

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE MISSIONARIES

IN the spring of 1917 I made a geographical reconnaissance through western Honan from Tungkuan at the border of Shensi along the Yellow River eastward to Shanchow. On the way out to this field of activity I had come to Loyang. There I spent the night while waiting for the early morning train that was to carry us — myself, my assistant, Mr. Hsü, and my boy — westward to Kuanyintang, the western terminus of the railroad.

When we got up next morning about six o'clock, somewhat chilly on account of the early hour, we discovered that the train which was to take us west had only one provision for passengers, viz., a freight car, where we were packed in with coolies and old peasant women.

On a little wooden bench in this car I caught sight of a foreign woman dressed in a simple costume of blue cheviot, a small, unassuming person with eyes that radiated kindness and intelligence. We spoke, as is the custom among foreigners in China when they meet in their journeys. I addressed her in English and she conversed a while in that language, but we soon discovered that we were of the same country. When I had told her my name I learned that she was Maria Pettersson, born at Lundsbrunn in West Gothland and now since many years a missionary at Sinanhsien in Honan. After about an

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hour's run we came to her little city. Miss Pettersson left the train and I went on.

But I came back to Sinan several times and at each visit spent several days at the little mission station, where I met with unusual hospitality, kindness and help in my scientific work.

The mission station at Sinan, which belongs to the Swedish Missions in China, was conducted by two female missionaries, Maria Pettersson and Maria Hultkrantz. The former came from a peasant home in West Gothland, the latter had grown up in a Vermland manor house. It was very interesting to see these two female workers in mission service who had come from such different surroundings getting on so harmoniously together, and I often had the impression that the peasant's daughter was the leading personality, especially in spiritual questions.

Maria Pettersson was a veteran in missionary work. She had been in Sinan many years before the Boxer troubles in 1900. Her recollections of that memorable year sound as strange and improbable as a saga.

She with several other female missionaries was forced to traverse on foot the six hundred and fifty miles from Honan to Nanking. This was during the weeks when the massacre of foreigners took place in northern China, and it seems a miracle that these women escaped with their lives. They were often exposed to scorn and abuse from fanatical mobs; at times the district authorities debated whether or not to imprison and execute them.

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But what Maria Pettersson most treasured in her memory of these weeks of suffering and anxiety were the humorous incidents or the times when friendliness was shown to the fugitives. They sometimes met people who amid curses and blows secretly put bread and other edibles into the foreign women's dresses.

Once the fugitives were invited by a kindly magistrate to a great dinner of twenty-two Chinese courses. "But," said Maria Pettersson with a mournful smile, "our poor stomachs were in no condition to do justice to so many good things."

After the suppression of the Boxers, when conditions gradually became normal again, Miss Pettersson returned to Sinan, and it is now her hope to work and die in this little provincial town which has become her second home.

It was in the late autumn of 1918 that I was first a guest at her station and learned to know and appreciate more intimately this unassuming, pertinacious and fearless disciple of the great Master of Nazareth.

My purpose this time was to locate the tertiary mammals upon whose traces we had just come and of which we later made such extensive collections. Maria Pettersson took a day off from her missionary labors and led me on small paths far about in the district of Sinan. I knew it was a regular bandit resort we were going to and asked her in the morning as we were getting ready if I should take along my automatic pistol, but she declined to have me do so.

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We left the city and walked all day over mountain and valley past many small villages. All the while she told stories in a very amusing way about the robbers. At one place two young sons on a farm had been carried off and nobody had seen them since. She surmised that they had possibly been sold as slaves to the gold diggers in the province of Heilungkiang far up in northern Manchuria. At another point a funeral procession had come through a village. But when the procession had come into the midst of the village, the bearers had set down the coffin and opened the lid, disclosing not a corpse but a pile of guns, which were taken out to keep the people quiet while the pall-bearing bandits plundered the village.

As I listened to these robber stories I longed for my pistol, which was behind at the mission. But when some weeks later I told this to the missionaries at a neighboring station, I was told with a smile that any one would be safe in the district of Sinan who was out with Maria Pettersson. I thus learned that she had become a privileged person even among the local bandits.

