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Anne H. Patterson, M.D.



This photo was taken about 1895.
It is our first home - the Chang Inn.
It brings back memories - and produces mixed feelings.
The beginning of my career - looking into the
future in which these two women - Mrs. Six
& Mrs. East - Dong - Seo - played an
important part. Found in the attic, Feb. 15/41
set Barterbrook

About This Booklet

Women rarely studied medicine when Annie Rowland Houston, later to be Dr. Anne H. Patterson, came of age. When she nevertheless decided to enter that field, and when she further resolved to offer her service at a place where a woman doctor could be of real usefulness, however remote it might be from Virginia, she showed her strength of character. She was a person of patience. Along with patience she had a warm heart, a ready wit, and a good humor. She also had a reputation for plain speaking — but when she did so, it was done with humor and with good intention, not as a way to express hostility.

A fine place to get to know her better is in *My Heart's Recollections* (1999), the memoirs of her daughter, Margaret P. Mack. Her husband, Craig Patterson, also left word pictures (see below, pages 23-27). Her son, Houston, did the same in *My China That Was*.

Sections 1 and 2 of the present booklet are Annie's description of her Houston heritage. Section 3 tells of her girlhood in Fincastle. Section 4 tells about the first decade of her life in Suqian, China, the remote place where she began her work as doctor/missionary and the town where she reared her children. Sections 6, 7, 8 are some of her published essays, describing missionary methods in Suqian, the crisis for missions that came in 1927, and Christian medical work in China. Section 9 contains an inscription recognizing her retirement, coming from one of her supporting congregations, the First Presbyterian Church of Jackson, Mississippi. Section 11, a memorial essay, comes from that same church. A chronology of her life and an index of persons named conclude the booklet.

Other people helped very much to uncover the materials presented here. I especially appreciate the help of Margaret P. Mack, of Harrisonburg, Virginia; Nancy A. Patterson, of Bristol, Tennessee; Kitty P. Farley, of Abingdon, Virginia; Mrs. Thomas H. Bowen, Jr., of the First Presbyterian Church, Jackson, Mississippi; Jane Wells Breckinridge, of Fincastle, Virginia; and the staff of the Presbyterian Department of History, Montreat, N. C. Thanks go also to William G. McAtee, of Lexington, Kentucky, for unexpected new information about the missionary work in Cuba of Annie's cousin, Edith Houston; and to Craig W. Patterson, of Memphis, for the design of the front cover.

— Robert G. Patterson
Memphis, Tennessee
August 20, 2002

The Front Cover

Annie wrote: "This photo was taken about 1895. This is our first home, the Chang Inn [*more recently transliterated Jang or Zhang*]. It brings back memories — and produces mixed feelings. The Beginning of my Career — looking into the future in which these two women, Mrs. Six [*Mrs. Liu, left*] and Mrs. East [*Mrs. Dong, center*], Dong Sau-tz, played an important part. Found in the attic at Barterbrook, February 15, 1941." Mrs. Liu was a Bible woman, Mrs. Dong a household helper. Making use of openings that were already present in the wall, missionaries had a glazed door installed to improve climate control and lighting, and also a glazed window. Both are easily seen in the picture, the door fitted with a curtain. They also had wooden floors installed in their rented quarters to replace the inn's beaten-earth floors. For the location of Barterbrook, see page 38.

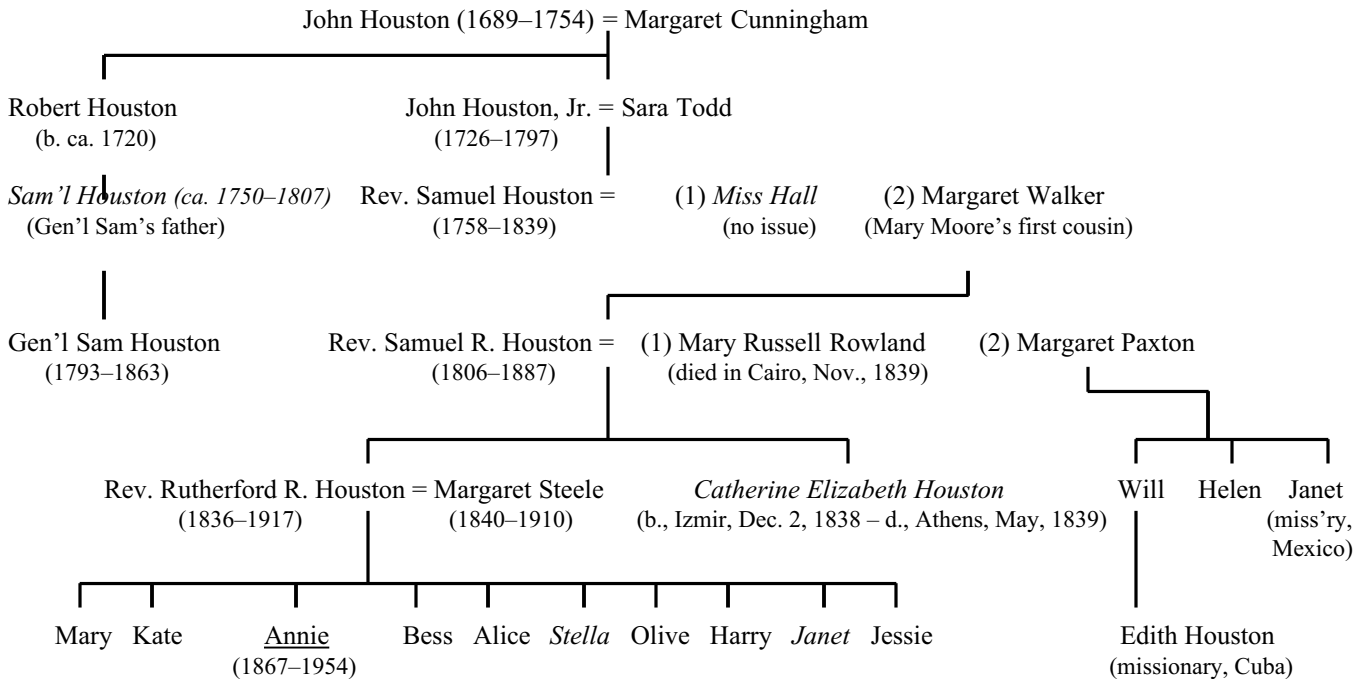
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The Houston Lineage Leading to Annie

(Italics indicate names not found in the text. For Annie’s children and grandchildren, see page 8.)



1. ANNE H. PATTERSON: “ANCESTRY OF ANNE ROWLAND HOUSTON PATTERSON — BORN MARCH 25, 1867”

The title in quotes, above, heads a ten-page paper of Annie's from which the selections below have been taken. The paper is not dated, but internal evidence suggests that the date was about 1934. That in turn means that the place of writing was probably Tengxian [Tenghsien]. Annie later preserved the typed manuscript in a scrapbook and Kitty P. Farley graciously made a copy available to me. My own additional comments are indicated by brackets and italics.

John Houston [1689–1754] was the beginning of our ancestors in the U.S. A. He was born in Ireland at the Scotch-Irish village, Ballysnodd.

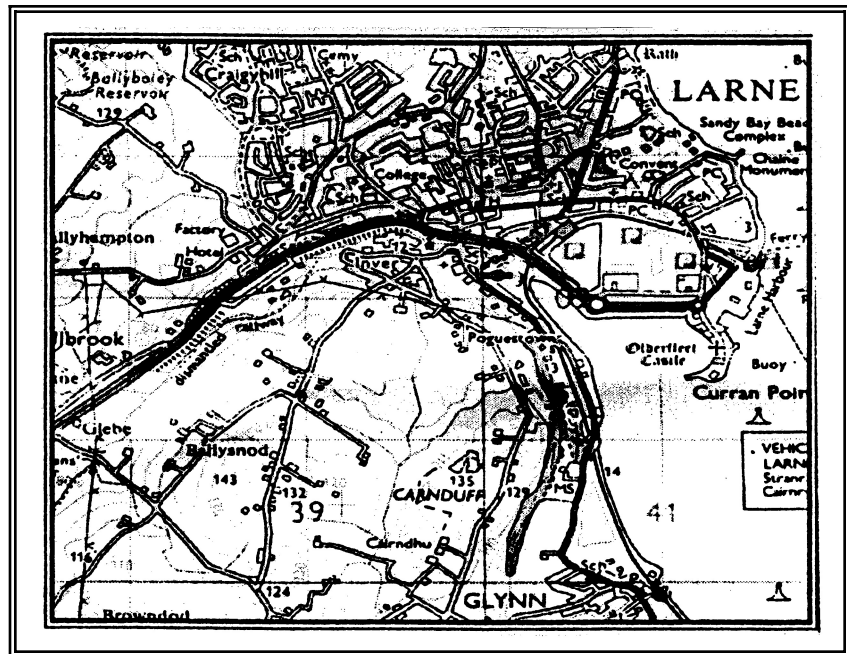
[*Ballysnod was located on the Snoddy farm, about 3 miles south of Larne and 25 miles north of Belfast. Larne was a main port used by emigrants heading for America. Snod or Snoddy is a family name, while “bally,” which appears in such words as “bailiff” and “bailiwick,” means “town.” So Ballysnod means “Snoddy township.”*]

He married Margaret Cunningham, and with her, along with their children and his mother, came to Pennsylvania in 1735. Afterwards [about 1742], he moved to the Valley of Virginia. He built a stockade near where the New Providence Presbyterian Church now stands. He with others were the chief promoters in organizing that church.... He had seven children, but we are interested only in the fifth child, John, Jr., who married Sarah Todd. [James, the eldest of the seven, stayed in Ireland and entered the ministry. Robert, oldest of the six who came to America, became the grandfather of General Sam Houston.]

John, Jr., was born in 1726 [so he was nine years old when he came to America]. After moving to the Valley, he settled at Brownsburg, Rockbridge County, Virginia, and became an elder in the New Providence Church. He was a trustee of Liberty Hall Academy and later of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia. He also became the county's High Sheriff. He died in 1797.

He had nine children, among them my great grandfather, Samuel Houston.

Rev. Samuel Houston was born January 1, 1758. He graduated at Liberty Hall and was a soldier at Guilford Court House, North Carolina. He was licensed to preach by Hanover Presbytery, on



Ballysnod appears on the map just southwest of Larne. Larne was and is a major port for northern Ireland.

October 22, 1782. He was a charter member of Abingdon Presbytery.

In 1789 he became pastor of Falling Spring Church [*which he served until 1822*] and of High Bridge Church where he remained until his death in 1839, eighty-one years old.

He had a farm of 600 acres called “Rural Valley,” near Natural Bridge.

He was very practical: he invented a reaping machine (later perfected by Cyrus McCormick) [*also a Rockbridge County resident*]. He taught a Classical School for twenty years, dressed like an English gentleman. He is buried in the cemetery at High Bridge Church, and a metal tablet hangs there to his memory.

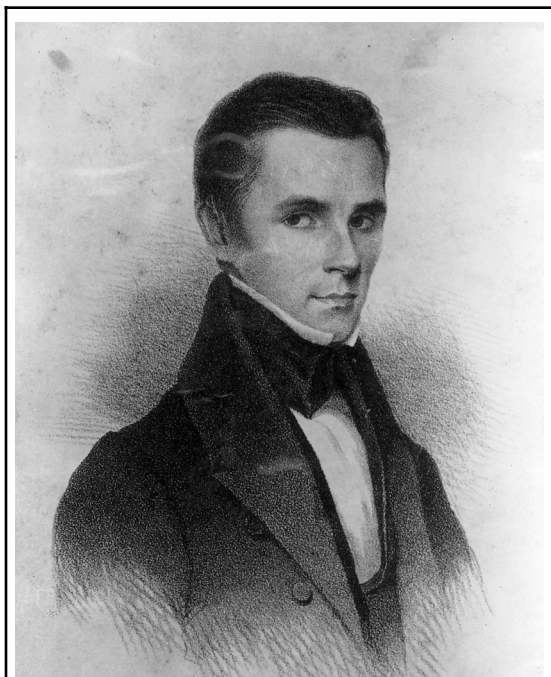
[High Bridge Church has become easy to see since the opening of Interstate 81. The building sits high up in a field a mile or two south of the Natural Bridge exit, the open field sloping down to the west side of the highway. That exit also provides an easy route for a visit to the church. The plaque, on an outside wall of the church building, is still there, as is the cemetery gravestone.]

Samuel Houston married for his second wife Margaret Walker. She was the daughter of Jane Moore, who married Joseph Culton Walker, an elder in Falling Spring Church.

This Jane Moore was a sister of the James Moore who was the father of the well known Mary Moore of Abb’s Valley. So the Houstons are connected with those Moores through Jane. She [*Mary Moore*] was received into the High Bridge Church by Samuel Houston.

[For the life story of Mary Moore (1776–1824), later Mrs. Brown, see “The Captives of Abb’s Valley: A Legend of Frontier Life,” by her son, James Moore Brown. Native Americans killed her parents and carried her off to Canada (1786). After escaping (1789), she spent part of her girlhood with the Walkers in the Falling Spring community. Thus, Mary Moore and Margaret Walker, Annie’s great-grandmother, were first cousins and shared some of their early years.]

Margaret Walker was born in 1771 and died at Rural Valley, August 14, 1834.



A young Samuel R. Houston, about 1834.

Samuel Rutherford Houston. Samuel and Margaret had seven children to grow to manhood — five daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom was my grandfather, Samuel Rutherford Houston. [*Samuel R. was the sixth child, his brother the seventh.*]

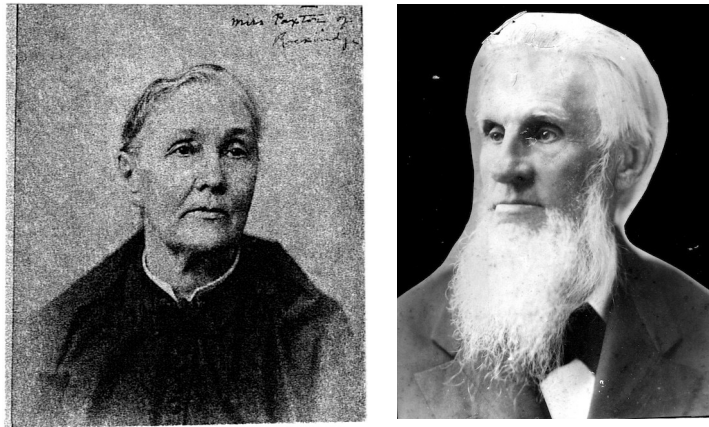
My grandfather was born Mar. 12, 1806, and died Jan. 29, 1887. He was married twice. The first time was to Mary Russell Rowland, of Locust Bottom Church in Botetourt County, Virginia. The church still holds [*“still exists”?*], and my sister, Olive, recently placed a pretty metal tablet, nicely engraved, in Locust Bottom Church, to the memory of our grandmother.

Samuel Rutherford and Mary R. Rowland were married July 13, 1834, and went to Greece the same year. They lived on a small island off the coast of Asia Minor, not far from Smyrna. My father was born at Smyrna, as was another child who died. The island they were on was called Scio.

[Modern names: *Izmir* and *Chios*. *Izmir* (Smyrna) was and is a town in Turkey. *Chios* (Scio) is a Greek island, population about 100,000. From *Chios* to *Izmir* by ferry was about 65 miles.]

Mary Rowland was always delicate. She had tuberculosis, and could not be brought home [i.e., repatriated]. Aliens were not allowed to bury their dead [in *Izmir*], so she was taken to Cairo. She lies buried at Alexandria. A number of her letters have been preserved. ...

[Another reason for going to Egypt was the quest for health. Many people thought that the climate of Egypt encouraged recovery from tuberculosis better than the climate of Asia Minor.]



A later portrait of Samuel R. Houston (right); and Margaret Paxton, his second wife.

Samuel Rutherford’s second wife was Margaret Parks Paxton of Rockbridge, a sister of the Mr. Paxton who married Frances’s [Frances Glasgow Patterson’s] great aunt. [For more information about this link with the Glasgows, see the additional note at the end of this section.]

They had nine children. Helen, Will, and Janet were charming folk. Janet spent her life in Mexico, a missionary. Edith Houston, still in Cuba, was the daughter of Will.

[Will, born 1843, was a lawyer in Lexington, Va., and eldest of the nine children. Helen, born 1851, lived in Union and was unmarried. Janet, born 1855, was unmarried and became a missionary. Will’s wife, Edith McClung, died when her baby, Edith, was just six months old. Little Edith, born in 1873, was reared in accordance with her mother’s wishes at her Grandfather Houston’s home in Union, by Helen. On Edith’s missionary life in Cuba, see note below.]

I saw my grandfather only once as I remember. He was a man of striking personality — very popular, very neat in his dress, courteous to a degree. A friend wrote an article about him and said, “The characteristic of his life was, ‘I did my best.’”

He had taught the dumb, and when he was engaged in thought he would spell on his fingers, as he had taught the dumb to do.

He was pastor at Union, West Virginia, from 1842–1887. The latter part of his life was spent at his farm, “Wigton,” near Union.

In 1887, I was teaching my first school, at Mr. Circle’s, near Clifton Forge, Virginia. My father came to preach, and spent the night with me. In the early morning he realized that his father was going, and it proved to be true. He said he prayed, as Elisha had, that a double portion

of his father's spirit might rest upon him.

A metal tablet hangs in the Union Church in memory of my grandfather.

Addenda

1. Note on travel:— Only forty-five miles separate Union from Fincastle, where Annie lived, and about the same distance separates it from Clifton Forge, where she taught. Yet Annie, who was twenty years old when her grandfather died, remembered seeing him only once during all those twenty years! This says something about the difficulty of travel in those days.

