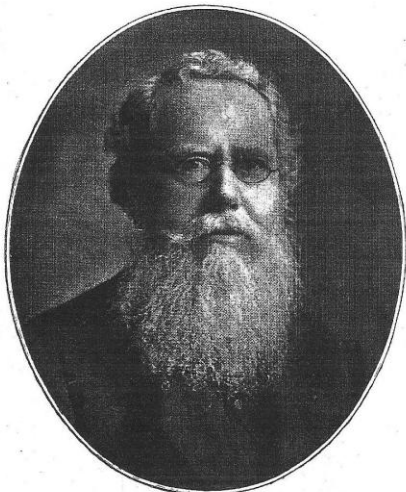


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J. HUDSON TAYLOR

The Beloved Founder and Director of the China Inland Mission.
BORN 1832. DIED 1905.

The Story

of the Last Days and Burial of the

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR

as told by

Mrs. Howard Taylor, Mrs. K. P. Shapleigh,
and Dr. H. G. Barrie

also

AN "APPRECIATION"

by the

Rev. J. W. Stevenson

Deputy-Director in China.

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The Closing Hours.

Extracts from a Private Letter from Dr. H. G. Barrie.

CHANG-SHA, HU-NAN.

June 3rd, 1905.

TO-DAY at 8.30 p.m. Mr. Hudson Taylor passed from our midst into the presence of Him whom he served so faithfully and well in China for nearly fifty-two years. His passing was a happy, rapid and peaceful translation.

We had seen much of him during his brief stay here. He took such an interest in everything, and invariably wished to be where the rest were. I was struck with his disinclination for solitude. He rested much in the little sitting-room. Since arriving he had not felt quite equal to going out into the chapel and facing the assembly there, but only this morning, at the conclusion of regular prayers, he had made a special effort and was assisted out to the platform. The members looked happy and sympathetic as they watched his feeble movements. They stood up as he entered and made his way to the reading desk. It was a very simple yet deep message that he spoke, as he leaned heavily on the railing, and, while given in much physical weakness, will not soon be forgotten by those of us privileged to hear his voice and look into his radiant face. Mr. Taylor, later in the afternoon, spent a happy time meeting the Chang-sha missionaries socially. He gave utterance to many expressions of devout thankfulness as he heard about and saw the abundant entrance the Gospel now has in the capital of this once anti-foreign province.

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The guests left at 6 o'clock. I then assisted Mr. Taylor up to his room and sat talking with him for half an hour while waiting the preparation of a little early supper, prior to going to the north end of the city. While we sat talking, a very beautiful incident occurred. Mr. Taylor arose and went to the other end of the room, and getting two fans, handed me one; and when I remonstrated with him for not asking me to get them for him, replied, "I wanted to get *you* one." This thoughtfulness in spite of his age and feebleness has been very noticeable and very beautiful. We were speaking of the privilege of bringing everything to God in prayer, and I remarked that the distinction between small and great things frequently came into my mind and heart at times of prayer. His answer was that he did not know anything about it; then after a pause of some moments he said: "There is nothing small and there is nothing great; only God is great and we should trust Him fully."

He appeared to be a little concerned as to whether or not his son had made arrangements to have the baggage taken to the steamer, in order to avoid any Sunday confusion or work, and as I left him he went to his son's room.

When supper was ready Mr. Taylor wished to have his in the quietness of his own room, rather than down-stairs as usual. Dr. Taylor had taken it up, and as his father had no immediate desire to partake of it he assisted him to bed and left him comfortably resting. In a few minutes Mrs. Taylor went to her father's room, and drawing a chair to his bedside, chatted with him and coaxed him to take his supper, as he had not yet taken a morsel of it. Suddenly she noticed that Mr. Taylor's breathing became radically altered. One quick gasp was followed by three or four fleeting sighs and then he was motionless. Mrs. Taylor ran to the top of the staircase and in a suppressed voice called for Dr. Taylor, who came at once. Dr. Keller, who had just returned from the steamer, where he had taken the baggage, was then called up, and together they tried artificial respiration, but without avail. The beloved one had already passed into his Lord's presence.

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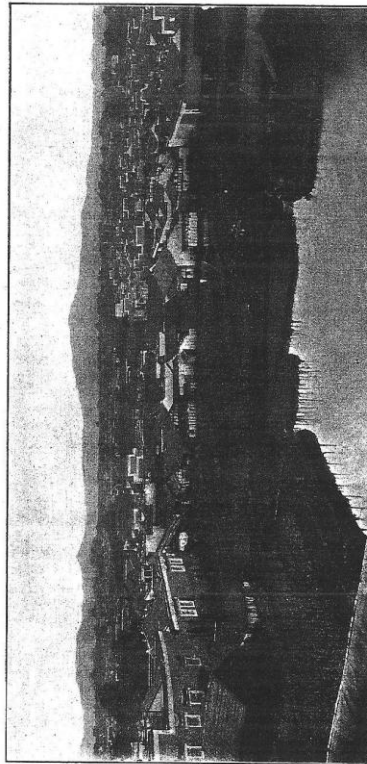


Photo by]

PANORAMA OF CHANG-SHA.

[Dr. C. Whitfield Calveres.
This photograph of Changsha, the scene of Mr. Taylor's "Translation," was taken from the city wall. The city is well built, clean and beautiful. It is situated in the picturesque valley of the river Sling.

Almost instantaneously the lines left his face, and an expression of deep rest and peace reigned there.

The workers and evangelists from the two new out-stations had all arrived earlier in the day, to see Mr. Taylor, and these and other friends requested to view the body. It was touching to hear Mr. Whang, the new worker at Tong-san, when he asked to see Mr. Taylor's body, and then asked permission to touch his hand. As he stroked the cold form he said: "Dear and honored Pastor! You have loved the Chinese and we love you. You have gone on before us, and we will follow on too." After this the house servants crept up in single file and looked upon his face, and felt they had a peculiar right to do so.

Plans had to be arranged without loss of time in view of the hot weather, and the desire to take the remains to Chin-kiang to be laid beside his first wife. A number of telegrams were sent off immediately, and two of the evangelists were dispatched to secure a coffin. After a considerable delay a very desirable one was purchased, in spite of the lateness of the hour. It was a beautiful sight to see the Chinese Christians performing the last offices over the remains of their friend. With skilful and loving hands they prepared his body after the Chinese method (and a highly commendable method it is) in the chapel where only a few hours before he had met them with such evident pleasure. By the time all was complete it was 3.30 a.m., Sunday, June 4th. The little funeral cortège almost immediately left the chapel for the river side. Leading was the coffin with its eight bearers; then followed Dr. Taylor's party, and to the rear the church-members who had been assisting throughout the night and early morning. It had been raining, and the narrow streets were very wet and dark, and were lighted only by paper lanterns carried by the bearers. The steamer lay in mid-stream and it was necessary to secure a large sampan in order to reach it. The remains were deposited in this, and the friends gathered about them in the boat. We were soon on board the steamer, and after a brief farewell we left our departing friends,

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with their precious burden, ready to leave at daybreak for Hankow.

