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UBCHEA ARCHIVES
COLLEGE FILE S
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Girling
Academic
Christmas and Easter programs
1927-1940

Easter Program Y.W.C.A.

1927

HYMN- 164

PRAYER

EASTER ANTHEM- Freshman Chorus

RESPONSIVE READING- Selection 41

ANTHEM- There is a Green Hill Glee Club

READING

EASTER CAROLS

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Ye Happy Bells | Freshmen |
| 2. Long Ago | Sophomores |
| 3. Flower Carol | Practice School |
| 4. All Creatures of our God | Juniors |
| 5. Here is Joy | Seniors |

RESPONSIVE READING

Leader: Jesus himself stood in the midst of them
- and said unto them

Congregation: Peace be unto you.

Leader: Then opened he their understanding, and
said unto them,

Con: Thus it is written, and thus it behooved
Christ to suffer, and to rise from the
dead the third day: and that repentance
and remission of sins should be preached
in his name among all nations.

Leader: And ye are witnesses of these things.

Con: Jesus said unto them, I am the good shepherd:
The good shepherd giveth his life for the
sheep.

Leader: But he that is an hireling, and not the
shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth
the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and
fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and
scattereth the sheep.

Con: The hireling fleeth, because he is an hire-
ling, and careth not for the sheep.

Leader: I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and
am known of mine.

Con: As the Father knoweth me, even so I know the
Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

Leader: And other sheep I have which are not of this
fold: them also I must bring, and they shall
hear my voice?

All: And there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

SOLO:- I Know that my Redeemer Liveth

HYMN- 164

CLOSING PRAYER(Read in unison):

And now may the peace of God which passeth all
understanding keep us all in unity of mind
and spirit through this week and the days that
are to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Easter Sunday

After darkness, peace came upon us on Easter morning. The sun shone brightly; the birds sang cheerfully; and the ground around was green and fresh reminding us that SPRING is with us.

A morning service was held at seven thirty. The music, the sunshine, the white flowers on the platform and the quietness and peacefulness of morning were enough to lift us up to the presence of God. The program of the service was as follows -

1. Hymn - 52
2. Invocation - Miss Deng Yü-dji
3. Scripture reading - Miss Feng Yu-süeh
4. Hymn - 53
5. Pageant - The First Easter Morning
6. Hymn - 51

This was how the pageant acted out. The girls who represented May Magdalene and Joanna and Mary, the mother of James came, singing from the back room of the chapel to the tomb which was at the back of the platform behind the door. When they reached the tomb they saw it was dark and empty and therefore they were disappointed and wept. Suddenly two angels in white garments came out. At the same time the curtain behind them dropped, revealing a cross (made by two rows of lighted candles) in the middle. Sweetly, the two angels sang, telling the three women that Jesus had risen and had gone to Galilee. Then filled with joy they sang with the angels.

After the morning service we went to our dining rooms. On the tables we found red eggs and cards of Easter Greetings from the Class of 1927.

At eleven o'clock we had another service. People from the University of Nanking, Christian Girls' School were with us. Our Glee Club about twenty and the mixed choir sat at the left front of the room. We didn't have any one preside at the service because the program was written out on the blackboard. This was our program.

1. Prelude - Cavatina - by J. Raff
2. Quiet prayer
3. Hymn - 52
4. Invocation - Miss Liu En-lan
5. Hymn - The Strife is O'er - Glee Club
6. Scripture reading - Mark XIV. 1-9 - Miss Tsü Shui-dji
7. Hymn - Mixed Choir
8. Prayer - Miss Kung Bei-si
9. Anthem - "I am the Resurrection." (Words from Job XIV. 14; John XI. 23, 25. I.COR. XV. 55). Glee Club
10. Organ - Hosanna - by P. Wachs - Hwang Li-ming
Suen En-lien
11. Anthem - Awakening chorus - Mixed Choir
12. Speech - Miss Deng Yü-dji
13. Pageant - The First Easter Morning
14. Hymn - 51

Our Glee Club was wonderful. Many reported afterwards that what they sang were beautiful and inspiring. (All the performance was in Chinese).

It was really a surprise to receive a telegram from Mrs. Thurston at dinner while all the time we thought we miss our foreign faculty on Easter. Mrs. Thurston's telegram -

"After winter spring after death life read Luke
twenty-four Colossians three Easter Greetings -
faith, hope, love

Thurston"



THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING

In the little village of Bethlehem
There lay a child one day,
And the sky was bright with a holy light
O'er the place where Jesus lay.

Alleluia! Oh how the angels sang!

Alleluia! How it rang!

And the sky was bright with a holy
light:

'Twas the birthday of a King.

'Twas a humble birthplace, but oh how much

God gave to us that day!

From the manger bed what a path has led,

What a perfect, holy way!

Y.W.C.A. CHRISTMAS SERVICE
GINLING COLLEGE
1934

Prelude Pastoral Symphony Handel

Processional Hymn
While Shepherds watched Handel

Prayer in Unison
O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us we pray.
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
Their great glad tidings tell,
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord, Immanuel.

Silent Night Vocal Students Barnby

The Birthday of a King Neidlinger
Practice School

Hymn 121

Gesu Babino Pietro Yon
The Glee Club

Scripture Reading
Dr. Wu

When I View the Mother Holding Barnby
Mo Shuh-ching

Hymn 125

The Grasmere Carol Somervell
Freshman Chorus

Three Kings Have Journeyed
Cornelius-Damrosch
Yang Chia-ren
Solo and Chorus

Hymn 115

Glory Be to God Rachmaninoff
arr. by Liu Dzo-gia
Glee Club

Silent Prayer

"Then let ev'ry heart keep its
 Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow,
 Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest,
 Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness,
 Christ's love of the light,
Everywhere, everywhere
 Christmas tonight.

Phillips Brooks

1935 (?)

EASTER AT GINLING

Christmas has come to be the great Christian festival, but the Church kept Easter for some centuries before she kept Christmas, and a right keeping of Easter can be full of deepest meaning for a Christian person or a Christian group. In the Church year Advent precedes Christmas, and the joy of the Holy Birth stands out against the background of the world's deep need and the long waiting for a Saviour. In the same wise way the church program of religious education puts the Lenten season before Easter, with the historic climax of Holy Week and the Cross as the background for the triumph of Life over Death which is the Christian meaning of Easter. Christmas is kept by many who do not call themselves Christians, acknowledging the greatness of Jesus as a world figure whose birthday should be remembered, although many celebrations of Christmas give too little place to true remembrance of the One who was born, and the great meanings of His life.

Only Christians can truly keep the Feast at Easter time, and they must walk along the way of fellowship with His sufferings before they can rejoice in the hope of life eternal which the Risen Christ gave to his sorrowing disciples. This is our thought each year when we plan for the keeping of Holy Week and Easter at Ginling.

Readings from the story of His Last Week, beginning with Palm Sunday, with a prayer for each day, are distributed to every member of the college family, faculty and students. Then we follow through the week day by day in chapel or vesper service. The Day of Triumph; Jesus and the Multitude; The Day of Authority; Jesus and the Leaders; The Day of Retirement; Jesus and His Friends; The Day of Fellowship; Jesus and the Disciples; The Day of Suffering; The Cost

of Loyalty; The Day of Silence and Sorrow: The Test of Failure;
The Day of Resurrection: The Risen Life. Thursday evening we join
in the "Holy Meal" which is the Chinese name for the Communion
Service. At this service and for Good Friday Chapel we have leaders
from outside--this year Dr. Andrew C. Y. Cheng and Mr. Andrew T. Roy.

Sometimes our early service on Easter morning presents in
dramatic form the events in the Gospel stories of the Resurrection,
the visit of the women to the tomb being a favorite theme. This year
the service, planned by Dr. Emily Werner^{who led the service} with the collaboration of
Miss Kathleen Bond of the Music Department was a presentation in
song of the glorious messages of Easter. At seven o'clock the com-
pany of women gathered in the garden, with the eastern light falling
across them as they sat looking across the little lake we call the
Ginling Mirror, because it reflects our curved roofs in its surface.
A jar of calla lilies on the table by the speaker was the only
Easter decoration; the rest was nature's work--the fresh yellow
green of the willows, the white of the spiraea, the shining green
of the flat-leaf evergreens, a few late blooms of the red tulip tree.
The Order of Service had music and words of the special hymns and
carols in which the whole company joined, led by the chorus which
had been trained by Miss Bond. Following the reading of the Easter
story a carol, "In Joseph's Lovely Garden" was sung by a vocal group.
Another carol, "Love Comes Again" was sung by the Glee Club after
the hymn, "Love Came down at Christmas". The opening hymn was an
adaptation of the hymn of St. Francis, "All creatures of our God and
King." The second song was an old French piece, "The FlowerCarol",
in which the violet, the lily, the rose and the pansy "in a joyous
ring" "spread their lovely perfumes", and Proclaimed "the beauty
of eternal day". Another carol, "Here is Joy" came down from the
16th Century. A modern carol, "Ring Ye Bells of Easter Da

and the hymn "Sing with all the Sons of glory" completed the cycle of song. The meditation, What Difference Does It Make? reminded us of the meaning of Easter: the release from fear, the upspringing of hope, the full and abundant life which is in Christ and which may be ours if we be risen with Christ.

Ginling College, Nanking, China

Easter 1937

Dr. Wu writes, "Easter Sunday was the culmination of a week of special services during Holy Week. Chapel services were conducted by special speakers on the regular chapel days. On Monday there was a special vesper service. On Thursday evening at the Communion service Dr. Li Tien-lu, chairman of the Ginling College Board of Directors and Dean of the Theological Seminary officiated. On Good Friday a special service was held in place of the regular Friday Assembly. Dr. Roxy Lafforge, General Secretary for Religious Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China spoke." All of these services, Dr. Wu reports, were well attended.

It is the custom at Ginling to have a sunrise service on Easter morning. This year there had been a snow storm during the week, which left the trees and bushes covered with snow; but Easter morning dawned beautifully and the service was held in the garden back of one of the dormitories. Miss Vautrin, for many years a devoted teacher at Ginling, was in charge. She spoke of the period ten years ago, following the Nanking Incident, when all missionaries had left Nanking and when it seemed to the workers that mission work was over. These ten years, she said, "have shown that God works differently and that man needs stronger faith in Him."

At the Easter morning service for University of Nanking and for Ginling students, twenty-one students were baptized. Dr. Wu wrote with regret that two Seniors of Ginling whom they had hoped would take this step at this time were not yet ready to do so. She trusts that they will make their decision before the end of this college year. If they do, a special baptismal service will be arranged for them before the year is over. May we not all unite in prayer for them and for other students at Ginling who are considering this most important of all life's decisions.

