

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



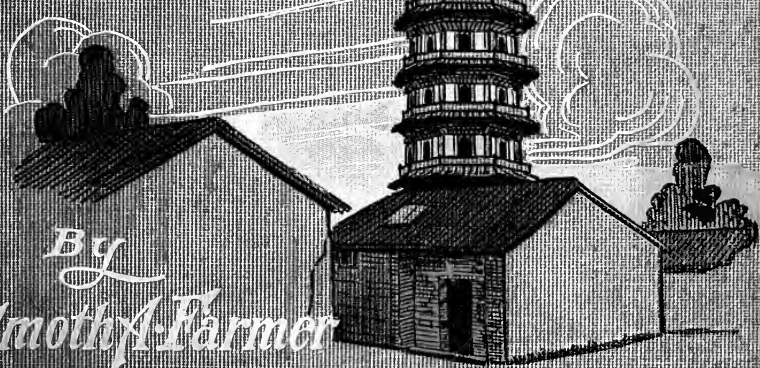
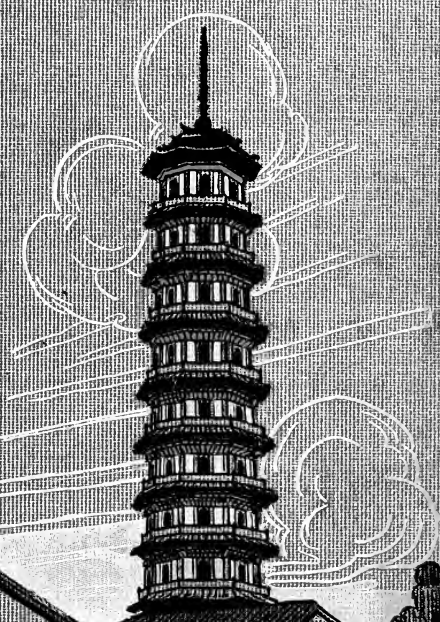
3 3433 08234823 0

# ADA BEESON FARMER

## A MISSIONARY HEROINE

*of*  
KUANG 'SI  
SOUTH CHINA

花  
師  
奶



*By*

*Wilmoth A. Farmer*

**FRED LOCKLEY**  
**RARE WESTERN BOOKS**  
4227 S. E. Stark St.  
PORTLAND, ORE.

1.28.15

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

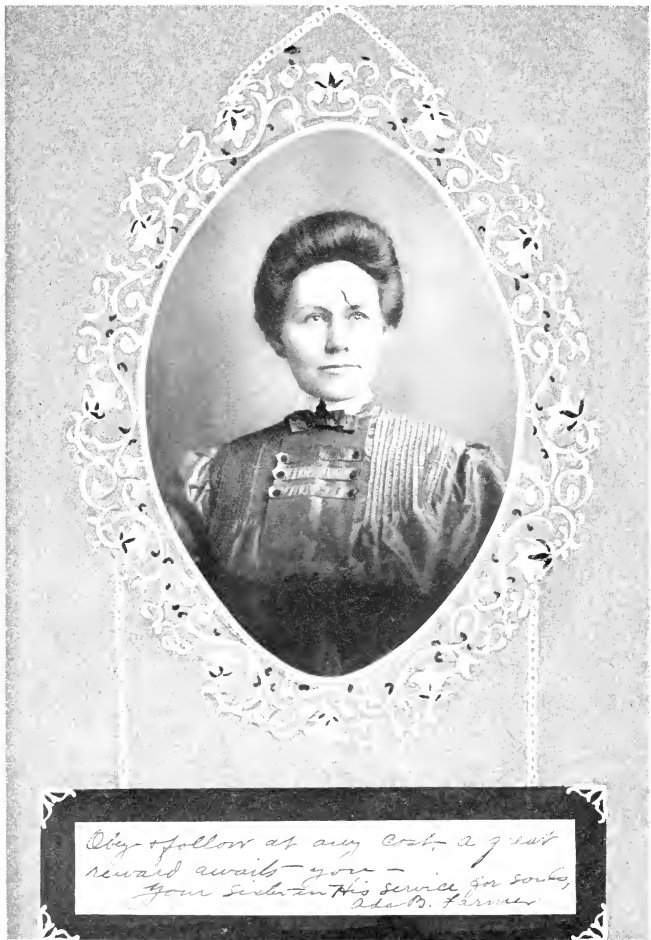
<http://www.archive.org/details/adabeesonfarmerm00farm>

AV  
Farmer





LIBRARY  
ISLE AND  
STONE



Obeys & follow at any cost, a great  
reward awaits you -  
your service in His service in souls,  
Ada D. Farmer

# Ada Beeson Farmer

## A Missionary Heroine *of* Kuang Si

South China

*Written and compiled by her husband*

Rev. Wilmoth Alexander Farmer, B.Ph.

Atlanta, Georgia  
Foote & Davies Company

1912

ET Y

FILED 1912  
**235461B**

Copyright, 1912

By Rev. Wilmoth Alexander Farmer, B.Ph.

# DEDICATION

TO

HER WHOSE TENDER MATERNAL LOVE AND SYMPATHY, SHOWN BY KINDNESSES INNUMERABLE, HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE AUTHOR TO HAVE THIS SEASON OF RETIREMENT AND REST, SO MUCH APPRECIATED AFTER THIS DEEP SORROW, AND SO NECESSARY FOR THE PREPARATION OF THIS MEMOIR, IS THIS VOLUME MOST LOVINGLY DEDICATED—

MY

MOTHER

Beckley. 13 Sep. 1912



## Preface



THE object in compiling this biography has been, first of all, the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom, especially in the foreign field. We have felt distinctly the call of God to write this book, and therefore, in obedience to Him, have undertaken it. He has corroborated the impression of our heart by many providential leadings and confirmations. Twice has much of the material used in the compilation of the book been preserved from damage, and possibly absolute destruction: first, from a storm on the Liucheo River, in which the author despaired of life, much less saving the luggage containing the diaries, letters, etc., of Mrs. Farmer; then again, in the awful wreck of the steamship *Asia*, which occurred on the morning of April 23, 1911, two days after sailing from Hongkong to America, when God again in answer to prayer saved our life and preserved the diaries and letters from the least damage. We could mention other indications of His will and providence, but it would be tedious and out of place in this prefatory note. Suffice it to say, that what we felt and believed several months ago to be His will and the impression of His Spirit, has been most signally blessed in the performance.

The aim of the author has not been a literary one, but to give in a simple, narrative style, along with the diaries and letters of Mrs. Farmer, a true picture of her beautiful Christian character and missionary life. We have not written in the popular style so characteristic of much modern religious literature, but rather adhered to the example of some of the older biographical works, feeling it was more in accord with the subject-matter.

We do not doubt but that some will find in Mrs. Farmer's writings and expressions meat too strong for their spiritual

stage of the Christian life, but that also many will be blessed and refreshed, as they find some kindred relation between her and such Christians as Rutherford, McCheyne, Madame Guyon, and others of that school whose heart love had to vent itself in those ejaculations or expressions which, to people of less depth of spirituality, would seem to indicate a lack of reverence for the Lord.

We could write a volume upon Mrs. Farmer's virtues as a wife and true helpmeet, whose pure and holy example ever led us onward and upward to God, and will ever be a cause of devoutest gratitude that we were blessed with such a companion, but this would be aside from our aim, which has been to give a picture of her which is *preëminently religious and missionary*.

In the title we have styled her a heroine, and in justification of that term, tried to paint a picture—not with the gorgeous and spectacular colors which the word generally implies, but rather have used the plainer tints and tones—in order to place before prospective missionary candidates some conception of what *missionary* life is: namely, not a romance, but plain, hard, and, in many cases, monotonous work for the kingdom of God; not the wonderful display of heroic martyrdom in some great crisis, thereby to win renown for the praise of future generations, but that heroic and martyr spirit which displays itself most conspicuously in doing well for Christ the plain every-day duties of most Christian workers in fields abroad.

We wish to thank the relatives and friends of Mrs. Farmer for the assistance they have lovingly given in the way of data, letters, etc., in the preparation of this volume. Thanks also should be given to Mrs. W. P. Davis, of Atlanta, for kindly listening to the reading of the manuscript and offering many helpful suggestions.

Praying and trusting that this may be *one* of the ways by which God will answer the oft-repeated petition of Mrs. Farmer for "many precious souls in China," we commit this book to His care and blessing.

WILMOTH A. FARMER.

Atlanta, Ga.,

December 7, 1911.



## CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER I. Ancestry. Place of Birth. Early Childhood Years .....	9
CHAPTER II. School Days and Conversion .....	19
CHAPTER III. The Ambitious Young School Teacher and Artist. Consecration and Sanctification.....	27
CHAPTER IV. Missionary Call. Activity in Behalf of Missions. Severe Illness. Preparation at Nyack Missionary Training School .....	37
CHAPTER V. Practical Missionary Preparation. Visit to Old Home. Voyage to China .....	45
CHAPTER VI. Story of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in South China .....	55
CHAPTER VII. The First Two Years on the Field.....	69
CHAPTER VIII. The First Two Years on the Field (contin- ued). First Work Among the Chinese. Marriage....	99
CHAPTER IX. The Opening of P'ingloh.....	117
CHAPTER X. Life and Labors at P'ingloh.....	129
CHAPTER XI. Further Labors and Fruit at P'ingloh. Events of 1905. ....	143
CHAPTER XII. Closing Year of Work at P'ingloh.....	161
CHAPTER XIII. The Opening of Liucheo to the Gospel.....	171
CHAPTER XIV. Visit Home. Mandarin Industrial Training School. Conventions, etc. ....	195
CHAPTER XV. Some of Mrs. Farmer's Addresses.....	211
CHAPTER XVI. Return to China. Three Months' Stay at P'ingloh. Return to Liucheo.....	247
CHAPTER XVII. Beeson Memorial Girls' Training School. Events of 1910 .....	267
CHAPTER XVIII. Liucheo Once More. Last Days and Hours	291
CHAPTER XIX. Testimonials of Friends and Co-Workers.....	307

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well.  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night  
Far more than words may tell:  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—  
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

A blessed task!—and worthy one  
Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
Before life's pathway had begun  
To leave its springtime flower and sun,  
Had sealed her early vow;  
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
Could be for thee a meet reward;  
Thine is a treasure far more dear,—  
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
Of living mortal heard,—  
The joys prepared,—the promised bliss above,—  
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
A nobler name than thine shall be.  
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
The lofty energies of thought,  
The fire of poesy,—  
These have but frail and fading honors;—thine  
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,  
And human pride and grandeur fall,—  
The herald's line of long renown,—  
The mitre and the kingly crown,—  
Perishing glories all!  
The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.

*Whittier.*

# Ada Beeson Farmer

## A Missionary Heroine

of

## Kuangsi, South China

---

### CHAPTER I

#### ANCESTRY. PLACE OF BIRTH. EARLY CHILDHOOD YEARS

*How'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.*

TENNYSON.

Of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dross, that I may win Christ.—ST. PAUL.



THE consideration of a character possessing so many admirable qualities awakens a desire to know something of the ancestry, early influences of childhood, and other factors which contribute so largely to the formation of character and which shape the vocation and destiny of human lives.

While, at last, all lives which leave their impress upon the world for good, do so through the grace of God in them, yet it is remarkable how that grace is displayed most conspicuously along the line of one's natural gifts and qualities.

It may seem, at first thought, paradoxical to say that God must have something to work upon, in order to produce

those lives which have been eminently holy and useful; and yet, if any one will closely study the traits, gifts, and qualities of any such life, there will be found, underlying the grace of God, an array of powers and capabilities, which would shine most gloriously in any other sphere of life than that of religion. If we study the lives of Paul, Luther, Wesley, Carey, Livingstone, and others, we shall find that God had vessels admirably adapted, by nature and previous training, to receive His grace and become channels of blessing beyond the ability of ordinary men. God is very choice in His selection of material, notwithstanding many think to the contrary; and we are not surprised at the kind of men the Holy Spirit designated, when at Antioch He said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

This should by no means discourage any one of lesser talents, for God has given to each of his children gifts and powers fully commensurate with their sphere of activity and service.

In Martha Ada Beeson Farmer, God had indeed selected a choice vessel, and, through the power of the Holy Spirit, she became, in the fullest sense of the phrase, "Meet for the Master's use."

Edward Beeson and his wife, Rachel Pennington, came to America from Lancaster, England, with the followers of William Penn. Their ancestors had come from France to Wales, and from Wales to England. Later, Edward and wife removed to Berkeley County, Virginia, then a pioneer settlement of Quakers. They were blessed with four sons; the second, Richard, became a Quaker preacher, while the third, Isaac Beeson moved to North Carolina. It is from this latter branch of the family that Captain W. B. Beeson, the father of Mrs. Farmer, sprung.

The ancestry of the Beeson family was of average ability, intellectually and socially. They were large of stature, strong and robust, and especially noted for their large families. Numbers of them were farmers, mechanics, and business and professional men. One or two were mem-

bers of the State Legislature and also filled State and county offices. One went to Congress, and one was district judge.

Alfred Beeson, the grandfather of Mrs. Farmer, was a useful and representative man of his day. When a young man he volunteered for service in the War of 1812, being a participant in many battles of that period, notably, that of New Orleans, on the 8th of June, 1815. After the war he settled in Alabama, where he reared a large family. Besides filling the office of magistrate, he was a leader and teacher in his community. He died in 1842, when W. B. Beeson was about thirteen years of age, and consequently the latter was denied the advantages of a good education. He lived with two of his uncles until 1849, when he went to work on another farm at very low wages, in order to get money enough to support and educate himself.

Some of the indomitable courage and success of Mrs. Farmer's life may be traced back to her father, who, after he was twenty years of age, applied himself so diligently that soon after leaving Blountsville Academy, he was engaged in teaching, which he continued to do up to the time of his marriage in 1857 to Miss Mary Sibert, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, one of the first settlers of the State. After his marriage he again engaged in farming as a means of livelihood.

His father's intense patriotism was transmitted to the son. When the Civil War came on, he volunteered for service, and entered the Confederate army as a first lieutenant, but was soon promoted to the captaincy of Company G, of the Forty-ninth Regiment of Alabama Volunteers. He served from December, 1861, till the surrender. He fought at Shiloh, and at Port Hudson, where he was wounded in the left arm, captured and sent to Johnson's Island. After his exchange, he took part in all the fighting around Atlanta, was at the battles of Kinston and Bentonville, North Carolina, and finally surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina.

He loved the quiet retired country life which his farm afforded him, so after the war, returned to his favorite occupation. He never cared for the prominent and exciting life of politics, but his integrity and influence were such

that, while at home, he was nominated as candidate for the Legislature from Etowah County, Alabama. He served two terms, effecting much important work along industrial, educational, and temperance lines.

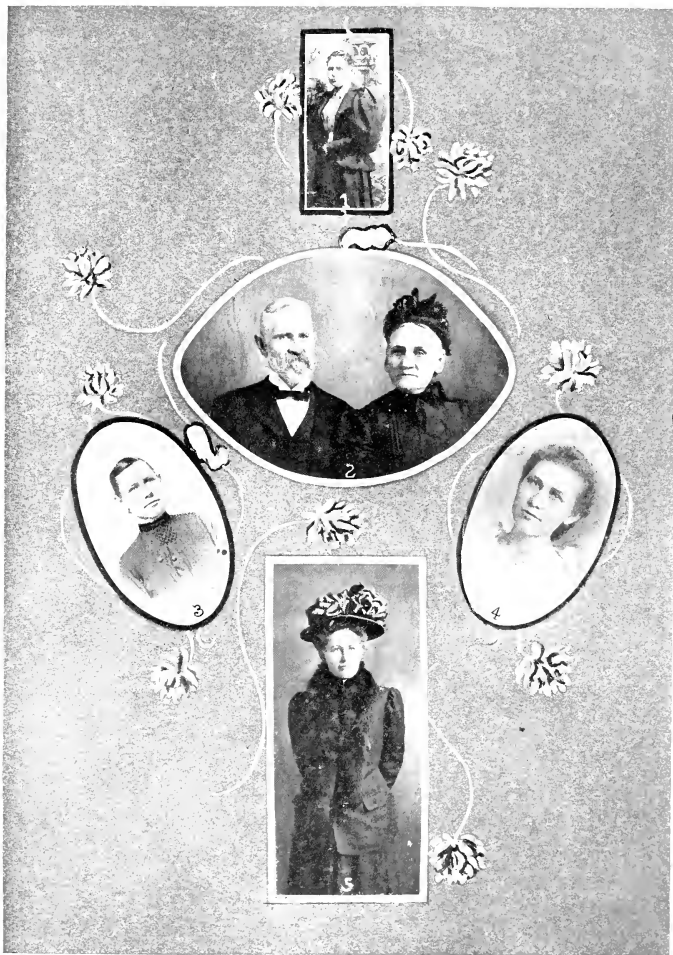
Mrs. Farmer's mother, although a quiet, pious, and unobtrusive woman, yet was a great factor in the Beeson family. She did much in shaping the practical side of Mrs. Farmer's life. She was descended from a German family, whose ancestry had served in the Revolutionary War. She had all of that admirable thrift, management, and economy peculiar to the German people. It was often said, "Captain Beeson made the money, but Mrs. Beeson saved it." In many instances it was true, for the Captain was too good-hearted to refuse a loan when asked, and many of the county in which he lived had cause to call him blessed on account of his unselfish generosity.

Mrs. Beeson not only saved money, but she herself, with her milk, butter, chickens, and eggs, netted a neat little sum each year, a part of which always found its way to the mission field. It did seem almost amusing, that those hens whose eggs were to be turned into missionary money thrived better and laid more eggs than the others.

It is needless to say that Mrs. Beeson was an excellent housekeeper and homemaker in every sense of the words, and she taught her daughters to cook, sew, and do general housework, thereby fitting them to meet the duties and responsibilities of life. That she was religious, as well as practical, is shown by the following lines written by her pastor at the time of her death.

When quite a girl she made a profession of religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to which profession she was ever true, and to whose vows she was faithful unto the end. No more devoted mother nor truer wife, nor more faithful Christian has been among us—her faithfulness as a wife a worthy example, her supreme regard for the church and her Lord an inspiration to all. The world has been enriched by her life, the church has been made stronger by her prayers, faith and labors, and the family inherits a name and a memory richer by far than all the crowns of earth. Her life was a living testimony that Christ has come into the world.

In passing, we may say, that no lady candidate should consider herself equipped for foreign mission service unless



1. MRS. FARMER AT THE TIME SHE WAS TEACHING SCHOOL.
2. CAPT. W. B. BEESON AND WIFE, PARENTS OF MRS. FARMER.
3. MRS. FARMER WHEN A SCHOOL GIRL AT ARCADIA, LA.
4. MRS. FARMER AFTER HER GRADUATION.
5. PHOTO OF MRS. FARMER TAKEN IN 1907 WHILE HOME ON FURLOUGH FROM CHINA.



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ANDREW D. WHITE AND  
MORGAN T. DE WITT  
FOUNDATIONS  
1



she can cook, sew, wash, and do the commonplace things of life. And it may be added, that it is not at all amiss if the gentlemen know something of such work.

Eleven children came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beeson. Having in his earlier years sorely felt the need of educational advantages, Mr. Beeson resolved that he could do nothing nobler and better for his children, than to make it possible for each to have a good scholastic training. With Mrs. Beeson's help and management, how grandly this ideal has been realized is seen by the number of college and university degrees in the family, and the high educational positions some of the sons hold.

Martha Ada was the seventh of eleven children. She was born December 30, 1871, at the old homestead in north Alabama, Etowah County. The district is known as the "Big Wills Valley," an Indian name handed down from early days. It is the garden spot of the State, possessing the best farming land; and its mountains, covered with rich forests, present a beautiful picture not soon forgotten. Here and there, are country homes surrounded by fields of cotton, corn, and other products indigenous to southern soil and climate.

Who has words sufficient to describe that peace and tranquillity, and withal, that exhilaration which comes to one on a bright June morning as he is awakened by the clarion call of the barnyard cock, or the gentler notes of the bob-white as he calls to his mate? One can not sleep, but rises from his bed to drink in the fresh morning air laden with the subtle and indescribable fragrance from many trees and flowers, which reflect the first rays of the rising sun. He is made to rejoice with all nature, and to thank God that His work is indeed good, and all the earth full of His glory. One realizes the force of that trite but sententious line, "God made the country, and man made the town."

Reared amid such surroundings, we are not surprised to find that Mrs. Farmer was an ardent lover of nature. The mountains and trees, the birds and flowers, the sunshine and blue sky, the summer showers and running brooks, all met with a glad response in her heart, which was so in

consonance with the glory and magnificence of the message they are always telling. How many times, as we have journeyed up and down the beautiful Fu River in Kuangsi, have we had her call our attention to some coloring in the mountains and foliage, or to some picturesque formation of the rocks; or perhaps the beauty of some little bridge, thrown across a mountain stream emptying into the river, would elicit from her unstinted admiration. We have seen her sit upon the bow of the boat late in the afternoon, as we passed through those lucid depths of the river which reflected the mountains bathed in the effulgent glory of the setting sun, and there drink in those soft shadows and lights until her soul was lost in praise and prayer.

Others might "sit around and pick blackberries," but to her everywhere was holy ground, and

Earth crammed with Heaven,  
And every common bush aflame with God.

And she, having the unshodden feet of a holy life, therefore drew near to behold and to worship.

Not only did God place her amid the beauties of nature, but He added blessing upon blessing, in the gift of godly parents and a Christian home. Captain Beeson was a steward in the Methodist Church, and his home was regulated, in its social and religious life, according to early Methodist ideals. He and his wife were both devout Christians, and had enough of the love and joy of Christ to share it with their children and all who came under the family roof. The preacher, the neighbors, and the stranger, ever found a hearty welcome at the Beeson home and table. A family altar was there, from which supplication, praise, and thanksgiving of devout hearts rose daily, as sweet incense unto God. Sunday services, Sabbath school, all-day meetings, and the periodic revival, always found the family there, actively engaged in some part of the services. It is no wonder that each of the children became converted and united with the church, and that the family is to-day remarkable for its religious activity and influence upon the world.

O that God would send to us a revival of home religion, so deep and lasting that altars would be repaired and

parents make home such a place that the children could never shake off the godly influence of father, mother, and the family altar!

The deep springs of Mrs. Farmer's religious nature no doubt found their source in the pious home of her childhood days. She and her brothers and sisters often played "preaching," in which all of the Methodist regulations were faithfully carried out, such as exhortation, calling up mourners, handshaking, etc., all ending in a general reception into the church by baptism. She and her brother Luther always insisted upon being immersed, as the barn, with its sweet-smelling hay and fodder, offered inducements as a baptismal pool, far surpassing "sprinkling" or "pouring!"

She was a very delicate child, and, not being as plump and robust as her other sisters, she was oftentimes unmercifully teased by the other children. As her little figure was so thin and bony, they delighted to tease her by calling her "Aunt Polly Coates," after an old lady in the community, Aunt Polly, witch-like and fearsome! Yet her delicious cookies, so bountifully dispensed to the children that they said they became hungry straightway they came in sight of her roof, would allure the most timid child into the presence of Aunt Polly.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Farmer was a delicate child, she loved outdoor life, and there was not a happier child upon the farm than she. In her intrepidity she was surpassed by none, and not even the boys could outdo her. They often called her "Little Tom-boy," for she was ready for anything. As horseback riding proved too tame for them, she was ready in a moment's time to join her brothers in a ride on the goats, glad to take all the butting and pitching off that the adventure involved. Her courage and fearlessness increased as the years went by until later on she dared to live and work amid the dangers and perils of hard pioneer work in inland China. No blushing cherry hid itself upon the topmost bough but her nimble hands soon had it in their possession. The tops of the apple and peach trees afforded her an excellent feasting-place on the bright summer days when the fruit was ripe.

The guineas and turkeys might hide their nests never so secretly but her sharp eyes and perseverance would soon be rewarded by a handful of eggs. Many a happy ride did she have seated upon the downy cotton as it was hauled from the fields to the cotton-house or gin.

Her home was a typical Southern country home, with all that the phrase implies. So passed the happy, innocent days of childhood.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

## AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

The end has come, as come it must  
To all things; in these sweet June days  
The teacher and the scholar trust  
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part; but in the years to be  
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,  
As shells bear inland from the sea  
The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows  
When, plastic to his lightest touch,  
His clay-wrought model slowly grows  
To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes  
The living shapes whereon she wrought;  
Strong, tender, innocently wise,  
The child's heart with the woman's taught.

And one shall never quite forget  
The voice that called from dream and play,  
The firm but kindly hand that set  
Her feet in learning's way,—

The joy of Undine, soul-possessed,  
The wakening sense, the strange delight  
That swelled the fabled statue's breast  
And filled its clouded eyes with sight!

O, Youth and Beauty, loved of all!  
Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams;  
In broader ways your footsteps fall,  
Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,  
She breaks her wand of power apart,  
While, for your love and trust, she gives  
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the summer sober moon  
Contrasted with your morn of spring;  
The waning with the waxing moon,  
The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years  
She sends her God-speed back to you;  
She has no thought of doubts or fears;  
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true.

And prompt in duty; heed the deep  
Low voice of conscience; through the ill  
And discord round about you, keep  
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle; unto grief and needs,  
Be pitiful as woman should,  
And, spite of all the lies of creeds,  
Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive; go forth and bless  
The world that needs the hand and heart  
Of Martha's helpful carefulness  
No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by  
And leave each year a richer good,  
And matron loveliness outvie  
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your names  
With gracious lives and manners fine,  
The teacher shall assert her claims,  
And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"

*Whittier.*

## CHAPTER II

### SCHOOL-DAYS AND CONVERSION.

*Night is the time for toil;  
To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.*

MONTGOMERY.

Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application?—CONFUCIUS.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.—ST. PAUL.



RS. Farmer, while a mere child, began her school-days at the country school of the district in which she lived. Those were the schools and days of the "Blue-Back Spelling Book," and in the words of a popular song,

Reading, and 'riting and 'rithmetic  
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.

As far as we can ascertain, the stick never came into play in order to cause her to apply herself to her studies. Although the little head and body were small, yet they contained in embryo an exceptionally bright mind, and an ambitious little soul, destined to succeed in life, no matter what the odds might be. She led her classes, enjoyed the recreation periods with the other children, and was one of the pets of the old country schoolmaster.

Having lived upon the farm about thirteen years, she was invited by her uncle William and aunt Mary Sibert to

come and board with them and attend school in Gadsden, Alabama. Mr. Sibert's home was one of wealth and culture; his eldest son, Luther, was a graduate of West Point, and at present is one of the three commissioners, and one of the chief engineers, of the Panama Canal. Mrs. Farmer was a great favorite of the Siberts, and they, having a daughter of the same age, were delighted to have her in their home as the companion of their daughter. The two girls were great friends, attended the same school, and in the home shared the same duties and pleasures. Mrs. Farmer always easily won the hearts of those about her, for her desire of being helpful and useful was so noticeable that every one was glad to have her near. Even at this age she showed that faithfulness and fidelity to duty which was so characteristic of her in later life. Her mother used to proudly say, "What I commit to Ada to do, will be done, and well done." At the close of the school term, her aunt begged that she be sent back the following year, and complimentarily added, "I can always depend upon Ada."

She made good records during the year at school in Gadsden. She was especially gifted with a reasoning and philosophical mind; hard mathematical problems were always just what she delighted in, and in abstruse thought she was ever at home.

While attending school at Gadsden, the city was blessed with one of those glorious visitations of grace, which the Methodists would call, "An old-time revival of religion." The services were held at the Methodist church where Mrs. Farmer attended, and the Spirit of God moved most graciously upon the hearts of the people. It was one of those times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and His Spirit seemed to hover over the town and vicinity with a gracious and attractive influence that moved powerfully upon all who came within its sway. People came for miles to attend the meetings, and deep heart repentance and bright conversions were seen day after day. It was a revival in which not only people in the ordinary walks of life were saved and blessed, but it reached the skeptical, hard-hearted, and indifferent. Lawyers, merchants, and, in fact,



all classes, knelt at the altar in true penitence and acknowledged allegiance to Jesus Christ as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

One with a nature like Mrs. Farmer's, naturally so keenly sensitive to religious influence and feeling, could not fail to be affected by such a movement. It is from this time she dates her conversion.

Of course, having been reared in a home where Christ and religion had always been given such a prominent place, she had been accustomed all her previous life to pray and read the Holy Scriptures, but, as we have often heard her say, she had never, up to this time, had the conscious knowledge and assurance of sins forgiven, and a heart at peace with God. She had often gone to the altar during revival services, and there wept and mourned over her sins as most any penitent child will do; but not till now did she have the witness of the Spirit that she was indeed a child of God. She had been troubled and mystified by the repeated injunction, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," and had done her share of mourning, without realizing the blessedness which should follow. But now at this time, while kneeling at the altar, some one by a word or two pointed out the way clearly and showed her that she would never be saved or reach that blessedness of conscious salvation by mourning, but by faith, and faith alone in a crucified Savior. She saw it and gladly flung her poor tired heart at His feet, trusting in that meritorious blood, and found that peace and joy like which there is nothing this side of heaven.

Her conversion was not attended by any unusual demonstration of spiritual emotion, for she had been used to spiritual things from earliest years. She *knew* from this time on, that she had been born again, and that Jesus Christ was indeed *her* Savior.

One might think that a person of such a deeply religious nature would have extraordinary experiences to relate, but her religious life, from its inception to its close, was marked by a constant growth and glory, increasing in depth as the

years went by. It was as some beautiful stream, unbroken by rapids and cataracts, as it nears the sea becomes broader and deeper until it is lost in the ocean beyond. While here and there we find her soul passing through seasons of extraordinary blessing, yet her life, as a whole, was more like that of the figure given in the Scriptures, "The path of the just is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I have often heard her say, that when present in a meeting where there was much spiritual joy, venting itself even in shouts of praises, she felt calmer and leaned more fully upon God. She was not at all opposed to joyful, spiritual demonstration, and fully believed that God so worked through His Spirit in some souls. At such times, she would generally sit or kneel quietly by, and, with closed eyes and face diffused with the light of heaven, engage in silent prayer or adoration. If called upon to pray, she would do so with great earnestness and in the Spirit, so that every one around would feel the gracious influence of the Lord.

As the older brothers and sisters were away at college, we find for the next few years Mrs. Farmer was at the old home place helping her mother in household duties, and pursuing her studies the best she could at the country schools. In the year of 1886, her brother J. W. Beeson, established a school at Arcadia, Louisiana, known as "The Arcadia Female College." Knowing that she would have superior advantages at her brother's school, she went to Arcadia and there began her regular college course.

In order that we may have a view of her life at this time, I can not do better than insert a short paper, written by a dear friend and classmate, Miss Florence Sutton, of Arcadia, in which she refers to the period now under consideration. This paper was read at a memorial service held at Arcadia after Mrs. Farmer's death, and, chronologically, should come later in this book, but as there are so many references to her school life of those days, we feel it is not unsuitable to place it before our readers at this point.

Mrs. Farmer, better known to our people as Miss Ada Beeson, was well known to the majority of the people of Arcadia, for it was here that she spent a part of her school-day life, and endeared herself to

all who knew her, and we felt that she belonged to us. She was my schoolmate, classmate and friend, and we were intimately associated together as such for a number of years.

She made a record for herself as a pupil, and I was glad to claim her as my associate in our class work. She was painstaking, conscientious, hard-working and honest; always met difficulties with a determination to succeed and overcome obstacles when it seemed hard to surmount. She was talented, bright and studious, and that, together with her untiring energy, won success for her in an educational line, and she was well prepared in every way for the great life-work she chose.

As a friend, I loved her. She was one on whom you could rely. She was blessed with a happy, cheerful nature, was gentle, patient and unselfish, and was one of those loving beings who spread sunshine wherever they go. No murmur or complaint ever escaped from her lips; she met things as they came and glorified in being a help to others. It was an inspiration to be with her. I count it as one of the pleasures and blessings of my life to have had her as a classmate, companion and friend.

One of her most endearing traits was her self-sacrificing spirit, and her place of unselfishness and her love will be hard to fill. She was a true, consecrated Christian, and duty was her watchword. When I heard that she had gone to China as a missionary, I was not surprised, for I knew she felt it to be a divine calling, and that it was a joy for her to obey.

We had the pleasure of a visit from her two years ago, and while she took pleasure in discussing other things, her greatest happiness was in telling of her work in the foreign field and trying to urge others to see the necessity of more workers in the great mission world. One thing that impressed me very much and recalled to mind very forcibly the noble traits of her Christian character, was this expression: "I do not want people to say that we are self-sacrificing to give up our home and go to far-away China; it is not a sacrifice, but a duty, and I am never happier than when there at work." I think that expression is a revelation of her true self. She fell at her post of duty and heard the welcome: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Such a life should serve as an inspiration and example and fill us with a desire to emulate her worthy deeds. As a friend, I loved her; as a student and classmate, I esteemed her; and as a Christian, I revere her memory.

Before completing her course at Arcadia, Doctor Beeson was called to take the presidency of Marengo Female Institute, at Demopolis, Alabama. Wishing to continue with her brother, she accompanied him to the latter place and there completed her studies, receiving her literary diploma

in 1892. The next year she returned to Demopolis, where she spent part of her time teaching art in the school, and also doing post-graduate work. At the close of the school year, she received her M.A. degree.

During the period just related, on account of the death of Doctor Beeson's wife, Mrs. Farmer had the care and supervision of Marvin Beeson, his eldest and only son. Although herself young in years, she was to him an ideal mother, and the mutual love which then began between aunt and nephew, and ever continued, was very beautiful to see. Few have taken the deep interest in a little protege that she did, and she lived to see many of the noble lessons she taught him faithfully carried out in his manly Christian life. How much he loved and appreciated her is beautifully shown in a letter recently received from Germany, where he is now completing his course for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

MY DEAR UNCLE WILMOTH:

I received your nice letter a few days ago, and appreciate it very much. This morning I received the sad news of Aunt Ada's death. I had been praying that God would see fit to spare her yet for many years of service, but His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts, and doubtless He has a purpose in it all that we do not understand.

I have always felt a particular love for Aunt Ada, because I was with her a great deal when I used to visit grandmother's and as a small child, and she took such an interest in me. She sang me beautiful songs, and taught me to love the Bible stories, and to serve the Lord she read to me about. She taught me to love what was noble, and told me of the characters of the Bible. I shall always owe much of the influences of my early life to her careful teaching.

It must have been blessed to know, when the Lord called, and to go with the sweet consciousness, that one has spent his life wholly in His service; that he has given up all personal ambitions and plans for this life, and really sacrificed some for lost souls. I am sure it is a sacrifice to do what she has done, and I can think of no greater happiness than to realize that one has followed His call all the way, and has lived wholly for others.

It is my great desire to give my life wholly to His service where He wants me. At present I feel He is leading me to the college work, but I am wholly willing to give my life in the foreign field, if He leads that way. I only want, that, in whatever place He puts me, the indication will be plain. I have thought often of missionary

work, and at times have been very anxious to be a missionary, and if He indicates that way yet, I will gladly go to some foreign field.

Mrs. Farmer's life was a fine example of one who did all heartily, as unto the Lord, and He made all she did fruitful and lasting. She lived for Him, and His smile of approval rested upon her and her work.

## CONSECRATION

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always only for my King.

Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages for Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise.

Take my intellect, and use  
Ev'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart—it is Thine own,—  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love,—my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store!

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee!

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

### CHAPTER III

#### THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG SCHOOL TEACHER AND ARTIST. CONSECRATION AND SANCTIFICATION

*When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss  
And pour contempt on all my pride.*

*Were all the realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.*

WATTS.

That they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.

The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.—ST. PAUL.



RS. FARMER was too self-reliant and independent to remain idly at home after she had finished school. She felt the need, and saw the advantage, of using and developing further what she had already acquired, so we soon find her busily engaged in teaching.

In the previous chapter, we have seen her assisting her brother at Demopolis, and at the same time doing her post-graduate work; but now she accepts a position to teach in the far West—teaching one year at Paradise, Texas, and one year at Chico, in the state.

How we have enjoyed hearing her tell of the ludicrous experiences which she passed through, as a young school-teacher in those days!

In some of the districts in which she taught, there were not the nice and well-equipped schoolhouses to which she had been accustomed, and the pupils were not always of that attractive class which is easiest to teach. It required

real determination and perseverance to accomplish what she desired. Her own personal comforts had in many instances to be laid aside, and she had to adapt herself to her environment the best she could. Narrow-minded patrons gave her trouble, and school boards were exacting and at times required of her unnecessary work; but she was so happy and cheerful that she was a success and won many friends wherever she taught.

She was eminently gifted as a teacher, and her pupils loved her devotedly. She was tactful, patient, and enjoyed her work, and had the happy faculty of imparting to them what they were trying to learn. She *always* won the hearts of the little children. Her copious fund of Bible stories, fairy tales, motion songs, and kindergarten plays, caused the little ones to flock about her. It was her great delight to get such a crowd around her, and, with smiling face and shining eyes, amuse and instruct them for a long time, and she generally succeeded in making them do anything she wished.

We have heard her laugh heartily about the little fellow who on being told that he must wash and clean up, not only his face and hands, but take an all-over bath, replied in his earnest, droll way, "But I don't get dirty under my clothes."

Upon another occasion, when teaching a class of children natural history, she requested that each pupil try and get some specimens, that they might have the pleasure and profit of studying them together. She was highly amused at the wonderful collection of bugs, lizards, snakes, etc., which the children managed to obtain. But imagine her feelings when one day one of the boys came in, before she was aware of it, with a skunk! This marked the climax of all their desire for original research. The class had to be dismissed, and so pungent was the odor that other teachers in near-by lecture-rooms sallied forth to investigate the cause of the mysterious smell. They soon found Mrs. Farmer in her classroom, convulsed with laughter, and doing all she could to ventilate and clear the premises of the "natural history specimen." It was hard to determine who



enjoyed the joke most, the faculty who teased her unmercifully, or the children who by the occurrence gained a long recreation period.

How wonderfully, and often unknown to the person himself at the time, does God train men and women by the every-day experiences of life, in order to fit them for some sphere of usefulness not yet revealed. St. Paul was a notable example of this. But he is not alone; for in studying the lives of other great missionaries and leaders of the world, it is remarkable to find that when the decisive hour has come and they are thrust forth with some great responsibility, they discover that they possess the accumulated resources of the past years' experience with which to go forth well equipped for the task before them. It behooves us to do our best, no matter where we are placed, for God has put us there for some training that we need, and which will be of untold value to us in the future.

So it was with Mrs. Farmer. The self-denial, sacrifice, adaptation to untoward circumstances, business dealings with men and women, training of pupils, overcoming difficulties, grappling with the problems of school work,—all contributed toward shaping and preparing her for a harder and more strenuous life later on in China.

How little do those know, who think that the mission field is a place where men and women of mediocre talents and ability may be used! The solution of the problem of foreign missions demands the brightest and best-trained minds—united to a holy life—that the Christian church can send out. May the Lord save the cause of foreign missions from the deteriorating effect of enlisting in its service those who think that spiritual qualifications are all that a candidate needs in order to make a good missionary! Spiritual qualification is of prime importance, but it is very noticeable how the Spirit of God moves along the lines of good, common, practical, and every-day sense; and not only is the best mental training and a holy life needed, but all candidates for mission service should be *practical* men and women. Men and women who go to the field should not be babies, but *soldiers*.

We trust our readers will pardon these occasional digressions, but when we come to consider how invaluable was Mrs. Farmer's practicality, which, united with her excellent spirituality and mentality, made her the missionary she was, we can not forbear emphasizing the importance of laying hold of those helps to a successful missionary career which lie so close to all of us and may be had without money or price.

While she was still teaching in the West, her brother was again called to take charge of another school, located at Meridian, Mississippi, and known as "The East Mississippi Female College," a school under the patronage and jurisdiction of the Southern Methodist Church. Doctor Beeson, appreciating Mrs. Farmer's efficient help, invited her to return to the South and aid him in his work. This she did, spending two years at the college in Meridian.

During this period, Mrs. Farmer passed through one of those epochal experiences through which all eminently useful men and women go sooner or later. By whatever name people of different theological views may be disposed to term it, the experience is one. It is that crisis of the soul in which all the plans of life and one's very self are given to God and His ownership recognized, possibly as at no previous time in life, resulting in God cleansing the heart and giving Himself through His Holy Spirit in a fulness of power, joy, and victory in the Christian life before unknown.

Having been reared in a Methodist home, where the writings of the Wesleys, Fletcher, Clarke, Watson, and others of their school, were freely read and believed, and also taught in the church of which she was a member, it is not a matter of surprise that she termed the great blessing which came to her at this time, "Entire Sanctification." Other members of her family had enjoyed this grace before now, so when, on her return from the West, this blessed life of full surrender, with its accompaniment of fulness of joy, heart purity, and glorious indwelling of Christ in the heart and life was presented, it was not a new doctrine to her. But, like many others, she had kept waiting and at the

same time planning out her life's work, in which personal ambition on different lines retarded her progress in spiritual things. She wanted God to be willing to her plans, and to come over on her side of the questions involved. Alas, that poor human nature should ever be so foolish and deceived as to think for one moment that God's will is detrimental to the happiest and most successful life possible! In His will alone is found the truest happiness and success of life.

Mrs. Farmer had lived a very consistent Christian life since her conversion, and had ever been a true witness for Christ wherever she chanced to be, whether in the study-hall, drawing-room, at home, or abroad. Still, little failures, uprisings of temper, and a tormenting consciousness that she was not letting Christ control and dictate in every department of her life, caused her to become very dissatisfied with herself, and at the same time created an intense longing to be fully cleansed from self and sin and wholly the Lord's. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Mr. L. P. Brown, a dear brother in the Lord, and to whom she looked as to a spiritual father in many things pertaining to the religious life, was mainly instrumental, in God's hands, in leading her into the experience of entire sanctification. He says in reference to the matter:

The time and circumstances are fresh in my memory. A woman, strong in brain force, clear in her regenerated experience, prayerful in daily life, honest in confession of heart longings which she could not satisfactorily settle, came a number of blocks from the college, where she taught for her brother, Professor J. W. Beeson, to my home. As soon as she gave intimation of her heart's hunger, even before the conversation was fairly begun, I suggested prayer for the Spirit's guidance. After short prayers by each of us, I then stressed the Holy Spirit's work as teacher and simply asked her to lay aside all preconceived opinions, forget the experiences of others, and be pliable in His hands.

With a wonderful concentration of her strong will power, there came a surrender, which she thought had been given long before in her Christian life, and as her silent, and at times expressed, petitions went up to God, as we knelt in prayer, I could see, feel, and know the progress of the Spirit's work in her heart. Not in an outburst, but with calmness and emphasis, she said, "I see it, I see it."

The lines in her face began to fast slip away, and the eyes sparkled as the gentle calm seemed to settle upon it. There was an emptying and a filling. The Spirit's witness to her sanctification was clear and definite. The will had been, under the leading of the Holy Ghost, fully surrendered. Her testimony, as the months and years went by, was to the distinct work of grace in that quiet hour.

Wonderful has been the fruit of her life! And at last, away off in China, God, in the midst of her labors, called her home. He knows best. May we be as ready when our summons come.

This newly found rest and joy was not a thing to be shut up in her own bosom, and for her own enjoyment, so from this time she became a most earnest witness of God's power to save to the uttermost. Nor was it only a witness of the lips, for her life showed likewise a marked change. She was a living example of the great grace which God had bestowed upon her. Not only in her public, but in her private and home life, was there a victory, peace, and power she had not known before. One of the greatest benedictions to our own soul is the remembrance of the holy life she lived in her home. What she appeared to be on the outside, she really was. She was so transparent and frank in character,—so pure, so good. Her self-control, and the control of God's Spirit over her, was extraordinary. Sanctification was not a mere dogma with her, but Christ Jesus her Sanctifier, was a bright, living reality with her, and with Him she closely walked day by day. The power of the Spirit in her life was apparent to all who came in contact with her. The brightness of her face was very noticeable and carried sunshine and blessing wherever she went.

Thank God, His grace is just as abundant as ever, and we need not go back to the olden times, be they never so good, to find saints; for there are many at our sides who walk in beautiful garments made white and spotless in the blood of the Lamb. God, give us the anointed eye to see them!

As we have already remarked, Mrs. Farmer was an ardent lover of nature, and her æsthetic taste was above the average. To-day, as I write, there lies upon the desk before me a somewhat faded parchment with a blue ribbon attached to it. One phrase from the scroll reads as

follows: "Be it known that Martha A. Beeson has completed the course of study in Art prescribed by this Institution, and that her Æsthetic Culture, Industry, and Moral Worth, entitle her to this certificate, which is awarded to her by the Trustees and Faculty." It is her art diploma. Oh, if it could speak forth to-day, what could it not tell?

It could tell us of the fondly cherished hopes that its owner had of study at home and abroad, until she became so proficient as to be styled an artist. It could tell of how, even when she was in school at Arcadia, she had begun the study of art, showing talent and skill far above the others, and how she had continued to study at Demopolis, painting and sketching, from nature and still life, pictures which were worthy of more than a passing notice; and also of how, during the summer following her graduation, she had attended the summer school at Mont Eagle, Tennessee, and made a specialty of sketching from nature; this faded parchment might, again, tell of her purpose to accompany her teacher to Europe for further proficiency in her much beloved work.

But, best of all, it could tell in more glowing words how this worthy and laudable ambition of its owner was finally laid down at the feet of the Great Artist, who saw in her a talent by which, if blessed and empowered by Him, men, women and little children might be made to stand, with faces bright and happy, looking upon us not from a canvas but from the background of real life. What a glorious exchange! Instead of *painting* images and scenes of happiness, to go in the power of Jesus Christ and actually bring about that happiness!

It cost her something to lay this aside for His sake. The price of true consecration is always dear. Was she repaid? Yes, ten thousandfold! Reader, did you ever make a sacrifice of any kind for Christ and His Kingdom?

All for Jesus! All for Jesus!  
All my being's ransomed powers;  
All my thoughts, and words, and doings,  
All my days, and all my hours.  
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!  
All my days and all my hours.



## THE CALL OF THE HEATHEN WORLD

Hark! The awful cries I hear,  
Cries of sorrow, pain, and fear;  
Sounding far across the sea,  
Crying, crying unto me.  
In lone watches of the night,  
In my work, in my prayer,  
In the dawn of morning's light,  
I can hear them everywhere.

Cries of little ones I hear,  
Wails of mothers pierce my ear;  
Groans from souls that long to know  
Freedom from their awful woe.  
Conscience sounds the awful knell  
That their souls are doomed to hell;  
Day and night they never cease  
Seeking to obtain release.

To gods of wood and stone they pray,  
Burning incense night and day;  
Vows and vigils do they keep,  
Vainly at the graves they weep;  
But in these they can not find  
Pow'r to break the chains that bind;  
On in darkness still they grope,  
Without God, and without hope.

As I hear these wails of woe,  
Jesus calls for me to go  
Preach the year of Jubilee;  
Set the sin-bound captives free;  
Tell them that the price is paid,  
Every sacrifice is made;  
If they only will believe,  
Peace and pardon they'll receive.

Dare I vain excuses make  
While my Saviour's heart doth ache?  
Aches to tell them of His love,  
How He left His throne above,  
And upon the cursed tree  
Shed the blood that makes them free?  
No! my talents now I bring  
To the service of my King.

Gold and silver, with their shine,  
Can not quench this love of mine;  
Friends and loved ones, with their pleas,  
Tempt me not to live in ease.  
For the wails of sin and woe,  
And the Voice that calls to go,  
Fill my heart and spirit so  
That I never will say, "no."

*Wilmoth A. Farmer.*



## CHAPTER IV

### MISSIONARY CALL. ACTIVITY IN BEHALF OF MISSIONS. SEVERE ILLNESS. PREPARATION AT NYACK MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL

*Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!  
Oh, could I only say what I have seen!  
How should I tell, or how can ye receive it,  
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?*

MEYERS.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—JESUS.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—ST. PAUL.



MS. FARMER remained in Meridian two years, faithfully discharging all duties which fell to her lot. She was the center of much of the religious activity among the young ladies in the school. She conducted services, exhorted the students, prayed with and for them, gave them much helpful counsel, and above all, lived such a godly life before them, that its influence lives to-day. Afterward, a younger brother desiring her help, she went to Blountsville, Alabama, where she spent two years in teaching.

At the time of her consecration she had, of course, covenanted most sincerely and definitely with God, to be absolutely and only His, to be used when and where He thought best. Such a deep consecration would naturally embrace in it the consideration of service upon the foreign field; for Christ is to-day as much interested in the evangelization of the world as when He said to the little group

about Him: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." O that He had the willing hearts to carry it out! This is sometimes the reason why young people refuse to renounce all and follow the Lord wheresoever He may lead, lest He should lead them to the foreign mission field. They fear the danger (?) of putting themselves wholly in His hands, and by that very refusal place themselves in the most dangerous attitude possible. It is tantamount to saying, "I will be master of my life, and do what I think is best in reference to it." What an absurd and untenable position to hold! Oh, the strange infatuation and perversity of the human heart!

Another cause which drove home to the heart of Mrs. Farmer the need of the foreign field was the fact that, much of her time being spent among students, she necessarily from time to time heard lectures and addresses and attended meetings and conventions relative to this great question. Then, too, the Student Volunteer Movement was very active at this time and had no small influence upon her, especially since the brother with whom she was teaching in Blountsville had recently become an earnest Volunteer.

As the days went on, the lost and woeful condition of the heathen world, and *her own personal duty* towards that world of darkness, became an intolerable burden. She felt that with her knowledge of the only Savior of mankind, who had saved and equipped her for something in life, she was in verity a debtor to those who yet sat "in darkness and the shadow of death." And she reasoned rightly, too; for no young man or woman can escape the dilemma he faces when he considers his relation to the evangelization of the world.

The convictions of her mind and heart, together with all other providential indications, resulted in a definite call to the heathen world. She dared to obey God at any cost; and we remember how gladly she remarked, a few days before passing away, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

During the summer of 1898, which was the first vaca-

tion period after she had gone to Blountsville to teach, she attended a Young Women's Christian Association convention held at Asheville, North Carolina. The Young Men's Christian Association conference was also held at the same time and place. The occasion brought together many of the prominent Bible teachers and missionary leaders of the Student Volunteer Movement, Robert Speer, John Mott, and others being present. The addresses on foreign missions were unusually good, as some of the speakers had just returned from an extended tour of the principal mission fields. Fortunately, we have one letter written by Mrs. Farmer, referring to this convention. What she says about the meetings and speakers, shows that the fire was flaming in her own bosom, and the result is told in a phrase or two. "I have volunteered as a missionary; do not know when or where I will go, but am only waiting for the Lord to open up the way. 'Where He leads me, I will follow,' and I know He will lead me where I can do most good for Him."

On her return home she was all on fire for foreign missions. She bought a campaign library, tracts, Student Volunteer Movement literature of all kinds, and began to earnestly arouse all who came within her reach. She held missionary meetings in the school and vicinity, and at other small towns whenever the opportunity was given. There was enkindled in her soul such a love for Jesus Christ and the heathen world that nothing could quench it.

The second year at school was a very trying one, on account of sickness in her brother's family. She, ever ready to do the duty first and nearest at hand, no matter of what nature, helped nurse and keep house, besides doing her regular quota of school work. The vacation days of the summer which followed were also filled up with much service for Christ and missions.

It is not a matter of surprise to find that when she returned at the close of the summer, to her old home in North Alabama, she was worn and tired far beyond her strength. She was soon laid low with typhoid fever, which finally gave way to severe inflammatory rheumatism. The days of

suffering and physical weakness lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months. Naturally not a strong and robust woman, the disease wasted and brought her down to the mouth of the grave. Before being stricken down, she had come to believe that God's choice of the mission field for her was China. Her eldest sister, referring in a recent letter to this time of illness, says: "In her delirium, while sick of typhoid, she thought she was in China, and was often seen kneeling in her bed praying for the dear Chinese women and children. It was indeed a touching sight. She lingered between life and death for many weeks, and when the fever left her, she was seized with inflammatory rheumatism, causing her intense suffering, and rendering her unable to walk for about a year. All the while, she knew that God was calling her to the foreign mission field, and she was often heard to sing, 'I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord,' during those days of suffering and waiting."

The members of her family, who loved her so dearly, waited about her bedside in untiring devotion, and greatest apprehension, lest she should slip away to the home beyond. Every medical attention and care were given to her. Her brother-in-law, Doctor McWhorter, spared not himself in the least, but, with more than professional fidelity, ministered to her day and night.

At last, the crisis was past and health began to slowly return to the poor emaciated body. God had not only spared her life, but worked most graciously in the hearts of some members of the family who had been opposed to her going to China. What weak and dependent creatures we are! Reader, are you holding on to some loved one whom God is calling out to His work? Do you not know that you can not measure strength with the Lord? The one you love so dearly and can not bear to have leave you may be called home to be with the Lord, and you will then have to give them up whether you will or not. However hard it is at times to say, yet God's will and way are always best, and let us not attempt to thwart His plans and purpose, either in our own or other's lives. He has many ways of bringing our wills into subjection to His own, and

if one way is not effective He may resort to something stronger.

As soon as Mrs. Farmer's strength would permit, she went to Collinsville, Alabama, to recuperate, and, when strong enough, was pleased to teach the small children of her sister, and other little ones of the neighborhood.

No incident is trivial to God. All that takes place in our daily life is only a part of the great whole. Because it comes in broken bits, it is like a puzzle map, which, when first placed before a child bewilders him, but after a while he is able to fit each piece into another, until the whole is complete. Even in this life, we can sometimes take the little broken pieces of events and incidents and fit them together closely and correctly enough to show us that we have made no mistake, and that the pieces so joined belong to each other. How blessed Christians would be if they acted always upon the thought which they do admit, that "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord, to them that are called according to his purpose."

Having settled definitely her field of labor, Mrs. Farmer next offered herself to the Mission Board of the Southern Methodist Church, to be sent to China. She was favorably received, but was delayed because funds were not sufficient to send out new candidates; besides, there were many applications in ahead of hers, and there was nothing to do but wait until the matter could be taken up with her later on.

During the summer that followed she attended an educational convention in Birmingham, Alabama. Coincidental with this convention, a meeting of the Christian and Missionary Alliance was being held in the city. Her love and zeal for missions made her perfectly at home in the services of this deeply spiritual and eminently missionary people. It was not the first time she had known of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, for, through her brother who was a Student Volunteer she had heard of the organization, but this was the first time she had had an opportunity of meeting the leader of the society. Seeking an interview with Reverend A. B. Simpson, she plainly told him of her call and intense desire to go to China, and of the Methodist

Board's delay. Moreover, realizing the difficulty of mastering a hard Eastern tongue, which would increase the longer she waited, she thought perhaps God was leading her to apply to the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Doctor Simpson received her kindly, and advised her going to the Missionary Training School at Nyack, New York.

While she was so desperately ill of fever and rheumatism, her brother, Doctor J. W. Beeson, was deeply touched by her suffering and her desire to go to the mission field; so he resolved that, if God would raise her up to health once again, he would be responsible for any further training she might need, and also send her to the field. This resolution he nobly carried out, for as soon as her strength was sufficient, she was at Nyack faithfully studying the Scriptures and other kindred subjects which would better fit her for her vocation. That her time was well spent there, the large assortment of note-books, outlines of addresses, sermon notes, analyses of Scripture, etc., which are in our possession attest; and her brother was more than repaid by her work and gratitude.

Those who have attended the Missionary School at Nyack, or similar Bible schools, can well imagine how perfectly happy in such a place one of Mrs. Farmer's temperament would be. Situated as the school is, opposite Tarrytown, on a bluff overlooking the most beautiful section of the Hudson River, the scenery is magnificent and naturally inspires one to devotion and contemplation. When we add to this the systematic and well-regulated management of the school, together with the deeply spiritual, and yet withal, cheery and happy atmosphere which pervades the place, we have indeed sufficient material to make it a "Mount of Transfiguration" which one, like Peter of old, is loath to leave.

Mrs. Farmer remained there one term, and, to her, it proved to be a place where she truly came to see "no man save Jesus only." Her spiritual views and horizon were widened; her faith was made strong and prepared for exploits in the kingdom of God hitherto unattempted. Her love of Christ was deepened, and, proportionately, her love

for a dying world was increased. She felt as never before the need of carrying the gospel to the heathen world. As she studied the Scriptures and attended the lectures given by pious and faithful teachers of the Word of God, she was brought to see how the evangelization of the world and the second advent of Christ were correlated. Consequently, the truth of Christ's premillennial coming became one of the most precious doctrines to her. It had no small influence upon her own life, for she felt that to be occupied with the advancement of His kingdom and interests was of paramount importance and one of the best preparations of her own life to meet Him when He should appear.

In a school where Christ was so honored and exalted, and His Word not picked to pieces, but believed, she could not but grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. She received it as the Thessalonians of old, "not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God," which effectually worked in her who believed.

Another truth which she came to see the scripturalness of, was that of divine healing. This doctrine she adorned and exemplified most beautifully and consistently, holding it in all sanity and freedom from the fanaticism with which it is sometimes found. God again and again delivered her from sickness in answer to prayer and faith in His Word, and used her to pray for others who were sick until they received the healing touch from Him who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

At the close of the term, in 1901, she was elected by the student body as one of the commencement speakers. She chose as the subject of her essay, "The Outlook for China," in which she poured forth the feelings of her heart in reference to that great mission field, and the duty of Christians respecting it.

## AWAY, ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Away, across the ocean,  
Away, across the sea;  
The cry of dying millions  
Is calling still to me.  
It rings through all my being,  
I can no longer stay;  
It is the voice of Jesus,  
And I must haste away.

Away, where China's millions  
In depths of darkness lie;  
Away, where India's myriads  
In Christless anguish die;  
Away, where Congo's waters  
'Mid heathen nations roll,  
The cry of dying millions  
Is piercing all my soul.

In vain the world would tempt me  
To seek my fortune here;  
In vain my heart would hold me,  
By friendship's bond so dear.  
My Master calls me onward,  
My heart is all aglow,  
My home is with the heathen,  
And, Oh! I long to go.

I do not want your pity,  
I only feel for you;  
For angels well might envy,  
The work that I may do.  
Farewell, my friends, my kindred,  
Think of me when you pray;  
I hear my Master calling,  
And I must haste away.

Some day across the river,  
Some day beyond the skies,  
There'll be no tearful partings;  
There'll be no broken ties.  
Oh, shall your crown be studded  
With stars, that glorious day?  
I go to win my jewels!  
Farewell, I haste away.

*A. B. Simpson.*



## CHAPTER V

### PRACTICAL MISSIONARY PREPARATION. VISIT TO OLD HOME. VOYAGE TO CHINA

*Farewell, my friends, my kindred,  
Think of me when you pray;  
I hear my Master calling,  
And I must haste away.*

SIMPSON.

I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians. So, as much as in me is I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.—ST. PAUL.

And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost departed unto Selucia; and from there they sailed to Cyprus.—ST. LUKE.



THEORY, while essential and necessary to any successful propaganda of the truth, yet, if it is not joined to good works, is only so much dogma held in the brain, and is of little use. We must not only study how to save men and women, but must go, and, with our knowledge of soul-winning, blessed and guided by God's Spirit, actually save them. In our Bible and training schools we *study* the problem of soul-saving, and in actual life we must solve that problem.

It is a requirement of prime importance—demanded by mission boards of their candidates—that they show some fruit or evidence, in the home land, of the divine call to labor among the non-Christian nations. Moreover, it is a pretty well-established fact, that a man or woman who loves and wins souls at home for the kingdom of Christ, will do so on the foreign mission field. Mission boards can not afford to waste time and money upon candidates who have only a theoretical idea of preaching the gospel. The opportunity to prove one's faith by works is ample

at home, and, in the injunction of Paul, "Let them also first be proved."

Mrs. Farmer did not go to the field immediately after finishing her course at Nyack, but spent the year following actively engaged in evangelistic and soul-saving work with a band of earnest Christians at Nashville, Tennessee. Reverend J. O. McClurkan, who was at the head of the work there, found her to be one "approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." In a city the size of Nashville she had ample scope to exercise her talents. Tent meetings, slum work, street services, house-to-house visitations, missionary meetings, personal work, all came in the routine of Christian service. In addition to the above duties, she also taught some classes in a Bible school which had been started by the same band of workers, and, occasionally, helped in newspaper and secretarial work.

The year was not spent in vain, for God used her in the salvation of souls. Men and women were lead into a deeper knowledge of God, and many have cause to thank Him that she ever crossed their pathway in life. In a letter written to her brother, dated November 13, 1901, two months before sailing for China, we get a splendid view of what she was doing at that time.

I am glad you have been in some holiness meetings. Last Sunday was a blessed day with us. At nine o'clock a. m., Sabbath school, after which a crowd of workers went out to the cotton-factory district and held a street meeting. It would have made your heat ache to have seen the dirty, tired people hang on the fences and listen. Two were converted and one sanctified. I and some others went out Tuesday night and had a prayer service. There were two women and some children, and it looked like the time would be wasted, but both women were beautifully sanctified. Praise God for sending the hungry hearts and then giving the Bread!

We had services at three p. m., and from there the workers went out and held three or four street services in different places. One person professed conversion, and three came in from the meetings and were saved at the night service. There were four who professed conversion and one reclaimed that night.

I can not say yet when I will sail. We have not heard from New York as to their decision. Will let you know when I hear. To-night I took the Methodist Episcopal pastor's prayer-meeting service.

With much love and prayers, I say, "good night." \* \* \* Be all God's.

In a letter to her sister, dated December 3, she says:

Last week was a very busy week with me. The way was opened for me to present missions in East End church twice, and Carrol Street church once, besides the two lessons here in school each day except one, until I left for McEwen, Tennessee, for the convention. There we had a good time. The Lord was there. We had a blessed mission service. One was definitely called to foreign missions, and another was confirmed in the fact that that is what God wants him to do. We had a blessed day Sunday. I spent the morning quietly, then Brother J—and I went about three-quarters of a mile to see two sick people.

She had hoped that it would be possible to get stop-overs at various points en route to San Francisco, from which place she was to sail, in order that she might present the cause of missions, so she closes the above by saying:

I will let you know if I can stop by, how long a stay, and all, as soon as I find out myself. I want to present missions, if the Lord opens the way, there at Arcadia. I am invited to do so at Gadsden, First Methodist church; pray that I may get the leading of the Spirit in all things. I am well, happy, in victory in Him, and learning lessons in prayer I have never known.

As she was to sail in January, 1902, with a party of missionaries, she naturally wished to pay a farewell visit to her people and the old home-place. In letters written to her sister and brother she says:

I do not know what day I can go home, may be to-night, or may be Monday or Tuesday. We are to sail with Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, and Mr. Zehr; at least we are hoping to do so—will likely hear to-day. Pray for us. If I stop off at Arcadia—and I am believing for it—we want a missionary meeting. Please pray and arrange for it. Pray much for just the doors to be opened that should be. We hope to stop at Monroe, and other places in Louisiana, the Lord willing. With a heart full of love, much prayer, and blessed Christmas wishes for all. May God bless.

Christmas eve, on the train between Chattanooga and Keener, her old home, in a letter to her brother, she says:

You see I am on my way home for a few days. \* \* \* I wired Brother Funk to know what time the Jaffrays sail, so we could arrange to go with them. We may be delayed for Miss Goode, but I am looking to Him to arrange so we can go with the J—s. It will be much more pleasant to have a married couple along.

Enumerating the names of five missionaries who were soon to sail for their respective fields, she adds:

Praise God for answered prayer! I may go back to Nashville in a few days and help Annie Goode, and be there for a farewell meeting. May this Christmas give all of you a broader and deeper conception of Christ, and may it be a time of great victory for God in the college.

What did those few days of farewell spent at the old home mean? Dear readers, unless you have gone through a similar experience, it is difficult for you to fully appreciate all that the soul passes through at such a time.

Who can fitly describe the feelings of the dear parents, whose heads were even then covered with locks of silver-white hair, as they are at last brought face to face with giving one of their most beloved children to work for the Lord in a far-off land? There has been so much said about going; the past weeks have been filled with various activities, such as making clothes, buying various articles for a missionary's outfit, and the past few days have been busily spent in selecting and packing one's books, choice trinkets, or mementoes of old school-days; the family photos have been carefully packed in the case to be shipped, and many other things, too numerous to mention, have occupied the time of Mrs. Farmer; but now the day and hour are fast approaching when father and mother must commit her into God's hands, say farewell, and see her leave them for a strange and untried country.