God had arranged wonderfully about the steamer. Its regular time of departure was on Sunday morning, but on Saturday the steamer office was wired, asking permission to have it wait until early Monday. This would give Mr. Taylor an opportunity to spend Sunday here, and late in the evening they could all go on board. With this in view the baggage had been taken down early on Saturday evening. Now that Mr. Taylor had been called home, the captain, who had received instructions from Hankow to wait till Monday, very gladly consented to leave at the usual time. Hence the necessity for the midnight preparations. The captain's sympathy and his special care to make everything as convenient as possible was greatly appreciated. Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, Miss J. af Sandeberg and Dr. Guinness accompanied the remains to Hankow. During the evening's preparations these dear friends exhibited great fortitude and peacefulness. Their special relief and delight was in prayer. Early in the evening, just after the two evangelists had set out to find a suitable casket, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor suggested that we have special prayer that they might be prospered, as the hour was late and it was raining heavily, and coolies would be most difficult to secure. The occasion was also a time of very real drawing near to God in behalf of the members of the bereaved families in China and elsewhere, and also for the Chinese. Just as the Christians had completed their preparations, we foreigners gathered in the sitting-room and prayer was made, especially by the visitors, in behalf of the home and station. Then as we gathered in the chapel ready for our journey through the wet streets to the river-side, Evangelist Li offered prayer on behalf of the Chinese, and asked that no accident might befall us *en route* to the steamer.

The Chinese were very anxious to provide the coffin. Dr. Taylor endeavored to persuade them not to undertake



Letter from Mrs. Howard Taylor to Theodore Howard, Esq.

Containing the Story of Mr. Hudson Taylor's
Last Days.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
CHIN-KIANG, ON THE YANG-TSI RIVER,

Thursday, June 8th, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. HOWARD,—Alone in this quiet spot beside the simple casket containing all that remains to us of the beloved one now with the Lord, my heart turns to you and many others at home who will be "sorrowing yet rejoicing" with us at this time. Only ten months have passed since we were writing from Switzerland to tell you of the home-going of dear Mrs. Hudson Taylor, and now from far-off China, just seven weeks after his arrival, father has been taken to rejoin her in the rest that remains for the people of God. He was weary, very weary, and his work was done. Last Saturday evening, the 3rd inst., between eight and nine o'clock, the call came unexpectedly, and—"he was not, for God took him."

The room is still and fair. Through open windows the cool breeze comes stealing, and sunshine falls on a very garden of flowers. Surely this is not death! He is gone

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from us. We know it. And deeply, deeply do we feel the bereavement his absence brings. But *life* it is that has come suddenly into our midst, not death. He was caught away from us, he did not seem to die. In every detail then and since, death has been so robbed of its terrors that we look up, rather than into the grave, and cry instinctively:—

"My father, my father—the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

C.I.M. HOME, SHANGHAI.

June 11th, 1905.

But let me tell you from the beginning.

We landed in Shanghai on Monday afternoon, the 17th of April, and were received here at the headquarters of our Mission with a welcome that cannot be described. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hoste and Mr. Stevenson, Miss Muir, and the ladies in charge of the Home had done everything that could be thought of to make us feel the love with which dear father's return was greeted. And there were piles of letters and precious gifts from friends in inland stations, eloquent of the rejoicing that filled many hearts.

Our stay in Shanghai was short, for father was anxious to go up the river without delay. But he had the pleasure of seeing most of the members of the China Council, as the April sittings were just concluded and the brethren had remained on to meet him. And so once more, and for the last time, his voice was heard among them, in loving, helpful counsel and in prayer. A photograph taken a day after our arrival, of the group of twelve, including father, and another of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Meadows with him alone (the three who were in China before the sailing of the "Lammermuir,") are very precious now.

We left for Chin-kiang, on Wednesday night, by one of the new river steamers, and arrived twenty-four hours later to find Dr. Cox and my dear brother* waiting for us. I must not attempt to tell of the happy days spent in the mission home there, a real home to so many, nor of Easter

* Dr. Whitfield Guinness.

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so great a burden, but they remained firm, and much to their joy, had their own way.

Sunday evening, June 4th. Two short hours' rest early this morning has not proved the best preparation for a busy day, and especially after the several busy days we have had. All, including the servants, look quite exhausted. Dr. Keller, in the hastily planned memorial service for the Chinese, quite broke down in speaking. Following this a baptismal service was held, and eight new members were received. Though all are weary, all look as though things could never be quite the same again, for in some gracious way we have all felt that God has been particularly near, and it has been a real privilege to minister to His servant Mr. Taylor.

Many years ago, Mr. Taylor said that when he once saw Hu-nan opened up, his life work would be ended. How beautifully it had all been arranged! He had spent a few weeks in seeing other parts which were upon his heart, and finally came into Hu-nan. Here in the heart of China, after meeting representative missionaries of the province, he went, as Dr. Guinness said, "from the heart of China to the heart of God." He had no further plans after leaving here, beyond going via Toronto and Canada to Switzerland, "where," he said to me last evening, "I want to see my wife's grave." His work and his life were completed at this point, in accordance with his hopes and prayers for many years. He did not die in any other way or for any other reason than that God fulfilled His servant's wish, and "God took him" to be with Himself, and how fitting was the concluding scene, in which the people he loved and among whom he died should prepare his body for its long journey to its final resting-place on the threshold of a once closed land.

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Photo by] THE "RECEPTION" AT CHANGSHA. [Dr. G. W. Hiffeld Garner.
This "Reception" was given by Dr. and Mrs. Keller to the Missionaries of Changsha (seven represented) and to the Rev. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, at the C.I.M. Home, on June 3rd, 1905. (Less than three hours later Mr. Taylor was with the Lord.)



Photo by]

[Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness.

THREE VETERAN MISSIONARIES.

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR. DR. GRIFFITH JOHN. DR. W. A. P. MARTIN.
 (Arrived in China 1854.) (Arrived in China 1855.) (Arrived in China 1850.)

Dr. John holds in his hand a copy of Dr. Martin's book, "A Cycle of Cathay." In Dr. Martin's hand is an elegant "Address of Welcome" to Mr. Taylor, from the Wansien church. The envelope of this "Address" Mr. Taylor holds. This photo was taken on May 27th, exactly a week before Mr. Taylor's home-call. These three senior missionaries represent 156 years of service for the Chinese.

Sunday with Miss Murray at Yang-chau, † not far away. Both these were centres of special interest to father, the scene of so much foundation-laying in joy and sorrow, labor and suffering, in years gone by.

Under the shadow of the green hills at Chin-kiang, close by the river, lies the little cemetery in which my husband's mother ‡ was laid to rest, thirty-five years ago. Dear father went once or twice to visit her grave, and was pleased to see it so well cared for, amid the trees and greenery that have grown up around it in that beautiful God's acre.

On Easter Monday we left for Han-kow, four days' journey up river, arriving before breakfast on the 28th of April. Early though it was, Mr. Lewis Jones was on the hulk to meet us, and the welcome we received at the mission house was worthy of warm Welsh hearts and hospitality. By this time our faces were definitely set toward the province of Ho-nan, father having decided that he would at any rate visit the stations on and near the new railway: so our stay in Han-kow was of the briefest. Short though it was we were almost overwhelmed by the kindness of friends, new and old, in that great centre. Dr. Griffith John came repeatedly to see dear father, and Dr. Martin, of the Imperial University, though several years his senior, made light of the long journey across the river that he might visit his old friend. While they were together one day talking over the news that had just reached us of the death of Dr. Edkins, the question came up as to who was now the oldest missionary in China, and it was interesting to discover that Dr. Martin has the longest record of service in this land, and that father and Dr. John come next. § It seemed a pity to lose the oppor-

† The home in which our ladies begin the study of the language on their arrival in China.

‡ The first Mrs. Hudson Taylor.

