

# WOMEN and MISSIONS

AUGUST, 1925

## 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.'"



FOUR GRADUATES AND THEIR TEACHER

## The Story of Wong So

By Donaldina Cameron

The Chinese Rescue Home in San Francisco Presbyterian work anywhere, for, starting in Board, and later coming under the Woman's transferred, with all other work of similar Missions and then to the Board of National lives of degrading and debasing slavery by (life) have been in this home during its

is perhaps one of the best known pieces of 1874 under the auspices of the Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, it finally was nature, to the Woman's Board of Home Missions. Hundreds of girls rescued from Miss Cameron (often at the risk of her own existence.

“BEFORE and After” is the keynote of much clever commercial advertising. In missionary enterprise, too, the same method is not amiss as a means of arresting thought and making results vividly stand forth.

WOMEN AND MISSIONS gives place this month to “Orientals in America.” Presbyterian missionary women have sought for fifty years to bring Christ to Orientals in the United States. They have rendered valiant service in protecting and rescuing women and children of the Orient from physical slavery, as well as from the bondage of sin and ignorance.

Wong So was found in January, 1924, at Fresno, California, when federal officers, accompanied by missionaries from

the Rescue Home, were seeking for two young slaves reported to be in Fresno Chinatown. When discovered, Wong So accepted the offer of freedom and later accepted Christ as her Deliverer from sin and all its penalty. Following is her story as given by herself, also the translation of an unmailed letter written in Chinese to her mother, who sold her, and found by her rescuers among her personal effects.

### WONG SO'S STORY

“Sing Yow, a Chinese woman of immoral character living in San Francisco, paid Huey Yow, a Chinese man, member of the Hop Sing Tong (Chinese ‘highbinder’ tong) \$500 with which to go to China and there secure for Sing

Yow a Chinese slave girl. Huey Yow went to China in 1922, and through Wong Sing Kuey at Hongkong negotiated with my mother for my purchase. Huey Yow paid the sum of \$450 Mexican money to my parents.



EASTER CHOIR AT MING QUONG HOME

"I was told by my mother that I was to come to the United States to earn money with which to support my parents and my family in Hongkong. Huey Yow secured a Chinese paper, purporting to be a certificate of marriage. No legal ceremony of any kind was performed. Huey Yow taught me to claim him as my husband, so that I could be landed on my arrival in the United States. In accordance with my mother's demands I became a party to this arrangement. On my arrival at the port of San Francisco, I claimed to be the wife of Huey Yow, but in truth had not at any time lived with him as his wife.

"Immediately upon my landing I was turned over to Sing Yow, who placed me in a life of slavery. Sing Yow told me that she had paid Huey Yow \$500 to go to China and bring me to the United States.

"After placing me in a life of slavery, Sing Yow took me to various small towns, making me earn for her. Later Sing Yow brought me back to San Fran-

cisco, and in San Francisco Huey Yow began to make demands upon me for extra money over and above what I was earning for Sing Yow. I told him that I did not have any money to give him. He then attempted to take certain pieces of jewelry which I was wearing. When I remonstrated with him, he drew a pistol and threatened my life. I pleaded with Huey Yow to spare my life for the sake of my parents and family in China.

"Just at this time Sing Yow returned and found me weeping. I told her that it was impossible for me to meet the constant demands for money that Huey Yow was making upon me, and that I would rather in some way raise a sufficient amount to pay him off finally. Sing Yow then inquired how much Huey Yow would demand for final settlement. He said \$650 if paid within a week; if not, he would ask more. It was impossible to raise this sum within a week's time, so he then demanded \$1,000. Knowing that Huey Yow was guilty of three murders, I was in such fear for my own life that I agreed to go to Stockton and borrow from different parties this amount of money.

"I then went to Stockton, secured the thousand dollars, and returned to San Francisco. On the Chinese eleventh month, the eighth day, at the Hop Sing Tong ('highbinder' tong) headquarters, I paid Huey Yow \$1,000 in the presence of Sing Yow, Wong Wai Sum, president of the Hop Sing Tong, Yeah Jai Yen, and several other members of the Tong. At that time Huey Yow gave me a written receipt for the money paid and a guarantee signed by himself and Wong Wai Sun to the effect that he would cease to molest me or demand money from me.

"*Receipt:* I, Huey Yow, write this receipt to Bo Lin (Wong So). Bo Lin is my good friend and now Bo Lin wants her freedom. She is willing to give \$1,000 to Huey Yow. After the money is received, Bo Lin is released from Huey Yow and Huey Yow cannot go after her to demand more money or trouble her. Even though Bo Lin should gain \$100,000, Huey Yow cannot demand more from her. Fearing that verbal evidence is not strong enough, this receipt is given as evidence. Wit-

ness: Wong Wai Sun, 12th year of the Republic of China, 8th day of the 11th month. Signed by Huey Yow's own hand.'

"Following this transaction in San Francisco, Sing Yow took me back to Stockton and arranged with Chun Huen, the Chinese woman who conducts the San Joaquin Lodging House in Fresno Chinatown, to become her partner. Chun Huen paid \$2,500 to Sing Yow and I was taken to Fresno to live with this new owner.

"When I came to America I did not know that I was going to live a life of slavery, but understood from women with whom I talked in Hongkong that I was to serve at Chinese banquets and serve as an entertainer for the guests. I was very miserable and unhappy. My owners knew this and kept very close watch over me, fearing that I might try to escape. My family are very poor in China and kept writing constantly to me asking for money.

"When representatives from the Chinese Mission found me in Fresno, and I was taken to the Home and offered liberty, I gladly accepted it."

#### WONG SO'S LETTER

"To My Honorable Mother, Greetings:

"I have left you for several months. I hope you are well and so my heart will be at peace. I received your letter and heard about the children. I am very glad to receive this news.