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GINLING
EASTER SUNRISH SERVICE

APRIL 21, 1935

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,
What that in dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the death has been:

Love is come again,
Like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, Love whom men had slain,
Thinking that never he would wake again,
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,
He that for three days in the grave had lain,
Quick from the death my risen Lord is seen:

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
Thy touch can call us back to life again,
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:

- J. M. C. Crum.

ORDER OF SERVICE

I. "That is the day the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it."

PRELUDE HYMN: All Creatures of our Lord and King

All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise Him, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,
O praise him, Allelulia,
Thou rising sun in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening find a voice,
O praise Him, Allelulia, Allelulia,
Allelulia, Allelulia.

Let all things their creator bless,
And worship him with humbleness,
O praise him, Alleluia,
Praise, praise the father, praise the Son,
And praise the spirit three in one,
O praise Him, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

SONG: The Flower Carol

Fairest flowrets, come and in a joyous ring,
Spread your lovely perfumes round your Heavenly King.
Little violet, emblem of humility,
Show how lowly Christ is made for you and me.

Fairest flowrets, come and in a joyous ring,
Spread your lovely perfumes round your Heavenly King.
Lily fair, expanding in the sunlight's glow
Thou dost speak of purity as white as snow.

Fairest flowrets, come and in a joyous ring,
Spread your lovely perfumes round your Heavenly King.
Sweetest rose, thy perfume in the summer air
Breathes the tender love of thy creator's care.

Fairest flowrets, come and in a joyous ring,
Spread your lovely perfumes round your Heavenly King.
And thou, too, say Pansy, in thy bright array,
Dost proclaim the beauty of eternal day.

SILENT PRAYER

II. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?
He is not here but is risen."

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 28: 1-10
John 20: 19-23

CAROL: In Joseph's Lovely Garden -- Vocal Group

In Joseph's lovely garden, The Lord Christ's tomb was made,
And there his broken body, To rest was gently laid,
A great rock strongly sealed it, That Death might have full
sway,
But God sent down His angel, To roll the stone away.

When dawn was faintly breaking, Across the garden fair,
Three women entered weeping, Bearing spices rare,
Then spake the guardian angel, In shining raiment bright,
He whom ye seek is risen, and death is vanquished quite.

O angel of the garden, Descend to us today,
And comfort all our sadness, And drive death's fear away,
We all are sorrow laden, Speak to our hearts we pray
"He whom ye love is risen, And lives with Christ always."

O Jesus, blest Redeemer, all praise to Thee we bring,
No power of death could hold Thee, Our Saviour, Lord and King!
As Thou hast ris'n all glorious, May we one day arise,
O'er sin and death victorious, In Thy blest Paradise.

RESPONSIVE READING: Selection 41

CAROL: Here Is Joy

Here is joy for ev'ry age, Ev'ry generation,
Prince and peasant, chief and sage, Ev'ry tongue and nation.
Ev'ry tongue and nation, Ev'ry rank and station,
Hath today salvation, Alleluia!

When the world was sad and gray, Came the Christ to save us,
Came to turn our night to day, Precious gifts he gave us,
Precious gifts He gave us, Came the Christ to save us,
Sin should not enslave us, Alleluia!

God who came to us on earth, Came to end our sighing,
Unto us He gave new birth, Conquered fear of dying,
Conquered fear of dying, Came to end our sighing,
Banished tears and crying, Alleluia!

CAROL: Ring, Ye Bells of Easter Day

Ye happy bells of Easter Day
Ring, ring your joy thro' earth and sky,
Ye ring a glorious word;
The notes that swell in gladness tell
The rising of the Lord.

Ye happy bells of Easter Day
The hills that rise against the skies
Re-echo with the word,
The victor breath that conquers death
The rising of the Lord!

Ye happy bells of Easter Day
The bitter cut He lifted up,
Salvation to afford,
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

Ye happy bells of Easter Day
The thorny crown He layeth down:
Ring! ring with strong accord,
The mighty strain of love and pain
The rising of the Lord!

III. "That like as Christ was raised from the dead. . . . so we might walk in newness of life."

HYMN: #113 - Love Came Down at Christmas

ANTHEM: Love Comes Again -- Glee Club
(words on first page)

MEDITATION:

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

PRAYER IN UNISON:

O Lord God, Heavenly Father, Who has given Thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification: Quicken us, we pray Thee, by Thy Holy Spirit, unto newness of life that, through the power of His Resurrection, we may dwell with Christ forever. To Him be the glory, world without end, Amen.

HYMN: Sing with all the Sons of Glory

Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song.
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong;
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease
In God's likeness man awaking,
Knows the ever-lasting peace.

Life eternal, heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heav'n
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

Life eternal! O what wonders,
crowd on faith; what joy unknown
Then, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament
Know, with Thee, O God immortal
"Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

BENEDICTION.

(1)

在至高之處榮耀歸與上帝
在地上平安歸與他所喜悅的人



CHRISTMAS ON THE GINLING CAMPUS

— 1938 —

LUKE 2:14

Christmas on the Ginling Campus

— 1938 —

Excepting for the little destitute children in the Homecraft Course, and the neighborhood children in the Sunday School and half-day school, no plans were made for a "Merry Christmas." Although outwardly conditions in the city are much better than a year ago, and physical danger is largely past, yet the thought of the terrible agony of wounded soldiers on the battle fields, the daily danger in which people in the western part of China are now living, the deprivation and suffering of the great number of refugees who have gone westward, and the general mental and physical suffering all over the great nation,—all these made a "Merry Christmas" impossible for any thoughtful person in this part of China. However, we did want to share the inner meaning of the Christmas message with the women and girls with us, most of whom are in a Christian institution for the first time, and plan for them a Christmas Eve and Day which would linger in their memories.

A simple Christmas Pageant had been planned that would use the passages in Luke and Matthew telling of the birth of Jesus, and use the Christmas carols we wanted them to learn. Representatives of all on the Campus were made a part of the pageant, teen-age girls, destitute women and their children, members of the staff and their children, and the college servants. The various groups began to prepare their parts early, for all were expected to memorize them. It was hoped to have the pageant out in one of the gardens, so the shepherds could come down from a hill near by, the wisemen come up the long path from the east, Mary could ride up to the inn on a donkey, and where we could have one large Christmas tree with a great star above it. However, the weather changed just a few days before Christmas and the out door plan was reluctantly given up, and the College Chapel substituted. There was only one

rehearsal—that on Friday evening, December 23rd, The program at 6:30 on Christmas Eve was as follows:

Hymn—O Come, all Ye Faithful, Joyful and triumphant By the Angel Choir

(Senior I and II)

Prophet—Isaiah 7:40 Mr. Y. T. Wang

Hymn—O Come, O Come Emmanuel.

The Angel Choir

Prophet—Matthew 2:6 Pastor David Yang

Scripture Verses—Luke 2: 1-5. Junior III

Pageant—Mary and Joseph Arrive at the Inn

(Yang, the janitor in the Science Building

was Joseph, one of the destitute women was

Mary, and a little destitute girl was Mary's

maid)

Hymn—O Little Town of Bethlehem

By the Choir of the Homecraft Course

Scripture Verses—Luke 2: 6,7. Junior III

Pageant—Appearance of the Holy Family at the

Door of the Inn

Hymn—Holy Night. The Angel Choir

Scripture Verses—Luke 2: 8-15 Story of the

Shepherds

(By the remainder of the women of the Ho-

meecraft Course)

Hymn—While Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

. Junior II

Pageant—Shepherds Worship the Christ Child.

(Four boys, sons of members of the staff,

and two Christian campus servants were the

shepherds)

Scripture Verses—Matthew 2: 1-12 Story of the

Wisemen. Junior Ia

Pageant—Wisemen Offer their Gifts to the Christ

Child (Pastor Chiang, Mr. Chen and Mr. Li

made very-excellent kings. One at a time,

they came up the long aisle, singing a verse

of "We Three Kings of Orient Are.")

Hymn—The First Noel. Junior Ib

Pageant—Nursery School Children Offer Gifts to

the Christ Child. (The older children in the Nursery School went to the lower platform, knelt and offered their little gifts and then faced the audience.)

Hymn—Away in a Manger. . . The Nursery School
Hymn—Joy to the World. . . . Congregation
(As they sang they marched past the lower platform and offered gifts—some money, some packages of clothing, some play things. The gifts of money amounted to \$24.50)

There were only a few guests at the pageant for we sent out no invitations since it is neither wise nor safe to go out on lonely roads after dark. The pageant was simple but meaningful. Much of the planning and costuming was done by Miss Whitmer, but the training was done by persons responsible for teaching the various groups.

The Christmas holiday began on the morning of December 24, but no one went home. There were no regular classes, but instead the morning and part of the afternoon were spent in cleaning and decorating. From 8-10 all were supposed to clean their bed rooms, while the girls doing house work to earn their fees, cleaned class rooms, living and dining rooms. From 10-12 o'clock committees of women and girls made decorations for their Christmas trees and the common rooms. By four o'clock in the afternoon the rooms and trees were quite gay and festive, and certainly no two alike.

Christmas Day dawned cloudy but fortunately it did not rain. Beginning at seven o'clock in the morning there were two services on the campus. All of the 145 girls in the Experimental Course and many of their teachers met in the South Studio where Mrs. Tsen and Mr. Chen and I, the Administrative Committee of the Campus, had planned for a short service which was followed by the singing of many Christmas carols, chosen by the girls. It was of interest to note that their first choice was "The Moon and Stars of Christmas Eve" which was set to

a Chinese tune by Professor Wyant of Yenching. The room was beautiful, with a lovely tree, undecorated, at the right, large bouquets of heavenly bambo and poinsettias on the platform, and a seven-branch candlestick with lighted candles on the speaker's table. At the side of the room was a set of three Christmas scrolls with lighted candles on a table beneath.

At the same hour over in the lecture hall of the Science Building the women of the Homecraft Course met with their teachers. They too had a service of praise and prayer. The plain room looked festive with its Christmas tree, its Christmas scroll on the background of a red satin banner, and its lighted candles. Miss Lin, the dean of the course, was in charge of the service. This is the only Christmas that that group will be together, for long before next Christmas their course will have been finished and they will have left us to go out to start life again.

Breakfast was a real birthday one, with long noodles, of longevity and several other special dishes.

