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T. Z. KOO



CHINESE
CHRISTIAN-
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*Chinese Christianity
speaks to the West*

BY

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Bishop of Hong Kong



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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

THIS is the story of a Chinese Christian who has friends all round the world. As Tee Zee—the name is but the American way of pronouncing his initials—he has been a figure known and beloved by students of many generations in many countries. At Manchester in 1924 there was held one of the great Quadrennial Conferences of the Student Christian Movement. The speakers included William Temple and G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, so familiar to that generation as “Woodbine Willie”. Yet the conference report declares that its Vice-Chairman, Mr. T. Z. Koo, was its dominating figure. Those who listened to his eloquent appeal to join in the work of “building the builders of a new China” may well have wondered who was this slight figure in the blue robe, who had appeared in their midst to charm them by his wit and to stir them by his deep sincerity. Who was this T. Z. Koo? What follows gives part of the answer for a generation which perhaps does not know him so well. It comes from China itself, for the writer—who was Missionary Secretary of the Student Christian Movement at the time of the Manchester Conference which we have recalled—is Bishop of Hong Kong. Let him take up the story.

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I

WE are pacing the third-class deck of the *Empress of Canada*, travelling in perfect weather from Shanghai to Hong Kong. T. Z. Koo and I are going together for a mission to young people there. He is to speak to the Chinese. I am to speak to a small company of English youngsters. Of our time together all I remember is a short conversation. "I am trying to find an illustration which will explain the Incarnation to them", he said. A few weeks before, at a study circle in Shanghai, I found myself isolated as a seemingly out-dated conservative when I insisted that Jesus Christ was more than "a man so good that he could completely reveal the Fatherhood of God; and so God chose him for this task". I was pleading for very much more, for the God who is love and enters Himself into time: otherwise, I argued, "God is not as good as Jesus Himself". Suddenly I found an ally. T. Z. Koo said with the quietest conviction, "Yes, Jesus Christ means much more to me than the perfection of manhood." But he was still seeking fresh words with which to convey this greater meaning to his fellow-countrymen for whom the words of the traditional creeds were misty and obscure.

Again I was reminded of a talk with Dr. J. H. Oldham in Shanghai in 1922. The National Christian Council was being formed. He was urging that it should not be a Super-Church, but something quite small and simple, which would not weaken the initiative and responsibility of the denominational groups, but would keep them in touch with one another, enabling them to take common action, not for its own sake, but on those

occasions when it was essential. "There is only one man here," he said to me, "who understands what I mean." "T. Z. Koo," I replied. I was right.

And the tragedy of T. Z. Koo's life has been that this mind, more profound than those of his contemporaries, has made him an exile from China. It is the great temptation of a mind so clear and sensitive to make some impatient comment on the slowness of his colleagues. T. Z. Koo has had this weakness. It would not have mattered had he not also had a depth of conviction and passion that compelled him to fight like a tiger against wrong policies. When he found that he could not prevail, that they could not understand, he always withdrew, until finally he found it easier to work overseas for China than in China itself.

What this has meant in America I cannot say, but it has been to us in China a terrible loss and a cruel waste. The band of promising young men and women whom he gathered round him in his short but brilliant leadership of the Student Department of the Y.M.C.A. are now scattered and lost, doing useful enough things, but not things as central to the purpose of the love of Christ as they would have been had it been possible for T.Z. to remain working in China.

I can at any rate tell something of this man who has been to me for more than twenty six years not only teacher and master, but friend and brother.

II

T. Z. KOO is one of the spiritual children of that great apostle to China, Bishop Schereschewsky. The Bishop was a Polish immigrant to America, converted by the Episcopal Church of the U.S.A. and sent out by them as a missionary. At a very early age he was consecrated Bishop of Shanghai—but was almost at once paralysed by a stroke. With infinite courage and patience he worked on for the founding of a Christian University in Shanghai, and to improve the Chinese translations of Prayer Book and Bible. Thirteen Reformed and two Roman Catholic universities in China all look back to his pioneer achievement, and the record of his own foundation, St. John's University, Shanghai, is without any parallel. T. Z. Koo is a child of St. John's University. But for the Bishop's vision of what a Christian university might do for China there would be no T. Z. Koo to write about.

