

WITH BETH AND BILLY
IN WESTERN CHINA

By J. L. STEWART, B.A., D.D.

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With Beth and Billy in Western China

BY

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CHENGTU, SZECHWAN, CHINA

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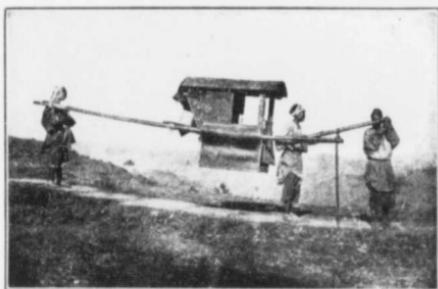
ROBBER ROADS IN SZECHWAN

DO you see this river and the road by its side?
Just notice how worn the path has become.
That is not the work of wagons, carriages and autos.
None of these has ever passed over this road,
For it is far away in Western China
Where the only wheeled vehicles are wheelbarrows.
No, the stones are worn smooth by the straw sandals
Or bare feet of tens of thousands of toilers
Who daily, hourly, constantly, come and go.
"But there are no people there now," you say.
No, nor a boat on the river either,
Though it, too, is ever alive with traffic.
This picture was taken almost two years ago,
When Beth and Billy were returning to Canada.
Then the country was full of riot, and robber bands.
They saw burned homes and villages,
Saw men being robbed or dragged away,
Met robber bands all along the roads,
Slept in the same inns with them at night,
And passed through their lines by day,
Yet received only kindness, or at least civility.
This was mainly respect for our missionaries.

As for the people, you see, all travel had ceased.
But that time has happily largely passed.
Letters from friends said conditions were much better,
So the children started again on their way
To their home in far Szechwan,
The great western province of the "Four Rivers."
These pictures and pages tell of their return journey.
Would you not like to make the trip with them?
All you will need is to be able to read,
And exercise Chinese patience,—and imagination.



ONE OF THE BRIDGES BETH AND BILLY CROSSED.



A SEDAN CHAIR AND CARRIERS

WHAT is this? Why, a chair.
"A chair?" you say. Yes, a sedan chair.
They were once quite common in England.
Now, they are found chiefly in China.
This one is from West China, where our missionaries
are.

It is one of the very common kind used in travelling.
Some are smaller and borne by only two men.
Then both men carry like the man at the back.
If you are very fat and heavy, four or more men carry.
Then both ends of the poles are fixed as here in front.
In old times officials sometimes had eight, sixteen or
more men.

It took the extra men to carry their dignity.
Some chairs are very beautiful with tassels and silk
linings.

A bride's chair is all red silk with wonderful
embroidery.

Sometimes her chair has a door in front.
It is occasionally locked after she enters it in her
parents' home,
Then it is not unlocked until she comes to her future
home.

You see, she is not really married yet,
So both families fear she might be stolen or run away.
The above is the type of chair Beth and Billy rode in
on their way home.
This chair is not empty,
Their baby brother is in a basket under the seat.
Sometimes a servant sat in the chair to care for him.
You see his basket might slip out going down hill.
It is pleasant to ride in a chair if the day is not too hot
or too cold.
You can read, or sleep, or chat to the chairmen, or look
out at the scenery,
But you must sit quiet for it hurts the men's shoulders.
Then if you rock the chair they may let it fall.
Billy forgot one day and jumped quickly to see a
strange bird.
The chair fell and he went right through the window
into a rice field.
The chairmen pulled him out all matted with mud.
Then everyone laughed. He was a wetter and wiser lad.



A CHINESE RICE FIELD.

Do you wonder that Billy was wet and muddy?



A ROAD COOLIE AND HIS LOAD

THIS is their road coolie.
They had to hire him to carry their things.
See, in the front there is a basket for their food.
They could not get bread, nor butter, nor milk, nor
potatoes on the road
So they had to carry these and many other eatables for
their journey.
They could get rice and eggs and vegetables and tea
and such things,
And they ate these often; but sometimes they are not
safe, for not clean.
Under the basket he has two big Chinese quilts padded
with cotton.
These are for Beth and Billy to roll up in at night.
Behind, on the top, is another bundle of bedding.
It has some sheets and blankets and a mosquito net.

All missionaries and most Chinese use mosquito nets.
They cover the bed, above and on all four sides.
This bundle is wrapped up in a big sheet of oiled cotton.
It keeps the bedding dry during any rain by day.
At night it is spread, first thing, over the big Chinese
bed,
That keeps what Beth calls, "China's Millions" from
crawling in.
At the bottom is a small black box.
It is made of pig skin and covered with black varnish.
In it Beth and Billy have placed some extra clothes,
books, etcetera.
Below all is a piece of old matting to keep the box clean.
This is a light load, you can see the pole is not bent.
They want the coolie to keep up with their chair.
If he got behind they would have neither food nor
bedding.
The usual load is much heavier than this.
It would weigh one hundred pounds, fifty on each end.
Then the poor coolies swelter as they swing along.
They usually strip off their upper garments.
They travel about thirty miles a day.
At night they come in all hot, dirty and aching.
The pole often eats right into their shoulders and backs.
What a pity they have no wagons, autos or railways
in West China!