One night there had been a battle between the soldiers and the bandits near Sinan, and the wounded of both sides had come to the Swedish mission to have their wounds bandaged. The situation was very threatening. The soldiers had reinforcements near and it looked as if there would be a fresh battle in the mission courtyard. But at that Maria Pettersson took command:

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“Let the soldiers go on the west and the bandits on the east side. And behave yourselves properly, boys, because if you start any rumpus in here, I shall take off your bandages and put out the whole lot of you.” From that night this quiet little woman became a holy person among the bandits of Sinan.

Next year, 1919, I came again to Sinan. All this part of Honan was then a great famine camp, where people tried to get along, while they waited for the harvest, on bread baked of clay with a little mixture of green leaves. The two Marias, Pettersson and Hultkrantz, had thrown themselves with all their might into the work of relief. Standing by a great cauldron, they distributed food to the most destitute, while little children who exhibited alarming symptoms of hunger were taken into a little improvised nursery. Those who had just come in from the starving families out in the country were the most revolting, but in proportion to the time they had spent in the nursery their healthy childish look had begun to return. They were, however, all quite dirty and I had the temerity to make a remark on the circumstance. But at that I got a sound lesson from Maria Pettersson, who gave me an astonishing insight into the relief work which the two foreign women had carried on during these weeks. It was her, doubtless correct, opinion that it would be absurd to think of washing the clothes or attempting to clean these children thoroughly, while the two missionaries needed every minute of the day and most of the night together with all the means at

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their disposal to bring in and feed the starving children who were still waiting in crowds out in the villages.

Yet again I came to Sinan and found Maria Pettersson in full career, building a home for little girl children who had been exposed and cast off by their parents. This home had long been a dream of hers, and she now shone with happiness at finding herself on the threshold of its achievement.

Dear Maria Pettersson, when you see these lines, let me offer you this tribute for your dauntless courage, your gay and cheerful disposition, and your burning love toward the small and weak. You are verily in spirit and in truth a faithful follower of Him who preached love for children. You and such as you among the missionaries cause the work of the missions to be respected and honored among the Chinese, and you make amends for much of the wrong of which the rapacious foreigners have been guilty toward the people of China.

I do not know when and how Joel Erikson first came to take up the art of healing, but when I first visited his station in 1919, he was already a great and trusted medicine-man among the Mongols. He mended men who had been wounded by robbers or bitten by the angry Mongol dogs; he delivered women in childbirth when their labor was particularly hard; he cured coughing and indigestion and tended, usually with success, a hundred other ailments. But among a people where almost every

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adult individual was infected with syphilis he had a greater and more vital task. Old chieftains who could not speak or stand, wrecks of humanity eaten through with disease, were brought to him, and a few weeks of mercury cure did wonders. The old men could go home on horseback and would send back a cow to the mission in payment. Joel's fame spread far over the steppes, and Mongols came from afar to be treated by the famous physician. In Mongol circles, where this mission would have won but scant hearing, folk became favorably interested in these strangers who could master the great disease. Finally even the lamas from a temple where Mongol medicine was taught came to Joel when the affliction became too severe.

Joel Erikson went through courses at the great American college for medical training at Peking, and when in 1921-1923 he was home in Sweden on leave, I succeeded through the active help of Professor Carl Winan in getting him the chance to share the work in numerous medical clinics at Upsala University.

He could now add new treatments to his earlier methods, and I have learned that he has successfully performed even such delicate surgical work as an operation for cataract.

A couple of efficient trained nurses at the same mission worked for a while at Urga in Outer Mongolia with great success till the attitude of the Red Russians forced them to give up this field. Very recently a trained physician has been added to the Swedish mission in Mongolia, and Joel Erikson has therefore

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his support in carrying on the work of healing the natives.

It was certainly a fortunate gesture on the part of the Swedish mission in Mongolia to engage so resolutely in the medical side of their activities. Because of the incredible power which lamaism exercises over the Mongols by means of its numerous priesthood the mission in Mongolia has a much more difficult task than that of similar institutions in China proper. It is practically impossible to win a Mongol to Christianity unless the mission can assume responsibility for the future support of the convert and his family, for he who has drawn upon himself the malediction of the lamas is absolutely thrown out of the Mongol community.

