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By the great wall

BY THE GREAT WALL



Isabella R. Williams.

(1895)

By The Great Wall

Letters from China

The Selected Correspondence of
ISABELLA RIGGS WILLIAMS

Missionary of the American Board to China 1866-1897

Introduction by
ARTHUR H. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED



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INTRODUCTION

THIS volume is a little window opened into the life and work of an exceptionally equipped missionary, whose earliest recollections were associated with the labors of her parents for the native tribes of America.

Kalgan, the northern gateway of China, was the scene of her labors for a generation. It was here that a mission station was begun amid a people hard and unimpressible, many of them Shansi men without their families, who more than most, even in mercantile and materialistic China, are given up to the worship of paper gods and paper notes, of brass gods and brass cash. It was here that Mrs. Williams won the hearts of Chinese women and girls; here that she showed what a Christian home may be, and how the children of such a home can be trained for wide and unselfish usefulness wherever their lot is cast. No object-lesson is more needed in the Celestial Empire than this. Many glimpses of that patient and tireless missionary activity which makes itself all things to all men are given in this story. Here indeed is the faith and the patience of the saints.

In 1900, only two years after the last letters of this volume were written, Rev. Mark Williams, with his fellow-missionaries at Kalgan, joined later by others in Mongolia, escaped across the Desert of Gobi, and after having endured many privations and much suffering, reached the Russian frontier in a little more than two months from their leaving Kalgan.

No such demonstration of the essential unity of the

Chinese race had ever been afforded as was witnessed in the Boxer uprising. In its train it brought great suffering both to China and to many in the West. But it marked a turning-point, not only in the history of the Chinese Empire, but also of the Far East. Already Old China is going or gone ; a new and unknown China is slowly emerging. Kalgan, which we once regarded as a "jumping-off place" marking the boundaries between the remotest East and the extension of the European West, is becoming modernized, and will soon be opened as an inland port. Two thousand years ago the Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang built the Great Wall to protect the pass leading to the fertile plains of China. To-day a railway runs throughout this Nan K'ou Pass, joining Kalgan to Peking ; a railway with sharp curves, steep grades and long tunnels, and all built by the Chinese without foreign aid. This fact alone might serve as an index of the vast changes taking place in China. In due time this line will be extended to Urga and Kiachta (along the very path of the escaping party in 1900), joining the Trans-Siberian Railway, and making a direct route from Peking to Paris.

In the new era now upon us nothing is more important than that the East and the West should come to a mutual comprehension. Towards that end the subject of this volume and her daughter gave their lives, a precious contribution which in God's great economy will some time be seen to have been not in vain.

ARTHUR H. SMITH.

Peking, March, 1909.

FOREWORD

TO write fittingly a foreword to these letters from China one must have inside knowledge of the spirit, the sacrifice and the joy of the life of which they give glimpses.

When Isabella Riggs Williams went from us in 1866 to China, it was as if to another world, much as if in these days one were to venture on a voyage to Mars. The long ship journey around the Cape, and the long delayed letters, served but to deepen such impressions. And then the letters, on thinnest of thin paper, telling of strange places and people and later of the obstacles and difficulties to be overcome, for a time greatly increased the far-away-ness.

As I remember, to us at home, two thoughts soon came out of the void of distance and strangeness: one, that however far away she might be, Isabella was the same dear, elder sister, full of home thoughts and home love; and the other that in it all there was little thought of personal sacrifice, but an ever-increasing joy in service, and an unconquerable hope.

As if giving concrete proof of this, by the mother's grave under the shadow of the Great Wall, there is also that of the eldest daughter. Another daughter has laid away in India her dearest and best, and yet another is now in the heart of China, rendering service to the Master in the same spirit of loyalty and hope.

THOMAS LAWRENCE RIGGS.

Oahe, South Dakota.

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By The Great Wall

I

A GOODLY HERITAGE

Read, Sweet, how others strove,
Till we are stouter ;
What they renounced,
Till we are less afraid ;
How many times they bore
The faithful witness,
Till we are helped.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

ISABELLA RIGGS was born into the missionary inheritance. In 1837 her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen R. Riggs, received their commission as *foreign* missionaries, and, after a journey of more than three thousand miles, arrived at Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, then the frontier outpost of the United States Army. Still travelling westward they reached Lacquiparle on the upper Minnesota River, where, in 1835, Dr. Thomas Williamson had begun work among the Dakota Indians. The story of their life of service is known to many through the book "Mary and I, or Forty Years with the Sioux." Some memories of the early days in the mission home are now given by one of the daughters, Anna Riggs Warner, to furnish a background for the letters which follow in this volume.

"To father and mother on their arrival at Lacquiparle was assigned the long and narrow upper chamber in Dr.

Williamson's log house, which became their home for nearly five years. Here the eldest son Alfred, whom the Indians called *Zitkadanwashta*, Good Bird, was born, and, as the father wrote, 'in the spring of 1840, before the snows had disappeared, or the ducks come back to this northern land, a baby girl was added to the little family in the upper chamber.' She was named Isabella Burgess for the wife of her father's lifelong friend, Dyer Burgess of Ohio. As the spring began to bourgeon into leaf and flower, the mother's heart longed for a change, a taste of the full measure of life. So a pleasure trip was planned in company with Mr. Renville's annual caravan to Fort Snelling, 'the fur-trader's Mecca.' Good Bird was left behind, but the three months' old baby Isabella must of necessity be taken along. The journey at first was over the pleasant prairie, and all was well. But when the Traverse was reached, the big boat had floated away. There was naught to do but to cross the Minnesota River in a crazy canoe, and attempt the difficult journey through swamp and stream and over the logs of the Big Woods on horseback, and so the lady mother rode, without a saddle, but 'the little lady Isabella rode better, perched on a Dakota woman's back.' This was her first journey into the world. Perchance the narrow room was ever after too narrow for the eyes that had seen visions of hills and trees and flowers, for a tale comes down to us of the scare she gave the dwellers in that upper room when she was found outside the window ledge, on the shelf where milk was put to cool! Little lady, with your round, inquiring eyes, were you beginning already to turn the pages of your Wonder Book, the book of Nature and of Life?

"About this time the expanding needs of the family as well as of the missionary life made a change imperative. Two new mission houses were built on the high bluffs of

the Minnesota River. To the west was the ever beautiful lake, and on either hand the wonderful stretch of rolling prairie, of hill, and deep ravine, and river. The home was now an 'upper room' no longer, but upstairs, down-stairs and my lady's chamber. Here other children came to share its joys. It mattered not to us that the floors were carpetless or the furnishings plain, or that sometimes snow sifted in on the stairway and at the window ledges. Lovely it was in our eyes, and lovely the mother who had it in her keeping. Here was the great room where the Indians sat on one side; here father's desk, and here the medicine shelves with rows of mysterious bottles, salts and rhubarb and jalap. A big saddle-bag stove was in the centre, and by the west window was mother in her rocking-chair. Here too was the Children's Corner. Father at his desk was never too busy to turn in his chair and listen to the complainings or requests of our Indian friends who were ever coming and going with moccasined feet. Sometimes it was medicine for the ailing baby, or if a warm garment was needed, it was then mother's opportunity; or was it a case of real hunger, with what eager feet the children ran for a piece of corn bread or a cold potato for Old Fuss, perhaps, or Weeping Beauty.

"This idea of helpfulness came early into our lives. We learned to read Dakota in order to help with the singing at the Indian meetings, and dearly we loved to sing those good Dakota hymns. The weekly sewing and prayer-meetings were always occasions for helping. On the afternoon of the sewing the large basket was brought in with rolls of patchwork wrapped each in its strip of white cotton, marked with such high-sounding names as 'Scarlet Cloud woman,' 'She that walks singing,' and the like,—names fit for princesses of the blood, as many of them were. To Isabella and to Martha it was given to

pass the rolls, the needles and the thread. We seldom in those days saw any but Indian faces,—Indians in war paint and feathers or wrapped in Mackinac blankets. Indian children had been taken into our home, and others too were with us in school. From such associations we naturally acquired something of physical courage and bravery. Isabella once beheaded a pope,—Pope John XXIII, for that little affair of his with John Huss. For the matter of that the pope was only a curly shaving, and the instrument a chisel, but the result was disastrous to her forefinger.

“When Miss Lucy Spooner came to teach in our mission school she captivated all hearts by her gentle and winning personality. She seemed to bring with her from ‘the States’ a flavor of all that we had not; was it a matter of taste in dress or in music, or how to ‘do’ one’s hair, she was always consulted. We loved to hear her sing and to sing with her, and she it was who gave us our first real training in music. After the fire she returned to her home in Ohio, and became Mrs. Drake, but to the children of her adoption her latch-string was always out, and Isabella often spoke of her as her ‘Ohio mother.’

“The third of March, 1854, was a memorable day in our family history. We long counted from ‘before’ and ‘after the fire’ as did the Romans from the building of the city. A pitiless storm was blowing from out the northwest with flurry of snow, when there came a hurry call for the boys in school to carry water. Our house was on fire! Every effort proved unavailing;—in a few short hours only smoking cellars remained of all that had been home. Homeless we indeed were, but the old adobe church at the foot of the hill offered us shelter, and while little had been saved from the burning house, kind Indian friends gave out of their scanty store, and blankets were sent us from Mr. M’Leod’s trading post. Smoky

potatoes, too, had been taken from out the cellar, and in a few days Dr. Williamson brought us good cheer and things of which we had most need. The summer brought us boxes and barrels from friends in the East, the opening of which made glad the hearts of the elders and set the children all a-tiptoe of joyful expectation.

“It had been deemed best to build the new mission station near to that of Dr. Williamson’s at Pajutazee, and in September of that year, with mingled feelings, we bade good-bye to Lacquiparle, and entered upon the new order of things at Hazlewood. Our home life here was full of changes, the family much broken. Alfred, his mother’s right hand man, was away at college. The older daughters, to the mysteries of breadmaking, dressmaking and ironing father’s shirts, had added tailoring, as the many coats and trousers for the three younger brothers would attest. But they too must go East to school, which they did by turns, as the mother could ill afford to spare both *Hapan* and *Hapstina* at once.

“Oh! the going to and coming home from school, the ever-to-be-remembered journeys to and from the Traverse, the blessed one hundred miles that separated us for a space from our busy lives; by the old Indian trail outlined in autumn by goldenrod and purpling asters, and stretching away and beyond to the edge of the world and the all-embracing sky! To Isabella this journeying was a joy despite mosquitoes and the *wi-wi-sica* (bad swamp). It was a time to think, to dream, and sing forgotten songs, or perhaps to make new friends among the flower folk. Beck’s botany was a frequent companion, and with what shining eyes she would proclaim some new flower analyzed.

“In the inheritance of these years, in its pleasures and its burdens, Isabella shared an elder daughter’s part. Homely duties were to her homely in the truest sense, and a matter of birthright. When floors must be swept

or rooms dusted, there was singing in her heart; when dishes were to be washed, the song was on her lips, or here she led the full chorus, for the kitchen was a merry place, with much piping of small voices at dishwashing time.

“She loved music and flowers and books always. And if she had little time to give to her loves, they were the more precious. In the latter years at home, or when she taught the mission school, sometimes both time and strength were taxed to the utmost. But when days’ tasks were over, and snow-drifts and long evenings shut one in, what fresh worlds to explore! One remembers on such a winter’s night, Isabella curled up in a blanket under the bend of the stovepipe, her bedtime candle beside her, all unconscious of the growing cold or the lateness of the hour, as she turned the pages of her book. Was it Mrs. Browning,—the ‘blue and the gold,’ or Robert Browning’s ‘Lyrics of Life,’ a recent acquisition? Or, on some happier night when, listening to her clear voice, one trailed away to sleep and dreams,—was it waking or dreaming?—‘I will give you this leaf to keep . . . you will remember and understand.’—Again there comes a vision of her as a happy child at Lacquiparle, coming from out the woody road in trailing clouds of glory and wild clematis, sweet seriousness and round-eyed wonder in her face; ever like the Madonna of the Stairs with step uplifted, arrested by the inner voice.”

Isabella’s first letters were written to her friend Miss Lucy Spooner, who afterwards became Mrs. Drake.

“The Old Church, Lacquiparle, Minn., March 27, 1854.

“DEAR MISS LUCY :

“Oh, I think that you would like to have been here this afternoon! Two boxes came from friends at

Traverse des Sioux, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. McLeod. There was a pair of boots for Thomas, and he was overjoyed at the sight of them. Looking at their gifts made me think of *the fire* more than usual. I am glad that our friends at the Traverse send us their sympathy, which, by the way, I think is the best kind of 'pathy' there is. . . ."¹

"On the Prairie, June 22, 1854.

"MY DEAREST MISS LUCY :

"I wonder where you are now while I am writing, whether you are at the Traverse or on your way home. I feel sad and lonely on the wide prairie without you. We have been playing 'Silent Quaker' all the way up, and have often gone three and four miles without speaking a word. I was thinking of the past in respect to you. It has been an alternation of joy and sorrow, and I think sometimes that I should like to live it once again. I cannot do that. We will all have to learn to do without you. . . . Still as long as any of our family live, there will be a place in our family circle for you.

"Tuesday we slept at the Can-wan-ga-wanjidan, and Wednesday night we spent at a place five miles the other side of the Beaver River. Before we reached Cetanbewakpa we saw in a little swamp lake fifteen swans, young and old. Eight of them came out of the lake and flew around us, darted over our heads, and made many other evolutions as if to show themselves. A few miles from there we came to a swamp, which hindered us a short time. I jumped off and ran over and left the others to get across as they could, while I sat down to write to you. We reached camp late and could not get any wood. The mosquitoes were very bad, so we took a piece of cake and

¹ This letter was written on blue paper, the edges of which show the marks of the fire she mentions above.

went to bed. The next morning we started at four and drove on till six, when we stopped and had breakfast at Mazawakan, four miles from home. Oh, if you were only there to welcome me! We got over the river safely, although it has risen a great deal. Papa and Mr. Brant carried over all that they could on horseback. I rode over in the wagon; the water almost filled the bed."

"Home, June 27th.

"DEAR MISS LUCY :

"I hope you will soon be at home. And when you are there, surrounded by a circle of loved and loving friends and relatives, don't forget me. Then 'a place in thy memory, dearest, is all that I claim.' Your parting words are sweetly sounding in my ear. How I have longed to love and be loved. And those few sweet words, 'I do love you, Isabella,' often start the tears, and carry me back to the days when you were with us, past now forever."

"Hazelwood, April 9, 1855.

"DEAR MISS SPOONER :

"After a long silence on my part, I have seated myself at one corner of our table with the intent of addressing my dear teacher once more. Shall I tell you first that I miss you more than ever? That in my day-dreams the hope is first that I may see your face and hear your voice again? . . . I wish to see you more than ever, because I need a counsellor. It seems to me that I have a more difficult position than ever before. My mother is not very well just now. She has more to do and to bear than she is able for. I try to help her, but daily and hourly I feel how far short my endeavors fall from their mark. Oh, Miss Spooner, I often feel that it is no use to try! Methinks I hear you now saying, 'Look

up! Look up for aid.' Will you remember me evening and morning? Oh, will you not? . . .

"Yours ever affectionately,
"ISABELLA B. RIGGS."

"*Hazelwood, Minn., April 21, 1855.*

"DEAR MISS SPOONER :

". . . Do you read *Harper's*? There is an exceedingly thrilling account of the Darien Expedition in it which will be closed in the May number. Papa is reading it to mamma now, and it is so interesting I can hardly write. You will never forget the month of March, 1854. But that exploring party endured more, far more than we did. Oh, never did I feel how great our mercies were then!

"I am an inch taller than when you saw me last. And oh, Miss Spooner, I have learned the table of Long Measure this winter! Now that school has stopped, mamma is going to have Huldah and myself teach the younger children by turns."

"*April 24th.*

"I commenced school to-day,—kept it from half-past one to half-past three. It is quite strange to me, and some of the children seem to think it so also. Angeli-que put a violet behind each ear, in my braids, to do honour to *Isabella, the new schoolmistress!* We girls have earned our ten dollars for the melodeon and father has ordered it from St. Paul. . . . I must say good-night. I am your affectionate pupil,

"ISABELLA."

"*Hazel Home, May 9, 1855.*

"The carrier arrived yesterday, and I received your welcome letter of April eighteenth. I was teaching at the time, and it was hard for me to go on with the usual exercises while the others were feasting on the newly arrived 'mental food.'

“Oh, Miss Spooner, mamma wishes me to say this,—she wants to know whether there are any new modes for girls of thirteen and fifteen to wear their hair? She is so tired of having Martha’s hair dangling in the way. I am not tired of the way I wear my hair, but if there is a prettier style in vogue, I might like the change.

“I wrote you in my last letter that I felt that I had a position full of trials. I have thought since that my complaint should never have been put on paper,—that I and all others, too, ought to bear our sorrows ourselves. . . . It is so hard to do right. Miss Spooner, will you not pray for me? Yours as ever,

“I. B. R.”

“*Hazelwood, Nov. 15, 1855.*”

“DEAR MISS LUCY :

“How are you and all your loved ones this evening? I picture you as seated at the piano, playing ‘Look Aloft,’ ‘Beautiful Isle,’ ‘Old Kentucky Home,’ or it may be you are entrancing your listeners with ‘The Old Folks at Home.’ I have a class in vocal music now,—Huldah, Anna Jane, Angelique, Smith and Martha Williamson. We have recitations twice a week. The book we use is ‘The Young Choir’s Companion.’ ”

In the fall of 1856, Isabella, then sixteen years old, made the long journey from Minnesota to Ohio, and entered the Western Female Seminary in Oxford, Ohio. Her mother had been a pupil of Mary Lyon, and rejoiced that as far west as Ohio could be found a school which was an off-shoot of Mt. Holyoke.

“*Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio, Oct. 22, 1856.*”

“MY DEAR MRS. DRAKE :

“I have written once to ‘Home Hazelwood’ and

once to Alfred, and my third letter shall be to my dear, kind, Ohio mother. . . . Phebe and I get very homesick sometimes. Though I am very much pleased with the school, with the teachers and girls, and am very well contented, yet the time since I left home seems like ages. I go down to Lalla Scott's room sometimes to hear her say 'baby'! It reminds me of home. Mamma sent me a golden lock of Robin's hair last week in her letter.

"I am writing miserably, but I have mislaid my own pen, and am using my lap for a table. Added to this I am as sleepy as I can be. With all these excuses combined, I think even Miss Utley would be obliged to say 'You are excused.' It does seem odd to me to have everything almost that can be thought of, considered a 'crime.' But all the regulations are very good but one, which I think very ridiculous. Every one receiving eatables from home must get excused for it, or have it put down against her. No danger of my getting anything from home, either potatoes, pemmican or buffalo meat, but if I could, I would not get 'excused' for it at all.

"You asked if we had any politicians in school. I guess we have! I took the vote of about three-fourths of the school the other day. Every teacher stands on the right side, namely for Fremont,—and a hundred scholars, to sixteen for Buchanan and twenty-two for Fillmore. . . . The fifteen minute bell has rung, and I must have my letter down in the hall.

"Your affectionate,
"ISABELLA."

"January 27, 1857.

" . . . This afternoon, Mr. Rice, of whom you have heard, no doubt, was in our sections to hear our compositions. It was my turn to read, and you can imag-

ine how I blushed. The tears came before I got through. I could not help it, but I read very bravely, considering all things. But 'enough of this' as my Cousin Twenty-one has it.

"I expect you would like my opinion of my progress in music. Well, I do believe I am a perfect blockhead in music, and so you have my estimate of my talents (?) and Miss McKeen's too, I have no doubt.

"I had a letter from home Wednesday. Papa wrote that he was sending the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in Dakota off to New York, and that he had commenced a series of Indian letters for the St. Peter paper. The first was on 'Sleepy Eyes.'

"But one thing more. You remember, do you not, that I wrote you from home once that I hoped I was a Christian? And you know the rest. I have been longing to tell you that I hope I am indeed a Christian now.

"Yours ever most affectionately,

"I. B. RIGGS."

"Western Female Seminary, Oct. 13, 1857.

". . . Tuesday night, and we have just this afternoon learned our destinies for the rest of the term. I am to room with Nancy Williamson and Mary Woodbury on the first floor. You cannot imagine how eagerly we listened as one room after another was read off with its occupants. Some cried right then and there, but the most of us laughed, so that altogether we had a strange time of it! I like our room just tolerably. It has three great windows and a very nice 'cub' (closet). You see I stand up for seminary words and expressions! I was telling Nancy what a musical word 'cubby' was, and she thought it equalled 'alligator,' Antoine Renville's choice in the whole of the English language."

“ *December 29th.*

“ I had letters from home to-night. Mamma speaks of the school exhibition. Martha, Anna and Angelique read compositions; the rest spoke pieces. Martha’s composition was on ‘The Old Home at Lacquiparle.’ Mamma said it brought the tears to her eyes. Anna Jane wrote on ‘The Sunset,’ and Angelique on ‘Winter.’ Wouldn’t you love dearly to have heard them? . . .”

“ *Western Female Seminary, Fifth Story, In Cloud Land, }
April 15, 1858. }*

“ You see that I am at last an occupant of the ‘upper regions.’ Mary and Edith are my neighbours on a ‘cross street.’ Jennie Chapman and I are so disappointed that we are not to room together. Three lines of the strange chorus of an old song have been in my mind all day :

“ ‘ Up he rose red in the morning,
Scattering the blackness away,
But I, poor heart, fell a-weeping.’

I *haven’t* yet, but it was rather hard work to move when I had the heart-ache, headache and toothache forsooth! I have a good constitution, however, and can work it off!

“ One thing more. You have been so very kind to me in vacation,—indeed in all the vacations,—that I must thank you,—I do thank you from the bottom of my heart. Mamma would thank you too, if she knew how well you took her place, or rather the place of an older sister.”

Isabella had been away from home for two years now. A letter written in June, 1858, from Galesburg, Illinois, tells of commencement day at Knox College, when she saw her brother Alfred graduate. With sisterly

pride she wrote, "Alfred's essay on 'The Spirit of Buddhism' was of course the best of all." Together they made the journey to the home in Minnesota.

"On the Mississippi once more.

". . . I am very tired with the journey and the round of commencement festivities before we left Galesburg. Although I enjoyed yesterday's journey very much because Alfred was with me, yet it has nearly finished me up! I shall revive, however, when we reach Traverse des Sioux, and meet my own, dear father. Oh, how glad I shall be! Our boat is the *Galena*, a very good one, though not handsome. . . ."

"Hazelwood, Minn., July 16, 1858.

". . . You have heard of the disaster of the *Galena*, no doubt. If I had one of the St. Paul papers I would send it on. As the boat caught fire at midnight, the ladies and some of the gentlemen made rather a sorry spectacle. White was all the style. One lady had, in addition to a chemise, nothing but a skeleton skirt. She and her husband certainly made a show, as he led her off the boat, for he wore nothing but a hat and shirt. You see we were not waked until the boat landed, and then there was no time to dress. Indeed there was but time to get on shore, for the fire had made considerable headway before it was discovered. There was no smoke in the cabin, as a draught of air carried it away, so that all might have been saved. Why they were not, no one knows. Perhaps they were drowned in attempting to escape. There were seven lost; a mother and her three children among them. They were expecting to meet the father at Mankato.

"Very few of the passengers saved any baggage. Alfred and I lost all. My loss I feel less than I do Alfred's, as all his college text-books are gone. Still we cannot

but think of how it might have been, and the books and all seem a very little thing. We will both have to go to work now. Probably it will be better for us.

“I have been at home a week now, and everything seems perfectly natural again. We have just the same chairs, tables, cooking utensils and so forth which we had before I went away. Every day I make acquaintance with some old friend. Robbie, however, is quite another being from the baby I used to pet. His accomplishments of walking, running and talking quite took me by surprise, for though I knew it all before by heart, it seemed strange to find him actually doing such things. And we have something else new and growing. Father has set out one hundred and fifty young trees, so that when we children are grave, elderly people, this will be rather a venerable residence, with great trees all about it.

“Anna went down with papa to the Traverse to meet us. When we came up, as we had no tent, Anna and I fastened our mosquito bar up under the wagon at night. Somehow we fixed it so as to let in all the mosquitoes who chose to come in, and in consequence had a night of it! We were wonderfully glad when morning came, for though we apparently met the assaults of the enemy with stoical indifference, yet at heart neither Anna nor I was very patient. The mosquitoes were so thick that we could not eat, even in the smoke, so we started on without breakfast.

“The Hazelwood *Female* Boarding School now comprises four boys! Alfred and I have talked of commencing a Young Ladies' Boarding School at the Traverse. Papa would let us have a lot or so, and we can get a cloth tent to commence operations in. Of course we would teach none but the higher branches, such as the alphabet, McGuffey on Reading, Cobb on Spelling, and the languages. Don't you think it a good idea?”

“August 21, 1858.

“We have been very busy, all of us, since I came home. Alfred is building a house for John Baptiste Renville. Martha and I have been sewing, of course, but as I read not long ago that the great end of life is to be of use, perhaps it is as well to be of use sewing, as any other way! It is easier far to be of use actively than passively. But whether the strong and well are, after all, as nobly of use as the feeble and sick, God knows. I feel that those who go to heaven through sickness and suffering long and patiently, will have the brighter crowns. I am thinking of a young girl I met at Galesburg, who is confined to her bed for life. She is not so old as I. I think I learned a lesson from her patience. To me she seems to be of use in as real a sense as any one can be. . . .”

“Pajutazee, Hazelwood, Feb. 25, 1859.

“I shall begin with the most important news, the arrival of our little Octavia, as papa calls her. She is a brown little thing, with dark, curling hair. Thus far she has been a good little babe, and while mamma is growing strong, is my charge.

“We had company at dinner yesterday—Indian girls. They came upon us right in the midst of our washing. We had a large washing and considerable to do besides that, so I hardly knew how to entertain them at all. But when we had chatted a little while I gave them up to Alfred. The mail had come and he was enjoying his half dozen of letters wonderfully, but he took pity on me, and made himself so agreeable that I wasn't missed at all. He played for them, sang with them, and had just finished showing off the sewing-machine to them by the time the washing was done, and we had put dinner on the table.

“Alfred is busy studying and teaching school. He teaches in the evening, and spends his mornings studying

Hebrew and Thorough Bass. Anna is trying to teach Robbie his alphabet. He is nearly four years old, and we are beginning to think it time for him to commence. Just now he is in a great fever to have spring come. He asks a dozen times a day, 'When will spring come?' or 'Will it come when the dark goes away?' meaning the next morning. . . ."

The winter of 1859-60 Isabella spent at home teaching school and sewing, so that she might earn the necessary means to finish her course at Oxford. Although Dr. and Mrs. Riggs began their missionary work among the Dakotas at a time when the Board was cutting down its appropriations and could only give a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, and although at this time when the family numbered eight, the salary had only been increased to five hundred dollars, yet it was the aim of the father and mother that each one of the eight children should receive the best possible education, and through sacrifice, work and prayer and the help of friends, this was accomplished. Isabella had spent two years at Oxford; now it was her sister Martha's turn. Alfred was in Chicago, beginning his course in the Theological Seminary, and it is to him that the next group of letters is written.

"Pajutazu, Dec. 13, 1859.

"MY DEAR ALFRED :

"Your letter to me came the day after your twenty-second birthday, and I am grateful too for the copies of the *Century* and the *Harper's Weekly*. Martha Williamson and I are reading 'A Tale of Two Cities,' which is published in Mr. McCullugh's paper, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and we both (silly girls, I suppose) are looking forward eagerly to see how Dickens manages to save Carton from 'La Sainte Guillotine.'

“ Well, I intended to tell you something of last week’s history. Monday, Mrs. Kinihanpi fell into the cistern, and burnt her hand,—(I don’t mean that she burnt her hand in the cistern!) so the next day I went down to condole with her and offer my services. . . . Then we had a quilting bee. The whole town was invited. The small fry sewed on a numberless amount of aprons, while we quilted and sewed and talked till dark. . . . I am so glad about your Shakespeare. To have White’s Shakespeare, and time to read it, is one of the utmost dreams of my ambition, and now that you have it, perhaps I may. I have seen a remark often quoted about women always ‘falling into raptures over Shakespeare because it is fashionable, not because they know anything about it.’ So I seldom say anything about caring to read it, although since I found in some old reader,—

“‘How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,
Here will we sit and let the strains of music
Sweep in our ears,’—

I have wanted to read the whole of the drama from which those lines were taken. Now you had better not turn to the passage I tried to quote, or you will, like all true Shakespeare lovers, be shocked at my mutilation of the text.

“I am prospering finely in my money matters, and have a little store of fifty dollars laid away for the morrow. I hope it will be one hundred dollars before that morrow comes. I have done considerable sewing. We think of putting up our sign, ‘Hazelwood Hotel,’—S. R. Riggs and a dish of mush on one side, and my special card on the other,—‘Miss Riggs, Dressmaker, Milliner, Tailoress and Common Seamstress.’ When we get it up, and my customers begin to come in, you’ll see if I don’t give the

ladies fits! Mamma says I haven't *brass* enough, but I tell her time will bring that.

"Baby is getting more and more wonderful, of course. Anna Jane has perhaps told you of her three teeth and her feats in the way of standing alone, and all her cunning ways. If she hasn't tormented you with it, you will be twice thankful if I don't do it either! . . . Good-night.
ISABELLA."

" *February 23, 1860.*

"The mail came last night, bringing the music you sent us, and I tried all the pieces with great delight, especially the songs. We had a good laugh all around about your Indian song singing. Papa and mamma thought it a little too big a dose of 'Indian pills' for the fair Misses Smith, Jones, and so forth of the *city* to hear the war-whoop in a parlor. I should have been delighted to see the scare. It would have been funnier than the effect my snake stories used to have on some of our Oxford girls. Why didn't your Sabbath-school class ask you to sing during the morning exercises? You could have edified them with 'The Pretty Finger Ring,' or 'Go Tell Your Grandmother You're Slow!'

"You ask me about my school. I am getting along as well as I expected. Pretty hard work for me, though. We don't get much sewing done, and sewing, you know, seems to be our 'chief end.' I am still teaching Dakota in the afternoon, and have piloted Agnes, David and Thomas Simon through Cante Teca's journey as far as the Wicket Gate. The smaller fry have read the 'Dakota Tawaonspe, Wowapi I,' but haven't the vowel sounds fairly drilled into them yet. They can spell *off* the books 'like lightling,' as Robbie says, but if I have them read their spelling lessons, they can hardly do it.

"How does 'The Woman in White' progress? And

‘Trumps’? The artist for ‘Trumps’ doesn’t know how to make a handsome man. The ladies look very well, but the men are soft-soapy. Papa suggested to you not to send *Harper’s Weekly*?—I suppose it is best, but I was so much interested in Wilkie Collins’ story that I would rather read it than *Harper’s Monthly*. Papa read in the February number Thackeray’s comparison of novels to candies, saying that ‘a taste not vitiated, liked neither.’ So papa read the first chapter of ‘Lovell the Widower,’ but said then that he hoped his taste would never be vitiated enough to like that stuff.”

“ May 12, 1860.

“I have been meaning to thank you for your proposed capture of seminaries for Anna and me. We are still discussing plans for next year. If the Western Female Seminary should not be rebuilt early enough in the fall to graduate a class, Anna and I will go to the Lake Erie Seminary, which is Mt. Holyoke Number Three. There will be some pleasant novelty in going to a new place, even if the schools are peas out of the same pod.

“I should like nothing better than to be in Chicago at the time of the Musical Institute. Oh, if I could! I can promise you I’ll *think* of it enough!

“A week ago Mrs. Ackley and I went down to the Agency to call, taking Thomas as gallant. We called everywhere; stayed as long as we wanted to at everybody’s, went over to Myrick’s and bought a dress, and wound up by calling on Mrs. Other Day. The shopping did not take long, as there was but one piece of anything but Indian goods in the store!”

“ May 22, 1860.

“. . . Has any one told you about the storm we had a week ago? Just at nightfall, in a moment of time, it

came on. The noise was deafening, and the water beat in on all sides through panes broken by the hail. I was fairly dazed as I tried to wipe up the streams in the library chamber. Then I ran down to find the chicken coops flying. 'In a jiffin' as papa used to say, Anna Jane and the boys were through the kitchen window, putting the coops in as fast as possible, and gathering up the poor, stray chickens. We hurried up-stairs and found our beds soaked, and the floor full of mud and water. We shovelled and wiped up painful after painful. Then the children went to bed, and mamma and I made fires in the stoves to keep them from rusting. Mamma had to bail out the water first, and it was no small task. We could hear the water in the carpets as we trod over them. So we took up the one in the sitting-room, and hung it over chairs to drain. While we were at work, the chickens had set up the prettiest chirping in the world,—not like their hungry chirp, but like bird chittering. For a few minutes I really thought the birds were singing out of doors. . . .

"Do not be troubled about my getting along at school next year. Some way will open when the time comes. I have no possible need of money now, having food to eat, clothes to wear, and books to read. Trees, flowers and grass to look at, too. Also something yet to give at Monthly Concerts, and 'my wants are all supplied.' So you see I am pretty well contented. I do get tired once in a while of staying here, but I should probably be equally tired anywhere else. . . ."

"July 31, 1860.

". . . I like the arrangement of the tunes you sent, especially that of 'Oomahoo.' The tune used to be a favorite a long time ago, when I thought the Dakota meeting as long as a week of play-days, and waited for

preaching to be over, till I was so tired. I liked to sing though. That was the gay time when I took pins to meeting to play with. Mamma was sure to see me as soon as I got the pins nicely fixed in the squares of my little green shawl. One pin was Martha, one was Anna Jane, one was I. The squares were our gardens, and as soon as we pin-folk got fairly to visiting around, mamma was sure to see, and poor I had to lose all my dear pins and go to listening to the sermon, to see if I could hear 'waste' or 'sica' before it was through. That dear old green shawl,—first mine, then Martha's, finally Anna Jane's, and doubtless Cornelia would have been the happy possessor of it, if ——. Martha and I were wiser when a little older and only took two pins at a time, one a shawl pin, the other to write words with and draw houses and girls with on the benches. What a string of childish doings that tune 'Oomahoo' has drawn after it!"

"Oxford, Ohio, Oct. 15, 1860.

"DEAR ALFRED :

"Here I am, safe and sound, but with a pair of aching eyes that say I mustn't write a word to-night. I don't mean to mind them, for to-morrow I shall have to commence school life again, and pitch into Paley and Trigonometry like a good child. So your note must be written now.

"Our class numbers twelve only, all strangers to me but three. Miss McCabe's was the only familiar face I saw at first. She gave me a very pleasant welcome, as also have the girls. My roommate is a Miss Diamant. I am sorry the school is so small. A school of an hundred and fifty girls has all sorts and shades of character, and one can find plenty of company to suit."

“ *October 16th.*

“ We don’t have any rules here, positively nothing to compare with what we used to have,—don’t have to get up in the morning till breakfast, nor speak in a whisper in the halls, nor any of the forty other rules we had.

“ Our class is studying Paley, Trigonometry and Schlegel’s Lectures on the History of Literature. I have been very diligently studying the first pages of my Trigonometry till ‘Logarithms’ looks about as definite and sensible a word as ‘my granny’s nightcap’ would in the same connection. My head is whirling to the tune of D. F. sine C. F. cosine.”

“ *Later.*

“ Just through the hour for Trigonometry. Professor McFarland says he is afraid I’ve come in ‘not at the eleventh hour, but at half-past eleven.’ While I have been with you in Chicago at the Musical Institute, the girls have nearly finished Plane Trigonometry. But I don’t regret it. See if I don’t catch up in a week, my good Prof. !”

“ *November 6, 1860.*

“ I want to announce that I have caught up in Trigonometry ! We have finished Plane and Spherical, and are going on to something else. We have studied Logic a week. I was sure I shouldn’t like it, and the first chapters took me quite by surprise. We all liked them. But now we’re approaching the barbarous Barbara Celestrent Camestris and *sich* like, I dare say we won’t get our lessons, and then of course it will be,—‘That horrid old Logic, I can’t *bear* it!’ . . .”

“ *December 20, 1860.*

“ So many things have happened since I wrote you last, that I am fairly bewildered with the idea of giving

you a 'true and faithful' history of these momentous events. Think of it! We, the young ladies of the Western Female Seminary, have had the unparalleled felicity of mingling with the world,—which means getting acquainted with the townspeople and the students. First came the sewing society, and then the two evenings of the fair for the building of the new seminary. We supposed that would wind up our worldly affairs, but here came invitations from our Miami friends to the performances of the Miami Union Literary Society and the Erodelphian, and we were given permission to go!

"I never had a letter in my life which did me more good than your last. I had been quite down-hearted over an accumulation of woes,—my fourth wisdom tooth among them. Then I naturally got blue when I found that I had to pay one hundred and ten dollars for board and tuition. You know I have only the hundred dollars I earned last year, and had thought that would leave me enough money for books. It has troubled me very much. At last I have summoned courage to write home about it. I think they can let me have what I absolutely need, so that I have stopped worrying. . . . I told the girls about your calling on Lincoln."

"February 9, 1861.

". . . We serenaded Miss Peabody and Miss McCabe last night. Program of the serenade was: 'Three Blind Mice,' 'B-a, Ba, B-e, Be, B-i, Bi,' 'I Bought Me a Crower,' 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' and 'King of the Cannibal Islands.' We quite shocked Miss Helen with 'Woman Pudding, Baby Sauce,' whereas Miss McCabe was quite delighted, and wants me to copy the words for her.

"We have organized our class into a society,—President, Miss Bell Riggs; Vice President, Miss Ellen John-

son. We have had some pleasant meetings and quite exciting ones, with such important topics as our gloves and gowns for graduating. They *are* important to us, as we shall not graduate but once, you know. At our last meeting we had a peculiarly gay time talking about our badge. I want pipe-stone seals, but don't suppose it will suit generally to have them.

"You say, 'Don't be proud of your voice.' Don't fear that I will be at present. I know so little about using it properly, that there are very few girls of my acquaintance who play and sing, who do not sing more effectively than I do. I almost grow discouraged sometimes,—not often, though. I plod along patiently and seldom get discouraged at anything, for if I should give up, surely no one else could do anything with me.

"We talk politics here considerably. Miss McCabe keeps us pretty well posted. I read the papers some, and the *Independent* faithfully. Thank you for your brotherly kindness in sending it to me. I am now reading some of Macaulay's and Carlyle's magazine articles, as we happen to have two volumes of the 'Modern British Essayists.'

"Study hour bell will ring in a few minutes, so good-night.

Your affectionate

"ISABELLA."

"*Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Feb. 11, 1861.*

"MY DEAR MRS. DRAKE :

" . . . I have discovered that I can afford a new graduating dress, but Miss Peabody will purchase the goods for us. I should like to have you get me a hoop skirt, however. We have about decided to have our graduating dresses made high in the neck and surplice waists. There is to be a dressmaker up from the city to help the girls make their dresses. We have had a world

of talking to do, and have most certainly done it faithfully! . . .”

“*Western Female Seminary, March 27, 1861.*

“DEAR ALFRED :

“We had quite an animated discussion on Milton’s fourth book day before yesterday. We are none of us rabid Woman’s Rights women, but we don’t *any* of us agree to Milton’s ‘not equal.’ Miss McCabe is very conservative on this point, and I don’t think she could be induced to have a lady doctor or to attend any woman’s sermon or lecture or anything, yet even she doesn’t ‘quite agree with Mr. Milton.’

“I’m glad you think I can learn to sing. I’m not afraid of hard work, and will do the best I can. I meant to tell you when I was talking about Milton, of Miss McCabe’s comment on ‘God is thy law, thou mine. To know no more is woman’s happiest knowledge and her praise.’ She said it was true,—that the happiest women were those who had what ‘he’ said, as their rule in everything. I think that’s a libel. She believes that ‘beauty is excelled by manly grace,’ but that ‘mentally, men and women are equal, though not alike.’ I don’t think that’s quite consistent. We girls were hardly more so, however, in our discussion! . . . Good-night.

“Your affectionate sister,

“ISABELLA.”

“*East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, June 6, 1861.*

“MY DEAR ALFRED :

“Have patience with me, and I will tell thee all. Anna and I will be ready to start from Chicago Monday, June twenty-fourth. Mrs. Drake and I have been making mamma’s purchases this week. I really don’t know anything which requires more talent than this does.

Taste and judgment (of fitness and cost) are stretched like a bowstring. Strings snap sometimes, and I'm afraid I'll wind up by getting a dress for mamma with all the colors of the rainbow, or yellow calico for the boys' coats and pants, such as they desired a few years ago. I am getting scared about the money, too, for papa has given me *carte blanche* (don't take it for granted that I can pronounce that) and I'm afraid he won't do it again!"

The winter of 1861-62 Isabella spent at home in Hazelwood, helping in the mission work and for four months teaching the school of eighteen Indian children.

"Home Hazelwood, Oct. 29, 1861.

"MY DEAR ALFRED:

". . . We have been talking, as we do every now and then, about my going to the Normal School at Winona in the spring. We resolved ourselves into a Committee on Ways and Means, but have matured nothing, for we find no way, and have no means. . . . I fear that it is easy for me to let wishes for things which I seem to fail in having, grow so strong that life seems to be nothing but an agony of desire,—a long-continued hunger and thirst. Again it is easier by far to sing *Te Deum*. . . ."

"December 1, 1861.

". . . In great tribulation I am acting as tailor-ess for the boys. The sewing-machine does its part nobly, but I haven't any great genius for dispatching anything of the kind. Pockets and collars and buttonholes try my (righteous) soul exceedingly. My third coat is nearly done; my fourth is to be the last, and I rejoice at the prospect. Thomas is to be favored with two, Henry has

one, and Henry Williamson the same. Their other tailoring troubles me much less, as I am used to that. . . .”

“*February 6, 1862.*

“. . . The future is a puzzling subject for thought, and I am getting more and more distrustful of my capability of judging, in points which may affect it. Now it seems as if little things might have a wider bearing and greater influence on my future life than they have had before, and so I have less faith in myself, and try to have more in God. I believe I do have more than heretofore. I learned something of trust last winter for I got through the year decently, although I could not see beforehand how I could do so. When I got to Oxford, after paying for board and tuition, and buying one book and fifty cents' worth of postage stamps, I hadn't a cent, and had already borrowed ten dollars of Martha. Our home folks sent me fifteen dollars; I earned some seven or eight dollars, and so got through. My roommate was almost as poor as I (not quite, for she was able to lend me in my *entire* destitution,—but almost), and we used to get a great deal of relief from talking over our financial difficulties. She spoke of it in her last letter, ‘Those were times which tried girls' souls.’ . . .”

“*February 21, 1862.*

“. . . We have just been reading ‘Cecil Dreeme’ and Curtis's prefatory life of Winthrop, one of the most beautiful things I ever saw,—a prose Lycidas. I have been reading besides, ‘Tom Brown,’ Mitchell's ‘Planetary and Stellar Worlds,’ Macaulay's History, one volume; and the ‘Marble Faun’ (over two or three times, I should think), for the criticism and description and not for the story, although I have got quite reconciled to it. Tennyson I never stop reading. ‘Night Thoughts’ I

commenced on Aunt Jane's recommendation, but to my sorrow and shame, found out that I was very glad to stop, before the Thoughts did! I have read a few pages of Spencer's work on Education, and have gained one idea which will stick. I have skimmed over Goethe, so much as we have of him, peeped into Scott's Poems and Bacon's Essays, and *read* Taylor's 'Logic in Theology,'—as well as forgotten every bit of it since! Some things in 'Recreations of a Country Parson,' and 'Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians' I haven't forgotten."

A few sentences from Isabella's carefully worked out School Report for the spring of 1862 show in the girl of twenty-two some of the characteristics of later years. The pupils studied in both Dakota and English, and ten read daily in the Dakota Bible. It was her great desire that these Indian children might become real Christians. We see her interest in the "troublesome scholar," and it makes us think of the poor, fallen Chinese whom she "could not give up," in later years.

". . . During the term, Joseph Ogi Ota, John Laframboise, William Dickey and Bell Renville have left the school. William was a troublesome scholar, and the school is more easily managed without, than with him. Still I had interested myself so much in him, that I was sorry to have him go away. . . . There have been causes for discouragement as well as some encouraging indications. I have much hope that I shall be able to fulfill my part during the present term so that the result shall equal my desires. I have been earnest in my attempts to do my duty, and feel that the position of teacher here is important, and that it is one which cannot be lightly or carelessly filled. My hope is that at the close of this term I shall be able to report such prog-

ress and behavior as shall equal your prayers and desires.”

The summer of 1862 saw all the family together in the home in Hazelwood, with the exception of the eldest brother, Alfred. To him Isabella wrote:—“Our days are busy and happy, and just now especially pleasant since we have a lady and gentleman from New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilson Moore, boarding with us. They came out to Minnesota on their wedding trip. They are very pleasant and fit very comfortably into our mode of life. Mrs. Moore is only eighteen. We *elderly* maidens, Martha and myself, consider her very juvenile, so far as years go, but like her for all that. She sings a great number of ballads. I think their visit will do us all good. . . .”

The peaceful home life in Hazelwood was soon to come to an end. On a quiet Sabbath, the seventeenth of August, while the Christian Indians and the missionaries were celebrating together the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, hostile bands of heathen Sioux, angered by broken promises on the part of government agents, and inflamed with rum sold them by white men, began the terrible massacres of the Outbreak of 1862.

At Hazelwood the rumors of the uprising were at first utterly disbelieved, but by sunset on Monday, the Christian Indians, who at first thought they could give protection, pleaded with the missionaries to escape while there was yet time. And at midnight the dear home was left forever, soon to be burned to ashes, with its treasures scattered to the four winds of the earth. There was no time for preparation, and little of either food or clothing could be taken, for strange men had stolen the horses from the stables, and the journey must be made on foot. It was hoped that the danger might be only temporary, and for a day they remained in hiding on an island in



REST IN FLIGHT

The party of missionaries escaping from the hostile Sioux in the outbreak of 1861.

the Minnesota River, the party being reinforced by other missionary families and white settlers to the number of thirty and more. In hunger and weariness they journeyed, fording creeks and crossing swamps and marshes. Fires could not be built for fear of detection by hostile Indians. Sometimes they saw the smoke of burning villages where the savage bands were even then at their deadly work ;—sometimes on a night march, they stumbled over dead bodies. Destruction and death were all about them. But God kept them as they journeyed across the pathless prairie, through dangers seen and unseen,—“the terror by night,” and “the arrow that flieth by day,” and the words of the Psalmist were ever in their minds,—“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.”

So soon as might be, the story of the dreadful happenings along the Minnesota River had been flashed over the land. The older brother in Illinois came with a revolver in his grip, wondering indeed what he might find. A brother of D. Wilson Moore, in New Jersey, telegraphed “Send the bodies at any cost !”

But it was a very much alive company, albeit sunburned, ragged, footsore and weary, that walked into Henderson, Minnesota, on the afternoon of August twenty-fifth. On the brow of the hill above the town, they were met by several Indian women who rushed to greet them, saying, “We are strangers to you, but we have white hearts, and we heard you were all killed !” In Henderson and Shakopee there were those who gave of their best to these destitute “refugees,” and finally in St. Anthony they found themselves among the kindest of friends. And in St. Anthony, for the three years following, the Riggs family made their home. In October, 1862, Isabella wrote to her brother Alfred :—

“ . . . We have just expressed a trunk to our ref-

ugee friends at Traverse. Martha and I trimmed up a bonnet for Julia, and a milliner here trimmed another in crape for Mrs. Huggins. We went down to get the trimmings and incidentally told the circumstances in Mrs. Huggins' case, when she offered to trim the bonnet for us and only charge for the material. Don't you think she was generous? I believe it will do us good to be here. It is blessed sometimes to receive as well as to give. Mr. and Mrs. Van Eman prove themselves to be the kindest of friends, day by day more and more so. I couldn't begin to tell you the friendly offices they have done for us. If all St. Anthony people are as agreeable as those we know, it will be a very nice town to live in.

“. . . We are getting extremely dissipated! Why, we go out two evenings every week (one is prayer-meeting and the other singing), and have taken tea out once and are going again to-morrow. Then we find much of our pleasure in promenading Front Street—to shop, of course. Just think of it! Did you ever suppose your sisters would become such trifling creatures? To be sure we shop hardly in the ordinary way, but buy eggs, brooms, potatoes, tubs, vinegar, stoves, crockery and tinware instead of fineries and furbelows!”

During the winter of 1862-63, Isabella taught in a Young Ladies' Boarding School in St. Anthony. The next fall a school was opened in Lakeland, Minnesota, of which Isabella took charge.

Many years later, two of her pupils, and Miss Mary Le Duc, her fellow-teacher and lifelong friend, wrote of those days at Lakeland, and a few extracts from their letters show Isabella's influence and character as her own letters cannot.

Her pupil, Mr. Oscar Jackson, writes :—

“When the Lakeland Academy was opened in September, 1863, Miss Isabella Riggs was chosen principal.

Her influence in Lakeland was not confined to the school-room, for she was a leading spirit for good in the village, through her speaking, her singing and playing, and her presence. She had a wonderful gift of song. Before that time there had been few opportunities for the young people of Lakeland to learn to sing by note, and she helped us by giving us instruction in vocal music. . . . She was a born missionary, for she was always wanting to do some one good. . . .” His brother, Mr. Preston Jackson, adds :—“In the schoolroom she was bright and vivacious, insisting on good behavior and hard study. Sometimes it was necessary to say something sharp and perhaps a little sarcastic to bring us up to the line, but it did us good. I have been thankful many times since that she did. The influence of her strong, lovely character upon her pupils and upon the community was remarkable. It has always seemed wonderful to me how she could take such a deep, earnest interest in so many of us. To me she was as loving and kind as though she were my own sister. Among my treasured things of boyhood days (I was about fifteen years old then) are many letters she wrote to me when on her vacations and after she went to China. . . .”

Miss Le Duc writes :—

“How far, far away those days at Lakeland seem, and yet how vividly many of the experiences we enjoyed and suffered together come back to me. Our life in that little Minnesota village was a mixture of comedy and tragedy. The house in which we roomed and boarded was the coldest shell of a house, and the winter one of Minnesota’s most severe, and as we had no fire in our room, and were not provided with sufficient bedclothing, we spent half the coldest nights in shivering sleeplessness, and were glad to hurry to the schoolroom in the morning, where we could build a fire and thaw out! And our pupils

were so eager to learn, their parents so kind, social and sympathetic, that we worked with enthusiasm and enjoyment, and forgot all the discomforts of the home. . . . How I loved to watch Isabella as she sang. Do you remember the absorbed, inspired expression, the long, dark eyelashes, the clear enunciation, the mobile mouth, and soulful voice? Her singing was an uplifting power in the school. . . .

“Isabella and I met as strangers. At the close of our year of earnest work for others, of intellectual and spiritual growth, we parted as dearest friends, and what a friend she proved all through our separate lives! I have never had another so steadfast, so devoted.”

Isabella's two years at Lakeland closed in the summer of 1865, and in the fall of that year, the family home was removed from St. Anthony to Beloit, Wisconsin. In October Isabella went with her father to Chicago, to attend the meeting of the American Board. There an important decision was made, and she became the promised wife of Rev. Mark Williams, whom she had known during her school-days in Ohio, and who was appointed by the American Board as a missionary to China. From Lockport, Illinois, she wrote to her mother:—

“As father has told you, I have promised to go to China. I trust that I have done right. I believe that I have. Still I know that unless I have great help from above, there will still come doubt and perplexity, as there does come to every one in all places in life. We have the promise of God that we shall be sustained and strengthened. This missionary work is a great work, and a most noble one. I think you will be glad to have me as your substitute in this army of the Lord, although I cannot go into the same army corps. Since this meeting of the American Board, I have a new conception of the grandeur of the labor which Christ has left as a legacy to His chil-

dren. I feel more earnestly than ever before the obligation resting on some to go among the heathen, and who are so likely to feel the necessity of such labor as the children of missionaries? I think we shall all feel glad that I am going.

“Mr. Williams is going down to Beloit some time,—now, if I say so,—and at Christmas at any rate. He may stay out here and preach or may go back to Ohio.

“I hope you are not working too much again.

“Always your loving

“ISABELLA.”

“*October 13, 1865.*

“DEAR MAMMA :

“Your letter came this morning. I know not how to comfort you. . . . I feel as though God will surely lead us and help us and comfort us through the span of life which He will give. And we surely have a right to ask that we may ‘count it all joy.’ All things are possible with God; unaided by Him it is a sheer impossibility. But we must remember that

“ ‘His grace and power are such
None can never ask too much.’

“If you had not lived, my place surely would have been at home. The matter would not have required a second thought. For two or three days I have been saying over to myself, hour after hour,—

“ ‘On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?’

“When I feel most strongly as if I cannot go to China, I remember that it is not more than you and many others

have done before me, and I dare not say, 'I am not brave enough to go.' And yet *I am not*, unless I have help from the Lord of the harvest.

“ . . . Mr. Williams left for Chicago this morning.

“I am your loving

“ISABELLA.”

II

THE JOURNEY TO CHINA

I said, " Let me walk in the fields,"

He said, " No, walk in the town."

I said, " There are no flowers there ! "

He said, " No flowers, but a crown."

I said, " But the fogs are thick,

And the clouds are veiling the sun."

He answered, " But hearts are sick

And souls in the dark undone."

I said, " But the skies are dark,

There is nothing but noise and din."

And He wept as He led me back.

" There is more," He said ; " there is sin."

I said, " I shall miss the light

And friends will miss me, they say."

He answered, " Choose ye to-night

If I must miss thee, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given ;

He said, " Is it hard to decide ?

It will not seem hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

—*George MacDonald.*

ON February 21, 1866, Isabella Burgess Riggs and Mark Williams were married in the home church at Beloit. A few days at home with the father and mother, the brothers and sisters, and then the long journey was begun. Letters came to the home telling of delightful visits with classmates and friends, and with Mr. Williams's " Uncle Chidlaw," the famous Welsh Sabbath School Missionary. Together they visited Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, and Oxford, rich in

memories of school-days. But best of all were the weeks at Mr. Williams's home, where the father and mother, who had long ago consecrated their son to missionary work, welcomed them to the old home, and bid them God-speed on their journey.

(To her brother Alfred.)

“March 23, 1866, Near Lockport, New York.

“I think I shall send you some hieroglyphics from the New York Central. We have come from Niagara. I felt as if I could have looked forever, but don't mean to go into the adjectives! Mr. Williams bought Coleridge's Works, and I have a volume out for reading on the cars,—his notes on Shakespeare and other dramatic authors. They seem very abrupt and fragmentary to me.

“Kiss the dear baby for us. I shall always think of him as he is now, and shall be slow to imagine him grown to man's estate.

“Good-byes have been hard to say. The note from you, Alfred, did me so much good. The idea that our going from you seemed not so much the token of long and wide separation as of closer binding together of our homes, although the sea comes between us, helped and still helps.”

Passage had been engaged on board the *Samuel Russell*, to sail the first week of April. Isabella went on from New York to the Longley home in Massachusetts, where, as a girl of twelve, she had spent a winter with her grandparents. On her return the days went quickly by, planning and packing the outfit. She wrote to her mother:—“I commence to fulfill my promise of writing ten minutes a day. It will be very easy to do it, generally, since I shall think of you so many times ten minutes.

“We have invested seventy dollars in books. What treasures they will be! Nor have we forgotten the more prosaic things. In our purchasing, we took care to include soup spoons, as I believe rat soup is to be a standby!”

To her friend, Mrs. Drake, she wrote, “Your sister has been a good Samaritan to poor, unsophisticated me! I think of the many kindnesses which you have shown me, and feel that you have no small share in this missionary work among the Chinese. I shall be partly your deputy.”

On April sixth, the day before they sailed, she wrote to her little sister Cornelia:—“Dear little Tot, I am going to write you one more letter before we go on the ship. Then I will write you another, but you will not get it for a long time. We have a very nice ship, as you will see by the picture. She sails fast, and there is a great deal more room on her for us to walk about in than I expected.

“Be a good, pleasant little girl, and play outdoors all you can. I hope you will be mamma’s sunshine, to help her get well.”

On April seventh, the long ocean voyage was begun. On board the *Samuel Russell*, Isabella wrote:—

“Here is to be that one more letter, and it will be as long as the pilot will let it. I’ve read your good-bye letters many times, and presume I shall wear out the edges before we reach Hongkong! . . .”

They sailed in company with Rev. Justus Doolittle and his wife. Mr. Doolittle was well known as the author of “Social Life Among the Chinese,” and under his direction the study of the Chinese language was begun.

This was the last company of missionaries to make the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope in a sailing vessel. A record of the three months at sea is given in Isabella’s Ship Journal.

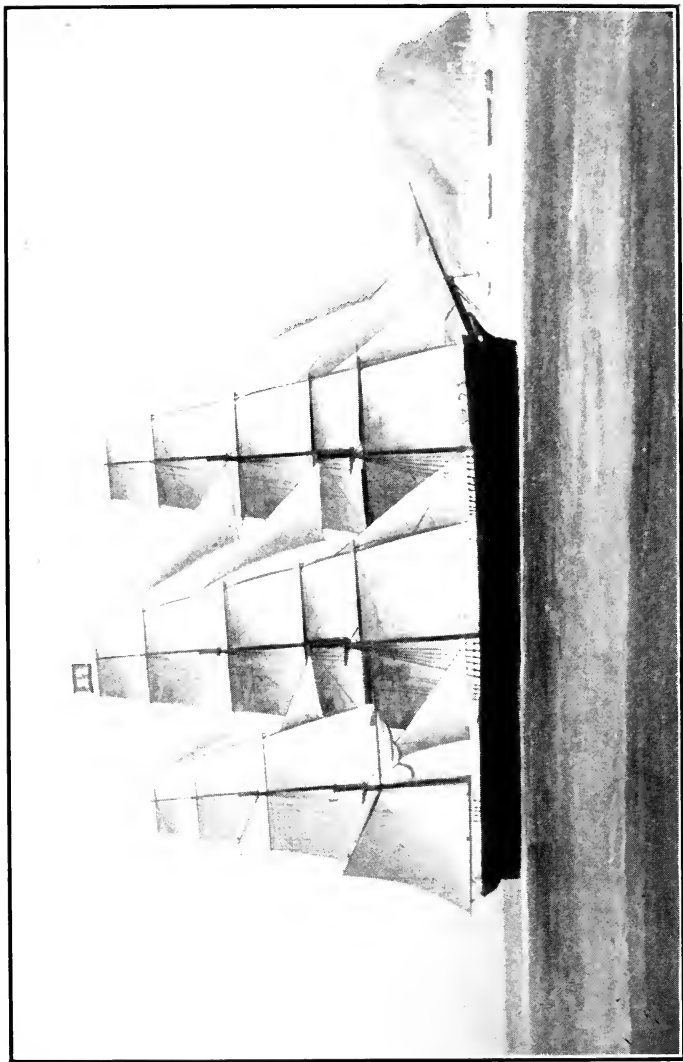
“ On Ship Samuel Russell, April 13, 1866.

“DEAR FOLKS :

“Good-morning! We have had our Chinese lesson, and it is now late in the afternoon. But my story will have more harmony if I take up its thread where it was broken off. I don't remember about the rest of *that* day, only that it was very sad. While I could write you, —while you still wrote to me, we did not seem utterly separated. That afternoon, however, the last word which you could have from me for months, had been written and sent away. The last, last word! The next day, and the next, I was sick, and felt very unlike myself, but was not so entirely wrapt up in my feelings as not to think of you all. If it had not rained, so that we were shut down in the cabin, I think I would have been tolerably well. Yesterday we had no fire till nearly noon, when I spoke to the steward about it. So I had popcorn for supper, and after a good night's rest, found myself all right, except that I'm rather sensitive to the various smells which salute our noses from all quarters. Seasickness prejudices one against food in general. Yesterday oranges and bananas tasted worse than rhubarb and castor oil.

“After breakfast this morning we sat on deck and sang a while. Then came our Chinese lesson. After dinner I read ‘Charles Auchester.’ The book is thoroughly filled with the spirit of music, and yet some of it seems puerile. I knew once whom Seraphael is a portrait of, but try now in vain to remember. Not Beethoven,—he is spoken of by his own name. Was it Mendelssohn? I remember to have read a criticism which characterized the portrait as exaggerated. It may be, but the story suited my mood well to-day.

“A little while ago there were porpoises playing around the ship. They seem to be very frolicsome creatures. Last night we heard a whale blow, but it was too



THE SAILING SHIP, SAMUEL RUSSELL



dark to see him. The phosphoric light in the wake of the ship is wonderful. Sparks flew last night as fast as from a burning chimney.

“This afternoon we spoke the ship *Patrician*, bound for Boston from Calcutta. The system of signalling is interesting. Signals are flags of different colors and patterns which stand for certain numbers. These mean words, which are determined by the order in which they stand. For instance, after reading the signals with his glass, the captain would say, ‘8, 4, 5, 6,—Sheffield, look up the signification.’

“We are on the route to France, making use of the current of the Gulf Stream. After crossing it we shall have the trade-wind. The air is warm, and it is delightful to be on deck.”

“*Saturday night, April 14, 1866.*

“One week of our ocean life gone. We have had a delightful day, and have been on deck almost all the time.

“I will give you a few sentences from Mark’s home letter. ‘A week ago the ship left moorings, and anchored in the stream. The captain has remarked since that it was an unlucky day, since we have only gone 250 miles during the week. Saturday morning we bade farewell to our New York friends. We go to find friends, and we go to our adopted country. On Tuesday, Long Island faded from our sight, and we bade farewell to America. . . . We have our dreaded sea-sickness. I could vouch for the truth of Beecher’s saying, ‘Whom the Lord abhors, He sends to sea.’”

“‘We have seen a nautilus or Portuguese man-of-war. The captain brought in a flying fish the other evening. It was about eight inches long, and had wide wing-like fins. The fish cannot fly long without having them wet.

Mrs. Doolittle preserved one of the wings by pressing it in a book. We had a taste of the fish next morning at breakfast.'

"We have seen neither whales nor sharks, but have seen one pilot fish, the shark's servant, a beautiful little creature. Schools of flying fish are about us all the time. Their wings gleam in the sun like silver. They look like bright birds to me."

"Wednesday, April 18, 1866.

"I wish you could just see us going with an unpremeditated bang against the lee side of the cabin. The chairs were quite lively last night, sliding from one side of the cabin to the other. To-day they are constant in their attention to our side of the cabin. The wind is steady, and keeps the ship inclined to one side. I hold my ink in my hand, keeping a sharp eye on it, for fear that a sudden lurch would spill it over my berth. There's danger of it, but that makes trying to write all the more interesting. You've no idea how much we like anything which breaks the monotony of ship life. This gale would be very welcome if it did not bring seasickness with it. The water is dashing over the main deck. The stove has been taken out of our cabin, and we are obliged to go to bed to keep warm.

"Writing is easier than walking around just now. I wonder that it is so easy for me, but my practice in writing on the cars helps me. It's a good thing for me that I can jot you a page, as we cannot study Chinese, and I'm tired of reading. I feel as if I'd rather not see another book for a week."

"April 21, 1866.

"The way we were pitched around last night was forlorn. My impression is that I didn't sleep a wink, but

kept catching at something to keep me from falling out of the berth all night long. Not quite the truth, however, I presume!

“ . . . After dinner to-day Mark and I finished ‘A Life for a Life,’ which we have been reading together and like,—mostly. We are reading the ‘Life of Madame Guyon’ in the same way. Since then, I have worked two hours at a list of Chinese words which Mr. Doolittle has us practice on.”

“Monday, April 23, 1866.

“I’m through my day’s work, and have a nice long time to write. We are near 25° north latitude. Our weather is perfectly delightful. I didn’t half give you the history of last week. The captain said the sea was ‘a little rough,’ and there was ‘something of a gale.’ We thought there was, decidedly! We were so churned up that it was easy to be sick in the orthodox way. We stayed on the quarter-deck as much as possible. I alternated between it and my berth, going to the latter whenever I was too cold to stay on deck any longer. When going out we put on all the clothes we could wear, and carried blankets. I took my hoops off, and don’t mean to wear them except in pleasant weather. We couldn’t walk about, but sat holding to the ropes. The white-capped waves looked like mountains to our inexperienced eyes. Their spray dashed over the stern every little while, and a wave poured over the middle deck somewhat oftener. Several times we had been caught by the spray, but Friday afternoon when we were making believe read, and were sitting on the windward half of the deck, a wave came over very slyly and floated us for a minute. The ship lurched, and the wave ran to leeward, but we were so taken by surprise that it was back before we came to our senses. The captain and the other

gentlemen who were around helped us up, and took our hats, shawls and blankets, so that we need not carry all our wet clothes into our staterooms. Our shawls and Mrs. Doolittle's shoes were hung on the spanker boom to dry, and the rest of our clothes tied to the rigging.

"Yesterday Mr. Doolittle preached. Mark had done so the Sabbath before. To-day we went at our Chinese, and all studied together till noon. Then Mrs. Doolittle and I got some mending. I mended two pairs of stockings and a tear in my travelling dress. After dinner I mended Mark's coat and sewed on some buttons for him. Our Chinese recitation lasted from two to four, which made nearly five hours for Chinese to-day. We have had a pleasant time to-day. I enjoyed that mending very much.

"Our life here during pleasant weather may be just as profitable as if we were in China, and perhaps pleasanter. In rough weather we can neither study, nor sew, nor read, with satisfaction. Even if one is not seasick, reading is tiresome in the dark cabin and impossible on deck. As for study or sewing,—in rough weather, a body doesn't feel like it when she has to brace up with all her strength simply to keep in a chair! The steward is a bustling Scotchman and gets more falls than any one else, which accounts for his mild wrath at Mrs. Doolittle for falling against the cabin table and knocking up the staple which fastened it to the floor.

"Shipboard is a good place to call out latent selfishness. Mr. Smith, our stateroom neighbor, wants everybody to wait on him. It is 'Steward!' 'Ah Ting!' 'Charley!' or 'Lyman!' all day long. Our room is an unfortunate one in that we can hear almost everything which is said in the cabin, and even in the stateroom opposite ours. We stuff our clothes into the ventilators when we don't want to hear Smith's confidences and do want to

go to sleep. Then we have to put our fingers in our ears when he is especially interested in his recitals.”