2. Note on the two "Sams":— General Sam Houston of Texas was the second cousin of Preacher Samuel R. Houston of Virginia/West Virginia, and a little more than ten years his senior. The grandfathers of these two Sams, brothers Robert and John, were brought over from Ireland in 1735 at the ages of 15 and 9. Later descendants have sometimes called the missionary to Greece, who experienced there the loss of his wife and daughter, "Sad Sam"; and his older second cousin, who gained fame in the Mexican War, "Texas Sam." Annie probably would have preferred to make the distinction as Margaret does — "Preacher Sam" and "General Sam."



3. Note on Edith McClung Houston, missionary to Cuba:— In 1934 Annie spoke of Edith Houston as being "still in Cuba." On page 3, we told of Edith's birth in Lexington, Virginia, and her childhood at Union, West Virginia. Just in the last few weeks, fresh information about Edith's life in Cuba has come to light through the researches of William G. McAtee, of Lexington, Kentucky. She worked as a school teacher in Camajuani, in the central Cuban province of Villa Clara. The Rev. Jose Leiva and his wife, who were the main staff at Camajuani Presbyterian Church in the '20s, became something of a sponsoring family for her. She was widely recognized in Cuba for her work in helping to unite the presbyterials (women's organization at the presbytery level) into a unified island-wide organization of Presbyterian Women of the Church. She remained in Cuba for her retirement years and died there at the age of 81, on

March 13, 1954, just one month after Annie's death. She is buried at the Protestant cemetery in Havana, in a tomb carrying two family names, "Leiva-Houston."

4. Note on the Houstons' connection with the Glasgows:— The second wife of Samuel R. Houston was Margaret Paxton. She was the sister of James Hays Paxton, who married Catherine Anderson Glasgow, Frances's great-aunt (the sister of William Anderson Glasgow, Frances's grandfather). This was not a blood relationship between the two families, of course. Probably more important for nurturing close ties between the Houstons and the Glasgows was the fact that for twenty years they were near neighbors in Fincastle.

2. HER FATHER AND MOTHER

These sketches of Annie's parents come from the same essay that we drew on in Section 1.

Rutherford Rowland Houston (1836–1917)

My father, being left without a mother [*vide supra*], was brought to the U. S. A. when he was about four, speaking only Greek. This alienated him from his early associates. He was greatly irritated by people wanting him to speak Greek. Also, he was weak bodily in the early years, although he later outgrew this. All of this combined to leave an impression that he never fully recovered from. As I look back, I can see now that he lacked home and sympathy.

I copy here what I wrote when he died: “Our father must be reckoned among the strong men — strong in body, strong in faith, and strong in the power of his God. He will be classed with the strong ones in heaven. One can see him sitting beside such men as Moses, Elijah, Daniel, and Paul.”

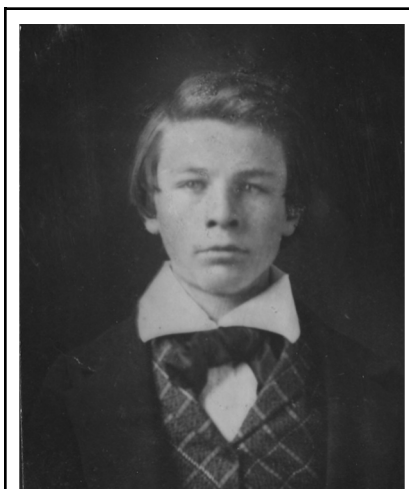
He was a perfect gentleman and Christian. Even in the most intimate relationships, no one ever heard him speak an improper word or do an ungentlemanly act.

In Fincastle, where he labored for twenty years, he had the respect of all and their honor. There was an awe in his presence that all felt. As a Bible student he had no superior. He spent several hours daily in direct Bible study. He was a tower of strength in religious convictions and in outspoken loyalty to the Word of God. The supreme desire of his life was that God might be glorified.

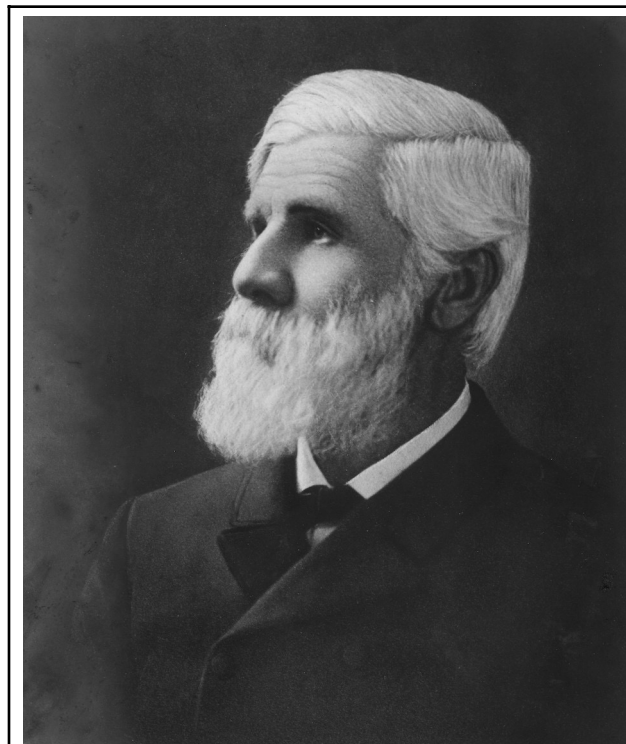
He was most affectionate in his family. He accepted each child as a gift from the Lord and to be trained for Him. When told that his ninth daughter [*Jessie*] had arrived, he said “That’s all right” — and she was the greatest pet of all.

He educated all of his children, teaching them while he studied. The one brother [*Harry*] was sent to college and the third daughter [*Annie herself*] studied medicine in Baltimore.

He was a mechanical genius. During the war, the house that he lived in had sunk at a corner and had to be raised. He so arranged his pulleys that the weight of a servant girl was sufficient to lift it.



Rutherford R. Houston, age 14, a year before entering Washington College.



Rutherford R. Houston during the later years of his ministry at Fincastle.

[“The war” that Annie speaks of was of course the Civil War. “The house that he lived in” probably refers to the residence of a certain Mr. James Mann, a member of the Salem Church which R. R. Houston served. Olive Houston tells us that R. R. Houston’s first two children, Mary and Kate, were born at Salem in the home of this Mr. Mann. Annie will mention below that her mother, Margaret Steele, before marrying her father, had been previously married to a Mr. Mann in Illinois. The Illinois Mr. Mann was James Mann’s cousin. With housing scarce during the Civil War, the Houstons apparently lived for several years with the James Manns.]

He ate his bread and milk for supper with the children, and never once did he complain about food!



The gatehouse/bell tower of the Suqian Church, about 1931. Houston, standing at the back just left of center, was a missionary in Suqian by then. The tablet was situated right behind him, on an inner wall of the gate.

the tablet to protect it from marauding soldiers. Eleven years later, in 1938, a Japanese bomb destroyed the tower, and it was not rebuilt after the war. As far as I know, the tablet is lost.]

His favorite hymn was “Just as I am without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me.” This was the spirit of his life. He had an unusual sense of the enormity of sin. He deeply desired to pray with his last breath, as had Stephen, “Lord Jesus receive my spirit.” He was unconscious at the time of his death, so his daughter, Kate, at whose home he died, breathed the prayer for him. Thus his spirit returned to the One Who gave it and Who had redeemed it with His blood. [Kate’s home was in Richmond, Virginia.]

He leaves many to follow in his steps who were helped to higher things because he lived. He entered into rest on January 4, 1917.

A tablet to our father and mother is in the Sutsien China Presbyterian Church, placed there by us — all the children.

[The tablet, probably made of stone rather than bronze, was located in the church’s gatehouse/bell tower, a structure that the Houston sisters and brother helped to erect by means of their contributions. In the Chinese civil war of 1927, a layer of adobe or plaster was put over

Margaret Isabel Steele (1840–1910)

- Her ancestry:
- Her father, James Harvey Steele (1810–1859).
 - Her mother, Catherine Wilson (1815–1847).

The Steeles and the Wilsons, like the Houstons, came over from Scotland and Ireland about 1730. They came first to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and later to Virginia — Orange County and then Augusta County. [A certain Andrew Steele, an elder at New Providence Church in 1746, was probably an ancestor.]

As I understand it, my mother's parents were married in Virginia and then emigrated to Illinois. She was born there, in Grandville, Illinois. Her mother died when she was seven, and she had a sad childhood. Her father must have been kind and considerate, and she was devoted to him.

[Olive Houston wrote that Margaret Steele was born in Edgar County, Ill., and Annie here identifies the town as "Grandville." Some family chroniclers say "Grand View." On modern maps, an Edgar County town named "Grandview" may be found, about 25 miles west of Terre Haute, Ind. James Steele, Margaret's father, a minister, presumably served a church there.]

Her first husband was a Mann, and she often visited in West Virginia to see a Mann family who were descended from the same grandparents as her former husband. These Manns lived in the community where my father was preaching at the time.

[So Margaret Steele's first husband was a cousin to James Mann. The first husband must have died soon after marriage, since Margaret was still only twenty-two when she entered her second marriage. As far as we know, there were no children from the first marriage.]



Margaret Steele Houston

She was quite pretty, and he fell for her while she was horseback riding. They were married on November 11, 1862.

In reviewing my mother at this long range (I never lived at home after I was nineteen), I see her as always in a good humor. She managed the smaller children and punished them when necessary, but I did not see her do it. The way we knew it had happened was that they came running to my father for sympathy, and he was never too busy to give it! There was practically no punishing in our family, and why we were always so obedient seems unusual. We never thought of disobedience. When I was a small child, I told my mother I could swallow a bitter dose if she would let me go stand under a large pine tree. It was dark, so she could not watch me. But she let me go, never once thinking that I might pour it out!

I quote from my mother's obituary, written by her son-in-law, the Rev. Wm. McC. Miller:

“All among the wide acquaintance of Mrs. Houston regarded her as one of the best of women — a Christian of exceeding strength and loveliness of character, deserving of being placed

among the truly great and good. In the well-known families with which she was connected by kinship and friendship, she was looked up to as one of their most honorable members.

“Few persons attain such thorough knowledge of the Bible as she possessed. Her piety was genuine and deep. She had in an eminent degree the mind and spirit of Christ. Her submission to God’s will was absolute. She was a glorious product of divine grace. “Her praise is not of men but of God.”



Ballysnood Farm, in Botetourt County, out from Fincastle about seven miles. Rutherford R. Houston retired there to a house that he himself designed and had built. He is seen in the picture wrapped in a blanket and sitting on the porch in the winter sunlight, a practice that permitted him to enjoy feeding the chickens at the same time he was studying.

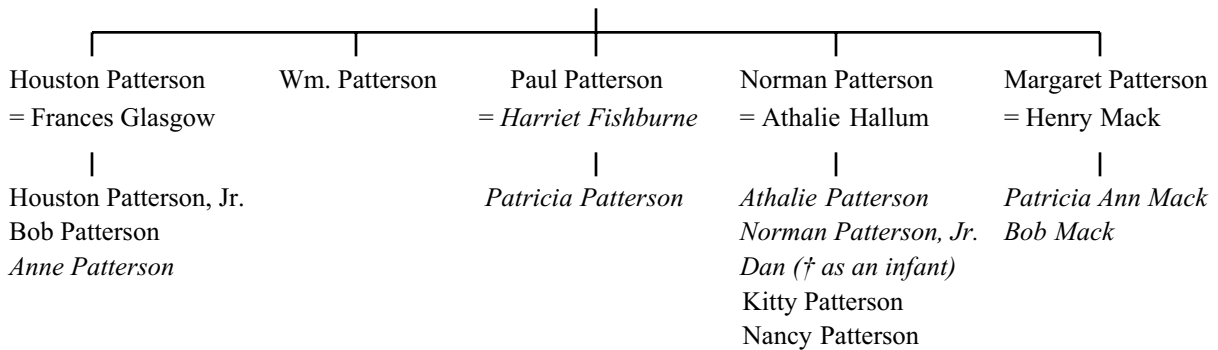
We thank God for our inheritance, more precious than silver or gold.



Annie’s Children and Grandchildren

(Italics indicate names not found in the text.)

Annie Rowland Houston (1867–1954) = Brown Craig Patterson



(For information about subsequent generations, see Margaret P. Mack, *My Heart’s Recollections*, Appendix A.)

3. HER PATH TO THE MISSION FIELD

Annie recorded her childhood and young adult recollections in at least two different papers. We dated one to 1934, and the other is definitely dated to 1937. Each paper is about ten pages. Annie probably expected, in both cases, that the main readers would be her sisters and brother. I relied mainly on the 1934 paper in Sections 1 and 2, and on the 1937 paper in the present section.

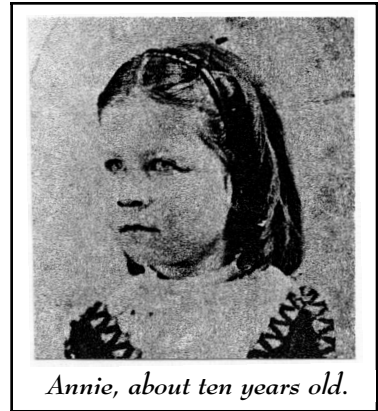
Everything below that is non-italicized is by Annie. The headings, however, are mine, and I arranged the sequence in which the material is presented.

BIRTH AT UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Olive Houston, Annie's younger sister and eventually the chronicler for the Houston family, recorded that Annie's birth was at "Union High School." To our ears this is an unexpected place for a child to be born. But a letter that Samuel R. Houston wrote on May 6, 1865, just one month after the end of the Civil War, to his son Rutherford, who several years later would be Annie's father, helps to explain it. Samuel, located in Union, West Virginia, wrote that he was fixing up a building and its back yard garden, expecting Rutherford to come and inaugurate an academy. We may assume that the building was a former residence and that it included quarters easily adaptable to the needs of a young family. Rutherford and his family moved into the house that same summer.

So Annie was born at the "Union High School" on March 25, 1867. She was the third daughter in a family that eventually had eleven daughters, two of whom died in infancy, and one son.

After Annie's birth, Rutherford continued for four more years to lead the academy at Union and to preach at Salem Church. During that time his fourth daughter, Bess, was born. In 1871, he accepted the position of minister at the Fincastle Presbyterian Church. Annie, who was four years old at the time, later remembered very little from her Union days. Neither of her two collections of reminiscences begins the story of her life until after she was already at Fincastle.



Annie, about ten years old.

AND THEN SHE WAS SIX

Life began for me when I was six years old. I remember on my sixth birthday, I finished my First Reader.

At this time, also, I had correspondence with my Aunt Janet Houston in Mexico and promised her that I would join her in Mexico some day. I could not write, so my father would write. Then I would make a cross, and he would add, "Annie's cross." Then after I could sign my own name, I still wanted to make the cross!

[Annie learned to write in 1873. Samuel R. Houston, Janet's father, wrote that the Mission Board, hard pressed for funds, did not accept Janet as a missionary until 1880. But Annie recalls quite vividly how she "X-ed" her early letters and sent them to Mexico. So is it true, or is it not, that Janet was in Mexico between 1873 and 1880? Were Annie's earliest letters perhaps sent to Union, where Janet was



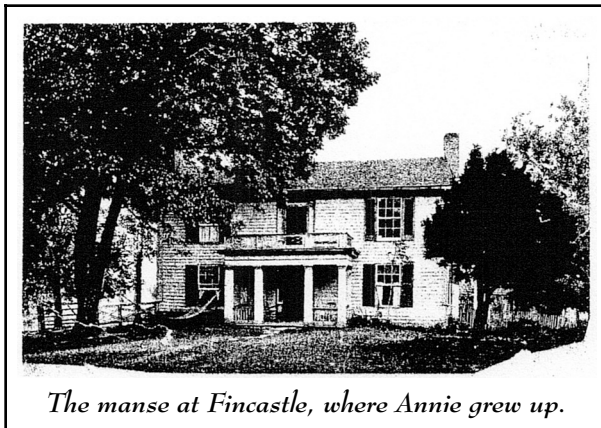
The "Aunt Janet" who went to Mexico as a missionary.

waiting to be accepted as a missionary, and only later begin to be sent directly to Mexico?]

In 1876 or before, our father and mother went to Illinois to visit her people.... They took my oldest sister, Mary, and the baby Alice, with them. The remaining children — Kate, Annie, and Bess — were put at the McFerrans who lived in the country, not even on a public road. I nearly died of homesickness, and the happiest moment of my life was when I looked up and saw my father. He had really come for me!

[If Alice, whose birthday was July 22, 1872, could be called “the baby Alice” when she was taken on this trip, the date must have been about 1873. So Annie would have been about six years old during the intense experience of isolation that she recalls so poignantly.]

HOME SCHOOLING, AND TWO YEARS AS A TEACHER



The manse at Fincastle, where Annie grew up.

I suppose no one, not even in the Victorian Age, had a more sheltered life than we had. We played with no children intimately except the McDowells, and they were well trained in every way. They were Methodists, so we did not attend the same church. My father said that under no circumstances would he be willing for us to attend a public school. So he taught us himself. For some reason we were sent to Miss Rebecca Glasgow for six months' schooling when I was eight years old. That was the only time I went anywhere, except to our father. About the time we were going to Miss

Rebecca's school, we children would go to prayer-meeting, and I remember our father trying to get us interested in Astronomy. I regret now that I did not take more interest. He did his part.

In October, 1886, when I was 19, I undertook to teach my first school. A Mr. Circle, at Gala [*about 15 miles north of Fincastle*], near Clifton Forge, advertised for a teacher. His home was near the Locust Bottom Church, the church our grandmother Houston came from, who went to Greece and later died in Egypt. It now holds a tablet placed by Olive to her memory.

This first year's teaching was a very hard experience for me. They were entirely different from my "set." There were two young men older than I, in the class. I had to teach book-keeping, but for me it had to be self-taught — I had never studied it at home. As for Physics, I had a book on it — one that was used at College, with hundreds of questions and no answers. Without my father's help, I would have flunked on that!

Poor dear Kate visited me there, and all she could do was weep. That teaching affected my nerves in a way that I did not recover from for years.