In this meager soil the medical activity has been the plough to open the ground for the spiritual seed of the missionaries. Joel Erikson, the spruce little Westmanlander with the sunny boyish temperament — together with his elder, more slow-going but extremely persevering colleague, Magnus Johansson, and some women assistants, Annie Erikson, Gerda Ollén and Hulda Wiklund — has performed a pioneer work which has brought much material help and spiritual enlightenment — the latter less willingly accepted perhaps — to a people once great in their barbaric might but in the bonds of indolence and vice.

George Findlay Andrew played the same part in my work in Kansu which Maria Pettersson had done in Honan and Joel Erikson in helping my researches

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in Mongolia. There is a trait in common among these three foremost among my missionary assistants; viz., their bright, spirited dispositions. I like to believe that this natural freshness of temperament in them is only one side of the broadmindedness which caused them to be interested in an activity so different from theirs as was mine.

Andrew met all people with an exuberant humor behind which was hidden a deep seriousness and an undeviating fidelity. With these qualities he had won a remarkable power over the local population, and the most extraordinary part was that he was equally trusted in the two hostile camps, the Chinese and the Mahometan.

In the spring of 1924 when Andrew was called by the Board of Missions from Lanchow to a new position at the English school at Chefoo in Shantung, Governor Lu at Lanchow made two attempts to get the Board of Missions to retain Andrew in Kansu. It surprised me that the old Chinese general was so desirous to keep near him this foreigner, and I gradually collected evidence as to his motives. Andrew was an extraordinarily outspoken man, who gave his unvarnished opinion on many occasions. But it was just this fearless yet at the same time pleasant and likable frankness, contrasting with the servility which otherwise surrounded Governor Lu, which had won his confidence. The governor had the feeling that Andrew would be the man in the hour of need, when others were silent, to open his eyes to approaching danger.

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Andrew's special society and the subject of his study was the Mahometans of Kansu, concerning whom he has written a most readable book. All the five great *mas*, the five free-lance generals of Kansu, were his friends, and his acquaintance among the other Mahometans was extensive and varied. The reader may gather an idea of Andrew's frankness toward his Islamitic friends from the following anecdote.

Andrew managed one day that he and I should be invited to dinner by an active and enterprising but somewhat violent Mahometan, who gave us a splendid meal and treated Andrew with the greatest respect. In the midst of the feast Andrew said, "You may well imagine, Doctor Andersson, that when the new city prison is dedicated, our host, who seems a bit overstimulated, will be the first guest in it."

Considering the absurdity that a Mahometan could appear tipsy, I turned to Mr. Ma with an air of perhaps indiscreet surprise, but was still more overcome when Ma, clearly somewhat taken aback, nodded assent to Andrew's assertion. It seemed that Andrew wished to use this occasion for a humorous yet significant reminder to his friend Ma that he should not behave so any more.

It is my firm impression that Andrew has a great task to fulfill in Kansu. The hatred between the Chinese and the Mahometans is always smoldering, and only a chance encounter is needed for a devastating fire to sweep over the province. There would

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be no one better equipped than George Findlay Andrew both to get the missionaries into safety and to mediate between the contending peoples.

On my table lies a little volume, "China's Challenge to Christianity", which analyzes in a masterly way the present state of the missions in China and shows with unsparing frankness the ways to be followed if the work of the missions is not to stand still or go back.

The book is founded on a deep knowledge of the Chinese people and is filled with an intense respect for their culture.

The Chinese are a good-natured people, sober, peaceful, law-abiding, with wonderful energy and patience.

In handling a people such as the Chinese, with an old and rich cultural heritage, the activities of the missions should be carried on with respect and understanding; respect for the unique and valuable characteristics of Chinese culture, understanding for the Chinese temperament and the theory of life which their culture has created. The greater the reverence and the deeper the understanding, the better can we approach the Chinese in the spirit of Christ.

I am proud to say that the author of this broad-minded and tolerant presentation is a friend of mine. Lucius Chapin Porter is the son of an American missionary and has from childhood won familiarity with the Chinese speech and national temperament. He received his university training in America and

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described himself on his return to China as a "returned student", which is the phrase applied to Chinese students who have gone through a foreign university and later returned home. Porter speaks and reads the Chinese language like a native, so that he is in the enviable position of being able to judge the situation in the East with equally thorough knowledge of Eastern and Western culture.

