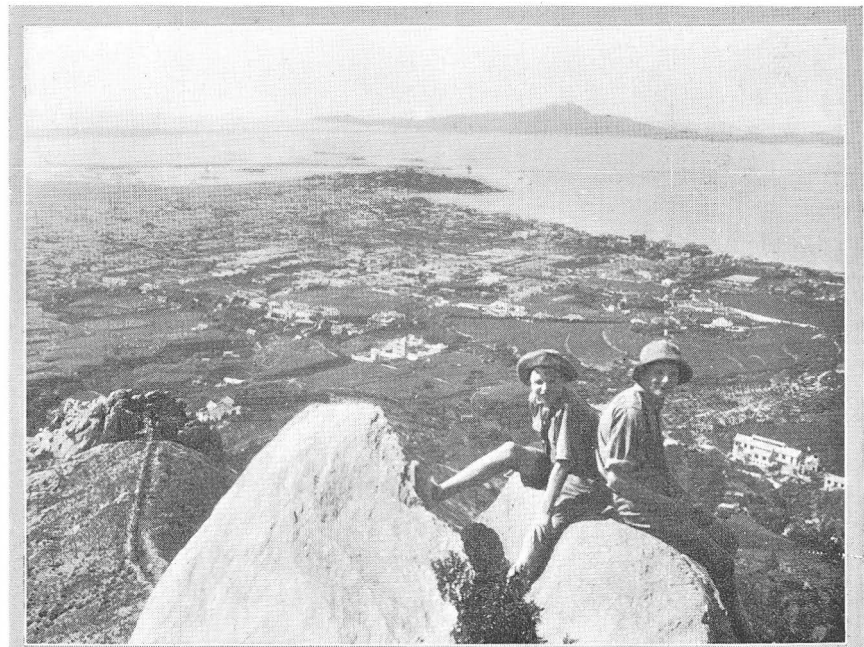


Photo by]

[Rev. F. Doggett Learner

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHEFOO

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prayer had been answered, and the big white building, with a good playground and only the road separating it from the shore, became the home for the little folk.

On October 5, 1899, when he was called to his heavenly home, the Chefoo Compound lost in Dr. Douthwaite a veritable father. His name has become inseparably linked with the work in all its branches, and he certainly was an outstanding gift during all those early years in the building up of the work. He went first to Chefoo in 1882 on account of his health, and his seventeen years' labour of love, both for the Chinese and the foreigners, formed a record that could only bring glory to the One Whom he served.

1900

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.—Psalm cxii. 7.

“WATCH has been kept at night.” So runs the simple record, but how much it conveys of anxiety on behalf of the children during those dreadful months of tragedy in all parts of China. Shantung was the birthplace of the Boxer Rising. The large Compound at Chefoo, with nearly two hundred foreign children as well as a number of adults, would surely be a target for the cruel Boxers in their hatred of the foreigner. The Consul, away on Settlement Hill, was more than a little concerned, and arrangements were made with the school staff to facilitate the escape of all on the Compound—children and adults—if necessary. All through the hours of day and night the masters took it in turns to keep watch for the signals which had been arranged to warn of danger. One never-to-be-forgotten day, when there seemed to be no possibility of further danger, the girls and little “prepites” were having a bathe. It was a special treat, for all through the hot weeks of that summer the wistful remark might often have been heard, “When are we going to be allowed to bathe?” The boys were in the boats, and the bay had once more assumed its usual air of gaiety and merriment. Suddenly Mr. McCarthy appeared on the shore, talking earnestly with other masters. They began to wave and shout to the

children to come in quickly, and it was not long before the sea and sands had been deserted by the merry crowd. Had the Boxers arrived? The staff were just preparing to hurry the boys and girls off to the gunboat in the harbour, when they were told it was a false alarm. On the wharf a thousand coolies were clamouring for wages that had not been paid, and were causing quite a tumult. The rumour quickly spread that the Boxers had really arrived; but how thankful all were to realize that once more they could settle down in peace.

All through those weeks and months the children were kept from panic and fear. In fact, there was a certain amount of interesting excitement among the girls in the novelty of preparing their little bundles of clothes every night in a pillow-case in case they might have to run down at a moment's notice to the shore and get on board one of the big warships lying in the bay, and the boys were almost thrilled at the thought of living on a real cruiser! But the thrill of anticipation mercifully did not lead to realization. Their heavenly Father, Who had cared for His servants' children so far, neither slumbered nor slept. Right through those anxious weeks they were kept in safety, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding garrisoned the hearts of those who might have otherwise been overwhelmed with anxiety and foreboding.

Half-way up the hill behind the school Compound stands a long, low building with broad verandahs. In the very early days all sickness was nursed in the school building, but later on this isolation hospital was erected. Many a time has the writer watched a stretcher being borne up the narrow path through the fields to that isolated bungalow. Many a battle of faith has been

fought and won within its walls, and little lives on the borderland have been brought back to health in answer to the prayers of parents and teachers, doctor and nurses.

Term after term has sped by, and although school routine necessarily brings with it a certain amount of monotony, yet there have not been many weeks without some occurrence to stir up the nest—sudden sickness, perhaps, when all on the Compound would be summoned for prayer, epidemics of some childish complaint which assumed importance rather on account of numbers than of severity. Largely owing to the volume of prayer centred on Chefoo from all parts of China as well as from other countries, these illnesses seldom assume a serious nature. In fact, it has frequently been a matter of praise and thanksgiving that the majority of cases are so light. The doctor's position at Chefoo is no sinecure, and it has often been a delicate as well as a strenuous task to arrange for necessary quarantine, isolation, and segregation. As circumstances at Chefoo differ from those of schools in the homelands, it is impossible to send the children away, and all has to be done on the spot.

For instance, scarlet fever broke out at the Girls' School. What was its source? Many theories were discussed, and everyone had his or her pet idea on the subject. Numbers of girls fell victims to the disease, but it was not until some weeks after the first case had been diagnosed that one girl, running round the school, was found to be peeling. She had had the complaint so lightly that neither she nor anyone else had the remotest idea that she was the cause of the infection spreading. The isolation hospital was full to overflowing. What was to be done? Then began a system of isolation and segrega-

tion in dormitories, and even the music-rooms, being right away from the main building, were commandeered for suspects.

Sometimes it was a question of measles, another time mumps lingered on into weeks, months, terms, and brothers and sisters began to wonder if they were ever going to be allowed to meet again. Once the girls had been indulging in mumps for over a year. At last, one Sunday they were pronounced to be out of quarantine, and great was the rejoicing that they were going to be allowed to go to Church for the first time for many, many weeks, and to walk home with their brothers and talk over home letters and school news. Alas! on the Saturday evening, to the disappointment of the whole school and to the intense chagrin of the girl concerned, another case occurred, and quarantine was prolonged for three more weeks.