“*April 25, 1866. Lat. 21° North, Long. 28° West.*

“Monday evening was so delightful that we stayed on deck till late. We jumped the rope. It was fun to see Mr. Doolittle’s ponderous body shake when his turn came.

“We have had the trade-wind to-day, and glide smoothly along at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour.”

“*Thursday, April 27th.*

“While I was writing the last sentence yesterday, I heard a confused noise of voices and trampling, and above all the captain’s voice, ‘Helm down! Man overboard!’ We hurried on deck. The sailors were letting down the boat and putting the ship about. Mr. Rowan had thrown the step-ladder over the instant he saw the man in the water, but he either did not see it or could not swim, for he made no effort to reach it. He had fallen from the bowsprit and no one saw him fall. He kept up on the water for a while but the boat did not reach him. Perhaps a shark took him. It was sad to see life go out thus. Every one did what he could. Grant helped at the helm with all his might, and other gentlemen helped about taking the awning down, as that hindered putting the ship about, but all was in vain. The man was a German. He had been a sailor for more than twenty-five years. Freddy, the captain’s little boy, says, ‘How his mother will feel!’ We do not know that he was a Christian,—indeed, I believe there is not a Christian on board, aside from us four. Mark preaches on Sabbath. I hope his sermon will do good to some one.”

“*Friday, April 26th.*

“Fred is having one of his daily thrashings from his father, due to mistakes in his spelling lesson. I presume he has left the ‘u’ out of ‘squall.’

“Our fresh beef lasted until yesterday.”

“*May 1, 1866.*

“Saturday, a Dutch ship passed so close that the captains spoke with their trumpets. She goes to Amsterdam and will report us. Low and Company will hear from us; I wonder if you will. We hoped the *Telemaque* would be short of water, as we could then have stopped without breaking the insurance, and could have sent letters home by way of Europe. (I had mine all ready except sealing.) Yesterday we passed very near a brig, and anticipated fine talk, but all the English they knew was ‘Portuguese’! This morning we signalled a Dutch bark (a vessel with three masts). She was a mile or two off, but will also report us. Every sail I see gives a thrill of hope that I may send you these words, but I try not to be much disappointed as they pass without the hope’s fulfillment.

“The days pass quickly with our study and reading. We are reading ‘Madame Guyon’ still, and ‘The Old Helmet.’ Sometimes I read, and sometimes knit while Mark reads. We like the ‘Life of Madame Guyon,’ but Upham’s style is so diffuse that I should never have time to read it anywhere but on shipboard.

“A few days ago Mr. Sheffield caught a ‘bonita’ with an instrument called the ‘grains.’ It has four barbed points and is thrown like a harpoon. The fish weighed fifteen pounds, was short and thick, had no scales, but a very brilliant skin, like Joseph’s coat of many colors. We had it for supper. It tasted a little like pork. A large number of them swam about the prow all that morn-

ing. We were told that they were attracted by the bright copper on the bottom of the ship."

"May 10, 1866, S. Lat. 10°, W. Long. 80°.

"I haven't written you a word for a long while, and don't feel much like doing it now. I just had an unintentional slide across the cabin, landing in Mrs. Doolittle's room. I had a fright because my precious ink bottle was in danger, and besides, I am trembling from head to foot with the jar. I meant to write you when we were on the equator, but we passed it and were several miles south before we were aware.

"I feel nowadays as if my intellect was capable of no further exertion when our Chinese lesson is over. Mr. Doolittle says the devil is the reputed author of the language.

"I think of you all very often. My thoughts are prayers. I am so far off from you that it gives great content to remember that God is near you and us alike, and that He knows all about us. He watches us while we are absent one from the other."

"Thursday, May 17th.

"This week I have been reading Holland's 'Life of Lincoln' and am greatly interested. The weather does not permit reading together, as we cannot sit on deck much. Through the afternoon to-day there were heavy squalls of rain; the spanker was lowered, and towards night, the royals were reefed; then the crochet-sail, and finally the mizzen topsail and topgallant. We went to the middle deck to see the gallant reefed. We sat on the booby hatch, Mrs. Doolittle and I, but soon felt a sprinkle of salt water and retreated. Waves came over in a few minutes which knocked the sailors down very unceremoniously.

“The cat has fled for refuge to the dining-room, and is mewling piteously. By the way,—cats talk Chinese! ‘Miao!’ ‘Yao!’ mean a great variety of things in Chinese.

“Our longitude to-day noon was 34° west, with latitude 30° south, so that we are quite out of warm weather. Last week I had on my light calico, and to-night my heavy, large-figured delaine. My hoops are hung away. Mrs. Doolittle never goes without hers, so the fashion is divided!

“It is comical to see legs and arms flying as they do now in an attempted passage through the cabin. A short time ago Mark was reading for our evening worship, when a lurch of the ship shot him and his chair in different directions. As I write, I am holding convulsively to the table. The furniture of our wash-stand is rattling as dead men’s bones; bowls, pitchers and tumblers, all at it with a vengeance.”

“*May 22d, Lat. 36° South.*

“My memory says this is Robbie’s birthday. No doubt Thomas and Henry gave him whippings at least an hour ago, and, making a guess, I should say that at this particular minute he is getting several from the boys on the playground. It is 3:15 P. M. here, and I suppose about 10 A. M. in Beloit. Our longitude is between 20° and 25° .

“Mark has just copied the Chinese lesson for me, and instead, I shall write to you, so you may thank him for this, and not me.

“I have just taken out my two-foot rule and made measurements in our stateroom and in the cabin, so that you may have an idea of our present home. The stateroom is four feet, two inches by eight feet. Our berths are five feet ten inches long and two feet wide. Behind

the door are six little shelves where our books are supposed to be. In rough weather, if I forget to wedge them in closely, or if I take one out for a minute, I find its neighbours on the floor, Dagon-like. Let me show my shelves to your minds' eyes. Two volumes of Coleridge, 'Wayside Hymns' with its pink cover, Wood's Botany (one which Mark studied at Miami), two copies of the 'Golden Trio,' my French Dictionary, 'Fasquelle' (another of Mark's college books), Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Elias's Sermons (Welsh), Bible, Testament, second volume of 'Madame Guyon,' a selection from Rutherford's Letters, 'Near and Heavenly Horizons,' Mark's journal, 'Memoir of Martyn,' and 'Daily Food,' with Jay's 'Exercises,' my knitting, and a clean towel!

"The cabin is nine feet by eighteen, and six feet high except where the skylight is.

"Cape pigeons, boobies and albatrosses fly at the stern of the ship. Captain Lucas tells us that the boobies sometimes light on the ship, and that when they do so, they fall asleep immediately, and the sailors catch them.

"I have finished Holland's Life, and admire Lincoln more than ever. Our days are greatly shortened. It is too dark to write more than that Isabella loves you all."

"Thursday, May 24, 1866.

"We have seen a wonderful sight to-day! Land! I was sitting in my berth, just about to set the heel of a stocking (important fact!) when Mr. Grant called down the companionway, 'Land, ho!' We all rushed to the quarter-deck to look at three clouds on the horizon. The largest is called 'Inaccessible Island,' or 'Tristan d'Acunha.' It has been inhabited, but the captain thinks it is not at present. Ships very seldom sight it. The island has no harbor. Its longitude is $120^{\circ} 3'$ and latitude about 37° .

"While off the South American coast our course was

somewhat westward after passing St. Roque. At noon the steward had to put the clocks back every day. Now he puts them forward ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, according to our progress.

“We have beautiful weather still, and are on deck a great deal. When, however, the wind is so strong that we are driven down, we do not think it much of a hardship, remembering that we shall the sooner reach our desired haven.

“We are still pleasantly busied with our Chinese, and latterly I with French also.

“The clipper *Oriental*, some time since, made the voyage from New York to Hongkong in eighty-one days. So far, we are even with her, and the captain’s ambition is to keep up all along. No other ship has ever done the same, and her owners have never sent her to China since. So we all talk about equalling the *Oriental*! We may do it and may not. I don’t care, for my part, as I’m used now to sea life and enjoy it. The next land we shall see will be Java Head. I hope to send this letter from Angier.”

“June 2, 1866.

“When I wrote last we were making 250 miles per day as our average. Since then we have had calms. We were about 400 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope. The captain has been obliged to go south for favorable winds. Our latitude is 47°. We have not had sun at the right time for finding longitude for some days and guess it between 20° and 30°. If there were dangerous islands here we might feel anxious.”

“June 3, 1866.

“My thoughts are of Thomas on this birthday of his. Though I am far off from you, with seas between us, my

heart is there with you. It abides there, and yet it is here, and will find content, and home, and work in China, should we reach her shores.

“ . . . June eleventh,—and I have not been on deck since I wrote last. We have had storms and squalls continuously. Once in a while the stars have been out, and we have had an occasional gleam of sunshine. The last day of real sunshine was the twenty-ninth of May. The ship was sailing very slowly and the captain took the opportunity to fish for birds. A hook and line baited with pork was very attractive to the Cape pigeons, mollymawks and albatrosses. Such a splashing and fighting in the water as they made! Three mollymawks were caught,—beautiful creatures, measuring six feet from tip to tip,—and one albatross, measuring ten feet, three inches. The hook caught in their bills, and they did not seem to be hurt by that. Dragging them through the water strained their wings a little. They were so strong, and resisted so fiercely, when being drawn up, that it was just as much as one man could do to get them on deck. They fought us at first, but were somewhat helpless when set on their feet. They had a great quantity of splendid feathers and down, and beautiful heads, with eyes like doves' in color, and very large and bright. I felt like petting them,—smoothing their graceful heads and arching necks, but could not have done it unless I had first tied up their bills! They looked brave and beautiful,—except when they tried to walk! They were seasick in a very few moments, and much distressed, so the captain let them down into the water. All but the albatross swam off gayly. It tried to fly, but its wings were too much hurt. The next day, when the *Sam Russell* lay as 'idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' everybody talked mysteriously about the albatross in connection with the calm. Mr. Grant had tied a bit of board around its neck with our latitude

and longitude scratched on it. I wonder if any ship will ever find our bird.

“Since that, we’ve had wind and storm enough. Yesterday was the grandest day yet. Waves dashed over on every side. Several times a wave went over the skylight. Our windows and blinds were kept shut all day. If we had opened them we should have found ourselves afloat. The cabin was not delightful, as there was no fire and could be none, the wind being aft. The cold rains which shut us up altogether ; the stifling smoke when we tried to have a fire, make us wish for an end to this part of the voyage.

“The waves are very glorious. Until yesterday the steward has said, ‘Oh, this ain’t a circumstance!’ Now he admits that we have a storm. Last night the fore-royal yard was broken by the gale, and this morning a wave came in over the cabin table, as the door was hurriedly opened. The steward has threatened us that some day we shall have to go breakfastless, when a wave has carried off the food. Fortunately for us this morning, the table wasn’t set.

“I write lying in my berth. The wind has abated, so that our blind is open, but the window must still be shut. I gasp for air that hasn’t been breathed again and again a hundred times. Notwithstanding all that is unpleasant, we feel contented and happy. These are but ‘light afflictions.’ It is odd to read the first part of this letter, and see how much we felt our discomforts at first.

“I never tire looking at these wonderful waves. The grandeur of the sea cannot find complete expression in words. Niagara seems like a child’s toy in my memory now, and Minnehaha, a drop of water, in comparison. The great blue waves are crowned with emerald and foam, as they pursue us. They break on the ship’s side with the sound of thunder, and she quivers as if with fear or pain. She seems alive to me sometimes.”

“ June 18th, Lat. 31°, Long. 95°.

“ Our ship goes on swimmingly and has carried us into mild weather. We have a perfect contrast to our former discomfort. The ship is nearly steady, having just enough motion to put us quietly and happily to sleep at night. During our stormy weather, I could not sleep well on account of the tossing of the ship and the feverish air.

“ Wednesday night, a sea came over and in the cabin. It did not strike hard enough to break our windows, or we should have been flooded. I heard a noise of thunder, and sprang up in the darkness, wondering if the ship had struck an iceberg, and if we should sink. In a minute the water poured in around the window which I supposed was broken. When I heard the captain calling, ‘ Steward ! a mop ! ’ and growling about the fellow at the wheel, I understood the case. Mark lit our lamp, and we began to repair the damage. I used one of my pillows to sop up the water in my berth ; the steward handed us a mop, and we (Mark, rather) mopped the floor. I found my books were wet, so wiped them off, and wrapped them in my shawl. After handing out our wet pillows and bedclothes to the steward, we went to sleep again.”

“ Tuesday, June 19, 1866.

“ We expect to pass Angier, June twenty-ninth, if we have reasonable progress. I hope to send you my letter from there. I think, written as it is, on this thin paper, it will not cost more than a dollar, or a dollar and ten cents perhaps.

“ From Angier, two weeks more will take us to Hong-kong, and our long voyage will be ended. We shall hope to reach there safely. God’s hand protects us. I am so used to the sea that I feel as safe as if on land. Undoubtedly we are as safe.”

“ Wednesday, June 27th.

“ We have had little wind, and the captain is blue. Our days are warm in this Indian Ocean. On the poop-deck the breeze is cool, and the nights are brilliant with the brightest of moonlight. I feel sorry that sleep is a necessity.

“ I think I have not mentioned our Bible class to you. We wanted to have one composed of the sailors, but it was not allowed, so we have had it among ourselves; studying the Gospel of John, and meeting at ten, Sabbath mornings.”

“ Thursday, June 28, 1866.

“ We are all on the lookout for Java Head and are expecting to hear ‘ Land Ho ! ’ every minute. How glad we shall be to see it !

“ Monday, three whales were seen by the few who were up early in the morning. We were not so favored. Grant called out, ‘ W’ale, w’ale ! ’ but we didn’t hear him, and couldn’t have gone to look at the ‘ w’ales ’ if we had. Yesterday we saw a school of porpoises and lots of ‘ boatswains. ’ This is a bird with a very curious tail, one feather of which is as long as the bird itself. Freddy says they have ‘ marlin-spikes for tails. ’ We see schools of flying fish again. Fred gave me a wing this morning.

“ Mr. Williams has a gift in the story-telling line. Fred could listen to his Bible stories by the hour, and so could I. Other stories, too, come in play. I wish Robbie and Cornelia could be auditors. It would please Cornelia as well to sit on the bamboo settee on the poop-deck, and hear about Joseph, as to listen to Anna’s stories, told while we were sewing together, of ‘ what the stitch saw in China. ’ The stitch is nearly there, Cornelia !

“ Last night we had a thunder-storm. Two of ‘ the

boys' were sent up to reef the royal, and as the ship tossed, they were afraid. The captain had to threaten to 'rope's end' them, before they could do their work properly. In fair weather the decks are swept every evening and scrubbed every morning. Sometimes they commence scrubbing the upper deck by four in the morning. The water runs off on the lee side, or if the ship is nearly upright, on both sides, so I have to close our window when the splashing commences.

"I have learned all about the names of masts, yards, sails and decks, but haven't succeeded in learning which are *halliards*, *braces* or *sheets*, or any of the rest. I wouldn't believe at first that sheets were ropes !

"The racks for our plates are still on the table, though we do not absolutely need them now. They are about two inches deep. In stormy weather another device is necessary to keep the dishes of food in place. A tablecloth is rolled together, and laid in scallops between the racks for our plates, and the dishes of food put in the scallops to keep them somewhat still. Once the castor was set down on the table, and fell over, anointing us all with oil and vinegar. The steward carries it around generally in rolling weather.

"I ought to have told Robbie and Cornelia how Fred was scared when we crossed the equator. Neptune is supposed to come on board ships when near the line and shave the heads of any men or boys who have not previously crossed it. He gives them a bath in sea water, and torments them generally, until they treat him or give money. The sailors who have already crossed the line help him, and sometimes novices have rough usage. Fred was well frightened, and Smith somewhat, by the tales of Neptune's probable deeds. When the time came, the sailors set a tarred barrel on fire and threw it overboard, calling Fred to look at Neptune's boat. He cried

with fear, but when he saw the light rapidly falling behind us, decided to laugh with the rest.

“When we were south of the line, we began to look for the Southern Cross and Magellan’s Clouds. Many of the constellations of the Northern Hemisphere are finer, to my eye, than the Cross. The Clouds are very fine clusters of nebulae, and look like circular sections of the Milky Way, with the larger stars taken out. One night not long ago, the gentlemen saw two of Jupiter’s moons with an opera glass. None of us had any map of the heavens accessible, so that we missed recognizing the many brilliant stars which looked at us night after night with unfamiliar faces.”

“June 29th.

“Not past Angier yet, nor have we seen land. There is a strong current against us, running out through the Straits of Sunda. It is so strong that the breeze we had last night could not even keep us in *statu quo*. We were forty miles to leeward of Java Head yesterday noon, and this morning are no nearer. In fact we lost two miles during the night, and if we had had no wind, we should have lost thirty. A heavy thunder-storm came up in the middle of the night. The captain and mate giving orders; which the men repeated; the thunder drowning all other sounds for a moment at a time; the laughter of several on the quarter-deck;—mingled at first in my dreams, and then waked me. ‘Haul taut your weather braces!’ ‘Haul taut your topsail sheets!’ ‘Haul taut the weather braces, sir!’ ‘Haul taut the topsail sheets, sir!’ ‘Ahoy, ahoy, ahoy, a!’ ‘Belay that!’ ‘Belay, sir!’ ‘What are you doing forward there?’ ‘Ahoy, aha, ahoy!’ ‘Decker! Go up the mizzen royal!’ ‘Ahoy, aha, ahoy!’ ‘Go out on the crotchet-yard arm!’ ‘Screw down these ventilators

here !' Imagine all this said in stentorian tones and as rapidly as possible, emphasized by frequent claps of thunder, and laughter, filling in a pause that came but once ;—and you have a picture of the five minutes before the rain. Then the gentlemen, who had rushed up to help, came down in mirthful mood. The captain had put our fellow passenger, Smith, at the wheel, Smith the timorous, Smith the torpid ! It was so comical a sight that Mark had to make some commemorative lines. Here they are,—all a burlesque, of course.—Smith thinks them fine !

“ ‘ SMITH AT THE WHEEL

“ ‘ *June 28, 1866*

“ ‘ Homer sang of Achilles, Virgil of Æneas, and I of SMITH !

“ ‘ The faint, struggling moonbeams to me did reveal
The face of a hero, all glowing with zeal.
Sam Russell seemed conscious, in timbers and keel,
That a master hand held her,—brave Smith at the wheel !

“ ‘ The lightning's fierce glance and the thunder's loud roar
Made timid ones shake in their shoes ever more ;
But with muscles of iron, and fingers of steel,
Stood firm at his post,—brave Smith at the wheel !

“ ‘ When fierce tempests howl on the billowy main,
While tall masts are bending, and staunch timbers strain,
Some manage the sails, and some hold the reel ;
Good captain, we beg you ! Place Smith at the wheel !

“ ‘ You may think us officious in this our request,
But his excellent traits can't by words be expressed ;
He is good at a nap, he is good at a meal,
But there's one thing most certain, he's good at the wheel.

“ ‘ For two days we've stood and have fastened our gaze
Where we think Java Head lies hid in the haze ;
Our chickens are gone, and our pigs no more squeal,
But we'll do well enough while we've Smith at the wheel !

“ We know that Bill Doughty is skillful and true,
 When no danger threatens, we think he will do ;
 But you cannot imagine what safety we feel
 If we have the assurance that Smith's at the wheel !

“ All through the long hours of the tropical night,
 Among the strange fancies that haunted my sight,
 A form evermore cross my vision would steal ;—
 It was the slight figure of Smith at the wheel !”

“ As they came down the companionway, Smith says, ‘ How quick we mariners come down.’ ‘ We've left the “ ancient mariner ” to take care of the ship,’ says Mark, meaning the captain, as he is frequently called ‘ the old man ’ by Smith and the others.”

“ *Afternoon.*

“ ‘ Land ho ! to leeward !’ said Lyman a few minutes ago. We went up to look at a cloud eighteen miles off, which is said to be Java Head. I looked for a minute, and came down to write again. . . . In half an hour the cloud looked like land ; in a few minutes more it was land ! We have done little else but sit on deck and watch the new revelations of beauty which grow brighter momentarily. There is a rock off Java Head which looks like a bird, which the captain pointed out to us. Soon we could see the rocks plainly, and the green moss and shrubs which cover them. Farther along there were trees,—real palm trees ! With Grant's opera glass we could see vines on some of the trees, and Fred thought he could see monkeys with cocoanuts in their cheeks. He got a handful of salt to put on the tail of the rock bird which I mentioned, and started to get some for the monkey's tails, but we persuaded him to wait till the ship neared land ! Oh, it was so good to see land ! We have a fine breeze and go on swiftly. The moon is shining now, and I must go up and have a walk. I have fin-

ished my stockings this evening. The knitting-needles have been quite tarnished from exposure to the salt air.

“Henry, I wonder if you will find this letter in the office before your birthday in September. I hope so, and think you will all be glad, as we are, that God has prospered us so much, and that He has made our voyage so pleasant.

“As I think of putting this in a thin envelope to send from Angier if we have opportunity, I will only write,

“Love to all, from your

“ISABELLA.”

“6 : 30 A. M., June 30th.

“Sailing along nicely in the Straits of Sunda, and about thirty miles from Angier. We have just been up on deck, counting the native boats. There are fourteen to be seen ; tiny boats with large sails, each one looking like a nautilus.

“Let me give you Mark’s description of the day.

“‘We could scarcely keep our minds on Chinese this morning after the cry of “Land ho !” When through, the captain told us that the Philistines were upon us, and looking out, we saw two boats coming at full speed. Each was manned by six oarsmen, half naked, with handkerchiefs on their heads (for Robinson Crusoe hats), pulling away most manfully.’ (They kept time by uttering constantly, sharp, quick, guttural cries, ‘A-e, o-e, a-e, o-e !’ or ‘Ah-e, o-e, ah-e !’ something after the fashion of the cry or grunt which Dakota women make when dancing.) ‘We gazed with interest on these Javanese. They are about five feet high, quite dark in complexion. Whole boat-loads boarded the ship on Sabbath morning, as we crept slowly up to Angier. One could not help feeling sad to see them as they offered their wares, with gesticulations and outstretched hands. They know no Sabbath.

But they have souls. Java, some day, will belong to Christ.' ”

“ *Thursday, July 12, 1866.*

“ We are now in the China Sea, about 290 miles from Hongkong. I felt such disappointment in not sending my letter from Angier that I've not had the heart to write since. We had such light wind that we did not reach Angier till nearly noon on Sabbath. We felt that we ought not to send our letters out on that day, but the disappointment was hard to bear. I had been counting so much on your hearing from us a month earlier than you would expect! Now we must wait till we reach Hongkong.

“ July third we saw many beautiful islands and a wreck. The great frame of an iron ship lay stranded on the white sand-beach. It was wrecked on a rock six feet under water. We passed within two miles of the rock, but as it was daylight, and the breeze favorable, we were in no danger. Shortly afterwards, we entered the China Sea. The strait which connects the two has three channels. Macclesfield was the one through which we passed. After passing Gaspar Straits and an island of the same name, the really dangerous part of our voyage was over. The Java Sea is full of sand-banks, shoals, and sunken rocks.¹ The water in the Strait of Sunda and in the Java Sea was green,—very different from the deep blue of the ocean. Now that we are in the China Sea it is deep blue again.

“ On the Fourth we crossed the equator at one o'clock ; the two cannon were fired off ; we were treated to raspberry syrup and sponge cake, and wound up the day by the light of a few rockets, and the singing of the ‘ Star Spangled Banner.’

¹ The *Samuel Russell* was afterwards wrecked in Gaspar Straits.

“We have very sudden squalls of wind and rain here in the China Sea. The sailors have to fly around until they have taken in the studdingsails (‘stunsails,’ they are called), and have furled the royals. If the wind blows very hard, the topgallant (‘tugallant’) sails are lowered but not furled.

“On Sabbath, the eighth, Mark preached about Naaman the Syrian. The captain was there, and most of the passengers and sailors.

“Last week the sailors holy-stoned the main deck. This week they have oiled it; have painted the outside of the cabin and the quarter-deck; have tarred the rope ladder, and to-day are holy-stoning the poop-deck. Such a noise over our heads! I feel as if I should go crazy! Ship cleaning is decidedly unpleasant. Yesterday Lyman and Bancroft touched some of the new paint by accident and had to catch it! Mrs. Doolittle and I have done the same, and the captain smiled graciously on us. He takes house-cleaning as hard as any woman, and is very irritable. His rooms and the cabins have been cleaned. Our staterooms happily are left untouched!”

“*July 13, 1866.*”

“We crawl towards Hongkong at the rate of two miles an hour, and have given up hoping to mail our letters this week. We are about eighty miles this side, and with any progress for the last twenty-four hours, worth the name, we would have been there. But we have been so favored throughout the voyage, that there is no ground for complaint. Only we feel a little disappointed about our letters.

“I am sewing instead of studying these days. I have made my summer Balmoral, and the skirt to my corn-colored dress, and have cut out my pink calico. It is

rather of a pleasure to do something of the kind again.

“A few days ago while we were at dinner, a school of dolphins passed at the stern of the ship. There were as many as a thousand of them, the captain said. Many of them were four feet long, and they were quite brilliant in color.

“We have had a good deal of laughter over Smith’s chickens these days. He bought some very young ones in Angier, and they have gone by the name of the ‘humming-birds’ among the sailors. The captain objected to his having them cooked here, saying that Mr. Low was able to furnish the *Sam Russell* with all necessary food. Bancroft and the rest joked Smith about having to carry half a dozen chickens in each hand when going through the streets of Hongkong. But nobody took care of them, and when the tiny things were round the deck, they were trod on, one by one, till but three were left, of which Smith had one for breakfast the other day.

“When in the Java Sea, we passed not far from where the *Alabama* commenced pursuit of the *Contest*. Captain Lucas showed us the places on the chart, telling us all about it.”

“Saturday, July 15th.

“I have been packing this evening, and have everything ready to lock up, so that we can leave them when we go to church in Hongkong, *to-morrow!* We took on a Chinese pilot this afternoon at four o’clock. The pilot boat had two odd little flags, one red and white, which looked like a sweet pea blossom when the boat came near enough for us to distinguish colors. It was the Chinese pilot flag. The other, a square, blue flag with a round, white spot in the centre, is the universal pilot flag, ‘No. 8,’ or ‘Blue Peter,’ by name. Our pilot came aboard with his queue hanging nearly to his feet.

He asked twenty-five dollars, but the captain answered resolutely, 'Ten!' Captain Lucas has been into Hongkong so many times that he doesn't really care to have a pilot, only that it is customary, and Low and Company would probably prefer that he should. 'You no takee ten, I no wantee,' says the captain firmly. 'Cap'n, fifteen!' 'No!' says the captain. Mr. Pilot marches off, and commences to climb down the side of the ship, all the time looking around and studying furtively the captain's expression. The captain turns away, and Mr. Pilot calls out, 'Cap'n! Twelve dollars!' A pause. 'Cap'n! I takee in for ten!'

"I have just been up to see Jupiter's moon, and saw a nice little star by the aid of a glass. Good-night.

"Your

"ISABELLA."

The good ship *Samuel Russell* anchored in Hongkong harbor on Sabbath morning, the sixteenth of July. Hastening from the ship to the nearest Protestant church, the missionary party found themselves the first arrivals among the worshippers. Mr. Williams afterwards commemorated this experience in lines written for his children.

" In Hongkong's port, on Sabbath morn,
We gazed upon the shore ;
Our voyage, days one hundred long,
At length was safely o'er.

" To worship God we were intent ;
By sounds our heads were whirled.
Through narrow streets our steps we bent,
Dropped in another world.

" The worshippers we had to blame,
We left them in the lurch ;
Though fifteen thousand miles we came,
We beat them all to church !"

At Hongkong they were entertained at the Bishop's residence, which seemed like a paradise, with tropical vegetation all about. And here the home letters were mailed at last. It is a matter of interest, in comparing the postal rates of that day and this,—to read the note,—“Only three dollars and twenty-five cents for mailing our letters.”

From Hongkong, up the Pearl River to Canton, and on to Shanghai and Tientsin, they journeyed. Some memories written later give glimpses of their impressions:—“At Canton how narrow and crowded the streets! how clean and blue the people! We visit temples, in one of which, *sacred* hogs wallow in common mire; we go through magnificent bronze and china stores; we visit hills on whose southern exposure are countless graves; and some of our party pass through the leper village. But our chief time is given to visiting schools and making inquiries about hospital and other missionary work. . . . July takes us to Ningpo, where we are again cheered by the progress and growth of Christ's kingdom. When we reach Shanghai under a burning sun, we remember who it is who has promised to be a shelter, ‘a shadow from the heat.’ I see our steamer slowly working up the Pei Ho. Here is Tientsin, a vast city. It is to be our home for a time.”

“*Tientsin, China, Sept. 18, 1866.*”

“DEAR ALFRED AND MARY :

“It is difficult to realize that I am on the opposite side of the world from you. I don't feel as though I were far off, not farther off than Minnesota used to seem from Illinois. I shall not be likely to come back soon, but if I were to go, I should not dread the voyage if we had as good a ship and as experienced a captain as we had when coming here. I think I should enjoy another sea voyage

even more than I did the first. There were many things unpleasant about ship life, but I should know what to expect, and being forewarned is to be forearmed, according to the proverb. There were a great many things which were very pleasant. The pictures of the sea which I have in my memory are worth more to me than all the ocean pictures ever painted. They far overbalance all the discomforts of the voyage.

“If I were an invalid, I cannot say that I should fancy a voyage to America by the way we came. When the railway across the western territory of the United States is finished, it will be a nice excursion trip from New York to Peking. A trip by steamer from San Francisco to Shanghai would be very pleasant. At any rate, it will be nice when our letters won't be more than five or six weeks old, instead of ten or twelve.

“I don't like very well such thin paper as we are using, except when postage comes to be paid. Before long it will be so much less that we shall not need to use such gossamer sheets. It has always been a sort of pleasure to me to scratch out carefully my mistakes in writing,—a recreation, when my brain didn't work freely. I don't have it any longer, and ‘Othello's occupation’ was no greater loss than this of mine !

“I haven't told you the news. Chieh, a native helper, came to Mr. Stanley last week, and with tears in his eyes begged him to leave Tientsin, saying that there was a plot throughout the empire to massacre the foreigners in ten, fifteen or twenty days. This need not alarm you, for if there is anything of it, you would hear by the Russian telegraph before this letter can reach you. Nor need it be cause of alarm in any case, for God will keep us. ‘Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain,’ we have said often to each other at night when hearing the watchman on his rounds. The difficulty has

arisen at Peking on account of the building of a cathedral by the French priests. The spire overlooked the Emperor's grounds, and there was great excitement. Soldiers went up from here in great numbers to tear the spire and the whole building down.'

" October 20, 1866.

“. . . The disease and wretchedness about us are hard to see. I feel sometimes as if it were wrong for us to live in comfort while there is so much misery which might be alleviated. In our daily walks we see numbers of poor, of maimed, halt and blind, in all the streets and lanes of the city. They knock their heads on the ground to every passer-by, hoping to have a cash or two given them. Of course their aim is to look as miserable as possible. Their minds are in worse case than their bodies. 'Darkness which can be felt.' They have no hope for this life nor for the life to come. One poor old woman in Shanghai had been attending the Christian services until she lost all faith in Chinese superstition, but before she had made up her mind to be a Christian she fell sick. She was much troubled about her future state, and consulted the missionary. 'I no kneel to English God; no can go top-side. I no k'o t'ou to Chinese josh; no can go bottom-side. Where I go?'

"We are expecting the mail constantly. Our papers are even more interesting than they were at home. We have the *Congregationalist* and *Song Messenger*; Mr. Stanley the *Independent* and *Christian Herald*; Mr. Doolittle, the *New York Times* and *China Mail*. As for magazines, they're not much good, coming only once in six months or so, by ship. I don't know about continuing the *Song Messenger*. It's nice to get it and know a little still about music and musical affairs, but whether or no it wouldn't be my duty to spend the time on

Chinese, I haven't decided. One mustn't wear oneself out by keeping at one thing always. Still I don't think I'm in much danger of that.

“. . . We are beginning to feel as if we would like to know where we are to be stationed. I shouldn't be surprised if we started for Kalgan in a few weeks. Nor shall I be if we stay here. . . .”

“February 11, 1867.

“. . . We have had a mission meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick came from Kalgan, and Mr. Blodget and Mr. Goodrich from Peking. After the devotional meetings, three days were given to business of which there was any quantity on hand. It was decided that Mr. Williams and I should go to Kalgan for one year.”

Mr. and Mrs. Williams were most fortunate in having Mr. and Mrs. Gulick as their co-workers in these first years at Kalgan. Dr. John T. Gulick is now well known as the missionary scientist of his age. Romanes, the disciple of Darwin, called Dr. Gulick “the most profound Darwinian thinker of post-Darwinian days,” and through Dr. Gulick's Christian scholarship was led back from atheism to belief in God.

“Peking, Feb. 25, 1867.

“Having had my first experience of travel in China, let me tell you something of the journey from Tientsin to Peking.

“Mr. Williams and I left Tientsin in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, our future associates, on Thursday 21st, the anniversary of our marriage.

“Arrangements were made to have carts come for our luggage Wednesday morning, so that there would be time for them to reach Peking before the Sabbath, but the day passed and no carts came.

“The ‘go-between’ said the carts were refractory and unreasonable, but the truth probably was, that while he

had contracted to send us two baggage carts and one passenger cart for 20,500 cash,—about twenty-one Mexican dollars,—he was trying to make the carters go for half that sum.

“The evening passed and we felt disappointment at being obliged to defer our journey till after Sunday. But at midnight the carts came, and were loaded and started off by one o’clock. They probably travelled the rest of the night and till ten or eleven the next morning. This is the Chinese style of doing the thing. A carter don’t care how early he is up, if he can stop at four or five in the afternoon, feed his mules and himself and be asleep by dark. One reason is that robbers are bolder in the early part of the night than towards morning.

“Thursday morning my cart was at the gate, the horses and Mrs. Gulick’s donkey saddled, and I crept into the cart quite wondering what my new method of locomotion would be like. ‘Yih,’ said the driver, and we were off on a trot, jolting over the rough stone pavement.

“The Chinese carts are very heavily and clumsily made. The wheel tires are put on in pieces about half a foot in length, nailed with large spikes, with which also the wood of the wheel is filled to keep it from splitting. The covered part of the cart is generally about four feet long, two wide and three feet high. At the back of mine a trunk was strapped, on the front board the driver’s bedding. Inside there was but a tiny den left for me, as valise, provision box, bandbox, baskets, a feather-bed, two pairs of pillows, some blankets, comforts, shawls, besides a goat-skin rug were arranged to make my ride easy, if that was possible. One gets terrible jolts when riding in an empty cart, but mine was rather too well filled. The driver was a fat, good-natured fellow with back so broad that, except when he walked, I had only an occasional glimpse of anything beside his dirty gray gown.

“The mule in the shafts did all the work while the other, harnessed by long ropes to the right side of the cart, was merely ornamental. It was quite careful to keep the ropes slack. If the driver touched it with the whip, by mistake, it pranced about and broke the ropes. The driver then said ‘Yih, yih,’ in a soothing way, sprang from his seat, patted the forward mule, twisted the ropes together so that they lasted for a few minutes, said ‘Yih’ with a lively tone, and presently went through the same program again. We made no very great progress, but I rather liked occasionally to have a look at the travellers whom we met. There were all sorts of odd-looking people and things. Now there came along a half dozen fat, self-satisfied men on tiny donkeys, and a fellow on a queer sort of pack-saddle, which looked like a sawhorse. Then some military Chinese jolting uncomfortably on horses, and numbers of carts, from each of which peeped four or five faces eager for a sight of the foreigners.

“The Chinese seem to be made of gutta-percha, as an indefinite number can get entirely out of sight in one of these carts. If there is anything to see out come their heads like wads from a pop-gun.

“The driver’s whip was quite a curiosity. A slender cane handle six or seven feet long, spliced loosely in the middle and a small cord for a lash, seemed more for ornament than use. The drivers of our baggage carts had still more surprising ones; they looked like fishing-rods and lines.

“We stopped for lunch at an inn, ordering mutton, and hot water for our tea. A low table was set on the kang,—or Chinese couch,—our rugs laid at its sides, and we sat down to try the flavor of mutton hashed up with a kind of garlic which has so strong a smell that, comparatively speaking, onions have none.

“Mr. and Mrs. Gulick ate with chop-sticks, as they

had learned to do so tolerably well, but the rest of us preferred the barbarous foreign style, as far as we could follow it. We had provided ourselves knives and teaspoons, but no forks. Another proof of our foreign stupidity was, that our taste was better suited by the contents of a tin box filled with such barbarian follies as mince pie, cold chicken, bread and butter, than by celestial food.

“That night we had further experience of life at a Chinese inn. Driving into the large courtyard we were shown rooms, into which our bedding and other things were carried. Then Mr. Gulick shouted ‘Innkeeper!’ ‘Aye!’ ‘Bring face-washing water!’ ‘Aye!’ ‘Prepare fire—heat the kang!’ ‘Aye!’ ‘Bring boiling water!’ ‘Aye!’ Presently a servant came in with two small tubs of warm water, and setting them on the brick floor returned to bring a teakettle of hot water for tea, and an armful of dry weeds and sorghum stalks, with which he made fires in the small fireplaces under the kangs. Air passages are built through these, which generally connect with chimneys. In Peking and its neighborhood, however, none of the houses have chimneys at all.

“When the kangs are not well built they smoke badly, as ours did that first night. So we padlocked the door, and sat in Mr. Gulick’s room till ready for sleep. By that time the fire was out, and the room partly cleared from smoke.

“We thought our feather-bed very nice at first, but the kang was quite warm and heated the bed so that by midnight we were perspiring uncomfortably. Next morning I was as stiff as a bear coming out of winter quarters, and when we started before daybreak, Mr. Williams had to put me in the cart, for I could hardly walk.

“The morning was very long and wearisome. By af-

ternoon I was able to ride a little on the donkey, which I found to have an easier gait than any horse I ever rode. Mr. Williams took my place in the cart, and was as sick as when at sea for a while. A friend of ours had a worse experience. Starting to Peking in a cart she was so sick that she had to walk half the way, and ride on a shaft the rest of the time.

“As I had opportunity to see very little of the scenery between Tientsin and Peking, I have the impression that there is but little to see, especially in the winter. Almost the whole country is under cultivation. Here and there, among the fields, are graveyards. Frequently these are walled, and there are always many evergreens in and around them. These are really beautiful, and are a great comfort to the eye, after seeing such stretches of bare, yellow fields.

“One or two miles apart are the villages of farmers. These are walled with mud or sorghum stalks, or both. The stalk fences are pretty, sometimes, as the Chinese have many ingenious ways of weaving the stalks together. Often one of these fences is plastered with mud, and when a coating of cement is added the wall is strong, and looks quite respectable. The farmers live in these villages for mutual protection against robbers, and they have no houses on their farms. The fields are not fenced, but are marked out by ridges of earth, or sometimes ditches.

“We made a long journey the next day—forty miles—and were rather late in the evening. Just before reaching the village where we were to stop, the driver fell asleep, and the mules took an old road which had been worn away by the river. Over went the cart and mules on the ice. The driver had time to spring off and I to change my position so that the fall did not hurt me. The cart turned almost bottom upwards. The ice didn't break, as I feared it would, but there were some inches of water on

it. I braced myself so that my hands only were in water. Mr. Williams rode up hurriedly, calling out, 'Are you hurt?' and was much relieved to hear a faint 'All right' come from under the bed, pillows, etc. The driver loosed the mules, and Mr. Williams came to my assistance. Finding a foot and a corner of my dress he essayed to pull me out, but I could not stir. Then he got out the feather-bed and me, finally, safe and sound. Had the ice broken the affair might have been serious. Meanwhile the driver had gone to the village for help. We waited there, knowing it was not safe to leave our luggage, and walked to and fro to avoid taking cold.

"After a while we saw lanterns, and heard voices talking all at once, and the men came up. They got the cart up after much tugging and scolding, and then the driver made a long search for a missing string of cash, bewailing his loss loudly.

"Next morning found us none the worse for our night's adventure.

"The previous day we had passed several temples, some of them in ruin, and a few quite picturesque. Saturday we saw many, most of which were neat and pretty. They had fine old trees about them, with rooks, nests in the highest branches. The Chinese take great pains to raise trees and to preserve them. Their idea of beautiful form differs from ours, and many of their trees are pruned so as to make one think of hearth brooms for a giant's castle.

"I was lonely in my cage behind the driver, and Mrs. Gulick wanted me to have a fair look at Peking, so she gave me the donkey. I enjoyed my ride very much. There was a great deal to see,—pretty villages and temples, fine cemeteries, with marble and granite pillars, standing on immense tortoises which were very ugly, and looked quite forlorn. Then there were lions with goggle-eyes,

which were intended to look very fierce, but made a ludicrous failure.

“I had fun with the donkey. She found out that I was not her mistress, and her assinine nature asserted itself. As soon as inside the city gates, she determined to take the sidewalk, instead of the raised cart road in the middle of the street, so that she could start down the side street whenever she pleased. We contended the matter for three miles, being alternately successful. Her plans for having her way were most ingenious. The donkey is belied by being made the emblem of stupidity. They are thought very wise by the Chinese, who assert that they understand the Chinese language very well.

“We were at last inside the great city of Peking. Its streets are wide, so that their appearance is very different from those in southern cities. There are plenty of dirty hovels adjoining fine shops, and as the grandees and respectable, well-fed Chinamen pass through the streets, hosts of filthy, emaciated beggars follow them crying, ‘Have pity, sir.’ ‘Give me a cash.’ ‘Have pity, sir.’

“On reaching the mission premises, we received the kindest welcome possible. Mr. Blodget opened the great doors of Mrs. Bridgman’s house: ‘We must open both the doors to show how thoroughly welcome you are.’”

“*Peking, March 8, 1867.*”

“. . . In preparation for going to Kalgan, we repacked three or four boxes yesterday, and selected Chinese wall-paper, of which we take four thousand sheets, as each sheet is small, measuring only thirteen by eighteen inches. We dined at Minister Burlingame’s at seven o’clock in the evening,—not reaching home until a few minutes before midnight. No wonder I’m tired, is it? We have dined or ‘tea-ed’ out almost every day since we came, and one day we breakfasted out as well! Mrs.

Bridgman and Mr. Blodget have not joined us in all this dissipation, but we have not gone except when they approved of it, and said we had better go. We like the Legation people, but so much visiting is too much. We are asked to sing everywhere we go. The good people urgently press us to bring our music, or else send for it after we come. 'Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan,' is a duet much called for, wherever we go."

"Kalgan, April 13, 1867.

"I shall not attempt a description of Peking, as I saw but few of its sights. Mr. Doolittle describes most of them in the last chapter of 'Social Life of the Chinese' quite fully.

"We spent an afternoon in visiting the examination hall and the observatory, and afterwards drove around the wall of the imperial grounds.

"The instruments at the observatory for calculating the sizes, distances, and movements of the celestial bodies are made of bronze and are very fine indeed.

"Our visit to the examination hall was interesting also. The halls in the various provinces are on the same model, so much so that Mr. Doolittle's description of the one at Foo Chow will answer almost equally well for that at Peking. We noticed that large jars are used here for water instead of wooden troughs, as wood is much scarcer than at the South. There is an artificial hill in part of the Emperor's grounds. It was made of coal a long time ago, as a provision of fuel in case of siege. It is enclosed separately from the palace grounds.

"Going out one evening for a walk on the wall we had a good view of the city. The wall itself is a wonder. Some one said, 'What a genius the Chinese have for piling up bricks and mortar.'

"We were shown the immense iron drawbridge used

over the grand canal where it ran through the city. Very great power must have been required to raise it.

“The yellow tiled roofs of the Emperor’s palaces can be seen from the wall, also the blue dome of the Temple of Heaven. This temple is one of the greatest objects of interest in Peking. It is in the Chinese part of the city. The Manchu city, especially, has a great number of trees, so that the prospect from the wall in summer-time is beautiful. While we were in the city the Emperor paid one of his uncles a visit. For days before, the streets, over which he was to pass, were being put into order, and that morning yellow dust was sprinkled over them. Mrs. Gulick saw the imperial Sedan chairs, the Emperor’s and Prince Kung’s, and five Princes’ carts. The latter are red. There is another difference from the common carts. The wheels are much farther back, so that they are easier vehicles to ride in.

“As the Emperor was returning, a man pressed too near his Sedan. The guards chained him and dragged him away instantly. Undoubtedly he was executed.

“As soon as we could obtain a good Chinese teacher, we left Peking for this city. Mr. Williams and I now had a litter instead of a cart, and found it very comfortable. A litter is something like a sedan chair. It has more room than a cart, and is carried by mules. When a few miles away from Peking and its dust, we breathed free. It is said to be the dustiest city in the world. White clothing cannot be kept white, and I am told can never be made so again after being worn a while there.

“During the first day’s journey we often heard bells which sounded like cow-bells at home, and, looking out under the delusion that we should see a dozen sleek cows feeding in a meadow, there came a line of donkeys, shaking their wise, long ears constantly.

“During the whole of our journey we were in sight of

the beautiful blue hills, and almost always were surrounded by them. The contrast between them and the monotonous plains about Tientsin was delightful.

“The second day we spent going through the Nank’ou Pass, which is about thirteen miles in length. Most of the way was very rough, but we enjoyed our ride in the litter as much as when on level ground. It rocked constantly, but the motion was pleasant, and we were not afraid, knowing how sure-footed mules are.

“Friends had promised us a great deal of pleasure in the scenery of the pass, and it far exceeded our expectations. There was a constant feast for the eye. Here there were immense boulders, and there, huge fragments of rock. Bright little brooks were merrily winding their way between.

“New England is outdone in the way of stones. Both walls and houses of villages, outside and inside the pass, are built of them, and still their number seems undiminished. Deep gorges are full of them; the hills look like solid rock from peak to base, and the road for miles is over boulders wedged tightly together. There is so much travel through the pass that these are worn smooth.

“The inner line of the Great Wall is at the entrance to the Nank’ou or Southern Mouth, and three or four branches cross it. We went through ten gateways. These are double, as is customary with cities. The wall is dilapidated in some places. The gateways are solidly built and in good repair. One was very fine, having much carved work, and inscriptions in six different languages. One of these European scholars cannot read. It was written by Tartars allied closely to the Manchus. In some places there was snow and ice. Near by, the willows were growing yellow, and down in the valley beneath little vegetable beds were quite green. These were the first signs of spring that we had seen. Beggars stand

in the narrowest passes, holding little baskets. When they see any one coming they pick up a stone or two, throw them from the path, and hold out their baskets for cash. This is better than the Peking style, which is to excite pity by looking and being as dirty and miserable as possible. They are thoroughly lazy.

“Cottages are perched by the side of the road, or above it. Some are picturesque and pretty, others have not even the merit of picturesque ugliness.

“Many trains of donkeys, mules and camels passed us. Occasionally the road was hardly wide enough, and the litter had some hard knocks.

“Our day in the heart of the hills was all too short. I felt an impulse to go back and find a cottage among the rocks, where we might tarry for a while, taking the grandeur into our very souls. I cannot give you an idea of the glory of these mountains. The masses of rock lie at all angles to the horizon, often are perpendicular to it. Nature has been both architect and sculptor among the rocks. There were frowning castles, and gigantic statues. Grander than these were her cathedrals, more solemn than any handiwork of man. One felt overshadowed by silence. ‘The Lord is in His holy temple,’ came from the heart to the lips. Truly the place was His temple, and He was present there. ‘The strength of the hills is His’ seemed written on every rock. And the key-note of the whole happy day, an unalloyed song of praise, was ‘As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever.’

“Among those everlasting hills, where God is so near, men had dared to build shrines and temples to gods made by their own hands. One was in ruins. The immense idol was sitting there still, in grinning mockery of Him who is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in

truth. To us who knew of the one true God, everything spoke of Him. Some of the rocks, black and scarred, as if by great convulsions of nature, ages ago, spoke of His power and wrath. Others, mossy and beautiful, or brightly variegated with yellow and gray lichens, had a more cheerful voice. The trees on the mountainside, climbing towards heaven, seemed to speak words of trust. Their roots were clasped firmly about the rocks, and the trunks had clung so closely to them as to hide them in their hearts. By the brooks the early budding trees were merry with birds, whose songs completed the voice of praise ceaselessly going up to the Throne.

“Again and again we passed shrines. Some were high above the road and were reached by stone stairways. There were sometimes inscribed tablets set in the rock below. On some of the temples odd figures and scenes are painted.

“Here and there are brick watch-towers. These are not in the pass alone, but at intervals all along the road. Near these there are invariably five cones, apparently of clay, whitewashed and tipped with red. Figures are painted on them in red, yellow, or both; dragons perhaps, but they look like cats with wings. Once we saw cones painted with two cocks, as many tigers, and a demon instead of the ordinary winged cats. These cones were quite a mystery to us. Mr. Gulick has seen but one man who professed to know what they were for. He said they were filled with combustible articles, so that in time of invasion these should be means for giving signals.

“On the wall and scattered through the pass a number of small cannon are lying. All these preparations for defense are useless now; the wall, broken in numberless places, cannon thrown away, and watch-towers crumbling back to dust.

“The mules had hard tugging when going over the

steepest places in the road, and some of our baggage not being put up properly was injured. A few boxes and trunks were stove in. The bureau lost a leg and came through the fight with a number of honorable scars in front, as well as a large wound in the back.

“After two nights at the inns I became quite deaf. The Chinese say that if any one sleeps with face towards the wall when angry, he will be blind in the morning, but I have not heard how they account for deafness. Thick nightcaps would have been a preventive, but, like Gail Hamilton, my ideal of such articles of apparel had never been realized.

“When we washed our faces in the morning we used cold tea. Noon or night is the time to call for ‘face-washing water.’ In the morning the only thing one can get is hot water for tea, and sometimes that doesn’t come before time to be on the way. Generally, while we were taking a lunch before starting, the man who had charge of our litter was yelling to Mr. Williams, ‘Teacher Horse, Teacher Horse, have your things put in the litter.’ ‘Wait, wait,’ was the answer, which would quiet him for a minute and then he would begin again. As our days’ journeys were all short, we never cared to start before six.

“After leaving Nank’ou we supposed the poetry of the way was ended, and were prepared for the prose of flat plains, but were delighted to find the scenery through which we passed during the next two days often equal to any we had seen before.

“One morning there was a grand sunrise. The purple hills were touched with suddenly dawning day, and their sombre hue changed to rosy and golden lights, all the brighter for dark shadows between.

“Parts of the country are sandy. There were large beds which had been left by the wind wrinkled and waving, like crepe and watered silk.

“The trees are few except where they have been planted near villages. At some places we saw those which had been lately pruned. They were cut off about ten feet from the ground, all branches pruned away, and the top tied up in rags and straw. The idea is to make the branches grow out broom fashion.

“We saw, one day, a heavily loaded wheelbarrow drawn by four men. In the clay bank by the roadside, a beggar, or devotee, had a little cave. He came out when we passed, hoping for something. I felt more like giving money to help the barrow men buy a donkey, for it was painful to see them work so hard. Man’s labor is often worth less than a brute’s. The population is far greater than can really live. Many endure living death, and vast numbers die. Still China swarms with human beings, and it is not strange that they are glad to do the work of brutes. As among bees, there are two classes, workers and drones. Most of the workers make slaves of themselves in order to keep above beggary. The drones include officials, a majority of the wealthy, and the beggars.

“The Chinese value mules and donkeys very much—more than horses in the extreme North. Apparently, they really admire long ears and the donkey’s bray.

“I must not forget to mention seeing at one of the inns a coffin having a live cock tied on it, as is the custom in case of persons dying away from home. Mr. Doolittle says it is for the purpose of ‘luring home the spirit of the dead.’

“The people in some places were very anxious to see us. They ran after our litter, and stooped to peep under the curtains, and after having a long look, would say, ‘Why, it is a woman!’

“One night there was a large crowd of people at our room door, eager for a peep, whenever it opened. There

was a bit of glass window, two inches square, at which some one kept an eye, till I covered it up. Then they thrust holes in the paper windows, and the innkeeper rushed out, very angry,—‘These children! What things!’ The first phrase is a great reproof, but the second far worse, as it is considered degrading to be called a ‘thing.’

“Afterwards two Mongols came in, saying, ‘Mundu, Mundu.’ A lot of Chinese men and boys followed them, and we had the room full of open-mouthed starers.

“Many trains of camels were carrying soda from Mongolia, as we came up. It is in large blocks, of which a camel carries two.

“Thursday we reached the Sandy River, and near it saw a number of inscriptions cut in the rock. As the river was full of ice, we did not cross, but took a road among the mountains, not ordinarily travelled. The scenery was very grand; equal to any part of Nank’ou. The road was steep, and at first, one could but look down, and think of the result of a single misstep. After ascending as abruptly as we had descended, a wonderful landscape opened before us. The horizon was a wide one; and, far as the eye could reach, there were the beautiful blue hills.

“To the left was a sea of sand, whose waves seemed to have been petrified as they were ready to break over the hills in the distance. The nearer shore was bordered by a line of silver, a little river shining in the sun.

“That night we spent at Hsuan-hwa-fu, a fine city, with wide streets, and tile-roofed houses. We saw many memorial arches in a burying-ground adjoining the city. We went out for a walk in the city and Mrs. Gulick and I were much gazed at; many followed us, but nobody was really rude.

“We bought a few hazelnuts, red haws, and grapes.

The nuts would have been good if they had not been gathered long before they were ripe. The grapes were very nice. The north of China is famous for grapes, the soil seems perfectly adapted to their culture. It is sandy, and by no means rich.

“We had nice rooms at the inn. They were in a private courtyard, and we enjoyed that very much. Having no coal fire in our rooms, we slept well. The Chinese use furnaces which send all the gas and smoke out into the room. The gas is very bad, and makes people sleep as if dead.

“The following day we reached Kalgan at noon. The Lord’s hand had led us. He had kept us as under the shadow of His wing.”

III

BEGINNINGS AT KALGAN

“ Oft when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare.
Desert, or throng, the city or the river,
Meets in a lucid paradise of air.

“ Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings;
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things.

“ Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call.
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving!
Die for their life, be offered for them all!”

(To her father.)

“ *Kalgan, May 4, 1867.*

“ I READ your letters over so often that my time for answering them is likely to be small. Yesterday we were busy unpacking. While we were at dinner, a mandarin and his friend marched in on us without any notice. Mr. Gulick took them into our room while the rest of us finished dinner. Then Mrs. Gulick and I played for them. They asked all possible questions, and showed great curiosity, examining everything in the room, and even opening boxes and bureau drawers. It was very wearisome, and they stayed a long time. Then some Manchu ladies came to call. I soon exhausted my stock of remarks, but found some *Harper's Weeklies* which furnished food for their curiosity. I showed the children one of the picture tracts, and talked as well as I

could about the pictures. All night long the Chinese gongs, drums and bells sounded, so I feel quite as if I had used up to-day's strength before the day came.

"I am still looking for my next home letters to hear more of God's work in Beloit. When the Church at home is in earnest, missionaries may look for a blessing in foreign lands."

"June 2, 1867.

"I am like the horse-leech's daughters, crying, 'Give, give!' for I'm never satisfied—never have enough of letters from home. Five weeks ago one came from Alfred; two weeks before, one from Martha; and two before that, one from Beloit, so that I have been quite favored until just now. But I have been looking just as eagerly every day for nearly a week, as if I had not had any for a very long time. The coming of a package of mail is as great an event as it used to be at Lacquiparle. Everything else is put aside if possible, and we thoroughly enjoy a look at the world, and especially at our home worlds. Then we have plenty to talk about for a long time after.

"We are sharing with the Gulicks a little mud-roofed house at the foot of the Bluff. Its court, ten by fifteen feet, is shut up by a high mud wall. How the heat is reflected from the rocks of the mountainside against that yellow wall, and down into our court! It is almost stifling. But we keep up heart, and study diligently.

"Mrs. Gulick is fitting up the new house which is to be theirs, while Mr. Gulick is away touring. You ought to see how ignorant these carpenters are. We all have to consult together about how things are to be done, for the man don't know, of course. You would be amused at their floors and door-sills. The boards are nailed down with large-headed nails, and as two boards are seldom of

a width, they are hacked up this way and that to make them fit. Boards are all *coffin-length*,—seven feet. No other length of lumber is brought here. It comes on camel-back. Mrs. Gulick has had one door made foreign fashion, and it took two men something more than three days! . . .”

“*Kalgan, June 15, 1867.*

“MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA :

“. . . This afternoon Mr. Williams finished his Chinese lesson early, and started off to the Lower City to have glass cut for the doors of our bookcase. So I took my turn with the teacher, making a martyr of myself to the extent of reading eleven hymns.

“Since Mr. Gulick’s going away, Mark is getting to be quite a business man, and has been putting his Chinese lessons into practice. Just now he has gone to the bank to have a bill changed,—a thing he wouldn’t have dreamed of doing a few weeks ago. Our servant is a great trial to me. Just now he passed the door with the *dish-cloth* hanging over his head! His cooking is miserable. There is the large-pot flavor, the small-pot flavor, the essence of dirty frying-pan, and of black dish-cloth, with the taste of garlic and smoke thrown in. There you have a true picture of one very important part of our present life, and one *dark* enough to suit Alfred and Mary. At least the dish-cloths are !”

“*Kalgan, June 17, 1867.*

“DEAR ALFRED AND MARY :

“We are glad to be here in Kalgan, and I am pleased that we are soon to keep house. We enjoyed boarding with the Stanleys at Tientsin, and with the Gulicks here, but I think now that we know enough Chinese to get on after a fashion, we shall learn much

faster when keeping house, since we will be obliged to talk. Mr. Gulick's ideas about the Chinese language have been a great help to me. I don't agree with him in all his opinions about the sounds of the language, but he sets me thinking, and we have many interesting discussions. Mark and I are studying faithfully these days. We are encouraged, for our teacher has praised our *k'ou yin* (our 'mouth-sounds'), and he is very particular not to let any wrong pronunciation pass.

"I haven't given you any very dark pictures of life in China. For the most part I do prefer to speak of pleasant things when I write. As far as concerns myself, if I am unhappy or lonely sometimes, it is no more than one experiences anywhere, and it will do you no good to know it. Whether things are pleasant or not, generally depends on the way one takes them.

"One day when we went to ride, I dug a wild flag out of the mountainside, and I have it growing nicely on our window ledge.

"We are having a board floor put down in the room that is to be our kitchen. Soon we shall be living 'like folks.'"

"Kalgan, July 9, 1867.

"DEAR HENRY :

"You want me to prize your letters very much, I suppose, and so make them like 'angel's visits, few and far between.' If you could see me when the letters come, you would think I was glad enough! Why the day yours and Anna's came, I was so excited that I forgot my thimble, and in consequence lost it,—my only one,—and at night was still so glad that I couldn't sleep for a long time.

"Mark is going out into Mongolia next week to buy a cow, and Mr. Gulick has promised to show him the way.

So Mrs. Gulick and I are going with them for the fun of the thing. I need to go, so as to have a sight of something more than these high mud walls,—at least, it will do me good to go. We are, however, more fortunate than most people in China, with these grand rocks all around us. Mark brings me green leaves and vines from the hills every now and then for bouquets. Sometimes there are a few flowers. I enjoy them ever so much. Once in a while I go and gather them too, but it's rather a hard scramble for me.

“Mrs. Gulick had quite an experience with a horse fresh from Mongolia. He had never seen a manger. So he thought it was meant to put his feet in, and regularly broke it down, every few days, besides breaking the door open, as an alternate recreation. Now he is really half-civilized and behaves pretty well. He has taken such a fancy to the little donkey, ‘Funny Fun,’ that he is perfectly disconsolate if it is out of his sight.”

“*July 20th.*”

“Early Monday morning, the middle of July, we were up, and preparing busily for an immediate start. It quite reminded me of our getting ready for prairie journeys, in former times, in Dakota land.

“Mr. and Mrs. Gulick had a horse and a donkey. We had one donkey, and Mr. Williams hired another for the trip. The Chinaman who let him was to furnish riding-gear. What should he bring but a wooden pack-saddle! It was too late to make other arrangements, so this was fitted to Mr. Williams' animal, which was no easy task. The saddle had, of course, neither stirrups nor girths. The former were improvised from ropes, and the latter voted unnecessary,—considering that we had none, and that they could not be used if we had them. These pack-saddles are very clumsy affairs,

“Mrs. Gulick kindly insisted on my taking her donkey, as it has a remarkable easy gait, while she would ride the one Mr. Williams had hired.

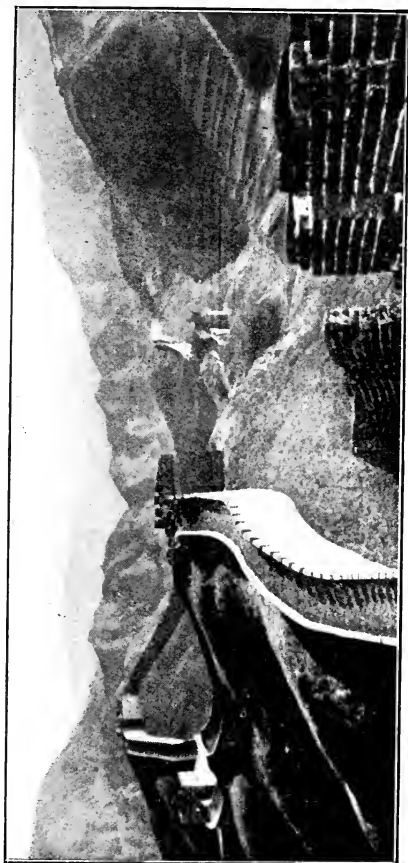
“While the donkeys were being saddled, Mrs. Gulick and I busied ourselves in packing provisions and clothes, and making arrangements for and with the Chinese part of our family. Besides that, Mrs. Gulick’s pets had to be cared for. One boy was to feed the cats, another the eagle, owls and dogs, and the third was to water the flowers; while one was charged not to forget the dove.

“As it was possible friends might arrive from Peking in our absence, I put my rooms in readiness for them, leaving a note and our keys with one of the teachers.

“The last thing was to contrive a way for the cats to have access to rooms where, otherwise, rats and mice would rule supreme. That done, and all the bags and blankets being securely fastened to our animals, Mr. Gulick led the procession out of town.

“We were as happy at the prospect of leaving Chinese books, servants and workmen behind as children are when winter holidays come.

“All went well till we were outside the gate. The horse and three of the donkeys, counting ‘Funny Fun,’ the little one, plodded along, with eyes on the ground, evidently meditating on some profound subject. The ears of the fourth looked very suspicious, and when we came to a steep descent just beyond the wall, he started down at such a pace that Mrs. Gulick was obliged to dismount. When she was seated again, he rushed at full speed in an opposite direction from the one we were to take. He had no idea of going out on the plains while home was so near; and, as there was no bridle, he had matters all his own way for a while. After taking the bridle from my donkey for his benefit, we succeeded at last in being fairly started on our way.



BY THE GREAT WALL

“The pass into Mongolia is by two valleys, through one of which flows a rapid mountain torrent. The other, which we took, has a dry, sandy bed, with rugged hills close on either hand.

“The clouds promised rain, and it came shortly—a pleasant little shower, making everything brighter. No bluer sky ever gave inspiration to an Italian artist. One could not but exult in the vivid sunshine. It was such as you imagine that of tropical regions to be. On such days it is easy to understand why the Parsee clings to his religion.

“The crickets were as happy as we, and chirped as if they had just found voice. We found an odd kind of creature, something between a cricket and a grasshopper. Some had long antennæ and tails, some had the one without the other, while others had apparently been to the wars, and come back without either.

“When dinner-time came we enjoyed our lunch under a tree, and a lot of youngsters, mostly in undress, enjoyed watching us equally well.

“The view at Bamba is very fine. We were climbing up the ridge on which the Great Wall runs. Behind were the blue, blue hills, with dark shadows resting between, and, on either side, wide, beautiful valleys. Before us were towers, rising one above another, connected by the line of ruined wall. As we rode up to the town and out from it, I could not but look beyond the miserable huts, the wan-faced children, the dreary human life, to the beautiful peace of the unchanging hills. So we look from our unsatisfying life on earth to the perfect peace crowning the hills of heaven.

“We climbed up to one of the towers, stepped over the wall, and stood long gazing on both valleys. Beautiful flowers held up their smiling faces to ours. These wild flowers do not seem to love China, and one wearies for

the sight of them. Garden plants apparently accord better with the Chinese nature, for they thrive finely.

“After passing Bamba the hills grew less rugged, and the intervening valleys widened. At last we were fairly on the Mongolian plains. We went on to Sher-pa-tai that night. It was quite a ride for some of us,—thirty miles,—and we were very tired, although the whole day had been one of intense enjoyment.

“The moon was up, and a star out here and there, while the line of light about the western horizon was fading away. The sky above, shedding its calmness over the widely rolling prairies, repaid us well for all the fatigue we felt. One does not appreciate the sky until after being in a city, and especially in a Chinese city, with its narrow streets and small courts. The contrast between being shut up in our little yard, with its high wall of yellow mud and tantalizing bit of blue overhead, and riding across broad, grassy plains, with the whole dome of heaven above, was very great. The week’s ride will be long remembered as one of the pleasant things of life.

“Going to an inn, we found the best room occupied, and were obliged to take a large one, where there was already a party of card players, and from which two other rooms opened. After the players left Mrs. Gulick partitioned off the ‘kang,’ or brick platform for beds, with a sheet, and we were soon soundly asleep.

“Our host and his son occupied one of the rooms opening from ours, and, early in the morning, they were running back and forth through our room. The day was the sixth of the sixth Chinese month—a great festival—and it was essential that the gods should be worshipped in every room of the house. We had undressed but partially the night before, which was fortunate. Still it was a difficult task to complete our toilet, for the silly

young fellow could not satisfy himself with gazing at us. Finally, at an opportune moment, Mr. Gulick shut him into his bedroom, and, preventing the return of the old man by bolting our outside door, we hastily finished dressing.

“Breakfast over, and prayers, we mounted our donkeys, and were off for Borisomo, a Mongol temple some twenty miles distant, wishing to see the religious ceremonies to be performed there.