After working for some years as teacher in the high school of the Methodist mission at Peking, he assumed for two years the honorable duty of following Professor Hirth as Professor of Sinology at Columbia University. After these two years as a university teacher in America he returned to Peking and there organized, along with Mr. Pettus, the Yenching School of Chinese Studies, an institution richly endowed by Americans, which has as its object the promotion of study in the Chinese language and Chinese culture.

Lucius Porter represents the highest education and widest vision among the missionaries in China. It is he and men of his type who justify our hope that narrow-mindedness and self-righteousness shall not be the weeds that will choke the sound growth of the missions. Highly educated and liberal leaders of his sort might most happily bring the activities of the missions without any great losses through the storm which now threatens because of the movement against the foreigners. This movement the foreigners themselves have conjured up and under it the missionaries are now compelled to suffer.

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Maria Pettersson, the simple, true-hearted servant in her Lord's work; Joel Erikson, the successful amateur physician; George Findlay Andrew, the trusted friend of Chinese and Mahometan; and Lucius Chapin Porter, the highly educated and broad-minded student of the past — these are some of the finest types among the numerous missionaries whom I met in my expedition in China. To these names I might add certain others: Oberg, recently deceased, the children's friend up at Saratsi; Van Dyk, the finely trained art lover, now living at Ninghsia; and many others whom I cannot here describe.

It is no injustice to the missionary band now working in China to say that among them are also personalities of minor significance, more narrow-minded and with less all-around education.

I must also emphasize the fact that my treatment of the missionary problem is almost entirely the outcome of my experiences among the Protestant missions. I have had comparatively little contact with the Catholic missions. Living apart, because of their vows of celibacy, and trained under a much stricter spiritual discipline than the often quite free-thinking Protestant missionaries, they have developed a type of their own which is much harder for us to appreciate.

In one respect the Catholic missionaries are more virile than their Protestant colleagues, especially in the matter of self-protection in times of unrest. In a number of the Protestant missions there is a quite stereotyped submission to these changes, but the

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Catholics are not content with a passive reliance on God's protection. Their stations are well provided with weapons and ammunition, and in critical times many of the fathers have shown that they are members of a church militant. During the Boxer agitation many of the Catholic stations — Peitang in Peking, Paotingfu and some of the missions on the Mongolian border — succeeded in holding their own till relief came, while the Protestants in the same district were massacred.

In later times too the Catholic stations have been regarded in times of unrest as safe fortresses, whither even the local Chinese officials could flee for refuge in case of necessity.

A little story of a warlike father which I heard on the Mongolian border is so diverting that it deserves retelling.

One of the Catholic stations in Mongolia was constantly disturbed by a robber band, who were specially addicted to plundering the neighboring villages, inhabited by Catholicized Chinamen. The father's repeated attempts to come to a reckoning with the robbers were unfruitful, till at last, becoming desperate, he mobilized his men for a return attack. At the time when the father went on the warpath the greater part of the bandits were far away in search of other booty. The father therefore found only a herd of fifty of the robbers' horses guarded by two men, who attempted to defend it and were shot down. Had the Catholics taken the horses as spoils of war, the consequence would have surely been an

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attack by the robbers to recapture them. The good father, however, had a better knowledge of psychology and did something which terrified both his proselytes and the bandits. With his own hand he shot down a large number of the horses and then returned to the station with his mind at ease.

He had calculated well. The robbers, who could understand a man's stealing horses but not his shooting them down by the score, were greatly frightened and said to themselves that the father was a strange and violent man and that it would be best to make terms with him. They therefore offered terms of peace, which were easily arranged on the basis that the robbers should not molest any Chinese belonging to the Catholic station and that the father should shoot no more horses.

The good fathers live well at their stations up there on the Mongolian border. Red wine for dinner and a good cigar afterwards is a thing of course to them, whereas such things would make the hair rise on the head of a world-renouncing Protestant missionary. An elegant, well-educated Catholic bishop, resplendent in every detail, who once invited me to lunch, had a delightful little trick which quite captivated me. When the coffee was drunk and he had puffed a while at his black cigar, he proposed that we should go out and look over the station. It was in excellent order: there were schools for the converted youngsters, beautifully laid out gardens and a handsome church. When we had come to the church door, Monseigneur laid his cigar in a niche in the

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wall, which had evidently been put there for that purpose. He then went in, bowed his knee before the altar and crossed himself; whereupon he quickly showed me the church, came out into the open again, took his cigar and continued to smoke.