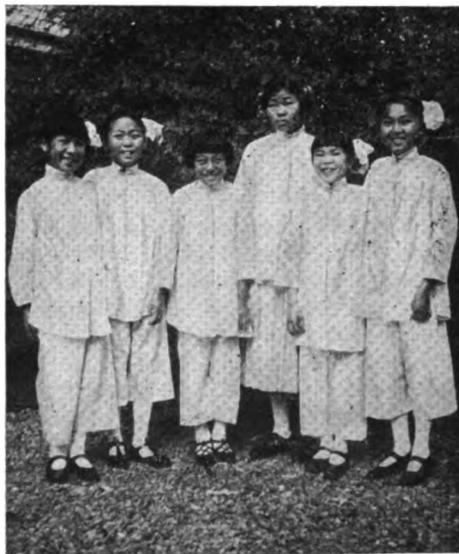
"Your daughter has come to America. I have been ill for several months and have not yet recovered. . . . The man, Huey Yow, who brought me to California, compelled me to pay him \$1,000. I have already done so.

"Mother, you must be sure to take good care of yourself. Daughter is not angry with you. It seems to be just my fate. In ancient times, the Chinese legends say, there was a man, Man Jung, who wept under a bamboo tree out of filial reverence for his parents. Another man, Wong Cheong, was going to Peking to see the Emperor to ask redress for wrongs done his parents, and it was so cold he must sleep on ice. These two great heroes left their honorable names behind them as examples of filial piety.

"After I have earned money by living this life of slavery, I will return to China and become a Buddhist nun. If, having earned money for my mother, I am able to expiate my sin also by becoming a nun, I shall be grateful to my mother. By accomplishing these two things I shall have attained all the requirements of complete filial piety.

"If people treat me kindly, I shall be kind to them. Since I have not done evil to others, why should others do evil to me? At home a daughter should be obedient to her parents; after marriage, to her husband; after the death of her husband, to her son. These are the three great obediences.

"Be sure not to have any trouble with Ah Ging and Meung Ping. As in the building of a house there are twelve beams and you do not know which is the strongest, so in a family you cannot judge which will be the most dependable one. A son is a human being, and so is a daughter. At home, everybody



TOOKER HOME GIRLS

looks down upon a daughter. How is it now? When I was at home, mother, you looked down upon me as a daughter. Since daughter came to California by right she should forsake you. But, in thinking it over, the greatest virtue in life is reverence to parents, so I am

keeping a filial heart. My present misfortune is due to the sins of a previous incarnation. Now I may be somebody's daughter, but some day I may be somebody's mother.

"WONG SO."

Contrast the tragic fatalism of this letter, written while in slavery, to the cheerful faith and new vision of life as expressed in the following translation of her brief Chinese essay, composed by Wong So for the closing exercises of last school term:

"Your little sister is very happy to see so many come and visit our humble school. I am just to have a little chat with you all. My talk is on the subject of education. But I would like to ask you, is education sufficient without character? As ignorant as I am, I would say, 'No.' But what is character? It is righteousness and love. I am sure you all understand what righteousness and love mean. Let us consider who it is who embodies righteousness and love. It is God. How righteous He is in His dealings with us. We are sinners and merit eternal punishment, but God sent His Son into the world to die for us and redeem us from our sins; and God has been gracious to me in sending a friend to save me, also in providing a kind teacher for me, Mrs. Chan, to teach me the truth."

Wong So's experiences are those, in varying form, of each one of the twenty-four rescued slave girls in our Mission Home, and more tragic yet, of hundreds who are still slaves in this country—the purchased property and wretched victims of the greed and rapacity of "fiends wearing the semblance of human beings." Their misfortune, their misery, their shame cry out to us for redress.

The process of rehabilitating rescued Chinese girls progresses in ratio to their own openness of mind in accepting the truth as presented to them from the Word of God, through daily lessons in elementary English and Chinese books, and in song. By patient guidance in practical things of every-day life—household duties well done, meals prepared, clothes laundered, rooms kept neat and clean—progress is made.

Garments are fashioned and many

lovely articles skilfully woven on the hand looms that are kept busy every day, affording a helpful source of income to the workers during the difficult period of readjustment.

Five rescued girls recently professed faith in Christ and give cheering evidence of genuine change in heart and life. Two have expressed a desire to prepare for definite Christian service. Theirs is "the victory that overcometh the world."

The picture entitled "Four Graduates" represents Mrs. Chan in the center, the Chinese teacher in our Rescue Home who was herself a most forlorn young widow subjected to many indignities and trials in a heathen home until led to seek refuge at the Mission, where new light has come into her life and opportunity for Christian service among her own neglected people. First on the left is Wong So, whose story is here presented; Ko Mee Ying, American born girl of sixteen, placed in the Home for protection by her father; Chan Kwan Tye, who escaped a cruel owner in Chinatown and fled for refuge to the Mission Home; and Yue Ying Fong, brought from her home in Hongkong by Chinese persons who had evidently deceived the girl's parents as to their real plans for the daughter's future in America. Rescued soon after landing in San Francisco, this young girl has been protected from a very tragic fate.

Already having acquired some knowledge of Chinese before entering the Home, these four young girls have made remarkable progress under Mrs. Chan's leadership and this summer completed the eighth grade course in Chinese, enabling them to read with ease their Chinese Bibles and simple books.

Three have united with the Chinese Presbyterian Church in San Francisco. Wong So reached her decision to become a Christian after many months of doubt and struggle, when one day the wind blew open her Bible at the thirteenth chapter of Mark. She read it and was so deeply impressed with its message that she then and there yielded to the Spirit's influence and gives daily evidence of the sincerity of the faith she now professes in the Word of God.