“We lost the road, and, stopping to inquire at some Mongol huts, found none but women at home. After learning the direction of the temple, we bought some milk and cheese. As each tiny dipperful of milk was poured into our can, they insisted that the cash should be laid on the ground, and did not discover that the sum offered for the whole quantity, at first, was greater than what they received.

“We reached the temple in time to see the chief performance of the day—a masked dance by the priests. *We* attracted as much attention as the dancers; and women crowded around Mrs. Gulick and myself to look at our clothes. Her bead collar was especially admired.

“Their dress was as great a curiosity to me as ours was to them. Many had garments richly embroidered, and very heavy head-dresses. Silver ornaments and beads of coral and many colored stones hang on either side the face, and numbers of showy hair pins looped up their braids behind.

“The leader of the dance stood in the centre. All were dressed in yellow garments. Among the masks were deer and goat heads, frightful human faces, and some quite indescribable. The dance was accompanied by the music of horns, cymbals and drums. The horns were of brass and about ten feet long. Following the circle of dancers came other priests, repeating prayers. They

wore yellow caps, shaped like Roman helmets. Last in the procession came a car containing a female idol. Plates of cheese and apples were set before her. When the car stopped women knelt and crawled under it. The dancers, having passed around the temple, came again into the outer temple court. The horns gave a deafening blast, and the circle formed again for the dance. It was wilder than ever. One by one finished his dance in the centre of the circle, making the most frantic leaps, and then, going into the large temple, laid aside his mask. Afterwards all exchanged their gowns and helmets for every-day garments at the door of a building in the rear. Then the idol was placed in the temple, and, bowing their heads to the ground, all were sprinkled with holy water.

“While Mr. Gulick was gone to distribute books, and Mr. Williams to watch our animals feeding on the plain, a pleasant faced Mongol woman came to me, and by signs asked us to drink tea and sleep at her tent. I assented, and when the rest returned we left the temple. Mrs. Gulick and I went directly to the good woman’s hut. She welcomed us most heartily. We sat by the argol fire, and watched the process of making tea. When the large potful was boiling our hostess put salt, butter, and a quantity of milk into it, dipping up and pouring back the mixture rapidly. Going outdoors, mats were brought, and afterwards bowls of tea, which tasted somewhat like soup.

“After Mrs. Gulick had used up her Mongol, we did not know how to fill up the silence. The best we could do was to sip tea with great apparent gusto, and smile back on our smiling hostess. We were greatly relieved by the arrival of our husbands and a fine looking Thibetan from a neighboring tent. He spoke three languages,—Thibetan, Mongolian, and Chinese,—and was quite intel-

ligent and cordial. He urged us strongly to spend the night with him, but we chose to accept the first invitation.

“After nightfall we disposed of ourselves in the tent on two sides of the fire. The cooking utensils and door were on the other sides. We were ready to sleep, but our hostess and the young priest still sat watching us, although they had offered us their tents, saying they would go to a neighbor’s. There was no room for them to lie down, and we did not fancy being watched; so, after half an hour or more, we suggested that we would not detain them. After other hints, which finally became very broad, they went away, first insisting on closing the hole at the top of the tent and also the door. We should have been smothered by the smoke of the argol fire, if we had not succeeded in having the covering removed from the top of the roof.

“We returned to Sher-pa-tai, and, after Mr. Williams had bought a cow from a Mongol gentleman, Ur-she-ran-ga-rig-go by name, we visited another temple, five miles distant. A Mongol prince resides here. Apparently the family are wealthy, for the temple is quite handsome, and kept in good order. The prince and several of his sons were away from home, but we saw his brother, the priest, and one of his sons, also a priest. The princess and her daughter came into the reception room for a little while. She was a fat, good-natured body, and the young lady was rather good looking.

“We looked at the outside of the temple, and through shutters which were opened for us, but did not have permission to enter. Some of the exterior decorations were very interesting, being plainly after Hindoo models. Chinese architecture decorated with Indian pictures gives a partial clue to the Mongol character. The Mongol is in many ways independent, but in some respects has been, and is still, dependent and easily influenced.

“During our call tea was offered, and our cups filled constantly. We were also served to cheese, and parched millet in some cream. I did not fancy this dish, but being unable to talk was obliged to eat it very industriously, with (I flatter myself) a delighted expression of countenance.

“Mongol cheese is simply the curd of milk pressed out and dried. I was curious to taste some that was quite dry, and rued it very much. I bit off a piece at great risk to my teeth; but a scrap of sole leather would have been more easily masticated. Both ladies were watching me, and I could neither chew the piece in my mouth nor see how to dispose of the long strip in my hand. Of course I gave Mr. Williams a piece, and enjoyed seeing him go through the same perplexity. Finally I succeeded in hiding the rest in my handkerchief, and have it now laid away in one of my drawers.

“I enjoyed the talk in Chinese very much. Mr. Williams and I understand enough to make it a pleasure to listen, generally. One’s mind must be alive and alert to catch what is said, and there is a sort of excitement about it. When I am tired, however, and an avalanche of words comes down on me, as there does if our servants are in a sociable mood, I become utterly discouraged, and at intervals of five or ten minutes say, ‘I don’t understand,’ in a way that ought to touch the feelings of the most inveterate gabbler.

“There are about eighty Mongols living in this village of from twenty to thirty tents. These tents are, in shape, much like the Indian huts of bark. The frame is of wood, covered with felt. They present a picturesque appearance.

“Friday morning Mr. Ur-she-ran-ga-rig-go brought our cow and calf. The cow has very peculiar hoofs,—sled runners, Mr. Williams calls them. He declares they

were of great service in getting her down to Kalgan. The rope was tied to the pommel of the horse's saddle, and when she was tired sliding down-hill on her feet, she varied that exercise by running unexpectedly from one side to the other, and lying down in the middle of the road. The calf behaved nicely, setting a good example both to its mother and 'Funny Fun,' which they did not choose to follow. The little colt donkey amused itself by turning somersaults over the cow's rope, stopping to gaze at the scenery till we were half a mile ahead, and had to go back after it; and then rushing up to us at such a pace that the old cow was quite scared out of the few wits she may once have possessed.

"Our noon resting-place was one of the most beautiful in all Mongolia, I feel sure. There was keen pleasure in the novelty and freedom of the whole week, and our enjoyment of it had been intense, but this was the crown of all. I cannot describe it. The remembrance is like a beautiful dream. Lovely wild flowers at our feet, such as are familiar in home gardens, green fields and grassy hillsides about us; and towering one above another the purple mountains, as far as the eye could reach. The day was perfect, and our pleasure complete.

"We rode in company with several men that day, as well as on previous ones, with whom Mr. Gulick conversed on religious and other subjects. One was very, very urgent that we should visit him; and we should have been glad to do so if there had been time.

"At night we reached a village seven miles from this city, and were again obliged to stop at an inn where there was but one vacant room, and that a small one, having but one kang in it. But by this time we were so well used to new ways of doing things that we very composedly accommodated ourselves to our circumstances.

"Mr. Gulick went out into the village to sell tracts and

preach. He sells books in preference to giving them, saying that one book sold is better than ten given, as it is sure to be read.

“Meanwhile a crowd gathered to see us, pushing holes in the paper windows, after we closed our doors. But we fastened a sheet and shawl at the windows, so that even those who had climbed to the roof to gaze in were disappointed. With a high bench, curtained with shawls, we divided the kang, thus making two rooms. The whole kang was not much longer than an ordinary bedstead. It was somewhat wider, but Mr. Williams had to make tassels of his feet. How Mr. Gulick disposed of himself remains a mystery.

“The next morning, as our picnic was almost done, wishing to make the most of it, we carried with us our breakfast, and stopped to eat it when out of sight of the village. The morning was a charming one, and we felt very happy, sitting in the shadows of the great rocks. There we had our devotions. Mr. Williams prayed that we might live remembering that we were strangers and pilgrims on the earth, journeying to a better country; and that during this pilgrimage we might have God’s presence with us—His arm about us; and that our feet might stand firmly on His promises—those gracious promises more sure than the unchanging hills.

“So we came home, happier and stronger, both in body and mind, ready and eager for work again.

“Your sister,

“ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS.”

“*Kalgan, July 22, 1867.*

“MY DEAR FATHER :

“Did I tell you how forcible the thought you gave me when speaking of Martha’s marriage seemed to me? You wrote :—‘ We are alone again. As one after another

goes away to make a new home, we seem like a tree that has reached its growth, and one limb after another falls off. This is the law of earth. The law of heaven will, I think, not be so.' How comforting the last thought. May we not hope that at last the tree shall stand in Jerusalem the Golden,—complete, perfect, with no branch wanting, none marred ?”

(To her mother.)

“ . . . I feel quite sure that if I keep always before my mind the idea that I must write a letter which will do to show, that you won't like my letters half as well as you do now, and that they won't be half as good.

“ When I came to China, it seemed as if my heart was shut up, and I couldn't learn to love anybody on this side of the sea. I liked people very much, but that was all. But Mr. Blodget did me good : he was so kind and gentle to us all. Then Lyman's death brought us near to the Chapins, and I love them very much too. And now being with Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, I have come to love them dearly. They have been as tenderly kind and careful of me, in all possible ways, as if they were my own brother and sister. You can understand how such tender thoughtfulness touches me now when I need it. My heart needs it, at least. I am so much happier than I was. . . .”

Many years afterwards, Dr. John T. Gulick wrote of their work and fellowship : “ Those were great days in the opening of a new era for China. Hudson Taylor told me that our success in getting into Kalgan and in staying there for permanent work, was a great encouragement to him in his efforts to get into the interior.

“ It was as workers together, with the blessing of God, that we made the beginning. I want to write you some things which abide in my memory of your mother. She was a person to whom each day's experiences came as the

most intense realities, and not as the drifting tide of life. By nature she was deeply concerned with each event that touched her life, and ardently longed for the attainment of the highest ideals for herself and others. With intense sensibilities that were stirred by the sufferings of others as well as by the depressing conditions that crowd in one's own life, a tinge of sadness sometimes crept over her inner life, but when the waves were running high over her own soul, she never lost her tender sympathy for others.

“An insatiable longing for friendship that is never fully satisfied in this life, was one of her marked experiences. She poured out her life for others, and to her has been given the life more abundant.”

“*Kalgan, July 24, 1867.*”

“I professed to begin housekeeping day before yesterday. The fact that we are at last in a home of our own, was made real, yesterday, by the arrival of our guests from Peking, Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich. I think I shall give you a new edition of the history of a day.

“See me fresh and ready for work at five o'clock. Since our Mongolian trip I have felt thoroughly well, and as if made with springs.

“First there were the storeroom and bedroom to be reduced from chaos to order. Everything had been moved in quite hurriedly the day before. The dining-room also was to be put to rights. Tswei Ma, the Manchu woman Mrs. Goodrich had brought from Peking for me, came in, and we worked together. Our methods did not quite agree, however. She preferred to sweep only the middle of the floors, leaving coal under, and behind the stove, as well as bits of paper under the table, and in the corners. I found it necessary to point to each spot, as she could remember but one at a time. She was good-natured

about it all, and I knew beforehand what to expect, so that we got along nicely. I went out to the kitchen on an errand, and saw something there, which I did not expect, however! The night before I gave Tswei Ma a towel, which was to be used for the spoons and teacups. I impressed it on her that she was not to use it for the pots. I explained carefully, that after using it, she was to wash it, and hang it out to dry. My satisfaction on the dish towel question received a sad blow, for as I went into the kitchen, what should I see but the cook washing his ears and neck with the clean, new towel! 'Is that yours?' I said calmly. 'No, it's the dish towel,' was the answer, in a most innocent tone. 'It isn't our foreign custom to use dish towels for our ears,' I remarked, and walked off to recover from my astonishment and dismay.

"Next, the salt-rising bread was to be made and the clothes folded for ironing. Then I changed my dress, and sat down with my sewing for a few minutes, while Tswei Ma made the bed in quite an original way, putting one of the sheets outside of everything else! I think, however, that the good woman has the ability to learn how to do things.

"By this time it was half-past seven, time for Chinese morning prayers. Breakfast came after prayers, as usual. Tsai Yu had fried the beef nicely, and we had eggplant, millet, potatoes and cucumbers. We finished up with bread and milk and stewed apples. I was quite pleased and encouraged with my first housekeeping attempts when Mr. Goodrich declared it was the best breakfast he had had for a long time. Milk is a great luxury to us. At Peking they can buy milk made mostly of water and bean curd, but here we cannot get even that! After breakfast I unpacked my dishes, and wiped while Tswei Ma washed, and then showed her all the places for the

dishes, knives, forks and spoons. After reading the fourteenth chapter of Mark with the teacher, I sent the cook to buy millet, flour and oatmeal. Then the fruit man came, and we bought fifty plums for less than three cents.

“This afternoon I made my bread and ironed. Then I went in to see Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, and played and sang a while. Mr. Goodrich is a fine singer, and plays the flute well. His progress in Chinese has been remarkable. It is quite noticeable how much more easily those who can sing learn Chinese than others do.

“Did I tell you that Tswei Ma is a widow? She has her two little boys with her. We support one and she the other, and both go to Mr. Gulick’s school. They are nice, bright boys. We thought we were surely able to feed and clothe one boy, when Mr. Gulick does it for three, and pays the school-teacher out of his own salary besides.

“Love to all the good Beloit friends.

“Your

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Aug. 1, 1867.*

“DEAR GOOD HOME FOLKS :

“It has occurred to me that if I write you any more letters at present, I shall have to do it before breakfast, as I can generally have a few moments of leisure then. I do not so decidedly need to see to my kitchen folks then, although the cook may forget part of the breakfast until almost eight, and my good woman will certainly leave half the dust at the sills of the bedroom and dining-room, and has not yet succeeded in putting on the bedclothes properly without my help! I flatter myself, however, that she has learned to-day, and will prove herself equal to the task alone, to-morrow. . . .”

“September 21, 1867.

“I have been very happy in getting so many letters from you lately, though I have not shown it by writing much in return. We have been having lively times in Kalgan, in comparison to the common state of things. We have had company all summer, but I have been very well on the whole, and have worked hard enough to keep so. With two servants, one would think I would have nothing to do, but it's very far from that. If I had our house in Beloit to live in, I could live more easily, doing my own work, than I do here with two servants. Our man does as well as he knows how, although he sometimes cooks execrably. But Tswei Ma is as lazy as the laziest !

“If there is a Dakota Dictionary to be had, and papa does not think it extravagant for me to have it, I should like to buy one. The grammar of the language is something about which I am often questioned, and there are a number of missionary gentlemen who would be interested in comparing it with the Mongol, Chinese and Thibetan.

“Mr. Blodget goes back to Peking in a few days. Dr. S. Wells Williams and his wife may go next week. When they are gone it will be so lonely that we shall have to clean house to divert our minds !”

On September 25, 1867, a baby girl came into the home at Kalgan. Mr. Williams wrote on the twenty-sixth :—

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER RIGGS :

“Yesterday a little daughter came to us. The youngster has just been weighed,—seven pounds. As to the appearance of the child, I will tell you that she is rather good looking. We remembered that the day was Henry's birthday. As the baby is a girl, he escapes having her named after him, but we have done the next

best thing,—we intend calling her Henrietta. The whole name is to be Henrietta Blodget, so that she may be considered also as named for Rev. Henry Blodget, who, as pioneer of the North China Mission, deserves to have all the babies named after him.”

On November 22d, Isabella wrote to her mother :—

“I must tell you some of the compliments my baby has received. Our washerwoman says she is *hao ti li hai* (equivalent to ‘terribly nice’)! Tswei Ma says, ‘Why, she looks just like our babies!’

“Mr. Blodget has just sent her the cunningest of knit socks,—blue and white,—and a soft ball. I sent to Tientsin for calico for a dress, but Mrs. Stanley misunderstood me, and has sent me some *curtain* calico, very pretty and nice, to be sure, but hardly the thing for this winter’s wear! We are just back from a walk. I mean to go out nearly every day, so as to keep well for baby’s sake.”

The following letter was written to Miss Naomi Diamant, her roommate at the Western Seminary, and afterwards her lifelong friend and associate in the Kalgan work.

“*Kalgan, Dec. 4, 1867.*

“You would enjoy sitting by this nice coal fire with me. I know I should have to talk about the baby, and ask you about your school, and there are ever so many things you would want to know. The baby is a great comfort to me. I have not been so well for a long time as I am now.

“If you were to take a walk with me this afternoon, you would see a great many strange things. Red-faced Mongols dressed in skins, bouncing between the two humps of their camels, or galloping on restless horses

ahead of long trains of soda carts, tea-laden camels, or perhaps a great flock of fat-tailed sheep. While we wait for them to pass, we can look about us. Opposite, across this lane, is a melon stand. Perhaps you are Chinaman enough to have a piece. I am not. If you are, save the seeds and throw them into this willow basket, and the man will have them salted. Then after a while his little boy will carry them around with peanuts, salted apricot kernels, and hickory-nuts, so that you may pay your cash and get them back! Yonder are carts of green oats and hemp-seed cake. We feed our cow on these. The oat crop has been a failure, and oatmeal has gone from two and a half cents per catty to four or five. Poor folks have to confine themselves to millet. Wheat flour they cannot afford, as that is five to six cents per catty.

“Here comes a man with dusting brushes made of chicken feathers, and there across the street is one carrying a quantity of pots and teakettles of a cheap earthenware. A pot large enough to cook for our family I can get for four or five cents. A pint teakettle will cost one and a half cents. They are very easily broken.

“Walk up the street, and we shall see yonder, a boy who is cobbling shoes. The shoes are of cloth, not leather. ‘What are those open furnaces for?’ Those are the travelling kitchens. You can have a bowl of bean curd, rolled flour, or some other equally delectable stuff. Here are twelve cash if you want to try it. Look around you. Here right out in the street is everything imaginable spread out for sale; cotton cloth, shoes, second-hand clothing and bedding, peas, persimmons, nuts, red haws, and radishes. There is a load of *chou mei* (poor coal). I see it has been plentifully watered, so that eighty catties will weigh 100. We’ll not buy, as we’ve been cheated once that way this fall. We usually get very good coal, and it is cheap, much more so than at Tientsin

or Peking. We are paying for our coal only thirty to thirty-four cents (in silver) per hundred catties (133 pounds). Other kinds having less smoke are sixty to eighty cents per hundred. They are better for the Chinese, as most of their fires are open, letting all the smoke into the room, but we can use the cheaper kind in our stoves.

“The camels have passed, and we’ll go and make Mrs. Gulick a morning call. ‘Why, you go about here as if you were at home!’ Yes, it is only a three minutes’ walk. I should not wish to take long walks alone, though I don’t know that it would be unsafe. Mr. Williams was telling me the other day that he had been to what is called the Wolf’s Den, a little temple on the mountains near us. The story of the Den is this. A man wishing to commit suicide built this temple, dedicating it to the wolves. He represented that people about to kill themselves would do well to follow the example he was intending to set, and do so in this temple where the wolves would be sure to eat them. This would be meritorious, as the wolves would be less hungry, and less likely to eat men who still enjoyed gathering argol, or begging in rags for their living. The truth of this struck a good many, and suicides became so fashionable that the town officials were obliged to issue a law forbidding people to kill themselves in the Den.

“We have a little orphan boy with us now, and think of taking another. The boy goes to Mr. Gulick’s school. Mrs. Gulick is one of the kindest of friends. Indeed, one could not find better friends than she and Mr. Gulick are to us. This is a matter of real gratitude. God has been kinder to us than we expected, in more ways than this one.

“You say my letters are a comfort to you and you need them. Somehow I had forgotten that anybody

needed my letters. I know I need yours, and those of other friends, but had not thought of the other side of the matter.

“While I write this last, I am sitting on the *kang* by the window, to catch the last light of the day. It is only four o'clock, but twilight comes early within these high walls.

“God bless you and good-bye. . . .”

“*Kalgan, June 18, 1868.*”

“DEAR ALFRED AND MARY :

“Yesterday I finished reading Matthew in Chinese. I feel quite encouraged. . . . Mr. Williams has gone down-town to change a ‘shoe’ of silver. I wish I could send you a Chinese bank bill, but I think I’ll have to wait for a bank to break !

“We have green vegetables now, radishes, cucumbers and string beans. To-day the first apricots came in. They will be very abundant by and by, but are not a very valuable kind of fruit. Where British soldiers have been stationed on the Mediterranean, apricots are called ‘Kill Johns.’ I hope some one will be a missionary to the fruit trees here in China some day, and graft on some really good fruit.

“I get up in the middle of each sentence to see the baby. I had her by me in her chair ; but she would throw all her playthings on the floor, so I’ve put her in the crib. I have to go to her every few minutes, for like Dagon, she falls on her face, and can’t yet get up herself.”

“*Kalgan, Nov. 8, 1868.*”

“DEAR ANNA :

“. . . You asked what I sing in the ‘Coronet.’ Only our old favorites. ‘Sheridan,’ ‘Evening Star,’ and ‘Farewell, Father’ are past their time with you, but we

in China move more slowly. 'Sheridan' was called for constantly at Peking and Tientsin. It has a ring to it that stirs folks up.

"I haven't read 'Felix Holt,' nor have I read any other story for a long time. My novel reading has been done, or rather is not to be done, I think. Babies and books of that kind don't agree for the most part. You mustn't think I've become painfully good. I haven't forsworn such reading entirely, only just now I must learn Chinese and take care of my house and baby, and after that, maybe I can have a girls' school, or do something else for the Chinese. If I should have time, ever, and have a good story, I'll read it.

"I've taken the baby over to Mr. Gulick's twice, lately, and have gone out donkey riding. It has done me good. I feel better every time, and am much stronger than when I wrote you last. . . ."

"Kalgan, Nov. 14, 1868.

"DEAR HOME FRIENDS :

"The afternoon of the day we sent off our last home letter there came a vigorous ring of the old cow-bell which does duty at our gate, and in came an 'expressman' with two girls from Peking. They bobbed to the ground and up again, asked if I had eaten, said it was cold, and that they had come to read, all in the same breath. They go by the name of the 'Topsies' with us. The younger one out-topsies Topsy sometimes, in my opinion. Such a case! They were street beggars in Peking.

"The next event was the arrival of my box,—the box! The Dakota Dictionary I have hardly seen yet, as Mr. Gulick said it was just what he wanted, and carried it off that night. I like the music Anna sent me very much. The footstool is famous. So nice to have a bit of your

home carpet! Baby's napkin-ring is laid away at present. When she is considerably older, it will come in use. My aprons please me much. I like the alpaca apron with its red braid. It is nice to be gay once in a while. 'Kathrina' I enjoyed soon after opening the box, and shall enjoy it again. 'Snow-Bound' I have read before, and wanted a copy. Here it has come, truly the reward of virtue, for last year I self-sacrificingly marked it off the list of books we sent for. I haven't made the dress mamma sent Henrietta, but will before long. It will be her best dress this winter. Tell Mary the brilliant will become the baby beautifully. Imagine her in it next summer. Then the lamp-mat! I wanted one, but I am afraid I shall be too choice of this to use it, as I am of the iron-holder and clothes-bag Cornelia gave me when I came from home. I never allow any one but myself to use that holder!

"Mr. Williams has a weakness for nice neckties, and he wishes me to say '*Hsieh Hsieh*' ('Thank you'), which I will say to every one of you. Mrs. Gulick said she must at least write you a note, mamma. She was greatly pleased with your gift.

"Coming in tin, everything was as nice as possible. I cannot mention everything, nor tell what good all did me. You must imagine it. Robbie's pins are especially acceptable, as I left America with but two or three papers. 'Daily Light' I have begun to use, and promise myself much profit from it."

"November 16th.

"I wrote on Saturday night, when very tired and sleepy, though very eager to begin my month's story.

"Since the home box came, our books, canned milk, potash, and coal-oil arrived. Everything in good order; one lamp chimney only, broken. We are too busy to

read much. I take an occasional peep at a book when holding Henrietta.

“I have been trying to sew all the time lately. Am busy with Mark’s clothes at present ; mending coat-linings, putting on braid, washing coat collars, and last week I spent two days in making him a pair of trousers. I thought of getting a Chinese tailor, but while Mr. Goodrich was finding one, I got them done. The tailor would have done them badly, and charged two dollars or more.

“I have a woman here daily to help about making the children’s winter clothes. We have five Chinese children, and one of our own,—something of a family. The eldest girl makes her own clothes, and helps a little about the rest.

“I took our girls for a cart ride one day. We went to Gulick’s Glen, and climbed up to the Caves. The girls were not used to climbing, and it took them so long to go and return that when we came back to the mouth of the valley, our cart had gone. There was nothing to do but walk home. We marched along, through sand and water, too much in earnest about getting home to pick good paths in the dark. A great many men passed us, but none molested. We reached the Great Gate, which was closed, of course, at such an hour. I told the circumstances, offered two hundred cash, and we got in without difficulty, reaching home so thankful that our rather perilous adventure had ended safely. Mr. Williams would have gone with us, had he not been so busy overseeing workmen at our new house. He has succeeded in renting the *Pei Kuan Yin Tang* house which we have been trying to get all summer. It is rented at the following rates :—two hundred dollars down, sixty next year and the year after, and after that, one hundred dollars per year, paid quarterly. Mr. Williams is having some papering and bricklaying done, and two rooms are to

have board flooring. We expect to move in the last of this week.

“The Topsyies have marvellous appetites. Besides doing wonders in their own dining-room, they help eat my bread so fast that I have to bake twice as often as formerly. This will never do! I will watch them, hoping to teach them better things.

“It is half-past nine. My last loaves are to come out of the oven in a few minutes, so good-night.”

“November 18th.

“My girls are all sitting in the room, sewing. The three younger ones are expected not to talk for a little while, until I finish writing. This letter has not had a fair chance. The best time which I have taken for writing was the other night, when baking, as my greased fingers testify on these last sheets. When we begin to use our big stove, baking will be a shorter process than now, when I can bake but two small loaves at a time.

“Baby has not come in for her share of the letter yet. Her vocabulary is entirely Chinese. She says ‘Dou-ba’ (‘Let us go’) and has some idea of what it means. Show her a pin or a needle, and you will hear ‘Da, da,’ imitating *dja* (to prick). Hsin Ching spent half an hour teaching her to say it. I hear ‘ba ba’ in the cutest tones possible, whenever she sees Mr. Williams.

“The three little girls are washing dishes at the table by which I write. They have their new wadded garments on, and look very nice. When they don’t talk over much, I call them my *pao pei-ers*, ‘precious pearls’! They will behave well a long time to be called that. I have had to whip Topsy very severely several times. We think we shall like both girls very much when they are *tamed*, however!

“Mr. Williams gets on well these days with his work-

men. He is growing to be such a business man, that I am quite proud of him.

“I am having a splendid opportunity to learn Chinese, with these five children in our home. If I don’t learn to talk well, it will be my own fault, or because I am stunned by such volleys of words as are fired at me constantly.”

“*Kalgan, Dec. 19, 1868.*”

“DEAR ANNA :

“Mrs. Gulick wants me to send for a *lot* of machine needles, so that she can break as many as she pleases !

“It is eleven o’clock, and I am at last ready to write to you. The mornings begin before six with us. Mr. Williams gets up first, makes the fire, and goes out to milk. While he is gone, I dress and clear up the room, and dress the baby. Now that Wu Ma is sick, I fold the bedclothes, and spread the table, besides frying meat or heating gravy, if we haven’t cold, baked meat on hand. Then the cook brings in rice, millet and potatoes and we have breakfast at eight o’clock. I am hungry at seven, but the cook can’t possibly get ready any earlier than eight. After breakfast we have prayers. Then the younger girls wash our dishes, while the oldest one prepares their breakfast. I watch them sweep the floor and dust : then I study, sew, or attend to things in general. This morning the washerwoman’s husband came for the clothes. I do not have our washing done at home now. We furnish a tub, wash-board, soap, and fuel for heating water, and have our washing done for six cash, or one half cent a person.

“Next I put a piece of meat thawing to bake for tomorrow, and sat down to write. My ink will not work, but I struggle on. When moving, all our ink was frozen, which is a great misfortune to those who have to read our letters.

“Baby is wearing Chinese shoes now. Hsin Ching made them for her of some bits of black cloth, with white soles and blue edge. They are wadded, and very nice for cold weather, but not easy to walk in. She has to stay on the bed in our sitting-room as we have no board floors, so she has no chance to learn to walk. Hsin Ching has made her a very pretty wadded garment, bright blue, with gray lining and black edge. Our teacher and all the rest of the Chinese shook their heads over her ‘foreign clothes’ and prophesied that unless I let her be dressed according to the fashion of the country, she would die. They were all so pleased when she had the new gown on, and predicted that when she is grown she will not wear ‘foreign clothes’ at all.”

“*Kalgan, Jan. 5, 1869.*”

“DEAR MAMMA :

“Do you not think that parents whose children reach heaven will have a joy unknown to others? When all are gathered about them there, what rapture to fall at the foot of the throne, saying, ‘Behold, I and the children which the Lord hath given me.’ A father and mother could well afford to spend a whole life of privation and misery, if, in consequence, those souls which are, in a most tender and precious sense, their own,—their very own,—shall one day join them in praising their Saviour Jesus.

“I think more of death and heaven than ever before, and with much pleasure at times. I do not look at the repulsive aspect of death, but at the joy that will be revealed. Grace to bear the thought of separation and decay will come with the dying hour. Until that time, it is our privilege to look beyond all that is painful, and fearful, and which will last but for a moment,—to the exceeding weight of glory. I have realized lately with

startling distinctness the fact that we are all to pass away, leaving our places to be filled by others. I felt it as one feels the ticking of a clock,—the beating of the heart,—when all around is still.

“Such realization of eternal things should not be allowed to pass without producing fruit in the life. I ought to be more patient, more charitable, more loving. As yet I have made but slow advance.

“What you wrote of Cornelia touched me very much. Oh, that all your children and your children’s children may meet you in heaven !”

The mother never received this letter, for before its coming, she had gone to that heavenly home, to await her children there.

“*Kalgan, Jan. 5, 1869.*”

“DEARLY BELOVED :

“Happy New Year, Happy New Year! We are so eager for our next letters from home,—eager to know where Alfred and Thomas go. I think so often of our missionaries among the Indians; of the native preachers; of the schools. Now and again my heart fills with special sympathy and desire for their good.

“I left my writing yesterday to baste sewing for Mrs. Tsai, look after the baby, and finally to attend the Chinese meeting, taking my brood of Chinese children under my wing. This is our Week of Prayer. Mr. Goodrich led. He preaches and talks incomparably well. I know enough of Chinese to know that. We are in the midst of some pressing fears and anxieties about our oldest girl. Such fears as make one silent before God, with an unspoken petition lying always in the heart. I love her, and have hoped that she was a Christian. So I still hope.

“Baby is learning to talk, every day, chiefly in Chinese. She is a dear little treasure. She looks very

festive to-day in her new dress, mamma's gift, which I am letting her wear with some good, big aprons, while her Chinese dress is being washed. Baby delights in standing alone. She does it on the bed, and in Chinese shoes, which is something more than standing on the floor.

“We have had pictures painted for the panels of the door between our bedroom and this room. They represent the four seasons. One is quite pretty, lotus flowers and leaves. Adjoining, is the panelled woodwork making the China closet, which is to have texts of Scripture instead of the Chinese classics which fill the panels now.

“There is a Mohammedan rebellion seven hundred *li* from here. I hope it will not prove formidable. All sorts of idle rumors are afloat. A man died in the house adjoining ours. His friends attribute his death to our being here.

“Baby had a lovely Christmas Day. She was radiantly happy over her flaxen-haired doll, her box of alphabet blocks, her book about the ‘kittens who lost their mittens,’ and her toy from ‘Uncle Thompson.’ Mrs. Gulick invited us to dinner on Christmas Day, and we invited everybody for New Year's. We had chicken pie and venison. Dinner at three, and they all spent the evening. Mr. Williams has just bought two nice deer; very cheap. They are splendid eating. The Mongols bring them in to sell in the winter season. We can also get pheasants now and then.

“We have begun to use our coal-oil and new lamps. It is delightful to have a good light with so little trouble. The sesame seed and linseed oils which we have been using, as the Chinese do, are so glutinous and dirty.

“We have just ordered forty pounds of Buriat butter through our Russian friend, Mr. Gazanoff. It is made without salt. The Buriats are Mongols who have settled

down under the Russian government, and become converts to the Greek Church. The butter is nice for shortening, and only costs us nine cents per English pound."

" *Kalgan, Feb. 1, 1869.*

"MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA :

"I was indeed glad to have the letter about the little lad. I know he grows to be more of a treasure and blessing every day. I wish you had some of my new books to read, while you sit with him in your arms. Have you the 'Daily Light'? I usually have mine at hand while holding baby, and enjoy the reading of it. Then I have the Gospel of John, in large print, which is very convenient. It was given me by Mr. Thompson. Since studying Chinese my eyes have sensibly changed in their habit, and are unwilling to read anything but large print, if it can be had. When I was a child, I liked diamond type; now I never look at it, except when absolutely necessary.

". . . I have a sewing woman from Yu Cho in training nowadays. I have tried several women before, but it was more trouble than it was worth to teach them, and *then* they were not taught! For what we call a day's work we pay eighty to one hundred cash. (One hundred copper cash are sometimes equal to ten, and sometimes to eleven cents, according to the rise and fall of silver.) My chief reason for employing Mrs. Tsai is not, however, that she may sew for me, but that she may teach me the Yu Cho dialect, as we hope to go down there a month from now.

"Our Chinese girls are learning to cook for themselves. I see that the vegetables which they need are bought for them about once a week, and Hsin Ching comes in twice a day for their allowance of rice, millet or oatmeal. My great problem these days is to keep the four girls

from quarrelling. If it were not for that, I really would have some leisure for study. As it is, I have two or three of them with me all the time, and so keep a peaceable family. After I send them to bed, they take a bout at it frequently. I have to whip the two Mongols very often and very severely for lying, stealing, and disobedience. Yet there is much good in them, I believe. Hsin Wu loves the baby very much. The happiest times in the day to her are when she has a teacup of rice and milk, and is feeding Henrietta. Hsin Ching, too, has a kind heart, if you know how to find it. She is the most meddling child I ever saw, but she has a pleasant face and voice, and her animal spirits no slights or punishments can damp. The work which I have before me for these two is no little thing."

(Written on the same day to her father.)

". . . I read your letter to Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, and they were greatly interested in the progress among the Dakotas. They think of going into Mongol work, and as the Mongols seem to be somewhat like the Indians in their scattered mode of living, the missionary work among them may partake somewhat of the same characteristics.

"A point which is of special interest with us now is the plan for entering the province of Shansi, and taking it as an especial field for our mission. Perhaps some one may come out who would be willing to come to Kalgan, but not to go to the regions beyond. In that case, it may be our place to go. Most of the province of Shansi is a very fine country, so we are told.¹

¹Though Mr. and Mrs. Williams never left Kalgan for work in Shansi, yet more than thirty years later, in 1903, their daughter Mary, with her husband, Dr. W. A. Hemingway, helped to reopen the Shansi Mission, after the tragedy of 1900.

“I left my writing to look after the bread and the baby. Then after cutting a leg of mutton for the girls’ weekly allowance, and ordering for them a catty of bean sprouts, four pieces of bean paste, five cash worth of onions, and the same of *chiang* (a kind of sauce), I am ready to write again.

“We have had an old lady pensioner for some time. She has been treated very cruelly by her grandnephew’s wife, with whom she is staying, so we have helped her to go back to relatives in Peking. When I spoke to her about the Saviour, she said, ‘Don’t be afraid. I shall never forget those two names, Heavenly Father, and Jesus.’ I hope she never will.

“Not long ago we had a visit of a very interesting character from four men, living fifty miles distant. They came for books, saying that some generations back, the head of the family had renounced his idols, declaring they were false, and urging his children to seek the truth.

“Yesterday I took the girls out for a cart ride. We went down to the Lower City, past the soldiers’ encampment, to our new chapel ; then into the business part of the city, to see the gay New Year’s pictures on every shop window.”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 4, 1869.*”

“DEAR MAMMA :

“We were made very happy by receiving home letters to-day. I congratulate you on the completion of your rag carpet, but wish I could have sent you a Chinese woman to sew the rags for you, at eleven cents a day. It would have saved you many a backache.

“. . . It has been in my heart, and every year I have felt more strongly, that, to sum it up,—the whole of life is not simply to be thought well of by others, to make a comfortable living, to be surrounded by pleasures ;—it is to do God’s will, to do the work He gives us.”

In March, 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Williams made a tour to Yu Cho, leaving Baby Etta in Mrs. Guliek's charge. The trip was a hard one, made on donkey back, through the dust and cold. Coming to swollen rivers, they were carried over on men's backs. It was pioneer work, not without its dangers. Once, passing through a crowd gathered before a theatre, the stones began to fly, and the mob followed them, until an old man intervened in their behalf.

In Mr. Williams' diary of June is written, "When I came home from chapel to-day, baby came out of the bedroom saying, 'Mamma *k'u*.' Letters had come telling of her mother's death."

A month later he wrote:—

"Isabella has typhus fever. We think she must have taken it from a woman who came in to sew. There have been many calls from the sick, and she has been going to the Lower City almost daily, riding in the sun. This last month has been a hard one, since the news of her mother's death."

In a letter of July twenty-seventh he wrote:—

"DEAR FATHER RIGGS:

"Isabella is recovering. For days I thought she could not live. I watched with her night and day, for there was no one else. Baby was with the Chinese. The Gulicks were sent for from Yu Cho, and with their help she passed the crisis. The fever has left her, and she only needs time to get strong. As soon as she is able, I hope to take her away from the noisy scholars and the heat of the city, out to the Mongol Plains."

On the twenty-third of February, 1870, Isabella wrote to her sister Anna:—

"Looking over my boxes, I find some things still with

the labels Mark pinned on them last summer, when I divided out my little treasures.

“Perhaps you may care to read some fragments which I wrote on my birthday, day before yesterday.

* * * * * *

“In severe illness, return to health depends on many circumstances, any one of which being altered, the result is also changed.

“When I was sick last summer, had I not passed out of the severe mental conflict between the desire for life, and the belief that death was certain, life could not have been long continued. And if this belief had not been replaced by the strong contrary conviction, and above all, by the close presence of Jesus, which in itself was life,—recovery would have been impossible. After the scale was turned, everything was life to me, as before everything had been death.

* * * * * *

“Some things should be told only to God. If you speak of them to an earthly friend, though the present relief be great, a sting will be left behind.

* * * * * *

“ ‘Why should a man observe the day of his birth? If he could know the day of death, that would indeed be worth honoring as a festival.’

“Can a Christian speak thus? The day of birth gave him entrance to a life which will at last be exchanged for an existence of perfect blessedness. The unbeliever or heathen may curse his day, but not the Christian. If one does not rejoice at having been brought into the world, he cannot be joyful at going out of it.

* * * * * *

“ ‘How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!

how great is the sum of them ! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand.'

“The insect of a day, so curiously and wondrously wrought ; the lasting mountain, which has been the birthplace and grave of myriads upon myriads of generations of these tiny creatures ;—all things, from the atom in the water-drop to the grandest system of worlds in the universe,—all are thoughts of God. Every human being on the swarming street is one of God’s thoughts. Were the universe of matter destroyed, it would be of less concern in His sight than the death of one of these souls. Alas, that these once beautiful living thoughts have been so tarnished and debased by sin ! The immortal principle might have soared to the farthest skies. Behold, how it delights to grovel in the very dust !

“Were I a minister, I should have been glad to write a sermon on that text. I wrote this after coming in from a ride through the streets, as a result of my thoughts on the way, but it did not please me entirely, and I could write no more.

* * * * *

“The *Ta Niang* is combing baby’s flaxen hair, and the little maid is laughing, prattling and singing merrily the while. The aforesaid ‘Elder Mother’ (our servant’s wife) had a holiday week at the Chinese New Year, during which I took care of baby’s little *bien tzus* (braids), myself. I keep the *Ta Niang* busy with sewing. Yesterday she made a pair of trousers which are for a poor, blind cripple, and helped one of the girls make herself a pair of shoes.

“We have enjoyed the music-box which was given us by Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich. Perhaps you may care to read the note I wrote to them.

“‘The music-box continues to be a delightful companion. I feel quite well acquainted with it now, and it

never scoffs at my moods, but seems to sympathize with them instead. It seems to have a great variety of moods and feelings itself, so that is not strange. Sometimes it bids one dance, but as I do not know how, I go about dusting my rooms to the rhythm of the music. A poor substitute, some would say, but it answers my purpose well. As I listen to the songs, like drops of water which have but found their voice, day after day the same ideas have been suggested, and I have written them down.

“ ‘It has a voice of childhood, eager and yearning. It speaks, too, of the dreams of youth,—bright youth which laughs to scorn impossibilities. It tells of the weary doubts and dumb griefs of later years, but also of their comforting hopes and inexpressible joys. It brings to remembrance the cross-workings of life, and then silences distrust with the thought “In Jesus Christ, all contradictions are reconciled.” It lifts the soul above strife and discontent to a calm mountain top from which, on fair days, there is a clear sight of Mt. Zion. With exultation she sees the end of pilgrimage, and knows that last hour to be supreme in its triumph, perfect in its joy.’ ”

* * * * *

“ *February 25, 1870.*

“Mr. Williams and Mr. Thompson called on the Russian postmaster at the Russian New Year. They were entertained royally. One of the dishes was a hash made of meat and sugar!

“Baby is very fond of the parched beans which we buy for her. Mr. Williams always helps me undress her at night, and then holds her by the stove. She hugs the stovepipe, and says, ‘Lo (love) To-pi-tza.’ See what a little Chinese she is! She has heard the children on the street call out, ‘The little Mohammedan! See her blue eyes!’ until she insists that her eyes are black. She is

very positive on that point! She shows her papa and the teacher her pretty yellow braids every morning, and courtesies to the teacher, for which she expects his keys as pay. When our servant went away this morning, she wished him *I lu ping an* ('Peace on the road') very nicely. She is a busy little body, ironing, washing, cutting paper, or pretending to read, all the time.

"Your letters brighten me up, and make me feel fresher and younger. I need to feel so.

"With love always,

Your

"ISABELLA."

"*Kalgan, March 11, 1870.*

"DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME :

"We are busy these days, preparing to go to mission meeting. I have not been well this year. The fever last summer, and the loss of the babe, broke my health. I have been very much downcast, but now feel as if I have some reason to hope that by being careful of myself for a year or so, good health may be established once more. Caution about working, writing or studying will be essential, and that is very distasteful to me. Just now I do almost nothing, and it is hard. But I have a great many things to be thankful for. Baby is well and so is Mr. Williams. This is a great comfort."

"*March 19, 1870.*

"Mrs. Gulick's Ma Ta has lung fever, and we have almost given up the idea of going to mission meeting. Mr. Williams with Mr. Thompson left yesterday for a tour to Yu Cho and vicinity. Baby misses him sadly. She cried for him the first thing on waking this morning.

"Did I ever send Alfred the music of some street cries which I had written out?"

"I have just finished reading 'Ecce Homo,' and it has done me good,—stirred up thought."

“ *March 23, 1870.*

“ I remember this is papa’s birthday. Yesterday was a solemn anniversary. I could rejoice as well as weep, for the remembrance of our mother’s death filled my thoughts through the day. We can thank God now that her battle was fought, her victory won, a year ago. As for the rest of us, the time is not yet come.

“ ‘ What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said
“ Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God ! ’ ”

“ Sometimes the bread is no longer bitter, but sweet. Sometimes the bare and bleeding feet walk no longer on the flinty road. ‘ He leadeth me in green pastures.’ ‘ He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.’ ”

“ *March 24, 1870.*

“ I am sorry Mark did not have time to write you before he left for Yu Cho, for since I happen to have a list of the things he has been writing about lately, I’m sure he might have given you a very interesting letter. You may judge from the list.

“ ‘ One day in my Chapel.

A Walk through the Great Street.

A Visit to the Soda Factories.

Among the Theatre Goers.

From the Summit of the Great Wall.

On the Mongol Plains.

A Glance at the Gardens.

The Soldiers’ Encampment.

A Trip to Yu Cho.

A Call on the Russians.

Chinese Customs illustrating Scripture.’

There's material enough for as many separate sketches, a year's work in that line. I'd try my hand at one of them, only when would I ever learn to read Chinese, if I allowed myself to run off on side tracks? My letters take as much time as I have to spare from daily work and study. I have been reading over some of my favorites among Mrs. Browning's poems, and send you a pencilled fragment I wrote about them some weeks ago.

* * * * * *

“In the study of style, Mrs. Browning has been one of my best teachers, and this not only on account of her excellencies, but of her faults. In reading her poems, one is obliged to exercise the judgment, almost whether he will or no. Her rhythm is at times imperfect; at times her words lack the charm of simplicity,—at times that of directness. This is the more marked, because the opposite is so signally true at other times.

“Turning from the outside garment to the soul within, her poems open before us whatever is passionate, mournful, tender. Her tenderness is such as we sometimes have dreams of,—have glimpses of in our daily life. One could not often bear such a joy.

* * * * * *

“You will think that my mind is very defective in that it *finishes* nothing. I fear so. But as I did not come to China to write, I must be satisfied with such gleams of ideas as come in intervals of leisure.

“Mr. and Mrs. Gulick are coming to take dinner with me to-day, and I am to be my own cook. So I must say good-bye, and go off to my domain.”

In 1870 she wrote to her sister Cornelia :—

“You would like your little niece Henrietta very much were you to see her, only you would have to teach her

English before she could talk with you. Hsin Ching says when I tell her I am writing to my little sister,— ‘Wen t’a hao,’ which means about the same as ‘Ask after her health.’ She knows all about you and Robbie, and has seen your pictures, and your drawings of Red Riding Hood’s wolf, and of the Pied Piper taking the children after him into the hillside. . . .

“I wish I could put my donkey, long ears and all, into this letter, and send her to you for a birthday present. You would have fine times riding her.

“You wrote me a long letter, for which I thank you very much, as it helps me realize how much my little sister has grown and changed since I last saw her. Do you love Jesus? Do you love Him more than you did last year? This is the great thing for which all of us live, or ought to live. You will not choose never to see our dear mamma again, will you? She is with Jesus, and she loves you more than she ever did while here. It will be so happy for us when we all go together to thank the dear Saviour for all His love.”

“Peking, May 9, 1870.

“DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME :

“Our mission meeting is over, and the friends are leaving. We are staying over for a *wedding* ! Our eldest girl is to be married to a young Peking lad, ‘Everlasting Happiness.’ I think they are well fitted for each other, on the whole, and hope that they will be happy and useful. They will go up to Kalgan with us to spend three months, after which they will return to Peking.”

“May 17, 1870.

“My ‘daughter’ is married, and is sitting in state on the *kang*. I went in and kissed her after the ceremony was over, and she had gone from the chapel to her room,

but I did not speak, as she could make me no answer, according to the Chinese custom. Mr. Williams performed the ceremony, and the two bore themselves very well. Afterwards we sang a hymn which Mr. Goodrich had composed for the occasion.

“I am packing a little box to send home. It will not be a very expensive one, but you will know that I love you just as much as if I sent you the finest things to be found in all China. I cannot feel that our money is ours to spend always as we would like to spend it, or as it is right for some others to spend money.

“I have on my black alpaca in honor of the wedding. I ought perhaps to wear it every day, but I find my calico wrappers, which are neat and pretty, so much more servicable when I am taking care of ‘Wu-ba-du-ba’ (our little Henrietta).

“This visit here has done us a great deal of good. So silent and uneventful a life as ours at Kalgan needs an occasional stirring up, and this pilgrimage to Peking really keeps us from wearing out, or settling down in ruts too much.”

“*May 23d.*

“Good-bye! Off for Kalgan. All well.

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, June 18, 1870.*

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“I have been busy as a bee, to-day, starching shirts and dresses, making a pudding for dinner, to use up the scraps of bread crumbs; putting away winter clothes to keep them from the moths; training Zen in the way she should go, and finally doing quite a part of a large ironing. Some days I seem very idle; at other times I do no discredit to former training. I have not studied much since we came from Peking. Putting the

house to rights, and keeping my family in order, seem to fill up the time, and I have been away from the house but once, excepting Sabbaths.

“Miss Diament keeps busy at her Chinese. Hsin Ching teaches the two girls, and her husband, ‘Everlasting Happiness,’ is partly Mr. Williams’ pupil, and partly his teacher. So go the mornings. I keep about the house till it seems as if my feet would ache off. After dinner the girls sew, the two students are at their books again, and I try to keep a half an eye on the baby, and the other half is usually devoted to medical reading. You have no idea how wise I’m getting! But the fact is that somebody must know something, or every once in a while folks come to a strait place, and don’t know where to turn.

“Our chapels have been fitted up under Mr. Williams’ and Mr. Thompson’s supervision, and two or more of the helpers go down every day.

“My roses are all out in bloom, but they don’t look so lovely as last August, when, every morning, Mr. Williams picked the freshest to lay on my pillow. How much good they did me! How lovely their color, how delicious their scent! How I loved them! They seemed to love me.”

“*June 22d.*

“Your letter came yesterday. When you get through with your catalogues of flower and garden seeds, just send a few to us, please, as I want to get seeds for distribution.

“My second ‘daughter’ is now to be married. I feel quite happy about her. If either or both do well, we shall be fully repaid for all our trouble. I shall have less care now, and more time for teaching Etta. She is sewing away, while I write, on some patchwork for a dolly’s quilt. The doll has yet to come from England.”

The summer of 1870 following the Tientsin Massacre of

June twenty-first was full of disturbing rumors and war alarms. Isabella wrote:—

“Uncertainty is over everything. I am enclosing some fragments I have written lately, from an instinct of preservation, I believe. Were it possible, I would send you everything I value, although, according to my judgment, we are not yet in danger. Some of my treasures are here in this world, but how easy for God to take all of them, so that it would be wholly true, ‘Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.’ But since we know we have treasure in heaven, we can trust God with the rest,—with our earthly treasures, and with our lives.

“Good-bye. God bless you all.”

On the twenty-second of August, a son was born, Stephen Riggs Williams, named for his grandfather. On September sixth, Isabella wrote to her sister Anna:—

“The baby is asleep. I am in durance vile by his side, and am supposed to be asleep, too. As you see, I am not.

“I’m very much delighted with my ugly little boy, and wouldn’t have him prettier for anything. We hope he’ll be a real Riggs, but he isn’t good-looking enough for that yet! Never fear, he will be, by and by.”

“September 7th.

“I’m better to-day than yesterday, and hope not to be useless long. Miss Diament is reading Bushnell’s ‘Moral Uses of Dark Things’ to me. He makes very convincing points,—so much so that while one reads the essays on ‘Physical Danger’ and ‘Physical Pain,’ one is thoroughly satisfied that it is a very tame thing to be in a state of security, and as for health, it is really undesirable! This only lasts while reading the essays. Afterwards, one is as much of a coward as ever! I used to suppose myself tolerably brave, but either I am losing

my power of endurance, or each year brings an experience of pain which is more severe than any preceding one."

"September 8th.

"I have just been reading your last letter before mamma's sickness,—one of Thomas's, written a short time after, and one of papa's. They bring tears, but blessed ones. Flowers die without rain."

"September 12th.

"I am up all day now, except a little while at both ends. Sabbath I was up to breakfast, but was quite tired out by dark.

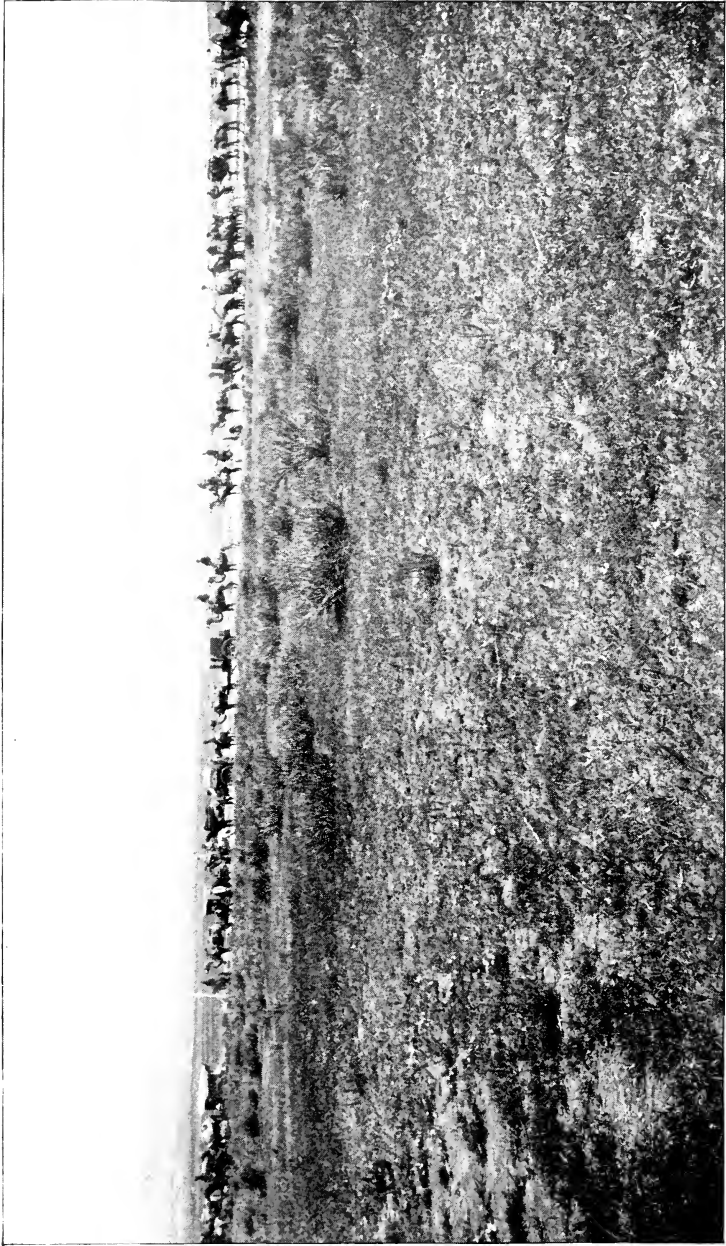
"We have a new Russian postmaster, a Buriat. He speaks Chinese and Mongol fluently, so that we get the European news now. Mr. Gasanoff and his family have returned to Urga. They gave us their samovar, and presented the little baby with a five ruble gold piece. I think this will be used to print tracts.

"We have a women's prayer-meeting on Saturday afternoons. I must stop writing, and make preparation for it. When Hsin Ching prays and talks I feel how much I lack of the knowledge of Chinese which I wish. Still I know enough to point others to a Saviour if their hearts are prepared to receive Him. These troublous times seem to make people less ready to listen than formerly."

"September 22, 1870.

"The poor crippled woman I've told you about died the day my baby was born. I wish we knew she was a Christian.

"Stephen is a good baby. He has gained two pounds since he came to us. He is a month old to-day. Baby Etta is washing. A wicker basket is the tub, a dust-pan the wash-board, and one of her alphabet blocks the soap. Her dolly's face is being rubbed well.



ESCAPING FROM THE BOXERS ACROSS THE DESERT OF GOBI

In 1900 the fears of 1870 came true. Rev. Mark Williams with a party of twenty-two missionaries escaped to the Russian frontier, journeying for forty days across the desert of Gobi. So this letter seems a prophecy of the future. In 1902 Dr. Williams returned to China and has since been Professor of Bible in the Union Missionary College, Tunj Chou, North China.

“We are anxious for letters from you. What can be keeping the mail?”

“*Evening.*

“No letters yet! Mr. Williams came in with the rumor of a massacre in Peking. How the blood all went to my heart! It was some time before I got over the shock. God knows if it be true.

“My love to every one of you.

“Your sister,

‘ISABELLA.’”

“*October 2, 1870.*

“MY DEAR FATHER :

“Mr. Gulick has rented a tiny house in a Mongol village, hoping that, in case of trouble, we might find it a safe retreat. I know you will be anxious about us, but remember that Kalgan is one of the safest places in all North China, and that our relations with the people have been all peaceable and pleasant. Remember, above all, that God rules. If we can do more for China by death than by life, God will so use us. If not, we shall be carried safely through every peril. . . .”

“*October 12, 1870.*

“DEAR ANNA :

“I’m trying to be a good mother to my boy, and that fills up much of my time. I’m growing strong, though, and am more like what I used to be. You’d be glad to see how strong I am now.

“I send you another fragment, being a fragmentary creature, as you know. It’s not thoroughly worked out, but I send it, as I want you to have all you can of me.”

* * * * *

“Perhaps you question why I am especially anxious to be a good mother to my little boy, if, at the same time,

life appears so uncertain. I'll try to tell you something about it.

"Other things being equal, perhaps we may be happier in heaven, if our earthly bodies are healthy, happy ones. At least it may be so where health depends upon the care we take of our bodies when fully aware what is right and wrong in regard to them. Misuse or neglect is sin (unless the result of unavoidable ignorance, or unless higher interests are involved), and puts us lower in the scale of happiness than we should otherwise have been. You will say that much of life's best discipline comes through sickness. So it does, and it may, even when brought on by wilful neglect or abuse. This does not prove it good in itself. God's 'divine alchemy' turns dross to gold, evil to good.

"As for a little child, it may be the soul will grow faster if the body is not puny and stunted. If I were to take my boy back to heaven soon, I'd like to show the angels how he'd grown since he came down to us. One would like best to have the lad grow up, and serve God here first, but we should pray to be kept from setting our hearts on any plans for ourselves or our children."

* * * * * *

"We are not told that Jesus ever smiled. Could He, with the weight of a world's woe pressing Him down? 'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.' Although He may never have smiled on earth, we shall see His smile in heaven.

"Even though this supposition be true, nothing is proved by it against *joy*. If we were shown the misery of the earth as He saw it, life would go out in one despairing cry. God would not take away the lives He has given, until the appointed time, and so He does not show us. For the rounding to completion of each life which is

in a measure such as He would have it, joy and mirth are needful. We exult in the sunshine, and rest in the peace of moonlight. We pray in the presence of the holy stars. All bring us joy. God sees it, and is glad.”

* * * * *

“There are thoughts like the lightning flash, with sword-thrust of exultant agony. There are also thoughts like that flash when it sears and blackens.

“Some there are, thank God, like soft, winged, nestling birds, warming and thrilling the heart where they rest.”

* * * * *

“One need not deny the existence of Paradise because his abode is out in the desert. He should so till his sandy garden that it may, in the last days, bloom in lowly beauty. ‘The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.’ ”

* * * * *

“‘It was my desire to know the whole of life,—the bitter as well as the sweet,—the agony as well as the joy.’ For myself, I never had any distinct realization of this, but I should grieve for my son were he to miss hearing any chord which may be struck on the harp of life.

“‘But the minor chords wring out tears!’

“‘Yea, I know it. Yet better is the moaning forest when the wind breaks down its branches, than the tearless, songless desert.’

“‘To-day I ask for him nothing of this. Oh, tender Father, deal with him as seemeth good in Thy sight!’”

“*November 21, 1870.*”

“Stephen boy is three months old to-morrow. Such a splendid, fat baby. The pride of my heart, and the delight of my eyes, and everything else you can think of!

Mr. Williams tells Etta Bible stories in Chinese these days, and she repeats them to me. Just now she is playing with one of her dolls, on the floor. Four of her five dolls have had their heads broken off, and the other has a dreadful hole in her cranium. Decapitation is a slight accident, and is remedied by making hoods for the martyred creatures. The other ailment is cured by strips of paper and gum arabic.

“It’s a great comfort to have Miss Diamant here ; she is always kind, and one of the most reliable, self-controlled persons I ever knew. Her mastery over her tongue is a constant lesson to a body like me, always blundering, always in fault.

“Mr. Gulick came over a few days ago, and we had a talk such as does me good for days or weeks. Sometimes we talk about books, but not this time. One of the subjects most spoken of was the probable shortness of our time here, and the duty of trying to work while our little day in Kalgan should last. It may be that we shall have to go, and who knows whether any of us would ever come back to China or to Kalgan again? We trust all will be peaceful. I do try to leave all this with the Lord. No hour could be so dark but His love would make it very light. I pray for each one of you these days. It is all I can do, except to love you. That I do, be sure !

“Letters this evening from Yu Cho. Dr. Treat and Mr. Goodrich write more hopefully. The uncertainty of things is a constant strain. According to the Chinese proverb, ‘Only the shoe knows whether the stocking has a sole or not.’ ”

“*Kalgan, Nov. 23, 1870.*”

“MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA :

“My little Stephen Riggs was baptized October thirtieth at our Chinese service. Given to the Lord for his lifetime, and for eternity, I trust.

“We hear good news, that there are nine gunboats at Tientsin, and two thousand Sepoys are coming. This is as it should be,—I felt condemned when those last lines were written, feeling that they showed less trust in God, and more in man, than is right. ‘Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.’

“I had a lovely letter from Mary Porter to-day. She has a talent for friendship,—(if it is right to speak of so precious a gift in so light a way) I did not mean it so. She is a friend to every one, and all love her, but I think the affection between us is of an especial kind.”

Miss Porter’s friendship meant much to Mrs. Williams, at this time and always. Years afterwards, writing to one of the daughters, Miss Porter recalled the days they had spent together.

“How shall I convey to you the impressions of your dear mother? Her personality was so distinctive, her nature so sweet and rare, that when one tries to put the charm, the traits which set her apart and made her friendship such an inspiration, they elude one; they are like the fragrance of a flower,—indescribable.

“When I, scarcely more than a girl, went to China in 1868, I looked forward with eager anticipation to the first mission meeting, when your mother would come to Peking, and I should make her acquaintance. I knew her parents and her brothers and sisters in Beloit, and she was the only one in the North China circle with whom I thus had personal ties.

“In the months which passed before that time, a rumor reached her of something in my course which seemed to her injudicious, something which she feared would weaken my influence. She wrote me, with regard to it, a frank, sisterly letter, to which I replied as frankly.

Her beautiful courage, and the way in which she did so delicate and difficult a thing, completely won my heart, and my answer in some way secured me entrance into her inner circle, so that from thenceforth we were *friends*.

“Although we met only occasionally, and but once spent a few months together, we found constant strength in our mutual affection, and I had many glimpses, through her clearer vision, of the hidden things of the spirit, some of which she saw with rare intuition, and in moments of intimate confidence, could make real in words as few are able to do.

“I had no conception of the heroism of her ordinary life, or what acceptance of the conditions of the Kalgan field cost her, until I made the journey to Yu Cho in her company. With the little baby in her arms, ascents which we made in the litters were a terror to her, and the fording of streams a nervous strain. Yet I never heard her speak of either the heights or the waters except in a perfectly matter-of-fact, quiet way. This gave me a suggestion as to other every-day matters, which I had taken for granted as meaning little to her. When I understood what daily, intimate association with the Chinese cost for herself, and yet more, the permitting it to her children, I marvelled at a self-giving so absolute that it would not count it sacrifice, and would scarcely permit the sympathy of a friend. The poorest, the most sorrowful and hopeless needed her most, so to them was extended kindest welcome, and she clung to them through repeated disappointments, failures and rebuffs.

“Only once when together did we exclude Chinese work and care, and give ourselves to the enjoyment of things which fed our minds and gratified our tastes. I had been summoned to her side because she was very ill. I found her weak and shadowy,—‘All eyes,’ as she said

the first time we allowed her a looking-glass, but the crisis was passed, and she was able to enjoy the devotion of a nurse who had no other duty than to aid her to gather strength. After some rearrangement of her room, and the placing of fresh flowers where she could see them without effort, she said, 'Oh, how lovely! Do not let me have anything ugly in sight while I have time to look at my surroundings. Let us rest and play!' And so we did, during a week of convalescence, while even her children were excluded from her room that the mother might the sooner be restored to them.

"Then I learned something of her intense, almost painfully intense, love of beauty in nature, in art, in literature. We read fragments from great authors, and looked over the few fine engravings within our reach. When a little stronger, she shared with me letters from her home friends, and lived over scenes of childhood and girlhood which they brought to mind. More intense than her love for any external beauty was that for moral excellence. Her face would glow with a transfiguring joy, as she told of some deed of heroism or self-sacrifice. I have rarely, perhaps never, heard a tone of such reverence and adoring love as that with which she spoke of the Saviour. Passages from the Psalms and Gospels, which we read together, are indissolubly associated with her in my mind. So many times in those days I found her, the almost transparent fingers clasping her little Bible, and a look on her face such as I think Mary must have worn when she sat at the feet of her Lord. Once, I remember, she said, with broken voice, as I came into the room, 'He touched them! Oh, the touch of that hand!'

"The impression which it all left upon me is vivid yet. How much more than most of us this beauty-loving idealist had given up, when she devoted her life to work for the lowly in a Chinese city, so far from any of the things

which especially appealed to her tastes. How much she might have done with her pen,—how her keen mind would have delighted in research in the best literature!

“With returning strength, came a longing for her children which could not be denied. Her welcome for each one was beautiful to see. Her merry laugh over their pretty ways was fresh as though she were herself a child, and as she lay back flushed and weary on her pillows, she said, ‘Oh! I’d forgotten that they were so lovely!’ So she came back to the workaday world for many more years of unstinted service.

“We toured together in the Yu Cho field, and the practical woman, looking after details of cart and litter equipment,—the teacher and friend ready early and late to meet the crowds of women who swarmed about us, seemed quite another person than the dainty invalid, but always I saw in her the enthusiast and mystic, into whose inner life I had been permitted a glimpse, whom I loved and love, and shall find again, when we meet when ‘this earthly’ has been laid aside.”

IV

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE

HER FRUITS¹

These are her fruits, kindness and gentleness,
And gratefully we take them at her hands ;
Patience she has, and pity for distress,
And love that understands.

Ah, ask not how such rich reward was won,
How sharp the harrow in the former years,
Or mellowed in what agony of sun,
Or watered with what tears.

—*Mary Eleanor Roberts.*

“*Kalgan, March 21, 1871.*”

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“Don’t expect anything from me this month except £ *s. d.*, £ *s. d.*, all over the page ! I have just been working over the bills for the English goods, and with great mental strain have at length ferreted out the matter. You don’t know what a blessing a decimal currency is. Here we have Mexican dollars, Chinese *taels*, English money, Russian currency, American money, Kalgan, Peking, and Tientsin money,—all different,—and bills to work out with all these mixed up together.

“Much learning hath made me mad !”

“*Kalgan, March 21, 1871.*”

“DEAR PAPA :

“. . . On my birthday I had a Chinese party, —a dinner party ! Our servant and his wife, Yung Fu and Hsin Ching, and Liu, the young peddler who is a church-member, and his mother.