Will she stand the climate? She is unmarried, and without any relatives near her—will she have the care and protection that a woman needs, especially in a land where woman is accounted of so little consequence? What if she gets sick! Will any one nurse her? Will she be able to master the difficult Eastern language? Before, she was living in an adjoining State; how easy to go to her in case of need! But now she will be so far away! How about the future? These and hundreds of other such questions would rack the minds and hearts of the loving parents and brothers and sisters.

But what were the feelings of Mrs. Farmer herself at this time? She has left us no written record, but, recalling

what she has told us, together with what we have experienced when called to forsake native land, father, mother, brothers and sisters for the sake of the gospel, we can easily and sympathetically enter into her emotions during those few days spent at home.

We can see her bright and cheerful face as she moved about the house, here and there, withal endeavoring to make each one happy, while her own heart was breaking. How difficult to be simple and natural, especially at the table when all are gathered together for the Christmas feast! The tempting Christmas viands, on other similar occasions so relished, now almost choke her, because her heart is so full. What furtive glances she casts at the faces of the dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, wondering if she would ever again have the sacred joy of spending another holiday season with them. How dear every tree, flower, nook, and corner of the old home become during these days when she is so soon to leave them all. She makes the rounds once or twice a day; to the barn, garden, her favorite peach-tree—now sear with winter's cold—the old well, and all the places which have been her favorite haunts since childhood. In the evening as they gather around the fireside, there is something which seems to hinder the free course of conversation, and a spirit of quietness staunches the flow of happy words; the eyes of all seem to be near the melting point; and it is more interesting to gaze into the fire than into each other's faces. What a relief, at last, to break up the circle and slip away to her own bedroom, and, when snugly tucked in bed, just to let the tears which have been in the heart all day pour themselves out until the soul is temporarily relieved of its sorrow and strain! I say temporarily, for possibly even unto midnight hours she pours out her soul in ardent agonizing prayer. Through her tears she tells the Master she has heard Him saying "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," and that she will be true to His and duty's call, no matter how great the cost. Then, as the vision of the dear ones arises before her, she pleads with Christ to help them bear the separation.

Ah, here is the battle-ground of many a soul who is called to the foreign field! When it comes to breaking home ties, how dreadful the conflict, and how often, at last, are the claims of loved ones allowed to take precedence of those of Jesus Christ and His kingdom! But the words of Christ will be most surely fulfilled, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it. Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." The grace to forsake all and follow Christ was not bestowed upon Mrs. Farmer in vain, as her subsequent career will show. The promise of the Master, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life," was most fully realized in her life.

Such days, so full of love, tears, sadness, devotion, consecration and joy, are soon past, but the result upon the soul of whomsoever passes through such a time will be lasting, and when, in the future, great temptations sway the soul, and the vision of the loved ones at home, together with the remembrance of the vows of consecration and devotion to Christ, close in about him, he will find himself a thousandfold stronger to resist and be true to God and duty. Let us thank God for the sad but sacred hours that come to all who love and serve Him, for "peaceable fruits of righteousness" will surely be the result.

From a letter written to Mrs. Conger, her sister, we find that Mrs. Farmer did return to Nashville before sailing for China.

MY DEAR JULIA:

I so much wanted to go by Meridian, Arcadia, etc., and hoped to up to the last, until I did not have time to let you know. The Father's will, not mine, be done. Several came in and helped sew Monday. Tuesday we packed and attended to all bills. Then I got exchange, etc., which took time. Later I cut out a wool waist and made it after supper. We sewed till ten p. m., and went to watch-night service till one a. m., came back upstairs and finished waist by two a. m., went to bed between two and three o'clock, arose at five, and left Nashville at seven a. m.

I asked the Lord for enough to support a Bible-woman the first year while I was studying the language, so I would be preaching before I speak Chinese, and He has given it to me. Praise His dear name forever! We are so happy and restful in going out. I feel sure many are praying for us.

We are now at Texarkana, Arkansas, awaiting our train. We missed ours just seven minutes, but the connection is in the Father's hands and He will bring us through all right. You see I am getting to be quite a good Presbyterian in this respect! The verses the Lord gave me on my birthday were, "Be strong and of a good courage," and "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." On New Year's, "Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth." Isa. xliii. 19. Look it up and read the whole verse. Just as I left yesterday morn this came, Ps. xxxvii. 25, 3-4; this morn, Phil. i:6. Read it.

The above letter was written on the train the day after she left Nashville for China. I have quoted portions of it in order that we may see how busily she spent her time. This was so characteristic of her all through her life.

Her diary entry for January 1, 1902, has the following:

New Year's verse, Isa. xliii:19. Watch meeting, glorious time in Him. Left Nashville for China seven-thirty a. m. Verse the Lord gave me, Isa. lii:12; Psa. lxxxiv:11. A happy, peaceful, restful day; the consciousness of being in His will. Reached Memphis four p. m. Found Mrs. P—; took tea with her. Left baggage with dear old lady from Texas—God save her son!

The record of the diary is dropped until she is aboard ship, and the only link that I have between the above and the next journal entry is a post-card written to her mother, dated January 7:

MY DEAR MOTHER:

We are here for twenty-five minutes, so I will write you a card. It is real May weather here. The roses are in bloom and the trees green. We have passed through orange orchard after orange orchard, and they were beautiful, laden with the golden fruit. I really wanted to get out and pluck some from the trees, but of course could not. The Lord is very precious to me. I wish for you and father that you might see what I have seen, and get some of the fresh oranges.

She sailed on the S. S. *City of Peking*, from San Francisco for Hongkong, China, January 11, 1902, with a party of eight Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries, some returning from furlough in America, and others going

to the field for the first time. In her "Daily Light," under the date January 11, we find the following: "This day I sailed out from San Francisco, leaving loved ones and native land for souls in dark China."

She was never a good sailor, even under the best of circumstances, so we are not surprised to find in her journal entry of January 15:

The message from the Father on awakening, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." On this I arose and shook off my seasickness in His name. Sat on deck most of the day. Moonlight on water sublime. Sat on deck communing with Him. Spirit of prayer for the whole world. Blessed time in Him. Retired and committed all to One who never sleeps.

The voyage was marked by nothing extraordinary, but was passed as the usual sea trip is.

[January 29.] 2 Chron. xvi:9, my verse for the day. [After speaking of the insipidity of the lives of some of the passengers on board ship.] I had sweet communion with Him, and thanked God for putting better into my heart and life. Had a good time singing His praises together in social hall in afternoon. No seasickness this day, praise God!

They reached Yokohama, Japan, February 2, and under that date appears the following:

Union Church, Japanese service. Blessed communion service with Japanese. Left Yokohama at daybreak. Beautiful weather all day—no seasickness. Knelt to pray, sweet communion.

Two days later a full day of shopping and sight-seeing was spent at Kobe, Japan. She was much amused at the "Any Price" wares of the Japanese, for when she began to bargain for a few porcelain articles she found out that it was indeed "any price" but a cheap one.

Mrs. Farmer touched the land of China for the first time at Shanghai, February 8. It was the first day of the Chinese New Year, and she could not have seen China under happier outward appearances, as this is the greatest festival of all the year in the Chinese calendar. The whole nation goes into holiday attire, business is suspended for quite a while, and the time given up to feasting, paying calls, and planning for the new year. The day was spent on shore, and the night at the home of a friend, which no doubt



was greatly enjoyed, for she speaks of it the next day by saying:

After a good night's rest in a real bed, awoke at 6 a. m. Prayer. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends."

[February 10.] My verse, Psa. lxxiii:26. Beautiful day. Began Ruth. Lord, make me unselfish like Naomi and true like Ruth. Finished Miss C——'s cape.

[February 11.] Finished book of Ruth. Came into Hongkong at eight-thirty p. m. Hongkong, a beautiful city, hills rising up near the water; therefore, a city set upon a hill. The talk of Miss M—— and friend so foolish. Thank God for giving me something to live for!

The next two days were spent in shopping in Hongkong and making preparations for the trip inland to Wucheo. The lack of comfort and privacy on the river steamer was soon realized, but Mrs. Farmer had the much-prized virtue of always being able to happily adapt herself to circumstances. Many missionaries make their own and the lives of their coworkers very unhappy, because they fret and complain about the inconveniences of missionary life. We can not hope to find in the East the comforts and conveniences we have at home, and so we should make up our minds to gladly adapt ourselves to the conditions and people.

The party of missionaries went, "First Class Chinese" to Wucheo, it being so much cheaper than European accommodation, and besides, one has a better opportunity to preach the gospel to the Chinese passengers. Mrs. Farmer's impressions are jotted down in one or two exclamations:

We soon got settled down in our "First Class Chinese" quarters. Lunch on polished table—paper doilies! Ladies and gentlemen—curtain between! New experience!

[February 14.] Another night on Chinese boat. The scenery beautiful, but thousands of souls who have never heard of Christ. The devil in control. I praise God for letting me come to China to witness to them of our blessed Master.

[The next day, February 15, they reached Wucheo, where the central receiving home of the mission is located.] A blessed time of communion. Promise for the time in China, Isa. liv:17, 15. As we neared Wucheo, my heart burned within me. Praise God for being here! My first view of a real Chinese city. Awoke in bed praising God. So happy in Him!

## CHINA'S MILLIONS

Church of the living God, awake!  
Awake from thy sinful sleep!  
Dost thou not hear thy brother's cry  
Still sounding o'er the deep?  
Is it naught that one of ev'ry four  
Of all the human race,  
Should in China die, having never heard  
The gospel of God's grace?

Watchman of God, thou seest now  
The sword of destruction come;  
Why soundest not the warning cry  
'Mid hosts of heathendom?  
God says that if thou warnest not  
The wicked at His command,  
He shall perish, but his blood shall be  
Required at thy hand.

Go, for the Saviour sends thee forth  
To call from the distant East.  
Idolators for whom Christ died,  
To heaven's marriage feast.  
The gospel that thou hearest now  
The power of God shall prove  
To triumph o'er the souls of men  
By th' omnipotence of love.

*H. G. Guinness.*

## CHAPTER VI

### STORY OF THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE IN SOUTH CHINA

*Canst thou shut thine ear to the awful sound,  
The voice of thy brother's blood,  
A million a month in China are dying without God.*

GUINNESS.

To preach the gospel in the regions beyond you, and not to boast in another man's line of things made ready to our hands.—ST. PAUL.

While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism, the burden of proof rests on you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by God to keep you out of the foreign field.—KEITH FALCONER.



IN order that the readers of this book may have an intelligent conception of that portion of the Chinese Empire to which Mrs. Farmer devoted her missionary labors, and also of the South China Mission, we think a chapter telling of the Kuangsi province, and the founding of the Christian and Missionary Alliance mission there, will not be at all out of place at this juncture.

Kuangsi is one of the southern provinces of China proper. It covers an extensive area, hence its name, "Extensive West." The *Statesman's Year-book* gives its area as about seventy-seven thousand square miles.

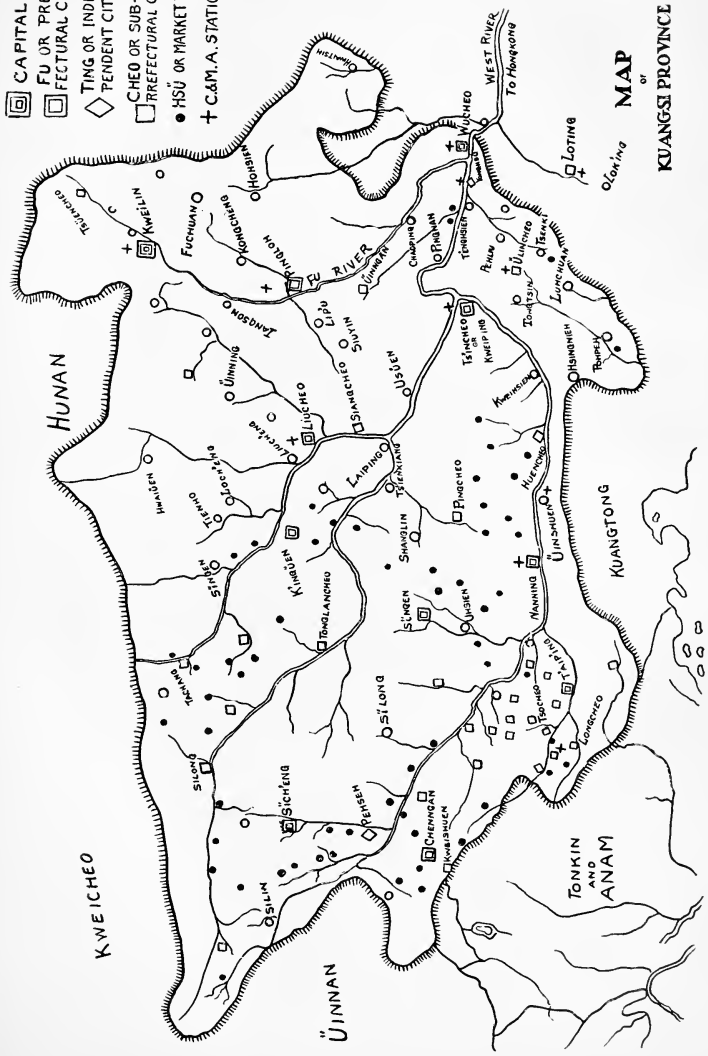
The whole province is mountainous, which not only makes it at once beautiful, but also affords security for the bands of robbers or banditti which abound in the north-western part of Kuangsi. The peaks and cliffs of the mountains, unlike the low earth hills of the Canton province, are of limestone, and rise perpendicularly upwards many hundreds of feet. Many of them are of the most grotesque

and picturesque shape and form. At a distance they resemble 'old castles, towers, forts, and other architectural designs.

If Kuangsi has as yet no railways, she is nevertheless blessed with excellent waterways. The province is drained by the famous West River and its tributaries, which afford a passage to almost all parts of the province. These streams in many places are steep, boiling, seething rapids; there being some three hundred and sixty on the Fu River alone between Wucheo and Kweilin the capital. Consequently, only small steam-launches can ascend such watery steeps unless the rivers are swollen by much rain, and even then only so far; but the native boats abound by the thousands and there is scarcely any place too shallow for the hard-working Chinese sailor, who, with pushing, pulling, yelling, and cursing, reaches the top of the most difficult rapid. The descent, attended with danger, is exciting and very rapid, being a kind of "shoot-the-chutes" experience.

The rocky river-bed is a natural filter, which purifies the water and makes it so clear that the bottom of the river may be seen through many feet of water. These rivers of clear water, reflecting the tints of the sky and surrounding mountains and flowing through deep chasms of limestone cliffs partially covered with wild flowers and stunted growth of all kinds, with the fantastic outline of the blue peaks in the distance, all make Kuangsi justly famous for its magnificent scenery. On a trip from Wucheo to Kweilin one passes through a veritable "Garden of the Gods." No one who has ever seen it can forget the beauty of the little town and vicinity of Iangsoh! Built upon the sides of a rocky declivity sloping into the Fu River, tall castle-like peaks surround it, and through the foliage one catches an occasional glimpse of a quaint temple or shrine, and, if to this we add the river, upon whose bosom float the odd-looking boats and fishing-craft of every kind, we have a picture which will awaken the love of nature and poetic sentiment in the most prosaic mind. Chinese poets and artists have felt the beauty and spell of the scenery of Kuangsi, and with brush and pen have portrayed, upon the scrolls which

- ⊠ CAPITAL
- ◻ FU OR PREFECTURAL CITY
- ◊ TING OR INDEPENDENT CITY
- ◻ CHEO OR SUB-PREFECTURAL CITY
- HSÜ OR MARKET TOWN
- + C.&M. A. STATIONS



MAP  
of  
KUANGSI PROVINCE

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

OF A AND  
TAMMING  
L

adorn the reception-rooms of the wealthy, the glorious beauties of nature of this part of China. Although there is much railroad talk, as yet nothing has materialized, and the missionary who travels far interior thanks God for the excellent means of transportation afforded by the rivers of the province.

The climate of Kuangsi, on the whole, is very good. Of course there is a pronounced wet and dry season, as in other parts of China. In the northern part of the province the summers are not so hot, humid, or long, and the winters are always accompanied by frost, and, sometimes, light snow-falls. Missionaries find it quite an agreeable climate, and not so hard as the Yangtsi valley. Still, one has to be prepared for all kinds of weather, for often the fall in temperature is sudden, being produced by the cold winds from the north.

The population and dialects of Kuangsi are very heterogeneous. That portion of the province contiguous to the Canton province, has a population of several millions, speaking Cantonese; that portion touching Hunan, Kweichow, and Üinnan, has received a large number of emigrants from these provinces, especially Hunan, so that the larger half of the Kuangsi province speaks Mandarin. In the mountains of the northwest, are to be found many aborigines, known as the Chuang, Chong, Miao, Tao, Tong, and Lolo tribes. In speech and customs, they differ from the regular Chinese. With the exception of the efforts of Roman Catholic missionaries, nothing worth mentioning has yet been done to bring to these tribes the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Several members of the Christian and Missionary Alliance mission have, on itinerant trips, passed through some of the districts peopled by these tribes. Those of them who understand Mandarin, and can read the Chinese characters, may be reached by that medium. But what of the great numbers whose language has yet to become intelligible and reduced to some form of writing before they can be told of the love of Christ? Here is a broad field of the Kuangsi province, pregnant with all the glory and hardship incidental to pioneer mission work! Who will bring

the message of salvation to them? It has long been the desire and prayer of the South China mission of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, that God would thrust out some worthy, courageous, and zealous men and women for this work. May this prayer soon be answered.

Kuangsi has a very large trade in timber, and almost any day in the year numerous large rafts are seen floating down the waterways to be sold below where wood is much scarcer.

The mountainsides and the little valleys between afford splendid pasturage, so there is much cattle-raising, tanning, and trading in hides. Rice is the chief grain grown, but in the north, corn of not a bad quality is also cultivated. Sugar cane abounds, and a ready market is found for the coarse sugar which is produced by a crude process. The output of poultry and pork finds a lucrative market in Hongkong and Canton.

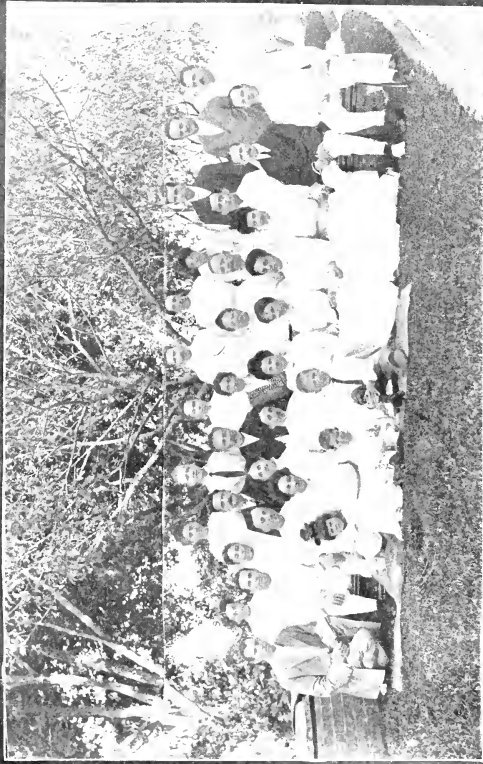
The physical features of Kuangsi indicate that it is rich in coal, iron and the precious metals; but lack of capital, intelligent operation of mines, with the awful bane of superstition, prevent any appreciable progress along this line.

The native arts and crafts are well represented in Kuangsi, but, strange to say, most of the artisans are either Hunanese or Cantonese—largely the former. While often considered a poor province, the trade returns at the Imperial Maritime Customs show that Kuangsi must not be reckoned too low in the scale after all.

A feature of Kuangsi which hinders its material progress is the fact that it has been the theater of repeated rebellions. The security of its mountain fastnesses make it an ideal retreat for the marauding bands who live by plunder when other means fail. A people harassed by such conditions can not be expected to prosper like those under happier circumstances.

Kuangsi, while not in the van, is by no means in the rear, as regards the new reform which is affecting the whole of the Chinese Empire. She has felt the vibration of this new life which is pulsating in old China, and is doing her share to make a way for it. The new régime in educational, so-





MISSIONARIES OF THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE, CONFERENCE, 1911.



NEW YORK  
JAN 10 1881  
I AND  
A. G. N. B.  
L

cial, military, and municipal regulations, which is manifest everywhere in the province, shows how eagerly she is endeavoring to keep pace with the new order of things.

When we consider Kuangsi as a mission field, we find that it is, as far as Protestant missions are concerned, comparatively a new territory. Roman Catholic missions have been established since 1850, and while, forty odd years ago, itinerant visits were made by Protestant missionaries, and some work carried on by native Christians, and also, for a time a station established at Kweip'ing by the Presbyterian mission, yet nothing like a permanent foothold was gained until 1896, when the Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries succeeded in occupying a house at Wucheo. If we would see how God led to the establishment of the South China mission of the Christian and Missionary Alliance it will be necessary to go back a few years prior to the occupation of Wucheo.

During the summer of 1892 Reverend A. B. Simpson, accompanied by several other workers, held conventions on the Pacific coast. In San Francisco he made the acquaintance of two young people who wished very much to go to China to work among the Cantonese-speaking Chinese of the Canton province. As they had been teaching some of these in America, they felt that they would have easy access to the Chinese in Canton province which these represented.

The project was favorably received by the Board of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Reeves were on their way to China. For the purpose of studying the language they first located at Canton, with the intention of going inland later, as it has ever been the cardinal principle of the Christian and Missionary Alliance to work inland, and in those districts which are not yet reached by the gospel.

A conjunction of circumstances brought Kuangsi to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and diverted them from the Canton province. Perhaps we should have said that the Spirit of God, working as He so often does with individuals even when they themselves least realize the import

of His leadings at the time, constrained them to take up work in the Kuangsi province.

Mr. Reeves was invited by an agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland to accompany him upon a book-selling tour into Kuangsi. On this trip he was made to realize the destitute condition of its eight millions of souls without the gospel. About this time Doctor A. B. Simpson paid a visit to China, and was also deeply impressed with the needs of Kuangsi. To make it more emphatic, and to show that the opportune hour had arrived, God caused the students of the Missionary Training Institute to become much concerned for this province, which was second only to Hunan in its hatred of foreigners and the gospel. It truly was the Macedonian call of the hour. The Spirit was forbidding them to preach in the Canton province, which already had such a large quota of missionaries, and was thrusting them far inland to the perishing millions of Kuangsi.

February 25, 1894, five young men sailed from America to China to join Mr. and Mrs. Reeves in their work. They were soon hard at work on the language and only a few months had passed when another party, consisting of three ladies and two gentlemen, "farewelled" from the Gospel Tabernacle in New York. The little band was much cheered by this addition to their numbers.

Reverend D. W. LeLacheur, then superintendent of the China field for the Christian and Missionary Alliance, paid a visit to South China and held the first convention or annual meeting. The young men, who had spent about nine months in language study, were appointed to itinerate in Kuangsi. As a result of the itineration of these brethren, the first mission station of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Kuangsi was opened. This came about in the following way:

On a Saturday morning, Messrs. Fee and Quick reached a small village in the vicinity of Tongtsinhü, where they were agreeably surprised to be met by a friendly Chinaman who escorted them to a school in the village. After conversing and preaching awhile, they found that they had

been mistaken for Roman Catholic priests, hence the very cordial welcome to white strangers.

After spending the Sabbath in their midst, the brethren thought it might be a good plan to leave one or two of the colporters who accompanied them, and see if there was any opportunity to open work among the people. The next day as they were leaving, in accord with their own thought, the villagers came to ask that some one remain and teach them. Leaving two of their colporters, Messrs. Fee and Quick returned to the coast. It was not long before the two colporters, accompanied by two men from the village, brought a petition signed by the head men of the village, desiring that a foreign missionary be sent to reside in their midst and teach them. It afterwards proved, as is often the case with such unanimous petitions, that the motive of the Chinese was not purely to hear the gospel, but also to avail themselves of the power and prestige given by the presence of a white missionary. Not being aware of this sinister motive, the brethren did as many earnest preachers have done before and since, viz., proceeded to accept the invitation in all good faith, and used the occasion as a very opportune one in which to present to those lost souls their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We can not, in a sketch like this, go much into detail, but, in a word, let us say that the pious lives and earnest exhortations of the two brethren, and their Chinese helpers, soon made a contrast to the surrounding heathenism which was distasteful to the cordial (?) villagers, consequently, they did all they could to induce the missionaries to leave, even going to the extreme of hatching one or two serious plots to take their lives, which were providentially frustrated and brought to naught.

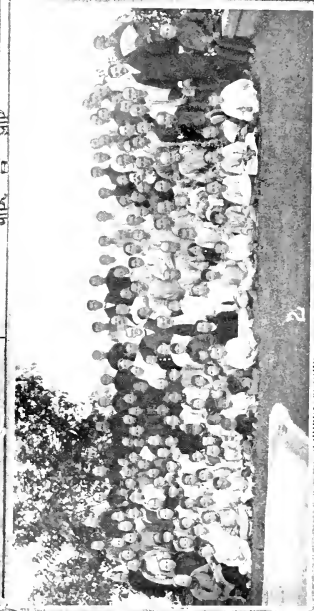
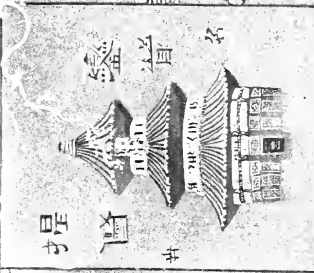
Those first two years of the mission were filled with trials and testings of all kinds. Scarcely any one escaped from serious illness; and faith, for means of personal support as well as to carry on the work of the mission, was sorely tested at times. But, over and over, God proved Himself the faithful One who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. Being young, full of zeal and courage, un-

used to new scenes and conditions, naturally some of the mistakes incidental to the founding of any new work were occasionally made, and perhaps evoked the criticism of the older missionaries of other boards; but, with undaunted courage and a living faith in a living Master, who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and Lo, I am with you alway," they pressed forward with holy boldness in the evangelization of Kuangsi.

On March 9, 1896, the band was cheered by the arrival from America of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hess and Mr. R. A. Jaffray. About this time a letter was received from some Chinese in Loting, near the border of Kuangsi and Canton provinces, desiring a missionary sent to them. Ten years before, the Church Missionary Society had a station there, but owing to a lack of workers had given it up. Loting, while not in Kuangsi, was so near the border, and so in line with several large cities of Kuangsi, that it was thought best to embrace the opportunity, which has well repaid the mission in spiritual results. Messrs. Christopherson and Howden were appointed to open a chapel there, while Doctor Glover and Mr. Fee started in quest of another new opening in Kuangsi proper. None but those who have passed through the trying experience—especially from ten to fifteen years ago—can fully appreciate the difficulty of gaining a foothold for the gospel in one of China's hostile interior provinces. How much tact, prayer, faith, and patience are required! Messrs. Fee and Glover came very near securing a place at Kweip'ing, but being defeated, not only there but elsewhere, returned to the coast.

The brethren at the little station first opened, feeling that a large market-town across the river would be a better and more suitable center for the station work, removed to Tongtsin, and the village chapel became an out-station.

Mr. Fee, joined by Doctor Glover, again went forth to Kuangsi, determined to effect a foothold in Wucheo, which—as it is the very gateway to the province and an important river-port—is a strategic point for mission work. They were signally blessed, though not without much trouble (of which we have not space to write), and succeeded in getting



1. TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE MEN AND WOMEN'S TRAINING SCHOOLS AT WUCHO.  
 2. A CONFERENCE OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS OF THE C. & M. A.





very good premises. Doctor Glover, with a Chinese brother, then proceeded to Kweip'ing where he rented a small place, quite unfit to live in, but it served as an entering wedge in that strongly anti-foreign city. On returning to Wucheo, he and Mr. Fee were again blessed in renting two places, of which one was repaired and fitted up for a ladies' station, where Misses Donor and Glover lived—the first single ladies, but one other to reside in the Kuangsi province. The woman's work was much encouraged at this time by the coming of Misses Campbell and Cooney.

In May, 1897, a place in Kweip'ing suitable for residence was purchased and made into a fairly comfortable mission home. In 1898, three ladies and two gentlemen from America were added to the mission, and Mr. Reeves was called to his heavenly home. Also, during the same year, Nanning, a large and important city, was opened by Messrs. Landis and Jaffray, and in the fall, T'enghsien, about thirty miles from Wucheo, was opened as a ladies' station. The following year Messrs. Cunningham and Howden went to Kweilin, the capital of the province, and began work there.

During the Boxer movement all of the missionaries had to leave the interior, and the work was interrupted to some extent. But, as this tide of persecution and bloodshed was blocked before it reached the southern provinces of China, mission work was saved the fiery baptism by which it was inundated in the north. In 1901, after the missionaries had been allowed to return to their stations, three young men from America were added to the ranks of the mission. In 1904, P'ingloh and Ülincheo were opened; in 1905, P'ingnan; in 1906, Longcheo and Liucheo. As Mrs. Farmer's work was largely connected with the cities of P'ingloh and Liucheo, we shall tell more in detail of the entrance of the gospel into those places when we resume the narrative of her life.

As we take a retrospective glance at the record of hard pioneer days, sickness, suffering, and the precious lives laid down for this dark province, the question arises, does it pay—is it worth the sacrifice? Then we take a look upon the bright side and see that Kuangsi province, which but

twenty years ago had not a single resident Protestant missionary in it, to-day has, in the Christian and Missionary Alliance mission alone—to say nothing of the flourishing and blessed work being done by the Southern Baptists, English Wesleyan, and Church Missionary Societies—almost forty foreign missionaries, together with a staff of competent Chinese preachers, Bible-women, teachers, and colporters (many of whom were trained in our own schools at Wucheo); tons of Scripture and tracts distributed; eleven cities in the most important centers of the province opened to the gospel, also several out-stations; nice new chapels erected upon the larger stations; and, best of all, several hundreds of Chinese Christians who once worshiped wood and stone coming out boldly and allying themselves with the Christian church; besides, the great numbers of inquirers and the freedom with which we may now everywhere present the gospel. All this causes us to humbly fall upon our knees, and with eyes full of tears and hearts overflowing with gratitude, thank God that He ever counted us worthy to be put in trust with the gospel in this dark land; and we exclaim with His servants of old, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory," and "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all."

Before closing this chapter, and in order that the reader may know there is still "much land to be possessed," we submit the following statistics and appeal recently published in the *South China Alliance Tidings*.

It is far from our desire to present the needs of this field to the depreciation of other fields, when all, God knows, are destitute enough. The following figures will speak for themselves with an eloquence and force of their own:

1. The area of Kuangsi is about 77,000 square miles.
2. Its population is variously estimated. According to one of the latest official reports, it is put at 8,000,000.
3. There are 72 walled cities in Kuangsi. Of these 72 walled cities *only nine* have resident missionaries. This includes the stations of all missionary societies. Of the remaining 63 cities, *only seven*

have chapels in charge of native evangelists. This leaves 56 cities in the province of Kuangsi without any witness whatsoever of the gospel of salvation. While some of these cities have, comparatively speaking, a small population, yet many of them are cities of 50,000 to 60,000 people, perhaps an average population of 30,000 inhabitants.

4. The above does not include over 1,200 market-towns, sometimes very large and important, and over 45,000 villages scattered throughout the province, all of which must have a witness of the gospel.

A few years ago one of our missionaries walked through the province of Kuangsi, covering nearly 1,000 English miles and being on the road 72 days, *without seeing one Christian or coming near one Gospel Hall!* Last year (1910) another of our brethren traveling again about 1,000 English miles in this province, requiring ten weeks' time—over an entirely separate district, only a small part of which was contiguous to the above-mentioned territory—*saw but one Chapel!*

Now, in surveying the whole province and summarizing the above facts, we are forced to the conclusion we have, up to the present time, attempted to evangelize but *one-half* of the area of the province, and that the whole northwest and western portions are still practically untouched. From the map herewith the crosses on which show the location of our stations—it will be seen that the whole half of the province northwest of the line drawn across it, is in total darkness and ignorance of the gospel. In the northwestern half of the province there are 27 walled cities, over 600 market-towns and over 17,000 villages, and not one missionary or native worker in the field. In the southeastern part of the province there are 45 walled cities, over 600 market-towns and over 28,000 villages; of these, only ten of the cities are occupied by missionaries, and less than a score of the market-towns and villages have native workers.

The report of the Edinburgh Ecumenical Missionary Conference of last year states that the four *needy* provinces of the Chinese Empire are, Kansuh, Uinnan, Kweicheo and Kuangsi, and that apparently *four-fifths* of these four provinces are not only unreached *but are likely to remain so*, until missionaries are near enough to be accessible to the people. In view of all this, and the fact that the hearts of the people are at this time very open to hear and receive the message we bring, our souls are burdened with grief and we long to press out to these regions beyond.



## JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called thee, Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;  
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me;  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me;  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy joy is left to me!  
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry Francis Lyte.*

## CHAPTER VII

### THE FIRST TWO YEARS ON THE FIELD

*Yes, we need along life's pathway,  
Feet with patience shod;  
Faith to wait and not grow weary,  
Lives that love to plod.*

SIMPSON.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose.—  
ST. PAUL.



Now come to the beginning of that period of Mrs. Farmer's life which was so wholly consecrated to the service of God, and used by the Master to extend His kingdom in dark Kuangsi. Happily, she has left in her diaries and letters—from which we have already begun to quote in

Chapter V, a record sufficiently full to enable us to place before our readers a well-ordered and connected history of her entire missionary career. These letters and diaries were not written with the thought that they would appear in print, for their contents were jotted down in an artless and simple style; but they are invaluable as an index to her inner life and character. As one reads them he is made conscious of the fact that he is not reading the life of an ordinary Christian, but a *saint*. The deepest spirit of prayer and communion with God breathes throughout the pages, and one is made to feel that he is treading upon holy ground. The same desire and longing for a holier and better life seizes the heart of the reader as he peruses the daily entries of her journal. One perceives the same saintliness and fragrance of devotion as when reading the records of Madame Guyon, Hester Ann Rogers, and other saintly women, whose lives and writings have blessed the world.

The gospel of the grace of God in human lives, when allowed to have full sway, will ever produce the same beautiful flowers and glorious fruits of devotion, self-denial, and saintliness of character. The gospel of Jesus Christ ever evinces one of its divine credentials, in the fact that it is not restricted to any clime, time, or nation of people. Unlike the flowers and fruits of earth, which are dependent upon different latitudes and soils in order to flourish, the gospel seed has in it that quality of divine universality that causes it to thrive in any soil of the human heart that will meet the conditions for its reception. Other systems may meet some of the needs of a particular people, but the gospel meets *every need of the whole world!* The results are ever the same, whether it be sainthood of Paul's day, the Middle Ages, or the present.

These few letters and diaries constitute the most precious legacy which could have been left by my dear wife. As I read them my heart is made to continually lift itself in prayer and communion with God, and my soul is made to hunger and thirst after righteousness and to strive for the full attainment of those high ideals and aspirations which come to the soul in its best moments.

The record also reveals that there were many temptations and obstacles thrown in her path, which she most victoriously overcame; and it emphasizes anew the old truth, that the path from earth to heaven is not a smooth one and does not always lead by mossy beds of flowers, but that rugged mountains and burning deserts lie between the Christian and the sublime heights of strong Christian character.

We shall try as far as possible to let the record of this period be told in her own words; but, our lives and work having been such a unit it is difficult to avoid intruding self, especially where we are compelled to supply the thread of the narrative.

The annual meeting of the South China Mission began the day after her arrival in Wucheo, which was the Sabbath, and continued for a week. Her journal is largely a *résumé* of the devotional exercises of that conference. At the close of her first Sabbath in China she writes, "I can



not tell the joy of my soul for really being in China." The conference was a busy time and she thoroughly enjoyed each session. Her deeply spiritual nature eagerly responded to the devotional exercises in which she took a part, and her clear mind did not fail to grasp firm hold of the various problems of mission polity and administration.

When Mrs. Farmer came to China, the central receiving home at Wucheo, although in process of construction, had not been completed; consequently, not only during the busy conference days was she crowded into a small room with four or five others in a poorly built Chinese house remodeled to some extent for the use of the mission, but even for some little time after conference, she had to live almost without privacy and convenience which are so much prized by Western people. She never complained; but joyfully began her language study and other duties incidental to a missionary's first year in a mission land. It was enough for her that Christ had chosen and sent her to be His mouth-piece to speak the words of life to the women of China, if He would only bless and use her for His glory. She realized that she came to China to be a soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ, and those first days of what may be called camp life were typical of the subsequent years of her missionary career; for her love for Christ and her zeal to preach His gospel where it had not been heard caused her lot at times to be cast in any but comfortable circumstances. She was a true pioneer, and few missionary women have had to live under more trying conditions than she. But she was a true servant of Christ and well knew that happiness and success did not depend upon environment, but upon doing the will of God *in His time and place*.

At the time of her arrival in China, she was one of the first women to be appointed to work among the Mandarin-speaking women of Kuangsi; and, as previously said, the only station in that section was at Kweilin, the capital of the province, and was occupied by two young men. Since there was no opportunity to study the language among the Mandarin women, she resolutely and bravely began to do so at Wucheo, the dialect of which place is very dissimilar in

many respects to the Mandarin. It was a difficult and discouraging task, for while spending her time upon Mandarin sounds and tones she heard spoken about her nothing but Cantonese. Being persuaded that it was God's will for her to acquire the Mandarin in order that she might preach to the perishing women of central and northwest Kuangsi, she was nothing daunted but went to work diligently under the above-named adverse circumstances.

[February 24.] Began study of the Chinese language. A real joy was given by the Father. The tones are queer and some of them difficult.

The next day, visiting a fellow missionary, she had to pass the burial place of the Chinese, and there witnessed for the first time some of the sorrowful heathen rites, which are to be seen everywhere in that land, and the sight of which always fills the soul of a Christian with sadness.

The wailing at the grave. My heart was made sad to see them and yet was made to rejoice that I know Him and am looking for His return.

She was ever longing and thirsting for more of God; always seeking to know Him in a deeper degree.

[February 27.] I am crucified with Christ—Gal. ii.20. A day of victory in Him. A real joy in the study of the language; a deeper surrender and crucifixion; a real desire for God's best, for Christ to live out His life in me; to "in honor prefer one another;" to be more thoughtful of others, and to deal with the faults of Ada Beeson.

[March 2.] Precious communion with Him before breakfast. Mal. iii:3; I Pet. i.6-7, was the message from God. Read Acts 1:6. The vision given by Him for greater things. Lord, make me like Thee—give me the courage of Peter, and the fulness of power.

Although far away from home and loved ones, she never forgot them, but constantly brought them and their interests to the throne of grace. At the close of the entry for March 4th, she says, "Looked to God for the revival at Meridian, Mississippi."

[March 5.] Rom. viii.3. Lord, so fill my life with Christ, the Holy Spirit, that He in me will condemn sin in others. "Deeper yet, deeper yet."

[March 6.] "I am the Lord, I change not." Mal. iii.6; Prov. ii.8; Deut. i.32-33. Lord, teach me my place. Teach me the dif-



1, 3. VIEWS OF WUCHED.

2. THE CENTRAL RECEIVING HOME OF THE C. & M. A. AT WUCHED.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION  
AND  
THE TILDEN FOUNDATION  
L

ference between the joy of the Lord and the frivolity of man. A blessed time with Him in prayer and communion at the bottom of the hill at home. A heart-searching, a looking to Him for guidance about the boards.

The reference to the boards in the preceding paragraph recalls another one of Mrs. Farmer's hard places, or tests, of the first two years, and it will be well to explain the reference in order that the reader may have a clear conception of the problem which confronted her almost as soon as she reached the field.

At the time of her coming to China, she was supported by the Pentecostal Mission, the little band of Christian workers at Nashville, with whom she had been working after leaving Nyack, and who did much of their foreign mission work through the Christian and Missionary Alliance; that is, as they had as yet no independent foreign work of their own, they contributed mission funds through the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and assumed the support of several of the Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries. But in a body of deeply consecrated people where the Spirit of God is allowed to have His way. He will soon be heard saying, as of old, at Antioch: "Separate me" (this or that one) "for the work whereunto I have called them." In a little while several young men and women felt the call of the dark heathen world and offered themselves for that service.

In 1901, W. A. Farmer, the author of this book, was the first missionary to be sent out by the Pentecostal Mission. He was appointed to South China to be supported by the Pentecostal Mission, and to be under the jurisdiction of the Christian and Missionary Alliance on the foreign field, since the former had not as yet organized a regular mission board or opened independent work in that department of church activity. The result might have been foreseen, but it was not, until the missionary found himself trying to do what the Master said was impossible—that is to serve two masters at one time. It was inevitable that complications regarding mission polity should arise which would compel him to either begin an independent work under the Pentecostal Mission, or resign his connection with them and

fully ally himself with the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Feeling that it was not God's will for him to begin a new mission, after much prayer and waiting upon the Lord, and with *deep sorrow* of heart because of the severance of the precious relation that existed between himself and the brethren at Nashville, he, in less than a year after reaching the field, sent in his resignation to the Pentecostal Mission and became a full member of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Mrs. Farmer was the second missionary to be appointed by the Pentecostal Mission, and she sailed to the field just before the letter of resignation of W. A. Farmer reached Nashville.

When the brethren at Nashville fully realized the situation, they felt they should organize a mission board and carry on their work independently of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and other already existing societies on the field. It was in this unhappy state of affairs that Mrs. Farmer and another lady missionary who had been sent to the field with her, found themselves on reaching China. What were they to do? What did the Lord mean by all this? Whatever He meant, He would give them time to find out His will in the matter, so from conference till about the middle of April, many hours were spent in secret prayer endeavoring to know the mind of the Lord. The frequent allusions to it in her journal show that it was a matter of no small moment with her, and will also later show how the matter terminated.

Mrs. Farmer always believed that God wanted His children to be true intercessors, and many of her prayers went up for the whole world. March 8, the morning lesson and prayers in the home being on the Jews, she says: "Keep me humble and in prayer for Israel."

[March 9.] Blessed season in prayer. A burden on my heart for the Pentecostal Mission and Christian and Missionary Alliance board, so spent the morning in prayer and rest.

[March 12.] "My grace is sufficient for thee." Blessed season of prayer for work and boards.

[March 13.] We wrote to Brother B.,— for the Pentecostal Mission Board. Lord, Thy will be done.

She always enjoyed the "all day of prayer," observed once a month by the mission. This was especially true of March 14.

A blessed "day of prayer." The missionaries all gathered together to pray for the needs of the work. The Lord was with us in power—very precious. A day to be remembered.

Although not yet able to speak the language, she nevertheless felt the need, duty, and privilege of praying for the lost about her. March 15, one little sentence among others shows the state of her mind: "A burden for souls."

[March 16.] Nearly one hour of blessed communion with and prayer to God. I met the Lord. I Jno. ii.17. The blessed hope of His coming came to me so precious. I shall be like Him.

[March 17.] Precious communion with Him. A burden for the work and the world. "All things are yours, ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." Good day of study—promise for it—"We have the mind of Christ." Lord, help me appropriate His mind in everything.

A letter written to her sister also gives a good picture of her occupation and feelings at this time.

My time is pretty well occupied with six hours per day on the language and I take some time each day for my private Bible study and prayer. Then we walk every afternoon, which is the thing to do after study; but as it is now, we have no place to walk but over to the hill where the home is going up, and that takes all the afternoon after school hours. When we get on the hill, which we hope to do in two weeks, we will walk out on the hill where we can get fresh air and not have to walk so long.

Well, I am so happy to be here for my blessed Master who has done so much for me! No one can know what a Chinese city is unless they come and see for themselves; and after you have seen one, you have little idea of life in China; for there are as many different customs as there are different cities. Of course, I have seen little of Chinese life, except that of the lower class, for the "long coat" men, as they are called—the merchants, students, and officers—we see little of; and the high-class women are hardly ever seen outside of their homes except in closed chairs. The only way you can know anything about them is by visiting them in their homes. Into many places the missionary is not allowed to go, and then, many places where the women are hungry for the truth and invite the missionaries—ladies of course—to visit their homes, the husband is often in the way, for he can do as he pleases with his wife. There is no law

against ill-treatment, or almost no law. Pray that God may overrule in some way and let these poor women have the gospel. And not for the women alone; but that the men may see their sinful condition and the only Savior. Pray for our teacher. He is a heathen, a bright fellow, and is going to make a fine teacher; and, if he is saved, will make a fine preacher. I am claiming him for the Lord; and want you to also pray for a Mandarin-speaking woman who applied to teach me. I forgot to say that our teacher has been to all the services since we invited him and has asked Miss Prentice to visit the family.

I suppose you know that Annie and I are studying the Mandarin language, for there was no women's work among the Mandarin-speaking Chinese women, so we were asked to take up that work. We hope some day to be pioneer workers among the Mandarin-speaking women. It is precious to see the hand of God in it all. Before I left home there came a conviction over me to study the Mandarin; but I knew not why, and no reason was presented. I spoke to Annie about it and we prayed over it coming across the ocean. I committed it to Him whom I knew did know, and when conference was in session it was discussed. Mr. Hess sent for Annie and me and asked us to pray over the matter. We felt it was God's will, and I still believe it. I am so happy in the study of the language! Really, it is a great joy, and the presence of the Lord is so real to me. I am studying like a little child in the primary department. Truly, I have to teach the teacher how to teach. I find that my primary methods can be used on me finely. I never thought when I was studying primary methods that I would use them on myself. But you truly have to become as "a little child" to get the Chinese language. It is a blessed experience for me in every way to be nothing and be taught. O, that I could be that way in things spiritual every time! I do always want to be, and praise God for the lessons He is teaching me along this line.

You can pass through the city from side to side, about three-quarters of a mile, and pass hundreds of people—and perhaps everyone is a heathen—and if they were to die would be lost forever; perhaps many of them have never so much as heard that there is a Savior. When I see and know this my heart aches, and I cry to God to enable us to gather out His bride from this place, and hasten our blessed Lord back to this sinful earth and put an end to sin, and rule in righteousness. And not only this, but if the church at home could see the great need here at least one-half of the Christian ministers and workers would come to tell those who have never heard. I am learning some precious lessons these waiting days, and want to be used in the ministry of prayer for the salvation of souls.



We also submit the following letter because it contains much about the Chinese and their customs, etc., and their impression upon Mrs. Farmer.

MY DEAR MARVIN AND ETHEL:—I will write you both together, as Aunt Ada is very busy studying the language. You see I am in school studying the first things just as the little Chinese girl or boy would do. It is like learning your A, B, C's, or learning to read as the children do in the primary room in the college, except each pupil has a teacher, or rather each teacher has two pupils, and one studies or recites at a time. You should hear what funny sounds we make. It is not like studying any other language. I will send you my name in Chinese, rather my Chinese name, and you will find how to pronounce it just underneath. The top or first character is like the B in English and means gem or jewel, and the next means good, the third virtuous, so you see Aunt Ada has a good name, and she hopes to be a good girl while here.

I was so glad to get your letters and enjoyed reading them while on the steamer out on the great ocean where we could not get any letters from anybody, and only see the few people on board. Yes, Marvin, I was seasick but was not in bed but one day, and I really could have gotten up that day but I wanted to be quiet, rest and spend much time in prayer to God, for there were many things I wanted to talk to the Father about and I wanted to praise Him for letting me go to tell the heathen about Jesus. I can not tell you how I felt, only those who have been seasick can know how one feels, but you don't feel like running and playing, nor do you feel like eating. Miss Goode and Mr. Zehr were not seasick, neither was Mr. Fee, very much. I suppose father has read my letters to you and you know all the places where we stopped, so I will begin to tell you about China. We reached Hongkong, and left the *Peking*, the large steamer and got on a little "Sampan"—row boat with a cover to it—with two little children about the size of you, Marvin, to row over where there were some boxes and three grown people and little Agnes. I am going to take a picture of one of these Chinese boats and send you some time, but it will be a long time getting there. Now, I will tell you just here that many of these Chinese live in these boats, cook, eat, and sleep right in them and know nothing else. I wish you could see their little pots with the rice cooking, and the tin cans with perhaps some vegetables, meat, salt, etc., in them. That part looks real cosy and nice, but the sad part is that each boat has its idol and altar for worship, and a place for burning incense. When I look at this it makes my heart ache, but all I can do is to pray that some day they may give up their idols and worship our God. It seems strange to have people around you talking and you can't understand one word. The servants in the house do not know one word of English, and we have great fun

trying to make them understand if the missionaries who speak Chinese are away.

Since we came to Wucheo and had the conference we have begun to study the language. I can speak a few sentences in Chinese, and the first one I spoke to my teacher he was so pleased he smiled. I told him in Chinese to write radicals, and he understood me. Pray for my teacher. He is a heathen and worships idols. He came to the service in the chapel last Sunday. I want him saved. He is a very good teacher, and seems to know better how to teach than most Chinese teachers.

The streets here look more like halls than streets. They are about four to six feet wide, and often much of the six-foot-wide streets are taken up with signboards. Really, there is only room for two to walk along on the street, and of course there are no sidewalks, consequently, we go down the street like sheep—one after the other so as to give room for others to pass. We, at home, go to the right while the Chinese go to the left.

I wish you could see the dear little Chinese children. When I look at them, the children and women, I praise God for being born and reared in a Christian land by Christian parents. The mothers and older sisters carry the babies on their backs, strapped on like the Indians. Often the baby girls are killed, for they do not love their girls as they do their boys. Often they are engaged to a man they have never seen when they are no older than you are, Ethel. I saw a little girl just about Marvin's age, and hardly so large, who had been engaged to a man for so much money. The father was an opium eater, and had failed in business and wanted Miss Kennon of the Southern Baptist Mission to lend him some money and take his little girl, but when she told him if he would give up opium she would lend him the money he needed, he would not do it, but engaged the little girl for it and kept on smoking the opium. Doubtless he wanted the money to buy opium. Now I must not forget to tell you that this little girl is going to have to marry soon, for the father does not want to support her longer. There is a Chinaman living next door to us who has money and has bought a slave girl. Many times he beats her very severely, and Mr. Hess goes out and stops him. He does not like it very much while he is angry, but after he gets in a good humor he comes and thanks Mr. Hess for interfering. Aren't you glad your parents are not going to sell you? And that they love you and are not going to beat you?

The heathen worship their idols by shooting off crackers, burning incense and prostrating themselves before the idols. This afternoon while we were walking the Chinese were shooting off fire-crackers and it made my heart ache to think how such worshipping—appeasing the evil spirits—could keep them from harming them. Pray for us that we may present Christ to these darkened souls, and that we may soon acquire the language, and tell them of our

true and living God and Jesus Christ the Savior of mankind, and that souls may be saved. The school opens to-morrow for the Bible women and girls. Miss Campbell is going to teach them, rather is going to teach the women, and a Chinese woman is going to teach the children. I may help arrange to give the children work, teach them to do some things such as you do in the kindergarten at home, only associate it with the Bible and spiritual teaching. Pray for the little girls in this school and for the little boys in the other.

I am finishing this letter on Wednesday night, and the Chinese are having prayer-meeting just under us. I can't go down, for I could not understand what they say. I have learned a few sentences. I had to begin like a child learning to talk.

You let papa and mamma read this letter, also tell the girls how we are. I will write them as soon as I can. There are five girls in our room and no place to get quiet to write and study, as we are not all doing the same things at the same time. I forgot to tell you how the Chinese sleep. Their beds are boards, called bed-boards, put up on a scaffold, and some have only a blanket on that to sleep on, while others have comforts. They have more rice than anything else, that is, the common people. The wealthy have more and their meals are very expensive. We have had only one Chinese meal, and I ate with chop-sticks. You should have seen me. I prefer our food and to eat with knives, forks and spoons. Give my love to papa, mamma, and Ralph, also to all the girls. Write often and tell papa and mamma to write. I have not heard from them since I left San Francisco. I pray for you every day, that you may be good and live for Jesus. Your devoted,

AUNT ADA.

[March 19.] "He who spared not his own son . . . will he not freely give us all things?" A precious time in the Lord. Claimed from Him settlement of the boards according to His will; money for receiving home at Wucheo; Kweilin women's work; Mandarin Bible woman and teacher.

Mrs. Farmer was skilled in the use of her needle, and her diary, especially at this period, is full of notices of cutting and making garments for other members of the mission. She was a veritable Dorcas. She could not bear to be idle and when she was not studying, praying, or sewing, she was busily writing letters to her loved ones and circle of friends who were so blessed by her godly correspondence. One of her sisters said to us a few days ago: "I could never bear to burn Ada's letters, for they were too sacred and full of good things." She considered letter-writing a ministry for the Lord, and she was faithful in the discharge of this

pleasure until her tired, weak hands could no longer hold the pen; and even then, she lay upon her sick bed and dictated to those who would write for her.

Her life, like that of all godly men and women, was not without temptation, often subtle and keen, and her sensitive spiritual nature felt it. But she knew where to go for strength and help. It was her daily habit to look to God for some particular message from His word to her heart, hence, we find almost every entry in her journal begins with some Scripture promise. She always began the day with private prayer and Bible study. She *would not* let other things crowd out the hour of prayer. She was faithful to God, and He in turn was faithful in blessing her.

[March 22.] "I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." A day of testing and trial. The devil tempted in little mean things. Praise God for Christ!

[March 24.] I Cor. x.26; Luke xv.31—Promise for the home. A heart-searching time before God. Ex. xxxi.3, was given me. On it I claimed power for music, typewriting, and all I need to make me useful for His service.

The above reference to trusting God for His Spirit to fill her with wisdom, understanding, and knowledge to acquire music, and ability to become skilled in typewriting was so characteristic of her. Wherever she saw a lack in her life, no matter of what nature, she felt that God would help her to measure up to that need, especially when it meant making her more useful for Him and His service.

[March 26.] The need of the home a great burden upon Mr. Hess. He called for an hour of prayer. Precious time in waiting, and blessed oneness in having the work continue; and He would send the means. I Cor. iii.21, 23; Rom. viii.32; I Cor. x.26; Luke xv.31 were given again for the home, and such sweet assurance that He would supply according to Phil. iv.19.

[March 27.] Finished Acts. Praise God for what He showed me of the power of the Spirit in Acts. Lord, take us back to Apostolic power!

[March 28.] Reviewed Acts during "quiet hour." Had a precious time of prayer.

[March 29.] I Cor. xv. Miss Rutherford led. "Looking for and hastening to the coming of our blessed Lord." Precious time

with the Lord, and a real burden for the Chinese Christians to receive the Holy Spirit. Sewed on ——'s dress and finished it for her to wear to Mrs. Macdonald's. Went to Mrs. Macdonald's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Byrde. Found them to be such dear children of God.

[March 30. Easter Sunday.] A precious quiet day with Him. Began I Samuel in Bible study. Had a real heart-searching time alone, and burden of prayer. Looked to God to take out of my life three things: 1. Nervousness with things that offend my taste and finer nature. 2. To say nothing when my opinions or plans are crossed by any one. 3. Give me real joy in doing things for people who do not appreciate them, but complain.

[April 1.] Teacher came and I took Lesson III in Primer; counted to one hundred, and translated part of the page. Went down to Girls' School to hear students "back the book" for Miss Campbell. Learned some precious lessons from Mrs. Ts'ai, washer-woman and others. Keep me true to God and make use of my moments for God.

The Chinese quarters of the new receiving home had now been about completed and the new missionaries who had been so crowded in the little house in the city, prepared to move to the hill across the river where they could be more comfortable and have more healthful quarters.

[April 2.] Packed for moving to the hill. Studied the Word and had a precious time. Mr. Hess received telegram, sent March 26—day we prayed especially for building—for \$1,010.00 gold for the home. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Phil. iv. 19, made real once more. Lord, help me to take more of Thy riches for Thy glory.

These first days of April were spent largely in moving to the hill and getting things nicely arranged. April 6th was the first Sabbath on the hill. As the place is covered with Chinese graves, she was interested in watching the people come and go, worshiping at the tombs.

The Chinese worshiping their ancestors interesting, but exceedingly sad. My heart ached for them. A day of quiet and rest with the Lord.

Although not a strong woman, yet at times Mrs. Farmer would set apart a season for fasting and prayer.

[April 9.] "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee." Had precious communion . . . A real heart-search—fasted and prayed.

On the 10th and 11th of April she writes that she is greatly burdened in prayer concerning the settlement of affairs by the two mission boards, and on the 12th, she and Miss Goode received a cablegram from the Pentecostal Mission telling them to go to Canton and study. In other words, to no longer consider themselves under the guidance of the Christian and Missionary Alliance board. She writes:

Telegram came from Nashville. Annie and I waited much upon the Lord. He gave great victory in heart but no clear leading. Wait, do not answer now. Mr. Hess said not a word to us; a constant waiting to hear Him speak. (The next day being the Sabbath, she had an unusually good opportunity for quiet and prayer and so the journal reads): "He that willeth to know shall know. I will guide thee with mine eye." A day spent waiting upon God. The Lord took me into a deeper death to everything and showed me the responsible place He had given me. He did not let me resign either, but showed me to stand still with the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

She and her fellow missionary sent the following cablegram to the Pentecostal Mission. "Remaining with the Alliance, writing." They did not mean this to be taken as an absolute resignation from the Pentecostal Mission, for they still hoped that some satisfactory agreement could be devised whereby the two boards might continue affiliated as before. Being two single women, alone, and without the language as yet, they did not feel that God would have them go to Canton to live and plod along without the fellowship and help of other missionaries, which is so invaluable at all times on the foreign field, and especially so during the earlier years of one's missionary life.

[April 14.] Awoke with burden for boards. Still at rest about leading. My heart much in prayer for Nashville people and board.

[April 15.] "Their redeemer is strong. My hand is not shortened." Helped Mrs. — sew. The Lord blessedly touched my body,—took away all the pain and enabled me to sew.

[April 17.] Sewed all the morning for Mrs. —. Made —'s blue cap; fixed Mrs. —'s gray dress. Teacher came in afternoon. Made no progress.

The difference of opinion of the two mission boards, regarding certain features of mission polity could not be sat-

isfactorily adjusted, and the only thing to do was to sever their relationship from one of the two missions. Both ladies felt that since the two missions were so one in their doctrinal views and methods of work, there was no necessity for establishing a new society on the field. If a multiplicity of denominations is not desirable in the home land, far less is it on the mission field. Thank God that denominational fences are not built quite as high on the mission field as at home, and the trend is toward greater fellowship and harmony of all evangelical societies in many places. Again, the establishment of a new mission meant an unnecessary outlay of men and money, besides entailing upon the new missionaries the toilsome task of passing through that stage of learning lessons and making blunders which an older mission had already passed. The need of advice, fellowship and help from fellow missionaries was also felt. And inasmuch as the Christian and Missionary Alliance mission seemed to embody all that the Pentecostal Mission desired to accomplish if they established a foreign work of their own, a letter of complete resignation was soon forwarded to Nashville.

We feel that it should be said here that the previous resignation of W. A. Farmer, and later that of Mrs. Farmer, cost them both no little amount of sorrow and tears, and was done only after much prayer, fasting, and long waiting upon the Lord. In the faithful little band at Nashville, they both had some of the *best* and *truest* friends that they had ever known. They were brethren and sisters in the Lord who had befriended them in times of temporal need, to say nothing of the great spiritual help and stay they had been at the time when the call of God came to forsake all and follow Him to China. Both by prayer and means they had made it possible for one of them to take an extra course of training at the Missionary Training School, and also to get to the mission field. How much Mrs. Farmer was beloved by this coterie of friends is shown by the high tribute paid to her in an article in *Living Water*, written by Reverend J. O. McClurkan after her death.

As one looks down the path of life nothing causes the heart to sorrow so as much as the separations all along the way; but the deep, close walk with God is a separated life. Separated from native land; separated from loved ones; separated, it may be, from a circle of beloved friends, as in the case above; and sometimes, yea, often, God takes the loving husband or wife to Himself, and the soul is left separated in a deeper sense than ever before. Oh, how the heart aches and how lonely life seems! But it is all a part of life's mystery, pain, suffering, and discipline, and we know it must be in the end "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby."

But not to-day, then be content, poor heart;  
 God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
 And if through patient toil we reach the land  
 Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,  
 When we shall clearly know and understand,  
 I think that we shall say that, "God knew best."

A letter to her loved ones at home, dated May 1st, tells of how fully she occupied the passing moments. While there would be interruptions, yet she tried to adhere to some settled program each day in order to accomplish the more. Her diary at this period shows that she spent much time in sewing and doing things *for others*.

I find two letters of yours unanswered, but I find as little time here as in the home land. When I tell you how my time is spent each day you will not wonder.

Rising bell at six a. m.; breakfast at seven; have that hour for quiet before God, and to dress. I leave the dressing for last, and usually take about twenty minutes for my bath and to dress. I had rather rush with my dressing than praying. Morning prayers in the home about seven forty-five or eight; study Bible from then till nine, and sometimes ten; study with teacher from ten-thirty till twelve; dinner at twelve; study two to three-thirty; study with teacher from three-thirty to five; after that we go for a walk, or to see some of the other missionaries; supper at six-thirty; write letters and read after supper; lights out at ten. So, you see, there is little time to play.



Mrs. Farmer was systematic almost to a fault, and all through life it mattered not what she had to do, it had to be done with system and order.

I praise God for this system and His blessed presence and guidance. I can't tell you how happy I am to be here in this dark land to tell them of our blessed Savior. Many new experiences have come to me and I know Him better for them. I am learning how to lean upon Him alone for everything. It made me feel so little and humble when I read your letter stating how the dear friends in Arcadia contributed to my support. May the dear Lord make it as great a blessing to them as it has been to me. Oh, that we would not rob God of what He should have—*our all!*

The longer I am here the more I praise God for letting me come to these dear Chinese women who worship idols and their dead ancestors, to tell them about our precious Savior that we love so much. While I can not talk to them this year, I believe He will give me souls anyway. He has laid a great burden of prayer upon my heart for them and for the work. The Lord gave me money enough during the summer, for the work in China, to support a preacher. I had looked to Him for that amount above my outfit and He gave it. He has sent in the full amount for the home. While we were praying for the money, the day Mr. Hess called us together for that purpose, the dear Lord spoke to a woman in America to send \$1,010.00. But I must tell you the part I had in it. One day, about three days before Mr. Hess called us together to pray for the money, the Lord laid quite a burden upon my heart for the home, and while praying alone and waiting upon Him, He gave me, "All things are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Also, Rom. viii.30, so I took several things from Him and wrote them in my diary, excepting the home. That was a pretty big thing I thought, but praise God, not too big for Him! I felt condemned that I did not write "Home" in my diary, and saw the devil was trying to cheat me out of it, so I went and put "Home" in, and such a joy and praise came into my heart that it would be done that when the day came to pray I had more praise than petition. It has been such a blessing to me, for which I praise Him.

My Bible is growing so much more real to me as I study the New Testament here on the mission field. There is so much more similarity than at home. Here we see more of the power manifested that we do not see at home, and He has put such a longing in my heart that I may be so yielded to Him that He may do the "greater works" through me and all the dear missionaries here in South China. Pray for us that we may have a Pentecostal revival.

[May 7.] Awoke early in prayer. Spoke to —— as I should not. Fasted and prayed. A day of prayer, communion, and victory in Him.

[May 10.] Studied with the teacher in the morning. I have been learning something of the power of a personal devil. Trimmed Mrs. ——'s hat, cut a pattern for ——, made flannel belt. Prayed with Ta Sao for her baby.

[May 11.] "The battle is not yours, but God's." A blessed Bible-study. Prayer, and waiting before Him. After seeing the power of the devil, He showed me the power of the living God. II Cor. ii.14.

[May 13.] "All power is given unto me." Letter from T'enghsien. The woman we prayed for blessedly healed.

[May 16.] A servant of Jesus. Jno. xv.15. Rather sleepy in morning, but would not give way.

[May 17.] Miss —— spent the day here. I sewed and made her waist. I fixed waists for ——. Sewed some after supper. Much thought and prayer of Meridian. One year ago to-night I spoke on China to the girls. May the dear Lord call some out of that school for the foreign field.

[May 18.] A precious time in prayer and fasting before Him.

[May 20.] Up at five-thirty, prayer and heart-searching, and found where I could have preferred——"

There is still an occasional reference to the mission boards, as it takes such a long time to write to America and get an answer. All the time the question was pending she was most faithful in prayer.