But it is not only sickness that may disturb the even tenor of school life. Chefoo is a place of storms. Exposed to winds from north, south, east, and west, rarely does a year go by without severe weather of one kind or another. In 1903, for example, towards the end of July a more than usually severe thunderstorm burst over Chefoo, and in a very short time it had caused dreadful destruction and devastation. There was a cloudburst over the hills at the back of the Compound, and the water rushed down the usually dry gullies in raging torrents, sweeping out to sea human beings (it was estimated that more than 2000 Chinese lost their lives in two hours), animals, furniture, clothing, logs, vegetation of every description, all in one indescribable mass. Stories of heroic rescues could be related, and it was not easy to keep from little ears terrible tales of drowning. The gully beside the Compound was turned

into a torrential river, and for some days it was quite impossible for the boys and girls to enjoy their daily dip in the sea.

In a letter written by Mrs. Hudson Taylor the year before the Boxer rising, these words occur: "You have His Almightyness amongst you always for everything". They express the experience of all who live at Chefoo, for the unexpected is constantly happening, and without the knowledge that the Almighty Lord is in the midst, the strain would often become too great.



THE C.I.M. BOYS' SCHOOL, CHEFOO

The foreground shows part of the beach



THE OLD AND NEW CHEFOO GIRLS' SCHOOL

The lower picture shows the old school as it was prior to June 1907. The two-storied new extension, which is joined to the main block, extends southward, over the site of the old south corridor, a distance of 170 feet.

1908

The birds of the air, the flowers of the field, the wild rolling ocean, and the stable glorious hills, are all sources of joy; and every social and domestic relationship of life tends to increase the sum of human happiness. It is quite clear that the God of creation would have His creatures joyful.—HUDSON TAYLOR.

It frequently falls to the lot of a member of staff to take a summer visitor round the school buildings. There are two things at the Girls' School about which interested guests nearly always comment. One is the dolls' cupboard, bursting open with its medley of dolls of every size and description; and their garments, beds, prams, and everything else that belongs to a doll's outfit and life are apt to tumble out on all occasions. The other is the big open airy playroom, with its cement floor. At one end of this may be seen a brass tablet on which the visitor reads these words:

TO COMMEMORATE THE GOODNESS OF
GOD IN GIVING THIS ENLARGED ACCOM-
MODATION IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

This welcome addition to the Girls' School was erected in 1908. Attention is drawn to the square wooden boxes standing round the walls—these are private lockers, and it is not always easy to find a tidy one when the visitor wants a peep inside, for story-books, skipping-ropes, toys, fancy boxes of all sizes and descriptions, and all the hundred and one things a little girl treasures, defy all the rules of neatness. In the middle of a morning

or afternoon—lunch break—a guest would find the tops of these boxes occupied by a crowd of fidgeting, wriggling, chattering girls of all ages munching their slices of bread and peanut butter, the *pièce de résistance* of every Chefoo boy and girl.

The donors, who so generously supplied this need, would feel their gifts had been well used could they see the happy groups of girls enjoying quiet games of draughts and chess on the lockers, while the more noisy ones romp about. Here, too, they could watch the drill or the lining-up of maidens in Sunday attire for inspection before starting for Church. Then there is the large boxroom beyond, with its shelves piled high with trunks and cases of every size and description. And above, four large dormitories provide room for eight beds each, so that since the year 1908, when this extension was opened, the school has been able to receive eighty boarders.

The Chefoo school year is divided into three terms; but, unlike schools in England, the holidays are largely spent, both by children and staff, in the school buildings. However, in order to make it worth while for children whose parents live sufficiently near the coast to travel home and back in the allotted time, the long holidays of eight or nine weeks are fixed for the months of December and January. Not only is it inadvisable to travel during the heat of the summer months, but it is also much healthier for the children to remain by the seaside during July and August. Whenever possible, parents leave their work in order to spend the hot weeks with their children. Those are happy days; and early morning and late afternoon and evening see the family groups on the sands, the little folk digging sand-castles, paddling, and bathing, while their elders sit reading or talking about their work among the Chinese

and comparing notes as they enjoy the cool breezes from the sea. For several years C.S.S.M. services have been arranged, and many boys and girls have given their hearts to the Lord, and others have consecrated themselves afresh to Him as they have sat round a lantern-lit sand-pulpit listening to the Old Message ever new.

As November grows old excitement increases. "Shall I be able to go home?" is the question on nearly every child's lips. Brigands, suitable escort, funds, all play their part in this stage of uncertainty. Letters and telegrams go back and forth, boxes and bundles of bedding are much in evidence, general bustle and an atmosphere of excited anticipation and uncertainty prevail. The dates advertised for the steamers to take the parties north to Tientsin and south to Shanghai vary from day to day. But at last *the* day arrives when the southerners joyfully troop down to the harbour, accompanied by their less fortunate schoolmates, the northerners and the "stayers". Away they go, singing and shouting, tramping up and down the deck. Gradually the excitement dies down, and as they round the Weihaiwei promontory, where tides and currents meet, with the exception of a few red-cheeked, weather- and wave-proof youngsters, the boys and girls gradually retire pensively to their bunks. Sea-legs must be good to stand the test of the two days' voyage between Chefoo and Shanghai! Fortunately, several hours before arrival, the steamer gets into the calmer waters of the Yangtze, and then those in charge of the party of anything from fifty to a hundred children begin their rounds of inspection of stockings and shoes, caps and coats, hats and gloves, shoe-laces and garters, necks and ears—it certainly is remarkable how much damage may be done in two days! After the general "wash and brush-up" there is a

great gathering on deck to catch the first glimpse of mother or father. What a reunion of happy families! But who is the little girl of eleven looking timidly round with tears in her eyes? Has mother not come down from her station away in the west, after all? On the jetty a mother is looking in vain for the little one she brought to school five years ago. Anxiously she approaches the mistress, who is thankfully handing her charges and her responsibility for the time being over to parents. "Why yes, here she is!" "Oh! I didn't know her", gasps the mother. Unable to get away from her work for several years, she could not recognize in the staid little damsel of eleven the little girl with the round cheeks and the baby ways that she had left behind at Chefoo. Once again the mistress lifted her heart in praise to the One Who had provided the Chefoo School. For the vast majority of mothers and fathers can see their children every two or three years at the outside, and now that travelling has been facilitated, more often still.