Truly a difficult job. But years afterwards I met one of the boys in Roanoke. He had come many miles to see me. He had placed his daughter at Hollins College, and he told me how his life had been helped through me. So I felt repaid for the months of discomfort.

It was necessary for me to teach another year, so I got a position in a delightful family near Charlotte, North Carolina, in the home of Capt. Sydenham Alexander. It was not easy to get a suitable school, so I had taken the exam for teaching a public school and held a first-class certificate. Capt. Alexander was a cousin of the second Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. I was asked to a luncheon with her. Kate thought that a most remarkable incident.

A SPIRITUAL DIARY

I suppose it was because I belonged to a minister's family that no one ever spoke to me about being a Christian, offered me a tract, or took any interest in my soul. When I was nine, a Mr. C. M. Howard, evangelist, came to Fincastle for a month's meeting, and it was then I took my stand for Christ. I stayed afterwards for a meeting, and it was an old Methodist lady that talked to me, a Mrs. Shirley. (Her Methodist husband was so opposed to foreknowledge and election that he said publicly, "If I thought the Lord knows how many hides I will tan this year, I would give up the business!") I do not remember a word that Mrs. Shirley said, but her spirit was fine, and I had a feeling of intense joy. I told my father about it, and he thought it was real conversion. I was received into the church with about thirty others.

I was greatly disappointed not to notice any greater change in my thoughts than I did. I hunted up a book called "The New Life," which pointed out that the old disposition was not destroyed in the new life but remained to be kept under. That was a great comfort to me.

I was definitely led of the Spirit when about 14 to stop reading novels and to be most careful of my thoughts. I say the Spirit guided me on this for we were brought up truly without any personal or individual advice, even from our parents. The only person that ever talked to me individually about my soul's welfare was a Chinese woman who was blind and at a clinic; she thought I was an ignorant Chinese woman sitting there. I was always proud that she did not tell by my poor Chinese language that I was a foreigner!

When about 17, I had a season of doubt — I could not realize the existence of God. I told no one of this. But I got books from my father's library, and through reading and prayer finally got over it.

It was in my twentieth summer that Kate and I evolved the idea of studying medicine with a view to foreign missionary work. Kate was pretty, popular, and never much of a student, so our friends only laughed at her. But all encouraged me. Mrs. Lewis [*see below*] at once promised to help me financially. I was very afraid that my father would object, but to my surprise he answered without hesitation, "By all means, study medicine. Every woman should do it."

MRS. SALLY GREY LEWIS, A LOYAL AND LONG-TERM FRIEND

My father had charge of two churches in West Virginia and we moved to Fincastle when I was about five [*four, actually*]. I never was pretty, but I had curls and a certain sturdiness. Mrs. Spears, formerly Sally Grey, one of the good members of Fincastle Church (who afterwards married Mr. Lewis), took a fancy for me at first sight and she would often take me to her father's home on the hill, a place about a mile in the country called "Prospect Hill." Her old father, Mr. Grey, was greatly cheered by a child, and every time she returned from town, he would ask, "Did Annie come?"

Mrs. Spears had a young daughter. During the Confederate War, she had nursed Mr. Spears through a long spell of typhoid. When he returned to the battle, she had a baby six months old. He never came back. More than once I would cry with Mrs. Spears as she would tell it. Afterwards she married a Mr. Lewis



Mrs. Sally Grey Lewis

from Charleston, West Virginia.

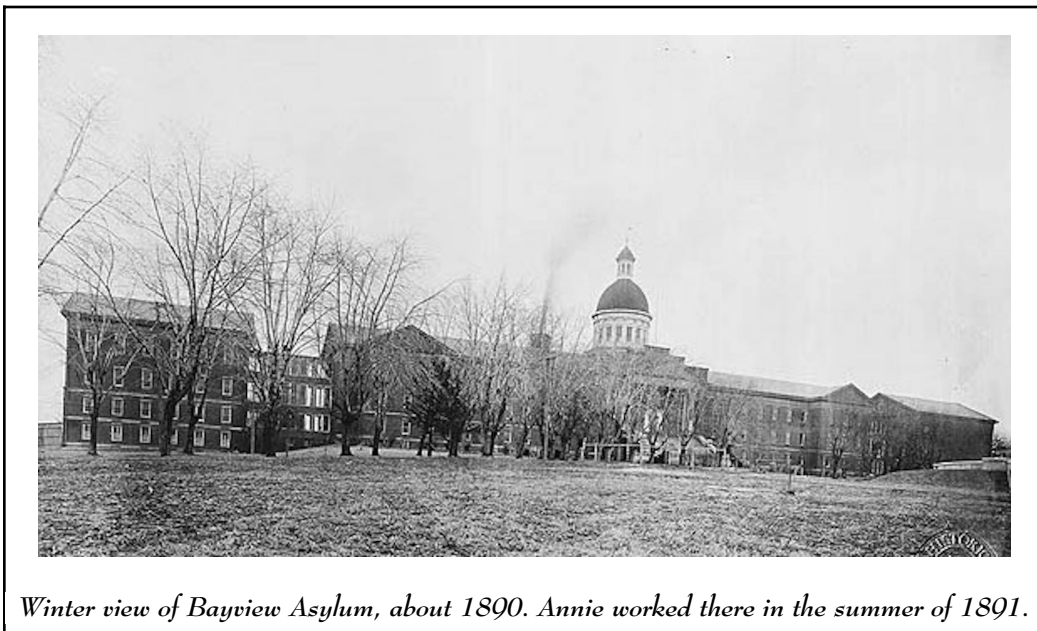
[When Annie was about 17 or 18, she actually visited Mrs. Lewis at her home near Charleston — an unusually long trip for Annie.]

Mrs. Lewis was a loyal friend of the whole family. She helped me very considerably at Medical College. When I went to China, she gave me a gold watch for a sailing present that had attached to it a piece of the solid gold chain given to her by Mr. Lewis as a bridal present. I also have six solid silver table spoons given to me on August 4, 1893 [*her wedding day*].

THE YEARS IN BALTIMORE

My study of medicine lasted for only three years. I had no internship, so I was not properly seasoned when I went out to the mission field. I was good on practice — I received the college prize on that. But I lacked confidence for surgery, so later on I did very little of that. I regret that I did not get employment for the summers in Baltimore. I could have attended clinics and also helped towards my expenses, but I never tried.

Mrs. Kettlewell had charge of a home for girls studying or working in the city, and I boarded there. She was awfully good to me. I advised concerning the sick girls, and turned off the gas at 10:00 P.M., so she gave me board cheaper. My last year I was employed in our college hospital to oversee the nursing, and for that I got room and board.



Winter view of Bayview Asylum, about 1890. Annie worked there in the summer of 1891.

After graduating, I spent two months at Bellevue Asylum — the poorhouse for the city. Those cases were chronic and I had my board to pay, so I got very little good.

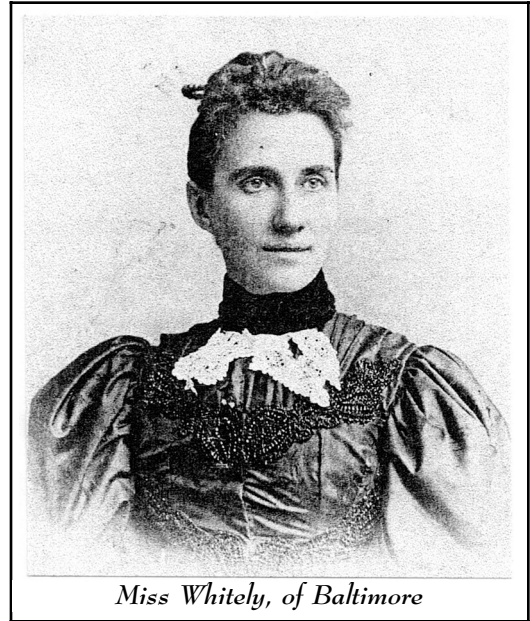
[The name of the asylum was “Bayview” rather than “Bellevue.” See “The Young Graduate’s Letter to Her Friend,” below, page 18. If Annie wrote the present essay while she was in Tengenian, she probably had no resources available in which to check names.]

During those three years, I was assistant superintendent of a Sunday School established at Franklin Street Presbyterian for children whose parents were not members of that church. There

were as many as 100 on the roll, and there were ten teachers and two superintendents. “Sunshine” Hawks was the superintendent.

[Later in this essay, and several times elsewhere, Annie speaks of a certain “Miss Whitely of Baltimore” as a friend of long standing. I have not seen a specific account of how Annie became acquainted with Miss Whitely, but I suspect they worked together at this Sunday school.]

I attended the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church. Dr. William Murkland was the pastor, the best orator I have ever heard in a pulpit. He wanted me to go to the field under the mission program of his church. But that church was independent and had no dealings with our Executive Committee of Foreign Missions. My father objected and advised against it, and no doubt it was best for me to come out under our Board.



Miss Whitely, of Baltimore

ST. LOUIS: A NEW LIFE STARTS

I graduated in May 1891, and started for China in September. I left home from a beautiful situation. Not far away stood an old moss-grown mill. The wheel was still there, and the water was ever flowing with its musical rhythm.

[This pastoral setting was about fifteen miles west of Fincastle, in Newcastle, Virginia. Dr. Houston had moved there only one year earlier. He stayed until 1894.]

I spent the last evening in Newcastle with Bess, persuading her to give up a Britisher, a reporter, to whom she was engaged. We had spent the afternoon playing croquet together. She thanked me afterwards, and realized it was well. *[In 1895 she married the Rev. Samuel O. Hall.]* My mother said, “As you are not married, I willingly see you go.” My father went with me to Clifton Forge, and the parting was not easy.

I reached St. Louis on September 17, 1891. Cousin Hale Houston, who was then Secretary of the Committee of Foreign Missions, joined our party in St. Louis and went as far as Kansas City.

[St. Louis was the point where a rendezvous had been set up for new Southern Presbyterian missionaries headed to Asia, either for Japan or for China. Annie thought of it as the place where her new life began, both as a missionary and as a partner with Craig. The actual commissioning service for new missionaries was on Sunday evening, September 20, in Kansas City.]

Dr. and Mrs. Hampden C. Dubose, missionaries to China, and two of their boys *[Clisby and Warner, aged 11 and 8 at the time]*, were returning to China and served as the senior members of our group. Another member of our party was Miss Ella Davidson, afterwards Mrs. Lacy Little, who was just my age *[down to the very day; her picture may be seen on the next page]*, a lovely girl who did good work in China. There were two bridal couples, the H. Tucker Grahams and the William C. Buchanans, going to Japan. Then there were three young men — George Hudson, a Britisher; Robert A. Haden, recently of Southwestern University in Clarksville, Tennessee; and



Ella Davidson

B. C. Patterson. The latter was the one my sisters teased me about and said he was the ONE.

Messrs. Haden and Hudson had sad deaths. Mr. Haden was drowned while trying to rescue coolies during the World War. Mr. Hudson died after terrible suffering from cancer.

[The senior Duboses, who accompanied Craig and Annie to China, died in 1910 and 1914. Ella Davidson Little died in 1916, from a spreading cancer. Mr. Hudson died that same year, after long suffering from cancer of the spine. Mr. Haden died on February 17, 1917, while trying to save Chinese passengers on "Athens," a transport ship destroyed by a submarine. So...] Of those in our party who went to China, we are the only ones left.

There were no dining cars on the trains in those days, so lunches were in order. Miss Davidson had a basket, and so had B.C.P., so he took me under his wing! He thought I needed looking after, and he was willing for the job!! And he has done it well.

After September 17, 1891, there are two lives to record!

[September 17 was when she and Craig met in St. Louis. It is interesting to see that she uses that date, rather than the later wedding date, to identify the time when her life with Craig began.]

SOME CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

If I had my life to live over, I do not know of any real changes I would make.

Miss Whitely of Baltimore has stuck to me all these years. She is 90 and almost blind, but she still [1937] writes to me. Nearly all of my girlhood friends have passed on. *[Miss Whitely died in 1944, aged about 97.]*

Wonderful has been the leading of the Lord. His guarding and protection which continues through old age — even down to children and grandchildren — is the heritage of our godly ancestry. And there are so many friends along the way who have cheered us on.

Truly the Lord blesses from generation to generation

Anne Rowland Houston Patterson

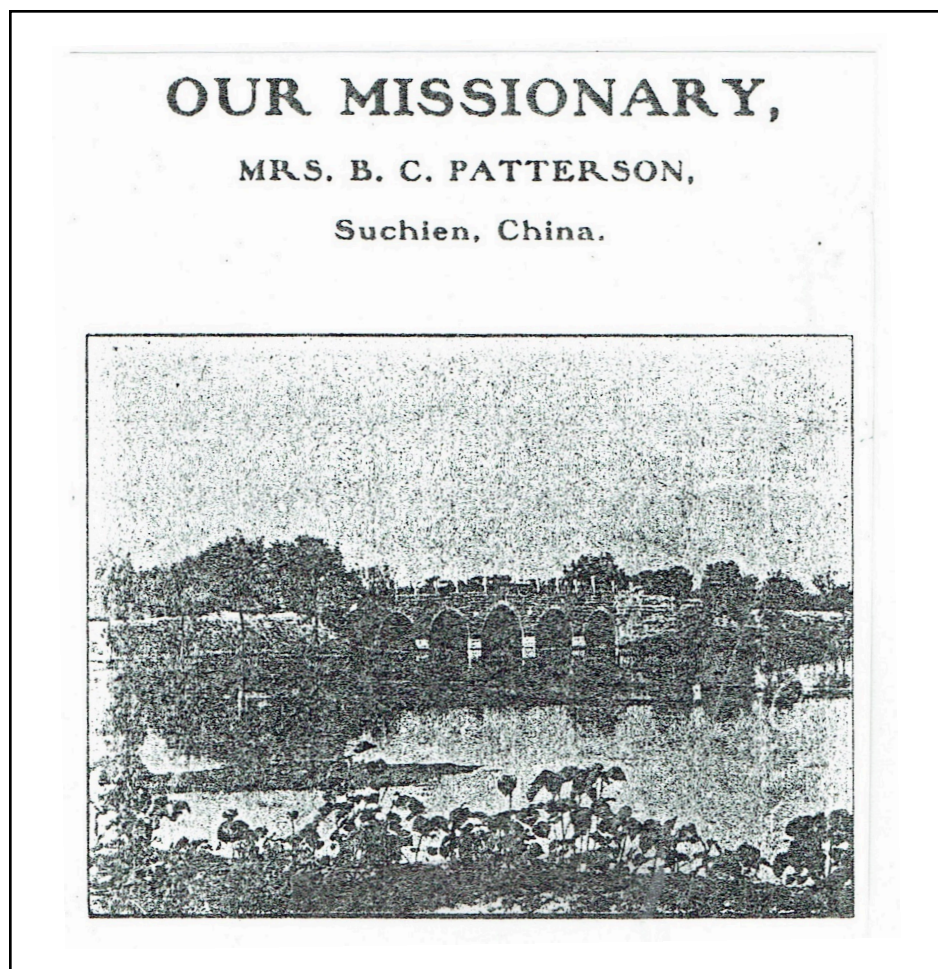
December, 1937

4. AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS IN CHINA

“After September 17, 1891, there are two lives to record.” That was the point at which Annie ended the story of her path to the mission field (Section 3). The 1905 pamphlet to which we will now turn, “Our Missionary,” reviews her life in America and then tells how she and Craig, having reached the field and been married, were raising a family and carrying on their missionary work. Annie wrote the text in the summer of 1904, that is, after thirteen years in China.

The pamphlet was published by the Woman’s Missionary Department of the First Presbyterian Church, Jackson, Mississippi. Since the congregation had just undertaken the support of Annie, they wanted their people to get to know her better. One hundred years later, the pamphlet may still perform that useful service for us.

The brief descriptions accompanying the photographs or maps were written by me.



The front cover implies that a missionary is a bridge between two cultures. The pictured bridge is clearly Chinese, with five arches, a slightly elevated center, stone banisters. But I do not remember it as being in Suqian. The first city to which Annie was assigned in China was Hangzhou. That location would have meant that Suzhou, a scenic city famous for its canals and bridges, was nearby. Is this bridge perhaps one of Suzhou’s?



This picture occupies page 1 of the pamphlet. It was taken about 1894, when Annie would have been 27 and Craig 29. The Chinese clothes are those of a scholar or gentleman and his lady. Probably the long sleeves helped to protect from the freezing temperatures of winter.

Missionary Work in the First Church.

[We omit several pages that describe the earlier history of the congregation's missionary work. As we pick up the text, Annie is about to be appointed the church's missionary.]

The Session, after earnestly considering the matter and being united in the desire to do all we could for the cause of Foreign Missions, appointed Mr. C. H. Alexander to write on behalf of the Session to our Secretary of Foreign Missions and express the church's desire to do this work. The Secretary, without any suggestion from us, sent us the name of Mrs. B. C. Patterson as the one whose support he would like for the church to undertake. This was especially gratifying to our pastor, as her husband had been his classmate at Union Seminary, Va., and is his warmest personal friend.

Our congregation has not had the pleasure and profit of a visit from Mrs. Patterson. Mr. Patterson visited us in 1901, and his coming was enjoyed by our entire people and was of much help to the work. We trust that sometime we may have the privilege of another visit from Mr. Patterson, in which Mrs. Patterson and the children can join.

[Dr. J. B. Hutton was pastor of Jackson First from 1896 to 1940. He and Craig attended Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, then located at Hampden Sydney. Both graduated in 1891. Craig visited Jackson during his and Annie's 1901 furlough, ten years after the two men had been together in seminary.]

I.

MRS. PATTERSON.

The Department wrote to Mr. Patterson and asked him to furnish some facts from which they might give a sketch of her life and work. This he did not do. But the Department must thank him for imposing the task on Mrs. Patterson herself. So we give it in her own words, feeling that it will be much more interesting without any attempt at retouching on our part.