Bishop Schereschewsky is T.Z.'s spiritual grandfather. His spiritual father was Dr. J. Hawks Pott. Again it is impossible to exaggerate what Dr. Pott has done in China. St. John's University was the Bishop's idea; but it has been Dr. Pott's creation. His genius in handling young men, in giving them freedom and yet so winning their respect, that a word from him turns the whole course of their lives, has been the secret of the University's greatness. If his Church had been as elastic in its ways as the rusty old Church of England, Dr. Pott might have been Bishop of Shanghai when T.Z. was still a young man—T.Z. himself Dr. Pott's successor.

T.Z. was always independent, a keen tennis player,

with a quick and merry mind, and a certain leisureliness, almost a lack of ambition—perhaps inherited from his father, who though ordained deacon never took the further step to the priesthood. T.Z. was not, therefore, by nature a successful student. Once he was out after “lights out” on some prank, and ran straight into Dr. Pott. The rebuke was so friendly, so gentle and yet so firm that T.Z. at once became a worker. He had found a reason for work, not his own success, but gratitude for an understanding teacher. He worked to please him and so henceforward he worked well.

Religion also was a formal matter to him until confirmation came. This also he accepted as a formality. He was a Christian. His father was a pastor. He must therefore be confirmed. But something happened before that. Dr. Pott had a personal interview with each boy. That interview woke in T.Z. the beginnings of the intense religious conviction which has been the secret of his strength and his power since 1922. Religion for him—as for William Temple—was something at once real and yet not fanatical; at once deep and yet not unbalanced. The simplest and most practical actions and speeches of both of them were permeated with the deepest religious conviction, yet neither found it easy to talk freely of his own deepest religious experience. Was this because for them both all experience was religious?

An example of this wholeness of T. Z. Koo's religious experience was an address given at a conference on Christian Higher Education, in 1926, when he spoke against the view that by doing this or that extra thing, or by any kind of external discipline or rule, the spiritual life could be deepened. “It is,” he maintained, “a way of living with God and with man, which cannot be cultivated except in the actual living of it out day by day.”

Bishop Gilman, then Principal of Boone University, said to me afterwards: “We have no need to talk about *creating* Chinese spiritual leadership. We are *experiencing* it.”

At St. John's University T.Z. met his wife, Gee-tsun, sister of his great college friend, Y. Y. Tsu. In her own right, as a woman who has accepted her calling as wife and mother and been content to make that calling a real work for God, G.T. is as great a person as her husband. T.Z.'s mother had other plans for him. Her close friend, the College matron, was a widow with a most eligible daughter; and the two mothers had made their plans. It was not easy or common in those days, even in St. John's University, for a son to go against his mother's wishes. But T.Z. did so. He refused what had been arranged years later, when they had a young family, T.Z. refused a well-paid administrative post and joined David Yui in the Y.M.C.A. at one quarter the salary and ten times the work. G.T. was furious. When he came back late from some conference with David Yui and his colleagues he found himself locked out of the house. At last the strong-willed G.T. agreed to come with her husband to a summer conference. Since then she has been his closest ally and his guardian angel, freer if possible than T.Z. himself from financial anxiety, and sharing easily in the life of failure and poverty they have accepted. Never once since then have their financial responsibilities for their children been allowed to determine the work they have taken up. The work has come first, and they have trusted that the money they needed for their family would follow.

In 1929 the Koos were in Oxford for a few months, where they had gone for T.Z. to do some reading after G.T. and the children had spent some weeks with us in Newcastle. G.T. was our daughter's godmother and was

to come to Newcastle for the Christening. She would not tell us when she was arriving. I went down to meet the through train, but could not find her. I was in the nursery telling my wife she had not come when she walked in with her own two-year-old Alice in her arms. "I saw R.O. at the station, but I know my way about Newcastle. I did not need to be met." We all enjoyed the joke; but it is a picture of the independence of character which has enabled T.Z. and his wife to understand each other and work together as a team ever since the crisis when he first became a religious worker.