¹ By courtesy of *McClure's Magazine.*

“This morning a Chinese woman came in, and was here for a couple of hours. I wanted to write, and felt ashamed that I did. After she went away, I was glad that I had tried to teach her of Jesus, for she seemed to understand what was said. We had a long talk. After dinner, I scribbled off a page to Anna. Just as it was done, a half dozen women came in for a friendly chat. For such interruptions, you will not be sorry if your letters are shortened. I am writing now with Stephen in my arms, and it is slow work.

“Next month we shall be preparing to go to Peking for mission meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick will probably leave for England immediately after our meeting. We shall miss them. I do not know whether any one will come to take their place or not. But Miss Diament is here, you know, so we shall not be alone. Then the children are great company for us, and our Chinese friends too,—so that it is not like being alone when first coming to China, as Mr. and Mrs. Gulick were.

“A kiss from Henrietta and Stephen. I wish I could show you this precious, precious baby of mine. I think he has brought a new revelation of motherhood to me.”

In April the promised visit to Peking was made. A little story, written afterwards for her children, describes the start.

HETTA'S OUTING

Up and down she jumped all about the court, the great rooster sedately coming out to look at her. The idea came into her mind to catch him, which she had often tried to do in vain. Now she rushed in pursuit, and off he flew to the roof and perched close by the cupola, with its tiny shrine and the comical row of imps on each side.

Up and down, out and in, the happy little girl danced.

“We are going, we are going to Kambalu, to-day, to-day, and I don't care for you, old rooster!”

Finally she hopped into the coal corner; the coal-room was delightfully dark—there were such interesting cob-webs at the end, and one queer great spider. “Spider, I am going to Kambalu,—don't you wish you were going too?” On the pile of coal-dust she was dancing,—she was a tiny thing, and forgot that she was dressed ready for the journey.

Presently mamma came out. She had been packing up the loaves of bread, the Jersey biscuits, and roast meats. “Where is Hetta?” She called once or twice, and a cheerful voice came out of the coal-room: “Here I am, mamma. Going, going to Kambalu!” Mamma looked distressed. “It is almost time to start, and what a dirty little girl you are!” So Hetta was scrubbed up, and a clean suit was taken out of a valise full of clothes for the journey.

Now she had her lunch, and the mules were led in with the litters (large sedan chairs); the bells tinkled—such a delightful sound they had that Hetta and the baby ran out to hear and see. The nurse toddled out on her little feet, but the baby was so quick that he disappeared around one corner of the house just as she got sight of him at the other. So she called out to her big boy to tell the mule-driver to look out for “baybay,” which the jolly one was very ready to do.

Papa came on the scene now, with an armful of blankets and rugs, and the young man who was called “Second Boy” brought some more. These were packed in one of the litters with valises and bundles.

Papa said, “Lao Ma” (that means “Aged Nurse”), “please sit in this litter, and keep the children with you.” The litter was set down at the door of her room, and she was an old woman, so it was all right for her to be there.

Baby sat with her and watched the great mules eating the cut straw and black beans. He was terribly afraid yet greatly delighted when they swished their tails, or when the donkeys lay down and rolled, saddle and all, in the dust. How the drivers scared him, scolding and pretending to cut with their whips; yet nothing could have kept him in the house, where mamma was packing the last bag and locking the inside doors.

Now she comes out. Her litter is set up nearly on end, hung on the front mule, and lifted to its fastenings on the other mule's saddle. Hetta looks out while baby's litter is put up in the same way, and they swing away down the street, while the little girl sings :

“Baby, are you glad too?
Going, going to Kambalu!”

“*Peking, April 27, 1871.*”

“DEAR ANNA :

“Mission meeting days are busy ones. Not a moment is left unoccupied. After the evening program, sensible folks like me creep immediately into bed. I ‘eat well’ these days, but am like the lean kine that Pharaoh saw. Stephen is fat and fair, and makes up for my deficiency. It has done me good to make the journey down. Every time I see so many people as we meet between here and Kalgan, it stirs me up to be active in work and prayer for souls. It is good to realize the great need of these heathen, over and over again. . . .”

“*Kalgan, May 23, 1871.*”

“Carpenters and masons fill the yards, repairing what is to be Mr. Williams' study, improving the roofs in the outer yard, and rebuilding chimneys. The outer yard is full of mud, and the entrance court of lime. The carpenters saw and plane till our ears are tired, and our eyes

are full of sawdust. Miss Porter and the Wheelers are coming up the last of this week, and I am hurrying up my work to go with Mr. Williams on a tour to Yu Cho. Miss Porter goes with us and we start next week.

“On our way home from Peking, we narrowly escaped being thrown down a precipice in Nank’ou Pass, from the foolhardiness of our driver. The children were with me, and you cannot tell how I clung to life, for *them*, more than for myself. The strong, safe mules took us out of the dreadful danger, and I, quivering in every limb, thought, ‘God has yet work for me, or for these children.’

“On the last day, when Stephen was fretting in the litter, I called for Mr. Williams to carry him on donkey-back a while. Mr. Thompson offered to take him on his horse. The careless litter driver flirted the baby’s long clothes in the horse’s face, and frightened him. He reared and threw them off. Mr. Thompson held the little boy close to his breast, so that in the fall backward, he was not injured at all. Mr. Thompson was hurt, but not seriously.

“The McCoys came with us from Peking. Since that, Bennie has been very sick. They depended chiefly on me to know what to do. It was a crushing responsibility. I didn’t know any more than any one else what to *do*, but only *where to look in the books*. I set the rest to work, bathing his head, rubbing his feet and hands, while I read up in *West and Bouchut*. In a few minutes I’d jump up and say, ‘He must have a dose of calomel.’ We’d give him that, and then I’d go to the books again. ‘Blister on the back of his neck.’ So it went. We worked all day with him. I couldn’t endure such responsibility, so when there was a breathing space, we wrote off an account of the symptoms, and sent a messenger to Peking, for Dr. Dudgeon. Bennie is better today.”

“ *Yu Cho, June 13, 1871.* ”

“ MY DEAR FATHER :

“ We left home two weeks ago to-day ; had a prosperous journey down, and have been quite as much encouraged in our work as we could expect. Last Wednesday we went down to West River Camp, and stayed till Saturday morning. Crowds of visitors all the time, except just time enough for meals, and a little rest at noon.

“ I wish I could give you some idea of the work we find so hard and yet so easy when the love of Christ fills our hearts, and some are interested to hear of Him. Prejudices are being removed, a spirit of inquiry is stirred up, and if the harvest does not come now, it will after a while. God’s Word will not ‘ return unto Him void.’ This endeavor to speak the Word of God to so many, is blessed work when we are listened to cordially and attentively. If faith is strong, it is blessed even when all do not so listen.

“ A good preparation for these more trying weeks was the journey down—glorious scenery of mountain and plain all the way. I cannot tell you how it rested us. I understand better how Jesus loved to go alone to the mountain tops for prayer. Those few days, with their rest and beauty, seem to fill a greater space in time than many weeks of common life.

“ I hope to gain strength on this trip. Mentally I need it more than bodily, and the bodily need is not slight. I feel very hopeful about it.”

A description of this tour was written later for the *Dakota Word Carrier*.

“ *June, 1871.* ”

“ Let me tell you the story of a journey made by Mr. Williams, Miss Mary Porter, of Peking, myself and my ten months’ baby, Stephen Riggs.

“ The carts were at our door, and we kissed the three-

year-old daughter who was to be left in Miss Diamant's kind care, and went jolt-jolting along on our wearisome way. There were donkeys for Miss Porter and me, so that we might ride in the cooler parts of the day ; and as we came up to parties of women washing clothes on the smooth stones of the brooks, we stopped and talked with them.

"They were so filled with amazement at hearing us speak their language that they would pay no attention to what we said. 'Why she talks Chinese!' 'How strange!' 'Do look at their saddles!' 'Wonderful!' 'The foreigners' things are all nicer than ours.'

"Sometimes one woman listens quietly while the rest chatter on, and we hope that she will gain something. And she does gain a little, if only the tender sound of voices touched with the wondrous love of the story they are telling.

"As we beg them to listen, a man comes by, 'Pooh ! you women know nothing,' and politely turning to us he says, 'Ladies, don't trouble your hearts for *them*. Chinese women are too stupid to learn anything !'

"He passes on and a young fellow saunters up, 'Don't you be listening to these foreign devils ! What do they want here anyway?' The carts come creaking up, and we sadly ride away.

"When we stop at the inns, noon and night, crowds gather around us, as if a menagerie had just arrived. 'Do look at that baby !' 'Ha, ha, ha, ha. What white hair !' 'They'll dye it black when it gets big.' 'How ugly it is ! But *isn't it clean ?*' 'Why, there she's going to wash its face !' 'Is this the woman doctor who came last year ?' 'No, it isn't. I know that one. She cured Er Hsiaodz.'

"How weary we grow of so many eyes and tongues busied with us and our doings.

“By and by the crowd scatters somewhat, and some pleasant-faced women come in. They are a little afraid, but soon they sit down on the edge of the brick bed and talk. They ask about our age, family and friends; and we answer, knowing that if anything will win them, it will be the answering all these questions kindly. Then one of us tells, as plainly and distinctly as possible, of God and His Son Jesus. They listen respectfully, and one woman says, ‘Jesus is your God. It would not do for us to worship Him. I am a Buddhist.’

“Miss Porter answers, ‘From the books we find that Buddha was only a man. Jesus is God. You as well as we ought to worship Him. The God who made the world and keeps us all alive, is He, whom, if you learn about Him, you will want to worship. Here is the first chapter of Genesis; may I give it to you?’

“‘But I cannot read it!’

“‘Do none of your family read?’

“‘My son reads; he is coming presently;’ and while she speaks here he is. After a long talk with Mr. Williams, he takes the leaflet of Genesis, and, bowing politely, goes his way. One seed is sown; will it grow ere long?

“After these days of rough and barren road, we come to a lovely mountain pass, where the steep slopes are covered with leafage and flowers, and the music of the brooklet cheers our ears.

“We dine to-day in a town of 30,000 inhabitants. Curiosity is wide awake, and hundreds are gazing at us with open-mouthed wonder. The room where we sit is filled to overflowing; the paper windows are instantly filled with holes, and at every hole there is an eye!

“Mr. Williams says, ‘Young men, you may all go outside. I’ll talk to you and explain the books outdoors.’ Out they go, and in hobble the women, young and old.

Among these women are two who know in part the Gospel message. They are timid about letting others know their desire to see us, but they are glad, and so are we.

“After passing through one more city we reach the place of destination, where the Christians’ greeting is heartfelt and cheery.

“Soon we are cozily at home in the little mission house, but the rains come, and we are shut in. A few near neighbors come to see us between showers, while all the women of Yu Cho are impatiently waiting for the rain to stop. When the skies are bright again, they come in by tens or by dozens all day. Mr. Williams receives the men in one room, while Miss Porter and I, with a native Christian woman, receive our visitors in two or three rooms. Women and children, and some men as well, are all eager to see the foreign women. Often they are sure that they cannot understand when we speak of Jesus ; while remarks on any other subject are as clear as day ! How nobly the Christians help to explain the way of salvation !

“Hundreds come on the last two days ; among them some Roman Catholics, who, unlike all others whom we have seen, have a clear idea of the Saviour’s redeeming work.

“Turning our faces homeward at Hsi Ho Ying we have bright, sunny days, and at early morning, through the day, and late at night we three are more than busy, either with large companies, or with but two or three auditors, repeating over and over again the stories of Creation and Redemption.

“At old Pao An there was a fair, and we were besieged at our inn. So sorely did the landlord rue the hour when he gave us a room, for in a few minutes a noisy crowd took possession of the court. Rows upon rows of heads

covered our windows, from which all the paper had disappeared in a few seconds, and the court was wedged full. Mr. Williams carried Stephen out to the street to draw away the crowd, so that Miss Porter and I might have quiet.

“The next day we had a similar experience. I will give you Mr. Williams’ story of it. ‘As we passed Hsuan Hua, there was a theatre, and we neglected to draw down the cart curtain. The multitude caught sight of the white-headed baby, and surrounded the carts, so that the driver was helpless. He begged in vain for them to give way. I rode my donkey, and flourished my whip with no result, except to push some of the small-footed girls against a fruit peddler’s baskets. Fortunately, the men at the inn, where we were accustomed to stay, recognized us, and mounting the driver’s seat, and lashing the horse, made a way and took us to their inn. The people followed, but the landlord unchained his dogs, and the mass surged back, trampling over each other in their haste to get through the gate. We made a present to the unfortunate peddlers, and resolved to keep the cart curtains down in the future.’

“Miss Porter went on to Peking under the escort of an elderly Chinese Christian. It was the first anniversary of the Tientsin massacre, but God kept us all. ‘As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people.’”

“If any time my Lord had let my hand
Slip out of His upon the way of life;
If any single hour, had bid me stand
Alone, unshielded, in the day of strife,
I then might doubt Him, for the world is great,
And I, of all the millions, only one.
How should He see me in my low estate,
Or care if were my battle lost or won?”

“ But ever when the road has roughest been,
The guiding Hand has closest kept its hold;
And hardest when the fight with grief or sin,
Then tenderest the Arm that did enfold.”

“ *Kalgan, July 6, 1871.*

“ MY DEAR FATHER :

“ To celebrate the Fourth, we planted the American flag on Lone Rock. Mr. Gilmour is down from Kiachta now, and added to the gayety of our picnic. He presided over the Russian samovar, and interrupted with ‘ God save the Queen,’ when we sang ‘ America.’

“ While we were at our tea, a storm broke over us, and a torrent came roaring down the dry river-bed until in a few moments it was too deep for crossing. Attempting it, one of the carts went partly under water, and was in danger of upsetting until Mr. Gilmour waded in to the rescue. The drivers refused to go forward so we turned to the nearest village, not reaching it until ten o’clock that night. The children were sleepy and draggled, and got dreadful bumps from the carts, such as we used to get going through the Big Woods when we were little tots in Minnesota. Fortunately we found an inn with one large room, and eleven of us slept together on the brick *kang*. The gentlemen spent the night in the only cart that got through with a dry bed, and we were all glad to start home before dawn. Our Fourth of July picnic certainly added something to our experience. I, for one, didn’t regret it.

“ Mr. Gilmour has pitched his tent at the Gulicks’, and one day he invited us to a meal served in Mongol style. He used argol for fuel, and showed us how the Mongols wash their dishes by licking them clean. He put the children on the camel and let them ride around the yard. . . .”

(To her brother Henry.)

“*Kalgan, Sept. 18, 1871.*”

“Your birthday has almost come around once more. I never forget it, since the day is a double anniversary. But I seem to remember it more for your sake than for Henrietta’s, because she is always with me, and all days are alike good.

“I am busy now getting winter clothes ready for Stephen, Etta, and the two Chinese girls. The children are noisy and confuse me, so that I make mistakes in cutting. I remember mamma used to want a quiet room if ever she was going to cut coats or pants for you boys.

“The rains are upon us. Sometimes it rains all day, misting or pouring by turns. Sometimes we have a few hours of sunshine, and the whole earth steams. I’ve not had the usual help from servants in taking care of the house and children. The small feet were afraid of spoiling their fine shoes, or of getting a fall in the mud.

“Our landlord’s house is badly used up by the rain; holes clear through the mud wall, ceilings all down, and *kangs* broken up, so he takes the opportunity to beg for money. To-day has been chiefly spent in listening to him and to his wife. First he came and *k’o t’ou-ed* to Mr. Williams, and when a man of his station does that, one knows something miserable is in the wind. He insisted that some of us go and see his house. Miss Diamant and I put on our waterproofs, and picked our way through the mud. The house was in a dreadful state. The whole family were tearing their hair—(figuratively). We promised them some money, but the brazen fellow said it was not enough; he wanted one hundred *taels*. His wife spent the afternoon talking with me. She did it faithfully, as the lack of home letters this month will testify. I used some plain language to her, at the last, but being really sorry for her, notwithstanding, kept my

temper. They are well-to-do people, only the old rascal of a man gambles all his money away, and starves his wife and children.

“My cook, speaking of this man, yesterday, gave me a new Chinese proverb : —

“Who in the third and fourth months
Muds not his roof with pain,
He, in the fifth and sixth months,
Curses the God of Rain.’ ”

“*Kalgan, Oct. 18, 1871.*

“DEAR ONES AT HOME :

“The box you sent us came safely. ‘Grandfather’s picture’ is one which Stephen expects his father to show him a dozen times a day. He must go home to some of you by and by, for it’s a dreadful thing to grow up here. We were never half thankful enough for the blessings of our younger years.

“Mr. Williams studies and preaches faithfully these days. My children take most of my time, so that I cannot visit much, but we have calls, and quite a number of applications for medicine. To meet these, I am compelled to study. Last week we had crowds of visitors. Indeed we had to keep them out part of the time, or we should have been exhausted. There were too many,—fifty or more at a time. I feel more successful when we have but two or three at a time to talk to. In a year’s time, we have from two thousand to three thousand callers. Surely the seed is sown.”

“*November 21, 1871.*

“Stephen is a source of great pleasure to us all. He is laughing just now at a rat of cotton wadding which Liu Ma has made for him. Birds, both in pictures, and outdoors, are his especial delight. He thinks people can

fly, and when Etta is carried off to bed, he says she flies. He points to hats, and then brays, to show that he wants to be carried out to see the little donkey, or if he finds a shawl, drags it along with the same vocal accompaniment to his laboring steps."

" *November 22d.*

"Dr. Treat has just told us of a terrible fire in Chicago. I think of Thomas, and long to hear from you all. Dr. Treat leaves to-morrow. We have enjoyed his visit greatly. Our isolation makes us very glad to see friends.

"A couple of Chinese ladies have just come in to see me. They tell me to go on writing, but I must say good-bye."

" *January 15, 1872.*

"Mr. Williams has gone to call on the Russians; Stephen is asleep, and Etta is sewing. I'm sitting on the ——"

" *January 16th.*

"Before I could write 'stove-hearth,' Stephen woke up, and that was the end of writing for that day. We are having bitter cold weather, ten below zero, and a strong wind blowing. My morning sweeping is done, and I begin again. First the children want me to play be a tiger (*tang lao hu*); Etta runs away in great terror, while Stephen walks right up and puts his arms around my neck.

"Mr. Williams has just bought a great bar of soap from the Russians. It weighs over fifty pounds, and costs about six dollars,—not quite as expensive as the soap we get from New York. Soap that we make is much cheaper.

"The two women who were sewing for me are both sick. I am so sorry, for they were getting along so

nically in learning the catechism. Wu Ma sews in Miss Diamant's room, that I may be spared her talkative tongue. There being no other Chinese woman there, she is forced to be more silent. Hsin Ching's tongue is the hardest of all to bear, however. It is never weary.

"Genesis, with Lange's Commentary, is exceedingly interesting. I haven't yet been able to study thoroughly the introduction, which seems dry, but the rest is not.

"Some time ago a Buriat had a finger injured in a fight with some Chinamen who were trying to steal the tea he was in charge of. I wanted him to go to Peking, thinking amputation of the first joint was necessary. It was impossible for him to go, so he has been coming here to have it dressed, and I am proud to say that the finger is nearly well."

"Kalgan, Feb. 9, 1872.

"The weeks of this lonely life fly just the same as if we were a part of the world, and not away by ourselves in the desert. I wish life in the wilderness might be to us what Elijah's sojourn in Horeb was to him; that we might be made strong in the Lord, and in the power of His arm begin anew our combat with the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Yesterday was Chinese New Year's Day. A Sabbath-like stillness, broken by no sound except occasional fire-crackers, made the day pleasant. The mill next door to us, which shakes our walls, jarring the dishes together and confusing our brains, is quiet, and it seems something to be thankful for. Chinese gentlemen (and all are such now) go about making New Year's calls. The wives stay at home to cook, and sometimes to receive calls when the callers are such as it is proper for them to see. All are dressed in their best. The little boys go through the streets kicking feather toys, and firing crackers."

“February 12th.

“We are still in the midst of the comforts and discomforts of Chinese New Year. Invitations to dine are imminent. The ‘Iron Man’ (a Christian) invited us for Wednesday, but they all spend so much (comparatively speaking) on their entertainments that it is best to decline them.

“Our washerman is a gentleman now, and will not find it convenient to serve us for a week or two. I did a little washing this morning, and must do more to-morrow. Our washing-machine must come in play to astonish the natives, and strike old Liu’s heart with terror.

“Yesterday (Sabbath) we had a call from a Mr. Tituskin, an English-speaking Russian gentleman who is acting professor of German and Russian in the Peking University. He seems quite friendly, and apologized for calling on the Sabbath, saying that he did not know what our customs were. It did seem good to hear the voice of some one besides ourselves speaking the familiar tongue.

“The distress in Tientsin and vicinity is terrible. Thousands must die of starvation. Mr. Williams has sent one hundred dollars to be used for the benefit of sufferers. It is nothing among so many, but it is all we ought to give.

“Miss Porter writes :—‘Mr. Blodget has just finished working over the old hymns, and is now busy on some new translations. I’m sorry that he must do this work alone, but don’t know who could assist him. He is very busy with his class of helpers, his school and translations, and is so cheerful and hopeful that it makes me glad to see him.’

“It will not be long before we start for Peking to attend mission meeting. We shall all be very glad to go. It will freshen us up, for we are lonely here. Miss

Diament is a treasure. She is unvarying in kindness and cheerfulness.

“Lange’s Commentary is one of my best friends these days. I read Genesis and Matthew. I only wish I had commenced earlier to study the Bible.

“On Chinese New Year I let the children celebrate by popping some of the corn that Henry and Robert shelled for us to eat on the sea voyage. I’ve been very saving of it, and keep it in the bag like mamma’s dress, which Cornelia made for me.”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1872.*

“DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

“February 17, 1859, was when you first came to us. Thank God that you did come. Your little baby life was worth a great deal to your elder sisters, teaching them to be less selfish, teaching them to love, and helping them to be cheerful and glad instead of being discontented and miserable without cause. . . . Robert, too, was a little one whose mission was a blessing. It would not have been good for us to have been without either of you. Robbie was my boy, and I used to ask mamma if I mightn’t send him to college. If God permits, I will send him something every year until he finishes his studies. . . .

“I hope you are committing a great many precious Bible verses to memory. Now is your golden time. I learned too few. . . .”

“*Kalgan, March 19, 1872.*

“MY DEAR FATHER :

“Mr. Thompson has Allibone’s ‘Dictionary of Authors.’ Rev. S. R. Riggs has a niche in it.

“Miss Diament and I have been dipping into ‘Among my Books’ and ‘My Study Window,’ and have enjoyed

them. But oh, how much better is the Bible! God is leading me to care less for the culture of ordinary reading, and to find blessings flowing in a constant stream from His holy Word. The longest life will not suffice for its study.

“About a bushel of papers and magazines came to-day, —the first we have had since November. *Scribner’s, Living Ages, Independents* and *Advance*—why, it’s a sort of intoxication, such an avalanche all at once!”

“*May 26, 1872.*”

“Our good Christian Li is dead. Mr. Williams and I went to see his wife and old mother this afternoon. They greeted us with emotion. We wept with them, and spoke of glorious resurrection hopes. They listened and were somewhat comforted. His wife will probably be obliged to marry again on account of very poverty. Li’s brother has never been counted as having business tact, and they all doubt his being able to support father, mother, wife and two babies, without counting his brother’s wife and son.

“Li’s last word was ‘Amen.’ Although he may not have been entirely free from error and superstition, yet his understanding and acceptance of the truths of the Gospel were hearty and gratifying. We hope that his death will be a point of awakening for many. His old father desires baptism.

“I have been rereading your letters. There are many precious ones which warmed my heart. Thank God for friends and their loving letters!”

“*Kalgan, June 17, 1872.*”

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“Your letters are precious to me. Their sparkles of mirth and wit brighten me up, and cheer me again

and again. I neglect letter-writing of late, but am ashamed of it when the dear home letters come.

“I’ve been planting all the flower seeds we have, and am looking anxiously for some of them to come up. Something that looks suspiciously like sunflower is up, but I didn’t plant any, so it must be one of those learned and euphonious flowers which I don’t know.

“We are full of plans for marrying and giving in marriage, just now. Miss Hsin Wu is sewing busily on her bridal outfit. ‘Topsy’ is also spoken for, and the future mother-in-law is to take her on trial. If *she* doesn’t want her, the young lady is to come back again. The two girls will go into respectable Chinese families, and seem to be saved for this life. They know of a Saviour, so that when any stress of trouble comes, they may seek Him.

“Etta, Stephen and Geng Yuan, our servant’s little boy, are having a great frolic about the room. Wu Ma is cutting out stockings for the future bride, Mrs. Tsai is working on some of the children’s clothes, Li’s wife is making a new straw tick for the lounge, while Hsin Ching is ripping up one of their bed comforts for washing. The Chinese don’t use sheets, but disrobe entirely, and run themselves into the bed comfort as the wick goes into the candle mold.

“When you get your house with the grand organ, I’ll come to see you, dear. But it will not do to wait for that. I think perhaps it will be best for us both to look towards the glorious Home where will be perfect, rapturing harmony. These dreams of what might be here, may, however, be of the highest use, if we can always remember how much better heaven is.

“May you be helped in all wisdom to pray and work for the souls of others. You will find ways to work if you seek them, and prayer has always a path straight up to God. Oh, pray for me,—for us all, I entreat you, pray!”

(To her father.)

“Kalgan, Dec. 23, 1872.

“. . . A woman has lately made me several visits, wanting medicine and food for her sick husband. He has been an opium-smoker for some years, and so was an easy victim to bronchial trouble. Unable to work the last few months, he could have neither his usual amount of opium, nor sufficient food, so that he declined rapidly. We gave medicine and food. Three days ago, his wife came to tell me that he was dead. For several days he had eaten nothing, knowing that their scanty pittance was not enough to enable his wife to satisfy their little baby's hunger. The filth of her rags was loathsome, and her hands were, each of them, one great, puffed, shining chilblain. We gave her money to help bury her dead, thankful even for his sake that it was over. I don't know how I dared say that, and yet it does seem as if hell could not be worse than such a dreadful life,—the fire and gnawing of the opium hunger,—starvation and cold, the racking of bodily disease! O Father in heaven, have mercy upon these poor creatures who have no mercy upon themselves!

“Before this man was dead, another case forced itself upon us. The family were once in prosperous circumstances, but in an evil hour, the son began to use opium. He is a silversmith and was good at his trade. But the opium devil came into his house, taking possession, and even his wife became its slave. Before long their good furniture began to disappear. Then the commoner things, one by one, until the house was bare, and the children chattering with cold and crying for food. Again and again this man cheated his employers, deceiving about weights, and even pawning articles given him to be repaired or altered. He had to flee from Kalgan to a village ten miles away. The same thing was repeated there.

He came back to Kalgan to beg money from us. We refused, saying we gave no money to buy opium, but that he might bring his children to us, and we would care for them. So the boy and girl came to us, dressed in a few filthy rags. The man's poor sister cries and cries over him. When she works for me she wants to tell me all about their misery, but I cannot bear to know all.

"I must tell you one more story. When Hsia Hsien Sheng began teaching the Boys' School, he and his wife had a baby which they had bought and adopted. I was touched by the tender affection both husband and wife manifested for the child. It warmed my heart to go there. The woman had an instinct of love, like some brute creatures, but the man had more,—he was so gentle, thoughtful and patient with the poor little sufferer. Here is a man, said I, who may be led into the kingdom of God.

"Some years later, and what of the same man? His child is dead. He, too, is dead to all that is good. That gentle manliness is gone: instead is a sneaking meanness. Money he borrows here and there. Bills are run up at every shop. The husband and wife, once loving, quarrel continually. Finally he sells her. This is considered a disgraceful act even in China. Why this dreadful change? Opium, cursed opium has done it all.

"As we go along the streets, we see men slinking into the opium dens. Oh, to think how many there are of these hell-mouths! What a sad letter for you. Oh, that I might send it instead to the English people! I could go on my knees and with tears beg that Christian nations would have mercy upon poor heathen China. See the long procession in the dance of death! Will not hell soon be full?"

"January, 1873.

". . . Pray for us. We are lonely and weary sometimes. Living here in this heathen land is a kind of

death, a long dying. But Jesus is here, and we learn to love Him more and more as the years go by. . . .”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 4, 1873.*”

“MY DEAR FATHER :

“Our Tuesday evening prayer-meeting is just over. We’ve been cleaning house to-day. I swept a room and mixed the bread before my two Chinese assistants came, a deafish old man, and a dirty boy. While I molded the loaves, they took down and dusted the pictures. Etta had been at work taking tacks up from the carpet, and had it half done, which was very good for a little girl. Then the children were sent to their papa’s study, the carpet was taken up, the floor swept, and I scrubbed, while the two heathen Chinese wiped up. Then we had dinner in the study, the men beat the carpet, I baked, and we washed the study floor. While I set the table to-night, the children had their Bible stories from their father.

“Miss Diament and I have been thinking much lately of reviving the Girls’ School. While the beggar girls were here, after they had grown so large that they must necessarily influence younger ones, we could not plan for it.

“I should be glad to have you use the money which has come to me in any missionary way which you may think desirable. What are the needs of your Indian students at Beloit? Perhaps there are some sick among the Indians to whom you would like to send some little comforts. . . .”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 19, 1873.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER ALFRED :

“. . . The Emperor, a fifteen or sixteen year old boy is to ascend the throne on February twenty-third. The demand that foreign ministers be allowed audience is talked of.

“After morning work I took up the March and April *Scribner’s* and read ‘A Sick-room Paper.’ On finishing, I took a knife into my bedroom and opened the upper windows. We have paper windows and we paste up all the cracks when the cold grows intense, but it’s time now to cut them open. Don’t think we have no ventilation ! Any quantity of dust sifts in through the paper, and where that finds entrance, air certainly can. To-day is charming. To-morrow the wind may blow a hurricane, and sand will come in by the spoonful. I may repent opening the crack ! Lest I should not get into the spirit of doing the like again, I’d better open the rest of the windows while this weather keeps me in the mood.

“I get *Harper’s Weekly* still. Now the political campaign is over, it ought to be better for my purpose, which is the having pictures to give away. I gather pictures from advertisements also,—houses, sewing-machines and melodeons, thinking that prejudice against us may be disarmed, and a great deal of useful knowledge spread by the gift of even such simple pictures. It is with prayerful feelings that I give many of them. When giving pictures away, I generally try to adapt the gift to my idea of the person. I have some good pictures of scenery taken from *Appleton’s* (Dr. S. Wells Williams sent me some numbers), which will wait a long time for the right person. . . .”

“*Kalgan, March 18, 1873.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER ALFRED :

“. . . Mr. Gilmour, a Scotch missionary to the Mongols, is here. He is a man of overflowing energy and vivacity. His present plan for work is to get two or three camels, and go about here and there through Mongolia, visiting every village or hamlet in his way. He proposes to be gone for seven or eight months.

“Mr. Gilmour seems quite a character. He has a great proclivity for slang. He is Scotch to the core, and insists on calling our oatmeal porridge ‘they’ and ‘them.’ He does this partly from mischief. ‘I’ll take a few more of them,’ he says, looking towards the oatmeal dish. ‘They are uncommonly good.’ It is refreshing to have him with us. His exposition of Scripture is often a feast, and he is a devoted Christian and missionary.”

“*March 19th.*

“You perhaps know that we are expecting Mr. Sprague and his wife to come here with a view to Mongol work.

“ . . . Love to Mary and all the bairns.

“Ever your

“ISABELLA.”

(To her sister Anna.)

“*Kalgan, Aug. 13, 1873.*

“I’m rejoicing over a letter from you. It is like opening your door again, and taking a good peep at you. I revelled in those catalogues you sent. And I planted some of the phlox and mignonette. Only four little plants came up. They are very delicate, the blossoms are few, and green worms have tried to eat up the mignonette. I do love them, nevertheless.

“We have given seed of home corn to the Chinese here, and they are raising it successfully. We had some yesterday for dinner. Messrs. Gulick, Thompson and Gilmour dined with us. Mr. Gilmour is leaving for a summer’s trip on camel-back into Mongolia. I gave him a magazine which has a lovely Scotch lassie on the cover. I hope it will make him want to find a lassie for himself!”

“*August 22d.*

“Our mail came yesterday, Sabbath, but as we do not pay any money out until the next day, and the carrier

was a new man, he would not leave it. Before breakfast this morning, he came again. We did not eat much!

“My Stephen boy was three years old, August twenty-second. He had a birthday party, inviting Mrs. Gulick’s Martha, and little blind Te Mai to an open air lunch.”

“‘Ninth month, tenth day’—I write the date in Chinese, and look at the calendar, which says that the 10th of the 9th month of the 12th year of Tung djir’s reign is the 30th of October, 1873.

“You speak of Enos’ wife. Comfort her, from me, with the thought of her children in heaven. In the midst of so much misery of the dying, and the sin of infanticide, I find my great consolation in this, that this great multitude of dying and murdered children have joined the redeemed in heaven.

“Our servant’s wife has had twelve or thirteen children. But only four are living. She killed none of hers however. Her case is a very common one.

“Were I to judge from the inquiries I have made, I should say that more than two-thirds of those born in China die or are murdered, in infancy, or early childhood. Think of the great multitude! ‘These from the land of Sinim!’

ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Nov. 12, 1873.*

“DEAR FATHER :

“I’m not in the most charming mood for writing to-day. Our house is being papered for the first time since we came into it. After a day of dirt and discomfort and the prospect of three more, my patience gave out, and I asked the paperers to do some night work, so they are at it this evening, as I write. The ceiling is papered with Chinese paper, and the wall with foreign. You haven’t

an idea of how much dirt has come down from the ceiling ! Tiles are dirt, originally, and there must be other trash used in the fearful and wonderful structure which we call a roof.

“The four men who are papering are having a lovely time. We have left them to their own devices. I hope they won’t carry off a stove lid or a poker in their sleeves when they go. I know they can’t steal paper, for there is just enough to finish with !

“The children had the study for a refuge to-day, but they preferred to wander around disconsolately, with red noses and chapped hands. Etta varied that monotony by painting herself with red ink till she looked like a red Indian, or a Chinese belle. Etta is making fine progress in reading these days. She thinks over words, and springs them on us at meal-time.”

“*November 14th.*

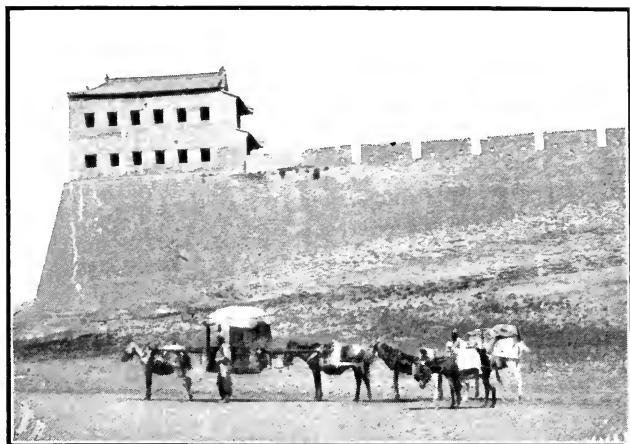
“Still papering !”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1874.*

“MY DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

“It is Chinese New Year’s Day, and your birthday as well. The Chinese kept it up, pop, pop, pop, half the night, and an occasional report of firecrackers is yet to be heard. . . .

“Stephen knows two verses of ‘Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.’ He and his papa have great talks. Oh, so many stories,—all the Bible stories there are,—and a great many others about ‘when papa was a little boy,’ about Indians, and so forth, and so forth. Stephen says ‘he is going to kill a deer for papa when he grows old and blind like Isaac.’ But for fear ‘papa would choke on the horns and hoofs, he will be careful that they are not cooked with the rest.’”



JOURNEYING TO KALGAN



THE HOME AT KALGAN

“ July 18, 1874.

“. . . Our rainy season has begun, and the flower bed and the pots are green with mold. Our paper windows are getting a little wet. Occasionally a drenching rain beats against them and tears them. . . .

“ Etta is buried in the *Riverside Magazine* again. Mr. Thompson gave all of our missionary children presents this spring,—yearly volumes of the *Riverside*. I do wish Etta was with you. I believe her young auntie would influence her more than her old mother does.

“ I hope my letters are not a delusion, though it is nice that you think them cheerful. But as to not having any troubles, why, I have a great many anxieties, and we have some heavy troubles except as Jesus bears them for us. . . . Good-bye.

“ Yours lovingly,

“ ISABELLA.”

“ *Kalgan, July 31, 1874.*

“ DEAR ANNA :

“ The chicks are so lively that I’ve decided to get up while they are asleep, and write you all about my flowers. First and foremost is a great sunflower. I did not plant it, but let it live as a matter of duty, because sunflowers create ozone, which is lamentably needed in China. My nasturtiums and mignonette are doing finely. I planted all the seeds you sent me.

“ Theatre at our gate began day before yesterday. Mrs. Sheffield says we ought to call it opera. A dozen visitors yesterday ; one woman so well satisfied that we’re Russians that there was no possibility of setting her straight.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Gulick are out on the Mongolian plateau, seventy miles from here. They are camping in regular Mongol style.

“ Oh, such a bouquet of larkspurs and mountain pinks as Mrs. Sheffield brought back from the hills yesterday. I ought to take my children out oftener. Etta is wild to go. The other day we went, and Mr. Williams put the baby down on the gravel bed at the foot of a glen. Oh, how happy she was, heaping her dress full of gravel, while the others ran about gathering morning-glories, red lilies, and so forth, and so forth, of which I don't know the names. I used to be a botanist in Minnesota, but there's no time for that here.

“ I'm not doing any sewing this summer. We all wear what we've got, and it's delightful !

“ Baby begins to nestle about. There'll be an end to writing, I fear.”

“ *Kalgan, July 31, 1874.*

“ MY DEAR ROBERT .

“ . . . After breakfast this morning we hired a big cart, clumsy as a lumber wagon, and I took all the children out for a ride. We went up the valley where the Russian traders live, past their houses and beyond, as far as our carter could be induced to go, for 200 cash (about sixteen cents). The fresh mountain air was delightful, and we found some pretty flowers without climbing much. If you had been with us, you would have been scaling rocks and frightening me, undoubtedly !

“ The theatrical performance at our gate is dum—dum—dum, bang—bang—bang, hum—hum—humming away. Emily is having a sweet sleep after her long and jolting ride ; Stephen is playing with his camels, elephants and horses, and Etta is swinging.”

“ *After dinner.*

“ About eight women and as many girls came in for a little visit. I showed them my photographs, especially

those new ones of my 'seventh younger brother,' and my 'eighth younger sister.' This isn't meant for nonsense but is real Chinese. We count beginning with the eldest, so as to show one's place in the family.

We shall have no tomatoes this year. Our little donkey tramped them all down. Fruit such as apples, grapes and peaches, is, as a rule, abundant, so we do very well. Peaches are very inferior. The best of them do have a *little* suspicion of peach flavor!

"I'm afraid we shall not go home at the end of ten years. The Board is in debt, and we shall not be able to afford to go home."

"Kalgan, Jan. 13, 1875.

"DEAR SISTER ANNA :

". . . We have had Mr. and Mrs. Sprague with us since fall. Miss Diament is away in Peking. Mr. Williams is also away from home, having gone with Mr. Goodrich on a preaching tour. They will be back this week, and we shall be ever so glad to have 'papa' at home again. He will not be less glad to see us, for they have been gone twenty-five days.

"We did something remarkable in our family history yesterday,—went visiting! We took tea at the Gulicks' and stayed for prayer-meeting. The children were sleepy and tired, and it's my opinion that, ordinarily, mothers should keep their children at home to tea. If you've only one chick, it's different.

"I'm making yeast from the beginning again, and yesterday I despaired of its coming to anything, and sent down to the Belgian merchants, to see if they had any left of what I had given them. Mr. Graesel wrote, 'To-morrow it will cause us great pleasure to let you have some yeast. To-day there is none ready.' Meanwhile my yeast has taken a notion to ferment, and I don't need his, but I'll send for it all the same, after such a polite

note. One year we took a jar of yeast down to Peking, as no one in the capital had anything but salt-rising bread!

“We had fish this morning for breakfast. It was pretty good, but not equal to those we used to have in Minnesota. These fish come from the Amoor River. They have the ‘Eastern Asia’ taste, as Mr. Blodget said of a pudding which was made with Mongol butter. I am going to have pheasant for dinner next Friday, and apple-pie for a luxury. Mark and Mr. Goodrich will be back, and we shall have the Gulicks and Mr. Thompson here.”

“*April, 1875.*

“. . . Little blind Timeus is dead. Seven years ago he was found by Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, having been cast out by his parents who had no wish for a blind baby. He was a bright, happy little fellow,—very fond of music. Mrs. Gulick says, ‘I had always thought of him as our future chorister, but God wants him for the heavenly choir.’ Before he died, he gave away his little treasures to his playmates, saying, ‘I won’t need them in heaven. I am going to Jesus, and He will give me all I need.’”

“*Kalgan, June 19, 1875.*

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“How the children enjoyed mission meeting! On Emily’s birthday, she and little Myron Hunt were crowned with vines and flowers, at a feast made for them.

“Since coming home, we have had a siege of whooping-cough. I have come to have a great respect for whooping-cough as a disease, although it seems to have no particular use. Now typhus comes so plainly in violation of the laws of health, that it seems a just punishment.

“I don’t do much but live from day to day. I cannot visit, or give medicines as I have done, while my hands are full with my three children. Faces to wash, wet aprons to change, stockings to mend, heedless children to reprove,—(s) ‘cold,’ as Emmy says,—so go the days.

“I have read ‘Middlemarch.’ Would you not like to know Dorothea as a friend? Mary Garth, too? What a good, comfortable soul to spend the day with she would be! Otherwise I should not care to know any of the numberless people in the novel, unless it were Lydgate, and I should be too sorry for him to have even a word to say.

“Mr. Thompson leaves for America in the fall. He has been a good friend to us, and we shall miss him. The children will be broken-hearted.”

A glimpse into the home-life at Kalgan is given in a letter written years later by Mr. Thompson to one of the children, and it seems fitting that it should have a place here.

“I was a fellow-missionary with your father and mother for a little more than six years in the early history of Kalgan as a mission station. . . . Your mother’s home in the Upper City was a home of study and cheerful activity, of good talk, of children’s stories—(those stories of your father’s, how much we all enjoyed them!) of merry young people, of thoughtful kindness, reverent worship, and missionary zeal and hopes.

“Satisfactory housekeeping in our circumstances, and with our assistants, would not go of itself, and your mother, with her training and her conscience, could not neglect anything. That order, system, cleanliness, and the best of wholesome food were secured, I can bear witness. But your mother’s mind was not cabined, confined, or bound in to cares of this sort. She was always

the genial, responsive hostess, always ready for higher themes. Your mother was attractive personally. I once heard a worthy Scotch merchant, his wife assenting, pronounce her 'bonny.' She loved music, and practiced it, and she loved good literature and appreciated it. . . .

"As became one who came from a missionary home, she understood well that a missionary must have faith that can stand firm against doubt, discouragement, failure and disappointment. She had no over-sanguine expectations of immediate and astonishing results, as young missionaries sometimes have. She took fully into account difficulties and hindrances and for that reason she was a most helpful and inspiring counsellor. . . .

"It was characteristic of her to have in mind and on her heart some charitable scheme which she made successful. When I first knew her, she was interested in the orphans at home, whose cause was espoused by the *Orphan's Advocate* of New York, and when I saw her last, she was interesting her friends in the Home for Missionaries' Children in Oberlin.

"For myself personally, let me say that the recollection of her friendship is a great treasure. Its faithfulness and Christlikeness so confirm one's faith in its source as to make it seem that in praising the disciple, we are praising the Lord and Master whose disciple she was.

"Let my tribute to your mother's faith and piety be considered a grateful one."

"Kalgan, Dec. 6, 1875.

"MY DEAR ALFRED :

"Since my long siege of fever I'm just beginning life newly again, although I'm not quite so devoid of a past as I was after recovering from typhus. I am three months behind in family discipline, and the children are far less tractable and pleasant than they were last sum-

mer. The baby thrives famously. She stays with me now, and likes the stir and bustle of the children's play. She's a remarkable baby for smiles.

"Etta is reading Irving's 'Washington,' 'Old-Fashioned Girl,' Macaulay's History, 'The Merchant of Venice,' and much else. I have borrowed 'Kenilworth' for her to read to me one of these days when we shall find time. Our Emily bird is a darling! But she's been into so much mischief to-day that I'm tired out, and wonder wearily what can be done to amuse children and keep them from playing in ashes, water and coal hods!"

"February 23, 1876.

"Word has come of Mrs. Gulick's death in Japan. We have lost a friend. Unselfish beyond others, she was,—enthusiastic, patient, and faithful unto death. That our mission station at Kalgan was not long ago given up because of its distance inland, and because of the weakness of our force, has always been due to Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gulick. They bore the brunt of the beginning,—the shouts and stones of the noisy rabble. It was in a great part due to Mrs. Gulick's medical work that the hearts of the people were made friendly, and the way opened for the Gospel. We who remain feel that a sacred trust has been left in our keeping."

"Kalgan, March 23, 1876.

"DEAR BROTHER ROBERT :

"Are you surprised at my writing to you? If thoughts could send messages, you would not be astonished. This would be only one of many.

". . . The children have all been unusually restless and trying to-day. I can find work for girls, but what to do with a boy passes my knowledge. I wish I could whittle or whistle or do something else that comes in a

boy's line. Etta wants to read all the time. It certainly cannot be good for her.

“. . . Our winter's supply of newspapers is on hand. We are satiated with news and know nothing about anything. I almost scorn to look at a paper now, which is just as well, for I need to be at work on children's clothes.

“. . . The wind has been very fierce this month. Bits of coal are blown all over the court.

“From what father writes, he certainly is not as well as in former years. I know you and Cornelia will do all you can to help and cheer him, in return for what he has done for you and for us all.

“My little Russian is doing nicely. She is Ma-rie, and my baby is plain Mary. Miss Russian doesn't wear any clothes to speak of. She has only a shirt—the rest of her is wrappings of various sizes and kinds.

“Mr. Holcombe has just translated ‘I am Jesus' little lamb,’ and Mrs. Collins, ‘Knocking, knocking, who is there?’ They are both worth singing. I taught Chang Fu Cheng's little boys to sing the first last Sunday, and to-day taught their mother.

“Our organ which Mr. Thompson gave us is such a fine one that I sing and play more than for years,—more than at any time since coming to China.

“May God bless you all.”

(To her sister Anna.)

“*Kalgan, June 24, 1876.*

“You will be glad to know that after so long an illness, and a convalescence of six months, I am now strong and well as I have not been for years. My castles have fallen as to our speedy home-going. However, I'm not going to buy any new dresses till we go home,—which is safe to say, as my wedding dress is still existing,—so is my

brown which I brought out with me. I have a black alpaca and a corn-colored summer dress still unmade. My one winter dress is of green Russian goods. . . .

“. . . Won't I go to see you with all the children! Oh, that wood-lot, and the wild flowers, and the hills! The grass will be my chief joy. Think of it,—could you live without grass? We have some, sparsely scattered over the mountains, but none in our paved yards. . . .”

“*Kalgan, Sept. 25, 1876.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER ROBERT :

“I think the fact of your having finished your college course, of itself entitles you to a letter from me.

“. . . Emmy ‘goes to ‘cool’ now with the other children. Mary says a few words in Chinese. My little Russian protégée is doing nicely. She is fat and fair, and can creep about very fast. And oh! Mary has another tooth! There, haven't I disgusted you, most noble Salutatorian? There is a fitness in knowing what to mention and what to omit, and youths who are the possible heroes of the next novel shouldn't be belittled by having to read about creeping, teething babies. That is one reason why I do not write oftener to you and Cornelia! Now of course papa wouldn't mind it! . . .”

“*Kalgan, Dec. 19, 1876.*”

“DEAR FATHER :

“Etta and Stephen are learning Christmas hymns these days. They repeat them to us before breakfast. I am still busy at pants and jackets for Stephen. I'd better make him a buckskin suit than so many out of his father's old coats! I am more and more thankful to my brothers, Thomas, Henry and Robert, for giving me opportunity to know something about the making of boys' clothes.

“ We have sent our young servant away. He is profligate. There are some good things about him, and my heart goes out to him. I mean to keep on praying and believe the Lord will save him yet.

“ When the children go off in glee for an afternoon’s visit to Mrs. Sprague, I hasten to use the precious time in teaching my women. One woman learns a Bible verse a day, while another attacks for the fifth time the first lines of ‘ Jesus loves me.’ ‘ I am so stupid,’ she says. The sweat rolls off Chang Fu Cheng’s face as he painfully repeats the first verse of the morning lesson. His bright-eyed boy teaches it to him every night by the light of a bit of twisted cotton in a few spoonfuls of linseed oil. When I read over the first chapter of Genesis, how grand the ring of the words ! To my heart, eager to teach these souls newly called to the kingdom, the Chinese words have a wonderful melody,—a triumphant movement that I had almost forgotten was in the English. But it is there. Go out at night alone under the stars, and then back to your Bible, and read the glorious story of Creation. The women say as we read, ‘ You have told us of this, and we *know* it is true.’ Their faces shine with a new light, and you forget the soiled garments, and the dullness and stupidity and think only of the dark souls upon whom the Sun of Righteousness is shining, and you are glad.”

“ *Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1877.*

“ DEAR LITTLE SISTER CORNELIA :

“ I don’t have time to write these days. If folks *will* be so inconsiderate as to be sick, why, there is nothing to do but to pore myself stupid over doctor-books. I have one scurvy patient, one with dropsy, and one with consumption, besides three Russian babies, who are not specially anything just now. But babies are babies,

and will cut teeth, and do other absurd things. . . . This is your birthday. I wish you as many happy returns as God may choose. How well I remember eighteen years ago. Mrs. Williamson brought you out for the big sisters to see. 'She's a plump little thing,' she said."

"Kalgan, Dec. 15, 1877.

"MY DEAR BROTHER ALFRED :

"I was glad of your letter, and its evidence of advancing work among the Dakotas. It is a good work. May God bless you all in it.

"Stephen broke his arm, six weeks ago to-day. The bone has grown together, but it does not seem best to take off the splints yet. Everybody has been writing kind letters to Stephen, so his cloud has had a silver lining.

"Mr. Sprague set Stephen's arm. He has had considerable practice lately as a surgeon. Last week he was sent for, post haste, to go to a place seven miles distant, the case a gun-shot wound (bullet left in the man's neck, —nothing to be done). He goes up, finds the man who shot the other holding on for dear life to a pumpkin with a hole cut in it, pressing it over the wound, and expecting the bullet to be drawn out by the attraction of gravitation, perchance! Think what a picture some artist could make of that! The man may be holding the pumpkin there still, for aught I know."

"Kalgan, Jan. 26, 1878.

"MY DEAR FATHER :

"What a very windy day we are having! The dust blows in at every crack and cranny.

"I've just been working buttonholes in five shirts for my little Stephen. This looks like preparing for a homeward journey. The children have some very interesting

Bible stories of evenings, nowadays. Mary says nightly, 'Papa, tell 'bout Hagar,' and when it comes to the right place, she does not fail to say, 'What is it, mother?' 'Water, my son.'

"Samson's foxes are favorites with the other children. Stephen and Emmy had a fine play once or twice. Stephen would be Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, and Emmy and Mary the hosts of the Philistines, and then they all would be the foxes or jackals, tied together, running through the fields of wheat, and lying to rest by the shocks of grain wherever it was harvested.

"I'm studying the Psalms in Chinese whenever I have time. The hymns we use need a great deal more study, that I may be familiar enough with them to sing while playing the tunes. In our Chinese prayers we are reading the Gospels, having just finished Luke.

"The letters which come to us most frequently now are Chinese. They come from our boys at the Bible Training School at Tung Cho, and make our hearts glad."

"Kalgan, April 16, 1878.

"We have a tree! You might not know it, were you here, but *we* do. You would say, 'You have had a nice post put up for your clothes-line.' The Chinese method of planting trees is to chop them off at the roots, chop off the top, so far as there are any branches, and tie a wisp of straw with a handful of mud, and, if very liberally minded, a dirty dish-rag around the top.

"I have been laboring to get a *bona fide* tree. In my mind's eye was a graceful poplar, branching, and about to leaf out, with some four or five feet of root. I resented the idea that I should take a branch ignominiously cut off from a large tree, and tie it up with my dish-cloth. Not I!

"The servant travelled here and there. 'Plenty of

branches and no trees. 'Won't sell a tree.' He goes off ten miles with determination in his eye : comes back the next day triumphantly, with a great, fat clothes-line post,—without root or branch, and high as our house. 'See the tree!' I was speechless. My beautiful tree, six feet including its delicate topmost leaf,—the tree which Etta and Stephen were to remember all their lives as the oasis in their desert,—was this twenty-foot beam to be a substitute for that ?

"Well, so it is, and I am at last as resigned as is possible to my nature.

"P. S. Chinese trees do sometimes grow,—in fact very often. It must be the wet rag that causes it."

"Kalgan, Aug. 16, 1878.

"MY DEAR FATHER :

"Am I going to let this mail go without a letter to you ? It almost seems like it. But I'll bestir myself while my twin babies sleep as soundly as two kittens.

"You never saw a prouder mother than I am now ! When the two little loves are smiling at me, and their four little hands are going, going, I want to call everybody to come and see !

"Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour will be in from Mongolia next week. We have asked them to stay with us. It is lonesome without Miss Diamant. But then there are always the amusing babies ! . . ."

"August 26, 1878.

"I fly around after the children these days till my feet are tired. But I am thankful for the strength which makes the flying around possible.

"We have been reading Hamlin's 'Among the Turks,' and have enjoyed it greatly. His arranging for hospital washing for the English soldiers at the time of

the Crimean War was quite interesting. Washing clothes is an interesting subject to me, especially now that I have two babies!

“Emmy is a real little mother, and Mary talks about ‘my *this* baby,’ and ‘my *that* baby.’ She is a common-sense, practical little creature, and yet gets out some quaint sayings. One morning she said, ‘I haven’t washed my night-face yet.’ I wrote you of her asking for some ‘shooting-cookies’ on the Fourth of July. She calls the clothes-line the ‘lion,’ and the other day she called to Stephen to give her ‘the clothes-tiger’!

“Our tree is branching out nicely. The morning-glory vines have run far past its top, and seem to be looking out for a star to tie to. We have four-o’clocks and portulacas, balsams and roses. One of my oleanders is full of blossoms and the other two are budding. . . .”

“*Kalgan, Dec. 6, 1878.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER ALFRED :

“On this your birthday I think of you as repeating ‘These forty years the Lord hath led me,’ with a deeply thankful heart.

“I have just returned from spending two weeks with Mrs. Sprague, while Mr. Sprague was away on a tour. I came home once in a while,—once to make some pies,—and Mark brought the children over often to see me. We had a delightful time. I read ‘Romance of Missions’ to Mrs. Sprague in the evenings, and oh, how we did enjoy the babies! They were delightful darlings, with nobody to slam doors, or shout or scream, and waken them!

“I am building great air castles about the visit home. I hope we can have a month at least, all together at Santee.”

(To her sister Cornelia.)

“. . . I am looking forward eagerly to our family

meeting. Let us pray about it, that it may be pleasant without any marring, that it may help us through all our lives. If we all meet for this once, it will most probably be for this once only. The family circle is not completed even now, except as we reach in beyond the veil. . . .”

V

BY LAND AND BY SEA

The King of Kings He rules on earth,
He sends us sorrow here or mirth ;
He bears the ocean in His hand,
And thus we meet on sea or land,
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys which for a moment please,
But willingly their paths forsake
And for thy blessed portion take
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven,
There shall the crown of joy be given,
There shalt thou hear and see and know
As thou couldst never here below
What pleases God.

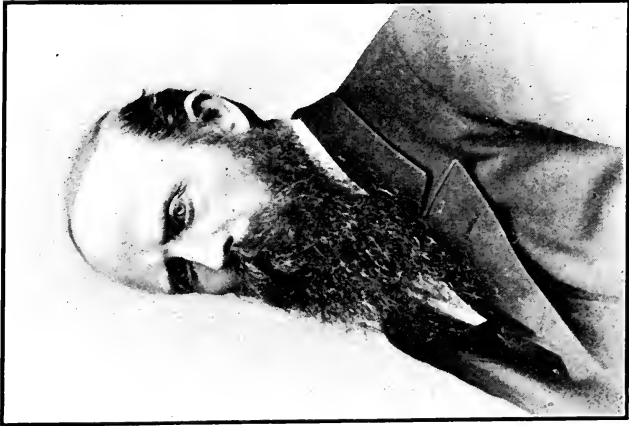
—*Paul Gerhardt.*

IN May, 1879, the homeward journey was begun. As a parting gift, the Chinese Christians at Kalgan presented Mr. and Mrs. Williams with a memorial scroll, whose quaint inscription reads as follows :—

“ God pitied the world, led astray by the devil,
Christ, for man, struck the serpent’s head.

“ Jesus sent disciples into the whole world to preach ;
Paul passed over the sea to Europe.

“ England, France, Prussia, Russia and America
Do not endure oppression, but have liberty.



MARK AND ISABELLA WILLIAMS IN 1881

- “ The Church, for the Lord, saves men.
Teacher Williams preaches, and he and his wife sing.
- “ Leaving America, more than 30,000 li,
Came to the Middle Flowerly, staying twelve springs and
autumnus.
- “ At Kalgan and Hsuen Hua always;
Going once to Pao An, many times to Yu Cho.
- “ Going north to Mongolia, going south
To Peking, and through the Nank'ou Pass,
- “ He baptized ten church friends,
Constantly entreating Jesus.
- “ He possesses great kindness and patience,
And is very merciful.
- “ With six children
They are very much like Noah entering the Ark.
- “ May the Lord give you a returning road,
You will then have gone around the globe.
- “ You are like the husbandman, plowing and sowing,
The Lord will surely send reapers to reap the harvests.”

For the Riggs family gathering, Isabella wrote a sketch of the journey homeward.

“ Ding lang, ding lang, ding lang! Hear the bells. The litters are packed, the good-byes spoken. Thirteen years of work in sorrow and in joy are over. ‘ Good-bye, we will pray for you all; do not forget us.’

“ Down the narrow street, past the closely crowded houses of more crowded inmates, beyond the pale green of the gardens, on the stony plain, and our long journey is begun.

“ Eight hours, and the first inn is reached, and we had made a twenty-five-mile-stage. Over rocks and river, fertile lake bed, desert plain, and through mountain gorge, we creep our way, till, on the fifth day, the mass-

ive walls of Peking loom up before us. Here there are cordial greetings from warm hearts, and willing hands stretched out to help. Best of all is the inspiration of mission meeting, with its glad, good news from Shantung Province.

“By cart, and by canal boat, again away. At Tientsin we ride by starlight in jinrikishas to the steamer. How huge the monster! How broad seems the river, covered here and yonder, and again yonder, with fleets of boats! We ensconce ourselves in the assigned staterooms, and little Anna’s foster-mother keeps a vigil by the child so soon to be hers no more. ‘Farewell, farewell.’

“Gray morning comes, and the ponderous engine begins his work. We move past boats, ships, steamers, past the fort at Taku, out on the open sea. No one sings, ‘A life on the ocean wave,’ or ‘Murmuring sea,’ for our ‘day of youth went yesterday.’ The enthusiasm of early years is gone. Instead, I read reverently the 107th Psalm, verses 23–31. Then with the strong, glad, spray-laden breeze on one’s face, it is fitting to read, ‘The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the waves of the sea.’ ‘Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof. Let the floods clap their hands . . . before the Lord.’ ‘The sea is His, and He made it.’ ‘The earth is full of Thy riches: so is this great and wide sea. There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein.’

“Five days, and we steam up through the low, flat, fertile shores of Woo Sung River to Shanghai.

“Ho for the land of the rising sun! Two days we sail over a silver sea, yonder is Nagasaki, and now a heavy rain reminds us that this is Japan. On through the Inland Sea. How surpassingly beautiful are the green hills and mountains on every side.

“At Kobe we receive a delightful welcome from Mr.

Orramel Gulick's family, and on the morrow we meet our former co-laborer in the Kalgan work, Rev. John T. Gulick. Ten days of rest, and our little Anna is herself again. She is round and fair and sweet, and every one laughingly says she is more like our hostess than like me.

“Again away, in a floating palace, fitly named *City of Tokio*. We glide out of sight of Japan, with hearts strangely stirred by God's work in that land.

“One sail after another disappears, until we are alone on the great ocean. Water, water, water everywhere.

“Our days are all alike. Constant care of the children, and thoughts of home and beloved ones keep hand and heart busy. The events of each day are breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, daintily prepared, and faultlessly served by deft and noiseless waiters. We think it a pleasant variety when a stiff breeze makes the waves run high. The table racks are on, yet once and again, a glass of water, or a plate of soup goes over. We turn our plates at the proper angle, when the long roll begins, and unconcernedly go on.

“One day of waves mountain high, which sweep us on to our desired haven. On the eighteenth day we see the shore of beautiful America. How the heart beats! So soon to see father, brothers and sisters! Thank God. Aye, thank Him, too, for the manifold mercies of our journey.

“How strange and yet familiar are the sights and sounds of San Francisco. The children's eyes shine as they plan and execute raids on a toy store.

“There is yet the land journey of thousands of miles. By night and by day we speed on; across gorge, through tunnel and snow-shed over the alkali plains, over fertile fields, to Omaha.

“At last we arrive in Yankton, and a cheery voice makes weary hearts glad. ‘I am Mr. Ward. Your

brother Henry is here.' Ah, is that Henry? How he has changed from boyhood to manhood!

“ ‘Over the hills and far away.’ Here we are! How beautiful the mission houses look! And the dear familiar faces! Rest and home at last for a little while. ‘For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.’ ”

The two years spent on furlough were like a rest beneath the palms of Elim. The family reunion held at Santee, Nebraska, on mission ground, was a memorable one. Later a gathering of the Christian Indians at the Good Will Mission was an inspiration. Isabella wrote to her sister Cornelia:—

“We are right in the midst of it! Martha had a family of twenty-one yesterday. . . . I went to hear papa talk about the Bible to the Dakota preachers. Do take care of our precious father when he is at home again. You have him in charge for all of us. You can fulfill our lack of service to him. I do not think he will stay long on earth. Some of these across-country trips will be the close of this life spent in the service of Christ.”

In 1880, Lane Seminary celebrated its semi-centennial, and The Western its twenty-fifth anniversary, so that there were delightful reunions with classmates and friends. But China was not forgotten. Wherever they went, the churches were eager to hear of their work. It was an especial pleasure to speak in the old home church at St. Anthony, and among the friends in Beloit. How full of blessed memories for the years to come were the days spent in Beloit with her father. She wrote in 1880:—

“I joy and rejoice in this spring. It seems as if I had never known one spring in China! The roses which our mother planted are beginning to bloom.” And again:—
“How many things we have to be thankful for, during this short, precious, wonderful visit at home!” But the

shadow of parting from her children, as well as from the dear father, shows in the letters of the last months in America. From a missionary gathering in Minneapolis, she wrote to her boy Stephen:—"I remembered you on your birthday, and would have been so glad to have given you ten kisses. On the next twenty-second of August, papa and mamma will be far away." On the last day of January, 1881, in a letter to her sister, she wrote:—"To-morrow night at this time I shall have bid Etta and Stephen good-bye. If I ever see them again, they will be *grown up*. God will help me. I wonder sometimes how I can do it, but God makes the way as easy as possible.

"I have not written many good-bye letters. I *begin*, and *break right off*, and go to find some little thing to do for one or the other child. I don't mind how many steps I take for them. . . ."

(From Beloit, on February second.)

"It is now thirty hours since I bid my dear children good-bye. I could almost stay from China, but not quite, thank God. He comforts me."

From San Francisco she wrote to her father:—"We sail on the *Belgic*. Many have been in to bid us good-bye. It is so pleasant to see some friendly faces before sailing out on the great sea. . . . I say good-bye to you,—to each one. Pray for us!"

The journey to China was afterwards recalled in a little story written for her children:—

WHAT DOLL ELLIE TOLD ME

I never willingly think of the time of my birth. No doll remembers, without a shudder, the glue, the bits of wire, the sawdust, or the gleaming needle darting through and through its skin. Passing over such memories I

will begin with my life in the store. It would have been delightful there, with the busy clerks, and so many pleasant ladies passing in and out, if they had only known how dolls felt about hanging up undressed. The room was warm, and we did not shiver, but oh, how unpleasant it was to be hung in a row with such short, scant garments on!

One day a sleigh drove up, and the loveliest little lady you ever saw stepped out. She looked at us all and pointed to me. My heart beat high with hope. "How much is that one?" she said in so sweet a voice that all the dolls turned around to listen. Their cheeks grew pale with disappointment when the clerk took me down and wrapped me up.

How the bells jingled as we flew over the snow! I peeped through a tiny hole in the wrapping-paper, and the cold almost took away my breath. When we stopped, I was carried into a House Beautiful. Somebody opened the wrapper quickly. "Let me see it, aunty! How pretty! Won't Emily be surprised? Dolly, you are going to take a long journey,—half round the world!" Miss Ellie ran down-stairs, and I saw the Lovely Lady's fingers flying fast over dainty garments. Ere long the whole suit was done, and Miss Ellie came in just as the Lovely Lady had finished dressing me. "Why, aunty, how nice! What a pretty cloak she has! May I show her to mamma?" and off she danced with me.

Then the Lovely Lady wrote a letter and put me into a dear little travelling-bag, and I heard the bells jingle again. When they stopped, I was carried into a house which was very full of children. Somebody read, "For Emily Williams," and gave me to a pale little girl who looked as if she had been sick. How happy the little girl was!

The children's papa and mamma were ever so busy

packing up to go to China. One day the four little girls were hooded and cloaked and mittened, and taken to the train. We dolls went along with them, of course. It isn't every doll who has the chance to see so much of the world, or to go as far as China! People were always saying good-bye, and when a beautiful, white-haired old man kissed the children and their mother, she whispered, "It is for the last time here."

Travelling wasn't so nice as we thought it would be. I did very well, having my bag to hide in when we changed cars, but the other dolls were in a perpetual worry lest they should be undressed when the summons came, and should be obliged to leave all their clothes behind.