Some Protestant missionaries find it hard to believe that the full-blooded fathers can content themselves with the joys of the table, but rumors to the contrary may be ascribed to a natural "professional jealousy" or to the unbridled imagination of the narrator.

The Catholics make a rather inconsiderate use of the privileges granted by treaty to the missions as to acquiring land in China. Considerable stretches of land around the stations belong to the Catholic missions, which lease the soil to their proselytes, thus making them dependent in every way. The way in to the Catholic mission is as easy, with its enticing privileges, as the way out is difficult.

The Catholics offer legal help to their communicants, and this help often takes the form of putting pressure on the local authorities, a method which the Chinese detest.

There is in general a great danger for mission activities of all denominations in that the Chinese, with their highly developed sense of property, seek and easily find material advantages in becoming Christians. A famous authority on China invented the term "rice Christians", which deeply wounded the missionaries but unquestionably put a finger on their weak point. A rice Christian is a Chinaman who has

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entered the mission to be assured in future of access to the much-desired rice bowl, both literally and figuratively.

In the first place the mission gives work which is decent and well paid to a large number of people. It is good, furthermore, to have in the missionary a friend who can recommend the Chinese convert's child, brother or cousin to foreigners and influential Chinese. Beyond that an active Chinese brain can make use of the mission in a thousand ways.

If the God who presides over all missionaries should one day search their hearts concerning the results of mission work, he would behold the fearful spectacle of sighs and groans from faithful enthusiasts, who in many cases have to admit that their good intentions have been ill repaid. It is natural that these bitter disappointments should not willingly be made public, and in order to stand on firm ground I shall content myself with citing a couple of my own experiences.

Just once during my many journeys was I thoroughly hoodwinked by one of my servants. I had sent him ahead to get four wagons for a long country journey, when I found to my annoyance that I had to pay much more than I had calculated, viz., two hundred dollars a wagon, eight hundred for the whole outfit. But gradually through the other servants the truth leaked out and finally the man in question made a voluntary confession that he had paid only one hundred and sixty dollars per wagon and put four times forty in his own pocket. There

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is in China, to be sure, a widespread custom of taking *some* commission. Five dollars per wagon would have been quite reasonable, ten I should have put up with in silence, but all the other servants agreed with me that this was exorbitant. The man himself lost countenance at the discovery and asked permission to leave my service. The gratitude and discretion with which he took his departure was quite astonishing. He was the son of a typical rice Christian.

Just once too I was forced to have a business settlement with an "evangelist" at a Protestant station. Evangelist is the possibly too pretentious title of a native preacher in the Protestant missions.

In the case in point the missionary, to whom I owe the deepest gratitude, had helped to arrange a large excavation in the village where the evangelist had his childhood's home. I lived with his brother and on my arrival found with surprise a number of trays, quite new and of the type I used for packing my specimens. At first I was greatly delighted at the evangelist's considerateness in arranging this for me. But when the bill came I grew suspicious, for they were twice as much as I had paid in other places. I made investigations and found I could get them at half the price from a near-by town.

As the evangelist was well compensated for all his help to me, I got furious when at the reckoning his heathen brother related that this was a deliberate plan to get a double price. I first thought of letting the local authorities take the fellow in hand. But

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partly it would have been grotesque to put an evangelist in jail, partly I wished to spare my good friend the missionary. So I turned the matter over to the mission and the end of it was that the dirty rascal had to pay the mission orphanage the money he had filched from me.

Ah, yes, the missionaries often have bitter experiences. But not all of them are so open-hearted as the little woman with the saint's halo and the frank address, who on Sunday morning, before the people slipped in for the service, came to me, her guest, and told me to take into my room all the things I had lying around the door. "Because," she said, "they never steal as much with us as on Sundays."

I have often met with the statement that the missionaries choose their profession not exclusively from enthusiasm for their spiritual work but likewise for practical considerations. Illustrative of this conception there is a caricature of a mission station showing in the foreground a splendid villa and in the background a disreputable-looking little preaching place, the whole with the motto: "Of the bricks which remain over when we have built our temple we made for ourselves a simple little cottage."

