HAZARDOUS DAYS IN CHINA
By John W. Pattee

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OTHERS

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for others.

Let "self" be crucified and slain
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of others.

Others, Lord; yes, others;
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others
That I may live like thee.

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INTRODUCTION
Throughout the annals of Christian endeavor in its various phases, there have been no greater heroes than those who have carried the message to the missionary fields. The days of persecution we thought were past, the wild natives had in many ways been subdued. But the last few years have proved otherwise. We have seen again evidence that the heart of man is desperately wicked when unrestrained by Christian idealism.

With the outbreak of the Japanese war on America came trying days for missionaries in China and Japan. They have been called upon to face the possibility of laying down their lives for the Gospel as those of old. Heroically they have met the issue.

Rev. J. W. Pattee was among those who remained in China to continue carrying on the work. He sent his wife and children back to America where they could be safe from war's alarms not knowing whether he would be permitted to see them again. This was before the declaration of the war against the United States came, but while China and Japan were embroiled in hostilities. Then after the fatal day of Pearl Harbor came, he found himself interned and also imprisoned. Following his release from prison, he returned to a life of internment along: with a number of other missionaries.

In his book he tells us about our Nazarene work in China, the dangers encountered in the ways of the Sino-Japanese war, his imprisonment and internment, also the repatriation to the homeland. I am sure that all who read will find much of interest and moreover information both regarding the Nazarene missionary project and the activities of the Japanese in waging war.

Olive M. Winchester
Pasadena College

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DEDICATION

To that loyal band of missionary supporters in the Church of the Nazarene -- both men and women -- who have by their prayers and sacrifices "held the ropes" in the homeland that souls may be won across the water, this book is affectionately dedicated by the author.

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01 -- CHINA BOUND

Amid the crashing symphony of the twentieth century there may be heard at times a music of a different sort, a slow rhythm that is as old as human history itself. Ageless, ceaseless, rising, falling, its mystic melody has been for centuries
familiar to one of the oldest civilizations of the earth. That song is the sure, steady surf-beat of the China Sea breaking upon the shores of a vast and shadowy land of legend, whose people, nearly half a billion strong, form a quarter of the population of the globe. China, land of ancient wisdom, of stately mandarins and shaded pagodas, of teeming walled cities and dusty highways, of low sprawling villages and crumbling grave mounds, of flooded rice fields and barren plains, of tragedy and suffering, or repression and heartache. Her people have known privation and misery; her soul has been chained in the prison-house of sin and superstition and idolatry. Her history would have been one of eternally hopeless despair except for the light of the Gospel of Christ. But under the warm and healing rays of that light, China, like a sleeping giant, is beginning to awaken, and there may be felt a faint trembling, the beating of her mighty heart.

For us, a call to this strange and storied land seemed impossible. At least so we felt when first the needs of the field were pressed upon us, for just at that time the Communist revolution began, which resulted in the return of many missionaries to America. To add to this difficulty the depression came along, and mission boards, faced with shortage of funds, were calling missionaries home. When older missionaries were coming home, new ones could not reasonably expect to be sent out. Retrenchment was the word of the hour. The list of missionary applicants in our church continued to pile up until there were three hundred young people waiting to go to the foreign field. So from the human point of view, going to China seemed impossible. What chance did we have of being chosen when so many were waiting to go?

In spite of these discouragements, we went ahead with our plans for the foreign field. Mrs. Pattee had felt the call for missionary service soon after her conversion, and in response thereto had taken her nurse's training. Before we were married, we had sent applications to our missionary headquarters at Kansas City, but then our years of waiting began. Yet, while we waited, we were not idle. For a while we worked among the Indians teaching school. We could not, however, be satisfied with teaching and preaching when God had called us to full time service. For six years God blessed us in preaching His Word in America. Still we were not satisfied. What of God's call to China? Nine years had gone by since we had made our first application to the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene. They had been encouraging: they had asked us if we would be willing to go anywhere, and we had answered "Yes," though in our hearts we had felt that it was China. Time passed on -- we were no longer young, so if we were ever to go, it must be soon.

As Christmas of the year 1935 drew near, my wife became tremendously burdened. For two days she did nothing but fast and pray that God would manifest His will- that if it were His will, He would open the way to China. Physically she was not strong, nevertheless she held on in prayer. Less than a month later we had a letter from the Missionary Board stating there was a bare possibility that we might be sent to China. We were rejoicing; the little cloud the size of a man's hand had
appeared. Another wait of two or three months and all was settled: we were going to China.

Now that our prospects were bright, the enemy tried his best to deter us in various ways. Not long before this the Stams had been murdered in China by Communist soldiers. One day when my wife was in the office of the local newspaper, the friendly editor said, "But what if you get over there and fall into the hands of a Chinese bandit leader? .... Why, I guess it is as near to heaven from China as from here," she quickly answered.

Hurriedly we began to make our preparations. Having secured our equipment, we shipped boxes and trunks to Seattle to await us there. Then in June we attended the General Assembly at Kansas City. Besides all this, there were passports to secure and short visits to make with friends and relatives in this country. Furthermore we spoke in several churches. On these occasions we enjoyed telling of our call to China. At last the great day came and on the morning of September 12, 1936, we boarded the President Grant for our field of service.

Many of our friends around Seattle gathered in the dining room of the ship to have a farewell service and pray for the missionary party, which consisted of Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Sutherland, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Royall, Miss Rhoda Schurman, Mrs. Pattee and myself. Counting children there were seventeen.

All too soon came the call, "All going ashore, go ashore!" As the ship slowly began to move, our friends stood on the dock singing hymns and waving their farewells. Some of those on the pier had thrown streamers and confetti to us. When the ship began to move away, and the streamers began to stretch longer and longer, we were reminded of William Carey's words to his friend, "I will go down into the well if you will hold the rope at the top." One by one the streamers began to break. Finally the last one fell into the water and the last connection was severed. What about those supporting ropes of prayer? Would they, too, break and fall? We could still see our friends standing at the end of the pier. We watched them until they became but a blur in the distance.

Yes, actually, Mrs. Pattee and I were on our way to China. For sixteen years my wife had felt the call to missionary service. Ten years had passed since the Lord had called me to China. These years had reached their fruition. The visions and dreams of what had seemed almost hopeless years of waiting were ended. What of the future? We could leave it in the hands of Him Who had called us and led us thus far on our journey. Our hearts were joyous, for at last we were bound for China, the land of our calling.

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02 -- IN A STRANGE LAND
Our trip across the broad waters of the Pacific was peaceful and comparatively uneventful. The first evening while at dinner we began to experience short, choppy waves as the boat steamed out of Puget Sound through the Strait of Juan de Fuca and into the open ocean. It was a new and queer sensation to have the floor tilt up and down, and to put your foot down and find the floor two or three inches lower or higher than you thought. We agreed that the first one to miss a meal was to contribute five dollars for the rest of the party. The next morning Miss Schurman was laid low with seasickness. In fact she continued to be ill most of the time until we drew near to Japan. None of the rest of us missed a meal. It is true that we had stormy times, but the fresh air and wonderful meals seemed only to whet our appetites.

The children enjoyed themselves making friends and playing games. Paul Royall, only three, called our Phyllis, nearly four, his "girl friend." One day little Paul came to his daddy crying at the top of his voice. In response to questioning he said, "My girl friend bit me," Surely enough he had the teeth marks to prove it.

When Sunday came, I was selected to preach for the morning Church service. This I did by speaking on "Entire Sanctification, a Second Work of Grace." It was not the first time I had preached on the subject, but it was the first time I had done so with the floor heaving up and down under me and threatening to send me sprawling.

Each morning we set our watches back one hour. On Wednesday we went to bed, then when we woke up the next day, they told us that it was Friday; we had skipped a whole day.

Near the end of the trip came the night of the captain's dinner. This was a gala affair with even better food than usual. Toward the close of the meal the smiling waiter came in bearing a lighted birthday cake. It was my birthday and the cake was for me. It is a custom with the steamship company to find out the birth-dates of its passengers and remember those which occur en route.

We had a delightful time for three days while stopping in Japan. We motored to Tokyo and spent a few hours in Japan's capitol. Then at Kobe we were met by Pearl Wiley and Bertie Karns. They took us to Kyoto to spend Sunday. In the morning I had my first experience in preaching through an interpreter. One of our Japanese preachers who had been to school in America quickly put my words into Japanese. In the afternoon we visited some of the ancient temples. In the church services our hearts had been made glad as we had seen the joy and victory that were manifested. Here also we saw the darker side as hundreds came to bow, say a prayer and throw a coin toward the idol in front of the temple. Some of the wooden railings were nearly worn in two from the friction of the coins thrown to the gods. Just outside the temple was a large bell. As each worshipper came in he tapped the bell so that the god would wake up and hear the prayer. Oh, the darkness and blindness of heathenism!
The country was beautiful. Some of the mountains extended upward to snow-crowned volcanic peaks. Their deep olive color was in contrast with the rich purple of the ocean. The hills were terraced with rice fields.

Leaving Japan, we sailed through the Inland Sea during the time of the full moon. As darkness came on, we could still see a faint light in the west outlining the mountains nearly surrounding us. Then the great, round moon came out and traced a shining pathway across the gently rippling water to our boat. It was so beautiful and quiet and peaceful that we lay for hours in our deck chairs where we could watch the play of moonlight and shadow on mountains and water. Yes, Japan captivated and enchanted us.

Gradually our ocean voyage drew to a close. One evening we were told that the next morning we would anchor at Tangku, ocean port for the city of Tientsin. Long before daylight we were up, dressed and packed. Eagerly l looked out over the yellow, muddy waters so well named "Yellow Sea." Yes, there in the distance through the mist were the low-lying flats of China. Soon our ship was tied up to the dock. As Chinese coolies began to talk in a strange jargon and snatch at our baggage, we were almost panic stricken. Would we ever see our things again? How much of this strange new money should we give them? To our great relief and comfort Reverend H. A. Wiese, District Superintendent of the China District of the Church of the Nazarene, appeared on the scene. He took each of us by the hand and welcomed us to China. Soon he had charge of things. Only one of our boxes was missing. But we were fortunate, for it turned up two months later. Without too much trouble we went through customs. A little while longer and we were sitting on the wooden benches of a Chinese train for an hour's ride to Tientsin. We wondered if all coaches of Chinese trains were like this one with its benches around the outside edges and a double bench running down the middle for the entire length of the coach.

Reaching Tientsin, we were fascinated by the strange mixture of Orient and Occident in this great coast city. There were large twelve-story modern buildings, but a stone's throw away were the sprawling Chinese buildings made of sun-dried mud bricks. American automobiles dashed down the streets keeping carefully to the left. But in the same street were heavily loaded carts pulled by mules, donkeys, men and cows. It seemed that here were all the means of locomotion ever used by men. It gave us a start to see eight or ten men sweating and straining away as they pulled a loaded cart which in America would only be moved by an engine or animals. Soon we reached the missionary home of the China Inland Mission and sat down to the noon meal. The leader suggested that we sing something. Thinking of my ten years of waiting to get to China, I started, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." My heart was almost too full. It was hard to realize that we were really in China.
There was no time, however, to go about with our heads in the clouds, we were to get our feet down to earth. In two days we were in language school, busily engaged in the study of one of the most ancient and difficult of the world's languages. Someone has said that the Chinese language was invented by the devil to keep the Chinese people from hearing the Gospel. However that may be, it is well adapted to test the reality of one's missionary call, for by the time three or four months had gone by, some people who had been loudest in their professions of a "call" to the mission field had found that romance and glamor were not to be found; they were discouraged and ready to go back home. But for us there was not time to get discouraged—there was too much studying to be done. The school used the most modern methods of language study. The teachers were Chinese and from the first day spoke nothing but Chinese to us. Gradually we began to imitate their sounds and inflections, and before many weeks we were forming halting sentences in Chinese and using the new words which were introduced daily. Our patient teachers would listen to our stumbling words, and after we had finished, turn them into coherent Chinese sentences.

In the Chinese language there are nearly fifty thousand different characters, about eight thousand of which are in common use. One needs to know this many to be able to read the daily newspaper. But far more important than this was the desire to preach the word to the people whom we met. After three months we considered ourselves fortunate if we could recognize three or four words of Chinese and their meanings in that many minutes of preaching. Sometimes, even after four or five months we would get absolutely no idea of the drift of the preacher's thought. Fortunately we had learned that Latin, French, German and Greek took work, and by applying the same tactics to Chinese, results at last appeared, and we were pleasantly surprised when the polite Chinese were able to understand our clumsy utterances.

Whenever it was necessary to go to the store to buy something, we had opportunities to test out what Chinese we had acquired. We soon learned, too, that the shopkeepers could detect newcomers by their speech. Immediately prices would go up three times the normal cost. Then the bargaining began, with the shopkeeper gradually coming clown on the price, and the customer raising his offer. If everything went well, the two would eventually reach a compromise that was somewhere near a reasonable price. This bargaining took time but it gave excellent training in language study.

Mrs. Pattee wanted to buy a set of dishes, but was not in a hurry to secure them. Every time she went up town, she would go to look at the dishes and bargain some more. Eventually she secured them, after two months, at half the original price.

As one walked along the streets, beggars would spy the foreigner and descend upon him bowing and pleading for money. They were so persistent that it was almost impossible to get rid of them. Indeed one could scarcely do anything
else but take pity on them. A copper or two purchased immunity from further annoyance, at least for that day. Among the beggars were those whose terribly emaciated forms showed that they were opium fiends. Sometimes on a cold winter morning there would be the ragged, still form of an opium addict lying at some rich man’s gate. All day long the wretched corpse would lie there in the street until finally the police would come with a mat to wrap around the body and haul it away to throw it in a shallow hole. The Chinese government has worked to suppress the opium trade, even shooting those who sold or continued to use it. The Japanese, however, continued to smuggle in the dope and to employ Koreans to sell it, since they were exempt from Chinese law.

After two and a half months one of our great joys was a visit at Christmas time to our Nazarene field three hundred miles south of Peking. China is larger than the United States and has a population of nearly five hundred million. Several years ago the missionaries, realizing that they could never hope, without coöperation, to reach all the people in one generation, came together and divided the interior districts up among the different churches, so that only one denomination carries on work in each particular region. The district assigned to us is a strip of country about one hundred twenty miles long and thirty miles wide in which we have approximately two million people. On this visit we met some of our missionaries whom we had not seen before, including Miss Catharine Flagier, Miss Mary Pannell, Miss Ida Vieg, Mrs. H. A. Wiese, Dr. J. Hester Hayne, and Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Wesche. The most of our time was spent at our main station at Taming, where we have a lovely sixteen-acre compound with several missionary homes, gardens, a fine Bible School for training Chinese preachers, and our Bresee Memorial Hospital containing one hundred beds, one of the best hospitals in interior China. Every moment of our stay here was a delight, and we would have been glad to remain, but as there was still much to learn before we could start preaching, we returned to Peking.

Again, early in April, I made a trip alone to our field. The missionaries, few in number, were intensely busy, but even this little group of workers was to be further depleted. Miss Vieg was rapidly weakening and a few weeks later she passed to her heavenly reward. At this time my trip was extended to Ch’ao Ch’eng and Puchow in the eastern and southern parts of our field. My ability to use the language was increasing, and I traveled alone and was able to make myself understood. I was looking forward eagerly to the time when I would be out preaching to the multitudes on every hand.

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03 -- HOVERING WAR CLOUDS

When summer came, although we still needed to keep on studying, language school was over for us. It is customary for new missionaries to go to the coast where they can escape some of the terrible heat and continue their work on the
language. But this was no picnic holiday for us, as we were engaged in deep study many hours a day. Just a few more weeks, and we would be going to the interior.

However, the shadow of a cloud hovered on the horizon. We had heard the muttering of its distant rumbling even while busily engaged in study, but thought it would surely pass by. There were always rumors of war in China. Just one more rumor, so we thought. But this time the Japanese war lords were determined. They were afraid that China, left to herself, would become too powerful. They were not satisfied with Manchuria, the great piece of Chinese territory they had already seized. Thus it was that Japanese soldiers stationed in China began the fighting near Peking. Soon they were fighting at Tientsin and farther south. During the first day of fighting we saw nearly a hundred Japanese airplanes headed for the fighting regions, for our seacoast summer resort was in the border region of China -- a district that was already under Japanese mandate and for all practical purposes enslaved to them.