But what about the northerners still waiting for their steamer to Tientsin? After the southern party has left, each day seems to be longer than the one before. "Why doesn't it come?" Smilingly patient the teacher answers repeatedly, "We hope it will come today, but we cannot tell". What has caused the delay? Right across the mouth of the Tientsin River is a bar of sand, and when the wind blows from a certain quarter there is not sufficient depth to allow the steamers to pass over. "It is stuck on the bar!" is a well-worn phrase at the beginning of December in Chefoo. With boxes already packed, it is no easy matter to keep forty or fifty impatient boys and girls happily employed for one, two, or even three weeks. Those responsible for clothes look anxiously at boots kicked out at toes and trodden-

down at heels, at torn pants and dresses, at "holey" stockings, and they, too, long for the steamer to arrive. Sometimes it is inconsiderate enough to reach port late at night, or in the early hours of the morning, and then bed bundles are hurriedly roped up (all the children take their own bedding, an inland station has none too plentiful a supply as a rule), boxes are corded, and sleepy little ones and excited bigger ones are rushed down to the jetty, some forty minutes' walk away. Then follows an anxious time for staff on board, as well as for the praying colleagues left behind. Snowstorms at sea can be dangerous, and the cruel north gale and mountainous billows threaten to wreck the frail vessel tossed up and down and back and forth. One winter the frost had been unusually severe. The Tientsin River was frozen to its mouth and beyond, far out to sea. Iron-built tugs were employed to break a passage for the steamer following in their wake. That year there was a particularly large northern party. It was night, and the passage seemed clear. The ice-breaker left the ship to pursue its own course, and the captain went below for a well-earned sleep, when suddenly about 2.30 A.M. there was a crash. The ship trembled from bow to stern, and hurrying footsteps on deck and shouting voices announced danger. The mistress in charge leapt out of her bunk, hastily donned a big coat, and ran out to the saloon, where she met the master, who had also emerged to see what was the matter. They stood a moment, hearts uplifted in prayer to the heavenly Father Who loves the little ones, and then, creeping round the cabins, they found a few of the older boys and girls awakened by the shock. Soon all was quiet once again. Later it was reported that the ship had crashed into a block of ice. But the Lord, Who knows all, had guided that steam-

ship company to sheathe the bow of that particular ship with three steel sheets before it had started on its northern route. It was discovered that two of these had been entirely smashed away and the third badly bent by this sudden impact. With ice on each side of them, and a narrow passage fast closing behind them, it would have been impossible to launch life-boats to save all those precious lives. Many other incidents of the Lord's preserving care of those parties of children travelling north and south each winter could be told.

The "stayers" soon settle down to holiday régime, consisting chiefly of tobogganing down the snowy slopes in the bright sunshine, playing an occasional game of hockey, going for a winter picnic, or reading aloud and making Christmas presents round the black-pipe stove which does duty as log-fire. Sorry for the boys and girls unable to go to their homes, friends out of the generosity of their kind hearts send an abundance of good things, and Christmas at Chefoo is one of the happiest a child could possibly spend.

Then there are the Easter holidays, when picnics are the order of the day. Sometimes there is the thrill of going by boat across to the Bluff opposite or to Lighthouse Island. Another time there is a long tramp right away beyond the hills, when the "weak ones", as they are scornfully termed by the "walkers", ride part or all of the way in litters or rickshas.

No children could look forward to their holidays with more eagerness than do the Chefoo boys and girls. Yet it is no small deprivation to a child to be obliged to spend so much time in the schoolroom; and however much the staff seek to introduce a home atmosphere, it can never be quite the same as real home life such as is known in England.



On the Hills



By the Sea

PREPARATORY SCHOOL PICNICS



SUMMER HOLIDAYS
A C.S.S.M. Service on the Sands (see p. 50)



TEA UNDER THE TREES
(see p. 5)

1910-1911

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Psalm xci. 9, 10.

TOWARDS the end of 1910 a particularly virulent form of pneumonic plague broke out in the north of China. Just at the end of the Christmas holidays, when the party of southerners was gathering at Shanghai ready to catch the steamer which would take it back to school, the port of Chefoo was declared to be infected. Was it advisable to send the children thither, and, if not, what could be done with them? For a few days letters and telegrams were constantly passing between Chefoo and Shanghai, until finally, after much prayer and consultation, it was decided that no child should return. That was but the beginning of endless planning and arranging. First of all, the little "prepites" were sent a short railway journey from Shanghai to Chinkiang, where the Mission had a house large enough to accommodate the band of twenty-seven small boys and girls. Meanwhile temporary dormitories, dining-room, and schoolroom were hastily fixed up on the Shanghai Compound, and in a very short time lessons were begun in real earnest. It was quite an entertainment to some of the older missionaries to watch the children at their play, and then suddenly, at the first stroke of the bell, to see them

stop what they were doing and troop back into their schoolroom. It was also most entertaining at first to the boys and girls, who were accustomed to dash down to the beach higgledy-piggledy or scramble about on the hills at Chefoo, to be marshalled two by two, crocodile fashion, along the streets of Shanghai for their daily walk.

At the same time the children, numbering about fifty, who had spent their winter holidays at Chefoo, with a few of the northerners who had already returned, started lessons as usual, though there was a good deal that was not usual. No one was allowed to go outside the Compound, and as the boys and girls were all of such different ages it was almost impossible to arrange organized games such as hockey and football. Twenty times round the hockey field (either running or walking) after breakfast, and three times round the boys' big playing-field after dinner, were the recognized forms of daily exercise. At first this was great fun; but the novelty soon wore off, and then the staff found it hard work to devise suitable forms of exercise in the open air.

The children of the Preparatory School had to be moved on to the Compound, as their building was outside the actual Compound boundary and was therefore not safe. The plague spread rapidly in the native city, and how thankful the staff were for their isolated position. Often had they been grateful for the beautiful situation of the school, with its facilities for boating and bathing, but now that note of praise was multiplied a hundredfold. In spite of this, the plague came very near, and carried off Chinese victims within a few yards of the Compound wall. How often was the prayer of Psalm xci. on their lips, and what a source of comfort it became to all, both to the parents far away and to the staff actually

on the spot! Every precaution was taken, and masks soaked in disinfectant were worn by any who had to leave the Compound for business or in order to get food supplies. The grounds were strictly watched to prevent anyone coming in or going out. In the evening the servants were entertained with magic-lantern slides, music, and singing, in order to keep them happy and willing to remain inside the confines of the Compound wall. Some were too frightened to want to go out, but it was not always easy to restrain others from going to see their friends, it being their New Year visiting-time.

Weeks lengthened into months, and the restrictions were beginning to grow very irksome, when at the end of April the port was at last declared out of quarantine. It was a joyful day when the school was once more reunited, and it was with hearts full of praise that all rose to sing the Doxology at the opening service of another term.

1911-1912

Snow and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling His Word.—Psalm cxlviii. 8.

DURING the winter of 1911-1912 China was in the throes of a revolution. Missionaries were advised to leave their stations and go to the coast, so that a number gathered at Chefoo. Very few children could go home for the Christmas holidays that year, but it was a large and merry party that remained to be entertained by the various missionaries, who enjoyed this contact with the boys and girls. Chinese meals were the order of the day, and the number of bowls of rice or dough-strings consumed at such repasts by youthful diners had best be left to the imagination!

The servants, who had never been seen without their pigtails, now appeared with cropped heads. They dared not show themselves abroad with their loved queue, or some officious person would suddenly appear from somewhere with a huge pair of scissors which made short work of the long plait. The school is much indebted to the Chinese men and women who serve the foreigner so faithfully. Several women are employed in each school, and they are usually to be found sitting cross-legged on the big brick bed, day after day, sewing, darning, stitching, patching. Then there are between fifteen and twenty men in each of the school buildings. They clean the rooms, cook the dinner, wait

at table, wash the dishes, and do all the housework which maids usually do in the homelands. Every morning these men and women assemble for prayers, and in this way they all have the opportunity of listening to the Gospel. Evening classes are also held to help them to read and study God's Word.