At 10:30 the same morning in the big chapel, we had a regular Christmas church service with two choirs—the one from the Homecraft Course on the left, the other from the Experimental Course on the right. Again we made use of the Christmas Carols and Scripture passages that had been memorized. Pastor Shen of the Methodist Church gave the Christmas message.

Not all the activities were for our own group, for at 2 o'clock on Christmas afternoon three services were held for others.

Over at the Neighborhood Center, about two hundred children were gathered in the Neighborhood House and an overflow meeting for 80 other children was held in the day-school. The program consisted largely of motion singing and group recitations prepared by the children of the Nursery School. Of course there was a treat—a card and candy prepared

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by the women of the Homecraft Course, and peanuts and an orange. The Experimental Course girls who teach in the neighborhood Sunday School wrapped the packages.

At the same hour in the Science Hall more than one hundred neighborhood women met for their Christmas service. The program was in charge of Miss Lo, our neighborhood evangelistic worker, and the music was furnished by the choir of the Homecraft Course. These women too were given a treat of an orange, and candy made by the women of the Homecraft Course.

And still one other very interesting service was held at two o'clock by our group. Representatives of each class in the Experimental Course, of the Homecraft Course, and of the staff left the campus at one o'clock and made their way by ricksha, down to the Municipal Home for Cripples near the South Gate, where a group of 70 very pitiful men, women and children are now living. They took with them enough money and warm clothing, so that in the evening the superintendent could give 20 cents to each person for extra food, and warm clothing to the neediest. Had our representatives tried to give out the money and clothing they would have been mobbed. They had carefully planned a Christmas program of carols, scripture passages, and a talk on the meaning of Christmas, which they gave not only for the 70 cripples but for many others who gathered with them. A report of the meeting given later by two of the representatives to the rest of our students made us feel that the meeting was appreciated not only by poor cripples but was deeply meaningful to the representatives who planned and gave the program.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon up at the South Hill Faculty residence, more than 60 westerners and English speaking Chinese, and two Japanese pastors, attended a Christmas service which was largely given by the nine American children who had come up for their holiday from the American School in Shanghai

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and the four American children who have been living in Nanking since early autumn. Rev. Ernest Forster and Miss Lois Ely had drilled the children and were in charge of the service. At that service there were diplomatic people from three Embassies, business men, missionaries, and Chinese and Japanese Christians. A strange gathering.

Christmas Day on the campus closed in a lighter vein. From 7-9 o'clock six parties were held for six different groups.

In the living room of the Teh-shueh dormitory gathered the 30 destitute children and their teachers. Mrs. Tsen had prepared little baskets of treat for them and they had a great time playing games together. In the big social hall of the Central Building gathered the one hundred destitute women of the Homecraft Course and their teachers. It was good to see them laughing and playing together. They too had a treat. Over in the Science Lecture Hall, under the direction of Pastor Yang and Mr. Chen the college servants and their families met for a service first and then a party and a treat. Each servant was given two pairs of stockings and two towels which had been woven by the women of the Homecraft Course, and a one dollar bill. They had a treat which was given by members of the Administrative Committee.

Last, but not least, were the parties for the three groups of Experimental Course students. One group met with their teachers in the living room of the South Hill residence, another in the living room of Ting-tsiu the dormitory, and still another in the dining room of the Practice School dormitory. For an hour and a half they played games and then they had refreshments too. When the lights blinked at nine o'clock, giving the first warning, all were sorry the evening had been so short. For many, Christmas was a new experience. Through the varied activities and services it was our hope that the prayer of St. Francis which had been translated into Chinese and

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placed on a bulletin board where all could see, would become the prayer of each of us during the Christmas season.

Lord, make me an instrument of Your Peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.

O divine Master grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled, as to console:
To be understood, as to understand:
To be loved, as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive:

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned:
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Written by Minnie Vautrin
145 Hankow Road
January, 1939.

Address in America
Ginling College Committee
Suite 903
150 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

NANKING

CHRISTMAS ON THE GINLING CAMPUS - 1939

- | | | |
|-------------|---|---|
| December 16 | Saturday, 9:40 a.m.
Singing of Christmas Carols by the Experimental Course,
under direction of Miss Koo and Miss Ely | South Studio |
| December 17 | Sunday, 7:15 p.m.
Young People's Meeting.
"Christmas Customs in Many Lands" | College Chapel
Speaker: Mr. Burch |
| December 18 | Monday, 9:45 a.m.
Weekly Assembly of Experimental Course.
"Methods of Helping the Poor of our
Neighborhood" | Science Lecture Hall
Speaker: Miss Lin |
| December 19 | Tuesday, 9:45 a.m.
Joint Chapel Service.
Prophecy Concerning the Coming of
the Messiah. | College Chapel
Pastor David Yang |
| | <u>Hymns:</u> "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel"
"I Know Not How That Bethlehem's Babe" | |
| December 20 | Wednesday, 9:45 a.m.
Joint practice of Christmas hymns | College Chapel
Miss Ely |
| December 21 | Thursday, 9:45 a.m.
Joint Chapel Service
"The Meaning of Christmas" | College Chapel
Pastor Chiang |
| | 2-5 p.m. Christmas Sale.
Quilts and toys made by work-relief
students. Towels, stockings, and
cloth made by Homecraft students.
Gladiolus bulbs from college gardens. | Central Building |
| | 7 p.m. Meeting of representatives of
classes to decide on how to help
neighborhood poor. | |
| December 22 | Friday, 7:15 p.m.
Rehearsal for Christmas Pageant. | College Chapel. |
| December 23 | Saturday
1-3 p.m. "Big Cleaning" of classrooms
and bedrooms.
3-5 p.m. Decorating of rooms, and
Christmas trees.
7:15 p.m. Christmas Program in English.
Prepared by members of
English Club.
Play - "The Shepherds" | College Chapel. |

December 24 Sunday, 10:30 a.m. South Studio
 Church Service Speaker: Mrs. Thurston
 Neighborhood Center
 2:00 p.m. Neighborhood Sunday School
 2:30 p.m. Christmas Program by
 Kindergarten Children. Central Guest Hall.
 2:30 p.m. Christmas Program for
 Neighborhood Women. By ex-
 perimental Course students. Science Building
 7:15 p.m. Christmas Pageant College Chapel
 Participants - Members of
 staff; Experimental Course
 students; Homecraft students;
 campus children; servants.
 11-12 p.m. Caroling by members of Senior
 II and III. (This is a special
 privilege for the one group only.)

December 25 Rising bell at 7 a.m.
 8 a.m. Christmas breakfast.
 Noodles and special food.
 9 a.m. Singing of Christmas Carols South Studio
 12:30 p.m. Christmas Dinner
 Two special dishes
 2:30 p.m. Christmas Program at the
 Neighborhood Day School.
 Parents are invited.
 7:15 p.m. Christmas parties.
 a. Experimental Course.
 Students and staff. Gymnasium
 b. Homecraft Course.
 Students and staff. Guest hall.
 c. Servants and their families Science Lecture Hall.

Classes begin on Tuesday morning at the usual time.

New Year Holiday - From Saturday afternoon, December thirtieth, to Tuesday
 afternoon at 5 p.m.
 There will be no Church service at the college on Sunday,
 December thirty-first, and no student service in the evening
 unless the small group left on the campus wishes to arrange
 for a special service on Sunday evening, December thirty-first.

GINLING CAMPUS, NANKING

The Christmas Pageant. Sunday Evening, December 24, 1939
7:15 p.m. The College Chapel

Order of Service:

<u>Hymn 87</u>	"O Come, All Ye Faithful"	Audience
<u>Voice of the prophet</u>	Isaiah 7: 14	Pastor Yang
<u>Hymn 78</u>	"O Come, O Come, Emmanuel"	Junior II students
<u>Voice of the prophet</u>	Matthew 2: 6	Mr. Y. T. Wang
<u>Scripture</u>	Luke 2: 1-5	Homecraft Students, Sec. I
<u>Pageant</u>	Mary and Joseph arrive at the Inn Mary - Miss Hsueh Yu-ying Joseph - Miss Yuen Cheng-shen	
<u>Hymn 84</u>	"O Little Town of Bethlehem"	Audience
<u>Scripture</u>	Luke 2: 6-7	Homecraft Students, Sec. I
<u>Pageant</u>	Appearance of the Holy Family at the door of the Inn. Babe in the Manger.	
<u>Hymn 83</u>	"Holy Night, Holy Night"	Senior II & III students
<u>Scripture</u>	Luke 2: 8-15	Homecraft students, Sec. II
<u>Hymn 79</u>	"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night"	Junior III
<u>Pageant</u>	Shepherds come down from the back of the chapel, playing flute. Three servants and four boys of the campus act as shepherds.	
<u>Scripture</u>	Matthew 2: 1-12	Homecraft students, Sec. III
<u>Pageant</u>	Three wise men come down the aisle singing, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." Come separately. Audience sings first and last verses. Wisemen - Pastor Chiang, Mr. Wang Bang-chieh, Mr. Li Hung-nien.	
<u>Hymn 85</u>	"The First Noel"	Senior I students
<u>Pageant</u>	Campus children sing "Away in a Manger." Go to the Christ Child and offer their gifts.	
<u>Hymn 91</u>	"Joy to the World"	Audience
	Audience, led by two little children, offer their gifts as they march around.	
<u>Benediction</u>		
<u>Recessional</u>		

1940-41 07

GINLING COLLEGE - CHENGTU - SZECHUAN

"Mothers of the World"

A Christmas Play, 1940

Scene: The World's Highway

Characters: A Chinese woman
A Japanese woman
A Finnish woman
A German woman
Joseph
Mary

Enter a Chinese woman, obviously a refugee. She begins to tell about all her misfortune - of how the city where she lived was first bombed, and then the Japanese took it and burned most of it. She complains that other people behaved badly, that once when a bomb had set some houses on fire and she and her husband were trying to help put it out, some other people took advantage and stole some of their things, and that even the refugees with whom she has been travelling have taken some of her belongings.

As she is talking, a Finnish woman comes in, shivering with the cold, and tells how they had to leave their homes in the midst of deep snow, and how some people perished from the cold.

She and the Chinese woman talk a little, comparing their experiences, and as they talk Joseph and Mary pass slowly by. Mary is stumbling as she walks.

The Chinese and Finnish women turn to look at them, and the Finnish woman says that these people are Jews, and that they are really in a worse plight than the other refugees; there are still places in China and in her country for the people to go to, but the Jews have no country and any country may drive them out.

