

IN THOSE rare hours when M. V.'s capable hands and mind are not wholly occupied with pressing practical matters she is given to retrospect and meditation. So I can fancy how last June, as she packed her bags for her holiday at the seashore, she must sometimes have reviewed her quarter century in China and enumerated the happy prospects ahead—for the college, for the country, for her own coming years. Her heart must have been full of deep satisfaction as she prepared for the well-earned vacation.

There was peace in China. After the constant apprehension as to Japan's intentions, she had apparently decided to renounce the plans of her militarists to proceed with the forceful conquest of the country and try the quieter but more effective ways of true co-operation. If this were true then there had never been such a time of hope for China. The country was being strongly united under the able Christian leadership of Chiang Kai-Shek and Madame Chiang. The New Life and other reform movements were slowly but surely changing the whole nation. Perhaps the changes that had taken place during M. V.'s quarter century can best be seen through the eyes of a friend of hers and ours who had revisited China after a decade away and wrote, after her return last August:

"Living in America during this decade of economic instability and unrest had left a chill in my heart. The chill vanished and warmth filled me as I made the discovery of China's plan for her place in the march of time, working out in various parts of the country. It was not the spectacular achievements of highways, wide boulevards, hurrying busses and planes, civic centers, and the like, as much as the cleanliness of the streets and people, the absence of beggars, the reduction of bartering, the friendliness of coolies, and the spirit of everyone, that made me cognizant of the new forces at work. Not even the roar of guns could dampen my enthusiasm and admiration of the advance being made toward the goal of reconstruction, and my optimism still runs high that this program will be resumed and attain new heights."

Ginling College, too, had had a good year; the outlook had never been more bright. Opened in 1915 with nine students and six faculty, it had just had its nineteenth commencement with forty-two graduates. For every one of these young women there was not only one, but several jobs waiting, and they were scattering out into many avenues of service—joining alumnae as leaders of the nation—scholars, teachers, doctors, nurses, rural-life experts, religious and social workers.

M. V. MUST sometimes have passed the window in her packing, and if she had time to stop there and look out over the campus I know her heart was stirred by its beauty, for it was a beauty she had much to do with creating. There it lay, the two quadrangles of lovely, Chinese-type buildings with heavy overhanging roofs and tall columns, spread out in the little vale west of the main city. M. V. had had much to do with the purchase of that forty acres of original wild heath and graveland when, in the early 1920's, we decided to build the college there. It meant months of weary labor and endless patience to secure every separate bit of land and get the titles cleared.

Then came the even more tedious job of getting the graves moved. Then months for planning the buildings, consulting architects, waiting to know if the money could be got in America. Endless discussion as to whether we should have the practical barrack type of foreign building government schools were erecting hastily those days, or if we could afford the extra funds to perpetuate in brick and tile the incomparably lovely old Chinese type of architecture. Then the building! Constant oversight and haggling, uncompromising standards, exquisite tact—and because M. V. had more Chinese language and experience than anyone else on the faculty, the lion's share of this disagreeable business fell to her. She even planned and oversaw the building of a road from the campus to the Big Horse Road a mile away.

The laying out of the campus, the planting and landscaping, she had a large part in because, as a gardener, she was a "natural." She brought with her to this task her own up-country gardener, and together they created a rare and constant loveliness inside the compound walls. A loveliness of willows weeping over the mirror pond, of vine-and-

Notes From a Nanking Diary

From Maude T. Sarvis

A True and Intimate Story of the Conduct of a Thoroughly Christian Community in Time of Bombardment

blossom-covered arcade and pergola, of lotus blooming for spring commencement and the battalions of gorgeous chrysanthemums lined up to greet the returning students in the fall.

And it would be not only the fine physical plant or the splendid achievements of the college that ministered to M. V.'s deep satisfactions this June day. There was the very real place the college had made for itself in the life of the community. And in this too she had a very large share. Her own first

in time of danger, M. V. now hurried back to Nanking. War developed quickly. On August 2 she wrote in her diary:

"Tonight a committee met to discuss measures. . . . We plan to pack valuable equipment in the basements, to purchase fire extinguishers, to send our records to Shanghai. Yesterday officials were notified to get their families out of the city. [The reason for this was that they might not be distracted from their work by the presence of their depend-



Ginling College, Nanking, China

missionary experience was with country people, and in these her interest has been keen and unflinching. The social-welfare work the college maintained, its neighborhood school, mothers' clubs, the religious services for country neighbors were all parts of her long dreams come true.