[June 3.] "Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day. Awoke with a great burden for the boards. Tried to study, but heart almost broke when the question of the boards would come to mind; had to stop studying and pray about it, but little rest came. A great burden.

[June 6.] "I will rest in his love." A precious study of the Bible and waiting upon Him before the prayer-meeting. A vision of taking hold of God with the heart, and not let the mind and ideas of others lead, and the "*greater works*" being done through us.

The following is an extract from a letter written to her parents about this time.

"I am glad, mother, you have your pretty chickens and nice convenient house for them. Mrs. Hess has some chickens since we are on the hill. I tell her they are quite musical, for they get into the

trunk room, which is just under my room, and cackle. They are Chinese chickens and understand Chinese calling better than English, and they do not like foreign food like we eat. She has to get rice in the husk for them. One evening while we were at supper, one hen flew up in the window and Mrs. Hess had some one to catch her; then the second one flew up. I found out that they did it to be caught and put to bed. You see, the Chinese chickens are kept in the house at night, as they have nowhere else to keep them, and that is their custom to catch them and put them to bed. You haven't yours that well trained, even if they are finer ones.

I do praise the dear Lord for the way He has helped me with the Chinese language. There have been so many things to hinder my study, but notwithstanding, I can speak a little and can understand some when I hear the Mandarin.

I must tell you one other thing I am doing—studying music—rather, practicing some every day. In about three weeks I have learned six pieces on the organ and three on the auto-harp. I was feeling the need of music, that is, of being able to play hymns for the Chinese. While I was feeling that way and praying over it, the dear Lord brought this passage to me, "I have filled him (you) with the Spirit of God in wisdom and in understanding; and in knowledge and in all manner of workmanship." Ex. xxxi.3. I then had faith to try. So I stepped out and began to practice, and God has wonderfully helped me, for which I praise Him. It is for Him I am doing it, praise His dear name!

There are many questions and problems and many burdens of the work to bear, but what joy of the Lord He gives. We are needed so much more here than in the home land, where the ministers are treading upon one another's toes, and squabbling over little differences, while the people all over the heathen world, as well as in the home land, are falling into Christless graves. How we need workers all over this great empire!

The reference in Mrs. Farmer's letter to the chickens and the Chinese custom of putting them to bed, recalls a night we once spent at a Chinese inn, where the old lady of the place caught all her chickens and put them under our bed for the night. Although worn and tired from a hard day of walking, preaching, and distributing Scriptures, we had to endure the vociferous racket caused by the crowing of the cocks at the different hours of the night. It quite often happens, too, in such a case, that one's room is separated only by loose boards from the room in which are installed the pigs and cows, so that, in addition to the shrill calls of

the chanticleers, there is the "Sweet breath of the kine," of which the poets write, to help soothe (?) one's tired nerves. It is also quite likely that several of the guests are opium smokers, who love to lie smoking and talking until after midnight. As you are the chief topic of conversation, you can not sleep for desiring to see yourself as others see you. Generally, the inn is tightly closed, so that practically no fresh air can come in; and what with cows, pigs, chickens, opium, tobacco, salt fish, burning incense, smoke from the fire, and many other smells and sounds too numerous to mention, it is a night never to be forgotten. If ever a missionary deserves pity, (which is very seldom), it is on one of these nights when he lays his weary body down on the hard bed-boards, with the chickens beneath and all the above-described accompaniments about him, and tries,—I say *tries*,—to get a little sleep and rest. When the doors are opened in the early morning and the fresh air rushes in, it is like a breath from heaven.

[June 19.] "He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." Much prayer and waiting upon God a great part of the day.

[June 22.] "He that willeth to know shall know." Precious time in fasting and prayer. Hebrews, vii. Spent a great part of the day waiting upon Him.

[June 24.] We called upon poor Miss ——. How I praise God for salvation and something to live for!

[July 14.] Awoke with such a burden of prayer for Chinese women. Dreamed I was preaching. What joy!

In a letter a few paragraphs above, Mrs. Farmer speaks of there having been "so many things to hinder" in the language study during the few months she had been in China. At the time she wrote those lines she little realized that a still greater hindrance was soon to be thrust before her. Her journal entries for the early days of July speak frequently of the rising of the river. Wucheo is situated at the junction of two rivers, and is annually subjected to an inundation, which in the year of 1902, was very severe.

The wife of one of the members of the Imperial Customs' staff, became ill with a most distressing case of typhoid

fever, and as she was living in a low part of the city and on the bank of the river, the rapidly rising water was anything but reassuring. The Christian and Missionary Alliance home on one of the nicest elevations overlooking the city, appealed to the family as a place of refuge, and they requested that Mrs.—— be allowed to be moved to the hill. As we have noticed before, the main building of the home was under construction, and the members of the mission were crowded into the recently completed servants' quarters of the home. Moreover, three of the missionaries were studying the language. How could they take another one in, especially as the person had typhoid fever, and would be, notwithstanding the fact of having a trained nurse and physician in attendance, an extra care, in many ways, to the missionaries? Realizing the need of the patient for a better place, and wishing to show the love of Christ to all who need that love and kindness, the missionaries consented to have Mrs. —— moved to the hill.

It fell to the lot of Mrs. Farmer and two other ladies to assist the nurse in the sick-room. The service was most gladly given, but it meant much self-denial, discomfort, and interrupted language study, as there would be the loss of sleep at night and consequent lack of strength for the good mental work required in the study of Chinese.

There are few lives that more beautifully exemplify the principle that missionaries are called, not only to preach the gospel in so many words, but to do all kinds of things for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, than Mrs. Farmer's. Whenever it was necessary to serve Christ in some other way than by preaching, house-to-house visitation, etc., she gladly accepted it as His appointment for her, and went about it with a heart full of love and face shining with happiness, actuated with the thought that it was service for Christ. She would never shirk unpleasant responsibility or delegate it to others, but with a whole-heartedness, which was most inspiring and praiseworthy, applied herself to the duty of the hour.

For three weeks there is no record of anything in her diary. Under August 12, we find:

On duty in the sick-room from four a. m.—11. Had a good time with the Word of God—read Philippians. Felt condemned over foolish talking. Lord, put a seal on my lips.

For about three months Mrs. — was sick with typhoid fever, and in addition, several members of the mission were also sick with various complaints incidental to the hot days of summer in South China. While Mrs. — was critically ill, Mrs. Hess, the wife of the superintendent of the mission, was taken sick, and, after lingering a few days, passed away. This was a great blow to the mission and hard to bear, for in her death the mission lost one of its most saintly women and best workers. Lovingly and unselfishly she had laid down her life for the Chinese and all who came within her reach. Her missionary life, like that of Mrs. Farmer's, was short, but so filled with God and good deeds that all who knew her had cause to thank God for the privilege of having been in her presence, and the recipients of her loving, Christlike, ministry. Truly, her memory is blessed.

Those days were days that tried heart and faith. It was a season of trial and testing, which comes, now and then, to the missionary in the foreign field. A season fraught with sadness, temptation, and trial, which either draws him closer to God by the triumph of faith and patience, or results in inglorious failure because the soul gives way to discouragement and despair. It was a time when all were "pressed to the utmost."

Pressed out of measure and pressed to all length;  
 Pressed so intensely, it seems beyond strength;  
 Pressed in the body, and pressed in the soul,  
 Pressed in the mind, till the dark surges roll.  
 Pressure by foes, and a pressure by friends,  
 Pressure on pressure, till life nearly ends.

Pressed into knowing no helper, but God;  
 Pressed into loving the staff and the rod;  
 Pressed into liberty where nothing clings;  
 Pressed into faith for impossible things;  
 Pressed into living a life in the Lord;  
 Pressed into living a Christ-life outpoured.

[August 14.] Studied very little in the morning. The nurse, Mrs. —, left. Felt condemned over too much light talking, and too much discussing and making of dress. Thy will be done.

[August 14.] Slept in room with Mrs. —. Precious time waiting upon God. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." A trial of good being evil spoken of. Lord, make me more like Thyself.

[August 24.] A day of blessing to my own soul. I read Revelation and Daniel, and feasted upon His Word.

[August 25.] Annie watched with Mrs. —. She grew worse. I could not study for such a burden of prayer for her, yet I did not know she was worse. The Lord spoke to several of us during the day. At six p. m. she was very bad; sent for Doctor Macdonald, and he pronounced it the crisis. We gathered together for prayer at dark, and the Lord gave me, "I will do a new thing. Now it shall spring forth."

[August 29.] Sat with Mrs. — last night. She had a very good night. I had a test in body; studied none in morning. Mrs. C— has breakbone fever. Mrs. D— had fever, but God delivered. Lord, help me get the language!

[August 31.] Fasted and prayed; had a quiet time. Brother Hess sick in bed.

[September 1.] Brother Hess very sick all night. Studied with the teacher. A day of victory. Sick, retired early. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my *expectation is from Him.*"

[September 2.] The Lord preciously met me and healed my body. Slept the greater part of the morning. Studied a little. Had a quiet time in prayer,—heart-searching. Praise God for victory!

[September 5.] "All day of prayer." A precious day of waiting upon God in prayer for the work. Brother Hess able to be present; all well enough to be present. While praying for \$4,000.00 for building premises in South China, the dear Lord gave me, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

[September 6.] Afternoon read "Eminent Missionary Women," and my heart was thrilled more and more to live only for God and win souls for Him in this dark land of China.

[September 7.] Slept till seven a. m., then spent some time in fasting and prayer. A blessed time during the morning. There was no one in the p'ang, (a bamboo mat shed used temporarily for sleeping quarters while they were so crowded), but the Lord and myself. My heart was refreshed, and how I praised God for this quiet!

[September 8.] A fine day of study. The first in three months, and how I praise God for it! This was a day of victory in Him. All the glory and praise to Him!

[September 13.] Spent some time in waiting upon God about wearing Chinese dress.

[September 15.] Up early in prayer. Burden of prayer for Mrs. Hess and all. Went straight back from family prayers to pray. Could not study. Spent the greater part of the morning praying and with the Word. Prepared to study in the afternoon, but could not, so put it up and went to prayer. Poured out my soul before God. All left the p'ang and I had a real heart-searching and waiting upon God. The Lord gave me Eph. iii.20; Gen. iii.25; Phil. ii.9-10. Boy came for me to pray with Mrs. Hess. She felt her time to go had come. The Lord knew why I was burdened.

[September 17.] Studied with the teacher from eleven to twelve Mark iv. Spoke to him all I could about the kingdom of God, and believing with the heart.

The next four or five days were very sad and trying ones. Mrs. Hess gradually grew worse and passed away, September 22, a little after midnight. Mrs. Farmer was present and helped to dress and prepare the body for burial. The strain upon her was very great and she felt the effects of it.

[September 23.] I sat with Mrs. — from ten p. m. So tired and nervous, but God graciously met and delivered.

[October 1.] Came near having a chill this morning, but God delivered.

[October 4.] Went over to help sew—Lord, keep me from being sarcastic.

[October 6.] Awoke with headache. Job xlii.2; Matt. xxviii.18.

[October 11.] Slept little. In much prayer to know His mind about matters.

[October 14.] Mrs. — left for home, six-thirty a. m.

The lady referred to in the last quotation was the typhoid patient who had become convalescent enough to be removed to her home. After the long seige of illness, death and many other trying circumstances, it was thought best for all who were not well, and who had shared the burden of nursing, to go to Macao for a few weeks' rest. Although it was late in the season for vacation, the hot days of August and September having passed, yet the rest afforded was like the sweet refreshment which comes at night



after a day of toil and sadness. Mrs. Farmer with a party of missionaries left Wucheo for Macao October 22.

Up at five a. m. Finished packing for trip to Macao. I had a real rest in the Lord; blessed communion and fellowship all day. How blessed to be in quiet communion all day!

About a month was spent in Macao, and as the party was a congenial one the days sped only too quickly. Plenty of sleep and rest, light exercise, such as walking, surf-bathing, etc., study of God's word, and prayer filled up the time. This vacation was greatly enjoyed by Mrs. Farmer, for more than one cause contributed to its happiness; and not least of the many, was the presence of W. A. Farmer, who formed one of the party. Their attachment for each other had begun soon after her arrival on the field, and it was during these days at Macao that the plans for her marriage to him a year later, were matured.

Since, for personal and other reasons, we have not up to this time given her diary references to this matter, yet that we may have a full view of her life and a true estimate of her character, we feel enough should be told to show how she contemplated this step.

She believed that under no conditions whatever, should believers and unbelievers be yoked together in marriage. To her mind the Scriptures were plain enough on this point. All missionaries well know it becomes indeed a very serious question when a heathen man wants to marry one of the Christian girls or women of the mission. Mrs. Farmer believed that it should never be permitted, and her clear forceful reasons are well given in an article on this subject, published a few years ago in, *Woman's Work in the Far East*. What she taught the new converts in China, she consistently exemplified in her own practice. She had ever said that she would not marry a man who was not a thoroughly consecrated Christian, and after her call to the foreign field, determined never to unite herself in marriage to any one who was not a missionary.

In passing, we would like to remark, that the importance of this principle can not be too much insisted upon. Almost any missionary who has been upon the field any length of

time will bear witness to the sad failures which in many cases have been made by lady missionaries marrying a man whose life's vocation lay in some other direction. The strong effort made to carry on some kind of mission work with an unsympathetic partner in life generally ends in the abandonment of it altogether; and what in the beginning, promised to be a gloriously fruitful and happy life, filled with service for God and man, is passed in compulsory selfishness, remorse, and regret.

As the question of love and marriage is such a tremendous factor in life, and is fraught with so much blessing or woe, we can not too strongly urge, not only missionaries on the field, but also candidates for the service, to carefully consider what they do. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit. If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple. And no man taketh this honor unto himself but he that is called of God." In the face of such Scriptures, one who has what Terstegen calls

The ordination of the pierced hands.

had well beware of making any alliance which would in the least degree be incompatible with the carrying out of God's will and plans for life.

Mrs. Farmer considered this step from the spiritual, social, mental, and practical, as well as the happy and romantic point of view. A nature like hers could love with all the intensity of which a woman is capable, but at the same time, she wanted to know God's will, and have His smile of approval. Besides many other hours of prayer, the night before she gave her final consent, and made the announcement of her engagement, was spent in prayer in reference to the matter. While we do not care to give the details of this part of her life, yet we do desire to quote an extract or two from some letters written to her loved ones at home, and but recently given to the writer. To her parents she writes:

I have been awaiting a letter from you stating your opinion in regard to our love for each other with the expectation of marriage.

Since it is so long hearing, and the conference convenes so soon, October 13, we may enter into an engagement and have it announced. I know you have left me with God in the matter, as you have always done. . . . I am more and more convinced that it is God's will and plan for our lives, and that the best missionary work can be done in China by a married couple, rather than single men and women. And besides all this, God has permitted us to love each other, and Mr. Farmer is the only man I have ever loved. I praise God for keeping me from marrying and remaining in the home land.

Now, you may think me foolish to write you as I have, as we children seldom speak to you in this way, but I have felt, since being so far away from home, and there being no other way of communication, you both should know something of how things stand. I write it to both. Daughters usually confide these things to the mother, but I write to both. I am sure you can risk me with him and God. I hope to hear from you in reply to my first letter in regard to this before conference, for it will be much better to have our engagement announced then, so that the committee may know what action to take in regard to property, distribution of workers, etc., and then for us personally, as the missionaries suspect it, but are not sure where to place us.

I feel free to take the step without hearing from you, if God leads, for mother expressed herself before I left, as preferring me to be married here in China.

In her cheery, happy way she always had a message for all, so in the close of this letter she says,

Tell brother — I shall expect that handsome present and I have not forgotten that he said he was willing for me to come if there were any young men here. Well, the only one I have ever really loved is here, and I am very happy in it all, for I believe it is God's will for us.

In another letter she says:

We do not know when Mr. Farmer and I will be married. The ruling of the mission is that the last one on the field has to be here two years before marriage, but if it is better for the work, sometimes it is granted earlier. Still we have no plans, but are looking to God for His time and plans to be carried out.

This is a serious question anywhere, but especially on the foreign field, and we have not gone into it in a simple, silly, way, but in much prayer and waiting upon God as to His will and approval. Besides the *love*, He has set His seal upon every step of the way, and we are very happy in the thought of laboring together for Him and these precious souls to whom He has called us.

After making several personal remarks, she facetiously adds:

I have told others to send you letters, so that you may have all this, but if you have, just forgive the repetition and say, "Ada is really in love with a man." The Lord has taught me many precious lessons since the relation sprang up between Mr. Farmer and myself. I know Him better than ever before. I feel that I am all the Lord's apart from Mr. Farmer, and then I feel we are both His together, so I am doubly His. It is so precious to take the steps of marriage with one, where we can be *one* in all things in Christ.

The happy days of rest and recuperation at Macao were soon over, and by November 22, all had returned to Wucheo, and Mrs. Farmer was once more busy with the language and the other duties which fell to her lot. Under the above date she writes: "My heart rejoiced to get home once more."

[November 24.] Awoke in the night with a burden of prayer. Wilmoth ate his last dinner with us and prepared to go. It was hard to see him go and my natural heart will be with him, yet I rejoiced that he was able to return to his work for the Lord. God keep and bless. Praise God for the opportunity to study again!

[November 25.] Awoke with such a burden of prayer for the salvation of many souls in China; the "Flower Boat" girls; the slave girls; opium smokers especially; and that God would give Wilmoth and me many precious souls.—Studied with teacher, and with such joy.

The remaining days of the year are without a record of any kind.



## GO AND TELL.

Send the gospel of salvation,  
To a world of dying men;  
Tell it out to every nation,  
Till the Lord shall come again.

'Tis the church's great commission  
'Tis the Master's last command;  
Christ has died for every creature,  
Tell it out in every land.

Tell it out to China's missions,  
Tell it out in fair Japan;  
Tell it by the mighty Congo,  
Tell it in the dark Soudan.

'Mid the lone Tibetan mountains,  
By the Orinoco's strand;  
O'er the burning plains of India,  
Tell it out in every land.

Christ is gath'ring out a people,  
To His name from every race;  
Haste to give the invitation,  
Ere shall end the day of grace.

Give the gospel as a witness,  
To a world of sinful men;  
Till the Bride shall be completed,  
And the Lord shall come again.

*A. B. Simpson.*

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FIRST TWO YEARS ON THE FIELD (CONTINUED) FIRST WORK AMONG THE CHINESE. MARRIAGE

*Tell it again! Tell it again!  
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er  
'Till none can say of the children of men,  
Nobody ever has told me before.*

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things!—ISAIAH.



BEFORE taking up the thread of the previous chapter we would like to say that usually most mission boards allot two years to the new missionary to do little else but study the language. The first two years of the new recruit are watched with much interest and some little apprehension by the older missionaries, for they are very indicative of a missionary's career; they either make or break him. Generally speaking, they are the two hardest years upon the field; certainly the two hardest of the first term of service. A person will, by God's grace, and his own determination and hard work, rise superior to every obstacle and conquer, or, he will be conquered by circumstances and become a failure. He is not battling with the difficulty of the language alone. If that were all, well and good; but with the new land, the new people, the strange customs, and the different climate; and then that other climate to which it is sometimes more difficult to become accustomed than to any other, namely, the climate created by his fellow workers already on the field with their different views and larger experience of mission work. Again, there are the awful and subtle temptations of Satan; sickness, either of himself or some one else near him, and hundreds of other trying and harassing things,

all of which seem to combine during the first two years, to hinder a new missionary.

This preparatory period of testing and delay is of infinite value to the new missionary as well as to the mission, and happy is the man who passes through it and still maintains the fervor of his first love and earnestness to preach the gospel in the regions beyond! While there are some who give up the fight and return home, or become deadweights on the mission, we are glad to say that in most cases, by the grace of God, the soul rises equal to the occasion and demands made upon it, and goes on conquering and to conquer, fulfilling all of God's glorious plans and purposes for life.

Mrs. Farmer's first two years, we would not say were more difficult than those of other missionaries, for what is dreaded by one person is often a mere trifle to another; but we think that in the foregoing chapter, which about covers her first year in China, and in which we have not revealed all the hardships of that period, enough has been told to show that her life was by no means exempt from trials and difficulties. The one truth which she ever believed with all her heart, was, that God was directing her life, and all that came to her was by His permission, and meant good for her and glory to Him; consequently, she met the trying things of life with holy joy and confidence, and triumphed in the grace of God.

We shall now resume the quotations from her journal, which begin near the close of her first year in China.

[January 1.] Blessed watch-night service. Verses for the New Year, Isa. xli.10; Eph. v.17; Josh. i.9; Dan. xi.32.

The first half of the month has a meager record. Her Sabbath mornings were almost invariably spent in fasting and prayer.

[January 18.] "Thou hast given him power over all flesh." A precious time in fasting and prayer. Jno. xvii.2;—I had a blessed time studying Ezk. xxiv, xxv, xxvi, as to God's dealings with Jerusalem; and then the punishment of the cities that were against Jerusalem; and a most precious season for the work, more workers, and the whole world.



Although she loved China dearly, her heart like that of her Savior, could not confine itself to one place, but beat with love for the whole world. The following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, she speaks of having headache, that bugbear of the East to those who do hard mental work; but on Thursday says:

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." A precious day of drinking in the life of God; his presence very real. Teach me more to cease, and let Thee be my *all* in *all*.

[January 23.] All the ladies of our mission called upon Mrs. — (wife of one of the Customs staff). When I saw her life, how I praised God for saving me from such! "For Thee all the follies of sin I resign."

[January 24.] Head better, praise the Lord! Studied with the teacher and had such a burden of prayer could not study; so poured out my heart in prayer and thanksgiving to God.

How faithful in prayer she was!

[January 25.] Such a burden of prayer for Wilmoth and Brother Cunningham. (The latter was sick with fever in Kweilin and the writer was with him.) Went to guest-room and poured out my heart to God.

[January 30.] "Search me, O God, and know my heart." Spent the early morn in bed in prayer and looking to God. Met Him face to face; underwent a heart-searching.

The Chinese teacher under whom Mrs. Farmer was studying at this time was a fine gentleman and became much interested in the gospel. In January while Mr. Franscen, a Swedish evangelist, was holding meetings for the Chinese in Wucheo, Liao Sien Seng showed signs of true repentance, often weeping over his sins and seeking forgiveness. Mrs. Farmer and others taught him, prayed with him, and helped him to see Christ as his Savior. He found peace and joy in the Lord, served God faithfully, and helped to preach the gospel at Kweilin for some little time.

[February 8.] "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. Pray in the Holy Ghost." Morning of special blessing in prayer and communion. Jesus is my "all in all." When it is so precious now to look back and see what God has done for us, what must it be when He comes, and we see it all from the God side!

[February 15.] "They that are in the flesh can not please God." Rom. viii.8. Precious time in prayer and a real weeping before Him for His goodness to me, and for what He is in Himself. One year ago to-day I reached Wucheo. My heart is so full of praise for what this year has been! I know my God better. I look out into the next and expect still more.

[February 16.] "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." Lord, make my life so sweet that it will be fragrant, and that all who come in contact with me may find Thy sweetness.

[March 1.] I testified in Chinese for the first time. I made many mistakes, but praise God for helping me!

In a letter to her sister, Mrs. Conger, dated March 7th, she says:

We are all well and happy in Him here. I have finished Mark and am up to the fourth chapter of Matthew. How I long to get out and tell the gospel to these people! I will be so glad when I can get on an inland station, where I can wear Chinese and not have to think about sewing and fixing; but live like the Chinese. I am now studying Daniel and Isaiah for my Bible study, and am being much blessed in the study of prophecy.

[March 14.] Thieves heard last night, and had a regular night-dress parade! But no thief caught.

[March 16.] Praise God for what He is, and how He reveals His will to those who will it.

[March 24.] Victory in Jesus, though misunderstood.

In a letter dated March 25, she writes:

How I rejoice with you that the Lord has sent you some Spirit-filled men as pastors of the different churches in Arcadia, and for your women's prayer-meeting. God grant that it may be a place of power for good, first, in deepening the lives of the women, and next, in making them a great power in the hands of God in bringing others to Christ. I know you will pray for me, rather us, the work, and different needs on all the stations. You can not know how many of these precious souls you can help to bring into the kingdom by your prayers. They have to be prayed into the kingdom, for the enemy is so alive in this land and has so many devices to snatch them away. The persecution through which many of these dear souls have to pass is more than we can conceive, and it is especially hard for the poor women, for they are largely ruled by their husbands and sons.

The record for April is filled with references to prayer and the everyday routine of life, in which she was no small

factor in serving others by all the little deeds of kindness which would present themselves in such a large household; for not only were members of the Christian and Missionary Alliance mission present, but also some from the Church Missionary Society. It was one of her delights to help attend to the little babe of Mrs. Byrde, one of the Church Missionary Society ladies, and there are frequent references to this pleasure. We have already remarked in a preceding chapter how she was ever the children's friend. In a letter referring to the little Church Missionary Society baby, she says:

The babe is so sweet and fat; you know how I love children, so I have been enjoying the little one. She is a little over a year old and beginning to talk a little.

There are also frequent references to the awful famine which ravaged that portion of Kuangsi in which the Christian and Missionary Alliance labored. She constantly remembered in prayer those in distress, and also helped them by what offerings she was able to contribute.

[May 3.] Awoke and waited upon the Lord; studied the morning lesson, Isa. liii; never seemed so precious, I think. Mrs. Byrde came in and we prayed for the women and work in Kweilin, and work in general, and all the world.

Mrs. Farmer, although having studied only a little over a year and under the most trying conditions, now began to go out occasionally in company with one of the Cantonese-speaking lady missionaries and the Bible-woman. Wherever she met a Mandarin-speaking woman she would try and tell them of Jesus and His love.

[May 7.] Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Wang and I went calling and a great rain storm came. I spoke a few words in Chinese. Praise God! Miss Rutherford and I waded the water.

[May 8.] Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Wang and I called at three places. I talked some at two places. How these dear women need Christ. Praise God for the privilege of speaking a few sentences for Jesus in China!

[May 9.] Afternoon, went to Chinese union meeting and played the organ. The Lord helped me, praise His dear name! My first attempt. Spoke a few words to a woman crossing the river.

During these spring months one of the lady members of the mission passed through one of those seasons of spiritual darkness, which sometimes comes to those conscientious and godly souls, and of whose sensitive spiritual nature Satan tries to make shipwreck by driving the soul to melancholy and despair. Mrs. Farmer continually prayed for and with this dear sister, and did what she could in bringing her back to the sunshine of God's love. This matter was a great load upon Mrs. Farmer, for her intensely sympathetic nature could not bear to see any one suffer physically or mentally, without doing all she could to relieve the sufferer. And all the more did she feel it incumbent upon her, when that suffering was a temptation of Satan. The references to it in her diary show how true she was to her sister's need at this time.

[May 20.] "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added." Sweet time waiting upon Him. Burden for more workers, and a station for Wilmoth and me.

[May 28.] Went to the city and called at five places. Some so indifferent, and others too busy to hear; still others so eager and drank in. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts."

[May 31.] I arose at five-thirty a. m. and had a precious season with the Lord. The morning message to my heart, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them." I did not take breakfast, but spent the time in prayer. A real burden of spirit for these poor souls here in China and for the needs of the work.

[June 4.] Feel my littleness, I think, as never before. Called at four houses in the afternoon. What a joy to be able to say a few words for Jesus!

[June 5.] Arose at five-thirty a. m., and had a precious season waiting upon God. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" I just wept before the Lord and my heart was melted before Him. The Lord laid great burdens upon our hearts for famine district, new workers, money for property, and looking for new stations in Mandarin district.

[June 10.] Another real meeting the Lord in one or two things regarding future steps.

[June 16.] Had a good day in the language. The Lord seemed so sweet and helped to open it up to me. Praise His dear name! The boatman, Wang's, wife died this morning. We trust she is saved; she had asked for baptism.

[June 21.] "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Lord, give me more and more this spirit.

[June 24.] "Commit thy way unto the Lord ——." Had such a good night most of the time, and had asked the Lord to let me sleep till the rising bell, and sure enough, that was the first thing I knew. Praise Him, "He cares for me!" Praise God for protecting Mr. Farmer; narrow escape on the river.

The Annual Conference convened June 30th, and the next few days were busy ones.

[July 2.] Awoke at three a. m. My soul flooded with the joy of the Lord. Felt like shouting!

[July 6.] "Let your speech be always with grace." A real message to me for answering ——, when she spoke like she did.

At the close of conference, Mrs. Farmer, in company with others, went to Macao for a month's rest which she badly needed.

[July 17.] A real malarial headache. Could not seem to get victory in body. After breakfast cut ——'s suits, but felt too sick to finish fitting. Burden for Liuchoe, and if Mr. Farmer should go.

[July 18.] Awoke feeling some better and had long season of prayer and Bible study. Had a real good sleep after dinner and read "Acts of the Holy Spirit," and the Lord spoke to my heart in the line of guidance and checking of the Holy Spirit. Lord, help me to so live as to know Thy voice, follow it, or mind the checks, as the case may be.

[July 19.] First Sunday in Macao. "One thing I have desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." All the morn was spent at His feet and He spoke directly to my heart on, we are as definitely called and set apart as Paul and Barnabas, why not the same power? I underwent a heart-searching, and my heart cried out to God to so burn out the dross, that Wilmoth and I shall live the fruits of the Spirit. Lord, let our lives be Gal v.22, 23, and, that out from our inmost being shall *really* flow *rivers* of living water and blessing. Spent the greater part of the day in prayer. Claimed clear guidance for Mr. Farmer as to station. Went to my room right after evening prayers and had a long season of prayer alone. I was to-day able to count my body healed in Him.

[July 26.] The Lord spoke to me on "faith," taking God at His word in prayer. Did not feel very well, so slept the greater part of the morning. A fight with the enemy, but "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I poured out my soul in prayer to God. My heart cried out, "Deeper yet." Burn all the dross out and let my life be lived for others. Let Thy life flow through Wilmoth and me to the salvation of many perishing souls.

The last three or four entries give us a vivid idea of how Mrs. Farmer passed her vacation days. We are sure our readers have felt before now that she, in her religious and other exercises, went far beyond her strength. But let it be remembered that in transcribing her journal for this book we have passed over many items of her daily life which would not be of interest in a book of this kind; and, since it is the intention of the writer to give the religious side of her nature and work, the devotional aspect of her life is most emphasized, and is most prominently before us all the time. She was not in the least fanatical, but having been reared a strict Methodist, she habitually fasted once a week, according to the old rules of the Methodist church. While we would not for anything, say one word against fasting—a question which all Christians must settle for themselves in the light of God's Word—yet we do not hesitate to say that we believe the strict régime imposed upon the Methodists of England and America by John Wesley, would never suit an Eastern climate with its debilitating conditions which naturally tend to rob one of rest and appetite. As a rule, one has to be rather indulgent in the line of sleep and good food in order to foster strength for the arduous tasks of the mission field.

We must also say in Mrs. Farmer's defense that she was very conscientious in the care of her health, and performed her out-door exercises and recreation almost as regularly and punctiliously as she did her private devotions. And the longer she lived in China, the more she realized and observed the need of rest and exercise. After four o'clock p. m., she was never willing for the writer to remain longer in his study, and from that hour till supper the time was generally spent in the open air in some kind of exercise. Say what we will, a soul with such an ardent love for Jesus

Christ and the work to which He called her; a spirit so aflame for the salvation of souls and the good of those about her, would necessarily soon consume the body that contained it. As we think over her missionary career for the past nine years, we feel that we can truthfully say that she, like Henry Martyn, "Burned out for God." Moreover, as we look about us to-day, we do not see many Christians who are fasting and praying more than they should, and if she erred in these holy exercises of the soul, we can not but feel glad that it was in this direction rather than the opposite. Would to God that the Church of Christ had more men and women who could pray like the holy Brainerd, McCheyne, Finney, and others!

[September 6.] "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul! I stretch forth my hands unto thee; my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land." I do long for God's best at any cost. "Lord, if thorns my pathway meet, bid me be still, be still." A morning of real quiet and settling some things and looking for light. The Lord gave me some precious messages on suffering for, and with, Him. Lord, I want to always do it in the Lamb-like spirit, so I look to Thee for the Lion-strength.

[September 13.] I spent the greater part of the morning in prayer and heart-searching. It seems so hard to have to remain here so long and do other things than language study, and real mission work. I am willing if it is His will.

Any one who has ever tried to acquire one language among a people speaking a different one, will appreciate the hard place in which Mrs. Farmer stood, which called forth the foregoing remark. Being in a port city where the missionary community is large, there were social and other demands constantly made upon her which she could not but question. She longed to be away inland, where unencumbered, she could devote her time to preaching and teaching the Chinese women the way of life.

Although not yet permitted to go inland, provision was made whereby she and another lady missionary could occupy the old house at Pehshankioh, where they might receive any Mandarin-speaking Chinese women who would come to them, hold meetings, and do house-to-house visitation in the city. This arrangement, by no means ideal, was better than remaining in the receiving home on the hill, and

gave her some advantage in language study and opportunity of mingling with the people until her marriage.

[October 8.] Moved to Pehshankioh. Awoke at five a. m., and had a long season of prayer. . . . All things nearly straight by four-thirty p. m.

[October 9.] Heart full of praise to God for His keeping power and peace. Experiences began as I told the cook how to cook. Praise God for the day! Heart full of praise. He is all in all to me.

[October 14.] Wilmoth and I had our last meeting. (We had been detained at Wucheo since vacation on account of illness.) A precious meeting not only in our love, but God's presence manifest. We committed each other, all interests, and future plans to Him.

[November 15.] Awoke and spent much time in blessed communion. Studied the Leper in Lev. xiii and xiv. Blessed and *full* atonement for *sin*. Blessed time in teaching Ta Sao (her servant woman) the Lord's prayer and a hymn. My heart cried out to God in my secret chamber, to make Wilmoth and me what He wills at any cost. After dinner lay down to read, but some women came. I talked the gospel to them, and let them see my room.

[November 16.] Luh P'o came but she was not well enough to go calling. We prayed with her.

To the difficulty of studying Mandarin in a Cantonese city, was added another, namely, having no Bible-woman to assist her who could speak Mandarin. The mention of Luh P'o in the above entry recalls a dear old Chinese woman who could speak Mandarin brokenly, and upon whom Mrs. Farmer used to rely at times to help her visit and teach what Mandarin-speaking women she could find in Wucheo. Luh P'o had been a beggar on the streets of Wucheo, and had been converted some time before Mrs. Farmer came to China. She was not saved until after seventy years of age, and then, for some time, seemed to live an unsatisfactory life, feeling much her poverty and other trials. The Chinese church at Wucheo helped her some, and she also sold cakes upon the streets to supply her meager living. About two years before she died there came a great change in her life and she became much interested in the salvation of others, and went out day by day, visiting in the different homes to tell the people of the Savior



she had found. In this way, hundreds heard the gospel from her lips, and after her death many Chinese who had come to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, testified that they had first heard of Him through Luh P'o. We have often heard Mrs. Farmer speak of the old lady's faithfulness, and of how much help she was to her in those first attempts at speaking and teaching the Chinese women. She died November 30, in great peace, and was sincerely mourned by all the Christians.

[November 16.] Eph. iii.17-19, morning message. Lord, help me to comprehend the breadth, length, height, and depth, that I may be filled with all the *fulness* of God. My heart's cry to God is, "Deeper yet." Empty, cleanse, fill to fulness, that I may so let Christ live in me to bring many to Him.

[November 19.] Went calling with Mrs. Wang. Called at six places. Praise God for some ready to listen, and for helping me preach! Lord, seal the messages to some hearts.

Sunday, November 22, her dairy contains one sentence only, "My first message in Chinese. Jno. iv, 'The woman at the well of Samaria.'" As we have seen, she had been visiting in the homes and chatting the gospel there and in the reception-room at Pehshankioh, but this was the first formal address she had attempted. Those of us who have had to struggle with the difficulties of the Chinese language, know how important an epoch it marked in her language study and missionary career. One of the hardest things a new missionary has to do is to launch out and begin to give public addresses in the vernacular. The hundreds of Chinese characters and pet phrases, which he has learned and can repeat so volubly with the teacher, seem to take wings and fly away when he stands up before a curious and eager audience of Chinese. But success will surely be the reward of those who go in the spirit of the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

[December 7.] Went calling in afternoon. Realized God's leading to different places. Praise God for being able to speak a little!

[December 10.] Went calling in afternoon. Spoke some and had freedom in one place, especially. *How I long to preach!*

[December 15.] "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Also Mark x.45. Felt

clearly led to give three hundred dollars to Kweilin. What joy in following Him!

[December 16.] Awoke in night and had a quiet time in meditation. The Lord felt so near, and my soul was full of joy. Praise Him!

[December 17.] Rom. viii.26, Eph. vi.18, came so preciously to me, for I was so burdened in prayer for money for the work. Lord, teach me how to pray and take from Thee.

The year of 1904 meant much to Mrs. Farmer, containing as it did two important events in her life. The first was her marriage to W. A. Farmer, and the second was the part she had in opening P'ingloh to the gospel. Her outlook upon the year so momentous to her is fittingly told in the couplet which stands at the gateway, as it were, of the New Year.

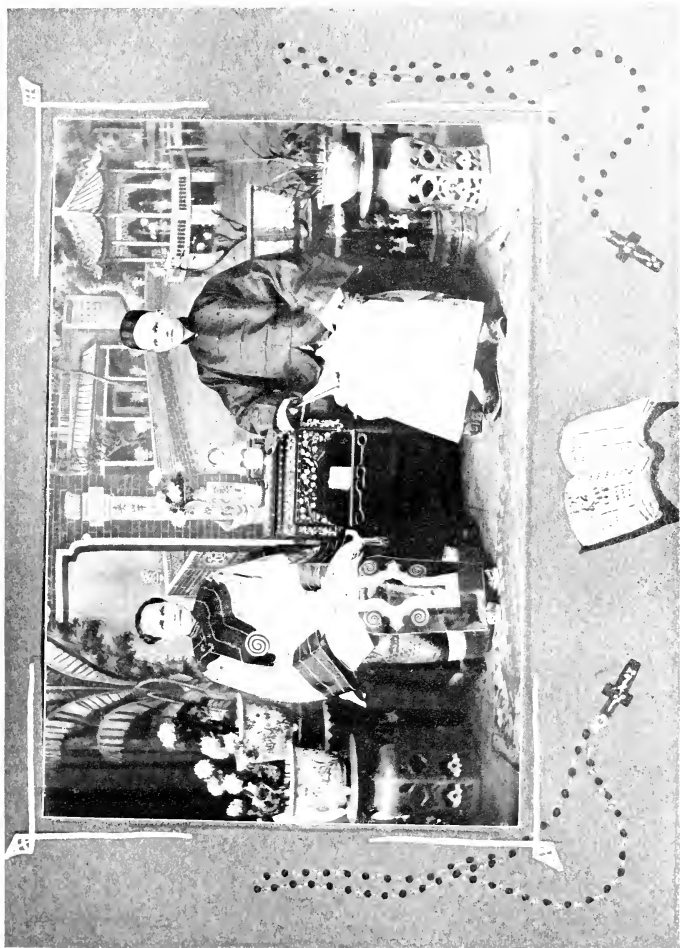
[January 1.] "Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown,  
But Christ we know, and He is on the throne."

The first half of the month was spent in study and earnestly preaching the gospel whenever the opportunity presented itself. Her heart was filled with the deepest joy as she looked forward to the time of her wedding.

[January 9.] Telegram from Kweilin. Wilmoth started January 8. What joy it brought to my heart! Lord, may I not only prepare for my bridegroom here, but be always ready for my Heavenly Bridegroom.

There being no American consul in Wucheo, it was necessary to go to Canton for the ceremony. In company with a Bible-woman, she left Wucheo January 25, to join her fiancé, who had preceded her two or three days in order to make the requisite arrangements for the wedding.

An amusing incident occurred which gave publicity to the marriage and furnished grounds for much teasing of both bride and groom. On account of difference of time in clocks, or tardiness of the coolies in carrying her trunk to the steamer, she arrived at the wharf in Wucheo just as the large river steamer was sailing away. She had to take a "sampan" and set out in chase. When the captain saw the gesticulations of the crowd in the "sampan" and heard the cry, "Wait, a lady who is to be married must catch the



MR. AND MRS. W. A. FARMER IN WEDDING COSTUME.



steamer!" he kindly stopped until the little boat came alongside, and took her and her baggage aboard. The captain and the crew did not fail to enjoy the episode, and afterwards always teasingly called her, "The lady who came near being left."

[January 25.] Up early and ready to start for Canton; trunk was left, and I came near being left. A precious day with the Lord and the Chinese. Two Mandarin women in the room, and had fine opportunity to talk the gospel. Luh Sao faithful to witness.

[January 26.] Awoke and prayed in "bunk" after a good night's rest. Prayed aloud in Chinese after the T'ai T'ai requested it. Dressed for marriage. Mr. Farmer and Miss Nelson met me. My heart was full of joy that the day had at last come when I was to be married to my beloved. We went straight to the consulate and were married in the presence of two Chinese officials. Went to Miss Nelson's and had a quiet time and good dinner. I was so happy. All went to prayer-meeting and left Wilmoth and me alone. We knelt and consecrated out *united lives*—one in Him—to God, in prayer. Precious season. Lord, Thy will be done in and through us.

It should be said by way of explanation, that the presence of the two Chinese Mandarins was not at all official. Incidentally, they happened to be visiting the consul relative to other matters, and out of courtesy and respect were invited in to see a Christian wedding. The beautiful and rich garments which the officials of China wear, together with the red umbrellas, wooden banners shining with golden script, gaily decorated sedan chairs, and red-coated braves, and all the odds and ends that go to make up an official retinue, made the occasion seem indeed, like a Chinese wedding, especially since both bride and groom had on Chinese costume.

In justification of wearing these garments on such an occasion it should be said that both parties felt, since they were to live so far in the interior of China, much fear and prejudice against the hated "foreign devil" would be removed, and greater access to the people gained, to say nothing of the convenience and cheapness, and vast amount of sewing Mrs. Farmer would be saved, (since the Chinese tailors could make and fit their garments better than American clothes), if the Chinese dress was adopted. And to

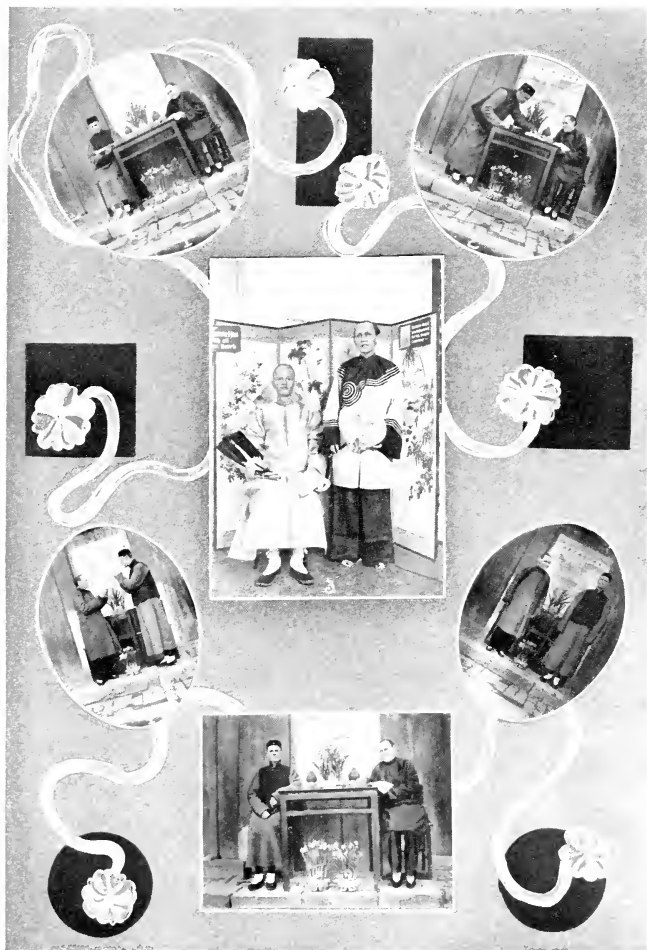
avoid buying two trousseaus, one of American and another of Chinese garments, and cutting the *que* of the groom, who had already been in the native costume two years, it was decided to get married in Chinese dress. The utility of the Chinese dress, especially for women in hard pioneer work in inland China, has been proven over and over again, and up to the time of her death, Mrs. Farmer continued to wear it. She was ever willing to be "all things to all men" that she might win them for Jesus Christ. She was glad to adopt any manner of dress or living, which was not heathenish, if in so doing Christ might be brought nearer China's dying millions. After a day spent in Canton shopping, the happy couple returned to Wucheo. Then after a day or so spent in packing, a Chinese river boat of medium size was hired, and February 3, they started up the beautiful Fu River for Kweilin, where Mrs. Farmer was to remain until her husband could open P'ingloh, a large city about half way between Wucheo and Kweilin.

We can never forget that bridal trip! The boat, which had a bamboo shed over it, was stuffed full of all sorts of household goods and furniture, for many dear friends had been most generous to give us such articles as would be most useful in the little home which lay before us. It was a kind of Noah's Ark minus the animals; and yet, when the Chinese boatmen ascended the steep, boiling rapids of the river, if our readers could have heard the yells and songs as they overcame the force of the rushing water, they would have thought we had the animals, too.

Although there was no beautiful drawing-room suite on some magnificent Pullman Express, and it took the Chinese boatmen fifteen days to go about two hundred and fifty miles, who would dare say it was not an ideal honeymoon trip? For, dear reader, have you not learned that environment does not necessarily make happiness? The true source of happiness is always from within.

On February 18, which was the third day of the Chinese New Year, Mrs. Farmer has the following:

We had our morning prayers together; packed everything; Mr. Farmer walked on shore; I embroidered; we sang together and had one meal on boat. As we came in sight of the city proper, we sang,



PICTURES OF MR. AND MRS. W. A. FARMER IN CHINESE DRESS.





"Praise God from whom all blessings flow" from the bottom of our hearts. Reached Kweilin four-thirty p. m.

We see from the above how glad she was to at last be in a Mandarin-speaking city, and in a part of that section to which she felt God was calling her. The long and difficult struggle of trying to learn one dialect while surrounded by people speaking another, was now a thing of the past; and moreover, being removed from the central station of the mission which is the distributing point for all the other stations, and necessarily places many duties other than direct preaching of the gospel upon those who labor there; besides the many social demands made upon one living in a port city and missionary community such as Wucheo; she could now give her undivided attention to the one thing of preaching Christ to the women of inland Kuangsi.

As has been said before, Mrs. Farmer was to remain at Kweilin only so long as it took her husband to open up P'ingloh. Kweilin was in charge of other members of the mission, and Mrs. Farmer was to occupy rooms at the station and aid in the women's work until she could join her husband at P'ingloh. The time needed to get a place at once suitable as residence and a center for gospel work being such an unknown quantity, especially in those days, the only thing to be done was to make the rooms which she was to occupy at Kweilin as homelike and cosy as possible. To this she and her husband devoted themselves for the next few days and began to really "keep house," as the expression goes. To give our readers a peep behind the scenes into one of those first days of housekeeping, we will quote from her journal of March 5th.

Up early, season of prayer. A Kwei still sick. Teacher came; we did not study. Mr. Farmer scrubbed and I helped *clean* up, and made cabbage pickle in the morning; afternoon, made tea and cakes. Washed Mr. Farmer's head [which the writer would like to say needed it after all the dust and dirt of cleaning up]. Filled lamps, etc. Mr. Farmer hung the food safe and helped me all day. Callers came for him and I finished ironing and mending. He read to me while I mended. Studied Romans on Sanctification.

As we see from the above, A Kwei, the cook, was sick, for Chinese cooks get sick sometimes, as well as those in

America, and there was nothing to do but for the husband to take the scrubbing and hard work, and the wife to do the other. It is really amusing, after such a strenuous day to find the Scripture lesson is on sanctification.

About a month later, the writer left for P'ingloh to get a place in which to live and preach the gospel. How Mrs. Farmer spent her time during this interim prior to her husband's departure, may be seen from her journal. We will not quote the daily entries verbatim, but in a word, say that realizing that the acquisition of the language was the first and most important thing, she arranged all her domestic matters and her share in the work of the station so as to give as much attention to study as possible. She also faithfully availed herself of all the opportunities of witnessing for Christ to the women who came in the reception-room or to the regular church services.



## THE MISSIONARY CRY.

A hundred thousand souls a day,  
Are passing one by one away,  
In Christless guilt and gloom.  
Without one ray of hope or light,  
With future dark as endless night,  
They're passing to their doom.

O, Holy Ghost, Thy people move,  
Baptize their hearts with faith and love,  
And consecrate their gold.  
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,  
And all their ranks unite once more,  
As in the days of old.

Armies of prayer your promise claim,  
Prove the full pow'r of Jesus' name,  
And take the victory.  
Your conqu'ring Captain leads you on,  
The glorious fight may still be won,  
This very century.

The Master's coming draweth near,  
The Son of Man will soon appear,  
His Kingdom is at hand.  
But ere that glorious day can be,  
This Gospel of the Kingdom, we  
Must preach in every land.

O, let us then His coming haste,  
O, let us end this awful waste  
Of souls that never die.  
A thousand millions still are lost,  
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost,  
O, hear their dying cry.

They're passing, passing fast away,  
A hundred thousand souls a day,  
In Christless guilt and gloom.  
O, Church of Christ, what wilt thou say  
When in the awful judgment day,  
They charge thee with their doom?

*A. B. Simpson.*

## CHAPTER IX

### THE OPENING OF P'INGLOH

*The voice of my departed Lord, "Go teach all nations,"  
Comes on the night air, and awakes mine ear.  
Through ages of eternal years,  
My spirit never shall repent,  
That toil and suffering once were mine below.*

NATHAN BROWN.

I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron. And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.—ISAIAH.



IF the map is consulted, it will be seen that P'ingloh, (Tranquil Joy), is situated about halfway between Wucheo and Kweilin, on the Fu River. It is one of the prefectural cities of Kuangsi province, and has jurisdiction over a populous and important section of the province. Let us say, for the enlightenment of those who are not familiar with the government of a Chinese province, that it is divided into prefectures or districts, and each district has a city, generally of some size and importance, which is known as the prefectural city, the residence of the prefect or chief magistrate. These prefectural territories are again sub-divided into districts at the political center of which there is a city and resident magistrate, lower in political rank than the prefect. There are other minor political divisions which it is not necessary to describe, as the larger and important outlines are those given above. But it may be added, that in all of these different political divisions of the province, there are numberless market towns and villages, which are, of course, answerable through their local authorities to the heads of the government above them. P'ingloh, including

itself, governs eight political districts, and the cities of these districts for the most part are important commercial centers. Most, if not all, can be reached by waterways as well as good overland roads. Some of the largest market towns in the province of Kuangsi are in the P'ingloh prefecture, and in some cases, these market towns in actual area, are larger than the prefectural city. It is needless to remark that the whole prefectural district of P'ingloh is teeming with a numerous and industrial population. The writer has visited on preaching tours each of the cities of the prefecture, and most of the market towns, and has never lacked for crowds to whom he might preach and distribute tracts and gospels. Being situated, as was said, between Wucheo and Kweilin, two of the most important centers of the province, P'ingloh itself is not so important from a commercial standpoint, and yet is a distributing base for the cities and market towns of its district. Considered from a missionary standpoint, it is a city and district of strategic value.

It had long been the cherished hope and prayer of Mrs. Farmer that she should some day be allowed to go to the northwestern part of Kuangsi, and more particularly to a city called Liucheo, situated near the center of the province. She knew that it was a section more destitute of gospel witness, and it was ever her ambition "To preach the gospel in the regions beyond, and not to boast in another's line of things made ready to hand." She felt as did Carey of old, "Not where I am needed, but where I am needed most."

P'ingloh did receive a passing witness through the missionaries traveling up and down the Fu River, and, in some parts of its district, the Southern Baptists have a splendid work carried on by Chinese Christians, while Liucheo, K'ingüen, and the regions beyond, were in utter darkness. She was not the only one in the mission who felt that Liucheo should be opened as soon as possible to the gospel, for the mission had been praying and planning to that end for a long time; but on account of the disturbed condition of that section of the province, missionaries were not allowed to go there. In fact, the very year she was married Liucheo was taken and sacked by mutinous troops of soldiers and robbers,

and it was out of the question to attempt mission work among a people so terrified and unsettled. Still, God was not unmindful of the tears and cries of His child, and at a later time gave her the full desire of her heart.

After Liucheo, the city of P'ingloh was considered as being the next in importance, so the occupation of it by the newly married couple was presented to them for consideration and prayer. Since from the missionary point of view it was strategic, and halfway the long distance between two large stations already opened; also, the way to Liucheo being closed, together with the fact that there was now available a married couple for the project, it seemed that God's opportune hour had arrived, so the energy and prayers of all were turned upon P'ingloh.

It is one thing to pass through a Chinese city, preach on the streets and in its temples, distribute gospels and tracts, and then pass on in a few days to another city, and quite another thing to go into a Chinese city and attempt to buy or rent a permanent residence, and establish a foothold for the gospel. While in the former case the opposition is slight, in the latter it may take an aggressive and most hostile form. Those who have done pioneer mission work in old China can well attest the fact that in the opening of new territory for the gospel one fights not against flesh and blood only, "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places." There is nothing Satan hates so much as the cause of foreign missions and he contests every advance step.

April 6, 1904, the writer in company with Üen Sien Seng, a faithful Chinese preacher, and Lao Liao, a Chinese Christian, who was at once cook and valet, left Kweilin for P'ingloh. In consideration of the fact that this was the first time any white man had ever tried to live in the city and not knowing what the future held, it can be easily seen that Mrs. Farmer could not have accompanied her husband, but that he would have to get a suitable place and then return for her. She was left at Kweilin with the other missionaries,

and though not allowed to go to P'ingloh in person at this time, she was all there in *spirit and prayer*.

It will be interesting to cull enough from her diary to see how she spent the time while her husband was away.

[April 6.] Wilmoth left for P'ingloh. Twelve noon, Lao Liao said boat was going. We ate dinner and finished packing, Wilmoth and I, then committed each other to God in prayer. The Lord has been so near, though I do miss Wilmoth so much.

[April 10.] Spent the morning in Bible study and prayer. Sketch of Madame Guyon was an inspiration to me; also a sermon of Mr. Simpson's. A time of heart-searching and going deeper. The Lord was very near and real!

[April 17.] A Kwei up and at church; praise God for healing him.

[April 20.] Meeting for the women. Mrs. Huang, and Mr. Huang's mother came; began service and many came. Like a street meeting. Very difficult to speak to them, but praise God for the opportunity. May God bring good of it. Twenty women and more children; talked to Mrs. Huang after service. They remained for prayer-meeting, and he testified, and both prayed.

[April 21.] Letter from Wilmoth. Praise God, he had rented a shop for chapel preaching.

While we realize the undue prominence which it gives to the writer of this narrative, yet we feel at this point we should tell something of what had been transpiring at P'ingloh the past two weeks, that we may have a good setting or background for the picture when Mrs. Farmer comes on the scene.

On reaching P'ingloh, some rooms or rather some beds, which are two wide boards put across two wooden horses or trestles, such as American carpenters use, were secured in the rickety loft of a dirty inn near the riverside. For about two weeks day by day, the missionary and faithful Chinese preacher armed with Scripture portions, tracts and Bibles, walked the main streets of the city, of which the largest and most important is the main business street outside the city gates, which follows the course of the river, the shops and stores on the lower side of it intervening between it and the river. They offered the gospel in its printed form, to those ashamed to inquire by word or who





1. THE NEW MISSION HOUSE AT P'INGLOH.
2. RIVER SCENE AT P'INGLOH.
3. A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SAME.

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R L

wished to take a portion home for further investigation, and generally, a part of the day was spent in oral preaching to the multitudes who passed by, usually taking a stand on the steps of the Cantonese guild house just in front of the theater, which was not being used at the time.

Let us ever rest assured that when God calls us to go forward He always prepares the way before us. If Paul was forbidden by the Spirit to preach in Bythinia, that same Spirit of God opened the heart of Lydia to receive the gospel. While not securing a convert, yet a *friend* was given to us in the postmaster of the place, who being a man from Canton province and more enlightened, at least upon the business and motive of the foreign missionary, was not ashamed to call upon us at the inn. He, with true Chinese inquisitiveness, wanted to know all about the missionary's object in coming to P'ingloh. When he found out that it was to rent a house he immediately enlisted himself as one to aid in the search.

After a day or so he came to take us to see a little house, more of a hovel than a house, which was just at the back door of a nice residence belonging to a Mr. Su, who was a brother of Marshal Su who at that time was detained in custody at Peking, for disbanding in the western part of the province troops whose wages were in arrears, and which act resulted in turning loose upon the common people a horde of men who being far from home, did not hesitate to rob and plunder for a living and otherwise terrorize the people of that section. We mention the name of the landlord to show that the official and more enlightened classes in China, while having no warm love for the white man, do not have the fear which is characteristic of the lower classes; and if it is of any pecuniary benefit to deal with "the foreign devil," they do not hesitate to do so.

We tried to inspect the place as stealthily as possible for fear of exciting the people and having them intimidate the owner and perhaps hinder us from renting. But when we went into the house, Oh, what a miserable place! The bare earth for a floor; and one tiny court, from whose damp walls grew ferns and green moss; the sidewalls of the hall

also green from dampness; festoons of smoky cobwebs adorned the ceiling, and withal, a fetid smell that told any intruder that it was the abode of tubercular and kindred germs. The rent for the place was merely nominal, but even that twice as much as a Chinaman would have had to pay. At first sight it seemed impossible to make it habitable. A man might live in it, but what about a delicate woman? Tired and disappointed, the missionary made his way back to the inn to rest and revive his fallen hopes.

We are sure the state of mind produced by house-renting or buying in inland China, where one day the soul mounts to heaven in anticipation of securing a place, only to fall to earth in despair the next day when told that some old mother or some brother somewhere, is not willing to rent the house to foreigners, is fully appreciated by those who have gone through similar experiences.

After a few days, while we were walking the streets selling Scripture portions and preaching the gospel, an old Hunanese carpenter, who, although from one of the most hostile provinces of China, showed courtesy to the despised foreigner and bought some of his literature. In the course of the conversation he found out that a house was wanted and later came around to offer us an old wine brewery near the riverside, fronting on the main street of the city, but in the worst and most dilapidated section of the street.

We saw that it never could be converted into a residence, but there was a possibility for a street chapel by making a few changes in the front room of the place, and so agreed to take it. However, not without promising to lend the old carpenter fifty dollars, which was to be paid back in small sums from the rent each month. The trade was agreed upon Saturday night, and knowing that if the landlord did not receive something in the way of earnest money he would be sure to "back out," the Chinese preacher immediately wrote out a rent agreement containing the stipulations upon which we had agreed and in addition gave the landlord ten dollars; he also had him to stamp the agreement with the seal of his shop, which in China is a pretty safe guarantee for the fulfilment of bargains. Telling him that the next

day was the Sabbath and no business was transacted by Christians on that day, the landlord was dismissed.

Early Monday morning, almost before we could get up, the old landlord was at our door, begging us to take the money back and release him from the contract. He alleged that the people on the street were going to mob us and pull down the little shop he rented to us, defame him and his business, and so on. He was assured that he had been treated most righteously in the transaction, which he acknowledged, and that he was no longer responsible for the results; if the house was torn or burned down, it would be replaced by another. In true Eastern fashion, he pleaded and cried, but the missionary and Chinese preacher felt that a foothold had been gained for the gospel, and too much was at stake to let go.

They immediately set about cleaning up and whitewashing the old shop; ordered benches and a little pulpit to be made, giving the order to the landlord, and in a few days had gotten rid of a vast amount of filth and dirt, and had as a result, a fairly decent room in which to preach. A little room at the back of the premises, annually subjected to an inundation from the river, was made comfortable enough for Chinese preacher, cook, and the foreign missionary; it just being large enough to hold three beds and a table. When cleaning days were over and the doors open for preaching, the crowds, good, bad and indifferent, swarmed in to hear the "Jesus doctrine," as the Chinese so often call the gospel. A few days passed without trouble from the people, although the magistrate of the city had called and courteously offered any assistance; he also issued one or two proclamations to be posted in the city gates and on the door of the chapel, stating we were nice people and whoever molested us would be sure to be punished.

It is to this shop Mrs. Farmer referred in the last quoted entry from her journal. While affording a temporary place for men to live and preach in, it was in no sense of the word fit for a woman. What was to be done? Would there ever be a suitable house secured? About the only thing to do at such a time is to watch and pray—especially pray.

While her husband was busy preaching the gospel at P'ingloh, Mrs. Farmer was doing likewise at Kweilin, and also praying.

[April 24.] Service with Chinese. Mr. and Mrs. Huang waded the water to get here. They are the only inquirers. I took the women into the house, also Mrs. Huang and the children, and taught them several pages in the catechism.

[April 26.] Chinese women here in afternoon. An old woman who had heard the gospel forty years ago, but knew nothing except to fear foreigners. May God save this old woman yet!

[April 27.] Was up late last night and asked the Father to let me sleep till six a. m., and exactly at six I awoke. It is just like our Father. Great burden for the need at P'ingloh, the whole mission, and the women's meeting . . . House was full to overflow, at least one hundred women and children. We sang with children and then I preached as long as I could. I Tim. ii.5-6. Praise God for helping me preach, but how I long to speak like in English.

[April 28.] Awoke at five-thirty, just when I asked the Father to awaken me; had from six to seven for prayer. Letter from my husband. Praise God, he was in the chapel! He was not very well, and Mr. Üen sick. Such a burden of prayer for a suitable house to live in.

It would seem that in many of Mrs. Farmer's journal entries she was concerned too much about little or trivial matters, but be it said in her defense that she was exceedingly careful of how she used all her moments. She felt she was responsible for how she spent her time, and at the close of the day liked to see a record which showed that the hours had not been wasted.

[May 1, Sunday.] I arose at six a. m., and spent the time till English prayers at nine, in prayer and Bible study. I fasted and prayed and the Lord seemed so near. He spoke such peace to my soul and laid many burdens of prayer upon my heart. Lord, make me more like the Lamb that was slain for me. To-day I take a new stand, expecting Thee to work Thy mighty works through me. *Many* souls in dark China,—multiply Wilmoth's and my power.

[May 11.] Not feeling well, so did not get up so early. Had a season of prayer and Bible study. English and Chinese prayers. The Father gave me, "He that is in you, is greater than He that is in the world." It was such strength for body and for the meeting. The women began to come before twelve, then on, at least a hundred and fifty women and children. I spoke nearly an hour.



1. CHAO SHEN SENG, THE PREACHER AT KWELIN, AND HIS BRIDE.  
 2. THE CHAO WEDDING PARTY.  
 3. VIEW OF ONE SECTION OF KWELIN THE CAPITAL OF KUANGSI.  
 4. NEW GOVERNMENT SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT KWELIN.





[May 13.] Still not well, but woke with these words from the Father, "There is victory through the blood of Jesus." My faith leaped and I felt sure the Lord's time had come to deliver, but felt that I should obey James, and be anointed, and was, at prayers. I felt the thrill go through my body and I was healed. Ate dinner, and digested food properly for the first time in a whole week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, who had charge of the Kweilin station at this time, had occasion to go to the country for an evangelistic trip, and left Mrs. Farmer alone at the Christian and Missionary Alliance station, though not alone in the city, as there were other missionaries of the Church Missionary Society also at Kweilin.

It is so often said to missionaries by friends in the home land, "Oh, you must be so lonely. I do not see how you can endure it." Let such as would pity the foreign missionary read the following extract from Mrs. Farmer, and consider if, after all, a truly consecrated messenger of God is not one of the happiest beings on earth.

[May 15, Sunday.] Everything so quiet; no sound but the voice of "My Beloved." I awoke and had a long season of prayer. Breakfast, and then sat down to the organ to play and my heart was so full of praise. It seemed I had so many special things to praise God for; that is, for answering prayer. I broke down and could not sing, but my heart overflowed. Here all alone in the heart of dark China, God was so real and so near. Praise His dear name!

[May 27.] Had a letter from Wilmoth stating he had rented a residence. I was too rejoiced and thankful but to praise God.

[May 29.] Too rejoiced to sleep. I woke at three a. m., and did not sleep any more until nearly six a. m. Spent much time in waking hours in prayer and praise. Prayer that our prayers might yet be answered, and that He would go before me every step and prepare hearts for the gospel message.