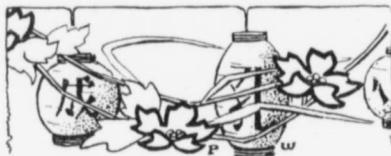




LITTLE BROTHER IN HIS BASKET

BUT Beth and Billy saw other ways of carrying people and things,
Here is a boy they passed near one of the big cities.
He is going out to cut grass for horses, cows or goats.
He will do the cutting with a sickle, slowly, handful by handful.
He will fill the basket and pile it high above in a big heap.
That will take him half a day at least.
Then he must carry it into the city to sell it on the streets.
That is hard work for a boy his size, is it not?
Billy says he knows one Canadian boy would not like to do it.
But do you see the funny load he has now?
That is his little brother.
They live in a very poor home near the city gate.
There are other little brothers there,

So their mother sends them out in turns.
They like to ride in the basket on their bigger brother's
back.
Then, too, they like the grass and fields and birds and
flowers.
All are so lovely after their dark, dirty home.
While his big brother cuts he fills the basket.
It is hard work going home, for he must walk,
But he toddles along bravely, hanging on to the basket
rope.
The farmers often carry their children in baskets, too.
No, not on their backs but on both ends of a carrying
pole.
Sometimes the chickens are in one basket,
And the children in the other.
Frequently, also, you see children on wheelbarrows.
The mother sits down and holds a couple on her knees.
The rich children, of course, ride in sedan chairs.
But half the children do not ride in any of those ways.
They ride strapped on their mothers' or big sisters'
backs.
That is hard on the mother's back and the baby's bones,
But the little fellows like it and soon go to sleep.
Beth says she is going to carry her baby brother that
way,—sometime.





THE GREAT GREY WATER BUFFALO

OH, dear, how frightened they both were!
They had become tired of riding and jumped out
for a walk.

Then they ran ahead so as not to delay the chairmen.
They scampered along, dodging in and out among the
people they met.

Soon they came to a big pool of water, and stopped.
Billy was just going to make a stone skip
When something snorted!

They looked over by the farther bank.
There in the shade, they saw,—what?
Why, a great grey something had just its nose above
water.

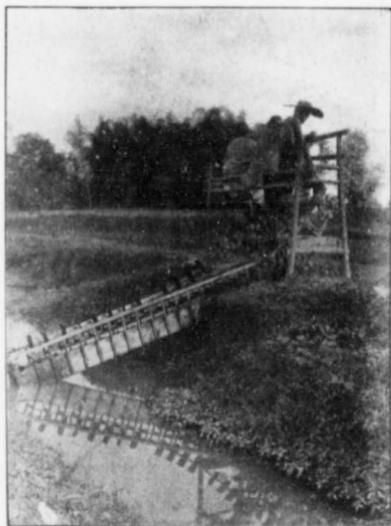
Both screamed and some people near by laughed.
Soon a pair of eyes, and great horns and ears came up.
Beth and Billy laughed then also.
They knew it was their old friend, the water buffalo.
Some one on the bank flicked a rope tied through his
nose.

Then the great grey fellow rose slowly and came out.
He loves to lie in the water and dream.
Indeed in the hot summer he must do so or die.
In the picture you see a farmer boy leading this one.
The farmers use them for ploughing and other duties.
They love to wade through the water-covered rice fields.
But they are very slow, so not good for the roads.
They are used in the salt wells, for they are very strong.
There they turn the great wheels which raise the brine.
If annoyed, they swing their big horns from side to side.
Billy had a horse once badly gored by a buffalo.
A Chinese neighbor was also hooked one night and died.
But the farmer boys love to ride on their broad backs.
Sometimes the boy falls asleep, the buffalo goes so
slowly.

Billy says he wants to have a ride right away,
But Beth is willing to wait.



THIS LITTLE BOY WAS HURT BY A WATER BUFFALO; HIS FATHER
AND A NEIGHBOR HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.



PUMPING WATER WITH THEIR FEET

HERE is another strange thing they saw.
They heard it creaking long before they saw it.
Then they came to a turn in the narrow road,
And it was right before them.
What was it? You would have to guess,
But Beth and Billy remembered at once.
"A pump!" they both cried together.
"A queer pump," you say, "where's the handle?"
No, there is no handle.
This is a Chinese pump and is worked by foot.
Of course you know the Chinese like to eat rice.
Well, rice, like our wild rice, grows in water.
So all the fields must be fenced with low dikes,

They must also be filled with water.
Now some of the ways the Chinese get the water are
very clever.
They have great networks of canals.
These lead the water from the rivers into the fields.
In other places they use bamboo water wheels.
These are made with paddles so the river turns them.
Then they have short bamboo tubes.
These fill when down in the river,
And empty into a trough when at the top.
Some of these wheels are fifty feet through.
So you see they can raise water quite high.
Among the hills they make the top field into a great
cistern,
Then they let the rain water run down as needed.
Often, however, they must pump the water up the hill.
Here they are raising it from one field to another.
Their pump is a long box and a belt with paddles.
They turn the big wheel with their feet.
Then the paddles just push the water up and up.
It looks simple, but it is very slow,
And oh, how sore the back and legs become!