All the bread needed for three hundred hungry mouths is baked on the Compound, and there is a laundry with a fine open ground for the linen to blow white in the sea-breezes and brilliant sunshine. A carpenter's shop receives broken desks and legless chairs, makes sledges, paints boats, and is generally useful. Then last, but not least, there is the "Bee Dee" (as one small "prepite" wrote in his letter). B.D. stands for Business Department, and is associated in the mind of "Chefooites" with anything from chocolates and tins of sardines to shoe-laces. Peanut butter, that delectable commodity which adorns nearly every meal table and which is consumed in vast quantities, is also prepared at the B.D. Next door is an office, which seems overcrowded with its high desk, safe, and small table. There sits the school secretary, that hard-worked member of the Chefoo Compound, who knows everything there is to know about steamers, fares, routes, fees, exchange, intricate accounts, and all the hundred and one things that devolve upon one who acts as "Inquire within upon everything" to staff, parents, and scholars alike.

The Chinese church is a long building on the Compound, and is filled every Sunday morning with a congregation of men and women who serve the school in one capacity or another, together with their friends and relations, as well as those who have heard the Gospel from the lips of the Chefoo evangelists and Bible-women as they go about from village to village in the vicinity.

While our thoughts are directed towards the Chinese, who play an important part in the running of the school, reference should be made to the year 1925, when throughout China the slogan of the students and modern youth was, "Down with Imperialism and the foreigner!" It spread like wildfire, and sparks started a blaze on the Chefoo Compound. For a time there was a good deal of ill-feeling among the servants, and a strike was feared. There was a call to prayer, and the missionaries made arrangements by which, in case of trouble, the work could be carried on temporarily without the help of the body of men and women who had until then served faithfully and willingly. The domestic staff even fixed a day on which there was to be a general strike. But while His servants were praying, the Lord was working, and the day came and went and nothing untoward happened.

That same year the Lord wrought another deliverance for His children. It was the Christmas holidays, and the few Preparatory School teachers and children who were unable to go away moved over to the Boys' School. A day or two later news reached the Compound that a defeated army of 10,000 Chinese soldiers was marching on Chefoo. A British cruiser was in the harbour, and, in order to protect the Compound, thirty marines with two of their officers were to be billeted in the Preparatory School. All was hastily prepared for them, but that night there was a heavy fall of snow, the first of several that visited Chefoo that winter. Chinese soldiers will not march in snowstorms. The Lord has His own ways of protecting His children.

1914-1918

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining tablelands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

TENNYSON.

THE GREAT WAR

EXCEPT for the daily excitement of reading the latest Reuter bulletin, the peaceful Compound at Chefoo would scarcely have realized that a great world war was being waged, so little did it affect the even tenor of school life. There was, however, one very real reminder, which went below the surface of daily routine and outward peace. Before the signing of the Armistice over 800 "Old Boys" had joined up, and not only did this fact affect parents away in the interior, but it also meant an

anxious time for those who had been "father and mother" to these boys, and who had prayed for them by name from the time they had come to school as quite tiny little fellows. A daily prayer-meeting was held, and this was especially appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, who not only had sons of their own at the front, but who were also constantly thinking of those other "sons" in whose development and career they had taken a personal interest. They and the other members of the staff were heart-stricken as they heard of one and another being wounded or killed. For many years Mr. McCarthy was not only the headmaster, but he was also a spiritual father to his boys, who had a profound respect for him. It is due to God's grace and wisdom displayed in his life, and to his ability to use to the best advantage the gifts of the members of his staff, that the school has earned its high reputation.

The years of the Great War have left their mark on Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, as well as on other members of the staff. Never will those Sunday services in the boys' schoolroom be forgotten, when the Rev. Arthur Taylor, who was then a master on the Boys' School staff, read out tidings of the "Old Boys" at the front and commended them all to the Lord's keeping, and when the hymn "Shelter them, Lord", was sung with hushed voices.

But there was not only sorrow, there were solemn days of rejoicing as news came through of promotion in service, mention in dispatches, and distinctions of various kinds for bravery. And the school was proud of her sons who fought courageously, and it honoured the thirty-four who laid down their lives. In the boys' schoolroom today a brass tablet, given by one of the "Old Boys" in memory of those thirty-four, is a con-

stant reminder of the part the School played in the Great War.

In the dining-room hangs a large wooden board on which are inscribed the names of all those who served, in any capacity. But there is yet another War Memorial, built in stone, which is a daily reminder of those brave young fellows who were ready to sacrifice all for King and country. The school owes a debt of gratitude to the Rev. Arthur Taylor, for it was largely due to his prayers, his influence, and his labours that this Memorial Hall, a long-felt need, was built. Like the boys' school-room, where until recent years the Sunday services were held, the Memorial Hall has become the birthplace of souls, a Bethel of prayer and consecration vows. Within its walls the strains of the Wedding March, the solemn chords of "O Rest in the Lord", as well as children's voices uplifted in praise, have all resounded to the glory of the God Who gave a gift so worthy of Himself.

The Hall was opened with a silver key on April 24, 1924, by Mrs. Clinton, the senior Old Girl present in Chefoo at the time. Dr. Judd, who, as has already been mentioned, with his two brothers formed the nucleus of the school, and who was at this time headmaster, gave a memorable address on "Memorial Stones", with the underlying thought of "Unselfish Service and Sacrifice".

"Sacrifice and Service"—what more fitting close to this history of the Chefoo School? Readers, have you caught the gleam of the golden thread running through the woof of the tale? The Golden Thread of God's Glory and Love revealed right at the very beginning in the sacrifice of Mrs. Hudson Taylor in parting from her husband and family for pioneer work, right on

through Mr. Taylor's submission to God's will at the time of his weakness, through the heavenly Father's gift of the delightful Compound so beautifully situated on the sea-coast, through His protection at times of danger and distress, through the heroism of lives laid down and lives spent in unselfish service, through the bringing of little ones to the Master's feet, and through their subsequent consecration to their Saviour's service?

So take and use Thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain of the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand,
Perfect the cup as planned.
Let age approve of youth, and LIFE (*not* death) complete the
same.

ITS TOMORROWS

ITS TOMORROWS

“RESULTS!” The very word conjures up those hopes and fears incident to the days near the close of the summer holidays. In many a home hearts are fluttering at the approach of that morning which shall declare the success or failure of the previous year’s work. To parents, perhaps, it often means even more than to the boys or girls themselves, for plans for the future may depend upon the desired matriculation exemption.