It had been eighteen years since M. V. had come down from her country station to live at the college in Nanking. Looking now beyond the compound walls

of the college, what a different city spread out before her view! The original wild heath that had surrounded the college now built up with modern and beautiful buildings—homes, offices, the new American Embassy. New roads forming a network over the surrounding hills. New roads everywhere, new official buildings, new parks, a new radio station, thousands of automobiles where there had been a hundred ten years ago. A new, beautiful capital rising phoenix-like out of the ashes of the past capitals located here. And all this solid and beautiful

material progress is only an earnest of the new spirit animating the Chinese people, at last turning a hopeful face to the future!

By July 2 M. V. had come to the goal of her vacation journey. From there she wrote on the 18th:

"FOR sixteen days I have been having a holiday with friends in this seaside resort of Tsingtao, the city which belonged to the Germans before the Great War, then was given to Japan, and finally because of the Washington agreement, returned to China. I live at Iluts Huk which juts out into the cool blue Pacific. The sea bathing was great—how I did love it! . . . We took a half-day trip to a mountain in the country and were impressed by the prosperity of the farmers, the cleanliness and neatness of their fields, their ability to use every square foot of space—even banks planted with melon vines—and the number of fine schools scattered through the country. The municipality of Tsingtao has started more than fifty such model country schools.

"Word came through to us on July 7 that trouble started near Peiping when a Japanese soldier disappeared. How? Why? Nobody knows. Since then, fighting has increased and what the end will be we dare not guess. Milne once said, 'Two people were killed in Sarajevo in 1914 and the best Europe could do about it was to kill eleven million more!' China does not want war and is not prepared for it. I don't believe the Japanese people want war, but Japan cannot control her military machine."

As a mother flies home to her children

ents.] The result has been to frighten people terribly. Trains and boats are packed and tickets are sold days in advance. Thousands are leaving."

In order to get a picture of how the city and the missionary community, especially Ginling College—a women's college with no white man on faculty or staff—prepared for war conditions, I shall give, without bothering to separate or date, the different entries, notes from M. V.'s diary during the following weeks.

"Orders have been sent out to paint all roofs black or gray. Our campus is rather separated, so we do not feel much danger. We are also near the American Embassy, which makes us safer. . . . Tonight Mr. Chen, our business manager, and I made the rounds to see if the necessary work of preparation is going on. First to the three basements, to see if they are cleared so we can go there in case of air raids. Then we checked on the making of sandbags for protection of apparatus. A conference on what to do with the chemicals, which must be got out of the science building. . . . Nanking seems quieter and people are settling down to the routine of life again. I am hoping, and constantly praying, that the war clouds will pass and China be free to push the program of national reconstruction she has been carrying out so valiantly in spite of all handicaps these past few years. . . .

"Decided today to postpone the opening of college until the 20th. . . .

"Communications with Shanghai are cut. People are very frightened. Many going up river or to the country—even riding on top of trains in their anxiety to get out of Nanking.

"This morning Mr. Chen and I marked out the sites for the trenches we must build the next few days, according to instructions sent out from both a Chinese and a German military expert. Being near the anti-aircraft gun on Tsing Liang Hill creates almost as much danger for

us as bombing from planes would be. Meantime three pairs of men servants and I have completed a barrier of sandbags on the porch of Dormitory 600 so the students need not run clear to the basements of the college buildings. . . . Mr. Chen and I have organized the servants into three brigades in case of fire, one to get ladders, one to handle extinguishers, one to bring sand and water. They say only sand will put out the fire from some bombs. . . . Order in the city is good and the police have the situation in hand. All banks in the city are closed. . . .

"Spent the morning with Miss Li, who does not know what to do about a request from the health bureau to take over their [Presbyterian girls'] school for a hospital. Tried to get a meeting of all Christian school heads to decide how to meet such requests, but everyone was too busy. Then Mrs. Huseman came with her problems—all her servants want to go home! The evening went by without an air raid—what a relief! Catherine and I went on the street to try to buy food in case of siege, but found very little. Sold out. As you walk along the downtown streets you feel there are many less people in Nanking. . . .

"This morning [air raids were now a daily occurrence] Mr. Chen, Miss Tsen, and I tried to work out a policy for families who might want to refugee with us if the city becomes more unsafe. We decided to do our utmost to protect life, but that people might not bring their valuables or household goods lest, in looting, our campus be singled out. . . . At four-thirty went to the embassy. They are working day and night there. More trenches are being built in the streets. The situation becomes more tense daily. A day seems a week long and I forget dates altogether. Time is measured by raids. The city organization of the New Life Movement has moved into our neighborhood center. . . .