§ Though not just now in China, there are two other missionaries who are contemporary with these three. The list of seniors actually stands as follows—

Rev. R. Lechler	Arrived in	1847
Dr. W. A. P. Martin	"	1850
Dr. W. Ashmore	"	1851
Rev. J. H. Taylor	"	1854
Dr. Griffith John	"	1855

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tunity of having their photographs taken together, so, although the weather was dull and cloudy, the photographer was sent for, and a fairly satisfactory result obtained.

Aided by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Jones, who provided us with bedding, washing apparatus, food baskets, etc., we set out on Monday, the first of May, for the strangest, and, in some ways, the most interesting journey we have ever taken in Inland China—two-hundred and forty miles *by rail*, into the province of Ho-nan. Once before on just such a May morning, we left Han-kow (eleven years ago) on the same journey northward. But then it was by wheelbarrow, and many a weary day had to be endured ere we could reach our destination. Now, a distance that took us two weeks to traverse can be accomplished in twenty-four hours, and with less weariness than *one* hour of the old sort of travelling involved. It is a wonderful change, and all day long, as we glided swiftly over the iron road, we felt as in a dream from which there must be a rude awakening. But no, it went on and on, fresh surprises surrounding us at every point, until, only six hours after leaving Han-kow, we steamed slowly through the long tunnel under the mountains that divide Hu-peh from Ho-nan, and found ourselves actually within the borders of our old province.

It was so interesting at all the wayside stations to notice the pleasure the sight of dear father called forth. Whenever he appeared at the window or on the platform, young and old seemed drawn towards him with looks of sympathy and kindness that made even the duller faces attractive. It is rarely, of course, that a foreigner of his years is to be seen travelling in inland China, and the characteristic reverence of the people for old age immediately showed itself in the smiling interest with which they watched his every movement. Everywhere people seemed anxious to show him attention. The railway officials gladly arranged for us to sleep on the train at night, to save the trouble of going to an inn, and all along the way he was the centre of attraction.

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About ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, the second of May, the train drew up at the busy station of Yen-cheng, and we found Mr. Lack on the platform waiting to meet us. Two carts were in readiness to take us to the mission house, and as we left the train behind and rumbled over the rough, uneven roads toward the city, we began to realize that we were actually back in Ho-nan once more. And oh, the joy of being there again, amongst the people we have known and loved so well! Every moment was a feast to our hearts. The mission house we found to be a most attractive place, with bright, airy rooms and a home-like atmosphere, due to Mr. and Mrs. Lack's delightful hospitality.

That night several of the missionaries from other stations arrived, on their way back from a conference in the neighboring city of Hsiang-cheng Hsien, and the following day was spent in long and interesting conversations, in which we learned a great deal about the development of the work since we had left the province. Most cordial invitations were given to dear father to visit all stations to which these dear friends were returning, and after thought and prayer he decided to go on at any rate to Hsiang-cheng Hsien, another two days' journey. This for him was a somewhat serious undertaking, as the railway could only take us half the distance, and the rest of the way we should be dependent on native methods of travel. Mr. Joyce, however, kindly met us at the station, and we found he had brought a comfortable sedan chair for dear father to ride in, as well as two carts for ourselves and the luggage.

That night of course had to be spent in a Chinese inn, and I wish I could describe to you the strangeness and yet familiarity of it all. We made dear father as comfortable as we could, and though he was very weary, he seemed to enjoy his Chinese supper and arrangements, and was full of interest in those who thronged about us and listened for an hour or two to the Gospel. After he had gone to rest, and we, too, had retired for the night, a

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touching little incident happened that we did not hear of until the morning.

Mr. Joyce, in the next room to ours, was awakened between ten and eleven o'clock by someone outside the window calling him. Drowsy and tired, he thought it could hardly be time to get up yet, and was relieved to find that it was only a visitor, asking to see us. He went to the window and found one of his own church-members, a Christian man from a neighboring village, who had heard of our being at the inn that night, and had come over after his long day's work to pay his respects to father.

Mr. Joyce explained to him that the Venerable Pastor was now sleeping, and after his trying journey it would never do to disturb him with midnight visitors. The good man saw the reasonableness of this, and though much disappointed, said he would try to come in on Sunday to see him at the mission station. Then he began to fumble with something he was carrying, and pushed a little bundle through the paper window.

"Why, what is this?" said Mr. Joyce, surprised.

"Oh, it is nothing. It is only my poor little meaning," he answered quickly. "It is my duty to provide for the Venerable Pastor while he is near our village."

And Mr. Joyce found thrust into his hand a string of two hundred cash, money that the dear man had brought to meet father's expenses at the inn. And when he had given it he slipped away quietly, leaving us all to rest.

We were so sorry in the morning that we had not seen him, but on the following Sunday he came to the services and father had an opportunity of thanking him in person.

That Sunday at Hsiang-cheng Hsien and the days before and after it I must not dwell on. They were full of happy fellowship with dear Mr. and Mrs. Joyce and their co-workers, Miss Soltan and Miss Morris, and with the native Christians. There, and at all the stations in Honan, great advance had been made since the Boxer trouble, and there was much to talk over in connection with the work.

Heavy rains prevented our leaving as soon as we expected, and as the river rose hour by hour below the windows of the mission house, father was encouraged to think of returning to Yen-cheng by water instead of going overland as we had come. And so, when the stream was at its height, we set out on a large cargo boat to travel with the current down to the railway again. Mr. and Mrs. Joyce were badly in need of a rest, and to our great satisfaction they came with us, bringing their servants and dear little children, and undertaking all arrangements. It was a delightful journey, so much so that when we reached Yen-cheng, on the second day, father was quite prepared to go on with the Joyces to Chou-chia-kou, and perhaps beyond. We had been much in prayer about this, for our own two stations in which we had worked before leaving China, lay on the further side of that city, and we longed of course to meet the dear Christians again.

It was just a step at a time. We could hardly decide more than one day ahead as to what would be possible. But little by little the Lord gave dear father strength and opened the way before us, so that instead of only spending a week or so in Ho-nan, in the places near the railway, we were twenty-five days in the province, visiting five of the central stations and meeting the missionaries from as many others. At the three stations in which we ourselves had previously worked, the Christians gathered in large numbers, and the welcome accorded us was specially enthusiastic and touching. Many of them had been reading the story of father's life from "A Retrospect," recently translated by Mr. Baller, and they could not do enough to express their love and veneration.

Sunday, the 14th of May, was spent at Chou-chia-kou, and there dear father preached a sermon two miles long, and one that I am sure the Christians will never forget. It came about in this way.

The church building in which the services are held on Sunday is at a considerable distance from the mission house, where we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Brock, and the question arose as to how father was to get there

that hot summer morning. It was a walk of fully a mile through the city. But a simple solution was suggested. Had not Miss Leggat and Mrs. Talbot sent in a sedan chair with eight bearers from the neighboring station, in view of a visit we hoped to pay them on Monday, and were not the men even now in the house, with nothing to do? Let them be called and make ready.

But no. Father would not hear of it. Not to put such an example before the native Christians had he come to Honan. If it were necessary for him to go to church on Sunday morning, he could walk. And walk he did, the whole way there and back. My husband took a little chair with him, and when father was too tired to go further he sat down just where he was, in the busy street, and the crowds gathered about him.

"*Tsa puh k'iah ko kiao lai?*" they exclaimed. "Why do you not bring a sedan chair for the venerable gentleman?"

And then Howard explained to them (and Mr. Joyce on the return journey) that it was the Lord's Day of rest, and that the will of God was that all men should keep it holy, and that though there was a sedan chair in the house with eight bearers, the old missionary would not consent to use it on that account. And from that text several discourses were delivered to interested onlookers here and there along the crowded street.