We in Chefoo are not strangers to these experiences, for our pupils sit for the Oxford Local Examinations, and eagerly await the unknown day in early October when an assembly of the school shall be called at some unwonted hour. As a rule, only the junior candidates are still there to hear the list read out, but enthusiastic admirers of last year’s seniors are more than willing to render vociferous applause for the honours which have won the School a holiday. Occasionally, however, one of those who sat for the School-Leaving Certificate is still with us, and the writer distinctly remembers one shy girl, the sole representative of her form, standing up at the back of the large schoolroom to testify to all present that she and her classmates had met regularly for prayer prior to the examination. “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory”, is the burden of the letters that come back to us from all quarters of the globe whither our senior candidates have scattered,

and the staff echo the sentiment. Is there any other school in the world that can count on the prayers of such a vast army of friends for the scholastic as well as for the spiritual side of the work?

The goal once passed, to the pupil proves to be but the gateway to a wider field of study, to the teacher—who has long had his eye on the universities of the English-speaking world—an incentive to further efforts on behalf of succeeding classes of boys and girls. Someone once compared Chefoo to the hub of a wheel with spokes radiating in all directions. Another discovered that it is like the British Empire in that the sun never sets on its scholars. Let us investigate these proud claims. Zealous young stamp collectors know full well that teachers who receive letters from Old Boys and Girls have interesting stamps, though even they, perhaps, scarcely realize in how many countries former pupils of the schools are to be found: Korea, Japan, North and South America, the British Isles, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Egypt, Palestine, the Malay States, India, French Indo-China, and China itself; nor must those in the southern hemisphere be overlooked.

The occupations of Old Chefooites are almost as varied as the lands in which they live. Some of our sons and daughters are doing well in the medical and teaching professions, while others occupy prominent and responsible positions in the business and religious worlds. Were it possible to assemble all the students whose names have been placed on the roll of the School since the commencement fifty years ago—and the company would probably number nearly fifteen hundred—there would be those present who are interested in such widely diverse subjects as finance and art, theology and engineering, medicine and architecture, oil-refining and

surveying, dentistry and farming, pharmacy and printing, home-making and travel, literature and diplomacy, ancient languages and nursing, and even naval and military affairs, for some 80 per cent of our Old Boys were on active service during the Great War. Amongst those unable to attend such a roll call would be the thirty-four who laid down their lives for King and country, but they would not be forgotten. The service held each year to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of the Memorial Hall keeps their memory green, and reminds succeeding generations of the duty of loyalty to the fatherland, even if born in China.

The call of the East may partly account for the large number of Chefooites who have settled in the Orient, though this is scarcely so in the case of those who have joined the missionary body. For them the missionary vocation is stripped of all the glamour of romance. Have not they themselves experienced long separations from their parents, endured wearisome journeys, possibly even known the discomforts as well as the dangers of brigand raids, and all the hundred and one unromantic details of ordinary missionary life? Steadfastly resisting the lure of high salaries, they have become the heralds of the Cross, because they have heard a Voice saying, "Go". Yet had they so desired, probably it would not have been difficult to earn their living in the land of their birth. Business men in China are usually glad to find an opening for a Chefoo boy or girl, while almost every summer brings a letter from some mother seeking a nursery governess for her children, or the principal of some school requiring a junior teacher. Such posts occasionally meet a temporary need, but, generally speaking, the pupils on leaving school go to the land of their parents; and it is better so. Eastern

ports hold many a snare, and, while life in the homelands at first involves a difficult period of readjustment, it is undoubtedly more bracing. Until recently, North America seemed to offer more scope than the British Isles, and a goodly number of our pupils have settled there, irrespective of the nationality of their parents. Toronto, in particular, has become a Mecca of Chefooites, largely owing to the warm-hearted reception given by Christian friends to the early comers, and the success of the latter. Friend has attracted friend until more than a hundred in all have found their way to that beautiful city for business or further study. At least another hundred are scattered through the great North American continent. A good proportion of these were recently visited by a member of the Chefoo staff, and the general impression was that the years of prayerful toil had been worth while. The majority were shining as lights, albeit in some places it is but a very small gleam that relieves the surrounding gloom.

“But what of spiritual results?” you ask. The Day alone will fully declare these. To speak of those who are giving full-time Christian service is comparatively easy, since a careful record is kept of those who are engaged in home or foreign missions, or are in course of preparation for such a life-work. The present girls study with great interest the two honours-boards in the dining-room of the Girls’ School, where the names of more than eighty Old Girls who have become missionaries are recorded. Those so favoured as to be able to point to the names of their own mothers, are indeed proud. Add to these eighty about fifty Old Boys and it becomes evident that the schools are making a contribution to the missionary cause. A study of the latest C.I.M. prayer-list reveals the fact that five and a half



CHEFOOITES AT SWANWICK, 1931

Left to Right:

Back Row: *Percy Moore, Clarence Preedy, *Raymond Joyce, *Arnold Lea, Dr. R. Parry, *Gordon Aldis

Middle Row: *Mrs. Rowe, Mary Preedy, Miss N. C. Wilson, Mrs. Houghton, Miss E. McCarthy, Mr. T. Gear Willett (former School Secretary), Eula Carr

Seated: Miss I. E. Phare, Miss M. Pyle, Mrs. Carr (former Girls' School Principal), Miss E. B. Harman, Miss H. M. Priestman, all former or present members of the Girls' School Staff

Those marked with an asterisk are now missionaries in China

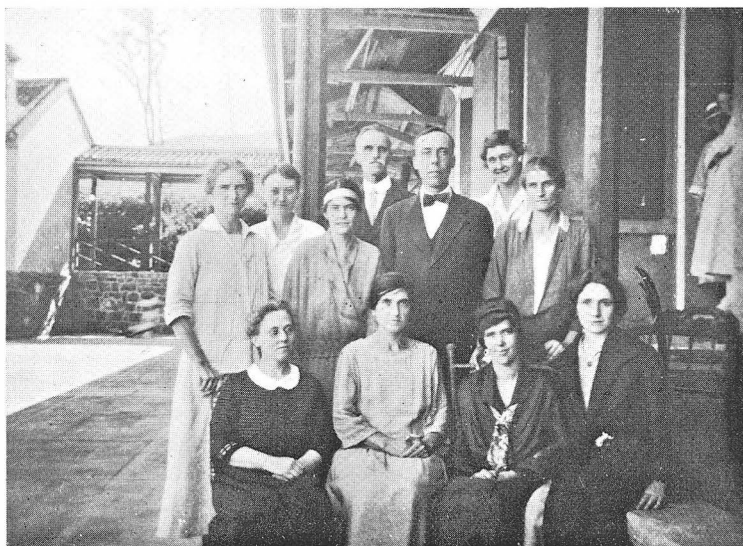


Photo by]

[Miss M. A. Orr-Ewing

OLD BOYS AND GIRLS SERVING ON THE SCHOOL STAFF, 1925

Left to Right:

Standing: Miss N. C. Wilson, B.Sc., Miss M. A. Orr-Ewing, B.A., Miss S. P. Rough, Dr. F. H. Judd, Mr. G. Findlay Andrew, O.B.E., Miss E. M. Broomhall, Miss E. McCarthy

Sitting: Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. Findlay Andrew, Mrs. Harris, B.A., Mrs. Welch, B.A.