The preparations for war increased. Japanese officials took over the railroads and suspended civilian travel. Train after train of Japanese troops roared by. For a while there were no newspapers or mail and, save for the fact that some had radios, there was little news, though rumors were plentiful. Certain foreign consulates gave out brief communications telling of the increase in the fighting. One result of the times was the enforced separation of some families. Husbands were in the interior, while their wives and children were on the coast. Those who did manage to get through told of the Japanese bombings, the ruthless seizure of all Chinese resources and murder of civilians. Great floods increased the horrors of war. Much of the country was under water. Word came through of the bombings and of the dangerous situation at Shanghai. Soon refugees began arriving from that place. To add to the confusion, all the Chinese were crying to get back to their homes. Servants with their families in the interior were anxious to get away. Yet means of travel were almost non-existent. Mail took an eternity, so it seemed, and it was almost impossible to get telegrams through. We were concerned about our missionaries in the interior.

There was another question that forced itself upon our consideration. What should foreigners do under such circumstances? This was a topic of discussion everywhere. The United States government urged its nationals to go back to America. Some missionaries agreed with this and argued that, since the war would stop all preaching, we might as well return home. Should we go back home? Many were going, but God had called us to China and were we going back just when we were ready to begin our ministry? No, we were not willing to go home. God had called us; He had opened the way and He did not make mistakes. We felt that He had work for us to do. Yet it was impossible to go to the interior, at least for the present, and furthermore, we soon learned that most of those who were already there were coming out to escape the terrors of war.
Since it was impossible to go into the interior and impractical to stay on the coast, the Nazarene missionaries rented a large house in Tientsin and settled down there to await developments. Again we were not idle. Each day we spent about eight hours with a Chinese teacher. In addition to that, there was private study and attendance at a Chinese service nearly every evening.

Finally, after sixteen months of study, the day came when I brought my first message to China. There was not just a handful of people—that would have been easier—but two hundred or more were present. I poured out my heart on the subject of "Holiness" for over an hour. Four people came forward seeking the Lord. I had begun my Chinese ministry; henceforth I was through with interpreters or "interrupters," as they might better be called.

By April, trains were again running, after a fashion, to our Nazarene field. A few of our missionaries were planning to go to the interior, and we begged for a chance to go too. Soon we were on our way, though our accommodations could hardly be called Pullman. The first day we did have seats in a coach but on the second day, since there was no coach, we had to climb into a freight car. As we had our rolls of bedding along, we spread some of it out so that we could cushion the hard spots.

How glad we were when we did get off the train at Hantan, the western tip of our field, fifty miles northwest from Taming, to find Brother Wiese there to meet us with a car! Since, with our baggage, we were too many for one trip, Brother Wiese made two to Ch'eng An, which was about twenty miles on the road to Taming, and we spent the night with Brother and Sister Kiehn. The next day we arrived in Taming and were pleased to see that the buildings had escaped the bombing and shelling and were completely unharmed. This was due largely to the efforts of Brother Wiese, who stayed on the compound during the battle in which the Japanese marched through to capture Taming city. At that time the heathen came in expecting to steal everything, but when they saw Brother Wiese they backed out of the gate astounded. What the heathen would not have stolen, the Japanese would have taken. If the compound had not been occupied, they might even have come there to live.

In our Taming compound we found a good revival spirit. Every night there was a preaching service and every morning a prayer meeting. Souls were praying and seeking the Lord. Though nearly every night we could hear the sound of cannon and machine gun fire, yet the Gospel work went on, with each missionary busy. Moreover, there was a demand for re-opening the Hospital.

The Chinese at Ch'ao Ch'eng, thirty miles southeast from Taming, wanted a missionary to stay some of the time with them. Japanese bombs had destroyed their large church, and there was fighting nearby. After three weeks I went thither by bicycle. Sometimes we could hear the firing of the big cannon at Puchow, thirty-five miles away. One day we heard the machine guns; surely war was not very far
from us. After a while some of our Christians came in from Fan Hsien, eleven miles south of us. That place was being attacked by Japanese, and the Christians had fled to us for refuge. Later I heard that the Japanese had left Puchow. Eager to learn what conditions were, I jumped on my bicycle and rode the thirty-five miles to that place.

I was one of the first to enter Puchow City after the Japanese had left. There was destruction on every hand with many houses and nearly every store burned. The goods in the stores had all been destroyed or stolen. Several hundred people had been killed and their bodies thrown in a great heap. Japanese soldiers had occupied our church compound. None of the buildings had been destroyed but chairs and other furniture were burned. Bibles and other Christian books were torn and thrown on the floor. In some of the side rooms of the church the Japanese had stabled their horses.

As my wife and children were still in Tientsin, I was eager to have them come to the interior, too. Just at this time I learned that some neighboring missionaries were making the trip from Taming to Tientsin. Quickly I returned to Taming from Puchow and Ch'ao Ch'eng in time to join this group on their trip. Arriving in Hantan we found again that there were no train coaches in which to ride. As before we had to take to a freight car, but this time was worse than before -- the horses vacated the box car as we went in. There was some straw on the floor, and with a few blankets for padding the situation was bearable. About fifty of us rode thus.

Upon reaching Tientsin I found Mrs. Pattee packed and anxious to leave. Someone said to me, "Are you going to take your wife to the interior?" His tone of voice, and what I had heard he said to others, indicated that he thought I was crazy to think of such a thing.

"I have prayed about it. I have prayed through and the Lord says, 'Go'," Mrs. Pattee answered when she was asked about it. Within two days we were on our way.

At the depot I had to wait for hours to get my baggage checked. Then with all our hand luggage- jugs of drinking water, baskets of food, rolls of bedding and suitcases--we had to stand in line for two hours to buy a ticket. Fortunately, we obtained seats before they were all taken. However, the people continued to pour into the coach. Nearly everyone had a roll of clothes or bedding and also a little food to eat on the train. When all the seats were full, the people filled the aisles and sat on their rolls of bedding. In the aisle of our one coach I counted forty-nine people in addition to all those in the seats. As it was the last of June, the weather was desperately hot. The windows were open and the flies came in to get their share of the food. Do you wonder that soon after arriving in Taming I was sick from the effects of the trip, and the rest of the family were extremely tired?
When we reached Hantan, there was no one to meet us. Traveling by automobile was so dangerous that it did not seem to be advisable to drive an auto between Hantan and Taming. Chinese soldiers might see the auto and, thinking that it belonged to the Japanese, fire upon it. Only part of our baggage had arrived. For two and a half days we waited amid heat and dirt and flies for the remainder of the baggage to come. Finally, early on a Monday morning we left for Taming. My wife and Phyllis rode on one rickshaw while Bobby, only nine, rode a bicycle. Needless to say he got tired in the dust and heat of a fifty mile ride. I left with the two mule carts hauling our baggage. As the carts could not keep up with the rickshaw, we did not stay together. The latter managed to make the trip in one day, while the carts took a day and a half. Some seemed to think the trip was dangerous. Part of the time on the road we could hear the sound of guns in the distance, but we were not molested and were happy indeed to reach Taming. Here, in spite of hovering war clouds about us, we were glad to live and serve the Lord who had called us to China. Closer still than the war clouds were the overshadowing wings of God's protection and care.

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04 – MEDICAL MISSIONS

Since I had an attack of amebic dysentery, we could not get settled at once. During this time I appreciated our hospital with its good doctor and nurses. As soon as I could get around again, we began to move into our own house. Mrs. Pattee was already nursing in our hospital. At this time we had but one other foreign nurse, Miss Pannell. As for the Chinese nurses, they were, for the most part, only probationers or in their first year of training. This, along with the fact that we had but one doctor, made the responsibility of the foreign nurses very heavy.

Our hospital is the only modern one for our field of two million people. As some of our neighboring missions do not have hospitals, ours has to serve an area containing a population of about three and a half million people. But that is more difficult than one hospital for that many people in this country, because here we do not have so much sickness, and travel to a hospital is so much easier in America.

There are many sick in China. One reason for this is that people are undernourished. Millions have barely enough food to sustain life; in the winter many eat only two meals a day because they cannot afford more. In hard times it is even worse, with people eating grass and leaves. There is much tuberculosis as a result of this malnutrition. Then, in the hot summer, it rains and rains, and the mosquitoes are numerous. That means that there is much malaria with many consequent deaths. Along with mosquitoes there are flies on the food, making for diarrhea and dysentery. Very many Chinese babies die each summer from dysentery. In war times there is much cholera which often takes the lives of people quickly. One day they would be strong and apparently healthy, and the next day
they might be dead. In ten days or two weeks a third of the people in a village might die of cholera.

There were also other diseases. One of those prominent in the Ch'eng An region was kalaazar. This results in an enlarged spleen and causes death in about three years unless one is able to get injections of the drug called neostam, which is rare. Fortunately the mission hospitals had the drug and thus were able to save many lives. One of the commonest ailments was sore eyes. When the eyes of the Chinese smart, they rub them; then their eyes get worse, and finally blindness results. Most of this is caused by trachoma, a germ that grows on the lining of the eyelid and, without proper treatment, slowly but surely causes blindness. Probably eighty-five per cent of the people in parts of our field have trachoma. Many of the older people are already blind, for they have had trachoma for years. Sometimes one may go to a village and find a fourth of the people blind, or nearly so, while all have sore eyes. The pity of it is that practically all of this is entirely unnecessary if they have the proper medicine.

When the Chinese get sick, since they have no trained doctors to consult, they often go to their country doctors or, perhaps, to a witch doctor. These often cannot even read or write. Suppose a person has the stomach-ache and goes to a Chinese country doctor. What does the doctor do? He has a long needle, like a steel knitting needle, with a sharp point. Probably it is dirty and rusty and covered with dried blood and pus. He takes the needle and jabs it into the stomach several times to let the demons out. If one has sore eyes, the doctor does not use the big needle; he has a smaller one, a darning needle. This he uses to scratch along the edge of the eyelid and cause bleeding. This method is supposed to cure sore eyes. If one has a headache, the "doctor" does not use a needle, but blisters a spot in the middle of the forehead. The patient can forget about his headache then because the blister hurts worse.

When a baby is born what do they do? To begin with, they do not have a doctor for this occasion; just the old grandmother to assist. In many parts of Hopei and Shantung, Of which our field is a part, the grandmother goes out into the garbage-littered street where the carts and horses and donkeys go back and forth and where the people walk. She takes a handful of fine powdery dust that the cartwheels and the donkey hoofs have churned up and places it on the naval cord of the newborn babe to stop the flow of blood. It does the work, but in seven or eight days the baby may die from lockjaw, and yet the people do not know what has caused the death.

One afternoon there came to the Taming Hospital clinic Mrs. Yin, a young woman, thirty-four years of age. As she was carried in, the nurses noticed her thin face and strained expression. What was her trouble? -- Her abdomen was distended to such a tremendous size that she was unable to help herself. She had not walked for over a year. Her people, who were heathen, did not want to feed her, as she was unable to work and was merely a burden upon them. They brought her to the
hospital and told the doctor either to cure her or kill her. They were eager to have it known that if she got better they would appreciate it. On the other hand, if the operation failed, and she died, doctor and nurses should "rest their hearts," as they would not blame them.

The doctor soon diagnosed Mrs. Yin's trouble as an ovarian cyst. She weighed one hundred sixty pounds when she was admitted to the hospital. At this time, due to war conditions, we had only one lady doctor and Mrs. Pattee was the only American nurse. In addition to her nursing duties, she had charge of the students in the nursery. Mrs. Yin's operation surely presented a Herculean task to the hospital staff. Several days passed before the operation was scheduled and, as Mrs. Yin listened to the preaching of the Gospel, she gave her heart to Jesus. She truly seemed a changed woman. She had found it hard to understand the love of the Christians for her until she herself had found the love of Jesus.

The day set for the operation arrived. Doctor and nurses knew that it would be a severe shock and they must be prepared to meet emergencies. The doctor felt that it was useless to operate unless there was blood prepared to give at the close. The relatives were not at all interested in giving blood for what seemed a hopeless case. As no other blood was available, I gave some to have ready. After the incision was made, fluid gushed out everywhere until it seemed there would be no stopping it. However, it did stop, and the doctor was able to remove the tumor, which with the fluid weighed eighty pounds.

When the operation was over, nurses cleared away the instruments and moved the patient to the stretcher. Just then she looked so pale and lifeless that their hearts sank within them. Then they remembered the blood all ready for such an emergency. In a few moments they had it flowing into her veins and life came back. Day by day she improved, until at the end of two weeks she was able to be up and walk around a bit. Within three weeks after the operation she left the hospital. She was a different woman; the strained expression was gone; there was a new light in her eyes, and a smile constantly upon her face. She had found not only healing for her body but Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. She gave a clear testimony of God's saving grace before leaving the hospital. She kept saying, "Look at me; I can walk again." We praise God for this miracle of healing and grace. However, it was but one of the big tumor operations performed in our hospital, and is typical of patients who were not only restored to health, but also found Christ as a personal Saviour.

Mrs. Pattee was in our hospital at Taming for fifteen months. When we moved to Ch'eng An a cholera epidemic had broken out, and hearing that she was a nurse, the people came by scores to be treated. Before we left there, she was having an average of forty or more patients a day, and the Lord wonderfully blessed this work to the salvation of souls.
At first we were almost entirely unequipped to handle the patients. My wife took care of them in her living room and later she held her clinic on the front porch, but that too was inadequate. Finally some rooms were arranged in the men's gate house. Here the number of sick coming to the clinic continued to increase. Many of these were suffering from kalaazar and would have died without neostam. This, the Chinese medicine shops were usually unable to secure, and if they did have it, they charged such a high price that many were unable to afford the treatment. At one time, in the course of three months, ninety patients took the kalaazar treatment. The clinic was run as an auxiliary of the hospital at Taming.

According to the clinic records there had been 1957 different patients in a little less than a year's time. Many of these had come for ten or more treatments. While the patients waited, the Chinese workers preached the Gospel to them. Each patient had at least one friend or relative accompanying him. Sometimes there would be four or five visitors to one patient. Thus it became necessary to hire a woman to supply water to the crowd of people. Also a poor widow started a profitable business selling food to those waiting for treatment. The people became most friendly and invited us to their villages to preach to their friends and neighbors.

One of my wife's first patients at Ch'eng An was a man who came with a terrible infection in the skin of both legs. From the knees down, the legs and feet were one mass of putrefying sores. His legs were so bad that he had not been able to work for nine months, but Mrs. Pattee agreed to take the case if he would come faithfully for treatment. The first thing was to get the many layers of dirty old paper off his legs. The poor people do not have cloth for bandages, so they use paper. Good clean paper can be used for writing, so they use any dirty old paper they may find. When the blood and pus soaks through one layer of paper, they paste on another layer until there will be a dozen or more layers of dirty paper covering the sore. To get this dirty mess off his legs, she secured a pail of hot water, put potassium permanganate in it, and soaked his feet. Imagine layer upon layer of dirty old paper saturated with pus that had been seeping out for nine months! The odor was almost indescribable, but fortunately the potassium permanganate helped to bring some relief.

While she worked, Mrs. Pattee looked to the Lord for gut-dance. But that was not all, she also talked to the man about Jesus and salvation. To this last he made no reply whatever, not even a single word; consequently it was difficult to know what attitude he took or if he understood what was being said to him. Finally his legs were all bandaged up in clean white bandages sent by missionary societies in America, and the man was much pleased with the changed appearance. For about three weeks he came nearly every other day. Each time Mrs. Pattee faithfully preached to him as she went on with her treatment. Never did the man give any reply as to his attitude toward the Gospel. One day he failed to show up for his treatment. When my wife inquired if anyone knew where the man was, someone said, "Haven't you heard? He's all better and is back at work."
A few days later at the close of the Sunday morning services a strange lady came to Mrs. Pattee and putting her hand on my wife's shoulder informed her that she wanted to repent. These two and the Bible Woman quickly knelt at the altar and began to pray. All three prayed until suddenly they were on their feet praising God. Needless to say, the woman had prayed through. Her face was radiant, for peace had come. Turning to my wife she said, "Do you know who I am? I am the wife of the man who had the sore legs. Every day when he came home he told me all that you had said about Jesus. My heart became hungry and this morning I came to hear more. Now I have found Him and He satisfies me." Then she went on to say, "Will you come to my village tomorrow? I am no longer an idol-worshipper. I want you to take down my idols and burn them."