But next day the chair was used, and proved very helpful in carrying dear father over the twenty miles of rough roads to the neighboring city. Oh, that familiar road, how often we had travelled it! Every tree and house looked just as we had seen them scores of times, until we neared our destination. And then something very unusual arrested our attention.

Right in front of us, on the main highway, a crowd of men and boys had gathered, and as they stood there in the sunlight, several bright gleaming objects held up in their hands puzzled us not a little. They looked like the large instruments of a brass band. But surely that could hardly be? And then in a moment it flashed upon us. They

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were the Christians from Chen-chau who had come out to meet us. The table we now saw was spread with refreshments for dear father on his journey. The glittering objects shining in the sun were four golden characters held up to greet him—the motto to be fixed on a banner they were probably preparing to present when he arrived. And so it proved. For in a few minutes they were all about us, the love and enthusiasm of their welcome defying description. When we had time to look at the beautiful characters, we found to our surprise the four words *Nui-ti en-ren*, their own greeting to dear father: literally translated "Inland China's grace man," or "Benefactor of Inland China."

A little farther on a group of women Christians met us, and when we reached the house inside the city, we found the whole courtyard covered in and decorated with red hangings, a broad platform arranged at one end, draped in red, and *Welcome* written large on everything.

When the red satin banner was hung over the platform, with its gold-covered characters, and the crowd of smiling, happy, hearty friends trooped in for the afternoon meeting, filling every corner to overflowing, it was a beautiful sight and one not soon to be forgotten.

Oh the happy days there, how they live in our hearts! Dear father was much among the Christians, and spoke to them once or twice. At a Christian Endeavor meeting we were all presented with charming little silver badges and enrolled as members of the Chen-chau branch. Father was very pleased with the way in which it was done and wore the sign of membership on his coat, right on to the end.

At Tai-kang, the last station we visited, the same love and lavish kindness were displayed. Some of the Christians hired a cart and came to Chen-chau, a whole day's journey, to meet us. On the way they passed a letter-carrier, who said that father was not well, and that he certainly would have to turn back to Chou-chia-kou without visiting their city. Upon this the Tai-kang friends

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were greatly distressed, and stopped in the middle of the road to pray that the Lord would strengthen him and help him to undertake the journey.

"O Lord, what have we done," they said, "that the Venerable Pastor should come thousands of miles from the other side of the world, and after months of travelling stop short just one day's journey from our city? O Lord, we too are his little children. Help him to come on and visit us."

What was their joy a few hours later, when they reached Chen-chau, to find a baptismal service in progress and father taking part and addressing the newly-received believers, and to hear that he had already made up his mind to go on to Tai-kang the next day.

What a journey that was in their escort between the two stations! Kuo Lao-siang, a very Greatheart, bore us along in triumph; insisting on paying, himself, all expenses by the way, and delighted us hour after hour by the wonderful story of all that the Lord had done for the Tai-kang church since we left there seven years ago, and especially during the troubles of 1900.

Outside the city gate the Christians met us, with Mr. Ford and Mr. Bird, their missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Joyce had arrived already, so we were a large party at the mission house—old friends and fellow-workers re-united after long years. With hearts full of thankfulness we talked over early experiences, hopes and prayers; how the Lord protected us there in the terrible riot of 1896, and how he has blessed and increased the work, especially since 1900.

Time fails to tell of these happy days spent at Tai-kang; of the meetings with native Christians; the beautiful banner they too presented to dear father; the return journey all the way to Yen-cheng, and much besides. One meeting at Chou-chia-kou, however, must be mentioned.

We found ourselves there for a Sunday on our way back, and as it happened, for Sunday the 21st of May. The Christians came to know that it was father's birthday, and to our surprise they prepared a beautiful scarlet

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satin banner to present to him, bearing the inscription: "*O man greatly beloved.*" He was not well enough for the long walk to church that day, so they all gathered at the mission house for an afternoon meeting. Numbers had come in from the country and from distant out-stations, so that there were a dozen or more of the leading Christian men present from all over the district. One after another they rose to make little addresses to dear father, full of love and tenderness, some of them very heart-moving. He spoke to them, too, for a few minutes.

The next day we left by boat for Yen-cheng, and after three quiet days on the river we passed under the railway bridge outside the city, and felt ourselves in touch with the western world once more. The following step was easy; twenty-four hours on the train back to Han-kow. It was a beautiful journey, made all the more so by the companionship of a dear fellow-worker, who joined us at Yen-chang on her way to the coast, Miss J. af Sandeberg, whose friends and home in Sweden some of us know so well.

It was Friday the 26th of May, when we reached Han-kow, the thirty-ninth anniversary of the sailing of the "*Lammermuir*" party, and thus the day on which we entered the fortieth year of the Mission's history. In the train on the way down we had some precious times of prayer together, and were very conscious of the presence of the Lord. Full of thankfulness for all His goodness during the three-and-a-half weeks of our absence in Homan, we looked to Him for renewed strength and for His own guidance as to the next stage of our journey.

And oh, how tender was His watchful care over every step of the little way that remained. Only eight days were left of dear father's earthly pilgrimage. Five days in May and three in June, and then "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If only we had known! But He knew. And He was planning all.

In ways I must not dwell on now, dear father was led to reconsider the decision he had arrived at against going

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to Hu-nan, and was given strength and courage to undertake the journey. Saturday, Sunday and Monday were spent in Han-kow; happy, restful days, in which he saw many old friends. One afternoon he took tea with Dr. Griffith John in the London Mission House, and enjoyed the beautiful Welsh hymns our dear host and his daughter sang to us, especially that glorious song of praise, "Diolch iddo." It was a beautiful thing to see the old missionary, after almost fifty years in China, singing with all the fire of youth the hymns of his fatherland and childhood—words and music that are now moving hearts the wide world over.

It was decided by this time that we should leave for Chang-sha, the capital of Hu-nan, on Tuesday, and Dr. John was much interested in the journey. We were a party of five, for my brother had joined us at Han-kow, and father had persuaded Miss af Sandeberg to continue with us.

Our passages were taken by one of the Japanese steamers, and as father seemed so much better than he had been, we felt it right to engage Chinese accommodation, rather than more expensive European first-class cabins. But at this point an unlooked-for providence intervened. It was the last, last journey dear father was to take in China. The days were very hot and the nights trying. It was to be made as cool and comfortable for him as possible. To our surprise a wire was received saying that the Japanese steamer had run aground in the Tong-ting Lake, and that it was quite uncertain as to when she would reach Han-kow. The only thing to be done was to go by the China Navigation Company's steamer, sailing that same evening and even then waiting off the shore. But it had to be by saloon accommodation, as they do not issue tickets to foreigners travelling Chinese style. There was no help for it, and with a clear conscience the change was made. When we went on board that evening it was to find a beautiful new boat, the best on the upper river, the kindest of captains and officers in charge, and the whole European accommodation reserved for ourselves. We were the only

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foreign passengers on board. Nothing could have made the journey more delightful.

These two days spent with Captain Hunter on the S.S. "Shasi" will ever live in our hearts. Dear father was just himself, and though the weather was intensely hot, he enjoyed the cool saloon, the comfortable chairs on deck, and the fresh breezes. It was a joy to him to have us all with him; to see the friendship between the younger members of our party deepening into the blessed relationship they have entered upon now; and last, but not least, it was the fulfilment of the prayers and longings of a life-time to see with his own eyes the noble province, closed so long, now at length thrown widely open to the Gospel.