Birth and Family History.

"I was born in Virginia, in 1867, and am the third daughter of a family of nine girls and one boy. My father is a minister, Rev. R. R. Houston, now 68 years of age, but still has charge of two churches. He was born in Greece, his father, Rev. S. R. Houston, being a missionary there at that time. My childhood was unusually guarded, as I received my education from my father, and was allowed to play with other children very little.

Early Missionary Impressions and Education.

"From my earliest recollection I said I was going to be a missionary, and my aunt, Miss Janet Houston, then of Mexico, fostered this desire by corresponding with me.

"I united with the church when 9 years old, but at the age of about 18 I was terribly troubled with doubts, and passed through a dark scene of separation from God. By His grace I passed through it and was strengthened by the conflict. When 19 I decided to study medicine as a preparation for missionary service, but have never known just how I happened to think of it. I was reared in a section of Virginia where a lady doctor had never been seen, and was held in anything but veneration. I asked my father's permission with fear and trembling, and to my great surprise he said: 'Study medicine, whether you become a missionary or not. Every woman should know medicine.' This much decided; but where was the money to come from? My father's large family prevented his helping me, except to a limited extent. So I taught school two years, and a life-long friend, Mrs. S. G. Lewis, now of Wilmington, N. C., pledged \$100.00 a year towards my expenses.

"I studied three years in Baltimore, beginning when I was 21. The third year expenses were heavier, and were Providentially provided. Funds being insufficient, I was thinking and praying about it when Psalm 132:15 came as my verse for the day in a little book sent me that I did not often read. This verse reads: 'I will abundantly bless her provision; I will satisfy her poor with bread.' The next day I received an offer, unsolicited, to enter a hospital as resident student, and for certain services rendered received my board and *nothing* else. I have always considered it a direct answer to prayer.

Leaves for China.

"The Fall after graduation I came to China. Miss Davidson, now Mrs. Little, of the Mid-China Mission, and Mr. Patterson, with several others, were in the same party. We were admirably chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. DuBose. Miss Davidson is fond of telling her experience when we first met in a hotel in St. Louis. She says she felt very much awed at the prospect of traveling with a lady doctor, but the first night before retiring I *looked under the bed*, and from that time she considered me as other mortals.

Opposed to Marriage, in Creed Only.

"Miss Davidson and I both were strongly of the opinion that lady missionaries should not marry. My mother had said: 'As you are not married, I am reconciled to your going'. My father had said: 'A man that marries a lady missionary *kills* a missionary.' My church society say (I do not remember it) that they said to me, 'And suppose you marry?' And to that I made answer: 'You must pray for me.' So, you see, I came to China determined not to marry. The reason I did is the same as any other honest woman will give: because I fell in love. But, as a matter of fact, a married woman may do as much mission work, in the long run, as a single lady. If she has no children, because of Eastern customs being married is a help. If she has children her work is not stopped, and she has, besides, bonds of sympathy with the women she meets. Their ideals as regards children are much the same as the Jewish.

"In Dr. Dabney's life his faults and failings are reported, as he had said all that must go in a life. I fully agree, but will leave those for my biographer."

[We add here a letter from Mrs. Lewis, the friend to whom Mrs. Patterson refers as having aided her.]

Mrs. Lewis' Account.

"Annie Rowland Houston was born in Virginia, where her father lived and taught a private boarding school as well as edited the county paper and preached at two country churches. She was the third daughter of eleven children. When she was 4 or 5 years of age her father moved to Fincastle, Va., where he lived and preached for more than twenty years. He was my pastor for several years, and, as I always had a pet in my pastor's family, I chose this little curly-headed, *strong*-faced Annie. She seemed as fond of me as I was of her, and often spent several days, and sometimes a week, with me in my home, a mile from the town. Her older sister was more intimate with my daughter, being nearer her age; but Annie was always *my little friend*. As a child she was always serious and thoughtful, kind and patient, and was often held up as a model to her seniors; yet she was a great favorite among the children, but more particularly among older people.

"When she was quite small (I have heard from her sister) she would say, when her father would play jigs on the

flute: 'No, I must not dance; I am papa's little missionary.' And her father often said she was one of the *few consistent* people he knew. On account of the large family she had few intimates, and spent much of her time reading and teaching the younger children, and was intimate more with grown people, whom she visited regularly.

"She united with the church at 9 years of age, and was always interested in Bible study and theology. The Sunday evenings on which there was no preaching in our church (we had service only every other Sunday, as her father had a country congregation,) she generally spent her time asking Bible questions and discussing Bible doctrines. She learned to read the Greek Testament when quite young. Her grandfather, S. R. Houston, was one of our first missionaries to Greece, where her father was born and lived until about 4 years of age, when his mother died and he was brought back to this country. Her aunt, Miss Janet Houston, now in Cuba, was missionary to Mexico, and Annie, being with her when about 16, was fully confirmed in her purpose to be a missionary. She spent three, or may be four years, in Baltimore in the Woman's Medical College, having received most of her education prior to that from her father, who generally taught a class in his study until most of his children were educated—none of them, save his only son, ever having gone off to school, and all well educated."

[And, as a surprise to Mrs. Patterson, we will give, too, a letter written by her to Mrs. Lewis just after her graduation]:

The Young Graduate's Letter to Her Friend.

"Baltimore, Md., May 8, 1891.

"My Dear Mrs. Lewis:

"Well, I really got my sheepskin yesterday, all tied up with yellow ribbon, and I got the prize on Practice as well, which was quite a surprise to me as well as to my friends—

•• We all wore black, and black kid gloves. I had on a large bunch of cream rose-buds which were beautiful—a present to me. Our Alumnae met last night, which was quite pleasant. We had a nice supper, and all played the agreeable. The ladies went to the table first and took every other seat, leaving room for a gentleman between us. The gentlemen present were our professors.

"I am going to Bay View Asylum for a month. The physicians say I will learn as much there in one month as in a year in private practice. It will cost \$25.00 per month, but I saved that much by being in the hospital last Winter, you know. It faces on Chesapeake Bay and is delightful, they say. I will have a certain number of patients under me to treat as I please. I am awfully anxious to get home, but I feel that I must have some experience before going to China.

"A reporter called on me this afternoon, sent by the manager of the American, to get my plans, etc. I have no idea how they heard of me—through one of the professors, I suppose. This one was a member of the Southern Presbyterian Church, so he said, and did not have quite the cheek of some of them. I have a friend among the reporters. It is quite interesting to hear of their adventures. They open the door and walk right in, and ask all the questions they have a mind to.

"I received three graduation presents, which were all surprises. Blessed are they that expect nothing.

"I will see you next Summer. Write soon.

"As ever and always, your loving friend,

"ANNIE R. HOUSTON.

"P. S. My address after this week will be Bay View Asylum, care City Hall, Baltimore."

II.

THE PATTERSON HOUSEHOLD.

The children are: Craig Houston, aged 7; William Blackwood, aged 5; Paul Morrison, aged 2; and Norman Guthrie, aged 6 months. Houston is quite a worker. He was the first one up all Winter, and had a fire made before the servants got here. You ask for the amusements of the children. We have a small yard. Mrs. Junkin has a larger one, and is kind enough to allow the children to play there. Then Mr. and Mrs. Junkin have two schools for the boys. One school is for small children. These play at recess in their yard and our boys play with them. They stand on their heads, turn somersaults and turn cartwheels, fly kites, etc. In our little back yard we find room to play croquet, and we play with the children sometimes for our own exercise. Adjoining the Junkin yard, with a high wall between, we have cow-sheds, with four cows and four calves, belonging to us foreigners. To help feed the cows and play with the calves is a never-ending source of amusement for the children. Right behind our compound is the city wall. A good view of the town and surrounding coun-

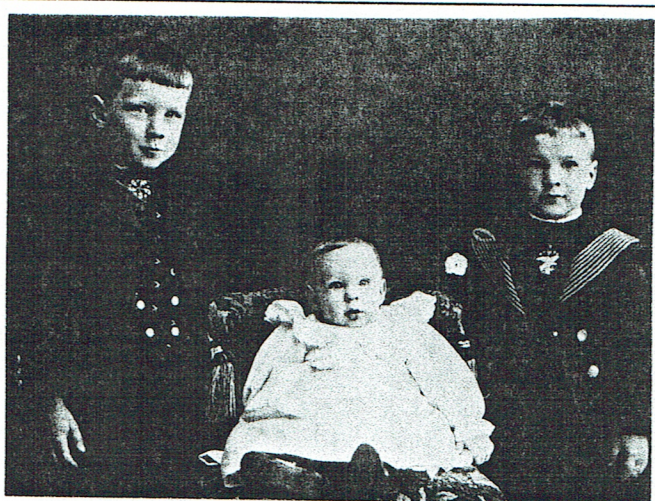
try can be had from it, so the children often go there. Our front gate opens on the street, and they often stand there and watch the passers-by. For indoor amusements they make scrap books, also houses out of pasteboard, and then cover them with pictures. One house, covered with animals, was called Noah's Ark. Another, covered with pictures of children, was called an orphan asylum. Houston and William play carrom and drafts. Houston plays Chinese chess very well. We often take them for a walk to the canal, which is about a mile away. They see the wheat fields, corn and various vegetables. The most common tree they

see is the willow. At this season of the year they enjoy getting into the canal occasionally.

They go to school every day, even on Saturday, and have the Shorter Catechism—one question a week—which they review every day. Perhaps their knowledge of it will equal the knowledge which Mr. Alexander showed before the Assembly. To pass to the ridiculous, they are just now very much interested in two little pups. Also for several weeks were much interested in chickens. The Chinese hatch eggs in incubators and sell the chickens that are just hatched. The children bought twenty-five and succeeded in getting twelve to some size; then they resold. So you see, on the whole they have plenty to do. What they miss so terribly is association with other children.

Mr. Patterson says that, according to common report, we ate the most of the children up when we came here ten years ago. Such is one of the Devil's ways of closing the doors against us, by making the most suitable recipients of the Gospel afraid to come to us. However, just now the Scotch ladies have a school of about forty little fellows, and a Wednesday night school of young girls and their chaperons. Young women may not be seen by the common herd, so they come out in the dark. The thirty children in Mrs. Junkin's schools learn the catechisms and other Christian books with ordinary branches. Besides these, we only reach the children by the tracts we sell. Some of the tracts have bright colored pictures and these are sold by the thousand all over the country.

I do not know what special work your children could undertake for these little folk, unless it would be the school work, or the tract and Sunday School distribution work among them.



The pamphlet included this picture of the Patterson children, probably taken in the fall of 1902. Houston (left) was 5 at that time, William (right) was ready to turn 4, and Paul (center) was about seven months. By the time Annie wrote the text of the pamphlet, in 1904, Norman had arrived. Margaret was born two years later, in 1906.

III.

MISSION WORK IN SUCHIEN.

[See maps, page 21. Tsing Kiang Pu (Qingjiangpu), Hsuchoufu (Xuzhoufu), and Haichow (Haizhou) will be found on the second map (upper right corner).]

Location.

The accompanying map shows our geographical position. Sixty miles Southeast is Tsing Kiang Pu. Eighty miles West is Hsuchoufu, opened about six years ago. About seventy miles East is Haichow. And our Mission is earnestly appealing to the home church for men to open this field that has been left for our church to occupy. In the Suchien field only the towns and villages where we visit are indicated on the map. Besides these there are scores of fortified villages, hundreds of hamlets and dozens of market towns, where we have as yet had no call or opportunity to go.

History.

In 1892, Tsing Kiang Pu had been opened but a few years, the only station in the Northern end of Kiangsu. It was decided that Messrs. Sydenstricker, Grier and Patterson should try to open a station at Suchien on the Grand Canal. Because of violent opposition, the house we bought when we came was confiscated by the officials and was given to a temple. Still the common people received us gladly and as for the others, God "put the fear and dread of His Israel upon all the land that we trode upon." We were then allowed to fix up and live in a half burnt house—an inn.

We gradually gained the confidence of the people until today we may write a check in English for any sum we say and cash it in the native bank where not a word of English is understood. Or men will lie down and inhale the "soul bewildering" chloroform and allow the foreign physicians to do what they think should be done.

Our work was foundation work, there being only one point, near Kwanhu, where there was a little group of Christians. Our first effort was to clear away the popular suspicion. In this the medical work was greatly blessed. Some years as many as ten thousand patients came to the dispensary. We mingled with the people daily. We visited as we might and distributed Christian books and had a daily service. Later on we were enabled to distribute famine relief, and became widely known. Up to this time there were only several applicants for baptism. Then a new era set in. It was seen that the Romish church had political power, and hundreds thinking they could use the church for their own ends came to us and would take the church by force and be protected by it. We taught them

as we could, but few of this great number were ever baptized. Then the 1900 troubles came on and the double-hearted were shaken off. There were only about a score Christians enrolled then. Since that time, we have had more workers and the work has been more systematic.

Workers.

At present the work of the station is divided between the seven workers: Rev. and Mrs. Junkin, Dr. Bradley, the two independent Scotch ladies, Misses Johnston and McRobert, and Rev. and Mrs. Patterson, M. D.

The Work of the Station.

There are twelve services a week in the chapel. Six for Christians and six for strangers. These are conducted by Messrs. Junkin and Patterson and the Chinese helper. Three women's meetings are conducted by the women. There is also a Y. M. C. A. meeting and the daily instruction of the employees by the members of the various homes.

Itinerating.

Our field is immense. It takes each of us about two and one half months, annually, traveling to cover it. Our mode of travel is usually a barrow. We spend from a day to a week at a place. On these trips we reach the people by public talks and tracts sold, and we hunt up the old acquaintances and inquirers.

Medical.

Dr. Bradley treats the men and Mrs. Patterson the women. Some surgery is done; though, for the time being, we are not situated so that much can be attempted. There are two or three rooms that are usually full of in-patients. These prove to be the most encouraging people to work among as they have an opportunity to hear the whole story before they are scared away by outsiders. The medical work gives a warm introduction everywhere within fifty miles of Suchien. "Was not So-and-So cured at the Protestant church?" Mrs. Patterson is sometimes called to the homes of the people to treat the sick.

Teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. Junkin have charge of a graded school, with about thirty scholars and two native teachers. They are making a great effort to make this school a success.

The Scotch ladies have a Sunday School for small children and a Wednesday night school for young girls who come with their mothers after dark, as it is not proper for them to be seen on the street.

Dr. Bradley is teaching medicine to two young men, and Messrs. Junkin and Patterson are giving a theological course to two young men. We teach them at home and

take them with us on our trips, where they have opportunity to help with the work.

The ladies of the station have each their special women that they teach.

Visiting.

The Scotch ladies do quite a good deal of house-to-house visiting. Daily, there are hours spent in the guest rooms with the guests. Mrs. Junkin does some of this work in the country nearby and the male missionaries also do a limited amount of visiting in the homes and at the places of work.

Number of Christians.

The map shows the location of the Christian communities. At Kwanhu there are sixteen members, at Cheng Chialeu there are twenty-seven, and at Suchien twenty-four. At each of the other places indicated by the dotted circle there are from one to three members.

Methods Blessed at First.

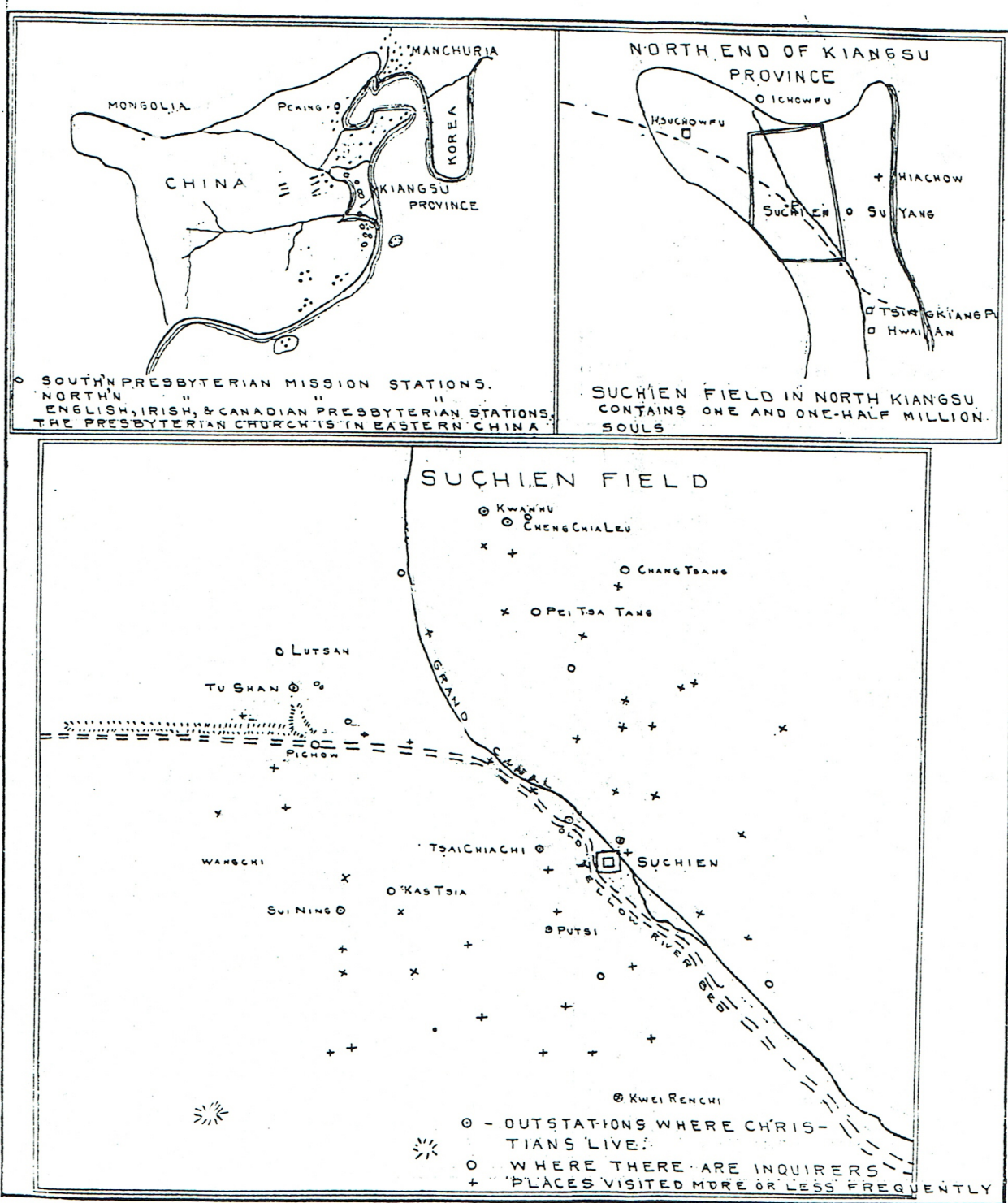
In the early history of the work the dispensary and the school gave us people to teach, and the Christians came in through these channels. After the work gets a start, one Christian naturally brings in another. God also uses medical work, schools, tracts, preaching and the foreigners' prestige to help forward the work.