The little girls' papa and mamma did not read papers and books much, but were busy watching the children; and if you had seen how merry and how restless they were, you would think they needed watching, especially the twins. When we stopped, people were very kind to our little mammas. Sometimes there were tears and sometimes smiles, and some one was always saying good-bye.

We rode on and on in the cars till we dolls thought we should reach China very soon. Two of the little mammas thought so too. "Is dis Tina? Is dis Tina?" they said. There were more tears and smiles but not many people now to say good-bye.

At last we went on a great ship. It was damp and cold at sea, and our little mammas were all seasick. We went to bed, and slept, and waked, and sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but Dumpling, one of the twins' dolls, wouldn't sing the trills right, and her sister Cecilia didn't play the accompaniment in time. Arthura told her that, considering her name, better music was to be expected of her, and she was vexed, and finally we

wouldn't speak to each other. If we didn't have a miserable time!

By and by the little girls were well and running about, balancing first on one foot, and then on the other, like chickens. They played with us a great deal, but didn't let us go on deck, lest the sea water spoil our travelling suits. I had a peep at the waves through a port-hole once,—oh, they were grand! The two little dolls used to be so frightened when the waves came over the ship with a heavy jar, as if about to send us to the bottom of the ocean.

So long on the water! The confinement was telling sadly on our health, and Dumpling's sister Cecilia died from a dreadful fall. Nellie had her head shattered by falling from her berth, but our grandmother gathered up the pieces and mended her with "mucilage glue and cement," and in a week the child was as lively as ever.

You may be sure I was glad to go ashore at Yokohama. It was good to be on land once more, and we were never tired of watching the ships in the harbor, or the queer Japanese. No one took us dolls out to see the sights, but the little girls rode out in jinrikishas with two kind friends who had been very good to them all through the long voyage. When they came back, they were so merry and excited that all talked at once, and they had boxes of Japanese dolls and toys. Oh, how jealous we were of those dolls. Our mammas let us lie under the sofa, and there, they were petting those deformed creatures! I made up my mind to cry all the pink off my cheeks! They crowded me in one trunk and then in another, and I didn't get a breath of air until we reached Shanghai. From Shanghai we journeyed on and on. At last we stopped, and I was full of excitement. But when the trunk lid was opened, I heard some one say, "It's a clear case,—measles without doubt!" The room was

so dark that I turned over and slept a week or two. I did think of having measles to spite them, but feared that they would know nothing about it, and if they did, they would take no pains to read my favorite authors to me, but would be sure to choose some trifling stuff, sure to suit a little creature like Dumpling, but such as a doll of my education utterly scorns.

What a disappointment it was to be locked up in a trunk,—so inconsiderate,—when I had arranged for a regular series of letters to the Dolls' Bazar! I had especially promised to give the latest notes from Tokio and Peking in respect to ladies' styles, and the freshest news in art, as for example, which leg the Japanese storks are expected to hold up for the next year or two, and exactly how many spears of grass may surround the pensive and esthetic cat tail. There was nothing for me to do but to imagine the whole thing, and if the Chinese and Japanese fashions are not the same on both sides of the Pacific, you will know the reason why.

Finally, after a five days' journey, we reached the place that Emily called home. I did not admire her taste in selecting a home where there are no trees, and no flowers but morning-glories. Yet if she will love me, I will forgive her, and shall be happy here. One thing has comforted me, and that is that all those Japanese dolls died long ago.

ELLIE DOLL WILLIAMS,
Per amanuensis.

VI

IN LABORS MORE ABUNDANT

“It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good.”—*George Eliot.*

“*Kalgan, June 7, 1881.*”

“MY DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

“In the vortex of beginning housekeeping, I must yet write a few words to some one of you. . . . We are all glad to be back in Kalgan, and our Chinese friends were glad to see us. The missionaries here are all new people,—Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Dr. Murdock and Miss Garretson. Dr. Murdock is very enthusiastic in her profession, and will surely do a good work for God. . . .

“We have been here over a week. Trunks not unpacked,—no place to put things! Although I have no room yet to store away what we have, I wish we had got twice as many shoes for the children! They will be out in a year’s time. Feet grow faster on the march!”

“*Kalgan, July 9, 1881.*”

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“We are very happy here in many things. Dr. Murdock’s energy, earnestness and skill are a great blessing. When it is necessary, these days, I leave the babies in

Emily's and Mary's care, and interpret for the doctor. I like to interpret; it is in my line of past work, so that I'm seldom at loss, and the test of knowledge of the language is exhilarating. I must say that the various ulcers and eye diseases are anything but enlivening, yet looking at them from a professional point of view, one forgets that, especially when there is a triumphal improvement. There have been between 600 and 700 treatments in the last seven weeks.

"Fu Yuan and his wife are very grateful over the safe arrival of their boy. She said yesterday, '*P'usz tai fu tsai chi li, mei la woa!*' ('If there had been no doctor here, there would be no me!') Dr. Murdock pointed to me, and Fu Yuan replied politely, 'You two honorables.'

"Tsai Fu Yuan grows in love to his Saviour. I am so glad, for I love him so much, and his wife for his sake, and both of them for Jesus' sake. Fu Yuan has been teaching both Mr. Williams and myself every morning from nine or ten until twelve. It has been such an opportunity for me to give him some of the precious things of the Bible which God has given me. I plan to teach him and Lu Yuan a little on the organ. They both wish it very much, and I think I can gain influence over Lu Yuan in that way. When I said laughingly that I could not teach any one who had long finger nails, Fu Yuan came back in the afternoon, minus those signs of gentility. I couldn't refuse after that, it was such a surprise! Don't I wish I could prevent Sala's foot-binding as easily!"

"*July 11th.*

"The very same day that I wrote the last sentence, Sala's feet were unbound! She came to me Sunday morning with twinkling eyes, and said, 'My papa has let my feet loose!' I had talked to her mother and father on Friday, speaking of the sin of deforming the bodies

given us by God, and how it would be an especial sin for them, since they knew it to be wrong ;—but I had not quite faith enough to expect the answer so soon. That afternoon I saw the poor, deformed Chinese foot for the first time. How pitiful it is !”

“*Kalgan, July 26, 1881.*

“DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

“I have been so thankful over that red darning cotton that I must write you a letter. The mail is to go up to the Russian postmaster this evening before dark. It is twenty minutes to meeting time,—Chinese Wednesday prayer-meeting.

“We had all of the station here to tea last night. No cake, but excellent yeast rolls or biscuit, apricot jam, and a gelatine royal cream. Our babies behaved shockingly at the table. I think I’ll never invite anybody again !

“Dear little Anna is asleep. One is so safe about children when they are asleep. That is one of MacDonald’s thoughts, which I have often had. . . .

“Prayer-meeting is over. Mr. Williams’ remarks were very good,—well prepared. Some of the Russians are going to let the doctor teach them English, the Gospel of John. We hope good may result.

“Love to dear, dear father, to mother and the rest.

“Your affectionate sister,

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Aug. 3, 1881.*

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“. . . We have Dr. Murdock and Miss Garretson boarding with us, and find it very pleasant. I was too busy for a while to breathe or sleep, but can take time for both now. The children are well, but the heat and

impurities of city air begin to tell on us all. Tsai Fu Yuan took Emily, Mary, and his little Sala up the mountain for flowers last evening. They came back merrily, having had quite a climb.

“We have an oleander in beautiful bloom. Our other flowers are not worth much except for the twins to pick. My one rose-bush and the scarlet geranium are only good for promises, as yet.

“I want to see Etta and Stephen, oh, so much, these days. . . .”

“*August 6th.*

“I have been reading with much refreshment the Memoirs of Frances Ridley Havergal. Being dead, she yet speaks, urging me by her example to fresh Bible study. I covet the ability to commit verses easily in Chinese. Those I do know are so wonderfully useful.

“It makes us glad to come back and find how much real progress has been made in these two years. Miss Diament had a beautiful work for our Christian women and girls while we were gone. They were gathered together from the country round about, and many brought their children with them, so our outer court was as populous as most Chinese establishments. I am seeing some of the fruits of Miss Diament’s work, and the seeds are being planted over and over again. Most of the women have gone back to their homes to be seed-sowers there.”

“*November 17, 1881.*

“. . . We have been papering our sitting-room, and have put down the bedroom carpet. Had two plated knives and my last pair of scissors stolen by the paperers, I suppose. I have still a pair of shears and Emily’s blunt scissors to console me. ‘Lay not up your treasures on earth!’

“I have nice yeast made without any to start with, and have good bread, as I do not leave it for our servant, but always bake it myself. Yesterday a crowd of women came in while I was mixing my bread. They came into the kitchen, and I talked with them as I worked. I think they will come again ; perhaps to our Sabbath meeting. . . .”

“*Kalgan, Dec. 4, 1881.*

“MY DEAR FATHER :

“. . . I am reading in First Samuel with Tsai Fu Yuan these days. The friendship of David and Jonathan was our lesson yesterday. The beautiful story is for all time, and perhaps for eternity too. We read the Psalms in connection with the history as far as possible.

“Daisy says, ‘Wi’ ’oo div we itta tins some tash (cash)?’ So the question of filthy lucre is up in their small heads, you see. Emily and Mary have been earning money for Christmas purchases. Anna’s exploit in words is to talk about ‘Pi-gwim’s Pogwims.’ They love to hear the story of Christian and Christiana from their father. . . . Mary has turned out a second Etta. She read six chapters in Revelation in one day, and has now read the whole. She did not know all her letters when we left America eight months ago. . . .”

“*December 5, 1881.*

“I have just added something to a note to Miss Porter, which you may like to see.

“I have been enjoying some of the Psalms, and am wishing that I knew when David wrote the eighth. Was it while he kept the sheep, and was it the far-off voice of children singing their evening hymn, which made him say, ‘Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou hast perfected praise’ ? (You see I quote it as Jesus did.)

Our Chinese is, 'Thou hast caused babes and sucklings exceedingly to praise.'

"Or was it written after pacing the roof of his house in Jerusalem, and were they Bathsheba's boys who were singing one of their father's songs? Those other women didn't teach their sons many Psalms, I'm thinking. No, it was poor, sorrowful, forgiven Bathsheba, who walked softly before God, and led Solomon and his brothers in the way of peace.

"Poor David! Do you wonder at his sorrowful laments, when, besides all his enemies, he had six wives before leaving Hebron? Michel and Bathsheba made eight, and there were more yet, too numerous to mention, in the palace at Jerusalem. Think how Ahinoam and Maachah and Haggith used to glare at each other when their boys fought, and David had to stop right in the middle of a Psalm, and say, 'Lads, don't tease Adonijah'!"

"December 6th.

"My carpet is nearly ready to put down. It has taken one woman five days, and another sewed one day. You might think I would fly with nervousness, but I don't. I cut the carpet myself, but was not at all able to sew on it, just getting over my siege. Besides there was mending to do, and indeed it has been done with much backache and despondency.

"Our carpet is very pretty. When we get it down, looking at it, and at the elaborate carvings of the doors and panels, if we only had some luxurious chairs, I am sure you would think, 'Isabella lives in quite a grand house!' We are glad of this large room. It is our only one, and is none too large, being used for Chinese meetings and Sabbath services. It is likewise none too large for air, when we have twenty to forty Chinese women in visiting! Moreover our sitting-room is only grand when in order!

It is far from fine when the chairs are prostrate, the blocks scattered around, and paper cuttings everywhere! My fight for neatness and order is truly perpetual.

“Excepting this room, our other rooms are small enough. Yet all do very well for our needs. I do not want better. ‘Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.’”

“*Kalgan, Jan. 27, 1882.*”

“DEAR STEPHEN :

“I think about you so much that I must write to you to-day. I think so much about the years that you were with us. I remember how I gave you to God from your earliest existence. I think how much I loved you when you were a baby, and how kind everybody was to you. Mr. Thompson, dear Mr. Hunt whose place in our hearts nobody can ever fill; Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, Miss Porter, and most of all, Mrs. Gulick, Miss Diamant, and Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. Think how many walks Mr. Sprague took with you and Etta, climbing the mountains for flowers or minerals. Think how much happiness came into your lives through Mrs. Sprague’s frequent invitations to their home.

“Then what could we have done when getting ready to go home, without Mrs. Sprague’s loving help, much of it given in ill-health? Dresses cut and made; suits made for you; a half dozen white slips for the babies, and two white dresses, dainty and lovely, but with strength and life worked into their folds, so that they are like the water from Bethlehem’s well, which David could not drink.

“All this was done that your mamma might go on with the Chinese women’s lessons. You may remember that there were three women almost daily. It really was the same as if Mrs. Sprague had taught them herself, be-

cause she took my work, and left me some time for the teaching.

“How many others here in the mission and at home loved you and Etta for your father’s and mother’s sake, and because you were born on heathen ground, with all the drawbacks of city life, and of loneliness in the midst of a multitude. And for these years since you have been at home in America, what untold gratitude and thanks we all owe to Uncle Abner and Aunt Mattie, who are doing everything for you.

“When you think over all these things, your heart will fill with love to God, who put it into the hearts of all these friends to be so loving towards you. Because it wasn’t for anything wonderful of good in you or in the rest of us, that people have been so kind. We did not deserve it at all. Then why was it? It was all done for Jesus’ sake. So you need to love Him and thank Him for it all, as well as for the far greater love He showed by dying for you. Before you were born, long, long before the world was made, He knew you, knew what you would be like, knew what you would think and say and do. And He knew and knows the same about every one of the countless millions who have been born, and who have died. He knew and knows the same about every one of the countless millions who *are* to be born, and must die. Then, in that long past eternity, knowing all the sin which would be lived out in the lives of these millions, He chose to die, that these *if they only choose* may live. . . .”

“*Kalga, Feb. 16, 1882.*

“MY DEAR SISTERS :

“I wonder that any of you write any letters, just as I am surprised when I write any myself. The sweeping of floors, washing of faces, picking up of dolls, and setting

chairs right side up;—the looking after scissors and thimbles, the planning for my Chinese friends, the bread-making, the arrangements for my cook's tri-daily campaigns, and lately, my soup-making,—leave me neither sense, nor time, nor hands, for respectable letter-writing.

“As I have been relieved of two pairs of scissors and my third, and last thimble, my labors will be lighter hereafter! One of the twins carried my steel thimble outdoors, and lost it, long ago. The ten-cent one went next,—was stolen,—and now the other twin has taken my silver one into the court, and probably one of the men, who were carrying coal in baskets on their backs, picked it up. I think I never lost a thimble before, since coming to China. Dr. Murdock's teacher took hers, and Miss Garretson's thimble has now to do duty for all three of us! I'm going to make a leather finger cap.

“I'm interested in soup-making, lately. The bones and scraps of our meat have kept the thing going for twenty days' time. Carrots and cabbage have helped, and the water in which the vegetables for our table were cooked, and steak gravy,—everything that's nice that I can get, goes in. At an expense of one-half cent per day, besides the bread, there has been two-thirds of a pint of good soup for three persons, daily. Our cook's boy and Tsai Fu Yuan's wife are sick, and needing a change of food, and something easily digested. As for Lu Yuan's poor mother, she is needing to be built up too. With a slice of bread, the pint is filled. Emily carries the morning rations in my quart bowls. So far, they have not been broken, and the soup is acceptable and medicinal in the truest way.

“I am reading Farrar's ‘Life of Christ’ these days. I feel so eager to read it, and it helps me so much more to realize Jesus' life on earth with its grief and joy, that it surely will lead me to love Him more.

“This is the anniversary of our father’s and mother’s wedding day, forty-five years ago. It has not been very long since February 16, 1837, that is, the forty-two years that I know about, have not been long. It will be but a short time until our children are men and women.”

(To her sister Anna.)

“*Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1882.*

“To-morrow is Chinese New Year’s Day. Firecrackers began singly last night. The noise occurs at intervals all day. Just you listen to-night! ‘It’s Fourth of July,’ you will say.

“I am just back from the study where I’ve been reading with Miao Hsien Sheng. (Don’t think him a cat from his name!) I don’t find two Chinamen who read exactly alike. This man uses the *ru-sheng*, but not on all the words for which Dr. Murdock’s teacher uses it. ‘What’s *ru-sheng*?’ you say, ‘and what do we care about it?’ I’ll *play* that you care a great deal!

“The Pekinese have four tones. A knowledge of these is fundamental, as one word usually has four different meanings, dependent upon the length and pitch of the tone. For instance, *ma* has four meanings;—‘mother,’ ‘hempen string,’ ‘horse,’ and ‘to swear or revile.’ Now our Yu Cho dialect has only three tones, of which the last is most like the third Pekinese tone, the first is like the first Pekinese tone in quality, but is lower, and the middle one is like the first in opening pitch, but is shorter, and falls more at its close. Some comical things happen from this complete turning around of tones. When our helper Kao Hsi spoke about repentance and reformation down at Peking, the Pekinese said he was talking about something’s *hind leg*! If one speaks of a State Church in the Yu Cho dialect, a Peking man would, if critical, say he was speaking of foot-binding. But the fact is that our

people here at Kalgan are used to such a variety of dialects that they will understand anything. The *men*, I mean, for the women can't. A word more about the *ru-sheng*, the shortest possible of tones. It can only be used on certain classes of words, and about a few of these the custom varies with the place. The pronunciation varies greatly, but all shoot these words out as from a pop-gun. Words having the *ru-sheng* may be considered by far the older forms of the language. Down south the *k* and *t* finals are signs of this short tone. . . ."

"Kalgan, April 9, 1882.

"MY DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

". . . I have been very happy in the work God gives me to do for a very few. Study of the Psalms is a daily joy, for I know that Tsai Fu Yuan gains a deeper knowledge of the Bible, in addition to the gain which I make in the language;—his gain far more important than mine. His younger brother, too, I have been able to love and help. (Do you know that I think when I'm dying I shall remember that wonderful page in 'Daily Light' which you copied for our family letter; I shall remember it as in your handwriting, and it will be for your good-bye to me *for a little while*. 'I can (I am able to) do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' 'Able,'—it is Jesus who makes me able to love and help the boy Lu Yuan.

"Let me tell you of the lad. With some help from an invalid mother (who does part of our washing in an indifferent way), he has to support the family of five persons. When he began working for me, nearly all their clothes were in the pawn-shop. That was well enough for summer-time, but when winter comes, even old clothes are a convenience. Mr. Williams lent him two months' wages to redeem some of them and keep the family from

starving. I helped them out by letting Lu Yuan's mother, Mrs. Tsai, sew for me. She is nearly blind, but I got easy work for her, and as she used to be a good seamstress, her needle goes of itself, after a fashion. Then I used to send poor old Mr. Tsai, the father, some milk every day, as he had just given up the last grains of opium which he was taking. It became easy to wake up nights to pray for them. You think it would have been a simple way to help them by giving money outright, but there are reasons why that did not seem at all wise. I gave them pieces of woolen goods to make shoes for the two little boys, and bits of unbleached muslin to make stockings of, and an old sheet to line some of their wadded clothes.

“At one time towards the end of the year, when his father's old creditors were worrying the poor lad, Lu Yuan looked for weeks like a thunder-cloud. (Poor boy, he has a high and mighty temper to control.) It made me actually sick to see him,—took away my appetite,—I was so sorry for him. After the new year had come in, they left off their persecutions, and he got hold of Moody's sermon on heaven, which Dr. Porter has translated. It has done him more good than I can tell. Last night while he was setting the table, I took the opportunity to have a little talk when nobody else was present. I said, ‘You're happier now than a few months ago, Lu Yuan?’ ‘Yes, but what makes you think so?’ ‘Your face shows it,’ I said. ‘Jesus has helped me,’ was his answer. ‘He helped you partly by that book of Moody Hsien Sheng's, did He not?’ ‘That was a very great help. There's nothing so very pleasant in this life, but it makes one happy to think of the *after*.’ I told him that I pray for him every day, linking my two boys of the Tsai family together, so as not to forget either. He said, ‘I knew you did, and Miss Evans and Kwo Fu pray for me too.’ The table was set by that time, and I went to stir up cakes for breakfast,

but the few words will cheer him on in the way which we travel together.

“Dr. Murdock is having wonderful success with her opium patients. She gets them past the miserable stage very soon. It does not last more than two days or three at the most.

“We have a new mandarin here who is not going to allow the raising of opium. That will make many anxious to leave off the use of it before the price has gone up too greatly. This *Kuan* (Mandarin) has had eleven robbers killed lately, by decapitation. The axes are not sharp, according to accounts of the spectators.

“Next week the Chinese theatre will be at our gate. We may have one hundred or two hundred visitors a day for the three days of the *Hsi*. I wish we could scatter them along in the days when no one comes !”

“*Tungchou, June 1, 1882.*”

“MY DEAR SISTER ANNA :

“Here we are at mission meeting. I have made up my mind to write you this afternoon, right in the face of all these reverend brethren,—right in the midst of a most animated discussion about the press at Peking.

“Yesterday evening the whole company of us took tea in Mr. Sheffield’s court. Plates were laid for forty, nineteen of whom were children. Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield were at the ends of the table. Dr. Porter was at my left ; Mr. Ament just across from me, and then Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and Mrs. Porter and Lucius. We had a merry time, —not too merry, but charming. The table was trimmed all around with arbor vitæ, and flowers here and there. It was beautiful ! I wore my brown silk, and Miss Porter said she quite approved of me in that dress. Mrs. Sheffield said this morning that all we lacked was a telephone from one end of the table to another. This is a

pleasant change for us,—the coming to mission meeting. The children are happy as larks! (Mr. Stanley is talking now about a college at Tientsin. It will come some time, perhaps there, perhaps at Peking.)

“I am so glad to be in Mrs. Chapin’s home, and to see her with her children. I have loved my children, but not enough. I have loved my Saviour, but not enough. I do desire to be His. I do desire that my dear ones shall be His,—now, just now.”

“*Afternoon.*

“We had such a lovely meeting this noon. Miss Porter led. She asked us to give any promise or word from the Bible which has been especially precious, or to bring the chief desire of our hearts as subject for prayer. . . .”

“*July, 1882.*

“Our Dr. Murdock is having grand success, and is using up all our rags and stocking feet and old flannel at an alarming rate. Do not be surprised if we all go down to mission meeting next year tied up in grain bags, as the only things that are not useful to our patients!”

“*Kalgan, Sept. 19, 1882.*

“DEAR SISTERS :

“Our neighbors of the Wang family have just had a sacrificial feast. In consequence we have had many visitors. Yesterday they came in great numbers, all day long. The opportunity which has come to-day has seemed even better than that. No houseful to-day, to keep up a chatter, but just one man with his son, a lad, and the two-year-old baby. I talked with him, telling him of God the Creator, of the creation and the fall, but came straight-way to the Babe in the manger, and right through the works of divine power to the cross, the grave, and the

resurrection. 'Listen well,' the father said to his son, but when the baby cried for mother, he said, 'Take her out; buy her some beans to eat, and amuse her,' while he paid most earnest attention. Oh, this was so different from every day. Every day is like this:—'There is but one true God, Maker of heaven and earth. Heaven is not God, it is His throne,'—'How many meals a day do you eat?' 'We are all sinners,'—'How many children have you?' . . . 'God sent His Son, Jesus, to ——' 'How old are you?' To be sure I try to answer all these questions before beginning, but a newcomer asks them all over again. Then I do not answer, but some one of the party does, and I wait a moment and go on, only to be again interrupted.

"Dr. Murdock's patients bring her eggs, sugar, vegetables and fruit of all kinds as thank-offerings. I buy most of them of the dispensary at market prices. Once I got a lot of bad eggs, *eighty-four!* It was my first experience with eggs that pop like firecrackers, and it scared me. Pop, pop, and with every pop a scream, and then a laugh. Those eggs were worth all I should have paid for them, for the fun of the thing. I popped them by dozens, one morning, pop, scream, laugh. I did sometimes keep back the squeal, but there would come a loud report, and then a body could not help it! The giver wasn't to blame. Probably he had just one hen, and waited till she laid enough for a handsome present.

". . . I have made a beginning at learning to write Chinese. It cannot ever be much more than a beginning, yet it will help to fix the character on one's mind. Just now I must sew. Emily is nearly out of clothes. All hers, Mary falls heir to. As for the twins, this morning I cut out six aprons for them, all of blue and white calico.

"Dear sisters, I wish we could sit down every day for fifteen minutes together, to read our Bibles, and compare

notes. The Bible is so wonderful that I vainly wish for some of the time I wasted years ago, to spend upon it now. Don't suppose I would read nothing else! But there's less time for other books than once there was. And it is far too easy for us just to have our favorite Psalms, chapters, and verses, and let the rest go. Well, since we can't sit down together, let us take some one else instead. I am sure that Tsai Fu Yuan has a quickened sense of the worth, the preciousness of this gift of God. Now perhaps my sewing woman is the next one I am to help."

"MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA :

". . . I have kept on with my Chinese lesson daily this fall, and have tried to commit to memory at night. The Psalms are wonderful! I have just reached the last division or fifth book of the Psalms, and am trying to get a clear idea of the Babylonish captivity and of the persons who were leaders in the restoration to their own land. What intensely interesting characters are Ezra and Nehemiah!

"I think Ezra must have written some of the Psalms of the restoration. If so, which? Read one verse, and you will guess as I did. 'For Ezra had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments' (Ezra 7:10). What Psalm do you think of? I said out loud, 'Ezra wrote the — Psalm!' and found Cowles' Commentary, and was as pleased as can be imagined that he suggests the same thing.

"Just note that verse quoted above. He had *prepared* his heart, made it ready (being thoroughly in earnest, having decided forever to keep his heart open to God, shut to sin), to seek the law (he that seeks, finds), and to *do* it, and to teach statutes and judgments. There are

three steps, it seems ; a strong choice to be made fit for the searching out of God's will,—obedience to God's will,—and teaching others to obey God's will."

"Kalgan, Oct. 20, 1882.

"DEAR FATHER :

"I am busy sewing for winter. But the chief thought of my mind is how best to help smooth the dying pillow of our neighbor, and former cook, Tsai Yu. His death seems only a matter of a few days or weeks longer. His body appears used up and worn out. First by fixing upon it the opium habit, then by giving that up at intervals, and lastly by the necessary use of kinds of food which do not suit a victim of opium.

"The physicians say, 'Give a man opium, by smoking, in slowly increasing quantities, and give him besides, such food as he craves,—meat, rice and wheat flour,—he may live long.' But let anything occur to disturb his regular habits, as poverty, coming like an armed man, and all is changed. His allowance of the drug is cut down, compelling him to eat or drink it, instead of smoking it, and he must change his food to the cheaper kinds (which other people can nevertheless live on) ; and diseases come upon him which will sooner or later end his life.

"This man professed Christianity soon after we came to Kalgan. He was Mrs. Gulick's cook, after which he was ours, and remained in that capacity until we went home to America. We knew in the later years that he was an opium user, and knew also, from circumstantial evidence, that he left it off, at least twice, during those years. We surmised each time that he took it up again. At one time Mr. Williams would have dismissed him from employ, if it had not been for his wife's health at the time. The question gave us anxious thought for days and nights, for months and years even—I may truly

say. Had we a right to keep a man in employ who spent of his wages, ten, twenty, or thirty dollars per year for opium? Had we known it earlier, we should not have kept him in our service; and looking at the matter now, I suppose we ought to have dismissed him. Our knowledge of his breaking off the use of opium at times gave us hope.

“The principle among the Chinese that it is dishonorable to disclose the sins of others if it will injure their prospects, makes it difficult to get at the truth. Only great anger will bring out the hidden wrong. Progress has been made on this point. There are now church-members who will dare to tell the truth. Tsai Yü was excommunicated, and has never been received back. Even after his late and possibly final cure from opium, the missionaries could have no confidence in him. ‘What poor stuff your churches are built up of!’ some will say. Paul said, ‘And such were some of you,’ to the Corinthians.

“Our servant was of a good family. His wife was a woman who seemed to be telling the truth in ways where Chinese expect servants to lie. For example, in buying seven cash worth of thread or thirty-six cash worth of wooden combs to say seven instead of eight or nine, and thirty-six instead of forty. Her husband appeared more honest in his purchases than some others. So when again and again balancing the question, we again and again decided to let the tree stand a little longer, while we should dig about it. The trouble was that the tree would bear no use of the spade. The earth about it might not be touched. Any attempt to bring up the sin was met with denial. Well, where were our proofs? We had not often proof which could be used. He would say, ‘At the time you speak of, I was sick. Opium is the only thing which cures me. I have to take it for two or

three days at a time.' Or as a final clincher he would appeal to heaven, or with an expression of injured innocence end off with 'If you *say* I take it, *I take it.*' This does not mean what you may suppose. It is saying, 'I am innocent; if you falsely accuse me, I will say no more.'

"Next door to Tsai Yü's room, where he lies dying, is the coffin of a young Manchu woman. She died four days since. Her parents were very fond of her, their only child, and have made many temple offerings hoping to save her life. They have called in necromancers, they have bought the most expensive medicines as ginseng (ren seng) and a patent medicine costing ten taels, or about fourteen dollars. They have forced her husband's father into the same kind of expenses, until the young man said, as his wife was near death, 'The money is gone and the person (woman) gone.' He had to buy for her five new suits of clothes—three of them wadded—and all were put on. All her own good clothes and shoes were either put into the coffin with her, or burned. Five complete sets of silver or gold-plated head ornaments were to be put on her head or in the coffin. Think of the poor, emaciated face, with the gleaming silver and gold standing out in her hair, and the shrunken body with its layers of wadded clothing! Her husband was swelling with rage at being obliged to do all this. These ornaments are worth over fifty dollars, a large sum for poor folks; and some were given by his family. As his mother is dead, they cannot get on without a woman in the house, and his father is making arrangements for a new daughter-in-law *immediately*. This one was the second wife, and but twenty-eight years old. I heard it said that her death and burial, and the new bride's homecoming would all be in one month's time.

"Lu Yuan has bought his father's burial clothes. He bought shoes with leather soles. This does not accord

with Chinese ideas. Perhaps it is a suggestion to the lictors of Hades that there was something beastly about the man. At any rate the emperor of that world of the dead will be sure to send him back as an animal. Lu Yuan's uncle went in to see the sick man. 'You must change these. They won't do at all. You will be sneered at,' said he, and his nephew didn't know what to do. 'I wouldn't have got them if I had known,' he said. 'But I told the folks,' he went on, 'that Jesus' disciples went to heaven when they died.'

"'Ask your father what to do,' I said. It was a new thought that Buddhist doctrines might extend to shoe soles. He did, and the poor wreck of opium said, 'Keep them, I know my soul cannot enter a beast. If the Lord will have me in heaven, I shall go there; if not, I shall go to hell. There will be no coming back.'

"Can you know how glad I was? As I write about it, my heart is so full of compassion, that I sit here crying, and turn my back, that the sewing woman and my children shall not see.

"Your affectionate daughter,
"ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS."

"*Kalgan, Dec. 13, 1882.*

"MY DEAR OWN SISTER ANNA :

"Our mail came this morning, just before Chinese prayers. Reading snatches from the papers, while baking the bread, I found myself wondering which ones of our family read the same things that I do. I think Cornelia, being the wife of an editor, has the greatest variety to choose from, and I think of proposing to her a Sabbath tryst on the second page of the *Christian Weekly*. I find very often something on that page, which helps me on the way up to God.

"I wonder if you take the *Life and Light* now. It is

rare to me that I read a number without finding some person or place for which to pray. The fear came into my mind to-day,—what if my dear ones, my brothers, and especially my sisters, are forgetting to pray for me! Have you got into the habit of telling God your love and wishes for the rest of us, for your other dear ones, while you are at housework or sewing? I do while sewing, unless the children are too noisy. I can't when in a rush of work, but when preparing fruit, as peeling tomatoes or peaches, or washing crab-apples for jelly, I get some quiet minutes often, and frequently many. They rest me and gladden me so wonderfully when I spend them talking to Jesus. But what if you are not praying for me! Then I fear I shall fail to do the saving work which I ought to do here. For the sake of these many, many people who know not our Lord, do pray for me,—for us. And don't forget our Girls' School when you pray,—these dear little girls with bound feet, and hair done up to stand out like horns or teapots from their heads.—The prettiest and brightest of them has been very sick. She is such a dear little thing. Do you think I described the little schoolgirls just to make you laugh? No, indeed; but laugh first,—you'll pray just as well afterwards. How could you pray for them at all, without a shadowed idea of their looks?

“Mr. Arthur Smith has written such learned and witty articles on Chinese proverbs. I wish you could see them. Yet the ‘hen-tracks’ would aggravate you, even though most of them are translated. I wish I could write the ‘hen-tracks’! Mr. Smith fills his letters with them, while I pride myself simply on being able to read them!

“The children have had a great pasting fit. Even the twins make their books very neatly. But they put in all sorts of things,—poetry and ague cure, organs and stove-polish!”

(To her sister Cornelia.)

“Kalgan, Jan. 25, 1883.

“. . . I was so glad to get your letter. I am in great perplexity and sadness about some of our dear Chinese, and a letter from any of the best beloved at home comforts me just now more than I can tell. I could almost give my life for some of these. What if I should never save the souls of any?

“Dr. Murdock and Miss Garretson were here to tea this evening. We talked over the appropriations just sent out from Boston, or rather the *non*-appropriations. Our North China Mission is cut down over \$5,000 of what we asked. Our Boys' Day School is cut down from \$150 to \$50. Mr. Williams is going to shoulder that himself, if there is no other way. . . .

“You wrote October twenty-seventh. I receive and answer January twenty-fifth. You will not receive this until the winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come.

“How precious and beautiful it was to have dear papa in your home with your baby in his arms. Shall I ever forget his taking the twins up, one on each knee, and holding them there so many times? It seems that a blessing must follow them from having been in his arms.

“. . . Mr. and Mrs. Dean showed me great kindness when I was in Minneapolis. I could never tell them or any one how deeply I still feel their kind hospitality. If you ever have an opportunity to do anything for any of their family, or indeed for any of the Ponds, I hope you will do it with joy. I can never do anything for any of the old friends of former days. Some time I may do something for newer friends.

“Our weather has been the coldest by one degree that we have ever known,—it was sixteen below zero one morning.

“The children had long red and blue pencils given them for Christmas. They have used them up entirely in a month’s time! There was but a half inch left of Anna’s yesterday. Imagine if you will the delight which the two midgets have known during the time of this shortening of the pencils! Imagine a corresponding degree of misery to their mother, as all the *Babylands* and *Nurseries* have put on a coat of red and blue!

“May God bless you and your two beloved ones.

“As always, with love, your sister,

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, June 29, 1883.*”

“MY DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

“I am ashamed to write you this time, yet don’t like to hint at the reason here on the first page. Yet until that is done, I can’t feel free to write of anything else. ‘How have I got on so far?’ you say, when I haven’t got on so far at all.

“Let me tell you the truth. I have come to face the dreadful possibility that my life should be a failure, considered as a missionary life. There is nothing but prayer to meet such a fear. If, so far as I know, I do not save a single soul, and if I do not live in the spirit which may have power with God and men, why my life is a failure. If I see Lu Yuan’s precious soul caught in by the devil’s snare, if I see truth fading out of his face and falsehood coming in its place, if I know that according to human probabilities, every day makes his salvation less probable, there is nothing but agony of prayer to meet the case. For if I do not save him and his mother, whom shall I be used to save? Some one whom I know and love *less well*? Some one whom I neither know nor love at all?

“It *isn’t* getting on far. You would do the same in my case. In imminent danger of death all pray. This is

just the same—only soul-death instead of body-death, and for another instead of one's self, but that doesn't matter. What we realize keenly, moves to action. Prayer is action—"the highest activity the soul is capable of." Yet I do not know that it is best for us to think of it so, except when necessary to keep us from being discouraged in it; because if it accomplishes anything, it is not the prayer, but the love and power which answers the prayer, which has efficacy. 'Thine is the power.'

"I don't know yet if my lad is to be saved. I have been easier about him, and stopped praying as much as before. Perhaps it is too soon. Perhaps I thought he was going to stand firm, when his feet are not firm yet. Last night prayer was the only resource and comfort. . . . I find we need to 'begin again' often. As you say, this time of our beloved father's sickness is a good time for a new beginning."

"July 2d.

"Yesterday afternoon I went with Dr. Murdock to the dispensary down-town. On donkey-back, we rode through the pleasant lanes and byways where rattling carts never go. Pleasant lanes! Don't think of hawthorn hedges and violets peeping from the sward! I hardly know if we saw a blade of grass. These lanes are pleasant because they were clean (approximately) and because there were no dogs to bark,—(that is, not *many*) and very few men to gaze at us. There were some willow trees pleasant to the eye,—both the old veterans, who have been our friends for many years, and a row or two of young ones, and some young poplars and lindens.

"There were some women and young girls waiting to see us. During the hour and a half of our stay, we had more than twenty-five in all, not counting little children. It was a good opportunity to talk to them; also to

be patient with them in their own talk, and yet seize the right place to turn conversation back into the channel I wished. I was very glad to have the privilege. Nor did I repent, as how could I?—when this morning I found that Daisy had seized that auspicious hour for working her own sweet will, and had turned my little desk over bottom side up for a few moments, long enough to send a river of ink through my envelopes and cuttings from papers. My letters to and from friends were fortunately spared.”

“*July 3d.*

“The rain everybody has been praying for came yesterday evening and night. It was earlier at the sources of the mountain torrents, and soon came the booming of a wild river, born in an hour. It tore away large parts of the stone embankments. It broke the heavy wooden bar which fastens the great gate, and hurled immense boulders through, of which one, at least, weighs six or seven hundred pounds. They were carried along by the torrent for nearly half a mile. The shopkeepers outside the gate left their houses, going up on the highest ground in reach, and praying and begging the keepers of the gate to open it, so there might be a waterway. They feared that the torrent would pour in on their shops until they should be drowned. No one heeded them but God. His water flood opened itself a way.

“Carts, oxen, and horses were swept before the terrible torrent. I have not heard whether any men were drowned. A man might escape, even though a horse could not. He would be wiser, and would run to the nearest point of safety. The flood came down in a solid wall, six or eight feet high. It is strange to see a wall of water walking over the dry river bed. We saw it once years ago.

Lovingly,

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Aug. 16, 1883.*”

“DEAR SISTER CORNELIA :

“I have had a fit of mending books this afternoon, and have finished twelve which were in all stages of dilapidation,—beginning with one which had two leaves out, and ending with more than one which was entirely out of the binding and well pulled apart. Mr. Williams thinks me an accomplished bookbinder, and has handed over two volumes of Matthew Henry, huge, and with heavy leather covers, one of which is quite apart from the book. Well, paste will do wonders !

“What a darling baby ! Do have all the happiness with your baby that is possible, Cornelia dear. I regret nothing so much as not taking more time to enjoy my babies. Now I have to wait for my grandchildren, and it will be a great while ! . . .

“With love, your

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Sep. 22, 1883.*”

“MY DEAR SISTER ANNA :

“. . . The washing is done, dinner is over, and Hannah’s father has just been in. Think a bit, and you’ll remember that Hannah was one of the little Chinese girls whom Mrs. Gulick adopted. She is now in Japan. The parents want to see her, and think she might come over for a few days, at least ! They sent word to her about the family,—her sisters and their children. . . .

“I have just finished making myself a gingham dress and lining Mr. Williams’ overcoat,—a heavy job, and one I should not do if there were only a tailor to be had. As for the children, Emily’s ‘Marjorie-coat’ descends to Mary this winter, and must be rebound with braid, and I am to make Emily a new one.”

“ October 8th.

“The ‘Marjorie-coat’ is too small for Mary, but will do before long for a twin! The twins’ blue dresses have seen a good deal of service, and I’m happy to say, will see much more. The hems have been faced, the sleeves pieced down at the top, and but one more thing remains to do,—take off the collars to patch the elbows! May that day be distant, although inevitable. This patching and mending of old things is necessary, living as we do, among the Chinese who, in their extreme poverty, think it extravagant to throw anything away. The chief reason, however, is that I may have work to give these poor women, and so keep them from beggary. A few cents a day will enable them to be independent.

“We were invited to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Sprague’s wedding anniversary. Mr. Williams wrote some verses for the occasion, and I thought them delightful. We had such a precious hour of family worship and thanksgiving after supper. Mrs. Sprague has a lovely home. It is not the *house*, though the new houses are of course pleasanter than this we live in, but it is furnished charmingly. It is a sort of Eden to me.

“ Love the children a little extra for me.

“ Your own

“ ISABELLA.”

“ *Kalgan, Dec. 18, 1883.*

“ MY DEAREST ANNA :

“I think I have not written to you since our beloved father went home. It seems as if one could never write letters after this,—we always wrote to *him*, you and I. Comfort yourself, dear heart, by writing down some of the things he said, some of the Bible texts he quoted.

“I have written a letter to the Presbyterian Missionary Society of Bloomington, Minnesota, which I enclose for

your reading. I wish I could write more letters. But far more than that, I wish I might do more for these poor women.

“What have I done to-day? Helped our Chinese woman with the washing, and made ready her sewing for the afternoon; led Chinese prayers as Mr. Williams goes to the school for prayers there; bought four cattles of grapes of a fruit seller, and refused to buy of another fruit seller, but gave him a pair of the children’s old shoes for his little boy; and read a story to the twins,—they begged me so hard. Then I found some old clothes for my Chinese woman’s children (she has six, like myself), and said some words to cheer her and to turn her thoughts heavenward. Except that last, I can’t be said to have done any work especially for my Master.

“I took the twins and spent a day with Mrs. Sprague this week. She helped me plait some ruffles for Emily’s dress, as we visited. Mrs. Sprague told me she thought I might remember in heaven such work as makes our clothes beautiful to others, as the plaiting of those ruffles. I didn’t quite agree with her, yet I told her I was sure that Jesus was pleased that I should put those ruffles on Emily’s dress. Dressmaking is difficult work for me, but Emily likes to look nice, and will be happier for my loving labor on her behalf.

“Mary is deep in Shakespeare these days. Absurd, but she enjoys it so that I haven’t the heart to suggest another book. She is only eight years old, and I really would prefer to have her read only Lamb’s ‘Tales of Shakespeare’ as yet. But this volume has beautiful illustrations by Flaxman, which please her. . . .

“One of my Chinese friends came for me to-day to go with her to a mandarin’s house, to look at their newly-bought sewing-machine. But alas, the book of directions was in Russian, and I could do nothing with it! I will

ask one of our Russian friends to help me about it. You see there is use for all sorts of knowledge here. . . .”

(To her boy Stephen.)

“*Kalgan, July 8, 1884.*

“I have been intending for some time to send you this letter from dear ‘Uncle Hunt,’ which you received years and years ago, when you were a little boy. I did not leave it with you when we came back to China because I feared you might not be old enough to be careful of it. Notice how kind it was for Mr. Hunt to take the time and trouble to print so much of the letter. He loved you dearly, Stephen. He loves you still, and has been loving you all these years. Some day shall it be that your eyes may again see him, and your ears hear his kind voice?

“. . . Are you reading a few verses in the Bible by yourself, every day? Do you sometimes take one verse to think over, after learning it? Sometimes a part of a verse is enough.

“. . . Good-night, my Stephen Riggs. You know what I want for you most of all. Don’t wait. What would it be to lose heaven!

“I gave you back to God when you were a very tiny boy. I want you to be His now and always. . . .”

“*Kalgan, July 29, 1884.*

“MY DEAR ANNA :

“. . . My days go on heart-hungry. I need more sunshine. It is the shining of the Sun of Righteousness that my soul needs. ‘Return, my soul, unto thy rest.’ Pray too for me, sister dear, when you pray for your best beloved.

“My flowers are pretty at last. I have not a great variety, but such a bed of mignonette you never saw, and my verbenas are very thrifty. The oleander has been

gay with bloom, and the Chinese pinks and alyssum sweet as sweet! The candytuft is straight and bright-faced, like a row of West Pointers. Such a time as I have had to raise my young cadets! There is a tiny insect, like white dust almost, which eats at the roots of many of my flowers. I have great faith in matches to drive these creatures away.

“ . . . The danger of war between France and China is not yet averted. All was arranged satisfactorily but the Chinese troops, according to the report, violated truce.

“I have been having not an easy time with a new *sarvant*, sir! I hate change, and new bad things are not better than old bad ones. You would have smiled to see me teaching this new chap to iron. Table napkins were folded just as many wrong ways as there are, and *never* right! He is improving now, and can iron the common things quite nicely. Ironing seems to me so easy that I wonder when I find any one who learns so slowly.

“I have finished translating the ‘Story of Yeghesa,’ from the *Romance of Missions*. The work has been a great pleasure to me.”

“*Kalgan, August 7, 1884.*

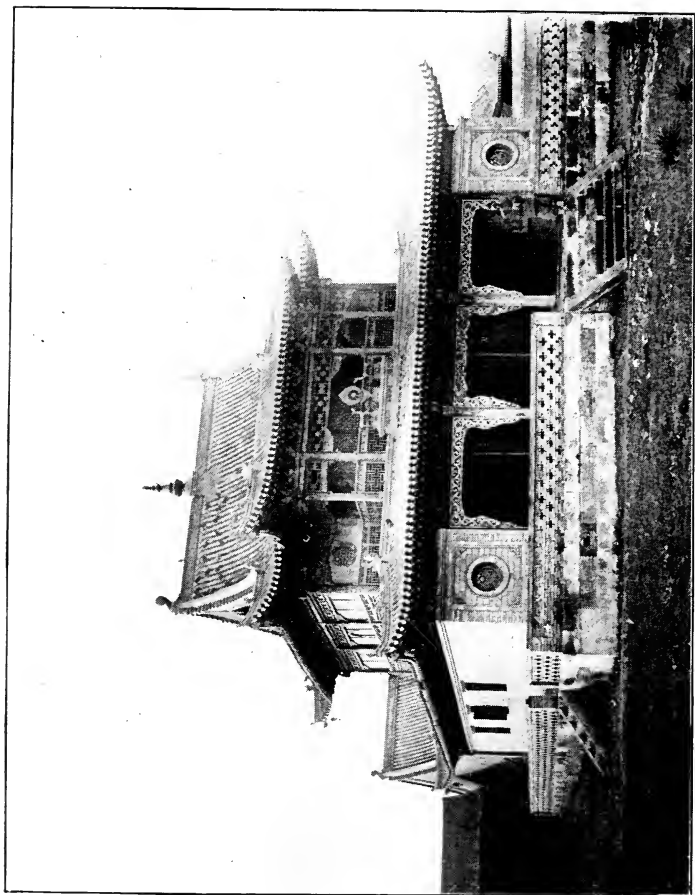
“MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER CORNELIA :

“I want to hear from you and that beautiful baby and his father. It is long since I heard from you and long since I deserved to hear from you as well. We are to write to each other for two reasons :—one is because our father, the house-band of this house, has loosed his hold of us, according to our earthly sight and thought; the other is that he, *not* having loosed his love away from us, will be glad to have us draw closer together. Yes, he will be glad with a great gladness, if we speak often one to another.

“In lack of other letters, I now and then read old ones. Last week I read over yours after that uncomfortable experience about my letter. It was hard then, but you have forgotten almost entirely about it now. How such vexations shrivel in the light of a great sorrow! Maybe I should have said ‘In the shadow of a great sorrow,’ but our bereavement, though so heavy, shines more and more with light, if we but let it do so. Courage, sister, let us be worthy children of our glorified beloved ones. How easy to be unworthy!

“Our father once sent me a gold dollar while I was at school. It was folded in a bit of paper on which was written ‘Looking unto Jesus.’ That was beautiful, wasn’t it? Though so small a sum of money, it was not small for him at that time. And he ‘Looking to Jesus’ in the sending, and yearning over me that I might look to Jesus in the receiving and the spending,—don’t you think that was a blessed coin? I kept the paper long as one of my peculiar treasures, though I have forgotten how I spent the money.

“That was the year of my great poverty,—the year I graduated,—when even fifteen cents was sometimes not to be spent lightly, for it was all I had. I wonder now if I should not have been wiser to tell somebody, but you know that is not the Riggs way. I did Anna Stewart’s washing and ironing, and she and I and our respective roommates, Mary Bennet and Naomi Diamant, kept it a profound secret from the rest of the class. I taught Henry Peabody music,—he had no ear whatever for sound,—and I was woefully disappointed when Miss Peabody gave me a chintz dress instead of money as I had hoped. I needed the dress, but the money would have been more useful. Thomas had a like experience of adversity when he sold his overcoat.



A TEMPLE AT KALGAN

“I rose at four this morning and mixed the bread,—a thing I haven’t done for six months or more. Our cook makes good bread, but we were in need, so I stirred it up over night, and that means four o’clock rising for me. I wouldn’t be inhuman enough, or bold enough, to wake him up at that hour. He is a great sufferer from dyspepsia and sighs day in and day out. . . .

“With all the old love, your

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Nov. 3.*

“. . . I must tell you,—such a pity it is,—this war between France and China is all owing to a mistake of interpreters. After the first fight when a peace was to be patched up, the treaty was first written in French, and then translated into Chinese. There was a clause providing that the Chinese troops were to be withdrawn (from Annam, I suppose). This was omitted from the Chinese, which must be laid to the door of some French interpreter!

“. . . It is one of my delights to go over to the Girls’ School. I love the dear children. Their bright faces are a joy to me. My schoolgirls’ lessons are now all in Christian books. I love dearly to wake up their minds. And I do feel very sure that several of them love the Saviour. They are committing hymns to memory now. ‘Rejoice and be glad’ has taken them a long time, and to-morrow they begin ‘One more day’s work for Jesus.’ The hymns are often harder for them than anything else. The rules for Chinese poetry are very exacting, and since the hymns will be sneered at if they are not regarded, simplicity must often be sacrificed. . . . We have a new schoolgirl, eleven years of age. She came yesterday. Poor thing, her father beats her fearfully,—has broken a broomstick on her.”

“*Kalgan, Jan. 1, 1885.*”

“MY DEAR SISTER ANNA:

“I do want to write you about my Girls’ School,—not *my* school after this winter. But I’m just as happy in working for it as if it were. What a pleasure and privilege to teach about Jesus! It is quickening to oneself too. How one sees with shame that one’s living is a teaching which ought to match. My girls are reciting only from the Bible and hymn-book. Some days we have such pleasant times. One of the girls recited, ‘Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe you?’ I asked the girls to name all the flowers they knew, one each around, and then around again. ‘If you plant aster seeds, do nasturtiums ever come up?’ I asked. The eyes of all brightened. ‘No, never,’ they said. ‘Who is it who keeps the seeds always true?’ ‘God,’ they all answered. ‘Does He like the flowers since He is so careful of them, giving them so much beauty?’ ‘I think He does.’ ‘Which does He care for most, for you, or for a nasturtium?’ One girl insisted that He liked the flower the best. The others laughed. ‘He likes us most.’ ‘We’re the most important.’ ‘Why?’ ‘*Yin wei sz ren.*’ (‘Because we’re human.’) ‘If it was a baby, just born and only so long, what then?’ ‘It is human, too.’ ‘Yes, it has a soul which may live with Jesus always. Now you all remember how much God cares for the flowers, but how much more He loves you. What did He do to show most how He loves you?’ ‘He sent Jesus.’

“One of the dearest of our little girls has been taken away by her mother to be married. I wanted to see La Mei Tz again. I wanted to say, ‘Don’t forget to love Jesus. Don’t forget that He loves you.’

“Mrs. Feng told one of the women who came

in yesterday, about when she first heard of the true God.

“ “I used to hear about the foreigners who were preaching a new religion, but never saw them. It was not allowable for me to go to the street door to gaze. I was a young wife then. But I heard some things, which, though I did not understand, yet set me thinking. My father was a doctor, and he had a tablet inscribed in gilt letters to the god of medicine. When my father died, my brothers, having given up the apothecary shop, were very careless about the tablet, and finally allowed it to be thrown in a rubbish heap, instead of burning incense before it, on the first and fifteenth of every month, as my father had done.

“ “My uncle sold bean curd, and he worshipped a “*bai fu shen*,” but when they stopped that business they no longer burned incense to this god. I saw that everybody did the same ; they worshipped only to forward their own interests. I thought, “What gods are these that they are not insulted by such neglect?” So I had my doubts, but we always *k'o t'ou-ed* and burnt incense at the proper time. After a while the children's father came home from Kalgan. As soon as he had washed the dust from his face, he burnt up the gods. I wasn't pleased, but said nothing. The next morning he left for Peking (to go to the Bible Training School), and I thought, “If the gods are angry, he will meet misfortunes on the way.” But he reached Peking safely. Before long our daughter fell sick, and the neighbors said, “This is because he burnt the gods ; buy some more.” I said, “When he comes back, what will I do ?” They said, “Then you can take the gods down and paste them in a jar.” I thought now if I were pasted up in a water jar, I should die, and it certainly would be an insult to the gods to put them in a place not fit for me. So I was firm. I

think it was the Lord who helped me stand out against them all.' ”

(To her daughter Etta.)

“ . . . Have you a photograph of your grandfather ? I want you to have one. I want you to study what you may of his life, and know all you can about him. He was faithful and true. And God is faithful who has given him an abundant reward for his many labors and his life of faith, and truth, and patience.

“The more you as well as I think about the joy of heaven, the better we shall be prepared for it when the time comes. When Jesus opens the door for me, how glad I shall be.”

“ *Kalgan, April 22, 1885.*

“DEAR ANNA :

“I send you my note to Martha. There's little in it but love, and I send you just the same. What should I do without my sisters, surely !

“I've been having some changes made in our outer yard, so as to give our servant's family a more healthful place, and though I've not directed the workmen, I have had to decide about things and have been too busy to have any brain for writing.

“Our cook's poor, invalid boy will now have a bright, sunny room, with two glass windows. I hope the better rooms and the sunny windows will work for Jesus. The repairs are done with my money. It is not much, but I've done it 'for Christ's sake.' ”

“ *August 15, 1885.*

“ . . . How rich you were this spring with the plum and the crab-apple blossoms. I could almost envy you, only that I find envy never makes any one happier. I

can feel what reverent ecstasy would have filled me, had I seen your beautiful treasures, and I thank God for you. They were His message to you for your especial need. When you were glad in their beauty, He meant that you should be glad. He meant to soothe and rest you. He meant to have you know that He has prepared fairer things for you at home. His wealth of gifts in this world, gifts which often no one receives and no one cares for,—means just that for you and for me, and for all who love Him. I feel sure that He has for you an extra tenderness of love because our father is away.

“When we were out in Mongolia last week, those hills and valleys so richly adorned with flowers said to me these things and many more. In many places the ground was starred with a tiny plant. What a dear, beautiful, perfect thing its one blossom was! God knows about each tiny flower; knows about each hardly visible seed.

“The edelweiss is very abundant in Mongolia. I will send you some blossoms and buds. Mourning-brides, larkspurs, pinks, forget-me-nots, a small purple iris, sweet-scented goldenrod, butter-and-eggs, a purple snap-dragon, two varieties of potentilla,—all these and many more we found blossoming on the plains and hills. . . .”

“*December 15, 1885.*”

“I fear it is too long since I wrote you, and what can I do to make up? By the time that I get fairly started, the schoolboys will come to sing!

“We had a little boy here who lived with the cook’s family and went to school. He has gone home, and I’m going to send for him again lest my plan of giving him a lift in the line of education should fall through. He seems such a nice boy. I’ve had bedding made for him, and his mother and I are to share the expense of boarding him.”

“*Afternoon.*

“Well, the boys had their sing, and since then Lu Yuan has been copying Bible verses for me on some cards I want to give the school children. He has now left off opium for a long time, and he told me to-day how sorry he was that he had ‘sinned against us’ so much when he lived here. He meant in taking things. An opium user is a slave bound hand and foot by the devil. There is nothing he will not do. If this young man truly loves Jesus, he will be kept. What may he not do for the cause of Christ in China if he *is* a true Christian.

“This is a dull day. When the sun shines brightly, there is a perfect flood of glory filling our room.

“Love me and pray for me, my Anna, and I’ll love and pray for you.

Always your

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 10, 1886.*

“MY DEAR SISTER ANNA :

“I want to hear from you *so* much this winter.

“Yesterday two schoolgirls and a little brother came to see me, and I sang with them, and lent them two hymn-books so that they could sing to their mothers.

“We were invited to a ‘capercaillie dinner’ with Dr. Murdock and Miss Diament. Some Russian patients had given this immense bird to the doctor. It is called ‘cock-of-the-woods’ or capercaillie, and is as large as a turkey, and as delicious. When I told our cook of it this morning, he was ready with a proverb, as usual. ‘Tien, nge; t’i, pu,’—(‘heaven, goose; earth, capercaillie,’) meaning that of the birds flying in the sky, the goose is the best; and of those on the ground, this bird with the queer long name takes front rank.

“A Chinese woman has just come in, and I shall at

least have to listen with one ear to her, while I scribble a bit to you. The schoolgirls will be in soon, and then comes the weekly prayer-meeting, and the mail must go immediately after.

“I have a purple verbena which has just blossomed and a lovely pansy plant. I can’t spare *all* my windows for plants,—my olive plants must have their light!

“The forty-sixth anniversary of my birthday, and the twentieth of our wedding day comes on apace. We shall want the Roberts, Miss Diamant and Dr. Murdock to help us celebrate.”

THE CHINA WEDDING OF MARK AND ISABELLA
WILLIAMS, FEB. 21, 1866–1886

In China, one can plainly see,
Should China weddings always be ;
Unnoticed hitherto have been
Our weddings, wooden, crystal, tin.
Assemble, friends, around our board
List to the tale in memory stored ;
This natal and this wedding day
Marks a new milestone in life’s way.

To-day, just twenty years ago,
We glided o’er the crispy snow.
The great church bell, with clangor loud,
Had summoned swift an eager crowd ;
Silent they sat, and did us scan,
As we the church-aisle gauntlet ran.
Then we before the pastor stood,
In prime of man and womanhood ;
Repeated each the solemn vow ;
(’Twas binding then, ’tis binding now,)
To cherish, keep, protect and love,
Till death remove our souls above.

Of those who in that crowd were found,
To-day, some stand on mission ground ;
Perhaps to them, our silent deed
Was like a grain of goodly seed,

BY THE GREAT WALL

Which, in their hearts, then taking root,
Grew, and produced thereafter fruit.

It was but twenty years ago ;
The scars of war were healing slow ;
We bade our native land farewell,
And ventured on the billow's swell
In slender, graceful clipper ship,
That promised us a speedy trip ;
One hundred days had passed away,
Ere we caught sight of old Cathay.
We slowly crept along the coast,
The hot air stifled us almost ;
At length slow Peiho's stream within
We anchor cast at Tsz Chu Lin ;
Here would we stop, nor longer roam ;
This place we planned should be our home.

At journey's end, with gratitude,
We turned us to our " Daily Food " ;
And courage filled us as we read
The portion for the day, which said,
" If thou do good, and trust God's hand,
Thou shalt dwell safely in the land ;
In time of famine shalt be fed,
And always by His eye be led."

We struggled hard with inward groans,
To speak correctly all the tones,
To get the northern mandarin,
Clear cut, as spoken at Tientsin.
In broken China was our talk,
Slow we progressed, with many a balk.

But now uprose the pillar cloud,
And spoke a voice in accents loud,
" Tarry ye not in all the plain."

* * * * *

Not heedless of the high behest,
We turned our footsteps to the west ;
Zigzagging o'er the mountains tall,
We saw the famous Chinese wall.

Through rocky gap, brisk commerce flows,
Men flock for wealth,—a city grows,
Where Mongols come their goods to barter
And shopmen strive to catch a Tartar.

Here we have dwelt a score of years,
And memory the place endears ;
Young olive plants around us stand,
In number half of Jacob's band ;
On shorter catechism bred,
On healthful highland oatmeal fed ;
Shall it be said of them when grown,
That Kalgan children lack backbone ?

When wilting in the summer heat,
The Peking pilgrim turns his feet
To cooler climes, we stop his quest,
And welcome give the weary guest ;
He from Mt. Williams' lofty seat,
May see the city at his feet.
Then he should form a well fixed plan
To quaff the spring at Tsz Er Shan ;
His fainting strength he will renew,
Beneath the shade at Yung Feng Bu.

If tired of the haunts of men,
Let him retreat to Gulick's Glen,
The place of all the world the best,
To picnic with invited guest ;
In shadow of the mountain tall,
Beside the gorge's mossy wall,
Amidst the craggy rocks we view,
The lily red, the larkspur blue.
When food and rest our strength restore,
We can mysterious caves explore,
A home for bandits fierce to dwell,
Or fitting place for hermit cell.

Ascending now to Mongol land,
On Hannore's signal towers we stand ;
Made by some lost, mysterious race,
Whose warlike habits here we trace ;

BY THE GREAT WALL

The columns tall of signal smoke,
Full five score miles the danger spoke.

Lo, what a scene of grandeur wild,
Bleak mountain on bleak mountain piled,
And stretching in a billowy maze,
Far as bewildered eye can gaze.

But come we now to Mongol plains,
Refreshed by timely summer rains.
And covered o'er with verdure green,
Where countless flocks and herds are seen ;
The Mongol on his hardy steed,
Rides swift around at breakneck speed ;
Within the fold, the vast herds go,
And rest secure from prowling foe.

Then we, who have a curious bent,
Will wish to see the nomad's tent ;
So nearing with a loud mendu,
We bring the host his guest to view,
Who barking dogs sends to the rear,
And bids us lay aside our fear.
The traveller will thirsty be,
And drink with relish poor brick tea,
Or take instead, if thus he please,
A cup of milk and fresh made cheese.
The guest who all those sights has seen,
Will not forget our mountains green ;
But joyfully will he repeat,
His visit to our cool retreat.

Loved parents, since our marriage day,
To higher realms have passed away.
We often walking through the street,
Old faces miss, new faces meet.
Men quickly come, they quickly go,
Probation's short to all below.
The harvest fields are fully white,
Fast flies the day, quick comes the night ;
The chief, who moved a million men,
By word of mouth or stroke of pen,

Has yielded up his mortal breath
A victim to the conquerer, death.

Perhaps ere long, the steam car's wheel
Will rumble o'er its tracks of steel ;
Even now we see electric fire,
Flash messages across the wire.
The beds of coal, and iron ore,
Now hid in earth,—a boundless store,
Shall in the flaming furnace glow,
And wealth on China's sons bestow.

See scores of willing workers sent,
To enlighten the dark continent,
And of Christ's army, in the van
Comes pressing on a new Japan.
The hermit nation does not refuse,
The offer of the Gospel news ;
In China's every province now,
To the true God some humbly bow,
Though many years may intervene,
Before Christ's triumph shall be seen.

When comes the time, foes then shall find,
That hell gate has been undermined ;
In secret chambers out of sight,
Is hid celestial dynamite.
Then suddenly with lightning flash,
Obstructions crumble with a crash ;
Lo, idol temples tottering fall,
And flat lies superstition's wall.

Our life thus far, has all been spent,
In quiet, peace and calm content ;
Our labor never can be lost,
The end will pay for all the cost ;
No generous deed, no earnest prayer
Or word shall vanish in the air ;
Each in the grand result shall tell,
And answer God's good purpose well.
In famine, plague and war's alarm,
This promise kept us free from harm ;

“Close by thy side shall thousands fall,
 But it shall not thy soul appall;
 In noonday heat, in deadly night,
 No fear of death shall thee affright,
 In perfect peace his soul shall be,
 Who trusts himself, O Lord, to Thee.”

To us 'twas given to respond,
 To call from regions far beyond;
 The thought that most our spirit cheers,
 Is that we're Gospel pioneers.

On mission field we've spent life's prime,
 To us remains brief space of time.
 Onward we'll go as we've begun,
 Immortal till our work is done.

—*Mark Williams, Kalgan, North China.*

“*Kalgan, Aug. 17, 1886.*”

“MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER :

“I feel as if I had written you a great many letters since your little daughter came, but cannot be sure about them. If I have not written any, I am very sorry. There are only two things I can do for you, dear, and it is not right to neglect even one of them. . . .

“I am always wanting to pray for papa, that some new joy may come to him in the heavenly home. His life on earth was one of such toil and self-denial, that I am sure our King delights to honor him now. When this thought rushes over me, there is an answer of half rebuke and half comfort,—always the same—it is *always* the same,—‘Pray for his grandchildren. There can be no greater joy for him than that they should be wholly the Lord’s.’ . . .

“I have had pasting parties for eight of our schoolboys, four at a time. Each set had to come twice to finish their books. The first four had *Appleton's Journals* to paste

in ; the last four had *Missionary Herald*s (duplicate copies). . . . The boys who come to the singing class are some of them really learning to sing ! Some still growl away on one pitch, but I was greatly encouraged with the others yesterday.

“It rains a great deal—almost every day, in fact, and our court begins to look like Mariana’s Moated Grange. I shall be glad of clear weather again. . . . When the clouds are black and the thunder mutters, generally about four o’clock in the afternoon, we fly around, put in paper windows, and set the flower pots around the stone walk so that they may not be stranded in the muddy lake that fills our porch.”

“*Kalgan, Sept. 2, 1886.*

“DEAR CORNELIA :

“We have just received the Revised Bible. I have also an Old Testament with larger print to suit my old eyes. I have morning prayers with the girls, while Mr. Williams has Chinese prayers. Two of us have the revised version, and two or three have the old Bibles. . . .

“Did I ever tell you that we bought a vase of crackle ware which was a genuine one, belonging to the time of Kang Hsi or Chien Lung or *somebody*? Mr. Holcombe took it home to America for us, and sold it for the benefit of the Kalgan chapel.¹ The proceeds, forty-five dollars, are a great boon to us in this time of retrenchment. . . .

“Your loving

“ISABELLA.”

¹Mr. Chester Holcombe, well known as the author of “The Real Chinaman” and many sketches of Chinese life, had been connected with the North China Mission, but was at this time secretary of the American Legation in Peking.

“*Kalgan, Sept. 21, 1886.*”

“MY DEAR BROTHER ROBERT :

“It is long since I wrote to you. For our father’s sake I write this morning. He would be sorry to have us forget each other. And besides the thought of his being made sorry, there was once a dear little boy who in a peculiar sense belonged to me as a great treasure, my greatest treasure. For that little boy’s sake (that little lad who is mine, and whom no one can ever take away), for his sake, let me write to the man who was once ‘Lad-die.’”