The next morning we two missionaries, the Chinese pastor and a little group of the Chinese Christians walked to the woman's village. As we entered the street and came to the yard of her home, all the people in the village came to look and listen. They wanted to see what terrible thing would happen to the missionary when he dared to burn the god. We preached to the assembled crowd. At the close of the message, the man who had had the infected legs came forward and said that he wanted to repent. Quickly we prayed with him until his heart was blessed. Then the idols were torn from the walls of the home and committed to the flames. Just then out came the toddling old grandfather, eighty years old. Rather wistfully he said, "May an old man like me repent?" Soon another had taken his stand for Christ. As we wended our way back home that day, our hearts were full of happiness; once more our God had been triumphant over sinful superstition.

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05 -- VILLAGE EVANGELISM

Under my first appointment by the Mission Council, I was to hold revival meetings in all the ten counties of our China field. This continued to be my work all the time I was in China. It seems to me that evangelism is the greatest part of the missionary task. No matter how much teaching of book learning or healing of sick bodies we may do, if we do not preach Christ as the Saviour, our work will not amount to much. The country work, moreover, is more important than the city. In China about eighty-five per cent of the people live in villages. If we want to reach the Chinese with the Gospel, the thing for us to do is to take the Gospel message out into the country villages where the great majority of the people may hear it.

Regularly, I was out preaching for about eight months of the year. There was a month and a half in the winter time when the weather was rather cold for meetings in unheated Chinese churches; also it was the New Year season when people were too busy for meetings. For two and a half months in the middle of summer it was too hot and usually too rainy for special services. Except for these times I was usually out in revivals. Instead of having just one preaching service a day, I nearly
always had at least three. But that was not all. As soon as it was daylight the Christians gathered in the church for an hour or more of morning prayer meeting. We would have breakfast at about seven o'clock. About ten o'clock there was morning preaching for an hour and a half. At noon we paused for lunch. About two, the afternoon service began and lasted another hour and a half. At six we had supper, and then at seven, evening service, which lasted about two hours. Thus each day would have at least five hours of preaching services in addition to an early morning prayer meeting. This program was the rule almost everywhere I went. But even this ambitious program was often surpassed, for sometimes I preached seven or eight times in one day. Often before ten o'clock we were out in the market place or on the village streets, and following the afternoon service we would go again to the surrounding villages.

People often ask me what we had to eat. Since I could not carry enough foreign food on my bicycle to last three or four weeks, I ate Chinese food. Occasionally people say, "But did you not get tired of rice all the time?" No, for we did not have much rice to eat. While rice is raised and eaten in central and south China, it is too dry for rice to grow in nearly all of north China. As a result, some of the people have never even tasted it. We had wheat, corn and maize, beans and cabbage. One of the favorite foods was millet soup. It is the same kind of millet that is raised in much of the United States. After the seed is threshed out, the Chinese run the grain between two millstones. This loosens up the tiny, transparent, oily hull on the millet seed. Then they run the millet through a fanning mill which blows away the oily husk. When preparing a meal, they drop the millet into boiling water and cook it somewhat like we cook cream of wheat breakfast food. Millet soup is eaten not only in much of China but also in India. When meal time comes, the soup is poured into an oatmeal bowl which is held in the left hand while the chopsticks are held in the right. The bowl is tilted up to the mouth, the chopsticks are used as scoops and, with plenty of suction, the millet is gulped down. No cream or sugar is used. The majority of Chinese cannot afford sugar, and they usually abhor the taste of milk. Often the Chinese give the missionary a nickname. As a rule we do not know what it is, for it is not always complimentary. Nevertheless I found out what at least one of my nicknames was. As they keep their uncooked millet in a crock, and since I ate so much millet soup, some of my Chinese friends gave me the name of "Millet Crock."

We usually tried to have some musical instrument available as an aid in singing. A piano was out of the question, but we did have a few folding organs. These had to be pushed from place to place on wheelbarrows, as they were too heavy to carry; and we did not, as a rule, travel by auto. The Chinese had dug great trenches crisscrossing the country to stop the Japanese trucks and automobiles from traveling through. Because of these trenches I usually traveled by bicycle. I had purchased a one hundred twenty bass key Soprano piano accordion which, with its box, weighed nearly thirty pounds. It was ideal for use in tent meetings and in village work. Also, I found that by putting straps across my shoulders I could ride my bicycle and carry the accordion on my back, thus having it always available for
use. In addition to the accordion, I had purchased two drums, a large one and a small one.

As a rule we did not have a church bell to ring to tell the people when it was time for the service. Most of the villagers were without watches and clocks and would not know exactly when it was time for meeting, so I would take my accordion out on the street. While I pulled at it, two young men beat the drums, and singing we went marching down the street. The children came running; then the older people came too. Often the children began to clap their hands, joining in the singing at the top of their voices. Sometimes we had five hundred or more people following us when we turned around and went back into the church or the tent for the service. Oftentimes the crowd would be too large for the church buildings, so we went out into the church yard, but sometimes there were too many even for that. Half the time the churches were too small for the crowds, consequently we held our services in tents. In many of our meetings we used the large tent which is ideal for meetings in new places. Into this we could pack six hundred people, but sometimes even it was not large enough. Often we would divide the crowd when preaching time came. Someone took the children out and taught them to sing, and preached to them while we preached to the older folk under the tent. Many of the children gave their hearts to the Lord and became instrumental in advertising the meetings and urging their parents and friends to attend.

Of course, we lived and ate with the Chinese. We were always well received and the people considered it an honor to have us in their homes. This brought us closer to the hearts of the people and helped us to get acquainted with them and their problems. It also brought us many opportunities to approach them in a natural way about the needs of their souls. Usually I carried my own bedding with me. Sometimes I had my folding camp cot along, but if I did not have this I slept on Chinese beds or even on the ground. The Chinese of north China sleep on brick beds in the winter and on light wooden cots in summer. I have often slept on both. The brick beds were not as bad as one might think. After a while one would learn that it was better to sleep on one's back than to try to lie on the side -- the bricks seemed softer that way! As for food, at first we could scarcely eat it. Then gradually it grew better, and now the mere mention of Chinese food makes us hungry.

My first evangelistic tour will always stand out in my memory. For fifty days I was away from home and during that entire time I did not speak to a single foreigner. When we arrived at the first village where we were to have meetings, we had an evening service. The next morning it was just getting daylight as I started for prayer meeting at the church. On the way I heard the big "BOOM! BOOM!" of exploding cannon shells. It was not Chinese soldiers doing the shooting, for we were in Chinese territory, but Japanese soldiers had come, and were over on the other side of the river firing cannon shells into the village where we were. Yet we were not going to let even a battle stop us from having morning prayer meeting. Knowing that if a battle was on, we needed to pray more than ever, we went into the church and all knelt down, but I could hear the cannon shells exploding in the air all
around. As I was praying, I heard a different sound, and looked up at the church roof which was made of thin concrete tile. Evidently a shell or two had exploded over the building and some of the fragments had come down and hit the roof. When I saw that a piece of tile about the size of a man's hand had fallen down on the church floor a few feet in front of me, I began to pray more earnestly than before. In a few minutes there was another sound and, looking behind me, I discovered that just two or three feet away another piece of tile had fallen down. I admit I was not far from being "scared" and thought that it was about time to get out of there.

Apparently the Chinese thought so too, for everyone filed out of the church. Nearby were other buildings with straw roofs. Thinking that these thatched buildings offered better protection, we went into them to finish our prayer meeting. After concluding, we had millet soup for breakfast and by that time everything was quiet. What had happened was that some Chinese soldiers had circled around behind the Japanese soldiers. In that way the enemy was then between the Chinese and the river, so that the Japanese, fearing a trap, hurried back to town. When the time for morning services came, many of the Chinese who had not run away gathered in the church. I preached, and at the close ten people sought the Lord. Thus it was that in spite of battles, war and every obstacle, we went on preaching and holding revivals.

Many people have imagined that because of the war scarcely anything could be accomplished. However, those last few years in China were a period of almost constant revival. In our Nazarene field alone there were thousands of people seeking the Lord. I heard two of our Chinese evangelists report that in one year they had each seen over fifteen hundred people seeking the Lord. Sometimes in one service alone there would be forty or fifty forward for prayer.

Because of the large number of services every day and the work connected with each, I found that it was wise to have an evangelistic party of about four to accomplish the most effective work. It was too much of a strain for one person to preach in three big services with perhaps three to six hundred people, and the messages an hour long, followed by large altar services. There should be two or three preachers, for someone was needed to play the accordion or organ and another to lead the singing. Moreover it seemed best to have a woman pray with the women seekers at the altar. We would sometimes have three services going on at once. There would be a preaching service in the tent; someone else would be having a meeting with the children; another group might be preaching to three or four thousand people in the market. With more workers we could operate more efficiently, last longer and do better work in training Chinese in evangelism.

During our labors in China I had several young men who traveled with me in evangelistic work. My first helper with the music was Jerry Kao, a young man who was an atheist when I first met him. However, he soon responded to the Gospel and was saved. He came from a good family and, having a good education, spoke good English. Since he was anxious to be in the Lord's work, he came to travel with me in evangelistic meetings after I went to the interior. He was a good musician and soon learned to play the accordion. Moreover he was especially gifted with children,
being very patient with them, and consequently they soon learned to love him. He led many of them to the Lord.

Even as a young convert he was anxious to preach, but since he did not yet know very much about the Bible, I was inclined to hold him back. However, he would seize every opportunity. On one occasion I had to take home one of the preachers who was sick with malaria. Then the young man who regularly preached had a sore throat, so Jerry had his first opportunity. At the close of the service there were eighteen forward for prayer, and after that nothing could restrain him from preaching. On another occasion an older minister who had been preaching for about twenty years brought a talk which was so dry that people were glad when he was through. Then Jerry arose and gave a wonderful message, influencing twenty-five or thirty to come to the altar. I was sorry to lose him when he went to our Taming Bible School, where he was a teacher as well as a student. He was very desirous of going to college in America, but as he was not strong physically the American consul would not grant him a passport.

Mr. Ch'i came to help me after Jerry had gone to Bible School. He too was very gifted musically. Though he was raised in a heathen home, of zealous Buddhist parents, he had been attracted to the Christian Church which was nearby. In spite of beatings he attended the services and joined the church. The neighboring children, observing his love for the church, gave him the scornful nickname of "Jesus Crazy," but ridicule and beatings could not stop him from pressing on in the Christian way. After assisting me for a year he entered a theological seminary, working hard to support himself. The hope of China is in devoted, sacrificing and intelligent young men like Mr. Ch'i.

Another of my helpers was Li Sui Chung who was raised in a very poor home. It was during a severe famine that the missionaries first came to his home village, and the fact that the missionaries helped to save the lives of the family led them to become Christians. However, young Sui Chung, though he loved to go to church and to sing, apparently had not yet been born again. He was so poor and hungry that when people were not watching he would slip things into his pocket. Sometimes his fingers even found their way into the cash drawer of the storekeeper across the street. Being clever, he was never caught. After several years he came to the Taming Bible School. Here he came under conviction but thought it was useless to seek to become a Christian, as he was afraid he could never make payment for all the things he had stolen. After months of struggle he became so anxious for salvation that he confessed his sins and prayed through. Some told him, "Just confess your sins to the Lord. You do not need to confess your sins to people. The Lord knows that you are so poor that you never could pay back for all the things that you have stolen. You just confess your sins to the Lord; He will forgive you and that is all there will be to it." Sui Chung replied, "Oh, no. I have stolen those things and I must do my best to pay it all back."
He worked in the hospital and saved all the money he could and whenever he had accumulated a dollar or two he would pay it to someone from whom he had stolen. Several months went by, but as Chinese wages are very small he still had much left to repay. In United States currency his wages amounted to but $3.50 a month and out of that he had to pay his board. In the hospital they occasionally needed blood to give a patient a blood transfusion. Twice Mr. Li sold some of his blood, and thus obtained enough money to finish making all of his restitution. After graduating from Bible School he went out and became one of our most successful pastors.

At the time he took his first pastorate Mr. Li was twenty-eight years old and still unmarried. This was unusual, as most Chinese young men marry at sixteen or seventeen. Some are married when nine or ten years old, often having been engaged when they were two or three years old. Of course, the parents decide such questions for the children, this saving them all the worry and responsibility! Few parents want to engage their daughters into a home of poverty. In fact the reason that Mr. Li was still unmarried was because he was so poor. However, in the community where he was preaching there was an unmarried young woman of twenty-seven, whose friends spoke to him about her as a wife. She was an excellent young woman; she was talented, had a good education, and was a school teacher. She was a zealous, sanctified Christian. In addition, she was wealthy, having many acres of good cotton land. Naturally an impoverished young preacher could not object to a young woman like that. But, strange to say, Mr. Li spoke of one of the nurses in our hospital who also had her accomplishments. She was musical and a good nurse and was known to be one of the most spiritual girls in the whole mission. She was an orphan and penniless, but despite this, Mr. Li turned down the rich girl with her acres of cotton land to marry the poor orphan girl who was such an outstanding Christian.

In the spring of 1942 Mr. Li and his nurse bride went out to another of our large country churches. After the war between Japan and America had started, the Japanese went to this church and stole all the benches and tables and everything that was movable. They even took some of the doors and windows. Then they locked the gate so that the Christians could not use the building. Five months later Mr. Li went to the village and secured permission to start services once more. The first Sunday or two they had no benches or chairs, and the worshippers had to sit on the brick floor. Think of God's grace that can take someone like Mr. Li, who had been a thief, and so change and transform him that he will even sell his own blood to get money to pay back what he has stolen, and who will deliberately choose to be poor that he may win souls to the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few times I was in meetings with Chang Ch'vin. When he was sixteen he became a soldier for three years. The soldiers with whom he was associated were especially opposed to the rich. Often they made raids against villages where there were rich people, and plundered, burned, killed or held for ransom those who were wealthy. After he came back home, he was wonderfully converted and filled with the
Holy Spirit. Then he came to our Taming Bible School, where he was greatly used of the Lord. Soon he began to preach at every opportunity, and so many invitations came to him that it was hard for him to stay in school and complete his education, but he remained in the Taming Bible School for five years.

A short time before he graduated I had him come to Ch'eng An and hold an eight day meeting for us. The people came in such droves that by the second day we were crowded out of the church, for the building seated only four hundred fifty even when we packed them in, with children sitting on the floor and up on the platform. Next we tried holding the meeting in the churchyard, but that was too noisy and windy. Then we pitched the big tent, but even this was not large enough, as it held only six hundred and sometimes we had eight hundred in the services. The crowd was so large that we often had to divide it. Someone preached to the children in the church while Mr. Chang spoke to those under the tent. The great crowd was our embarrassment. Where would the people sleep? Many slept on the floor of the church; thirty or forty women slept on the ground in the grinding shed; about thirty slept in the Chinese pastor's home, and even my dining room was requisitioned for twenty young men to sleep on the floor there.

You may imagine how the Chinese must have enjoyed Mr. Chang's preaching, for they said, "When Chang Ch'in preaches, no one gets sleepy or thirsty." That was quite different from the situation when some others spoke. In the hot weather people grew weary under the more than hour long sermons and fell asleep. Also there might be a steady stream of people going out to get a drink of water. Not, however, when Chang Ch'in was preaching. He was so interesting that they could not go to sleep, and they did not want to miss a word by going to get a drink. Mr. Chang was up and praying every morning from four to five o'clock. No wonder the Lord used him! At District Assembly time I heard him report that in one year the Lord had given him fifteen hundred people forward for prayer in his services.