III

T.Z. became a student of theology at St. John's University, planning as a result of the religious awakening at his confirmation, to be ordained. He had passed all the examinations when he was barely 22. He could not be ordained under Anglican usage until he was "full 23". His great friend and ally in the theological faculty was his fiancée's brother, Y. Y. Tsu, later first Bishop of Kunming and General Secretary of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui (the name of the Anglican Communion in China). Y.Y.'s father was also a pastor in the Church, so that they had much in common, and above all a desire to see a Chinese pastorate with the dignity, standing and high qualifications of their American teachers in the theological school. It is difficult for English people today to realise how the Chinese pastors in those days, and even now, are despised by the general community. I once overheard a distinguished Chinese fellow committee member refer to a Chinese bishop as "that coolie". The natural contempt for the ne'er-do-well mendicant monk has passed on to the Chinese pastor. Missionaries, knowing how vital is the ministry for the future, have been desperately anxious lest the temptation of money should make the pastors lose their vocation; but this anxiety has also tended to keep them from the chance of taking that place in public life which their counterparts in England and America take naturally.

This background is vital to the rest of our story.

Dr. Hawks Pott offered T.Z. a post in the Principal's office until he was old enough to be ordained. T.Z.

refused and accepted a post in far-away Szechwan, teaching English in a college which was training railway workers for the Szechwan railway. He lived on about a quarter of his salary and handed over the rest to Y. Y. Tsu to go to America—against the most alarmed opposition, than seated in the chair of Schereschewsky, fearful that this promising but independent young man would “lose his vocation.”

Dr. Hawks Pott had an unknown ally. After T.Z. had been working in Szechwan for a year or two he had, in sheer loneliness, let much of his Christian faith and practice slip. In a completely non-Christian company he had at first held on to grace before meals and his private prayers. Gradually they began to slip. The sharp eye of spiritual reality was dimmed. There was no moral lapse, but those things came to seem rather unnecessary habits. Travelling on a river steamer, an old missionary looked at him, and then looked again, and held T.Z.’s answering gaze for a moment without speaking. Then, “Young man, shake hands. I can see you are a Christian. It is written in your face. God bless you always.” That was all, but it was enough. Humbled and ashamed T.Z. went back to the old practices and found new meaning in them.

Ten years later T.Z. returned from the west, having sent his own brothers also to the U.S.A. He went to the Bishop and offered himself for ordination. “It’s ten years since you took the examination; you will have to take it again.” “The same examination?” “Yes, the same examination.” Disconsolate at this luke-warm reception the eager young man went to his old friend, Dr. Hawks Pott. “Do you really want to be ordained?” “I promised to be ordained. I have come back to fulfil my promise.” “But do you really feel called to the ministry?” “Not to

be the kind of pastor my father is, and the Bishop seems to want me to be.”

Dr. Hawks Pott was a loyal churchman. There was always sense in the Bishop’s granite-like conscience and unyielding discipline of himself and of others. But had Dr. Pott been bishop at that time the issue would undoubtedly have been different both for T.Z. and for the Church of God. The best he could do was to take him into his office again, hoping that somehow a way through would be found. But here T.Z.’s penetrating mind and hatred of anything muddled, or any compromise with fundamental principles intervened. He secured the Bishop’s release from his promise and was on the point of accepting a post in the British American Tobacco Company when his friend David Yui came to him with a different proposition.

IV

DAVID YUI had now taken over the General Secretaryship of the Y.M.C.A. in China. He was the first Chinese to hold the post: now for the first time in any Christian organisation at the national level a Chinese held the leading position. Would T. Z. Koo join him? Dr. Yui's own history had been very similar. He was a son of the manse who had been educated in the second American Church Mission University—Boone University, Hankow—deply religious like T.Z., but like him unable to accept the ministry as his calling, at the low level which then seemed to be expected of Chinese. He had been to America on a scholarship, and on his return had served as private secretary to one of the most liberal of the short-time Chinese Presidents of the years that followed Yuan Shi Kai's death. It is probable that God's plan for David was not the ordained ministry but the remarkable lay ministry which he did in fact achieve. His active life was terminated by a stroke which came on him during an interview in Washington with Mr. Stimson, then Secretary of State, an interview which he had sought as a representative of the people's organisations of China.