The Chinese woman agrees with her, but says that all the same she hopes that they will not come to China as there are plenty of people in China already, and that they have no room for any more. The Finnish woman agrees with her and says she is sorry for them, but still they do not want them in her country either.

As they are talking, a Japanese woman enters and, seeing the Chinese woman, goes up to her and asks if she can tell her where they have buried the Japanese soldiers. At first, she said, they sent back the ashes to Japan, and you could bury them yourself, but now they are burying them in China, and she has lost two sons, and she has come to look for them.

The Chinese woman says that the Japanese had no right to come and invade their country, that it was very wrong, and she will not help her to find the graves.

The Japanese woman says that Japan is a small country with a large population and that they must have a place in which to expand, and that China was not fair to them and was always having anti-Japanese movements, and they had to fight. Now that the blood of their sons has been spilt on the land and their ashes buried here, this land is theirs as well as China's.

The Chinese woman denies this and says that it is and always will be only China's land.

-2-

The Japanese woman says that the Chinese woman does not understand history and that the Japanese people have a destiny to rule not only Asia - but the world.

As the Japanese woman is speaking, the German woman comes in, and says that it is not Japan that is destined to be the next great empire, but Germany. Her country has gone through great suffering, but has now emerged cleansed of all racial impurity, full of desire for sacrifice in order that she may be great, and that other nations may recognize her as the greatest among all races and admit her superiority. She says that she lost her husband in the Great War, and has already lost one son in this war, but that Germany is worth the sacrifice - even if her second and last son should be killed.

The Japanese woman turns on her and says that the way Germany broke faith with Japan is not the way to build up greatness, that she has shown herself without principle.

The Finnish woman also turns on the German woman and says their plight is due to Germany's treachery.

The Chinese woman says what can you expect - there is no honour among thieves, and that both Germany and Japan are thieves. The Japanese and German women get very excited and they all quarrel.

As they quarrel there is a sound of a carol, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and as they listen they stop quarrelling, and gradually fall asleep. When they are asleep, Mary and Joseph enter, this time carrying the baby. They stop and look at the women.

Mary says that it is very sad that 2,000 years ago her son was born to show them how to live in humility and love - serving, not seeking to possess for themselves, not to seize power. She says they still seek power, and even when they themselves are sad and lonely they have no pity for others who are sad and lonely, but want to drive them on. Even mothers whose hearts are sad with the loss of sons, get angry with other mothers. What can be done?

Joseph says that they must go on doing as God has done, giving of himself, giving of his most precious - trusting them and loving them, even though they fail again and again. He tells Mary she must again give them her son, and that perhaps his weakness - his dependence on them would appeal to them.

Mary says she cannot give him up, she cannot trust him to women who would quarrel like that, and that perhaps if she left him with them he would die.

Joseph says that he has already died many times, but that always he is born again, and that there is no other way to show to men that they are weak and helpless, and must depend on others' kindness and goodness, must be as little children and servants of all.

Mary holds the baby a little closer, and says he is so small, so tiny, and yet so beautiful that she cannot let him go.

Joseph says there is no other way if she really wants to show her love - that love alone is willing to be dependent upon others.

Very slowly Mary lays her baby down and kneels beside him. As she kneels beside him there is a carol sung, "Love came down at Christmas."

Joseph and Mary go out.

After they have gone, the women gradually wake up and see the baby lying there. They all exclaim about him, and gather round, and say how beautiful he is. He gives a little cry and the Finnish woman says that he is hungry, and that she has milk to give him, because her baby died of the cold when she fled. She still has milk in her breasts so she picks him up and nurses him. She says she would like to keep him, but that she does not feel it is fair to take him to Finland just now, she has no home to take him to, and that perhaps he might die of cold. If he did not die of cold he might be bombed. She would love to have him, but she did not think it would be right. She hands him to the Chinese woman.

The Chinese woman takes him and holds him very lovingly, and says that she would like to take him, but that China is not a very safe place either. She has seen many children die by the wayside, and killed by bombs, and that if the baby lived in a place where the Japanese ruled that would be worse - he might grow up to take opium and heroin. She hands him to the Japanese woman and tells her to take him. Japan is safe and they do not let their own people grow up drug addicts - she can give him a chance to grow up strong and healthy.

The Japanese woman takes him and holds him, and looks at him for a bit, and then speaks rather slowly as though she were thinking of things for the first time. She agrees that he would be much safer in Japan, but she says perhaps there are worse things than being killed. Perhaps it would be worse to grow up and come and kill other little babies like him. He was not a Japanese and they would want him to grow up so that he would think so much of the Japanese that he would not have time to think of other people, so perhaps Japan was not a very good place to bring up a baby that they felt belonged to them all. She turns and gives him to the German woman, and says you are a Christian nation, you take him.

The German woman holds him, and looks at him very carefully, and says that she rather thinks he may be a Jewish baby because she passed a Jewish woman on the road further up who had a baby and that she may have left him here. If he grew up looking like a Jew, Germany would not be a very good place for him. She loves Germany, of course, and she always tells herself that all the sacrifice she has had to make is worth while, but she sometimes wonders - perhaps it does not matter so much about being great, perhaps to live on equal terms with your neighbors, not thinking in terms of greatness, is the best way. Does all the promised glory of Germany's future greatness make up to her for the human fellowship she has missed? Perhaps already her second and last son is killed on the western front, and she would love to take this baby to her home, but Germany, like Japan, is no place to bring up a baby who belongs to them all. He will learn to be a German first and foremost, and to look down on others, perhaps his own people.

She holds him out and asks where can he be safe from cold and poverty and war, where can he be brought up to love all men, and to seek the welfare of all common people and not to strive for national honour and power, so that whatever country he does belong to he will surely treat them as one should treat brothers.

They all hold out their arms, but all drop them slowly again. The Finnish woman says that since all in Finland now live under the shadow of fear, and all are on the defensive and filled with mistrust of Russia, he would grow up with bitterness in his soul.

The Chinese woman says there is fear in her country too, and poverty, and weakness, and that it is not the best place to bring up a baby.

The Japanese woman says that in Japan he would learn only to be a Japanese, that he would not know the truth, his mind would be turned and twisted, and that he would learn to think lightly of women.

The German woman says that in her country, too, he would learn to be a German first, and to look down on others, that hate and not love would fill his soul. He who comes to them on Christmas Day is the token of love. Where can we take him to be safe and loved?

They all shake their heads and say there is no place where he would be safe in body, mind and soul.

One of the women says that, if any place is to be safe, then all places must be safe.

Another says if this baby is to be brought up so that he treats all men like his own because he does not know who is his own, then all babies must be brought up that way.

Another says, if none of us can look after him by ourselves, perhaps, if we all worked together, we could.

Another says, yes, let us all work together to make the world safe for this baby, then all babies will be safe.

They kneel down around him, and hold their hands and pledge themselves to build a world where all babies will be safe from poverty, fear, war, and sudden death, and where all babies will be brought up to love and not to hate, and to realize that only by sharing can all have enough.

As they finish, a carol is sung.

After the carol is finished the women rise, and one says if you wish to build with us a better world, follow, and bring your gifts as symbols of yourself to the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem who gave himself and is always giving himself.

"Light your candles to light yourself and the world."

The women lead the procession to the dormitory where Mary and Joseph have already gone. The women place the baby in the cradle and stand there with Mary and Joseph while students and faculty put in their gifts, and then stand grouped around the courtyard as a last carol is sung.

1740-V) [7

MOTHERS OF THE WORLD

A Christmas Play

(Mothers of the World was first presented Christmas 1939 at Ginling College, Chengtu, China. The Chinese dialogue, developed by the students, was based on a synopsis written by Eva Dykes Spicer, of the Ginling College faculty. The English dialogue here given was based on the same synopsis, and was written by Amelia Josephine Burr Elmore. Mrs. Elmore also wrote the Prologue.)

PROLOGUE

We of the West have so long regarded ourselves as guides and givers in our relation to the Orient that we have been slow to recognize the growing extent to which we should ourselves look eastward for light and leadership. Now and then some vivid instance brings this home to us, and we recognize such an instance in this play. Ginling College in Nanking is only a skeleton of the original organization. Circumstances, some of which have been too deeply branded on our consciousness to be effaced by any subsequent horror anywhere, made it imperative to transfer most of the educational work to the comparative safety of far Chengtu in West China. In ravaged Nanking, however, a remnant holds the original post. Perhaps no group of people less sternly tested could have produced this play, the outline of which was written by one of the faculty and the dialogue by the students. In its original production at Chengtu, during the last carol the students walked in procession to the dormitory carrying red candles. There the tableau of the Holy Family awaited them, and gifts of money for flood relief in the North and for the victims of war at Nanking were laid in the Manger.

The play came to the United States as an outline. To the four nations represented, Chinese, Japanese, German and Finn, three more were added to give it a wider scope when it assumed its present form in the First Presbyterian Church of Englewood, New Jersey. It was given there in celebration of Christmas by the Woman's Association, and later repeated in response to a strong popular request. Its elemental truth and deep devotion give it a quite indescribable appeal. As we have suggested, it may well be that a thing so richly and spiritually alive could only be born of such a crucial experience as that of Nanking.

Scene: The World's Highway

Characters: A Chinese woman
 A Finnish woman
 A Czech woman
 A Japanese woman
 A North American woman
 A South American woman
 A German woman
 Joseph
 Mary

(A lonely road at night. The background represents a rocky bank. This may be made by building up two hillocks or wooden boxes or kindergarten chairs, covered with brown or green cloth, or artificial grass. At each side of the stage are low thickets of bare branches, with a thin sprinkling of artificial snow. Stage right center, a smaller mound like those of the background. The stage may be enclosed with dark blue curtains, with entrances upstage right, downstage left and right.)

(A Chinese woman enters, upstage right, very wearily. She cringes suddenly and looks up, shading her eyes; then drops her hand with a sigh.)

CHINESE I thought I heard one of them - but there is nothing. Perhaps as long as I live I shall hear them in the sky - and then those other sounds that come... on earth. (Crosses to bank upstage left) Well, if it is no use trying to run away, at least I can rest.

(She sits at centre of the rear bank, and drops her head in her hands. The Finnish woman enters, also wearily, downstage left, hugging her shawl about her. She stops as if frightened at sight of the Chinese, who lifts her head, stiffens, but does not rise. The two look at each other steadily; then the Chinese relaxes and points to the bank beside her.)

CHINESE You are tired too. Rest. I think it is safe here - if it is safe anywhere.

(The Finn crosses to left and sits down timidly, centre of bank.)