To face p. 70



THE MEMORIAL HALL ON THE OPENING DAY, APRIL 24, 1924
(see p. 63)

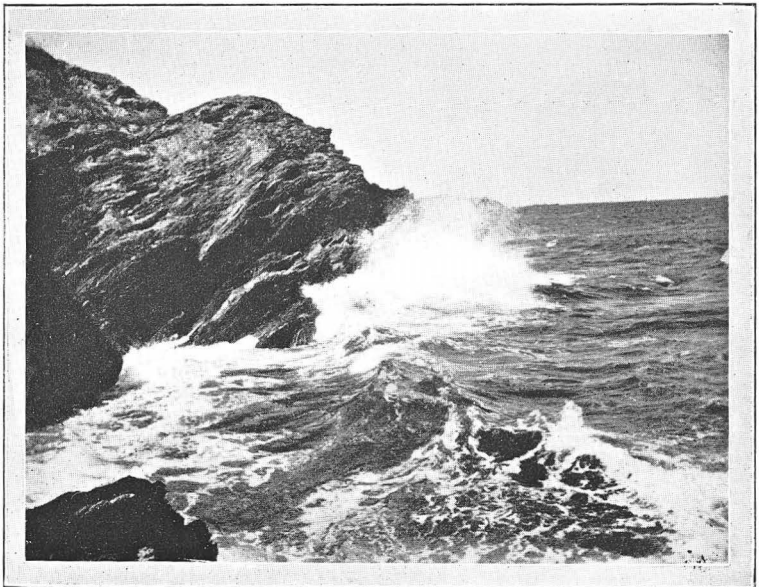


Photo by

THE ROCKS

[A. Grainger

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per cent of the present membership of the mission (not including associates) received at least part of their education in the Chefoo School. The proportion of former pupils included in the "Two Hundred"* will be slightly higher. One-fifth of the present teaching staff in the Chefoo School are themselves Chefooites. Several C.I.M. families now have two of the second generation on the field, and another has three, a fourth was able to give one term of service, while two families are able to rejoice in the privilege of contributing a representative of the third generation towards the number of the "Two Hundred".

Thus far our attention has been directed to those within the confines of the China Inland Mission; but Old Boys and Girls have swelled the ranks of the workers in at least twenty different Missions abroad. Others are engaged in some form of home mission work, including the C.S.S.M., and nine of the Old Boys are ordained ministers and have charges in England or North America. Mere figures are cold until translated into terms of life. One winter's morning the writer paused before a widespreading tree that recalled the words, "Joseph is a fruitful bough whose branches run over the wall". On the ground lay numberless large white berries, with the germ of another such tree in each. The life is in the seed. Should but a small proportion of these come to fruition, yet by the law of increase what infinite possibilities loomed ahead. Close at hand a band of new missionaries were wrestling with the Chinese language, and three of the number were educated in Chefoo, each already a proved soul-winner. Surely herein lies the difference between mere statistics

* A special appeal was made for two hundred new missionaries in the years 1929-31.

and fruit whereby the Father is glorified, for is not fruit the seed-box of the plant? At a conservative estimate the Chefoo School has helped to produce nearly two hundred men and women who have heard the call to full-time Christian service.

But what of the numberless others who are scattering the seed in Sunday School and Bible Class, by tract and open-air preaching or personal testimony? There are many engaged in secular callings whose evenings and Sundays are at the Lord's disposal. The writer has found them in choirs, playing the instrument at meetings, encouraging young people to work for China, officiating as presidents of young people's societies in the churches, and active in student Christian movements of the most evangelical character in the colleges. "To live is Christ", has been the motto of many in their schooldays. Who can estimate the influence of a life radiant with the indwelling Christ amongst those whose religion may be formal or frankly non-existent? Whether in office or school, home or workshop, such lives must eventually tell.

Let me do good and never know
To whom my life a blessing brings,
E'en as a lighthouse flings its rays
Upon the ships that come and go.

"The good seed are the children of the kingdom", we are told in one parable, and perhaps that is why some of our most deeply spiritual young people have not been given sufficient good health to enable them to pass the medical test for return to China as missionaries. The Son of Man has need of their testimony in some other part of His great field.

"Do they give any credit to those of us who are not missionaries?" asked one Chefooite wistfully. Of course

we do. A doctor's sons do not necessarily all become doctors, although it is extremely likely that one or more may follow in his father's footsteps. Similarly, there may be several teachers in a schoolmaster's family; but some strangely unaccountable gift may lead one son or daughter along a wholly unexpected path. Chefoo boys and girls have as much right to choose their calling in life as any other young people, and there is perhaps a pardonable tendency for them to want to follow their own bent. All honour to those who by their industry and perseverance have succeeded in their calling and have won the esteem and respect of their fellow-men. To these is committed in a special way the responsibility of interpreting Christ to those who otherwise would know Him not. They may, if they will, be living epistles to those who never read of Him for themselves or worship in His House. When the call comes to one or another of these to lay ambition on the altar, they discover, as others have done before them, that there opens up to them then such an experience of His love as more than compensates for any temporal loss.

"Are there no disappointments?" some have asked. The fire will one day try our work, and only the gold, silver, and precious stones will remain: less durable materials worked into the building will be consumed. Or to return to the figure of the seed, regarding it this time as the Word of God, we bear in mind that our Lord Himself said that some seed falls by the wayside. The preacher may have seemed dull, the listener may have been inattentive, and so did not understand. It was easy then for "that wicked one" to snatch away the seed before it commenced to germinate. Others—and this applies particularly perhaps to those who were not members of our C.I.M. family—may have spent

but a short time with us, and passed away from the schools ere the teaching had fully penetrated their hearts. Yet the truth has been carried away in choruses, hymns, and passages of Scripture committed to memory, and, since the ground had been prepared by much prayer, we may hope for a harvest some day. Even seeds stored in the tomb of an Egyptian mummy for many centuries are said to have grown when buried in the earth. The life is in the seed.

Some of these transients receive the word with joy, and cases could be cited where a child who at first had found the atmosphere of Chefoo something entirely new and strange, experienced genuine conversion and afterwards became the means, in God's hands, of quickening the spiritual life of some of the children of missionaries. One member of the China Inland Mission testifies to blessing received in this way during her schooldays. Some of us can scarcely enter into the difficulties which beset such boys and girls when they seek to carry out in their own home circles the principles of Christian living set before them in Chefoo. We can regret, but scarcely blame, when because of "persecution for the sake of the Word" they are offended.

At times we are tempted to be discouraged when we see some who have been with us for many years fail to fulfil their early promise, even as a farmer regards ruefully a field of oats overrun by daisies or poppies. The passing tourist exclaims, "How beautiful!" regardless of the fact that the gay weeds are diminishing the fruitfulness of the crop. So with those for whom the "lust of other things" has entered in. This condition of heart was not unknown in our Saviour's day, and is frequently seen in our churches and out of them. Little

wonder if some of the young people, who in their early years have been deprived of much that would appear desirable for success in this life, are found where tares are rife: yet not till the great harvest day shall we know how they appear in the sight of the Son of Man, or whether, after all, they shall stand among the righteous who shall "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father". That word "Father" surely indicates that sonship once established is a lasting relationship.