All this time foreigners were being evacuated from Nanking. British and other European consuls can order their subjects in a case like this, but American citizens can only be advised and entreated to go. During the last days of August M. V. made the following note:

"At 9 A. M. a letter came from the embassy by special messenger asking us all to evacuate. They have now asked us twice to go. If after this anything happens it is not their responsibility. I cannot leave. It would mean that President Wu, who already carries a terrific load, would have to do the things I do in addition. I feel my eighteen years in Ginling enable me to carry certain responsibilities, and my place is here. Men are not asked to desert their ship or women their children when danger comes."

AGAIN the next month she wrote of an interview with a member of the embassy. "He feels there is no place in China now safe. . . . I really want to say to friends in America how much I appreciate the way our embassy is handling these matters. They warn us, encourage us to go, but understand we carry responsibilities it is not easy to leave. The embassy women are being sent by special car from Hankow to Canton, thence to Manila or America."

All these weeks the few faculty in residence on the campus were full of anxieties and discussion about whether to begin college or not, and if so where. At first they hoped to open late, but in Nanking. The Ministry of Education forbade this, and, besides, the families of the students were not willing to send their daughters into the capital, which, as Japanese successes piled up in the north and about Shanghai, would surely be their next goal. How many anxious conferences were held over what to do! The faculty and students were scattered on vacation. Nanking students had left the city. Finally it was decided to try to open in three different centers in different parts of China, locating certain departments in each one, and sending faculty and students of these departments there. This meant sending much correspondence with faculty and student records, textbooks, dividing the library and shipping necessary reference books, getting off some science equipment, sending personal baggage, to each of these three centers—Shanghai, where classes were opened in downtown empty store-rooms without apparatus or even blackboards, and where classes were carried on constantly with bombing planes droning overhead and quite literally "midst shot and shell"; to Hankow in Central China; and in Siangtan in

the far western part of the country. On September 6 she wrote: "The day classes were to begin in Ginling. Instead Dr. Wu and I are getting off the last of the letters to students and faculty telling of the proposed plan. We still have to get out certificates of transfer and specific instructions to students about the selection of courses. . . . I spent the morning writing to the heads of departments and sending them lists of their senior and junior majors." In another place she told how on this day

ON AUGUST 15 the first air raids came. On that day M. V. wrote in her diary simply: "Two air raids took place over Nanking. Our first, and particularly fierce ones. Strange to say, at one o'clock I had called the students together, organized them and told them exactly what to do. At two o'clock the warning siren sounded. The planes circled low over the city both then and again at five. Anti-aircraft guns boomed out from many parts of the city. What damage was done we don't know yet. But many will be killed, for the people do not yet realize they must keep off the streets. We had the greatest difficulty keeping our servants in the basement. Tomorrow we hope our trenches will be finished so we need not all crowd into two basements."

From this date on raids were the common order of the day. The next day there were two more. On the seventeenth part of the diary was written in the basement while M. V. was waiting for the release siren during the second raid. By the eighteenth the trenches, or bomb-proof shelters were ready, and when the siren sounded at midnight "... we got up quickly, dressed, closed all windows, locked the doors and made our way to our trench under the trees. Fortunately one of the amahs was wise enough to bring some bedding, which saved us from the mosquitoes which descended on us in hungry swarms. I had difficulty keeping everyone in the trench until the release siren sounded—they were curious to know what was happening outside. As we walked back to the dormitory in the moonlight I thought what a time for the worship of the beauty of nature instead of taking advantage of it to destroy and kill."

At six next evening there was another raid—worse than any so far. They were at supper, when "suddenly there was a deafening roar and everyone rushed to the basement. The anti-aircraft guns on Tsing Liang Hill boomed so even our strong buildings shook. Fire seemed to flash out over the northeastern part of the city." There were little children on the campus—the little grandchildren of

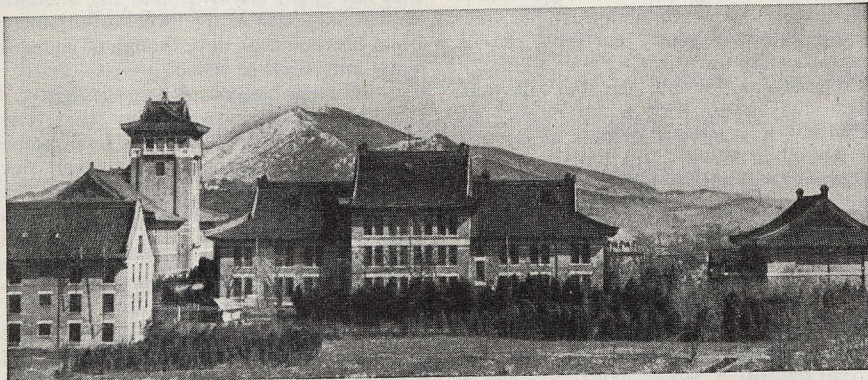
Notes From a Nanking Diary

By Maude T. Sarvis

True Story of a Christian Community in War Time

be dropped at the call of the "urgent signal." Even the wedding of a former Ginling girl which they attended was interrupted by the siren, and M. V. reports that she never heard a ceremony finished off at such speed! But when it was done, it was too late to leave the building and the wedding party huddled together in the darkened chapel and told stories and sang songs to the children to

