

None had glass in windows, in fact most of the houses in town didn't. The new B.W. residence did. Saw the building (formerly a classroom building, one story, used for church, the wall of which at one end had fallen end so that the roof was down. They showed me another building, slightly larger, now divided into two rooms, which they wanted to repair and make into a church building. It should be adequate for the present. Looked at school and was introduced to teachers.

Rested after dinner, and about 2:30, together with Pastor Chu, Mrs. Chang (from Wuhu) and the local Mrs. Chang, and 6-7 church members, started out on the street preaching. They carried along some songs written in large characters on the backs of a roll of pictures. We stopped in front of a house, after walking about 10 minutes, and put up our songs and started to sing "Lai hsing ie-su." (Come believe Jesus), the Chinese equivalent of the old revival hymn "Come to Jesus." The singing was enough to rouse the dead. The local B.W. is terrific. There was no agreement at all as to either time tune, nor pitch, so naturally in a few minutes we had a considerable crowd. An old lady very politely brought out a couple of saw-horses for us to sit on. Pastor Chu talked and explained in general what our message was and invited them to come to the evening meeting, interspersing his discourse with many spicy proverbs and funny stories. He had along some tracts. "Now," he said, "I have a few of these which I will give out to those who can read and want them." He made the people ask for them. We moved on another five or ten minutes further and repeated the process at a busy intersection where we had a larger crowd, this time Mrs. Chang (of Wuhu) told the story of the prodigal son with some details added not found in the scriptures! The crowd stayed with her and listened very attentively. Her idea seemed to be that sin and its consequences of hell and damnation was the thing to preach. At the third place, he called on me to say a few words, but the crowd scared me so that I doubt if I really succeeded in being coherent. I can see that I was never meant for the Salvation Army. We went on to a 4th place where most of our crowd were soldiers, and Pastor Chu talked this time, the old story about the father and son going with the mule to market and who should ride it, the lesson being that you must not believe everything that is told you, but of course "I am telling you the truth." Chinese are glib talkers.

We got home about 5, rested and had supper. At evening meeting, all three of us spoke, I first and briefly, Mrs. Chang at some length and Pastor Chu at end briefly summing up. He is quite good at this sort of preaching, but she also held their attention very well. I told them how I saw a man praying before an idol, that prayer was universal, but effective prayer came from a correct idea of the nature of God which we got only in Jesus Christ. I was tired by that time and so went into my room, which was off a little courtyard at the front and laid down so did not listen to Mrs. Chang's. The room was crowded so that there was no place to sit. She started in with the creation and the fall of man. Chu spoke on prayer, somewhat following out my idea, explaining some of the Christian concepts of prayer and finally prayed with them, asking them to repeat after him. The crowd was possibly half Christian. The singing here is terrific. We have made so much progress in Nanking that I'd forgotten how bad Chinese singing can be. Mr. Tang, the principal of the primary school, presided at the meeting and stood up in the front during the whole meeting. The singing made me think of a badly sung anthem. I heard once that during the middle ages that music was written in 24 parts instead of 4 as now and was so difficult that only trained singers could follow it. This however was in 57 parts with no agreement as to key.