The above reference takes us back to P'ingloh, where we find that after at least a month and a half of waiting, looking and praying, nothing with the exception of the little house of Mr. Su's, could be secured as a suitable residence in which Mrs. Farmer might live. It can not be denied that the heart of the missionary at P'ingloh was full of thoughts about the little woman left in Kweilin, and as days went by and no house other than this little one could be secured, a happy thought came—to go and see again—

if it could possibly be made habitable, and used at least for a month or so, until prejudice would abate and some one else would have courage to rent something better.

Moreover, the coming of the missionary's wife would lift a large load of suspicion which the people of the city naturally felt toward a lone man, and would pave the way for women and little children to come to the home and hear the gospel, whereas they were now mortally afraid of the "foreign devil," and ran in and slammed the doors when they saw him approaching.

Most Chinese houses, in Kuangsi at least, are built so as to join one another, in many instances neighbors using one wall between them, so that it is impossible to get light and air from the sides. After a second consideration, it was seen that to make a hole sufficiently large in the roof between the kitchen and only living-room, and by cutting a window in the back wall of the living-room, more air and light could find their way into the darkness and damp, provided it would not be too much obscured by the ascending smoke from the kitchen, as there was no chimney or other outlet for it.

The joy at this project was not any greater at Kweilin than at P'ingloh, and the next few days saw the scrubbing and whitewash brushes going at a rapid pace, not only in the hands of hired Chinese help, but the missionary, too, joined in to help make what would be to the newly married couple, their first home.

The city wall of P'ingloh is partly built upon a mountain, and, unfortunately, this little house was just at the foot of this mountain, so that when it rained and the streams came down the mountainsides, because no other tenants were in the house, they proceeded to use it, and flowed through the hallway which afforded an excellent passage to the lower level of the street below. Of course this made the house wet and damp underneath, and with no sunshine and air it seemed a precarious undertaking to live in it. But *love* and *faith* are daring and can see nice clean mission compounds, where natural eyes would only see a little dirty hovel. Thank God for the visions of love and faith, for

they do not remain visions; but in answer to believing prayer, become realities!

After Mrs. Farmer received word about the house she did not wait even for our return; but each day, with the help of the Chinese servants, packed something, so that when we did reach Kweilin we found her about ready to go. It did not take very long to get a houseboat and be off.

Oh, golden and happy hours, when two souls united in the will of God set out to do His work and His will! What if the future is unknown? That very fact allures and gives inspiration for the tasks that await them.

Rushing over rapids down the stream it only required three days to reach P'ingloh. It was known all over the city that the "foreign devil" had gone to Kweilin to bring his wife, the "foreign devil woman," to reside at P'ingloh, consequently, the whole town was on the *qui vive*; everybody in their shops and residences stood at the door to see the strange sight, for Mrs. Farmer was the first white woman, as far as we know, to enter the city, and certainly the first to reside there. Because of the crowds and to ensure safety for the removal of household goods from the boat to the little home, it was thought best to ask for military escort, which was gladly and courteously given and several braves dressed in their red coats escorted the missionaries and all their possessions into the city and saw them safely housed. It was a full and momentous day to Mrs. Farmer, and she sums it up in the following words:

The Lord blessedly heard and answered prayer and gave us the boat people to bring our things in. Went by the men's chapel, saw where Wilmoth had lived for two months. Then came in the city to our house, people all looking. Wilmoth went back to boat; woman, Lao Liao and I received the things; had dinner at five p. m. Praise God for the poor house and an entrance into the city.

## LORD, SPEAK TO ME

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As thou hast sought so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet,  
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

## CHAPTER X

### LIFE AND LABORS AT P'INGLOH

*I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side:  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.*

ANNA WARING.

Ye know from the first day I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind and with many tears and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house.—ST. PAUL.



THE next day was spent in unpacking and making the house as cozy as possible. Although married but four and a half months, Mrs. Farmer soon found out that she had more things than house, and the problem was; what to use and what not to use, and where to store unused articles. Fortunately, a loft overhead served as a plunder room to receive the surplus amount of household effects.

When all was straight and in order, what a wonderful house it was! In the front was a small room used by Mrs. Farmer for a reception-room, where she met and preached to the women; just back of it, was a dark room, lighted by one window which was allotted to the servant woman and little girl; a tiny court divided this section from the remainder which consisted of a long room and kitchen at the rear; the kitchen being divided from the long room by a wall in which a window had been cut; from the front door to the kitchen ran a kind of hallway or alley on one side; there was no back entrance whatever to the place, so that

the front door was the place of entrance and exit for all, "folks and things" necessary to the ongoing of a household.

The most interesting compartment of the whole place was the long room, which in another place has been called a living-room, but which term we feel is a misnomer, since its use was so various. It was more like the setting of a theatrical stage, comprising three distinct scenes. The front end of it was fitted up with such articles as made it serve as the place for the study, and prayer-meeting room for the Christians who were in the house. As the whole front end of this was exposed to the gaze of the servant-woman, making privacy almost impossible, a green bamboo curtain hung there. The next setting was that of a private bed-room, with a curtain dividing it from the study; and last, in the rear, was the dining-room. How ingenious and interesting to have such a *multum in parvo!* By manipulating the cross curtains, any scene or setting suitable to any particular phase or progress in the play of life was at once disclosed, or the whole might be thrown into one grand effect. As most stages have something in the way of water effects, it may be added, that this place had all of the beautiful (?) effect of the mountain stream which flowed down from the hill in the back through the hallway, rendering the house damp and kitchen so muddy that Mrs. Farmer often had to wear her high wooden shoes.

We are sure that after such a description as the above it is apparent that all missionaries do not live in palatial homes and pass their time in luxury, as the uninformed globe trotters and newspaper reporters sometimes say of them. No doubt, too, our readers have already in heart felt resentment at the couple for going into such a place,—so suffer a few words of justification.

It was the first permanent entrance of the gospel into a heathen city, and was a case of doing the very best one could under the circumstances. Money could not remove prejudice and persuade the people to lease something better, but a few weeks' residence in their midst would do much to remove suspicion. To wait alone, without Mrs. Far-

mer, might be an indefinite delay, for already two months had passed in the quest of a house, besides, deepening suspicion and prejudice against the lonely white man, whose intentions, whatever his words might be, would not be thought good by the heathen mind. Again, the little house was taken only as a means to an end, for the hunt for houses was kept up and subsequently rewarded in a few weeks by something larger and better. A tremendous point was gained when it was seen that the missionaries were in earnest and had come to stay, no matter how great the difficulties.

The men's work was carried on outside the city at the old wine shop, which, as we have seen, had been converted into a street chapel, and the women's work was carried on at the residence by Mrs. Farmer. We shall now revert to her diary and see how she met the situation. At this time also, she had no Bible-woman to assist her, which makes mission work infinitely more difficult, as the Bible-woman is an excellent mediator between the foreign missionary and the Chinese.

[June 21.] Wilmoth not well, so read to him the Word, and the "Life of James Gilmore." In afternoon the women came for meeting; for I had by mistake told them this was the day. The room full. Men crowded at the door so none could enter. I asked them to leave, but they did not. Wilmoth asked them and they would not, then he rebuked them. The women very attentive. Preached on Christ as almighty.

It is difficult to attempt to preach to women where the men come in, for the social laws of China forbid any such promiscuous assembling, and it would soon give a bad reputation to the chapel, and end in keeping all the women away. Even yet in some of the mission stations of South China where missionaries have labored for years, there is a dividing wall, or curtain down the center of each chapel where both sexes attend services. Hence it was all the more necessary not to ride rough shod over social prejudices and customs in a perfectly new place. The reader should know, too, that the above-mentioned rebuke given to the men who tried to crowd in was based upon their common proverb, "Nan nü sheo sheo puh t'sin,"—"Men and women in re-

ceiving and giving must not touch each other"—which has come to popularly mean, "There is to be no promiscuous mingling of the sexes," as in the West. Moreover, it has been a charge again and again brought against foreigners in China, that they make no social distinctions, but allow men and women to sit together in public meetings. This slander has acted as a deterrent to keep many high-class women from the services. It was necessary at the outset to let the people know that strict rules of decorum would be observed in all our social intercourse and religious meetings.

[June 22.] Slept late because disturbed by a thief. Rained very hard and roof leaked in many places. Kitchen like two small rivers flowing through. Wilmoth still not well, but he helped to fix a plan for cook to sleep in loft over us. Also fixed fastenings on all doors. Season of Bible study. "Serpent in wilderness." God gave me a message from it for women's meeting. At twelve-thirty the K'eh Fang (reception room), was crowded. Went out to preach at one p. m. Did not take organ for room was so damp. First crowd, a greater part left because I did not have the organ. Others came and as I was preaching, three stones were thrown from the back on the roof, one going through into San Tsie's room. Some few small pieces of tile fell near me, women and children. The Lord kept me from all fear. Wilmoth sent to yamen for proclamation.

[June 23.] Precious lesson from Numbers xxi. God always meets us where we need Him most. Praise God, He is real! Wilmoth better. Proclamation sent by official was put up. Some women came from outside of city in the morning, so went out to see them; others came in afternoon but did not remain long and seemed afraid. Our neighbor brought several of her friends to see me. Some came just at dark, but were afraid and would not sit. Lord, work and save these people.

Houses in Kuangsi are covered with baked tiles loosely laid on, so that a stone of any size thrown upon a roof is almost like throwing it into a crockery shop. The stones in this case were large, but providentially the ones that fell through the roof hit no one; had they fallen upon the heads of some women or children present, naturally speaking, the result to the missionaries would have been serious.

[June 28.] No women came. Two little girls, one a slave girl, and seemed so sad; said her master beat her. Eight men executed



this afternoon. Did not go to walk. We are surely on the devil's territory. Lord, shed the light into some heart.

Mrs. Farmer's heart ever went out in tender consideration for that class of Chinese children known as slave girls. It was her great desire and prayer that some day she might be able to do something to alleviate the sad lot of some of them.

[June 29.] Up at six a. m. Much burdened for the women's meeting. At twelve the women began to come and I went out at twelve-thirty. The women listened attentively. One old woman had heard the gospel in Canton, nine years ago.

[June 30.] Thought to get house, but failed. The tailor brought back my shan (Chinese upper garment) and Wilmoth paid him before we examined the work. Neck did not fit. I know I did not take it as calmly and joyfully as I should. Lord, keep me calm under all circumstances.

[July 1.] Wilmoth took my shan to tailor. I prayed while he was gone. I fear I was not as composed and restful as a sanctified woman should be. Lord, help me to live, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks."

How malignant and unremitting the devil is! Foiled in the miscarriage of his plan for the stone-throwing, he stirred up the malicious scandal-mongers to disseminate all kinds of vile and wicked stories concerning the foreign missionaries and the chapel, hoping to prevent the attendance of the people upon the preaching services.

[July 2.] Neighbor woman came in and told us what the people said, namely, we cut children's eyes out and made medicine, ate men, and had cut open the bucket woman, (a woman who came to take away the refuse), and had taken baby out of her womb, and so on. Wilmoth had a fine opportunity to preach to her and did. Lord, save her and remove the fear from these people and cause them to come and accept Thy truth.

In justice to the Chinese it should be said that many of the better classes of course know that such talk is all lies, but there is a class steeped in superstition and ignorance, having ears to hear and hearts to believe almost anything but the truth, and, as dealers in slander, are only too glad to scatter such reports far and wide. There is also a class, who, while not believing such tales, yet are malicious and will often write out all of this vile and obscene talk and have

it posted in the prominent places of the city. Thus, by one way and another does Satan try to oppose the work of God.

[July 13.] Looking out for boats and planning to leave. Women's meeting. Room full.

It had been warm for some time, and now the really hot and trying season was upon us, and as customary, we began to make preparations to go to the coast for a little while to rest and recuperate. Before leaving for vacation the earnest prayers and search for another house were rewarded by obtaining a much larger dwelling on one of the main residence streets of the city. It had a large reception room for men and one for women, which made it much easier to receive the guests and inquirers who came, besides having ampler living quarters. The little house at the foot of the mountain had indeed admirably served its purpose; for the five weeks spent there did much to remove prejudice, and when it was seen that the missionaries were permanent residents of the city more people were willing to rent to them. How true God's order runs through everything in life! First the bitter then the sweet; agonizing prayer, then the answer; toil and sacrifice for a time, and then the glorious reward!

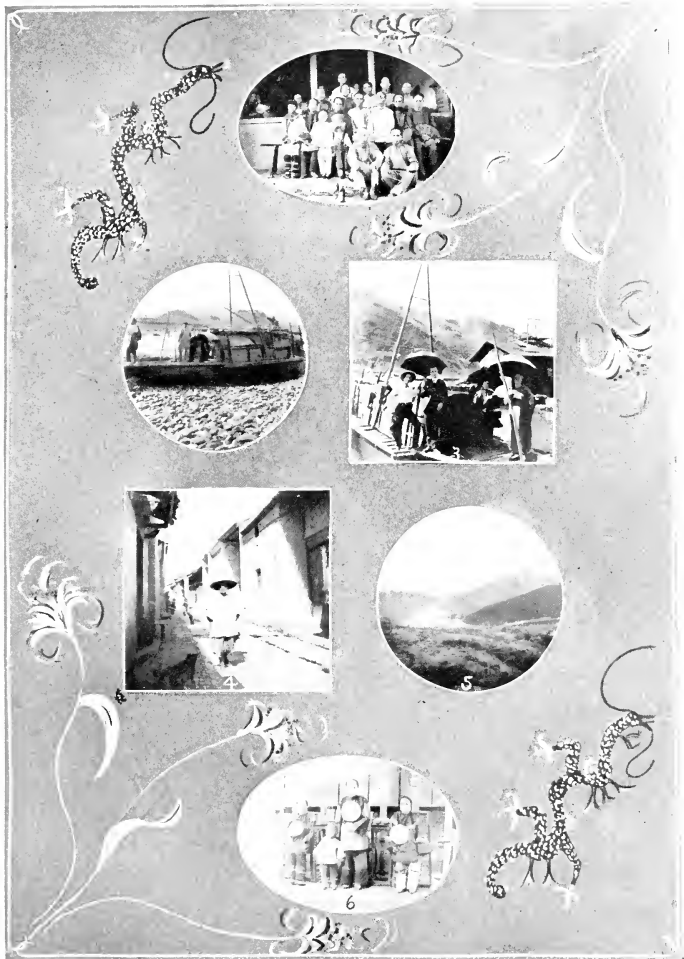
[July 15.] Praise God for house and helping to move and get off.

The vacation days were again spent at Macao. On the way to Macao the Sabbath was spent at Canton, at a mission station, where Mrs. Farmer attended service Sunday morning. How she was cheered and encouraged at the sight of so many Chinese worshiping God is told in the following words:

We all went to Chinese service. It was so encouraging to see so many precious souls saved from sin and idolatry, and it cheered our hearts to go on sowing the seed in Kuangsi.

After a season's rest and pleasant association with fellow-missionaries, August 30, Mrs. Farmer in company with her husband and two lady missionaries of another mission, left Macao for Wucheo.

Misses C— and B— off with us. Blessed opportunity for witnessing to them on Sanctification and Divine healing.



1. CHRISTIANS AT P'INGLOH.
2. PREPARING TO ASCEND A RAPID.
3. OFF FOR P'INGLOH.
4. THE STREET IN P'INGLOH, ON WHICH MRS. FARMER LIVED.
5. RIVER SCENE NEAR P'INGLOH.
6. MEMBERS OF THE PAN FAMILY AT P'INGLOH.



After making the journey to Wucheo, then up the Fu River, September 24, finds them again anchored at P'ingloh and in a few days Mrs. Farmer was about her Father's business as usual.

[October 5.] Wilmoth slept late. The Lord heard prayer for his eye and healed during the night almost instantaneously. Praise to Him! Bible-woman went out to invite people to come to meeting. Twenty or twenty-five present. Three wives of one official called and were present at the meeting.

On Mrs. Farmer's return from vacation, she was able to obtain a Bible-woman at Wucheo, who although a Cantonese, could speak enough Mandarin to be understood. She was at P'ingloh only a few months, but was faithful while there.

It was the writer's intention to visit all the outlying cities governed by P'ingloh, and so October 17, left for one of these book-selling and itinerant preaching tours. Never did Mrs. Farmer's heroic and sacrificial spirit shine more lustroously than at such a time. While it meant that she would be left alone in a large heathen city, with no other white person nearer her than a hundred and fifty miles, and no friends except the Chinese Christians and helpers, who at that time were those of her own household, yet she never quailed, and was willing to undergo anything for Christ's sake and the gospel.

[October 17.] Finished getting Wilmoth's things packed. We then went to our room and committed each other and the work to God. Eight a. m. he and Lao Liao left for the country for two weeks. It was hard, yet I gladly saw him go for my blessed Savior who suffered all for us.

In a letter to her brother she also refers to this time of being left alone:

I have heard from only two of you since I last wrote, brother and Malcom. Brother's came when Mr. Farmer left me for a two weeks' itineration and book-selling trip. I have been alone almost two weeks in this heathen city, with no foreigner nearer than one hundred and fifty miles, except Mr. Farmer, and I would not know where to find him if I tried. But it has been such a precious time, for the Lord has been so near and real to me, and there is nothing to fear. He is the Almighty One. We have a safe house, and the Bible-woman and her little girl, my servant woman and

her little girl, are here in the same building with me, while the Chinese preacher and our personal teacher are living at the men's chapel outside the city. I am expecting Mr. Farmer back to-morrow or next day. I had a note from him last Saturday, that was sent by a man coming to this place, for there are no post offices out that way. He had had fine sales for his books thus far, and the Lord was blessing in spirit.

Of course I have missed him, but I am willing to suffer these little things for the One who suffered so much for me. The Chinese preacher carries on the work at the men's chapel and holds the Sunday services and Wednesday night prayer-meetings. I play the organ. Now, I imagine I hear you all laugh, and I join in a little; but as the Chinese have no idea at all of music, none would know whether I played right or not, so it gives me confidence.

Beyond a doubt one of the great secrets of Mrs. Farmer's beautiful Christian life was that of prayer. She was a *faithful intercessor*.

[October 22.] I woke at four a. m. Had a long time of prayer and meditation. Such a burden to see fruits of repentance in those studying the gospel.—(Later in the day.)—Spent nearly two hours in prayer, so burdened for the Satan-bound Chinese; only God's mighty power can break the chains, but *He can*.

[October 25.] Five high-class women came with their servants and slave girls. We talked to them; they bought three catechisms and other tracts. Bless the word!

During the latter part of October, a large party of missionaries arrived from America and as the annual conference had been deferred until their arrival it was now called at Wucheo. It seemed hard to interrupt the work, but in obedience to a telegram summoning us to Wucheo, we left P'ingloh November 1, traveling in the mail boat, which was a little "*sampan*" affair, hardly big enough for two, although four of us crowded into it. The waves on the rapids dashed in and wet clothes and bedclothing, and one time, through carelessness of the boatman, the little boat ran into a big rock in mid-stream and came near being upset.

The conference at Wucheo was one long to be remembered, as it was a time of joy and sorrow, and also marked by a new and aggressive movement towards the evangelization of the Mandarin-speaking section of Kuangsi. The arrival from America of several old missionaries, together with eight new recruits, caused the hearts of all to rejoice

to welcome them to the field. But in the midst of their joy, Miss Campbell, the teacher of the girls' school in Wucheo, was called to her heavenly home. The mission felt the loss keenly, for she was a most godly and efficient worker; but, as is so often the case, the death of a dear comrade means a call to a deeper consecration and effort on the part of those still left behind; so it was in this case. The unreached portions of the province appealed as never before to the conference. More extensive itineration and investigation had revealed the fact, that the Mandarin-speaking portions of Kuangsi, were indeed destitute of the gospel and that something must be done for them.

A paper read by one of the missionaries on the subject had powerful effect, and the little body of Christians was stirred to prayer and plans. The result was that four of the new missionaries felt that God was calling them to the needy Mandarin-speaking district, and so chose that field of labor. No one rejoiced over this more than Mrs. Farmer, for it had long been the desire of her heart and her prayers, so that when the conference came to a close and two young men were appointed to P'ingloh to study the Mandarin language, her joy knew no bounds.

Just a month had been spent away from P'ingloh and the missionaries found on their return more friendliness and good will on the part of the people, and as a better house had been secured, all were soon settled in their respective spheres of labor. The two new brethren living in the loft across the court from the old missionaries, fairly made the whole place ring with their Chinese tones as they followed the teacher in the strange sounds of the language.

As the mind dwells upon those happy days spent at P'ingloh, the eyes fill with tears and we will not pause to narrate at length all the events that transpired, but say in a word, that they were days of hard work for all on the station, and filled with much love and fellowship in the Lord Jesus, and prayer. Mrs. Farmer was an ideal mother to the young missionaries and her many kindnesses and sacrifices for their comfort and well-being were truly appreciated by them. In life's galaxy of golden hours, the time spent at

P'ingloh with those dear brethren, all mutually sharing each other's joys, difficulties, and sorrows, will ever be one of the brightest.

As we draw near to the close of 1904, we can not do better than to quote from one of Mrs. Farmer's letters home, in which she describes the Christmas season and how it was spent.

#### MY PRECIOUS ONES AT HOME:

These past days my thoughts have been with you, for the Christmas time always makes me think of how we used to spend it together, and while doing the baking of cakes for Christmas, it being my first in our own home, it made the old home-life more real. This first Christmas in our own little home in far-off China has been a happy one. It is the first Christmas Mr. Farmer and I have ever been together, and it has been such a blessed one in so many ways.

You know we have the two young men boarding with us, and then Mr. and Mrs. Child of the Church Missionary Society, also Doctor Sanger of the same mission, reached here Friday noon on their way up the river to Kweilin. The Childs were married in November and are now on their way to their work. We did not expect them until Saturday, consequently, were not quite ready for them. But Mr. Child remained on the boat and sent his servant up to tell us that they had arrived. While Mr. Farmer went down for them I got the room ready and other things in order, gave orders to the cook for more dinner, for he was then setting the table, and was ready to meet them. It reminded me so much of some experiences at the dear old home, when we were there in the summer, and some one else came to see us.

We did not have a turkey, nor did we have cranberry sauce; but the cake was a success, and everything passed off very nicely from that standpoint, and we had a good time together. I was so glad to do something for the Church Missionary Society people, for they have been so nice to Messrs. Farmer and Cunningham while there in Kweilin, and to me while Mr. Farmer was opening up this station.

Christmas coming on Sunday made it seem less like Christmas, for I had the fowls baked the day before, also the Christmas pudding, and that much was cold. We had two Chinese services that day and one English service besides our morning prayers, which altogether took up a good part of the day. The company left us Monday morning and then we invited the Chinese preacher and the Bible-woman to have dinner with us that day. The preacher came, but the Bible-woman said she did not know how to eat foreign food and use the knife and fork, so declined.

We had real Christmas weather, for we were awakened Saturday morning by the sleet falling on the tile roof. It did not remain on



the ground, but it made everything look more "Christmasy" than if it had not been cold. We tried to find holly but the boy could not, though he found some red berries that looked very much like it, only the leaves were not holly leaves.

We gave each one a little remembrance of the day, and our guests gave us a pretty calendar, a photo of the Child's wedding party, and some candies. Mr. Farmer gave me two pretty Chinese pots of Lilies. We gave all the Chinese in the house a plate of fruit cake and nuts. I forgot to say we made our candies for Christmas, and they were very nice, too. We trust by another Christmas to be in a larger and more comfortable place for us and the work. Mr. Farmer and I have been married eleven months now and we are feeling quite like old married people, since we have the two young men with us, and so much company of late.

In another letter written a day later, she says:

And for the money, it came in a time of special need, and in direct answer to prayer, which makes it doubly precious to us. We are trusting God for everything and when God so directly meets these special needs it draws us so close to Him and makes us know that you are living close enough to Him that He can tell you about such need. What a precious Savior is Jesus, my Lord! I would not give this life of perfect trust for anything in exchange, any position the world or the church could give.

In order that we may appreciate the paragraph just quoted we will have to tell of something else that transpired Friday morning at the time of the arrival of our guests. It was this: We had spent all the money we possessed, and while there were canned goods and other provisions in the larder, yet there was no money to buy fowls, fresh vegetables, water, charcoal, wood, and many other things necessary to convert the articles of the pantry into an edible condition. Here were guests who were members of another mission, *very dear friends*, from whom in the past we had been recipients of much kind hospitality, and to make the occasion of greater importance still, it was the *honeymoon* trip of two of the party, and *Christmas* besides. It was of all times, one at which a host and hostess should honor their guests with more than ordinary courtesy. How embarrassing it would be not to do this! What could be done? Borrow they would not, for that would be an infringement of a rule they had agreed never to violate, be-

lieving to "owe no man anything" was more scriptural and far better than to be involved in debt.

Prayer to a loving Father who knows every need and circumstance of His children is ever the resource in time of difficulty and perplexity. Humbly submitting the matter to Him and telling Him, if personal pride was in the way and it was best to thus humble them by not letting them carry out the plans they desired, His will be done.

The guests were duly received and had scarcely been seated in the little study when the postman brought in a letter bearing an American postmark. Eagerly opening it, we found a check for thirty dollars, American money, which, when exchanged for Chinese currency, amounted to sixty-odd dollars! There was no more solicitude about the needed articles for Christmas dinner, and it was also an easy matter to provide some gift for each one, suitable for the occasion. It is needless to add that the first opportunity for the host and hostess to be alone was spent up under the tiles in the loft, in a *real thanksgiving service*, of which to this day the guests know nothing. Thus the Christmas of 1904 was made in the words of Mrs. Farmer, "doubly precious to us."



## SOWING AND REAPING

Sow with a generous hand;  
Pause not for toil or pain;  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain,  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,  
A table will be spread;  
What matter if you are too weary  
To eat your hard-earned bread!  
Sow while the earth is broken,  
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow;—while the seeds are lying  
In the warm earth's bosom deep,  
And your warm tears fall upon it,  
They will stir in their quiet sleep;  
And the green blades rise the quicker,  
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,  
And the seed must fall to-day;  
And care not what hands shall reap it,  
Or if you shall have passed away  
Before the waving cornfields  
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow; and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears,  
Where in spite of the coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

## CHAPTER XI

### FURTHER LABORS AND FRUIT AT P'INGLOH. EVENTS OF 1905

*Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.*

LONGFELLOW.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—ST. PAUL.



RS. Farmer always at the beginning of each New Year looked definitely to the Lord for some verse or passage of Scripture which would set the keynote of her life for the year. We find under January 1, 1905, "*Be Ye Holy for I am Holy*," and each word doubly underscored. God did most graciously fulfil these words in her daily walk and life.

She was unremitting and tireless in the prosecution of her witnessing for the Lord. There are possibly no streets or lanes in the city of P'ingloh in which her glad feet did not walk, bringing the tidings of salvation. By the door of the little straw-thatched mud hut, or in the reception parlors of the wealthy Chinese, surrounded by a coterie of women and children, she could be seen almost any day, faithfully telling them of the Lord who loved them and gave Himself for them.

Pioneer mission work is always hard, and results are seen in most cases, only after years of earnest effort and prayer. There must be an abundant sowing of the gospel seed by voice, Scripture portions, tracts, etc., before there can come anything like a harvest. It takes a spirit of patience and a far-seeing faith to go into new territory and

there toil on from day to day. "To be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and also to believe that "the labor is not in vain in the Lord." The true test of missionary discipleship is found not in the conspicuous place of leadership or prominence on the mission field, but in the daily plod, and, in many instances, monotonous routine of mission life, which is the lot of the vast majority of missionary workers.

Mrs. Farmer had in an eminent degree the virtues of earnestness, patience, plod, far-seeing faith, and, above all, such a love for Jesus Christ that though had she never seen any visible results of her mission labors, she would have continued faithful to the end and asked no greater encomium than, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" from her Master and Lord. While she did not live long enough to see large results of her hard pioneer life, yet God, who knows how to cheer and encourage those who are faithful to Him, let her see souls won for Christ, mission work begun in new cities, buildings erected, and blessings dispersed to many at home and abroad through her glorious life of prayer and service.

After her residence in P'ingloh for a few months, her kindly disposition soon dispelled the fear of the women and children and doors which at first had been slammed in her face were now opened and she was given a hearty welcome by rich and poor. We have already remarked upon her great love for children, and so one feature of her mission work was to always hold a children's meeting every Friday afternoon, at which she taught them to sing simple gospel hymns, memorize Scripture verses, and pray with them. They loved her and wherever she went in the city would call out her name, "Hua Si Nai," (Mrs. Flower—her Chinese name), as she passed along the streets.

Soon after coming to P'ingloh, Mrs. Farmer made the acquaintance of a very wealthy, high-class family, whose name was P'an. Some of the family had heard the gospel in Canton and elsewhere, and were very glad to listen. She speaks of them in a letter, and as it gives a good picture of

Chinese life, as well as mission work and its difficulties, we quote this letter just as it appears :

I wrote you before we left for our vacation about visiting a high-class family. Well, one is the daughter of an official, and since returning I have been to see the widows of that official. They are wealthy and have one of the nicest houses in P'ingloh. The wives, (two of them can read and the daughter can read), have bought some tracts and are looking into the gospel. They have been to see me three or four times before going down in the summer and twice since we returned, and have a real good insight into the gospel for heathen women. Last Thursday afternoon I called there; the Bible-woman and I talked the gospel off and on for two hours. On Sunday I heard that the sixth wife, (originally there were seven), was real sick. I dared not go for fear it would be said the foreigners caused her death; but the Bible-woman called to ask about her. She was not admitted to the house, but learned that a fortune teller, (China is full of them), had told her that this month she would die, and, of course, she thought it must be so. The last I heard from her she had taken opium to kill herself. Poor suffering humanity! May the Lord quickly gather out His bride and come and rule! "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Pray for the family, they have been so much on my heart; there are only three out of the seven wives living at present.

What such homes are like we have little idea; but this we do know, there is no love, no joy, no real happiness. The little girls all have bound feet and the youngest, who is five years old, was engaged the other day to some one she perhaps will never see till the day she is taken to his mother's house to be his slave, and the servant of his mother. How these people need Christ, and yet how difficult it is to make them know that is what they need! Nothing but the mighty power of God, with faithful witnessing and much prayer by us here and you at home, will cause them to see their great and awful need, and the only remedy, Christ. So pray first, the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into the field; pray for us here, and pray for these poor people, that the Lord may enter their hearts.

We well remember to what earnest intercessory prayer Mrs. Farmer gave herself when she heard of how Satan had tried to make this poor woman suicide, and we have felt that her prayers had no little to do with the recovery of the woman, for it was her chief petition that God would spare her yet to believe. How often after that she said that she did believe and wanted to become a true Christian, but as is the case with so many at present in China, her high social position and Chinese customs are still preferred

rather than the scorn and persecution of allying herself with the Christian church.

Mrs. Farmer, like all *truly saintly* souls, had an humble opinion of herself. Commenting on the first year of her married life, she says:

So much to praise God for in this year, and I feel I have accomplished so little for Him. Still, Lord, I have tried to be faithful. Lord, this year, grant my life to *please* Thee. I want to keep my eyes *fixed* and *kept* on Thee, getting Thy mind at each juncture and praise Thee continually. I want to make a better wife.

She was of such a genial and condescending disposition that all who came in contact with her felt the spell of her personality.

The magistrate stationed at P'ingloh during the year of 1905, was very kind to the mission and his wife became quite friendly to Mrs. Farmer; so much so, that she invited the latter to eat the Spring Feast with her at the official residence. Mrs. Farmer feeling it was an unusual opportunity to witness the gospel to people of that class, accepted the invitation. The particulars of that occasion and also of the meal which she returned to the little T'ai T'ai, is given in a letter to her sister-in-law, who with some other ladies in America, had only recently had a missionary afternoon at which they dressed in costumes of the various nations. She says:

While you people are playing at missions and wearing the Chinese and Japanese dress we are having the reality of it here, and I dare say, we have greater pleasure and more real joy in it here, though it may be a little harder, than you people do there. There is no joy like giving the bread of life to these people who have never heard the name of Jesus; and if there is so much joy here now, what will it be when we are brought face to face with our God and see the precious souls that have been saved from eternal punishment because we followed Him here and brought them our Christ? How short and fleeting this life is! I want to press in all the service for my Master that I can. If I can only hear Him say, "She hath done what she could," I will be satisfied.

The Lord has so changed the attitude of the people towards us here and has given us access to the lowest and highest in the city. We feel that wearing the Chinese dress and mingling with the people as we do has done much toward it, and I praise God that He ever led us to wear the Chinese dress. Wilmoth and I have had



many visitors this New Year season, and we have made many visits, and of course, have had opportunity to witness to them.

The Hsien official's wife invited me to a feast and I at first declined, but the invitation was repeated and she insisted so that we thought it best to go, and I am glad I did. Of course, one of that rank had things done in style, (Chinese style), as a governor at home would do. Still it lacked much of refinement and the women, though of high rank, are ignorant from our standpoint. I went in a sedan chair and had our door-boy, who has been a yamen runner, and knows just what to do, go in front and carry my card, and my servant woman follow my chair. I was carried through the court and one or two reception rooms, back just in front of the women's reception room, which is always in the rear. The T'ai T'ai, for that is what an official's wife is called, stepped out to meet me. I got out and went in; she bowed, kneeling on the mat, and I did likewise; then I was ushered to my seat, I trying to sit in the low seat, and she urging me to the high seat. After being seated, her servant and slave girl came and bowed, and then tea was immediately brought; we sipped that and when I wished her husband peace, according to Eastern custom, she went for him and he came out and knelt and bowed to me, and I did the same; then a bowl of cooked lotus-lily seed was brought in and we ate that. She invited me to go to her private bed-room, where the other guests were and where we were entertained. There the table was set with sweet meats of several kinds and tea was again brought. We sat and chatted, I doing the best I could with my limited Chinese. I had some little opportunity to preach to them. A bowl of noodles was brought for each of us and eaten with chop-sticks.

At five-thirty dinner was announced. I was the guest of honor, and so ushered out first. I resisted some, according to Chinese custom, but not so much as they do. We all stood in the reception room where we were to eat and the man who had charge, the chief butler, stood outside and called out the names, mine first. The T'ai T'ai receiving from the servant the chop-sticks, laid them down where I was to sit, and where a paper with watermelon seed was placed. The hostess then held up the chop sticks, called my name and made a very graceful bow and laid them down; then, the cup for wine and a small bowl and Chinese spoon. She then took hold of the chair and made a deep bow; each time I bowed too. She did the same for each one, and then one of the guests took hers, and did that for her, and when the time came to be seated there was a scramble about not taking the high seat. I did less than they, for I was a foreigner, and it seemed so empty; but when the turn of the lady of second honor came she pulled back so that they had to almost literally put her in the seat.

It was a black polished table with no cloth or napkins; some meats were already on the table; all was served in courses, and each course

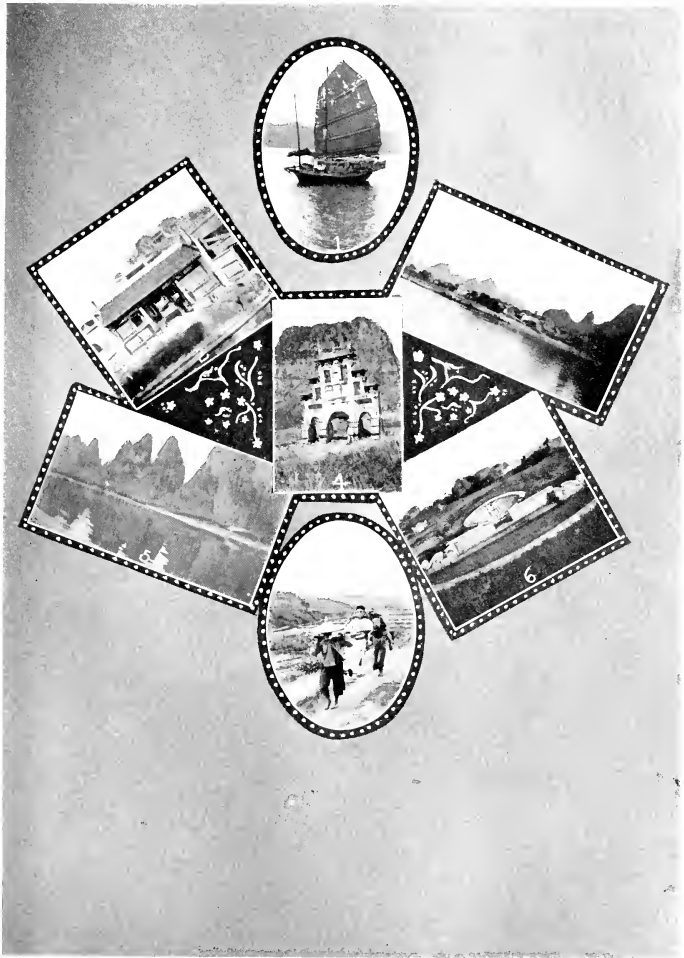
meat, except one of cooked fruit and one of sponge cake; no bread of course; and the rice was served by itself, and finally, tea. We were at the table from five-thirty to seven-thirty. As very few dishes were removed, the table was full of bowls and small round plates similar to our saucers, with meats and stuff on the table where they had been dropped. My not drinking wine gave me an opportunity to witness to them. I forgot to say that each guest's servant and the slaves, who stood at their backs, occasionally served the water pipe, and they all smoked. It all seemed so coarse from our point of view.

After dinner we went again to the T'ai T'ai's room and had more tea while our servants ate. She gave each servant ten cents, and my door-boy twenty cents. As soon as the first guest left, I saw how it was done and made my departure. Mr. Farmer was getting uneasy about me, I think, and the cook was standing out in the street with a lamp looking for me. I wish you could have seen the beautiful and gorgeous clothes. I can not describe them; but they were of beautiful silk embroidered in silk and gold. The guests had on their official beads and outer garments which they took off after getting in her private room, hostess and all.

Well, according to Chinese custom, I had to return the feast, so, last Tuesday afternoon I had them here. I had our Chinese teacher write the invitations and sent them according to Chinese etiquette. The women came in pairs, with soldiers, red umbrellas, etc. The soldiers lined up on each side of the door and the little slave girls came in first, and then the women behind. It was quite a pretty sight and great style for our little house. They came in our women's reception room, one at a time, knelt and bowed, and I did likewise; then they handed the invitations I had sent them to me and bowed again for the same.

I had fine opportunity to preach the gospel to them, for I played the organ and had the two little girls in the house sing, and I explained the meaning of the hymns and led out from that, and then the Bible-woman took it up. They were very curious to see our foreign things and it was not hard to entertain them.

We had a foreign meal, and of course we got up a nice one much cheaper than we could have a Chinese meal. I had out my prettiest linen and embroidered centerpiece and had the table looking fairly well,—pretty compared with theirs. Everything was very curious to them, for only one had ever eaten a foreign meal or seen bread before. I had made some nut creams, had almonds, walnuts, figs, etc., most of which were new to them. They had no manners, according to our way of thinking, for the first thing they did was to wrap up things in their handkerchiefs to carry home, and did many other things that lacked real refinement. The Lord has given us access to the highest and lowest for which we praise Him, and now we are looking to Him for souls.



1. A CHINESE JUNK.
2. A TEMPLE AT PINGLOH.
- 3 and 5. SCENES ON THE FU RIVER.
4. A MEMORIAL ARCH.
6. A WEALTHY CHINAMAN'S GRAVE.
7. A COUNTRY SEDAN CHAIR.

NEW YORK  
LIBRARY  
1917  
L

My servant woman and her fourteen-year-old daughter are about ready for baptism, and we have some few earnest enquirers. Pray for us. I am glad that the \_\_\_\_\_ church is going to support a missionary this year, but doubtless there are individual members in that church who could support one if they would only do their duty. So many of our missionaries on the field are thus supported, and some men and women at home have from one to three representatives on the foreign field. God will reward such giving as that. They will have souls in foreign fields saved through them, although they have never gone to the field themselves.

April 16, 1905, was a red-letter day at P'ingloh, as the first baptismal service was held on that day. Mrs. Farmer's joy knew no bounds, and she describes the day as follows:

Prepared for the baptismal service; at three-thirty left here. The men went by the chapel and we women went by the north gate to the small river; the two boats were there; we sang and had prayer. Wilmoth and Brother Oldfield went in, then Mr. Kin was baptized, afterwards, San Tsie, and then Ta Mei. I led the singing; while they were changing clothes, brother Chang spoke a while and we sang. God only knows what joy I had,—three souls saved; came back and rested. Supper, and then Brother Jaffray preached on Acts. Wilmoth received the three into the church, and while asking them if they would give their money to support the church, San Tsie said, "Yes, I will give a tenth," and she does. Then we partook of the Holy Communion. What blessing and joy to see souls come out from heathen darkness to gospel light!

Soon after Mrs. Farmer came to P'ingloh, she, on one of her daily visitations, was invited to a very mean and lowly place where she met a woman about forty years of age, called Mrs. Kong. She was an opium smoker, and yet not so far gone but that she had a desire to quit it. She knew a few characters and from the very first was eager to hear the gospel. We have often heard Mrs. Farmer tell of how Mrs. Kong got her little stool and sat down in front of her and listened to every word of that life and death which have brought peace and deliverance to the countless multitudes who have believed and trusted in it. Mrs. Farmer gave her a gospel of John which she avidiously read through, her little son and husband helping her; the latter, also, an opium smoker. Soon she began to attend the meetings for women and Mrs. Farmer went quite

regularly to the dirty little home to teach her. The catechism she learned quite readily and made splendid progress in every way except in the matter of leaving off opium. She was told, and made to see, that in order to become a true Christian, she would have to give up this dreadful habit.

At first she tried to quit at her own home, but Mrs. Farmer soon found this would not do, although she did lessen the amount of opium she smoked daily. Mrs. Farmer, feeling that she could do far better if Mrs. Kong were nearer where she could watch her, not allowing her to go out of the house, praying with and teaching her how to rely upon Christ when the temptation and craving came, invited her to come and live a month at the mission home with the Bible-woman. Mrs. Kong gladly accepted the invitation, but with the understanding that she would be closely watched, not being allowed to go out by herself, for fear she would get opium, and also that she was to be given some light work like sewing, etc., to help pay for her food while at the chapel.

Mrs. Farmer felt the heavy responsibility of this undertaking, for, as is often the case, sickness and complications of all kinds arise. Mrs. Kong was no exception, for as soon as deprived of the pipe, which Mrs. Farmer insisted upon having turned over to her, she became weak and sick and suffered when the craving for the drug came upon her. At such times Mrs. Farmer would go to the little room where she and the Bible-woman would pray with Mrs. Kong and point her to Jesus Christ as one who could save to the uttermost.

[May 16.] Read with Mrs. Kong and had good talk with her. I believe she is truly saved and about free from opium.

After spending a month or more at the chapel she was allowed to return home, being most graciously delivered from opium, saved, and blessed. She became a fearless witness in her home to what God had done for her and it was not long before her husband also accepted Christ and gave up his opium. Mrs. Kong did not hide her light under a bushel; but boldly declared what God had done for

her. As she was well known in the city, she scattered the good news wherever she went, and at times when Mrs. Farmer was without a Bible-woman, did efficient service in helping her to reach the women of P'ingloh. She was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, nor to be seen walking the streets with the "foreign devil woman."

Before Mrs. Kong had heard the gospel she had betrothed her little daughter to a heathen and had already sent her to his mother's home. One of the first things she did after she was saved was to pray earnestly to God to help her in some way save the little girl from marrying this man. God heard her prayers, and it was not long before the girl was brought back home and sent to Wucheo Training School, where she became a Christian and is taking the course of studies to become a teacher or Bible-woman. The last we heard other members of the family were enquiring into the gospel.

[May 19.] Very good children's meeting but disturbed, first by baby; chicken; baby; man and chicken. The Lord knows I did my best. I leave it with Him.

The Chinese know nothing of decorum and reverence in a public meeting such as is observed by Westerners, and the above remark by Mrs. Farmer about being so disturbed while trying to teach the children reminds us of the disturbance of a Wednesday night prayer-meeting, which is ludicrous as well as characteristic of the Chinese.

In the midst of the service a very large rat ran out into the room in full view of all. It was too tempting a bait for a Chinese Christian, and immediately and almost simultaneously the congregation arose and chased the rat, stamping and banging at it with bamboo sticks, or anything else that came handy. In a few moments the servant-woman was successful in catching it and putting it away safely for the night. Soon all were in their seats again and quite as devout and serene as if nothing had happened and the service went on. The next day, San Tsie and her little daughter did not need to go to the market for meat for their breakfast, as the "prayer-meeting rat" was just as savory as anything they cared for, and if they had been

given a chance in prayer-meeting to testify, we should not have been surprised to hear them thank the Heavenly Father for the rat, which was almost as unexpectedly, and certainly quite as conveniently given them as the quails of old to the Israelites.

[June 8.] Last night the second wife of one of the principal merchants jumped into the river and drowned herself. Poor creature, the first wife had beaten her.

Another sad case was that of a woman just next door to the men's chapel. Mrs. Farmer had often preached the gospel to her, and while kindly disposed and attentive, yet ruled and domineered by a wicked husband, she could only be courteous. As the result of some domestic or other troubles, she one day swallowed a big dose of strychnine. Her people did all they could to save her life; but she died without God and without hope.

Oh, my Christian sisters, you who enjoy the love and respect of your father, brother and husband; you who have all the glorious privileges accorded you by Christianity, are you under no obligation to your sisters of the East? Do you pray for them? Do you give of your means for the spread of the gospel among them? Are you willing to go to them with the message of salvation? Remember, it is not a question of merely ameliorating their present condition, but it is to take them Jesus Christ, and *thereby make it possible for them to be saved*. If you Christian women of the West do not do this work it will not be done, and God will require their souls at your hands.

The social fabric of the East is such that unless you women take the word of life to them they will die in their sin and hopelessness; for we men can not reach these women in their seclusion. In Christ Jesus "there is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female," but all are precious souls for whom Christ died. Souls that are as dear to His heart as you or I. To us, his followers, has been committed the message of life for those who sit in heathen darkness, never having heard of a Savior.



Picture to yourself your own or another's happy home in America. Look at the mutual respect and love of husband and wife; see the happy children playing about their knees, and think of the ten thousand blessings which we have not space to enumerate; at last, look at them at the close of life, with what peace, joy, and certainty of a glorious resurrection and eternal happiness they resign their souls to God. Then compare all of this with what you have read in the foregoing paragraphs, in which not half has been told. Are these blessings and privileges which have cost the blood of the Son of God to be held so lightly and selfishly that you feel you owe no debt to your sisters in the East? If Christ is no more than that to you it is a question as to whether you are His.

One great object in writing this life of Mrs. Farmer is that her heroic and self-denying efforts in behalf of the Chinese women may appeal to the hearts of the women of America and other Christian countries, to lay their lives in glad consecration upon God's altar for service in the Chinese Empire.

As the hot weather was now coming on, the lofts in which the missionaries lived were becoming unbearable on account of little ventilation (which could not be remedied) and the hot tiles overhead. Something had to be done. There was only one living-room downstairs which had served as a study and general meeting-room for the missionaries, and back of it a small dining-room divided from it by a wooden partition. In the hot, damp weather of spring, even the best of ventilated rooms in South China are not always comfortable; so, in order to get a through breeze, which even then would be laden with smell and smoke from the kitchen (as the little opening of the back court was too small to afford sufficient draught to carry off such obnoxious fumes), it was necessary to take down the wooden partition, making the dining-room and study into one, and occupy it as a living-room, and not a large one at that. But be it large or small, it could not accommodate a married couple and two young men. They could not all occupy one room. What was to be done? The brethren, while need-

ing the facility afforded at P'ingloh for language study, yet felt the only solution was for them to return to Wucheo and do the best they could until the hot summer was over and let the married couple have the one room, as they were in charge of the station work and would have to remain at P'ingloh.

Mrs. Farmer, with true self-denial so characteristic of her, prepared by means of a curtain, another little place just back of the women's reception-room, which was large enough only to hold a bed; but which would serve as a sleeping apartment for her and her husband while the larger room could be given to the new missionaries, as they had not been in China long and were not so well acclimated. Although the little sleeping-place was damp and poorly lighted, and afforded no privacy at all, yet by using the old upstairs room in the loft as a dressing room early in the morning and at night, all would have a place to sleep on the ground floor; which, while it was not a good thing to do, was more preferable than being baked and smothered under the hot tiles of the loft. Naturally, the brethren were not willing for such an arrangement, since it put Mrs. Farmer in such an inconvenient and unsanitary place, but she well knew the difficulty of trying to learn Mandarin in a Cantonese-speaking city, and was only too glad to do anything to prolong the stay of the young men at P'ingloh, that they might have better facilities for study.

The poor accommodations of the house, the hot weather and the annual conference, which always convenes in mid-summer, were incentives enough to cause the little crowd to leave P'ingloh for a month or so.

After conference Mrs. Farmer went to Macao where she spent one of the happiest of vacations at the home of some very dear friends. We have before noted her love and devotion to her parents. Under September 5, we find the following:

Mail from home telling of the home-going of my precious mother. No one knows what it means except those who have passed through it; but God has been my comfort and stay.—Poor father! he will miss her so.

[October 30.] I awoke last night with such a burden for father, and prayed quite a long time for him. I felt that he needed real help.

We also give below an extract from a letter which shows how she felt concerning her mother's death:

Just after I wrote you last I had the sad news of the departure of my precious mother. She fell asleep in Jesus July 16, the very day I left P'ingloh, and I did not receive the news until September 5. It has all been so sad to me, but how I praise God that she was saved and ready to meet Him, and now I have the blessed hope of seeing her again. While I shall never see her in the flesh again, I know she is in glory with our blessed Saviour, and when He returns He will bring her with Him and we who are alive will be caught up together to ever be with the Lord, and that is such a blessed hope. It seems so strange to have no mother here, and of course I have wished to be there and to care for her in the last days, and to be to my father all I could; but God has called me here and I have to content myself to let others do what I should have loved to do. How I praise God that I know Him, and He has been my comfort during this time of sorrow.

After vacation the same party of missionaries returned to P'ingloh, but had scarcely been at work a month when the awful massacre of the Presbyterian missionaries at Liencheo, in the Canton province, occurred. The boycott of American goods by the Chinese had been going on for some time previously and notices were posted at P'ingloh and other cities of Kuangsi to that effect. And although no ill-feeling had been shown at P'ingloh, yet the general attitude of the Chinese everywhere was none too good, and consuls and others felt a little apprehensive. Consequently, a telegram was sent to Wucheo by the American consul asking that it be forwarded to all the inland stations of the mission, and, while not ordering the missionaries to leave, yet in view of the recent massacre and boycott, he deemed it advisable to retire from the inland stations for a while. The telegram came while the writer and Mr. Oldfield were out on an itinerating trip, having left Mrs. Farmer with the Chinese preacher's family and Mr. Carpenter in the city. She, on receiving the message, was not excited nor frightened, as many under similar circumstances would have been; for she always possessed a clear head and calm spirit under the most dangerous and trying situations.

[November 4.] Telegram came from Wucheo, including one from American consul calling us down.—Trouble. Committed it to God. Consulted with Brother Carpenter and decided to send for Wilmoth and Brother Oldfield.

[March 5.] The Lord gave peace and rest, and I slept pretty well. I awoke early and prayed much about the trouble and what to do; but felt such a victory in my own soul that I could not believe God was going to let us leave our work. I feel it is purely a local affair, though may be mistaken.—Afternoon:—I spent in prayer. The Lord gave me such rest and peace,—no fear. All peaceful here as far as we can tell.

The next day she went on with her duties at the little day-school which she had just begun.

[November 6.] I went to girl's school and had prayer; work went on as usual. Had a time with Ta Mei; she did not want to work and study. At one p. m., Mr. Farmer and Mr. Oldfield came in tired and worn, having walked seventy-five *li* that morning. Wilmoth was in favor of going down to Wucheo; so was Brother Carpenter. Brother Oldfield wanted to await the letter from Wucheo. I could not feel that God would have us leave our work, but Brother Oldfield and I were not strong enough to outweigh their feelings and opinions.

After prayer and consultation we were a divided house on the subject, and, to settle it, all finally said that since the writer was the oldest missionary on the station and in charge of affairs, they would be willing to abide by his decision; if he said "Go" why, they would go; if to "Remain," they would do likewise. Since we had been *officially* warned, and, knowing the fate that some well-meaning but unwise missionaries met during the Boxer movement when they had been given time and warning to escape and did not, we did not feel like assuming the responsibility of the occasion, especially, not knowing anything more definite than we did. The fact that an American consul, under whose protection we, as American citizens were, had thought it advisable to leave, seemed in the light of Scripture relative to obedience to magistrates, etc., sufficient grounds for us to go, at least to Wucheo, where we might avail ourselves of a steamer in case of a serious outbreak.

Packing what clothes we needed, the house was put in the care of the door-boy, a trusty Christian, and the mag-

istrate in the city was notified that we were leaving and expected him to look after things in our absence. On reaching Wucheo it was found that the nearer we came to Canton the more intense was the feeling against America, and public demonstrations were being held in Wucheo to arouse the people to patriotism and concerted action, until America would repeal or do something regarding the Chinese Exclusion Act.

Seeing that it was not possible to return inland soon, and that in case of trouble, Hongkong was a more advantageous place than Wucheo, and not being able to speak Cantonese and thereby deprived of doing any mission work in the latter place, several missionaries decided to go to Hongkong, rent a house and live there until things quieted down. Accordingly this was done.

Although away from P'ingloh about three months, time was never more profitably spent. Mr. G. B. Carpenter, one of the new missionaries who lived at P'ingloh with us, was one of the most earnest and devoted Christians whose one theme was the salvation of men, accompanied us to Hongkong, and, soon after his arrival, gained an entrance into the hearts of some of the soldiers and sailors there; the result of which was that he was invited to hold a revival meeting for them. Many meetings were held both in the Sailors' Home and on the gun-boats, etc. Many of the boys were greatly blessed, being saved and sanctified. Christian workers of Hongkong said it was one of the best and most telling revivals they had ever known there.

We have related the above in order to say that no one took a greater interest by prayer and personal work in the services than did Mrs. Farmer. She was as solicitous for the success of the meetings as if they depended upon her, and she gladly gave herself to prayer and personal work for the salvation of souls, and put herself to much trouble to make it pleasant for some of those who had been blessed in the services by helping entertain them at teas or dinners given at the little flat where we lived. In many ways, too numerous to mention, she endeared herself to the Christian

workers and all with whom she came in contact at that time.

We who are down here of our mission are holding a revival for the soldiers and sailors, and this last week quite a number of them have been saved and sanctified. Praise God! The Wesleyan minister has asked us to take his church this week, so we begin there to-night. We praise God for an opportunity to labor for Him here while kept away from the dear Chinese. May 1906 be the best year of our lives. May our lives be according to His pattern and glory and bring precious souls to Him, is my prayer.

The time quickly passed, and as rumors and the general ill-feeling of the Chinese subsided, the missionaries were soon on their way back to P'ingloh.



## SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly drooping sky,  
Yet chilled with winter's melted snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Who calls the glorious service hard?  
Who deems it not its own reward?  
Who, for its trials, count it less  
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense,  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

*Whittier.*



## CHAPTER XII

### CLOSING YEAR OF WORK AT P'INGLOH

*Yet do thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or another's day;  
And if denied the victor's meed  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.*

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—ST. PAUL.



WITH the exception of four or five months' work at P'ingloh, after returning from her first furlough in America, the year 1906 marks the close of Mrs. Farmer's labors in this city. Her New Year verses for 1906 were as follows: "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth. Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. If we suffer with Him, we shall reign with him."

While she enjoyed the work among the soldiers and sailors in Hongkong, yet in her heart she longed to be back in the midst of those, some of whom were but "babes in Christ," and others enquirers into the gospel. She felt that while she should be busy for the kingdom of God no matter where she was placed, her first duty was to those who had no opportunity to hear the good news of salvation.

A quotation from one of her letters, will serve to give us the connecting link once more with P'ingloh.

We left Hongkong February sixth, and had a fairly good trip up to Wucheo, though we did have to stand still on account of the fog for thirty-six hours. We spent a few days in Wucheo, getting things re-packed, a boat, etc., and then started for P'ingloh, as there is no known trouble and danger inland at present. We saw no reason why we should remain longer from our work and the dear ones

God has brought out of darkness into the true light and from the poor souls yet lost in utter darkness.

My Bible-woman did not return with us, therefore no one to do regular Bible-woman's work; and we are thinking of getting one of the Christian women of P'ingloh to go with me and help me get into the homes. Please pray for her and me in this, for the work among the women has always been hard in P'ingloh.—Wilmoth and Brother Oldfield are expecting to go and open Liucheo soon, that is, if they can get a Chinese preacher to go with them. I do not know how long they will be away; that depends largely on when they can rent a house, etc.

As the boat could not reach P'ingloh before Sunday, progress being retarded by the rapids and long turns in the river, Mr. Carpenter and the writer left the boat Saturday morning to walk into P'ingloh and spend Sunday with the little flock, leaving Mrs. Farmer to come on Monday.

[March 1.] The boat-people awoke early and started off before good daylight and we reached P'ingloh a little after noon. I was so glad to see Wilmoth down at the riverside to meet me, also the preacher, wife and children and most of the Christians. Those who did not go down to the boat to meet us came around to see us. It is blessed to see how God has worked in their hearts, though they are yet only "babes in Christ." The Lord is so good to us. How I praise God that he has saved and sanctified me and taught me to trust Him for all things, and for a husband that sees things the same way. God surely chose us for each other.

Her diary for February 26, has an entry similar to the above letter:

Reached P'ingloh. Praise God! How my heart rejoiced in God to once more get back to our Christians and the dear ones still outside the fold.

Two days later, in posting up accounts, she discovered that we were very low as to finances.

Posted books. Wound up the month's account to find that we had only forty-three *cash*, and none in the bank. Praise God, He kept us out of debt though we did not know we were so near.

A week later under date of March eighth, she writes:

Still no money, but great confidence in God, and peace in my own soul. Expecting the C——'s to-day or to-morrow, God's will be done. Boy making bread for C——'s. The Word so very precious to me this morning.—Dinner.—Wilmoth on way to chapel stopped at post office.—*Allowance*.—Praise God, relief has

come! Wilmoth and I had a praise meeting; bought vegetables, first in eight days. Last cent had been given for charcoal to bake C——'s bread. "*He is faithful.*"

Considering the above incident with the one formerly related, it looks almost amusing that when a real hard financial test came it was almost always co-incidental with the visit of some guest which would make the test all the harder. In the present instance, like the previous one, while all money had absolutely given out, the larder contained canned goods, etc., but nothing to buy wood, water, and coal.

But, dear friends, grant that even the pantry had also been *empty*, is not God able for any emergency in life? He is the Almighty One who out of nothing created the universe, and who out of man's helplessness and extremity, works wonders in the realm of prayer and faith still. Truly, truly, "*He is faithful,*" fulfilling His precious promises always to those who live righteously and trust Him with all their hearts. He not only supplies the *needs* of His children; but how often gives them *over* and *above* what they need and ask!

The way did not open for Mr. Oldfield and the writer to leave for Liucheo until the eleventh of May, and the intervening time was busily spent by all on the station. On reading Mrs. Farmer's diary covering this period we find that she was deeply burdened in prayer for P'ingloh and the Christians on the station. I shall quote most fully from her diary in order to show how faithful she was in secret prayer. She truly prayed "without ceasing," and the success of the little revival service at this time was beyond a doubt due in great measure to her earnest intercession. We doubt not, too, that in a short missionary career as hers has been, that God has not yet *fully answered* all of the prayers of His dear child; but that some future time shall yet witness blessing upon P'ingloh, Liucheo, and other cities of Kuangsi, for which Mrs. Farmer poured out her soul in tears and agonizing prayer to her "Father which is in secret."

[March 14.] I awoke and had a real burden of prayer for the women of P'ingloh; fasted and prayed, and did not go to Chinese prayers.

[March 26.] Praise God for the school! May it be a place where souls may find Christ and a road into the parents' hearts.

Two weeks later in a letter home she says:

The girls' school has been opened now two weeks and the Lord is blessing, though the Enemy is not asleep. Last Monday two pupils left school because the street people said they had joined the "foreign devils," and they feared; but we have been praying and yesterday one came back and I believe the other will soon. We are looking to God to not only save the children, but through them reach their mothers and fathers and other members of the family. There are two men who are about ready for baptism, and one woman, only her husband is not willing for her to be baptized here, so we are praying and waiting for God to work in his heart until he is willing. There are also a few others who are looking into the gospel. We are looking to God to give souls yet before conference.

[March 8.] At English prayers I led and read William Bramwell, a great inspiration to my heart.

[April 26.] Such a burden for the women here and my soul went out to them. I am like Jeremiah, "O, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears."

[April 27.] Jeremiah's vision keeps coming to me. First, root out; second, pull down; third, destroy; fourth, throw down; fifth, to build; sixth, to plant. Such a burden for souls in P'ingloh, yea, in China. But realize that there is the pulling down and destroying, before the building and planting. Lord, keep me true to my trust and let me not grow weary in well doing, for we *shall reap*. Began reading Finney on revivals, Lord, give us one here. Let Wilmoth have special meetings before going to Liucheo, if it can be Thy will.

[April 29.] Wilmoth so much better in body. He felt that he should begin special meetings for Christians on sanctification, etc. He preached this morning on the "Old Man," and the Lord gave him strength; also took evening service. The Lord was present in both services. The Lord blessed in the women's meeting and is speaking to them. But while I was talking to the women afterwards, brother Chang came in and told his servant-woman to buy vegetables, it being the Sabbath, my heart was so sad. Lord, sanctify our workers so they may live the gospel and preach in power.

Mrs. Farmer was greatly burdened for the preacher, his wife, and Bible-woman, and other Christians, that they might yield themselves fully to God to be cleansed "from all filthiness of flesh and spirit" and be empowered for service. In China, as elsewhere, a mere half-hearted service for Christ avails little. No one can be blessed or made a

blessing until the life is absolutely put under God's full control to obey Him at any price.

[May 1.] Such a burden for souls. The Lord gave me Jeremiah i:10; xxxi:28. Wilmoth was called off to see about the house and I had a good time in prayer. I did not study any, but spent the time in prayer.

[May 2.] To-night the Spirit fell upon us. Have not seen such a meeting among the Chinese,—all praise to Him! Wilmoth preached with power; two or three took a stand for sanctification. This morning went upstairs for prayer and Bible study—I prayed and such a burden and power of prayer came on me—I felt like my heart would break, burdened for P'ingloh and church. God gave me Jeremiah xxxii:17, and John xi—Martha. "If thou wouldst believe," etc. Bless God, He enabled me to believe!

[May 3.] The Lord impressed Wilmoth while at prayer to preach on "Resisting the Spirit." I felt not such a burden as yesterday. The Lord gave me Jeremiah xxxiii:3. Spent the whole morning in prayer and Bible study. Have not studied any this week.

[May 4.] I still spend the mornings in prayer and Bible study. Special meetings. Good service to-night.

The week of special services was much blessed. Some of the Christians yielded to God and were lifted into a better life, and some, as is always the case, resisted the close preaching and voice of God. One of the latter was the Chinese preacher of whom Mrs. Farmer says:

[May 6.] Brother Chang preached to-night, and the poorest sermon I ever heard him preach, I think. He had resisted the truth all the week and how could he have liberty to preach? Lord, we will not let Thee go until Thou bless him.

The result of these meetings are summed up in an article Mrs. Farmer wrote for "The Christian and Missionary Alliance," from which I quote a paragraph:

It is Mr. Farmer's custom to hold at least one week of special meetings each year for the Christians on the deeper truths, sanctification, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, Divine healing, the Lord's second coming, etc. We had been greatly burdened in prayer for some time for such a season, and the first week in May was the Lord's time which will not soon be forgotten by some of our little band here.

The Spirit was with us from the first service, in conviction of sin, short-comings, the need of a holy life, of the existence of the "old man," and the need of his crucifixion. Wednesday the Spirit was

poured out upon us in such a real and powerful manner, and when Mr. Farmer gave opportunity for all to speak who wanted a clean heart and to be filled with the Spirit and were willing to pay the price, there was no hesitation on the part of several; but they began to confess their wrong, and desired to forsake all and trust God to do the work. Our cook said that all day the Spirit had been showing him the sins of his heart in the same manner in which it had been presented in the sermon, and as they had been shown him, he had put them away and was trusting the precious blood to cleanse and keep clean, and when he had done this, his heart was so full of joy that he had been "stealing laughs" ever since. He also said, "when the Si Nai came into the kitchen she did not know why I was laughing," but I knew it must be the Spirit working in his heart. Since that time there has been such a difference in his life. The preacher's wife was greatly blessed and others were lifted higher. She said the Lord had spoken to her about her temper, pride, unwillingness to witness for her Savior, and smoking; (women smoke in China as much as the men), and she took a stand for a clean heart. Praise God, the Spirit can work in the hearts of the Chinese as he can in yours and mine. But alas! as is so often the case at home, the preacher is the one who withstood the truth, while nearly every member of the church took some stand for the better. Please stand with us in prayer and faith for him, that he will yield and be cleansed and filled with all the fullness of God so that he may be a true shepherd for the flock.