How Some Individuals Were Led to be Inquirers.

A woman came to be treated. She heard the Gospel at the chapel. She went home and told her sister-in-law, a widow, of it and urged her to come and study. The sister-in-law, Mrs. Yin, came and heard for herself. She used her need for medical treatment as an excuse to come to the foreigners' place. She soon became an earnest inquirer, and applying herself she learned to read the New Testament in a year. Afterwards she was baptized and since that time she has proved herself an earnest Christian. She supports herself by sewing.

From the schools there are several bright Christians. One is in charge of the Chinese Imperial Postoffice at Suchien. One is a medical student. After a meeting last year, it was a joy to see all the little Christian scholars coming into the inside room, each leading a schoolmate to be enrolled as a candidate for baptism.

Again, foreign prestige brought a Mr. Chen, of Tushan, into the church to inquire into Christianity. His case is worth telling as typical of many in all parts of China today, some of whom eventually join the church, but many



An oversized sheet, folded and bound into the pamphlet, supplies three maps of increasingly narrow focus: 1. Presbyterian work in China, 1904 (upper left); 2. The North Kiangsu Mission (upper right); and 3. The Suqian Field (below). The Suqian map shows the places where Messrs. Patterson and Junkin itinerated, that is, where evangelistic outposts existed at the time.

Dotted lines on Maps 2 and 3 indicate the former bed of the Yellow River, where it once flowed by Suqian. The river found a new route to the Pacific in 1855. On those same two maps, a solid line going by Suqian indicates the Grand Canal.

Original sketches for the maps were probably made by Craig. Probably a professional calligrapher did the lettering, in all likelihood someone who did not know Chinese names (since on Map 2 he misspelled Haichow as "Hiachow" and on Map 3 Kao Tso as "Kas Tsia"). Presumably the frames were added by the Jackson printer.

more never come to be Christians in the end. Mr. Chen was a prosperous inn-keeper. A wicked neighbor had been blackmailing him and forcing him to lend him money very frequently. The argument is the same that is used sometimes in the home land, *i. e.*, "You treat me well and you are safe; treat me badly and some day your barn burns up." Mr. Chen refused on one occasion to give the money and the neighbor ate one ounce of opium and come to his gate and died. This, in China, is a fearful calamity. The official underlings always prefer a charge of murder unless money is paid them. When all that a man owns is gone, no charge will be brought, for all know that it was no murder in the first place. Well, Mr. Chen had this suit hanging over him and some one told him to join the foreigners' church. It became known that he was an applicant for admission to the church. The underlings were then afraid to exact from Mr. Chen more than the cost of burying the man—about three or four dollars—and a fee of a hundred dollars to pay all hands for their trouble. They were afraid to exact more, lest the church should report them to their superiors as blackmailers. While we do not lend help in their lawsuits and have nothing to do with political cases, the Roman Catholics do, and, as yet, the public does not distinguish very clearly, and so the matter carried as he hoped it would. We did not know this worldly motive at the time. We thought the application was because of the work of a native evangelist who had been stopping in his inn. The matter being settled up without our active influence, the man went on studying for about two years and gave evidence of being a true Christian and was baptized. And, during the last three years since that time, he has borne much for the Gospel's sake. Perhaps this is like thousands of other cases in China today. They do not want to have a lawsuit; they wish to join the church so that the outside people will be afraid to impose on them with false charges.

The Jesuits deliberately engage to defend their people in all righteous lawsuits. Thus they bring the poor and oppressed and the sly oppressor into their church with this hope of worldly gain. Of course they defend their conduct by the argument that "the end justifies the means," and they have the baptismal water to regenerate them. By constant preaching and posters we oppose such a line of procedure and insist that the motive be worthy. We recognize that often motives are not pure; yet we use every opportunity to teach those that come to us. Our refusal to take up the lawsuits has given us a good name in comparison with the Romanists. It is becoming widely known that we do not use the church's prestige "to oppress the people"—a negative compliment that reveals much.

The preached Word is blessed as we would expect. Last autumn Rev. Mr. Grier, from Hsuchoufu, helped us in a protracted meeting. It would have done your hearts good to have seen the company of eleven little scholars walking into the side room to give in their names as applicants for baptism.

Finally.

We have less fears of personal violence than in the early days. God is working such changes in the political and educational world as conservative China has never seen before. The leaven of the Gospel is already in the lump. The first fruits have already been gathered, and "the prospects are as bright as the promises of God." God's "Word cannot return unto Him void," and there are signs of the coming harvest that encourage us.



Addenda

1. *Note on the device just above:— This design — of a sun? — comes at the end of the text. But is it a traditional Chinese design or an American printer's space filler? Anyway, if it does represent the sun, the symbolism is appropriate to the closing phrases found in the text about the "bright promises of God" and the "coming harvest."*

2. *Note on Roman Catholics in the Suqian field:— The Catholic Diocese of Xuzhou, which included Suqian, was the missionary responsibility of French Jesuits. Annie mentions some of the tensions that arose in Suqian between Protestants and Catholics. Craig, when he wrote his memoirs at a later date, was much more explicit. In particular, he told of difficulties between himself and a certain Father Joseph-Maria Roberfroid, a Belgian priest who from 1912 to 1921 was resident at Pizhou, north of Suqian.*

Beginning in 1920, mission responsibility for the Diocese of Xuzhou passed from Jesuits of France to those of Canada, and, interestingly enough, relations between Protestants and Catholics in the Suqian area improved noticeably. These two major branches of Christendom remain separate in modern China, but some evidence of institutional cooperation is beginning to appear. For example, in the early nineteen-nineties Chinese Catholics requested the Protestant Bible-publishing house at Nanjing to print an edition of the distinctive Catholic Bible, and the Protestants did it.



5. “LADY DOCTOR IN THE HINTERLAND”

This chapter presents the story of Annie’s missionary life from Craig’s perspective. It is taken from his memoirs, a volume he wrote in 1952 after he and Annie had been retired for some years and were living at Maple Terrace, in the Tinkling Spring community of Augusta County, Virginia, Craig called his memoirs “Autobiographical and Historical Notes.” A reedited version, now entitled “The Gospel Comes to Suqian,” was recently completed. What follows is Chapter 5 of the newer edition.

Lady Doctor in the Hinterland

In the early years I was able to help Mrs. Patterson in the clinic that she was establishing in Suqian, particularly with male patients. She worked in a little clinic in the rented inn outside the walls, our earliest quarters in Suqian [*the Zhang Inn; see the picture on the front cover of the present booklet*], and she quickly became known far and wide. Her work was of the greatest value in establishing friendly contacts and showing what our purpose was. It is possible that precisely because of this work no one was killed or beaten in opening the Suqian station, as was the case at so many other stations opened at that period

As I think back on those earliest years in Suqian, and on the later years of my life and work when I needed to be away from Suqian travelling in the country for such extended periods, I cannot pass it by without recording a special word of tribute to Mrs. Patterson. Brave, earnest in winning souls, committed in caring for the home, patient in teaching the little children, hard at work daily in the clinic, conscientious in visiting and teaching the women, especially the old, she made it far easier for me to leave the city and its local church work and to be out in the country for weeks and

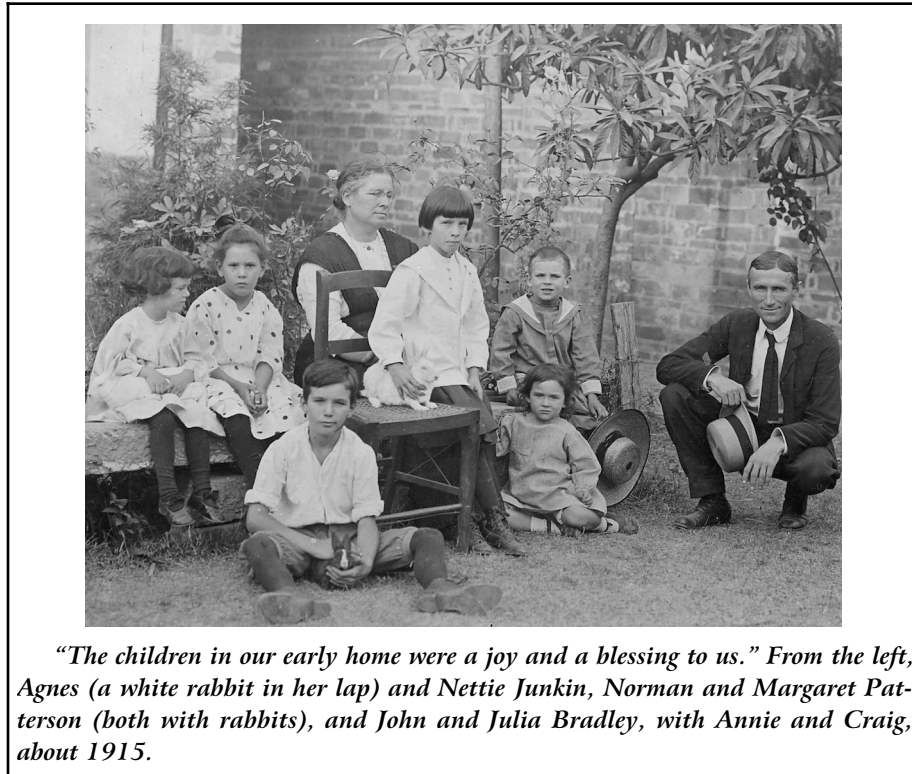


“Each year we journeyed up the canal from Mission Meeting.” Some of the junks that plied the canal may be seen here. The two missionary kids in knicker are William and Houston (with cap). A rainbow is faintly visible in the background — perhaps what originally prompted the picture.

weeks. She treated and nursed me through twenty-five years of recurring malaria and one severe pneumonia spell, not to mention treating Mr. Junkin for a badly broken thigh and ushering into the world many, many infants, both Chinese and missionary.

Her bravery was shown especially each year as we once again journeyed up the canal from Mission Meeting. Our life, and all Chinese lives, were forever shadowed by the threat of robbers and kidnapers. Our consul would warn us, as we renewed our consular permits, that there was unrest up-country and that we had best stay in the port city until some turmoil or other was settled. "The rich are moving into the fortified towns," he would say, "and the poorer are sleeping out in the grain fields at night."

However, delay meant that we would not get back to our station. Mrs. Patterson was always brave and more ready than I to go on and risk it. God heard *many* prayers and gave us trustworthy boatmen who knew the more dangerous stops, and we were never held up.



Our cheerful home was truly an oasis in a desert where the sand was people. Some of the supreme joys of my life were when, on coming into the home courtyard after a trip out into the country, the little ones would come running to be held close while they told me something that was news. Or when, in the evening, with one on the lap and others around the little camphor-wood table, we had stories or reading or drawing. The children in our early home were a joy and a blessing to us and to the work. And their mother was the life of the home. Truly Mrs. Patterson was a helpmeet (Genesis 2:18), all along the way.

GOD’S CARE OVER US IN ILLNESSES AND WARS

I would register thanksgiving to God for his care over us and our children and their families, through wars and uprisings and through many other very uncomfortable situations. There were always warnings, usually from loyal Chinese friends. God raised up Mrs. Patterson from a liver-lung abscess that lasted for months before partial relief came, and that finally permitted the full return of her strength only when on furlough. God raised me from a serious pneumonia spell. Happily He gave me strength during twenty-five years of malarial infection, and He kept us all free from typhoid, typhus, and famine fevers, and from the numerous pestilences that walk in darkness. With long life He “hath satisfied” us and shown us his salvation. (Psalm 91:16)

ADVANTAGES OF A FAMILY IN CHINA

In the early years we learned that almost every avenue of approach to the Chinese heart was closed. Sometimes it was by prejudice, more pervasively it was by the severe economic strain under which every person lived. Truly the hearing of the Word was choked out by “the care of the world” (Mt. 13:22).

We also learned that the married man in China, especially with children, is the ideal missionary, at least in times of peace. The missionary’s home provided a center where servants, and teachers in the mission schools, with their relatives and friends, could come without fear. They could come often enough to learn the true story and to appreciate the honesty and good will of the missionary. They could learn not to fear the malevolent spirits that they were all the time trying to appease, and, beyond that, they could come to realize that there was a real hope for life.

OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR CHRISTIAN WITNESS

Houston and William had two playmates from our compound, the Qian boys, who grew to be the finest Christian workers in all our mission. These early years under the care of the two mothers undoubtedly set the pattern for their future usefulness.¹

When Houston returned to China as a missionary, from 1924 to 1941 with intervals at home, he greatly aided, both at Suqian and at other stations, in reviving the church after the communists’ infiltration in 1926–28. His strong evangelistic sermons were appreciated by Chinese and foreigners alike. The combination of his evangelistic work with the teaching of church workers’ wives by his wife, Frances, and the doing of this even during periods of unrest, was very effective.

William accompanied us during our last eleven years in China [1928 to 1939]. Though he was not under the Board, yet he learned both to speak and to write the language, very, very well. And he won a fine place in the affections of Tengxian seminary students as he taught them typing and went out with them on evangelistic trips.

Paul has made his mark in scientific work at home. Paul's earliest memories are associated closely with few Chinese people in Suqian, far more with missionary friends in Kuling, and with malaria, tuberculosis, typhoid fevers, and eventually an extended furlough at Grandpa Houston's home near Fincastle, Virginia. [*Dr. Houston retired to a farm which he named "Ballysnood," about five or six miles out from Fincastle, near Amsterdam. See picture, p. 8.*]

Norman early on won the respect and admiration of the Chinese by his fearlessness and wit when in a tight place. Norman, having earned an M.D., returned to China as a medical missionary. He came to Suqian in 1930 and reestablished the hospital there after war's destruction [1927–1929] and after Dr. [John] Bradley's death [November, 1929]. Single-handedly, except for his partially trained Chinese associates, he carried on a piece of work that won unstinted praise from other surgeons and physicians in China. He took on anything that came along — from cataracts to laparotomies and other difficult operations — and with God's blessing, had great success. The earnest Christian work of Norman's wife Athalie is bearing fruit on several continents.

Margaret was fitted by her early life in China (to fourteen years old, when she left Suqian to go to school in Shanghai) for the excellent work she is now [1951] doing in the Philippines. She learned to live like the Chinese from the day when she ate the nurse's *candou* after the nurse chewed them soft for her.² Her favorite foods were *jian-bing* and salted turnips,³ items that she searched out until she went off to school. She continues to have Chinese, Siamese, and Filipino friends as she works with her husband in Dumaguete, in the Philippine Islands.

China was not so good for children in the early years of our Presbyterian missionary presence there. Statistics gathered about 1910 showed a far higher number of deaths in mission homes than in the parsonages in the U. S. The little lives snuffed out by tuberculosis and by the many contagious and endemic illnesses on the field are a real part of the church's offering made to God.

MRS. PATTERSON'S LITTLE CATECHISM

Mrs. Patterson prepared a little catechism with two purposes in mind. One was the education of women. At that time, Chinese women who knew how to read and write were very rare. The catechism used simple sentences and a limited number of characters, and women could quickly begin to read. The other purpose was to convey the teachings of Christianity in terms that could be understood by those who had no previous knowledge of it. Her catechism was truly primary, but with the help of a Christian teacher, even the oldest and darkest hearts could begin to achieve a fair understanding of the one true God, sin, repentance, faith, prayer, and song.

Boards were cut for Mrs. Patterson's own use in the printing of new editions. Other stations found copies of it, and she had many hundreds of copies made for them. Finally, the great tract-printing house of Hangzhou, not knowing the author, advertised that there was a demand for this primary catechism and that they would like permission to publish it. They printed it by the thousands and wrote me in 1939

there were so many in print that they had lost all count!

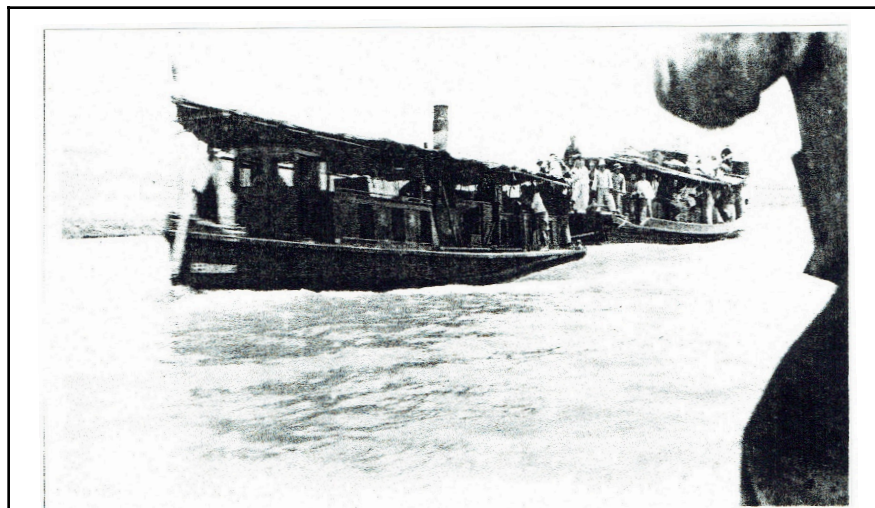
The number of poor darkened souls that have seen the light through this little catechism is a great host to stand on the right side when He comes.