“I am sitting alone, and it is odd to be so silent and alone. Mr. Williams and the girls have gone to dine at ‘the Captain’s’ on the occasion of his wife’s birthday. This afternoon I am expecting a visit from Hsin Wu, one of our former schoolgirls. She came here when about ten years old, was married at sixteen, and has two boys, who are homely with smallpox marks. She has had a hard time. I want to give her a bit of pleasantness, and find out if her soul is awake. If she will accept a Saviour *now*, my work for her will not have been in vain. Otherwise the foundation laid will prove to have been of hay and stubble, worthy only to be burned. It is a solemn thing to come to a place in life where one may see one’s work burned up,—worse than that, if worse is possible. This woman’s sister is lost. She was only seven when she came to me, a very trying child, with the seed of evil in her, but so young a child,—a better, a more loving woman than I might have been used by God to save her.—I did not mean to write this—I had hoped to give you a bit of pleasantness too, and instead *this*.”

“I am trying to help Mr. Williams with his boys. We have a singing class once a week. I have some of them also for a short time on Sundays, just before service. I have had four scrap-book parties this summer, and

thirteen of the older boys have finished their books. The pictures delight them. One little girl, who was in Miss Diament's school when it was in my charge, has made a picture book under Emily's supervision. These are little things, but little things may be the beginning of greater ones. I know that the boys and I stand on a better basis than before. The pictures give opportunity for friendly talk and some real teaching.

"My asters are still gay, though a little past their prime. Our geraniums and verbenas are doing their duty nobly. I have given away a good many rooted slips and some cuttings, and am rooting some verbenas for our landlady. Anything which will establish friendly relations between us and this people is not to be slighted, even down to the little cotton cloth doll we made one day for our carpenter's little girl. He has a cordial smile for me ever since.

"(Hsin Wu has come, and is reading to me the fourth chapter of Luke.) My eyes are far from strong. Sometimes the writing of a single letter will cause terrible pain for hours. It is so when I write at night, generally. Spectacles ease me much, so I use them often. I garden in my little flower bed and in my array of pots, and do more housework than I used to do. Sewing I leave out as far as possible.

"I forget whether I sent you pictures of the monsters which were around eating up us foreigners during the war with the French. If I did, you can give them to some lover of the hideous, if you can find such a being. You may get a gleam of pleasure by thinking how many millions of Chinese have seen these pictures with delight and satisfaction. 'Put yourself in his place' (that of the average Chinaman), and think how stern justice demands the death of your brother and sister as being 'foreign devils.' . . . Just there I stopped trying to do two

things at once, and read with Hsin Wu through the fifth chapter of Luke.

“ I have some plans for one or two of our *dirty* boys. My plans don't lie in the line of buying them new clothes or of scrubbing them up, as once I should have tried to do. If I succeed, the result will come slowly, but more surely. We must at first be repelled by the filthy clothing and persons of those we meet, but we gain later a true sense of the fact that the hour for saving these souls is passing fast. If we can bring them to Christ, other changes, oh, so small in comparison, will come afterwards.

“ Some medicine is called for which I can give, so I will not send the folks down town to Dr. Murdock.

“ Your sister as in the old days,

“ ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS.”

“ ‘ *Mission Meeting,*’ *Tungchou, May 16, 1887.*

“ DEAR ETTA :

“ I am stealing a few minutes during business meeting to write to you. The revision of Dr. Williams' dictionary is just now being discussed. Mr. Arthur Smith keeps us all laughing, no matter what the subject.

“ I have been deeply interested in the reports given by the Chinese helpers. Rung Hsien Sheng of Peking, who has been here all the years since we came, and who remembers when you were a sunny, gold-haired baby, said that they had much hope that the children lately received into the church might be like the new shoots of a tree, which bear more fruit than do the old, scarred branches.

“ Another helper told of an inquirer who said, ‘ I fear I cannot get rich if I become a Christian. I will wait. When I am rich, I will then decide.’ Our Kalgan helper told of perils from cold and snow when out on a tour selling Bibles. He saw two lean and hungry Cassius-

wolves. The village people said, 'Do not kill them! They are gods, and do not eat men.' The next day one man was killed and another fatally injured.

"For Tungchou, Chao Hsien Sheng spoke. Great cause for encouragement. Sixteen had been received into the Church and thirteen children baptized. 'But the dew is not enough: we need a rain.' Another helper told of a man who was favorable in part to the 'doctrine,' but did not like to kneel. So the helpers, when he was present, would make the prayers short, and the preaching long! This man gave fifteen dollars towards a village chapel.

"We had a most interesting discussion on Confucianism. Chao Hsien Sheng said, 'There are no Chinese who do not lie. The root of this is in Confucianism. Confucius and Mencius told lies in little things, and people now defend themselves by the example of the sages. I will not say that no Western people tell lies, but our missionaries never do. If the Chinese become Christians, they will become true.'

"Mr. Blodget said, 'Let us not attack Confucianism. Let us preach Christ, and let the Confucianists alone. But if they bring on a discussion we must be ready for it.'

"The painter, Ren Hsui Hai, spoke on the subject, 'Helping People to Realize their Sins.' He said, 'We must *preach*. John did not stay in a cave, but came out to the Jordan. And we must be like Christ in our preaching. In fish-catching, men use small strings and hooks. If one used a great rope, and several pounds of meat, throwing it in with a heavy splash, he would scare away the fish. You must preach of the love of God. You must not *always* be telling men they are wicked. Show a sympathizing heart; show your pity and your love, and men will listen to you. *Then* press home their sin and the need of salvation.' Mr. Sheffield spoke of

Finney ; how he showed heaven and hell and man's sin, and yet with the utmost tenderness."

" *May 25, 1887.*

"Business meeting closed yesterday, and we took the children for a picnic and boat ride up the canal. We went a little beyond Pa Li Chiao, and spread our supper in a graveyard. The graveyards are the only beautiful places in China. . . ."

In the spring of 1887 Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left for their furlough in America, and it seemed best to move from the home in the Upper City to help in the work carried on at the new mission compound, "Bethel," three miles distant, and nearer the Lower City.

(Journal written just before moving to Bethel.)

" *August 31st.*

"I am anxious to see all my Chinese friends before we go. Five women and two children called to-day. (I never count babies or any under seven years.)"

" *September 1st.*

"Went with the cook's wife to see Er Ku Tzu's mother, and had a good visit. I like her. Her little girl has never seen foreigners, and was frightened when I asked if she would not like to come to our Girls' School. She cried so hard that I thought we should have to come away before we began talking about the Bible.

"This afternoon I went to Ch'i Kan Yuan, and visited our landlady's sister-in-law. She and her two *hsi-fers* ('brides' or son's wives) were very kind. I told them the Story. 'How can any one *not* believe?' said she. Next I visited one of the women who was here yesterday. Six or eight women and many children came in. They

talked and asked questions, and then for a while you could have heard a pin drop,—they were so still while I spoke. It seemed so strange. Presently a Manchu, the landlord, came into the court and talked angrily. Something was the matter, and I rose to go. He had as good as ordered me off, but they did not tell me until we were outside his court. One woman, an elderly one, who had listened all the time, said, ‘Stay, stay!’ A dear little girl listened all the time, too.”

“*Saturday, Sept. 3d.*

“To-day I went to five houses, first to see an ailing woman. I told her to go on Tuesday to Dr. Murdock, but gave her some medicine to use till then. I spoke to her of our Saviour. I visited next He Wan Cheng’s house, and saw the old man and his *hsi-fer*. The sons came in. I talked with all of them of Jesus. The father said, ‘You came in the spring to see my wife. Now you have come again, but she is not here.’ The youngest son promised to come to our school next year. I will send him our Christian primer, the San Tzu Ching, and have him begin it now.

“I went back a few steps, at the call of two or three, to another court. Two men asked for medicine and I told them of our dispensary. Next I went to see Ma Tzu Fu’s sister, a kind and cordial woman. I had an urgent invitation to go into another home in the same court, the home of a woman who had been to see me several times, years ago. She was very friendly. She remembered Etta and Stephen, and was disappointed that I did not recognize her. Will God in very truth use me to plant seeds?”

“*Sunday, Sept. 4th.*

“Three calls. Went to Chin Niu’s. Several young women came in. I had with me the pictures of the Nativity and the Crucifixion, which helped me tell the story.

Loa Tsai Feng's wife invited me in. Also went into Mrs. Hang's. I showed the pictures and told their story in both houses. Did not have time to go to Min Nai Nai's. I must go again."

"Monday, Sept. 5th.

"Our landlady is cultivating a friendship with me. She brought in a nice young woman to-day, saying, 'She can read. Tell her about Jesus. I will listen.' The young woman read slowly and correctly a few verses, ending with 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins.' I read and told of the feeding of the five thousand; of the raising of the dead, Jairus' daughter, the widow of Nain's son, and Lazarus,—then of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—(I never tell of one unless there is full time to tell of the other).

"I was so glad of only *two* women. A houseful is desperate,—what can one do? But the Pei Kwo Tai-tai came in. We were at her house last week. Perhaps I did not pay her quite enough attention this time. But she will come again. She is one of my friends."

"Tuesday, Sept. 6th.

"I was sick and could not go anywhere. The cook's wife went in my place to see Er Ku Tzu's mother. She was busy making shoe soles, and did not read as she did on Sunday, but she listened while her son read. The father listened well. He can read and write and is teaching his son the San Tzu Ching and Pai Chia Hsing. These people interest me."

"Thursday, Sept. 8th.

"Pei Kwo Tai-tai came in to sit a while, bringing her grandchild. I was rushing some sewing."

"Saturday, Sept. 10th.

"I have been planning all week to go to Wang Mu Chiang's, and at last accomplished it. Visited three

families and was treated well. This afternoon, while I was getting ready to go to a funeral, I had a call from a woman and her two children. A pleasant woman, but such a talker! No use of my trying to get in a word edgewise!

“I have learned two Chinese proverbs:—

“‘Ren ai, Shen ai,’ (‘Whom men love, the gods love,’) and

“‘Hao ti hwo pu chang. Lao ti hwo chien nien.’ (‘The good live not long. The bad live a thousand years.’)”

“*Tuesday, Sept. 13th.*

“Yesterday I made and received no calls, but read eight chapters in Romans with the teacher. Too tired to do anything else. This morning we had our second breakfast for the schoolboys. We invited eight boys this time. It is so much better to have only a few each time. I cannot control, or instruct, or amuse twenty-seven boys at once.

“Two girls came to call. One promises to go to the Bethel School. This afternoon I have had my geography class of six boys and singing class afterwards. Too tired to eat supper, but managed to take enough to keep from being faint.”

“*September 16th.*

“Singing class.”

“*Saturday, Sept. 17th.*

“Had a good review in geography with my boys this morning. I am glad to find that I can teach geography if it is in *Wen Li*. (The language of the Chinese scholar and official.)”

“*Sunday, Sept. 18th.*

“I read with my old friend, Martha Gulick’s mother, to-day. She is making wonderful progress in her Bible Primer. I hear her recite, and explain it to her, and she listens so eagerly.”

(Years before, Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, on one of their tours, had been given a baby girl. The mother was so wretchedly poor that she was glad to have the missionaries save her child from starvation. The little girl, Martha, grew up in the Gulick home, was sent to America and to Mt. Holyoke College and has been an efficient mission worker in Japan for many years. At her request, Mrs. Williams went to the little mountain village, and brought the old mother to Kalgan. She had never forgotten the "Jesus People," and her eager and whole-souled acceptance of Christ was beautiful to see. Her son, the "Golden Boy," was supported in the mission school by the daughter in Japan. The daughter's love in seeking her out after so many years was a revelation to the old mother, and helped her to understand the divine love. Mrs. Williams wrote of her afterwards:—"I wish you might have known Martha's mother. When I was first teaching her to read, one day we came to the fourteenth chapter of John. She read the second verse, 'In *your* Father's house are many mansions.' I showed her that it read, 'In *my* Father's house,'—and told her that we, as well as Christ, had the right to say '*my* Father.' It was wonderful to her, and she kept repeating, '*My* Father, *my* Father!' She was very intense, very true and honest, and most independent, willing to do anything for an honest living. Her feet were bound, but were quite large, as she had always worked in the fields, and she made nothing of walking three miles to church every Sunday. She used to come into my house like a breeze, talk very fast, and bustle out again. She was very poor, but there were others who were poorer, and she gave to them, and cooked food for them, even after her last sickness had come upon her. 'How I should love to go to church again!' she would say to me. 'I used to *run* there, and run home again, but I'll never do

it again. It is better to go to Christ. Yes, much better.' ”)

“*September 19th.*

“One of the boys who has not been here for a long time came to our morning Sabbath school. The lesson was the parable of the hundred sheep, and I was truly helped in putting it plainly before them.

“I made no visits last week, for there was sewing for the children which had to be done. But I had more classes than usual.”

“*Tuesday, Sept. 20th.*

“Chia T'a Niang came to-day. She is in great trouble over her son, who is an opium user. She has four good sons, and one bad one. She loves the *bad one*. I was glad to see and talk with her. Years ago, she had dropsy. I studied up and put together the right things for her, and she was a most grateful woman.”

“*Wednesday, Sept. 21st.*

“We are going to visit the house north of ours. It is best not to go before noon, for they will not have things quite in order for company, and we should not be welcome.”

“*Afternoon.*

“Another old acquaintance called with two of her daughters. They came for a good-bye, spent several hours, and then stayed to prayer-meeting. I showed my album and photographs, and we had a good, friendly time.”

“*Thursday, Sept. 22d.*

“Our lame scholar, Bai Le, came to-day to make the picture book I promised him. His mother is said to have a familiar spirit, but we understand that she has the repute of morality. He has a pleasant face. This is my second,—no, third attempt at getting acquainted with

him. At first he felt shy, but pictures and paste soon broke the ice (or thinned it), as they always do. His book is made up of seven *Child's Papers*, and is filled with pictures. It takes a good many, but he did nicely at pasting, and we talked about many of the pictures. This is the prettiest scrap-book made yet. It is the eighteenth. Before we move to Bethel, each one of the twenty-seven boys of our school here is to have a scrap-book which he has made. I enjoy having only one boy at a time, as it is a good chance to get acquainted. This afternoon the lad became sociable, and we had a pleasant talk together.

“We are busy packing these days, but I must go to four more places, *positively*, and to ten more, if I can find time. A week or so ago, we could manage our calls by my getting up to pack and work at everything before breakfast. It is very cold now to work then. Now I must get ready for my geography class to-morrow. We have singing classes afterwards. I have two Chinese women sewing for me to-day, mending our old carpet. The children have all done some ironing this week. They do nicely.”

(To her boy Stephen.)

“*Kalgan, July 7, 1888.*”

“I was thinking of you in the night, and I saw plainly that at this rate, you will not have many letters to remember your mother by. I'm sure there'll be a by and by in heaven when we shall see each other, and be happy together, without any need of letters any more.

“I have been much pleased to hear about your exercise and play. It is *worth while to be a real boy*, and to stay a boy in some things as long as you can. It is God's way, His plan, that though the various thoughts of a man may be growing in a boy's mind, there should also be room for the thoughts, the play and the *joy* of a boy.

“We are to have tomatoes and corn this summer. It is very nice to live here at Bethel, out of the city, where we have room for things to grow. Life and growth are always wonderful.

“Good-bye, my son, my one only son.

“Your affectionate

“MOTHER.”

“*Kalgan, July 5, 1889.*”

“DEAR ANNA :

“We are spending the summer in our Upper City home, and have with us Dr. Marion Sinclair and Miss McKillican from Peking. I feel very happy to have them with us.

“We were very busy moving before they came. Mr. Williams was away at mission meeting, and my right-hand man, Chang Ming, was stung by a scorpion. His hand swelled fearfully, and he cried with the pain, one day, from morning till noon. So the work was very heavy. My Bible verse those days was, ‘By love serve one another.’

“It is raining a little to-day ; our parched time is over. While it was burning and blowing day by day, our chief thought was a prayer for rain. A rain came the day our goods were being moved, and then again the sun burned day after day. The people were called upon to pray for rain, and the meat shops were closed. Our Manchu friends had laid up meat in readiness, and said they were going to eat all the more, which was very saucy of them. We ate eggs and chickens and dried beef, and did comfortably well ourselves, but the Kalgan cats were well-nigh famished ! Several strange cats prowled through our house nightly, and they, with the three which the children own, lapped the milk pans clean ; tipped over the canned milk, and nibbled its edges ; ate up and scat-

tered dry bread ; devoured huge pieces from the fresh loaves ; licked the butter at any chance opportunity ; and worse than all, waked me, and kept me awake and up and down in chase of the disappointing cat tails ! I was aging rapidly, and really becoming feeble, when the butcher shops opened again without waiting for the people's prayers to be answered. The mandarins were not doing much praying ; they had porkers killed for their table.

“The twins eat nothing these days. I shall have to feed them as the Chinese do the baby larks, by stuffing wads of oatmeal down their throats.

“Dr. Sinclair and Miss McKillican have a Peking woman here as their teacher. I can hear their merry laughter from across the court, as she explains some peculiar mistake they have made in their new tongue. Their cheerful table-talk brightens us up. Dr. Sinclair is such a blessing to my sick people. I interpret for her.”

Some memories of that summer, and of the friendship thus begun, are given in a letter from Mrs. Marion Sinclair Headland, to one of the daughters.

“When you wrote of your mother, there came before my mind a vision of a little room in a Chinese house in far-off Kalgan. It was twilight, and at the organ sat a woman singing. She sang with radiant face, and her inspired eyes seemed already to see that ‘Jerusalem the Golden’ of which she sang.

“I had gone to her for the summer from my home in Peking,—Peking, with its heat and dirt, to Kalgan with its cool mountain breezes and its fresh grass and flowers. I found there also, for the first time, a dear friend, who was always afterwards so interested in my study, my work, my life.

“It was during that summer that often in the evening, after the lessons in Chinese were over, while we sat together in the twilight of that little court, she would sing to us, or she would tell us of the early missionary days in Kalgan, when she was often alone,—no other white woman within five days’ journey, no doctor to care for her little ones when ill. I remember her telling how when one of her children was born, Mr. Williams was ill with fever, and she had no one with her but an old Chinese woman. Often she would tell us of her girlhood experiences, when in her father’s home she lived among the Indians, and as she talked we would be thrilled with fear, as she told of the Indian Outbreak when they were all fleeing for their lives before the cruel savages. But she liked best to tell quaint little tales of this or that Indian child who learned to love the missionary, and who came to the school, and afterwards became a good man or woman.

“She always saw so much good in every one. There were times when others felt that she was being imposed upon, but she wished to give every one all the chances possible. Her hands were ever open to help,—unselfishly help every one whose life she touched. It was she who took in the man with typhus fever, after his family, fearing the contagion of the disease, had cast him in his sickness upon the street. He crawled to the mission gate, and the doctor being far away in the country, she had a room prepared for him, and cared for him herself until the doctor’s return.

“In her, more than in any one I have ever known, was embodied the mind of a poet with the heart of a little child. Of such is the kingdom of heaven, both upon earth, and in those celestial regions where she has gone to be forever with the Lord.

“By her friend,

“MARION SINCLAIR HEADLAND,”

“Kalgan, July 23, 1889.

“MY DEAR BOY STEPHEN :

“We are so glad always to get your letters. Yesterday we were greatly excited over the coming of the mail. It brought a letter from Mary from San Francisco. She is with you by this time. In reality she has been gone from us only a short time, but it seems very long.

“ . . . Miss Andrews has sent me a book-mark having the verses,

“ ‘Looking unto Jesus—’ (Heb. 12 : 2).

“ ‘That I may know Him ’ (Phil. 3 : 10).

“The first verse has been one of my precious ones ever since the time when I was away at school, and my father sent me a gold dollar, folded in a bit of paper on which was written that verse. I remember just how it looked, in his plainest handwriting. . . .”

“Kalgan, March 8, 1890.

“MY DEAR SISTER MARY :

“ . . . I feel as though I had lived my life, and had already had my share of its happiness. ‘I have lived, I have loved.’ Now I am content, yes, quite content, to wait for that which will be mine in the home above. Strangely enough, when my mind has come to that state, I am in circumstances to receive more of friendship and appreciation than for years previous. This winter of 1889 and '90 has given Mr. Williams and myself some new work, and we are very happy in it. (I am also the freer to do it, now that I have but the two children with me.) This new work of regular Bible teaching takes the time which used to be spent, in our Upper City home, in entertaining visitors, and it is more satisfactory, for I feel that it is striking blows in one place, and not scattering them. Our pupils are young men from the country, who come to study the Bible during the winter months. We

have had twenty-four in all, but never more than eighteen at one time. Our accommodations for them are very small, and one wonders how they have succeeded in being peaceful and harmonious in such cramped quarters.

“I must tell you the odd dream I had about them, early in the winter. Dr. McBride went to inspect their room, and came out very earnest on the subject of microbes and crowd poison, and suggested plans for ventilation. That night I thought I waked up underneath a heap of human beings, and found it was our class of young men. They were talking rapidly, and all at once. ‘This is your Christianity,—this your science,—this your Golden Rule,—this your love of your brethren! Your little girls have a room to themselves, and see what *we* have! *This* is your Christianity, *this* your law of love!’ Such scorn as there was in their voices! I was utterly humiliated and condemned, but seemed to escape from beneath the berating heap, only to fly before them,—they following in hot pursuit, with blue gowns and long queues streaming out behind, while their scornful voices still shouted,—‘Christianity,—science,—rule of love—your children—room of their own!’ over and over, in a constant whirl of sound. I have only to shut my eyes, and I can still be flying before those blue-clad avengers. ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’ I have said often to myself, since that.

“Well, what result of the dream? I could not give them any other room, but in other ways I have been trying to *keep* my brothers. The first gain is that I know, in every fibre of my being, that these *are* my brothers, and for this, let me thank God.

“I have an occasional evening for reading with my class in Mark. We took that because it is the briefest of the Gospels, and we have read ten chapters. I sing occasionally with our boys, but my voice is weak this winter, and does not answer very well for leading. It is quite touch-

ing to notice how softly the young men sing, when we practice together, so that they may not drown my feeble tones.

“It is good to have this work. I am more than glad to have a share in it. It has never seemed dry or tiresome, but delightfully full of interest. And with it has come an intense realization of the value of souls, and of these in particular, so that I believe some of my pupils have gained something of the same. I want them *all* to know Jesus Christ.”

“*Kalgan, April 12, 1890.*”

“MY DEAR SISTERS :

“ . . . The great event here is the building of the new house, Mr. Williams’ gift to the Station. It is going up as rapidly as such things can in China. The windows and doors came from Tientsin *per camel*, yesterday. They were sent from San Francisco.

“I go this afternoon to the dispensary with Mrs. McBride, who is a physician as well as her husband. Yesterday I spent the day interpreting for her. Then Mrs. McBride and the babies took tea with us.”

“*April 23d.*”

“Since I wrote last, the school matron has been alarmingly ill, and I watched with her four nights. This, with the care of the little girls who are sick, made me an easy victim to the grip which is going the rounds. Following that, I had tonsillitis, for variety, and have shivered and burned by intervals, but am through the worst now. The school patients are all better. These few days I could have done nothing for them, unless they had been dying. I went to Chinese prayer-meeting to-day, and to morning service last Sunday, since there would have been no one to play the organ had I stayed at home. I think I shall

have to plan my attacks of tonsilitis when Mrs. Roberts is at home !

“I will hear my classes to-morrow if it seems best. One in each class can give out the questions, and I will listen. One class is doing very well in geography and in arithmetic also. The other is grovelling continuously in the very beginnings, which grows monotonous.

“If it will interest you, I’ll tell you we have made our spring soap,—two tins of lye were used. Nearly half of what we made will go to the dispensary, for use there. . . .”

In the spring of 1891 the annual mission meeting was held at Tientsin. It was a time of pleasant reunion, especially as the London society was meeting there at the same time, with James Gilmour as its chairman. Strong, enthusiastic, full of boundless energy and spiritual power as he was, how little they realized that this was to be their last glimpse of him this side of heaven. His last letter, already known to readers of his life, was one written to Mrs. Williams.

“*Tientsin, Friday, May 8th.*

“MY DEAR MRS. WILLIAMS :

“Thanks for returning the photos. Not having delivered them to you personally, I feared that in the present whirl of people and business they might have been mislaid, or even not reached you.

“It is a great pleasure to see you here at this time. Many memories of past times and days come up. Though never again likely to see Kalgan, I often in thought go along its narrow, hard streets, and its up and down sideways, call in at your house, see all your faces, even that of the youthful Stephen, and the studious Etta ; and often go up over the Pass into the grass-land.

“It is like a rest for a little while beside the palms and wells of Elim to meet you all here. Your peaceful, happy family fills me with gratitude to God. May He bless them all (your children), and lead them not only into paths of pleasantness, but of useful service for Him! You and your husband seem well. May many useful years of ripely experienced labor be yours!

“Lately I am being more and more impressed with the idea that what is wanted in China is not new ‘lightning’ methods so much as good, honest, quiet, earnest, persistent work, in old lines and ways.

“With many grateful memories of all old-time Kalgan kindness, and hoping to see a note from you or Mr. Williams, say once a year or so, and with prayers for you, and all Kalgan-ward Mongols,

“Yours, cheered by the vision of you all,

“JAMES GILMOUR.”

“*Kalgan, Oct. 2, 1891.*”

“DEAR SISTERS :

“Sabbath morning, from ten to eleven of the upper town schoolboys are usually here to be sung with, and to be told Bible stories. Sometimes only one boy comes, sometimes fifteen or twenty. We used to send them home in a cart, fearing some of the small boys would find it hard to walk both ways, but this has been stopped because our winter class are expected to walk from their homes (and return)—fifty, sixty, or a hundred miles, as the case may be.

“We try to fish for them. One week sixteen little scalloped pies were ready for them, and it was amusing to see how quickly a pie went up in each boy’s sleeve. The week after, there were sixteen little cakes, but the day was unpleasant, and but twelve boys came. For two weeks we have had small packages of raisins made ready

previously. This week we invited the Lower City school-boys and sang with them. We hope these little attentions may help in gaining the boys' hearts, and I try to use all the opportunities gained in the best way.

"I want to tell you of a little boy in whom I am greatly interested. His father, a teacher by the name of Chang, is miserably poor, and we suspect, an opium user. One day the father got angry with his boy, beat him with a table, and broke his back. The poor little fellow is a cripple for life. When he is able, he takes care of his baby brother while his mother goes out to work. When we chloroformed our kittens because of broken legs, the mother said, 'It surely would be a noble thing to give that to my poor boy. He suffers so much, and he can never get well. And his father hates him so. There is no one to care for him or wait on him but me. Every day I carry him out in the court on my back.' Dr. Murdock kept the little fellow at the hospital for some weeks and taught him to read. Now we feel that the boy is a Christian. I try to think of pleasant little things to send him every week.

"I found out something of interest the other day. My cook told me that with the Chinese, 250 is a number of despicable meaning. To call a man 250 would be cause for quarrel. On this hangs a tale. There was an old skinflint and curmudgeon who was as mean as he could be to his wife, and to show his scorn of her, he always called her by this despised number. He was buying coal one day, and weighing out the bags. '190, 212, 239, 250 (*Er pai wu!*),' he called out very loud. His wife appeared,—'What do you want?' So he was laughed at unmercifully by the men of Kalgan, because a man shouldn't call his wife by any name at all! If he has children, he should say, 'The boy's mother,' or 'Tell your mother so and so.' Failing that, he should

“speak of ‘her,’ or he could speak to her by calling out ‘Hay!’ when every one would look up to see that she was the one meant.”

The winter and spring of 1892 were full of plans for the homeward journey to America. Mr. Williams had started in November, taking the longer trip through India and Palestine, but during his absence the Kalgan Station was reinforced by Dr. and Mrs. Wagner, and Mrs. Wagner’s companionship was a great delight to Mrs. Williams. One of Mrs. Wagner’s letters written later to Henrietta gives a glimpse of these months.

“ . . . I have wanted so much to see your mother. She was one of the dear friends I felt I was sure of always. During the winter we were at Kalgan when she was preparing for the journey home, she seemed to take real comfort in sharing with me many of the letters and treasures she found. And to me, such confidence brought much pleasure and help. Sometimes it was a letter written as long ago as when the little Isabella was a baby, sometimes the last letters from her dear ones in America. I never had a friend who made me know every member of her family and her father’s family, as she did. It was partly her father’s book, ‘Mary and I, or Forty Years among the Sioux,’ that helped make all so real. I felt as if I were getting a sequel to ‘Mary and I,’ and used to say to her, ‘How often we close a volume with keenest disappointment because there is no more. But this time I am getting more in a special way, and I do appreciate it so much.’

“It was very hard for your mother to leave Kalgan. It seemed as if she could not tear herself away. She seemed so frail sometimes, we could but wonder if she would have the strength to return again. God is good, who has granted her this joy.”

VII

REST BY THE WAY

I halt to-day ; be love my cheerful crutch,
My feet to plod, some day my wings to soar :
Some day ; but, Lord, not any day before
Thou call me perfect, having made me such.
This is a day of love, a day of sorrow,
Love tempering sorrow to a sort of bliss ;
A day that shortens while we call it long :
A longer day of love will dawn to-morrow,
A longer, brighter, lovelier day than this,
Endless, all love, no sorrow, but a song.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

“ *Kalgan, February 3, 1892.*

“MY DEAR CHILDREN :

“Doesn't it seem as if we might see each other soon now? Only a month and a half till we leave Kalgan, if God will it so. Pray for us all the way.

“I have not been well this winter. My voice, especially, has been weak and on the edge of complete breakdown all the time. It has been so partly from my constant shouting of Bible words in Hsin Wu's best ear. I hope the journey home will be a renewal of my strength.

“We call a station meeting, whenever letters come from your father on his journeyings, and all enjoy them. Our Chinese are very much interested. He will soon be in Palestine now, and then on his way home to you. Soon we shall all be together ! . . .”

In March the long journey to America was begun. There were delightful sojourns by the way,—in Japan,

with Rev. John T. Gulick and his wife, and in Los Angeles, with beloved fellow-missionaries of earlier years, Rev. and Mrs. L. D. Chapin.

Oberlin, Ohio, was chosen to be the family home, and Thanksgiving Day, 1892, was a memorable one, in that the family, having been separated for nearly twelve years, was once more gathered together under one roof. But such days together were rare, for many calls came from the churches eager to hear of the work in China. Mrs. Williams wrote, "When I think of my poor Chinese women, I long to speak for China. It is sometimes a fire in my bones."

Some notes of her missionary talks of this year have been preserved.

"MEMORIES

"I see a little mud-walled, mud-roofed house opening on an obscure and dirty street. There are two missionaries there, Rev. John T. Gulick and his wife. They have been stoned and driven from another house in the same city. They are the first missionaries the people of the city have ever seen. Curious neighbors come in by threes and fours, and then by dozens. My husband and I come to Kalgan, and share the shelter of that mud roof. A high wall reflects heat into the narrow court, and a school of twenty boys sing out their lessons all day long.

"The autumn comes, and we four missionaries go on a tour to the city of Yu Cho. Here our sojourn is in a Buddhist temple. In this city, from which some of our best Christians have come, men and boys climb the wall, and attempt to stone us on this our first visit.

"These were the beginnings. Let me tell you of our work now, in the city of Kalgan, so dear to us, a city of 80,000 people, so few of whom know the Lord Christ. How can I tell you of all?—our schools for boys and

girls ; our winter Bible classes for men ; our many visitors, who come in curiosity, but often leave with a longing for this new 'Jesus-doctrine' ; our medical work, and our touring, when the missionary 'Shepherds' come back very brown and dusty, but full of thanksgiving for what God has wrought.

"A year ago, our winter Bible class was about to begin. For lack of room, we had to refuse as many as we received. One day two young men came, who begged so earnestly to be allowed to join the class, that it was almost impossible for me to tell them there was no chance until next year. I sat there with the tears rolling down my cheeks.

"To this school men and their sons come,—rough country lads, stupid-looking outwardly, but eager to learn,—worn old mountaineers, as eager as their sons, and even more pathetic. They come so clean and happy, but many are so poor that they have no change of clothing, so we get a good old woman to wash and mend their stockings, while they go barefoot, and their other clothing, while they go to bed !

"The Romish church has money to meet its needs. It can provide for students. The little babies that are laid out to die are gathered up and taken care of until they are ready for the convent schools. During the twenty-six years I have been in China, I have known of many such girls who have been thus saved, educated, and married. Shall our Christian missions lose this opportunity for want of money ? At Kalgan, one of our missionaries saved five children thus. Two years ago, a wee Chinese baby was left at our door, wrapped in coarse blue cotton rags. Her mother was a Christian, and died at the baby's birth. The father, a heathen and an opium user, left the baby on our steps, in the dawn of a cold winter morning. We took the wee, black-eyed girl, as pretty a Chinese baby as one ever sees, and put her in charge of one of our

young Christian women, who had a baby girl of her own. This young woman, Ying Ying Tzu, when not more than a girl, had married a promising young man, who came under the curse of opium which led him to choose evil, and finally death. These few sentences mean so little to you, but oh, how much they mean to me! The young man I had known and loved from childhood. Prayers and tears did not avail to bring him back from his sin. He chose death, not without relentings, not without struggles. But it was the awful reality of choice. Here was one who might have been like Gabriel for glory: he chose to be like Lucifer.

“You hear of the opium curse, but you cannot *know* it unless you go to China. A current proverb concerning one of our neighboring cities is that *eleven* out of ten of the beggars there use opium. It would break your heart to see them,—so gaunt,—mere skin and bone. They sell all that they have,—wife, children, and their own souls, for the dreadful drug. Some of the physicians are working for opium users. It is more hopeful to work for the *children*.

“The salvation of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth never. In all their poverty and filth, I see God’s children.”

In the spring of 1893, word came of Miss Diamant’s death, and Henrietta was appointed to fill her place at Kalgan. In August, the father and daughter sailed for China, and with this parting the family was separated, never to meet together as a family until heaven brings the “perfect round.” The mother, remaining for another year, as she thought, wrote:—“I hope to gain in strength so that I may be able to return to China next summer. While I am here, it is a joy to me to be able to make a pleasant home for the children. Yet I often feel like one

of our Peking missionary ladies, who said that she had come to this country to find that she was 'neither a good cook, nor a dressmaker, nor a saint.' I accomplish but little these days. A few letters, and the dinners; some biscuit, a pudding or so; a little reading; the meetings of the week of prayer;—and my life is nearly told. Some praying and many thoughts of my dear ones here in America and over the sea, thoughts which *are* prayers, both for them and for our dear people in China."

"Oberlin, Oct. 25, 1893.

"DEAR ANNA AND CORNELIA :

" 'I have seen New England in its glory,' as Martha wrote to Stephen. She said, too, that she had never seen such beautiful foliage anywhere, and I believe I must say so too, although Henry and I agreed that our Minnesota foliage was about as fine. You remember the sumach, how brilliant it was; but I fear I must allow that the New England oaks are matchless. The trees with yellow leaves I think may be equalled in Minnesota. . . .

"I had a lovely visit with Miss McKeen. I have not seen her since I was eighteen years old, but we have corresponded occasionally, and I have her photograph and that of her sister, Miss Phebe McKeen.

"Sunday we went to the chapel where the theological students and the Phillips Academy boys go, then we walked by the professors' houses. I picked a late clover under the trees just in front of Professor Phelps' house—the house which was his.

"Saturday evening I had spoken in the Abbot Academy Hall to the young ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Draper came over to hear me. . . .

"When I went down to Hartford we found Mrs. Roberts very glad to see me, and to keep me with her as long as I could stay. Rob and I walked out to Trinity

and saw his room, and the view from the bedroom window. Our Eastern friends have 'views' to show in almost all cases. Imagine me speaking of the view from my back porch—there isn't any! New England is better off certainly. . . .

"The strangest story-book kind of a thing occurred while I was East. I had decided to sell my Siberian squirrel skins for the benefit of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior, and to help in educating a boy in North Carolina in whom Miss Le Duc is interested. You may know I was surprised when Mrs. Thompson said she could not use her squirrel lined cloak, and was just going to send it away in a box, but she would rather I should have it! . . .

"Very affectionately your sister,

"ISABELLA."

"DEAR SISTER ANNA:

"Last Sunday I wore my new black dress for the first time. I thank you all so much, and I shall remember you each one, every time I wear the dress. I like helps for remembering. Years ago, the pigeons' whistling was always for me the call to prayer. Do you know about the pigeons' whistles of bamboo, which are tied on, and as the birds fly up, a ringing or whistling sound is made? For two years or more there were two persons for whom I prayed at that signal. I think the Mohammedan call of the muezzin is certainly a help to remind those of that faith that they should pray. Nor can I doubt but that they do often pray acceptably to God. What do you think?

"This is, and yet is not, a digression. I shall remember you, and remembering means loving, and loving means praying for. As we come nearer life's end, we need to be in haste, lest the time and opportunity be gone only too soon. The time is short, at best."

“Oberlin, March 29, 1894.

“DEAR CORNELIA :

“I was much pleased with Julius’ article on the Dakota Dictionary. I only wish I could remember a large part of it. I should have liked to have a little more said in recognition of Mr. Samuel Pond’s work. I do think it was an advantage to our father that Mr. Pond could help him at the start, both of them having really fine linguistic abilities. If our father had come first among the Indians, he would have helped Mr. Pond just as he was helped by him. I know Mr. Pond would have liked to do the work on the dictionary which our father did, and he would have done it equally well, but his circumstances at the time it was done were not so favorable to that kind of work. That made all the difference in the world. I know how father dreamed dictionary and lived dictionary during the years he was working at it. Yet he never neglected anything for it. The wood was chopped, the water carried, the fields plowed for the Indians just as if there never was to be any dictionary,—and all the while, in his faithful, persistent, brooding way, every hour was telling for its progress to completion. . . .

“I am just writing to Mrs. Pettijohn, ‘Aunt Fanny.’ I was her little girl for a year (1842), and Anna and I lived with her for three weeks in 1848, while our family went to Kaposia. She taught me to knit more than I knew before,—had me knit striped mittens, blue, red and yellow. I loved them so, and hated the old white stocking leg which I had been at so long. And she told me Bible stories. . . .

Your own

“ISABELLA.”

“My dear little Neil, do pray for your boys. Oh, it is such a deciding time for them now. I always think so

wistfully, so yearningly of mothers who can keep their children with them. Be awake to your high privilege. A mother of three sons. My dear, you ought to be very proud, and very humble and prayerful too. . . . Train yourself to self-denial for their sakes. I don't mean to deny yourself that they may have indulgences,—not at all. I mean that by having high ideals for yourself, you may *win* them up higher. Be sure to *win* them. That is my great fault,—I don't work long enough to win. If I think a thing is so,—is best, is noble,—I think others will see it for the saying.

“. . . As for the darling whom I may not see now, we shall all meet her by and by. Dear sister, you are to be rejoiced with, you who are the mother of a Shining One. It may be that her special work is to lead all our minds the more to look upward, so that heaven may be really the place of all which we shall surely feel to be most like home. Oh, it is so different to me now from what it was once. Where our dear mother and father are, and where Jesus Christ is, cannot be a strange place at all to me.

“Good-bye, my dear ‘little sister.’

“Affectionately your

“ISABELLA.”

To her little nephew, Karl, she wrote:—“Are you making ready to shine on earth,—shining God's way? I will pray for you Sunday mornings. No kind of remembering is worth much except the praying kind.”

“Oberlin, April 17, 1894.

“DEAR CORNELIA :

“. . . About our mother's letters—I am not sure whether I have sent you the best. In some of them, because I knew her when she was younger than when you knew her, I can read between the lines as much or more

than is written on them. The style of the day had much to do with her way of writing—she had been *trained*. I think our father had not been at all, except as study of grammar in connection with language always trains one. As we look at it, his measure of training was of more value than hers. But if you and I could understand New England women of that time better, we should see clearly how this kind of training came about. Women awoke to a desire for education, and they had to think out the whole matter. ‘If women are to be educated, how and how much?’ Men went to the colleges, and took Latin, Greek and mathematics. There was not money for the women to do the same, and no college to go to. It seems to be a wonderful thing, how in the main, they decided on the best things—the most practical. Education for the wealthy had not been of the best—too many had but a smattering of anything. Of course there has always been one here and there who was educated with her brothers, but one here and there doesn’t count. So in the days of Miss Grant and Miss Lyon, the serious, thoughtful girls desired education with a great desire. If their models in composition were not of the best it is not strange. The Grandisonian, Johnsonian, Hannah More-ish style was the best they knew. Hannah More, had she lived to-day, would have written as well as Margaret Deland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, or Sarah Orne Jewett, but Johnson would have been somewhat Johnsonian in any case.

“My dear child,—to put an end to this lecture, of which you must be tired,—our mother was just like ourselves. . . . Lovingly yours,

“ISABELLA.”

In the spring of 1894 the two years’ furlough was over, and she wrote to her brother Robert :—

“Yes, I am expecting to go back to China this summer.

When I think of the work in Kalgan, I simply *must* go ; when I think of the children, I feel as if I must stay another year. The decision tears me apart. I think probably I shall go to Clifton Springs for a short time, and get the opinion of the doctors there as to whether I may go this year. I have been under Dr. Noble's care here, but he is east at present. I cannot write letters,—a great sinking at heart comes. The letters ought to be farewells for a while, and I think of my dear ones, and it is more than I can bear." Again she wrote :—" It is only by not letting myself think about—everything—that I can keep up. But the more I must fly to God."

In April she wrote to her sister Anna :—" We shall be delighted to see you any time. My health is not brilliant these days, and people say I ought not to go to China this year. It would be a shame to put you to all this trouble over my sewing, and *then* not go ! I was hoping to look a little better soon, so that you would think I could go to China !"

In spite of her hopes, the doctors' decision deferred her return for another year. These years at home were filled with much that had been denied her, in her life in China. To her music-loving nature, the opportunity to hear the great oratorios of "The Messiah" and "The Elijah" was an especial delight. And she always wanted to share her pleasures. To her friend, Mrs. Drake, who was obliged to give up a promised visit to the home in Oberlin, she wrote :—" My heart was set on your hearing the 'Messiah,' at this Christmas season. Never mind, you and I are going to hear far finer chorus singing and help in it as well. It may not be so very many years till then. The choruses will be all the sweeter to us because some from among the Indians and Chinese will be singing there, and we shall remember that we helped them to come."

A little note written to one of the soloists after the Christmas concert of 1893 shows what the music meant to her.

“We see Mary toiling over the weary hill. Joseph has a bundle of rugs for the night’s rest upon his back, for to this day, travellers in the Orient are wonted thus to do. Night is falling ; there is but one star in the sky. Courage, Mary, Bethlehem is not far away. She needs not your word of cheer, serenely she walks on, overshadowed by the power of the Highest.”

* * * * *

“Surely there are good tidings for thee, O Zion ! This babe is my King and thy God, and the glory of the Lord is risen, is risen upon thee !”

* * * * *

“And now we see the flock by quiet waters, in sunny meadows. Some of those whom Thou dost gather are our lambs. Many times hast Thou gently led us, O Shepherd of our souls !”

* * * * *

“The sunny streams, the green pastures are gone ; there is darkness over the land !

“O Lamb of God, is it Thou, who art despised and rejected, who art wounded and bruised for us ?

“Break, heart of stone, and yet be silent in His presence !”

* * * * *

“May God bless the singer. We thank her with all our hearts.
I. R. W.”

VIII

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

But if impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
Thou wilt not find it in this world again
Nor in another ; here and here alone
Is given thee to suffer for God's sake.
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight,
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer, which is our appointment here.

* * * * *

If He should call thee from thy cross to-day,
Saying, "It is finished!"—that hard cross of thine
From which thou prayest for deliverance,
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say, "So soon?
Let me go back and suffer yet a while
More patiently ;—I have not yet praised God."

—"*Ugo Bassi's Sermon in the Hospital.*"

IN the summer of 1895 the Oberlin home was broken up, and in August the long journey to China was begun.

"*Chicago, Ill., Aug. 5, 1895.*

"DEAR ONES :

"I passed a patient and dusty day, and did what I thought would please you most,—read some in Mrs. Paton's 'Letters from the New Hebrides.' I enjoyed all I read. That was not until the train had passed the Western, where Margaret and Anna are going to live. I

prayed for the school, for you two, and for you all ;—that is my best help just now, for my Father and your Father knows all about this parting,—how sorrowful and yet not all sorrowful it is. I listened for your voices all day, and thought how they sounded. Your Uncle Thomas met me and took me to Glencoe. I have had such a good visit.”

“ *Beloit, Wisconsin, Aug. 6th.*

“What precious letters have just come, and I have read them. How can I ever go to China and leave such dear children ! But if I couldn’t go to China and leave you, I don’t believe you would love me as well as you do. How delightful to get your letter written Monday, and receive it here Tuesday afternoon ! We are not far apart yet, are we ? I still keep listening for your voices, but I will be brave, as brave as I can.”

(To a sister.)

“My most precious visit was at our graves. Father’s stone is a noble one. I knelt there and thanked God that our beloved ones had been resting from their labors for all these years, and that joy unspeakable is their constant portion now. I prayed for every one of our family by name. I hope God will help me to do it more often.”

(To her friend Mrs. Drake.)

“I value your letter very much, and am glad to have it here in Beloit to read to those who love you as a member of the mission band of those long ago years. I am with Mother Riggs and Edna. The next whom I hope to meet are Martha and Alfred.

“I have had a letter from Mrs. Holtsclaw. She says of late years she has rather avoided saying good-bye to friends, but looks forward, hoping ‘ in some brighter clime

to say good-morning.' . . . May God bless you and help you to bear the pain which comes, holding close to His hand. May His words be of great comfort to you. I have been helped to bear the parting from my precious ones. I cannot tell how precious they are."

"Santee Agency, Nebraska, Aug. 19, 1895.

"MY PRECIOUS SISTER CORNELIA :

"Your letter was and is a great pleasure to me. I have read it over many times. You will be glad for me that Martha is going to Oahe and to Minneapolis with me. I thought it was almost tragic for this poor little bit of a me to go all these miles alone, especially as I shall have to go alone to Vancouver.

"My heart is full of love and prayer for you. I want you to be one of the most loving, and yet wisest mothers in the world. It is easy to live in a dull way, letting the routine of every day quiet the soul's most precious living and loving. I know that I have failed in love and undoubtedly in wisdom often. Do not let the time pass by until you know your three boys are safe for eternity.

"My darling children write such good and comforting letters to me, that I go on my way cheerfully and happily, *for the most part*. The tears are not far away, but I do not yield to them much. If I am to be of service anywhere, I must keep my strength.

"Kiss the children at night for me.

"Your own loving

"ISABELLA."

"Santee Agency, Nebraska, Aug. 21, 1895.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN :

"I was delighted to get this new letter to-day. The other is good enough to read over a great many more times. You will try hard and not feel lonely without me.

Pray a good deal and read the Bible every day, for you cannot live near God unless you do. My darlings, I kiss you in my heart.

“My cousin, Mrs. Green, of Pittsburg, has sent a doll for our little Li-ya. I can hardly tell you how glad I am to have you sewing ; it is much more important than you know. I want you to sew nicely ; to try more and more to do nice, smooth work. Next year perhaps you can do things for somebody else. I am pleased about Mary’s new waist ; send a bit in a letter, will you, dears ?

“Dear children, I still think it is true that you love me better because I am going out to China than if I said weakly, ‘No, I cannot go, I cannot leave my children.’”

(To her sister Anna.)

“*Oahe, South Dakota, Aug. 29, 1895.*

“I have you in my heart during all these days of my journeying. It was harder than I thought it would be, even, to part from the children, and it was very hard for them. They were very good and brave for my sake, and cheered me up in all nice ways possible. And now it is good to be here with Emily. And Martha is one of my blessings. Pray for me all the way.

“It has been a great pleasure to meet the Indians. There are so many strong faces among them,—let us pray much for this people. May God bless all these who work for the Indians here and at Santee and in all places.

“Have I not yet told you the name of the steamer ? It is the *Empress of China*,—quite appropriate ; she sails the sixteenth of September. May God bless you and each of your dear ones.

Your own

“ISABELLA.”

(To her children.)

“While we were at Santee, our room looked towards the East, and I looked out that way, and thought of and

prayed for you all,—*all* our family at Shandon, not you four only. It seems as if I'm thinking of you nearly all the time,—when I see the spool-box or use my little knife, or take out the pen Stephen gave me.

“Good-bye,—does it mean ‘Good be to you,’ or ‘God be with you’? Probably the latter: it is my constant prayer. These days of travel, and of stress and strain of heart make me fly the more to God. It is the only way.”

“*From Minneapolis to Seattle. The ‘Great Northern,’*

“*Sept. 10, 1895.*”

“MY DEARS :

“We are in sight of the snow-capped mountains. They look like our mountains on the way to Kalgan. How the view changes! Now we are passing a great forest of tall, dead tamaracks, now a swamp with dead trees in standing water, now the great, bare rocks, aslant, more gray, skeleton trees, and high over all, the snow peaks. We are going down the Rockies; now we are in the river bed at Nyack. This is the Kootenai River. Its rapids and falls are exceedingly beautiful. Islands of rock rise here and there from the pale green water. I cannot see them too much!”

“*Seattle, Washington, Sept. 13, 1895.*”

“MY DEAR STEPHEN :

“I'm so far safely on my way. To-day we crossed the Cascade Range. What mountains with mist at the tops! I have never seen anything so fine.

“I have been quite cheerful, having so much to thank God for, who has given me such dear ones all. One Friend has been with me, nor will He leave me: should any untoward thing happen, it would not be that He had left me, but only that He saw best. Of my journey I will say, God has kept me from dangers seen and unseen. To-morrow I start for Vancouver. . . .”

“*R. M. Steamer ‘Empress of China,’ Sept. 16, 1895.*”

“MY DEAR, DEAR MARY :

“We are beginning to jar with the motion of the engines. I think I can send this note from Victoria. You dear children have been such a joy to me with your loving letters. I am very glad of our three years together ; it will help us even in heaven ; and if in the ways where we may have a few times failed to do our best, we try now, in the time that comes next, to do better,—God will help us.

“Now I am on the steamer it seems easier to go to China than before. This is our home, if God is willing, until we touch China’s soil. These are beautiful shores through which we pass, with foliage close to the water’s edge. It is ‘God save the Queen,’ for this is British dominion. . . .

“Good-bye for this time, my precious child. I keep your rose very carefully.

“I am always your loving mother,

“ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS.”

(To her sister Martha.)

“*The ‘Empress of China,’ Sept. 27, 1895.*”

“Two days more, and the third day we shall be at Yokohama. It is only noon, but you notice I do not count to-day ! That is the cheerful way of taking it. We had an excellent lesson this morning,—‘The joy of the Lord is your strength.’ Dr. Hartshorne led us in our Bible hour, and we had a time of real spiritual uplift. (He is the author of the small medical book which has been my chief stay for the last twenty years.) There are forty-two missionaries on board, thirty-four of whom are for China.

“I have read ‘The Stickit Minister’ over again. One day I picked up ‘A Social Departure’ by Sara Jeanette

Duncan. I read in it an hour, and had a good deal of amusement over it. The heroine was getting scalded in her Japanese bath tub when I left her, because she had it heated with coal instead of charcoal."

"September 29th.

"Land in sight! Little boats with sails, a lighthouse, and still a lovely smooth sea. We have had service and a good sermon by Archdeacon Warren."

"On the 'Pei He,' out from Tientsin,

"Oct. 18, 1895.

"MY DEARS :

"Here we are on the river, coming down to Tungchou. As our dinner is a-cooking the fumes of charcoal drive us out on the front of the boat. We are not very far from Tungchou, though we cannot see the Pagoda yet. The beautiful blue Western Hills! they rejoice my eyes. We saw them almost all day yesterday, and to-day they are very lovely indeed. It has been a pretty sight to watch the six boats ahead of us rounding a curve of the stream, and it seems all curves and angles!"

"Peking, Oct. 22, 1895.

"It was a great pleasure to meet all the Tungchou friends, especially Mrs. Sheffield, Miss Andrews and Abbie. I came first to the city house, and then walked out to the new grounds with Miss Miner. Your father has probably told you of our delightful luncheon yesterday with Professor and Mrs. Headland.

"Good-night, my dear, dear children.

"Lovingly your

"MOTHER."

“*Kalgan, Oct. 30, 1895.*”

“MY DEAR STEPHEN :

“I thought of you all, all the way up from Peking, and there were bits of interest by the way which reminded me of those who used to be my companions on the journey over this road. And here we are at home again. I am very glad to be here ; although I cannot be of *much* use, yet there will be little ways in which I can help. I hope to be of comfort to Etta, who has her hands full of work. She has her school, which of itself is enough, and then she has Bible women to oversee and calls to make.

“ . . . I miss you all. I should be *glad* that I miss you, as I could not if we had not been a family together for these years.”

“*November 6, 1895.*”

“I went to prayers at the school with Etta this morning. I shall try to get acquainted with the girls, and so may begin to have influence with them. Leah, our ‘Butter Baby,’ lives with Mrs. Sung in our yard. She is a cunning little thing, quite plump, and Mrs. Sung is very good to her. To-night I am to take the girls to the Anti-Foot-Binding Meeting, the new Peoples’ Society.

“The Station Class has been gathered together by Mr. Sprague, and the students have come all at once. The boys and men came and bowed to me in great shape. It was too dark to see if I knew any of them. A woman has picked camel’s hair in my room for a few days, and she is sewing to-day on felt door-curtains for the Girls’ School. Her husband is an opium user, and she says he wants to leave off. She saw my bed and said, ‘What nice, thick bedclothes you have !’ I asked, ‘How many comfortables would your husband’s opium buy in a year ?’ She replied, ‘Oh, as many as six to ten big ones !’

“Etta has twenty girls now, and it is no fun to manage

them without a good matron. I hope to be well enough to help soon. The best woman we can get is very poor for that place. To-night Teacher Chou read constitution and by-laws of the Girls' School to the assembled wise men of Kalgan, Feng Ke Hsien Sheng, the two Gao brothers, young Mr. Fan and Loa Su Tang."

"December 22, 1895.

"I look up and see your photographs and say 'My darlings!' many times a day. I am enjoying Mary's high school picture much. I look first for my Lark's dear eyes. . . . I am remembering my promise to you to try to have a nice Christmas, and have been doing things all day,—putting the rooms more as you would like them, making your father a neck-bow, and other pleasant little Christmas things. We are all to have prayers together on Christmas morning."

"Kalgan, Jan. 4, 1896.

"MY DEAR STEPHEN :

"We are looking for letters every day. I am not writing you children many letters, but I hope you will keep up your share of the writing,—the letters do us so much good when they come. Your father, at least, is faithful to his part. Our life is less varied than yours; there seems little to tell, and of course to me things are changed, and I miss the rest of you. How nice it would be if you could step in and hang up two or three pictures for me! Our servant is cross-eyed and has a bad memory, and I have had to labor with him to remember to rub up my stove so continually that I haven't yet attempted to try him at picture-hanging!

"I think if I were stronger, I would go slumming, as do the Salvation Army people. I have a good opportunity. Hsin Wu comes to see me as often as once a week, and I am trying to do what I ought for her. I

hope she is a Christian, and know that I must not let go hold of her. She is a beggar, and dresses as one, but she does not go on the street to beg much now. Not long ago I helped her make a comfortable for herself. It cost about fifty cents gold. I shouted in her best ear that I wanted her to pray and repeat some Bible verses when she sleeps in the new warm comfort, and she will do it. I have had the Lord's Prayer written in large characters for her. I know I pay her more than her work is worth sometimes, and I give her house rent outright,—fifteen cents a month. But I am trying to help her to work for herself. God has given me everything,—some of His children have given me much. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' I do hope she is a Christian. We read together every time she comes."

"January 7th.

"Your letters came yesterday, and it is great joy. We had been waiting for them, and they were worth waiting for! I wish you could come in and sing out 'Beetle Pie,' and snatches of various things. I have sung a few bits from the Messiah once in a while, especially the week before Christmas, and it made me think of you. . . ."

"Kalgan, Jan. 29, 1896.

"MY DEAR SISTERS, ANNA AND CORNELIA :

"It seemed for a while after I reached here that life had come to a standstill. I found the journey trying; the first week on the ocean and the last week of the land route were very cold, and this last was especially hard as we were obliged to be up and eat a few morsels so very early. The days were short, and if we were not off by six we were too late reaching the inns by night. However, that is long past.

"It takes quite a while to become used to changed conditions. It is not easy to fall into home life where the

dear ones for whom their father and I have both lived, and who did so much to make the life comfortable and joyful are not here. Everything reminds us of them—the old, because our children used to be caring for those bits of furniture or pictures or books; the new, because the later home life was set in these,—this picture was for Christmas, or that for my birthday,—these books speak of our last holidays together, those of the one before. It is joy that we had ‘joys’ together. Perhaps we had more than the common lot of people, because the shadow of this separation hung near us, constraining us to be more careful—more gentle and loving.

“I think of you and love you, and remember so many things.

Lovingly your sister,

“ISABELLA.”

“*Kalgan, Feb. 5, 1896*

“MY PRECIOUS DEARS :

“We enjoy your letters so very much,—those from all of you. Indeed they are our one great joy. I have just brightened up my glasses with my Valentine wiper, and the stove holder which you sent your father lies by me as I write, as he prizes it so much he keeps it for a desk or table ornament! Next winter perhaps it will see service,—unless, indeed, we frame it! Our organ is now in the sitting-room. The schoolgirls come and sing with me about twice a week.”

“*February 21st.*

“It is a long time since I began this letter. Etta has had an attack of diphtheria, and was quarantined in her room at the schoolhouse. I did most of the waiting on her, but towards the last your father helped, as I seemed to be too tired for safety.

“Your Christmas letters are a feast for us; we feel just how it all was, just as if we were there. I can see you at

the table, each one, and then again by the fireplace, and again, I hear you singing in the parlor. I feel like a glad shadow, flitting here and again there, conscious of everything and every one, although not seen by any one.

“Hsin Wu comes to see me quite often. She feels that I am the best friend she has, and I feel that I must not give her up, but must fight to save her for heaven. ‘We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers.’ This is one reason why I write few letters.”

“*March 11, 1896.*”

“The Board has been obliged to cut down our appropriations. It cuts off ten per cent. from our salaries. All the work is cut down in the same way, and it is dreadful to have the helpers’ small allowances made smaller. One helper has to be dismissed, also a chapel-keeper, a good man, Li He Lin, who was in the Station Class when you were here. We women cannot bear to have it so, and we are going to make up what they lose for two months, at any rate. After that we shall see. We all know we can find ways to save a little. Cora says going without one dinner a week will do it. I say we shall not need to go without any meals, but cut off on some of the more expensive things. One of the helpers suggested that the missionaries do without chickens. One said, ‘Isn’t a helper better than a cow?’ I do not feel as if I ever wanted anything for myself anymore!

“. . . I am glad that there is still a little left of what I call ‘God’s money’ which we can draw on in an emergency. You will be interested in the whole history which those forty-four dollars represent. It is quite interesting; starting twenty and more years ago with \$500. Your father gave it to me as my share of money we had saved by economy. I lent it to several friends for a few years; then it went into the Minneapolis lot, which was a

good investment, leaving \$1,000 instead of \$500. The Girls' School houses were built with it; three rooms for the Station Class, 200 taels put into the Upper City house, and the Mongol land bought for Hsin Wu and her children. I hope she has not been helped in vain. The money is the Lord's. I gave back to Him what He gave us, and have tried all the time to do just what He would have me do. I have given the history in brief. God has been very good to me, and has yet blessings in store for us all. . . . Dear Stephen, I remember our times together with joy. God was good to us. I thank Him. . . . Good-night to you all."

"Kalgan, April 4, 1896.

"MY DEARS :

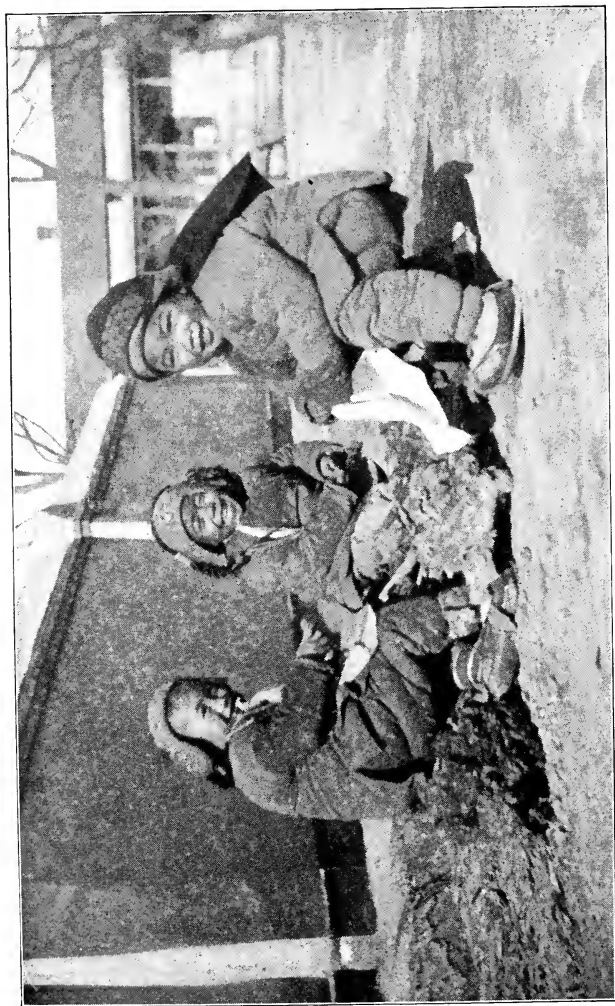
"The schoolgirls cleaned house to-day, and I went down to 'gwan' them. Some lazy girls found it hard to take their ease, yet all the same, I got not much out of them. I am not fond of shirks. Those who worked well I was pleased with.

"Margaret and Anna will be pleased to know that the sixth 'K'an-chien-tz' has been made from their 'rain-bow dresses!' The last are for Liya and San Kai-tz. San Kai-tz is the cunningest little dear, but exceedingly ragged. These last K'an-chien-tzs are triumphs of piecing."

"April 8th.

"We took all our blossoming plants to the church on Easter Sunday; Etta's and my calla lilies, my lovely pink geranium, and her Japan lily.

"We have been feeling terribly the reduction of allowances for the work in general. I think about this,—we all do,—a great deal. The Chinese Christians are going to help; our church contributions have accumulated so that there is enough to pay one helper. The Christian



CHINESE CHILDREN AT PLAY

Endeavor Society is going to pay another helper's salary. Even then there is not enough to go round. The Peking Christians have taken up a contribution for the Armenians.

“Tsai Ching, the first Christian received into our Kalgan church, has died lately. He has been feeble for some years. His son, Tsai Fu Yuan, is one of our best helpers.”

(To Mrs. Green, of Pittsburg, who was supporting little Liya, the “Butter Baby.”)

“*May 9, 1896.*”

“MY DEAR COUSIN :

“There are some pleasant bits to tell you of the little sister Liya. We say it with a pretty toss up of the last syllable and quick emphasis,—Li-ya. She is a quiet little thing, but chatters merrily to any one of her friends. She sings a number of tunes very well for a wee tot only five years old. We hope she may learn to play the organ. Our plan for the schoolgirls whose feet are not bound is that they shall be given organ lessons. If they will deny themselves jewelry, I think many of them can have a baby-organ at the time of their marriage. There are three ready to begin now; the others are too young. It will be a good thing if our girls will stop wearing tin finger-sheaths. One of them said, ‘Am I really to practice on the organ? I’ll have my long finger-nails cut off to-day!’ The other two girls had no long nails, but wore the sheaths for beauty’s sake!

“Liya is proud of being a pupil in the school. She has a book, a San Tzu Ching, and looks wise and important while carrying it about. She takes a great deal of delight in the doll you sent her. I have one doll dressed in Chinese clothes. It is for a little girl who has no pleasures and cannot come to school. . . .”

“Kalgan, May 18, 1896.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN :

“I am trying outdoor life these days. This morning I was up at four to water the flowers, and transplanted twenty-five little tomato plants. I have three string beans from Macalester, St. Paul, for whose uprising I look anxiously. My glory flowers are up and my sweet peas. Nothing will come up unless watered every day. We have a new man for gardener,—Chang, six feet high. Etta has been calling Wang our ‘henchman,’ so we have dubbed this man the ‘trenchman.’ He waters the trees and grape-vine, carries the water for my flower beds, digs all the trenches for me and makes himself generally very useful. Just now I see Mrs. Sung and the schoolgirls out picking clover for a relish for their morning meal. I’ll have some clover cooked too,—the tender ends I shall try !

“Dr. Waples left for Peking this morning, so Cora and ‘Dorothy Delight’ are alone. To-morrow Mr. and Mrs. Sprague and Etta start for mission meeting, ‘my Finnette’ on her horse. I hope to take the schoolgirls home to Ching Ke Ta next week.”

“May 25, 1896.

“Think of it ! We have had six Swedish guests and a wedding ! The eventful day is over, and Miss Brulin and Miss Ericsson are now Mrs. Lundberg and Mrs. Bingmark. Saturday morning brought the Swedish missionaries here, and to-day was chosen for the wedding. We took all our flowers to the church ; Etta’s Japanese lilies have had a marvellous number of buds, and to-day six of them bloomed at once, as if they knew there was to be a wedding ! Cora played the organ, and Mrs. Mateer and I walked with the brides to the church door, when we stepped aside, and the gentlemen took our places. The

bell rang at 3:30, and again at 4:00, so it was very cheerful, and after the ceremony, when we were giving our congratulations, Mr. Lundberg said gratefully, 'It was very nice,—the bell ringing, and organ playing, and the flowers so beautiful.'

"This evening, two more Swedish brethren, who belong to the China Inland Mission, have arrived, and it is seven people who are to take breakfast with us to-morrow morning, ma'am! I have my pretty gray dress on in honor of the wedding, and my old gray shawl, in honor of the severe weather. The bracing effect of snow on Mt. Gilmour makes me domestic in my tastes, and I read Alexander on the Psalms while hovering at one side of the kitchen stove. I have been dipping into the life of J. Addison Alexander, Professor at Princeton. He was an exceedingly learned and gifted man, but the life is not well written,—the nephew who wrote it must be a lawyer,—he brings people up as witnesses to prove that J. A. A. was learned and witty, enthusiastic and affectionate and so forth, and so forth,—which I never doubted! The Commentary on the Psalms is to me the best possible. I have spent hundreds of hours with it at hand, when studying the Psalms. . . ."