On one of my first evangelistic tours, I spent part of the time in Puchow County clown in the southeastern part of our field. Here there are seventeen hundred villages. Since we have but seven or eight churches in this locality, most of the people had never heard the Gospel. One day during a tent meeting, I took my accordion and went three-quarters of a mile to where there was a big market with seven or eight thousand people buying and selling. As soon as I began to play, several hundred gathered near. With the talking, buying and selling, and wind, it was difficult to preach, so after speaking for a while, I turned to a Chinese. When he wore out, another would speak. We sang for a while and then preached for a while. Also we sold Gospels for two coppers apiece, and distributed tracts. Sometimes I stopped to ask questions, as I wanted to know if they had ever heard any Christian preaching. If they had not, I knew that we would have to preach most simply or the people would not understand. "Do you know anything about Jesus?" I asked.
"No, we do not know anything about Jesus," was the almost invariable reply.

"Do you not know anything about the Gospel?"

"No, we do not know anything about the Gospel."

But there have been missionaries in China for over a hundred years. Surely they had learned a little about Christianity, I thought. Again I asked: "Do you know anything at all about the Gospel?"

So often they replied, "All we know is that the foreigners have a holy man named Jesus." After more than nineteen hundred years since Jesus gave the command to "Go into all parts of the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," all that a great part of China's nearly five hundred million people know about the religion of Jesus Christ is just this, "the foreigners have a holy man called Jesus." When noon came, there were still thousands eager and anxious to hear. Sometimes we kept preaching till one, or two, or three, or even four o'clock before we had time to eat our noon meal. The people had never heard a single Gospel message before, and we did not know if they would ever hear another. They may not have heard another, for I have never been back to that place, nor has any other missionary been there. We have nearly five thousand villages in our field, and so few to go out and preach to the people.

What large crowds came to our services! Many, many times the churches were too small for the huge crowds. We could get six hundred under the tent, but sometimes it too was not large enough. Almost every available inch of space was packed so-full that we would be almost smothered. There would probably be a hundred or more children sitting on the ground around the platform up in front. Even the platform might be full and I had to be careful how I moved around in speaking lest I step on a child. When we went and preached in the villages, practically everyone in the whole place would come to the meeting on the street. Sometimes we were practically mobbed, for the people were so eager to hear that when it came time to leave, we had to run to get away from the crowd which would otherwise detain us by main force.

Once, at Chinese New Year's time, I was up in the northwest part of our field in a tent meeting. About three miles away there was a Chinese open-air theater where eight or nine thousand people were assembled. I carried my accordion on my back and rode to the place on my bicycle. Just as I arrived, the actors came down from the platform for an intermission. Some one suggested that I get up and preach to the people. I did so and they pressed forward by thousands to see and hear. Those from behind kept pushing forward to see and hear better, while those up in front were pushed under the platform until the stilts holding up the platform began to shake. Hurriedly I descended from this dangerous perch. The move was a wise one, for a few minutes later, down it went. Nearby was a dry stream bed with a stone bridge across it, and I got up on the bridge so that I could preach to the many
people standing below. However, even here I was in danger, for the crowd began to press in from the ends of the bridge until I was fearful of being pushed off to the dry bed below. Again I descended from my perch. This time we went out into an open field. Someone secured a fairly solid table, upon which three of us climbed. We sang, preached, sold Gospels and distributed tracts. The crowd was so eager to see and hear that we had to station a man at each corner of the table to hold back the people and keep them from upsetting it in their eagerness to get near. Finally, as evening was coming on, we had sold all our Gospels and distributed all our tracts and were all worn out. This was the first time the people of this community had heard the Gospel.

At times, as I was riding my bicycle on the way to a preaching appointment, the road would lead through a Chinese village. Although no Christians lived there and they did not know me, yet when they saw me, they knew that I was a missionary, and a man might call out, "Missionary, get off your bicycle and preach to us a while."

Traveling by bicycle is slow and I might already be late, so I would answer back, "I am sorry; I am on my way to Chang village. Already I am late now and cannot stop; perhaps next time I can stop and preach to you." They would not like that, and two or three would run into the street and stand with outstretched arms, so that I must either run into them or stop. When I stopped, they seized my bicycle, holding it until I preached to them for ten or fifteen minutes before they would let me go. This happened many times.

Yes, there is an open door in China for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The door is wide open. Are we going to let them go on year after year, eager to hear, with thousands dying every day, who have never heard even once of Jesus and His Power to save? Surely if we do, their blood will be required at our hands in that day when we stand before our Lord to give an account of our stewardship.

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06 -- LIFE AT CH'ENG AN

The Mission Council appointed me to do evangelistic work in all of the ten counties of our Nazarene Mission field. In the fall of 1938 I had held meetings in the five Shantung counties, particularly Fan Hsien and Puchow. In the spring of 1939, with an evangelistic party, I began to work in the neglected northern end of our field. No one else had been able to give the time to go to the Ch'eng An region, so about the last of April I went there to assist in meetings.

Ch'eng An County is one of the richest and most progressive regions in north China. It is quite a cotton center. While the soil is sandy, the water level is close to the surface so that with a well, a water wheel and a donkey or mule, much irrigation can be done. The first resident missionaries were Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Sutherland.
Under their leadership the work progressed rapidly from the first. A nice compound was purchased one quarter mile southeast of the city wall. A church and a missionary home were also built. When the Sutherlands returned to the homeland in 1926, the people were left without a resident missionary. Finally, Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn moved to Ch'eng An and spent about two years there before their furlough in 1938.

The situation seemed ripe for revival. For over a year special revival services had been next to impossible because of the disturbances due to war. When the Japanese captured the gates of the city, they went in and began to shoot down the people on the streets, pursuing them into the yards of their homes and running their bayonets through them. Nearly two thousand men, women and children were killed. Practically all the houses in the town were burned, and it was left a city of the dead. Temporarily at least the situation was quiet and hearts were hungry for the Gospel. Mr. Wang, the Ch'eng An pastor, arranged for me to hold ten revivals in the Ch'eng An region. The season was getting a bit late and as it would soon be hot with summer rains pouring down, it was desirable to have the meetings at once. Within forty days I had held ten revivals, spending four days in each place. We did not have any time at all between revivals. As soon as the meetings in one place were over, I jumped on my bicycle and rode the four or five miles to the next place and immediately started another meeting. With at least three preaching services a day, beside a morning prayer meeting, you can imagine that we were busy. Our party had only three preachers and when one of these was sick it was a great strain on the others, for most of the time there were from two to six hundred in the services. Even in spite of bandits we went right ahead, and our meetings were not disturbed. Gracious results attended the preaching of the Word and many seeking the Lord confessed their sins of murder, stealing, and adultery. Many were convicted for their need of holiness of heart. Sometimes in one service there would be forty or fifty seeking the Lord, and we tried to pray with each one individually. The Ch'eng An pastor reported that during the assembly year, Ch'eng An County had five hundred new people seeking the Lord, of whom many were converted in our meetings.

The Lord had so graciously blessed in these ten revivals that the church members at Ch'eng An met and voted to ask my wife and me to locate there. Twice they sent a representative to reinforce their request while the Missionary Council was meeting. The Shantung end of our field already had a resident missionary, and as it was felt that a missionary should be stationed in the western part of our field, the Council was pleased to grant the request, and we moved to Ch'eng An in the fall of 1939.

Mrs. Pattee soon found a field of usefulness in the clinic which she held every afternoon. This work was almost forced upon her by the prevalence of cholera, kalaazar and malaria. Moreover, the seventy students in the grade school were almost constantly in need of some medical attention. With the responsibility of the daily afternoon clinic, she could seldom leave Ch'eng An for more than a day or
two at a time. During all our time there the clinic continued to grow until it was one of the main features of the Ch'eng An work and necessitated frequent trips to Taming for additional supplies of medicine. In the chapter on Medical Missions there is a more complete report of the Ch'eng An Clinic.

One day a young man who was a member of one of our churches three miles from Ch'eng An asked us to come and treat his year-old son who was very nearly dead with dysentery. In fact, the heathen would have declared the case hopeless and thrown the baby out to the dogs. The young man was desperate. He had no other living children, having already lost three. Realizing that the baby would require extended treatment, we asked that he be brought to the clinic and we went part way in our automobile to get the child. In a week's time the child had recovered, and great was the gratitude of the parents.

One day, at one of our churches seven miles south of Ch'eng An, a blind beggar woman and her fourteen-year-old son, also nearly blind, came to the Christians. They had no home but had been living in a cold, dirty idol temple. "Will Jesus have us?" they asked, and then beseechingly went on, "If He wants us, He can have us." The Chinese Christians hastened to assure them that Jesus did love and care even for poor blind beggars like them. They were told of the gospel and their immediate needs were supplied. When they came to the clinic, Dr. Wesche examined them and found no hope of restoring eyesight to the mother. The son could see dimly for about three feet and an operation might remove the film from his eyes. Of course they had no money, but nevertheless the lad was taken to the Taming Hospital where an operation restored better than fifty per cent vision to one eye. He was also given treatment for inherited syphilis. He grew fat on hospital food and gradually he became a happy little boy and eagerly listened to the daily preaching in the wards. When time came for him to go home, I was afraid that he would not want to leave, for he had never known such abundance in all his life. However, he seemed willing to go, and upon returning to his home village he seized a hoe, and to the astonishment of the heathen villagers, went out to hoe cotton. Through the clinic and the hospital we tried to preach that Jesus cares for the poor, the sick, the halt and the blind.

During our stay at Ch'eng An there was an outstanding deliverance from demon possession, which is one of the tragic results connected with idolatry. In our judgment it is a real possession by evil spirits and resembles the descriptions given in the Bible. In idolatry people worship evil spirits and when they yield themselves entirely to them, they become demon possessed. In a village three and a half miles east of Ch'eng An there was a family of idol worshippers. Their daughter, Kuo Ai Te, eighteen years old, became demon possessed. Naturally they did not like this, for when possessed she was no good for work and no one would want to marry such a woman. They called in the witch doctors, but these were not able to help. A relative had attended some Christian services and told them, "The Christians can cast out devils." Since nothing else would avail, they decided to see if the Christians could help. One Sunday morning they put the girl in the oxcart and
drove to our Ch'eng An compound, arriving at about nine. Several of the women gathered around and took her into the women's gate house where they began to pray, but she seemed stupefied and almost unconscious. Mrs. Pattee quietly slipped into the room and, placing her hand on the girl's shoulder, began silently to pray. Immediately the girl started up and with wild eyes said in a strange voice, "I do not want you; I am afraid of you."

They continued to pray. When time for morning service came, she seemed some better and with someone supporting her was able to go into the church and listen to the sermon. At times she had to be held, as she wanted to run away. During the day prayer was continued and finally Ai Te evinced a desire to find God, and began to pray. About eleven o'clock that night she prayed through and was thoroughly transformed. Physically she was restored and mentally she was alive and alert. The terror was gone and she was gloriously happy. She did not want to go back home, but wanted to stay at the church, for there she had found the Lord. Immediately after she was saved she had a desire to learn to read the Bible, but like most Chinese girls she had never been to school. The next day she enrolled in a study class just starting at Pei Chang. In ten clays she learned to read the Chinese phonetic so that she could read the Scriptures. She was most happy about this and loved to pray, read her Bible and sing. Getting established in the Christian life presented some difficulties, for the family was still heathen and she was naturally shy. Soon she boldly took her stand witnessing on the street to her neighbors. When I left China she had been converted for a year and a half. Already some of the family had been saved, and several in the village had become Christians, and Sunday preaching services were held there regularly.

When we moved to Ch'eng An the school situation was serious. The Japanese had closed and destroyed practically all schools. Beautiful buildings had been either burned or used as stables for horses of the Japanese soldiers. Expensive libraries had been burned. Only a few small schools were open and the teachers of these were sometimes ignorant opium sots. In such schools as were sponsored by the Japanese the teachers spent most of their time inculcating obedience to the Japanese invaders and in giving military training even to ten and twelve-year old boys. Moreover, the moral conditions were so bad that parents did not dare to send their girls. What were Christian parents to do about their children? Were they to grow up idle and ignorant?

We had several children living right on the missionary compound, and since they were too young to go to the Bible School at Taming, we started out in a small way with our own school of about fourteen students. However, parents from nearby villages heard of the school and insisted on sending their children too. Where should we put these children?

Day after day came Christian parents insisting that we take just one more -- just their boy or girl. "Surely you have room for one more," they said. In answer to such a plea we could only take them and show them where the girls slept on one
large Chinese brick bed. "How many girls on this bed? Count them -- eighteen of them. Where could we put one more?"

Even in our cramped quarters we had two teachers the second semester. We must build, for not only the school but the clinic demanded enlarged quarters and the missionary home was not large enough when company came. Fortunately, the exchange rate was good. For a little over $600 in United States currency we doubled the size of our house, built a two-story schoolroom about twenty-eight by sixty feet, a school dining room about sixteen by twenty-four, and a garage of about the same size.

I wonder how you would like to build a house in China? Your method would have to be far different from those used in this country. First, one has to decide on the size and number of bricks to be used. Then one goes to a brick kiln and contracts for the required number of bricks and agrees on the price and on the time they are to be delivered. For lumber one goes not to a lumber-yard, but out to look at trees. When the trees have been selected and purchased, they still must be hauled to the building site and the carpenters with their old-fashioned saws must be hired to cut the trees into boards that can be used for building. Some of the boards may need to be dried, and a drier must be built for this purpose. Then the masons and the carpenters must be hired. This is a delicate matter, for if one does not keep his eyes open, tools and nails may disappear and much time may be wasted. The Chinese have an expression, "Mo yang kung" -- "rub the foreigner labor." The Chinese may never have heard of WPA but they surely know how to "kill" time on the job.

With our new school building we were able to have three teachers and seventy pupils, all of whom were from Christian homes. Our entire curriculum was built upon the Bible. Even the beginning books for the first graders followed the lines of the New England Primer of long ago. Each morning the children had their chapel service, and how they loved to sing! In our school revivals many who had not yet been born again came into definite Christian experiences. After one of our revivals the children gave many touching testimonies and wept as they told how God had dealt with their hearts and how they had been convicted of little sins, and of restitution that needed to be made. This one testimony meeting lasted over three hours.

Soon after we moved to Ch'eng An we had an unusual privilege. Rev. James Taylor, grandson of J. Hudson Taylor who founded the China Inland Mission, was one of our speakers at the District Assembly held at Taming. Immediately following that meeting he came to be with us at Ch'eng An in revival services, and following these meetings we went to Yung Nien for several meetings also. Brother Taylor had for several years been president of the Free Methodist Bible School at Kaifeng and had an excellent command of the Chinese language. Needless to say we considered it a great privilege to have this worthy son of a great missionary family in our home for nearly two weeks. Brother and Sister Taylor were driven out of Kaifeng by the
Japanese because he was a British citizen. He was led of the Lord into Northwest China, so when war between Japan and England started he was safe in west China and able to carry on his missionary work as usual.

One important phase of our work was the book-room. There was a large demand for Bibles, Bible posters and religious books, so we were almost forced to establish a book-room. Practically every preacher from the country who dropped in for a few minutes wanted to take a few Bibles, for with the many who were seeking the Lord, there was a great demand. In April 1941, while Miss Anna Christiansen of the China Inland Mission and Rev. L. C. Osborn were with us for an eight day meeting, we sold over two hundred Bibles and would have sold more, had our supply not run out.

As for our revivals you can imagine that they were busy times, with several hundred people in the services. In addition to the three preaching services a day there was also a children's service and a morning prayer meeting, until it was like a camp meeting. After a preaching service there might also be fifty to a hundred people at the clinic for medical care. The book-room would also be busy with two or three helpers handing out Bibles to eager purchasers.

Our biggest revival at Ch'eng An was in March, 1940. Our evangelists were Miss Bessie Reid of the Free Methodist Mission and our own Chang Ch'in who was always up praying from four to five o'clock each morning. By the second day of the meeting we were crowded out of the church, and even the tent could not hold the crowds. Sometimes we had eight hundred people with two or three hundred staying on the compound. As we did not yet have our new buildings, we were cramped indeed for space in which to keep all these people. It was a perfect argument for more buildings.