As one crossed the great lake and steamed up the river, passing well built cities, beautiful pagodas and temples, rich plains covered with ripening crops, and noble mountain ranges near and distant, one could not but think of all the toil and prayers of years gone by, of buried lives and dauntless faith, richly rewarded now in the wonderful change that is coming over the hearts and minds of the people. Until eight years ago there was not one resident Protestant missionary in the whole province. None had been able to gain a footing. Now there are no fewer than one hundred and eleven missionaries, connected with thirteen societies, working in seventeen central stations, aided by a noble band of native helpers.

It was Thursday afternoon, the first of June, when we reached the capital and were welcomed by our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Keller and Dr. Barrie, to Chang-sha. Twenty minutes in chairs through the busy streets brought us to the mission house, in which we already felt quite at home, having carefully studied Mr. Harlan Beach's delightful article in a recent number of CHINA'S MILLIONS. †

* Miss J. af Sandeberg and Dr. Whitfield Guinness were engaged a few days later.

† See "The Church in the House," By Mr. Harlan P. Beach, in CHINA'S MILLIONS for April 1905.

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Of the two days that followed, how can I write? They were so calm and peaceful, so full of interest and encouragement, so rich in love and sympathy and the tender care that surrounded our dear one, that our hearts overflow on every remembrance of the Lord's great goodness up to the very end.

Friday, June the 2nd, was a quiet, restful day. It rained all the morning, and we could not go out. After lunch chairs were sent for, and we visited the Tien Sin Koh, a lofty building on the highest part of the city wall. Father was delighted with the wonderful view it afforded of the great metropolis and its surroundings—mountains, plains, and river. He climbed to the top of the third story without being over-tired. After that he went to see the site for the new hospital, several acres of land in a capital situation, that the Governor hopes to give for the work of our medical mission.

The next day was Saturday, the third of June. Dear father did not come down to breakfast, but was dressed and reading when we carried up his tray. He was to speak to the Chinese friends that morning, so as soon as the usual daily service was concluded he went into the chapel where they were all assembled and said a few words. They were deeply interested in seeing him, and his words went right to their hearts. Mr. Li, the evangelist, responded, saying that many of them had been reading "A Retrospect," and expressing the love and joy with which they welcomed him to Chang-sha, and the meeting was concluded with prayer.

Afterwards father spent the morning quietly in his room. All the days at Chang-sha were cloudy, and cool compared with the weather we had been having at Hankow. But he was feeling weary. How much so we gathered from one little sentence he let fall. Some one asked him that last day how long we had been in Chang-sha. I answered, "Three days," and he at the same moment said quietly "Two nights." I did not understand at first, and replied:

"You mean three days, don't you, dear father?"

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"No," he said gently, "I mean two nights. I count the time by nights now."

Father came down to dinner in the middle of the day, but did not eat much. Afterwards we were packing and preparing to send all our luggage down to the steamer, for we were to sail at dawn on Monday, and had arranged to walk down to the river-side on Sunday evening.

After dinner I went over to see the German sisters outside the south gate, and on returning found dear father lying on the long chair in his own room, reading. It was then almost time for the reception Dr. and Mrs. Keller had planned, to give all the missionaries in the city an opportunity of meeting him. He looked so fresh and nice when he came down at four o'clock to greet the friends who were gathering, instead of waiting until five or after, as had been suggested. One by one they came and sat beside him, devoted workers representing six or seven different societies, over thirty in all, including our own C.I.M. friends.

It was cool and pleasant in the little garden on which the sitting-room opened, and tea was served out there on the green lawn surrounded by trees and flowers. Father went out and sat in the midst of the guests for an hour or more, evidently enjoying the quiet, happy time, and interested in the photographs that were taken.

After all had left, Howard persuaded him to go upstairs to rest. But father did not seem ready then to lie down, and said he was not specially tired. He seemed if anything a little restless, and went up and down stairs once or twice before tea-time came. We were sending off our things then to the steamer, and that perhaps partly unsettled him.

When the evening meal was ready, about seven o'clock he did not feel inclined to come down. So Howard made him comfortable on the long chair in his room, and he said he would take something to eat a little later. In less than an hour we returned, and found him undressing. Howard went into the room to help him comfortably into bed, and while waiting to give him his supper, I spent a

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few minutes alone on the little platform over the roof which is such a pleasant feature of many Chang-sha houses.

Twilight had fallen then, and darkness veiled the distant mountains and river. Here and there a few glimmering lights dotted the vast expanse of grey-roofed city. All was silent under the starlit sky. Enjoying the cool and quietness I stood alone awhile, thinking of father. But oh, how little one realized what was happening even then, or dreamed that in less than one half-hour our loved one would be with the Lord! Was the golden gate already swinging back on its hinges? Were the hosts of welcoming angels gathering to receive his spirit? Had the Master Himself arisen to greet His faithful friend and servant? What was happening, oh, what was happening even then over the sleeping city? Knowing nothing, realizing nothing, I went down after a few minutes, and as the door was still shut waited in the next room for Howard to call me. This he soon did, and I went in through the verandah. Dear father was in bed, the lamp burning on the chair beside him, and he was leaning over it with his pocket-book lying open and the letters it contained spread out as he so loved to have them. Amy's letter was in his hand, and he was reading it as I came in.

We drew the pillow up under his head and made him comfortable, and then I sat down on a low chair beside the bed to give him his supper. Howard said brightly, "And now what can I do?" Fearing that father would not want to eat much I said, "Could you not read us something interesting while father has his tea?" This was a way we often had of helping him to eat when he was tired. He took up the book father had been reading in the morning and said, "Where did you leave off?" Father pointed out the place and seemed pleased. It is interesting to remember this now, for it shows how clear his mind was not five minutes before the end.

Before sitting down to read, Howard went to the dining-room to bring some vinegar that had been forgotten, and while he was out of the room I sat talking and turning

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the pages of the *Missionary Review* that father had been looking over. His Book of Psalms was also lying on the chair beside him. I was just in the middle of a sentence when dear father turned his head quickly on the pillow and gave a little gasp, as if he were about to sneeze. I looked up, but for the moment thought nothing of it. But another came, then another. He gave no cry and said no word. He was not choking or distressed for breath. He did not look at me or seem conscious of anything.

I ran to the door and called Howard, who was just at the foot of the stairs. He came at once. But before he reached the bedside it was clear that the end had almost come. Father was quite unconscious then, and breathing heavily. I ran back and called Dr. Keller, who was close at hand. In less time than it takes to write it he was with us, but only just to see dear father pass away. They tried artificial respiration, but it was of no avail. "*He was not, for God took him.*" From the moment of that first quick breath, until all was over, cannot have been more than three or four minutes.

And oh, the look of rest and calm that came over his face was wonderful! The weariness of years faded away in a few moments, and the very room seemed full of unutterable peace.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."

"With Christ, which is far better."

From Chang-sha, in the heart of inland China, gloriously translated. An abundant entrance ministered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Almost could one hear the royal welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Tenderly we laid him down, too surprised and thankful to realize for the moment our great loss. There was nothing more to be done. The precious service of months

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was ended. Mr. Li and other Chinese friends went out to make needful arrangements, but we could hardly bring ourselves to leave that quiet room. All the house was still, hallowed by a serenity and sweetness that scarcely seemed of earth. Though he was gone, a wonderful love and tenderness seemed still to draw us to his side. Sitting there toward midnight, one wrote:

"So peacefully, dear father lies sleeping. It does rest one to look and look again at that dear face. He just seems folded in the arms of Him who giveth His beloved sleep."

"Oh, it is such a comfort to see him so utterly rested! Dear, dear father, all the weariness over; all the journeyings ended; safe home, safe home at last."