All such talk seems to me a conscious or unconscious libel on the missions which has no foundation. No doubt there are in that large band some unscrupulous individuals (some special cases in the summer resorts of Peitaiho and Kuling founded by the missionaries are not typical of most of the band) and no

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doubt the comparative comfort and large supply of servants may be an enticement, but this applies to all of us who have known the indolent life of the East. Taken as a whole, I dare go on record that the great majority of the missionaries are self-sacrificing, pure in heart and devoted to their calling, people to whom material considerations are in another plane. I was often startled at the poverty in which certain Scandinavian missionaries were compelled to work, and the insight into the missionaries' household affairs which an Englishman of the China Inland Mission gave me, to show how comparatively highly I had paid for a service he had done, caused me to wish that God might by some miracle increase their scanty bread.

I should like to warn other foreigners who visit China, often with large means in their capacities as business men, diplomats or employees of the Chinese Government, not to express any careless condemnation of the missionaries. For the missionaries, often in situations of peril, perform a labor of devoted love, however small the results may seem, which may entitle them as foreign devils to a little mitigating consideration in compensation for the crying injustice which the foreign powers have done to China.

Hitherto in my estimate of the missions in China I have kept to externals and expressed no opinion on the central question: Christianity as a beneficent power in Chinese spiritual life.

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The question is difficult and I lack the equipment to answer it exhaustively. I shall, however, venture a few observations as a contribution toward the solution of this hard problem.

One must begin from the historical basis that the Chinese are people of an ancient culture, who preserve in unbroken descent the proud traditions of their wonderful age of bronze.

What is precious and holy in this ancient heritage, the social teachings of Confucius with sacrifice to the memory of their fathers, was to the missionaries incomprehensible, indifferent, or actually a "heathen" abomination. Professor Karlgren has admirably described the blind struggle of the missions against the holiest traditions of Chinese culture, and I venture to quote his words:

"They (the missionaries) caused their proselytes to cease revering the spirits of their ancestors and made them regard Confucius as a false prophet. What was worse, they made them refuse their support to the temples and celebrations maintained by the community. They brought discord into the family — the foundation of the community — and put their small congregation into a sort of hostility with their whole environment."

The Chinese have kept building diligently on the revered corner-stone of their ancient civilization, assimilating new cultural elements with Buddhism. And now last of all, through the hundreds of students who have brought in Western science from America and Europe, they make themselves so

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familiar with our education that the true-hearted but ill-trained peasant lads whom the Mission Society sends out from my home region of Närke are dumb-founded when they meet a cultivated Chinese official of the modern type.

Here we have the first requirement of the mission, if it is to become a living spiritual power; viz., that no one shall be permitted to work in the mission service who has not a general education and a breadth of spiritual vision such that he can meet an educated Chinese on equal terms.

There is also another historical endowment which must be taken into account; viz., the rich supply of spiritual direction which is open to the Chinese, partly through the teachings of Confucius, partly through Buddhism. To give an estimate of these very different spiritual movements as compared with Christianity is naturally beyond my province; but it seems to me that primarily the Chinese moralist, and yet the founder of the Indian religion too, both of them at the cultural peak of their environment, have in some respects a richer equipment for winning response from the Chinese soul than has the simple carpenter's son of Nazareth.

Any attempt to calculate the impression of Christianity and its instrument the mission on the popular soul of China is of necessity a fumbling in the dark. The figures given by the Catholics, showing a large number of converts, are quite hollow, and the reaction of Christianity on the average Chinaman

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is most difficult to ascertain. Personally I incline to believe that in this as in other fields we may easily over-estimate the spiritual influence of the foreigners, which on the whole has been little and extremely unimportant beside the far-reaching effects of our material culture. Railroads, machine guns, flying machines and films — these are the sign that we have won a victory, but one of very doubtful value.

If we seek for a tangible effect of the missions, I find it most simply in the formula, *the personal contribution*.