NOTES

1. Mrs. Qian worked with Mrs. Patterson in the dispensary. “From our compound” suggests that the two families lived in the same compound, a fact that Craig makes explicit elsewhere in the memoirs. Mrs. Qian’s sons became a minister and a doctor, and were important leaders in the Christian Church during the war with Japan.

2. *Candou* means literally “broad beans.” When the brown beans, about the size of lima beans, were dry-cooked, they became too hard for a small child to chew. An amah, or a mother, would remove the inedible hard skin from the bean, pre-chew the hard but edible inner part, and feed the pabulum to a small child. This practice was common in China then, and no doubt it still is.

3. Margaret Patterson, now Mrs. Henry Mack, still remembers these foods from her childhood days. Writing in 1994, this is how she described *jianbing*: “A treat was to go to the front gate where the gate keeper’s wife was making *jianbing*. If I looked hungry enough she’d give me a piece. It is a big, thin tortilla, about 18” across, made from ground wheat and corn, mixed with water and spread over a round metal plate about 18” across, that had a hot fire under it. She used a thin bamboo spatula to spread it, and it cooked in no time because it was so thin and close to the fire. We’d take this and fold into it some salted turnip sauce, then roll it up into the size of an ear of corn and sit on the wall by the front yard and eat it.”



From about 1900 to 1940, the fastest way to travel on the canal between Zhenjiang and Qingjiangpu was to use a steam launch that shuttled back and forth. The launch, identifiable by its smokestack and seen here heading to the left, had benches in an enclosed first class salon. Additional passengers and baggage rode “open air” on a barge the launch pulled. The passengers that we see here crowding to the front of the barge suggest that the photo was snapped just as the launch was coming in for a stop.

6. METHODS MISSIONARIES USE

In this short essay, Annie touches on a surprisingly large number of the most basic methods used world-wide by missionaries. One might compare what she says here about methods with what she previously had said in "Our Missionary" (above, p. 20, col. 1). Here, she mentions love, within which she includes the use of singing and the importance of knowing local social customs; service, which for her meant especially medical service; the pure gospel; home visitation, especially the visitation of women; schools; literacy, notably the literacy of housewives and mothers; and the establishment of Christian communities as a way to nurture strong faith.

Towards the end of the article she describes the role in Chinese Christianity of demon exorcism and of seeing visions, and accepts those practices as part of the church's life.

This article first appeared in *Woman's Work in the Far East*, a fact that explains its special emphasis on the concerns of women. It may have been written not in Suqian but rather in Lexington, Virginia, during the Pattersons' third furlough, 1920-1921. By the time it was published in *The Missionary Survey*, Craig and Annie were back in China and had moved to Tengxian.

METHODS IN SUTSIEN, KIANGSU

Mrs B. C. PATTERSON.

LOVE, SINGING, KNOWLEDGE OF LOCAL CUSTOMS.

THE Chinese are most responsive to love. Most of them pass such poor, cheerless lives, and apparently such loveless lives, even their marriages being arranged by unsympathetic middle men, that one not well acquainted with them would imagine they are destitute of love, as a Westerner considers it. And yet it is a saying of theirs that the extreme poor are not the most miserable nor indeed the sufferer; but the most miserable one is he who has no one to love him.

It is this human quality of desire for love that makes it legal for a man to have more than one wife. If a man who has a son takes another wife, it is considered by the Chinese themselves as lustful. If there is no son by the first marriage, even the wife herself will often buy another wife for her husband, hoping for a son. This is their life insurance policy, as well as having some one to love them in their old age. Yet, they say (and my experience of thirty years bears it out) that no money ever secured by selling a daughter to be a secondary wife, and no son, the result of such a marriage, has ever amounted to anything, or done anybody good.

The mission policy at Sutsien has been along the line of love.

No station in China, perhaps, was ever opened with more active opposition on the part of the natives than Sutsien.

From the first day of our entering in, we began singing our way into their hearts, using the dear old song, "Jesus Loves Me." Not 'till then had they ever heard the name of Jesus, and no black-eyed baby had ever been sung to sleep by a mother's love song.

It may be new to some, how God has used *singing* as the means of gaining a victory (see 2 Chron. 20:14-26).

We studied their customs; we conformed to their politeness, and we treated them with love. There is something most peculiar about love. This can be shown even before the language is spoken.

MEDICAL WORK.

Then the medical work. That was the entering wedge. As one who later became a Christian said: "I used to think a gentleman was one who wore a long gown, carried a fan, had long finger nails, walked slowly, and deliberately; but since I have seen medical mission work, I know the true gentleman is one who lovingly serves." They had never imagined it possible that we could do such necessary menial service as washing and dressing the diseased cases who come to the clinic—the beggar as well as the rich man. This

demonstrated to them, as nothing else could, the loving service of our Lord.

THE PURE GOSPEL.

But the chief reason that the work has been successful here, is that the people have received a *pure* Gospel.

There has been no chaff mixed with the wheat; no doubt sowed with the Word.

They have received a pure Gospel as revealed in the Three Persons of the Godhead—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

The Bible has been given in its entirety, as the true word of God.

PERSONAL WORK.

Our method is to do this in a personal way. Each person is received and taught individually. No old woman, however stupid, is turned down. It is true in China as at home, "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world."

LITERACY OF WOMEN.

The hope of China is in its *women*. The women do not understand the Bible 'till they can read it for themselves.

COUNTRY CHAPELS AND SCHOOLS.

Another method that has been blessed, is the establishing of a chapel and school in country places, as soon as a seed begins to sprout.

A coal of fire soon becomes extinguished, if left alone; but heap other

coals around it, and it blazes with new vigor.

So with the establishing of a center. A nucleus soon develops, and growth proceeds.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

The Chinese are very primitive in their ideals, and bound down with superstition; so the Spirit's power has been manifested here, in ways not known in the homelands.

This is seen in the casting out of devils. However we may criticize the situation, what the Chinese call devil-possession is relieved in many cases through prayer, in the Spirit's Name.

[For more on demon possession and Christian exorcism, see below, p. 34.]

SEEING VISIONS.

They shall "dream dreams and see visions." Laugh as some will, it is undoubtedly true that many seekers are strengthened to take their stand against superstition and persecution, through visions.

One old woman we call "Cornelius" because of her vision so similar to his.

Strong faith in God's promises is the secret of success.—*Woman's Work in the Far East*.

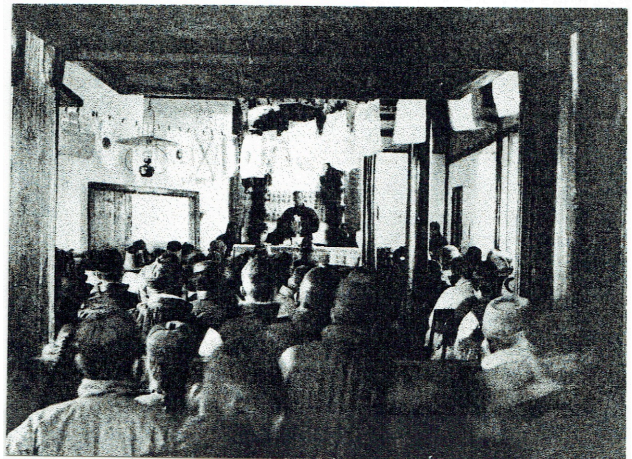
[For Annie's own 1907 experience of a vision she received from God, see the introduction to Section 7 on p. 30.]

SCHOOLS



Annie and Mrs. Ma, with a group of the girls that Annie sponsored in boarding school, Tengxian, 1939.

CHAPELS



Sunday worship in a chapel, men in the center section, women and children to the two sides.

7. THE CRISIS OF 1927

While on furlough in 1927, Annie received a letter from the *Christian Observer* that was highly ironical, though doubtless the irony was unintentional. The editors asked her to write about “the glorious achievements of Foreign Missions in your field.” But she and Craig had just come home after fleeing from China as refugees. Churches were burning in China. Christians were dying. Americans were asking if the missionary enterprise there must be counted a failure. Some even put the matter in financial terms: “Has the whole thing been a waste of money?”



Refugees: Kobe, 1927. Annie and Craig; their grandson, Houston, Jr., age two; and an unidentified friend.

So 1927 was a discouraging year.

But discouragement was not something new to Annie. When she was just six, she thought her parents had abandoned her (see p. 10). Again, in late adolescence, she had a season of doubt about God (see p. 11 or p. 17). Yet again, in 1907 at age forty, she had a dark period. Suqian was in the midst of a terrible famine. Annie, already rearing four sons, had a new baby daughter six months old. Complicating everything, Annie had recently broken her leg while on a station picnic. Craig recalled: “Though Mrs. Patterson was hampered by a broken leg that winter and spring, she entertained the many out-of-town guests, saw to

our five little children, and oversaw the poor women on their numerous comings and goings through our house.” Her home was a public area for crowds of destitute women. Her leg hampered walking and led, at least temporarily, to the closing of her clinic. Her children were sometimes sick. Her parents were aging, and it seemed to her that she was far away from them, at the end of the world.

Almost thirty years later, Annie wrote to Houston, her eldest son, about the despair she had experienced. Houston, himself a missionary by then, wrote her in 1935 about a successful regional meeting in Suqian. Annie responded: “What you have done is what held me close to my Lord, thirty years ago. In 1907, I was desperate, depressed beyond expression. I didn’t think I could stand it. Then God let me have a dream. I dreamed of a great revival, with people coming from all over the area. It was so vivid that I was sure I had actually attended it. What you have written is the fulfillment of that promise that God gave to me in that dream, thirty years ago.”

The year 1912 was again marked by a dark period. When she and Craig returned to China after a furlough, she felt compelled to leave her first two sons behind, to be educated. She writes below about the devil’s insinuating temptations that grew from that.

Finally, she had to ask herself in 1927 whether the whole missionary effort in China had been worth while. The essay below is her answer. It tells no stories of “glorious achievements,” as asked for by the *Christian Observer*. Rather, it faces the situation in China realistically, drawing on Jesus’s reply to John the Baptist at a time when John was in despair.

And yet the essay closes hopefully. In fact, the passage about Madagascar anticipates the destiny of the church in China after the Communist takeover of 1949 and even after Annie’s death — a future that truly was dark enough, but that later became bright.

[Annie’s essay was published in the *Christian Observer* of January 25, 1928, page 6.]

For the Christian Observer.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

BY MRS. B. C. PATTERSON, of our China Mission.

After reading the letter from Mr. Grant requesting a contribution on "The glorious achievements of Foreign Missions in your field," the first thought towards an answer was the reply Christ sent to John the Baptist. The conditions with John were much the same as exist in China today. John was troubled. He feared Christ's mission was a failure. John, the missionary, was being persecuted, and things looked dark. And Christ answered, "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed; the deaf hear; the dead are raised up; and the poor have good tidings preached to them."

A LIGHT IN DARKNESS

It is so hard for us not to measure results by dollars and cents. Christ says one soul is more valuable than the whole world.

I saw recently anchored in the James, near Hampton, more than four hundred boats, not one of them costing less than \$2,000,000. There they are rusting at anchor, no use. "How pitiful!" We say, "What a waste!" And yet is it a waste? They won the war. What matters the loss of money if the war was won? This makes us think of the loss of property in China—thousands of dollars apparently wasted. But is it wasted?

The Church of the Christ has been established in China, what matters the expenditure of money or even of human lives?

Byrd in reporting his flight to Paris said his machine was in perfect order; his pilot was all one could desire; his oil and gas were sufficient—but he had no light that could penetrate fog. This gives a wonderful illustration of China covered with clouds and darkness. The fog has not been dispelled but we have a light, a light that has penetrated the fog and has established the religion of our Lord, the Christ.

I would our Church could understand that the anti-foreign propaganda in China is a plank in the political platform of the Nationalists. There has always been strong anti-foreign feeling in China, and the Nationalists hoped to unify China by emphasizing this antagonism.

The Christians and our friends want us just as much as ever.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

We missionaries have been tempted to ask, "Is mission work worth while?"

When we returned from our second furlough, we left our two older boys in the homeland. The devil came to me in a real temptation. I was preparing

my Bible lesson for the next day, and the devil stood beside me—yes, I felt his presence, and he said, "Return to your home, and your boys—the Chinese are not worth it." And then and there by the help of the Spirit I won. The next morning as I stood before my class of about fifty earnest Christian women I told them how I was tempted, and how I had been able to tell Satan that the Chinese were worth it all—yea, even to leaving your children. And not an eye was dry—we wept together. If our Church people could see the spiritual lives of our Christians—their faith; their struggles; their poverty; their courage; their life of prayer—I know they would feel foreign missions worth while. Pastor Wu at Tenghsien was asked to speak to more than one hundred theological students, and tell them how to preach. He said: "Young men, nothing counts in the ministry but Christian experience. I have just destroyed a barrel of sermons that I collected here and there, all good sermons. I now know I can influence men only with what I myself experience." Again he said: "Can you save others? Yes, if you are saved yourself. This business of preaching differs from any other business in this—one must be saved himself or he cannot save others." I write this to show his spiritual insight.

The "Sunday School Times" tells of a missionary in China who was drawing a salary of \$600. (Six hundred and fifty is the usual salary in North China for an unmarried missionary). He was a university graduate and knew the language, so the Standard Oil Company wanted him as a worker. They interviewed him, offering him \$10,000, \$12,000, \$15,000, as a yearly salary—all of which he refused. Then he was asked, "What salary will you consider?" He replied: "I do not want it at any price—you have a big salary and a small job—I have a small salary but a big job."

The seven thousand missionaries in China would have given the same answer. Does not this manifest that mission work is worth while?

GOOD TIDINGS

To be again personal—Why do I want to return? I hear them calling. I see their pleading eyes. I see their pastors struggling against insuperable difficulties. I see their religious beliefs absolutely futile to relieve fear or bring hope. I see their weeping ones, under whose picture is engraved in letters of stone, "Without God and without hope." And I know there is a Name, a Name, that can save. So I give the answer that Christ gave to John—"The poor have Good Tidings preached to them." The missionaries were driven from Madagascar and not permitted to return for five years. When they did return they found native leadership wonderfully developed and the Church had progressed by leaps and bounds. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," and man through faith must not be discouraged.

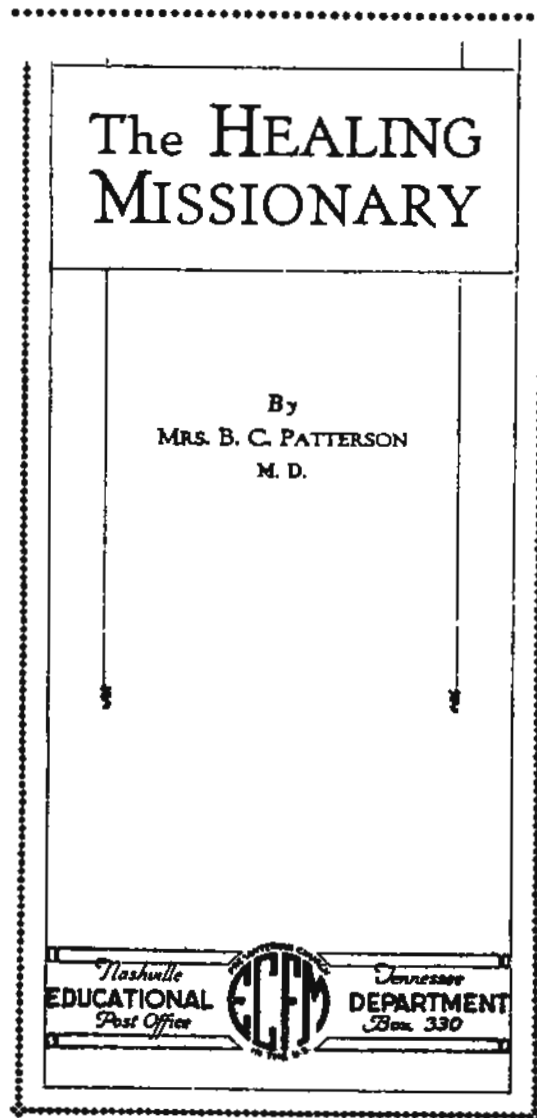
8. HER MISSION OF HEALING

The folder to which we now turn is perhaps the best summary, for a non-professional, of the medical work that Annie did in China. The Executive Committee asked her to write it in late 1927 or early 1928, while she was on furlough in America. It was published in May, 1928.

Civil war in China broke out in 1926 and reached Jiangsu Province in 1927. Annie and Craig fled as refugees, going first to Kobe, Japan, then to the United States for their regular furlough. We already saw, in Section 7, Annie's interpretation of the dark days of 1927 in their implications for the missionary enterprise. Perhaps the word "healing" in the present pamphlet's title refers indirectly to the balm for social turmoil that the entire nation needed so badly just then. But for Annie, of course, the primary meaning of the word "healing" was medical.

The reader will notice that some of the people to whom Annie refers come from Shandong Province. She and Craig had moved there, to the city of Tengxian, in 1922.

The pamphlet was published by the Presbyterian Executive Committee of Foreign Missions (note the logo, "ECFM," at the bottom of the front cover), Nashville, Tennessee.



The Healing Missionary

MRS. B. C. PATTERSON, M.D.

(Mrs. Patterson began Medical Work in China in 1892)

IN Ephesians 2: 12 we find a verse and in that verse a word that occurs three times, and that word expresses China. Its the word "without"— "without Christ, without God, and without hope." This refers primarily to their spiritual condition but "without hope" may well apply to the sick one without a properly trained doctor, so we may add, without diagnosticians, without surgeons.