The time now drew near for Mr. Oldfield and the writer to go to Liucheo to see if a chapel could not be opened in that city of heathen darkness. They had been waiting some weeks for the arrival of Üen Sien Seng, the same Chinese preacher who had helped to open up P'ingloh, but who in the meantime had left the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission for work elsewhere. His eyes during this interim of absence had become badly diseased in some way, which caused him to become nearly blind. It seemed a poor prospect to storm a heathen city for the gospel with the aid of a blind man; but he was a most faithful soul when at work for the Lord, and the mission has never had any one who has witnessed more faithfully and consistently for Christ than he. Even with his eyesight badly impaired, he stands up in the chapel and preaches the gospel most fearlessly. Off and on he has been associated with the work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission in Kuangsi for several years, and it has fallen to his lot most

of that time to aid in the work of the hard pioneer stations of the mission. When he shall have finished his labors and stands before the King, it will surely be said unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We are very much amused at times, when asked by people who generally do nothing for foreign missions, if the Chinese make good Christians, or if they do not ally themselves with the church for the material and temporal advantage which accrues to them.

We have not the space in this book to go into the question; but can *most emphatically assert* that the gospel of Jesus Christ has produced as true Christians in China as it ever has in any other part of the world. The Boxer movement was the occasion of presenting to the world a host of noble martyrs for Jesus whose crowns of glory will shine as lustroously as any of the martyrs of old,—of the Roman, or other persecutions. And time would fail us to tell of the great hosts of lowly Chinese Christians, whose lives and daily walk, considering the length of time they have been Christians and the light they have, would put Christians in Western lands to shame. What if American Christianity was subjected to the ordeal of blood and fire through which China has passed; would it stand the test? Especially, what would become of those weak and lukewarm Christians who are always asking if it pays to convert the heathen, and whether all Chinese Christians are not rice Christians?

We ask pardon for this digression, but contemplation of Mr. Üen's faithfulness stirred our feelings and we could not help it. He arrived May seventh. Mrs. Farmer made a note of it in her diary as follows:

To-day Mr. Üen came. On the way nearly a month. Poor fellow, he is nearly blind, but seems happy to get back here. From what he says, he was out of God's will in leaving the mission.

Another event which caused much rejoicing on the station at this time was the consummation of a bargain for a permanent residence for the mission. We have seen before how earnestly Mrs. Farmer had done her part by prayer for a good place, and now, God at last, rewarded the pray-

ers and faith of His child, by giving one of the most splendid locations in the city. It was high, well drained, and so situated as to make it well suited for residence and church work. At the time of the purchase of the lot there was a very old and dilapidated house upon it, which later, with some repairs, was made habitable and used until last year when the mission erected a nice residence and chapel in place of it. The money for the purchase of this lot had come in answer to prayer and self-denial, and of course made the transaction all the more one of thanksgiving.

[May 9.] To-day paid ting (earnest) money for house. Praise God.

[May 11.] Final preparations for Wilmoth leaving for Liucheo. We knelt and prayed together, committing each other with all that would come to us while separated to God.

Mrs. Farmer was left in charge of affairs on the station, and Brother Carpenter, as soon as the remainder of the money for the lot had been paid down, moved into the old house on the new lot. This left Mrs. Farmer with her servant-woman at the place where all had been previously living, the Chinese preacher and family being just next door to her in the girls' school. While she was not without companionship, yet many duties devolved upon her which she met most courageously. From a letter she wrote home at this time, we get a good picture of her daily tasks.

#### MY PRECIOUS ONES AT HOME:

To-day has been a full day, but I have the accounts closed, and all reports made out, except the colporter's, and he has not returned. Also have prepared my message for the women to-morrow on "Confession of Sin and Restoration," now I am free to write my home letter. I have written my last letter to Mr. Farmer, for it is only nine days until I leave here for Wucho, and he leaves Liucheo about the same time, so he could not get another letter from me, and this will be the last one I write you from here until after we return from our summer's vacation.

The weather is *very hot* here now, and I am beginning to feel the need of a change and rest. There is no breeze to be had in this house, and no quiet, with all the burden of the work since Mr. Farmer is away; but I have a fairly good appetite and eat anyway, and the Lord blessedly gives strength by the day. The weather is



not the hardest thing after all, but it is the burden of souls. Some of the Christians were getting cold and doing questionable things, so I had to deal with them. One, the preacher's wife, who had gone back to smoking, and all because her husband would not give it up. She got right, but he is fighting and says he will not, not even for the sake of others. Please pray for him. "Nothing is too hard for Jesus; no man can work like Him." There are four women who are preparing for baptism and others who would step out, but, . . .

I am now busy getting things settled to leave, arranging for a chapel keeper, (as the one we have is going to leave), salaries of workers, rent, etc., so my hands are full. But the Lord is so near and so real, and helps me meet all questions for Him. How I shall ever praise God that I yielded *my all* to Him that day in brother Brown's parlor, and let Him rule my life, fight my battles, solve my problems, and lead me in His way! What a blessed life,— "Hid with Christ in God." "His grace is sufficient," for all emergencies and all difficult places and problems. If there is one who reads this and does not understand what I mean, I beseech you not to stop until you do know.

## THE REGIONS BEYOND

To the regions beyond I must go, I must go,  
Where the story has never been told;  
To the millions that never have heard of His love  
I must tell the sweet story of old.

To the hardest of places He calls me to go,  
Not thinking of comfort or ease;  
The world may pronounce me a dreamer, a fool,  
Enough if the Master I please.

Oh, ye that are spending your leisure and pow'rs,  
In pleasures so foolish and fond;  
Awake from your selfishness, folly, and sin  
And go to the regions beyond.

There are other "lost sheep" that the Master must bring  
And they must the message be told;  
He sends me to gather them out of all lands  
And welcome them back to His fold.

*A. B. Simpson.*

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE OPENING OF LIUCHEO TO THE GOSPEL

*I love to tell the story!  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story!  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own Holy Word.*

KATE HANKEY.

But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

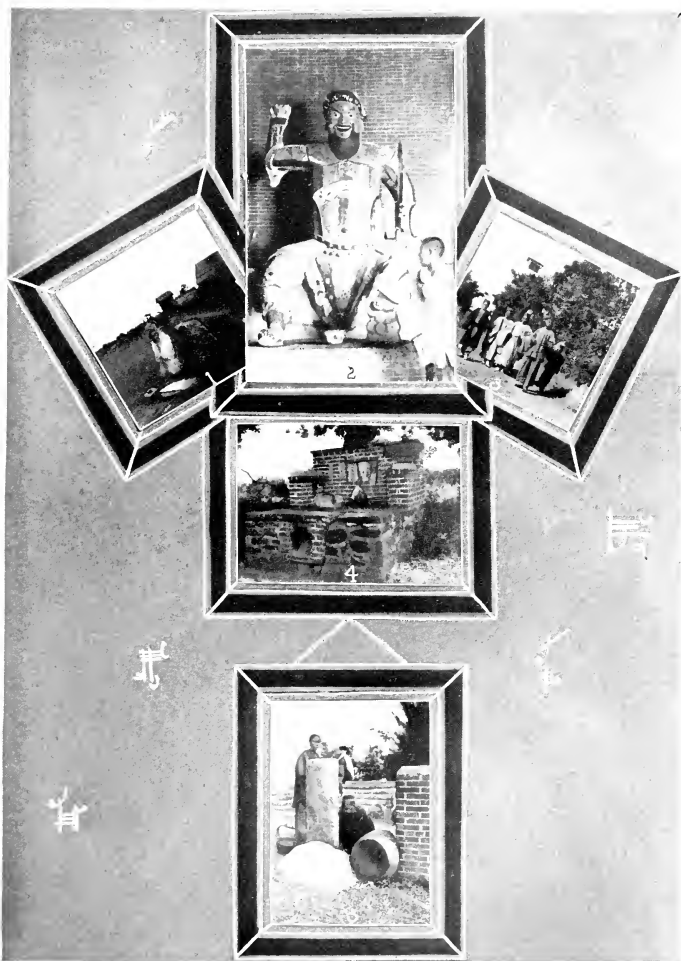
Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation. But as it is written, to whom he was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard shall understand.—ST. PAUL.



BEFORE telling of the way in which an entrance was gained into this city it will be of interest to know something of the place itself. If the map is again consulted it will be seen that Liucheo occupies very nearly a central location in Kuangsi, and that it is also on a branch of the West River. Its position is a commanding one, and makes it easily accessible to all other important cities of the province. Small steamers are able to ascend the rapids and run almost all the year, except in the extremely dry season. At present there is an effort being made to put on boats whose draught of water will allow them to ascend the river, even when the water is too shallow for the regular river launch.

Liucheo, commercially considered, is one of the first cities of Kuangsi. It is on the intersection of important trade routes leading to adjoining provinces. Its commercial importance is evidenced by the fact that the proposed railway of Kuangsi is to pass through Liucheo and district. It has long been the center of Kuangsi's great lumber trade, being the locâtion for many big lumber firms whose thousands of rafts of beautiful timber annually float down the river to Wucheo, Canton, and other points of distribution. So great is its lumber trade that the common people have a proverb which says, "It is better to die in Liucheo," meaning, that wood for a coffin can be obtained more cheaply there than elsewhere. There is also much refining of sugar in Liucheo, some of the best in the province being manufactured there. Cattle raising with the correlated industry of tanning hides is largely carried on, there being always a good market for good live cattle and also for leather. Excellent mushrooms, for which the place is noted, are also grown in large quantities.

Liucheo, in political rank, is a prefectural city governing seven other "hsien" cities, not including its own. The city proper is enclosed with a splendid high wall of brick and stone. Almost all of the residences are well built, and many of the stores are as beautiful and well stocked with both native and foreign goods as are to be found anywhere in the province. The Cantonese have here, as elsewhere in Kuangsi, the richest shops and best trade. So important are the interests of the Cantonese who live at Liucheo, (which always means much commercial activity), that they have built the most magnificent guild-house in the province. The streets are fairly wide and the city kept about as clean as the average inland city of China. Temples and altars to gods innumerable, and ancestral halls, abound everywhere, both in and outside the city walls. If Paul had visited Liucheo, he might have said of it what he did of Athens of old, that it was "altogether too superstitious." But when we consider that the population of Liucheo is made up largely of representatives from several places, it is but natural that there should be numerous temples and



1, 4, 5. WAYSIDE SHRINES.  
 3. TAOIST PRIESTS.  
 2. A LARGE CHINESE IDOL.



shrines with their different gods and goddesses, worshiped by those over whom they are supposed to have power for weal or woe. The people spend much time and money annually in the worship of these false deities. Idle processions, theatricals and feasts in honor of the divinities are matters in which the mixed population of Liucheo takes much interest. Such times are of course characterized by much lawlessness, revelry, and debauchery.

One of their favorite pastimes and expressions of worship is what they call "T'siang P'ao" (contesting for the cracker). It is common on the birthday of almost any idol; but there is an especially notable one in whose honor this contest is held every two or three years at Liucheo. Thousands of people gather across the river at a place called Nanp'ingmiao, (Southern Peace Temple). There is a large shell shot into the air and as it falls to the ground the men with one accord rush for it. There is much brutal fighting to obtain the shell, for the successful contestant is given a prize which is supposed to be a talisman of the god's favor and blessing. There are sometimes two or three prizes, as first and second prize, which are carried through the streets of the city a day or two before the contest. Sometimes the different tribes are pitted against each other, each man helping those of his own clique or clan. Last year the festival for the above-named temple came near ending in serious disaster. A young girl was offered for the first prize and the Hunanese and the Chuang people contested fiercely, the Hunanese finally winning the prize. The Chuangs then threatened to come into the city and have it out with the Hunanese. So serious grew the matter that the magistrates had the city gates closed and went in person to the Chuangs to conciliate affairs. So shameful and baneful is the worship of idols!

We have before mentioned the fact that northwestern Kuangsi is made up of so many diverse people. Liucheo is a center for the representatives of many of the various aboriginal tribes, besides the many people from the adjoining provinces of Kweichow, Uinston, Hunan, Kiangsi, and Canton; Hunan, perhaps, furnishing the largest quota of

all. The presence of so many of this high-strung, warlike people, together with the aboriginal tribes, creates for Liucheo an atmosphere favorable to lawlessness. In 1904, two years before Mrs. Farmer's residence in Liucheo, mutinous Imperial troops inaugurated a season of rapine and plunder of the city, being joined by thousands of the robbers or banditti from the surrounding territory. Five days the gates of the city were closed and in charge of the robber hordes who held high pandemonium, killing all the officials who did not escape, and robbing and burning the stores of the wealthy Cantonese merchants, spilling much innocent blood, and taking captive many a fair daughter of the citizens of the place. Many a pitiful tale of sorrow was told Mrs. Farmer when she went there a few years later by some broken-hearted mother who bemoaned the loss of a daughter taken captive by the robbers; in some cases held for ransom, and in others to become the unwilling consort of some outlaw. Or perhaps it was a son, who was forced to join the ranks of the bandits or forfeit his life for whom the sad parents mourned.

Desolation and poverty followed in the wake of this rebellion, and the prodigal sacrifice of human life which took place in order to restore the city and district to peace and quiet was appalling. Even to the present day the city and surrounding country have not fully recovered from the awful devastation and sorrow caused by this uprising.

If Liucheo is important commercially and politically, none the less is it so from a missionary standpoint, as it is so centrally located in the province and governing so large and populous an area. The Christian and Missionary Alliance had for a long time desired to open a station there; but owing to the rebellious nature of the district, missionaries were not allowed to do much work in that section. Foreign consuls did not care to be responsible for their nationals working there, and the Chinese Mandarins equally felt the burden of having to answer for the peace and safety of any who would dare to live in a section so full of robbers and bad characters generally. Consequently, not until the country was reduced to a state of comparative



peace and tranquility, namely, from 1904 to 1905, was it thought best to begin work there. Moreover, it would have been very *difficult* before, as the people were so terrorized by the rebellion and the stringent means applied to quell it that they had no time nor heart for the gospel, or much of anything else.

We saw in the previous chapter how Mrs. Farmer had bidden farewell to her husband, who, as in the case of P'ingloh, had to go before and search out a suitable house before she could be allowed to join him in the work there. We have also mentioned how desirous both were of going there soon after their marriage; but on account of the prevailing conditions at that time, could not, and it was with some real disappointment they had to turn aside to P'ingloh. Liucheo had ever been upon Mrs. Farmer's heart and prayers, and now as the way was about to open for her to go to that city as the first white woman to bring the gospel to the women there, she *gladly* bade her husband God speed upon his going and undertaking.

Three or four days, in company with Mr. Üen, were occupied in making the trip across the country from P'ingloh to Liucheo by chair. There is something peculiarly glorious and exhilarating as well as solemnly important in the thought of being the first to reside in a heathen city as an ambassador of Jesus Christ. True, colporters in the past had been there distributing Scriptures, and now and then a Christian Chinese had passed through or quietly resided there; but now the time for an aggressive attack upon Satan's stronghold had come. The city was to be taken, so to speak, and the blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ planted upon its citadel. We shall never forget the thrill which went through our soul as we arrived upon the banks of the river, much swollen at the time by the spring rains, and took a bird's-eye view of Liucheo stretching along the opposite bank. Still more rapidly did our hearts beat when we were ferried over and our chair-bearers carried us under the archway of the East gate of the city. We were at last in Liucheo! What would be our reception—good or bad? These and many similar

thoughts rushed through our minds. We were taken to a large inn on one of the main streets of the city and were soon nicely settled in a room in the rear of the building.

Our method of procedure was largely like that at P'ingloh. We went upon the streets daily, selling Scripture portions, witnessing, and meeting guests who called upon us at the inn. The magistrate of the place, who, although a Cantonese, and therefore an enlightened man, was nevertheless very unfriendly, as was revealed later by an interview with him, did not care for us to locate at Liucheo. But as God gave Paul friends among the Asiarchs, so did He us, right in the prefect's yamen. Mr. Li, whose picture is given in this book, was an excellent young man whom we had met before at P'ingloh, and had often paid us visits. From the telegraph office in P'ingloh he had come to Liucheo where he had recently married into a military official's family and had been appointed as one of the under-secretaries in the prefect's yamen. As soon as he found out we were in Liucheo, he called and brought a number of nice Chinese to see us, and on learning that we wanted a house, endeavored to help us rent one. He was not ashamed to go on the street with us. God also gave us another friend in a Mr. Wang, whom we had never seen before and in a little while lost trace of, and do not know to-day of his whereabouts. He was also a small military official, and, as he had been in Hupeh province, and there known other missionaries, was very kindly disposed. So, through the aid of these two friends, neither of whom were Christians, we succeeded after about ten or twelve days in renting a large house on the North Gate Street at the side of which was a small store which we proposed to convert into a street chapel.

Unfortunately, our "landlord" was a woman, who, although she had traveled some, (her husband being connected with the army), and was consequently not so fearful of foreigners, would not consent to rent the place unless this Mr. Wang would guarantee us to be all right. This he gladly did, and we were soon in the house, congratulating ourselves that we had had so little trouble.

But Satan, who if he can not foil in one way is never at a loss to do so in another, was not going to let us get settled so easily.

Unwisely, we had let the landlady reserve a portion of the house entirely separated from ours by a brick wall, etc., for herself; but she had to pass in and out of the street door which communicated with our part of the house as well as hers by a long entrance from the front. While she had her slave girl living with her, and relatives and friends coming and going all the time, yet we had hardly moved in and begun repairs, before she began to urge us to move out and wanted the house back. We had paid her a much higher price for rent than the Chinese would have given and also had had Mr. Wang as "middle man." Realizing that if we gave the house up it would be doubly hard to rent elsewhere, we determined to hold on.

The little store-room, the rafters of which were almost eaten up by white ants, was soon whitewashed, a pulpit and benches put in, and Mr. Üen and I opened up to preach. Brother Oldfield, on account of language, was not yet able to take such services. What crowds we had from day to day! Soon the city was full of all kinds of bad rumors about us, and of course the poor landlady did not escape censure, either, for renting to us. The crowds in the chapel became so disorderly and impolite that they had no respect for Mr. Üen even, whose age and position would have under other circumstances commanded great respect from a Chinese audience. Finally, placards were put up in the city by some rascals in which we were denounced in the strongest terms, saying that we had come to Liucheo to tear down the temples and subvert all law of decency and purity, also, that whoever joined the church would be subjected to all kinds of indecent rites, etc. Others thought that we were spies against the land and advance agents for some foreign kingdom, which would later pounce down upon poor Liucheo and take it.

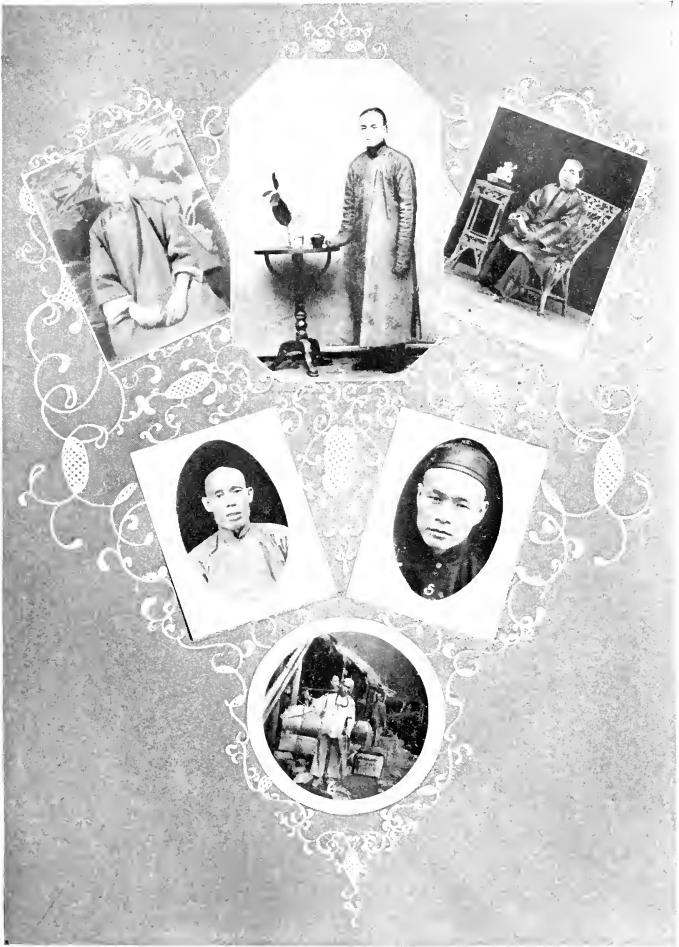
The state of feeling is well portrayed if we transcribed Acts xvii:20, 21, to suit the occasion, remembering that there was no beating and dragging before the magistrates,

as it did not reach that stage. "These men, being foreigners, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive neither to observe," being Chinese. And the multitude rose up together against them." Mr. Li came around and told us that we were the talk of the town, and ugly talk at that, and that we had better stay indoors for a while, it being our custom to take a long walk each afternoon.

Disorderly places in China, when closed by an official, have two long strips of white paper printed with blue characters pasted at right angles to each other across the door and stamped with the official's seal. One morning we found our chapel so sealed; but of course there was no official stamp on the strip. Some one had gotten hold of the strip of paper and sealed the door the night before. In a few days, as matters grew worse, the head of the police for the North Gate Street came to see us and said that he greatly feared we were going to have a mob and serious trouble. He urged us to go to the magistrate under whose jurisdiction we were and lay the matter before him. Mr. Li also advised the same.

As a rule, missionaries bear as long as possible before appealing to a magistrate, lest it should compromise them with him and with the people; but there are times when it should be done, and promptly done, so as to avert unnecessary trouble. The head of the police had said that we had better take the precaution while the wind was small lest when it grew to a cyclone, we could do nothing.

Accordingly, Mr. Oldfield and I called upon the magistrate and stated the case to him, telling him that he himself well knew who we were and what our business was. At first he was disposed to speak to us in any but a kindly and conciliatory manner, but when, near the close of the interview, I turned to him and said, "Mr. Oldfield is an Englishman and has a consul at Wucheo, and if you do not have the scurrilous placards torn down and issue proclamations giving us 'face' and warn the people against violence we will surely telegraph the English consul." He instantly assumed the most pleasing manner possible, and said we should have



1. LUH P'Ö, THE OLD LADY WHO HELPED MRS. FARMER AT WUCHEO.
2. LI SIEN SENG, A CHINESE FRIEND WHO HELPED US RENT A HOUSE AT LIUCHEO.
3. ÜEN RI KU, MRS. FARMER'S BIBLE-WOMAN.
4. SIE SIEN SENG, THE PREACHER AT LIUCHEO.
5. ÜEN SIEN SENG, WHO HELPED OPEN P'INGLOH AND LIUCHEO.
6. CH'EN P'ING SAN, A COLDPORTER.



order and mutual peace at any cost. He immediately began giving orders to the soldiers standing around, and he himself escorted us out with the utmost dignity and grace.

On the afternoon of the same day we opened chapel with two or three red-coated braves in front of the door. People crowded in as usual; but were orderly and polite. In a day or so we had a nice proclamation hung up in the chapel where all could see it. The soldiers came only a few days; but the crowds continued to come and hear the gospel. From then to the present writing there has been no trouble of any kind in Liucheo.

All of this was too much for the poor landlady, and she begged us to give her back her premises. Seeing that such appeals would not avail, she adroitly fell back upon woman's *last* and *mightiest resource*, *tears*. Occidentals like to hide themselves at times of weeping; but Orientals like to display their tears so as to awaken all the public sympathy possible. As we previously remarked, she was in a court adjoining our quarters and did not fail to make us hear her loud complaints and lamentations; also, at the same time she threatened to drown herself, or take a big dose of opium which would accomplish the same result. After she had wept and wailed all night, more or less, Mr. Üen became quite uneasy lest she might suicide, for many Chinese women will take their lives any time rather than endure slander or hard persecution. He advised us to give up the house to her. As far as we were concerned, we could have easily done so; but we knew that after all that had passed it would mean a great blow to the gospel and seriously hinder matters. Moreover, we had treated her with perfect fairness as far as law was concerned, and were under no obligations to her. After much prayer and thought, we compromised by returning the residence to her but made her agree to let us keep the little store. With great reluctance she agreed to this. When we moved out of the dwelling she came around and in true Eastern fashion fell upon her face in front of us and thanked us again and again, so that we were really glad that we let her have the house.

As it was now time to attend annual conference, we repaired, the best we could, a little old, damp, dark room in the rear of the store for the preacher and our cook and left for Wucheo, with the charge that brother Üen be sure and rent another residence if possible. The days of conference were soon over and another very pleasant vacation was spent at Macao.

In looking over Mrs. Farmer's letters I find two portions which I here insert, as they give us so nicely the connection of events. In one of these to her sister, after the usual greetings, etc., she asked about one of her nephews:

I can not realize that he will be a young man and through college when I go home on furlough. "Time flies and children grow." What does he think of doing for his life's work? I trust something that will last through all eternity.

We are having a good rest this year; have a cool place and fine view overlooking the city and ocean as well. Yesterday we went across the bay to what is called "Ten Stone Tables," and celebrated Brother Cunningham's birthday. We left here before good daylight and got there about six-thirty a. m., rested awhile, and had a bath in the brook, sat under the waterfall and had a shower bath! Fine fun for boys! But I enjoyed it as well. We had breakfast, read, and then I had a sleep; wrote some, had dinner, talked, Bible-reading, prayer, etc., another bath, supper, and came home reaching here at eight-forty-five p. m.

It was good to have a day in the woods, hear the rustling of the leaves, singing of the birds, and look up into the clear blue heavens after having lived in a Chinese city and a Chinese house where there are no trees and little air and where we have to be so careful to do nothing out of the ordinary that we can help. For the poor Chinese women of my rank never go walking out on the streets unless accompanied by an elderly woman, and that to slip to a neighbor's now and then. When we take our daily exercise—walks—they think us very funny and say we are looking out for the valuables in the earth, and some think because we have blue eyes we can see a way down in the earth. Often men and sometimes old women follow us to see what we do and get when we go out into the country, and feel rather disappointed to see us turn around and walk back as we went. They often ask us what we are looking for, as they can not imagine why we should be walking out with nothing to do; for they know nothing of exercise or recreation for their bodies except that now, in the new Government schools, the students are required to drill; but that is a very new thing. We, after a year's work in the interior of China, are glad to be free and do as we like and not be



followed, watched, and misunderstood; also to have a real rest for body, soul and spirit, and preparation for a new year's work.

You will see from my general letter that Mr. Farmer and I are appointed to a new station, Liuchoe, the one he opened this spring. No foreign woman has ever been there and I will create quite a sensation for a time. All will want to see the "foreign devil woman," as I am called. While the place is new, the work hard, the people fear and hate us, yet I praise God for the privilege of taking the gospel to those who have never heard! Mr. Farmer has already rented a small chapel; but he and Brother Hess are to go up and buy or rent and get things ready for me. I hated to leave the dear ones at P'ingloh, but we feel God is leading us to a place of greater need and usefulness, and we gladly follow, trusting Him for an entrance and for souls. Please stand with us in prayer and faith for a house and souls there, . . . Jesus is so precious to me. I am so happy in His service.

The next letter is dated September eighteenth, 1906, and written to her brother and sister-in-law.

I did not intend to wait so long to write, but things do not go as we expect them to go in China, and instead of my going to P'ingloh to pack our goods and bring them down here, the committee said I was not to go, but that the brethren should pack the goods and send them down, and I was put in charge of the home here at Wuchoe, while Mr. and Mrs. Quick are at the coast for their rest. Who would have thought that I would have been put here even for a short time? for the servants are all Cantonese speakers and I speak Mandarin. But here I am, and have four from other missions besides. Well, I took God for everything that he gave me to do some years ago, and He has never failed me. Praise His dear name!

The first few days we were here there was a hubbub and uproar; packing, repacking, getting boats, some sewing, washing, ironing, etc., until our heads truly ached; but one good thing is that it did not last long. Mr. Farmer and Brother Hess left us a week ago last Monday, but on reaching Kiangk'eo, found that the boat they were to take from there to Liuchoe was disabled and the next best thing was to come to Kweip'ing, Brother Fee's station, and remain there until they could get a boat. The Fees were not at home, so they just went in and took charge of the house, and, as it were, set up housekeeping for themselves those few days. They hoped to be able to leave there last Saturday or Sunday, just as the boat happened to go. Such are some of the happenings on the mission field, especially when we think we have got to go the quickest! Therefore, it is a good thing to make up one's mind to be patient at the first as at the last. They have gone with the intention of buying if possible, and if not, to rent a house and get things ready for me to go up. I trust it will not be long before I may be able to go to the dear

women of that city who have *never* had an opportunity to hear of Jesus who is so precious to us.

I am finding out something of what it means to keep a large house, and it is quite a difference from the small one I have been keeping; in fact, the drawing-room is as large as the whole house we have been living in. Well, we trust God will give us a larger and better one in Liucheo; so please stand in prayer for this and for the needed money to repair, or what may have to be done. We do so praise God for preserving our lives this summer in going up and down this river while there was so much pirating. There is such a difference in the China of to-day and a few years ago, and not for the better, unless they get what they need, Christ."

Amid all the busy waiting days at Wucheo she did not forget to *pray for others* and their needs.

[October 14.] A telegram from Nanning: Evangeline very ill. Miss Rutherford, Brother Hess, and I went down to dining-room and prayed, but it seems that I could not get anywhere in my prayer, I was so tired. I went to bed.

[October 15.] I awoke last night about one or two a. m., with an awful burden for Evangeline, and prayed until the burden was lifted and I knew God had heard.

It is often the case that when God calls us aside through providential circumstances from our regular work, He has something new to teach us, or some new vision is presented which lures us onward to yet greater and better things for Him. So it was with Mrs. Farmer while she waited at Wucheo and Mr. Hess and her husband were endeavoring to get a suitable location in Liucheo.

[November 12.] I went with Mrs. A—to her mothers' meeting, for I have been feeling for sometime that God wanted me to do something of the kind to get hold of the women. Poor women of China! How hard to get the gospel to them! They have so little time to come and hear the truth. Preached to a Mandarin woman nearly an hour.

[November 13.] Letter from Mr. Farmer, still no house bought.

[November 15.] I only want Him and what He gives. The house in Liucheo in His time, the very place, and just the money besides our \$1,100.00 that He wills. Thy will be done.—I love to do Thy will.

[November 18.] The Lord has been speaking to my heart for months about an industrial school for girls, and to-day He seemed to pour into my heart that he wanted me to do that, and that the

colleges at Meridian would take this work, the building, and start it until it is self-supporting. Lord, keep me true to the vision if it is of Thee. Also a burden for an opium refuge, and also an industrial school for the blind, perhaps in connection with the other industrial school. Lord, keep me looking to Thee until this is done in needy Kuangsi. Brother Hinkey preached on the thought, "Not throwing off the yoke." God had been showing me these waiting days that He had more to accomplish through me here than in active work. Lord, let me know it all, and do it all.

We shall see later before the close of Mrs. Farmer's life that this vision of greater usefulness was not given her in vain, for to this school for girls she gave the strength and prayers of her last days.

Mr. Hess and the writer spent more than two months at Liucheo endeavoring to buy a suitable place, but all seemed in vain. How little we can fathom the purpose and plans of God! Although days and hours were spent in earnest and importunate prayer and fasting that He would give us a house where we could live comfortably, and above all, a place worthy of the gospel of Christ, yet the best that we could do was to rent an old dwelling on the same street as the preaching chapel, one side of which leaned at such an angle that we often felt that it might give way and crush us underneath. After contracting with a carpenter to floor one side of the house so Mrs. Farmer might have at least a place where she would not have to live on the bare ground, we returned to Wucheo.

She had not been well for some little time, having a cough which we have ever believed was contracted while living in the back part of the Chinese reception-room at P'ingloh, which at times was very damp. There were also other hardships of living which are unavoidable in pioneer mission work. We did not feel that she should go to Liucheo and live on the lower floor under the bad sanitary conditions which prevailed at the place we had rented; but she pleaded so hard, as her heart was already there, and had been for a long time. She said she firmly believed that God had heard her prayer and that He would deliver her from her cough and make her well. Accordingly the morning of November twenty-third found us on the river launch

ready to be off for Kweip'ing, where we then would take a small native boat and complete the journey, as steamers ran only as far as Kweip'ing the water being too low to admit the ascension of the rapids from that point. After spending a happy Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Fee, we were off Monday for Liucheo. About ten days was passed upon the little boat. December sixth, we arrived at a small place on the river bank called Kilah, from which, if one goes on by boat, is about twenty-five miles from Liucheo and if overland, only four miles. Ox-carts may be procured to haul the heavy baggage. We decided to walk in from Kilah rather than remain on the boat another day.

[December 6.] Up a little earlier this morning, had breakfast and prayers. Reached Kilah at twelve, noon. Tried to get an ox-cart, but failed; hired a coolie. Wilmoth and I, with San Tsie and Mr. Üen's little boy, walked to Liucheo, twelve *li*, reaching here at three-thirty p. m. Found the floor boards not down. Praise God, I am at last here! As we stood on the bank of the river waiting for the ferry my heart was full of praise and gratitude to God for at last letting me come to the place and people that have so long been on my heart. God, give us *many* souls!

It did not take a very long time to get straightened out and ready for work at Liucheo, because there was not much to straighten. Household furniture had not been shipped from P'ingloh, but by using Chinese bedboards with a straw mattress and plenty of bedding to take away the hardness of the boards, a Chinese dining-table, an improvised cupboard made of milk boxes, and a Chinese writing-desk, etc., the otherwise bare and uninviting room was made by Mrs. Farmer's deft hands, clean and cosy enough for any one.

In a life so deeply spiritual and consecrated to God's service as hers, one might think that she was incapable of condescending to the commonplace, or had any leisure for the little pleasantries of life. But no one was happier than she, and more ready to participate in good clean fun. And is it not true after all, that the people whose hearts are right with God and who live in His will are the happiest of earth's creatures?

We were the only two white people in this large city, and while planning something for the Chinese, Mrs. Farmer felt that even if there were only two, and those two husband and wife, Christmas should be celebrated in the "old-time way" just for fun. Accordingly, she planned that stockings should be hung up and the little gifts that we had for each other should be put in them.

It is quite noticeable that as Christmas draws near each year finances seem to get lower, when they are most needed for the many little wants of the holiday season. On Christmas Eve she writes:

Still looking to God for money; not enough to pay servants. Wilmoth's Christmas gift is well hid. *We are to play the children and hang up our stockings to-night.* Baked cake and made candy. While making candy the mail came and our allowance. Praise God, He never fails! Wilmoth fixed my stocking and I his.

[December 25.] Up early and saw what we had. After breakfast we, with the Chinese, gathered in our study and had our Christmas. Mr. Üen preached on the birth of Christ; all testified. I was almost too full for utterance. Wilmoth gave Holy Communion—blessed service. Ate Christmas dinner and went for a long walk. Praise God for first Christmas in Liucheo! Christ at last held up here!

Her birthday came five days later.

[December 29.] As my birthday is on Sunday, Wilmoth said celebrate it to-day. He gave me a beautiful Chinese dressing-case. Mr. Üen, Üen Rī Ku, and children, gave me a vase and Chinese lily bulbs; Mr. Ch'en, two porcelain pencil holders. A K'ang shot off fire crackers and all came in, bowed and wished me peace, health, and power for God's work. At Chinese prayers Wilmoth read Psalm cxxi for me for the year, and Mr. Üen prayed a fine prayer for me. God, make me faithful. The message the Lord gave me, Isa. xliii.19.

The new year of 1907 soon dawned and found Mrs. Farmer busily preaching the gospel. Her diary for 1907 has a record for only about three months, as she unexpectedly returned to America in April.

[January 1, 1907.] The Lord gave me no message from the Word other than He gave me on my birthday for the year. Isa. xliii.19; Job xxii.21; Eph. v.17; Col. i.19; Eph. i.17-18. Lord, work out Thy will in me. When I look back over this past year my heart is full of praise to God for His great love and goodness

to me, for spirit, soul and body; how He has supplied all our needs, though in many hard places. May I take more from Him this coming year, and let Him live out His life in me unhindered.

[January 6.] I awoke and waited upon God for a message to the women, as I did not prepare the day before. He gave me John xiv.1-6 especially, "Jesus, the Truth, the Way, the Life." The women crowded in and there were not enough seats for them; such a hubbub! Half of them seemed to want to talk at the same time, and some wanted to look at the hymn-book. I had a hard time preaching, but there were some few who listened and I got through. Then asked Ri Ku to speak. Then I taught some to sing "Jesus Loves Me," and several of them tried to sing. We did not get to have dinner until three p. m., and then I just had to go off and leave a crowd of women in the reception-room.

The search for a suitable place was continued, for the house in which Mrs. Farmer lived was unfit for a woman and the mission work. During the month of January, two or three desirable places were offered for sale, but the Chinese idea of the foreigner's wealth (?) caused them to bargain at such covetous prices that it was out of the question to close the trade; but so much earnest and importunate prayer had gone up to God for a house it is not a matter of surprise that He in a short while rewarded our efforts and prayers.

The readers of this biography who live in America and other Western lands have little idea of the difficulty of securing suitable premises in a new place in the interior of China. The lying of the "middle men" and balking of trades by unfortunate sellers and fabulous prices sometimes makes the soul weary of life and one is driven almost to despair.

[January 9.] We spent much time this morning praying about the houses. I tried to study but could not, so let the teacher go and spent the time in prayer. There were twenty-seven women at the women's meeting.

[January 11.] To-day, five years ago, I sailed out of San Francisco; left homeland and all that was dear to me in His keeping, and followed Him to China to bring in some of the "other sheep." Praise God for these five years; for the privilege of witnessing to thousands of dear women who had never heard of Jesus. I wish I could see more fruit from my labors; but I am to sow and perhaps some one else to water, and God will in season give the increase. May it be

thousands! Praise God for health and life for these five years when many thought I should not come.

Work among the women in China is very hard, as they do not have the freedom to go and come as do the men. Again, they are so burdened down with household duties that they have little leisure, and to make matters still worse, so few can read and write and they are so ignorant and superstitious. It taxes the skill and patience of lady missionaries to reach this class, and it often has to be done by the "here a little and there a little" method—here a verse of gospel song, there a Scripture phrase; to-day a little sentence prayer, to-morrow one or two questions and answers in the catechism—If they can not come to the chapel, then the missionary goes to the home, and while the woman sits and makes shoes, cares for the baby, sews, and does the ten thousand other things which fall to the lot of the average Chinese woman, she teaches her the way of life. "Precept upon precept, line upon line."

[January 13.] To-day we sat a long time waiting for the women to come and Mrs. Long, over the way, came in and as there was only one I changed my message and spoke on "The lost sheep." She seemed earnest—save her, Lord. After the meeting four others came, one a Mrs. Li from T'enghsien; she heard the gospel from Miss L. Landis and has come every meeting since she knew I was here. She seems true and asked good earnest questions. She wanted to know how to worship and wanted to learn to pray. I prayed for her and then she repeated a prayer after me. She went out of the house repeating the prayers. Lord, follow her by Thy Spirit, and may she not stop until she knows her sins forgiven. The thought of the industrial school is more on my heart than ever.

[January 20.] No women came so I had a long time in prayer and such a burden for the industrial school and the work as a whole; and why the school should be here, and why industrial; first, because the Cantonese schools can not educate and train our Mandarin-speaking people; second, it should be here because this is the center geographically; third, because China is looking up in Western industry and learning, therefore, now is the time "To strike while the iron is hot;" fourth, because they have no such Government school here; fifth, because God has burned it into my soul and I believe has given me the key to the situation; sixth, because I believe God is training the helpers; seventh, because I believe He will send the means (mostly apart from the board), till it

is self-supporting. God keep me true to the vision, and at the same time, let Thee do and lead, and me follow. Thou art able.

[January 23.] While I was in the room talking to the Bible-woman San Tsie called and said there was a woman to preach to, so we both went out. It was one who had come in to sell eggs. We preached to her a long time and she said, "This doctrine suits my heart;" and kept saying it. Poor soul, how I long for her to really know what it is to belong to Jesus! A beggar came in with her baby. She is from the village about three days' journey from here. The last three crops have failed and many of their villages have scattered out to beg. She is the second wife. I gave her some warm rice and potatoes, and San Tsie gave her some bean curd. I did so pity her. We preached to her.

As at P'ingloh, so in Liuchoe, Mrs. Farmer soon began meetings for the children who could be coaxed in.

[January 25.] The children were gathering by twelve, noon, but they waited until I ate dinner, then we had a fine meeting. Some few have learned to sing "Jesus Loves Me," and can repeat the whole hymn; others three verses, and others less, according to the time they have come, or their size. I then asked the questions on the hymn and explained how Jesus died on the cross for us, and drew one to let them see. There were forty present. Lord, bless them and save souls from among them!

In a few days the beggar woman returned bringing a companion with her. They were not professional beggars, but poor country people reduced for a time to extreme poverty on account of the failure of the rice crops. Mrs. Farmer says, "We then gave the two beggar women each a pair of buckets to carry water to make a living. They were so grateful. We felt that was God's way to help the poor, that is, "help them to help themselves." By giving them the buckets, which cost Mrs. Farmer very little, she tested their willingness to do what they could to relieve their distress and also paved the way for a future visit to their village when the gospel might be presented to the whole clan.

How truly characteristic it is of a devout and saintly soul that while it is filled with the presence and power of the Holy Spirit yet thirsts for more.

Insatiate to the Spring I fly,  
I drink, and yet am ever dry.

It was eminently true of Mrs. Farmer.



[February 10.] We went to prayer and the power of God came upon me so great that I could only weep and groan before the Lord for a long time. The burden of my soul was, "Lord, enable us to work the 'greater works'" to Thy glory. Let us not fall short! Lord, work out Thy will in and through us to the salvation of souls.

[February 11.] This morning while at breakfast we heard a sound of some soul in great distress. Wilmoth went out on the street to see what it was, but could hear nothing. When he came in we still heard it. We then asked the Chinese. Mr. Ch'en said it was a near neighbor who was about to die, his hands and feet already cold, and he was afraid to die. Our hearts were stirred for we knew he had reason to fear. We asked Brother Ch'en to go and speak to him about his soul, fearing that we might not be able to get in. After he returned, Wilmoth went with him and we prayed here. When Wilmoth got there he was like a wild man, spitting in every direction. Wilmoth talked to him and asked him if he would like him to pray to the true God for him. He said "yes," so he did, and while he was praying the man was quieted. We continued to hold him up in prayer for God to heal his body and save his soul. He was much better at noon when I went over to see how he was.

February thirteenth, was Chinese New Year, and accompanied with the usual festivities, ceremonies, etc. The weather was rainy and cold, but did not hinder the few Christians in the house and one from the city meeting for the New-Year service.

This morning we arose early and dressed in our good clothes. I cleaned up the bed-room and had study arranged for the meeting. Nearly eight a. m., Brother Pao and Mr. Li were here. All went into the k'eh fang" (reception-room) to "pai nien" (New-Year congratulations), then we came in for meeting. We women sat in the bed-room and the men in the study. Wilmoth preached a New-Year sermon from Phil. iii.13-14. The Lord blessed him notwithstanding he could not sleep for the racket last night. After the sermon each gave a testimony and then we partook of the Lord's Supper. It was a precious New-Year service. Praise God for these souls who did not bow the knee to the idols of this land! Praise God for how earnest brother Pao seems!

Mrs. Farmer's diary is continued no further than March third, but a letter dated March ninth from which we quote a paragraph, will serve to bring before us the next event which while not altogether unexpected, yet at first seemed inopportune; that is, her return to America in April.

Throughout Mrs. Farmer's journal from January to March there are frequent references to the bad state of health of her husband, and she spent hours in prayer for his restoration. But there comes ever and anon, a time in the work and life of all missionaries and other Christian workers when they must *stop and rest*. In nature it is God's order for restful night to succeed the busy day and give all the world a chance to build up strength for to-morrow's burdens. The Sabbath periods of Old Testament history have a far deeper significance in God's economy than is generally seen on the surface. Jesus sat upon the well curb while the disciples went to buy bread to refresh His and their *tired bodies*. After a strenuous period of preaching and healing He said to His disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest a while." The ceasing from work and resting tired nerves and brain is the lesson that every Christian worker has to learn, sooner or later. It is a hard lesson for missionaries to master on their first term of service. The need is so great and things go so slowly in the East that they feel they must *do it all* at once! Older missionaries seem to go so slowly, and at a kind of sedan-chair gait, while they, fresh from the homeland, want things to run like automobiles and fly like aeroplanes! It is good that man's strength is limited, for he soon finds that the advice of older heads is best and that an hour or two a day spent in helpful recreation and the annual rest of vacation, with a furlough home every six or seven years, are *absolutely essential* to his well-being. Even where workers take conscientious care of their bodies and husband their strength, yet the stress of mission life is such that they must have rest now and then. Mrs. Farmer says in the letter above referred to:

We have not succeeded in getting a house yet, and Mr. Farmer is very nervous, so much so that he has not been able to do full work for some time. He was better for a while and then worse. Yesterday was a good day and he was up all day, did a little writing and went calling; but last night he had a very hard night with his heart and nerves and to-day he is not at all well. If he does not get better we will go down to Wucheo where he can have a quiet place, for there is none here, and then if he does not get well, we

may go home. We are looking to God for him, but he needs quiet and rest.

We have quoted the above to show the occasion of the return to America at this time, and, while primarily it was for the sake of the writer's health, yet when we come to consider all that Mrs. Farmer had passed through both at P'ingloh and Liucheo, the gender of the pronoun of the last clause of the above paragraph could be changed, and read, "She needs rest and quiet."

While she felt God's time had come for them to leave China for a while, and realizing that if she went away the Bible-woman would also leave and thus the women of Liucheo be left without any one to tell them of Christ until the mission could arrange to send some other lady missionary there, which would not be very soon, she wept again and again. She was the first white woman who had ever been in the city, and God was opening the hearts and homes of the women to her; for here, as at P'ingloh, few were the lanes and streets where her willing feet did not go carrying the glad tidings of salvation. It did seem, on the face of it, so unfortunate, just as she was getting such a good hold on the people, that she should be compelled to leave. We well remember the day she left Liucheo. She knelt in the little boat in prayer, weeping, as the city faded from our view. Later on in America on the platform of the missionary conventions, how graphically she pictured the women of Liucheo without any woman to tell them of the Savior. Mrs. Farmer's love for Christ was the great passion of her soul, and then next, her love for those He loved and for whom He gave His life.

Before closing this chapter we should say for the glory of God that Mrs. Farmer saw an abundant answer to all of her prayers for a house. Through the instrumentality of the Bible-woman, one of the best sites in the city was purchased at a very nominal price, on which was a house which after being repaired served as a very good mission home and chapel until the erection of the nice building known as the Beeson Memorial, which now graces the spot. The earnest money for the purchase was paid down

the day we left the city and the brother who took charge of the men's work and station paid over the remainder in due time. "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men." "Delight thyself also in the Lord: and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him: and He shall bring it to pass."



## COME YE YOURSELVES APART

Come ye yourselves, apart and rest awhile,  
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,  
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,  
And in My quiet strength be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,  
For converse the world has never known,  
Alone with Me and with My Father here,  
With Me and with My Father not alone.

Come tell Me all that ye have said and done,  
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears,  
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won;  
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest; the journey is too great,  
And ye will faint beside thy way and sink;  
The bread of life is here for you to eat,  
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

Then fresh from converse with your Lord, return,  
And work till daylight softens into even;  
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn  
More of your Master and His rest in heav'n.

A. N.

## CHAPTER XIV

### VISIT HOME. MANDARIN INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL. CONVENTIONS, ETC.

*The folded hands seem idle;  
If folded at His word,  
'Tis a holy service, trust me,  
In obedience to the Lord.*

ANNA SHIPTON.

And thence sailed to Antioch, from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they had fulfilled. And when they had come and gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles.—ACTS xiv.26, 27.



RS. Farmer, in company with her husband, sailed from Hongkong, April 31, on the steamship, *Shinano Maru*. She was a very poor sailor and generally spent the first few days of an ocean voyage in her cabin and usually in her berth.

She had hoped to bring the subject of the Mandarin training school for girls before the annual conference which was to convene in July; but now that she was returning home it seemed as if this was to be thwarted. Her nature was not one to yield to seeming obstacles, and so notwithstanding seasickness, she spent the days between Hongkong and Japan busily putting into a readable form the convictions concerning the school, which had been burning in her soul for the previous months. Having embodied her thoughts in a paper, she mailed it back from Japan to Miss Funk, a very dear fellow worker and friend of hers, requesting that since she herself could not be present at conference, Miss Funk read it for her to the assembly. How forceful and well-thought-out were Mrs. Farmer's ideas upon the subject is seen from the paper which we submit below.

## MANDARIN INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

The past five years in China I have had a strong and growing conviction regarding industrial work for our schools which will render them self-supporting, and in that way use less foreign money to educate the children of our Chinese Christians and bring in the heathen at the same time; train our future teachers, preachers, Bible-women, colporters, etc., besides instill in the Chinese Christians industry, the value of money, labor, and time, instead of having them come into the school and church as some have done, for what they can get out of it in the way of dollars and cents; and on the other hand not keep others out because they have no way of making a living. In other words, have them instead of depending on the church, foreign money and foreigners, learn to depend upon themselves for what they should do, and upon God for what He is to do apart from self-effort. This last fall, during my waiting days on the hilltop, God spoke so forcibly to me regarding industrial work for the Mandarin training school that it was an ever-present burden on my soul for days and nights. I could not get away from it; but cried unto God to work it all out. Since that time I have spent much time and prayer and study on the subject, and am more convinced than ever that God is calling us to it, and that soon. May we as a conference consider this subject faithfully, thoughtfully and prayerfully in the light of New China with her present needs and open doors and our responsibility.

I. Why have Mandarin training schools when we already have Cantonese training schools?

Because they can not meet the demand of the Mandarin district. Some few scholars can come down to the Cantonese schools and get some Bible training; but much of their time is wasted and instruction wasted on them because they can not understand the Cantonese language. Of course, I mean those who do not understand Cantonese, and we have many such, and will have more as the work grows. But this is only the scholar class and how much worse for our young boys and men who are not educated, and whom we want to put in school where they will be educated, saved and trained. They go to Cantonese schools, learn Cantonese, and then go back to the Mandarin district to teach Mandarin; but they know Cantonese which they have learned at the Cantonese school, and how can they teach Mandarin? They can not do it properly, therefore, we have no suitable teachers for our schools, or preachers for our pulpits.

The girls and women of the Mandarin district, to my mind, absolutely can not be educated and trained in the Cantonese schools. I will give you the case of Üen Rī Ku who assisted me as Bible-woman last winter and spring at Liucheo. She spoke both Mandarin and Cantonese and had studied Mandarin when a child, there-



fore all her book knowledge when she entered the school at Wucheo was Mandarin, so had every advantage. She studied in the school three years, was saved there, learned much doctrine and many characters; but when she was sent to labor in the Mandarin district she could not read her Mandarin Bible intelligently in the meetings, and was constantly stumbling over characters. She would know them in Cantonese; but was not sure of the pronunciations and tones in Mandarin, therefore, her reading conveyed little or no meaning to her hearers. How much worse if she were to teach! I or whomever she would work with, would have to go over each lesson and book to teach her the proper pronunciation and tones. This we could afford to do while opening up the work, until God gives us sufficient workers, as He has done in the Cantonese school; but how awful it would be if we had to do this on all of our stations and keep it up for the years to come! Now this example is of one who spoke Cantonese and could get all the instruction, besides, knew some Mandarin characters. But what could we expect of a young girl of the Mandarin district going to the Cantonese school who knows no characters to begin with, and can not speak Cantonese? I say it is perfectly absurd for that girl to come out of the Cantonese school to be a Mandarin teacher, or an efficient Bible-woman. Not any more could you send a young girl to France for her entire education, and when it is completed, send her to America to teach the English language.

Some one may say, "Have one Mandarin teacher in each school and the difficulty will be obviated." I say it will not, for that one teacher can not give all the lectures on the different subjects, therefore the Mandarin students get only the benefit of the one or two lectures in Mandarin. The Mandarin teacher could not give all of the instructions the Mandarin pupils need in the study of the character. There would soon have to be as many Mandarin teachers, in proportion, as Cantonese teachers, and it would resolve itself into practically two schools, one Cantonese and one Mandarin. So, since that is the case, why not have the two schools in their respective districts where their own language is spoken and avoid all trouble, confusion and extra expenditure of money, etc. If one school is sufficient for both Cantonese and Mandarin, why have we not already joined with Central and Western China, having one school for all China? Absurd! It would never do, and we would see sooner or later that the one would not do here in South China for both Cantonese and Mandarin, so why not see it now before the Mandarin work is crippled longer for lack of efficient trained workers and proper schools for the young, and until we are compelled to see it and take this step. It seems this is enough to show the necessity of the Mandarin schools for Mandarin people in the Mandarin district.

## II. Why industrial schools, and what feature of industry?

1. Because there is in China, at present, a demand for industrial work that there never was before. To-day China is reaching out for things new and Western,—Western education and Western industry. The former, we as a mission do not feel that we are called to give them and have not fitted ourselves for that work; but the latter, industrial work, we can give them and give them properly and thoroughly. If we do not use this opportunity to reach China's young boys and girls, men and women, to give them the gospel of Jesus Christ, they will go elsewhere for industrial instruction and will be heathen. I believe it can be made a great evangelistic agency. I see from the papers and journals that Canton has a school to teach China's women and girls industry, and has sent to Japan for teachers; so, you see, they are reaching out for it. Why do not we see the signs of the times and fall into God's order for us to reach a class of China's young for God? The door is open, shall we enter?

2. To teach the Chinese to value an education by working their way through school at some industrial work. Some of the greatest men of all ages have been those who have learned the value of an education and of time by working their way through school. Just look at history and this will be found true in men of State, men of letters, and men of the church. Then why not help our Chinese brothers and sisters to be great by laboring with their hands as well as their heads to obtain an education? While none of us are what the world counts great, yet many of us are here in China to-day as ambassadors of Jesus Christ, because we had to work our way through school, and thereby learned the real value of an education and of life in general. So let us enable the Chinese, with so much desire to obtain what we have, by real work with the hands, to gain an education, rather than spoil them by giving it to them.

3. This brings us to the next great reason why we should have industrial work in our schools; and that is, to put real value on labor for the scholar; yea, a premium, rather than have them go through the school as they have done heretofore, too much of a gentleman to do any manual labor and not willing to rough it with us foreigners and bear the hardships that are really necessary to take the gospel of Jesus Christ to China's millions who are yet in utter darkness. As we know, some are not willing to turn their hands to open a chapel door, or to arrange the seats, while others go so far as to say they would like someone to cook for them as they have never cooked. If they are wanted to "walk the roads" and sell books, they have not the strength and the work is too much for a gentleman to do! Now, if giving them industrial work can put a value and premium on labor and inspire respect for those who do labor, they, too, will gradually fall in line and do likewise.

4. Again, self-reliance is one of the first things that a child should be taught; and second, reliance upon God. Nothing develops real character in a boy or girl, man or woman, more than to be taught self-reliance; and in no way can they better get this than by giving them some kind of work to do to make them pay for their own living. We want men and women, boys and girls, ready for any emergency, for any work, for any position; and they can only be secured by training them. We do not want to turn out "babies," as far as enduring hardships for God and the salvation of their own people is concerned; but we want men and women who are ready to turn their hands to what comes for them to do—real soldiers of the Cross.

5. By having industrial work for the pupils so as to pay expenses, it will enable us to have our schools in a short time, self-supporting. Self-reliance and self-support go together; therefore, after a short time, the foreign money that is being used to educate and train Chinese workers can be put to other purposes; such as extending the gospel to untouched regions, building station-houses, chapels, etc., that are so much needed. As our training schools are being run at present, the amount of foreign money used is on the increase, and as the school enlarges there is never any end to putting foreign money in school work. But, if we have the industrial work to enable the pupils to pay their own expenses, the foreign money used diminishes and soon stops. Of course the building, apparatus, and the school, must be put in running order; but that is only for a short time, and then the school is self-supporting. The work in our mission is enlarging in all lands, more native workers engaged, and salaries of some on the increase. In many lands expenses are greater than formerly, and our board is having a hard time to meet the present demands; therefore, we should do all we can to put our work on a self-supporting and self-propagating basis. To have the Mandarin school self-supporting would be a good step in that direction.

Some may say that we can not make the schools self-supporting, but I say, "What others have done, we can do." And I understand that others have done it in China. And I notice in the "Woman's Work" or "Chinese Recorder," where others in the North have done so and made a real success of it. Miss Parmenter of Central China has done some kind of industrial work in her school for years, until now it is self-supporting with the exception of the head teacher. It is no experiment.

6. Of course the kinds of industry depend largely upon the demand, but I had thought to begin with, for the women and girls, weaving, knitting, sewing by hand and on the machine, drawn work and embroidery. The articles derived from the first three to be sold to the Chinese, and from the latter for the foreign market, which I could easily look up while at home. The men and boys could

do weaving, knitting, tailoring, shoe-making, perhaps baking, and other things as the market may demand.

III. Another reason for industrial work for our Mandarin schools is that God seems to be working at both ends of the line. Here the door is open—a fine suitable property has been secured in Liucheo, the center geographically of our Mandarin district, which pupils from all over the Mandarin district can reach with less trouble and expense than any other station. When I felt such a burden and assurance that God would supply the means to start these industrial schools running, it came to me that no one would appreciate and feel the need of such schools as the Meridian colleges, where hundreds of young men and women are in like manner enabled to obtain an education, find Christ as their Savior and Sanctifier, and many receive their call to some foreign field; therefore, I wrote and asked them how they would like to take the support of similar schools for the Mandarin district in Kuangsi Province, at the same time looking to God to lay it upon their hearts to do it, if it was His will for us. A few days before leaving Wucho I received a letter saying that they felt it a fine thing if the mission allowed us to take up that line of work. Of course, I told them that I had not spoken to any one at that time but Mr. Farmer, and that it was only a conviction which I believed was from God. So now, if the conference feels free before God to act upon this, we will be able to push it at the Meridian colleges this winter, and I believe, turn a mighty power, now latent, from those two colleges through the Christian and Missionary Alliance and much to our South China work. There are men, women, means and prayer that I believe God wants to use through our board, and now is the time to act. But they want something definite, and industrial schools will appeal to them as nothing else will at present. May God's will be revealed to you, dear fellow-laborers, at this conference, and enable you to take some action.

My thought for industrial work was not only to benefit the regular students in the school; but, as the work grows and there are out-stations where there will be no one to teach the women, and they can not leave their homes for a long time, that we organize women's classes where the women from these stations can come and spend two or three months in the year. They can work half the time, pay expenses, learn to do the things we think necessary for a wife and mother to know, namely, cutting and making their own clothes, knitting, etc., which so few who work in the fields have learned to do; learn the gospel and characters, and go home to make better wives and mothers and more intelligent Christians among their sisters.

I would have much preferred being in conference in person to read my own paper and meet the different points of discussion; but since God has led us home, I commend it to His care and your

thoughtful and prayerful attention and ask you to please study each thought of the dire necessity of Mandarin schools for Mandarin people in the Mandarin district. China's present open door for industrial work; what an evangelistic agency it can be made; how industrial work will teach the Chinese scholar to appreciate his education; how it causes the workers turned out of our schools to value, yea, to put a premium on labor rather than think themselves too much of a gentlemen to do any manual labor; how it will help them to endure hardness as good soldiers and be willing to suffer a little inconvenience along with us to take the gospel to those who have it not; and thus instill within them self-reliance; and last, but not least, self-support for our schools, and far less money used for education, which means more work and less money expended. Also note how God is supplying the needed money and sending us home at this time under God to put it through.

The paper was very favorably received, commented upon at the conference, and the whole matter referred to the mission board at home, as Mrs. Farmer would have the opportunity, while in America, to consult with them in reference to the schools.

None but those who have lived abroad for the first time, and especially in the East, where everything is so different from the West, can truly appreciate the keen pleasure of a trip home after several years of absence. This pleasure is accentuated all the more when it means the reunion with those loved ones from whom one has been separated so long. All latent patriotism is stirred to its depths as the ship touches home shores once more. And what shall we say in reference to the long-anticipated visit to the old home-place, the greetings of father and mother, brothers and sisters, and dear friends! This joy is much deeper, too, when it concerns Christians, for on both sides there has been a great sacrifice; on the part of the one who has been laboring in the cause of Christ abroad and on the part of the loving hearts who have laid them upon God's altar for such service.

Such a happy home-coming was Mrs. Farmer's, and although the face of the dear mother was missing from the circle, yet the remainder of the family and friends did all in their power to make up for it, and a happy time it was. At seasons like this the heart is too full for utterance! The

most commonplace and trivial object brings up thoughts of the past too deep for words. We know of a missionary who on reaching America went into a waffle-house in Seattle, and, as he tried to eat the nice crisp, buttered waffles which the waiter had served him, could not keep back the tears; but made a rather funny-looking spectacle to the *restaurateur* and other guests. They saw just common waffles, but the missionary saw the old home-place and the family seated at breakfast—the old black mammy manipulating the waffle-irons and trying to supply the voracious appetite of the children about the family board.

It would be difficult to describe the happiness of Mrs. Farmer those days. A nature so rich and full as hers did not fail to enjoy all that God so lovingly showered upon her those home-coming days of furlough. While God gives us the pure, true pleasures of life, yet even they are transient, and He will not let the heart become so enamoured of this present world as to forget the one above where joy shall be everlasting, unmixed with sorrow. Here we have enough clouds to make us enjoy the sunshine when it returns; enough night to reveal the stars. So in the midst of the happy days of furlough, suddenly there came a sorrow into Mrs. Farmer's heart and life, and only those of her most intimate friends and loved ones knew how deeply she felt the loss of her little baby boy who came so suddenly and unexpectedly that the tiny life was transplanted above before it had time to take root in this earthly sphere. Yet not before the fond mother's love had become entangled in the tendrils of its little life. She had given so much of her time and talents to other people's children and her mother-heart looked forward with all the anticipation of which it was capable, to the birth of this her first and only child, for whom she had in prayer and vision mapped out a glorious Christian career. She had already determined by God's grace that her child, like Samuel of old, should be "lent to the Lord" all the days of his life.

It was one of those inscrutable providences of God in which, when the soul is baffled and can find no explanation, resigns itself in submissive faith to Him who doeth all

things well. God alone knows how much it cost Mrs. Farmer when the lid of the little white casket was nailed down upon all of the hopes and cherished plans of previous months. But even then, with tear-dimmed eyes, she could look up into the Father's face and say, "God knows best."

Since writing the above we have come across a letter in which Mrs. Farmer speaks of the little babe and her feelings in regard to the matter.

Our stay in America so far has not been as we thought and planned, but we take it as He planned and are happy in Him and His will for us. We can not understand why we were not allowed to have our darling son, but rest in His love and wisdom. All I can say is that I feel like a child that had looked forward to receiving some gift he *greatly* desired, and just as he received the gift it was taken from him and no reason given. But I, like him, can rest in my Father's love and wisdom in this, and know He did it all in love; for our good and His glory.

Of course you know how one misses the little darlings and the ache of the heart, and I believe God is not displeased at that as long as there is no rebellion, and there is truly none in my heart. I shall never forget his sweet little face as he lay on the bed by me after he had been dressed. He looked just like he was asleep and I could hardly realize that it was the sleep that is to last until Jesus comes, but what comfort that brings!