Teaching dogmas mean to the Chinese practically nothing. What appeals to him, rouses his respect and consideration, and in the end wins friends for the missions is personal example. It is therefore the good workers, such as Maria Pettersson, Joel Erikson, George Findlay Andrew, Lucius Porter and hundreds more whose names I cannot mention here, who by their deeds raise the standing of the missions in China. Here it is not a question of the, from the Chinese point of view, barbarous doctrine of the Eucharist or of hair-splitting about the Trinity. What the Chinese hears with interest is that Christ taught pity for the weak, love toward children, reverence for father and mother, honesty and love of truth, for these are moral precepts which China's own sage inculcated in him over two thousand years ago.

When he then sees that the best missionaries translate their Lord's teaching into their lives, it occurs to him that among the wicked foreigners there are also good people.

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If I do not believe in a complete and unqualified success for the missions, my opinion is based on the special obstacles in the way of such a fortunate development.

The first difficulty lies in Christianity itself, which is divided into a considerable number of creeds in a manner very hard for the Chinaman to grasp. To the inflexibly logical Chinese it seems incontestible that there should be only *one* Christian church, since there is only one Christian God. When, next, the various leading churches in the mission field stand out as sharply separated and often hostile to one another, the whole matter becomes still more incomprehensible to the so-called heathen.

Another great hindrance to mission work is the political conduct of the great European powers toward China, which seems to be quite at variance with the teachings of Christ. How can the English missionaries square the opium war of 1840-1842 with the teachings they advocate? How can the poor missionaries answer when the Chinese ask them how it is possible for Christian governments to send armies on vandal "punitive expeditions" to the capital of China, and how shall these embarrassed representatives of cultured Western nations put in a favorable light the land stealing in which nearly all the great powers indulged at China's expense in the decade of 1890, as well as the perhaps even more unjustifiable attempt to divide the whole Middle Kingdom into "spheres of interest?"



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS

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The frightful slaughter in Europe 1914-1918 greatly weakened the prestige which the messengers of the Prince of Peace enjoyed previously in China.

And last, but most disastrous. In Shanghai on May 30th of the previous year, an injudicious foreign police officer opened fire on a clamorous but unarmed crowd of Chinese students, who were making a demonstration for what they considered a vital patriotic question. This murderous volley was the spark which kindled an artificial and outgrown spirit of arrogance among the leading foreigners of Shanghai and set all China aflame against the foreigners. The patient efforts through decades of the best and most enlightened foreigners and Chinese to build up a friendly understanding were swept away in the hopeless desolation that followed. Only when it was too late did the foreign authorities perceive that the China of to-day, despite her internal strife, is a much more powerful and calmly calculating adversary than the old Chinese community which committed the pathetic folly of the year 1900.

The missionaries, who were entirely guiltless in the affairs of the year 1925, must now suffer and strive for decades to win back some of the ground that has been lost in the last twelve months.

The foreigners can, with few exceptions, be divided into two widely different categories. On one side are the missionaries, and with them a small number of doctors and university teachers, who live a simple life of work where the wives bear their full

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share of the burden; on the other are the business men, the foreign servants in the Chinese civil service department — which is under foreign control — together with the personnel of the legations and consulates. This latter group has many expensive habits, many of the men spend a large part of their time "at the club", and many of the women sleep till lunchtime, squander their afternoons in visits and *thés dansants* besides devoting almost every night to dinners and balls.

This luxurious class of foreigners, which of course includes also many fine, industrious persons with an idealistic home life, still as a whole gives the Chinese an unfavorable impression of Western life, a distorted picture which is still more strengthened and fixed by the films.

He who visits the cinematograph in China will be led to surprising reflections. What is most shown is American films of the most spicy sort, banditry and burglary, ill-masked rape and orgies of all sorts; or, alternating with these society dramas, so-called comic films, of which unfortunately many are only comic in the sense that they make the foreigners ridiculous in the eyes of the Chinese. The Chinese public, which does not understand the English text, delights in a childish way in the most grotesque and raw effects; indeed the Chinese seem to be most amused when the foreigners are most absurd.

I ought to add briefly that there are also extraordinarily good American films shown in China. I have the deepest admiration for the Americans as the

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people who have best understood how to meet the Chinese in a spirit of equality, generosity and willingness to impart their culture. It would be very gratifying if this young and rich people could wash away the one dark spot on the proud American name in China, the bad type of American film.