FINN (wearily) What place is this?

CHINESE I do not know. Till I grew so tired, I had no thought of stopping anywhere; only of getting away, far away. There was a bomb - and fire - and -

FINN Do not say it. I know. (She shivers)

CHINESE You know? Where is your home?

FINN My home - was - in Finland.

CHINESE Ah, yes. You know. You are cold?

FINN It was winter when the bombs came; the snows were deep, and the cold struck into my heart. All the other children were just red stains on the snow; but I

caught up my youngest and carried her in my arms, holding her close till - she died. Then I buried her in the snow and went on.

CHINESE (thoughtfully) Cold gives a clean death. Your daughter was more fortunate than you know. It is strange that we meet here - you from the north, I from the east.

FINN In this place, I think, there is no north, no east; it is the world's highway of aching hearts that the mothers of the world are treading today, women together who have wept till no tears are left.

CHINESE Then we shall not be long alone upon it. See, here comes another.

(Czech woman enters mistrustfully, left.)

FINN Are you too a fugitive? Sit down and rest with us. You can trust us.

CZECH (turns downstage away from Finn) I can trust nobody.

CHINESE You have suffered; but so have we. She is of Finland, I of China.

CZECH I am Czech. You have not touched my depth of suffering.

FINN Bombs have not crushed out your world.

CZECH Not bombs - there are other ways to crush. (Crosses to Finn and sits downstage left of her on bank.) You have seen your homes in ruins, but not your faith in other nations whom you called friends. You have not been betrayed by those whom you trusted and delivered bound into slavery. Your men are still fighting. They may die, but they die free.

FINN Your sons are free in heart.

CZECH How long can they remain so?

(As the others look at her sadly, not knowing what comfort to offer, Japanese woman enters downstage left. She looks anxiously first at Czech, then at Finn, recognizing nothing familiar in them. Finally she sees Chinese and crosses eagerly to her. Chinese draws back implacably.)

JAPANESE Is this China? Can you tell me where they have buried the Japanese soldiers? I have gone so far and thought I had lost my way - but now I see I must be near the end of my search. At first, you see, they sent the ashes back to Japan; I buried them myself and kept incense burning there. (Crosses in front of Chinese) The graves of the Forty-nine Ronin were not more carefully tended.

(Turns to Chinese) But now they are burying them in China where they fall; there are too many to send back... though I do not see how there can be so many dead on our side, with all our victories --

CHINESE Your victories?

JAPANESE Of course they are really the victories of the Son of Heaven (she bows) but if we can call them ours, it makes it easier to be cold and hungry, and to remember that there are no children left to burn incense at my grave when I am laid beside the sons who came back to me. But there are others - two of them - buried in the earth where they died. Woman of China, help me to find them!

CHINESE If I knew where they lie polluting our soil, I would not guide you one step on the way. What were they doing in our country? They were robbers, and as robbers they died.

JAPANESE How can you be so cruel and wicked? You are barbarians, as we have been told.

CHINESE (springing to her feet) We, barbarians? We were princes and sages when you were pirates with no language but the cries of animals.

JAPANESE (angrily) You have never been fair to us. You have always hated us and tried to keep us from our place in the world, because you fear us.

CHINESE One more lie.

JAPANESE Can you deny that you have more than enough land for your people?

(Left rear, North American woman enters, followed by South American. They stand unnoticed, while the quarrel grows more heated.)

JAPANESE (continuing) And yet you have not been willing to share one field with us, when we were so crowded on our small island that we terraced the soil to the very mountain-tops for a little more space to cultivate food!

CHINESE We would not let you contaminate our empire.

JAPANESE (with great contempt) Your empire! Your princes and sages, soft idle dabblers with a writing brush! China has had emperors, such as they are, but never the idea of an imperial destiny that has unfolded for us! Japan is the natural, inevitable ruler of the east - it can be no other way.

CHINESE In China, we do not crown thieves; we strike off their heads and let the birds of prey --

NORTH AMERICAN (impulsively coming between them) Stop! stop! with the world in such agony, how can you make it worse by hate? (They all look at her stolidly in silence.) I know you all - don't you recognize me? I am an American. (Chinese shrinks back and sits again.)

SOUTH AMERICAN I too.

NORTH AMERICAN (seeing her for the first time, surprised) What... oh, were you with me? I did not see. You must be an Indian... and yet I don't quite know... I am not familiar....

SOUTH AMERICAN Yes, I am Indian. From Peru. In the Andes.

NORTH AMERICAN (patronizing) Oh - South American.

SOUTH AMERICAN American, of the South. We too have women like you - wise, happy, rich. I have seen them. And you of the North have people like me, have you not? We are all Americans.

NORTH AMERICANS Of course, I know - but what are you doing so far from home? You must have work to do.

SOUTH AMERICAN Work? Yes, my people have plenty of work. (To Japanese) You spoke of terracing your mountain-sides to the top; so do we, but not to grow food for ourselves. Our labor enriches others. In all the terraces where we have toiled there grows no green blade of hope for our children. There must be hope for our children. (To North American) We have heard from some of your Northern teachers that you know a way of hope and justice; so I followed you. But here is only the old misery and anger.

NORTH AMERICAN (to all the others) That is why I have come out upon this road - to replace misery and anger with hope and justice. I want to help you all.

FINN (gently) You have helped us, a little. There is no way to help much.

CZECH (quietly) You have done nothing for us; there is nothing you can do.

JAPANESE (sharply) You have been unkind and unjust to us, but we are ready to forgive you if you will understand us and stop helping our enemies.

CHINESE (slowly) You have helped us - not enough, but as much as you could, I suppose. There are so many of us still... in spite of the fire from the sky. So many, like me, have felt their houses falling about them in ruins and heard the cries of the dying - and still live. (To Japanese) That is something of which you do not know.

JAPANESE (crosses and falls to her knees beside Chinese) But I do know! There was the great earthquake - and fire. My mother ran out of our falling house carrying me in her arms. I was only a little child, but I have never forgotten the crash of falling walls, and the cries - the cries! That came from the gods.

CHINESE One can forgive the gods; after all, they let your mother carry you away to safety. They did not fly low, sweeping the road with bullets --

JAPANESE Who would do that?

CHINESE Your people. Your sons, perhaps.

JAPANESE No, no! and yet...one of them came home wounded - and he would not look into my eyes. I wondered. I did not know --

NORTH AMERICAN That is just what is wrong with all of you. You do not know what you are doing.

FINN (gently) And do you?

NORTH AMERICAN I know that it is wrong for the strong to take advantage of the weak. I know that it is wrong for one race to despise and oppress another. I know that it is wrong for people to starve in the midst of plenty. I know - (she falters, looks from one to another) I know - God forgive us! - that in my own country all these things have happened - and are happening today. I know what is wrong; but I do not know how to make it right.

CZECH None of us does. But at least we know that we do not know. (As German enters, uncertainly, upstage right, she adds) Here is one who has not learned even that.

GERMAN (seeing the others, draws herself up and gives salute) Heil Hitler!

(The Japanese bows, the others keep a hostile silence, the South American crossing to extreme left and standing behind Czech.)

GERMAN (angry and defiant) You were speaking of me - I know. And I know what you

were saying. You fear and hate us, because you harbor scum, poisoning your racial life and thought. You cannot understand our people, willing to undergo any suffering, to welcome any sacrifice, that we may stand forth a master-race, worthy rulers of the world. Weaklings pray for peace, but we make it with the strong hand and ruthless will. There is no other way. (Her assurance cracks, and she turns appealing to the three at left, who look back coldly.) There is no other way? Twenty years ago, my husband... and now, one son has gone down with his U-boat, and the other - Hans, my baby - his plane may be crashing while I speak. There is no other way - there can be no other way - this one has cost so much!

NORTH AMERICAN (comes downstage, centre) It is this fatal madness of your country that is bringing down all the world in ruin. Why did you attack?

GERMAN (who has turned to face her, interrupts) We have never attacked! we have only defended ourselves against malice and treachery. What you call aggression is just reprisal for the wrongs that have been done to us. (North American shakes her head in sad incredulity) That is true! it must be - our Leader has told us so, and that we must be hard - hard and strong. (Outside, "Silent Night" is sung, very softly at first, gradually stronger.) It is not easy to be hard, when one remembers neighbors meeting with Gruss Gott - and candle light falling on the children's faces while they sang of heavenly peace... peace on earth... goodwill toward all men - and yet the Leader must be right! (Carol dies away) It could not be possible that there should be so much suffering... so many dead... for a mistake...

JAPANESE (sternly) If you were mistaken, you have led us into a terrible mistake that is your fault, not ours.

CZECH A mistake, yes. Some day you will find that out, bitterly.

(Lights are quickly dimmed. German crosses and sits on bank at feet of Finn and Czech. Offstage begins "It Came upon the Midnight Clear." A spot light is centered on Joseph, who enters downstage left, followed by Mary, carrying the Child. They cross the stage slowly to small bank, downstage centre.)

MARY Must we stop here, Joseph?

JOSEPH Yes.

MARY (sits on small bank, holding the Child) The air is heavy with angry pain and shaken with voices raised hatefully against each other. And these are mothers, whose hearts should be the closer for their suffering. (Looks at the Child) Ah, little son! two thousand years ago you were born in the manger of Bethlehem, to show men and women how to live in humility and love; serving, not seeking power; giving, not striving to possess.

JOSEPH You lived and died, to bring them that wisdom - and still they are so far from it. Even suffering shared leaves them cold and unfriendly; and the sad and lonely have no pity on the sad and lonely.

MARY Why are all these mothers so harsh to one another, when my heart goes out to them all?

JOSEPH No heart can be hard and cold on which that Child is lying.

MARY What can we do for them?

JOSEPH Give them your son to warm their hearts.

MARY Again? I cannot.

JOSEPH Has God grown weary or discouraged? He goes on and on, giving of his most precious, giving of his very self, trusting and loving his wayward children down the long reaches of time, though they fail him again and again. Give them the child, Mary. Let them see him here among them, as it were one of their own babies - little and lovely and helpless.

MARY They do not know what love is; they can only hate. If we leave him to their care, he will die.

JOSEPH Has he not died many times already? But always he is born again. There is no other way to show the power of what men call weakness - the spirit of the little child that is the only way to the kingdom of God and abiding peace.

MARY (rises, holding the Child close) He is so little - so dependent! and I love him so!

JOSEPH What would he choose? You know. Only Love is willing to be dependent on the goodwill of those it comes to serve - and he is Love.

MARY He is Love. So be it. Let him be born to these who need him so sorely.