The custom was to furnish the millet soup for the Christians who came from other places. However, during this meeting, the price of millet was not the usual $2 (Chinese) per bushel, but reached a peak of $8.00. With nearly eight hundred people attending, and three hundred Christians living in the yard for the meeting, how could we ever hope to stand the expense? On the third day of the meeting Mrs. T'ien, our Bible woman, wrung her hands in excitement when she saw Mrs. Pattee. "We have already spent $100 (Chinese) for millet and this is only the third day of the meeting. What shall we do?"

We knew that crops had been poor, and with grain so high the people were in a desperate condition. Our first offering totaled a little over $100 -- not nearly enough. We decided to put up a freewill offering box and make an announcement regarding the expenses. In one service a hilarious spirit of giving, such as we have seldom seen even in the homeland, came upon the people, and with singing and praises to God they came down to the front and put their offerings in the box. All this was without a "pull." The expenses were found to total $220 and the receipts when counted amounted to $240. But the greatest blessings were spiritual. Toward
the close of the meetings there was prayer going on almost continuously day and
night, and many were sanctified.

One of our outstations was at Pei Chang, four and one-half miles northwest
of Ch'eng An. Several years before, a preacher had lived there for a few weeks, but
spiritual life was at a low ebb. Our first contact with this village was soon after we
moved to Ch'eng An. Cholera was raging, and people came from Pei Chang asking
us to go there and inoculate against it. When we drove to the village in our
automobiles, the people were terrified and hid, thinking that we were Japanese. One
by one they came out of hiding. We inoculated one hundred forty persons and not
one whom we treated took cholera, though one woman who refused to be
inoculated died within four days. Several people came to the clinic and began to
ask for a tent meeting in their village. After several months we arranged for a tent
meeting there, but it seemed that we might be defeated, as there were many bandits
nearby and people were frightened. The first day the wind blew so hard we could
not raise the tent. The second day we started in earnest and at night the people
were packed in like sardines, with seats for only about a third of them. As they were
heathen and not used to preaching services, it was difficult to keep them quiet.
However, they were eager to listen to the gospel. From the very beginning there
were people who were ready to repent. Some did not know what it was all about, but
they were ready to be Christians. It looked as if we would be threatened with a
"mass" conversion. After one week we closed. We should have gone on for two or
three weeks, but having been out constantly in meetings for over three months we
were so tired that we almost dropped.

Soon we were able to secure one of the graduates from our Bible School as
pastor at the village of Pei Chang. From there the work spread to other villages and
they soon had two outstations of their own. Before long they had built a church.
When the war between Japan and America started, the church members undertook
the entire support of their pastor and increased the salary from $25 (Chinese) to $30
a month, besides paying for their pastor's fuel.

The Lord blessed and prospered the work so graciously that some of the
happiest days of our lives were spent at Ch'eng An. Ch'eng An East Suburb Church
became the second one of our Chinese churches to assume entire self-support for
its pastor. When we went to Ch'eng An there were but four preachers in the county
giving their entire time to preaching. When we left, ten more preachers had been
added, with each church paying part of its pastor's support. After Pearl Harbor each
of these churches became entirely self-supporting and the work continued to
flourish, with Sunday services being held in new places.

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07 -- BANDITS, BOMBS AND BATTLES
On the way to the interior we heard the roar of cannon, saw villages burned by the Japanese and passed through entire towns ruined by bombing. From that time on we were never for long free at a time from the reminders of war. Our compound at Taming was outside the city walls. When we arrived there, in spite of the five months that had passed since the town had changed hands, there was still considerable disturbance. While there were Japanese soldiers at Taming, they took the precaution of going inside the high city walls at dusk and closing the big wooden and iron gates. Sometimes at eleven or twelve o'clock at night there would be heard the boom of small cannon, the rat-tat-tat of machine guns and the sound of rifles. When the noise awakened us, we knew what was taking place. There were Chinese soldiers hiding out in the country who would often bring up their small cannon after dark, surround the city, and fire toward it. Then the Japanese would wake up and fire back at them. When we heard the noise, we always got up and moved our beds away from the bed-room windows, for one never could tell when: a machine gun bullet might come whizzing through the window. We lay down and, in spite of the noisy serenade, tried to go to sleep. We knew that before daylight the fighting would be over for another night or two. In spite of these circumstances, there was a glorious opportunity to preach the Gospel. Sometimes, while we were preaching to a good crowd, a rumor would come that Japanese soldiers or bandits were approaching and, as if by magic, two-thirds of our crowd would disappear. After fifteen or twenty minutes, when nothing happened, the people would begin to drift back into the service one by one.

On several occasions bandits made attacks at night while I was holding meetings in villages just a few miles away. There would usually be from one to two hundred of these men equipped with machine guns and rifles. We could hear the noise of firing and in the morning would learn that a village three miles distant had suffered, with many people having been carried away and held for ransom.

Once, when I arrived at a large village where I was to hold a tent meeting, I found much excitement. The night before, about two hundred bandits of the "Black Band" had come and carried off a hundred people to be held for ransom. Ch'eng An, where we lived most of the time, was rather a bandit stronghold. The people called the region south from the town a "bandit nest," and its reputation was not unearned. Villagers built high brick walls and stationed guards at night. Rich men lived in high towers and had guns and hand grenades with which to fight off the robbers. On three successive nights the bandits came to Ch'eng An east suburb, just outside our compound wall. Since it was but a low wall, they could have come in if they had wanted to do so. As we looked out of our bed-room window, we could see the flash of their guns in the darkness. Then the soldiers began to fire from the city wall. As the bandits were almost between us and the soldiers, we were greatly in danger from the machine gun bullets of the latter. Quickly we went over to the other side of the house, where we would be the farthest away. The following two nights the bandits came when my wife was home alone. Some of the Chinese were fearful, but she was not, for had not our Lord said, "Go ye...and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"? The bandits did not enter our compound
nor did they come to take us off and hold us for ransom. Sometimes they even came to hear us preach. We heard that some of them said, "The missionaries have come to do good." They felt that since we had come simply to do good by preaching and healing, it would be highly improper for them to harm us.

On account of the great trenches through the country districts, we seldom drove our automobile there. If we did, we carried a United States flag attached to a pole on the top of our car. This was done so that the Chinese, recognizing that we were Americans, would not be frightened. In addition, we wanted the Chinese soldiers to know that we were Americans, otherwise they might fire on us and kill us. Many of the interior Chinese had never seen the American flag, so there were some sad cases in which Americans were killed when the Chinese thought they were shooting Japanese. Of course we did not dare to be out after dark. Once I was taking a sick woman to the hospital on a road leading through a large village. As I approached, the village seemed deserted, but in a few minutes Chinese soldiers and people began to pile out of their hiding places. They had thought that it was a Japanese car approaching and had been ready to shoot and throw grenades, when someone recognized that it was the missionary.

On another occasion -- a Monday morning when I had just finished a revival -- I was riding my bicycle toward Taming. There were Japanese soldiers marauding in the vicinity. In fact, they had almost broken up our services the day before, though doing no harm to our people, perhaps because of my presence. As I rode along, I could see Japanese soldiers about a mile ahead. Suddenly, a rifle shot rang out, and the bullet whizzed over my head. Without waste of time I jumped off my bicycle. Then I found out that a Chinese traitor soldier guarding the rear had been fearful that I was a Chinese guerrilla approaching the Japanese!

Once I was at Ch'ao Ch'eng, at that time held by Chinese soldiers. Suddenly about nine o'clock on Saturday morning there was a cannon shot, followed by a second and a third. At the first shot the people on the compound began to run to the missionary home, but the third shell landed on the compound. It missed the missionary home by only twenty feet and landed against the wall of the Chinese preacher's home. Fortunately no one was in the yard, as all had taken refuge in the missionary home. I instructed the gate-man to call me when the Japanese arrived, knowing they would soon be there, as the Chinese were not equipped to stand off a Strong Japanese detachment. Soon they did arrive at our gate, and the leader was angry at having been kept waiting. In broken English he asked if he could come in to look for Chinese soldiers. He searched two men whom he found in the street chapel. These were neighbors who had run in for protection. On the first, a man about sixty years of age, he found nothing but fifty-five dollars of Chinese money. Turning to me he said, "This man is a suspicious character." I did not see what was suspicious about him, as he was surely too old to be a soldier, and he had found nothing incriminating upon him.
Several of the people had brought their bicycles when they rushed in, and the Japanese wanted to take some of them. Finding one that was better than the others, they wished especially to take it. But it was mine, and when I protested that it belonged to me, they did not touch it. They inspected each room in the missionary home, going even into the basement where the women were hiding, but as I was along, they did no harm. Some of the Japanese soldiers spied some bottles of soda and asked if they could have some. I had not known the bottles were there, and having learned not to be too reluctant, I gave permission. They helped themselves to several bottles, but I noticed that after opening the bottles and sampling the contents, they did not drink, for they found that it was not soda water after all. For about a year and a half the missionary living in the home had been saving up rain water for his car battery, and by this time the contents were not too tasty!

When the Japanese were ready to leave, they insisted on taking along the "suspicious character," and my efforts to dissuade them were without effect. I found out later that after taking him a short way they said, "Give us that money." When he handed it over they said, "You can go now." He was a suspicious character because he had fifty-five dollars of Chinese money which the Japanese soldiers wanted.

The long strain of five years of war was surely a trying ordeal. We could often see and hear the sound of fighting and even when everything was quiet, there might be a sudden burst of shooting. Chinese civilians who were near might be wounded and come to us for treatment. Our Christians were usually marvelously preserved, but it sometimes happened that some were wounded or even killed on the way to or from church.

In July, 1940, we were supposed to be at the seacoast enjoying a vacation. Our daughter Grace had just been born at the Peking Union Medical Hospital, which is one of the finest hospitals in the world, being financed largely by Mr. Rockefeller. While I was waiting for my wife to get strong enough to leave the hospital, I made a trip to Ch'eng An to see how things were going. It had rained before I left Ch'eng An to return to Peking and as I rode my bicycle toward Hantan, where I was to take the train, the roads became worse. I left the bicycle at one of our churches three and a half miles from Hantan and, with the gate-man, walked toward town. Darkness was falling as we approached the outskirts of the city, and the gate-man remarked to me that at night the Japanese put barbed wire across the road and stationed a guard. We were just discussing whether or not we should go around another way, when the Japanese guard hailed us. There was nothing to do but answer, for if we tried to run, we would be fired upon. As there had not yet been serious trouble between the United States and Japan, I did not think the Japanese would treat me badly when they knew who I was. Calling out that I was an American, I waited. Ordering us to approach, the Japanese sentries surrounded us with guns ready and bayonets fixed, and much too close for comfort. I supposed that as soon as they knew I was an American they would make a few inquiries and let us go our way, but such was not to be. After running quickly over my Chinese companion's clothes to make
sure that he had no guns concealed on him, the man in charge led us into the
guardhouse. He must have taken at least two hours for questioning and searching
me. First he asked many questions about my identity, my business and my
destination. The conversation was in Chinese because the Japanese soldier did not
understand English and I did not understand Japanese. As he spoke exceedingly
poor Chinese, even this conversation was difficult. Then he began to go over my
personal effects. I had carried my briefcase, containing a bit of clothing, my Bible
and a few odds and ends. These were carefully examined. Next he started on my
pockets, where he found eight letters Chinese friends had written to my wife. These
he carefully read. I was fearful lest the Chinese might have said something of how
they despised the Japanese, but he found no fault with the letters. Last of all, he
came to my pocketbook. Just before he came to it I remembered with a start that on
that very day the local treasurer of our Ch'eng An church had given me a five-dollar
Chinese bill to change at Tientsin. It was worn and could not be used out in the
country, but at Tientsin it could be exchanged for a good one. However, the use of
Chinese money was forbidden by the Japanese authorities who, as soon as they
secured control of a region, required the use of Japanese currency. For two or three
months they would offer to exchange two dollars of Chinese money for one dollar
of Japanese money. After that period anyone found possessing Chinese money
might be killed or the money might be taken away and the victim beaten or
imprisoned. The difficulty was that there were Japanese soldiers in the city where
Chinese money was forbidden and Chinese soldiers in the country where Japanese
currency was not allowed. Possession of the wrong kind of money was considered
proof of collusion with the enemy. Surely the Chinese were in trouble, no matter
what money they happened to have.

With the Japanese soldier watching me closely, I was unable to slip that five
dollars out of the pocket-book, so I handed it over. He glanced at the contents and
saw the Chinese bill. Solemnly he declared, "That proves you are in league with the
Communists. You must appear for your trial tomorrow morning before the Japanese
military court."

I was stunned. I did not know much about Japanese military courts, but what
I did know was not too favorable. I did not know what they would do with me, but
the very least that could happen would involve a considerable delay, and my wife
was waiting for me to come and take her and the baby out of the hospital. My train
was due in about an hour and there was but one through train each day. If I missed
it, I would have to wait another full twenty-four hours. Besides, there was no
suitable place in which to stay. It was hot summer, with malaria-laden mosquitoes
in the air. Where could I find a mosquito net, clean bedding and good food? The
situation seemed impossible -- at least I did not see how I could miss my train and
appear before the military court. Surely the man might listen to reason.

As tactfully as possible I began to reason with him and explained that out in
the country the people could use no other money. How could we be in sympathy
with the Communists when they did not believe in God and we had come to preach
and to teach about God? I was at fault, but would he not pardon my fault and let me go this time? He seemed insulted at the suggestion, as if I had intimated that he would fail to perform his duty. Again I tried to reason. "No!" he shouted, waving his arm and fist until I thought he might strike me.

In a few minutes he told my Chinese companion that he might go. The gate-man did not wish to leave me alone with the Japanese, but he had no choice. I was becoming almost terrified, for I thought of two friends with whom I had come to China who had been murdered by Japanese soldiers outside a town under conditions which must have been somewhat similar to those in which I now found myself. "He does not want any witness to what he is going to do with me, and that is why he is sending away the gate-man," I thought to myself.

In China, when one gets in trouble, it is well to be humble. It is a hard-hearted person who can resist when one gets on his knees and begs. Down on my knees I went, but the Japanese officer roared in anger, and again I thought he was going to strike me. After a while I went down on my knees a second time, but turning away he ignored me. It was getting near the time for my train and, if I were going to make it, I must be on my way soon.

The officer spoke poor Chinese mingled with Japanese. Sometimes when I did not understand, he wrote it out in Japanese characters, which are similar to Chinese writing. At last he wrote that if I would pay a fifteen dollar fine, perhaps I need not be put to death. I judged that my life was worth fifteen dollars-about one dollar and a half United States money -- so I quickly produced the fifteen dollars and handed it over. We parted happy; he happy to get the money and I happy to be on my way to Peking. However, it took me about six months to get over the fright.

Once I was holding a revival at P’ar Chat, about seventeen miles northwest of Taming. On the fourth and last day of the meeting, during the morning prayer meeting between eight and nine o’clock, I noticed that heathen as well as the usual number of Christians had begun to slip into the service. I could see that they were fearful, and some of them had brought armfuls of their most precious possessions. Soon I learned that Japanese soldiers could be seen approaching a mile or so away, and in only a few more minutes the bullets were flying. The people needed no inducement to pray. Even the heathen were quiet and respectful. Before long the Chinese soldiers retired to their trenches outside the village, enabling the Japanese to come inside. The battle continued with the Japanese using small cannon, and both sides employing machine guns and rifles. Sometimes the firing would die down a bit and then flame up again. We had three hundred people in the church, where the service which began about eight-thirty in the morning lasted most of the day. For a while we sang, then one of the preachers spoke, and after that we gave ourselves to prayer. We had to do something to keep the crowd occupied, lest they become nervous and excited. About noon a Japanese officer on a motor cycle came to the gate. Since I was the only American, and America was not yet at war with Japan, I went out to meet him. He asked if there were Chinese soldiers on the
compound and I assured him that there were none. Warning me not to leave the compound, he left. Naturally I was not going to put my head out of the gate just to get in the way of a bullet from some sniper's gun. To add to the confusion, Japanese soldiers had gone to many homes, stealing valuables and setting fire to two houses.