festivals of the Chinese calendar. This is the night of the Eighth Moon Harvest festival, when the moon would be worshiped, according to the old Chinese calendar. Normally a day of rejoicing and the eating of the delicious moon cakes. It is clear, cool, and invigorating, a day to be appreciated after the long, enervating summer. And it is a beautiful world after the autumn rain...



Buildings of Nanking University, where thousands of civilians took refuge

pacify and comfort them until the danger was over.

Tasks that could not be easily left became difficult. "Can I take a bath? Dare I start to wash my hair?" Warnings came during meals, and they hurried to basements and trenches with rice bowls and chopsticks in hand. But worst of all were the night alarms when they must rush out of warm beds into the chilly trenches. Then, as M. V. says, if they could only sleep when they had a chance! But they were tense and taut all night and wakened at every slightest sound until their nerves were ragged and jumpy.

It was a grave responsibility for the little handful of American women and Chinese men in charge of that beautiful campus, the large and efficient plant built with the love and sacrifice of thousands of American women and men, and the lives of the dependent ones inside the walls as well. But it was a responsibility men and women were bearing, in small groups, even by ones and twos, in mission compounds

all over the city, and they bore it not only with courage, but with no thought of doing anything exceptional. Their only fears were for their Chinese friends, their absent families refugeeing in war-torn Shanghai or other cities subject to air raids or in isolated summer resorts, and always the fear that the embassy or American government would change their minds and find a way to take them away from their posts.

IN OCTOBER there were seventy-six air raids. In November the number had risen to almost a hundred. All Nanking was digging in. "Just after dark each night we can hear distinctly the sound of carrying on the road outside. It sounds as if cement were being made and poured. Probably bomb-proof shelters going up in our neighborhood. Mr. Paxton called from the embassy to see our trenches, which he pronounced well-made and well-placed. He thinks our basements are bomb-proof. I don't think so against a direct hit, but direct hits are infrequent, so why worry?"

"C. and I went today to call on Lao Shao and the laundryman's family. They took us to see their caves. Just as you took your friends to see your rock garden or your roses, so now you take them to see your cave. ... Farmer Tsu and family, sitting under a tree as we passed, called to ask if there was any chance of the war ending soon. He said the sound of exploding bombs was very fearful to them and the laundryman spoke of how difficult it was with the children. He had put up a cot in their trench so the little ones could sleep—if possible."

M. V. spoke continually of how Nanking was fast becoming a city of trenches, caves, and shelters, and again of how empty the city seemed. Shops closed, house doors and windows shuttered tight, the streets tenantless, "a city of the dead."

On September 19 came one of the big

a day in which truly to worship the Giver of harvests, and be glad. But before we had well started our breakfasts the siren sounded and we rushed to our trenches. Over the broadcast later we heard that thirty-four planes started but only twenty-one got to Nanking. Their objectives were the national broadcasting station, the waterworks and water filters, and the military center south of the city. They bombed all three places, with what damage we have not yet heard. Afterwards, went out into the neighborhood calling, partly to invite women to our meetings but partly to let people know all is still well in our neighborhood. Each home I went into made me inwardly glad I am here to comfort and give assurance.

"September 20. Mr. Paxton called me from the embassy and read a long communication from the Japanese admiral of the fleet in Shanghai saying that at noon tomorrow they expect to begin a real offensive on Nanking, making it impossible for it to function longer as a center for military planning. In other words, to force China into friendship and co-operation in this way! Paxton advised us to evacuate, at least for a few days. All the embassy will probably evacuate. I thanked him for letting us know and told him we would let him know later what we decided, though there was no question in my mind then what it would be. It would have been untactful to say so then, but in a few hours I wrote him a note. These are the bold words I wrote him and Mr. Peck, 'I think it will be tragedy if all the embassies in the city take down their flags and evacuate their staffs. It would simply mean that Japan, without even declaring war, has the city turned over to her to bomb indiscriminately. I hope you do not give her air force that satisfaction.' C. and I sent word that we were staying on with our co-workers, where, in such a time, we could be of the greatest help.