T.Z. accepted David's challenge to poverty, hard work and heavy responsibility, at a cost in his family life which has been already described. Almost within a year he had become a world figure.

It had been agreed that the first post-war conference of the World's Student Christian Federation would be held in China. David asked T.Z. to take over all the administration and planning of the Conference, and with

it the Student Department of the Y.M.C.A. As part of the preparation for this conference T.Z. was to come to Europe and America to speak at other student conferences and to make sure that the distance China was away would not prevent Student Movements from sending strong delegations to the Peking Conference.

In July 1920, in the big tent at the Student Christian Movement Conference at Swanwick in Derbyshire, the "Federation Meeting" was being held—at which each year the students of this country hear about fellow-members of Christian movements in many parts of the world. I was sitting at the back of the tent. But even now I can see vividly this little figure, dressed for the first and last time in European clothes which did not suit his trim figure at all. He spoke most clearly and practically in that precise and fluent English which was to put a spell on student audiences around the world.

In September 1920, I was asked if I would go to this conference in Peking in April 1922.

I went: and on a memorable day after it was over, David and T.Z. asked me to come and eat with them, and pressed me to come back to China.

Before my return to China was possible, T.Z., now in a blue silk Chinese robe which he has ever since worn for his foreign journeys, and with his flute in his hand, had become the most effective speaker to a student audience in the Anglo-Saxon world. It was at a sing-song in the lounge at Swanwick that he first produced the flute, a simple length of bamboo with some holes in it and one end stopped. He stood on the stairs and played the Chinese lullaby called "The Purple Bamboo". When it was over there was a hush of wonder at the simplicity of beauty he had revealed, and then, of course, terrific applause. But the flute has never been, to my knowledge,

used at meetings. It is not a Chinese version of the trumpet performances of Prebendary Carlile, the founder of the Church Army. His speaking has moved thousands of students for the same reason that his music has been so moving—the clarity and sincerity on tone which has spoken through both flute and voice.

In 1924 T. Z. Koo was in Britain to attend the Executive of the World's Student Christian Federation. His wife and two young children were with him. He was elected Vice-chairman of the Federation and very quickly had close contact with most of the European countries, finding himself more at home in Denmark than anywhere else. It was during this visit that he made perhaps his deepest mark on England. He spoke at summer conferences and at the much larger Quadrennial Conference at Manchester. He was not well. But he would not give in. He went to Geneva to assist Dr. Alfred Sze, then Chinese Ambassador at Washington and senior Chinese representative at the League of Nations Assembly. Then, in spite of most solemn medical warnings, he insisted on going straight on to America to fulfil a very heavy programme. This courage in facing physical weakness proved the best medicine: he never suffered again from serious or prolonged illness until years later he arrived in Free China after a difficult journey out of Shanghai a distant city. The devoted care of two friends, who had been members of his staff in the Student Department of the Y.M.C.A., then saved his life after a long illness caused by debility and aggravated malaria.

V

THE period in England, in 1924, did something for the World Church which has not had to be done again. T. Z. Koo was in his own person the picture of the Chinese Church come of age. Not only had he a complete command of the English language; he showed also a sure judgment on purely internal matters in the country he was visiting. He could hold his own in conversation with such men as Cosmo Gordon Lang, then Archbishop of York, and Lionel Curtis: indeed, they turned to him for advice. China was no longer a daughter but a sister Church. Students who heard him speak knew without having to be told what would be the future work of a missionary in China: his task would be to do as much as an eager foreigner could do, to help the Chinese Church leaders to do their own work in their own Church, to make the thin line of Chinese Christian workers stretch further by doing for them things a foreigner could do in spite of his being a foreigner. T. Z. Koo is a speaker rather than a writer; and it is as speaker and counsellor that his life has made a landmark in the history of the Universal Church.