HOME AGAIN AFTER A DAY'S WORK IN THE FIELDS.



A WAYSIDE TEA HOUSE

Of course, the load carriers need to rest often.
This is easy, for there are villages every four or five miles.

Then, too, there are small stopping places nearly every mile.

There is almost certainly at least one tea house in each. The furnishings in such a shop are very simple. All they need is a few square tables, benches, cups and tea.

No, they do not need teapots, sugar, cream and spoons, For they do not serve tea in our way.

When you sit down at a table the waiter fetches you a cup.

Yes, it sometimes has a very small saucer under it, But the saucer is usually of brass or pewter.

It is largely for the purpose of keeping the cup secure, Or for ornament or ease in holding the cup.

The Chinese never pour their tea into their saucers. Moreover, the cup has no handle.

It is really a little bowl with a small cover.
The waiter takes off this lid and drops in a pinch of tea.
Then, from a big pewter kettle, he pours in hot water.
They are very skillful at pouring.
They can stand back of the guest and his bench,
Yet send the scalding stream straight into the cup.
Beth screamed when she saw it coming the first time.
She was afraid it would scald her baby brother.
But the waiter never spilled a drop.
Then he put on the cover and let the tea brew.
One day they had a splendid surprise,
When they reached a very small shop they found a
friend.
He was one of the Canadian missionaries out itiner-
ating.
The tea shop is a good place for preaching.
You may sit down and talk to some special friends,
While others sit or stand about and listen.
See even the poor beggars squatting near the table.





HOMES OF THE POOR

MANY of the people in these small villages are very poor.

Some have a little money and keep small shops.

Often the women run the shop while the men go to work.

The men work for the farmers, or push barrows and carry loads.

When they work they may make from five to ten cents a day.

Then there are many days when they are out of work.

That means they must eat very sparingly or go hungry.

Of course their houses are also very poor.

Here is one at the end of the village street.

Billy snapped it with his little Brownie camera.

He says he wants the boys in Canada to see it,

For three Chinese boys live in this house.

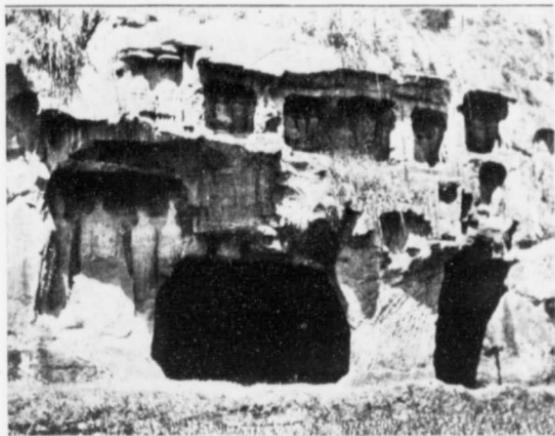
It is partly hidden by the tree,

But you can see it is low and unpainted.

It is covered only with old straw, so leaks very often.

The walls are of small bamboo poles and matting.
Inside there is no floor except the mud.
There is only one room for the boys, a big sister and
their parents.
Some straw with boards and a piece of matting form
the bed.
Then there is a wobbly table and two benches.
They cook in a big oval pan in one corner.
There is a small, square chimney, you see,
But much of the smoke goes all over the house.
Do you wonder that the mother and big sister have
sore eyes?
Of course there are some rich homes in China.
These have tile roofs, plastered walls, and board floors.
They have often also costly carvings and embroideries,
But the homes of the poor are many hundred times
more numerous.
Naturally, there is also much sickness in such places.
They believe that sickness is caused by evil spirits,
So they put up red paper charms and pictures to
frighten these.
Beth had a pretty picture with some Christian texts
on it.
The big sister took it gladly and placed it on the door.





CAVES AND CAVE-DWELLERS

MOST of the road led through the country with
busy farmers,
Or through the villages where the people were busy
marketing,
In these latter, the streets were so narrow and people
so many,
The chairmen and carriers could scarcely crush
through.
How they shouted and pushed the big folks!
But they were always gentle with the children.
"Look out, little fellow," they would shout, then guide
him safely aside.
So Beth and Billy liked it when the road ran through
the hills.
There the trees grew, the wind blew, leaves rustled,
streams galloped
And the birds flitted and sang just as in Canada.

There, too, they occasionally passed small openings.
They were coal mines where men and boys came out
half naked

And all grimy, dragging a few lumps each time.
These they loaded in baskets on their backs
And carried away down the winding path to the village.
Once they passed some large holes in the hillside.
Billy thought they must be old mines,
But the carriers said, "No, they are caves."
"What are they for?" he asked.

"That is where the wild men used to live," they replied.
Then Billy begged them to let him go in to see.
So while Beth stayed with the chair,
Billy and one of the chairmen went to explore the cave.
They could not get to the end of one, it was too dark and
deep.

In some they saw stone troughs for storing grain or
water.