"Lewis Smythe stopped in for a visit. He looks half sick and has not really recovered from his illness this summer, but he is all plans and energy and says he cannot run. He is spending untold energy organizing an ambulance corps for the university hospital. ... It now costs \$200 to hire a car to take one to Shanghai. ... Have been able to get several members of our staff to promise to go to the hospital to help as soon as the release siren sounds if there is widespread destruction today.

"September 22. The night was cloudy and rainy, so we had peace and quiet rest. What the day will bring forth we do not know—the admiral's message is much in our minds. There somehow seems to be an ominous cloud hanging over us—a portent something less than a threat. C. led our morning prayer and fellowship group. How real and vital prayer seems these days of sorrow and anxiety! 'I wish you peace' as a greeting is meaningful now, where it was only words before. Familiar hymns, the Lord's Prayer, have new and deeper meaning, especially 'Thy will be done,' and 'Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory.'

"The first warning came at 10.15 p. m. At 10.45 the urgent one followed. After

checking up on all trenches and basements, I went to my trench. Somehow I had thought the sky would be thick with planes, as it is with migratory blackbirds in the fall, but there were no more than the usual number. Soon we heard the low drone of the heavy bombers... and about eleven, the first bombs were dropped, seemingly in the east, near Lotus Lake. Then they came nearer, and a new anti-aircraft gun answered from the Five-Terrace Hill. There were three little children in the trench, but fortunately they slept through it all. Silence a while—then again bombing to the north—probably over Pukow, the railway center across the Yangtze. By noon the release came, and we stretched our weary limbs—we can't stand up in our trench.

"Immediately a group of six of us hurried to the Drum Tower Hospital to see if we could help. Lewis was already there, telephoning for cars. Groups of nurses and doctors were going out to the scene of the bombing. The first brought in were six wounded policemen and two citizens, from the vicinity of the National Party Headquarters. ... Home from hospital and had not finished dinner, when the siren sounded again. Release at 3.30, then we saw great clouds of smoke down at the river port. Afterward we heard the goal had been the railroad junction there, but the bombs had fallen on several very poor villages nearby. In one village the bomb was incendiary, so all the injured were burned to death. ..."

THE story of the next three days was written hour by hour—a continued story of the heavy bombing of the city, repeated stays in the trenches, the hitting of the electric-light plant (which left the city in darkness), of the Ministry of Finance, Central (government) Hospital, Ministry of Health, and many poor residential districts with much loss of life by innocent civilians. The great brick buildings of the college, with their heavy tile roofs, shook, and the windows rattled and shrapnel hit the tiles. Even during this time a committee of Christians held a meeting to discuss what the churches of Nanking could do to meet the needs of the refugees and wounded civilians in the city, and what could be done to impress on Western nations what is happening in China.

"September 26. Dr. Wilson took us to Central Hospital to see the results of yesterday's bombing. Although a large red cross was painted on the roof in flaming colors, there were sixteen bombs deliberately dropped in that compound. Fortunately the two one-thousand-pound bombs dropped in the adjoining tennis courts—had they fallen less than fifty feet to the north they would have landed on a dugout where a hundred people, doctors, nurses, and servants were hiding. Had they fallen a few hundred feet to the south they would have completely demolished that beautiful new hospital building. The biggest hole they made must have been thirty feet across, from fifteen to twenty feet deep. The auditorium east of the courts had the west wall torn out and the windows of all the buildings were shattered.

"Dr. Shen, head of the hospital, had just been with the newspaper men on the roof and left for a meeting. He said after the bombing,



International News Photo

A Japanese sentry on Nanking's historic wall, stands as a symbol of conquest

as soon as he had discovered that every bone in his body was not broken—as he felt they were—he thought of the newspaper men and wondered if they had been blown to atoms. Later he found them full of glee at the de luxe seats they'd had for the show and the pictures they'd been able to get. To cap the climax, shortly after that Madame Chiang Kai-shek came over to the hospital to see what had happened. ...

"The people in the dugout were badly shaken but not hurt—five men under the trees or in cars outside were all killed. The



The faculty of Ginling College in commencement procession. Ten thousand refugees were sheltered here in January

the matron, and M. V. continually spoke of the pity it is that these and the other children of Nanking should be compelled to go through such terrors.

"After the release siren had sounded we gathered for a little ice-cream party. C. and I had prepared as a surprise for the students and Mrs. Tsen's four little grandchildren. We had a happy time playing games in the moonlight and for a while the children forgot their fear.