(She lays the Child on the small bank, kneeling beside him while third stanza of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" ("O Holy Child of Bethlehem") begins offstage. Joseph raises her and they go out together, upstage right, as the carol ends. Stage is returned to its former lighting, and the women rise slowly and prepare to resume their hopeless journey. The Finn sees the Child, and crosses eagerly, taking him in her arms.)

FINN Look! a baby! (The others all gather close about her, and look at him. On seeing the child, the German draws back.) Just like my baby - no, not quite. This is a little boy; and his curls are dark. She was fair. And he is warm, so warm in my arms - and my baby was cold, when I laid her in the snow. (She turns to the Chinese, holding him out) Take him quickly! He warms me for the moment, but I am always cold now, and I would chill him. And Finland is no place for him now. Who knows when the bombs would fall again? And even if we are spared that, he would grow up in the shadow of a great fear and a great hate.

CHINESE (taking the baby) Is China so safe? Hate is there, and fear - and worse danger than bombs. Our boys are taught to take drugs - trapped into the power of them, so that they grow up to a life worse than death. (Japanese shrinks and shows shame and distress; Chinese speaks to her compassionately) You did not know that - you need not tell me. Before I held him in my arms, I would not have believed that, but now I believe it. (She holds out the baby to Japanese woman) See, I trust you now. Take him. Bombs have not fallen on Japan, and drugs are kept from your people. Let him grow up safely in your house.

JAPANESE (taking him, speaks with quiet heartbreak) There are drugs of the mind and spirit. There is a worse thing than being killed by a bomb; it is to drop the bomb that kills another woman's child. I must give him up - only let me hold him a little longer.

CHINESE Sister - forgive me. I will help you find the graves of your sons, if we search all over China.

JAPANESE No. I know your kindness, and it is enough. It does not matter now. My sons are buried in my heart, and are honored there. We have thought too much of the dead; we owe our loving service to those who live, as this little one lives.

(She looks around the intent faces, meets the eyes of the German, crosses to her, and silently holds out the Child to her. The German woman holds out her arms hungrily, then stops, lets them fall at her sides.)

GERMAN No. I will tell you why. Outside my town, on the highway, there is a sign - NO JEWS WANTED. And one day I met there a young woman carrying a baby - it might have been this baby, they look so much alike. She saw the sign, and faltered - she was very tired; she must have walked from town to town, who knows how far - and she looked at me and turned the baby's face toward me as if to say, "Is there no rest for him?" And I - I said a cruel word; and she turned the baby's face to her breast again, and went on. There was no anger in her eyes - not even reproach - only pity. I do not know what became of them. But I cannot even take that baby a moment in my arms. I am... ashamed. (She motions to the Czech) Give him to her.

CZECH No. We breathe slavery and rebellion. (To South American) You are simple and free of hate. Will you take him?

SOUTH AMERICAN What have I to give him? I am looking for hope for my own child. Let one take him who is farther on the way. (To North American) Sister, with you would he not be safe and happy and grow up to all good things?

NORTH AMERICAN (takes Child from Japanese) We have been eager to welcome to our homes the endangered children of the world, We have thought of ourselves as those appointed to be the helpers, the bountiful givers, the fortunate who relieve the need of others. But it comes to me that our own need, our own poverty, is greater than we know. (Crosses to downstage centre and speaks to German.) We are not guiltless of the sin that has left such a scar on your spirit. We have reared between human beings barriers that we call race and class, saying all the time that we are all created free and equal. There are little children among us who grow up stunted, warped, predestined to crime; and there are other children who are stunted and warped by a blind indulgence that robs them of their human birthright. We are not worthy. (Crosses to small mound downstage right, kneels and lays the Child where they found him.) You - whoever you are - who laid this

child here, listen, for somehow I am sure that you can hear. We have no refuge for him. We know of no place where he can be safe in body, mind and soul. We ourselves need a new life. How can we make a good life for him?

FINN (kneeling beside Child, downstage right) If any place is to be safe, all places must be safe.

JAPANESE (kneeling beside North American) He belongs to none of us, yet to all of us. Should not all children grow up to know all other children as their brothers and sisters?

CHINESE (behind Child, stoops over and lays her hand tenderly on him) If none of us feels worthy to care for him alone, perhaps we could care for him all together. (She kneels behind Child, between Finn and North American.)

SOUTH AMERICAN (kneeling beside Japanese) Let us open a road of hope for this child on which all little ones may learn to walk.

CZECH (kneels beside South American) Let us work together to make the world safe for this child, then all children will be safe.

(As each has knelt, she has taken the hand of her neighbor. The German during the Czech's speech has knelt alone, right, accepting exclusion. The Czech turns toward her, and after a moment's hesitation, holds out her hand, which the German grasps, overcome.)

NORTH AMERICAN Let us pledge ourselves to live with heart and soul and mind so that there may grow up from this poor beginning of a world that we know, a better world, where all children will be safe from poverty, from fear, from war and cruelty; where children will be brought up to love and not to hate; and to know that only by sharing can all have enough.

("Come, All Ye Faithful" is sung offstage, as

(CURTAIN closes.)

Final Grouping

Stage Right

Stage Left

Chinese
Finn Child North American Japanese South American Czech German

Audience

PRODUCTION NOTESCOSTUMES - PROPERTIES

- CHINESE: Trousers and coat of dark blue cotton. Black kerchief covers head concealing hair. Carries small roll of bedding.
- FINN: Black full-length skirt. Large red shawl draped over her head. Blouse of any color.
- CZECH: Skimpy black skirt about eight inches off floor; bright-colored sweater-waist. Striped shawl over shoulders. Light blue kerchief, tied under chin.
- NORTH AMERICAN Top coat and plain hat in neutral light colors.
- SOUTH AMERICAN Full peasant red skirt; striped oversawl; kerchief tied over head and topped by a Panama. She carries a papoose on her back in a green shawl.
- GERMAN Plain navy dress; sensible black shoes. Red kerchief tied on her head from forehead to rear of head.
- JAPANESE Japanese kimono in grays and blues; clogs, white stockings, and black wig. She carries a bundle tied in a large silk Japanese furoshiki, or kerchief.
- MARY Electric blue robe. White shawl lined with blue, worn over head and falling around shoulders. This costume may be made of cheesecloth.
- JOSEPH Burnous striped in brown, tan, and white. Tan turban. He carries a staff.
- CHILD Swathed in electric blue cheesecloth swaddling clothes.

MAKE-UP

Chinese, Japanese and South American should have suitable make-up, if possible. Finn and Czech are pale and haggard. German wears rouge not for prettiness but to suggest exposure to weather in outdoor work. North American wears a moderate, pretty make-up. Mary wears enough to make her look lovely and natural. Do not try to give Joseph too masculine a make-up if the part is played by a woman - especially not a beard. Choose a woman with a deep voice, put on a swarthy complexion, and let the costume and lines do the rest. Nobody but the North American should wear any jewelry, or colored nail polish.

MUSIC

The offstage carols may be supplied by a victrola, by a choir, or by a solo voice. In the latter case, when the curtains have closed at the end, all those on stage should join in the chorus "O come, let us adore him" to give the necessary volume and triumphant quality. When "Silent Night" begins, the German should wait to give it time to reach the audience. Her cue to go on with her speech, "And yet it is not easy to be hard" comes when the singer reaches "the Virgin mother and child".

Rept by Miss Haffsommer

1942-43 [17]

MOTHERS OF THE WORLD

(Mothers of the World was first presented Christmas 1939 at Ginling College, Chengtu, China. The Chinese dialogue, developed by the students, was based on a synopsis written by Eva Dykes Spicer, of the Ginling College faculty. The English dialogue here given was based on the same synopsis, but it is in no sense a translation of the play as first presented.)

Scene: The World's Highway
Characters: A Chinese woman
 A Finnish woman
 A Japanese woman
 A German woman
 Mary
 Joseph

(Before the curtains open a melody is heard on a pipe - be it flute, or shepherd's pipe, or ocarina. It is the melody of "I Wonder as I Wander". After the melody is played once, a tenor or baritone voice sings three stanzas unaccompanied, and then whistles the tune again, fading in the distance as the curtains open.)

(The scene is a bleak road. A small clump of large stones, stumps and a few trees L upstage. In the far distance snow-covered mountains.)

(Enter from R a Chinese woman of middle age, clothed in the blue cotton trousers and short jacket of the working-class woman. She is a refugee, with a small cotton-wrapped bundle in her hand. She makes her tired way toward the stumps, moaning two or three times as she crosses the stage, "Ai ya! Ai ya!" She seats herself carefully on a low stump, drops her bundle, and rubs her arms, thighs, and feet.)

CHINESE WOMAN (complainingly) Ai ya! Who has eaten such bitterness as I? Here am I, in the garb of my servant-woman. Here am I, a hundred li* from my old ancestral home and the home of my husband. A hundred li! And I must go further yet for the enemy fly quickly. (She looks up and listens as if for an airplane, then lapses into complaint again, growing indignant as she talks.) Yes, they fly quickly in big planes and drop bursting ruin on our homes and farms. Then they come and burn what they have not blown up. And the people behaved badly. If my husband and I had not been trying to help Wong put out the fire at his house, we would have routed those noisy boys who ran off with my silks and jade. Perhaps I would have my mother's earrings today. Ai ya!

*li, pronounced lee; a distance of about one-third of a mile.

But perhaps I would not, for the Japanese have burned our home, too - our old home, with the pictures of our forefathers, and the writings on the scrolls on the walls. The Japanese are cruel!

(Pause. She picks up her bundle and opens it slowly, taking out a mantou, a mound-shaped steamed white bread about two inches deep. She takes a bite without relish, and puts it down with a sigh.)

CHINESE WOMAN: Ai ya! The food along the road is so poor!

(She takes out a cloth with which she wipes her face; a comb with which she smooths her hair. Putting them carefully in her bundle again, she wraps them up as a young Finnish woman comes from L, shivering with cold. She is wrapped in a worn shawl. The Chinese woman sees her and holds tight to the bundle she has been about to put back on the ground.)

CHINESE WOMAN: Now here comes another one, to take from me the last bit of silk I was able to save.

FINNISH WOMAN (coming closer) Did you say something to me?

CHINESE WOMAN: No, no I did not.

FINNISH WOMAN (sitting down on a stump some way from the Chinese woman) It is warmer here - it is warmer here. (She alternately rubs her hands and puts them over her ears.) I must have come a long way.

CHINESE WOMAN: A long way? Did you walk a hundred li today?