In others, they found big, Buddhist idols,
And in another they found a big stone coffin.
In almost all, the walls were blackened by fires.
That was not the work of the "wild men," however,
For these so-called wild men lived before the Chinese
came.

The fires were built by robber bands,
Or more often still, by poor beggars with no other home.





GOLD WASHING ON THE YANGTSE

SOMETIMES the road led by the river side.
This Beth and Billy also enjoyed immensely.
It was especially interesting when near the big Yangtse.
There they saw boat after boat go gliding down,
While the men pushed their oars and sang their sailor
songs.
Or they saw others come crawling carefully up stream.
How slowly these went, for of course they had no steam.
No, they were drawn by men hitched to long ropes.
At one rapid they saw the rope break suddenly,
Then the current carried the boat back with a rush.
The sailors on board tried to steer it straight
But it rushed right on some great rocks.
Next the waves carried it up on a crag for an instant,
Then it turned completely over and came back with a
crash.
Beth hid her eyes, but Billy jumped out and ran down
the shore.

He saw some of the sailors struggling and shouting.
Running ahead, he got a long bamboo pole and waded
out.

With this he managed to bring two of the sailors to
shore.

A Chinese "red boat" rescued five others,
But the captain's wife and baby and three sailors were
lost.

Beth cries about them still, but is very proud of her
brother.

The poor sailors were very grateful. As for the people,
They draped Billy's chair in red and fired off crackers
in his honor.

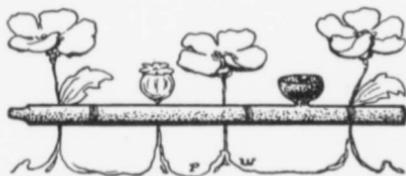
Later in the day they saw men fishing below the rapids.
Some had hooks and lines and some had nets.

But the most interesting were those fishing with otters
and cormorants.

These dived from the edges of little shallow boats
And soon came up with shining fish in their mouths
or beaks.

Just about evening they saw men, washing gold.
There are little particles of gold in the sand by the
shore.

It has been brought down from far west in Tibet.
Indeed the upper Yangtse is called by the people, The
River of Golden Sands.





ACROSS THE RIVER FROM A BIG CITY

A FEW days later they came to a big city.
This is a picture of it from across the river.
Of course it stretches far up and down the shores.
If you were closer, you would see many boats.
They are anchored far up and down the beach.
Each boat has a hole in it near the prow,
So the sailors simply shove a pole through this and the
boat is anchored.
See the first tall building on the right.
That is the river gate.
You can see the archway by the river's edge.
Through it small boats can enter the city.
Inside are canals leading to certain sections.
The next white building is the top of a temple.
It is so high, you can see the roof above the city wall.
Three or four of the next buildings are store houses.

The boats bring rice, tea, cotton, silk, salt, hides,
etcetera.

And these are stored for shipping up or down the river.

Another right under the pagoda is a temple.

In it is the river god worshipped by the sailors.

Just to the left of this is the top of another gate.

It is through this gate that Beth and Billy entered the
city.

Down by the shore, see the white building to the left,

That is a customs office for gathering taxes.

All boats must call there and get permits,

Then they may pass up or down the river.

But you are interested in the tall building in the centre.

Yes, that is called a pagoda.

It is really seven stories high but you can see only six.

It appears to be round but it has eight sides.

What is it for? Why, for good luck.

At first men built them to house some of Buddha's
bones,

Or a tooth or a toe nail or some other relic.

Now they say they bring good luck to the people.





A GREAT CITY GATEWAY

ALL the great cities in China have walls about them. The purpose is to keep out robbers or enemies in time of war,

So these walls are usually very high and thick.

This is about forty feet high and fifty feet wide.

On the inside it slopes gently up as a big embankment,
But the outside and the top are of brick and stone.

This city is almost square and the wall about twelve miles long.

You see it is the capital of a great province, so is especially strong.

Then there are other walls within the city, some higher than this.

But this wall is the longest and most important.

At first all the people lived inside, but now there is not room,

So there are long streets and many houses and shops on the outside.

How do they get in and out of the city? Why, through the gates.

There are usually one or more gates in each direction.

In the big cities, the wall is made double at such places, So you must go through an inner and an outer gate to enter.

Each gate is provided with great double doors.

These are often covered with sheets of iron.

They can also be locked and barred by big timbers.

Then see the towers on the top of this gateway.

These are for the sentries and soldiers on guard.

Outside the wall there is also a wide ditch full of water.

So you see it was not easy to get into a Chinese city.

But that was in the old days, when they fought with arrows or small guns.

Now, with aeroplanes and big guns,

A wall is really a prison, not a protection.

So in China to-day some cities are tearing their walls down.

In one city they use the old bank for a street car track.

How would you like to "go over the top" of a Chinese wall?

Beth and Billy did so twice during the revolution.

The gates were all closed so that was the only way.

They put a big rope under their arms and the soldiers pulled them up.

Beth was rather pale over it, but Billy thought it was fine fun.



WOMEN SEWING BY THE CITY WALL

HERE are two women with their children.
They are sitting at the foot of the city wall
sewing.