"Kalgan, May 30, 1896.

"MY DARLINGS :

"I must write you a birthday letter to remind you again how glad I am that God gave you to us, to me,—and how glad I am that you have been kept for me, and for each other, and for the rest, so far on life's road. It cannot always be so; one by one we shall go, but keep in mind beforehand that as we go away, we go to the dear Saviour and to our Father in heaven, not to be alone and lonely, and not to be separated from each other for what will be a long time really.

“I miss you all the time, yet for your sakes I am always glad you are not with me. It is your time for study and improvement in every way. My dears, my dears! be sure not to forget the good things I’ve taught you.”

“June 2d.

“We cleaned house to-day. I read two chapters of A. L. O. E.’s ‘Giants’ with the teacher while the tacks were being taken out of the carpet. I like these books in Chinese,—‘Gwen,’ ‘Christie’s Old Organ,’ ‘Jessica’s First Prayer,’ the ‘Woodcutter of Lebanon,’ the ‘Garden of the Cross’ and this ‘Giant Killer’ better than in English;—they are more fun; the different language adds a charm.

“Such good letters came to-day,—from all of you children, and from your aunts Martha and Cornelia and your Uncle Thomas. We read and read! I ate my *hsi-jo* quickly, and read by snatches, and we kept on reading afterwards.”

“June 4th.

“It is so good to have Miss Andrews here with us this summer. We take knowledge of her that she has been with Jesus. The sight of her makes us all want to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I like to take that verse by parts,—‘grow in the *knowledge* of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ I am glad we have as many commentaries on the Bible as we have. I well remember my joy in reading Bush’s Notes on Genesis, Exodus, Joshua and Judges. We get good from Miss Andrews whenever she speaks of a Bible verse or passage. She has the Holy Spirit as her teacher, and He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to her with a beauty and clearness which we do not all receive. But we may yet have this clear vision if we long for it and pray for it as she has done,—not for her own joy, but

that she might better do God's will, and better teach it to her beloved Chinese people."

"July 6, 1896.

"DEAR DUCKS :

"If you were here I would rightly call you that, for you would be off in the rain to see the torrent bed ! My lovely glory flowers have their poor heads bent down with a weight of rain-drops. The rainbow is glorious !

"Such good letters came to-day ! We like to pay ten cents extra on your letters,—we really do,—and it was well worth it. Still for economy's sake (I'm getting to hate economy sometimes), if you would have your letters weighed every time you send them, it would be well. I dislike the present postal arrangement by which your five cent stamp goes for nothing if the letter is the least bit over weight, and a red ten cent 'Postage Due' is clapped on ! It is not quite fair, but when I think that our ten cents help to support the United States government, I feel quite pleased and Fourth-of-July-like and Star-Spangled-Banner-y ! We have just celebrated the Fourth, and made quite a success of it. Miss Hinman had a sonnet, which made us all feel 'like folks' ! Something original for the occasion sounds really well.

"I weed and transplant in the mornings before breakfast, getting up at five or earlier. I have watermelons and muskmelons growing from seeds brought from Oahe. My locust trees, *Robinia Pseudacacia*, are as tall as two pins ! I do delight in seeing them grow. There is one thing I'd like for a birthday present,—seeds,—white and scarlet verbenas especially. The ants have eaten up all my young seedlings. We have small and large ants, regiments of them, working to improve this soil. One should not grudge to laborers their food, but they choose very tender salads ! My mornings out-of-doors do me

great good. I am truly stronger than last year at this time.

“I am rejoicing over the copy of the ‘Elijah’ which you sent. There is not much that I can try except ‘O Rest in the Lord,’ and ‘He watching over Israel,’ but I think about it all !

“Hsin Wu is sick. I am going to see her to-morrow. Her little daughter came to ask me this evening. Good-night. God bless you all.”

“*July 21, 1896.*

“MY DEARS, ALL OF YOU :

“I always prepare to write by reading your last letters over. It is one of my very nicest times. To-day while I was reading, two women came in to visit, and I told them of you all and we had a nice talk. These days we have many women visitors ; yesterday as many as a dozen came, and the day before thirty and over. I sing a hymn for them. They like it best of anything. I remember how you used to help me sing !

“The wild pink morning-glories are all a-bloom. I shall send you some forget-me-nots which we gathered after a mountain climb.”

“*July 22d.*

“I’ve been mowing in the garden this morning, transplanting portulacas. It is restful to be out among the flowers before breakfast, and it is a good time to pray. Do not forget us in your daily, private prayer. Satan is keen to hinder us in every possible way,—in our growth towards God, in our work for this people. It seems as if no temptation could keep us from doing with our might what we can to save souls, but the most wily and subtle ones do come to us. The care of finances to some ; the *lack* of money to others ; even very proper and necessary recreation passes over its proper time and is a tempta-

tion. The poor use of Chinese hinders others. Our separation from other missionaries helps to accentuate the difficulties. Pray much for us, and if you find yourselves not so near to God as it is your privilege to be, win your way back to His feet, that your entreaties may help us. . . .”

“*August 1, 1896.*

“DEAR SISTER MARTHA:

“. . . I am doing very little missionary work, but am trying to win back strength before our school begins. I appear to be gardening, but that is not my chief end, I hope. This week I have gone once to the Bible woman's home, and the day following, with her to four homes, where we told the story of Christ to a number of women.

“I am just as I was when with you, except possibly a little stronger, not being under so great a stress of feeling as then. When I think it over, it seems as if everything was made so easy for me then. I enjoyed so *much*, and so many things,—the quiet time at Santee with its leisure for writing and resting,—our lovely visit at Oahe,—the great kindness of *all* our friends at St. Paul and Minneapolis,—and all the dear between-times, which were yours and mine together. . . .”

“*Kalgan, Aug. 3, 1896.*

“MY DEAR MARY:

“We have been keeping your birthday in anticipation for several days, thinking of you, and being glad in the thinking. I am wondering if it will ever be our joy to have you out here with us. Perhaps some other plan of life is God's choice for you. Keep on writing your cheery letters. We fairly live on the letters from you all,—perhaps too much so. As I wrote that, the

verse came to mind, 'Christ, who is our life.' Pray for us still more and more. I am lonely, missing you all, though I ought not to be, and need not be.

"Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Mateer and Miss Andrews will take tea with us to-night, in honor of your birthday. How nice if you five could all fly and be here too! I know, dear child, you have thought of us many times to-day. I shall look at the rose you gave me last birthday, the *day we parted*. Good-bye, and may God bless you this and every day."

" *August 19th.*

"Etta had a picnic for a few of our women and girls yesterday. They went to the pine grove at Yung Feng Pu. Do you remember Huan Huan, the only girl who had unbound feet when you were here? She is a nice-looking girl, even pretty, and she is good. She has just been betrothed to Ren Te Ming, and he was there to-day, —courting, do you suppose? *Professedly*, he was there to study with the up-town school-teacher!"

" *August 31st.*

"Etta has been away on her tour to Ching Ke Ta and neighboring villages since the twenty-fifth of August, and these rains will prevent her from returning for some days at least. Fords are impassable, and the mud roads are Sloughs of Despond.

"Kao Yueh's little baby died to-day. We lined the little box, and picked the prettiest white flowers,—sweet peas and fragrant pinks,—with mignonette. Then we put the baby boy into the tiny coffin, and laid the flowers in his hands, and he looked very sweet, as if asleep. Mrs. Sprague's tuberoses blossomed just in time to use. To-night I saw Kao Yueh picking a bouquet, which I thought was to lay on the grave. I told your father so.

He said immediately, 'It is for his wife.' 'No Chinaman would pick a bouquet for his wife,' I said, but your father replied, 'No Chinaman only one generation removed from throwing babies uncoffined away, would pick a bouquet for the grave.' It proved that the bouquet *was* for his wife!

"I am helping Hsin Wu these days by letting her dig up weeds for me and help me in the garden. My flowers are a delight. I have four-o'clocks which I love in secret, and mignonette which I dote on publicly, a few decent portulacas, two stalks of coreopsis and some snapdragons as my old friends, besides the blossoming peas from the Shandon garden and my Kalgan rose-balsams.

"Miss Andrews has prayers with our men while Etta is away. I'm glad that she does, for it is a bit of heaven to be where she is, and must do them good. . . ."

"September 11, 1896.

"I'm putting up catsup nowadays, and to-day for a cork I whittled down the last of Stephen's checker-men which Mr. Thompson gave him many years ago. A few of the kindergarten cubes which Miss Simmons of Beloit gave to the twins, and which have faces drawn on them with ink, I keep with a motley collection of blocks for Liya to play with when she comes in with San Kai Tzu and Lao Ku Tzu and the (almost) blind baby.

"The seventh and last 'K'an-chien-tz' of rainbow make is done. I presented it to Wang Shih Te, and he was struck dumb, so I did not give it to him (except in an Indian manner), and shall keep it in the dining-room for his eyes to gaze upon until he gets his voice. It's rare to find any one who cannot say thank you! Kai Tz (Mrs. Wang T'ang) is sewing for me, and Stephen's baseball suit is fast turning into little Liya's winter gown. Mrs. Sprague has given an old dress which makes

a suit for Tsung Mei Tz, and some of your dress-pieces have patched poor Lao Ku Er up, so that she feels very proud! I am not a bit satisfied to let these children be so ragged and dirty. It makes me miserable. Now is the time for cotton to be picked over and pulled out and patted down,—much of it is black with age, but it keeps on being useful. Hsin Wu has been doing some for our littlest girls; I have also had her wash the school bedding which is to do duty next winter. Arthur Smith said if it were not for mud, China would go down. If it were not for rags, I say China would do the same. Rags are used for patching, the next worse for shoe-soles; along rivers the felled seams of clothes which have lost usefulness are cut out and used for mops on the boats. The final refuse may be saved for the beggars (or picked up by them), to sell to the felt mattress man, who puts such between the thicknesses of felt.

“We have fine tomatoes now, and I take them over to Mrs. Wang, Mrs. Yen and Chiu Ch’un Te’s wife. It’s nice to have something to give away.

“Etta came home last night, having ridden 180 *li* over the very worst roads of the whole way. She had many adventures to tell us.”

“October 6, 1896.

“I am down in the schoolhouse with several of the girls around me while I write. I do not stay here much, but Mrs. Sung is away, and I have the henchmen here cutting grass, so I have come down to look after the proprieties!

“Kao Yueh preached a good sermon, Sunday, and gave a good talk to-day. I spoke at the close, telling them of some poor people who give to the American Board, and while they could not go to the Toledo meeting, would be praying much for the Chinese and other heathen nations, to-day, to-morrow and Friday. This

was really about my first speech in prayer-meeting this fall, because we wish to keep the women modest.”

“ *October 21st.*

“ I have a hard cold, so that I’m not able to write, but when you see the glory flower seeds you’ll know that I’ve thought of you. I am *always* thinking of you five,—perhaps I think about you *too* much of the time !

“ A bright morning ! Love to you, to each dear one.

“ Your always loving mother,

“ I. R. W.”

“ *Kalga, Nov. 9, 1896.*

“ DEAR STEPHEN :

“ I think about you a great deal these days. We shall be so greatly interested to know what your impressions of the East are, and what you find which you can take hold of,—learn better there than out West. There *is* a difference, and that is much ; one has a wider outlook after mingling with people from different parts of the world, or even of a country.

“ I keep yet glad for our time together in Oberlin. I did not do some things which I ought to have done, and hoped to do. Before I went home, the thing I hoped most was that I might help some of you on in the spiritual life, that I might share some of the precious and wonderful things in the Bible which God had shown to me. But God seemed to show me that you were not ready, and also that He would gradually teach you Himself. I felt sure you were then gaining, and so was glad, because it is better to learn directly from God than through any other. Yet it has been such joy to me to learn many precious truths through others, that I always want to find some one to share my joys with. I have always wanted to share everything nice and pleasant with somebody who needed it. So I keep on praying, ‘ Dear

Lord, I want you to teach my children all which you have taught me.' For many years it was my daily prayer, 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' Law means the whole revelation of Himself in the Bible and out of it. These last, the things of Nature, are easier to see; so when I pray, I mean largely the Bible teaching.

"Nature's showing forth of God is wonderful, from the Pleiades to the tiniest flower seed. The power of *life* in the seed is marvellous,—so small it is, but it has life, it is a living thing by God's power in it. The Pleiades, a system of mighty suns set in thick star dust, and moving on their ordained path, also by God's power in them,—so wonderful! But I have often wondered more joyfully over some little sentence of counsel or comfort coming with such wise, gentle, and loving touch, that I feel like saying, 'How could you know, O God, how much that would help me!' When my heart has been bitter and hard, just a touch, a word, and the Holy Spirit with unspeakable kindness has taken away the hardness and the bitter thoughts.

"There are hours of high access to God which are worth more than weeks of common, dull life. Yet it seems as if the common life had to be the most of what there is. We do not strive enough for the better part; we are too easily satisfied. The common part of life is where temptations come in to be fought with, and that shows it not unimportant,—and while we strive to do all to God's glory, the common things need not be dull."

"November 10th.

"I have just been rereading the letters of August and September. You dear children,—that is all I can say. I will ask the Lord to keep me worthy of my children's love.

“This is my mother’s birthday, and March 22, 1869, was her heavenly birthday. Good-night, with love,

“Your mother,

“ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS.”

“*Kalgan, Nov. 10, 1896.*

“MY DEAR CHILDREN :

“I’ve been reading over your letters of August, the last we have had. They tell of the family dinner for Cousin Anna Jones before she started back to Constantinople. And of Mary’s and Spencer’s home-coming,—how delightful to see Mary back again. I shut my eyes and see her, and I can *see* the joy in your Aunt Mattie’s face, so that I’m glad too (though the time is past, and many other things are past too). But it’s pleasant to imagine it all. If I didn’t read the letters over and over, I’m afraid I shouldn’t have spirit to write. I’ll go back to the imaginings, and think I hear George Harding play.”

“*November 11th.*

“I haven’t written since your father’s birthday. I made a very best cake that day. We took dinner with Cora and Dr. Waples and invited them for tea, but they had to put it off till yesterday, when Dorothy Delight and her high chair came too.

“I have just come back from morning prayers and recitations at the school. The girls come here to sew in the afternoons. They are making such cunning baby clothes, and the older girls have made two little brown gowns for Liya, stockings and a *Kanchier* for the blind boy, and a pair of *t’ao k’us* from Stephen’s old gymnasium suit. We quite look down on patchwork now, but will have to come to it for the little girls, at least. I have plenty of work for the older girls. The baby clothes we shall give to our Chinese friends as need comes.

“Last school year we had so many poor girls, and they were very ragged. Most of them were nice girls, and I’d be glad to get them back, rags and all. I find work for Hsin Wu three or four days in the week. She needs help of every kind,—but mostly from God. . . .”

“*November 18, 1896.*

“I must tell you how much we like the samples of our new dresses. It was nice of you to send them, so we could be anticipating, and think how they will look.

“We are having the loveliest of weather, but know the cold must come. The snapdragons in the garden still hold up their heads, but everything else is frosted.

“Chin Ch’un Te is back to-day after a sixteen days’ absence in Mongolia in search of a cow for the doctor. We have been alarmed about him, and had thoughts of a lonely ravine and a torn skin coat, but the Chinese have said ‘P’ai pu tza’ and so we have kept our visions of coat and ravine to ourselves. Yu Fu has brought his wife and baby up from Ching Ke Ta. She is going to study some, but with two little children she will not have much time. The blind boy has been a good deal of care in the school, and his sisters have perhaps done their best, which was not good. They are bright girls, but they have come from a slatternly home. Now their home is moved into our yard, we shall see if we can change it somewhat. I like the girls very much. . . .”

“*December 1, 1896.*

“Etta will tell you of our new schoolgirl who has come so cheerfully to have her feet unbound. Thereby, however, she gets a husband! And Etta helps with the betrothal money. (I am glad to say that I do not yet worry about betrothing Liya!)

“We dined at the Russian postmaster’s to-day. Caviare, sardines and bread, cold tongue and pork, first course;—soup and a new kind of fritter the second. Fried chicken, pickled mushrooms, crab-apples and pears, and rye bread from Kiachta, the next, and a grand finale of sponge cake with delicious fruit between the layers and Russian candy.

“I was much pleased with the flower seeds, and am going to plant sweet alyssum in a pot, *now*. Such lovely things as we shall have next year! My English violets are beautiful and fill our rooms with fragrance.

“The two pictures of Oxford girls and your last letters lie beside me as I write. I’ve just been hunting out the girls you’ve written about, and have fallen in love with quite a number of them in your freshman picture.

“With love to all my dear ones,

“Your mother,

“ISABELLA R. WILLIAMS.”

“*Kalgan, Dec. 16, 1896.*

“DEAR STEPHEN :

“You put your case very well. For college work I have no doubt you are doing the right thing, if you never let study overtop the thought of work for God and men. Think of our great Western America, and pray that you may be one to build there the kingdom of God. I believe there is great danger in such special education, unless one is continually watching. If you keep close to God, He will show you that all education should be striven for that you may best serve His children. Else the education will seem greater than it should, and the need of the world less.

“Just now we need that you pray for *us*. Moses’ hands were heavy; when he let them fall, Amalek prevailed, but when Aaron and Hur held them up, Israel prevailed.

This tells as well as anything why we need your prayers so much,—and it is but for a few years, at the most.

“It is of no use to advise unless one is very gifted in that line, but I should like to bribe you not to work so hard! A fever will come by and by, and take out four to six months of life, and your gain from working so hard will be gone several times over. I think you feel because you will have to borrow a part of the money for your course at Harvard that you must work exceedingly hard. When my ship comes in, you shall have a share! (I wish I *had* a ship!) My little share of a *canoe*, that is to say, the rent of the house in the Upper City, I have given for a year to the Board, or I could send you that.

“The surgical hospital was dedicated to-day. We have had money to buy land for some time, but nothing for building, and we knew in the present state of the Board’s finances, it would be *years* before they could give us an appropriation. The Santee friends and the Indian children sent us fifty dollars; we had some help from the friends in Peking, and then we made up the amount, all giving what we could, and the house is built. We thank God. This house, small as it is, we rejoice in exceedingly; it gives Dr. Waples a real opportunity in work. He is growing in Christian earnestness; it is a joy indeed to watch him. At the service to-day he said to the people, that ‘if only men’s bodies were cured, the house would have been built in vain. It is built to save men’s souls.’ ”

“ *Kalgan, Dec. 28, 1896.*

“MY DEAR CHILDREN :

“I’m writing on some of the nice paper which Etta gave me for Christmas. She gave to your father and me a book, ‘Friendship the Master Passion’ by Henry Clay Trumbull. I look forward to pleasure in

reading it. Christmas morning I gave cards with verses written on them to the schoolgirls, and at night they had other gifts from the tree. For we have really had a Christmas tree! Cora trained the girls to sing 'Merry, Merry Christmas' which is in our new hymn-book, and she took so much pains with them that they did very well, and we were all much pleased. Your father and I had the boys practice 'In a Manger laid so lowly' for Christmas evening. . . ."

"January 6, 1897.

"This takes my most loving wishes for a happy year for each of you. I shall be well in a few days. Please write a letter to your Uncle Rob and tell him anything that's nice to write from any of my letters.

"Good-night, dear children all,—God bless you each one. . . ."

Your loving

"MOTHER."

"Kalgan, Jan. 15, 1897.

"DEAR STEPHEN :

"Two weeks ago I took a very bad cold, and after a few days I had to give up and stay in the house. For a good many days I have been coughing, lying in bed and suffering, but now I am getting a little better. Dr. Waples takes very good care of me, and Cora sees that I have something to eat three times a day. Some one has had to stand over me to make me eat! But I am improving in that respect.

"A new little girl has come to our school. Her mother did not know that her feet must be unbound if she were to stay. . . ."

This letter, her last, was written for her by Mrs. Sprague. She had said, "In a few days I shall be well."

The few days went by, and she was "well" indeed. Mrs. Sprague wrote, "I remember her saying, 'Whatever is done is of God.' It was hard for her to talk. She said once to your father, 'God is good.' The last night, the doctor was going to stay with her, but she seemed to wish your father near her."

To the brother and sisters in America, Henrietta wrote on January twenty-sixth:—

"MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER AND SISTERS :

"Dear mamma died this morning. I was alone with her. . . . Last night I read two letters of hers written after grandfather's death. In one of them she said, 'For me the earth seemed glorified by the passage of my saint to heaven.' It seemed as if she was having me read them for her own good-bye. It was hard for mamma to talk or think connectedly these weeks of her sickness, so she couldn't send special messages to you. Once she said, 'Give away the things the dear twins sent me in the Christmas box.' On January twenty-third she said, 'Give my best love to my children. I tried to write to them, but it was too hard.'

"Don't feel badly because she sent no special messages to each, but read her letters,—they are messages."

"Kalgan, Feb. 3, 1897.

"MY DEAR, DEAR ONES :

"I have been looking over a little desk of mamma's, and found several things which made me think she meant the writings and clippings to say a good-bye message from her to us, if she couldn't give us one at the time of her sickness.

"An old letter from her mother, several from Grandfather Riggs, several from her brothers and sisters, written at the time of grandfather's death or after, and some that

mamma wrote at the time of his death. There is a little account-book of mine, where I pencilled, 'One cash for putting Emmy to bed'; some locks of baby hair in an envelope; a little note of Daisy's saying, 'Mamma, I am trying to be a good girl, and Anna is trying too'; and a short, pencilled note of papa's written when he was on a tour. There is that little poem of Eugene Field's, 'Sometime,' and a most beautiful one by Susan Coolidge,— 'Hereafter.' The first lines are:—

“ ‘ When you are dead, when you and I are dead,
Are dead, and cast aside each earthly fetter,
I think that we shall know each other better.’

Then two lines:—

“ ‘ Puzzle and pain will be behind us then,
All will be known, and all will be forgiven.’

There is a note speaking of the death of Miss Diament's mother:—“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works do follow them.” We have to work so hard to keep up our vantage ground, to follow up our work, but *their* works follow them,—He sees to that.’

“ . . . You must be brave and loving, because our mother was so brave and loving. Some of the letters she wrote about grandfather's death will make you understand better how she bore up, and how she would like you to feel about her going away.”

In a volume of poems by Helen Hunt Jackson, a birthday gift to her daughter Mary, on the day of their parting, these lines were found marked:—

“ Dear hearts, whose love has been so sweet to know,
That I am looking backward as I go,
Am lingering while I haste, and in this rain
Of tears of joy, am mingling tears of pain,—

Do not adorn with costly shrub or tree
 Or flower, the little grave which shelters me.
 Let the wild, wind-sown seeds grow up unharmed,
 And back and forth, all summer, unalarmed,
 Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep ;
 Let the sweet grass its last year's tangles keep ;
 And when, remembering me, you come, some day,
 And stand there, speak no praise, but only say,
 ' How she loved us ! 'Twas that which made her dear !'
 These are the words that I shall joy to hear."

Of the many letters written to her children in America after her home-going, some must claim a place here, although it be like taking from an exquisite wreath a few fragrant flowers. Her friend, Miss Andrews, wrote :—

"I remember well the dear mother as I saw her first in the spring of 1869 when we gathered in Peking for the mission meeting. And I remember, too, the dainty little blossom of a girl clinging to her, your sister Etta, then two years old. Your mother's sweet face charmed me, and so did her voice in the singing which followed the evening prayer-meetings. I loved her, and looked forward to a time when I should come to know her better. It was in 1885 that I made my first visit to Kalgan. I remember the three or four happy days spent in your city home, when I saw your mother in her home life, in her intercourse with her children, entering into all your simple pleasures and helping to make a happy life for you,—and in those days I learned to love her more.

"But it was in the last year of your mother's life, when I was again spending the summer at Kalgan, that we drew closest together. (You were all in the homeland then, except Henrietta, who had come out to share in our work here.) We were together beside the death-bed of Kang Wen Yuan, Martha Gulick's brother ; together, too, when Kao Yueh's little baby was laid to rest ; and those are scenes that draw hearts close. Then neither of

us was strong enough for the long rambles which others took, but often we contented ourselves with little walks over the nearer hills, or seated in some quiet graveyard, we shared our home letters, and talked of the precious things. For she was one with whom it was easy to talk of sacred things,—of the things which lie nearest our hearts. And so the love between us grew and grew. I think there was nothing in your mother's character which so impressed me, as the steadfastness of her love. Those whom she took into her heart held their place there forever.

“I remember some of the Chinese whom she loved, who proved so ungrateful for that love, and so unworthy of it,—who wandered so far from the right. But her love still followed and clung to them, and would not give them up. She was Christlike in the unchangeableness of her love. And the love shone out from her eyes, and her face beamed with the happy-heartedness which was one of her great charms to me.”

In a memorial published in the *Chinese Recorder*, Dr. Goodrich wrote:—“Nothing impressed me more in Mrs. Williams' character than the depth and persistency of her love, and nothing so much, unless it be the genuineness of her character and the sensitiveness of her conscience. How generous she was in her nature and acts! How quick and responsive were her sympathies!

“‘As ready to fly East as West,
Whichever way besought them.’”

And what a wealth of love she poured out upon her pupils, a love which has followed them ever since, sometimes in their squalor and rags and sin, *never* giving them up.”

Of one Chinese woman who had been in the home at

Kalgan, Mrs. Whiting wrote :—“ Wu Ma will never forget all your mother has done for her, and more than that, what she has *been* to her. I have sometimes thought that if, after laboring long in China, there was *one* woman who could speak of me as Wu Ma does of your mother, I would think I had done a good work.”

In a letter from Mrs. Ament of Peking came this tribute :—“ One could not be long in the company of your mother without realizing that she drew water from the unfailing spring. Her happiness seemed so little dependent upon material things that one feels her entrance into the unseen world could involve no startling change.

“ She loved beauty of form and color, and was the soul of the party when we climbed the hills together. No day was so busy with the routine of little, wearying, household cares, but that she found time to read something beautiful, or to say something which should inspire those near her. Tender sympathy with the young, feeble, and unfortunate, was as natural to her as breathing, and she gladly gave of her best thought and strength to the Chinese about her.”

The following memorial sketch was written by Dr. Henry Porter of P'ang Chuang :—

“ Isabella Riggs was born into the missionary inheritance. The beautiful Indian country of Minnesota was her childhood home. She shared in the early simplicity and hardship as well as terror of the early days. These wrought in her intensity and strength. She inherited from her father much of that mental clearness, strength and precision which made his work the foundation for the upbuilding of the Sioux nation. To some it seemed unwise to devote all this vigor and enthusiasm of thought and purpose to a work of beginnings in the interior of China where heathenism was so deeply entrenched that the results of patient seed-sowing must needs come slowly. But if

there was ever a regret or a feeling that life had not held all of joyful success longed for, none ever knew it.

“To some of us now on the mission field comes the memory of that day in February, 1866, when Isabella Riggs and Mark Williams were married in the home church at Beloit. A merry group of lads and lassies from the old academy and the schools gathered in the galleries of the church to witness the ceremony. How distant and unapproachable it seemed to us then,—the China of a generation ago. I was permitted to read the daily journal of the long voyage, which took them from New York far around the Cape of Good Hope to Canton, in a sailing vessel. Four long months of weary drifting on the seemingly endless tide brought them at last to the shores of China. This was the last of those long voyages. The very next year, the *Great Republic*, the first of the splendid steamers of the Pacific Mail line, began that career which has opened up the Pacific trade with the Far East, and brought China and Japan to be neighbors but a trifle farther away than England and France.

“On the border between China and Mongolia stands the city of Kalgan, a beautiful warder upon the Great Wall, the gateway upward towards the Grass Lands. Attracted alike by the beauty and healthfulness of the country, as well as by the pitiful need of the commingling peoples of the border town, Rev. John Gulick had begun mission work in the city in 1865. Full of determined enthusiasm, Mr. Gulick and his wife came down in the spring of 1867 to secure, if possible, a fellow worker for the distant station. A meeting of the mission was called in Tientsin, where Mr. and Mrs. Williams were just beginning their mission life, and these two young and happy workers were swept into the current of the new effort. They went at once to the outpost on the Great Wall.

“The dialect of the Kalgan region is a quaint mixture.

Most of the people have come from Shansi. Their speech is harder and more varied than the mandarin of the plains. To one accustomed to the soft sibilants of the Tientsin speech, or to the clear, rapid speech of the capital, the Kalgan speech seems rough. Mrs. Williams used it with rare accuracy and force, and through these thirty years she wielded it with the ease of one born to its use. The difficulty of speech was again proved to be, as so often in these missionary experiences, the least of the difficulties in the midst of which so many labors must be wrought. Of that other difficulty, the touching of the lives of men and women with the melting and moulding influence of sympathy and unabating care, the record is chiefly written in the hidden struggles of the hearts of those who work for men.

“There is a touch of the sublime when a life works itself to its end, undisturbed by every difficulty, confident that each life has its special work to do; filled with a secret joy that the allotted work, large or less, is enriched through God’s blessing.

“The world grows cold to us when the strong and brave hearts of men and women who have wrought righteousness are silent before us. The life more abundant is illumined once again when the gates are lifted, and we catch a glimpse of that which is beyond. Isabella Riggs spent these thirty years at Kalgan, ‘the gate’ of the higher country. There was another Gate, more rich and beautiful than even an earthly temple might possess. Beside that Gate, into the higher and beautiful land, she was always sitting. Through that Gate she has passed ‘into the City.’”

IX

POOR DUMB MOUTHS

Sketchs of Chinese Life

“In all their poverty and filth, I see God’s children,—immortal souls.”—*I. R. W.*

“**M**ADAM, have you heard what happened last night at the first house by the Big Trees?”

“No, what was it?”

“You remember they married a new bride there a year ago; a good-looking girl she was,—her feet *were feet*,—a nice face she had, some pockmarked to be sure, but you didn’t notice it much when she used *mien fen*. Her aunt said this morning that she had a bit of a temper; such a pity, too, the way it has turned out. They say she could sew well, and was tidy about the house. I wish I could get such a wife for *my* son! Well, her mother-in-law is a fussy woman; she has to be first anyway, and of course in her own home she ought to be. She took a dislike to the new bride, and nothing she could do would suit. If she made shoe soles, it was, ‘Didn’t your mother teach you to do a better job than that?’—if she starched the clothes, it was, ‘Who can wear such boards?’ or ‘So limp, I’m ashamed to let him go on the street with it on!’ or ‘You malleted the gown to rags, I do declare!’

“The bride ought to have been patient; she didn’t *say* anything, but just *looked*. She ought to have pitied her mother-in-law,—she has a bad foot: it was hurt some way, and she can hardly hobble around. Bits of bone

come out now and then, and she's too cross to live with. The bride's mother is a good-natured sort of body, with large-bound feet,—(she is ashamed enough of them,)—and they have a happy, jolly time at their house. You know where they live,—at that village where you went to see the fever patient last week.

“Poor child, she couldn't stand it. ‘Tell her husband,’ you say? No use to do that. He would beat her and go off and tell his mother. If my girl gets a husband like him, I shall pray God to have her die. The girl bore it as long as she could, then after her baby was born,—(it was a boy, and they were all so pleased,)—it was sick two months and she got worn out taking care of it day and night and towards the end, working when it slept. One night it was better, but very weak, and she overlaid it. She cried herself sick, and they all scolded her. If they had stopped after a little,—(she *ought* to be scolded some, so careless)—but there are people who can't stop with enough!

“Poor child, she made up her mind to end it all. Her father-in-law smoked opium: (did you guess that, the day we were there?) and she always had to make it ready for him. She saved out a very little for a good many days, and last night she hurried through the work, and went to bed early. Her husband was off on business. She had a cup of hot water and a biscuit, and went into their little room opening off his mother's. She slipped the bolt softly, and they did not know.

“This morning she did not get up nor answer, and they were very much vexed. They tore open the paper window, but she didn't stir, so they took out the windows and found her dead. Then they had a time! The other families of their court came flocking in, and a few minutes more, and all the street knew it. They sent for her husband, and for her father and mother. The officers

from the Yamen came at once to look into the affair. Yes, a hard time they are having! Her mother wailing all day, and saying all sorts of bad things about them! It will cost them a lot! The city governor will make them buy the finest coffin in town, and her brothers will see to it that all her nice bride-clothes and her jewelry are put on, and then there'll be a grand funeral. Besides that they will have to pay out a lot of money to the Yamen to let them off with nothing worse. When all's done, they will be as poor as rats at the Beggar's Inn!"

* * * * *

The day set for the funeral comes. Musicians play dirges, the procession goes forth under a sunny sky; beggars carry the bier, and banners float gaily.

Sky, weep tears! Earth, bemoan the dead! Alas, no! The sun still shines on the beautiful burial ground!

* * * * *

In the late afternoon, some Chinese women come to sit a while.

"Madam, are you well, and are the children well? Does the madam know about the funeral to-day? Such a pity for the young life gone! And the family really hadn't paid up all that they borrowed at the time of the marriage. They will have to sell their house to pay their debts.

"I knew a thing like this long ago when I was a girl. The bride was a cousin,—not near,—but we called her 'Elder Sister.' She was a farmer's daughter, and married into a farmer's family. Their work, however, was heavier than she had been used to. There were eighteen or nineteen in the family to cook for, to make and mend for. The daughters-in-law had their hands full with their babies,—the cooking, sewing and field-work too. They were a little close, that family, and didn't hire help, but farmers don't make much, that's a fact. This bride got into a quar-

rel with her second sister-in-law. It was about her boy, —(spoiled child, he was to blame!)—the second son's wife thought her children were perfect, and so did their grandmother. The quarrel kept on, and the husband got in it, and their mother scolded right and left. The boy jeered at his third aunt, when she was being scolded the worst, and her husband gave her a beating. Of course he was most angry at the others, but she was the only one he *could* beat. She had been a good girl at home with her mother, and hadn't been beaten since she was little and unbound her feet because she couldn't sleep nights. (A good many little girls have to be beaten for that.) She wasn't used to many children either. She was her mother's 'child of old age.' (That was the pet name for her.) So now she asked to go home. She ought not to have asked; it was neither the Middle of the First Month, nor any other festival. They wouldn't let her go, and the boy jeered more. She was very quiet and nobody suspected anything, but when they all came in from the field she wasn't there. They looked in the stable to see if she had hung herself, and then they looked in the well and found her. Such a trouble! They got her out when my uncle and cousins went down with the magistrate. Oh, they made it hard for them! Such a burial the countryside never saw, and the girl only nineteen, just the age of that poor young wife down the street here. Her brothers made her husband buy piece after piece of cotton cloth, and piece after piece of silk, and fill up the coffin. Then they poured oil and thin melted glue all over the silks and beautiful clothes. Anybody opening that coffin wouldn't find a thread worth stealing. The family sold their best land, and have been poor ever since.

“Well, after all, girls shouldn't have tempers; it isn't worth while to make so much trouble for every one. We all have to endure.”

“Yes, sister, but you know that the women who are good to their brides are the sensible ones; they have grandchildren to keep up the family, and it is better to be kind.”

“Madam, how is it with the Christians? Is it true that you are all kind to your brides?”

THE STORY OF THE SOCKS

“Tell them about the stockings,” said a friend. For my own part I was quite willing to let it remain untold, but she insisted, so here it is.

It was arranged that eight from the winter class were to recite to me after morning prayers. We have no classrooms, but my sitting-room, or parlor, was quite at their service. “How about their shoes, full of hobnails, and in wet weather, so dirty, with snow and gravel clinging to the cloth soles?” “They can slip them off outside the door, and come in stocking-feet.” “But their stockings are so dirty!” “Then it is time they are made cleaner.”

The boys and men recited to me for a week or more before I thought best to say anything, and then I said, “I want you to have clean stockings. How many have two pairs?” “Three of us have.” “Their folks are well off,” one of the other boys confided to me afterwards.

Said I, “Here are two or three pairs of large socks, and some smaller ones, enough to go around for you, and you, and you. Wash yours at noon recess, and bring them to Mrs. Chang when dry.” “Such black things,” she laughed, and carried them off for another rubbing. Finally she patiently patched and mended them, inside and out. After that, some one washed, as well as mended for the small boys; the older ones and the men washing their garments and sometimes mending them. The boys held up their heads straighter when they came in with

even one clean article on. The stockings and socks lent to them (which had been donated by nearly every member of the Kalgan station) were washed and ready for use again. One young fellow said his weren't worth washing, but being encouraged to try, he got a pailful of suds from my washerman, and gaily rubbed away until soles and uppers had parted company. He brought them to Mrs. Chang and Mrs. Hsi with perfect faith in their ability to renew them. We had no choice; the only way to mend was to buy a new pair. After I gave them to him, he was the happiest fellow alive, sitting day after day through the recitation hour, gazing with satisfaction at his trim feet; no country boy in his first town suit could be more full of joy. One after another of his garments which could be cleansed, were washed, and his face he scrubbed till it shone. Ears and neck were not so shining, but at last, one day, he actually came to them in his attempts for cleanliness.

My class had additions till they numbered fifteen. It was plainly the favored class! its members were getting a bit of mothering. So the rest asked if their things couldn't be mended too; the eight or nine pairs of American socks and stockings were kept going, and had to be patched till one could hardly tell the original fabric. Week after week the patient women worked, glad to get employment. The repair of clothing for some fifty persons came into the hands of a number of them, as well as the washing for the younger boys. Such pitiful clothes as we saw sometimes!

"Madam, I want to go home to my mother," said one lad. "My trousers are so ragged I can't wear them any longer. The cotton wadding has all fallen down into my legs, and is very bunched,—not comfortable at all."

"Perhaps we can mend them here." So the lad went to bed, and sent his trousers in to me. There is always



A GROUP OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS



A CHINESE K'ANG

opportunity to learn something in China. I was learning about dirt. The garment, ragged and filthy to the extreme;—how could I ask my woman to touch it? With sharp scissors I cut off the vilest rags, burning them, and basted large pieces over the holes; then my woman came in, and 'twas easy to enlist her kind heart on the boy's behalf. The labor of love accomplished by those women was not small. Often have I said, "Remember them, O my God, for this."

Single or double garments—the rule was rigorous—must be washed before mending, but wadded clothes for the little fellows often had to be mended as they were. The men mended their own, so it was for the thirty or forty younger ones that the women did most work. The boys were expected to bow, and thank the women who worked for them. The waist-coats worn next to the body we insisted on having scalded, and sometimes it was necessary that I should see it done.

"How can you bear to do such things?" "It is easy when one says over and over, 'Inasmuch—one of the least of these—ye have done it unto Me.'"

A DREAM

I will dream that one of these dear girls is carried in the twinkling of an eye to China. Presto, change! and she is a Chinese girl.

This court fifteen feet square, surrounded by mud houses is her home, and that of five other families. She cannot go to church or Christian Endeavor meetings; she cannot go to school, or have any kind of an outing more than a dozen times a year. When she was younger, she could go on the street for small items of marketing, but now her mother is watchful of her,—it is time to plan for her marriage,—she is twelve years old, and tall for her age.

Let us see how her day goes. There is a round of washing bowls and pots, sweeping the one or two family rooms, and squatting on a bit of old mat outside the door, to wash, with a brick for wash-board, and soda instead of soap. She rubs away patiently at white stockings that are nearly black, and the boys' ragged trousers besides her own, for girls as well as boys are out at seat and knee. The mat on the *kang* wears out clothes unmercifully, and there is an unceasing round of washing and patching.

"Well, girl," her mother says, "work away, for tomorrow is the ninth of the Ninth Month, and if you are diligent to-day, you may go with your aunt and me to the missionary's home. Oh, of course we go to the temple first.

"Bind your feet a little more tightly, child! Who do you think will marry you with such feet? You know I've always told you that a woman should have head and feet nice. Rub a little easier, and be saving of the soda. I spent three cents for it, and it will be long enough before I can get more. I shall save up quite a while to get thirty cents, so I can buy cloth for the baby a suit. It's getting cool, and the missionary lady says it's because he goes bare, that he's sick all the time."

"Mother, can't you buy cloth for me some shoes? Mine have had these bits of cloth glued on the toes for a long time, and they're not very nice."

"Dear, dear, how you children do wear out your things! Well, if you help with the fur-sewing, and we earn ten cents a day regularly, you can buy the cloth next month."

"I need ankle-cloths too."

"Now child! what a girl you are! Have you gone and washed yours all to pieces? If I was as strong as I used to be, I'd do the washing *all myself!* Go to the

gate and if your brother is there, tell him to come quickly and bring argols to cook supper with. It's well for us that the grocer trusted me for the millet. We shall not go hungry to-night as we did last night."

The father comes in with two cents' worth of carrots for supper. He says, "The new foreign doctor is a man of great skill, I hear. Quite a wonderful case they are telling of all over town. But I liked the other doctor; she was very kind to us. I've always thought that when I had time I would go and learn about Jesus."

CHRIST OR BUDDHA?

Siddhartha—who is he, when compared to Jesus, thorn-crowned, mocked, forsaken, "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree"?

A reviewer says, "Buddhism may possibly prove a rival to Christianity." Strange to write thus now, when Christ is going forth conquering and to conquer. It is late in the day.

Let that writer go to teach Buddhism to Buddhists, for truly there is need. Let him go to China, and when he has reached the heart of the people, and at the core of the deepest ignorance and the grossest darkness he finds the idea of merit, will he not retract that sneering word?

"Lo, I am holy! For ten years I have killed neither louse nor flea. See them swarm upon my garments. Nor have I eaten flesh. Omito Foa! remember thou me for good." Thus speaks the Buddhist saint!

How interesting is the newly revived sect of Buddhists in Japan, who disclaim all self-saving, and hold that faith in Amita Buddha's boundless merit brings salvation! This shall prove a stepping-stone to faith in Jesus. Instead of Amita Buddha, shall be worshipped "the Living God, the King of eternity."

"The gods that have not made the heavens and the

earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens."

Are you praying for Japan? for China? The work in Japan is wonderful; it is like the flower bursting into bloom. China is the tree of the ages; Japan, as it were, its blossom.

A PAGAN SUCKLED IN A CREED OUTWORN

It is noon in North China. Through the oasis near Hsuan-Hua Fu, tea-laden camels pass in trains, the sound of their slow bells filling the air among the willow trees. Now they go up towards "the City," so called by the people of the place. It was a capital town in the days when "there was a king for every thirty miles." A Peking man, who knows there is but one city under heaven, smiles with curling lip, "The city, indeed!" and his swift donkey trots past the camels, overtaking a litter whose driver has slept on his animal for a couple of hours. They go over a massive bridge, which has, however, more than once during the century, been partially swept away by the terrible torrents from the mountains. Huge stone slabs lie here and there, where the floods left them.

Up go the string of camels, the litter still ahead, and now it is passing the temple outside the city,—a temple dedicated to the river god; yet more than one deity has its shrine here.

A priest strikes his gong asking much-needed gifts. One of the temple roofs has fallen in since the heavy rains began, and the silent idols are exposed to rain and wind. Not quite so; if you look in, you can see mats stretched over their heads. The priest strikes more rapidly; a Chinaman in the litter throws three or four cash into the basket held out by a little boy. The driver gives nothing. He is a Mohammedan. Our friend from Peking

and the camel drivers give,—one taking a cash from his ear, but the last man gazes on the landscape in an opposite direction. The gods are richer by three-fourths of a cent! All day it goes on; the trains passing north or south; the call of the gong is sounded and the contribution basket passed; at night the gods and their servitors are in funds to the amount of sixteen cents.

The priest is one of the few who are in thorough earnest about religion. He revolves a plan in his mind. "If I were to go away, the old priest and the little one could care for the temple. I will go on a pilgrimage asking money, for shall the house of our god lie in ruins?"

To the lad he says, "When time for travellers to pass, in storm or shine, keep striking the gong. The people will give enough for you to live on."

He starts out next day, and up and down over mountains, across the stony wastes he goes, until every man, woman and child has heard his bell. See his gaunt, filthy figure slowly passing through city streets, over and over chanting the same request. Month after month, year after year, he journeys on. Sometimes, but how rarely, he receives a large gift.

Going from place to place, he prays, "Buddha, remember me for this. River god, protect us at Hsuan Hua for this! Gods, ye know I go through cold and heat, through wind which blows sand like knife-points on my face, or rain alone which washes my clothes and body, or snow, how bitter to me so thinly clad! I climb these rocky passes, and wade the streams, going to every hamlet, that all may share in giving."

Year after year, year after year, strange that he does not tire! The money grows slowly; twenty cash here and fifty there,—one thousand, two thousand, a tael of silver at another place. Five years, ten, fifteen, have

passed. These last years have seen the priest with a spike thrust through his upper lip, and now the money comes faster. "Oh, Buddha, remember me for this! I do it for the temple's sake. How else may I know that I shall see it rebuilt? See how they give us more, and prosper them!"

At last, bent and old from hardship and scanty food, he takes back to Hsuan Hua the final installment of the fund necessary for repair and rebuilding. Masons and carpenters are soon at work, and in time the temple is finished. At last the gods are spick and span as fresh mud and stones and plenty of paint can make them. It is a joyful day for this man who has accomplished his purpose, and he tells his rosary, "Omito Foa, Omito Foa, Omito Foa."

There comes a man who says, "Once I, too, was a priest, but now I do not worship Foa. I worship the true God, the Heaven-Lord, and His Son Jesus Christ who died for us. Why should we bow down to these gods of mud and stones and paint? Last week the god-maker was here. How many strings of cash did he earn by forming these images? How many gods did he make? Who is greater, the man or the image made by him? By the word of His power the True God made the world, and His Son came to save us from our sins. Who of us is not a sinner?"

The toil-worn priest answered, "Foa will forgive me because of the merit I have laid up."

"Agreed," says the other. "We have one man saved by merit, then. But what of your brethren, are they saved too?"

"Not without ages of purification. They have done nothing. I only have labored these many years," he answered.

"What about the priests at Nan Kou?"

"Alas for them, they are vile. I dared not stop with

them in my journeying; my silver was not safe there. Lord Buddha delights not in such as they. Only the pure attain Nirvana."

"And those at Yu Cho? Brother, you have been all over the land; what are they?"

"They care not for the worship. I, only I, remember the hours of prayer."

The Christian man said, "Woe to the common people, if such are the priests! Our Master has said, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Perhaps those vile ones He could even now call unto Himself!"

"They will not obey; they care only to eat and drink, and follow their wicked lusts. Oh, I hate them! Go thou to them! *They* need repentance."

Teacher Chou turns away. The aged priest says within himself: "Why did I feel like listening to him? Pleasant words he spoke. 'Peace and rest!' How little I have had of either. I feel drawn to follow and find him. But could I ever leave this temple? It was my home even during those years of wandering. He said the Master required that we be ready to leave all. Oh, it is too late! I am too old! All my life I have worshipped Foa! this message is for younger ones; it is not for me. I cannot follow now."

But he finds the Christian on the morrow. "How was it that you, a priest, left the worship of Foa?" The conversation which follows is deeply earnest. Teacher Chou tells him of Jesus, a Saviour. Finally he speaks of those who once were devout Buddhists, but now have accepted the true Light, the Light of the world. "It is almost thirty years since a man named Ts'ai Ching and his father heard the good news and believed it, giving up their dreams of accumulated merit. All who knew them called them true men. There is one surnamed Djou, a

younger man ; he, too, was a faithful worshipper of Foa, and is one of a thousand. He has turned to the Saving Lord with all his heart."

"I have seen him," said the priest. "We once stopped at the same inn. He had with him an image of Foa, the compassionate one, to whom he prayed at night when the travellers and innkeeper were asleep. Yes, he is a good man. And has he gone over to this new religion? Is it not strange?"

"I will tell you of others," said the teacher.

"Not to-day," answered the priest. "It is a wonderful story you have told me of one Jesus. Let us not speak more of common men. I will think of these things. Yet surely it is too late to change."

"It is never too late," said the Christian. "There was a dying robber who turned to Jesus at the last, and not in vain, for HE saves unto the uttermost."



HENRIETTA B. WILLIAMS

X

LETTERS OF HENRIETTA WILLIAMS

“ Give us Thyself ! The May
Dureth so short a day,
Youth and the Spring are over all too soon.
Content us while they last,
Console us for the past,
Thou with whom bides forever
Life and love and noon.”

IT was in the old town of Kalgan by the Great Wall that Henrietta was born, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1867. She was named for an uncle on whose birthday she came, and for Dr. Henry Blodget of Peking, pioneer of the North China Mission.

Little Henrietta's birthplace was a Chinese house in a mud-walled Chinese court. Nothing attractive in the immediate surroundings, but behind and before and around the mud walls, and the crowded dirty city streets rose grand mountains reaching skyward. And these mountains were to be to the child dear, familiar, lifelong friends.

Henrietta was a sedate, serious-eyed child with golden hair which the Chinese women loved to arrange in two small braids. She played by herself much, or with the big rooster, marching in solemn pursuit of him at a pace never faster than a walk, round and round the flower beds. Then there was a baby brother for companion later, and the old nurse, and Blind Timeus, and many Chinese children who had their share in Etta's happy childhood. She spoke Chinese beautifully,—in fact

spoke no English at all, until the mission meeting when she was taken to Peking at five or six years of age. Martha Gulick, the Chinese child adopted by Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Gulick, was there too, and spoke nothing but English. The sight of an American child speaking only Chinese, and a Chinese child speaking only English excited wonder and comment, and after that Etta learned English. Miss Diament taught her her letters, and the little girl began reading almost on her own initiative.

At eight years old, her education was taken in hand by her father, who set simple tasks, and saw to their performance in spare moments of his busy days. But when Etta had learned to read there was no trouble to find occupation. The key to a treasure house had been given her. Among the books in the little Chinese home were the old favorites and standards for all time in poetry, fiction, history and travel. Etta roamed among them at will, finding opportunity for that browsing among books which Charles Lamb considers the best education a child can have.

From now on, Etta is mentioned by all as absent-minded, buried in books, reading omnivorously even the papers lining pantry shelves. James Gilmour of Mongolia writes in one of his last letters of his wish to revisit Kalgan and the grass-lands, and see again "the young Stephen and the studious Etta." And Chinese friends say Etta was always reading and forgot how to talk Chinese before they took her to America.

In 1879 the family, now numbering six children, went home to the United States, and after the parents' two years' furlough, Etta and Stephen were left behind in care of grandmother and uncle, and began study in the public schools. New surroundings brought the need of developing the practical and social qualities which Etta in particular lacked at the time.

In 1883, Etta was sent to the Western Seminary (now College) at Oxford, O., where her mother had studied. She finished the course there in three years, went to Oberlin for further study, and graduated there in 1889. Three years of teaching in the Santee Normal School at Santee Nebraska proved invaluable experience. The Indian scholars were very interesting to Etta, and they loved her in return. She put enthusiasm into making her school work attractive, and found time also to join in the children's play hours. Other teachers tell how she helped the little girls of the "Birds' Nest" to dramatize Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, and other dear old favorites, arranging costumes and playing stage manager with real enjoyment. This was only play, but accorded well with the modern educational theory of the value of acting out stories with children.

In 1893, Miss Diamant, who had been in charge of the Girls' School in Kalgan, died. Etta was appointed by the W. B. M. I. to take the vacant place. In preparation, she spent several months at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, in the fall of '92. The rest of the winter was spent with the family in Oberlin. Father and mother were home, and the family complete for a little time.

Here is a bit from Etta's diary.

" July 30, 1893.

"My last Sunday in Oberlin for a long, long time perhaps.

"How peaceful I have been here Sunday mornings, making things ready for Sunday dinner. Sunday morning before church is so delightful, usually such a calm, and the past comes before me as it did to the soldier in Sydney Dobell's 'Home Wounded.' The sun to-day was so pleasantly warm, and the grass grew green. I felt at home, and almost as if I didn't want to leave. The round

of household duties in the morning has been so pleasant to me, and I have felt so well and light-hearted.

“Will it come to me that way in China again, I wonder? I have been so happy in Oberlin.”

In August, 1893, Etta with her father sailed for China. They were with a party chiefly made up of new missionaries, among them two childhood friends of Etta's,—Abbie Chapin and Gertrude Stanley (now Mrs. George Wilder) returning like her to the land of their birth. And among those going out for the first time were Miss Annie Gould and Miss Mary Louise Partridge, going to Paotingfu and to T'aiku, Shansi. It would have been hard to imagine at that time that these two were to have but seven short years of work before being sent Home by the swords of Boxers in 1900.

There are few letters from Etta that first fall in China. The few we have speak of her pleasure in seeing the old familiar places again, and in finding Chinese friends who remembered her as a child. She began studying immediately, and found that the language, though once forgotten, was easier of attainment a second time.

A letter, written in November, gives us an amusing glimpse of her first experiences with a Chinese teacher.

“*November 6, 1893.*”

“On November first, the mules brought our long-looked-for trunks, and I found the package you had made ready for me last summer. I am so pleased with all the pretty things. And the aprons too! I shall find them of great use when I begin housekeeping actively. I am only in the passive voice as yet. I came across a clever apology written by Mrs. Arthur Smith when she had delayed sending thanks for a gift. It begins:—‘I must cry *Pec-cavi, peccavi!* but no, that doesn't express it. Nothing

but my dear stepmother tongue will do justice to my feelings. *Kai ta, kai ssu!* (I ought to be beaten, I ought to be killed!) This is what you say when you have committed some horrible act of rudeness, such as mounting your donkey while your friend remains on foot.'

"There has been an epidemic of sore eyes in the Station Class, and in some way I caught it. So for two weeks I have not used my eyes at all. I am thankful that my studying has not been interrupted, however. The teacher has come in just as usual, and read Chinese to me. It has really been good for me not to be able to use my eyes for a while. I think I have learned to depend more on my ears, which will help me with these varied Chinese tones. And I have had time while lying around with bandaged eyes to think of my pleasant experiences and past pleasures.

"My Chinese teacher is peculiar. He comes early and stays late. His hours are from nine to twelve and from two to five, but he almost always gives me an hour more all told. He is very different from a teacher with whom Miss Garretson studied, of whom papa has told me. He was always late, and sometimes wouldn't appear at all. She would think up the Chinese in which to scold him, and when he arrived he would sit there very calmly and correct her idiom as she heaped reproof upon his head. The joke of it often compelled her to leave the room to have her laugh out.

"My teacher has some peccadilloes. For instance, he will scratch on my green table-cloth with the sharp brass cap belonging to his Chinese pen. He is going through the motions for writing the characters. When I think of him being here six hours a day for three hundred and fifteen days, I think, woe to the table-cloth! And that reckoning is only for one year. I may have him several years. 'Don't do that' is so blunt. When I can muster

up good Chinese to say, 'Let not your honorable pen be debased by such condescending contact with my mean cloth,' then I may hope to save the table-cloth."

The Girls' School was in charge of a good matron, and Dr. Murdock carried on work among women, but Etta was anxious for the time when she could speak enough to take her part in what was to be done. Parts of her letters home show how she began to take hold of work.

"January 30, 1894.

"To-day my schoolgirls came over and sang and looked at pictures for an afternoon. Mrs. Sprague could not come to play for them, so in my haggling way, I played and tried to lead the singing. But as it was hard to look at the Chinese characters and the notes both, it wasn't a great success. So I finally played 'Where, oh, where are the Hebrew children' very slowly, and they sang. I am trying to break them of the extra quavers they put in, and if I had the matron trained, too, I might hope for success.

"After New Year's, I hope to be able to give explanations of the Gospels in school, instead of merely hearing the Gospels recited; also, teach geography from the maps."

"February 14, 1894.

"The school matron comes in often to visit and teaches me a little Chinese. I show her the old albums, and learn the names in Chinese for relationships such as my uncle on my father's side, uncle on mother's side, aunt on my father's side, aunt on mother's side, and some other intricacies. I go over to the school every day either in afternoon or evening, and show pictures, some of natural history, but mostly from Bible stories, and I

try to tell them about it. Of course I'm very halting, but they help me. So I get better acquainted with the girls and practice Chinese also. Sometimes they teach me to use the 'swan-p'an' (abacus,—a set of wooden balls on sticks which the Chinese use in calculating). They coax me to wear Chinese clothes, and I said I might when my American dresses wore out, but at present I had too many of them to afford Chinese clothes too. Perhaps I may have one or two Chinese suits after a while, not to wear all the time, but when I'm touring in the villages."

"April 6, 1894.

"One of the oldest and brightest girls in school, San Kaitzu, went home Friday. Her betrothed husband came after her saying that her grandmother was sick. Oh, how the poor girl cried! She did so well in school, and was so happy here. She is a good girl, too, and was one of the five who joined the church a few weeks ago. She was grieved mostly because she had good reason to fear that she couldn't come back. Her betrothed is in straits, and the school matron is afraid he will sell her to some one. I have a picture of her as she heard the bad news. She came in with her face working, and went behind the door to cry and sob bitterly. The matron began to braid her hair for the journey, and she cried and rubbed her eyes with her wadded upper garment. We are so sorry to lose her,—poor child,—such a pleasant, pretty girl.

"Another girl who was in the school for a little while last year was drowned lately. She was sold by her parents to some people in the police court. It is said that she was told to roll up some tissue paper in a particular fashion. It is a task difficult for a grown person. She was but a child, and didn't do it to suit her master, so she was killed and her body thrown in the river.

“My teacher amused me the other day by saying ‘Good-bye’ as he went out of the door. I suppose the Pilgrims when they heard Samoset say ‘Welcome, Englishmen’ were surprised in the same fashion.

“Hearing recitations still confuses me, also the *swan-p’an* (abacus). Tuesday I prayed in Chinese for the first time at school prayers.

“The teacher is writing radicals and phonetics on blank cards, and I make a word game with them to help the schoolgirls remember characters. It is fascinating. I can hardly leave it.”

“August 2, 1894.

“I have climbed Mt. Williams and visited Yen Chia Tung, since writing you last. My Yen Chia Tung visit was on Monday. Dr. Murdock and I went on donkeys. I took pictures to give to the girls who had committed to memory some of the catechism. You should have seen their delight over pictures of ‘Vinolia Soap,’ and the little gilt-edged boxes I gave them. We were entertained in one of the homes, and while they offered us tea and muskmelon, I showed the pictures in my Story of the Gospel, and asked my Bible woman to read the passages in the New Testament which explained them.

“You would be amused to see the First Reader I am getting up for the Chinese girls. I cut out leaves from an old pamphlet with stiff covers, and pasted in pictures of cats, dogs and horses, and advertisements of cod-liver oil, and Mellin’s Food, with the Chinese characters opposite each. The cod-liver oil and Mellin’s Food were to illustrate ‘fish,’ and ‘little child.’”

“Kalgan, Oct. 1, 1894.

“It is such a delight to get new phrases. I do almost every day, not from books, but from people. I do like

to study Chinese so much. It's fun and work too, but work that gives so much satisfaction.

"I've been to prayer-meeting to rest my eyes. I don't feel it my duty to go to all the Chinese meetings, but I generally do, not for duty's sake, but to help my Chinese. The meetings themselves are not very profitable to me as prayer-meetings yet. One can't be in a devotional frame and a language studying frame at once,—that is, at first when one must be on the strain to catch words, and remember them while catching more.

"I am thinking of sending for an English-Russian phrase book, so I can talk to the Russian ladies who speak neither Chinese nor English. Of course what I say will be very poor Russian, but it will bridge the yawning gulf of silence by making them laugh, and feel a pitying kindness to my attempts. Isn't it queer, the comfortable superiority we feel over another person who makes blunders in speaking our language?

"To-day, while hearing Yanna recite, I said, 'You have recited about Abraham. Now who was Abraham's son?' She hesitated, though I don't know how many times I have asked that question of the school together and individually. So I prompted her, 'Isaac. Now who was Isaac's father?' This question was a worse puzzle. Yanna finally said, 'Zebedee.' An older girl prompted her, 'Jacob.'

"The girls memorize beautifully, chapter after chapter, but they have hard times thinking out what it all means. They would probably not have attempted any answer whatever, if I had not been almost daily questioning them on the relationships of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I have also asked them when reciting about James and John, the sons of Zebedee, 'Who was the father of James and John?' They are completely nonplussed. When I tell them, Tz Tz is the only one who sees anything funny

in their perplexity. I have illustrated by naming scholars, and fathers of the scholars, but we can't seem to get Abraham and Isaac on a natural comfortable basis.

“A thought has struck me ; I shall use ‘tieh’ instead of ‘Fu ch’in,’ and see how they take it then. To translate, say use ‘pa’ or ‘dad’ instead of ‘father.’

“Every day Mrs. Sung’s son John tells me Bible stories which I repeat as well as I can. It helps me to understand and talk, beside giving me Bible stories at my tongue’s end to tell the scholars and visitors.

“There is a young teacher in the city who, I think, will make a good instructor for Cora and Dr. Waples when they come. I am planning to give him a few lessons on teaching, using Dr. Goodrich’s ‘table method.’ I really think I know in some ways what a beginner needs better than people who have been years in China, for they forget what are the first difficulties, and it all seems so easy then.”

(In the fall of 1894, Dr. Murdock was transferred to Peking, and Dr. F. A. Waples and his wife, who was Cora Riggs, Etta’s cousin, arrived at Kalgan.)

“*November 1, 1894.*

“The teacher has commenced giving lessons to Cora and the doctor. I tell Cora that she is pursuing the Squeers’ system of instruction. Mr. Squeers, you know, had a boy spell window ‘w-i-n-d-e-r,’ and then go and wash it. Cora and Dr. Waples learn a sentence, and immediately try it on the second man or the nurse or whom-ever they need to talk to just then. They are doing very well. Cora has the best ear for language and gets her sentences arranged best, but Dr. Waples is so persistent he will be able to talk soon. I have done some translating when he talks to patients, and like it for the exer-

cise. Sometimes it is very hard, and turns me pale at the thought of turning it into Chinese. Doctors' directions are especially tough to put into Chinese,—so many unfamiliar phrases. I go around it and use descriptions and motions and the teacher helps us out.

“Yesterday I put down in my diary as a day to turn one's hair gray. There were so many things to see to, and I had to discharge the sewing woman for untidiness, and tell the teacher that I had been paying him too much salary and make it less. I can express common things in Chinese, so as to be understood, and I can explain parts of the Gospels, but as for putting unpleasant things in the least unpleasant way, I give up at that point.”

A letter of thanks, written in the fall of 1894 to a missionary society in Oberlin, Ohio, shows that Etta was already beginning her crusade against foot-binding, of which she writes so much later.

“. . . I have waited to write my thankfulness until I could decide upon something especially nice in which to use your money ; some special object that you could feel was your very own. I thought of using it to pay the cheerful, smiling Bible woman who goes out every day about Kalgan, telling Bible stories, and explaining and singing hymns in many Chinese homes. Then I thought of using it for a girls' school in a village five miles from here. I wish you could see those girls,—almost street Arabs, bright, and often pretty, in spite of their dirt. Then I thought you would like to buy shoes and stockings for the girls with large feet. You see it is very hard for parents to consent that their daughters' feet should be unbound, and the shoes and stockings for large feet cost more, so we help them by promising shoes and stockings for an indefinite length of time.

“Now I have another plan which I will tell you of, and

later I will write if it is carried out. There is a girl in my school about eleven years old, who is a little 'bride.' She was bought by one of our Christian women as a wife for her eldest son. She was not married to him, for she was too young, but the 'mother-in-law' put the child in our school. Last year the eldest son said he wouldn't marry Anna (or Ya Na, as the Chinese say it),—she was too ugly. The mother weakened, gave money for a young and pretty woman, and said Ya Na would do for the next son, a boy of sixteen or seventeen. He told his mother he wouldn't marry her if he could help it, and the next boy, who is eleven or twelve, said *he* didn't want her!

"Now, my plan is to pay Mrs. Yen, the mother-in-law, the original price of the girl, and also the money she has expended on clothing her. Then I can unbind her feet, and keep her in school here till she is ready for the Bridgman School in Peking, where she can be fitted for a teacher. She is a bright girl, and if she is loved, and given some tender care, she will grow quite attractive. Now nobody loves her, and she is unhappy and sullen, except when I speak to her. Then her face grows very pleasant. I think after she has been at Peking and comes back as a graduate, some one of our college students will be glad to marry her, in spite of her natural feet. . . ."

"Ti Chi, Dec. 15, 1894.

"I am on a tour at present, sitting on a pile of my comfortables and mattress in a corner by the window. A few eyes show prominently in the window paper holes. A woman is sitting beside me, and Mrs. Chang Mei is telling her the parable of Dives and Lazarus. A man is working the bellows getting ready the meal, not for us, but for the people in the next room. When we came, we

took this room because it had a pot and cooking range and we could get our own meals. But they killed their pig to-day and put it into their pot, and now must use our pot to cook all the food. I hope not long, but we get no privacy anyway, so the cooking in our room makes little difference.

“I started Thursday on my horse. My faithful Yu Fu followed on a donkey. In the cart were Mrs. Yen, the Bible woman, and Mrs. Chang Mei, wife of the water-carrier. I was in my Chinese costume,—wadded purple trousers, blue skirt, dark blue silk wadded gown and long gown of squirrel fur. I felt so bulky I couldn't get on my saddle without mounting the horse-block.

“At Ti Chi we found a small inn, and a comfortless room with rafters hung with pieces of raw pork, and the carcass of the lately departed pig adorning the chest of drawers. It was bad enough without the crowd who filled the yard and punched the door.

(“I wish you could see me now at Ti San, driven to bay almost against the wall, while all the small girls and boys the kang can hold are standing on the kang, and half the male population of the village are on the floor admiring my handwriting, and I count five boys on the pot and range this minute. I have fears for the wooden cover, and say plaintively, ‘If you break that, I shan't have anything to eat.’ Mrs. Yen is driving them off the stove, and an athletic man has ascended the kang and is expelling the children. One small boy has lost his shoe, and can't get down to hunt it. Mrs. Yen is still unsuccessful. I must go on telling about Ti Chi.)

“The landlord's daughter was a thin-faced girl whom I shall call the Marchioness. She suggested the pictures I have seen of her and Dick Swiveller. She would fly out at people and eject them with the greatest good-will in the world, but when Yu Fu asked her to get a little fuel to

fire our kang, she said she didn't know,—her 'dada,'—(father—suggestive of our 'daddy,' isn't it?) might get it. Yu Fu said, 'Your dada is busy making the oatmeal "wowo" (rolls).' But she wouldn't go.

"She was clad in thin garments, and when we asked her why she had no wadded clothes she said she was going to be married soon, and wasn't wearing much till the event came off.