FINNISH WOMAN (in a monotone and staring straight ahead as if she has not heard the question) It was a beautiful night - the kind on which we loved to go for campfire skating parties on the forest lake. But then it got cold, too cold. We did not dare to light fires which the Russians might see. We could not find food to eat. And the children were so cold. (Her voice breaks.) My little one....

CHINESE WOMAN (moving one stump closer) You are from the far north?

FINNISH WOMAN (looking over) I come from a land of snows - a beautiful, small white country in the far north. But the snow is not beautiful when the Russians bring death across it; the snow is not beautiful when people die in it. It is cold, too cold, and the old people and the little children die.

CHINESE WOMAN (insistently curious) Did you walk? Did you walk a hundred li today

to get away? Do you know a safe place to go?

FINNISH WOMAN: A safe place? People along the way told me to --

CHINESE WOMAN: Those people don't know. They only want you to move along so you won't take some of the food they have. All day long I have had only a mantou --
(She breaks off.)

FINNISH WOMAN (puzzled) A mantou?

CHINESE WOMAN: And a poor quality mantou, at that. It's a kind of -

(She looks at the Finnish woman, realizing she might be hungry, and starts very reluctantly to reach for and open her bundle. At this moment Mary and Joseph pass slowly by from L to R, Mary stumbling a little as she walks. The Finnish woman sees them first and stares after them, drawing her shawl closer around her. When they are nearly out of sight, she turns to the Chinese woman, who has just seen them and forgotten her mantou.)

FINNISH WOMAN (leaning over and whispering) They are Jews. (The Chinese woman nods in agreement.) I am sorry for them.

CHINESE WOMAN: I wonder where they are going.

FINNISH WOMAN: That's it - they have no place to go. (The Martin Luther "Away in a Manger" air is heard very faintly on instruments behind conversation. There is a slight pause while the two women look away from each other.)

CHINESE WOMAN: In Szechuan my husband's elder brother has a home. The Japanese have not yet troubled the village where he lives.

FINNISH WOMAN: I know a tiny hamlet near the Swedish border where I can be safe.

CHINESE WOMAN: But they have no place to go.

FINNISH WOMAN: Nobody wants them. They are Jews - nobody would welcome them.

CHINESE WOMAN: Well, that is too bad, but what can one do about it? They cannot come to my country. There are plenty of people in China already. We don't want any more grown people or children.

FINNISH WOMAN: Finland is too small.

(The Chinese woman mumbles assent. Music ceases. An uncomfortable pause. The Chinese woman stretches, sighs "Ai ya!", leans over, picks up her bundle, and slowly rises. The Finnish woman looks at her and says nothing, but prepares to find a spot on which to stretch out for the night. During the following conversation between the Japanese and Chinese women, she obviously notices

what is going on, but keeps herself out of it until the German woman comes in.

(The Chinese woman takes a few steps toward L. Enter from R a Japanese woman about 60 years old, well-dressed in a dark silk kimono and mat zori.. She is tired, but upon seeing the Chinese woman, runs forward with a new spurt of hope.)

JAPANESE WOMAN (calling) O Mrs! O Mrs!

(The Chinese woman stops and looks around as the Japanese woman comes up to her. At first she shows no sign of answering, standing proudly aloof as the Japanese woman pleads.)

JAPANESE WOMAN: Tell me, where are the Japanese soldiers buried? (The Chinese woman doesn't answer.) The Japanese soldiers - where are they buried - the ones who died for their Emperor? (The Chinese woman grows more rigid.) Tell me, please - I want to find my two sons. (She turns away and bows her head in grief for a moment. Her next words become prouder.) The ashes of the noble bodies of our soldiers were at first brought home to Japan, but now they are left at rest in our new land. (Imperatively) And you will tell me where my sons lie buried in honor.

CHINESE WOMAN (contemptuously) They lie buried in shame.

JAPANESE WOMAN: They died for their Emperor and Japan's destiny.

CHINESE WOMAN (from contempt to anger and then spite) Japan's destiny! What destiny is it that makes you invade a friendly country? What destiny makes you burn the house of Wong and my house? What destiny makes you kill the children and harm the women? You are cruel liars. It is nothing to me if you lost two sons or ten sons. I won't tell you where to find their graves. I don't know where they are, anyway. (She turns and starts off.)

JAPANESE WOMAN (beginning to anger) You are a spiteful woman. You are like all your countrymen. (The Chinese woman stops and looks furiously around.) You are spiteful people. You have anti-Japanese movements. Our country is small and our people must have more room. But when we try to come to China, your spiteful country misunderstands our friendly soldiers. But now that you have killed some of them (she grows triumphant), their blood on the land and their ashes buried there make China our country, too.

CHINESE WOMAN (very intense) Nonsense. Non - sense. Whole rivers of foreign blood have been spilled on China's land, but no conqueror has ever mastered China. It is China. It will always be China.

JAPANESE WOMAN: I see you do not understand history.

CHINESE WOMAN: I do not understand history? I have just told you -

JAPANESE WOMAN (continuing heedless) You have not been well taught. Do not your books show you that the Japanese people have a destiny? We are not like other conquerors, for we are to create a new order in all Asia.

(Night begins to fall and the stage becomes steadily darker through the next conversations. A German woman enters back center and comes forward past the Finnish woman toward the Chinese and Japanese women who do not see her.)

JAPANESE WOMAN (grandly) And then, after that, Japan will rule the world.

GERMAN WOMAN (laughs mockingly) Ha! Japan? It is to be Germany over all. Any fool should know that. Germany has suffered greatly. Germany has purified her blood. And we Germans have sacrificed to make our country great. (To Chinese woman) You know that. (To Japanese woman) You know we are the greatest people.

JAPANESE WOMAN: You broke faith.

GERMAN WOMAN (continuing her oration without heeding the Japanese woman's remark) And I am a German! I gave up my husband in the first War: I have given up a son in this. But Germany is great. Germany may have my second - my last son, to make her greater!

JAPANESE WOMAN: Germany broke faith with Japan. Germany has no principles. Your talk is like drums making big hollow noises. You do not understand the heaven-determined destiny of Japan.

FINNISH WOMAN (without coming forward, but in clipped, carrying tones) What had Finland done to hurt Germany or anyone else? The Germans are treacherous dogs.

GERMAN WOMAN (scornfully) Little Finland!

(The Finnish woman gets up and comes with a slow, menacing step toward the German woman. The Chinese woman shrugs.)

CHINESE WOMAN: Eh, well, what can you expect? There is no honor among thieves.

Isn't Japan a thief? Isn't Germany a thief?

(The Japanese woman turns toward the Chinese woman again angrily. The last daylight fades rapidly during the quarrel.)

JAPANESE WOMAN: Ignoramus!

FINNISH WOMAN: "Little Finland" did you say? "Little Finland"? And what is so fine about your little Adolf and his little mustache to which you all say your heils?

GERMAN WOMAN (furious) He is our noble Savior - our Fuehrer!

CHINESE WOMAN (who has been quarreling with the Japanese woman but here raises her voice) Nor have you any real understanding of our Confucius, or Mencius, or any other. They taught...

(The quarreling continues in an angry babel in the dark until a light shoots across the sky. The women stop talking and all look up. The Chinese and Finnish women then hurry back to the stumps and crouch quietly as if waiting for attack. There is instead a faint strain of music sung far away, growing in power and joyousness and then fading away when the women fall asleep. Suggest "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" or #9 in the Oxford Book of Carols, sung by four boys' or four women's voices in parts. After two stanzas with words, hum tune once.)

CHINESE WOMAN (to Finnish woman, in awe) What is it?

FINNISH WOMAN: It is like a song we used to sing....

GERMAN WOMAN (wonderingly) It is like a song we used to sing....

(She walks back toward the stumps slowly and sits down, still gazing upward and listening. The Japanese woman says nothing, but presently she, too, goes back and leans against a stump, listening. As the song grows fainter, the women fall asleep.)

(The shaft of light grows brighter as Mary and Joseph come from R part way onto stage. They are carrying a baby. They stop and look at the sleeping women. The music ceases.)

MARY: Did you hear the women, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Aye, Mary, I heard them.

MARY: They were quarreling, Joseph.

JOSEPH: Aye, they were quarreling. The same old quarrel.

MARY: For two thousand years. (She looks down at the baby in her arms and runs her fingers through his hair.) He came to show them a sweeter, stronger way. He came to serve them, and to love them so much that they would be humbled. (She

holds him closer.) They have learned nothing. They have only hurt him.

JOSEPH: They are taught to - hurt him, Mary. Their rulers have taught them that.

MARY (a whisper of pain) But they are mothers, Joseph. Though Caesar taught a thousand lies, I could not hurt their children so.

JOSEPH (walks a few steps nearer the women and gazes at them. Gravely) Each one of these has sacrificed a child.

(Mary looks at Joseph startled, and then walks softly up to him as he still gazes at the women. She holds the baby closer yet as she leans toward Joseph.)

MARY: It was for hate they sacrificed. It was for power, and riches. It was to hurt the ones they were taught to hate that they sacrificed the ones they loved. Now they are lonely, and bitter, and their bitterness is poison. Did you see the woman snatch her morsel of bread? Did you hear the woman mocking a man's appearance? Did you hear the woman praise her Emperor above all others? Did you hear the woman boast untainted blood? Ah, Joseph, how should this be? What can we tell them? How can we make their bitterness sweet?

JOSEPH (not looking at Mary; very slowly) God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. (He turns and looks straight and sadly at Mary.)

MARY (anguished) No! No, I cannot!...

(The "Coventry Carol" softly hummed, or played on violins, or on musical saw, or on harp, is heard as background music during the following.)

MARY: He is too small and weak.

JOSEPH: Perhaps when they see his weakness, they will remember when their children were as tiny.

MARY: I do not trust them. If I leave him, he may die while they quarrel their bitter quarrels.

JOSEPH: He has died, Mary, ten thousand times, and ten thousand times been born again.

MARY: He must not die again! He is too beautiful! (She takes a few quick steps downstage R, and stops with her back to Joseph, who follows her only with his

eyes. Mary looks with agonized longing at the baby in her arms.) He is too precious to be given to them who hate. He would hold out his little arms because he trusted them and needed them, but they would not understand how love can trust - and need. They would not understand a sacrifice of love for love. No - no - I cannot let him go!

(Music ceases. There is a pause.)

JOSEPH (gently) There is another way, Mary?