People who enter the gate have often walked long
distances,

And their garments need a few stitches here and there.
So these women do "patching while you wait."

They are on the inside of the wall to one side of the
gateway,

So their children can play on the bank while they work.
One woman has her baby on her back.

It is certainly a hot place under a summer sun,

But she just sways slowly to and fro

And soon sings her baby to sleep.

You would think she would wear a hat,

But most Chinese women just have a band or go bare
headed.

The other woman and her little girl have white head
cloths.

This means that the little girl's father is dead.

In Canada we wear black for mourning,

But in China it is the very opposite.

In some cases they are expected to mourn for three
years.

These women you see have bound feet.
This is always dangerous to health,
It is especially cruel in times of war.
Then the women cannot run away quickly as men can.
The soldiers therefore easily catch them and treat them
cruelly,
Or big shells burst in their houses and many are
wounded.
Fires also spread rapidly and they find it hard to
escape.
Many of these things happened in Chengtu, where Beth
and Billy live.
This little girl's feet are not bound yet,
So she can run and play like the boys.
When she is five they will begin to bandage them.
On the next page is a picture of a woman's bound foot,
Also a shoe and a cup for contrast.
Then Beth has put in a poem she sometimes recites.
It tells of a little friend and her bound feet.



HAPPY CHINESE LASSIES WHOSE FEET HAVE NEVER
BEEN BOUND.



WEE LASSIE LEE

THERE was a wee lassie named Lee,
She loved to eat rice and sip tea,
And romp with her brother and father and
mother,
And dance till their eyes danced in glee.

Her feast day, the fifth of her birth,
"Was just the best day on this earth."

She asked all her aunties and cronies and
grannies,
Who "laughed till they cried" at her mirth.

"Some day an official she'll wed,"

In chorus they one and all said.

Then took her wee toes,—they were pink as a
rose,—

And left them all lifeless as lead.

How she reasoned and pleaded and cried!

How they pitied, appealed to her pride.

Only slaves they declared, for whom no one
cared,

Had big feet,—were nobody's bride.

So she hobbled about day by day.

At night, how she tossed as she lay,

Her little feet throbbing, her little heart sobbing,
Till dimples and joy died away.

Now her brother, a fine student he,
From a western University,
Came for vacation, saw the situation,
And pleaded that she should be free.

For he was a Christian you see,
Which made all at first quite angry,
But when he expounded, with joy all abounded,
Especially a lassie named Lee.



THIS LITTLE GIRL IS HAVING HER FEET BOUND FOR
THE FIRST TIME.



CHAIR COOLIES SMOKING OPIUM

ONE day they rested a while in an inn. The sun was hot and the carriers were tired. They wanted "a moment" to drink tea, fan themselves and smoke.

At the end of twenty minutes all seemed ready. But Billy's three chairmen did not come. So the head man sent others to find them. They called and searched all over the village. This went on for half an hour but they could not be found.

Then the head man tried to hire other men. That took another half hour, for the new men must eat first.

Finally they stripped off their gowns, and picked up the chair.

Then it was discovered that two of the men could not carry.

They did not know to change the pole or keep in step. So the head man began to revile them, for they had eaten his rice.

Billy stopped that, and said he would walk to the next village.

But just as they were starting, word came that the old men were found.

They were up in a loft in a den, smoking opium.

Yes, that is their picture at the top of the page.

Two had finished and were waiting for the third.

The head man was very angry and began to swear furiously.

But Billy was very sorry, especially for the one to the right,

For he was only a young fellow still in his teens.

See how thin the man who is lying down has become.

When he smokes he does not eat sufficient food.

That is because the opium takes away his appetite.

It also takes away his money, his strength, and his conscience.

It causes trouble in the home, in health and in business.

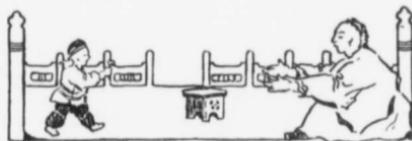
But once tried, the hunger for opium haunts men constantly.

They finally adjusted matters and got started.

But the whole party had lost two hours.

So it was after dark when they reached their stopping place.

Here are some verses Billy recites about opium.





WEE LADDIE WONG

THERE was a wee laddie named Wong,
Whose daddy was head of a "hong"
And so, very rich,—a good thing but which,—
Well, somehow, he just started wrong.

Of course he was proud of his son,
For he was the only one
To keep up the name and family fame,
And needs in the "land of no sun."

But alack for the lad and his mother,
This daddy man loved yet another.
He filled all the rooms with opium fumes,
Which boy life and joy life did smother.

Ere long he smoked early and late
Till at length, he used up their estate,
And all his boy's yearnings and all his wife's
earnings
Went out in a pitiless fate.

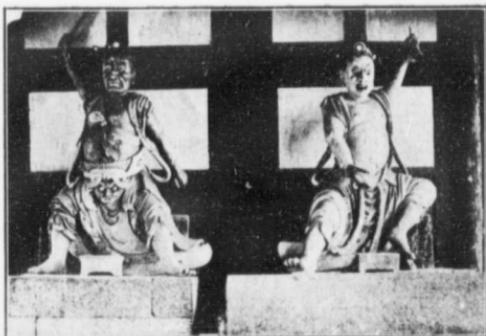
Then he mortgaged the lad to some men
Who ran a dark opium den,
Many times the boy tried to escape or to hide,
But they caught him and beat him again.

