

by rickshaw usually, now fully two hours by boat to get there) and the second day I arrived up here, and am staying with Mrs. Cundall, the Superintendent's wife. Since then another awful typhoon wind has destroyed nearly all our buildings. Part of the women's hospital, all Chinese staff residences and part of my new house. Oh, that dainty little house so nicely furnished, only opened in February last, all my things in it, part of that has collapsed in the waves. It was well built too, but the British architect whom we called in, said that no building would stand in those awful waves. Over a month and the flood not beginning to fall, a few inches down and then up again and so far still standing at fifty-three feet! We were doing so well. God has been blessing our work so much, even in the floods, the day before I left, a patient asked for baptism, an army captain, he was ready to rejoin his regiment and wanted to do so as a baptized Christian, so we had a fine baptismal service night, there in the ward, performed by a Chinese minister. We had engaged two Chinese doctors and Miss Martin (Assistant Matron) and James Liu had returned, finance was improving and we had thirty new girl nurses coming on September 8th for preliminary course, prospects had never seemed so rosy and then came this awful, entirely unexpected disaster. Night by night I lie awake thinking and praying, my mind feels calmer now. The work is God's not ours. He has allowed this to come, He loves it and us more than we can dream, it *must* be that He has great and mighty blessings to come to His stricken Chinese church and this sorely afflicted nation out of all this.

We have so much to thank Him for too out of all the welter, not one life has been lost of our compound—staff I mean. That horrible rumour that the Chinese newspapers printed of the Union Hospital collapsing and 400 being killed was false, and has caused a lot of damage. It was the International Racecourse grandstand about two miles from us that collapsed. Dr. Cundall and Dr. Chapman are still at the men's hospital with one ward of men patients and James and several men nurses. We have written, begging them to get out as we are all afraid the rest of the buildings cannot stand. We are trying to negotiate a scheme for renting a large disused warehouse and to transfer our staff there and carry on a refugee relief hospital until we can get rebuilt. It is likely that I shall live at the Wesleyan Mission at the other higher end of the city, next door to the warehouse mentioned, so please address me at the Wesleyan Mission, Hankow, China.

It is such a colossal tragedy.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

### A PEEP AT OUR PATRON SAINT.

When we decided to spend a holiday in France, and to see those towns we had only rushed through by train Rouen was one of the towns selected, and before leaving England we studied the best way to do this, as we should have only one day at our disposal, and to see Rouen in one day is like trying to know London in a week! It is so full of historic interest and beautiful buildings.

On our arrival at Rouen we took the tram out of the city to see the much admired Church of Bon-Secours, which is situated on the top of a chalky headland called Côte Sainte Catherine, which overlooks the town and the Seine. The Church of Bon-Secours is Gothic in style, and the interior is painted throughout with religious subjects, and this decoration has a very striking effect with the large number of stained glass windows. Not far from this church is the large monument to Jeanne d'Arc. She is represented in white marble in full armour, but her head is uncovered and her hands are tied. On each side of the statue are two figures, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, and on a low wall in front, as if guarding St. Jeanne, are four sheep. The site of the monument is well chosen, as from this point a wonderful view is obtained, looking sheer down on Rouen and the Seine.

We retraced our steps, and after lunch walked to the Market Square, there to behold the wonderful old houses surrounding it; one could imagine that they were standing when St. Jeanne was burned at the stake. A new statue of the saint, and the flames which consumed her, has been put up to her memory in marble: this is placed against the wall of the Market. On the right hand of the statue there is a memorial placed there by the women of the French Legion, to the memory of the million English soldiers who died in the Great War and are mostly buried on French soil. Within a few yards is the exact place where St. Jeanne was burnt. This spot has recently been

slightly raised and a gold mosaic marks the place. The whole town breathes the spirit of St. Jeanne d'Arc, and in nearly every shop can be seen statues, pictures, post cards, etc., representing her.

The old clock (Grosse-Horloge), which has two carved faces and only one hand, is placed in the middle of an archway which spans a street. We waited to hear it chime and we were well rewarded. This clock dates back from 1400.

We visited the Cathedral Notre Dame, which is very fine and in good state of repair in spite of the fact it has



ST. JEANNE D'ARC.

Statue in the Market Square at Rouen.

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