1924 was followed by the terrible May 30, 1925, in Shanghai. Several students, nearly all members of the Chinese Student Christian Movement, were shot when British police opened fire on a demonstration outside the police station. It was caused by the action of the Japanese in remanding *sine die* (a phrase desperately ominous in the East) two students who had been arrested for trying to help the cruelly exploited workers in the Japanese

mills. What a loss this was to the Christian Church in China can be best realised by learning that of three students standing together two were killed, while the middle one was unhurt. The survivor was Quentin Huang, now Bishop of Yunkwei—the new diocese for the two Burma Road provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow. Our own first child was born two days later—in England, where I was finishing my time with the British Student Christian Movement. The child was three days old when I received a cable from T. Z. Koo from Shanghai asking if I could come out with my wife for one year at least to try to bring some healing to the bitter hearts of the Chinese students.

November had just begun when we reached Shanghai. For the next twelve months—an *annus mirabilis* indeed—T. Z. Koo was my chief and my friend. I was the first Englishman to work in the Student Department of the Chinese Y.M.C.A., and the invitation to me to come had followed the bitter experiences of May 30. This invitation was typical of T. Z. Koo, who is strongly nationalistic and quietly resentful of any slight to his country or her people, and yet passionately concerned for international forgiveness and understanding. Yet forgiveness did not come easily: though intensely emotional, he has never been sentimental.

Perhaps the chief value of my going proved in the end to be the dent it made on the British community in Shanghai. Here was a man who was a Church of England clergyman, who spoke with the right accent and had done all the right things, "Oxford and all that, don't you know?" and he had come out to join this "American-Communist-Nationalist-Political racket, the Y.M.C.A., what?" The more intelligent ones took notice. They came to know David Yui and T. Z. Koo and so got a

new insight into China and what was happening in China.

On the student side my coming was the beginning of the end for T.Z. If I had not come, he might have won the day. I don't know. But in fact he was beaten. His determination to make a Student Christian Movement more after the British pattern led to his final break with the Y.M.C.A. in China. He was wise enough to see that to establish a rebel movement would have done more harm than to accept a system which he saw in the end would fail. The alternative was to give in.

Vividly I remember a Y.M.C.A. Secretaries' Conference at which the Triennial National Conference for all the Y.M.C.A.'s, including the student departments, was being planned. T.Z. had carried through the great Peking Conference in 1922. His administrative ability was outstanding. He was the man who must organise this one! But he fought against the proposal like a wounded animal at bay. His work must be spiritual, not administrative. His job was with students. He must be free to do the student work properly. He could not do both. It was a tragic error that the Y.M.C.A. subordinated the student department to the city work. Could they not see how vital for China the student work was? How vital the work which he was beginning in Government universities! Could they not understand? . . . They could not. They would not. The Y.M.C.A. was one organism. T.Z.'s duty was to the whole of it, and not to the part. In England the Y.M.C.A. was weakened because there was an independent Student Movement. He was not going to be allowed to work that way in China. He must do what was asked.

From that conference T.Z. never recovered. He realised that he was being suggested as a successor to

David Yui as General Secretary of the Association. This was not a job he would have been able to accept. His administrative abilities were the eye which he must pluck out and cast away if he were to fulfil his calling, which was to spiritual work. Within a few years he had left the Y.M.C.A. and he has lived since then as a free lance, working for the World's Student Christian Federation and giving himself without stint to the Y.M.C.A. in America. But he has been without opportunity of influence in his own country. Born out of due time perhaps, clear-sighted far beyond the ordinary, unwilling to compromise while there are things he can do without surrender of principle, he has been the Church's ambassador at large. He has been bread cast upon the waters. We dare not say it has been in vain.

VI

NATURALLY T.Z.

was continually pressed to take important work. In 1931 Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek urged him to become one of his secretaries. Once again there was the old answer to criticism of his refusal to take this opening: "I could not have done anything. The scales are weighted too heavily by others against all that I care for." He advised the Generalissimo at this time that the key to the future success of his government would be the county magistrate. Plans were launched for a training school for these men—but the plans were wrecked upon the rock of party politics.