The months of the fall and winter of 1907 were largely divided between Atlanta, Georgia, and Meridian, Mississippi, with visits to one or two other places to see relatives. As soon as Mrs. Farmer had recovered normal health and strength she was as ready as ever to serve and be made a blessing. It mattered not where she was, her hands seemed always full of kind deeds for those about her, and although she was at home on a furlough from China, yet she never felt that she could take a furlough from work in the kingdom of Christ. Her sweet, winning disposition was such that she could not be anywhere long without people soon loading her down with all kinds of service, and she performed everything intrusted to her so well that it was a delight to ask her advice and aid in any matter. She just seemed to be a true embodiment of Christ's ideal of greatness when He said, "But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister. And whosoever will be

chief among you let him be your servant." Did the cook fail to come? then into the kitchen she went to help prepare the food; some one need a pair of crocheted slippers or baby sack? away clicked the ivory needles until the desired articles came out of the one long strand of thread as if by magic; some one is sick and needs a bath and nicely prepared food? send for Mrs. Farmer. Here is one who can not get a dress she is making to fit and hang correctly; in a moment or two Mrs. Farmer's skillful fingers have brought it all about. Somebody's baby is fretful; and in a moment or so he is cooing and laughing as he sits upon Mrs. Farmer's knee and looks into her happy face, and listens as she sings:

Here's a ball for baby,  
So big and soft and round.

The phone bell rings and the Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association wants to know if she will not address the young ladies to-morrow at such-and-such a time; of course the answer is, "Yes." Next Wednesday is the meeting-day for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the president wants her to give them an address;

"All right, will be on hand." The pastor of the Fourth Street Methodist Church wants her to address his congregation on China's women next Sabbath evening, will she come? "Yes," and soon she is busy with her Bible and notes on China and when the time arrives she is full of her subject and all are blessed who hear her.

We have given the foregoing just to picture to our readers a little of what occupied her time. She had the art of doing the every-day little things of life so graciously that even the smallest thing seemed great, and all because she did it for *His sake*.

In October, she attended the convention of the Holiness Union which met at Louisville, Kentucky, there speaking upon China and missions in general. The joy of the Lord was her strength, and amid all the busy cares of life she found time for a large correspondence. During this month she wrote to one who had written about the condition of a certain church and the prospect of a revival there.



We were so glad to get your letter and hear the news. Trust you will have a good meeting; but they only come where the church gets right first, so God will have His channel through which to work. I am glad to learn of some hungry ones there for the full truth. Tell them to yield to God and He will surely fill them, for He has said, "Blessed are they which *hunger* and *thirst* after righteousness, for they *shall* be filled." God is always ready and only waiting for people to get ready to let Him have His way with them. Praise God I ever learned it, and now I can say His will is the sweetest place, though through trials, testing, or sorrow. "Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven there."

The Thanksgiving holidays were spent on a visit to her brother, Doctor J. L. Beeson, who has the chair of chemistry and physics in the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, at Milledgeville, Georgia. The large crowd of young women there, especially those interested in foreign missions would never let her remain long in the city before having her give them an address. In a letter dated November 30, she says:

I am to meet the mission-study classes in the college this afternoon and to speak to the young people of the Presbyterian Church to-morrow afternoon. . . . We are booked for the missionary rally at Meridian December 5 to 8, so we will have only one day in Atlanta to do our packing. We are asked by the Christian and Missionary Alliance to spend February and March through Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas and Florida.

She went from Milledgeville to Meridian to attend the annual missionary rally held there by the two colleges. Having been a student volunteer herself, she was right at home with the young women and their missionary work, call and problems, and both in the public program and by private personal work did she prove herself a blessing during the rally.

Her Christmas holidays were spent with her sister, Mrs. Conger, of Louisiana, and it was one of the happiest and most restful seasons she had while in America, the place being quiet and secluded. But even there she spoke several times on missions. From Louisiana she returned with her husband to Atlanta to be present at the annual convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. As this society has a branch in Atlanta, she was always kept busy

while in the city and had anticipated and prepared for good work during the convention. But just in the midst of it she had a telegram calling her to the bedside of her sick father in Meridian, Mississippi. Going there she spent some time waiting upon him and a sick sister-in-law. This of course broke up her trip to Florida and other points.

As soon as her father was well again she returned to Atlanta and began to make preparations for the summer convention work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. A letter written near April, gives a hint as to the program for the summer months.

We are planning to go to the annual May council which is the most important meeting of our Christian and Missionary Alliance during the year, and we want to attend. Besides, we have some important matters regarding the Mandarin training schools to discuss with the board and feel we should go. God also seems to be opening the way for at least one of us to go there. . . . The Christian and Missionary Alliance may call me out for convention work during the summer. You see, we can not know, and can only follow as He leads. . . . We leave Thursday morning for Nashville for the missionary conference, April 30 to May 3, returning here the fourth or fifth. We are to have plenty of time there to speak twice each for all the four days are to be given to missions.

Well, we have not had a cook but one week in about six weeks, and often Mother Farmer has to go to town on business and I have had to spend much time helping, and then I have been helping to sew some and get up some new talks, besides the regular work of the Alliance and visiting the members. I have been very busy during the day, and when night comes, am too tired to write much. . . . I know you are enjoying old Charley and the buggy these pretty days, and I wish I could share it with you. That was one of the things I expected to do when I came home—ride to my heart's content—but have had very little of it.

The time spent at Nashville, mentioned in the foregoing letter, was one thoroughly enjoyed by Mrs. Farmer, for it was an opportunity to meet the circle of many dear friends and brethren. Her former relation to this band of Christians has been fully set forth in an earlier chapter of this book. We give below from one of her letters her own comment on her visit there.

We had a fine time with the brethren at Nashville. The Lord blessed and made us a blessing. All seemed so glad to see us and

pressed us to remain longer, but Mr. Farmer felt he was needed here and should return and do all he could before going to New York. What did me most good was the number of people that said they had been praying for us. Some said not one day had passed and they failed to pray for us. That is what counts for God's work.

Her brother, Doctor J. W. Beeson, very much desired her to be present at the closing exercises of the Meridian Woman's College, but as the May council convened in New York from May twenty-sixth to the twenty-ninth, and these dates conflicted with commencement dates she had to decline, as she felt it more imperative to attend the council. She had, ever since being a member of the Christian and Missionary Alliance mission, desired to attend one of the annual May councils of this body. She always enjoyed a parliamentary assembly, for her keen intellectual acumen could well keep up with all questions before the house. She served on committees and greatly enjoyed the spiritual work of the occasion.

Following this she was at the Nyack convention taking a prominent part in the meetings for the young people as well as the older ones. From Nyack, New York, she went to Anderson, Indiana, then to Indianapolis, and from there to Louisville, Kentucky. She also attended the conventions at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Beulah Park, Ohio, Pandora, Ohio, Atlanta, Georgia, and finally to Old Orchard, Maine.

She did most efficient service at all of these places, always willing to take the place assigned her whether one of prominence or not. Before speaking she steeped her soul in prayer and then poured forth her message with feeling and earnestness which always met with a response in the spiritually sympathetic audiences which she addressed.

The bright summer began to wane and those glorious autumn days, which are heralded by the gaily-tinted foliage and bright sunshine and shadows, warned the missionaries that furlough days were nearly over and soon they must be again at the front in the thick of the battle. They had planned to return to China in the fall, but as the time drew nearer and nearer, funds were not sufficient to send them back at that time and so they had to wait two or three months later. While it afforded additional time for rest,

it also gave Mrs. Farmer opportunity to attend again the annual missionary rally at the Meridian colleges, and also the holiness convention in Birmingham, Alabama.

Another project which Mrs. Farmer accomplished while at home was the matter of getting funds to build a memorial chapel at Liucheo in honor of her mother, and for this purpose she proposed to her brothers and sisters that all join together and each one furnish what he could toward this object. Her father also joining in, and money coming from other sources it was possible to put up the nice mission house and chapel shown in this book.

The last two months of 1908 were spent at Meridian. In a letter to her sister, dated December 21, 1908, she says:

How time flies! Two months ago, to-day, was yours and father's birthday and we were there with you. We had hoped to be on our way to China ere this, still we are here. We had word from the board that we should not likely sail until January, some time. It is really hard to stay so long away from our work, but He knows best and we can say "Thy will be done." Mr. Farmer has improved more the past two or three months, seemingly, than all the other time together, so that may be why God is keeping us here this long.

Before closing this chapter, we can not forbear reflecting that while the prolongation of the furlough time gave some added rest and Mrs. Farmer looked at it from the divine side, which is always the *right viewpoint*, often missionaries are ready for their work and are delayed because Christians at home withhold money which should be spent in the evangelization of the world. Missionaries find that even loved ones and members of their own families are ever willing to pay their transportation home *from* the field, and urge them to return even for the slightest pretext, but when the time arrives for them to *return* to the work how selfishly tight the purse-strings are drawn, and often the missionary waits on and on. If he is a true soldier of the cross, he is sure to go back, and will go sooner or later, so why not bid him God speed in a real way by doing all you can to aid him, since in the providence of God you have missed the glorious honor of going yourself? How selfish is the best of human love after all!



## EZEKIEL

And thus, O, Prophet-bard of old,  
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!  
The same which earth's unwelcome seers  
Have felt in all succeeding years.  
Sport of the changeful multitude,  
Nor calmly heard nor understood,  
Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
Their warnings but the actor's part.  
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One  
The garments of the flesh put on!  
Men followed where the Highest led  
For common gifts of daily bread,  
And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
Owned not the godlike power of Him.  
Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
His wail above Jerusalem,  
And meaningless the watch He kept  
Through which His weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou whoe'er thou art,  
For God's great purpose set apart,  
Before whose far-discerning eyes,  
The Future as the Present lies!  
Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
Stretches the prophet-heritage,  
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,  
Through arches round the throne of God!  
Thy audience, worlds!—all Time to be  
The witness of the Truth in thee!

*Whittier.*

## CHAPTER XV

### SOME OF MRS. FARMER'S ADDRESSES

*Give me a voice, a cry, and a complaining,—  
Oh, let my sound be stormy in their ears!  
Throat that would shout, but can not stay for straining,  
Eyes that would weep, but can not wait for tears.*

F. W. H. MYERS.

But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.—  
JEREMIAH.

For I am full of words, the spirit within me constraineth me.—  
JOB.



SINCE this book is written in behalf of the cause of foreign missions, it has seemed appropriate to us to give several of Mrs. Farmer's missionary addresses. The best place, chronologically, is to follow the previous chapter which told of the conventions she attended, and where some of these addresses were delivered.

She has left a large assortment of sermon notes, outlines of addresses, etc., which, while some would be interesting, yet in a book of this size can not be given. Her manner and bearing upon the public platform was modest yet confident. She spoke fearlessly, earnestly, and at times, with great emotion. She was sincere to the core, and this always makes a telling effect upon the audience. Just as was the case when two friends, one a sceptic, attended a meeting at which a very earnest preacher presided. The believer asked the other, "Do you believe what that man is saying?" The other man replied, "No, but I *believe* that he *believes* what he is saying."

Mrs. Farmer fully believed her convictions regarding the cause of foreign missions and did not fail to enlist men and

money in the enterprise when she spoke. Above all, she was so steeped in prayer and relied so fully upon the Spirit of God to bless her messages, that aside from her own gifts and personality, God greatly owned and blessed her efforts as a public speaker.

#### THE NEED OF LABORERS

We are here this evening for a practical, vital, yea, all-important purpose, namely; to arouse the student-body of these two colleges to the appalling need of the heathen world; to show you young men and women how greatly God needs you in the foreign field to take Christ to the perishing millions who have never heard. As I have been thinking these days, and listening to Mr. Farmer speaking on China to-night, I thought of our many experiences and of the perishing millions all around us in China who have never heard and have no one to go and tell them. I feel like the poet who said:

Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!

Oh, could I only say what I have seen!

But the difficulty is really to be *able* to tell. We could easily and very comfortably transport every man, woman, and child in this audience to-night into China, India, or Africa, and within a short time, be unable to find you at all. You would be practically lost, the need is so great. In the world to-day there are over one billion heathen; one-half of the world has never heard of Jesus; one-half of the world knows nothing of what Jesus means to the life; one-half of the world has never seen one who loves Jesus; one-half of the world has never seen one who has the love of God prompting and ruling his or her life, and felt the warmth of such a life. This fact alone, not speaking of what you have heard these days, is enough to cause each Christian man and woman here to-night to consider *where* Jesus would have him go. Over against this more than one billion of heathen there are only four thousand, two hundred and eight ordained ministers, or one minister to every two hundred and sixty-three thousand, four hundred and twenty-three people; while in the United States with her eighty mil-



lion, there are one hundred and forty-six thousand, five hundred and two ordained ministers, or one minister to every five hundred and forty-six people.

You may say "The church at home should be sanctified first," but I say, that *individuals* should be. Again you say, "We have many neglected fields at our own door before going to others," and many other excuses, and end up by saying, "We will get to the heathen by-and-by." You could afford to look at it that way if Jesus had not redeemed you, and then said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to *every creature*," and if the heathen were not passing into Christless graves at the rate of forty million per year, one hundred thousand per day; and if each tick of the watch did not sound the death knell of a soul that never heard the name of Jesus; but since it is not true, we *must obey* and *go quickly* to those who are in darkness.

We can not tell the need of laborers in all the fields, but will touch on some of the largest.

Look at South America, which is synonymous with the word, *neglect*. Left without the Bible for centuries, yet not without outward pomp and religious ceremony as we find in all Roman Catholic countries, she is within full of awful sin and corruption. She has now thrown off her grave clothes, and seven of her republics have social and religious freedom. Though this be true, she still has only two hundred and forty-three missionaries to thirty-seven million, five hundred thousand people, or one minister to one hundred and fifty-four thousand, three hundred and twenty people. Five hundred and seven ordained missionaries are needed to give one minister to every fifty thousand people. In South America, Central America and Mexico together, there are only three hundred and forty-five ordained missionaries, or one to one hundred and fifty-three thousand, eight hundred and forty-nine people. There are seven hundred and forty-seven ordained missionaries needed, with the necessary lay missionaries, single ladies, wives, etc., to really give them a witness. This is right here at your door, what are you going to do with *this* need?

Africa, which immediately brings forth the thought of *slavery*, has been held captive by the Mohammedans for centuries, made drunk by the intoxicants of the so-called Christian lands, and also made more murderous by their fire-arms. But what are these so-called Christian nations doing to send her Christ, the only cure for her awful need? There are fifty million souls within her borders wholly unsought by a single missionary, and only one thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven ordained missionaries for all Africa, which means one to one hundred, thirty-three thousand and eight hundred and fifty-seven people. Two thousand, one hundred and eight are needed to give her Christ, the only one who has power to set the captives free. You have heard of the great need among our ten million brethren in black here in our own Southland; but among them even, there are more Christian workers than for the one hundred and sixty-eight million in Africa. Alexander Mackay said: "Here is a field for your energies, I entreat you to leave your work at home to the many who are ready to take it and come forth *yourselves* to reap this field." Bishop Hannington in his dying testimony said: "I have purchased the road to them with my life." Beloved, who will follow these to help fill up the ranks?

India with a population which more than doubles that of North and South America, represents one-fifth of the world's population crowded into one-thirtieth of its area. Think of her with her awful caste system; one hundred and forty million widows; forty thousand lifelong prisoners in Zenanas; and more than one hundred thousand unevangelized beyond the reach of the present workers who are calling for you. The famine which enabled the missionaries to get the widows and orphans into the orphanages and the out-pouring of the Spirit in India have greatly increased the need of laborers. It is said there are more Christian workers in New York City alone than missionaries in India, with four times the population of the United States. Think of it! Such a contrast! A missionary conference at Madras a few years ago, issued an appeal calling upon the Christian churches of Christendom to send out enough men to give

one ordained man, single or married, and one single lady to every fifty thousand people; and they found they would have to have four thousand, six hundred and twenty-eight men and four thousand, four hundred women, making an immediate total force of nine thousand and twenty-eight missionaries needed to carry on this great struggle to a triumphant issue. The united voice of the Calcutta conference was: "From all parts of the Indian Empire the cry is heard that there are abundant openings for labor, but *no laborers* to take it up. In the Great Master's Name, with all the emphasis in our power, we urge the necessity of every effort being made to send forth a *largely increased* force of laborers in this field which is already white unto harvest." How can you young men and women just on the threshold of your life's work shut your eyes and ears to this great need and the earnest call of the tired and worn ones at the front of the battle, who know what it is to see the precious souls for whom Jesus died passing away, never having seen the light?

China, no longer characterized by the word *sleep*; but now by the word *awake*, is the largest field from the standpoint of souls. Within her eighteen provinces are found four hundred millions of people, or one-third of the whole human race, and she is by far the most needy of all lands. You may be prone to think I say this because I spent a term of service there and feel the need of China as no other field. I grant that may be true, but it is a fact, known to all mission students, that China has less missionaries in proportion to her population than any other country. I have often wondered why so few from these colleges were looking toward China. I have given you the great need of laborers in Africa, but I want to say that China has nearly four times the population that Africa has, with less than one-half as many ordained missionaries to break the bread of life to her perishing millions. With a love burning for those precious souls, I have tried to give the real and awful need of India; but China with about twice the population, has one hundred and nine less than one-half as many ordained missionaries as India. China has only six hundred and ten ordained mis-

sionaries to her four hundred million people, or one to every seven hundred and sixteen thousand, three hundred and ninety-three precious souls, while here in the United States, there are one hundred and forty-six thousand, five hundred and two, for eighty million, or one for every five hundred and forty-six people. There are only three thousand, seven hundred and forty-six foreign missionaries, including lay missionaries, single ladies, medical missionaries, and teachers, or one foreign worker to every one hundred and six thousand, six hundred and eighty people. Beloved, do you think we could give the gospel as a witness to that number even if all could be sent out in evangelistic work? But of course there is hospital work, school work, and the care of the church, which often necessitates many grouped in one place; and that of course leaves a large section containing hundreds of cities, countless villages, markets and country places where no one has ever gone and no light has ever shown on their pathway.

These millions of precious souls that Jesus loves as much as he loves you and me and for whom He spilled His precious blood to redeem, have never as much as heard that there is a Savior! You are debtor to these, and they will die and be lost forever if you do not pay your debt. Beloved, do not forget that one-half of the world has never heard of Jesus, and one-half of that number is in China; or in other words, one-fourth of all the people in the world that have never heard of Jesus are in China. Can you realize that these are souls? Consequently, seven thousand, one hundred and ten ordained missionaries are needed in China to give one to every fifty thousand people, and that means three times seven hundred and eighty-six greater than Africa's need, and nearly twice as many as are needed in India. After these facts you can see, and I trust you will realize, that China is the most needy of all lands.

Kuangsi, where we labor, with her eight million people, has only fifty-two missionaries, or one to more than one hundred and fifty-three thousand people. You may see her need, and then think she is not ready, but Mr. Farmer has told you of the great awakening and reaching out for

Western learning, industry, arts, and customs. The China of to-day is no more the China of seven years ago than day is night; the changes are so great. She is like a bud in spring opening up to the influences of light, warmth, and moisture, therefore, at this time of receptivity, if we do not give her that light—Jesus—who brings with Him the warmth of his love, she will spiritually wither and die. Such unfolding of life to outward influences, a reaching out for something that will satisfy the hungry, longing heart, and the beginning to realize that idolatry and Confucianism can not satisfy the human heart, increases her need many fold. Not the need of the individual heart of its only Savior, nor even the hearts of all that make up the nation; but it increases the need of laborers to take them our Christ while they are turning from their foot-binding, opium-smoking, idol-worship, ancestral-worship, and many things to which they have clung for centuries. Some may be prone to consider other fields rather than China, because everything moves more slowly there, even Christianity. There are reasons for that. They have been the most conservative of all people and accept the new things slowly, and while they may come in faster in Japan, Korea and India, so far, our Chinese Christians will compare favorably with any other people in strength of character and loyalty to God.

This was proven in an awful but wonderful way during the Boxer trouble of 1900, when thirty thousand Chinese Christians laid down their lives for Christ rather than deny Him. I wonder how this audience could stand such a test? China's need is *Christ*. He will solve all her problems, for within the last century the missionaries and Chinese Christians have done much through prayer and labor. The opium and foot-binding have had a death-blow and in time will be done away. Girls' schools are being established in every province; and the abolition of the plurality of wives and slavery is being agitated. But to bring Christ to this needy people it will take seven thousand, one hundred and ten missionaries, and one-half of that number of lay missionaries to evangelize the men, with at least as many single ladies, if not more, and nearly as many wives, to bring the

only Savior to our benighted, ignorant, superstitious, idolatrous, and lost sisters of China.

Oh, if I could only take you with me into one of our great heathen cities, say P'ingloh, with her thirty thousand people, a city as large as Meridian, or Liucheo, with her eighty thousand people, nearly three times the size of Meridian, and let you see what I saw, feel what I felt, and realize what I realized when I knew that not one in that great city was saved—all lost—not one who knew enough of the gospel to worship the true and living God, with very few ever having heard His name. And further, that we two with our Chinese helpers, were responsible before God to give them Christ by life and by teaching; and that I, with my Bible-woman, who had never before worked in that capacity, were the only ones to lead into the way of eternal life, those thousands of women and children. And then look around me, only to realize that there were four or five cities governed by that one city, with their several tens of thousands of souls looking to us, the only source of light; and then on and on beyond were five other prefectural cities with their respective districts containing four or five cities each, and no one to tell them that Jesus loved them and could save their souls from sin and hell. China is calling for fourteen hundred men now, and as many women. And our own work in Kuangsi is just now needing seven men and as many women to push on to the untouched regions. Two days ago we had news of one of our most promising lady-missionaries being called home above, and later that of one of our male missionaries, and they were from our most needed Mandarin district. Who will go to fill up the ranks?

Young men, young women, do you see and realize the appalling need of laborers in the world and especially in China? Carey said, "Not where I am needed, but where I am needed most." All you have heard increases your responsibility to them from the standpoint of their dire need. Your responsibility of God's need of you there, and from the standpoint of your obligation to Him who loved you enough to give his only begotten Son; to Jesus who gave his own life to redeem you and the Holy Ghost

who condescends to live in your life to enable you to represent Christ to them; and Christ's command, "Go ye," what are you going to do with this? In one leading missionary college in New England in the past five years law took one-third, business one-third, and medicine, teaching, and the ministry the other third, and less than one per cent. of the students were preparing for the foreign field. Will that be said of these colleges here in Meridian? There are in the United States already, twice as many lawyers as are needed to conduct the legal business of the country. You know Finney when saved gave up law and went to saving souls; and there are physicians till there is virtually one within call of every house; business men, plenty and to spare; yea, many of them are trying to ease their consciences against the call to the mission field by making money to support some one else; and teachers of all grades in the United States outnumber all those who have been sent to the thousand millions of the non-christian world nearly *fifty times*: and ministers at home, one to every five hundred and forty-six people, with from one to about twenty helpers, besides their home missionaries, slum workers, rescue workers, etc.

Beloved students, when you consider *where* you should go, remember to every four thousand Christians, three thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine are remaining in this country; that of every one thousand Christian young people, who are for the greater part free to go, nine hundred and ninety-nine are staying at home; even of those who have been specially fitted by college training more than ninety-nine out of every hundred are staying at home; and though we have Christian laymen graduating from our colleges to meet the needy home field, sixty-four of every sixty-five of our ordained ministers are remaining in America under the noon-day blaze of the gospel sun! Are you young men and women of these two colleges going to listlessly fall into the same line and leave these millions to be lost and cry out against you in the last day? Was it not the Macedonian call and the great need of the heathen that spurred Paul on to the "regions beyond?" and was it not the love of Christ

and the untouched regions that caused him to say: "Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation?" Did not our Lord say: "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold," and did He not tell us to leave the ninety and nine and go and find the lost one? To-night I am pleading with you to leave the *one* and seek the ninety and nine lost ones. Oh, that the Holy Spirit might separate at least one hundred out of these two colleges from the one who has so many to look after him and send them to the ninety and nine who have no one to save them!

Oh, beloved, close as it were your natural eyes, and open your heart's eye and see Jesus standing in our midst with outstretched hands to a tired, sin-bound, lost world, with His face lighted with unutterable love for those for whom He died, showing forth a great longing compassion of His heart for them; and then ask Him to give you that same love in your heart to enable you to leave all and follow Him to those perishing ones who have never heard. He said: "As the Father hath sent me even so send I you." Will you go? Ask Him where he wants you to labor and obey.

The statistics in the foregoing address are not up to date, but they are a pretty fair approximation of conditions a few years ago. They are taken largely from the Student Volunteer Movement literature and reports from different sources on mission work. Because of the tardy response of the church to meet the awful need of the heathen world, we doubt not that the facts and figures in the address are still approximately true. God speed the day when they shall be reduced to smaller numbers through the spread of the gospel in the dark places of the earth.

THE AUTHOR.

## THE AIM OF MISSION WORK AND SOME METHODS USED IN CHINA TO ACCOMPLISH IT

"He that winneth souls is wise." "All things to all men that I may save some."

I. The aim, of all mission work is soul-winning, leading men soul by soul to Christ; not to be content with mere "seed-sowing," "giving them a witness," or "preparing the way for others to reap," as many so glibly and contentedly say. A man under a British society once said he had



preached the gospel in a certain city for ten years, but he never, as far as he knew, had been the means of any one person being saved. And when some one showed surprise at his freedom from concern, he said that it was his business to preach the word—he really had nothing to do with the results. Quite different was the feeling of J. Hudson Taylor, when at one of their conferences he urged all his missionaries to aim at the conversion of men at once, even though it might be the first and only opportunity. He gave instances where the Spirit thus directly owned the message and made it effectual.

We have had in our work in South China, instances where God so honored the word that people believed it the very first time they heard. I recall one old man, a farmer living near Wucheo, who had gone into the city to sell his vegetables one day and chanced to pass by the street chapel where the gospel was being preached. He went in and sat down to hear what the preacher had to say, and soon became extremely interested in the story of the cross, for he was seen leaning over to catch every word that was being said. After the close of the meeting he arose to go out and put his hand on his breast and said: "This is just what I have been wanting for these many years. It satisfies my heart's longing," and went to tell his brother that he was going to be a "Jesus-man." He lived a faithful and consistent life for many years and then went to be with Christ.

I think we can safely say this is a Scriptural aim, for Jesus himself said: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye by my disciples." And in the Apostolic church they were expected thus to respond to the Truth, and they did so through the preaching of Peter, John, Stephen, and Paul.

One of our South China missionaries said to me before leaving for the field, that one usually found what he or she was looking for—if it was for a hard time, robbers, tigers, or whatever it was, that he would find it: but if he was going with the express purpose of finding precious souls and bringing them to Christ, that would be the result. Often I have thought of that saying of his when souls seemed slow in

coming to Jesus, but I have also noted that he never came to a single conference without having souls to report.

A secretary of a mission board once said of his missionaries that their least concern was the question of numbers received into the church. His meaning perhaps was good, but we often find that this idea is rather an excuse for a conscience and heart that have ceased to have that travail for souls of which Paul speaks. On the other hand, there are often those who are so eager to organize new churches, increase the church membership and make a good report to the home board that they fail to note the difference between a person being converted from his heathen religions to Christianity and one being converted to Christ as a personal Savior; that is, really born again. In other words, get their churches filled with men convinced that Christianity is the true religion, but who are not yet born into Christ's kingdom. We want our aim to be nothing short of getting men and women really born of the Spirit, and then leading them on to all the fullness of God. We want our converts to be able to say, as a Chinese student did in a street meeting not long ago, "God in heaven—He made everything. He made sun, moon, stars and sky. . . . He made all animals, all kinds of plants, He made man. Many things God made, not change—stars— just same, trees just same to-day, to-morrow, the next day. God made man—man can change—man not same to-day, yesterday, to-morrow. Last year I was a bad man, do bad things, love bad places—this year, I not same man. God gave me new heart, He makes me love good things, good people—I want to be all good, not bad at all."

We also want Christ to so sanctify and possess the lives of all until it can be said of them as was said of one of our South China Christians who was employed as a cook on a steamer plying from Wucheo to Hongkong. The class of men employed on these boats are such that he found a strong anti-Christian atmosphere in which to let his light shine. He said: "These people just vie with one another to see who can invent the best plan to provoke me to anger. They want to see a Christian lose his temper, and so have

this to say against the 'Jesus doctrine.' Only a few days ago I overheard several of them talking together, (they did not know I was listening to their conversation), and saying: 'It is truly strange that we can not make this "Jesus-man" angry.' Well, it is not I, but Christ and His grace that keeps me for His glory."

Beloved, it is true the aim of the missionary is not civilization, Westernization, learning, reform, not even the alleviation of pain and the breaking off of awful habits, such as the opium habit and foot-binding, but it is winning men and women to Christ, saving their souls, leading them from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God; yea, bringing men back into harmony with God, so they may glorify Him here and enjoy Him throughout eternity.

II. We will now look at some means used by which we can win souls in China, and I will take them rather in a chronological order, as that may make it clearer.

(1) *Itineration* naturally comes first, because it is not practical to move into a city and attempt to settle down the first time you go, but it is best to make one or more itinerations, sell gospels and tracts, and thus pave the way for the gospel message and your permanent settlement there. It is also a great help to the missionary in spying out the land, finding the most favorable location; and for sowing seed that will fall into some heart and be ready for further instruction when you get there, as was the case on one of our stations. Brother Hinkey had made several itinerations in the Ulincheo district and there sold a New Testament to an old man by the name of T'an. When he went to this city to open a chapel he not only found this old Mr. T'an friendly, but willing to help dispel suspicion from the minds of others. One day Mr. Hinkey was preaching and in his message spoke of the second coming of our Lord, and this old man spoke up and said: "I know about that, for I read it in that book that I bought from you." After the service he brought it to the missionary, who found it marked in many places where the old man had marked it and was waiting for some one to come along and explain it to him.

Besides, there may be some who will never live for the missionary to locate in their city, village, or market place, because we haven't enough men to meet the awful need and there are those who do believe and are saved through the reading of the Word left by the itinerant. Some people here at home and on the foreign field, too, get so occupied with what has been done and what is being done, that they forget that there are yet millions without the gospel! When what has been done and what is being done is only to inspire us to go forward and reach the unreached. This must be done by itineration, and for China alone it would take many workers, strong in body and nerve, with great power of adaptation and willingness to suffer hardship to do it. In the last month's "Missionary Review of the World" was a call for workers for Annam. There is only one independent French mission and the British and Foreign Bible Society working there and the chief missionary and his wife died of cholera within a few hours of each other. Surely these twenty-two million need men to go into this land to itinerate and open new stations. Perhaps God has some one here to go. Our mission has one young man at Longcheo and one on his way to China, both expecting to go into Annam, but what are these among so many?

(2.) *The opening of new stations* should follow next in order and is of great importance. The people who have bought and read the Bible scattered by the itinerant missionary, often do not fully grasp the meaning of salvation from one or two sermons or talks given by the itinerant as he makes a post-haste trip through the country, preaching and selling the gospel, so the chapels *must* be opened in the cities and other centers of life in order to teach these people and lead them to the Lord Jesus, as in the case of the old gentleman mentioned above. Opening new stations is not an easy task as the Chinese often take us to be government spies, etc., and fear that we are coming to harm rather than help. Some fear that we will spoil the good luck of the place, while there are others who are quite willing to get all that they can from the West, but do not want her men to settle

among them. You can readily see it means one thing to pass through a city as a guest and quite another to settle down and live. It takes great tact and wisdom, patience and prayer, on the part of the missionary to get into one of these cities and plant the gospel there. For this work many more young men, women, and means are needed, especially young men. There are more than a *thousand* walled cities where any two of you may enter to conquer it for Jesus. Who would like to do it for Him?

(3.) *Street chapel* and *reception-room* work go hand in hand in winning men to Christ. These chapels have been opened, the wife may or may not have come, but the daily street chapel, which has been located on the most busy thoroughfare, is crowded with men of the city and those coming in from the near-by cities, villages and market places, who stop to hear what the foreigner and Chinese preacher have to say. It may be the first time they have heard, or perchance, they have heard in some other city, or in that very chapel before. They listen awhile and then they are allowed to ask questions and the missionary and preacher will answer the inquiries, thus finding out what they know and what they want to know. Those who want to learn more of the gospel are invited to the reception-room, say that evening, and there is where we come in personal contact with them and their real needs. This is much like our city mission work in our large cities in this country. Some one has said that itineration and street chapel preaching was more to advertise the gospel, and the reception-room and inquiry class to gather in the souls; but all and each may be soul-saving and for this we are striving. After the gospel has been planted in a place for some time, then some methods more modern can be used.

(4.) *Pastoral work* is the next in order, for it is not only necessary to bring the lambs and sheep into the fold but they must be fed, nourished, strengthened, and led on into other pastures, and this is the work of the pastor. We feel that some missionaries think this work of such great importance that they gather a little flock around them, settle

down and look after them and forget the ones that are yet in darkness so near them; and as a natural consequence they are a veritable pond, when God wanted them to be a beautiful lake with many outlets, yea, rivers of living water, going and refreshing the thirsty ones yet in darkness. On the other hand, we find those who feel it is enough to get them saved and go on to others, neglecting to obey Christ's command to Peter, to feed His lambs and His sheep. Of course the result of this kind of method would be a falling away, going into sin, and back to the world. The remedy is plenty of workers for all spheres and each with a *consuming* passion for souls. Women are not actually pastors, but often they are compelled to do such work. They have to teach the women that come into the church and look after them as part of the flock. While at other times, ladies are left in full charge of the station and all the work of a pastor, except baptizing, receiving members into the church, and administering the Lord's supper, which are all left for the regular ordained man to do.

Another duty of the pastor is what is known as pastoral itineration; that is, to visit all out-stations in his district and all the unoccupied cities where there may be found an inquirer or Christian. This, too, is not confined to the men, but the lady missionaries have to do this work if our sisters in these outlying districts are ever reached. She will take her Bible-woman and a native evangelist, or go with her husband, if she be married. To carry on this work a *home* for the missionaries and what is known as a *Sunday-chapel* in the residential portion of the city have to be provided. This chapel has to have either a back entrance, or a separate entrance, where the women may come in unseen by the men; then they sit on one side of the house and the men on the other with a partition between and worship together on the Sabbath, partake of the Lord's Supper, etc. This chapel is also used for the women's and children's work during the week. You see how important such a building is to carry on this phase of the work. Beloved,

you have never tried to teach the women without a suitable place like I have. Pray God to send them in.

(5.) Next comes *woman's city work*. I have spoken of the visitation and itineration that she has to do, but there is what is known as "city work"—house to house visitation with the Bible-woman in the city in which she is located—and looking after other Bible-women in her district. She also has regular women's and children's meetings, teaching the women characters, drilling them in the catechism and conducting Bible classes both in the city and the surrounding villages. This is also similar to our city mission work in America, only in China, the women will never hear the gospel unless we take it to them. I know God has some here to help us in this work.

(6.) *Medical and hospital work*. This has played a great part in the world's evangelization. God has honored it in many places, and often through this agency the missionary has been able to get a foothold into a once hostile district. The official class has often been reached through this means when other things have seemed to fail. Of course this is dealing directly with the body, and also too often has stopped there; but the underlying aim or purpose should be to reach men's souls. We find, as it was in the Apostolic church, that it is just as easy for the Chinese to trust God for their bodies as for their souls because they have once trusted the idols for all this, and when they turn to the true God they trust him for everything, besides they take the Bible as a whole and not in part. Many have found Christ through the healing of their own bodies, or the healing of some one else; and I have known of a few cases where through the Chinese trusting God for healing the missionaries have been brought to believe in Divine healing, and to trust God in like manner.

One of our stations had an old lady about fifty years of age who had been blind, or practically so, for years. She heard one of our missionaries speak of God's power and willingness to heal. She went home resolved in her mind to trust God to heal her. A few days later she returned

to the chapel, the missionary prayed with her and gave her the word of God upon which to stand. Soon she was healed completely, and is now doing the finest needle work, saved, and praising God for healing both body and soul.

(7.) Next and last, *school work*. This is composed of three kinds, day-schools, regular literary schools and colleges, and Bible-training schools for native workers. Because of Chinese custom these schools have to be for both sexes. Therefore, we have to have both male and female foreign missionaries as teachers as well as male and female native teachers.

(a.) *Day schools* are not boarding schools, but more like our public schools and are taught by native men and women superintended by the missionary. The day school may be composed of the children of the Christians and all others who are willing to send to a Christian school. You can readily see that this is the outcome of Christian work where a chapel is already opened and usually a church organized. At other times, Christian teachers, either men or women, are sent from the literary training schools back to their own city, village, or some other place where the people are willing for such a school to be opened. The missionary will go once or twice a year to examine the students and at such times the parents often gather to see what their children have learned, not only in their own Chinese books, but they also hear what they have learned in the Bible, for it is always taught, too. In this way they become interested in the gospel and often invite the missionary to open a chapel and send a preacher to the old people, thus proving to be a great evangelistic agency.

(b.) *Regular literary boarding schools and colleges* are similar to our church schools and conference colleges. These have been a great factor in mission work. Many of the present-day Provincial schools are drawing from these mission colleges for their teachers, and where they are really saved men and women, they have a great opportunity for God. The missionaries and native teachers of these literary schools need to have as their supreme aim the salva-



tion of precious souls. Culture and learning is no more salvation in China than in America.

(c.) *Bible-training schools*, which to me are the most important of all mentioned. They take the place in mission work that our church, Bible and mission-training schools, such as the Moody Institute, Missionary Institute at Nyack, and other such schools take in God's work at home. In our training-school—which consists of children, young people and grown-up people, both saved and unsaved—the first aim is to get everyone saved, and then train all for more useful service in every sphere of life; but more especially to train teachers for day schools, colporters, evangelists, preachers, and Bible-women. We also aim at the sanctification and baptism with the Holy Ghost of each Christian, and the separating by the Holy Ghost of those whom He wants for His work, in whatever sphere He wills. In these schools they get enough literary work to fit them for God's work, The older ones perhaps for Bible-women and preachers, while the younger ones can learn more, and thus prepare themselves for day-school teachers, other training-school teachers, and perhaps, some may be able to teach in government schools. You can readily see how these are recruiting stations for God's army in China, making them far-reaching evangelistic agencies. The older students are compelled to take part in some Christian work before they are allowed to graduate, such as leading morning prayers, prayer-meetings; the men, preaching, itinerating, etc., the women leading women's and children's meetings, going with the missionary in her rounds of house-to-house visitation, or in itineration work. Most of them spend their summer vacations in Christian work. This gives them an opportunity to practice what they have learned, to learn different methods in soul-winning, and helps to instill within them a *love* for perishing souls. For these schools, buildings, etc., furnishings and equipment are necessary. The candle is important, but the candle-stick is necessary or the candle will topple over. It is this last kind of a school that these two colleges here at Meridian

have pledged to support and maintain. Beloved students, we propose that every cent, whether for buildings—which, at present, is of the greatest importance—furnishing, equipment, or support of teacher and students, is to be used for the purpose of saving precious souls in China. And as Doctor Harrison said the other evening, if God does not let you go, or holds you here for further preparation, you can either have a representative over there, or by your gifts make it possible for hundreds of Chinese men and boys, women and girls, to be brought to Christ and prepared for His work. I trust that you will take this upon your hearts as your work, and in daily earnest prayer for needed money for buildings, etc., (doing what He wants you to do) for wisdom to be given those who have the oversight of them, for suitable Chinese teachers, for the salvation of *every* person who comes to those schools, for the sanctification and filling of the Holy Spirit, the calling out of those whom He wants to take the gospel to their own people and to make soul-winners of every one of them, and plead with God till it is accomplished.

We have been looking at some of the methods used in China to bring men to Christ, and you see that you have a great part in it here and now. Perhaps God is preparing some young man and some young woman for these special schools; if not, I know He is for other work in China, yea, for South China and Annam. Be true to God in supporting and upholding this work when we leave, and follow Him wherever He may lead, and let us *all* be soul-winners for Jesus.

I have spent more than a year speaking and preaching about these Chinese, but I *long* to get back, talk and preach to those precious souls of Jesus' love.

DEAR STUDENTS:—

I will follow Jesus, anywhere, everywhere,  
I will follow on.

I wonder how many of you can sing this truth from the bottom of your hearts? Please, each one of you, ask your-

selves this question, "Can I?" Yes, you can; but will you? I remember some nine, yea, ten years ago, I sang this truth, and what joy came to my heart, and yet what a sense of responsibility to God! Then, little did I know what it meant. Doubtless I still do not know the full meaning for me; but I am still singing it and trusting our great God to enable me to do it. Are you?

I did not know it meant the foreign field, afflictions, and many other things; but through it all He has revealed Himself to me as my all sufficiency in all things and at all times. Phil. iv.19, has been proved in supplying my needs to prepare for the field, in getting here, and ever since I have been in the dark land of China, where so many people claim you can not trust God as in the home land where you have friends. He has also been my life for these nearly five years. Dear, hesitating ones, do not fear, but only trust.

If some of you who have never said, "I will follow Jesus, anywhere, everywhere," will say it, God will show you some dark corner of this earth where there are precious souls for whom Jesus died, and who have never heard nor have any one to tell them of Him. It may be China, it may be Kuangsi province, where there are countless numbers who have never heard the Name that is so sweet to a believer's ear—Jesus. How I praise God I ever said I would follow and then did it! Now I recommend it to you.

When I read the list of volunteers of the two colleges and saw so few names marked China, my heart was grieved and I wondered why poor, needy China had not appealed to you more than it did. Surely she is, "Sad, sad, China, awaiting her doom!" If you could only see and realize some of the awful darkness and satanic power in this land, and how long they have lived for the devil and grieved God. How the heart of God must ache to see their awful condition! Last spring, when we had rain for nearly three months and the crops were destroyed, the idol processions went through the streets for days, imploring their gods for the rain to cease. At last the officials walked bare-footed to the temple to pray that it might cease. After the rain

ceased there was a drought, and the official this time went to the temple, had the rain god moved out on the uncovered porch of the temple, and, chained to that idol, sat there with his head uncovered, to implore rain. Rain soon came and the idol had another victory! Some one has said that the officials have barometers, and knowing the state of the weather, pray accordingly. Doubtless there is truth in the statement, for they will do anything to get and hold their position. The devil has many plans to keep these poor people bound.

Oh, how they need Jesus to free them! Will you not come over and hold Him up to these dying people? I often wonder how Jesus must feel when He looks down upon this world, sees the church with the light for centuries, and sees the heathen dying by the thousands daily, and no one to tell them, no one willing to follow Him. How can you sit at home in ease and not follow Him here to save the lost? God help you to see where He is calling you and give grace to follow.

If God is calling you to go to some foreign field do not let anything keep you away. The enemy will have many plans to keep you there, but like Daniel, be a man, woman, of purpose. Yea, be like Paul, endeavor to preach where the Word is not known. "Not building on another man's foundation." Many things will be held up before you; position, ease, loved ones, marriage, lack of means, lack of health, etc., etc. Satan has succeeded in getting thousands either tied or frightened so they remain at home. I know one man who was made to believe that he could not stand the climate, and after his outfit, support and passage money were ready he backed out and remained at home. I wonder what God can do with a man or woman like that! Do not do as he has done but; come, follow on.

Now, a word to those who expect to come. Do not get into your mind that mission work is only preaching; but be practical, and learn to do a little of everything. You may be called upon to build a house, keep house, cook, wash, or teach some one to do it; iron, scrub, etc. And you ladies

may have to do all this (except build the house), with many other things, as sewing, book-keeping for your station, looking after the church, caring for the sick, etc. I had a letter from one of our brethren a few days ago in which he told me he had to do the cooking that week as his cook was ill; also heard from another that the bread was awful and the cook did not know how to remedy it, neither did he. Make up your mind that by God's help you will do anything He brings your way for you to do. Do not think that you will have this or that, or this or that person to work with you. When your heart is breaking to go out into the work where you can tell these dying people of the Savior, you may be asked to take charge of the home, build a house, or look after the sick, so as to free some one else for active preaching; but it is sweet to do this if it is for Him and in Him. So come with the purpose to "follow anywhere, everywhere," and "follow on." I do so thank God for these years in China, and what He has been to me! I can say with Paul, "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ Jesus."

#### PRAYER AND MISSIONS.

"Prayer and missions are as inseparable as faith and works; in fact prayer and missions are faith and work." We find in Old Testament times God had His few intercessors through whom He could and did work. Jesus Christ, by precept, by command, and by example, has shown with great force that He believed that the greatest need for the evangelization of the world is prayer. Before "give" and "go" comes *prayer*; really, it is through prayer that "give" and "go" are brought about. The speedy evangelization of the world and the early return of our King will be in proportion to the amount of real intercessory prayer for missions.

Eph. vi.10-20, clearly reveals that we missionaries do not simply overcome the superstition, prejudices and hatred, of men; but we wrestle against "principalities, powers, world-rulers of this darkness, and spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenlies." Mission work is a war

between Satan and Christ, and this war is waged for the possession of living men's souls and must be done through living men. It is true that we must go in person, as Christ came in person, and meet the Chinaman, Hindoo, or African face to face, and give him the word; but we can only meet the Prince of—China, India, Africa—and the Prince of this world by the way of the place above, where Christ is ever living and making intercession for us. It must be by *prayer*.

I. Let us note some instances recorded in God's word concerning prayer.

(a.) Moses on the mount with Aaron and Hur holding up his hands in supplication to God. You remember that when they were faithful, Amalek was overcome, but when they failed to hold up his hands Amalek prevailed. The same fight is on to-day; who will prevail?

(b.) In Isa. lix. 16, we find where Jehovah had looked upon the awful sin of Israel, and Isaiah has recorded of Him: "He saw . . . and wondered that there was no intercessor;" so He looks down upon the greater half of the world to-day in utter darkness, lost and undone, and still wonders that there are *so few* intercessors.

(c) Psa. cvi. 23, shows what God says concerning Moses who stood for Israel. "He would destroy them had not Moses, his chosen, stood before him in the breach, to turn away his wrath." This is God's plan to-day. Oh, for men and women to stand in the breach!

(d.) Moses on one occasion said, "Blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book," rather than have God destroy Israel. Does your love and compassion for the heathen cause you to pray with such intensity that you are willing to lay down your life for them?

(e.) Christ, before selecting the twelve Apostles, spent the whole night in prayer, and the church at Antioch prayed and the Holy Ghost separated the missionaries unto their work, with the result that Paul and Barnabas were sent forth. The church to-day needs to do that and not depend upon us returned missionaries to give messages and stir

up people to go. We do not want men-called missionaries, but *Holy Ghost-separated men and women* for the work of the evangelization of the world.

(f.) God's will for the church is again clearly shown by Christ's command, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he thrust forth laborers into his harvest." What a mystery! He the Lord of the harvest, and could have sent them without man's aid, but He said, "pray" as if all depended upon prayer. Without God, we can do nothing; and on the other hand, it is as true, (I say it humbly), without us, He can do nothing.

(g.) Paul's requests for prayer, recorded throughout his epistles, show the great need of prayer from the standpoint of a missionary. On one occasion he said: "Pray that I may have boldness to speak as I ought to speak," and many other similar requests. The same requests for prayer are coming from all mission fields and from all missionaries.

II. We will next notice some missionary achievements wrought through prayer.

(a.) A little over a hundred years ago, the heathen world was closed to the gospel; to-day every field is practically open, and *many* calling for help. This is beyond doubt the result of prayer. Some have said that China was opened at the point of the bayonet; but one has only to study the history of missions in that great empire to see that prayer was at the bottom of all that God has wrought in that land. India's zennanas have been prayed open by the devout women and others whose hearts were wrung with compassion for their degraded and oppressed sisters. Africa, once closed and unknown, is now open and standing with outstretched hands for help to free her from her slavery, superstition and sin. One has only to read how men have prayed and remember that Livingstone passed to his reward on his knees to know how that dark continent was opened to the gospel! Some twenty-six years ago, a small group of God's children gathered at Old Orchard, Maine, and cried unto God for the opening of

Thibet. The result of that prayer-meeting has been the Christian and Missionary Alliance, three hundred foreign missionaries in many lands, four hundred native workers, one thousand orphans and about three thousand Christians, Thibet opened to the gospel, with one of its once heathen monasteries now being used as a Christian chapel. Many more instances could be given; but this is sufficient to show what prayer has accomplished in this line.

(*b.*) We are not only to look at the open doors, but also at the missionaries who entered these open doors, and we shall find that God was in this working in answer to prayer.

In 1892, the Church Missionary Society of England set one day apart to pray that laborers might be thrust forth. Five years previous to this, fifty missionaries had been sent out, while during the five years following, there were one hundred and twelve who went; that is, more than double the former number. How willing God is to answer if we will only call upon Him.

The China Inland Mission, in 1886, while their two hundred missionaries were assembled in conference, felt led to ask God for one hundred missionaries to be sent out the next year. They were so assured that God had heard that they praised Him for them before the conference closed. During that year six hundred persons applied to the China Inland Mission and one hundred were accepted and sent out.

Some six years ago at our annual conference, we were greatly burdened for more laborers to meet the pressing need in our work in the Kuangsi province in South China. Some one suggested that we ask God for twenty missionaries; we did, and He sent the twenty during the next conference year.

(*c.*) Not only have doors been opened and men thrust forth in answer to prayer, but money has been prayed into the treasury to carry on God's work.

George Müller, in his lifetime, in answer to prayers, received and disbursed seven million dollars.



At the same time that the China Inland Mission asked God for the one hundred missionaries, Hudson Taylor said that it would take fifty thousand dollars extra to support those missionaries and carry on the work; and he also asked that God give it to them in large amounts. During that year eleven gifts came, ranging from two thousand, five hundred dollars to twelve thousand dollars, and the fifty thousand dollars was received and used.

The greater part of the money received by the Christian and Missionary Alliance comes in answer to prayer. Last year, just before Easter, they saw that there was not enough money to close the fiscal year. Mr. Simpson requested prayer and a day was set apart throughout all the Alliance work to fast and pray that God would send in the twenty-eight thousand dollars deficit before the books were closed for the year. In answer to our prayers God did more than we asked or thought by sending in thirty thousand dollars instead of twenty-eight thousand dollars.

Our receiving home in Wucheo was in process of building when I reached China. The building committee had made a contract with the Chinese architect to continue building as long as God sent the money, and to stop if the money should fail to come in. The contractor said, "I am willing, for I have seen your God answer your prayers before." A short time after reaching China, one Wednesday afternoon, we were informed that there was only money enough to pay the workmen off that evening. We were called to prayer and to seek to know the mind of God, whether to dismiss the men, or trust the Lord to have the money there by Saturday, the regular time for paying them. We went on our faces before God and waited upon Him. Later, our superintendent asked each one separately what he believed to be the mind of God, and the same answer came from each: "Go on, He will have the money here." Thursday passed and no money; Friday passed and no money; Saturday came and still no money. But that afternoon at the regular time, the superintendent started to town with what money he

had, and on the way he met the postman, and a letter was handed to him. It contained a cablegram that read like this: "One Thousand Dollars for South China Home." He paid off the workmen and we had a praise meeting that evening! A short time after that a letter came from America telling how that at the very hour we were praying in China, a woman in America was awakened with this burden, "Money needed for South China Home." She tried to get away from it, but could not, therefore, the next morning she wired to New York, "Cable a thousand dollars to South China for Home." Brethren, it pays to pray.

III. Lastly, some things to be done through prayer. Prayer must be definite before it can be effectual, and people must know definite needs before they can pray definite prayers, therefore, the purpose of this part of my paper is to lay some definite needs upon your hearts for prayer.

(a.) Now that all the doors of heathen lands are open, laborers is the first thing of importance. Laborers are divided into two classes, viz: foreign missionaries and native workers, and we might say, intercessory missionaries, making a third class. What is meant by intercessory missionaries is, those whom God sets apart, that *can not go*, yet have a compassionate love for the heathen and will give much time to daily intercession.

In South America and all Latin countries the people are turning from Roman Catholicism, and in some places religious freedom is granted, yet it is still known as "The Neglected Continent." Five hundred ordained missionaries are needed, also as many lay-workers and lady missionaries, to carry the gospel to these people. Africa is open to the gospel as never before; in some places the chiefs have begged the missionaries to send them Christian teachers, promising the school building and house for the teacher, but there are none to send them. India, with her progress, fine railway system, and many other modern conveniences, still remains a land of idolatry and sin because so few go to take her the bread of life. Five thousand ordained missionaries and as many other workers are needed to

evangelize this great land. Japan, the schoolmaster of the East, if she has Christ will take Him to other Eastern nations, but if not she will take Buddhism and infidelity. China, with her teeming millions is at last awakening from her sleep of centuries and turning from her idols in many places, and from things ancient, and is looking toward the West for learning and *something* to satisfy her longing heart and to make the nation great. She knows not what; but we know that her need is Jesus Christ. Opportunity is written everywhere; still for her four hundred million people there are only six hundred and ten ordained missionaries; or one to every six hundred and sixteen thousand precious souls. It will take eight thousand ordained missionaries to give one to every fifty thousand. The mission boards are calling for seventeen hundred men now. We need ten young men in our Kuangsi work. We realize if China does not get the gospel now she will be in a far worse condition after Western learning, freedom, cigarettes, liquor and infidelity have permeated the homes and lives of her people, and these things are going into that country far ahead of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Some people in the face of these great needs laugh at the Student Volunteer Watchword, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," and say that there are not men enough to do it. There are men enough for everything else, why not for this? There are a plenty for the ministry at home, law, medicine, army, navy, and even to the building of railways at the cost of twenty lives to each mile of rail, as in the Congo; and there would be for the evangelization of the world if they would only go. There are one million, two hundred thousand graduates from the colleges and universities of our so-called Christian nations and one twenty-fourth of that number would be enough to evangelize the world. Why do they not go? One of the chief reasons is, because the church is not working on God's plan; is not obeying Christ's command: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into the harvest." Why does not the church pray that prayer?

Parents are afraid God will call their children; pastors are afraid God will send too many good people and too much money from the churches to the foreign field; and the young people fear He might want them to go. But I am addressing people who are supposed to be willing to do God's will. Perhaps you have not seen your duty before, but surely now you see the harvest is ripe and the reapers are few. Beloved, let us pray them into the fields. Not merely that God may *call* them, but that He will *thrust them forth*.

(b.) We see the church must resort chiefly to prayer for workers, and workers and church must *labor together in prayer* for the *salvation* of the heathen. One of our stations in South China has been greatly blessed in the salvation of souls. We have wondered why this station seemed to be blessed above others, but one day when talking to the brother who had charge of that station, he remarked that much of his success was due to a group of people in America who were supporting him and who met once a week for *special prayer* for him and the work of that station; there I found the secret.

A lady once took the support of four orphans in India and prayed for them each day as she did for her own children. There was a series of meetings held in that orphanage and no one was saved but those four boys. But afterwards, from this a revival swept over the orphanage. Do you believe that it was a mere accident? No. I believe those boys were saved because that woman prayed. Every soul that is born into the kingdom of God, I believe some one has to travail in prayer for it. Nearly every one in this country has some one to pray for them, but in heathen lands there are millions who have no one to pray for them. May God cause you to be willing to travail in prayer for those poor lost souls; and when Jesus comes, and on throughout eternity, they will be looking you up and saying: "I am here because you prayed for me." Surely that is reward enough!

(c.) Pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the church, the sanctification of believers, and to enable them to withstand opposition and persecution, and be used as a saving power to their own people. Pray for great revivals to sweep over all heathen lands. They come only through much prayer.

(d.) Pray for money for God's work in heathen lands. It goes without saying, that these missionaries and native workers have to be supported, chapels, schools, and hospitals have to be built, Bibles and tracts bought, and it takes money to do it. The majority of boards come with the same cry, viz: not enough money to send out those who apply. What is the matter? Is the church too poor? No, the total wealth of the protestant church of the United States of America is twenty-five billion dollars, and their annual net increase over and above all expenditures is seven hundred and ninety-six million, two hundred and eight thousand dollars. If one-half of that were given to the direct use of evangelization, it would be nearly twenty times as much as is now being given by all the Protestant churches. God says: "The gold and silver are mine." This does not mean only the unmined gold and silver of the earth; but it means that in our pockets, banks, stocks and bonds, and that which is being used for self instead of for God. It is said that the women of America spend more money for flowers on their hats and kid gloves than the church spends for missions; and it has been computed that as much money has been smoked and chewed up by the men of the United States of America in *one year* as has been given to missions in *a hundred years*. I heard of a church that paid more for printed programs than to take Christ to the heathen. Another spent *twenty times* as much on the choir as for missions, and the soprano cost enough to support two missionaries. We see that there are ample means, as well as men, to evangelize the world. You may say that I am not using mine that way; but what are you doing to place it in the right channel? You can pray some of this money which is spent so extravagantly into the coffers of the Lord. There

are poor women, who have little or nothing to give, but *know how to pray*, who are doing this. I fear that the reason why many are not praying is because they would have to buy fewer flowers for their hats, shorter gloves for their hands, less needless bric-a-brac for their houses, not so many fine clothes, and the preachers live on smaller salaries, have simpler churches, and no paid choirs. But beloved, it pays to give up all for Jesus and the perishing heathen. When we get to rock-bottom and really die to self and give up everything, then we are where we can be used of God to pray this money into the treasury. Had you not rather do this than to have all that the world can give? I had.

(e.) Lastly, pray for the missionaries. Pray for us, that utterance may be given unto us, that we may speak boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel, also that we may speak boldly as we ought to speak. We need this as much to-day as did Paul. Pray that we may be kept in the fulness of love, and have great power, yea, power to do the "greater works," and that we may go forth as He has said, with signs and wonders following.

Some one has said that a missionary went into a heathen temple on one occasion and it was all that he could do to restrain himself from bowing down to the idols, the power of the devil was so great. Many a missionary can testify to the fact that the power of Satan in heathen lands is very great, and that at times he would crush out body, soul and spirit if it were possible. At such times a missionary truly needs the prayers of a fellow Christian. It may be upon you he wants to lay such a burden. Often they are in great danger, and the only escape is through the prayers of some one upon whom God may lay the burden of prayer. I recall the instance of two of our missionaries spending a month on an island near Hongkong, when a terrible storm arose and their lives were in the most imminent danger. Just at that time the mother in America was burdened in prayer for her son and his wife. She prayed through to victory. Later she wrote and asked them what the trouble was at that particular time, saying: "I know it is all right

for I have the assurance." Thus does God long to pour His prayers through His children for the need of His Kingdom and its workers.

Many times the missionaries are sick and can not pray for themselves and some one must stand for them. Once two of our missionaries were out on an itinerary when the wife was taken seriously ill. The husband cared for her until suddenly he was stricken down. There they were, far away from those who loved and cared for them, and from those who knew how to pray for their healing and they were too ill to pray for themselves. That night the helpless man looked up and said, "Father, lay this burden upon my mother's heart," and dropped off to sleep. They were healed, and the next day went on their journey. Not long after that a letter came from the mother in the home land telling how on a certain morning she arose as usual and started about her household duties when a burden seized her; she tried to go on, but the burden was great—and then—left her table uncleared and dishes unwashed, went into her closet and said: "Father, what is the matter? Who is it?" and the Spirit whispered, "your son." She prayed till she had assurance that all was well and then she resumed her daily task. Evening in China is morning in America, and it was the exact time that the missionary said "Lay the burden upon my mother's heart," that she heard the call and left all to go to prayer.

This last spring while Brother Hess, of our South China mission was on the Pacific coast a lady came up to him after one of his missionary talks and said: "I see Miss Beulah Funk has passed away, and just at the time she was so ill and died I was so burdened for her, but was not true to the call of prayer. Now she is gone and it is too late. Perhaps if I had done my duty she would have been spared to the work." What remorse is hers!

Oh, beloved, let it not be thus with any of you, that some life be laid down, some souls in China, India, or Africa lost because you *failed to pray*. If you are not where God can pray through you, *pay the price* and keep it paid; if you

are not giving the time to it, do so from this hour on and be a channel of great blessing—pray the workers into the field; yea, claim a hundred or more; pray the means into the treasury to make it possible for them to go; pray the souls into the kingdom from heathen lands—so that when Jesus comes those of us who have actually gone and those of you who remain and have prayed will come up together, bringing our sheaves with us, “to ever be with the Lord.”

Brethren, pray for us! The source of all power in the missionary enterprise is God, and this power is released only in answer to prayer. Therefore, beloved, *pray!*





## GO, LABOR ON

Go, labor on while it is day;  
The world's dark night is hast'ning on;  
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide—  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway;  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Go, labor on; your hands are weak;  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near;—a kingdom and a crown.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## CHAPTER XVI

### RETURN TO CHINA. THREE MONTHS' STAY AT P'INGLOH. RETURN TO LIUCHEO

*Work for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies;  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.*

ANNIE L. WALKER.

And some days after Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do.—ST. PAUL.



ANUARY 1, 1909, dawned upon Mrs. Farmer still in America, but busily planning for her return to China, as God had at last provided the necessary transportation. The first week in January was spent in buying a few needed articles of comfort and packing them for China. By January 5, heavy baggage was shipped and that needed for the long journey all packed and ready. Under that date she writes:

Mother Farmer bore up bravely till we put her on the sleeper and then she broke down and wept bitterly. It was so hard to leave her, but God calls and we must go. We came back, . . . a short visit at Effie's and bade them good-by. It was so hard to leave dear father, for he feels he will not live to see us again. God's will first.

[January 6.] Praise God, we are on our way home—China; though it is hard to leave the dear ones, especially father and Mother Farmer.

In the above extract Mrs. Farmer speaks of China as *home*. I am sure that every foreign missionary whom God

has called out for such glorious service fully appreciates what she means. How dear does the land and its people become to the Christian worker after he has spent some time in hard, self-sacrificing effort in behalf of them. We know that this may seem difficult for the uninitiated to comprehend, but the land of one's adoption for the gospel's sake becomes, indeed, a home.

[January 11.] Reached St. Paul. Twelve degrees below zero. Last night our engine broke down; we are four hours behind. We hoped to have reached St. Paul in time to get our train out for Van Couver, but too late.

The weather being very cold and the route lying through the Canadian Rockies caused us to feel a little apprehension about railway and boat connections, as it was so difficult for trains to make schedule time. The first impulse on reaching St. Paul and finding we were left was to fret; but later, when we realized from what we had been saved, we were made to praise God again and again, that it was ever written, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." Besides the wreck of one or two freight trains ahead of us, the *very passenger train which we had failed to make connection with in St. Paul*, had been badly wrecked in British Columbia by some boulders rolling down the mountainside, and the snow covering them the train had been derailed, engine and coaches rolling down the declivity and partially sinking into the Fraser River. Oh, if Christians would only believe that everything that comes to the consecrated child of God comes by His notice and permission, what joy and rest would fill the perplexing moments as well as those when we can so clearly beforehand discern the hand of God!

On reaching Van Couver, late Saturday evening, January 16, we found that the steamer had waited for delayed trains, ours being the first to get through in three days, so that we really made time in the end by being behind time. In Mrs. Farmer's "Daily Light" under the date of January 17, is the following:

This morning we sailed out from Van Couver, leaving native land and loved ones for the second time, for Him and souls in dark China.

The voyage across was extremely rough, the vessel's progress being much hindered by strong head-winds. Mrs. Farmer being such a poor sailor even in fair weather, kept much in her cabin all the way across. As the boat neared Japan we found quieter waters and she was very glad of the opportunity to go ashore at Yokohama. In a letter to her people she tells of how she was besieged by the "ricksha men" or coolies—a most common and every-day sight in Eastern ports.

We reached Yokohama Saturday afternoon and as soon as we could get ashore, went, for we realized that we had little time to do all we had to do. The first thing, in the midst of "ricksha men," a dozen of them following after us asking where we wanted to go and saying, "I will show you the postoffice; I will show you the money-changers; I will take you to the temple for twenty sen; I will show you the silk-shops," etc. We went and had our money changed into Japanese money, and then to the postoffice, and then to the shops, all the time these men following us and each one trying to get us into his "ricksha." One kept saying to me, "Lady I belong you, I belong you; you ride in my ricksha," and I all the time assuring him I did not *want him*, until the rest of the friends called him "Mrs. Farmer's man," but she did not take him.

When we got to the shops and really went in and began buying things they finally left us, deciding that we were some foreigners off the boat that knew something about the East.

The above incident can not be fully appreciated by people at home unless they have heard the "pidgin English" of the East spoken with all of its inflection and gesticulation.

We set sail at three p. m., instead of twelve or one. We had a glorious sunset just as we were going out of the harbor, with a light-house, Fujiyama (the Japanese sacred mountain), hills and water, and a sail-boat near the horizon. It was a glad and glorious sight with a very brilliant cloud effect. I thought, in that way, one day, our Lord shall break through the clouds in His glory and what a blessed day that will be! Our part is to be ready and watching. God, grant not one will be found not ready, but each one washed in His blood and ready to "Behold Him in his beauty."