(Mary holds the child a tensely yearning moment longer, then turns and walks past Joseph close to the sleeping women. She looks at each, then slowly lays her baby down in their midst, and kneels beside him. Joseph does not move except to turn and watch Mary; he is almost completely in shadow for the period of the carol. The shaft of light is concentrated on Mary and the baby.)

(Chorus sings all three stanzas of "Love Came Down at Christmas." No continuation of music after song.)

(Mary's face becomes radiant and she rises at the end of the carol. Joseph comes out of the shadow, takes her hand, and they walk out of the light off L back center of stage.)

(Pause. The stage grows very gradually lighter and the shaft disappears.)

(A burst of orchestral (or piano or organ) music - the air of "Shepherds, Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep" once through. The sleeping women stir and wake gradually.)

CHINESE WOMAN: Ai ya! My joints are stiff. A hundred li is too long a way to walk in a day. (To Finnish woman who has sat up.) Did you sleep?

FINNISH WOMAN: When I got warmed a bit.

(The Japanese and German women have awakened. The Japanese woman is smoothing her hair genteelly; the German woman has stretched her arms out and back a few times and is about to leap up when she sees the baby.)

GERMAN WOMAN: Whose is it?

(The women see the baby and crowd around. They exclaim over his beauty. He wakes and cries a little, and the Finnish woman snatches him up quickly.)

FINNISH WOMAN: He is hungry. I have milk.... (half to herself as she puts him to her breast) I have milk for my little one who died in the cold.

(There is a pause as the other women sit down very close and watch the child intently. The Finnish woman goes on talking half to herself.)

FINNISH WOMAN: He died in the cold - so cold, so tiny, so lovely. (Bringing herself

sharply to the present) Are you cold, little child? (She feels him carefully, takes off her shawl and wraps it around him.) There, now you will be warm enough. Oh, I would want to keep you for my own that is lost. I would want to take you to our beautiful land of the snows. But it is not beautiful now - I have no home, and it is cold, cold. You might die, too, as he did. (She turns and hands him to the Chinese woman who takes him eagerly.) Your country is warm. You keep him.

CHINESE WOMAN: Our country is warmer than your country. He would be warmer here. But I have a thousand li to walk, and he might die on the way. Oh, he is very beautiful - like my first-born son. But China is not a good place for him. Already on the wayside I have seen the children dying. Yesterday when a bomb fell I saw two children -- (she breaks off in a shiver). Yet I cannot leave him where the Japanese rule, for as he grows up, he may learn to take opium and heroin. And that would be worse, even, than a bomb. I have seen the people - I know. (On a sudden impulse she gives the child to the Japanese woman and says tensely). Take him to Japan. Japan is safe. Japan does not feed its own poor people drugs. In Japan he can grow healthy and strong.

(The Japanese woman takes him, but she does not hold him close as the other women have done. She holds him off a little, and speaks as if her thoughts are forming painfully as she talks.)

JAPANESE WOMAN: I will take him to Japan; he will be safe there from drugs, and from bombs. I will teach him to grow up and respect the Emperor, as I would teach my own son. I will teach him history, and of Japan's destiny; I will teach him that he is proud to spill his blood on China's earth in fulfilling our destiny. But I will teach him that, before he spills his own blood, he must shed the blood of all who stand in his way: the son of the Chinese woman who wanted to save him from opium and bombs; the son of the Finnish woman who gave him her milk and wrapped him in her shawl; the son of the German woman.... (She holds the baby to the German woman who has been longing to take him, but whose doubts as to her own suitability have been gradually raised by the others.)

resignations.) You said your country is the greatest one. You must take him, then, for all of us.

GERMAN WOMAN (not taking him, but examining him very particularly before she blurts out) He looks Jewish. (The Chinese and Finnish women look at each other. The German woman directs her next question to the Japanese.) Didn't you meet a Jewish couple on the road? They had a baby, but I didn't look at it. Maybe this is it. (She takes the child, looks at him a moment, and her voice grows gentler.) He is beautiful now, but if he is a Jew and looks like one when he grows up, Germany isn't a very good place for him, I think. (Hurriedly, as the women all show disappointment) Of course Germany is the best country in the world; we have all suffered to make it the best country in the world, and we are sacrificing now to make everyone understand our greatness. It is splendid.... But you see, he may be a Jew. And if I took him back to be my son, he would learn to mock his own people. He would drive out his own race. And if my other son - my trooper son - should learn that this new one is a Jew, he - might - kill - his - new - brother.

(As a light breaking) His - new - brother! His new brother! (She sobs once deeply.) Brother, sister, father, mother, son, daughter, husband, wife - those are the beautiful words - those are the lovely relationships - (Her tone falls flat and dry) But in a great Germany, they are nothing.

(A quartet sings softly the words of "Es ist ein' Ros'" - all three stanzas - as the women are talking.)

JAPANESE WOMAN: Where, then, can this little child go? Where will he learn to love China

CHINESE WOMAN: - and Japan,

FINNISH WOMAN: Germany,

GERMAN WOMAN: - and the small peaceful nations? (She holds the child out.) Who will take him, and teach him that he is son to us all, and brother to our children?

(The women all raise their arms to him, dropping them one by one and turning away.)

FINNISH WOMAN: Where can he go where there is no cold, or fear of strong nations?

CHINESE WOMAN: Where can he go where there is no poverty and weakness?

JAPANESE WOMAN: Where can his mind grow straight and free and his body not be lightly wasted on women?

GERMAN WOMAN: Where can his soul stretch wide and deep, encompassed only by the love of God?

JAPANESE WOMAN: There is no place -

CHINESE AND FINNISH WOMEN (as whispering echoes) - no place.

(Third stanza of "Es ist ein' Ros'" clear and loud as the women gently lay the child down and each one does some little thing to try to make him more comfortable. They stand around him, unwilling to leave. The German and Chinese women are at L, the Japanese and Finnish women at R. The song ends. Finally the German woman speaks.)

GERMAN WOMAN: This is the Christmas season. It used to be a happy time. Mothers would bake huge cakes and rich cookies which the children loved. We would put up a great green tree in the house, and light it with bright stars and candles. On the Holy Night we would sing songs - songs about the animals in the forest who came to look at the Holy Baby, and songs about the Child and his beautiful mother. Then grandmother would tell the children stories of the Christ-Kindlein who brought love into the world. (Pause.)

FINNISH WOMAN: There is a Russian legend my mother dearly loved. It is of Koliada, who is mother to all the world at Christmas. Koliada brings nuts, oranges, raisins and other gifts, leaving them at the windows of all the homes in the land. We children would always try to see her and would tell each other merry tales of how we had almost caught sight of her skirt, or her hands, or her scarf full of bundles. Yet, though we never did see her - not one of us - we always knew when she had been there, for suddenly it would be Christmas Day, and the ringing bells would be calling fathers, mothers and children to church.

JAPANESE WOMAN: In our country we are happiest at the New Year. For mothers and fathers it means a new beginning. Evergreen and young bamboo shoots, the

symbol of new life, are set in the doorway of every home in Japan. For the children, the New Year season is a glorious holiday. They eat too much rice-cake and they eat too many oranges, but it doesn't hurt them. They take their battledoros and shuttlecocks out on the street and play for hours, and their cheeks grow red as crab apples, their black eyes sparkle. You should see the children then!

CHINESE WOMAN: In our country, too, the New Year means a new beginning. Before the old year goes, we burn the paper kitchen gods and send their spirits to the western heavens to report upon the family. Then we put up new gods in their place. But for us, too, the real renewal is the life and joy of our children. At New Year each child has a new gown, he is given a little money, and after he has bowed to his parents and grandparents, he feasts and plays the whole day long. We revere our parents, our grandparents, and our many ancestors, but in China we love our children most - our little children are the kings and queens.

GERMAN WOMAN: When a child comes at Christmas, he is a token of love, as was the Christ-child long ago.

JAPANESE WOMAN: Then this child is a token for each of us?

FINNISH WOMAN: Around our children we build our worlds, and yet - none of us has built greatly enough -

CHINESE WOMAN: - and none of us dares take him for our own.

FINNISH WOMAN: Then can we not take him together - all of us who are traveling this road? He will belong to each of us and to all of us. Let us make a safe spot in the world for him - together. If we can make a good place for this baby, and teach him to love all others,

JAPANESE WOMAN (eagerly) - we can do it for all the babies of Asia -

GERMAN WOMAN: - and of the whole world.

FINNISH WOMAN (kneeling) We shall be your Koliada, sweet baby, bringing you raisins and nuts - and safety, and warmth.

GERMAN WOMAN (kneeling) You are our star and the candle on our tree.

JAPANESE WOMAN (kneeling) You are the green shoots at the threshold of our new lives.

CHINESE WOMAN (kneeling) You are the token - our little king of love.

(The women clasp hands. Chorus or quartet sings third stanza of "Love Came Down at Christmas". After this the women rise and stand in a half-circle around the child. The sun is about to burst over the horizon.)

FINNISH WOMAN: There may be others who will want to help us make our safe, bright world.

CHINESE WOMAN: Let them come, too, and give themselves, and they may share our happiness. There can never be too many to do that.

GERMAN WOMAN: It is what the Christ-child did - the more he gave, the more he had -

JAPANESE WOMAN: - to give.

(The sun rises bright, far upstage R. The women pick up the baby and turn with joyous faces, walking toward the light. Care should be taken that no one woman seems to be carrying the child.

(As they go into the light and out of sight, Mary and Joseph appear back center.)

MARY: Did you hear the women, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Aye, Mary, I heard them. (Pause.) He has died, Mary, ten thousand times.

MARY: And ten thousand times been born again.

(CURTAIN.

(The voice of the first singer is heard once more singing the first stanza of "I Wonder as I Wander.")

*

MUSICAL REFERENCES

- a. Away in a Manger (Martin Luther air) - see below: III, IV, IX
- b. The Coventry Carol (Lullay Lullay, My Little Tiny Child) - see below: II, V, IX
- c. Es ist ein' Ros' (Lo How a Rose) - see below: II, V, VI
- d. Fairest Lord Jesus (Fair are the Meadows) - see below: I, and many other hymnals
- e. I Wonder as I Wander - see below: VII, VIII
- f. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear - see below: I, II, and many hymnals
- g. Love Came Down at Christmas - air by Matthews (used at Ginling) see below: I
air by Borland - see below: II
air by Rittenhouse - see below: IX
Irish air - Methodist Hymnal, 1935
- h. Shepherds, Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep - see below: II, IV

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- IX - World-Famous Christmas Songs
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Groups interested in presenting Mothers of the World may write to
Ginling College, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.