Five years later David Yui's son-in-law, a very dear friend of T.Z.'s, joined Madame Chiang and the Generalissimo in pressing him to join the staff of the New Life Movement, already drooping and wilting like a plant with a serious disease at its roots. T.Z.'s answer exposed that disease: "How can you as Christians ask me to leave the direct spiritual work I am doing for the secular moral endeavours of the New Life Movement? I share your desire that the New Life Movement should succeed, but I know you agree with me that direct spiritual work is more important."

At the end of 1932, I was suddenly sent back to China, to Hong Kong. The following summer I was at a conference of Chinese Christian writers, rather wistfully hoping that China might somehow produce a Kagawa. It was a sad experience, for there seemed to be little realisation of the true spring of Kagawa's work in the Shinkawa slums. We were academic, cloistered, but not alive. T.Z.

was there, with his second son, Robert. (The death of the elder boy meant a loss to his parents with a meaning beyond any talking about.) He also was aloof and detached. He was the only one who had a son with him, and that seemed to me a symbol of concentration on his family while he looked for the next step.

I did not discover what was wrong until two months later. He was in Hong Kong on his way to Java for a W.S.C.F. conference. I asked him to preach in the Cathedral on Sunday evening, and to tell us what was in his heart, for he would be among friends. Once before, in 1926, he had been the first Chinese—though a layman—to preach at the English morning service in Hong Kong Cathedral. Then nearly half his congregation was made up of paraded private soldiers, but the silence was intense as he told us why he, a Chinese, was a Christian. But in 1933 he could not do what he had done in 1926. The cruel Japanese war in Manchuria had happened since then. He had been up in Manchuria, active in sending help to the Chinese resistance long after the Japanese had taken over. (His own boyhood home was in ruins after the Japanese attack on Shanghai in 1932.) Manchuria was the first failure of the League of Nations, and the full bitterness of that failure fell on the lonely soul of T. Z. Koo, who had spent himself in the previous ten years in the cause of international understanding and peace. He hoped Christian public opinion would prove strong enough to prevent such glaring aggression as the Japanese annexation of Manchuria. Eleven years before the Peking Conference of 1922 when so many of his colleagues were ardent pacifists his strong sense of reality held him back. In 1933 he was jarred and wounded and out of balance for he saw clearly what the failure of the League meant.

Finally he agreed to preach, saying, "It will be the first time I have spoken in public since the Japanese took over in Manchuria." That evening from the Cathedral pulpit he told us how deeply troubled he was at the ineffectiveness of Christianity in the world. It was an analysis of Christian weakness—perhaps, in his own thought, the end of liberal progressivism. It was completely honest, profoundly simple; and it offered no solution.

Two years later I was able to get him to do what I believe he should do more often. For five evenings in Holy Week he spoke to young people in Hong Kong—in Holy Week and in a Church. His opening words were, "The Cross of Christ is the victory of God". More and more students came each night as he spoke about the Cross and Passion of the Lord Jesus and what suffering and self-sacrifice and death to self meant in the Christian life.

He had come through his bewilderment, not into that fulness of understanding which lesser minds imagine, but to the light that shines in darkness from the Cross of Calvary, and to the wonder of the Emmaus road, when our Lord spoke to those two disciples of the necessity of suffering, and then at their own home table was known to them in the breaking of bread.

VII

T. Z. KOO was in Hong Kong again on his way to America when the Japanese attacked. His wife had been with him. Her ship was reaching Shanghai when it was turned back. T.Z.'s plane was to have left for Manila that morning and was destroyed on the field. Finally they both reached Shanghai and there he was able, with young K. H. Ting, to be at last the pastor of a Church, the Community Church in Shanghai's "West End". He did little preaching, as he did not wish to provoke the Japanese, but he stood behind K. H. Ting, and the Church was a real centre of strength and courage and hope to many Chinese leaders who quite rightly had chosen the course of staying behind in Shanghai. The American Church Mission, generous as ever to its children, let him and his family live in their property, and when internment came for them he helped to keep their property unharmed for their future return. He was able to stand by his wife and two daughters—of the others, Lucy was with us in Kunming and Robert in the U.S.A.—and when he knew the three in Shanghai were safe, and had been able to make provision for them, he joined one of the Free China escape parties. He left Shanghai as an electrical mechanic under contract for a distant town. This could be reached by passing through an area under Chinese control. After many days walking, and travelling in little boats, he reached Free China. But he was seriously ill. Fortunately friends were able to care for him, until he was well enough to travel to Chungking, which proved once more to be a jumping-off ground for the U.S.A.