"Suddenly Chen Mei-yo (a 1920 graduate) came in, excited and covered with dust. She had been in the women's dormitory at Central University when it suddenly collapsed. The raiders evidently had aimed at the library, the auditorium, and science buildings. One bomb fell back of the library and shattered all windows; another landed on the back of the auditorium and destroyed the back wall. Another destroyed the chemistry laboratory. Mei-yo's brother was there too, but both escaped. Mei-yo's escape was almost like a miracle. She got under a heavy washstand which held the falling walls off her. ... An important meeting of the heads of several government universities was going on at the time in the basement of the library, but fortunately no one was hurt. They think between thirty and forty servants and others were killed. ... Before Mei-yo had finished her story, the siren started again and we all rushed to our shelters. We hear the Military Training School was bombed the same time as Central U. and several killed there also."

FROM now on through the last page of the diary that has reached America, this became a constantly reiterated chorus on every page: "Time out again for the trenches." "In the trenches from — to — o'clock." "Had just started so and so when the siren sounded." At work, on the street, at church, in committee meeting, everything must

"Only Christian"

An Interview with Dr. T. Z. Koo

By Maude Taylor Sarvis

"BUT I have never called myself a pacifist. I am only a Christian, trying to solve these problems of war and peace by the Christian way of living."

It had seemed to us, who did call ourselves pacifists and felt ourselves slipping during these tragic days for our beloved China, that it might help to go talk things over with our friend, T. Z. Koo. Here is a man known the world over for his Christian pacifism. But it was five years since we'd heard him talk about it, and during that time China has known not only disaster and humiliation, but now her very existence was threatened. How had his pacifism stood the strain?

"Peace," Dr. Koo hurried on, "is not a matter of organization or machinery, but an inward state of mind. An attitude."

So—there went my carefully prepared list of questions about peace organizations and methods! Not a pacifist—just a Christian. As simple as that.

And yet not simple. Sincere Christians disagree about some fundamental things. One is the use of violence, so I asked about this.

"What do you mean by violence?" he countered. "If you mean killing people, there is no room for that. If you mean the use of force, it is necessary." He went on to explain. Force in itself is not evil, but amoral. A pacifist uses force when he resists conscription. We use force to resist evil. Force is only good or evil according to its use. He spoke of Christ's overturning the tables of the money-changers as a righteous use of force. But if a robber had done the same, it would have been evil, because selfish and antisocial. Force, as I understood him, is legitimate when used to resist evil or create good.

The right use of force naturally brought up the boycott. We had felt we could not preach it, because it means fanning the flames of hatred. But Dr. Koo said quietly: "I have observed the boycott since 1919. I have neither bought Japanese goods nor traveled on Japanese ships."

"Nor would we, were we still in China," we persisted. "But in America the war alarmists are using it to create hatred against Japan." But that, our friend maintained, they could do much less effectively if we had a boycott. Take the flare-up of war sentiment that followed the Panay incident. If there had been a well-organized boycott for people to lay hold of, they would have stiffened that instead of thinking of war. It would have been a safety valve.

It is incumbent on every Christian, Dr. Koo maintains, to think of and support ways that minimize the chances of war, and end wars swiftly when they come. The boycott falls in this category. It has many positive aspects. It is legitimate, since we must all choose where and what we buy. It is effective. This partial boycott has already had a psychological effect, and if it can be maintained several months longer, until Japan's war supplies are exhausted, may be decisive. It is a method that crosses national boundaries and provides a way for the people of many nations to co-operate to end war without appeal to political action from their governments—a thing difficult to procure, dangerous when once started, likely to end in a bigger and more disastrous war.

"The innocent would suffer?" But of course! The innocent always suffer with the guilty—even with the unfortunate. Even little children. But war causes far more suffering than a boycott, and falls more heavily on the innocent. Anything that stops a country that has embarked on a policy of mad militarism, saves its people, as well as its victims, much useless suffering.

AS HE talked thus convincingly, we found ourselves wondering if, after all, here might not be William James's long-sought "moral equivalent of war"—a way to dramatize peace action that would set the feet of youth marching as they have always marched to the banners and bugles of war.

Dr. Koo has never joined a peace society. "Not because I haven't the greatest sympathy with their aims, the deepest interest in their work. But because I don't like the idea of peace efforts, as it were, being professional-

ized. Peace societies are prone to rely on negative means—pacts, laws, 'thou-shalt-nots' that dissolve like vapors when the white-hot passion of war strikes men. ("It is true!" I thought. "See how Japan, when the time came, walked through the Nine-Power Pact as one of her own old mailed warriors might have walked through the paper partition of his house.")

"Then some peace societies ask pledges, and how can any man give these?" asked our friend. "No man knows what he will do when the war madness is let loose on him."

He sat before us, so slight and quiet a figure in his neutral-colored Chinese gown, that it seemed hard to realize that here was a man whose theories about these things had been tested in the crucible of national cataclysm, and been found not wanting. Still he could have this full measure of understanding for other men!