Well, one day they thought he was dead,—
They had dealt him a blow on the head,—
So hurried him straight to a hospital gate,
And plotted a lie as they fled.

But kindly and skilled Western hands,
Soon soothed him with ointments and bands,
Then sought out his dad and in good time had,
Him, too, free from opium strands.

.
The mamma now sings a new song
And the daddy lives upright and strong,
And the boy is in College and growing in
knowledge.
New wealth, say the whole family Wong.





TEMPLE GUARDS

“WHY do they start smoking?” you ask.
Well, some start, “just for fun” or “to see
how it goes.”

Or “because others do it,” just as some smoke cigarettes
in Canada, eh?

But others are much more to be pitied,

Like the boy carrying Billy’s chair.

Their bones and muscles and joints just ache and ache.

They know that a few whiffs of opium will stop the
pain.

Once started, the appetite grips them worse than wine.
Old pains come back, they feel as though all falling to
pieces,

Then they become reckless and wild.

They will lie, or steal, or perform almost any crime to
get opium.

“But why do they not get cured?” you ask.

Many do try but the desire is too strong.

Some buy pills upon the streets, said to cure.

But these too have opium, so are only a fraud.

Others come to our hospitals and are cured.

Our doctors give medicines to help in the struggle.
In about four days, the worst of the fight is over,
But some run away while the ordeal is on,
Or they are tempted, and fall again.
—Yes, the rich smoke as well as the poor,
And women smoke as well as the men.
Many give up in despair, and die from smoking,
Others go to the temples and try to bribe the guards.
They believe these underlings can bribe the gods in hell.
They also think the idols like to use opium,
So they sometimes smear the guard's mouth with the
stuff.
They believe this will make the guards befriend them
after death,
And make excuses for them to the gods.
Just now the Chinese people are fighting hard against
opium.
They destroyed twenty million dollars' worth recently
in Shanghai.
Should we not help them in such a struggle?



A POPPY FIELD—FROM THESE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS THE DRUG
OPIUM IS PRODUCED.



CHINESE TEMPLE AND PRIESTS

WOULD you like to visit a Chinese temple?
Beth and Billy were anxious to do so.
They had almost forgotten about them while on
furlough.

It is easier to visit a temple than a church,
For the temples are rarely, if ever, shut by day,
And the priests are almost always friendly.
There are usually a few small temples near the main
temple.

In the first are two great idols of terrifying appear-
ance.

They are supposed to frighten people who enter with
wicked motives.

One shuts his teeth tightly and hisses at you.
The other opens his mouth wide and gives a wild shout,
So the people call these two guards, "Hen-n" and
"Ha-ah."

That is, in imitation of the sounds they utter.

In the next pavilion are four great Deva gods.
They are giants guarding north, south, east and west.
They can call the winds, rain, darkness, thunder to help
them.

In the main temple are many, many gods.
One called the goddess of Mercy has hundreds of arms.
She stretches these out to save people from drowning
and other dangers.

Another, Buddha, is seated serenely on a lotus flower.
He is teaching all the world how to live.
People burn paper and bow to earth before these.
They are praying for health or wealth or happiness as
we do.

Most of the priests believe in the idols also.
They are usually very ignorant and uneducated.
A few have become priests to escape capture as
criminals.

When they enter, they shave their heads and put on
priests' clothes.

Many of the priests have been in the temples since
childhood.

Their parents sold them because they were poor,
Or with the hope that their priest son might save them.
See the priest standing, he is only a youth.

When a full priest they will burn nine spots on his
head.





GIFTS TO DEAD ANCESTORS

NOW what do you think those things are?

Well, if you look closely, you can see

A woman and two men, all on stools.

Then, next the men there is a sedan chair.

The other is a house such as they build in sea ports.

"But the house is no higher than the people," you say.

Yes, you see, they are all made of paper.

"Just play people and houses and chairs?" you ask.

Oh no, they are all very serious things, they are presents.

"Presents to whom?" you inquire, "to Beth and Billy?"

No, nor to Chinese children, nor to any one living.

They are gifts to people who have died, perhaps years ago.

You see, the Chinese believe dead people need such things.

They need food and clothing and boats and books just as we do.

This family are sending these things to their grandfather.

"But how can they send them?" you ask.

Why, they just burn them.

They believe they can thus transmit them.

"But they do not burn food!" you say.

No, they place the bowls of rice before the ancestral tablet.

The dead parents are supposed to get the spirit of the food.

Then the economical people take back and eat the substance.

The same way with the money, or gold or silver, They just burn paper imitations of these.

Beth asked them why they did not burn "really truly money,"

But they only laughed and said she was a "wise kiddie."

Many in China rarely worship the idols,

But all people worship and give gifts to their ancestors.

They fear these would starve if they did not.

Moreover, their ancestors would punish them.