There is a story of T. Z. Koo which I have not been able to tell. While he has been lost to China he has meant very much to young and old in America and to the World's Student Christian Federation. I have asked Helen Morton to add a postscript to this account to tell you something about that work.

VIII

I CAN'T recall ever having met T. Z. Koo for the first time, writes Helen Morton. It seems as though I had always known him. At first I knew little about when he would appear or disappear. He was always en route. But when he appeared there would usually be a telephone call from another of his friends saying that a certain evening should be reserved for a feast. I shall never forget the first of these, when I watched with wonder a great fish falling apart under the skilful manipulation of T.Z.'s chop sticks. There were many other dishes and uncounted cups of China tea. There were lessons in Chinese manners, in chop stick technique, there was the quick give and take of stories, there was laughter and the little procession to and from the restaurant, with T.Z. shorter than most of us, but with a more rapid stride, in our midst. Wherever we were together, sooner or later we were headed for the Chinese Restaurant; in New York, in Paris, in London, in Shanghai or Hong Kong.

I recall one meeting before such a gathering. It was in down-town New York, just at the end of Brooklyn Bridge. The elevated trains were roaring overhead, the automobiles were honking below, people were jostling and pushing their way across the passageway over the street. There stood T.Z., the slip of a figure in his Chinese gown, quiet and serene as a Buddha. "Goodness T.Z., how do you do it?" I say, all hot and bothered by the crowd and confusion. "The waiting is a most profitable time to meditate," he replies, "I don't notice anything around me." I believe that is true, that his inner

life is so self-sufficient and so disciplined, that in any circumstances he can withdraw and live in the things of the spirit. In many meetings of the Student Christian Movement he would listen long before he would speak, and when he did he said very little, but it was peculiarly to the point, and very effective.

His travels were somehow nearly always picturesque. None of the delegates to the World's Y.W.C.A. General Council meeting at Muskoka will forget his departure in a little two-seater hydroplane, which droned out of the skies and floated into the dock in front of the hotel by the beautiful Canadian lake. T.Z. walked briskly down the pier, with his little hat box and brief case, entered the plane, circled above us, and, like a homing bee, went straight off to his next destination. Once at the crack of dawn, when the *Empress of Asia* arrived in Honolulu, T.Z.'s friends sent for him to come ashore on the pilot boat so as to be in time for a meeting. Once he took me with him in an airplane over the Burma road, and we flew at night high over the mountains, and down into the war-torn airport of Kunming; then on, over the Japanese lines to Hong Kong. I was heartened by the steady nonchalance of the seasoned traveller.

Whenever he spoke in different lands he was a master of picturesque presentation. In America he often drew symbols from Chinese words. Some of his illustrations were famous. One was the description of the furnishings of an itinerant Chinese university on its way in the refugee procession to the interior. Seats made of clay were all right in dry climates, but when the rains came they turned into mud and "just oozed away". Sometimes he would tell about his own change of heart which took him from serving a railway to serving Christ. Sometimes he would interpret the whole spirit of his nation. I think of

him as a missionary to the Western world, bringing with him a purified and refined message to transfuse with our thought forms into a more vital and vivid experience. Sometimes I think he was himself surprised at the effect of what he said. At a Student Volunteer conference in Toronto, the big auditorium of the University was packed full. T.Z. arrived quite late and was as tired as man can be. But the Spirit spoke through his fatigue and the great concourse was stilled to the silence which is itself a spiritual experience.

He has always taken positive stands. He advocated, for example, the boycott of Japanese exports—and was quite prepared to discuss the stand he had taken with a Japanese Christian. His convictions always seemed part and parcel of his world citizenship and were never used in a way to divide us. It was because the foundation was the faith of a Christian.