No people on earth look more to the doctors when they are ill than the Chinese.

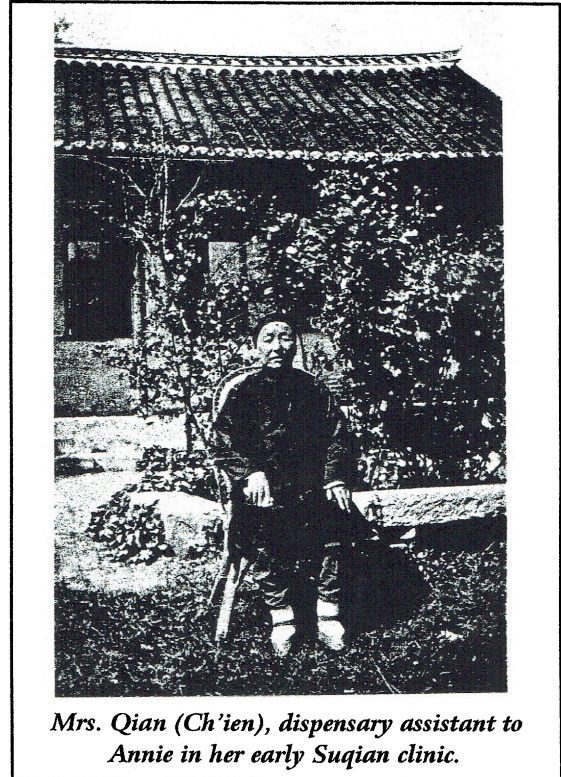
A man will spend his last cent, and borrow all he can, to invite a doctor. They have native doctors who use herbs, some of which are not without medical value, but their superstition has prevented dissection of the body, so their knowledge of anatomy is nil, and they do not distinguish between diseases.

They are panicky when they discover they possess an abdominal aorta. They think that a pulsing tumor. The epiglottis, the covering for the larynx, if seen is thought to be a tumor which if allowed to grow will smother the individual. Thus they are often in an agony of fear over natural conditions.

KEEN OBSERVERS OF NATURE

The Chinese have wonderful powers of observation. They can tell the time of night by the stars; the day of the month by the moon. Every one knows the points of the compass and can always tell you the direction of the wind. They know how a cat and a crow sit upon a wall, the latter with its head to the wind, the former with its tail. All change of position is made with reference to the compass. If riding on a wheelbarrow and not sitting level, they will ask you to sit a little more north, or south, east or west as the need may be. By observation they have worked out a wonderful knowledge of food values. They know the value of raw foods, of beans, of whole wheat and corn. They know carrots keep their vitamins when cooked. They know how much grain is necessary to sustain life, and that water must be boiled.

But their wisdom has failed to increase their knowledge of disease. Their use of needles for counter irritation is often harmful, and always cruel and without good results, so far as we can estimate. Believing in doctors as they do, the missionary



Mrs. Qian (Ch'ien), dispensary assistant to Annie in her early Suqian clinic.

doctor has an open sesame to their hearts and homes.

In opening new stations the medical work is by far the best method to allay prejudice and attract the people. Imagine if you can a country without a hospital, without an asylum, no surgeon, no trained nurse, no one to intelligently discover your disease if you had one, and no dentist. Little wonder a competent western trained doctor, with proper equipment, is well received in China.

There is nothing brings out the characteristics of a people like medical work, the hospital or the clinic. Who knows a people? The Pastors? The Police? No. It's the doctor and the welfare nurse. This is why the Chinese student in the United States who reads the medical reports from China says they are false. He himself does not realize the situation of his own country.

It is in the clinic where the missionary has a supreme opportunity to reveal his love for suffering humanity as manifested in serving the poor and the filthy. The

Chinese stand amazed at this spectacle. At first they could not understand and tried to attach different kinds of ulterior motives. An evangelist who became the chapel leader in a dispensary said, "I used to think a gentleman was one who wore a long gown, carried a fan and walked deliberately; but since coming in contact with medical work, I know the true gentleman is the Christian one who serves."

PREVENTABLE DISEASES

The most striking thing when one first begins medical work in China is what an enormous amount of suffering could have been saved if there had been proper treatment. The large majority of patients have preventable or curable diseases. For instance, many are covered with scabies, often confined to bed because of it. Children are absolutely eaten up with worms of all varieties. The custom of eating raw fruits, radishes and turnips unpeeled, or washed, if washed at all, with unboiled water reaps a harvest of disease producing amoeba. There are many who have had malaria till their blood is almost turned to water. We see tumors which have grown the size of buckets, and which should have been amputated years before. Many also are lame because of broken bones which were never set. One man had a tumor the size of a rice bowl on his nose for 25 years. He kept it suspended from a cap which he constantly wore, and he had a pillow for it at night.

Then there are numbers of patients whose bodies are entirely covered with ringworm. Many are disfigured for life from smallpox. A large percentage of the blind have lost their sight through smallpox. The Chinese are constantly exposed to smallpox because they inoculate instead of vaccinating. A crow flew over our yard and dropped from his beak the arm of an infant covered with smallpox.

Without dentists or dental forceps, think of the untold suffering produced by their teeth. Only in some of the ports are dentists found. The ordinary Chinese pay little attention to their teeth. Their gums are often diseased and when they ache—they ache. A man came with three teeth dangling in his mouth, the jaw bone having been broken just above the roots. A blacksmith had tried to dislodge a tooth by putting a chisel under it and pounding the end with a hammer, the natural result being a broken bone. One woman

came with a true neuritis in her arm due to needling the wrist for a toothache. The needle went into the nerve and produced a true inflammation of the nerve. The missionary doctors relieve more actual suffering by pulling teeth than by anything else they do. This helps the many, and operations the few.

DEMON POSSESSION

Their fear and superstition result in a disease called demon possession. This is really an obsession of an idea. In curing these cases the Church has been more used than the doctors. Numbers of these have been cured through prayer. In fact, so many have been, that the Christians never hesitate to promise relief to any so afflicted if they will pray in faith.

To illustrate. The daughter-in-law is supposed to bring a devil with her when she comes to her husband's home. The mother in a family had developing glaucoma, a disease of the eye, when her son brought his wife home. In this disease rings of various colors appear to escape from the eye. This mother watched the colored rings of red, or green, the rainbow colors, and in her mind associated them with the devil the new daughter-in-law brought. It resulted in the conviction a devil had possession of her, and in her terror she became what is called demon possessed. Through the prayers of the Christians she was entirely healed.

It is this fear of demons that causes them to throw their children out before death. The demon upon the child will remain in the home if the child dies there. Truly it is a wonderful mission to be the bearer of the Good Tidings to those who sit in darkness and under the thralldom of demons.

PRAYER

The Chinese Christians are great believers in prayer. The medical work and prayer go hand in hand in our mission hospitals. A number of our surgeons have a prayer just before operating. The day's work always begins with a chapel service and prayer. A restored patient kneels and kowtows to thank the doctor in charge. He quickly pulls him to his feet and tells him to thank God, the real source of all blessing.

Then in every clinic we have the evangelist and the Bible women to teach the

patients and the numerous relations or friends who come with them. Sometimes a patient is one of ten or more; the other nine accompany him. Many a country center of evangelism has been opened because of truth received at a clinic. Also tracts are distributed and Bible portions sold. Patients come to a hospital from a radius of 40 or 50 miles, so the opportunity for evangelism transcends any other propagating method.

SOME SAVED THROUGH MEDICAL WORK

The most noticeable of these are the lepers. One reason for this is because they are kept in an asylum and have months and years to be taught salvation as revealed in Christ. Not infrequently lepers say they rejoice in their leprosy for through it they became Christians. Leprosy is quite common in Shantung Province. Great Britain and the United States are isolating these in asylums, trying to stamp out the trouble.

A woman, a devout Buddhist, came to our dispensary to have her eyes treated. She believed the first time she heard the message and afterwards became one of our most spiritual Christians.

A man fell between two freight cars and lost his leg. He was educated by a pastor and eventually became a minister. He said he rejoiced in losing his leg, for by that means he had received the Gospel.

A Bible woman, Mrs. Wang, the leading Christian in Tenghsien district, became a Christian through a nurse in a hospital. Mrs. Wang had a tumor removed so was in the hospital some weeks. She did not take much interest while there. When the nurse said, "Good-bye," Mrs. Wang thanked her and said,

"Nurse, you have been so good to me, I wish I was able to thank you, but I am not rich."

The nurse replied,

"I don't want any present. All I ask is that you love my Saviour."

Mrs. Wang said she could not get away from that sentence. It rang in her ears for months and finally she surrendered and has made a wonderful worker.

There is a Mr. Cheng, a man of prayer, revered by thousands of people, even the bandits respect him. He sleeps in his clothes in cold weather so he can rise any hour of the night for prayer. Miracles are reported as having occurred in answer to



A Tengxian friend whose picture Annie preserved, perhaps Mrs. Wang.

his prayer. This man is a great power in Southwest Shantung. He was converted in Dr. McFadyen's hospital at Suchowfu.

IMPRESSIONS

The Chinese show up well in a clinic. In 35 years of practice I do not recall a disagreeable scene. The patients and their friends have been courteous, polite, amenable to reason. The women have an inherent modesty, and nowhere is it more manifest than at a dispensary. They have also been grateful and appreciative. The poverty, the suffering, the tragedies we have seen. It makes one's heart bleed to recall it. The calm, stolid way they receive a diagnosis of some incurable disease, and the quiet way they leave, is the most striking impression.

"It is my fate," they say, "I am bearing out in my body the sin of some ancestor," is also frequently remarked.

Poor, dear, patient people. How our hearts go out to them and how we pray for their redemption.

It is only where we find the Christ spirit that people help others. A pagan will give food to a beggar, but he will not dress the beggar's wounds. So the doctor, ministering to the sick, the poor, the unclean, not for money but because of his love for the Master, gives a picture of the Christ himself, in an image all can understand. Medical work has a unique field in shedding abroad the love that Christ came to reveal.

9. A PRESENTATION GOBLET

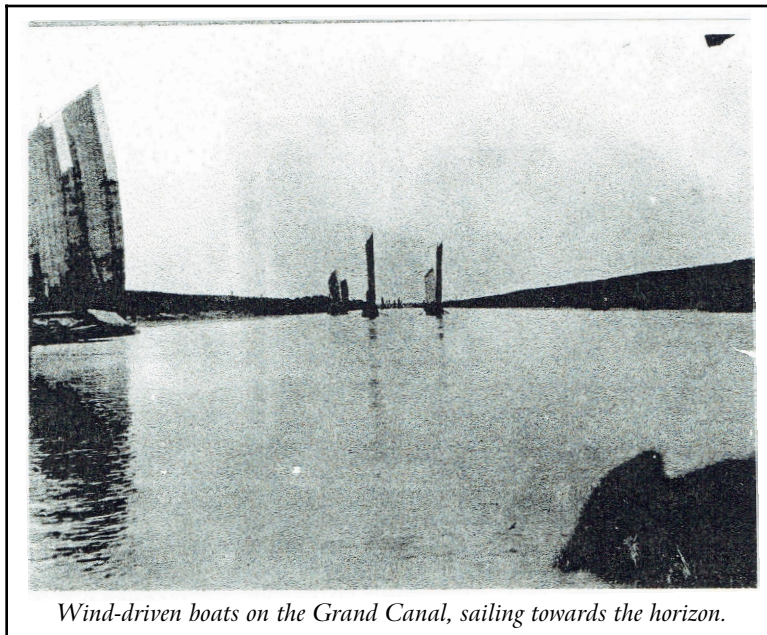
When Annie and Craig retired from active missionary work in 1940, the First Presbyterian Church of Jackson, Mississippi, one of Annie's long-time supporting churches, designated Sunday, April 7, 1940, two Sundays after Easter Day, as a day for her to be recognized. Apropos of the occasion, they presented her with a silver goblet bearing an inscription. It says:

Mrs. Anne Houston Patterson, M.D.
Missionary in China 1891–1940
Non ministrari sed ministrare
Presented by “The Tigers”
Jackson Miss
Apr 7 – 1940

The Latin motto, translated into English, says: “Not to be ministered unto, but to minister” — an extraordinarily appropriate motto for Annie, whose whole adult life had been spent in a ministry for people. It comes from Mark 10:45: “For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many” (King James Version).

Annie's name of “Annie” was given to her at birth. While she never legally changed the spelling, she tended in later life to use “Anne.”

“The Tigers” were an adult Sunday School class at Jackson First. Over the years the class helped raise funds for Annie's support, and they presented the goblet.



Wind-driven boats on the Grand Canal, sailing towards the horizon.

10. IN RETIREMENT

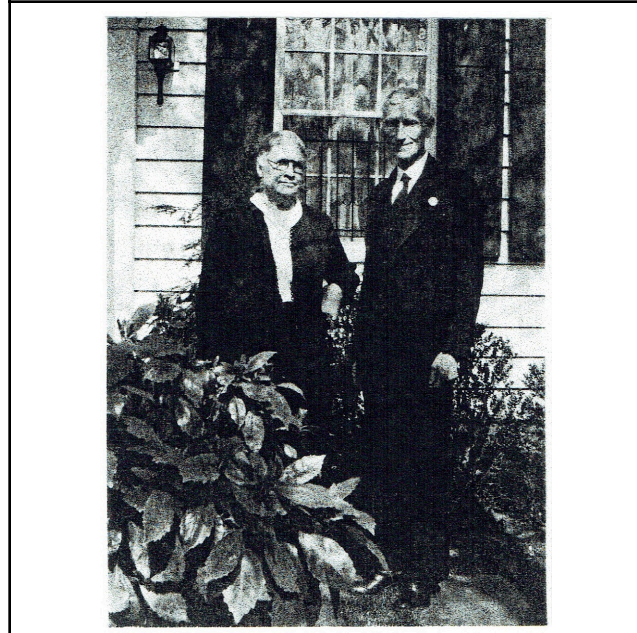
In retirement, Annie and Craig lived in the Tinkling Spring area of Augusta County, Virginia, in a farm home dating back to Craig's boyhood.

The old place was named "Dam Hill." The creek that once powered the mill still ran through the meadow, though the dam which had once turned the creek into a millpond no longer existed. The wooden building that once had housed the mill still stood, now turned into a milking barn for Craig. Annie found that her sons and grandsons tended to make puns out of "Dam Hill," so one of her projects in retirement was to reestablish the name as "Maple Terrace."

The two of them kept chickens, pigs, and a cow, did garden farming, and for fifteen years enjoyed visits from children, grandchil-

dren, and other relatives, as well as from China acquaintances and numerous friends. Both of them continued to take an active part in church life.

On September 18, 1953, Craig died. He was buried in the cemetery adjoining the Tinkling Spring Church. Annie died at the age of 87, on February 9, 1954, five months after Craig. She was buried at his side.



On the back of the snapshot, which was probably taken by one of the Hoyt cousins living in Atlanta, a note says: "The two famous Patterson missionaries near the porch steps ... Atlanta, Spring of 1940." Craig and Annie had just come from Jackson, Mississippi, from a special day recognizing their retirement. Perhaps that was the "fame" spoken of.



11. A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

Within a month after Annie's death, First Presbyterian Church of Jackson had a memorial essay ready. Craig's recently published memoirs provided them with a useful resource.

The text interweaves three main themes: Annie's life as a medical missionary, the concern for missions within Jackson First Church, and the over-all importance of missionary outreach.

The prose style is sometimes a little high flown, but the statements about Annie are in themselves commendably accurate. Two slip-ups may be noted. Annie received her medical schooling at the Baltimore Women's Medical College, not Johns Hopkins. And Craig's home county was Augusta, not Barterbrook. The latter was the rural neighborhood around Maple Terrace.

**Week Of
PRAYER AND SELF-DENIAL**

**For
WORLD MISSIONS**

March 14-21, 1954

A Tribute To

Our First Missionary

The Story of Mrs. B. C. Patterson

**First Presbyterian Church
Jackson, Mississippi**

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ANNIE HOUSTON PATTERSON, M. D.

March 25, 1867

February 9, 1954

— 48 Years For Christ In China —

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of ‘her’ that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, ‘Thy GOD reigneth’.” Isaiah 52:7 Romans 10:13-17.

To honor the finished life and work of our beloved “Mrs. Patterson”, to refresh the memories of old members, and to inform the newer members of our church, we recount a few of the outstanding facts in her life of “amazing grace”:

Annie Rowland Houston, child of the manse, was born in West Virginia; but she was reared in Fincastle, Virginia. Her mother, Margaret Steele, was a native of Illinois; and her father, Rutherford Rowland Houston, was born of missionary parents in Smyrna, a city of Asia Minor, where was located one of the seven churches described by the Apostle John in the 2nd chapter of Revelation. The year he was born, 1836, four Christians were taking steps to organize a church in Jackson, Mississippi; thus the First Presbyterian Church here was born April the 8th of the following year. It is easy to see that these two events, so close in time yet so separated in space, are vitally connected in GOD's vast plan for distributing His gospel to the uttermost parts of earth; because they now are chapters in the history of this church's 116 years, 11 months, and 1 week of witnessing! Little Rutherford's mother died when he was three; he was returned to this country when he was four; the years required for his maturing and rearing a family in Virginia were being matched in Mississippi by the young church which reached sufficient maturity to support his daughter as their first missionary to parts of earth as “uttermost” as where he was born. “GOD moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!” History is His story!

Having invested her teens and early twenties in arduous training toward a glorious vision, ANNIE ROWLAND HOUSTON, emerged into the era known as “The Gay Nineties” with a medical degree from Johns Hopkins University. Today, we can see in clear focus the life of this girl with Christ-like purpose shine as a “pearl of great price” against the dark background of that decade's history pages, smoked by the burned-out lamps of countless forgotten debutantes who sacrificed their glowing youth upon the altar of vanity. Glamour versus GLORY!