"How we will act in a crisis is determined by one thing only," said Dr. Koo. "And that is by what we have chosen for the most precious thing in our lives. If that is country, then we are bound to defend our country by every means in our power. But if it is God, then it becomes not only possible to love our enemies, but the only possible thing to do."

But we remember the time when T. Z. was a most fervent proponent of Chinese nationalism, which was the new light and gospel of his generation. Then in the summer

of 1921 he went to Europe. There he saw the devastation the war had left. A devastation not only of the countryside and cities, but of men's bodies and souls. And he began to realize that in advocating a strong nationalism, this was the sort of thing he advocated—necessary wars and their aftermath. It would happen to China too. "This is the sort of thing into which I would be throwing all the resources of my life," he said to himself, and then and there resolved to have nothing to do with it.

There are, he thinks, two simultaneous approaches to peace. The first is negative and consists in the building up of all these measures to make war difficult—pacts, treaties, and laws. The other is positive and creative. It develops the minds and the machinery for peaceful adjustments. As individuals we can work with our governments to devise the first and to sell them to the people. Then personally as Christians there is our own essential, spiritual mobilization for peace. "As a Christian I must mobilize myself, see the issue, and take a stand. And if I have chosen God before country, then I keep the bond of fellowship with the Japanese."

BUT peace will never come suddenly or dramatically, nor because of any treaty or law. It will come slowly and surely as we ourselves attain to that way of life in which war is unthinkable as a way of settling difficulties. And this is the Christian way.

He was quiet and undramatic, except when he leaned forward and began to speak of these things that are to him no mere formulae, but living truths laid hold of in time of insight, and held on to through suffering and despair. When we spoke of the terrible things happening to his people, his face was twisted with pain and he would not for a moment trust himself to speak. I knew that in the autumn, while he was abroad, his family had been divided, caught in the two war zones at Shanghai and in the north. It was only recently reunited.

Today there seems no deliverance for his country. As long as he lives he can scarcely hope to see his people at peace. Perhaps in all their lives his children will never know quiet and security. Yet in this man's heart there is a peace that passes understanding. He has chosen for the most precious thing in this life that which neither war nor peace can take from him.

Notes from a Nanking Diary

Continued from page two

two letters were written in the trenches while waiting for an air raid.

Then, on September 8: "A perfect day—cool and exhilarating. An ideal time to

begin college work in earnest!" And the next day: "The weather is beautiful, cool, and clear. The campus is as beautiful as I have ever seen it. How students and faculty would enjoy it if they were here!"

But instead of students "digging in" on the new year's work, all Nanking was digging in against the air raids that were now coming, sometimes many times a day. On October 2 M. V. writes: "Went calling in the neighborhood. Found that even in the homes of the vegetable gardeners, all the young women and children have been sent away to the country—only the old mothers and perhaps oldest sons left at home. In one home with a thatched roof and dirt floor they had spent over \$100 on their dugout (probably representing their life savings, laid away for burials and marriage dowries), and generously let the poorer neighbors use it. Went at noon, with Dr. Bradey, to see if I could hear the noon broadcast. Found the American men who mess together in Lossing Buck's house eating their noon rice. Most of us are living on Chinese food now. The chief topic of conversation was how to encourage the depleted churches and help them meet the growing need of the refugees and wounded. China alone simply cannot meet the need of the sufferers, especially when the winter comes on. Dr. Wu had a letter from Madame Chiang, one sentence of which was, 'We are up to the neck in this struggle and my part of the task strains every nerve and absorbs every minute.' . . ."

This was true, too, of every one of the ten to twenty remaining missionaries.

To be concluded

EDITOR'S NOTE: Early February news from Ginling College reports their peak of twelve thousand women and children refugees reduced then to about three thousand. Rice is distributed by the Red Cross twice a day instead of one as at first. At the fall of the city there was unspeakable looting and ravaging throughout Nanking—relatively less of it in the "Zone of Safety" in which the Ginling campus lies. The American Embassy returned to Nanking before mid-January, after which the Japanese provided at least nominal protection.

India's "Untouchables"

TOUCHING UNTOUCHABLES, a two-reel motion picture filmed out among the lowcaste and outcaste villages of India and graphically picturing the everyday life of a fifth of the nation's people, has just been issued by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church.

The story is laid in a typical outcaste section of a rural Indian village—the kind of village and the kind of social environment in which 70,000,000 Indians live. The hero of the story is Barkat, a young Indian lad from the outcastes—"untouchable" according to Hindu rules because of the humble occupation of his parents through several generations, denied even the right to worship in the Hindu temples because of his low estate. Pictured also are Barkat's father and mother and his baby sister.