About three-thirty in the afternoon the Japanese soldiers withdrew from the village and started back to town. Thus our seven-hour service ended. War seemed close and real; as we went outside the village, we saw several dead Chinese soldiers and a few others being carried away for treatment of their wounds. The Chinese soldiers were soon back in the village and life went on as usual. That evening we were able to have another good service. The next day I returned home and went to bed. Although I had not been frightened, I needed two days in bed to recover from the strain of that seven-hour battle.

When the Japanese soldiers came, they had tanks, trucks, automobiles and motorcycles with which they could travel very rapidly. Many of these were new Dodge and Ford trucks purchased from the United States. They were well-equipped with guns, which could fire three or four times as far as the Chinese guns. Moreover, the Japanese were well supplied with airplanes, while the Chinese had so few that they did not dare give battle. Since the Chinese had no anti-aircraft guns, the Japanese could bomb the cities to pieces at their pleasure, which they did when any city dared to resist them. The people crowded inside the city walls had little chance to escape. When the people tried to flee along the highways to get away from the bombed cities and the fighting zones, the Japanese airplanes came down and machine-gunned the people as they fled, until the crowds were beside themselves with fear, and children were separated from their parents in the mad scramble.

When the Japanese soldiers arrived and captured a city, they often killed many of the people, not only soldiers but civilians also. During the first two or three years they took hardly any prisoners unless for the purpose of killing or torturing them. At Ch'eng An a hundred Japanese soldiers had been killed and their companions were thirsting for revenge. When the Japanese captured the city, they went in and began shooting down on the street those who were still left. As the people ran into the yards of their homes the soldiers ran after them, sticking their bayonets through them. They killed two thousand men, women and children and then burned nearly every house in town, leaving it a city of the dead.

The Japanese also came to steal. As soon as they captured a city, the soldiers went from house to house looking for valuables. Whatever they found that they wanted, they took. Usually they sent their trucks down the main streets of the cities and the soldiers broke open the store doors, took the goods from the shelves and carried them out, dumping them into the Japanese army trucks. Some of the goods that they did not consider worth bothering about they threw into the streets, after which they sometimes burned the buildings. They went from house to house,
from store to store, and from street to street. The goods which they obtained were
divided among the soldiers or shipped either to Japan or the larger Chinese cities,
where Japanese storekeepers could sell them. Even after the Japanese had been in
a region for four or five years, they made raids out into the villages. They shot at the
fleeing people and then went to the homes searching for money and metals. They
took the grain on which the people lived. They stole the cotton, the clothes, and the
blankets. They led away the cows, the horses, the donkeys and the mules. Before
they left, they burned many of the houses. The Japanese came to steal and to
murder. But worse than the stealing and the murdering was the terrible raping. They
ran the Chinese women down and raped them on the streets in broad daylight.

When someone called, "The Japanese soldiers are coming," the people were
terrified. They dropped whatever they were doing and picked up a baby. The men
could run fast, but the women with their little bound feet could hardly run at all. If
there was a mission compound nearby, they would hurry there. There might be a
hundred or five hundred or a thousand or, if the mission compound was large
enough and a large city was nearby, even ten thousand of them would come. As
there was not yet war between Japan and America, when the Japanese soldiers
came and knocked at the gate, the missionary would go out to meet them. He might
say, "This is a Christian Church." Pointing to the American flag, he would add, "We
are Americans. What do you want?"

The leader might ask if there were Chinese soldiers inside, or if they could
come in and look around. The missionary would go right along with the Japanese
soldiers. Usually if the missionary was at hand, they would do no harm, but
sometimes even when he was present, they would injure the people. They might
take a man out and make him dig a hole in the ground. Then they would make him
get in and lie down while they shoveled the dirt over him. A quarter of a mile from
our compound they took four Chinese soldiers and tied them up to trees. Then the
Japanese soldiers took their swords and began to cut off noses, lips, fingers and
bits of flesh. When they had the Chinese men all bloody, they untied the ropes and,
throwing the men into a hole, shoveled the dirt over them. The Japanese carried two
men out of our compound. One of them they shot down in cold blood; the other
they buried alive. Yes, the Japanese had come to steal, murder and rape. China was
having her baptism of blood.

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08 -- LIFE IN INTERNMENT

At the very beginning of the occupation of the country by the Japanese, they
were not friendly to the missionaries. Our Ch'ao Ch'eng Church was destroyed by
bombing and later our Hantan Church was occupied by the military. When they
occupied Ta Chai, eight miles west from Taming, they took seven young men out
from our church and after bayoneting them burned their bodies. Several of these
young men were students from our Taming Bible School. As time went on the
Japanese became even less friendly, as might be expected with the increasing estrangement between the two countries. Two and a half years before Pearl Harbor they drove the Canadian and British missionaries out of nearly all of North China. Our neighbors to the southwest, the United Canadians, and a British missionary at Hantan were sent away. If they had tried to remain, they would have been killed.

While we were in Council meeting in October, 1940, word came from the American Consul asking that all who were not absolutely essential to the carrying on of the work should return to America. Prayerfully we considered the question. Should we all plan to return at once? All were reluctant to go. On the other hand, there were the women and children to be considered; moreover, the orders of our government were not to be lightly ignored. We went ahead with our work, but began to prepare more than ever for the time when the missionaries must leave the Chinese to carry on alone. A Chinese superintendent and committee were chosen. By February 1941 practically everyone felt that the women and children should return. Before coming to a final decision we investigated the possibility of going into West China, but found that the door was practically closed. Consequently in March 1941, Dr. Hayne, Miss Eddy, Miss Pannell, Miss Schurman, Mrs. Wesche, Mrs. Moses, Mrs. Pattee, Rev. and Mrs. Sutherland and Rev. and Mrs. Royall returned to the United States. With the loss of these, only six Nazarene missionaries were left to carry the Gospel to our two million Chinese.

When my family was to leave, I went with them as far as Tientsin, where they were to board the ship for Shanghai. That parting was one of the most difficult things we had ever been called upon to face. My wife spent two days in fasting and prayer before deciding to go home. Amidst threatening war clouds when could we hope to meet again? Mercifully the future was veiled from our sight. The Lord had made clear to me that I was to stay, and over and over again He had blessed me with those words first given to Paul in Corinth: "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee and hurt thee: For I have much people in this city." Acts 18:9, 10.

The little group that remained, returned to carry on the missionary work. In every place we were attempting to arouse the Chinese to the fact that soon the whole responsibility would be upon their shoulders, so constantly we urged self-support and tithing as a means of bringing this about. Some of the Chinese recognized this necessity, particularly the young graduates from the Bible School.

In July we held a blessed preachers' convention with practically all of our seventy-five preachers and Bible women present. Then in the fall I was asked to go to Shantung and assist in a number of tent meetings. As it was the first of December and getting cold, I returned to Ch'eng An to secure warmer clothing. I moved some of my things and reached Taming on Sunday, December 7th.

Since Chinese time is a day ahead of that in the United States, for us in China the war between Japan and the United States did not start on Sunday, the seventh,
but on Monday, the eighth. On Monday morning I was planning to go back again to Shantung to hold more meetings. I was just ready to leave, and some of my baggage had already gone, when in walked Japanese military police, Japanese soldiers and Chinese traitor soldiers. As they entered, they placed a guard at the gate. Having called us missionaries together, they told us that fighting had started between Japan and America. Since we had not listened to the radio, and as we knew that Japanese soldiers usually lied, we were not convinced for three or four days that war had actually begun.

The next word from the Japanese was that we must leave, yet they did not tell us where they were going to take us. We were allowed a short time to collect our belongings, but the soldiers permitted us to take only two suitcases and a roll of bedding each. When these were ready, they took us inside Taming City. If they had left us on our compound outside the city walls, we might have been able to run away at night with a chance of reaching free China, about two hundred miles away. Within the city there was one mission home with a small yard and a low wall around it. To this place they took us, placing two Chinese traitor police at the gate to see that we did not get away.

Three of us, Mr. Osborn, Mr. Moses and I, were taken to the Japanese military police headquarters. I confess I did not want to go; I knew too much about them. Of all the Japanese soldiers, the military police are the worst. They are the ones who take pleasure in torturing people, sometimes just for the pleasure of seeing men die, at other times to get confessions or money. I knew how friends of mine from West Virginia had been killed by Japanese soldiers, also how seven French Catholic priests had met their death because they would not turn their girl students over to the Japanese.

When I arrived at the military police headquarters, I was searched to see if I had any revolvers. Of course I had none. The man searching me found my pocketbook with a considerable amount of money in it. I scarcely hoped to see it again, but he handed it back to me. For two days and nights we were detained here, carefully guarded. The treatment was not unbearable, even though the Japanese mats were not as soft as the beds on which we had been accustomed to sleep. In order to avoid the gas constantly coming from the stove, and the cigarette smoke, we had to open the windows. The draft thus caused me a cold which lasted about three weeks. After two days of this imprisonment they told Mr. Moses and me that we could go back where the rest of the missionaries were, but they would not let Mr. Osborn leave.

There were eight of us missionaries in all, five Nazarenes and three Mennonites. Since Mr. Osborn was detained by the military police, there were seven of us at the mission home a block away. When Mr. Moses and I returned to the other missionaries, we found things rather chaotic. Several times a day the Japanese soldiers came to see that none of us had run away, and then they asked questions. They wanted us to make out a long list of all of our possessions, even every piece
of clothing and its location. Moreover, we had to turn our keys over to them. Then we heard how they were stealing our possessions -- our autos, motorcycles, bicycles, radios, cameras. Gradually the things from the homes -- the pianos, beds, bedding, clothes, canned goods and coal were seized by the Japanese. Two or three times missionaries were permitted to go to the homes to get necessary things, and each time they found the Japanese had been stealing more and more things.

Under the conditions, we did not know what was going to happen to us. Mr. Osborn was in jail, close to the torture chamber, where he could sometimes see and hear the terrible treatment given to the Chinese. He was accused of being friendly to the Chinese soldiers. The Japanese had a trim and threatened to torture or kill him, and it seemed likely that they might do so. The torture master of the military police apparently wanted to kill him. If they killed him, we might be next, and who would be able to tell our friends and loved ones what had happened to us? There was nothing that we could do but pray. Together we had morning prayer meeting and evening prayer meeting, and between times we had private prayer. Some people do not have time to pray, but when one gets in trouble, like Eddie Rickenbacker out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, he wants to pray. We were in trouble and did not know but what we might soon be put to death. What a wonderful time we had praying and reading our Bibles! Sometimes we sang. I remember that just three or four days after we were interned I was leading morning worship with the seven of us, when I turned to that old song:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious omnipotent hand.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

It seemed that some of the verses were written just for us and as we sang, our hearts were blessed and encouraged. Our faith and patience, however, were
tested to what seemed the limit. It was thirty-five days before Brother Osborn was released. A week before that, four of our Chinese Christians were arrested and thrown in jail, and thirty miles away the Japanese shot a Chinese preacher. Among those arrested was our Chinese superintendent and the Taming pastor. We were afraid they might try to destroy the work of the Church by killing the preachers, but finally, after forty days of imprisonment under terrible conditions and after the payment of considerable ransom to the Japanese, they were released. After the release of our Chinese, as time went on the Japanese came less and less often. Except that we could not leave the yard, conditions became almost normal. Since there were a few Chinese living in the front part of our yard, we had contact with them, and almost every day we saw a few Chinese Christians.

Some people think that we were foolish for staying in China. I was glad for all who had gone home, but I think the Lord wanted a few of us to stay. I remember that two months before the war started I was talking with a Chinese Christian, a fine young man. I said to him, "Things look quite dark. There may be war, and if there is, I may have to go to jail." He looked at me and quickly answered, "It would be for Jesus' sake, would it not?" In other words, "Since my staying was for the Gospel's sake, should I complain about any suffering I might experience?" I said nothing more about returning.

Any Chinese who were allowed to see us were most happy to do so. They inquired if we had money and offered to support us out of their meager sums. We did not take advantage of this offer, as we had seen trouble approaching and had a good supply of funds on hand. They brought us gifts of food, saying, "We are all one now. The Japanese are fighting you Americans just like they have been fighting us Chinese for the last five years. We are all the same; there is no difference now."

The Chinese Christians gave us a new name. Paul the Apostle wrote several of his letters from prison and referred to himself by saying, "I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord." That was what the Chinese called us, "Prisoners of the Lord." Some of them said, "You can see that the missionaries do love God. They are willing to leave father, mother and homeland." They had heard what a great, rich, beautiful country we have in America, and realized that we had left it to go over to China, where the living conditions are similar to those that existed two thousand years ago. They said, "The missionaries come here to China and go through the dirt and the disease preaching the gospel, and are even willing to go to jail." Some Christians remarked, "The missionaries are in jail. They cannot go out preaching, but the Japanese have not put us Chinese in jail yet. We can go out and we can preach." Thus they went out to take our places in bringing the Gospel to the Chinese people.

Several of us were in our first term in China. We wanted to make progress with the language, so we hired a teacher and began intensive study. I started on the Chinese classics and nearly finished the Four Books in the original Chinese.
Once Miss Scott was having severe headaches, and called the doctor. He examined her eyes, which were red from constant reading of difficult characters. After a week's rest, she was at language study again, making wonderful progress.

There were no letters from America and though my wife and children were there, I did not have a single word from them. We could receive mail from friends inside China, however, and we had an English daily newspaper. It was owned by the Japanese and the editor was a German, so naturally we did not trust it much. We named it the "Propaganda Sheet" and questioned nearly everything in it.

After Mr. Osborn's release from jail, our treatment was not unduly severe. For the first two months we did not know but that one or more of us might be put to death. Yet we were not tortured, unless mental strain and uncertainty are torture. We had plenty to eat, but as the yard was small, we had little exercise. For two months I did not leave our small compound. The Japanese had stolen probably a hundred ton of coal from us, but they would permit us to buy only one hundred pounds a month for all eight of us. Fortunately, we had saved a little coal and we could buy some wood. At this, we dared use only enough for a tiny fire for heat. We did not have enough fuel to do much cooking, and until the first of April we had but two meals a day. After that we did not need coal for heating, and managed to secure enough to cook three meals a day.

Four months of internment went slowly by. One day there was a reference in the "Propaganda Sheet" to a possibility of the exchange of civilian prisoners between Japan and America. Having experienced on many occasions the Japanese predilection for lying, we were skeptical. In a few days there was another notice of a planned exchange. Eagerly I seized the newspaper and, calling to the other missionaries, began to jump up and down in my excitement. In a few days we each had letters from the Swiss Consul, who had charge of American interests in China during the war, asking us if we desired to return to the United States.

When I went to China I had planned to stay five years, but already I had been there longer than that, and my family had returned to America more than a year before. As I prayed about it, I felt that it was the Lord's will for me to return to America and there prepare to return again to China. Some of the missionaries answered that they wanted to return and some said they wanted to stay. I had expected that I would be forced to remain in China until the war ended; we thought that men of military age would be the last ones to have a chance to go home, so we did not allow our hopes to rise too high. If anyone did get a chance, we thought it would be the business men and those from the cities; we missionaries out in the country would be the last to be considered. The newspaper, however, continued to make occasional references to a planned exchange, and friends from Peking and Tientsin wrote us about the rumors of impending exchange which they had heard.

The weeks passed and on Sunday morning, May the tenth, as the eight of us were having our Sunday preaching service, three Japanese soldiers walked in with
official word that we were to get ready to leave; there was to be an exchange, and we were to sail from Shanghai. They told us to be ready to leave on a day's notice. When some objected that they did not want to leave, they were informed that they would have to go. We prayed earnestly that the will of the Lord might be done. Again and again we discussed what we should do and what baggage should be taken. We heard that the exchange was to be made in Africa in the middle of July, and we knew that we must leave soon if we were to make it. As time went on, we began to wonder if we had been passed by, after all.

While we were in the midst of evening prayers on June second, two Japanese soldiers came to inform us that, since all could not be accommodated in the first exchange, the four they named were to be the first to go and would be leaving in a few days. As we had prayed so much about our return, we could not but feel that this must be the will of the Lord. For nearly three months Brother Moses had not been well; within the week the doctor had diagnosed his case as a return of the kalaazar from which he had suffered a year before. Since starting the neostam treatments, he had begun to respond nicely, but was not yet in a condition to travel. All of those who were to stay were happy in being privileged to do so.