[February 17.] Arrived at Hongkong, praise God! . . . My heart is full of praise to God to really get back to China once more to preach to these dear Chinese women who have no one to tell them of Jesus.

It did not take long to do a little shopping and arrange for a trip up the West River to Wucheo.

[February 21.] Reached Wucheo two p. m. God only knows how my heart rejoices to be back here once more. It is like coming back home; went all over the house like a child.

Reaching the field so late in the conference year, and Liucheo having been supplied with workers, it was thought best to go to P'ingloh, which was without any foreign missionary at the time, and work there until the annual conference. It was naturally a great disappointment to Mrs. Farmer, as she had expected on reaching Wucheo, to go immediately to her old work at Liucheo. Moreover, she found on reaching the field and conferring with the superintendent, that there were some points in reference to the proposed Mandarin training schools which were not just clear to the minds of all. One was, as to what extent the industrial feature was to occupy in the schools, and another, as to where these schools should be located. She thought that these questions had been fully settled by the conference at which her paper on "Mandarin Training Schools" had been read, but at the succeeding conference these questions were again raised by some of the members and so necessitated a reconsideration of the whole problem. To one of Mrs. Farmer's earnest nature it was a hard trial to have to wait until another conference before she could explain fully her plans, especially since she had conferred with the superintendent on the field and the home board regarding the matter, and the result had been satisfactory.

But never was time better spent for God and His kingdom than the three months she spent at P'ingloh. It gave her time for reflection and prayer regarding the schools; and the work not being quite so heavy as at Liucheo, she had opportunity to review her Chinese language, which she most assiduously did. And, above all, she worked as earnestly for the salvation of souls in P'ingloh as if she expected to

remain there always. That her work was "not in vain in the Lord," we shall see from her diaries and letters which cover these three months.

[March 4.] I awoke early; yes, long before day, with a burden about schools. . . . We changed our American clothes and put on our old-time Chinese clothes. We then had a talk with Brother Hess about the school. After that, had a better understanding; but still to trust God to work it out. *I do believe, "He is faithful."*

[March 12.] We reached P'ingloh about twelve, noon, and got off at the lower Customs and walked into the city. Lao Liao and Ri Tsie were already here. Lao Liao had moved all of our things in from outside chapel except two boxes of books that had been under water. Many recognized us on the street and seemed glad to have us back. I will rejoice in His will to be here. Lord, give us souls here in P'ingloh these months.

[March 13.] All books have been under water some time, and ruined as far as books are concerned, and much of our furniture damaged greatly and several valuable things gone. I have been tempted to feel bad about it; but by His grace, I will rejoice and "Take joyfully the spoiling of our goods." Heard there are robbers at Maling near us, "The Lord is Thy keeper."

It was a little hard to rejoice when on returning to P'ingloh it was found that the household furniture, including our books, which had been collected from school-days and greatly prized, had been all removed to the outside street-chapel and stored in the loft, so as to give more room in the little old house in the city. During the spring rains the river rose unusually high and the chapel, being near the bank of the river was soon inundated, even the loft. When the water subsided a nice deposit of mud was left on everything, to say nothing of the awful condition of our books, which are so valuable to a Christian worker. But, that even in this there was a cause for thanksgiving, is shown by the following letter written soon after reaching P'ingloh.

We reached here Friday noon and got things pretty well straight by Saturday night and were ready to worship with our Chinese brothers and sisters here on Sunday.

True enough, we found that at least one-third of our books and most of our furniture had been under water during the flood of last year. Our books, which were once our pride, are now anything but what we can be proud of, still it is an opportunity to prove by His grace the "taking joyfully the spoiling of our goods"

and is teaching us as never before to "set not our affections on things on the earth." We not only praise God in this loss, but praise Him that our most constantly used books of reference were sent to Wucheo by what we thought was a mistake when we went to America; but it proved to be His providence, for they are in perfect condition.

[March 14.] This is our first Sunday in P'ingloh since coming back. Mrs. Kong went and invited the women to come; all the Christians that are here came but one, and the one woman inquirer, then the women's side filled up with members of the P'an family and friends. It did my heart more good than I can say to see Luh Ih T'ai (the woman who tried to suicide), come to Sunday service. Lord, I am still trusting you to save this woman! "Big Dog and Little Dog's (Chinese children's names) grandmother came with the children. How many times I have prayed for this woman and her crippled grandson! The boy is much better and can walk now. Praise God for this! Lord, work and give souls these few months here.

[March 15.] A young married woman and some children called. She was a mere girl five years ago when we came, and she came then nearly every day to study the gospel. Lord, save her yet.

[March 17.] The city was in confusion about robbers and few people could get in the city gates. Robbers at Ch'angt'an, thirty *li* south of here.

[March 26.] I had to help the cook look after dinner; everything seemed to go wrong. The Lord helped me to keep above it.

[March 27.] Awoke at six a. m. and heard the birds singing, and I said they were praising their God and I would, too, so had a long season of prayer.

[March 30.] Went calling with Bible-woman; very good opportunity at the last. Came in to find that Mrs. Kong had washed the flannels in hot water and rinsed them in cold. Poor thing, she did not know.

[April 1.] Went calling with Bible-woman. Went out West Gate and had a very good opportunity at one house. It was so wet and muddy we did not go further. Oh, if the women only knew our motive and what we have to bring them! Lord, open their hearts and minds to the truth. One old lady near the grave. How I longed for her to believe and be saved.

[April 4.] There was another scare about robbers, so few came to church.

[April 6.] Bible-woman and I went across the river to the village. Woman was not at home, but another invited us to go to her house. She and her son were glad to hear, but the daughter-in-law fussed



terribly. Hundreds of people were going out to worship the graves. Poor things, they are feeling after God, but do not know we can tell them the way.

Among the many burdens which bear heavily upon the souls of Christian workers is that implied in the last clause of the foregoing quotation. To know that one has the knowledge of the true and *only way of eternal life* and to see the multitudes around refuse to see and believe it. It is a burden in the home land, but its weight is increased many fold on the foreign field. Jesus Christ had this burden to an intolerable degree when He wept over the Holy City saying: "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not." St. Paul later on, expresses the same feeling when he said: "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren." Reader, has Jesus Christ ever become so precious to you that you feel the awful condition of the unsaved about you?

[April 8.] Bible-woman and I called and had good opportunity after a time of wandering around. The last place—a gambling den and brothel. Poor, sin, Satan-bound people, how they need to know our Christ! We are powerless, but praise God He is all powerful and it is Him we trust to gather out His own from this people.

[April 11. Easter Sunday.] I studied Bible first on prayer, then on the Resurrection, and the Lord blessed me in my spirit. I then went and had another season of prayer. Wilmoth preached two hours on the Resurrection, and the Lord blessed. The little chapel looked so refreshing with the flowers. . . . No children came, therefore I lay down and rested and read two "Alliance" papers. The Lord spoke to me through a message on the "Hard places." I realize that God is giving us this time of waiting to test our faith regarding schools, Liucheo, etc. So, by His grace I will stand.

[April 16.] Bible study still on prayer. Lord, I want to be a good preacher, whether I am a preacher or not.

[April 18.] The pumoloe tree is full of blooms and the air full of fragrance. May my life ever be as fragrant in giving out His fragrance.

That the last two petitions just quoted, were fully vouchsafed to her by her Lord, her godly life well attested. Only day before yesterday, we received a letter from a friend of Mrs. Farmer's, who in closing said that she would that her own life should have in a measure at least, of the fragrance which Mrs. Farmer's life had left behind.

[April 22.] Great noise of worshiping at the temple on the hill. Peh Ti idol's birthday. Went with the Bible-woman to see Mrs. Liu, she just ready to go to a marriage feast. We sat and talked with the women. In came a child with signs of smallpox—a great fear came over me. The woman thought it was too late to take it. I claimed God's promises, "I shall be a wall of fire round about," and Psa. xci. At the next place another came in with smallpox. . . . "But God."

[April 26.] Went to see Mrs. Kong. Praise God for healing her.

[April 29.] I awoke and had my season of prayer, but felt weak. A day of testing regarding smallpox. I read afresh the promises God had given me for China; "For I will be unto her a wall of fire round about." Psa. xci. I re-read and told God if I am not in the "secret place" to let me know what I lack and He showed me no wrong, so all I can do is—"I will trust and not be afraid." Went calling.

[May 1.] Felt very badly and tested still; but still claiming His promises. Wrote letters, ironed Wilmoth's *shan* (Chinese coat), read "Life of St. Paul." Had headache, but felt God would have me go in His strength and dig weeds in the yard and He met me there. *Victory* has come! My heart is full of praise. Wilmoth played the organ and I so enjoyed it. I had a long season of prayer and praise.

We quote below from a letter written the last of April to her sister-in-law.

Well, it is good, the wintry blasts do not last long and spring coming with all her beauty and joy one soon forgets the former. So it is in the Christian life, the hard trials are soon forgotten in the great joy He gives. So we, too, are having birds to sing for us each morning in the grape-fruit tree by our window, also in some trees in the Fu yamen (prefect's official dwelling), yard near by. I can not tell how much I have enjoyed them. It has been more like being awakened at the old home place by the birds in former days. Our hearts within have accorded with their songs without, and all has been joyous.

We have three pots of the large red lily in bloom. I have not counted the blossoms, but the stems I have, and there are twenty-one of those, and some have four or five buds each, so you can imagine how beautiful they are. Everybody that comes in has something to say about them.

I am so glad you have such an interesting missionary society and glad you are making it a study class and learning something about the great mission work and needs. When this is known and consecration of heart and life is sufficient, the needed money will be forthcoming, far more than will come from "sewing bees" with little knowledge and less consecration. There is no finer study nor more instructive and interesting than that of missions and missionary biography.

We, as you know, are here where we first began work after we were married and it is just like coming back home again. The dear old woman who was saved from opium smoking is standing so true. She is a true witness here in this dark city, and every one who knows her speaks of how changed she is. Her husband who was saved after her, but before we left for America, is true, too. He does not seem to have grown in grace as much as she has. One of her daughters was saved while I was at home. There are two sons and one daughter and a daughter-in-law she is daily praying for. The married daughter was here at the woman's meeting to-day. There was a nice little crowd of women and children, and I spoke to them from Mat. vii.13, 14; "The Two Roads." How we long for more to believe. There is one woman ready for baptism, and another earnestly inquiring, and one man.

In a letter to one of her little nieces we have a splendid picture of one phase of the work of the women and children.

MY DEAR CATHERINE:—We were glad to get your picture—it is splendid. I have it on my desk right where we can see it all the time, and think of the little girl away over in America who loves to play dolls, ride the "flying-jinnie," and go to school, too.

You should have been here to-day at our children's meeting, which came near being a woman's meeting, for there were twenty children, five nearly grown girls, and twelve women. We sang, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," repeated part of the "Three Character Classic" on the Creation and God, memorized one verse of "Jesus Loves the Children of the World," and sang it; memorized John xiv.27, and I gave them a black-board lesson on the "Troubled Heart" and "Peaceful Heart." They all, young and old, listened for over an hour altogether, singing, memorizing, and my talk to them, and then the Bible-woman preached to them for a while, after which I gave all the children each a picture-card and let them go. The women then wanted me to play the organ and sing some more,

which I did. It was all so strange and new to most of the women and to some of the children.

There are lots of pretty little girls in China, if their faces are yellow. They have beautiful black hair and black eyes. I will send you some pictures of some of them one of these days if I can get any good ones taken.

Be a good girl and learn fast, and perhaps Jesus will let you come over and help me one of these days when you are grown.

Love to "Dad" and mother from uncle Wilmoth and me, keeping much for yourself.

Your loving,

AUNT ADA.

[May 2.] Home mail came while we were at breakfast. I read and cried, for I felt that they cared so much more for me than I deserved. Lord, I do want and expect to be in my inner life and home life what I appear from the platform. Thy grace is sufficient.

[May 3.] I had a good night's sleep after I got to sleep, but I could not help but think of Mrs. Chang's daughter who is engaged to a heathen man and to be married this year. She is twelve or thirteen years old—Lord, intervene in some way.

[May 4.] Went to the P'ans. The doorkeeper said the T'ai T'ai was not in; but Mrs. Kong had gone in ahead and the T'ai T'ai was coming out to receive me; but the young lad was very *angry* and pushed Mrs. Kong. We did not go in—we did not care for ourselves but trust God to work good of it.

How often the lives of missionaries are endangered and the gospel hindered by not having proper places in which to live and carry on the work. How often we hear some well-meaning Christian, but one who is ignorant of conditions which prevail on the mission field, say that they are willing to take the personal support of the foreign missionary, but not willing to help build houses or chapels for the same. If missionaries, in China at least, do not have suitable premises in which to live and work it is almost impossible to do anything that will tell as it should for the kingdom of God.

Mrs. Farmer's whole missionary life was largely spent in the low lofts of rented Chinese houses. A letter dated May 8, 1909, says:

We have been having rain, rain, rain, these past few days; in fact, nearly all this week. For three days and nights it has hardly stopped, but praise God for the little sunshine to-day. It seems

we can not get our roof so it will not leak somewhere, and then we have to get up at night to see what is getting wet. Well, there is an end to all things, and one of these days, if He tarries, we will have a new house and I tell Mr. Farmer that I have two things to say about the building: that it shall be tall enough to be cool and the roof be made so that it will not leak! I have had to remain indoors all the week except one afternoon, and I told the Bible-woman it was like caging a bird to keep me indoors all the time. I do not see how they stay in from one year's end to the other; but at least one-half of the women in China do. She remarked the other day while we were out that if she had never become a Christian she would not have seen the scenery around the different places she now goes.

[May 11.] Bought a summer shan (coat), and called tailor. I dislike to spend money for myself, but have to sometimes. Great idol procession on though it is damp, and so no use going calling.

[May 12.] No woman's meeting for it is idol-procession day and no one came.

[May 13.] Did not go calling for it is the biggest day of the idol procession, and no use.

The spring is the time when much attention is given to the idols. They are taken from their shrines in the temple, placed in special chairs for the purpose and escorted through the principal streets of the city by a retinue of priests and scholars dressed in silk and satin robes, a great multitude of people following. A band chiefly of gongs, shrill fifes, and long trumpets accompany them. Temple utensils, as censers, sacred receptacles, and great quantities of food are carried on tables. As the procession moves down the narrow streets the residents come to the front of the shops and homes and burn candles, incense, paper money, and shoot off thousands of firecrackers. It is truly pitiful to see how earnestly they "K'o-t'eo" (bow to the ground until the head touches), and have the little children to do the same, as the horrible, ugly idol goes by. After the procession is over all who have contributed to it and had a share in carrying it out, have a feast on the pile of good things which are carried into the idol's temple to be divided among them and there eaten or else carried home and eaten. Thousands and thousands of dollars are thus annually spent in this false worship.

At such a time the very atmosphere seems satanic, for back of all idol-worship is that old arch deceiver, Satan. It seems incredible that a nation of such intellectual acumen could be so ignorant in worship. The same might have been said of Israel, and if we do not misinterpret prophecy, so shall it again be said of enlightened nations of the West. When an individual, or a city, or a nation is in the toils of sin and Satan, there is no telling what will be done. People of the highest intellectuality will stoop to the lowest forms of superstition and uncleanness. Behold old Greece and Rome!

[June 1.] Went to see Iang's mother. She was cool and hard against the gospel. Poor old soul! She does not realize that her son is right, but thinks he has cast her away.

[June 7.] Awoke *early* and had a long season of prayer for the condition of the church here and the city. The Lord spoke to me that "men ought always to pray and not to faint." Lord, help me.

After leaving P'ingloh to go to Liucheo, and subsequently to America, P'ingloh station was first in the care of one and then another, and sometimes, no one. Naturally it told on the Christians, and some grew cold, some went back into sin, and on our return to P'ingloh, while there were many things to thank God for, there were also many things over which to weep and pray. But God always encourages His children enough to keep them from despair, so we find in Mrs. Farmer's diary under date of June 8:

Five years ago to-day, eleven a. m., I reached P'ingloh, the first foreign woman to ever come. Property has been bought and fifteen souls gathered in, but too sad, two have gone back. Others standing true, and still others nearly ready for baptism. Praise His dear name! All the glory is His!

[June 9.] Woman's meeting—several women in. The theater is going on in the Fu temple in front of the house. The Lord blessed—I preached on "The Rich Man and Lazarus." Three said they wanted to be saved: Mrs. Chang, A'U, and Üen Sī Sao. Lord, really save them.

Another cause of thanksgiving is told in a letter:

Yesterday was our "All day of prayer." Mr. Farmer and I prayed together in English in the forenoon, and in the afternoon with the Chinese. One of the men who was quitting opium got

discouraged and has quit coming. Poor fellow, if he would only cast himself on God. The other one, praise God, is cured! We have had him here in the house this week to prove whether it be really true or not, and he seems so true in every way. He is a wood-carver. Last week or the week before, he was offered a job, a good-paying one, to carve an idol and he refused, saying he could not do it without sinning against the true God. It means so much more for one to follow Christ in this land; but greater will be the glory to those who dare to go all the way, no matter the cost.

Mr. Farmer and I have been studying Conybeare and Howson's "Life of St. Paul," with the Epistles as they come in their chronological order, and, of course, it takes Acts, too, and we are getting so much good from it. There is so much in common with our work and Paul's.

[June 25.] Talked with Mrs. Chang. She said she would not burn incense for the house any longer. Poor U Mei, only God can release her.

A word of explanation will clear up the above reference to Mrs. Chang burning incense "for the house." It is quite common in China when tenants rent and move into a house that the household gods and possibly ancestral tablets of the landlord may be in the main shrine in the home, and so the new tenant agrees to burn the daily offering of incense morning and evening, receiving a nominal reduction in the rent for such service. This Mrs. Chang was very earnest and had discarded idol-worship herself, but she had to be taught that she could not even burn incense for others, as it made her party to the offense. She had not so regarded it until Mrs. Farmer talked with her, and then she was quite willing to give it up, even at the financial loss to herself, which meant something, as she was poor and needed every cent she could possibly get.

Little U Mei was a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, but quite grown in her ways, and was soon to be married to a heathen man, the engagement having been contracted by her parents some time previous to the time she and her mother had begun to study the gospel. Mrs. Chang was anxious to break off the engagement; but the father who was away at the capital and a worldly-wise man, knowing nothing of the gospel, was unwilling. As the man is head of affairs, what could be done? She was a pretty girl,

refined in looks and manner, and was to be married to a very common, uncouth carpenter. She shrank from the marriage and used to sit crying and praying for God to deliver her in some way.

The "middle woman" who helped to negotiate the marriage watched her and her mother like a cat and reported every visit they made to the chapel, and also circulated vile talk about the young girl. The intended husband also tried to hinder her from attending the services; but since she was living in her own mother's house at the time, he could do nothing more than threaten. They suffered much persecution, but remained so true. Hearing that U Mei might submit to baptism, he threatened to get up a band of men and on the day of the baptismal service and take her by force. Her faith and fearlessness were beautiful to see, being even stronger than that of her mother's and she said it mattered not what came, she was ready to follow the Lord.

[June 26.] Sent for Mrs. Chang and asked if she had quit helping her landlord worship idols—she had. Still burdened for U Mei, and asked what about her being baptized, too. We decided to go and tell her intended husband, but U Mei said she was ready to follow Jesus, and did not need to tell him. We had prayer together and told both to come prepared to be received into the church. Praise God for this!

[June 27.] I awoke at five a. m. and could do nothing but praise God for hearing prayer and that U Mei is saved, too. Wilmoth and I prayed and committed the baptismal service to the Lord, U Mei, and her intended husband, even though he did say he would steal her away if she was baptized. God is able, Hallelujah! Wilmoth preached on Romans vi. and Col. ii. 11, 12, baptism and its meaning. The Lord blessed. Afterwards, Mr. Ch'en, Mrs. Ts'iang, Mrs. Chang and her daughter U Mei, were received into the church. We then arranged for the baptism that afternoon. We women went, two by two, out the North gate of the city and the men out the other gate. We went above the Customs station. These four precious ones followed Christ in baptism. They were so happy; at the evening service they with us partook of the Lord's Supper and all praised God with full hearts. My heart is running over.

You Western women who read the above concerning little U Mei, can not realize what it meant for her to thus step out and unite herself with the Christian church. Ostracism,



persecution and vile slander impugning her womanly purity, which is guarded most sacredly by the majority of Chinese women; the dread of the wrath and cruelty of the man who was in a short time to become her husband and an inexorable tyrant, who already had gone as far as he could to thwart her from becoming a Christian—all this she faced with a modesty and womanly dignity which was beautiful to see. We can now hear the scoffs and jeers of her enemies as she stepped into the water to receive that sacred rite which would announce to the world that she had become a follower of the despised "foreign devils' " God. And yet, some poor ignorant and unbelieving people in the home land say that the Chinese who unite with the Christian church are all "rice Christians." Reader, have you ever suffered the loss of all things for Jesus Christ and His kingdom? Yea, have you ever suffered the loss of *anything* for espousing His cause?

Of course the news of this girl's entrance into the church spread everywhere; and the old "middle woman" being so afraid that the marriage might be broken up and she fail to get her fee and feast, which her covetous heart would not forego even for U Mei's eternal peace and happiness, urged the man to hasten the wedding, which he did by moving the date several weeks earlier and pressing the parents for the girl. The wedding soon took place and we could do nothing, as the whole matter was according to Chinese law and the father of U Mei had wished it so. As soon as she was married her husband of course refused to let her attend any more Christian services, though on one or two visits to her mother's home, she did slip into the chapel to see Mrs. Farmer. Mrs. Farmer had hoped that after U Mei embraced Christianity her intended husband, like Ta Mei's, the young daughter of our servant-woman, would not care to have her, but he did. We heard that there was much discord in her home because of the differences of religion, as the women of the home have to worship the husband's ancestors, the idols, etc. How could it be otherwise, for we are commanded to "be not unequally yoked together

with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? . . . wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

After leaving P'ingloh, the Chinese preacher told us that little U Mei, in all her sorrow and grief, had one day become desperate and tried to hang herself to a rafter in her room, but was prevented from doing so by timely intervention. Reader, does not the above incident reveal the tragedy of woman's life in China? What could this poor helpless girl, only fourteen years of age, do? Her parent was against her, and from his own authority handing her over to one who would tyrannize over her with still greater liberty and severity, and the law of the land sanctioning them in it all. This gives us a glimpse into the sad condition of the women of the East. And be it well remembered by you Western women, that the glorious privileges you enjoy to-day, were given to you by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Do you owe nothing to your sisters across the seas? Everlasting shame upon you if you feel you do not!

Although a bamboo shed had been built over the roof of the little mission house, still the heat was becoming more intense each day and the loft unfit to live in. Just before going to the coast, a pleasant trip to Kweilin to visit Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham and aid them in a few days of special meetings for the Chinese, was made. A gentleman from a market town between P'ingloh and Kweilin, who had been inquiring into the gospel, was very desirous to have us visit the town and preach there. As his place was within two hours' walk of Iangsoh, the city where we were to anchor the first night out from P'ingloh, we decided to get sedan-chairs for Mrs. Farmer and Bible-woman, while he and I would walk to the market town. He went with us on our boat to Iangsoh, which we reached about nine o'clock at night. He went ashore and perfected all arrangements for the trip to his home the next morning.

[July 6.] Mr. P'eng called us at daybreak and had chairs ready. We dressed hurriedly and prayed as we went. Wilmoth and cook walked with Mr. P'eng, Bible-woman and I rode. We reached Pehsha about eight-thirty a. m. The women and men poured in and we talked to them until breakfast was ready; ate, and then room again filled up. The Bible-woman and I took turns preaching to the women from then until four p. m.; had evening meal, and talked until we left. Many women begged us to stay several days and preach to them, and how I longed to do so. Lord, we trust Thee for souls from this place.

It was a day well spent in preaching and witnessing the gospel to the many who had never before heard, especially among the women. Mrs. Farmer was just *delighted*, for she so often longed to go on such itinerant trips into the country and give the gospel to the country women of the villages and market towns; but the territory in which she worked was so raw and new, and not having suitable places for women to go, as was the case at Pehsha, where we were the guests of this friend, most of her time was spent in the cities and villages, or hamlets near the city.

The days spent in Kweilin were pleasant and profitable. As conference was not to convene until September 18, the interim was spent by Mrs. Farmer at Hongkong in Old Kowloon on the bay, in company with a party of missionaries. It was a very happy vacation and no one enjoyed it more fully than she. And well did she and the others recuperate their strength, for the days which lay just ahead of them were days calculated to try them to the utmost.

The summer of 1909 was marked by a great epidemic of chills and fever, especially in Central and Southern China; Chinese and foreigners alike suffered from it. It was a most malignant and prolonged type of malarial fever. The South China conference was called together September 18, and that date found several of the missionaries very sick with malaria, and in a little while two of the cases developed into typhoid. In a few days the receiving home at Wucheo looked like a hospital, and it was very difficult to transact conference business, as so many of the well members had to be called upon to give their attention to the sick ones.

It was a time of great moment to Mrs. Farmer, as she expected the conference to reach a final decision regarding the Mandarin training schools. Also the presence of Reverend A. E. Funk, foreign field secretary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, tended to make the occasion all the more one of interest and importance. Mrs. Farmer again presented her paper and plans for the school, and the question was thoroughly discussed. After much prayer and waiting upon God it was decided by the conference that such schools for the Mandarin district should be, and that Liucheo was the best place for the same. Mrs. Farmer was naturally very happy over this decision for it accorded fully with her convictions regarding the matter and fulfilled the earnest importunate prayers which she had been offering the past months.

[September 27.] Praise God for how He worked during Conference and answered prayers, and worked out what He laid on my heart three years ago. Lord, help me to be true to you.

She was very desirous of going immediately to Liucheo after conference, but as many were still sick, she with several others remained at Wucheo to help and nurse those needing attention. One young lady to whom Mrs. Farmer had been made a blessing when in the home land on furlough, was sick with typhoid fever, and she could not refuse her pitiful appeal to remain with her longer and until she was better. It meant much sacrifice to Mrs. Farmer, for while some one else might have remained in her place with the sick ones, yet no one could begin the work which she hoped to inaugurate on her return to Liucheo, she having been appointed to this particular work and having mapped out her plans, etc.

[October 29.] Wilmoth left this morning at four o'clock for Liucheo to buy the adjoining property, for we have found we can not build our chapel and house advantageously without it. There is no telling how much longer we will have to be here to care for the sick. I hated to see him go alone, but it is for God and His work.

[October 30.] The sick ones had a good night, but this morning after sleeping, I felt pretty bad and disappointed. God's will, not mine be done.

[November 5.] All invited to ——'s for afternoon tea. I took care of the sick ones upstairs and down, and let all the others go.

She was so unselfish and loving in her service! How faithfully she ministered to Miss Lewis and also kept the anxious father in America posted is shown by a large packet of letters handed to me by the latter since I returned to America, in which every symptom and daily condition of his daughter were written, mingled with words of hope, faith, and prayer that he might not be over anxious about her who was lying so low.

Little did Mrs. Farmer realize at this time that in just over a year, she too would be stricken down with illness and need the care of loving Christian hands; and we can truly say the service she graciously and lovingly rendered to those sick and helpless then was more than repaid to her later on in her own illness.

"Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." At last all who were sick became convalescent enough for most of those to leave who lived in other places than Wucheo, but had been detained to help nurse. "Praise God, off for Liucheo at last." So wrote Mrs. Farmer under the date of November 30, and ten or twelve days more found her happy in her home at Liucheo.

## FAITH

Fear not but trust, O child of God,  
When darkness veils thy way;  
It is the path the saints have trod,  
And leads to brightest day.

When friends cannot thy sorrow know,  
Let not thy heart despair;  
The place for grief and tears to flow,  
Is the mercy seat of prayer.

Each fear and sorrow to Him take,  
And dare to tell Him all;  
God will not leave thee, nor forsake,  
When on His name thou'lt call.

He treasures still the promise made  
One happy, happy day,  
By which thyself and all were laid  
Within His arms to stay.

Then soared thy soul upon the wing,  
And promised by His grace,  
To ever trust for everything,  
In every time and place.

Be patient, though delay is long,  
And seems so out of time;  
God's clock can't strike the hour wrong,  
His wisdom is sublime.

He wants thy faith and love to test,  
And lead to higher plains  
Where He can give His very best,  
And losses will be gain.

Do not despair, but only trust,  
And every test will prove  
What God hath said, He'll do—  
To show His wondrous love.

*Wilmoth A. Farmer.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BEESON MEMORIAL. GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL. EVENTS OF 1910

*The birds, without barn  
Or store-house are fed;  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread;  
His saints what is fitting  
Shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written,  
"The Lord will provide."*

NEWTON.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—ST. PAUL.

I make a decree what ye shall do—for the building of this house of God; that of the king's goods,—forthwith expenses be given to these men, that they be not hindered. And that which they have need of—let it be given them day by day without fail.—DARIUS.



HE year 1910 marks the close of Mrs. Farmer's labors, for she lived only until March 14, 1911. It was a very strenuous year with her, and she often said to me when in a hard place of faith and testing, "Wilmoth, this has been the hardest year of my Christian life." She returned to

her work at Liucheo after the long seige of nursing at Wucheo, depleted in strength more than she or others realized. But her enthusiastic and earnest desire to carry forward the work which she felt God had committed into her hands bore her on with untiring effort to do all that was in her power to make it a success and glorify God.

As we have read her diary for the months of 1910, we have noticed again and again how often she says at the close of the day that she was *so tired*. Little did she or we realize then that the evening of her glorious and faithful

life was drawing so near, and soon the sun would set and God's tired laborer would lie down to rest, to awake in the very presence chamber of Him whom she so devotedly loved and served.

Mrs. Farmer was a talented woman, and used well what the Lord committed to her trust. The past years of her pioneer mission life, spent largely in the hot, damp, and inconvenient Chinese houses had brought to her mind decided convictions regarding the plans and arrangements of a mission home and chapel, which she devoutly prayed that God would some day let her see. During the closing days of 1909, she and others had with careful effort prepared plans of the residence and Sunday chapel for Liucheo, and *her ideas* dominated the whole plan of the building. The little details of the arrangement of the rooms for workers and work to the greatest possible advantage were most creditably thought out by her, and the nice new station building, not quite completed yet, is a worthy monument of her genius in this line. It also stands as a witness to the fact that God heard the earnest prayers of His child and honored the simple faith which dared to trust Him for funds to build the house.

By 1910, self-denial, economy and generous liberality toward the Lord's work had accumulated a sum sufficiently large to warrant the commencement of the Beeson Memorial Chapel, and no one was gladder than Mrs. Farmer as the contracts were let out for bricks, timber and other material. While realizing that there was not enough money on hand to complete the building, she never doubted but that God would fully complete what He had so signally shown to be His will.

The other event of the year was the beginning of the school for training Bible-women and girls for Christian work. In this undertaking she had greater tests of faith and opposition than in anything else she ever attempted. At times when obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, confronted her, and we would beg her to let the schools go and give them up, she would calmly say, "No, I must be true to God



and the trust He has given me." Even upon her dying bed and far removed from Liucheo, the last days were spent in prayer for the little group which composed the school.

Her diary for 1910, as usual, begins with a group of Scripture verses.

[January 1.] My verses for the year, John xv.16, xiv.12. The Holy Spirit sealing the thought of bearing *fruit* that will *remain*, and "Whatsoever you ask, He may give it." Doing the "greater works." "Ask and *I will* do it." God, help me to get in and remain in the place where I can bear fruit and it shall *remain*, and realize it is my part to "ask," and Thine "to do." The Lord has done so much for me. I do not want to disappoint Him.

[January 2.] Reading "Woman's Work," and prayer. A great burden of prayer seized me for perishing souls and a *real revival*. . . . God, grant it to us soon.

[January 5.] I was sick all night though tried not to disturb Wilmoth. We could not understand why I should be ill. I did not feel like getting up to Bible-study. Mrs. Sherman led the woman's meeting. At prayer-meeting had to leave the service, severe dysentery.

We see from the foregoing that January 5 marked the beginning of the disease which finally took her very life. The spells were intermittent, and at seasons of relief, which sometimes were quite prolonged, she felt she was entirely well.

[January 6.] Still suffering awful pain; . . . worked on the course of study for schools.

[January 7.] Still not in victory in body. Strange I can not touch God for healing.

We give below extracts from one or two letters written to loved ones at home:

MY PRECIOUS ONES AT HOME:—I think I have gone a little over my time to write, but I have been exceedingly busy getting a report off and the plans ready to submit to the committee, which meets soon, besides, I have had a little attack of dysentary for several days and have not felt like doing full work.

The property has been purchased and the money has to be put down next Monday then we will take possession and start building. We already have several hundred pounds of lime on the place and the brick will soon be on hand.

One of the teachers of the Girl's School has just been in to see me to borrow some books to study up for the opening of the school.

We have the house rented and it is being prepared. We will have desks made and be ready to begin after Chinese New Year, when all of the schools open in China. We believe God will send in those who will make real soul-winners, for that is what we are looking to Him for. We do not want to waste money and time on those who would never amount to anything.

Mr. Farmer is as busy as a bee "talking price" for materials, for workmen, getting the deed ready for the property, and getting his schedule ready, and many other things that devolve upon the only man at a station. He takes his turn in preaching and receives all the men visitors that come, and we are glad to say they are not a few.

Some of our best work is done in meeting those who come and witnessing to them. Mrs. Sherman is getting out among the women and having good opportunities, and there are some regular attendants at all the meetings, both men and women, and we are praying God to save them and many more and send a revival to us here and to all of our stations. Please join with us in this request.

We have just had a letter from Brother Hess stating that Brother Oldfield would soon be here ready to help with the building, and gave some instructions regarding the foundation; so now Mr. Farmer can begin as soon as the money is paid down, whether there is any one else here or not. We do so praise God for helping him to get the land.

We had a very happy Christmas. I must close and look after the orange marmalade, etc. Love, and lots of it, for every one of you from both of us,

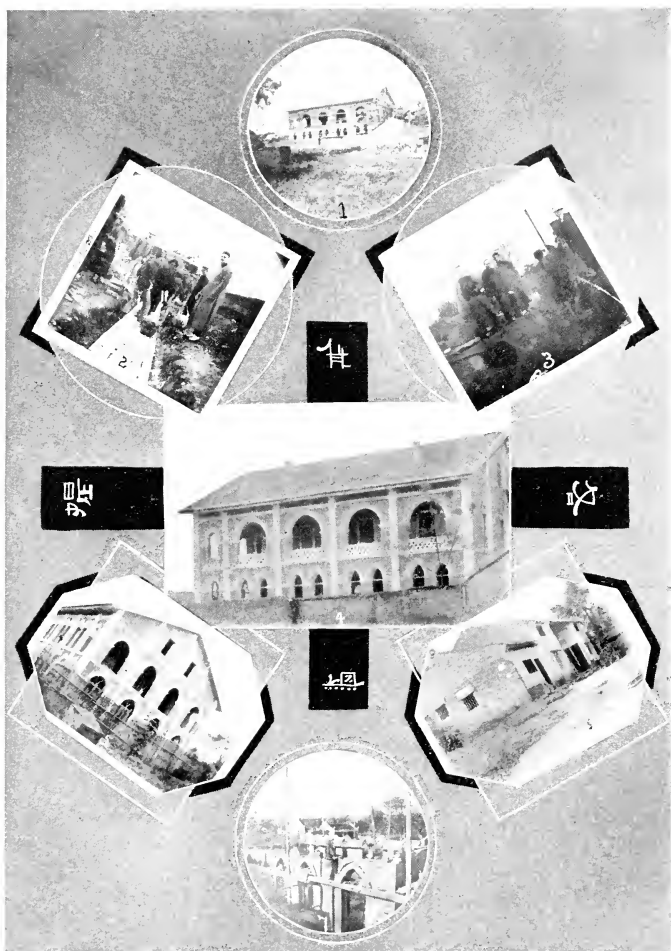
Lovingly, His and yours for service,

ADA.

MY DEAR MOTHER FARMER:—I am having so many extra things to do these days that I haven't the time to do half I want to do.—I have never caught up with my writing since conference, and all the folks were sick so long. It hangs over me like a nightmare, and I will be glad when I get caught up.

I am trying to "rub up" on my language; in fact, in teaching, it takes a new vocabulary and takes much study. But we praise God for the privilege of being here to represent our Saviour. We are looking to Him to save many precious souls here, yea, this year. Pray for us in our school-work, for there are many things we have to contend with that I need not speak of; but you can help us by prayer. The house is rented for the girls' school and we will get everything ready to open by Chinese New Year, when all schools properly open in China.

[January 12.] Began Chinese study with Eo Iang Sien Seng. Much burdened for souls.



1. 5. 4. 7. VIEWS OF THE INCOMPLETED BEESON MEMORIAL AT LIUCHEO.  
 2. LAYING THE FIRST BRICKS OF BEESON MEMORIAL.  
 3. DIGGING THE TRENCHES OF FOUNDATION OF BEESON MEMORIAL.  
 6. THE OLD CHINESE HOUSE AT LIUCHEO.



[January 22.] Still undecided about plans for house. Mr. Oldfield and I drew plans all day while Wilmoth attended to materials, workmen, weighing, reckoning, etc. We all came together about the plans.

[January 24.] We decided we could not build separately on the present property and the thing to do was to go ahead with a two-story building, residence above.

[January 25.] Began foundation of the chapel and mission-house; two stories, praise God! It takes up the greater part of the front yard. Long we have prayed and looked for this day to come! God is so good to us. I want to be all He wills.

[January 28.] Feeling very nervous and not very well; stomach still troubling me.

[January 29.] The gardener's wife next door burned.

[February 1.] Seven pupils registered their names for girls' school. Praise God for the earnest! God, work out Thy will for us. Send in Thy choice and save all that come.

[February 2.] Gardener's wife buried this morning. My heart was so sad, but she was deaf and dumb, and we could not tell her of the love of Jesus. He knew I wanted to do it.—Letter from — and a check which could be used as we pleased. Praise God! I had asked for money in this mail as an earnest for building chapel.

[February 5.] I am very tired, have not sat down to-day except to eat.

The number of foreign missionaries on the station were six, and a happier and more congenial crowd could hardly be found; mutually thoughtful, helpful, and a blessing to each other. Happily, Mrs. Farmer was relieved of the responsibility of the women's work on the station; but being housekeeper for all, and with her school duties, she had her hands full and could have written the above sentence about being tired at the close of many a day. It was useless to remonstrate with her, for she would laugh heartily and keep working as long as she had any strength.

Below we give extracts from a letter written home about this time:

They are putting down the foundation on the sides where they have been able to dig to hard soil. Four feet was enough on two sides, but on one corner or two, it is nearer twelve feet. Of course this makes the cost so much more, for it means more labor

to dig the trench and more labor and material to fill it up. We hope to get the foundation down before the Chinese New Year.

Our plans have been altered somewhat; but our living-rooms are practically the same as we had first planned. We find everything is more expensive than had been calculated on and we have not enough to build with the plans changed; but we believe God would have us go ahead and trust Him. We trust He will send the money in so that we will not have to stop the building, but if He can afford for us to stop, we can. Please stand with us in faith and prayer for this.

We are a happy family here in this small, crowded house. The spring and early summer will be the hard time for those of us who are upstairs, and we will have to come down; and where? I am waiting until I have to answer that question.

If some people in the home land, who are opposed to putting their money in bricks and mortar for the missionaries saw where they had to sometimes live, they would change their minds. Such people usually live in good houses themselves; but alas, poor people, they do not know! This place is like a beehive these days; so many things on hand.

Chinese New Year was rapidly drawing near and Mrs. Farmer spent much time preparing little gifts for the Chinese workers, friends and servants in the house. The magistrate in the city, (not the one formerly mentioned), had shown us no little courtesy at the time we purchased the lot adjoining the mission property, and he, accordingly, was remembered with a tray of cake and nice things.

[February 8.] Helped the cook in the kitchen. I made sponge cakes and baked in small pans to give teacher and Rī Ku New Year's. I then mixed up two cakes and prepared tray for the official.

[February 9.] Early prayer and burden for souls. Prepared trays to give the teacher, Mr. Eo Iang, Rī Ku, Mrs. Wang, the preacher, and old lady who came with Miss Landis. How I love to give; but have to pray God for wisdom to know how, so as not to spoil them. Mrs. Sherman said she received five dollars to be put toward the chapel. Praise God, I am at rest about it.

February tenth was Chinese New Year, and as usual all work had to be stopped and the time spent in receiving and paying New Year calls. By no means a small item of Chinese New Year, is the feasting, which on most occasions Mrs. Farmer enjoyed, but this year, on account of

her weak condition it was a little distasteful, and yet she was so careful lest she offend any of the Chinese who were gracious enough to invite her to a dinner. She has expressed her feelings in a letter we give below :

MY DEAR MOTHER FARMER:—You should be here these days when we are at a Chinese feast every day or two. They have course after course of meats and no bread or rice. Near the last, the rice is brought in. I mince along at the first, for I am a bread-eater, and when the rice comes I eat some to make up for all the meat I have eaten before. I am sure *you* would have an awful time trying to eat some of it. But we have learned to like it and get along nicely, though some dishes I can not like. I will truly be glad when it is all over and we get down to regular foreign meals. One thing that makes it hard is that the feast comes anywhere from three to five p. m., and of course, we can have only a lunch for dinner.

Three crowds of women, young ladies and girls came in to-day. We first passed them Chinese candies and watermelon seed; chatted and talked the gospel wherever we had an opportunity. We sing to them and explain the hymn first, and in that way preach a little sermon.

[February 19.] Home mail brought twenty dollars for chapel, and twenty dollars for Rī Ku's support. Praise God!

[February 20.] Wilmoth and I read "George Müller," and prayed together for money for building. Lord, I believe Thou wilt send it. Read some more in Müller. The Lord has strengthened my faith through it to take all we need from His never-failing hand.

[February 22.] Praise God, had good night's rest and felt so much better in body.

[February 25.] Up early, not feeling quite so well. Yesterday's Chinese meal not good for me;—opened school to-day; six pupils came. Opened earlier than Chinese schools, so some are not through visiting. Classified, and they studying. Lord, I trust you to bring in the ones you will and save souls. Set Thy seal upon it by saving some this year. Home mail, check for five dollars gold for chapel. Praise God, He is answering prayer and supplying our need! Have money enough to go ahead for a time. Mrs. Sherman gave thirty dollars Mexican more, Praise God! "He knows, He loves, He cares."

The beginning of a school in a new city such as Mrs. Farmer proposed would necessarily have many discouraging features about it. While the ultimate aim was to train women and young ladies for Christian work, yet at the in-

ception it had to be small and start with day-pupils, most of them from heathen homes. It has been found an excellent plan to receive these pupils, because as they are brought under Christian teaching and influence many become Christians. It was expected that all the other stations of the Mandarin district would also send such pupils as expressed and showed a desire to prepare for the Lord's work.

[February 26.] Not feeling very well; and took cold last night from wind blowing in on my head. One mother came to school to say her husband was very angry and would not let their daughter "study books;" she cried, and I came near it. Poor down-trodden girls and women of China! When shall deliverance come? I felt almost discouraged, wept before the Lord with heavy heart and asked for a fresh token of His will for the school, and when I looked up "Rest in the Lord" and Babcock's poem on that came to sight. Praise God for it—I will rest in Him.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;  
Commit to Him thy way.  
What to thy sight seems dark as night,  
To Him is bright as day.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;  
He planned for thee thy life,  
Brings fruit from rain, brings good from pain,  
And peace and joy from strife.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;  
This fretting weakens thee.  
Why not be still? Accept His will;  
Thou shalt His glory see.

[February 27.] The pupils came to church and a good crowd was here. Mrs. Sherman spoke to the women after Mr. Sie had finished, and then I spoke for a time. Had a good time with the Lord. He spoke to me through His word and then a poem, "He Must Increase." Lord, I am determined to decrease and let Thee increase in me.

Mrs. Farmer did not fully know her own true condition of health at this time and her faith in God for healing was so strong, that she did not for one moment let the *occasional* attacks of dysentery cause her any alarm. Fearing lest her husband should be too much alarmed about her, it was some



time after the first serious symptoms of the disease appeared that she even told him and the others of the station. In a general letter home, dated March the seventh, she says:

MY PRECIOUS ONES AT HOME:—It has been some time now since I have written my general letter, but have been so very busy it seems I could not. At any rate, I let the time slip without realizing it, and now I am up early to get it off in to-day's mail.

The foundation is completed at last on the new building, and it cost at least twice as much as it should have on account of having to dig so deep on two sides to get to solid earth. Our lot having been filled in some time in the past. But, "Every bitter has its sweet." We have the highest location in the city, and, though the waters rise high in the river that almost surrounds the city, we stand high and dry above it all. We have money for all materials or practically so, but less than two hundred dollars to pay the workmen, as we go. Still, our eyes are upon Him and we are trusting Him to send it in so that we will not have to stop work, if it is His highest will. Please stand with us in prayer and faith for this. Phil. iv.19.

We are beginning to have spring weather now, at least the birds are singing in the trees all around and the peach and plum trees are blooming. Only a few days of warm weather bring them all out. The orange and grape-fruit trees are in bud and it will not be long before the place will be full of fragrance.

The girls' school has opened and we are getting along as well as possible under the circumstances. The Chinese are not through visiting, as they take one whole month, therefore some of the enrolled pupils are waiting till the first or the second Chinese month. The work is new and not free from difficulties, so pray for us that the Lord will send in more pupils and save the unsaved.

Good opportunities in the daily street chapel for men, also at Sunday chapel for both men and women, and at the Wednesday meeting. The ladies have all the open doors they can enter, and we long to see a season of real conviction upon these people and souls being really born into the kingdom. It means so much more for them to come out for Christ here that it takes an awful conviction of the Spirit before they are willing to suffer it. There is a young man, married and has one child, while he believes the truth and wants to come out, yet says his father won't let him. You say, "He is a man of his own." From one point of view, he is, but from a Chinese point of view, he is not so long as his father lives. So there he stands at the door and nothing but the mighty power of God will bring him in. Pray for him, and many more like him.

Father, you should see the sawmill (?) we have in our yard. The men, two to a saw, stand and saw out planks all day long, a crude, slow way; but we are in China and have to be patient and

see them go slowly, and besides, waste much of the lumber. It is no easy job to build in China unless you leave them to do as they please and waste one-third of your wood, which thing we are not willing to do. First, they do not know how to build our way, and next, their way will not do for some things; but watch, pray and be patient and long-suffering is the only thing.

I will write about the garden next time. All well and happy in Him in the work. Praise God, He counts me worthy to come. Love and prayers for all from us both.

Yours lovingly,

ADA B. FARMER.

[March 6.] Praise God for a quiet Sunday after such a busy week. "The steps that are born in prayer, although they may afterwards be severely tested, will ultimately be established and confirmed to the glory of God and blessing of the world."

[March 7.] "Be not dismayed, for I am Thy God," was made a blessing to me this morning. One new pupil came and two registered. Home mail, seventy-five dollars, which is for house. Praise God, He is mindful of us.

[March 20.] Awoke at five a. m. usual time, and with a burden for souls and Chinese workers. All I am, have, expect to be and have, are in His keeping. Lord, make of me what Thou canst; use me to win souls.

[March 22.] Twenty dollars from dear Berta for the building and also have five dollars which can be used for it too. Praise God!

[Easter Sunday, March 27.] Awoke at five a. m. and heard the birds singing. My heart was full of praise to God for what this day means to me. A risen, living Christ; and our hope. Oh, that many of these poor souls only knew! Read on Resurrection. Mr. Liang came for us to pray for him and his wife. He not well, and wife in labor for over two days and could not give birth to child. He voluntarily said God was punishing him for not coming out and following Jesus. We ladies went off and prayed while Mr. Farmer talked to him. He said he was going to follow Jesus from now on. Lord, help. I was greatly burdened for his wife from eleven till eleven forty-five, then the burden left. Later learned child was born at eleven thirty and both doing well. Praise to our God! Lord, make them see it was Thee. Brother Oldfield preached. I could not listen for praying for Mrs. Liang. His aunt came later and we had a praise meeting.

I am sorry that I have to say that the above-mentioned family, although several of them have declared most emphatically their belief in Christianity, have heard and studied the Bible for some time and are so friendly toward the mis-

sionaries, yet, on account of their high social position in the city and fear of persecution, have not openly avowed Christ. How true it is of human nature, that in trouble, as was the young man above mentioned, it will fly for help and make all kinds of promises, but when the danger is passed forget the God that blessed and gave deliverance! God, speed the day when it will not be such a stigma of disgrace in China to become a Christian.

[March 30.] Counted up money. Enough on hand for materials contracted for and labor the balance of this week, and probably, Monday. If God does not meet us we will have to stop. His will be done; but we want His glory shown forth. Stone-mason pieced a stone and brought it for *good*. These people will cheat where we never think of. How they need Christ!

The incident of the stone-mason mentioned above was as ludicrous as bold. In cutting one of the stone ledges for the windows he accidentally broke off about one-half a foot of stone and in order to obviate furnishing another ledge he actually used Chinese putty and attempted to glue back the broken piece, notwithstanding it was so heavy. He also enlisted his stone-cutters into the trick and they tried to place the stone in position before we saw it; but fortunately, we did see it and rejected it, much to the chagrin and discomfiture of the crestfallen stone-mason. This is one of the many instances of like nature which occurred during those days of buying building material and erecting the chapel. I am sure that every missionary to China who reads this book and has ever had any building to do there will bear witness to the fact that, of all the hard and trying work they ever did, building a house in China was the most difficult.

[April 2.] Home mail; seven dollars from an unexpected source; can use it for chapel.

In a letter written to her father, dated April 8, she says:

The school is running on very nicely, though we are not exempt from difficulties and trials. The Evil One is not dead; but goes about as a roaring lion. Praise God, he is a conquered foe by our King in whose name and strength we go ahead.

While the pupils are learning the Chinese characters, arithmetic, geography, physiology, etc., they are learning the gospel, and as I explain to them each day, and as the Chinese teacher teaches, we pray God to plant it so deep down in their hearts that they can never get away from it, and will yield to Him and be saved.

I wish I had half, yea, one-third as good memory as they have, but would want *my* powers of thinking as well. While they can and do, memorize whole books at a time, if we do not watch, explain again and again, and have them tell us the meaning several times, they may be able to recite it and know nothing of what they say. You may wonder how this can be, but it is done all over China. Pray that these pupils may be saved.

The building is progressing slowly on account of rainy weather for the past two weeks; but it is beginning to show up, as all the window frames on the first floor are in and the wall going up between. It is costing much more than we first thought, but we are doing it as cheaply as we can to build substantially, which we feel we should do, and not have to rebuild.

We are still believing God to supply the balance of the money for the building. He has supplied our needs so far. All praise to Him! We are almost into the spring festivities when several of the idols are to be carried out through the city and worshiped at each door. It is also time for the people to worship at the graves of their ancestors. Blind, blind, blind, China! If they only knew we were bringing to them the True Light!

[April 8.] Learned that the lumber bought was not enough, but God gave me, *Ezra vi:8-9*, and Mr. Simpson's comment on it. I stand on His promises and am at rest.

[Saturday, April 16.] This week things went on about as usual, just enough money to keep the men at work for the week, the tar and extra stones. We prayed much Tuesday, April 12. Home mail and no money and I was tempted; but looked up and said: "I will trust God, though nothing comes." This day at noon some mail from home land that had gone astray reached us with one hundred and ten dollars gold for the house, and brother Hinkey sent thirty dollars Mexican. Praise God! We had a praise meeting. Felt like shouting, for we knew men would have to be dismissed to-day if nothing came. God's clock is never behind time, praise His dear name!

[April 22.] Had such a good talk with Eo Iang Sien Seng on ancestral worship and Jesus as the only Savior. Lord, save this man.

[April 24.] Finished reading "Humility," by Murray. Lord, work into me your humility. I do want to be like my Lord and please Him.

[May 1 to 7.] All week we knew the money was low and would have to stop work if God did not have money here to go on. Found more bricks and lumber were needed; but we were restful and looking up. On May 7, home mail came bringing father's one hundred dollars that we had been counting for some time; also ten dollars more from him; Julia, twenty-five dollars; Mrs. Shirtzer, fifteen dollars; the latter we did not remember of ever meeting, but she said she met us at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Praise to our God for once more supplying our need!

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His word.

Mrs. Farmer's diary has few entries for the next two or three months; but we have a number of letters written to people at home and they serve to give us all the information about this period.

Her physical condition continued to be much the same as in the earlier part of the year; that is, a spell now and then of dysentery followed by a season of strength and improvement; and she believed so firmly that God would heal her completely, (although there is a remark now and then in which she states that she does not understand why she is not speedily delivered as in former cases of illness), that she would not listen to anything but the continuance of her work, feeling that she honored God most by so doing.

We give below a letter dated May 19, 1910:

"MY DEAR ONES AT HOME:—You will be anxious to hear further word from me since the last was that I was not at all well. I did have a rather hard test of it. I have had indigestion and slight bowel trouble since some time in January; but was able to go on about my work and had little loss of flesh for some time; but a little over a month ago I was somewhat worse, then grew better, but afterwards worse, and then a very hot spell came on and I was much worse; not able to eat, and lost flesh and strength until I was down.

The building is going right up. They are now putting the timbers up for the roof. The brick work is done on the sides of the house and the ends will be completed this week if it does not rain, or something else comes to hinder. They have been hindered one and one-half days already this week on account of rain; but it was much needed, (we were threatened with famine), and we were glad to stop the building for rain. It has been blessed how God has sent most of the rain during the night and we have had so little

hindrance from it. I praise God when I look out on the building and realize that we did not have money to lay the foundation when we started and now it is ready for the roof; and God has sent it in and we have not had to stop once nor lack any material. We never have much ahead, and four times we have come down to almost the last cent; but He would have it here just in time. Praise God! Surely if He will hear us for the money to build this house He will hear us for precious souls, needed workers, etc., that are such burdens on our hearts.

We appreciate all you have done in sending money and in prayer for this work. We will have a good chapel and comfortable place to live and carry on God's work here. Have had to be away from the school for nearly two weeks now, and it has seemed so strange, as it is the first time that I have been laid aside from my work before, more than one day at the time. I could have attended to my work most of the time had the school been in the compound, but it was too hot and far to walk over.

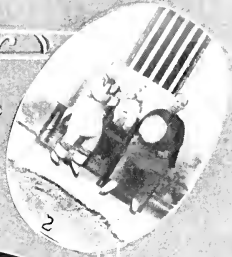
We will leave here for conference the first week in July and after the first Sunday, so as to get to Wucheo a few days before conference. We do not know as yet where we will take our vacation, but Mr. Farmer says I will have to go where I can board and have full rest, as I have had six to look after all the year, and then, not been well. I am not making any protest and will be glad for a complete rest. It would be nice to have the house ready to move into when we return; but I know Mr. Farmer and Brother Oldfield will need a rest, too, and they had better rest and finish the house this fall.

In a letter to her brother and sister, she says:

Well, God still lives and His promises are ours if we claim them. If we are living wholly for Him He will see us through. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and *all these things* shall be added unto you," is just as true to-day. Phil. iv:19, is also for us. Praise Him!

I am so much better; but do not seem to gain much flesh and not my strength as I would love to. Still my strength is enough to see after the school and housework.

The hot weather approaching only made matters worse; for all who were living in the lofts could not do so any longer and it became a problem how to place beds for six foreign missionaries and four Chinese so that each might have privacy and at the same time get air and rest. It was very inconvenient to have to make beds down in the evening in the Chinese reception-room, study, etc., and then take them up next morning so as to have a place to live during



1. FO JANG SIEN SENG, MRS. FARMER'S CHINESE TEACHER.
2. SOME MOHAMMEDAN ENQUIRERS AT LUCHEO.
3. CHRISTIANS AT LUCHEO.
4. THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT LUCHEO.





the day. Mrs. Farmer, notwithstanding her weak condition, cheerfully submitted to all the trouble it meant to her while she looked forward with joyous anticipation to the completion of the new building in which she had planned a large and comfortable room for herself where she could rest, sleep, and pray undisturbed.

One night her cot was moved out under the workmen's shed, but placed on some boards which formed a loft of the shed where the workmen kept their tools. In writing of it, she says:

We have had some hot weather and Wilmoth and I went out under the workmen's shed to sleep one night and a thief came in and was right under my bed when Wilmoth yelled at him and awoke me. I first thought Wilmoth was having a "nightmare," but soon found my mistake. You should have seen that fellow run!

The building is looking fine. Up ready to put the roof on except the gable ends. That will take only a few more days and then they start on the roof. Praise God, we have not had to stop work for lack of money or for labor so far, and we did not have enough to put down the foundation! All praise to Him! Some has come from people we did not know and did not remember of having met, and some from those we did know; but never expected money from. It has been blessed, for four times we have come right down to near the last cent, but money would be here by the time we needed it.

As annual conference was drawing near all the foreign workers left Liucheo for Wucheo the first week in July. All noticed Mrs. Farmer's emaciated and weak condition and felt solicitous in her behalf. She was elected on the conference committee, which has most of the important business to prepare and present to the whole body of conference; but on account of her poor health she felt the strain would be too much for her and declined the honor with thanks.

She was a good parliamentarian, and her clear discriminating mind and self-possession made her as much at home on the conference floor as at the privacy of her own fireside. Many times when questions or hard problems of mission work were being wrestled with we have seen her rise to her feet and offer a suggestion which immediately solved the difficulty.

We give below her last report for her work during the conference year of 1910. It is very characteristic of her, being minute and detailed, prolixity being almost a fault with her.

#### CONFERENCE REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1910.

I remained in the home while Mr. Farmer accompanied Mr. Funk to the coast, expecting to leave for our work immediately on his return; but the sick ones had not been delivered and Miss Lewis was taken with typhoid fever, therefore, we were asked to remain and help nurse the sick ones, which we gladly did. Those days of prayer and watching were full of lessons and blessing to us who nursed, as well as those who were ill. Miss Lewis having come out with us, the Enemy tested me sorely at times regarding her by saying: "Many told you she was not strong and could not stand the climate and she is going to die and would not have come if you had not strongly advised her to come now." I got on my face before God and was assured He had sent her here, and that she was in His will. The word came regarding her healing: "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Other tests came and she seemed to be going in spite of the word from God; but every time He spoke these words to my heart: "Fear not, only believe." Praise God for the privilege of standing with them all until the victory came!

October 29, Mr. Farmer left for Liucheo to buy the adjoining property which was necessary before the building could be begun. I remained here to assist in the nursing; but November 30, they were well enough to be left, and I started for my station, Mr. Kistler accompanying me. Mr. Farmer met us at Kiang'eo, and Mrs. Sherman joined us at Kweip'ing. We reached Liucheo December 9, praising God that we were at last at our work. Several days were spent in getting things straight. The remainder of our goods and Mrs. Sherman's reached there three days before Christmas, and there was another time of unpacking and getting things straight. We had a good Christmas service and it took our minds back to the first Christmas which was ever celebrated in this heathen city and we praised God that the gospel light had been in here for four years. Much of my time till Chinese New Year was spent in renting a house for the girls' school and in study and preparation for school-work, also plans for the building.

January 19, Brother Oldfield arrived from his trip to Kweicheo, and we gave him a hearty welcome for reasons more than one. He was appointed to assist in the building, and the property was already purchased and bricks, tiles, lime and work contracted for, and ready for building. January twenty-fifth the digging of the foundation was begun. We praised God that we were about to realize the

answer of our prayers for six long years! As the digging progressed, the hard soil seemed further away until about one-half of the foundation was ten or twelve feet deep; and, of course, this took more money. All money was used before the foundation was done and we could not look to the mission for help, as we knew that it would take all that was in the treasury to build the P'ingloh station; therefore, we had no place to look but up. But praise God, that way is always open!

We stood together as one in prayer and faith and God answered. Many times we were down to the last cent; but God had the money there before we had real need. Once, when funds were low, I was waiting upon God for money for the building and my attention was drawn to Ezra vi:8-9: "I make a decree that ye shall do. . . . for the building of this house of God; that of the king's goods . . . forthwith expenses be given to these men, that they be not hindered. And that which they have need of . . . let it be given them day by day without fail," and the Spirit made it real to my heart. Many times afterward, I was brought to stand on that promise.

One instance I especially want to mention. We knew we had barely enough to pay the workmen at the end of the week and if God did not send in we would have to discontinue the work. On Tuesday the home mail came and no money. I was tempted to feel anxious when the above verse was brought to my mind. I looked up and said: "I will trust, Lord, money or no money." The days went on and no money came, until Saturday noon, when I returned from school, Mr. Farmer, in fact all of them, ran to tell me that a check had been received which had gone astray and together with it one from two of our fellow-workers here on the field; plenty to pay the workmen and to get the needed lumber. It is needless to say that we had a praise meeting before we had any dinner.

God has shown His constant watch-care and blessing by sending money from people we least expected, or from those we did not know at all. Therefore, the Liucheo house is a memorial of God's goodness in answer to prayer and faith, from foundation to roof, which is now on. All praise to Him! We believe He will send in the needed amount to complete it. Please stand with us.

I took the children's meeting for Mrs. Sherman and made some calls, especially New Year calls, until the school was opened, which was the sixteenth of the Chinese first month. We enrolled about thirty and averaged about fifteen or more. Üen Rì Ku was appointed by the committee as one of the teachers and it was granted me to employ an inquirer at Liucheo. The latter proved to be untrue as a Christian and unfit for the work, therefore I had to dismiss her after the first month. She of course tried to take the pupils with her but failed, praise God! I then reorganized the work so that Rì Ku and myself were enabled to do justice to all by each taking a little more. She taught all the Chinese books, writing,

and the characters in John; I taught the Bible, "Peep of Day," arithmetic, geography, physiology, physical culture, and needle work. The pupils advanced rapidly and made high grades with the exception of three first grade pupils, who failed in their examinations in two studies. The average of most of them was above ninety, and one or two pupils had an average of ninety-eight.

She then describes the curriculum and schedule of the school which we omit.

We prayed and longed for a real revival among them, though they were all heathen, and some, in fact most of them, knew nothing of the gospel; but we did not see what we hoped for. Still we praise God for how He did work in the hearts of two of the girls. One is a girl about twelve years old, who is very quiet. I had not realized that she had grasped so much, until one day her mother came to the chapel to the Sunday service, because this daughter had looked after the door for her to permit her to come to hear the gospel. While there, she told me how her daughter prayed to Jesus to help her learn her lessons and in a few days later she testified to how Jesus, in answer to her prayer, had healed her toothache.

The other is the one Mrs. Sherman referred to in her report. She first came with her mother to the chapel each Wednesday and Sunday, and studied the catechism, Mrs. Sherman and Miss Landis helping her all the day, except during the meetings, and was a really earnest inquirer, when her mother was willing for her to enter the school. She reminded me of a sponge taking in the truth; and as she learned, she would tell it to her mother at home. She seems to have a clear knowledge of the plan of salvation. The enemy does not care so much about them coming to school and studying; but when they step out for God the persecution begins; so please pray that these may be kept through it. She says she wants to be released from her engagement to a heathen man, (and her mother has the power to do this), and to do the Lord's work. She is very bright and would make a fine teacher some day.

We praise God for the sweet fellowship in the work and home-life. We have enjoyed the Saturday evening readings, the morning Bible-study, Friday evening, and "all days of prayer," when at times there was such a burden and agony of soul for the lost and a real revival at Liucheo and all over our work. I am sorry I could do so little for others this spring; but I praise God for what He made others to me in their thoughtfulness, many times denying themselves of a good place of rest, or study, or morning quiet hour, that I might have more sleep. God will reward. Why this delay of perfect manifestation of healing I do not know; but I know I have been learning lessons through it all for which I praise Him. Psalm

xxxvii has meant more to me than I can tell, and the thought that "He must increase but I must decrease," has been made a blessing and is the desire of my heart.

Respectfully submitted,

ADA B. FARMER.

Each summer, at vacation time, it was always Mrs. Farmer's great pleasure to plan to take some of the unmarried members of the mission who had no one to look after them, to live in her home, thus relieving them of renting a house and keeping bachelors' quarters. While it was a mutual pleasure to all concerned, yet after a hard year's work it often meant little rest for the housekeeper. We can see her now when told she must not, with a reproachful twinkle in her eye, look up and say, "Oh I feel so selfish to go off and board and leave those young people to keep house."