Into the village comes word that nearby "in a strange Juggernaut" (a flivver) have come strange white people, living in white cloth houses (tents), who are telling stories of "a new God." Because one of these white men, a physician, has been able to heal the blinded eyes of a village girl, the leaders of the outcastes invite them to Barkat's village. They come, and then begins the transformation of the village and the people, opportunity for Barkat and his sister to attend school, and a lifting of these people from centuries-old degradation.

Touching Untouchables is a vivid and realistic portrayal of the great social change going on today among the "lower strata" of the Hindu social system, largely because of the incoming of Christian and Western ideals and teachings. It should be shown in every Methodist church, for it is in carrying on this type of service that a large number of the Methodist missionaries to India are engaged.

Touching Untouchables may be secured from the Board's offices at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or from the Department of Visual Education, 740 Rush Street, Chicago. Rental is on the basis of one-half cent per church member—minimum \$1, maximum \$3,—plus transportation costs.

"God Be With You"

By PALMER VAN GUNDY

ON SEPARATING from a friend or loved one with the customary "good-by," did it ever occur to you to inquire the original meaning of the word good-by? According to etymologists the term is a contraction of the older and more expressive "God be with you." It was in meditation on this fact that in 1880 Dr. J. E. Rankin, then pastor of the First Congregational Church of Washington, D.C., came to write the famous hymn which

begins with the line, "God be with you till we meet again."

When he had completed the poem he sent it to two composers requesting them to compete in the creation of a suitable melody. The first was a composer of decided prominence in his field, while the other was not a professional musician at all, but an obscure teacher of Phillipsburg, New Jersey, who had variously served as a soldier in the Civil War and a clerk in the United States Treasury. Honored by the chance to try his skill in so worthy an undertaking, the amateur musician, Mr. W. G. Tomer, gave his best effort to the writing of the hymn tune. The result was that he won the author's favor and the esteem of all who heard the song. The hymn was an immediate favorite with the young people of Dr. Rankin's church, and it was not long until its fame had spread throughout the nation. Eventually it was translated into many languages and became a world favorite.

It was much loved by the late Theodore Roosevelt. On the occasion of his delivering a farewell address to the citizens of Memphis, Tennessee, a few years before his death, an audience of three thousand joined him in the singing of "God Be With You."

After thirty years' service as a minister of the Congregational Church, Dr. Rankin was made president of Howard University, in Washington, D.C., an institution devoted to the higher education of the Negro. Although he lived a full and useful life, serving his generation in many and various ways, it is primarily as the author of "God Be With You" that his name will be remembered. And with it will be perpetuated the memory of the obscure teacher and government clerk who loved music and created it in the hours he could save from prosaic business.

Mr. Tomer died in 1896 in Phillipsburg. At his funeral the choir of his church, the Methodist church of that city, honored him by singing the sacred song which he had written in his home town, and which even then had become world famous.

Jots and Tittles

The Elder Statesman—So Called—

Wielded a very powerful
Influence in the nation.
He was a leader—though much
As a Model T is a leader
On the highway; i.e.,
By holding back long strings
Of cars that can't get past.
So with the statesman. His motto
Was, "Think a century before you
Change anything except your collar."
And somebody said that if he'd
Been present at Creation he'd
Have been for chaos. And it's
Funny how intelligent folks
Who walked to school barefoot
Through the mud and now ride in
Airplanes, think that as things have
Been they should always remain.
Pax vobiscum.

Huck and Sam

Smiles

"THAT'S it," exclaimed the photographer enthusiastically. "Just hold that pleasant, benevolent expression a moment."

"All right," groaned his customer, "but hurry up. It's hurting my face."—Biblical Recorder.

Here are some more "Howlers":

"A coolie is a movie with air conditioning."

"A tangerine is a kind of one-sided banjo without a handle or strings, and with loose washers all around it that rattle when shaken."

"Countersigns are cards used in grocery stores to tell the price of eggs, and so on."

"Vermicelli is a section of big fiddles in a symphony orchestra that are played between the knees."

"Countersunk is the way you feel when you see a counter full of candy and have only a penny."

Eight-year-old Billy was in disgrace because he'd been told to take a bath before going to bed, and didn't.

"How did mamma find it out?" asked sympathetic Betty, his sister.

"I forgot to wet the soap."—Capper's Farmer.

Question (in question-and-answer department of popular magazine): What is a tactful way for a girl's father to let her boy friend know it's time for him to be going home?

Answer: Father may casually walk through the living room with a box of breakfast food held conspicuously in his hand.

Even a worm has its good points: When it gets ready to turn it doesn't hold out its hand and confuse you.

R. E. F.
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