Thy task may well seem over hard,
 Who scattered in a thankless soil
 Thy life as seed, with no reward
 Save that which Duty gave to Toil.

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
 In thine or in another's day.

They reap not where they laboured,
 We reap where they have sown;
 Our harvest may be garnered
 By ages yet unknown.
 The days of old have dowered us
 With gifts beyond all praise:
 Our Father, make us fruitful
 To serve the coming days.

The tale is nearly told, and yet would not be complete without some reference to a form of service costly, indeed, yet with results incalculable. To the little group in Melbourne belongs the honour of issuing a world-wide call to prayer by Chefooites for Chefooites. Commencing with a monthly gathering for fellowship and intercessions, the resultant blessing to themselves and those for whom they prayed encouraged them to invite Chefooites to unite in prayer on the first Saturday in each month wherever two or more could gather together. The carrying out of such a scheme is fraught

with difficulty; but even so, something has already been accomplished. Similar groups elsewhere have been heartened, and in one country a daily prayer-cycle has been issued by the committee of the C.S.A. A Bible and Prayer Union for Old Girls, started by a teacher whose active service in Chefoo came to a close nearly twenty years ago, is still in existence. The number of cards issued in 1931 to girls who left during the earlier years of the school's history was just over one hundred. That a link of this kind is appreciated there is abundant evidence, and only a very few have withdrawn their membership even after the lapse of many years. May God's richest blessing rest on this new movement, inaugurated by Old Boys and Girls themselves, for in it lies much of the hope in the future for the seed yet lying dormant, and for that which shall yet be sown. Not in vain have the walls of the old school often been made to ring with the familiar hymn:

We come unto our fathers' God:
Their Rock is our salvation.

The simple faith of those who dare to believe that God means what He says is no easier in this generation than the last. Well may we recall the words of the old gentleman who sought to warn Hudson Taylor of the folly of trusting God alone for temporal supplies. He told him that as he grew older he would grow wiser. "I have grown older", said Hudson Taylor long after, "but not wiser." Praise God for each one of the boys and girls who, having examined the fundamentals of their faith and considered them in the light of modern research, dare to take their place with the simple-hearted. "They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

A garden-lover in East Anglia was in the habit of burying any peach-stone that came his way. Some of these sprouted, and one even became a fruit-bearing tree, and yielded in the eighth year a crop of two hundred and forty peaches. May we who are privileged to labour in Chefoo ever share both the hope and the patience of the husbandman, believing that what God has promised He is well able to perform.

WHAT I OWE TO CHEFOO

I

*By an Old Girl, who has since served on the Staff and is now the parent
of a Chefoo boy*

For the subject assigned to me I need the pen of a ready writer, and alas! I have not got it. If all the gratitude which surges into my heart when I think of what I owe to Chefoo could find adequate expression, the result would be a glowing article; but I fear that is beyond my power. I must be content to write a plain unvarnished tale.

Having spent my early childhood in England, away from my parents, who thus became strangers to me, I was very rebellious when they decided to send me and my next sister to Chefoo. I made up my mind that all things pertaining to China were hateful, and that in Chefoo I should be miserable. We reached there in November 1888, and spent the holidays with two other pairs of sisters. There was no tobogganing or hockey in those days, and we occupied ourselves as best we might. After the South of England, the cold seemed unbearable, and when we were taken for a walk twice a day, whatever the weather, I often wept with the pain. Those were pioneer days: central heating had scarcely been heard of outside America, and only feeble folk had a fire in their bedrooms! Cold baths in the morning were the rule, though in the winter some warm water was added. I remember making a bargain with one of the home-going girls to continue baths until Christmas, and I kept it too! The Spartan element in our training is one of the things for which I have been most grateful since. It was not confined to physical matters, but touched all sides of our life. I connect it chiefly with Miss Sanderson, to whom, beyond all my teachers, I look back with gratitude and affection. She had a motto which she was fond of quoting to us: "Excuse others, thyself never". As she put it most consistently into practice herself, it tended to become impressed on our minds; and I am sure that some of my former pupils who read this will remember how often I passed it on. I am aware that many people consider that Miss Sanderson was too Spartan, and perhaps she was for the younger children, but I am thankful for the iron she put into my blood and for the unflinching devotion to duty and to high ideals which she certainly held up before us, both by precept and example. Morning Prayers led by her were times of inspiration, though even here her Spartan spirit was evident. I remember that once we were to read through I and II Chronicles. When we came to the genealogical chapters, we were made to read them by paragraphs, not by verses! Who, after that, would ever stumble over long names?

There was, however, a deep tenderness in Miss Sanderson, and I was privileged to experience it myself and to see it exercised towards others. Was there sickness, she was the nurse. From her I learnt the rudiments of nursing, being often called in to give help. Twice during her principalship death invaded the school, and she was the one to close the eyes of the child, whose loss rent her heart. I was with her on one of these occasions, and I shall never forget her stricken look, nor the tenderness with which she performed the last offices and sought to comfort me.

In the days before the Preparatory School was opened, very young children often came to the Girls' School. Then, as now, each older girl had a little one to mother, but then we did more for them, mending their clothes, bathing them, and generally holding ourselves responsible for their good conduct.

Teachers being often hard to get, the elder girls were not infrequently pressed into service, and helped to teach the younger ones. Also, there was no wardrobe-keeper, so we all looked after our own clothes, and one of us supervised the "amahs", who did some of the mending. This was excellent training for after life, and I, for one, have proved the value of it.

I hope I have not given the impression that life in those days consisted of all work and no play. Far from it—we enjoyed tennis, bathing, and boating, scrambles over the hills for flowers, and picnics to the spots still prized for such purposes.

In those early days there was no fixed age for leaving school; but when I had taken the 1st Class College of Preceptors' Examination, I was due to leave. However, by that time it had been decided to take the younger children of both schools to form a Preparatory School. This was started at Tungshin, about three miles west of the other schools, in a compound containing a large house and also a hospital. The house was used for dormitories and the hospital for classrooms. As there was a large garden, while the numbers were small, the site was ideal. My sister and I were asked to go with Miss Walker, now Mrs. Coulthard, to start this school. My sister soon went to work at the Girls' School, and I stayed on for four years, until, according to promise, someone was found to take our places and set us free to go to England for missionary training.

I look back to those days at Tungshin with much thankfulness. Things were not at all easy at first. The school had been furnished with necessaries, but to begin with, at least, we had no luxuries. A piano was considered to be amongst these, and so for all our music we had to depend on a derelict baby organ which often literally fell to pieces under one's hands! This was a severe discipline for me, but among other things which I learnt from it was the power to get music out of all kinds of uncongenial circumstances—no small gain.

The school grew in numbers both of teachers and pupils, and we had some very happy years at Tungshin before it was decided to move back to East Beach.