Hurriedly plans were changed again, and we repacked our luggage. Word that we were to leave spread abroad to the Chinese, and many stealthily slipped in for a last goodbye, a word of prayer and a Godspeed for our journey. The second day, since the Japanese did not come for us and we were all ready to go, we were able to rest and have some precious conversations with dear Chinese friends. These meetings were doubly sweet, as we did not know when, if ever, we would meet again on earth.

Early Saturday morning, while we were still at breakfast, the leader of the military police came to look at our baggage. He had told us that we would be permitted to take only what we could ourselves carry in one load, and that each must carry his own. I did not want to lose my accordion, as it was a good Italian instrument with one hundred and twenty bass keys; nor did I want to lose my portable typewriter. When a person travels in China, he takes his bedding along, so I wanted that too. The Japanese had stolen most of my things, but I had some clothes left which I did not want to lose even if they were mostly rags, for I knew that during part of the trip the weather would be cold. As I was still studying Chinese, I wanted to take a few Chinese books home to study during my furlough. Now, an accordion, a portable typewriter, bedding, clothes and several books make a good load to carry at one time, but I was able to do it, for I had tried it. I put my baggage out in a row where the leader glanced at it. Pointing to the typewriter, he said,

"What is that?"

"You cannot take that," he declared.

"But it is fourteen years old," I objected.

"It does not matter," he roared; "those are orders from the top and you cannot take it."

One cannot argue or even reason with a man like that, for he was mean and ugly, as evidenced by the fact that he liked to torture Chinese and put them to death. He was the one who had wanted to kill Brother Osborn. The typewriter came out. He had not seen the accordion; it was in the large woven case wrapped around with bedding. "If I cannot take the typewriter, I will never get by with the accordion," I thought, so out it came, too. Arriving on the ship, and seeing that many had type, writers, and some even had their accordions, I was dismayed, for I had left the typewriter and accordion with the missionaries who remained. In our party Rev. and Mrs. Osborn, Miss Kuyf of the Mennonite Mission, and I were the ones named by the Japanese to come away. Our six months' internment as prisoners of the Japanese was nearing an end, and we were eager to begin the long trip home.

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09 -- HOME AGAIN VIA THE GRIPSHOLM

At ten o'clock on the morning of June fifth we walked to the bus depot. The tears flowed as we left Brother Moses sick in bed. As for the others, they were able to go to the depot to bid us goodbye. A few Chinese had dared to secure permission to come to the bus to see us off, but with watchful Japanese military police looking on, we did not think it wise to say much. Parting from fellow missionaries, with whom we had been closely quartered for six months, was difficult, but they were glad to stay. The Japanese said the others would be coming soon. We did not know that nearly a year and a half would go by before Brother Moses and Rev. and Mrs. Brown of the Mennonite Mission would be able to come home, and that Miss Mary Scott would remain in China as our one China missionary to continue a prisoner of the Japanese. At this writing she is in Weihsien, Shantung, about one hundred miles from the coast, in the American Prison Camp with eight hundred other Americans. She has lost weight, for the prisoners are not fed well.

Late in the evening we arrived at Shih Chia Chuang or Shihmen, as the Japanese have named it, about half way to Peking, where we were fated to remain for a week. Our rooms were new and clean, for which we were thankful, but we had hoped for a large city such as Peking, where we could do some shopping to replenish our wardrobes. Though the weather was extremely warm, we enjoyed meeting old friends as they were gradually gathered in by the Japanese to make up the exchange party. One of our most interesting pastimes was comparing notes, that is, seeing how the treatment given to others compared with that which we had received at Japanese hands.
The evening before we were to leave, our captors gave a tea party for the twenty returning Americans. Presiding was a Japanese general, head of a propaganda bureau, who asked us questions. Interpreters translated both questions and answers, and Japanese reporters took down the conversation as copy for the Japanese newspapers. Most of the questions had a political complexion, and since our work was religious instead of political, we begged to be excused from answering.

The general informed us that the Japanese were winning the war and had even landed at Dutch Harbor. After the Japanese had finished questioning, we requested the privilege of asking a few questions. One which we asked was, "After the war is successfully concluded, will the Japanese permit the missionaries to return to their work in China?" Pressed to answer, the general said that, in his opinion, if Japan won, there would not be any occasion for the missionaries to return. The Japanese were particularly incensed against Mr. Roosevelt, and stated that America must come to friendly terms with Japan. We asked them, "Since Mr. Roosevelt cannot bring about friendly relations between Japan and America, who in America would be best able to do so?" Several of the Japanese suggested Colonel Lindberg!

The next evening we were packed on a train without sleepers, so we sat up all night; the following morning we arrived in Peking. However, we were not allowed to leave the depot but were herded by soldiers into upstairs rooms. In only a few special instances were individuals permitted to see friends or relatives residing in Peking. After a few hours the train left and now there were many more Americans on board. None of the missionaries or business men of Peking were permitted to come on the first boat, which had been reserved for personnel of the American Consulate at Peking and missionaries from the country regions of North China. The American government had thought of the welfare of those in the country districts, and rightly considering that they might be subjected to more dangers than the city people, had asked that they be permitted to leave on the first boat. Thus it was that the people in Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai had to wait for the second boat. We stopped for only a few moments in Tientsin and Tsinan, at each of which places our number of repatriates was increased. With joy we hailed the appearance of each old friend, and there were some amusing incidents as well as more serious scenes. Many of the men were sporting a full six months' beard. I was under the necessity of introducing myself to some of my old friends, for they did not recognize me behind my shaggy screen. That beard began on the eighth day of December when I was taken to military prison, and since I had no razor, of course it grew longer and longer. Even when I was released, my razor was thirty miles away, so it was not any help to my face. By that time I had grown used to my whiskers and decided to let them grow some more, even if it was possible to borrow a razor.

Mr. Osborn had begun to let his whiskers grow about a month before Pearl Harbor. At that time he was but forty-nine years old, yet his whiskers were almost
white. When he let them grow, the Chinese said he looked like an old man at least seventy years old. Since he was superintendent of the mission, he often had to meet Japanese soldiers who were not respectful. In Japan and China old age is greatly respected, and he hoped that if he let his whiskers grow so that he looked to be an old, old man, his white whiskers might keep his head from being cut off. As a matter of fact, some of the Japanese looking at his snow white beard, said, "That old man can't do us any harm." With Mr. Osborn's whiskers for an inspiration I let mine grow, too.

After arriving at Shanghai and mixing with civilization again, it seemed that I had too much hairy adornment; I had the hair on the sides and upper lip cut off, leaving the chin whiskers undisturbed. After boarding the boat, I went to the Italian steward for a seat assignment. On the boat there was an Episcopal priest who wore a black robe, and had very long whiskers. The steward took one look at me and said, "I think I will put you down at table number eleven with the other father." Thus we two bewhiskered "fathers" dined together until we reached Africa.

Later I had the chin whiskers trimmed in Van Dyke fashion and after arriving in North Dakota, I had all my whiskers shaved off, since I did not want to frighten my parents too much. Therefore when I arrived in California, my wife and children were not bothered by all that scratchy stuff on my face.

In Shanghai we were pleasantly entertained at the Columbia Country Club. The food was excellent. Since we had some money and the freedom of the city, we could shop for Chinese articles to take home. Some of us visited friends living in the city. There was, it seemed, but one "fly in the ointment," and that was not a fly but a mosquito. There were millions of them. We had mosquito nets, but our nocturnal visitors could crawl through any tiny opening that appeared, and many a night's sleep was spoiled by their persistence. In spite of nets and spray and oil, many of us were covered with welts from the hungry pests.

Twice our sailing date was postponed and we began to wonder, "May it not be possible that after coming so far the whole exchange will be called off?" Finally, on Sunday, June 28, we were told to have our baggage ready for inspection. Though I had mine ready with all suitcases opened, they simply put the chalk mark on it without examining the contents. On the other hand, some people's baggage was thoroughly inspected. In general, the inspection was much easier than that given to people leaving Japan and Hong Kong.

Early the next morning, in a pouring rain, we started for the Shanghai Bund. Here things were handled in an orderly fashion, but friends were not permitted inside. We could see some of them standing outside to call and wave a farewell to us. Two small boats were ready to take us to the Conte Verde, which was waiting a few miles down the river. Upon arriving, there was a mad scramble to find the cabin which had been assigned to each of us, and we made sure that every piece of baggage got on the ship. The Italian stewards were friendly and helpful and
everything was soon on board, although the ship did not sail till noon. In a few hours we reached the bar where the Yangtze river flows into the ocean, and there we waited for several hours till high tide carried us over the bar. We had begun our long sea journey back to America.

Life on shipboard was not too unpleasant. We had Bible Study and singing, and on Sunday there was church. During week days we could engage in many games on the decks. These were helpful, for being cramped up on a ship for two months makes one feel the need of exercise very keenly. The food was only fair. There was no butter or fresh milk, and fruit was scarce. This was a great trial to those with a tendency toward seasickness, for often an orange or grapefruit will bring relief. The steamer was crowded, and several of us were down so low in the ship that we were not able to open the portholes. In addition, it was uncomfortably hot as we crossed the equator twice, and for most of our two months’ trip we were in the torrid zone. I am not subject to seasickness, but the heat, poor food and limited exercise caused me so much trouble that some nights I had little sleep. While I was not seasick, I was exceedingly sick of the sea by the time we reached our home port.

Four days we waited in the outer harbor at Singapore while taking on supplies. During this time our companion ship, the Asama Maru, arrived and anchored a few hundred yards away. It carried Americans from Korea, Manchuria, Japan, Hong Kong, French Indo-China and Siam. In two instances the husband was on one boat and the wife was on the other, and they had not seen each other in months. No communications were permitted and we did not draw near enough for people to call back and forth.

As we approached South Africa, the weather began to moderate, for it was the last half of July, the middle of their winter. The last night before we reached Africa we had a gathering in the big dining room and sang some of the old American songs. In the morning when we awoke we could see the red cliffs near Lourenco Marques. Slowly our ship wound its way into the beautiful harbor, and there was the "Gripsholm" that was to take us back to the United States.

We were wondering just how the exchange would be handled, Would we be lined up and each American be checked off for a Japanese? On the morning of July 23rd we were up early, all packed, and had finished an early breakfast. We were longing for the time when we would be free, yes, really free, once more. While we waited, we began to sing to pass away the time. Then, at last, we began to move down the gangplank. We found that it was much simpler, after all, than we had imagined. While Americans moved off the Conte Verde and Asama Maru and onto the Gripsholm by one gang-plank, the Japanese by another gangplank and on another line of march moved off the Gripsholm onto the ships we were vacating. It was noon when we arrived on the Gripsholm, but we were not yet permitted to go below, as the cabins had not been properly cleaned. However a wonderful sight met our eyes, for the tables out on the deck were loaded with food. There were great
roast turkeys and many other kinds of meats. There were salads of fruits whose existence we had almost forgotten. There was bread and cake; yes, real white bread. We lined up and soon began to eat. Timidly we asked, "Could we have a second helping?" "Yes, there is plenty. Enough for everyone," was the answer. Some of those who had been in Stanley Prison on Hong Kong and had nearly starved on wormy rice, poor lettuce and rotten fish, ate a while and then went away to cry. Wiping away their tears, they came back to eat some more. They remembered those who had not lived through their imprisonment, but who had starved to death.

Now we were free to go ashore and see a bit of Africa. However, the officials had taken away our passports without which we could not travel far. I was anxious to visit our Nazarene field in Swaziland, for I knew several of our missionaries there. Brother and Sister Mischke had been classmates of mine in Northwest Nazarene College and I wanted to see them, but the officials were not helpful. It seemed that we could not be permitted to leave the borders of Portuguese East Africa, and while Swaziland was but a hundred miles away, it might as well have been a thousand as far as our chances of reaching there were concerned.

Nevertheless we enjoyed visiting around Lourenco Marques and seeing the various points of interest. There was a zoo and a museum. Some people made boat trips up the rivers and saw the hippopotami and the African villages. We had been permitted to sign notes for American money which we could change into local currency. Thus we were able to make purchases. Foreign clothing, which we needed, was extremely expensive, so we had to wait until later to buy what we lacked.

One day we met Brother L. C. Ferree, who had heard that there were Nazarenes on the boat and had come inquiring for us. While we had not had the privilege of meeting him before, we were happy to make his acquaintance. He was able to tell us some of the things that had happened in the world during our six-months' captivity. Indeed, we felt quite like Rip Van Winkles coming out of a long sleep as we got in touch with the world once more. On Sunday we had the delightful privilege of going to an African church and meeting nearly a hundred American Nazarene boys who had come to Lourenco Marques for work.

Many of the people found letters awaiting them. Some of these had come on the Gripsholm and some had come by air. I was disappointed, for there were no letters for me. However, it was now possible to cable to America. Anxiously I counted my money to see if I had enough to send word to my wife; yes, I could make it. By the time I included the name and address, the cost amounted to several dollars. What should I say? "Coming soon"? She would know that when she got the telegram; it was not necessary to say that. I studied over the problem. I wanted a short message and yet one that would have a world of meaning in it. Finally the message was written out. The cablegram consisted of but one little word of four letters, "love." Truly that told all that was necessary.
Afterward I learned that through some oversight my wife had not been informed that I was among those being repatriated, yet she was gloriously victorious in faith. Someone had seen my name in a newspaper list and had written her about it, but she had received no official confirmation. When my message arrived, she jumped up and down for joy and started running down the street to show the telegram to Christian friends.

Not everything was pleasant on board. There was considerable confusion about the assignment of cabins. Previously, when we went on board the Conte Verde, we found our cabins ready. Now, on the Gripsholm, there were sixteen hundred passengers, and those in charge did not start giving out cabin assignments until eight o'clock in the evening, and all passengers had to go through a line in order to get their assignments. It was confusion worse confounded. Many people were up all night, but fortunately I managed to secure a cabin at about midnight. The next day we heard that on account of mistakes in assignments it had to be done all over again. The rumor passed around that those in charge were intoxicated, for plenty of liquor had been provided for the returning officials. The same mad scramble started again. I saw it was hopeless and went to sleep in my old cabin. About three o'clock of the third day, I finally received my permanent cabin assignment. On the morning of the third day I saw women in tears who had not been in bed after two days on the ship. Naturally we were disgusted with such drunkenness and incompetence by some of our own Americans.

After six days in port we sailed. We were now among friends, and government officials were on board. We received news by radio, and the food was marvelous. While we were crowded, we were willing to put up with a few inconveniences for the sake of getting home. As we sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, the wintry July weather was cold and stormy; but when we approached South America it moderated.

Several days passed and then we found ourselves sailing into the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful in the world. During the day we had here I went up to the one hundred foot high statue of Christ which stands on a high mountain overlooking the city and bay. In the evening we visited a Baptist Church and saw how the Gospel has enlightened souls in this land of spiritual darkness.

After one day we were off again on the last lap of our ocean journey. One late afternoon, when off the hump of Brazil, we saw a burning wreck floating on the water. We circled around to examine it, but there were no survivors left on the wreckage. Later we learned that two Brazilian ships had been torpedoed by German submarines, resulting in war between Brazil and Germany. Every two or three days we had lifeboat drill, so that we might be prepared for any emergency. However, all nations concerned had guaranteed safe conduct for the ship, and we were plainly marked both day and night. As we had been on board ship for nearly two months,
we were getting rather tired of boat life. It was with great joy one evening that we heard the news, "Tomorrow morning we will be in New York."

Before five o'clock I was up and peeping out through the morning mist and darkness at the occasional flickering lights. The pilot and quarantine officers came on board as we continued slowly up the channel. Those acquainted with the harbor began to point out familiar landmarks. The famous statue of liberty came into view. As we drew near and passed its foot, I thought of those eloquent words by Scott:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land;  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?

Reverently and with tear-dimmed eyes the crowd began to sing, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and then "The Star Spangled Banner." One man, not a missionary, in a homely way expressed the thought of many hearts when he looked at the statue of Liberty and said, "If that old lady ever sees me again, she will have to turn around and look the other way."