They would send sickness, or sorrow or disaster, or death.

Are you not glad you were born in Canada?



LOOKING FOR A LOST BOY

WHICH is worth the more, boys or girls?
The best way to answer is to say, "Both,"
For we want both in Canada.
So they do in China, but they think boys are best.
This is also part of that strange belief about helping
the dead.
A boy, if he lives, will of course, send these provisions.
"So can a girl," you say.
No, when she marries, she leaves her family finally.

All her efforts will go to help her husband's ancestors.
So you see the Chinese consider a boy baby best.
Of course, in many homes, the little girl is welcome also.
But in some they actually throw her away.
This is not because they are cruel.
The Chinese are really very fond of children.
They would soon make Beth and Billy both ill
Buying them peanuts and oranges and candies.
What do you think that man is doing?
He is beating a big brass gong.
At night, watchmen do that to frighten thieves.
But this man is notifying all that a child is lost.
The neighbors will help in the search.
So you see, they are sympathetic to children.
When they sell a child or throw it away
It is because they are so very poor.
If there are missionaries in their city,
They often fetch them to their doors.
So in Chengtu, there is an orphanage
Just to take care of these little foundlings.
Beth likes to go over and play with them
And to invite the older ones to her home.
Some are well educated young women now.
Just think! Were it not for the orphanage
They would not be alive and laughing to-day!



TWO BONNIE BABIES

HERE are two Chinese baby girls.
Aren't they bonny little lassies?
They have brown eyes and little fat hands and dimples.
Soon they will chatter and patter about just as you did.
Well, years ago, two such little waifs
Were laid at our women's door in Chengtu.
What could they do with them?
They could not throw them away, that was certain,
And of course they could not find their parents.
So they decided to take them in and raise them.
That was the beginning of our orphanage.
They called one child Annie and the other Ida.
They raised them just as we do at home.
Sometimes they were sick and had to be nursed,
And sometimes they were naughty and had to be ——!!
For Chinese children are much like those
In a far away country called,—Canada.
Later they were sent to school,
And later still they went to high school.
Now both are graduated from there.
Annie is busy helping as a teacher.

One day Ida was assisting in the Sunday School.
There a university student saw her.
He was formerly an official in Szechwan,
But he felt he needed more education.
Later he decided to become a Christian.
Later still he concluded he should be a minister.
He felt he could help his country best that way.
Still later he was sure he wanted Ida!
Now she is working in Chengtu with him.
He is Chinese pastor of our Sutherland Memorial
church.
They think it is worth while saving little tots,
Don't you think so too?



LITTLE CHINESE GIRLS IN A MISSION SCHOOL.



TWO OF CHINA'S GRANDMOTHERS

HAVE they really grandmothers in China?
Certainly, and great-grandmothers and great-
great-grandmothers too.

But these two in the picture are only grandmothers.
The one on the right is Mrs. Wong, that is, Mrs. "King."
The one on the left is Mrs. Doo, or Mrs. "Azalea."
She too was married when she was quite young.
All her children died, however, but one son.
He is a head printer in our press in Chengtu.
Beth and Billy like to go into his department,
For he sets up English type which they can read.
You see most of the type is Chinese, which is hard for
them.

In another place Tibetan and Miao are printed.
These they cannot read at all but they can sell the books,
When they meet a Tibetan in the mountains in the
summer.

This Mr. Doo has little ones going to school,
So you see old Mrs. Doo is their grandmother.
But this old grandmother had a great grief.
Her eyes began to grow very dim,
So she could not see her little grandchildren,
Nor sew, nor walk about, nor work in any way.
That was, of course, a great sorrow to her and her
friends.

She tried many Chinese medicines to no effect.
These doctors finally said it was the "white cloud"
(cataract),

And for that there was no cure.

She sorrowed much that her days must all be darkness.

Then she sought out our Western doctors.

They told her some day they would try their skill.

So she waited on and on till they said, "Come."

Then one day they removed the bandages,

And behold, she could see once more!

Wasn't that really wonderful!



LITTLE GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN CURED IN OUR HOSPITAL.



CHINESE COMING FROM CHURCH

SEE all this crowd of people.
Church is just over and they are coming out.
But they are only starting to flow into the street.
They will soon fill it as far as you can see.
For the church, as usual, has been full.
People have been standing along the back,
While others have been seated in the aisles and about
the altar.

It has always been crowded like that,
As long as Beth and Billy can remember.
But old Grandmother Doo can tell you another story.
She remembers when the missionaries first came.
People feared them and called them "foreign devils."
Some saw the small pills our doctors used,
They said they were the little black beads in people's
eyes,
And that children were kidnapped to get them.
This angered the people greatly.
One day a great mob gathered on this very street.
Soon they began to throw stones and broke through
the gates.

There they looted and burned houses, hospital and
church,
While the missionaries fled for their lives.
Now old Mrs. Doo and all her family are Christians.
Though an old woman she has unbound her feet,
And walks every Sunday to the services.
In this church, the women and men enter by different
doors,
And each sit apart, separated by a low partition.
So the old lady likes to be usher and take up the offering.
But best of all she loves to stand up and testify
How the Western physicians opened the eyes of her
body,
But the Great Physician opened the eyes of her soul.
During the recent riots, hundreds fled to this church.
They lived there by day and slept on the seats by
night.—
Surely a strange change since the old days of looting!



ANOTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCH.



NINE GIRLS OF NEW CHINA

HOW would you like to play in that group?
Beth loves to do so. They have such fun.
She thinks they are just lovely.
They are so bright and quick and winsome,
And all are anxious to learn new games from Canada.
“Why, they look different from the usual Chinese,”
you say.

Yes, these are the girls of the new China.
Their feet have never been bound
And they have gone to school for some time.
There they learn to live healthfully, thoughtfully,
joyously,

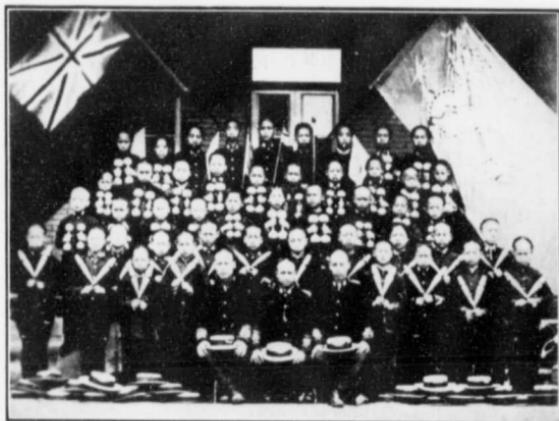
So the new life is bursting out all over the land.
In the old days, girls did not “study books.”
They were taught to cook and wash and sweep if poor,
But especially to sew and make embroidery, if rich.
“Why should she learn to read?” people said,
“She can never be an official!”

The old marriage customs, too, were bad.
Often little girls younger than these were betrothed.
Sometimes, the boy died before the marriage,
Then the girl was expected to go to his home

And live a widow all her days.
Even to-day she has no voice in the great choice.
She never sees her husband until after they are wed.
She is carried to his home, her face heavily veiled.
Together they worship his ancestors and parents.
By this he adopts her into his family.
Then some one removes the thick red veil
And the two see each other for the first time.
Do you wonder that they are often disappointed and
unhappy?
Yes, that is true of the greater part of China still,
But the new day is dawning.
Can you not come and make it brighter?



HAPPY CHINESE CHILDREN WITH THEIR MOTHER.



DUMB-BELLS AND CLUBS IN CHINA

HERE is a bunch who knew Billy as a baby.
That was before the big revolution in China.
You see they have the British and Chinese flags.
If you could read those Chinese words
You would know they mean, "Anglo-Chinese School."
That is why they fly our flag and theirs.
But the Chinese is the old Manchu flag, the dragon.
Since the revolution they have a new flag,
It has five colored stripes, red, yellow, blue, white and
black.
These represent five races in the big republic.
The red is for the real Chinese.
The yellow is for the Manchus, their recent rulers.
The blue is for the Mongols, once rulers also.
The white is for the Mohammedans in the northwest.
The black is for the Tibetans and other tribes.
You would find most of these races in this group,
For West China has a very mixed population.

Hundreds of years ago, there was a great rebellion.
One of the leaders was an ex-butcher.
Some say he was half insane.
He thought he should kill all the people,
So he sent out his soldiers all over the province.
Those who could not flee were slain.
He had a strange stone tablet set up in Chengtu.
It has the word "kill" seven times cut upon it.
To-day it lies face downwards, in one of the yamens.
But the land in those days lay desolate.
After peace came, people were urged to become settlers.
From some of the thickly settled eastern provinces,
Whole families were driven west by soldiers.
Thus Szechwan was again largely populated.
And these boys are sons of such strange settlers.
Would not their fathers wonder at these dumb-bells
and clubs to-day?



NEW CHINA—FORMER STUDENTS OF OUR MISSION SCHOOL.



A CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM

BUT these boys are big fellows now.
There are several of them in the West China
Union University.

There they play basketball, baseball and volley ball.
They have tennis tournaments and track meets,
With all the events as in college life in Canada.
Here is a picture of their football team.
They have just won the championship over all competitors.

Billy is very proud of that, for they are his friends.
But they do not spend all their time at sports.
Many of them speak English, and all practise our motto,

“Work when you work and play when you play.”
They also know that China’s great need is good leaders,
So some study medicine and dentistry to be doctors and dentists,

Others are studying arts and science to be teachers.
Still others study theology to be preachers.
Many of course, aim to be business men or officials.
But each knows Christian leadership is best,
So all the senior students are active Christians.

Alas! There is no college for girls in West China.
Almost as many girls as in all North America,
And not a chance for higher education anywhere!
Isn't that really a pity?
Billy wants to be a doctor and heal the sick people,
But Beth says she is going to be a teacher some day
And get her classmates and chums in Canada
All out to China to start a College for women.
After this trip you have taken with them
And seen China's poverty, ignorance, sickness and
suffering,
You will agree, will you not,
That Beth and Billy have right ambitions?
But they cannot do it alone,
Will you not help them? When and how?



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