"His face is beautiful and looks twenty years younger. The weary lines are all gone. His eyes are closed so peacefully, just like a tired child asleep."

One by one, or in little groups, the friends who were in the house and the dear native Christians gathered round his bed. All were so impressed with the calm, peaceful look that lingered on his face: and many touching things were said, showing how even in three short days the sweet simplicity of his life had won their hearts.

"Oh, *Si-mu*," whispered one dear woman as she was going out, "*ts'ien-ts'ien-uan-uan-tih t'ien-shi tsieh t'a liao!*" "Thousands and tens of thousands of angels have received and welcomed him!" And in a flash one almost seemed to see it.

Last of all a dear young evangelist, with his wife, a bride of only eighteen years of age, came up. They had travelled in from an out-station that morning on purpose to meet us all, and especially dear father, whose life they had been reading. They arrived in the middle of the afternoon while tea was going on, and did not like to ask to see him while so many guests were in the house. After that father was tired, and they put it off till morning, knowing that we were to spend Sunday with them all. And then, suddenly, they heard the unexpected tidings of his departure to be with the Lord.

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Full of sorrow and disappointment, they sent word in to ask if they might come and look upon his face. Of course we welcomed them, and told them all that had happened and how grieved we were that they had not seen him earlier in the day. They came in together and stood beside him for a few moments in silence. Then the man said gently:—"Do you think that I might touch his hand?"

Then he bent over him, and, taking one of dear father's hands in both his own, he pressed it and stroked it tenderly, and to our great surprise began to talk to him just as if he could hear. He seemed to forget us and everything about him in the overflow of a great heart-longing, just to reach him somehow and make him feel his love and reverence.

"*Lao muh-si, Lao muh-si*," he said so tenderly, "Dear and Venerated Pastor, we truly love you. We have come today to see you. We longed to look into your face. We are your little children. *Lao muh-si, Lao muh-si*. You opened the road for us to heaven. You loved us and prayed for us long years. We came to day to look upon your face. You look so happy, so peaceful. You are smiling. Your face is quiet and pleased. You cannot speak to us to-night. We do not want to bring you back. But we will follow you. We shall come to you, *Lao muh-si*. You will welcome us by-and-bye."

And all the while he held his hand, bending over him, and stroking it so tenderly, his young wife standing by. How sweet it seemed, how suitable! Last of all the provinces to welcome the messengers of Christ, Hu-nan will not be behind the rest in loving devotion.

Meanwhile, down-stairs, a touching scene was taking place. Mr. Li and the others, who had been out to make all arrangements, returned, bringing a coffin and bearers, and everything necessary for the last journey. They had hoped when they first heard of dear father's home-call, that he would be buried in Hu-nan, and had rejoiced to think of keeping him, in this way, amongst them still. But when it was explained that we must leave that night for Chinkiang, for he had ever wished to be laid there if

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he should die in China, they saw at once the suitability of the arrangement and did all in their power to forward it. When everything had been brought to the house, they sent word to my husband, asking if they might speak with him. He went at once, and was touched with many evidences of their kind thought and care. Then gathering round him, ten or a dozen Christian men, they said they had wished to obtain a more beautiful coffin, but had been obliged to be satisfied with the best they could find ready-made; and that he need not ask the price, for it was their gift; they wished to do everything that night for dear father at their own expense.

And they would take no denying. Say what he would, Howard could not persuade them. No, the Lord had brought father to Chang-sha, and had permitted them to look upon his face. From their midst he had been translated to glory. Hu-nan Christians had been the last to hear his voice and to receive his blessing. Theirs must be the privilege of providing for his last needs.

Yes, it was beautiful and right. It meant a large sum to them, and they would feel it. But gladly we stood aside and let them do as they would. So Hu-nan hands prepared his last resting-place; Hu-nan hearts planned all with loving care—one little company of the great multitude his life had blessed. Not in vain, ah, not in vain, the faith and toil and suffering, the ceaseless prayer and sacrifice of fifty years. Inland China open everywhere to the Gospel, proclaims the faithfulness of God; and here to-night, these strong Hu-nan men, with hearts as tender as children's, these women with tear-dimmed eyes helping in the last ministries of love, attest the people's gratitude.

In the chapel, forms were laid aside, and the coffin they had prepared was placed in the midst. Very handsome it looked when we came in to see it, the massive wood-work richly colored in dark red and black and varnished perfectly. A number of women were there, including one dear old lady, Lo T'ai-t'ai, who had discovered the day before that she was the same age as father, seventy-three.

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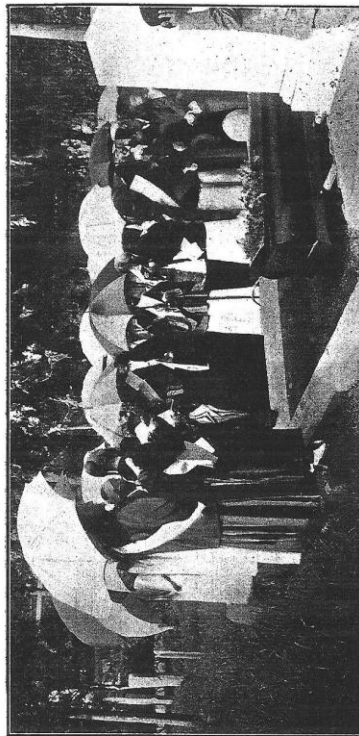


Photo 63)
AT THE GRAVESIDE.
Mr. Hoste, who stands at the head of the grave, is conducting the service. Mr. Stevenson is immediately behind him. To the left of these two, but barely visible, are Mr. Herbert Taylor, and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.
[Dr. G. Whitfield Garrison.]

This had given her great pleasure, and his unexpected departure seemed specially to speak to her heart. We could not persuade her to go home, though she was far from strong and we feared the sleepless night would be too much for her. "No," she said, "let me stay, I want to *song* the *Lao Muh-si*, I want to accompany him all the way down to the river." This we could not consent to, it was far too long a walk. But she stayed until we left the house and comforted us not a little by her loving sympathy. It was a scene never to be forgotten: the strong men moving quietly in the light of several lanterns, lining the coffin with white muslin; half filling it with packets of lime wrapped in soft paper; laying in a new wadded quilt covered in pale blue calico; arranging a pillow for his head; and all with such gentle, loving tenderness, the women looking on.

Very solemn and precious were the quiet times we had together as the night wore on. Dear Dr. and Mrs. Keller, Dr. Barrie and Miss Pollock—our hearts were knit with theirs in love and sympathy that cannot be told. Together we remembered every detail of the "goodness and mercy" that compassed dear father up to the very close, and prayed for ourselves and all our fellow-workers throughout China, that grace might be given us to follow in his footsteps and "imitate his faith," remembering that "Jesus Christ is the same (the same for us as for him) yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever."

Towards morning, when all was in readiness, we gathered in the chapel once more with the dear native Christians, to commend one another to the Lord in prayer; and the men accompanied us down to the boat. The steamer by which we had come was waiting on its return journey, and Captain Hunter was ready to sail before daylight. We were still the only passengers, and occupied the same rooms and sat at the same table; but oh, how great a change the little while had made! In "Daily Light," the passages chosen for the morning and evening of that memorable day just ended were:

* See the Revised Version of Heb. xiii. 7, 8.

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"Watch, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

"And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

And in the beautiful Moravian text book the verses for the new day on which we had entered, our first day without him, were:

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."