About nine-thirty we tied up to the wharf in Jersey City, just across the Bay from New York City. Here we had a grandstand view of New York's sky-scrappers crowding the ocean front. We were anxious to run down the gang plank, meet friends and once more get in touch with loved ones, but no, we must wait. The FBI took charge, as everyone had to be properly and thoroughly inspected. We realized that this was necessary. The first day only Consular staffs and government officials left the ship, and we heard that people were then to be examined in alphabetical order. I was fearful that it might be two days before they reached the P's. However, about nine-thirty the first evening I was standing by the gang plank and heard that the examiners were not busy, and that if anyone was ready to be examined, he might come at once. Quickly I presented my baggage for inspection. They did a thorough job and it was nearly midnight before they were through. This was only the first hurdle; the next morning I still had to go before several different examiners to see if I qualified as a loyal citizen of the United States. Since I had already finished baggage inspection, I was examined fairly early. They had already looked up my record, and this part of the program went through with comparative rapidity. Before noon I walked down the gang plank a free man at last.

As yet, we had not been permitted to receive any messages from relatives or friends, so I went to the Red Cross booth on the pier and asked for my mail. There were several letters and a sprinkling of telegrams. Eagerly I seized the two letters from Mrs. Pattee, the first letters in ten and one-half months. I tore them open and began to read. My wife and children were all well and safe and were eagerly awaiting me. I bowed my head in thanksgiving to God while I wiped away the tears
of joy. I read the letters all over again before looking at the messages and telegrams from friends. After this I went to the barricade beyond which the friends and relatives had not been permitted to come. Here I met several people I knew, and also Brother Osborn's sisters whom I told that he would be coming soon. With a missionary friend I took a taxi to the Prince George Motel, where Brother Tracy, an old friend of Northwest Nazarene College days, was waiting to receive us. He was most helpful in assisting me to get necessary things done, and later he took me home with him. That night I spoke at a Nazarene prayer meeting. To mingle once more with our brethren in the Church of Christ was a taste of heavenly joy.

After a few hours of sightseeing in New York City, I said goodbye to Brother Tracy and started my journey across the continent. It was just a month later that Brother Tracy slipped away to be with Jesus. I spent a few days visiting parents and sisters in North Dakota, and spoke in meetings a number of times. Continuing on my way, I visited our church headquarters in Kansas City, and then boarded the train for California. The train was slow, arriving hours late at the depot in Oakland, where I found my wife and three children waiting for me. Seventeen and one-half months had passed since we had parted in China. I would not have known the baby, and she, naturally, did not know her daddy, and cried when left alone with me. When we had parted, she was but eight months old; now she was over two years old.

It was on the evening of September eleventh that I arrived in Oakland. Since our outgoing boat had sailed from Seattle on the morning of the twelfth of September, my journeys and term in China had taken six years to the very day, and I had circled the globe in getting back to the Pacific coast. We had left Taming on June fifth, and I had been traveling for over three months to reach home. I figured that I had traveled a total of twenty-three thousand miles on the trip. To the glory of God I wish to state that He brought us safely through, and I have no complaint at all to make of the way He cared for us, for He had brought me safely home again through disease, bandits, war and internment.

Sometimes I am asked, "Did you get thin while you were interned?"

"No," I tell people, "I did not get thin; I grew stout." The Japanese did not feed us. If they had, we might have reduced drastically. They did not take our money, and we could buy food, so that we had sufficient to eat. Because the Japanese had stolen our coal and would let us buy only a hundred pounds a month, we had to get along on two meals a day, yet in spite of this hardship, we did not have much exercise. Thus it was that I grew stout instead of thin. Another question often asked is this, "Were you tortured?"

No, I was not. I do not know why. Perhaps the Lord did not consider us worthy of suffering for Him in this way. There may be another reason. Possibly it was because a hundred and eighty thousand Nazarene friends were praying for us, and the Lord would not let that wicked and blood-thirsty man in charge of the
military police hurt us, though nothing would have pleased him better than to have taken our lives.

"Then things were not so bad, after all," someone may say.

"No, Jesus makes each burden appear light. He says, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." I have found that He has abounding grace for our every need. There were things that might seem hard from the human point of view. It is not easy to live in constant suspense for months at a time, knowing that you may be put to death for some trivial offense. Ordinarily you do not choose to be surrounded by cannon and machine-gun fire, which may blow you to pieces. Naturally it is hard to see your possessions being stolen and know that you will never see them again. However, the Lord has grace that can cause us to be "joyful in tribulations."

It is but right that Americans should know how some of the American prisoners were treated. The thought is not to arouse hatred for the Japanese people, for no Christian can have hatred in his heart for anyone, but we need to realize that there can never be peace in the world until the Japanese military system has been destroyed. The Japanese have the idea that their emperor is God, and is descended from the Sun Goddess. They believe that they have a divine mission to rule the world. Whatever nations they conquer, they plan to make them bow at the Shinto shrine and worship the Japanese emperor. The fact is, if we had spent a few more hundred thousand dollars in sending missionaries to Japan, we might not now need to spend billions in fighting them or have so many of our boys wounded and killed.

When we boarded the boat, we learned how the people at Hong Kong had been treated. Wounded Canadian soldiers were bayoneted to death. Nurses were raped and then killed. The whole camp was furnished with so little food, that some died from malnutrition. In smaller camps, missionaries were not, as a rule, especially mistreated. However, I talked on the boat with two who had been tortured.

The superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission in Korea took about an hour and a half to explain to me just how he was treated by the Japanese. He was arrested and thrown into an unheated jail in the middle of a cold winter. The room was about seventeen feet square and most of the time there were eighteen prisoners in the room. The food was abominable. The prisoners were not allowed to lie down during the daytime, but had to sit up cross-legged on the floor. If they did not do this, the guard would kick them. When night came, the guards brought in dirty, filthy blankets. One blanket was placed underneath and two people had to share one with which to cover themselves. Sometimes there were not even that many blankets, and then the prisoners had to huddle together in order to keep warm. Moreover, this missionary told me that he went over his clothes every day to find and kill the lice. Several times he found two hundred. He was accused of being a spy and had to stand trial. If one has ever taught school or worked for the United
States government, the Japanese are inclined to consider that proof that he is still in the employ of the government, and is professing to be a missionary merely as a blind for activity as a spy. All day long for several days this man was questioned. During this time he did not get a chance to go through his clothes. Finally, when he did, he found six hundred lice and nits.

His accusers had not been able to make him confess to being a spy, so they tried torture. First, he was beaten over the head with a rubber garden hose for an hour and a half. As this did not make him confess, they tried something else. The water cure is a favorite of the Japanese military. We knew that they often used it on the Chinese and they had tried it on one of our Chinese preachers. A person is tied up very tightly with ropes and then turned face up. Two or three pails of water are poured slowly into the prisoner's mouth and nose. Sometimes a hose is used to make certain that the water goes into the mouth and nose. When the tortured man attempts to breathe, he breathes in water along with air, and this often frightens the man into confessing. Occasionally the victim dies. The Japanese torturers do not care whether the man dies or not, but usually they try to see how near they can come to killing him without actually doing so. At times the torturers, when they have filled the man with water, will jump on his stomach and force the water out. In a few cases, pepper or kerosene was added to the water to make the process more painful. The missionary to whom I spoke had received the water cure twice. The treasurer of the Presbyterian Mission in Korea, who was also principal of the Korean-American School where missionary children went to school, was arrested and given the water cure six times.

On board ship I saw J. B. Powell, who was editor of the "China Weekly," which printed the facts about what the Japanese were doing in China. The military leaders of the Japanese hated him, and hired assassins to throw bombs at him and try to kill him, but in this they failed. After Pearl Harbor they arrested Mr. Powell and put him in jail. He was thrown into a dirty, cold and filthy prison. The food was terrible, and soon he had diarrhea and dysentery. He became so cold and weak that the blood did not circulate in his feet. He developed gangrene in his feet and was taken to the hospital, where his toes and parts from his feet were removed. I saw him as he was carried aboard the ship. He weighed seventy-five pounds. When in good health, he had weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, so in six months of Japanese imprisonment he lost eighty-five pounds.

As we were homeward bound, we left behind imprisonment and starvation and torture like this. We were joyful to be going back to America, the land of freedom, and back to friends and loved ones once more. It was wonderful to reach America, but to me the most wonderful moment was when we sailed into the beautiful harbor of Lourenco Marques in Africa. There was the huge ship that was to take us on to America, and as we came nearer we saw large letters on the side spelling out "Gripsholm." Then we saw something else -- two tankers, from the masts of which were waving the Stars and Stripes. It was the first time in nearly eight months that we had seen our country's flag flying in the breeze. Many of the
sixteen hundred Americans crowding the decks of the two ships were weeping. The United States marines on the two tankers were ready to welcome us. They pulled the whistles and blew them in two long blasts for twelve or fifteen minutes. They had small flags as well as the large ones on the masts, and as we approached across the water they waved their flags and shouted, "Welcome, Americans!"

It was a thrilling reception. We did not need to wait until we reached New York City; our country even sent a welcome to us over in Africa. However, it reminded me of something else, the welcome the Christian is to receive when Jesus comes again. He says that He is going to stand up and say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father. Inherit the joys prepared for you from the foundation of the world." That will be a greater reception than we received in Africa. I hope that I have the opportunity of going back to China to preach to some more of her five hundred million people, but whether we are preaching in China or not, if we are true and faithful, and if we are ready when Jesus comes, we can have a part in that glad day and hear Him say to us, "Well done. Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

10 -- WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

As we look toward the future, we cannot help trying to predict what it shall be. In some respects the near term is very dark. For more than seven years China has been fighting a strong and aggressive foe against overwhelming odds. Japan has been bombing and wrecking her finest cities. In their occupation of the country, the Japanese have constantly endeavored to make the Chinese pay the expense of the conquest. The program of the Japanese leaders has been to debauch and enslave the people. This is seen especially in the opium trade. Farmers in Korea and Manchuria have been ordered to plant poppies. The Chinese government had done away with poppy raising in much of China, but with the coming of the Japanese soldiers poppy raising was revived under their protection. Schools have been dosed, and the Chinese coast has been blockaded and the people have been starved. Captured regions have been systematically looted to furnish booty for the island conquerors. But this is not all; in occupied regions tens of thousands of women have been raped. Furthermore millions of Chinese citizens have been wantonly murdered. It is estimated that a total of twenty millions of Chinese have been killed by the invaders.

We have a saying, "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." Whether or not this is true, undeniably China is having her time of suffering -- her Valley Forge. But God's Word tells us, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Surely God cannot be with that side which would make a human ruler divine, and force people to bow at heathen shrines. The dawn will come, and sunrise for China will not be sunrise for Japan. For Japan it will be the setting of the Rising Sun.
What will this new day mean for China? First, it will mean intellectual development. Schools and universities that have been destroyed will be rebuilt. The nation that has been a sleeping giant will awaken and stir from her long sleep. The illiterate millions of China will have a chance to read and gain a knowledge of the world. Then political independence and unification will be achieved. The signs which increasingly point in this direction will reach their fulfillment in the establishment of a strong nation. Moreover, the economic condition of the people will be advanced. Someone has said that China has made a science of poverty and has tried to see on how little a people could possibly exist. The average farm has only one and a half acres to support seven or eight people. China has the land, natural resources, labor supply and potential market for the making of a great nation, but it lacks capital and skilled technical craftsmen. If we furnish these, China at one leap should jump from the condition of the world two thousand years ago to the status of a modern nation. The Chinese should have new plants, new breeds of animals and plants and improved irrigation. We should help them to get new factories and mines and highways and railways. For such purposes they need engineers whom we can furnish. They also need doctors and nurses to put on a national health program that will stamp out malaria, cholera, dysentery and trachoma.

China needs many things, but more than these and above all these, she needs Jesus Christ. The new day in China will not come apart from Him. Here alone the picture is bright. China has Christian leadership. Possibly the leadership of China is more definitely Christian than that of any other large nation. When the conference was held at Cairo, the newspapers reported that General Chiang rose a half hour before Roosevelt and Churchill. Why? Because he had to get in his regular half hour of morning devotions before beginning the work of the day. We need to watch, or China may become more definitely Christian than America. Many of the leading officials of China are outstanding Christians. Surely there is hope for a nation with that kind of leadership.

The Church of China is increasingly alive, influential and self-sustaining. In spite of the war there are hundreds of missionaries carrying on in Free China. Work in our Chinese Nazarene field was begun but thirty years ago, yet, when the war between Japan and America cut off all of the support from the United States, almost every one of our seventy-five Chinese preachers and Bible women continued at their jobs maintained by the Chinese Church. Just a few days before I left China I was speaking with one of our Chinese preachers. Knowing that I would be leaving in a few days, he said to me, "Brother Pattee, you do not need to be ashamed as you go back to America; you have lots of 'face' as you return home. You can say something that none of our other missionaries has ever been able to say before* You can say that you left behind you in China a self-governing, self-supporting church. Hear it, self-governing, self-supporting church. One of the first statements of the missionary policy of the Church of the Nazarene says, "the chief aim of the
missionary shall be to establish an indigenous, self-supporting church." Here was one of our national Christians saying that our chief aim had been attained.

One of the greatest omens of China's future greatness is her desire for the Word of God. In recent years it has been impossible to print Bibles fast enough to supply the demand. Last year it was reported that more Bibles were sold in China than were sold in the United States. Chinese Christians not only have their Bibles, but they read them and carry them about with them. Our Taming Book room sold many hundreds of Bibles every year. In one week's time I sold over two hundred Bibles at Ch'eng An and would have sold more had my supply not run out.

When I left Ch'eng An, I boxed up over two hundred Bibles and left them with the Chinese pastor. On December eighth, when the Japanese soldiers occupied the compound, they took all the possessions of the hated missionary and divided them among themselves. The soldiers saw the Bibles. It was frosty in the early December mornings, and the Japanese guards had a brilliant idea. Why not show their disrespect for the foreigner and his God, and at the same time warm themselves with the American's Holy Book? Suiting the action to the thought, they seized many of the Bibles and, throwing them on the fire, stood around to warm themselves. When some of our Chinese school children saw what was being done, their hearts grieved, and stealthily some of the smaller children gathered around the fire, as if they too wanted to warm themselves; then quickly, when Japanese eyes were not looking, each child reached down, seized a Bible that had not yet caught fire, and made off with it. In this way they rescued several of the Bibles from burning. Japan may try to drive out the Word Of God from China. The Japanese may burn Bibles and close churches and drive away the missionaries, but China has heard the call of the Gospel. Her sleeping soul has been stirred and great numbers wait for the Word of Life with outstretched hands. The future is bright with glorious promise for the evangelization of nearly five hundred million Chinese. There is a part for every one of us in the tremendous task of carrying the glorious Gospel to the multitudes in China's prison-house of darkness. Let us not disappoint them -- let us not fail God.

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MISSIONARY ALPHABET

"A-sk of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thine possession" (Psalm 2:8).

"B-ehold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim" (Isaiah 49:12).
"C-ome unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28).

"D-eclare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people" (Psalm 96:3).

"E-nlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes: For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited" (Isaiah 54:2-3).

"F-or from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts" (Malachi 1:11).

"G-o ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (Matthew 28:19).

"H-ow beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him 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).

"I - am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also" (Romans 1:14-15).

"J-esus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work" (John 4:34).

"K-now ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture" (Psalm 100:3).

"L-ook unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else" (Isaiah 45:22).

"M-yrightheousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people; the isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust" (Isaiah 51:5).

"N-either is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

"O - worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth" (Psalm 96:9).
"P-ray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest" (Matthew 9:38).

"Q-uench not the Spirit" (1 Thessalonians 5:19).

"R-ejoice evermore" (1 Thessalonians 5:16).

"S-ay not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35).

"T-hen thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee" (Isaiah 60:5).

"U-nto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Ephesians 3:8).

"V-erily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me" (John 13:20).

"W-hat man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" (Luke 15:4).

"EX-cept ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3).

"Y-ea, so have I strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation" (Romans 15:20).

"Z-ion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness" (Isaiah 1:27).

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THE END