September 1891, Dr. and Mrs. Hampden Coit Dubose piloted nine new missionaries to the orient: the W. C. Buchanans and the H. T. Grahams to Japan; George Hudson, Robert Haden, Craig Patterson, MISS ANNIE ROWLAND HOUSTON, and Miss Ella Davidson to China.

August 4, 1893 — MISS ANNIE ROWLAND HOUSTON was married to the REV. BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, a native of Barterbrook County, Virginia, a graduate of Washington and Lee University and Union Theological Seminary of Virginia. The wedding was in Shanghai, followed by a tedious boat trip to Tsing Kiang Pu, during which the bride had an extreme, prolonged case of malaria following a severe operation.

Upon opening the new mission station it is believed the widespread goodwill from “the lady doctor's clinic” saved this particular station directly and others indirectly from beating and murder of missionaries as had often occurred. However, later the Pattersons had to flee for their lives at five other times: 1894 during Japanese aggression when they were accused as spies; July 7, 1900, during the Boxer Rebellion they escaped a few hours after 50 missionaries were killed, and again

during the Revolution of 1911, the Communist Uprising of 1926, and the Japanese aggression of 1937.

In the drought famine of 1898, Dr. Patterson appealed for relief; and Shanghai sent \$4,000 worth of wheat for him to distribute; and during this emergency, Mrs. Patterson's care for the sick brought much goodwill from formerly suspicious neighbors; thus, confidence on the part of natives and government increases.

In May of 1898, back in Jackson, Mississippi, the infant church of 1837 had grown to over 200 members; and the present pastor, James Buchanan Hutton, preached a sermon on missions, appealing to the congregation to assume the full support of a missionary. The purpose was approved and undertaken but failed because the quarantine of a yellow fever epidemic had so depressed business in Jackson. However, a similar sermon and appeal was given in May 1899; the Session appointed Mr. Charlton H. Alexander to write the Secretary of Foreign Missions expressing the church's united desire to support a missionary; and without any preference on the part of the church, the secretary sent the name of Mrs. B. C. Patterson, wife of the pastor's warmest personal friend of days in theological seminary. The Kingdom results of these strong ties of friendship and Faith are tersely described in Dr. Patterson's memoirs which contain scattered paragraphs of tribute to pastor and people of this church: "Our connection with Jackson First Church has been a source of constant joy and strength."

In the flood year of 1906, Dr. Patterson, like Joseph in Egypt, foresaw the famine of 1907; he appealed to Shanghai, London, New York for relief; received and distributed through organized helpers \$1,410,000 worth of flour, himself serving 2,000 new refugees each morning which had formed the night before in orderly line surrounding his court. In spite of a broken leg, Mrs. Patterson was hostess to helpers, cared for the poor women, and tended the sick in the refugee lines.

Outstanding features of Mrs. Patterson's teaching were her Bible Class for poor girls started in her own attic (later moved to more adequate quarters), and her famous "Little Catechism", first printed by her own hands from wood blocks, until discovered by the great tract society of Hangkow, which has lost count of the thousands they have printed for other missions: "The number of darkened souls that have seen the light through this little catechism is a great host to stand on the right side when HE comes."

"Wisdom is justified of her children", the Lord Jesus declared; and in actions that speak louder than words, Mrs. Patterson's five "arise up and call her blessed!" — Proverbs 31:28.

HOUSTON, for many years an outstandingly effective evangelist to the Chinese, having been reared among them; he is now a minister in West Virginia.

PAUL, overcoming extreme illnesses of the orient, (scientist like his father who taught material sciences along with the science of Theology in the schools and Seminaries he founded in China) is now professor of science at Hollins College in Virginia.

WILLIAM, unofficial missionary to China, assisted his parents in the latter years of their service there, prolonging their witness by his personal care of them; he taught Chinese students, accompanied native workers in their itinerating; and he was the custodian and cheer of these blessed saints during their sunset years in the homeland: "Maple Terrace", Staunton, Virginia.

NORMAN, medical doctor like his mother, reestablished the hospital at Sutsien after Dr. Bradley's death and war's destruction; he is now a surgeon in Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, giving generously of himself to a Christian College there and most mindful of the poor of the city.

MARGARET, a missionary and wife of a missionary, Dr. Henry Mack, in the Philippines.

Continuing the same text in Proverbs 31:28: ". . . her husband also, and he praiseth her", as we read in Dr. Patterson's HISTORICAL NOTES (pages 46 and 75):

"I cannot pass this period of my life and work without a word of tribute to Mrs. Patterson — brave, earnest in winning souls, caring for the home, teaching the little children, daily in the clinic, visiting and teaching the women, especially the old; thus she made it easier for me to leave the city and the local church work and be out for weeks and weeks. She treated and nursed me through 25 years of recurring malaria and one severe pneumonia spell, not to mention treating Dr. Junkin . . . and the many infants, Chinese and missionary, that she ushered into the world.

"Our cheerful home was truly an oasis in a desert where the sands were people. Some of the supreme joys of my life were when on coming into the home court after a trip out, the little ones would come running to tell me something that was news, or, in the evening with one on the lap and others around the little camphorwood table where we had stories or drawing. THE MOTHER WAS THE LIFE OF IT!

"She was fearless in a land of constant threat . . . for these 57 years the source of the greatest possible strength and encouragement to me; truly a helpmeet (Genesis 2:18) all along the way . . . !"

Annie Houston and Craig Patterson were "not disobedient to the heavenly vision" while pilgrims of this earth; for they answered GOD's call to service, both sailing by water on the same boat and on the same day to "the uttermost parts of earth" as witnesses of His Gospel light to those that sat in heathen darkness. With the same happy preparedness Dr. and Mrs. B. C. Patterson both have recently answered GOD's last earthly call — the call to Glory! On this final journey, he sailed a brief space of time before her dear spirit took flight — both traveling this time by air — both to the same eternal destination:—"The city foursquare . . . the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is GOD." How many thousands of China's millions were gathered to greet them beside the crystal river that flows from the throne of GOD! All because they were willing to go — and this church was willing to send!

"When they've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun,
They've no less days to sing GOD's praise
than when they first begun!"

Together "they fought the good fight, they have finished their course, they have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for them a crown of righteousness, which the LORD, the righteous judge shall give them at that day, and not to them only, but unto all them also that love HIS appearing." — II Timothy 4:7,8.

So rich a dividend from this Church's past investment surely calls for increased investment in the present! The professor of missions at our own Theological Seminary, Dr. William Childs Robinson, throws out this discerning challenge to every student:

"TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MISSIONS: AND I CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU THINK OF JESUS CHRIST!"

There can be no genuine gratitude to the great work and great spirit of "our Mrs. Patterson", unless our marching song shall be:

O Zion, haste thy mission high fulfilling
To tell to all the world that GOD is light,
That HE who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish lost in shades of night.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest, Jesus will repay!
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace,
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release."

Annotated Chronology

I. BIRTH

March 25, 1867 **Birth of Annie Rowland Houston** at the “Union High School,” in the town of Union, Monroe County, West Virginia. She was the third of twelve children that Margaret Steele Houston eventually bore. Ten grew to become adults.

II. FINCASTLE YEARS

- Sep or Oct, 1871 **The family moved to Fincastle, Virginia.** Annie was 4 years old at the time. Her most significant conscious memories of childhood begin at Fincastle.
- About 1873 Her parents visited Margaret’s relatives in Illinois. Annie, age 6, had an extended and lonely visit with “the McFerrans” in a country place out from Fincastle. (See p. 10, top.)
- 1873 When Annie was about age 6, she began to be influenced towards a missionary career by her Aunt Janet Houston, then living in Union, later a missionary to Mexico.
- 1876 **Annie joined the church** at age 9. The revival meeting was led by the Rev. Charles M. Howard, evangelist of Montgomery Presbytery, probably a resident of Lynchburg.
- 1881 Deepening spiritual experience at age 14. “I was definitely led of the Spirit ... to stop reading novels and to be most careful of my thoughts.”
- 1884 At age 17 (see p. 11) or perhaps 18 (see p. 17a), Annie had a “season of doubt.” She was able to overcome it by her own reading.
- 1884 Mr. Frank Glasgow, S.S. Superintendent, recruited her to teach a class of teen-aged boys.
- 1886-87 **First year of teaching.** At age 19, Annie accepted a teaching position in the home of a Mr. Circle, near Locust Bottom Church. She spent a year there and called it “a very hard experience.” Apparently the students came from uneducated farm backgrounds, and some of the young men were older than Annie.
- 1887 **Commitment to become a medical missionary.** Her father supported Annie in the decision. A certain “Mrs. Sally Grey Lewis” gave help towards expenses.
- [*On Mrs. Lewis, see pp. 11-12 and 17b-18b. Margaret’s comment: “Mama and Mrs. Lewis were lifelong friends. She gave Mama six sterling table spoons for a wedding present, one of Mama’s special gifts. She willed them to Paul.”*]
- 1887-88 **Second year of teaching.** She took a position in the family of Captain Sydenham Alexander, Charlotte, North Carolina. She attended First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, of which Mr. Arnold W. Miller had been pastor since 1865. (Captain Alexander’s given name is spelled “Sudenham” in one source. However, “Sydenham” seems to be more standard.)

III. BALTIMORE YEARS

1888-1891 **Medical school at the Baltimore Women’s Medical College.** While in Baltimore, she attended the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church.

[Margaret commented: “She said her training was from lectures and diagnoses and practice. They had no text books. She graduated with honors after three years.”]

She stayed for two years in a home run by a Mrs. Kettlewell, a home for young women who were working or studying in the city.

Senior year, **nursing overseer** in the college hospital, receiving room and board.

[See p. 17a for Annie’s comments on the financial difficulties of her senior year.]

The summer of 1889 was spent back in Fincastle. The summer of 1890 was spent with her family, probably also in Fincastle, but perhaps about fifteen miles west, in the town of Newcastle. R. R. Houston moved there at some time in 1890.

- About 1889 **Appointment as a missionary** by the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U.S. (“Southern Presbyterian Church”). The Committee persuaded her to go to China rather than Mexico.
- May 1891 **Graduation from medical school with an M.D.**
- June-July 1891 Two months as **resident physician at Bay View Asylum**, the Baltimore poorhouse.
- Aug-Sep 1891 A last visit with her family, in Newcastle, before going to the field.

IV. A NEWCOMER TO CHINA

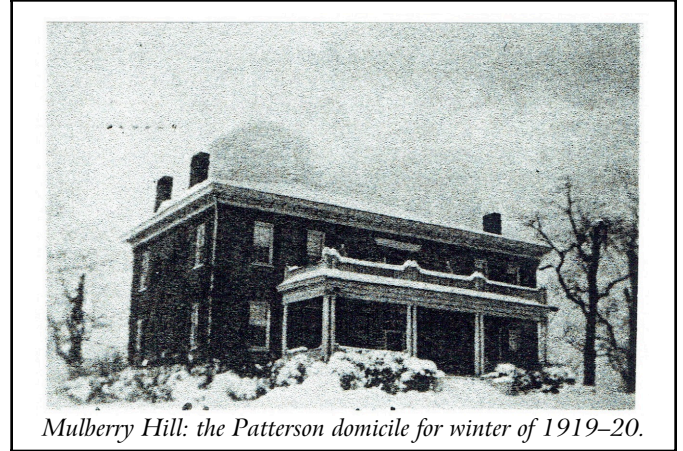
- Sep-Oct 1891 **Itinerary of the first journey to China** (extracted from letters):
- Sep 15, Tuesday: departs from Clifton Forge by train. Seen off by her father.
 - Sep 16, Wednesday evening: reaches St. Louis.
 - Sep 17, Thursday evening: meets with other missionary candidates going to Japan and China. The beginning of her relationship with Craig.
 - Sep 19, Saturday: reaches Kansas City. On Sunday evening, the formal commissioning service for new missionaries is held at Central Presbyterian Church (PCUS), Kansas City.
 - Sep 21, Monday: leaves Kansas City by Union Pacific, headed for San Francisco.
 - Sep 25, Friday: reaches San Francisco. On Sep 26, at 3:00 p.m., sails out through the Golden Gate on the *S.S. China*, a British ship.
 - Oct 13, Tuesday morning: reaches Yokohama, Japan. Seven hours later, at 3:00 P.M., boards the *S.S. Kobe Maru*, also a British ship, for the remainder of the journey.
 - Oct 14, Wednesday: reaches Kobe, 6:00 P.M. Sails from Kobe about the 16th, Friday.
 - On or about Sunday, Oct 18: reaches Shanghai, having made a fueling stop at Nagasaki.
- 1891-92 **Language study** at Hangzhou [Hangchow], Zhejiang [Chekiang] Province.
- Summer 1892 **Resident physician** at Shanghai, in the hospital of Drs. Reifsnyder and Gail.
- 1892-93 **Established her first independent clinic**, in Sinzhang [Sinchang], in the prefecture of Jiaxing [Kashing], Zhejiang Province.
- 4 Aug 1893 **Married to Brown Craig Patterson** by Dr. P. Frank Price. The wedding was held in Shanghai so the consul could witness it. They honeymooned at Nagasaki.

1893 Assigned by the mission to help open a new station at **Suqian** [Sutsien or Suchien], north of Qingjiangpu [Tsingkiangpu]. But she and Craig had to **remain in Qingjiangpu** for about a year, until living quarters could be secured in Suqian.

V. SUQIAN YEARS

- 1894 **The move to Suqian.** Established in a hostel known as the Zhang Inn, located outside the Suqian city walls, near the city's South Gate [*the Zhang is pictured on the front cover*].
- Winter 1894-5 **Fled Suqian for two weeks** because of anti-foreign agitation associated with the Sino-Japanese war.
- 4 Mar 1897 **Birth her of first child, Craig Houston,** in a room at the Zhang Inn.
- 1899 Bad famine, missionaries involved in relief efforts.
- 19 Nov 1898 **Birth of her second child, William Blackwood,** an event that now took place in a residence which was part of the "north end mission compound," inside the Suqian city walls.
- June 1900 to Oct 1901 **First furlough.** Bringing Houston and William along for their first visit to America, they reached Fishersville on July 7, 1900, while the Boxer Rebellion was at its height.
- 25 Feb 1902 **Birth of her third child, Paul Morrison,** in the Suqian mission residence.
- [Margaret's comment: "Mama said she named him 'Paul' (a N.T. missionary) and 'Morrison' (an early Protestant missionary to China) so they would have at least one missionary in the family. He turned out to be the only one of her children who was not!"]
- 16 Nov 1903 **Birth of her fourth child, Norman Guthrie,** in the Suqian mission residence.
- Summer, 1904 Probable date for her writing of "Our Missionary" [*above, pp. 15-22*].
- May 1905 Threatened disturbance in Suqian. Foreign women and children evacuated to Qingjiangpu, but they were able to return by early fall.
- 19 June 1906 **Birth of her fifth child, Margaret,** at 205 A, Guling [Kuling], a hill station to which many missionaries traveled in the summers.
- [Why was Margaret given no middle name? Her comment: "Mama had to give up her middle name of 'Rowland' when she married, so she wouldn't make me give one up. "]
- 1907 Severe famine. International recognition given to B.C.P. for his part in local relief work. Annie **broke her leg** while on a station outing, leading her clinic to be temporarily closed.
- 1909-1911 The two older children, Houston and William, in Zhenjiang [Chinkiang] for schooling.
- 1910 From the station's annual report: "Mrs. Patterson has had to give up the medical work among the women since June [*no explanation given*]."
- [Margaret's comment: "The hospital built by Dr. Bradley was now there. Also, she was exhausted, no doubt?"]

- May 1911 thru
Oct 1912 **Second furlough**, spent in Staunton. Chinese Revolution of 1911 in progress. When the family returned to China, Houston and William remained in America to go to school.
- 1912-1919 **Third term on the field**, still in Suqian. During these years, Margaret began going to school in Nanking, later at Shanghai. Annie used her new freedom for more work with the women.
- Oct '19–Feb '21 **Third furlough**, in Lexington, Virginia. Houston finished at Washington and Lee in 1919 and was teaching in Danville. Bill continued at W&L. Paul, Norman, and Margaret were in school. The first winter was spent at Mulberry Hill, just west of town [see picture]. Probably it was here that Annie wrote “Methods in Sutsien, Kiangsu” [see pp. 28-29]. The house was large but frigid. The second winter, the family stayed on Lee Street, across from Lexington High School. In February, 1921, the family returned to China on the *Empress of Asia*.



Mulberry Hill: the Patterson domicile for winter of 1919–20.

VI. TENGXIAN YEARS

- 1921–1927 **Fourth term in China.** The mission voted in August, 1921, to **transfer them to Tengxian** [Tenghsien], Shandong, though the actual move did not take place until 1922. AHP was the only foreign doctor in Tengxian, and she once again became active medically.
- 1927 **Civil war in China.** Annie and Craig refuged to Qingdao in April, then on to Kobe, Japan.
- 1927-1928 **Fourth furlough**, in Staunton. Margaret was a senior at Mary Baldwin. Probably it was during this furlough that Annie wrote both “Is It Worth While?” [pp. 30–31] and “The Healing Missionary” [pp. 32-35]. The BCPs went back to China in the fall of 1928. Margaret spent the summer in Montreat with Houston and Frances, baby-sitting Houston, Jr., and Bob.
- Fall of 1933 A visit by Margaret and Henry Mack to the BCPs in Tengxian. Henry Mack then took a job at Hangzhou [Hangchow], teaching for a semester. Afterwards, the Macks returned to the USA and Henry began teaching at Assembly’s Training School, Richmond, Virginia.

VII. TINKLING SPRING

- Late Sep 1939 **Retirement.** Annie and Craig sailed from Shanghai, heading for the Tinkling Spring Community near Fishersville and for the house that was BCP’s former childhood home.
- 18 Sep 1953 Craig died and was buried in the cemetery of the Tinkling Spring Church.
- 9 Feb 1954 Five months after Craig’s death, Annie, aged 87, died. Her grave is beside Craig’s.

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