On Monday morning early we reached Han-kow and transferred our precious burden to the "Tuck-wo," a down-river steamer. Never can we forget the kindness lavished upon us that day, for dear father's sake, and all the love and veneration shown to his memory. There, and at various points down the river, friends came on board bringing beautiful flowers, until the coffin was quite hidden in white blossoms and greenery. Mr. Orr Ewing joined the steamer at Kiu-kiang, and Mr. C. T. Fische at Wu-hu; and when we came to Chin-kiang on Wednesday, the seventh of June, with our flag half-mast high, we found dear Mr. Stevenson from Shanghai waiting to meet us.

In the mission house, half-way up the hill, a quiet room had been prepared and filled with flowers. There we laid him in the summer sunshine; and there, during the days that followed, many a prayer went up, and many a thanksgiving, from hearts his love had often comforted, his life inspired.

On Thursday evening, a precious meeting was held in the mission house, at which over thirty of our own workers were present. Mr. D. E. Hoste, dear father's successor as General Director of the Mission, had arrived from Shanghai, and both he and Mr. Stevenson, our long-valued Deputy Director in China, told most beautifully of their impressions of his life and character. Others also, including Miss Murray, Mr. Orr Ewing, and our

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dear brother Herbert Taylor, spoke of the blessing he had been to them, in many ways, each testimony calling forth fresh thanksgiving to God.

The funeral was arranged for seven o'clock on Friday morning, and in the cool and quiet of that early hour we set out on foot, a long procession, following the bearers to the English Cemetery at the foot of the green hills near the river. Of the service conducted by dear Mr.

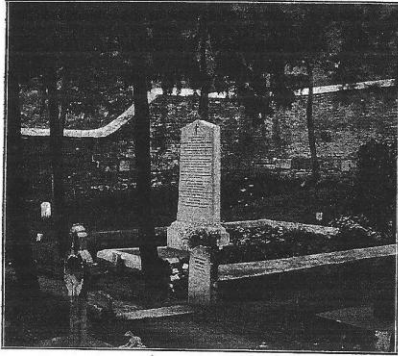


Photo by] THE BURIAL SPOT. [Dr. G. W. Guinness

Hoste, and the address in Chinese given by Mr. Saunders, I must not attempt to tell you fully. All was just as father would have wished it; little said about himself, but much about his Master. It hardly seemed like a funeral at all: there was so little that spoke of death. It was just a quiet, loving farewell, "until He come," tender and peaceful, full of thankfulness and hope.

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And then, as the grave was being filled in, the Chinese Christians gathered round, among them many of the older girls brought by Miss Robinson from the American School on the hill. Softly and sweetly they began to sing, and as hymn followed hymn, words and music coming right from their hearts, one could not but feel how dear father would have loved it, how glad he would have been to have them near him to the last. The simplicity and tenderness of it all, the sweetness of their singing, the comfort of the hymns they chose, the quiet beauty of the scene, deeply moved one's heart. It was all so touching and appropriate; just what he would have desired; a truly fitting close to a life poured out for China, a life of such simplicity and love.

Much remains that might be told concerning the Memorial Services held in Shanghai and elsewhere, and the loving tributes that have reached us from many representatives of other societies as well as through the Press. But this letter is too long already. We know that you will continue in earnest prayer for Mr. Hoste, upon whom so much responsibility rests, and for us all, that we may be drawn nearer to one another in love, and may rest in the unchanging care of the everlasting Father, of whose faithfulness to those who put their trust in Him the life and death of our beloved one are so signal a proof.

Yours, dear Mr. Howard, in warm affection,

M. GERALDINE TAYLOR.

P.S.—In a letter just received from Chen-chau Mrs. Talbot says:

"Mr. Wang (the Evangelist) is enclosing a few lines of sympathy from the church. We found the dear man on his knees weeping in prayer for you yesterday; and at a little Memorial Service many, with heart-moving sobs, spoke of the blessing received during your dear father's recent visit."

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The Burial.

Extract from a Letter from Mrs. Katharine P. Shapleigh.

YANG-CHAU, CHINA,

June 10th, 1905

THAT of which I especially desire to write—the subject uppermost in our minds and hearts just now—is the home-going of the beloved and honored Founder of this Mission, J. Hudson Taylor. No doubt you will see printed accounts of the funeral services held in Chin-kiang, but it may not be amiss to give one's own impressions. Dear Miss Murray felt it was an historic occasion, and so arranged that all six of us students now in the Home^f should attend. This was made possible by taking a native boat, in which six of the party might sleep, as the mission premises in Chin-kiang were, of course, full to overflowing. Arrived at the house, we were taken to the room where lay all that was mortal of dear Mr. Taylor, in the Chinese coffin given by the native Christians of Chang-sha, where he died. Upon it and all about the room were flowers, sent by friends; and as we stood there, hushed and awed, we were made to rejoice as we were told of the peaceful end to the long, strenuous, self-sacrificing life, poured out for Christ and China. Though so feeble that travelling caused him unutterable weariness, dear Mr. Taylor had pressed on into Ho-nan, and finally into Chang-sha, the capital of Hu-nan, the last of the eighteen provinces to open to the Gospel. How fitting that God should call him home from there, after letting him see with his own eyes the triumphs of the Cross, even in bitterly hostile Hu-nan. That day he had spoken to the native Christians as well as the missionaries, and was sitting in the evening talking with

^f The Ladies' Training Home at Yang-chau.

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Mrs. Howard Taylor, when the summons came, and he was not, for God took him. As I remembered gratefully his tender sympathy for me, as he met me in Shanghai on his arrival in China, and how, with tears running down his cheeks, he said: "I never had the privilege of meeting your dear husband, but I shall know him some time," I thought as I stood there, "They know each other now."

In the evening a meeting, led by Mr. Stevenson, was held in the large sitting-room. Beginning with the older members of the Mission, those who had known Mr. Taylor many years, testimonies were given by most of those present to the impression made upon their lives by him whom God had taken to Himself. Each testimony brought us a new point, or showed a different phase of his character, but when, at ten o'clock, the meeting broke up, one could not but feel that the half had not been told. To those of you who do not know the story of Hudson Taylor's life, I earnestly recommend the little book, "A Retrospect," which can be procured at either of the C. I. M. headquarters in North America.

Friday morning, June 9th, we all rose early, and after coffee, assembled for the first service at seven o'clock. More flowers and plants had come in, and the room was a bower of fragrance and beauty. A triumphant tone sounded through hymns, prayers, and the beautiful selections from God's Word, 1 Cor. 15, and the last six verses of 1 Thess. 4. There was not one present, I believe, who could not rejoice that he who had won an abundant entrance had gone in to see the King in His beauty, to join those so dear to him, and so sorely missed, to be forever free from all weakness and weariness of the flesh.

This service over, the long procession started for the cemetery, walking two by two, each wearing a long scarf of white cloth over the left shoulder and fastened on the right side. This, of course, in deference to Chinese custom, white being their mourning. The two sons, Mr. Herbert Taylor and Dr. Howard Taylor, were dressed en-

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tirely in white, with scarfs about their heads. Mrs. Howard Taylor wore the head-scarf also. This must have touched the dear Chinese, of whom there were many at the grave. A goodly number of foreigners outside of our own Mission attended, and it was good to see the girls from the Methodist school in Chin-kiang, all dressed in white, and seeming so interested and moved. After a beautiful, simple service in English, and an address by Mr. Hoste, our Director, a service in Chinese was begun by the singing of a hymn, followed by an earnest address by Mr. Saunders, who had long known Mr. Taylor. The burden of it was, "The Lord Jesus is surely coming again soon."