Then I spent two years in England in training, as I hoped, for work in the interior. However, I was asked to return to Chefoo, for a while at least, as teachers were needed. My own experience as a child made me feel that it would be a privilege if I could help to spare other families the experience through which mine had passed. Besides, Chefoo was like home to me, and I loved teaching, so did not consider it a cross to give up hopes of Chinese work.

Those years at the Girls' School form a delightful memory. The pioneer stage was scarcely past even then, and it was sometimes difficult to fit in the subjects we wanted for lack of people to teach them. For instance, it was felt that the girls were handicapped when they went to England or America because Latin was not taught. Try as we would, we could not free our one B.A. for this, she was far too busy teaching other important subjects. I could not relieve her of these, but finally, with great temerity, offered to make a start with Latin. I had never gone beyond the early chapters of *De Bello Gallico* myself, and had done nothing at it since I left school, so it was a case of learning my lessons before I taught them! I am not proud of the result, but at least a start had been made, and by the time it was necessary to teach the *Aeneid*, it was found possible to arrange the time-table so that the competent teacher could take the subject. Now Latin takes its proper place in the curriculum.

I was fortunate in having among my colleagues at the Girls' School those who were most congenial and helpful. We worked and prayed together with one mind, faced and overcame difficulties together, and thoroughly enjoyed our work. When I left to be married, I felt I had been enriched by the friendships formed through those years. Not alone, however, with the teachers, but with the girls. How I did enjoy them! In class and out of it, and perhaps especially at those times when we talked and prayed together over the problems and difficulties.

My debt to Chefoo as a parent fills my cup of gratitude to overflowing. First of all, the School made it possible to see the children at least once a year, sometimes oftener. Then, at all times one had rest of heart through knowing that they were in wise and loving hands. Through the vicissitudes of their school experience they have always had patient consideration given to their own peculiar dispositions, and have not been treated merely as parts of a crowd.

With many other parents I can rejoice that, while at school, the children were not only led to Christ, but helped both by precept and example to go forward in their Christian life.

Looking back over all these years of connection with Chefoo, I pray with all my heart that its future may be worthy of its past.

II

By an Old Boy

It is no easy matter to set forth, in so limited a space, the benefits of nine years at Chefoo. The grateful affection which an Old Boy must feel towards those schools is almost bound to appear stilted and formal when expressed in words; so I should like to emphasise in advance that any apparent coldness in this tribute is due, not to lack of feeling, but to poverty of expression.

I, for one, have much cause to look back gratefully to the times at Chefoo. In spite of all handicaps, imagined or real, the Chefooite (or is it "Chefusian" now?) gains real advantages over most other schoolboys, as far as actual education is concerned. Indeed, if the results of public examinations are to be trusted, Chefoo is second to very few English schools in its standard of work, and that standard is reached, not by "cramming", but by sound and

systematic teaching. Adequate time and attention is given to every subject, while far greater care is taken in arranging the time-table than seems to be the case in some schools. Moreover, in Chefoo it is fortunately not considered bad form to work hard.

That does not by any means imply that sports and physical training are neglected. The Boys' School appears to have found the right balance between work and sport—a very difficult proportion to fix, judging by the fact that numbers of public and grammar schools encourage games at the expense of work—or vice versa. Somehow at Chefoo everyone can—and usually does—take a live interest in swimming, cricket, boating, soccer, and so forth, without getting at all behind in work. Then, too, there are unique facilities for sport and exercise: the sea, the sands, the hills, the tennis-courts, the “field”: the warships and “settlement” to provide teams for us to play: the dry, healthy climate which does lots to help, and very little to hinder, outdoor activities.

But there is one thing which makes Chefoo days stand out above all others. Anybody who has left Chefoo for a school in the homelands will know what a startling contrast there is between the two places. It is not so much the different routine, the novel surroundings, the fresh faces, which strike one; it is the complete change of “atmosphere”, a consciousness that something vital is lacking. Most schools pay due attention to mind and body; very few make any real provision for the needs of the soul—but Chefoo is one of the few. What other boys ever had such patient teaching and guidance in the things which matter most? From the time a boy enters the Preparatory, until he leaves the Sixth, he is breathing a “live” atmosphere, created by that constant “barrage of prayer” which surrounds the School. He must either accept and serve the Saviour about Whom he hears so much, or he must definitely reject. But, praise God, the majority leave school to serve the Master in the world outside—as business or professional men, as whole-time servants for Him, or in whatever sphere He places them. This, then, is the chief and final reason why Chefoo means what it does to so many of its Old Boys.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

The China Inland Mission—an interdenominational and international organization—was founded in 1865 “under a deep sense of China’s pressing need, and with an earnest desire, constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming, to preach the Gospel to every creature”.

During the last sixty-six years about 130,000 Chinese have been baptized, and the work is being carried on to-day by 1,200 missionaries and a large force of Chinese workers in 300 stations and 1,900 out-stations.

Although no appeal for funds has ever been authorized, God has supplied all the needs of this ever-growing work, and the Mission has never been one penny in debt.

To God alone be the glory!

But China’s need is as pressing as ever. Multitudes of men and women, great tracts of country, are still unreached. The command to preach the Gospel to every creature has never been cancelled. Have we, then, the same deep sense of the need? Are we constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming to obey His last command?

Believing that, in spite of the unstable political conditions, it is our inescapable duty to advance in every part of the field, we are launching a forward movement throughout the area for which the C.I.M. is responsible. We invite the prayers of all who realize the urgency of the need, and offers of service from those who are free to go.

You can help by joining :

(1) The Prayer Union, which links together those who desire to pray systematically for the Work ;

(2) The Prayer Companionship (or, in America, the Prayer Partners), which links its members to individual missionaries on the field ; or, if you are under eighteen,

(3) The Comradeship for China, which is the young people’s branch of the Mission.

Information in regard to all the above may be obtained on application to :

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

Newington Green, London, N.16 ; 16 Belmont Street, Glasgow, W.2 ; 237 W. School Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A. ; 150 St. George Street, Toronto 5, Ont., Canada ; 64 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Australia.

C.I.M. PUBLICATIONS

The following is a selection of publications of the Mission which are either written by Old Boys and Girls of the Chefoo School or in which some direct reference is made to Chefoo.

HUDSON TAYLOR IN EARLY YEARS—THE GROWTH OF A SOUL

HUDSON TAYLOR AND THE CHINA INLAND MISSION—THE GROWTH OF A WORK OF GOD

By Mrs. HOWARD TAYLOR. 5s. net each volume.

THE JUBILEE STORY OF THE C.I.M.

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ARCHIBALD ORR EWING—THAT FAITHFUL AND WISE STEWARD

By MARSHALL BROOMHALL, M.A. 2s. 6d. net.

It was through the generosity of Mr. Orr Ewing that the Mission was able to build the Boys' School.

GEORGE KING, MEDICAL EVANGELIST

By the Rev. F. HOUGHTON, B.A. 2s. net

George King, an old Chefoo boy, was a doctor who sacrificed brilliant prospects to share, not the Gospel of God only, but his own life also, with the people of China.

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