But the summer of 1910 found the willing and unselfish hands too tired to serve, and the feet, that for years had so gladly ran errands for others, dragged too heavily for lack of strength and she was glad to be relieved of all responsibility that she might have time for rest, prayer, and communion with her Lord. Accordingly, board for the month of August was engaged at the American Board Mission in Hongkong, where on the mountainside a nice, cool room was obtained. She spent most of the month in bed; not that she was not able to sit up, but owing to the nature of her disease, felt the quieter she kept, the better it would be for her.

At the close of the month she was little better; but with unshaken confidence and faith that God would spare her longer for His work. We give an extract or two from some of her letters at this time.

MY DEAR BERTA:—Many thanks for the "College Annual." We have enjoyed it, yet I haven't had time and strength to get through it carefully. It did me lots of good to see it was dedicated to father. He deserves it. I feel so many have so much to say about us who are young and out in the work more actively, but I feel all credit should be given to our dear mother, father, and God. Besides that, father's life, so quiet, but so victorious and smooth, ever stands before me leading me on higher. He is a grand man, if I do say so, and he is my father. Wilmoth teases me because I think he is so good and great; but so often he comes to me and

says: "Ada, I do not know a better and grander old man than Father Beeson." I am so thankful that he has been so well. It would be good if God saw fit to spare him until we come home again, but God's will is best and there I hold him with all else.

Poor ———, I fear for her. We can not fail to walk in the light and hope to stand. You be true to God and all the light He gives at all cost. I praise God for what He is to me.

Another to Mrs. John E. Smith, of Indianapolis.

It is so hard for me to have to give up and be laid aside; but I know God has a purpose in the delay and I want to learn all He wills to teach. "The trial of your faith is more precious than gold." He has been so precious near and real to me most of the time. At first it was a hard fight, and often awful darkness, but I realized the battle had been fought and won, and my part was to praise, and, since that time, He has been so real to me and my heart so restful.

Mrs. Farmer's faith, ever since she had seen the truth of Divine healing in the Bible, had been steadfast and unmovable in Christ, who is "The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever" as the physician of her bodily sickness as well as the physician of the diseases of her soul. In the past, she had been healed again and again by trusting Him and standing upon such promises as James v.14, etc., and had won glorious victories in His name; she had prayed with many Chinese and foreigners who had been healed, and now why was it that God, while richly blessing her in *everything else* and answering at this very time many other prayers, denied her *this prayer* for her own healing?

This was the question that had at times caused her the darkness she speaks of in the letter above.

At the close of August she was no better, though not sick in bed, and as some of the missionaries were remaining at Ch'angcheo for the month of September and invited her to spend the time with them, it was arranged for her to move over to the island, while we returned to Liucheo with some important building materials in order to have the floor of the new building put in so that we might move out of the cramped quarters as soon as possible. Her sweet submission to the circumstances, which she considered her Father's will, is shown in the following extract from one of her letters:

This is the first time I have been left behind when the time came to go to work, because I was not able myself to go; but I am not complaining. He has been so good to me heretofore in letting me go ahead with the work. Now He is good to me as I have to wait. As I am set aside for a time, I trust He is only getting me ready for better and more service for Him and to even use me while here. It is not the most active place that counts most for God and eternity every time. Joseph's waiting days meant more than all others. Paul had three years in Arabia, and his days in prison were sometimes the most fruitful. John, while set aside on the isle of Patmos, received the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Oh, I do want to be true to Him here, open to His faintest whisper, so I may get what He has for me. May it be my transfiguration to fit me better to go into the valley of great darkness of sin and sorrow. My prayer is: "Feed me, Lord, that I may feed," "Teach me, Lord, that I may teach." Surely, as our work is heavier and our workers fewer on our station this year, we need to be multiplied in some way. Pray God to do this in His way.

I have much time with the word. Am also reading "Holy Living," by Jeremy Taylor, and "The Life of Frances Ridley Havergal," and they both have been made, I trust, a blessing to me. I have often thought I can't be brilliant and accomplished as she; but by His grace I can be as good and holy as Frances Ridley Havergal was.

In a letter to her father she speaks further of the time spent upon the island.

We are having a good quiet time on the "Long Island" where we hear the murmur of the sea and howling of the wind at times. One night we saw a complete bow (like a rainbow), of light in the heavens. An ex-sailor said the sailors call it a moon-bow. I never saw one before; but it was beautiful. I thought how sure are the promises of God, and how careful He is to remind us of them, even to giving us the bow in the night time! We have beautiful rainbows, sunsets and sunrises, but I am on the wrong side of the house to see them. The scenery is grand here, so restful—all speaks of our mighty God. I am sure you would enjoy it;—the sea breezes are fine.

She spent the month of September in Ch'angcheo and while at the coast bought a lot of drawn work and embroidered linen which was sent to America to be sold so as to realize something more for the mission building in Liucheo. Nor did she forget the loved ones at home, for she also sent Christmas presents to the different ones at this time.

As she was housekeeper at Liucheo, naturally she had to prepare more household utensils, furniture, etc., than those of the boarding missionaries; so while in Hongkong she bought many things she had been needing for a long time; but had been doing without because she never had a fit place in which to live and use them.

Some one in the home land had given her special money to be used toward furnishing the new mission house, so she carefully planned to buy those things she really needed most. She had suffered from all the smoke and inconvenience of Chinese cook stoves the past years, and so had ordered a nice, foreign cooking stove, utensils, etc., some new matting and chairs needed. In fact, it was very much like the dear old happy days that preceded her marriage, when plans for the first housekeeping were made and discussed.

The new house she had planned most minutely, even to where different articles of furniture were to be placed and certain pictures hung. Little pieces of bric-a-brac, pictures and other articles, many the gifts of loved ones at home, had been carefully treasured in trunks and boxes and saved for the momentous occasion when she could move into the new home and really live comfortably and healthfully.

She looked forward to the time when she would see the confirmation and fruition of all her faith, prayers, hopes and plans of years for a well-equipped mission station. But better than all of earth's dwellings she had "A building of God, an house *not made with hands*, eternal in the heavens." How little did she and others then realize how near the threshold of that glorious mansion which Christ had prepared for her she was drawing, and how soon she would be in the presence of Him whom she loved.





## THOU HIDDEN SOURCE OF CALM REPOSE

Thou hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if Thou art mine;  
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love;  
To me, with Thy dear name, are giv'n  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The medicine of my broken heart,  
In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame, my glory and my crown.

In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness, my almighty pow'r,  
In bonds, my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour,  
In grief, my joy unspeakable,  
My life in death, my all in all.

*Charles Wesley.*

## CHAPTER XVIII

### LIUCHEO ONCE MORE. LAST DAYS AND HOURS

*God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.*

WHITTIER.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.—  
JESUS CHRIST.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.—  
PSALM cxvi:15.



THE previous chapters of this book have been written through blinding tears of grief and anguish. And that grief is intensified as we attempt to describe the closing days of Mrs. Farmer's life. We say grief and anguish, that is, if her death is looked at from the earthly side by her loved ones whom she has left; but, when considered from the divine standpoint, they were days of glorious triumph and effulgence of glory. It is not a matter of surprise that a life so victorious and filled with the power and glory of God should have such a triumphant close, and we trust that the following pages will glorify God and show how a Christian can die.

When Mrs. Farmer returned to Wuchoe after vacation no one was willing for her to go to her work in Liucheo, but she insisted so strongly, and on the ground that she believed it was God's will for her and that He would yet meet and heal her, that she was allowed to go. In company with Miss Landis and a Chinese sister, she made the trip up the river with no bad results, and reached Liucheo October seventh.

Our readers will remember, that up to this time Mrs. Farmer's disease was intermittent, and she had not felt the necessity of going to bed, so went about her work praying and trusting God for deliverance.

She was so happy to be back at her station, and was full of praise and song notwithstanding her weak condition. She went right on with her home and school duties. She had endeavored to reach Liucleo before the fourteenth of October, the writer's birthday, and as we have noticed above, arrived the seventh. She was full of plans and little surprises for celebrating the occasion, which she did, much against our protest, as we feared it would be too much for her; but she pleaded so hard to be allowed to do a little something. The next day she suffered some from the exertion.

Among the last letters she ever wrote was one to the faculties and students of the Meridian colleges. It is dated October nineteenth, and may be considered as the "swan song" of this earnest and devoted servant of God.

School opened Monday. All the pupils have not returned, some moved away and others are at work, and one of our eight-year-old pupils died while we were away. I want to tell you about her. She was in school about the shortest time of any of the pupils, and I felt that the gospel had made about the least impression upon her heart. But I was told by a pupil who lived in the same house, that the last words she said before passing out were to call my name and say, "Hua Sī Nai teaches us about the true God, we worship the true God, we worship the true God."

Who knows but what this little soul is now in His presence. Oh, the value of leading the little ones to Jesus, especially since they have no one to whom they can look but us missionaries and Chinese workers! The work is so great and the workers so few! "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." We three people (the fourth one is studying the language and can do little else than pray and help in consultation regarding the building) here on this station have the work at least of six foreign missionaries, and then we have extra work that Chinese workers could do if we only had them. So please pray for us to be some way greatly multiplied like the five loaves and two fishes of old. Perhaps through my long testing He is breaking us, especially me, for greater service. If this can be so I gladly pass through it all for Him and precious souls. This I do know,

"All things work together for good to them that love the Lord and them that are called according to His purpose." I know I am that person and this affliction will somehow work out for my good and His glory.

Please pray God to send me a good, competent, Spirit-filled head teacher for the school. There is one fine Christian and a promising worker in school for training. She is over forty, and is willing to go anywhere, and, seemingly, to suffer anything for the gospel's sake. She was the first to believe in her city and has been the means already of leading quite a number of others to Jesus. She knows some characters and is a good student. Pray for her that she may go deeper as she learns more.

One woman was baptized a few days ago, the first woman in this city to come into the church. She is over fifty years old but knows some characters and is thinking of coming into the school to study to be a Bible-woman. Pray God's will in her life. There is one woman coming to assist Miss Landis half a day, that is, do Bible-woman's work and study the other half. She is sure to come and two other women are expected from near Kweilin to study. Please take these five women on your heart and *pray for them daily*. The Lord's work needs them but we want Him to call out His workers. Pray that they may be sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost for a holy life and power in service.

The young Mohammedan girl about whom I wrote you last spring was greatly blessed and seemed to really come out and trust Jesus for salvation, her mother also was nearing the kingdom, though had not fully given up Mohammedanism. The persecution began just as we were leaving and grew worse after we left until the mother was beaten and her house partly torn down, with a refusal to let her live there longer. But that passed over and she was allowed to continue living there. They stood all this and the Lord met them. When we returned the mother asked if the daughter might live in the school and study, it was granted. But after all this the old grandmother refused to allow her to move into the school for she would not allow her to eat pork, nor anything killed by any one except their priest. So the poor girl is at home making shoes and bound down by this old grandmother. But back of all is Satan, who does not want them to come out from Mohammedanism and serve the living Christ. Still, pray earnestly that God will yet release these dear ones and keep their hearts true, if they are true, and if not, make them so, and yet bring them out boldly for Jesus.

We are still looking to God for a *real revival* in South China, especially in our work. Please continue to pray daily for this. You have a responsibility as well as we on the field; it is also a great privilege. Let us not fall short in this line, nor any line as to that. . . .

Oh, that we would quickly girdle the globe with salvation, yea *full salvation!* The people are perishing without it. Do not only sing and

shout about it, that is easy; but get out, come out, and *get at it*. There is no joy like it though there are hardships attached. "All power is given unto me.—Go ye—Lo, I am with you always" is still true. Obey and follow at any cost. A great reward awaits you.

Your sister in His service,

ADA B. FARMER.

By the first of November she had become more aenemic and weak, but yet endeavoring to go on until November 8, we insisted upon her going to bed, and telegraphed to Wucho for prayer in her behalf. It was very hard for her to give up, for she felt that it looked like a lack of faith on her part. She continued to decline, first having a bad spell followed by one in which she would seemingly improve for a few days, and then down again, though each time weaker than before.

As it was very difficult to find and prepare such food as she relished and that would nourish her, she greatly desired Mrs. Weldon Smith, who had been writing to her and advising her about her diet, to come to Liucho if God so willed. Mrs. Smith realizing how dangerous Mrs. Farmer's condition was becoming, in company with her husband came to Liucho about the second week in December. She thought that Mrs. Farmer should be removed from Liucho to a more restful place, for as long as she was in the city and near her work, she would plan and think for it in spite of all we could do.

By now her condition had become so precarious that it was a question as to whether she could be moved at all. But Mrs. Smith being so experienced in nursing the sick, felt that she could, by being very careful, remove her to Kweip'ing, or possibly Wucho. A small boat was hired and the trip down the river begun. The weather was very cold, but the cold air was helpful to Mrs. Farmer so long as she was not allowed to take cold.

The Chinese are very adverse to traveling at night on account of the various bands of robbers which infest the waterways, but as it was the time of full moon and therefore the nights so bright, by giving them something extra in the way of money and appealing to them on the urgency

of the case, they worked day and night at the oars. The second night out from Liucheo when we had reached the loneliest and most dangerous stretch of the river, just after the evening meal, a band of robbers on the bank of the river called the boatman to halt. He and his sailors continued to row, when he was told that if he did not stop he would be fired upon. At this he called to us in the boat to put out all lights and hush talking and to keep still that robbers were after us. We immediately put out the lantern and knelt in the bottom of the boat in prayer. He then told the robbers that he had a corpse on board, and hence the reason for traveling so late at night. Chinese robbers, being very superstitious about a dead body, told him to go ahead and the sailors again pushed on the oars and we were soon past that section. It was all done so quickly that we hardly realized what had transpired.

Mrs. Farmer, under the most exciting circumstances always possessed a calm and undisturbed spirit, and this incident did no more to excite her than if it had been only a friend hailing us. Our hearts were filled with praise to our Father who had saved us from what could have been a bad experience; for even had no life been lost and our boat only looted, what an awful thing if Mrs. Farmer's blankets, shawls, etc., had been taken from her and she exposed to the cold, raw, December weather.

The next evening brought us to Kweip'ing and as Mrs. Farmer had developed some fever and had had a pretty hard trip, we felt we had better not run the risk of going to Wucheo as it would necessitate changing from a river boat to a steamer, with all of its inconvenience. On the same evening, another incident occurred which showed Mrs. Farmer's brave and happy spirit. Having wrapped her securely in blankets she was placed in a nice rattan chair to be carried into the city to the mission home. The boat landing was a steep declivity and as we bore her most carefully up the stone steps, fearing the least jar might do untold harm to the badly ulcerated bowels, one of the supports of the chair broke, and she fell bodily to the ground. As she came in contact with the earth she began singing, "Praise

God from whom all blessings flow." Again were our hearts made thankful, for no harm was done her whatever. Although she was well wrapped, who knows but the angels of God bore her up in their hands lest she should have dashed her foot against a stone. Not a sparrow falleth without God's knowledge, and the very hairs of our heads are numbered.

After reaching Kweip'ing she lived about three months. She did not suffer continuously, but gradually grew weaker and weaker until she faded from our grasp. Near Christmas, beloved parents cabled our transportation and a message to return to America, but she was too far gone to attempt an ocean voyage, which as we have before seen, was most trying to her when well. All the time her faith for healing was unwavering, for she firmly believed that God would raise her up.

Christmas day was one of great pleasure to her, and she would have us all come into her room and there give our Christmas presents and exchange congratulations. She was so happy in the Lord, notwithstanding her weak and emaciated condition, and each day would have us bring in the little organ, play and sing some bright and victorious hymn, she joining in with her weak voice. How often in the mornings she would awake with her face bright and beaming, and say, "I was awake last night, and Oh, I had such a precious time with my Lord, He was so near to me!"

Only those who have passed this same way can know how very difficult it was for us to maintain a cheerful countenance and pray victorious prayers when the awful conviction was settling upon our soul that she would never be well again, and that God would soon call her to Himself. Oh, reader, if you have never seen the supreme object of your earthly affection smitten helpless, and dying in your arms you do not know anything of that awful grief and sorrow which breaks the heart!

Her keen insight into human nature told her only too plainly the feelings of the writer's heart and it was very beautiful and characteristic of her joyous Christian life, that on Christmas morning, among the other gifts, she had



secretly placed a brown thrush, which is a great singer; she had had Miss Rolle write a large number of Scripture texts, chosen chiefly from the Psalms, each text having a reference to *praise* or *song*, and with these had covered the bird cage; as the other gifts were presented, she had the bird brought in and said, "This is God's will for you, to sing and praise Him, to rejoice evermore."

Oh, the days of suspense that followed the Christmas holidays, when between hope and despair, we held on to God in prayer for her to be spared longer if it could be His will! As she had been sick so long, the news had been carried to America where little bands and circles of friends who loved her, importunately pleaded with God to spare her to His work in China. Special meetings of prayer were held for her in China, and letters came from all of the dear brethren and sisters who gave themselves up to prayer and fasting in her behalf.

And what shall we say of the kindness of those dear brethren and sisters who ministered at her bedside those last days and hours? Mrs. Farmer had untiringly given herself many times in nursing those who were sick, and now in her own extreme illness, God repaid her a thousandfold. We are sure that our Lord Himself looked down with smiles of approval and gratitude, as He saw the little coterie of men and women who spared not themselves nor anything they had to serve her. The kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Smith, Miss Myra Rolle and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hess will never be forgotten and we are sure that in heaven where such Christlike deeds receive their *true reward* they shall be gloriously recompensed.

Saturday evening, March fourth, she became a little delirious, for the first time during her illness, due to a little fever and her extreme weakness. We sat at her bedside all night, and she was quite bright and more like herself the next morning, but with added weakness, as the hemorrhages had been more frequent than ever. Those days her faith was wonderful and she had us sing to her, "Jesus, O, how Sweet the Name," and "Faith is the Victory," both during the day and her waking hours at night. At the latter part

of the week when she became too feeble to sing out loud, she would hum these songs in a low soft voice.

Sunday, March the twelfth the tongue, which had so often been used in praising God and blessing others, began to fail through sheer weakness and she remained very quiet. In the evening, at six o'clock, as we stood about her bed, she had a sinking spell and came near going, so much so that for a moment all thought she had gone. The pent-up grief and anguish was so great that we fell at her bedside with a loud cry. She heard it, and as if called back from the grave she revived and said to Mrs. Smith standing near, "Tell Wilmoth I am not gone, I am here." As it was Communion-day and we had already had Communion with the Chinese Christians, we gathered around her bed and she partook of the Lord's Supper with us.

The next morning, about six o'clock, as I knelt at her bedside her mind and thoughts were quite clear, fully recognizing me and understanding what I said to her.

I asked her if she knew she was going home, and fearing lest she might think I meant home to America, (as she knew of the cablegram, etc.), I repeated saying, "I mean home to be with Jesus."

She answered, "Yes, yes, I am so happy."

"Jesus is not going to heal you?"

She answered, "No,—He is so sweet."

"And you will wait for me till I come?"

"Yes," she said.

"What shall I tell Father Beeson?"

"Tell him I love him."

"And mother Farmer?"

"Tell her I love her more than tongue can tell."

After mentioning other members of her family by name to her, she said, "Tell them I love them all."

"You will wait for them in heaven?"

"Yes, yes."

All the while she was talking her face, although emaciated by the awful disease, was lighted up with the joy and

glory of the other world, and she smiled over and over again. We then said further to her.

"Ada dear, you will see our little son."

"Yes, yes, he is so sweet.—Jesus is so sweet!"

She then reached up her little thin hands, already cold and clammy with the death dew upon them, and putting them around my neck, in her weakness drew my head down until our lips met in a final farewell kiss. Oh, my friends, if ever the sword of grief and anguish pierced my heart, it was at that moment when I fully realized I was bidding her farewell until eternity! If God had been willing, how gladly would I have joined her pure and sainted spirit in its flight from this world!

I looked up and asked her, if she knew why I was crying, and she said, "Yes, because you love me."

"Ada, you are not afraid to die?"

"No, no, no," each time making the "no" more emphatic.

Each of the missionaries present came to her bedside to bid her good-bye, and she recognized them all calling some by name.

As we have seen, she had up to this day maintained a remarkable faith for healing, but had at last realized that God had some better will and way than that for which she and others had prayed. Her faith then seemed to take hold of Christ for that abundant entrance into glory which He so fully vouchsafed to her. She had in days of health often said to us, "I do not want to barely get into heaven, but I want an abundant entrance there." As we gathered about her singing her favorite hymn,

Thou Hidden Source of Calm Repose

it truly was the very vestibule of heaven, and if our eyes and ears had not been holden we might have seen and heard the angelic choristers as they opened the pearly gates and waited to escort her in to the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, thus giving her the abundant entrance she so longed for. The writer and others present will never forget the sacred and hallowed glory of that hour, and its influence will remain with us as long as life shall last.

She then became quiet, but aroused up once more while we were absent from the room, and said to Miss Rolle:

"It is so bright and so beautiful."

Miss Rolle asked her saying, "What is it dear?"

"It is heaven and Jesus," she replied.

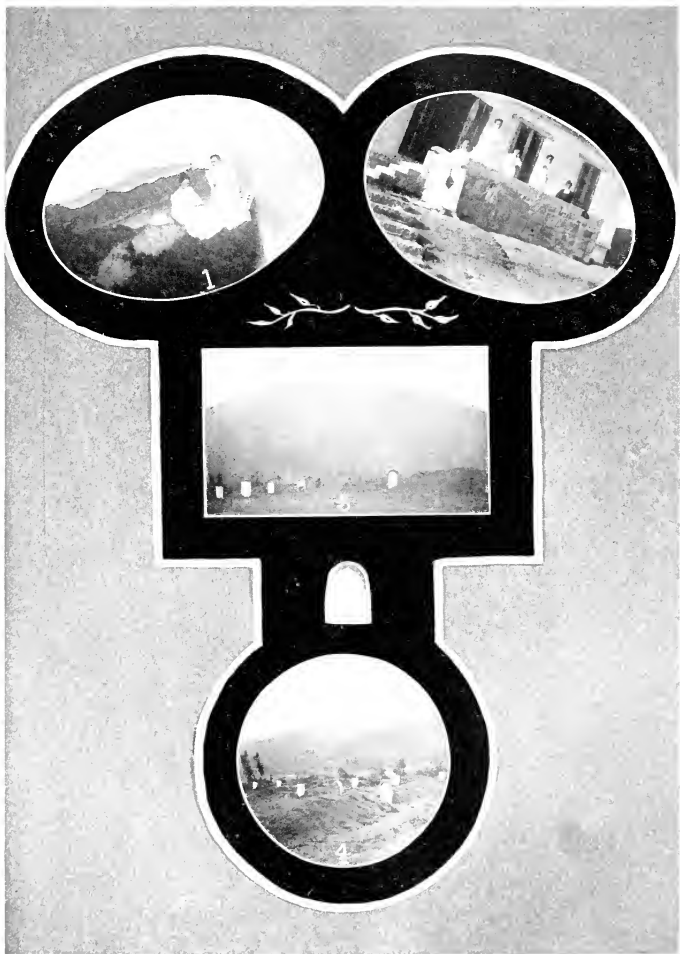
She lingered through the night until the next morning, but most of the time in an unconscious state. As we sat around her bedside singing, "Thou Hidden Source of Calm Repose," and "Jesus, Oh, how Sweet the Name," she quietly, without a struggle, breathed her last. So passed from earth to glory in heaven one of the bravest and most saintly women that ever lived.

After the body was prepared for burial, the features set in a beautiful smile of peace typical of that greater peace which her spirit was enjoying in the presence of her Lord.

The funeral services were a great witness to the heathen people of the city. On two former occasions at the death of two missionaries with smallpox, it had been necessary to have a hurried burial, which in the eyes of the Chinese is considered disrespectful to the dead and gave color to the evil reports so often circulated about foreigners, that they do not care for their dead. Her body lay in state one day to give the Chinese Christians and friends an opportunity to view the remains before the coffin was closed.

The Christian women brought many roses and orange blossoms, for it was just the beginning of spring when all nature was clothing herself in new garments of glory and beauty; with these the body was almost covered after it was put in the casket. The funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Weldon Smith, Mr. Hess assisting in the other parts of the service. The little chapel was filled to the utmost, there being many heathen present. On Thursday morning the Christians all wearing white, Chinese emblem of mourning, escorted the casket to the grave.

The streets were lined with people, and as the solemn procession moved out the city gate to the hills beyond, many of the heathen people stopped and wondered why such a nice funeral should be given to a *wife*, a *woman*, and also reflected and exclaimed aloud, that after all the "foreign



1. MRS. FARMER STANDING ON THE RIGHT.  
2. MRS. FARMER STANDING ON THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE PORCH.  
3 and 4. VIEWS OF MRS. FARMER'S FRESH-MADE GRAVE.



devil" had some "heart." She was buried in a beautiful spot upon one of the foot-hills of the Western Mountain famous as the location of a noted Buddhist monastery. The hill overlooks the city, rivers, and surrounding country for miles, and there like Sarah of old, when buried in Canaan by Abraham, she holds the land for which she gave her life, until that glorious advent of Jesus Christ when the kingdoms of this world shall all become His.

In the case of one so faithful in prayer and whose prayers prevailed so at the throne of God, we are sure that the question if not voiced in words, has at least been raised mentally, why did not God grant her the desire of her prayers when she had such faith and trust in Him for healing? Why did He not grant the same to the great volume of prayer which went up everywhere from devout hearts and lips in her behalf?

Oh, how often have hearts in the depths of their sorrow and bereavement asked why it could not have been otherwise! How many times in the past have we seen those whom we felt could not be spared, suddenly taken just when they were in the zenith of their noble efforts to bless humanity. We can not solve these mysteries with our finite minds, and for the devout Christian it is enough to know that the God he worships is perfectly loving, just, righteous, and omniscient, and cares so much for His work and workers that He can never do or permit to be done anything but what is for their good and His glory.

Why Mrs. Farmer was thus taken in the prime of life when best fitted for her work, and when, seemingly, she could be least spared, we do not know. Neither do we know why God let Herod stretch forth his hand and slay James, and yet send an angel to deliver Peter from prison in answer to the prayers of the church. Did not the church pray for James, too? Surely, but God did not answer as they expected. We might add many other illustrations both from sacred and profane history, but all goes to emphasize the truth that our ways are not always God's ways, nor our thoughts His thoughts. Because a prayer is not answered as we expected, is no proof that the prayer is not

acceptable to God and prevails with Him. The Christian's duty is to pray and believe God, above all to pray that His will and highest glory shall be manifested. We give below two paragraphs which have been of untold comfort and blessing to us. The first is from a letter written to the author by Reverend Philip Hinkey, a member of the South China mission of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, a beloved brother in the Lord. Chronologically, this letter should have come in the chapter devoted to testimonials, but as it attempts to comfort the heart by throwing some light upon the question raised in the foregoing paragraph, we give it here.

Pehliu, March 21st, '11.

MY BELOVED BROTHER FARMER:—"Still he holdeth fast his integrity although thou movedst me against him to swallow him up without cause." "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

To die *trusting* is no defeat. Only victors wear crowns. To be faithful even unto death, to hold fast one's integrity to the end, spells *victory* and rightfully secures the promised crown of life!

My beloved brother, it is not defeat as viewed from Heaven's standpoint, but victory! I am not puzzled nor perplexed at hearing the sad news.

"*Some through faith* subdued kingdoms, *obtained promises*, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, *escaped* the edge of the sword; *some out of weakness were made strong*; *some* women even received their dead raised to life again.—*But there were others*, who *in spite of their faith* were tortured; yes, and were even *tortured to death*, not accepting deliverance; and others *because of their faith were stoned*, were sawn asunder, suffering intensest agony; *others* were left absolutely *destitute*, being *afflicted* and *tormented* in every imaginable way; and yet *all these others*, though not *obtaining promises* like *some*, yet they did obtain an *equally good* (if not better) report through their being faithful unto death. *A good report through faith which received not*, received not the fulfillment of the promise which it so firmly believed.

She is now to be classed among the blessed "Others," a glorious train of saints and martyrs, who, through these long centuries, have stood for the truth and of whom the world was not worthy. God be praised! Alleluia! Amen!

The next extract is from the pen of Reverend Andrew Murray. In his book called "The Holiest of All," commenting upon Hebrews vi.35-38, he says:



Faith has a two-fold victory. In one case it conquers the enemy or the difficulty by securing its removal or destruction. In the other, there is no deliverance from the trouble, and yet faith conquers in the power it receives to endure, and to prove that its spirit is superior to all that men or devils can do. The triumphs of faith are often seen as remarkably in those who obtain no deliverance from the threatened evil as in those who do.

After the mention of the heroes whose faith was rewarded with success, we have here the mention of those, who, in the midst of suffering that was not removed, proved that their faith lifted them up above all the pains with which earth could threaten them. They were tortured, not accepting their deliverance when offered them at the price of their faithfulness, that they might obtain a better resurrection. Spiritual and eternal realities were by faith so clear and near that they reckoned not the sufferings of this present time worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed. The triumph of faith is seen as much in bearing a temporary defeat as securing a victory. The victory of the vanquished is often the highest achievement.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And suns and stars forevermore have set,  
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—  
 The things o'er which we've grieved with lashes wet—  
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
 (As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue)  
 And we shall know that all God's plans were right,  
 And that which seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, that, while we frown and sigh,  
 God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
 That, when we called, He heeded not our cry  
 Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
 And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometime, commingled with life's wine  
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
 Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
 Poured out this potion for our lips to drink.  
 And if some friend we love is lying low,  
 Where human kisses can not reach the face,  
 Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gate of life  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife  
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day, then be content, poor heart;  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if with patient toil we reach the Land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

## A LAMENT

“The parted spirit,  
Knoweth it not our sorrow?  
Answereth not its blessing to our tears?”

The circle is broken,—one seat is forsaken,—  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken—  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumbering now  
The light of her glances, the pride of her brow;  
Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! for humanity's claim  
From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
The hope of that World whose existence is bliss  
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
Than the pride of the marble, the pomp of the dead,  
To that glance will be dearer the tears which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul—  
And the tones of her voice like the music which seems  
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling more precious than gold—  
The love and the kindness and pity which gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,  
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper!  
Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,  
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

—Whittier.

## CHAPTER XIX

### TESTIMONIALS OF FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS

*None knew her but to love her,  
None named her but to praise.*

Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—KING LEMUEL IN PROVERBS.



HIS volume can not be closed without giving a chapter in which friends may mingle their words of eulogy and praise with those of the author. While it is hard to eliminate the personal equation of the writer's estimate of Mrs. Farmer's character, yet we think that after the reading of the *unsolicited* testimonials given below, it will be seen that we have not erred very far, if at all, in excessive eulogy of one whose life was so pure and good.

Soon after Mrs. Farmer's death a memorial service was held in America at Arcadia, Louisiana, where she had spent some years as a schoolgirl. The service took place at the Southern Methodist church and a fitting program was rendered by her old schoolmates living in the town.

#### PROGRAM.

Opening song, "The Morning Light is Breaking."

Prayer.

Song, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Paper, by Miss Florence Sutton.

Song, "Higher Ground."

Prayer, by Reverend Townsley.

Paper, by Mrs. Gibbs.

Solo, by Mrs. B. Capers.

Address, by Reverend Townsley.

Song, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Miss Susson's paper is given in chapter II of this book, and lack of space forbids giving the excellent addresses of Reverend Inman Townsley and Mrs. Gibbs.

At the annual conference of the South China Mission of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, which convened in July, the summer following Mrs. Farmer's death, a memorial service was held in honor of her and Mrs. Allward, another member of the mission who died soon after Mrs. Farmer. The following letter of sympathy in behalf of the South China Conference was sent to her relatives:

We, the members of the South China Conference, here assembled, desire to express our heart-felt sympathy to the family of our late and very much-beloved sister, Mrs. Ada B. Farmer. We feel the loss keenly and miss the presence and influence of her life among us.

We can not penetrate into the mysteries of God, nor understand why he should take from our midst one whose life was so unselfish in His service here, and one whom we can so ill afford to spare; but knowing, "He doeth all things well," we are resigned to His will and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

In the midst of our grief we are comforted by the words, "We sorrow not as those without hope," for we know that our dear sister will be among those who will rise first to meet our Lord when He comes. She lived a beautiful and consistent life among us, and was most faithful in her labors for the heathen of dark China, and we have no doubt when she met her Saviour face to face, she was greeted with a "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We extend to you, her sorrowing family, our prayerful sympathy and commit you to the God of all grace and comfort for consolation. "For He maketh sore and bindeth up. He woundeth and His hands make whole."—Job v:18.

On behalf of the Conference.

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS,  
G. L. HUGHES,  
ANNA L. CHARLES,  
MRS. I. L. HESS,  
MINNIE D. JAFFRAY.

In order to emphasize their love and sympathy for the bereaved husband, a separate letter was also prepared in behalf of the conference and sent to him.

Rev. W. A. Farmer,  
Atlanta, Georgia, United States of America.

DEAR BROTHER FARMER:—We, the members of the South China Alliance Mission in Conference assembled, desire to express our

heartfelt sympathy for you in the taking away of dear Mrs. Farmer.

We assure you that this is not a formal declaration, but rather a tender expression of our sorrow. We as *individual* members of the mission, have already felt the keenness of your affliction but now as a *body* we surround you and whisper to you, that we sorrow with you; nay, if possible, we would rather transport ourselves to your presence and in silence let you know that as a body of missionaries we are one with you in your affliction.

We are loath to speak, for it is so easy to "Wound with words the mourner's ear." Your heart is torn and crushed; so was that of your Redeemer. You feel that that void made by the promotion of your dear wife can not be filled. Our Lord Jesus knows well what an aching void in the heart means, for "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He alone with His scarred hands can bind the broken-hearted; He alone can comfort as none other can; He alone can enable you in this hour of trial, "To see the King in His beauty and the land of far distances."

"Hast thou not made a hedge about him," said our Adversary, speaking the truth for once. But what a truth! "Nothing ever passes that hedge which grace can not utilize and turn to our enrichment; nothing which grace will not utilize and turn to gold, provided we seek God *in our distress*, waiting both *upon* and *for* Him."

Yes, praise His Glorious Name!

Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love see fit.

And what is more, the dear ones who have preceded us to glory-land are not so much separated from us as we sometimes think they are. God's word says, "The whole family in heaven and earth," not the two families nor the divided family, but "the whole family in heaven and earth."

As some one said "God has given Mrs. Farmer glory, He is giving you grace." Yes, we are sure He will give you grace to look up and to see the face of Him who never makes a mistake. It was when Stephen looked away from the angry mob and the shower of stones that he saw Jesus looking down upon him from heaven. The Lord has His eye upon you also, brother Farmer, and He is only waiting to catch yours that He may sustain, comfort, and inspire you as He did Stephen of old.

We all, as a conference body, commit and commend you to your heavenly Father who loves you with an everlasting love, and trust in due time to have the pleasure of welcoming you back to China.

May His seal be upon you in the accomplishment of the work which you have undertaken.

Yours, on behalf of the Conference,

G. L. HUGHES,  
MRS. I. L. HESS,  
ELIZABETH M. LEWIS,  
ANNA L. CHARLES,  
MINNIE D. JAFFRAY.

We also give below the address of Mr. G. B. Carpenter, which was delivered at the memorial service in Wucheo.

In considering the life of our dear sister Farmer, as I was privileged to know her, I feel I can not render a more fitting appreciation than to say she was a REAL MISSIONARY. Spurgeon said, "If you were designed by God to be a great missionary and became a millionaire, I would be disappointed in you, and if you were fitted to be a missionary and you drivelled down and became a king, you would not please me."

The missionary is the highest expression of character of the age. His profession is the noblest. He has the enterprise of the merchant without the narrowing influence of gain; the dauntlessness of the soldier without the shedding of blood; the zeal of the explorer, but with a higher motive than science; and he is without fear, for he believes in a power behind him to which all the power in the British Empire is less than nothing; and he is carried forward by an enthusiasm with which no earthly passion can be compared, and the knowledge that the Power he serves may or may not think his life and work worth preserving, makes no more difference to him than it did to Gordon at Khartoum, for his fame and reward are not expected here.

To give oneself for one's country is heroic patriotism; to give oneself for conscience and fidelity to truth and forsake all, is more heroic; but to give oneself for the saving of others, as our dear sister did, is the martyrdom of love. It is Christlike, and if we would find not solitary stars, but whole constellations of glory, we must look for them in the missionary firmament.

Our dear sister had an intense love for Christ and for those Christ died to save. The love of Christ constrained her and was her passion. Nothing was too hard, and no cross too great, and it is true as brother Farmer wrote of her, "In her passion for souls, she went beyond her strength."

She was faithful unto death. Once convinced of her duty nothing could swerve her from it. Her life among us reminds us forcibly of two great lessons which if understood, will inspire us to follow her as she followed Christ.

1. Life is brief, therefore should be earnest. So much to do and so little done, is the voice of all who have been aroused to the vast-



ness of life and its brevity. Yesterday, we were children; to-day, we are men; to-morrow, what? Life is brief, whether our allotted span be ten or three score and ten. I can say of a truth, that our dear Mrs. Farmer, "numbered her days and applied her heart to wisdom." Every moment of her life was full of intense activity for Christ.

Coming in on the fast express train one day, the airbrakes were suddenly applied, and the train brought to a standstill. While we were wondering at it, a railway man across the aisle said, as he looked at his watch and then into the night, "The driver is slowing down for time." He had been running too fast, and had to wait till time caught up. Perhaps you can see Father Time, lame of leg, hobbling down the track with his scythe and hourglass, striving to come up with the train. Perhaps so, but with us it is the reverse of this. We do not need to slow down for time, but rather to open the lever wide, scatter sand on the rails, and put on all possible steam, that we may by all means keep pace with the flying moments. O, that we might stop it!

Stop it until we accomplish something. Stop it until we have been able to go the length and breadth of this province, yea, the whole empire, and told them of Christ who is able to save them. Oh, that the sun would stand still, as it did over the plains of Gibeon, until every man and woman in China had heard the story of Christ!

The Scriptures ransack all nature to find fitting symbols with which to teach us the fleeting character of life. James in his letter says, "Life is a vapor appearing for a moment and vanishing away." Vapor is but the condensation into visible form of the moisture which is everywhere in the air. Perhaps no more unsubstantial thing is known in nature. With certain conditions unfavorable to vapor it instantly vanishes. We can watch it disappearing as it melts back into the air. As the vapor, so our life, unsubstantial, evanescent, appearing for a moment and then vanishing away.

2. Life is a part of a divine plan. Our dear sister believed this and lived accordingly. Life is full of meaning, full of power; yea, glorious, when we realize this. God makes no mistakes. Think of the early and untimely death of Stephen. Untimely from the natural viewpoint, but not so from God's thought. Notice in the twelfth chapter of Acts, that God permitted the death of James the brother of John, but sent an angel from heaven to deliver Peter who was in like danger. Notice Matthew, iv: 12. "When Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Gallilee." It was part of the divine plan that John should come when he did, and having finished his part in this plan, God called him to Himself. The lesson is, that some serve God by dying as did John, Stephen, and James. and some serve God by living as did Peter and John, on the Isle of Patmos. Some are laid aside from active service, while some are

kept in it. BOTH SERVE GOD. Shall we not trust Him to dispose of us in any way His love and wisdom may see best?

From a large number of letters of condolence we have selected a few and given extracts from them in the following pages. They reveal the appreciation of others of Mrs. Farmer's true worth:

Professor J. W. Beeson,

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—One of the children has just come in and said, "Papa, Mrs. Ada Farmer is dead." There came to my heart a real pang, and yet the word death is a misnomer.

Such a woman dead? No! No! It is only the translation of a fully ripe soul from earth to Heaven, while her life and labor will live and bring forth fruit in human souls in this land, as well as in heathen China, until God shall say, as far as this globe on which she moved as an angel of Christian work is concerned, time is no more.

Just a few days ago, in writing brother Farmer, I could but prayerfully hope for her recovery. Her strong character won my deepest appreciation years ago. But since her absence beyond the waters, and the accounts of her labors over there, there came a prayer-tie stronger than kindred or language. Many, many times I have fully known what it meant while absent in body, yet to be present in spirit with them. God knows best and He can not err. The sequel will some day be shown us that it was for the best.

Out of a heart of love I can express sympathy as deep as my soul's most sacred depths, but I know how powerless at such times is the help of man. Our Christ nevertheless craved humanity's help, and then in the last extremity went to be alone with the Father. You, in the years gone by, have fled many times to Him and He has ever proven a present help in the time of need. Many times have we found Him together. In the sacredness of our family circle you and each of the family and loved ones are to-night especially remembered. With the assurance that your sorrows are mine also, I am,

Your friend,

L. P. BROWN.

DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

We saw a short notice in the *Atlanta Journal* yesterday of the death of dear sister Farmer, which was confirmed by your mother when I phoned about it.

We have continued daily to hold her and you up in prayer, especially her. My heart has been with you all along since we first heard last spring of her illness. . . . It is the greatest earthly loss to a man to lose his wife. The dear Lord knows why these things are, we do not. With Job we can say, "The Lord gave and

the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Although your heart is torn and bleeding, I know you can say what Job said, and that the sore trial will not cast you away from your anchorage in Him.

It seems a strange providence that would afflict and take her away, considering she was so much needed and so well qualified for her work in China. She was a gifted woman, thoroughly qualified for her special work, and of clear convictions, and great faith. Her place can not well be supplied, and she will be greatly missed from the work there.

Her devotion to Lizzie, especially during her illness, made me feel the deepest gratitude to her and to appreciate her more than I can express. She wrote me every day while Lizzie was in danger, which was many weeks, and I have many pages of her letters. It is impossible to express what a blessing her letters were to us all. Her faithfulness and prayers were used of God in raising Lizzie up from that dreadful long sickness. I can never forget her for it.

I suppose you buried her in China, to await the resurrection of the just. I have recently passed through sorrows and have had a bleeding heart for many months. I will continue to pray for you as I have you on my heart.

Yours in Jesus' love and service, ULYSSES LEWIS.

In answer to a request for some of Mrs. Farmer's letters to be used in compiling this biography, the following was received from Mrs. John Edwards Smith, of Indianapolis, Indiana:

OUR DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

Your card received this morning, and I gladly comply with your request, but am sorry I only have dear Mrs. Farmer's last letter. I never had but two or three from her, and after I read them I sent them to our daughter and Mrs. Bunker, and they were read at our intercessory prayer-meeting. We feel such an interest in our dear missionaries and knowing how much a personal letter is enjoyed, we hand them around. I will see if I can locate the others, if so, will gladly forward. The record of such a life will surely be a great stimulant to others, and I shall take a book as soon as they are published. Having known and loved her, I know it would be impossible to put her life and work in words, for one must have known her, felt the inspiration of her presence, her great magnetism, her gentleness, and seen the love of Christ in her heart beaming in her face. Oh! it was a blessed privilege to know her, and I have often praised God for sending her to Anderson and Indianapolis. It seems a great mystery why one so loyal to Christ and His work, so well prepared and fitted for it, should be so soon called to leave

it. We can not understand, but some day we will, for we know "He doeth all things well," and our hearts go out to you in deep, pure sympathy, for one can only imagine how you do, and will, miss her. I have been praying very earnestly for sustaining grace for you.

Also the following from Mrs. Bunger of the same place:

We were grieved to learn of the death of your dear wife. While it is her gain, it is a great loss to you and to all who knew her. I learned to love her on one short acquaintance. I will never forget how lovely she was in my home, stepping around so gently and lending me a helping hand in many little ways.

I have often thought of the sweet fellowship we had together, when we called upon God in the evenings and mornings, as you sat at the piano and the dear one by your side, I have often had this picture in my mind, and I did get a great blessing, for doing so small a part for God's children. . . . We hoped the dear Lord would spare your precious wife.

Reverend J. O. McClurkan, president of the Pentecostal Mission and pastor of the little flock of friends at Nashville, with whom Mrs. Farmer worked before going to China, paid her a beautiful tribute in "Living Water," the organ of the society. We can not give it in full but quote enough to show how much she was appreciated.

We often think of the vast number of people who will be in heaven. They have been going there a long time. Heroes from a thousand battlefields. Among the number will be found those who have suffered the loss of all things for Christ. What a company it will be! The history of the church abounds in biographies of holy men and women who kept their lamps trimmed and burning, toiled, suffered, triumphed, and fell asleep in Jesus. Some of them ascended from a gloomy dungeon or a martyr's stake; others breathed their last in lonely mission fields, and some sleep in the bosom of the great deep, but their ransomed souls are with God.

What a thrilling hour that will be when the trumpet shall sound, and soul and body of the sainted dead shall be united to meet the Lord in one vast assemblage in the air, where all final awards will be adjusted, and the larger glory revealed! It will be an interesting company. Suppose we could attend a meeting here on earth to-day with Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, David, Peter, Paul, Augustine, Catherine of Sienna, Francis of Assisi, Tauler, Luther, Knox, Calvin, Wesley, Spurgeon, Moody, with thousands of others just as faithful . . . how full of expectancy we would be! Well, we are going to just such a meeting. One day we shall look upon this mighty host of blood-washed and white-robed saints. No doubt many of the most glorious awards will be made to those who were not so

well known here—obscure and hidden ones whose true worth was known to the Master alone.

Many have gone from our own circle of friends and kinsmen. They will constitute no small company, for the average life nowadays in some ways touches multitudes. The many whom we have known and loved will be in that gathering. First, we think of those of our own family who have crossed the mystic river, past beyond the shadows, and are with the Lord. And then those with whom we have been intimately associated in religious activities come before us. Often the tie that bound us was very close indeed, but so far as the flesh was concerned the rude hand of death broke it, and they are gone, but we expect to see them again.

Among the number will be that of our sister Ada Beeson Farmer. She was the second missionary appointed by the Pentecostal Mission and went out through the Christian and Missionary Alliance, her husband W. A. Farmer, being the first. She was choice material. She came to us about the time we were beginning our Bible School, and did some of the first teaching, and assisted in the work about the place, generally, while preparing to go to China. We might, as far as the term is applicable to us mortals, say, she was pure gold. She did not shrink from hard work. She was gifted above the ordinary; was an excellent personal worker, wielding "The sword of the Spirit" skillfully. She had splendid social qualities, was deeply spiritual, and was mentally well equipped. She went forth to battle to the land where her heart had so long been. After perhaps a couple of years on the field she and brother Farmer were married and labored together amid great difficulties for the evangelization of China's millions.

Who will volunteer to take her place? Not only hers, but to fill many other vacancies in that land of darkness? We expect to meet her again when the battles are all over and the soldiers are gathered home under the cloudless skies of the New Jerusalem.

The following telegram was received from Doctor A. B. Simpson, the beloved president of the Christian Missionary Alliance:

NEW YORK, March 14, 1911.

MY DEAR BROTHER BEESON:

A cable has just reached us from South China announcing the three sad words, "Mrs. Farmer asleep." I am leaving the telegram with brother Funk, but have already wired you without a moment's delay.

I am sailing in a few hours for Great Britain and have only time to express to you and the large family circle for myself and our

board, the deepest sympathy and sorrow in the loss of this precious life. May God comfort you all and especially her husband.

Yours in His love and service,

A. B. SIMPSON.

Reverend G. P. Pardington of the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, voluntarily wrote and asked if we would have a chapter in this book devoted to testimonials, and if so, that he might be allowed to contribute a few words.

During the sixteen years of my connection with the Missionary Institute, of all the students I have come to know the commencement speakers best, because I have had direction of the literary part of their essays and orations. Mrs. Farmer, at her graduation, Miss Ada M. Beeson, was a commencement speaker, and I knew her well. As I recall her image, I am impressed by five traits of her character.

First, she had exceptionally strong mentality. Her keen intellect had a wide reach and a firm grip, while her power of expression was adequate to her thought. Second, she had a gracious charm of manner. A child of the Sunny South, she embodied its best traditions and finest spirit. Third, she had what Mathew Arnold called, "sweet reasonableness." Mrs. Farmer was a woman of strong convictions and positive views. Yet she knew how to yield her position in a way that revealed that she had learned of the meek and lowly Master whom she loved and served. His gentleness made her great. Fourth, she had a close walk with God. Her religious life was deep and strong. Her attractive personality diffused the fragrance of the gospel. And fifth, she had a contagious spirit of good cheer. If she had dark hours, few, if any, were permitted to know it. As well as any one I have known, Mrs. Farmer finely exemplified the little couplet:

"Give others the sunshine; tell Jesus the rest."

We also quote from the letters of one or two lady students who were with Mrs. Farmer during her stay at the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack.

DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

It was with great surprise, about a week ago, that I learned of the home-going of your dear wife. I knew she had been very sick, but somehow I thought the Lord would raise her up. But evidently He saw that it was best to call her up higher.

She will be missed both in the work and in the home, but I believe the sweet fragrance of her life will ever be an inspiration to those who have lived and worked with her. I am glad I knew her at Nyack. I am glad of the privilege of having labored with her,

as short as the time was, and I am very glad to have renewed our acquaintance again last year in China.

One thing we know, Ada was ripe for the kingdom. I am so glad I had those days with her in China. The only thing I regret is, I must have made her extra work in her weak state. I always loved and admired her because her life was so consistent. I like the piece you wrote for your little paper in China, which was also published in the home "Alliance." It is all true according to my knowledge, and one who has known her could say a great deal more.

Yours in His loving sympathy,

ELLA MORRIS.

PROFESSOR J. W. BEESON:

*Dear brother:* I must tell you how I sympathize with all of her loved ones at the news of Mrs. Farmer's death. What a loss to the work; for she was such a capable and in every way desirable missionary. It was a great blow to me, for while we had not much time for social intercourse at the missionary institute, I certainly learned to appreciate such a character and such a Spirit-filled life as hers. In fact, I looked upon her as a model in every way, of what a child of God should be. Oh, isn't it hard to part with such a consecrated life, when our old world so much needs their influence.

REVEREND W. A. FARMER,  
Atlanta, Ga.

*Dear brother:* It was with heartfelt sorrow that I learned recently, of the death of your dear wife whom I knew at the missionary institute at Nyack as Miss Beeson.

Of course we felt at first, that she just could *not* be spared from China, *poor* China, with its teeming millions shrouded in heathen gloom. We had been so rejoiced to know that our fellow-student, Miss Ada Beeson, with her deep spirituality, her rare gifts, and her winsome personality, was laboring for the Master in China.

Surely there was never a more efficient missionary than herself; none better equipped, for hers was truly the Spirit-filled life. In addition to this, she was wonderfully fitted both by nature and education, for this most responsible of positions. In view of all this, what a comfort to know that she served under a Leader who never makes any mistakes.

That which impressed us most about our beloved fellow student after her deep *spirituality*, was her sweet *unselfishness*. Although our time was so fully taken up with Bible studies, languages, kindergarten, black-board illustrations, etc., etc., Miss Beeson was ever ready to do some little act of kindness, even though it deprived her of some of the time which was more precious than gold.

Yet she never had a *moment* to *waste*, apparently. There was not a student in our school who devoted himself more assiduously to

the study of the Word; who spent the precious time more wisely, but my most cherished recollections of her are connected with the testimony-meeting at morning prayers. Always prompt in giving her testimony, and especially if there seemed to be a slowness on the part of others, I can see her now, her face lit up with Heaven's own radiance, always giving out some clear-cut joyous testimony; a testimony that breathed out the power and fragrance that accompany the Spirit's presence in the heart.

May your heart be cheered and strengthened by the memory of her beautiful and devoted life here.

Your sister in Christ,  
MINNIE R. WALKUP.

We would like now to give a few extracts from the letters of the missionaries with whom she labored in South China, her co-workers in the vineyard of Christ.

In a letter to Mrs. Farmer's brother and her family, Reverend Isaac L. Hess, superintendent of the South China Mission says:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You have doubtless ere this received a cablegram announcing the home-going of your dear sister, Mrs. Farmer, and also Mr. Farmer's letters giving an account of her last lays. As it was my privilege to be with her during those days and hours, and feeling so keenly the loss we sustain in her home-going, I am constrained to write you to extend and express my deepest sympathy in this great sorrow to her aged father and family.

In the passing away of a saint like your sister, sorrow and joy are very strangely and wonderfully mingled together. While her last days were full of weakness in her body, they were also full of the glory of the Lord in her soul. The smile that settled itself upon her face after the spirit had fled, was an unmistakable proof that she was occupied with her Lord whom she loved more dearly than her life. So while we mourn our loss we can not but rejoice in her gain.

Human words and friends are not to be despised, but they fail to comfort the grief-stricken heart, but you have the One with you who is better, infinitely better, than all human friends, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart," *Psa. xxxiv:18*, is a word of His which came so sweetly to me in the days of my sorrow; may He give it to you, too. I am sure the Lord has given "grace and glory;" to you the grace as surely as is to her the glory. He loves much those whom He trusts with sorrow, and designs some precious soul enrichment which comes only through the channel of suffering.



Personally, I loved Mrs. Farmer very dearly. She was a deeply spiritual woman, and one who knew how to prevail with God in prayer. As a mission, we have sustained a loss which will not be easily overcome. Our dear sister had ability above the average, and with this a spiritual power which few possessed. Her last days were a benediction to us all, and when the time of her departure came, to her was granted His sovereign grace, lifting her above the pains of death.

Your brother in the bonds of Christian love,

I. L. HESS.

PROFESSOR J. W. BEESON,

*Dear Brother:*—It is indeed with great sorrow of heart that I write this letter of condolence to the friends of our dear sister, the late Mrs. Farmer, whose memory I shall ever hold precious.

I met Mrs. Farmer (then Miss Beeson), for the first time in San Francisco nine years ago, when we sailed for South China. We soon formed a friendship which increased year by year on the mission field, and I felt that in Mrs. Farmer I had a true sister indeed. Many times we shared each others joys and trials, and her help and comfort were always so sweetly given. The sanctified life was truly exemplified in our dear sister, and in her work all her capabilities were subject to that sanctification.

Her life was a most active one, and even during her illness when the body was so weak, not only did the mind work but the hands as well. About ten days before she passed away Mr. Hess and myself were called to Kweip'ing to render any assistance that might be required and I can not express my thankfulness to God for allowing me to be at her bedside during her last hours. Her calm, sweet, patient spirit, joyful through all her suffering, was indeed a blessing and a lesson to us all. She never murmured, but fixed her faith and trust in her God, and accepted all as his will for her.

Her visions of Jesus and Heaven the last days were so real they helped to comfort our sorrowing hearts, for we knew that ere long she, too, would be enjoying that happiness, and if the faint glimpse of it brought such joy, what must the actual realization be! Every day as we sat in her room singing one hymn after another, her feeble voice mingled with ours, and her whole soul seemed to be in the words. Through the day and often through the still hours of the night, the low voice, too weak to come up to the regular pitch would sing the hymns she loved so well, "Jesus, Oh How Sweet the Name," and "Jesus Giveth us the Victory," and many others, and the watcher catching the faint tones would take up the strains and help her carry it through.

After the spirit had fled there was such a sweet smile of deep-settled peace on her face that was truly beautiful, although the face was so thin and wasted. We placed her body in a Chinese casket and put

wreathes of roses and leaves along each side and at the top and bottom, and laid her away until the resurrection morning.

I feel that a great vacancy has come into my own life in the loss of this dear friend, for I admired and loved her very dearly. She was true to principle always, and never compromised.

With kindest regards and deepest sympathy, I remain,  
Yours in the love of Jesus,

HATTIE R. HESS.

Let me tell you that Mrs. Farmer's life was a distinct blessing to me during the short time I was associated with her. I am sure she was even a far greater blessing to many others in China as well as America. And her lovely Christian life and ministry still continues, praise God, in the sphere of higher experience and service to which He has taken her. How rich heaven is becoming to us by reason of the precious loved ones passed on before! Hallelujah!

Yours in love and prayer,

R. H. GLOVER.

The following extracts are from Miss Lewis, whom Mrs. Farmer chaperoned on her way to China, and later nursed through a severe spell of typhoid fever. She was called by Miss Lewis in the way of pleasantry, "Ma Farmer," because Mrs. Farmer looked after her so carefully.

MY DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

And so her precious sweet spirit has slipped from earth to heaven. There is only a thin veil hiding her from our view for a little while—only a river between. How happy she is now in the presence of Jesus.  
. . . We all feel the loss so keenly, but we must not question God's providence.

Her place has been left vacant in our mission, and can *never* be filled, but it is God's work and the workers are also His, and He knows all about it. Praise His dear Name! We will miss her *all* the time, dear precious "Ma," no more true and tried spirit, no more devoted missionary ever trod China's soil. We felt we could spare her less than any other, but we bow in humble submission to our God and His Divine Will.

Dear "Ma," she was truly a mother to me, a most devoted friend, and I loved her more than I can express. I remember how I used to call incessantly for her, and could not bear for her to get out of my sight a minute. She was a most self-forgetful, devoted nurse, and I felt safer with her by my side. How I shall miss her wise counsel and her loving thoughtfulness! I shall always love her precious memory. She has been *so much* to me. Yes, she surely was a most extraordinary woman. She "counted not her life dear

unto herself," but gladly laid it down for lost China! She spared not herself, but was a tireless worker. Her place can never be filled in our midst.

MY DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

When we heard of the cablegram announcing the homegoing of dear Mrs. Farmer, Jack wrote you to China. I wanted to write but it seemed as though I had nothing to say, I could only weep and pray for you.

Just about one month before, we had felt such freedom and victory in prayer for Mrs. Farmer, as we twice daily brought her in prayer to God, so that the word of her death was a great shock to us. Since first we met her, we have always loved her and some way during the last few years of our time in South China, you and she had come near our hearts, and were very dear to us.

It seems as though there must be some mistake, that it could not be true, that it was not possible we should never see our dear "Martha Ada" again on earth, and that she could not be spared. If our hearts felt grief-stricken, we know yours was very much more so. We have sought to uphold you by prayer daily and many times a day, and the gracious God who gave you such a treasure for seven years, will comfort your heart and sustain you.

Your sister in Jesus' love,

ISABELLA G. FEE.

The following are two or three extracts from friends of other missions in South China:

The Reverend Frank Child of the Church Missionary Society writes:

25 COLEMAN ROAD, NORWICH, ENGLAND.

August 1st, 1911.

MY DEAR FARMER:

Many, many thanks for your letter which reached me here a short time since. My dear wife and I were inexpressibly grieved to hear of your sad, sad loss, and that we should not, in this life, have the privilege of meeting your dear one again.

We had heard, or rather I had, that Mrs. Farmer had been dangerously ill and I was going to write to you, when my own illness and return home, upset my plans. For you, dear brother, we feel the deepest sympathy and sorrow; we who knew how united you both were in closest bonds of love and fellowship in God's work, can understand something of what your loss means to you. Many times our hearts have ached for you in your sorrow, and we trust and pray that in God's mercy you may daily receive such comfort from the Lord himself, as shall enable you to overcome the anguish of your loss.

Very sympathetically did we read the article in the "South China Tidings," and with all our hearts corroborated every statement made there by the writer. We shall certainly never forget her; we regarded her as the most saintly and true-hearted lady missionary it has been our lot to meet, and the memory of her sweet and beautiful character can never leave us. That happy Christmas, 1904, spent with you both in P'ingloh, will always be a sweet and happy memory.

Surely, brother, never did bereaved husband have more cause to rejoice in the inspiration and the example of the life of his departed wife than you, and though at times the awfulness of your loneliness will obtrude itself upon you, still, I am sure, the thought of her grand life, her victorious death, will ever be a wonderful help and cause of rejoicing. We shall look forward to the publication of Mrs. Farmer's biography and obtain what will be, I am sure, a sweet memorial of her. May the rest and quiet of home bring peace and new health to you, dear brother, and may God use your pen to His glory.

Yours, ever affectionately,

FRANK CHILD.

From Mrs. Louis Byrde of the same mission:

213 POYANG ROAD KULING, KIUKIANG.

April 5th, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. FARMER:

It was a great shock to hear of dear Mrs. Farmer's home-going, in a letter which came yesterday.

How much you will miss your dear wife! Her deep whole-hearted consecration to God and His work was a real help to me when I was staying in the home in 1903. We had some precious times of prayer together on Sunday mornings, and at other times. It was so characteristic of her that she would rather go to your station than remain on in Wuchoo last autumn. She certainly put God first.

I do not know how to express my deep sympathy in your great loss. God's ways are inscrutable but *always* ways of love. . . . What joy for your dear one now in the presence of the King, and yet nearer to you than ever in life. With all loving sympathy.

Yours, very sincerely,

E. CONSTANCE BYRDE.

Mrs. E. R. Monroe, a much-beloved friend and sister of the Oriental Missionary Society.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

May 2nd, 1911.

DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

We just reached Cincinnati last night and received your letter dated March 7th, and oh, how our hearts ached for you. We had

had no direct word from you in regard to sister Farmer's condition for a long time, but we kept hoping she was getting better.

We had a meeting at Ferndale, Washington, up near the Canada line, and there was a preacher there who was a Baptist. He was very much enthused about missions, and of course in telling him about the conditions in China, we told him about brother and sister Farmer and how our hearts had been knit together. Just the very next day as he was calling on us, he said, "This sister Farmer that you spoke of, was a sister to the Beeson brothers, was she not?" and we said "yes," and he said "She is dead." I can not begin to tell you how it shocked us. I just sat down and wept and said it can not be true! Martha Ada is not gone! There must be some mistake! And he went right down to his home and brought up the paper and I read the account written by her own brother and know it must be so. Dear brother Farmer, how our hearts do ache for you, but at such a time as this words are so feeble. We only pray the Lord to comfort you and to give you grace in this, the greatest trial of your life.

I did love Martha, and it will be so lonely to be back in China and to know that she will not be with us. But it is only a little while, and we shall be with her. The only thing I regret is that we did not have you both with us last summer all the time. Oh, if we had only known and looked into the future. I would not have thought of my own physical condition or anything else, but it is gone by now and can not be recalled. But I am glad we had her the few days, anyway. You remember the typhoon signals were up at Hongkong and she and sister Lewis could not go on the island as soon as they expected.

We are in a world of changes. I have the collars and cuffs, the last gift of sister Martha to me. I hardly want to wear them. Dear soul, while she was so sick and miserable in bed, yet her loving hands made those collars for me that I might have them to wear. But our loss is her gain. How sweet to know that she is with Jesus! "We sorrow not as those who have no hope."

Your sister in Christ,

MINNIE MONROE.

From Miss Pierce of the same mission.

DEAR BROTHER FARMER:

I received your letter a few days ago, and was so thankful to hear of the victory and triumph of our dear sister's home-going. The news of her death was a blow to me. I learned to love her in the short time I knew her. Those few days that she spent with me last fall, after brother and sister Monroe left, she was a real blessing to me and I am so glad she stayed with me, and I learned to know her better then.

The first morning after they left, she prayed at our family worship and the Lord blessed her and gave her liberty in prayer and I was blessed and strengthened for the burden I was just taking up. The memory of her patient, sweet, self-forgotten life is a blessing to me now. We can go to her but she can not come to us. May we live so that our homegoing will be a triumphant one. I don't want to "just slip inside the gates," as some folks say, but go sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the lamb.

Your sister in Christ,

PHOEBE J. PIERCE.

We had thought of closing this book with an appeal to the young men and young women of America but already we have filled up all extra space. And again if the needs of Kuangsi given in Chapter VI and the strong appeals of Mrs. Farmer in her addresses in Chapter XV do not touch the hearts of those who read the life of this devoted missionary, we feel nothing we could say would avail.

Only one life have I to live  
 Upon this earth below;  
 Only one chance to show to Christ  
 The love I to Him owe.

What if this little life of mine,  
 Which Christ so dearly bought,  
 Is lived in sordid selfishness,  
 For vanity and naught?

What if it fails to realize  
 The plans divinely laid,  
 By substituting those of friends,  
 Or schemes which self has made?

What fruit can such a life produce  
 But bitter tears and grief?  
 The harvest of an ill-sown life  
 For which there's no relief.

But, if in God's appointed way  
 And filled with light divine,  
 Some darkened spot of earth may see  
 The Christ within me shine;

'Twere not in vain to thus have lived,  
 And suffered toil and pain;  
 For though I pass from earth away,  
 My life will yet remain.

Remain forever in the lives  
Transformed by saving grace,  
Because my life was lived for God,  
And in God's time and place.

So God and conscience bid me rise,  
And with a purpose true,  
Live for Christ my very best,  
Doing all that I can do.

What praise and glory at that day,  
When shining as the sun,  
I hear Him saying unto me,  
"Well done, thou faithful one!"

WILMOTH A. FARMER.

THE END.