The hands of loving relatives and friends lowered the body to its last resting-place, close beside that of the beloved wife, and while the grave was being filled, hymns were sung in Chinese, one after another, the school-girls, with their trained voices, leading. The two hymns we sang in English seemed so beautiful: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Sleep On, Beloved," with its refrain, "Good Night."

You can well understand that to me it was like living over again the sad-glad days in Gan-king, last February, but to the glory of our wonderful God let me say that I was kept in peace, stayed upon His mighty arm. Naturally one feels the strain of it somewhat now, but I shall always be thankful for the privilege of being there—a privilege denied so many because of the distance.

Returning to the house, and breakfast over, another service was held in the sitting-room, many earnest prayers being offered, especially for Mr. Hoste, upon whom falls so heavy a burden of responsibility, now that the Founder and Consulting-Director is gone. Silent prayer was followed by the singing of Frances Havergal's beautiful Consecration Hymn, on our knees, from full hearts, I assure you. Before the meeting closed, several beautiful testimonies were added to those which had been given the night before. Truly it was a blessed time!

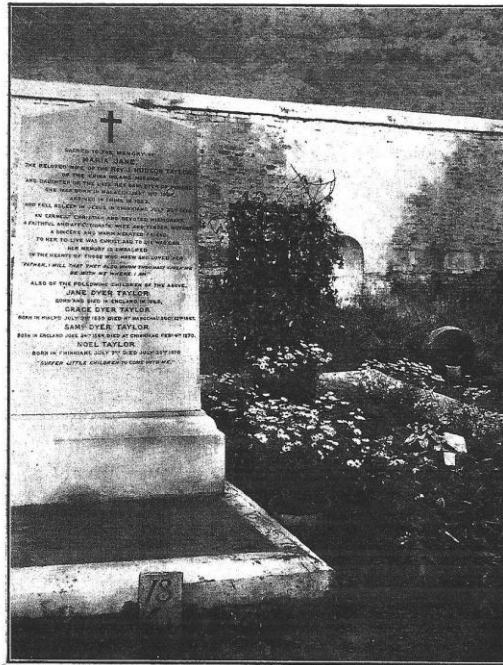
That same afternoon, after a photograph of the as-

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THE STONE WHICH MARKS THE GRAVES.

sembled friends had been taken by Dr. Whitfield Guinness, we all scattered, some to Yang-chau, others to Shanghai, still others up the river, but every heart had been drawn heaven-ward, and stirred afresh with the deep desire to live as Hudson Taylor had lived, a life wholly consecrated to Him who has called us to this land to represent Him before this people.



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An "Appreciation" by Rev. J. W. Stevenson.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR

Born at Barnesley, Yorks, May 21, 1832.
Died at Changsha, Hunan, June 3, 1905.

WITH deep emotion I take up my pen to pay a tribute of love and respect to the memory of our beloved friend and leader, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor. For him the race is run and the battle fought. Pain, weariness, sorrow and trial are all things of the past, and now he is realizing the unspeakable joy of being "at home with the Lord." My first note must be one of devout thanksgiving to God for the grace granted in such large measure to His servant, and for all He enabled him to accomplish. The great outstanding feature in Mr. Taylor's character was the intense love and sympathy which went out to all with whom he came in contact: he had a wonderful power of expressing the deep feelings of his heart, as well as willingness to make any sacrifice possible in order to help all who were in need. Those in sorrow or in special trial instinctively turned to him, and few left his presence without feeling a sense of relief, and a fuller trust in the God of all comfort and consolation. His meekness and lowliness of mind which were so characteristic made him pre-eminently gracious, gentle and courteous in his bearing to all; and these qualities soon met with a corresponding response of affection and confidence. One of his favorite texts, "The joy of the Lord is your strength," very fitly represented his own personal experience. His calm rest and trust in his Heavenly Father produced that "peculiar fragrance

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which believers have about them, who are very much in fellowship with God."

A more diligent student of the Holy Scriptures I have never met. The Word of God was not only his meditation day and night, but the very atmosphere in which he lived. He was a man of prayer, and besides his long seasons of private devotion in the stillness of the night or early morning, he was always in the spirit of intercession, and in a marked degree fulfilled the injunction, "Pray without ceasing." It was his constant habit, and it seemed so natural for him in considering any question or difficulty that came up in the course of the day, to pause and lay the matter simply and confidently before his Father in Heaven. All who were much in Mr. Taylor's company could not fail to be impressed with this feature of his life. Here, indeed, is to be found the secret of the success which crowned so many of his undertakings.

In my well-nigh forty-one years' intercourse with Mr. Taylor, nothing impressed me more than the gradual growth and development of his character. Truly, it was from "strength to strength." Nourished, as his life was, by constant fellowship with God, it was to be expected that proving His faithfulness in the small things, should lead to the greater faith which God gave him in his later years. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and to His trusting servant He granted large conceptions, and, as was the case with the prophets of old, visions were given to him. That these visions were divinely inspired, the sequel has fully demonstrated. The practical effect on dear Mr. Taylor of the vision of the millions of China perishing for lack of the knowledge of God, and the possibilities of faith, resting on His promises, created that passion in His soul which led to a renunciation of self, a consecration to God, and a presentation of all His powers as a living sacrifice to the work of carrying out Christ's last command, to give the Gospel to every creature in China. His courageous stepping out in faith and definite committing of himself for this stupendous undertaking, was approved and sealed by the Lord of the harvest, and marks the beginning of a distinct epoch in Church history.

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I recollect Mr. Taylor speaking to me when the Mission was in course of formation, of schemes and enterprises of others having failed, which showed that he was fully alive to the dangers and pitfalls inevitably connected with such an undertaking. These considerations made him all the more careful and prayerful in seeking God's plan and help at every step and at every crisis.

The inauguration and carrying on of the work of the China Inland Mission demanded incessant and unwearying toil, which he gladly gave. The distinguishing features of this period of his life were indefatigable energy and indomitable perseverance, coupled with unquestioning faith in God. Difficulties and disappointments only served to stimulate him to greater effort, and were as bread to nourish purpose and faith for larger conquests. He gave to the work an apostolic devotion and consecration that have rarely been surpassed. He was an intelligent optimist and a convinced enthusiast, and had the unique gift of communicating his optimism and enthusiasm to others, to a degree seldom equaled. His optimism and enthusiasm, however, were not of that ethereal kind that soon vanishes away. In launching bold or fresh schemes for further aggression on the kingdom of Satan, the qualities which marked him as a leader were conspicuously revealed. Added to his strong personality, was a most methodical and practical mind, able to grasp and to work out the most minute details.

No thoughtful person can seriously contemplate the history of the China Inland Mission in the homelands and in China, without being impressed with the statesmanlike tact and wisdom displayed by Mr. Taylor in all the arrangements, and with the striking way in which he harmonized and conserved such a variety of different elements and interests into one common cause and aim—the glory of God and the salvation of the Chinese. The spiritual influence of his life on the home churches was very great, and it is no exaggeration to say that missionary enterprise throughout the world owes more to him than we shall, in this generation, ever be able to gauge.

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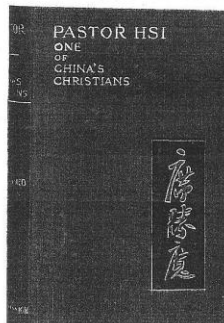
It would be impossible to describe what we, as a Mission, and as individuals, owe to the loving and Christlike example of our beloved Founder and Director; and now that he has heard the "Well done, good and faithful servant," and entered upon his reward, shall we not, with renewed consecration, give ourselves to the Lord for His service, and pray for increased love and power in our own lives?



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