

WOMEN and MISSIONS

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The Rainy Day

By Pearl S. Buck

Happily not all students who return to China have the tragic experience of the young man in this story; but that the majority of these western educated students do find themselves in extremely difficult situations when they return home, every missionary knows. Some missionaries say that the returned student is the most needy type in China today. The church in America knows little of his home conditions, but it should know more and provide him a faith which will enable him to endure and give him a friendship and sympathy upon which he may depend. The writer of this story, Mrs. J. Lossing Buck, is associated with her husband in the University of Nanking.

IT was a dark and rainy day in November—so dark, indeed, that the light of mid-afternoon scarcely penetrated the rice paper of the latticed windows in the small livingroom of a middle-class Chinese home. A shaft of dull light came through the open door, and falling across the floor to the wall opposite, threw into relief the cruel old face on the painting above the table. It was a picture of the first Ming Emperor, and his face, with its slit eyes and protruding jaw, is really the face of a demon. About this shaft of light sat a circle of people. At one end of it, in the seat of honor at the left of the table, directly under the Ming Emperor, was old Mr. Li, Teh-tsen's grandfather.

He was speaking first, as was his right. He had prepared his words very carefully and was now raising and dropping his voice in measured cadence, ending each rounded sentence with an appropriate quotation from the classics. He had begun by clearing his throat and spitting upon the damp brick floor. Then he had passed a delicate old hand, with long, yellow nails, over his sparse beard, which straggled down the front of his gown. The gown was of grey cotton, and it was spotted with bits of food dropped from his bowl of rice at mealtimes. In his right hand he held a long, bamboo pipe. It was black with age and gurgled when he used it with accumulated richness.

He continued to stroke his yellowish white beard slowly and in silence for a few minutes. Then he began to speak, his eyes fixed, not on Teh-tsen, who, as befitted his years, sat upon a stool at the extreme end next the door, but upon the fringe of rain dropping from the eaves upon the worn stone threshold outside.

"You are now returned to your people," said the old man, gazing at the rain and speaking in a high, quavering voice. "Four months have you been idle at home. Neither do you seek a position where, by your industry and your western learning, you may support honorably your grandparent and your parents and your brothers and sisters.

"What say the Ancients? 'A son should sacrifice his own flesh that his parents may feed thereon.' This you have not done.

"You have forgotten that we, your relatives, accumulated with great pains the money wherewith you were sent to the barbarous outer countries, that you might get western learning. Even your third cousin, who, as you well know, is only a poor farmer, gave his savings, amounting to twenty-two dollars, that you might become educated in the western manner. To him also is due a return.

"What say the Ancients? 'The son who does not nourish his own family, and especially his grandparents and his parents, let him be as a dog.'"

Ming Quong Home

By Donaldina Cameron

There were seventy in the Oakland Home last year, which meant that every available corner was used. Miss Emma Mills is director of the home.

TO those who sat in darkness light came; therefore this new name for the Oakland Chinese Mission Home which is soon to be rehabilitated in the substantial building now being erected within the city limits of Oakland, California. Ten years ago this seedling started as a separate home for young children from its parent tree, the Chinese Rescue Home at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco; and now, like Jack's thrifty beanstalk, has far outstripped the root that sent it forth. Measured in material terms, the Oakland Mission Home has trebled itself—in numbers from twenty-five to seventy-five; in buildings, from one to three, now greatly over-crowded.

Less tangible, but more potent and vital, in things of mind and spirit there is also steady growth. Light has illumined the darkness of many souls and that glory which is in the face of Jesus has drawn to Himself sin-burdened lives until they are diffused in showers of blessing to others.

The ministry of Ming Quong Home encircles a wide diversity of human need. It cares for the unclaimed waif, one year old, along all the uncertain years of childhood, including the "teen age" girl who, unless protected by the best family safeguards, is menaced if not already branded by the temptations and dire evils peculiar to Chinese community life, supplemented by those of a large American city. Californian institutions for the care of children fail to accept responsibility for the Oriental child, although born in this country, and there is, therefore, an ever-increasing demand for a home where orphan or half-orphan children, whose surviving parent must needs earn daily bread, may be boarded and given care and Christian training.

Ming Quong Home, now building in Oakland, provides for the present group with the exception of the babies; for these a separate unit must be provided. Ten are all our present limited capacity can care for. There is urgent necessity for this baby cottage. Children of rescued slave girls must be provided for until mothers can be rehabilitated, and widowed mothers must go to work to



MISS MILLS AND HER MING QUONG FAMILY

support their families—constantly such appeals come.

There is no more potent Christian force at work in the Chinese community than this mission home, which provides physical, mental and spiritual care and training for its needy children. Also to the children of this home, growing into womanhood, must the Chinese Christian community look (increasingly since more drastic exclusion laws further curtail Chinese immigration) for its future home-makers, mothers and Christian leaders.

Ming Quong is a lighthouse, whose keeper is God. We provide the flame.