"It took all the efforts and tongues of the two women and the Marchioness to keep the people out at meals. We didn't let the Marchioness stay for the first meal, and she flounced out in a pet, but afterwards she proved so useful in reviling the small boys and ejecting those who opened the door a crack that we enjoyed her company and kept her with us. It was rather shocking to see her punch some one's face through the window and she said a great many things about the mothers of the boys which were not complimentary. Perhaps my women who were kept by principle from reviling felt a kind of relief in hearing it done so successfully for them.

"The first day after coming, the window paper was quite ruined, and the next day we had to take advertisement pages and the *Child's Magazine* and paste up a kind of screen. The Marchioness was eager to learn and got nearly a page of the Three Character Classic before we went. I grew so tired sitting on the kang in the smallest possible space that I had soon no spirit left to try to talk, and left most of the preaching to the women, though I did teach several girls the San Tzu Ching.

"Saturday Helper Kao Yuch came, and preached Sunday in the yard. I was glad to get out, and felt less like an idol than before. When one has been sitting cross-legged for a few days, one feels as if the Buddhas with so many pairs of legs all crossed deserved canonization for their mortification of body.

“Monday we started, leaving enough money with the innkeeper to help considerably with his daughter’s wedding. We went to Ti Pa passing An Chia Pu, though if we had stopped there it would have saved us twenty li (seven miles). When we got to the river’s edge at Ti Pa, luckily another cart bearing wedding guests went in before us, and had a hard time. First a man waded in taking off shoes and outer trousers. The river was full of ice and the day very cold. Their cart nearly upset going in, and stuck in the ice at the other side. We saw them getting out, all arrayed as they were in their wedding clothes, to help get the cart up with pickaxes. The big wedding cake was still on this side. Our cart was much heavier and would certainly upset, so back we had to go to An Chia Pu. There we decided to cross, though the old woman at the inn entertained us with dismal tales of wedding guests in carts breaking through the ice, and being carried out on men’s backs at a tiào (fifty cents) a head. The carter was speechless with cold when pulled out, and the cart stayed all night in the river. Also other tales of mules falling through the ice and never appearing again.

“But I was determined to cross, so off we started on the ice. A heavy cart crossing before us was reassuring. Once our cart mules slipped and the shaft mule couldn’t get up for some time. I walked, and enjoyed it, remembering skating days. The winter day was so quiet, with a blue haze over everything, and blue hills on the further side. Perhaps all my recreation now must come in my touring,—skating and sliding in the winter and wading (involuntarily) in the summer.

“The Yang is a very wide river with sand-banks dividing it into several parts. The road we took was circuitous and nearly one and a half miles over the ice. So Yu Fu thought I ought to ride the horse after a while. I

got on, and had my heart in my mouth several times, going over the smooth ice. The horse was careful, and planted his feet in the best places, so he didn't fall, though he slipped often.

"We reached Ti San, and were welcomed at the gate by small boys who knew me. The Bible woman's aunt lives here and had a vacant room with a pot and stove in, so we came here.

"We sold a great many books to-day. It was all the rage to buy, and all the small boys entreated their mothers for money to get books. Just now the men are reluctantly leaving, and two women sit patiently on the kang waiting to be taught. I have written all except the very first page of this letter in the presence of forty or fifty witnesses.

"On the wall I have nailed two pictures,—Christ Crucified and the Prodigal Son. A woman bought a Luke, and I read the fifteenth chapter to her, telling her to have some one at home read it to her."

"Kalgan, Dec. 27, 1894.

"The school matron's niece Hsi Hsi is to have her feet unbound. She doesn't want to, and goes around with her eyes red with crying, but my stony heart is unmoved. You see, it isn't that she is of so much importance but her aunt, as matron of the Girls' School, *must* not have her influence against natural feet. As I told Mrs. Sung, 'Every one says that you are opposed to unbinding feet, and if you unbind Hsi Hsi's, no one can say that.'

"You ought to have seen the family consultation in my room. Mrs. Sung, and Tz Tz, her daughter, and Wang Ch'en, Hsi Hsi's brother, and Mrs. Sung's son John. He is the bridegroom expectant and could speak with authority, but he doesn't want to marry Hsi Hsi and wouldn't

speak. Now he said, and Hsi Hsi's brother joined in, that the trouble was in having to go home to Yu Chou, where the people had never seen a large-footed woman. I said, 'Hsi Hsi need not go home. She can stay in Kalgan. If I should die and could not see to giving the money to keep her here, my friends can do it.' John said, 'If I should preach in Kalgan, it would be all right, but I couldn't preach in Yu Chou. No one would listen to me if my wife were a large-footed woman.' I said, 'The doctor has a place for you here if you will study medicine, and if you don't, a place can be made for you to preach here or near here.'

"You should have been here to study the different expressions. John was sitting with his head down, looking very serious, the matron was depressed, and Tz Tz and Wang Ch'en felt so nervous that they giggled softly. Wang Ch'en felt strange to be talking about feet and such things before such a large assembly,—it is Chinese custom not to speak of bound feet before men. Tz Tz was angry, and giggled convulsively as she said, 'Come, mother, let's go right home and unbind Hsi Hsi's feet.'

"That was Friday. On Thursday, Teacher Lo of the Boys' School had called to read to me the resolutions he had drawn up for an Anti-Foot-Binding Society. Then the women and schoolgirls were called in, and he read it to them and explained, and spoke of Confucius and Mencius, whose wives had large feet.

"My circular letter came from the girls, Abbie and Gertrude and Annie Gould and Mary Louise Partridge. Miss Partridge is so happy in Shansi, and so pleased to wear Chinese costume."

"February 12, 1895.

"My dear family, please imagine me as a matchmaker. I have lately blossomed out as such. You'll never tell, but I am entrusted with seeking a large-footed wife for

one of the boys in school, Jen Te Ming. He is poor, and I found out from the Boys' School teacher that he would be willing to take a large-footed wife, if helped out on the betrothal money. I am thinking of soliciting Helper Kao Hsi for the hand of the fair Huan Huan. But Huan Huan might come high, so perhaps a poorer girl might do. Jen Te Ming said he would take any one not deaf, blind or an idiot. The school-teacher has been telling him not to look for outward beauty."

(While Etta's youngest sisters were still in China, they took charge of a foundling, daughter of one of Dr. Murdock's best embroiderers, whom she called the Little Artist. At the mother's death, the father had abandoned the baby. Margaret and Anna saved money for her support by going without butter, so the child was often spoken of as the Butter Baby. During the family's absence in the United States, the little girl was in care of neighbors in the country, and was just now brought back to Kalgan to be put in the school.)

"February 20, 1895.

"The artist's little girl has come to school,—not to study, for she is still too young by several years. She was frightened by me, and inquired, 'Na shih ke sa tung hsi?'—'What kind of a thing is *that*?' I laughed over the phrase a good many times.

"Now I have seven girls in school with large feet. So I have hopes some time of supplying enough wives for the boys in school who wish large-footed wives. Three of my seven are engaged already, so the seven boys are not all provided for."

"Kalgan, April 23d.

"I'm coaxing Miss Hinman to come to Kalgan for the summer. She is doing splendidly on Chinese, and is the

pride of Teng Shih Kou. I must study this summer. And oh, there is so much that I want to do for the school-girls, especially those who came last and know so little of the Gospel or anything. One poor child without any decent clothes—(what she wears was scraped up by the school matron)—I am so sorry for her. She was naughty while I was away, wouldn't comb her hair or eat or study, and threatened to kill herself after they punished her.

“Three of our schoolgirls have no clothes, and Cho Hsien Sheng thinks they should be sent home. Perhaps I had better give my linen duster and calico Mother Hubbard to make clothes for them. I have mamma's letter speaking about foot-binding. We are much farther advanced in that than when I wrote. Hsi Hsi has her feet unbound. We have seven in all, and expect to have more. God has blessed our faith that He would influence the hearts of the people, for Teng Lao I writes there are girls and women in Ching Ke Ta who are willing to unbind their feet. I have promised marriage gifts to Huan Huan and others who are natural-footed. . . .”

“*May 28, 1895.*”

“DEAR MAMMA :

“I have been looking forward so much to your coming this fall. There are so many things I want to consult you about, and so many things I cannot do alone. I want to have a station class this year. And I'd like to go out touring oftener. I cannot talk very freely yet, but with the large Scripture pictures on the scrolls, I am able to interest people and teach them something.

“You are quite right about matchmaking taking time and money. It is not as matchmaking that I do it, but to help the anti-foot-binding movement to start here. There are few things that I care to use my money for more than that. Still I don't want to hurt the spirit of self-

dependence, what there is of it, among our Christians. And I'll try to be very careful, and consult older and wiser people.

"Yesterday I went with the Bible woman to two houses near here with my scroll pictures. The Bible woman did most of the talking, but I explained some pictures. A little boy listened attentively, and I offered to teach him, as his mother lamented that he was too poor to go to school. At another place the mother-in-law, an active, bustling, voluble person, remembered Miss Garretson and Miss Diament. 'Ah, Miss Diament was a good lady. She used to touch my feet and say, "Poor feet, they hurt, don't they?"'

"This woman, when some one else came in who wanted to see the pictures again, almost took the words out of the Bible woman's mouth in explaining, so eager was she to show that she knew it. And she did very well. She is a clever woman."

"June 29, 1895.

"You ought to see the diminutive Liya come to my window nowadays, and tap on the glass. She won't talk yet, but comes in, and absorbs beans in her outside bib pocket, and stands at a chair scribbling with a pencil I lend her. She is really fond of me, for when the naughty schoolgirls tell her I am dead, she rushes over to see whether I am still in the land of the living. To tease her, some of them will say, 'I will hit Ma Kuniang' and she bristles all over and says, 'You shan't touch my Chieh Chieh' (elder sister). She calls me sister, and papa, adopted father.

"I have had such a nice time going out with the Bible woman. We go to Chiao Tung (East of the Bridge) usually, and the women and girls stand in the gates and say 'Aren't you coming in this time?' As yet I can't say that I do much good, but it gives me practice talking

and I get acquainted with the women. I do like the Bible woman very much.

“A day or two ago, I intended to put eye-water in my eyes and by mistake put in carbolic acid. It pained, and the eye nearly closed. I had verses on the event ready to read at Mr. Sprague’s birthday celebration.

“That ere eye, once so beaming and placid
Bunged itself up with carbolic acid.

“She of the aspect smiling and jocular
May be said to have vision, not bi—but monocular.

Or if Abbie Chapin should not come, there was this verse ready :

“She of the visage so melancholic
Damaged her eye with acid carbolic.”

“*July 18, 1895.*”

“Last Saturday I was examined on my first whole year’s work. That evening I tried to compose something on the order of the ‘Irish Christening.’

“’Twas up in that province called Chihli
Where it’s so chilly and so hilly
And oh, it was wonderful, really
That they gathered such a crowd.
Poor Miss Williams an aspen resembled
As she trembled, and dissembled
For from highway and hedge they’d assembled
To hear this poor soul ‘k’ao-ed’ (examined).

“Vettie B. Sprague and Deborah Douw,
James A. Roberts, Examiner to-day,
Mark Williams, the senior at Kalgan now,
And Susan Fidelité
Far more than these were invited.
None were slighted, wrongs were righted.
Alas, if we’d been more far-sighted
We’d have known they wouldn’t all come.

“ For there was the sickly gatekeeper,
 And the late sleeper and the great teacher,
 The school cook, water-carrier, tea steeper,
 Why did they all stay at home ?

“ I haven't much start on the next verses which should describe the examination. One line should be ‘ And they gave her showers of tzu haoerhs,’ etc. But Mr. Roberts didn't give me any tzu haoerhs to recognize. Tzu haoerhs are Chinese characters written separately on slips of paper. It is harder to remember them that way than when you see them in connection with other words. Perhaps next year's examination will give me ideas to finish this *Ode*.

“ Miss Gowans is so good and helps me hearing recitations, and took school prayers for me for a week before my examination. She is such a dear,—one of the dearest I ever knew. I wish we might keep her here always instead of just a summer's visit.

“ Mr. Larson, the Norwegian missionary to the Mongols, has been boarding at the Spragues'. He enjoyed Miss Gowans and Miss Rodgers' society very much. I find him very interesting. He is a Norse Viking and ought to have a Saga written about him and his adventures.”

“ *Mongol Plains, Aug. 14, 1895.*

“ MY BELOVED FAMILY :

“ This is Miss Hinman's beginning. I cribbed it, as a taking title is half the battle. I shall not speak of ‘ prairies,’ either, for her phrase sounds so much better,—‘ billowy waves of grass.’

“ I must tell you about our trip, and about Mongolia. We started early Wednesday morning. The carts had to go through the city, but Miss Gowans and I on our

donkeys took the short cut across the mountains, past Picnic Tower, and came out on the Russian Valley, just opposite the great hole in the rock, through which you know people say Genghis Khan shot his arrow !

“On reaching the valley, we waited half an hour for the carts to come up. In the front cart were Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and mattresses, pillows and truck. The second had Miss Douw, who had a cold and was very weak, and miserable, lying down, also Miss Rodgers and mattresses, pillows and truck. Mrs. Chapin and Baby Ralph were in the third cart with more mattresses and pillows. Miss Hinman loathes carts, so she was walking, and two Chinese preachers, who went to preach and sell books at a fair, were walking most of the time.

“I gave my donkey over to Miss Hinman, and Miss Rodgers and I and the baby and John, the school matron’s son, all sat in Mrs. Chapin’s cart, while she rode the other donkey. We talked English with John, and taught him by asking questions, and he answered pretty well. Next I went on to the Spragues’ cart, and interpreted the Chinese puns Teacher Lo was getting off, to amuse Mrs. Sprague,—for instance, about Miss Gowans. ‘She is named Kao (high),’ said he, ‘but she is really short.’

“That afternoon, we younger ones walked up the high Hanore Hill, enjoying the view from the summit. The mountains we count high around Kalgan were so small and far away from there, and there was a glorious sunset.

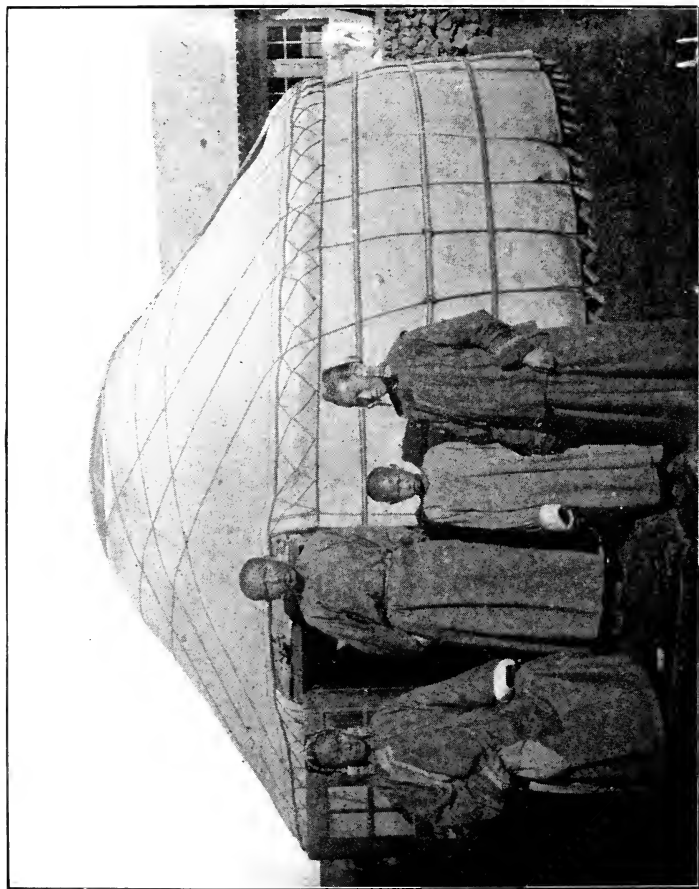
“Arriving at the Hanore inn, we secured two rooms, and spread out bedding, and made supper ready when a surprise came. Mr. Aiken’s servant rode up to say that the Aikens, baby and all, were not far behind. They had rather envied our jolly appearance as we rode off, so Mr. Aiken rushed out, hired a cart, and they packed

and got started three hours after we did. They must have had a time going up that terrible Hanore Hill in the dark.

“We retired to rest,—(such was our hope) but our roomful didn’t rest much. Our room was next the kitchen, and the kang was *warm*. It made the original inhabitants of the room more than usually lively. The mules and donkeys brayed till they were exhausted. Then the men, who had no sleeping accommodations on the kang, because of the crowd of visitors, sat outside the window, and talked mules and horses, their good points and selling price. The baby piped up a good deal of the night,—cause,—Bugs. We tried everything to amuse him. I offered him my mouth-organ, which did for a while. He passed it to his mother, and then to me to blow, and I congratulated myself on my ready tact, till he dropped it on his nose. Then the wails that followed were more bitter than before. The mouth-organ has four sets of holes in four keys and is heavy. We got up the next morning rather low in spirit.

“We went on up to the highest tower, Mount Pisgah, but it was cloudy and the view not very fine.

“Going on, we stopped at Ta Hung Kou (Great Red Valley), where Abbie and I had such a pleasant time last summer, and found so many flowers. Last year the house was unfinished, and Mr. Sprague’s sleeping room had previously been occupied by two calves. We had no partition last year but an oilcloth hung on a rope. But this year it is quite elegantly furnished, and a partition wall built. I recognized ‘Topsy’ the little Mongol girl who was always racing after calves. I remembered almost all,—the babies and the old lama (priestess) grandmother, with her shaven head and strict ideas of discipline. Last year she took a tent pole, and hit the young hopeful (my Mongol teacher, so called) over the



A MONGOLIAN TENT AND FAMILY

head, when she thought he had been staring into our window too long.

“There was hardly any water there. After they had made us a little tea, there was none left. None of the Chinese had anything to drink, till we reached the Ta Shao Yeh’s. (The Ta Shao Yeh is eldest of a family of Mongol princes. He is most kind to foreigners.) There we were given rooms or large nice tents. We watched the Mongols putting up another tent for our Chinese, and it was an interesting combination of wooden lattice work, which can stretch to any desired size, tied with ropes to a frame something like a skeleton umbrella.

“Saturday morning the cart was hitched up for a pleasure drive. The donkeys went too. The gray donkey developed a faculty for sitting down when being ridden. The flies made him cross,—they bit his ears till they were all bloody. Miss Douw’s man took his big handkerchief, and tied the ears together, to shield the sore spots. Then the gray creature looked like an eccentric unicorn.

“On our way home, three mounted Mongols came racing after us, very angry. They had seen us on the sacred hill,—‘oba,’ they call it,—and they said we had profaned their holy place. Mr. Sprague told them we didn’t know, and wouldn’t do it again. Miss Douw’s man lit his pipe from the Mongol’s pipe, and talked soothingly to them, till they were melted, and invited everybody to come to their temple and drink tea.

“Monday it rained cats and dogs, and we sat in the tent and wrote letters. Then we played Halma while Miss Hinman sketched Miss Rodgers and her shoe. The shoe sole was broken and flapping in the middle, and Miss Rodgers wanted to send the picture home to her mother, who used to call her extravagant about her foot-

wear. This was to show the point of missionary self-denial to which she had come in China.

“Tuesday it stopped raining, and we went to the Szū Shao Yeh’s. I rode Mr. Aiken’s horse and enjoyed it, but couldn’t get him to gallop. His trot was damaging to one’s hair and feelings. The Szū Shao Yeh was not at home, but the Living Buddha welcomed us in, first to a room with a fire, where we admired the clock. It had a figure of a lady playing a banjo, and her hand moved up and down with the ticking of the clock. Next we sat in a large reception room, where we had very nice cheese and tea. They brought in the famous steel engravings, enclosed in thick board covers, with ‘Given by the Emperor’ in large gilt letters on the varnished board. These engravings, I should say, are 42 x 24 inches, and there are over ten of them. They represent the campaigns of the Emperor K’ang Hsi against the Mohammedans in Ili, and against the Eleuth tribe of Mongols. They were drawn by Jesuit missionaries, engraved at Paris from 1769 to 1773 (as the plates show), and are finely executed, and really fine in conception. The Emperor gave them to the father of the Szū Shao Yeh, and they would probably bring a high price in Europe.

“While we were looking at these pictures, and Baby Aiken making wild but fruitless attempts to get some cheese, the Szū Shao Yeh came in. It threatened rain, so we couldn’t stay long, and stopped only to see their family temple,—a beautiful building in buff color. A great sound of worship issued from its walls, which we found all came from one priest, who was chanting, pounding cymbals, and beating a big drum with all his might.

“The rain poured down, and Mr. Aiken had to ride home using the side-saddle I had used. He said he didn’t know what a feat it was for a lady to ride.

“That night Mr. Roberts sang his famous song of ‘The

Torpedo and the Whale,' and made gestures, and would have flapped his coat-tails at the point—'And he lashed out with his tail,'—but he wore a sack coat which had no tails. Miss Hinman sang her song of 'There was an old Woman who had a little pig,' and I, by request, sang 'McSorley's Twins,' but not knowing it well was much flustered, and left out most of the words.

"I am writing a novel on missionary life in China, and have a beginning about the Empress, and an end, but no middle and no plot. At dinner Thursday I noticed that there was a hole in Miss Gowans' handkerchief where the name ought to be. She said her handkerchiefs all wore out there, because of bad marking ink. I said, 'Some time some one will break his arm or bleed profusely. Miss Gowans will bind him up with one of these handkerchiefs. He will search on the kerchief in vain for the name of his fair benefactress, and will spend his after years in making an indelible ink, which positively will not injure the most delicate fabrics. He will say, "No one, if I can help it, shall lose track of the one he adores, as I lost track."' Mr. Aiken, hearing this, said, 'I move that Miss Williams be appointed for an extempore novel, to be read at supper to-night.' So I wrote hard on my novel, but it wasn't finished by supper-time.

"Oh, I forgot my gallop that morning. It was on Mr. Aiken's horse, and he was willing to gallop. My hair blew to the winds, my precious hairpins slid down my back, and my big hat waved behind. Mr. Larson said, as I came down the home-stretch, 'I thought it was a Mongol riding!' which was either a great compliment to my riding, or the reverse as to my appearance. But what fun it was to gallop! It doesn't seem that a bicycle could bring such exhilaration.

"Friday morning we started back to Kalgan. Part of the time I rode Mr. Aiken's horse, but didn't enjoy it,

for he was too anxious to eat. He would crop away till the carts were ahead, then with his agonizing trot get in front of them, and begin to crop again. He was like that prudent warrior Dugald Dalgetty, and believed in storing away provender at all times. Riding the little black donkey was better, and it was grand to see the mountains coming into sight, as we came to the edge of the Mongolian plateau. That was a lovely bit of the journey, and I had another in the afternoon, when we were ahead and waited for the carts beside two great trees. I put my head against the tree trunk and enjoyed the sky, and the beautiful great trees, and was glad the donkeys could eat and rest. I never thought so much before about the comfort of animals as on this trip. The gray donkey was quite used up, and the carter said, grinning, 'Guess we'll have to let him ride the cart a while.'

"Miss Hinman and I took the short cut, walking over the mountains, and got home half an hour before the rest. Everything looked strange and nice and clean, and the ceilings so high, after our stay in tents. My flowers had grown and so had weeds, making the front yard a perfect jungle. After a much-needed wash and supper, we all went to bed and slept and slept.

"So ends the account of our trip."

In September, 1895, Etta wrote to her sisters who had entered the Western College at Oxford, Ohio:—"Do tell me about the dear old place,—the summer-house, the lake, and the hill, and bridge over which I wandered twelve years ago. This year I have been thinking more of the seminary than I have for many years. It comes back to me now,—the lovely grounds, the big pine trees, and sweet green lawn. Shall I ever forget the woods and brooks, the great trunks spanning the little stream,—the flowers and birds? It all seems like part of a romance.

I try to imagine English villages, and hedges, and leafy lanes, and meres, and fens, but my memories of the Oxford woods are as picturesque as anything I can imagine. Perhaps you wander by the summer-house and old bridge and wonder if my name is carved there. I regret to say I foolishly neglected to provide thus for the pleasure of my sisters.

“It comes to me very freshly now, all about the mopping on Wednesdays, the dish circle I was on, and the different tables I sat at. What fun we had on that early bread circle which was, alas, short-lived because our lunches were too luxurious. We were allowed plain bread and butter, but we toasted cheese, and took cream, and, like the bad kittens in the ‘Cats’ Arabian Nights,’ went where kittens never ought to go, and ate things kittens never eat. I can see in my mind very vividly the great dishwashing sinks and the great boilers which I cleaned sometimes. They will tell you the story, as they told me, of the small girl who was cleaning the big boiler so vigorously that she leaned too far over the edge, and fell in!

“In my dreams, sometimes, I go down those long halls, perhaps from 43, Third Floor, North Wing. I used to sit in the library, Sunday mornings, with my commentaries on either side, and listen to the church bells, and think long, long thoughts, enjoying the sadness that is not akin to pain.

“Do tell me about the seniors, and which ones you adore most. I know you will be madly in love with two or three girls. It’s the way of the girls at Wellesley and Vassar and Oxford. I remember Frances Bishop was one of my divinities. If I go back to the seminary, the whole place will be full of ghosts, I’m afraid,—ghosts that I’ll see in place of the merry new students that really are flying about the halls.”

“September 11, 1895.

“The summer guests are all gone, and papa has gone down to meet mamma at Tientsin, so I am alone and eat my meals in state, except when I eat with the school children as I like to do. Friday I took the girls for an outing to the Russians. The Russian ladies were so kind to my children, serving tea and cakes, and picking a bouquet of flowers for each. The Russian children brought out their toys, dolls whose eyes would open and shut, wagons and jumping rabbits.”

(From diary, same date.)

“The kindness of the Russians to my girls made my heart warm and soft. How different it feels to have a heart grateful to God,—a really loving heart.”

“September 18, 1895.

“A new Swedish missionary has come,—Mr. David Stenberg, who is to work with Mr. Larson in Mongolia. He sang Swedish hymns at prayer-meeting, accompanying himself on his guitar, and told how he was called to the mission field, and how he went to America to find his support here.

“The school matron is quite worn out and says she must have a rest. I think of getting Mrs. He to do the cooking and washing for the girls this year. Six girls come to my room every day to put up their own hair. I have promised hymn-books to all who learn to comb their own hair. This will lighten the cares of the matron.

“The girls are crazy about knitting. Miss Gowans taught them, and bought the garters they made, and now there are stacks of garters, and I don't know who will buy them. Not being a hundred legged worm, I can't take them all. Hsiangtzu knits lace really well.”

“ October 22, 1895.

“Mamma will be here Saturday, I hope. I have my stove ready. It has been rainy, and this was a dreary place, with the cold rain, and shivering children. The sorghum stalks for their fires have not come yet. The girls come to me evenings and say, ‘Oh, do get us some fuel.’ I send Wang Shih Te off to scrape up or borrow a few bundles somewhere, and the girls are silenced and happy till to-morrow.

“Dr. Waples and Cora have showered blessings on me in the shape of old woolen clothes which I can make over for the girls. One girl already wears a vest. It looks quite like a ‘K’an chien er’ without alteration.

“Did I tell you I have planned a novel about China for fun? It has no head and something of a tail. The tail is about Mongolia. I have it divided as follows :

“Prelude, The Duchess of Connaught, and Eleven Heroines.

“Book One, The War ; Book Two, The Emperor Kuang Hsi ; Book Three, The Litterateurs in Mongolia.

“Did I tell you about my nice trip to Ti San? They want a girls’ school there, and there are several women who would like to study in a station class, but can’t leave home so long. I feel like pursuing the Misses Wyckoff’s plan. They have station classes, but they go to their classes, not the class to them.

“Mr. Roberts invited us all to supper Friday night. It was a little bit cold, and we saw the stove beaming. Mr. Roberts had put a lighted candle in the stove in imitation of the immortal Colonel Sellers. Sunday, after meeting, I had the women at my house for their meeting, and I put a lighted candle in my stove, to repeat the Colonel Sellers joke. There isn’t much isinglass in my stove and nobody noticed it. I forgot it myself till after dinner. There was two hours’ illumination all for noth-

ing, and an elegant wax candle, too. The joke came off, you see, but it was on me.

“My present dog who guards the school yard is very fierce. He cultivates courage on a mixed diet of millet and tin pan, as was said of the Scotch that they cultivated literature on a little oatmeal. The dog is getting uppish and will not allow the schoolgirls to chain him up through the day as he always has done. Only foreign biscuits have any effect in inducing him to submit to tying up.

“I have a very funny new scholar. She is rather simply clad, and would have been more simply clad if Huan Huan had not lent her trousers and an upper garment. She has no stockings, and her shoes have gaping holes, displaying toes untrammelled by binding. Her mother is dead, and no one looks after her. Her father was very insistent that Mr. and Mrs. Sprague should adopt her, saying if they didn't, he should give her to the Roman Catholics.

“I told her at the first that if she were not a good scholar, we should send her back home. Her face lit with joy, and she seemed determined not to be a good scholar, so she could go home. But yesterday, she seemed to look more favorably on the school when arrayed in her new warm trousers and coat, and seeing the advantages of education in getting food regularly.”

“*December 4, 1895.*”

“My dear appreciative family, I haven't anything to write you this time. I 'traipse' from my room to the schoolhouse, and from the schoolhouse to my room. I give the girls patches in a grudging manner and glue for mending shoes more cheerfully. I wound the schoolgirls' finer feelings by opening their wardrobes, and throwing out the heaps at the bottom. I find long lost articles,

thus. I try to study by fits with the teacher, I read, and jump up to see what the girls are doing, read again, and the girls come in to recognize *tsu haoers*,—and so wags the day.”

“*January 1, 1896.*

“I hope the rest told you of Christmas Day and our stockings, and how dear Mrs. Sprague gave us each such nice gifts. I gave the schoolgirls pieces of calico, and was so exercised by trying to make them equally attractive, that I was late to Christmas dinner.”

“*January 29, 1896.*

“These days I don’t get time to write letters, since the schoolgirls are with me so much. If writing were like thinking, how much easier it would be. I think of so many letters when I walk, and have the material all ready, if I could only put it down. Some of my friends haven’t written to me, and I think they are busy too, and think out many letters that don’t get into the mail.

“In the December *Century*, the story of the ‘Brushwood Boy’ fascinates me, especially that map. I think it must be a real experience of Mr. Kipling’s,—all but finding the girl who had the same dream.

“My two smallest girls are in my room all day outside of study hours. They do patchwork, or write characters or play. They like to come.

“I give out medicine all the while,—cough syrup, castor-oil, eye medicine, mutton tallow for chapped hands, etc. Dr. Waples gave me a large quantity of all of these, and I am an independent practitioner now.”

“*April 4, 1896.*

“DEAR MARY :

“Such good letters have come from some of my school friends. They said nice things about me, and I

was pleased, but quite a little ashamed. As I am in China, they cannot be undeceived. I shall write back to them that they are all wrong, and I am not nearly so nice as they think. Their answers will be full of praise for my sweet unconsciousness. After all, it is nice to have the friends you love clothe you with virtues you don't possess. And it is stimulating. I shall be trying now to be as good as they think I am.

"Dear little sister, people used to say that we were quite alike. And we are alike enough so that I feel as if I understood how you think about things often. But there are some ways I don't want you to be like me, and am glad you aren't. What I mean is this. I've been too reserved in showing my affection. I am afraid often of pushing myself forward, when really, if I were willing to make advances, people might have liked me perhaps. It is partly because I cared for books more than anything else, and didn't find out ways of getting near people I liked. Then when I first came to America, and wanted girl friends, I felt as if I didn't know how to make them like me. At the Western, it grew easier, and I had some girl friends there. At Oberlin, I made some lasting friendships. But I want you to make more than I did, and that will be good."

"April 30, 1896.

"Lines to a young gentleman in America who complained that it strained his mind to think back to the muffins which his sister wrote about in her letter from China.

His Complaint

"The muffins of two months ago
Came cold in your letter to-day.
My intellect tires in the stretch,
Although you cheerfully say,

' We had biscuits for tea last night,
 Will have muffins for tea to-day.'—
 My motto's ' Look forward, not back '—
 And so I beg you to write
 What you'll have for a meal in a month,
 In the morn, at noon, and at night.
 And then my mind will relax !
 Thus, thus, do I beg you to write.

Her Answer

" This is April. I hope that in June
 As six strikes, we'll sit down to a spread.
 Plates filled with fried chicken on toast,
 Jam, apricots, butter, and bread.
 Now is this future fowl crisp
 As you read what I write of the spread.
 When the railroad is built to this town,
 Birds'-nest soup, sea-slugs, and what more
 Of dainties from North and from South
 Will quickly be brought to our door.
 In struggling with concepts of such far-future food,
 You will sigh, ' Let me look back once more ! ' "

" Chin Ke Ta, Aug. 27, 1896.

" MY DEAR FAMILY :

" There are a dozen women around me gossiping. One just inquired after Miss Diament, if she were in Peking, and was surprised when I told them she was dead. They are telling me about Teacher Chou's second wife with her false feet. She has two pairs of shoes, the small pair at the bottom, and real shoes inside, and can't walk at all or stand to do her work.

" Yesterday Mrs. Chao the Bible woman and I went to the little mountain village of Yao Tzu Chuang. We climbed the hill to where Teacher Chou Tzu Pang lives, and his wife gave us string beans and oatmeal. My little Tsun Meitzu can't come to school, and she was very sorry and sat by me holding my hand all afternoon. The

grandmother of her betrothed doesn't wish her to go to school, and gave the father meal and a roll of cloth, so they won't let her go.

"There were some sweet little children in the yard at Chin Ke Ta. One fat little sunny-faced Lai Ditzu I kept at my elbow two evenings to help eat my supper. Yu Fu has a four year old son who is nearly blind,—one eye quite gone and one with a film over it. I petted him and gave him 'ma-huars' (Chinese doughnuts), and held him till he cried whenever I went away. Two days I went and promised to come back, and he waited for me evenings, but the third day I started for Kalgan. I wanted to take him with me and have the doctor operate on his eyes, but his parents weren't willing yet. I miss the little fellow. He used to put both his fat little arms around my neck and call me 'Ma Goo Goo' (for Ma Ku Niang).

"He cried so when I went away! I stuffed his apron pocket with ma-huars. He grabbed the ma-huars in his right hand and reached blindly after me with the other hand. Poor dear little fellow!

"I'm ever so much happier than I was in America, or a few months since. I don't dare say very much about it for fear of being self-confident, but I do feel that sickness could not change my happiness. I have clung to the idea that I was a Christian before this, and I still think so, but such a weak Christian. Now I don't think much about my faults, for I feel that I am being made into something that will be beautiful when God gets through with me.

"If I feel differently, I will tell you, for it is hardly honest to tell of our *ups* and not of our *downs*. Though what difference would it make how I felt? I would be in the process of being made, whether I were sorrowful or rejoicing. The thought that God is working on me makes me glad so many times, as I freshly think of it."

(Mr. John R. Mott visited Peking in the fall of 1896, and with others held a convention in the interests of Y. M. C. A. work.)

“Peking, Sept. 16, 1896.

“I am staying at home from the convention to rest. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Miss Andrews, Miss Hinman and myself reached here Friday. Saturday afternoon, Bishop Joyce preached and Dr. Sheffield translated. The Bishop did so well,—an easy, simple, inspiring sermon, and Dr. Sheffield translated so well, with such ease, and even imitated his gestures, and clapped his hands and hallelujahed when the Bishop clapped his hands and hallelujahed. The Bishop wiped his eyes with his hand to represent the grief of the prodigal son, and Dr. Sheffield pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. It was fine. The Bishop would burst in ‘Bless the Lord for you, Dr. Sheffield, that’s just the way I want it said,’ and he was so happy at Dr. Sheffield’s fervor and freedom in delivery that he let off some more ‘hallelujahs’ while the translator was speaking.

“Sunday, Mr. Mott spoke, and Mr. Owen translated,—wonderfully well, but Mr. Owen had a harder time of it. The talk Mr. Mott had prepared for foreigners, on the ‘Inner Life’ and ‘degeneration of spiritual faculties,’ and he had longer paragraphs than the Bishop. The drops of perspiration stood on Mr. Owen’s brow, and he had the appearance of a struggler. I enjoyed hearing the translating, and learn lots from such things.

“Sunday night, Mr. Mott spoke again in the chapel here about Y. M. C. A.’s—how they had grown and were uniting throughout the world,—the English and Scandinavian and German associations. In India the students had formed a union of several colleges. He hoped Chinese students would do the same.

“I was very glad to have heard Mr. Mott. He has a

thoughtful earnestness, and a kind of hammering power in clinching his addresses. I hope I can get all the good from his addresses on 'Bible Study for one's own spiritual growth' and 'Secret Prayer.' I have failed in both those lines. The Chinese were greatly impressed by him.

"Dr. Sheffield and Mr. Gamewell are delegates to Shanghai where they wish to take steps towards the formation of a Students' League of Asia, like the associations of other countries. The delegates' expenses are raised by pledges made by the missionaries at the conference."

"Kalgan, Sept. 23d.

"I wrote last on the road from Peking. Monday night, we reached a place thirty miles from Kalgan. Mr. McKee wanted to get home the next day, and asked if I didn't want to go. I wanted to try my endurance, and also to get home sooner, so consented. We started at four o'clock in the morning, I on my horse, Mr. McKee on his pack-mule. It was still dark and we fell in with a camel train,—strings and strings of them. It was a very narrow road, and camels don't keep to one side well, but slump here to right and there to left. So we got tangled, and couldn't go by. At one place there was a block, where a train of camels going south came against these camels going north. It wasn't fun for me nor for Mr. McKee. He might have got by quicker, but didn't dare leave me far behind, and I was expecting a tea-chest to jam up against me sooner or later. We got past in an hour, and breathed freely again. The people here think I took a very trying journey, but that was the only part that was bad."

"October 14, 1895.

"I have been spending my afternoons in teaching school over the bridge. I go on the horse. The road is most villainous and terrible, and when one knows there

has been no rain for some weeks, one feels inclined to malign the people who live on the street and throw all the slops out. Sometimes I make the beast go up a little stone sidewalk, quite narrow, to avoid the mud. Once the horse mashed my foot against the wall, but the donkey, unlike Balaam's ass, is careful of my life and limb."

"January 13, 1897.

"The box you sent from home got here January 7th. Mamma wants me to thank you for the nice things you sent her. As for me, I went off proudly with my apron, pink shirt-waist, ice-wool shawl, and so many more things, I affirm that if I had had another thing, I should have been too proud to walk, and could only have waddled. As for the apron, though it might have been a little large for me before,—when that box came, I swelled so with pride that the apron is, if anything, a little scant. I in future intend to devote myself only to those pages of the *Delineator* which represent 'Patterns for Elderly Ladies of Stout Figures.'

"I'm stupid, and can't think of what to write. Papa fears I shall defraud somebody or something by putting less paper in the letter than I'm entitled to. But sometimes I love to donate to the government one sixteenth of an ounce advantage in the way of mail. Far away from my glorious country, I can do but little to help her, but may they remember of me that I sometimes took one sixteenth or one thirty-second less weight than my five cent stamp entitled me to.

"Monday, I went to my little school over the bridge, and found one scholar, a girl of fourteen, gone. The family was too poor to keep her, so they sent her to her future husband's home. There is no mother-in-law, but the sister-in-law's mother lives there, and is possessed by a fox, every one says, so she can heal diseases. I am

sorry for the girl. They all take opium there, and the sister-in-law is a 'smoke-dried stick,'—their expression for an opium fiend, when they don't say 'opium devil.'

"Mrs. Yu Fu is pleasant and bright, and reads Mark with me. Last night she told me about her San Kaitzu, my sweet little girl, and bright scholar. San Kaitzu is engaged into a family where they want bound feet, and the family say they will bind when she is eighteen, and comes as a bride into their home. That will hurt so !

"Tsun Meitzu, too (one of last year's girls), can't come to school this year on account of her mother-in-law. They wrote that she cried, and wanted to come very much. Mamma yearns after her, and says, 'I want Tsun Meitzu.' . . ."

This was the last letter written before her mother's death. Two weeks of anxious watching followed, and on January twenty-sixth, the dear mother was called home, and Etta and her father were left alone.

"February 12, 1897.

"DEAR MARY :

"I have been looking over mamma's things, and the letters her sisters and her children wrote her. She took great comfort in your letters. In her portfolio were things she valued ;—one was the letter Stephen wrote her, urging her to go to Uncle Rob's wedding ; there were flowers, and one rose, dark red, marked 'Mary's rose, August 3, 1895.'

"I have been thinking of death more as a reunion than a separation. Think of Thomas Hughes seeing Dr. Arnold again ; of Tennyson putting his arms about Arthur Hallam, the friend of his youth, dead years and years ago ; of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Brown-
ing :—

“ ‘ Then a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 Oh, thou Soul of my soul, I shall see thee again,
 And with God be the rest.’—‘ *Prospice.*’

I always loved that part of ‘Tom Brown’ where Tom goes back to Rugby, and sees, in the evening, the doctor’s grave in the chapel.

“The last week of mamma’s life is my sweetest, dearest remembrance. If I had no other reason for believing in a personal, loving God, I would believe in Him because I had those last days with her.”

“ *April 2, 1897.*

“MY DEAR, DEAR ONES :

“I cried more after receiving your letters of February 8th and 15th than I have since mamma died, but it was good for me to cry. Tears help sometimes. They keep one from feeling dried up, and having dull pain with no outward sign.

“I feel just as you do about the great and joyous change that has come to mamma, but for my own sake, it would have been much harder to bear her going if I had not been with her the last days. I thought of you and prayed for you on those days, wondering when you would know. The cablegram took nine days to Peking.

“The gatekeeper is very low. They think he can’t get well, and I have a desire to ask him to tell my mother about the letters you wrote. I wanted so much to show them to mamma. The pleasant weather comes now, and I think if mamma could but have lived till now, and planted her flower seeds and worn her pretty new dresses. It does seem foolish to be talking about flower seeds and such as things to make one wish mamma back, but I do miss her.

“Every once in a while I feel surprised again to think of mamma being dead. When I was looking over her dresses, I found a pin stuck in, that she had put in while wearing it, just as one does so often. And now she is gone. The Sunday before she died, she was better than before, and so I went and taught her Sunday-school class and kept thinking, ‘Now, perhaps mamma will be well, and come to teach here; I shall see her sitting on the kang, with her black hood on, and all this time of anxiety will be remembered as a bad dream.’

“Now, sometimes I think just for a moment, ‘Perhaps this is a dream, and I’ll wake up, and find mamma still here and sitting at her old place at table.’

“Sometimes one does dream long, long dreams where years seem to pass in trouble.

“The Chinese think it very strange that I don’t wear mourning for mamma. I told them it was very hard to make foreign dresses, and that we wore black for mourning instead of white, as they do.

“I have sixteen now in the Girls’ School, and twelve have natural feet. I help several on their clothing, and some I clothe entirely. Those that I help I try to use up old clothes on for economy. I alter old basques, putting in pieces of goods where the darts were cut, so as to make it hang straight. You may think it looks funny, but it’s a great improvement on giving them the old basques as they are. The Chinese girls do look so wretchedly awkward in basques, and they are too short besides, so I put a piece on at the bottom after piecing up the sides. The Chinese women, who are very saving, say, ‘Well, your skirts are good to make over into clothes, but those short upper gowns you wear are so cut up with slits, they are very little use.’

“I am preparing for my last year’s examination in Chinese at Tung Chou. After this, though I’m expected

to study Chinese still, I am not to be examined, or required to follow a particular course of study.

“We have had such an interesting lecture from Sven Hedin, a famous Swedish explorer of Central Asia, who stopped here on his way to Peking. He discovered a city buried for ages in the sand, and manuscripts written in unknown characters. He spoke, and Mr. Sprague translated, so the Chinese could get the good of his story. They were most interested in hearing about the felt roads. He had to put felt over the snow so that the horses could travel. If a horse slipped from the felt, it sank into the moist snow and had to be dug out. Of course progression was very slow. Then when he told about the days he lived on grass, and the days he went without water,—that was thrilling! My curiosity is satisfied on one point. The boots in his story, with which he carried water to his dying servant, are the identical ones he wears now! They must have been very good boots to last so long. The shop where he bought them will have an advertisement.”

“*Kalgan, April 21, 1897.*”

“I send you a copy of the letter I have written to the Christian Endeavor Societies of Iowa, who contribute towards my support. I just wrote them about my school, and every-day happenings. An old inhabitant like me gets so used to the natives, that he can't do any tall writing about their enormities.

“I want to tell you about my little day school in the garden suburb of Kalgan, and then about one girl who was in that day school, but is now in my boarding school. This little day school I taught myself for the main part, and rode on an animal or in a cart. When I rode the horse I attracted much attention, and, of course, heard ‘foreign devil’ many times along the road. Lately I

have been wearing the Chinese costume to be less noticeable, but heard, 'A foreigner our clothes! Our clothes! Not bad!' referring to my clothes. 'Looks very well if she didn't wear that wash-basin on her head,' referring to my sailor hat, which is the shape of a Chinese wash-basin. When one is costumed as a Chinese woman, one ought not to wear anything on the head except cloth, or a strip of ribbon, but a hat is rather a necessity to me.

"Riding in a cart is, of course, less annoying but much more painful and tiresome. Sometimes I thought, 'I'll go in the cart to-day and not be reviled,' but after some astonishing bounds of the cart, which, perhaps, knocked my head against the side, I would say to myself, 'Better be called names and hear your hat called a wash-basin than hurt your head with these jars.'

"I must say that along the dwelling houses I am usually greeted politely by the children and others who know my name. In the market streets by the shops I hear the most reviling.

"The house in which I have my schoolroom has a beautiful, very large grape-vine in the yard. At the side are grown tomatoes and other foreign vegetables, beside the usual Chinese vegetables.

"Among the scholars I had was a large girl whose accent was different from the Kalgan variety. Her family came from the south of the Great Wall, were very poor and so betrothed this girl as soon as they came to Kalgan for the money they needed. Afterwards they found out that the family were opium-smokers. An engagement is a very sacred thing in China, so the poor girl must go into that family no matter how bad they were.

"One day when she recited I saw tears in her eyes. The next day I went to teach she didn't come. They said, 'She has gone into the family of her betrothed. She is not married yet, but they wanted some one to wait

on them and her father and mother didn't have enough to feed her and the other children too.'

" 'What kind of people are these?' I asked. 'Do they all smoke opium?'

" 'Yes. There are two brothers. The older one has a wife about forty years old. The younger is the one to whom the girl is engaged. The brother's wife has a mother, an exorciser of evil spirits, who lives with them. They all smoke opium.'

" A month passed. I could not do anything, but I thought of the poor girl, and hoped what she had learned in school would comfort her and save her soul.

" I saw her about Chinese New Year's. She had come home for a few days. She looked very sallow and beaten down, not as she did before when she led my horse and held him for me to mount. I had admired the life and vigor I saw in her, but now pale, dispirited, in wretched clothes, and her head bound about in a faded black rag—I hardly knew her.

" She seemed glad to see me. I heard them say, 'Her sister-in-law and the rest treat her badly. They make her stand on the cold floor till midnight to hand them their opium pipes and fill and refill them, while they are upon the warm kang.' (A kang in winter is usually the only place one can keep warm on in a Chinese house.) They, being opium-smokers, need very little food or sleep, and they wanted her to eat as little as they did.

" The next time I came Mr. and Mrs. Jen and I had a consultation. (Mr. Jen is the owner of the house where the school is. The name is pronounced like our English 'run.')

" The father and mother were called in and I said, 'You ought to break this engagement for your daughter's sake.' I had previously placed the amount of the betrothal money in Mrs. Jen's hands, so that it might be

given to the opium-smoking family, if they agreed to release the girl. The father and mother were much frightened. 'We promised to send her back yesterday, but she wouldn't go, and they came for her to-day, and we said, "She shall go to you this afternoon."' I said, 'Don't send her. Let me take her back to my home in the cart and tell them you don't want her to go back to them.'

"So I smuggled the girl in the back of the cart and we went home and she went to the Girls' School house. This was Saturday. The next day, Sunday, her father came to meeting and told her to go back. I pleaded with them and told them to brace up and not be afraid, but he rolled with anguish on the brick walk and sobbed out, 'I am a poor man, a poor man, and dare not let her stay here.'

"'Wait till Monday and she shall go in the cart.' He went. About two o'clock that afternoon he appeared again with Mr. Jen to say that the husband had hired a cart and that the girl must go now. I still pleaded for another day, and went to talk with the betrothed husband. He made me sick to look at him or speak to him, but I begged for one day more. He said, 'I want my wife. I have been told several days now, to-morrow, to-morrow she will come, and I don't wish to be put off any more.' I got the school-teacher to talk to him. The school-teacher first shamed him by asking to see his hands. When he concealed the right one in his sleeve the teacher insisted, and then said, 'Ah! you take opium, don't you? I can see the marks on your nails.' Then the teacher asked him, 'Are you married to this girl? She is too large a girl to be in your house unmarried.' He said, 'No,' he hadn't married her yet. Then the teacher fairly dizzied him with a stream of eloquence proving that Confucius and Mencius and the ancient sages all would have let the girl stay till Monday.

“I went to say something to the girl which should help her, but I found great difficulty in beginning. She was sobbing, and I took her to my room and held her hand and cried with her till I thought in distress, ‘The time is going and I may never see her again or any Christian have access to her. But what can I say?’ At last I told her that where she was going Satan would be near all the time to tempt her. I couldn’t go with her to help her, but God could and would help her. ‘You must pray every day, O God! help me to be good! Oh, God! take care of me, save me! They won’t let you be by yourself, but you can pray these words to God in your heart. And you must never try to kill yourself.’ The girl said she wouldn’t. Before she had said to some one that they treated her so badly she would take some of their opium and end her troubles.

“The next day I sent her away in the cart. Her father came to escort her. I remember the feeling I had as of parting with some one about to die. I said, ‘Don’t forget to call on God. I can’t do anything for you, but God can deliver you.’ I never expected to see her again.

“The next Saturday after breakfast Mr. Jen came very frightened, saying, ‘That girl has run away and we hid her in our house. But the people will be there to find her. Can’t you take the doctor’s cart and send her to Peking?’ I inquired the particulars, which were as follows: The girl had been treated worse than before after coming back, and Friday overheard her sister-in-law saying, ‘She had better be married at once; then if we beat her to death the father can’t say much. Now she isn’t married and we can’t punish her to the utmost.’ The girl thought it her last chance to escape, so very early the next morning she left the house and crossed the river on the ice to Mr. Jen’s house. Now I have named the girl Eliza, after Mrs. Stowe’s Eliza, who crossed the

Ohio on the ice. Mr. Jen put a sheepskin coat over the girl, who was in a little outhouse, and locked the door. The pursuers of the fugitive thought Eliza was with me. Men came all day to the gate-house threatening trouble and breaking down the walls if the girl was not given up. The gatekeeper and my cook each solemnly inquired if I had the girl in hiding, and said, 'You had better give her up, or Christianity will lose in repute and there will be trouble.'

"Mr. Jen denied that the girl was in his yard, and didn't allow any one to search the place. Men were hanging about all day, trying to find out, but didn't dare enter the yard.

"Sunday morning Eliza's father took the betrothal money which I gave him back to these people. They, in despair of recovering their strayed property, and of the opinion I had dispatched said property away from Kalgan, were glad to settle amicably and get the money without a law-suit.

"Now Eliza is in school. It is a great pleasure to see her bright and smiling in the new clothes I have given her, studying and working with a will. She is naturally the opposite of a quiet, neat girl, but has tried very hard to speak softly and not dispute with the others and do her very best to please God and please me.

"I was asked to say something of the needs of the work. We need another lady very much indeed. Last fall I would have told you 'A pocket folding companion'—in other words, a Bible woman who could be put in my saddle-bags. To state this more soberly, I would say, a Bible woman who could ride a donkey without much pain afterwards. Carts nearly kill me, but my Bible woman took a long time to recover from a short trip on a donkey's back.

"I hope those of you who read the Mizpah Calendar

have remembered me and the school at our appointed times. This year I have appreciated the Calendar more than usual. Since I lost my mother last January, so many of the quotations in the Calendar seem weighted with a message for me. I do not speak of my own personal loss here, but of the great loss our work here has sustained in my mother's departure.

"God has kept me well and peaceful all this time.

"Pray for China.

"Your friend and missionary,

"HENRIETTA B. WILLIAMS."

"*April 27, 1897.*

"I don't feel much of a missionary these days, working round with my sewing women. The children needed clothes. I have fixed basques with insertions for little Jade Ring, and her sister 'Next-a-son,' and my old skirts and a wrapper made good gowns for San Ya T'ou and two others. Mamma's beggar woman Hsin Wu does sewing for me sometimes. She is a very poor sewer, and it's hard to find work poor enough for her to do. There are a lot of old shoes around and I cut them up for patches and have her patch the toes of the girls' old cloth shoes. There was one pair of button shoes, which were good except for ripped side seams. Hsin Wu sewed them up, and one rainy day I told Lao-ku-tzu to wear them. She gasped, but obeyed. I could see how muddy her stockings were from the holes in the toes of the Chinese shoes. She looked so ridiculous the next day with those button shoes put on wrong, buttons on inside of her leg. I took them away from her, but bring them out every rainy day. I am keeping the child on old shoes now as an awful warning to the rest. 'See what you must wear if you spoil your shoes too soon!'"

“ *Later.*

“ I just took down ‘Mary’s Meadow’ by Mrs. Ewing to find that poem of George Herbert’s,—

“ ‘ Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Would have recovered greenness,’

it commences. It is quaint and yet I like it so much. It expresses something I have felt often, the longing to be put past the fear of falling,—not the fear, but the falling. Some things touch me and seem to water my heart, which was all shrivelled,—and then I shrivel up again. Prayers don’t usually do me the good they should, but some people’s prayers do refresh me like a shower.

“ One of my friends wrote such a lovely letter after hearing about mamma’s death. She spoke of the commonplace things that help,—simple every-day comfort of spring naturally following winter (*it must follow*),—life, the real thing which persists through all. Her idea is something like Herbert’s when he speaks of the flowers keeping house down beneath everything in the quiet.

“ Well,

“ ‘ Heart’s loves remain,
Heart’s love shall meet thee again.’ ”

“ *At Mission Meeting, Tung Chou, May 29, 1897.*

“ I wish you could be here and see all the new people and babies and nice children.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pitkin are sitting against the glass bookcase, taking in new things and us old missionaries. They are both fine looking. Mr. Pitkin is tall with blue eyes and dark hair parted nearly in the middle. Mrs. Pitkin looks very young, and has pretty curly hair. Papa knew her father in school at Miami. We were a little afraid that they might not be happy here, but they seem deeply spiritual, and very much in earnest.

“ Mr. Atwater is here from Shansi, dressed in Chinese

costume. Dr. and Mrs. Porter are here with two fair-haired boys, Jamie and Chappell. Dr. Ingram's baby Esther is rosy and beautiful, and Luther Goodrich is growing a fine boy. Ruth Ingram and Gracie Goodrich have their hair done each in two cunning little tails."

"June 23d.

"I am back at Kalgan. The days are lovely now. Lovely summer weather makes me think of friends far away, and of my sisters.

"Cousin Marjorie wrote her opinion of Matthew Arnold as a fine critic but inferior poet. I can't agree there. Nothing sounds so like summer to me as :

" ' Soon will the high midsummer pomp come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet William with his homely cottage smell.

* * * * * *

" ' Roses that down the alley shine afar
 And open jasmine, muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
 And the full moon and the white evening star.'

"If you read 'Thyrsis' from which this comes, and 'The Scholar Gypsy,' you will care for his poetry.

"Soon my pinks will be bursting forth, my snapdragons are already showing finely, my glory flowers are just about to bud, and every blessed geranium is blazing with bloom. I wanted them to bloom in winter, but the trifling things put it all off till summer when there is plenty besides. My sweet alyssum makes a nice white spot, and is fragrant. So are the mignonettes.

"I felt as if I had no heart to plant flowers this year, but now I am glad I did. Do you remember how mamma said, 'We are going to have a very pretty garden next

summer'? We have, and it almost seems as if she were helping the garden grow so wonderfully. Every one says, 'Yours is the prettiest garden of all.' I wish mamma could see it. It isn't painful to think of her now, but one will regret, no matter how happy the one who is gone is in her 'mansion.'

"The day of our birth, and the day of our death,—I see them as two great gates. There is a small court between them, where some of us play; we make our little mud pies, and hoard up our little treasures, pieces of bright china and glass that we cut our fingers on. Some of us make playhouses for others who are to come; some clear away the mud, that others may walk better across the court. We all look occasionally to the second gate, the Gate of Death. Some put their hands over their eyes, and will not see it, but go back to look for some more broken pieces of bright china. Some declare they can see wonderful things of the land beyond, when the Gate is opened for others to pass through.

"I myself, as a child, was filled with a great curiosity to see outside of human life. I do not know how I should feel, face to face with Death, but it seems to me that I should not be afraid, but should wait for the Gate of Death to be unlocked with a longing desire to see what manner of land should be beyond.'

"I wrote this in my journal, long ago. The other day, I read in the 'Daily Light' for the evening, 'I trust I shall shortly see Thee, and we shall speak face to face.' And, 'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God, when shall I come and appear before God?'

"I never was so impressed before with that verse. It is taken out of its connection to signify meeting with God, but it is wonderful. How wonderful it would be to see God soon, and speak face to face with our Lord Jesus.

"From impressions that have come to me while read-

ing my Bible lately, I have more belief than I used to in the Lord Jesus' coming. It is so much more restful to think of that than death. Death will bring us to the Lord's presence too, if He does not come before that. I want Him to come, yet I pray that He may abide in me. It would be so good to see Him. I long daily that He will come, and settle everything.

"Sometimes I think that I am not half enough in earnest. If I believed with all my heart, I should be speaking all the time to people, begging them to love Jesus soon,—now.

"My dear sisters, I am missing all the good of being with you, and knowing your little ways and bits of fun, and sweetnesses and new dresses,—the little every-daynesses. Do you remember 'Peter Ibbetson'? Peter could dream over and over his former days, and carry his friends with him into his own past, by holding them by the hand and leading them into his dreamland. They could lead him into their past experiences too. That's what I'd like you to do for me."

"September 24, 1897.

"I am keeping a bit of 'tipsina' (like wild turnip), which the Indians like. It reminds me of Santee, and of the times I had wandering over the hills hunting tipsina with the little Birds' Nest girls. It is 'Auld Lang Syne' to me, though my top drawer gets disorderly, and I fear the tipsina is a nucleus of disorder, as the Jollycumpop, and the Prince and others were a nucleus for a city in Frank Stockton's story of 'Prince Hassak.' Do you remember Pleasance in 'What She Came Through,' who named her bureau drawers Eupatoria and Balaclava because they were so much like the Crimean battle-fields,—torn up, rent and devastated?"

"It's curious how putting one's things in order seems to get one's brain and soul in tune.

“The other day I couldn’t find my bank bills, and was so afraid some one had taken the envelope. I thought of Eliza’s mother who is in here Sundays. Then I looked again very carefully and found it in another place where I had put it myself. I was so glad. It is so hard and withering to one’s soul to suspect people. I am always glad, even at finding trifles. It seems to symbolize something deeper. The woman who hunts for her lost piece of silver reminds one of the lost son who repented and came back. I’m thinking now of Jen Te Ming, and hope that the sin and attendant humiliation will make him repent all over. Thorough repentance,—what can it be? I don’t think I have ever repented in such a way, but I dimly imagine it to be a breaking up of everything,—a wrenching apart of the tenderest places,—and then?—then, I don’t know what to say, except that it must be like death, harder than some deaths, and then life again as a different person.

“I have just been giving Teacher Lo some money for a poor teacher, a church-member who has come to Kalgan to see after his sick son. I thought about my brother, supposing he were sick and penniless, how glad I should be to have some one slip a \$50 bank note into his hand. Mine wasn’t \$50, but three tiào which I slipped into Lo’s hand. However one can feel beneficent and inwardly expanded over giving a much less sum in China than in America.”

“*October 21, 1897.*

“I’m just back from a tour of sixteen days, which I enjoyed, though the days were pretty cold. Outdoor life is good for me, and having a horse makes it easier. Mrs. Feng welcomed me at Shui Ch’uan and made me feel at home. She is a nice woman and foreign in her ideal of cleanliness. I heard her six scholars recite, very well for three days’ study. She hopes to keep this little school so

that she can stay at home and yet be doing mission work. The next day, I started for Chin Ke Ta. As we went up a steep hill, a bridal procession followed us, musicians in high red felt hats and the red sedan chair in which the bride was shivering, carried by panting men, who often put the chair down to rest. I was pleased. I like a little excitement on the road, and whether it is bridal processions or soldiers riding to capture thieves, I greet them cheerfully.

“Crossing the river, the water was almost over my stirrup irons. It got dark, and we were still five miles away. I made my horse run through two miles of country road with houses scattered near more or less, but the last part of the journey it was very dark, and the horse was tired, and looked suspiciously at everything. As we went through the fields, I thought of wolves, and remembered the girl at Yu Chou whose grandmother was eaten by a wolf when she was working in the fields. The other women fled for their lives, and when men ran with hoes and pitchforks there was nothing left but a foot and some bones. They got a big coffin and buried the foot and leg bones with all the usual ceremonies.

“The Chinese villagers don’t dare go out at night for fear of thieves and wolves. Thieves would not dare to attack a foreigner, but wolves might not have known enough to let me alone. I was glad finally to ride through a lighted village, past the theatre where small boys and others with lanterns sat ready to enjoy an evening performance. I had reached Chin Ke Ta.

“I only stayed a day there, for the church-members were worked up over a law-suit in one of the Christian families. I stayed at the inn. As I rode into the yard the inn children shrieked, ‘There’s a foreign devil come!’ I turned to the carter and said, ‘We won’t stay here. They reviled me.’ ‘Who?’ ‘Children.’ ‘Oh,

children don't know what they say.' The innkeeper also said, 'Oh, children don't know what's right.' I said, 'I'm not scolding them so much as you older people. You ought to teach them better.'

"It was so cold at Chiu Huai An the next day, and we had a cold room there. By this time I had two little girls under my wing to take back to school. I was really afraid they would be sick as they are used to warm kang. I shared one of my quilts with them and hadn't enough to keep warm myself. The children woke crying often, and we hadn't much sleep. If the carter hadn't been kind enough to give one child a quilt which he was bringing to some one, we could hardly have managed. The children were so good, I was glad to care for them and felt better than I should have done alone.

"I have come back with my head full of gossip about this one's 'Hsi fur' (bride), and that one's mother-in-law. You will be tired of reading this."

"December 6, 1897.

"My California boxes came Monday, and I danced for pure joy quietly in my room in the evening, and gloated over the good things I could give the people for Christmas dinner. They are invited over to our house this year.

"There is only one thing I really long after now. You couldn't guess,—a gramophone. It would be so useful to entertain Chinese visitors and the school children at New Year's and holidays when I entertain them. I wish Stephen would look up prices for me, and see if it's something really good. My other wish you'd laugh over,—a telephone to connect my room and the schoolroom, so as to save my running over there, and keep the girls from running to my room. It would be interesting to enlighten the Chinese on telephones, beside.

“The girls are busy making paper dolls. I have torn off the white covers on Western Oxfords and the green covers of Mission Reports, and purple covers on other things, till I vowed I wouldn’t give them another thing for doll dresses.

“It is lovely of ‘you-alls’ to think of getting a box ready to send me. I could use a lot of scrap pictures, advertisements and other such,—flowers and pictures of children preferred. The children learn to read texts printed on cards like that. Dolls are very nice to send, even if they are blondes. Perhaps I can educate them to like blondes. What do you think of my success if I attempt?”

“*December 23, 1897.*

“MY DEAR SISTERS :

“I have decided to make a reputation for myself talking about a novel that I never need write. I read of a Frenchman who owed his reputation to an essay on ‘The Inconvenience of Conveniences,’ which he only talked about. The novel that I am going to talk about writing shall have a heroine who has had no advantages of books or teachers, but learns the modern languages by studying the patent medicine wrappers and tin cans. She can write ‘Do not take spurious imitations’ in Polish, Swedish, German, French, Spanish and Portuguese. I got this idea as I gazed at my Anglo-Swiss Milkmaid Brand of condensed milk, which has Chinese and Japanese directions as well as the others.

“The other morning near breakfast time, I felt a wild desire for luxury. I could only think of using some expensive soap, so I charged into the bedroom for Pears glycerine tar, but found nothing but Frank Siddall’s. The Pears Soap was all up attic, so I quenched my desire for luxury, said ‘Don’t be a Clam’ and took a bar of Siddall’s.”

“*January 26, 1898.*”

“Some one has sent me ‘Merivale’ and Marzials’ ‘Life of Thackeray.’ Mary spoke of trying to learn to like Matthew Arnold, because I do. I like Arnold’s poems, but I don’t feel so fond of *him*. I do love Thackeray, and it seems more for himself than for his writings. I haven’t always cared to read ‘Vanity Fair,’ but I want you when reading Thackeray to think of the loving kindness of the man, chaperoning his little girls to children’s parties, helping unfortunate authors with checks out of his own pocket when he couldn’t spoil his magazine by accepting their contributions. I have a slip of paper on my ‘Vanity Fair’ flyleaf on which is written, ‘Concerning Thackeray.’”

“One loved him almost as one loves a woman,—thinking of him when away from him was a source of joy which cannot be analyzed but was full of comfort. One who loved him, loved him thus because his heart was tender as is the heart of a woman.

“I have been remembering all these days last year at this time when mamma was dying. I am glad she is so happy. Last year I prayed God to make me better. I promised to change as far as I could what mamma saw was faulty in me so I could please her if she lived. Afterwards I added, ‘And even if mamma doesn’t live, O God, do make me different.’”

* * * * * * *

“The blind child I wrote you of,—Yu Fu’s little boy, is here now. He is devoted to one of my dolls,—an ugly patched one, but he lugs it and hugs it and hunts it when I hide it (in easy places). He sees better to walk now than before. I gave him a bath once and often he comes around saying, ‘Ma Ku, I want a bath.’ But his little sister didn’t like the bath at all. Their mother, Mrs. Yu Fu, invited me to eat dumplings yesterday. The

blind boy and baby girl had shockingly dirty faces, and while I waited, I yearned to wash them, but didn't know whether it was etiquette, when invited out to dine, to wash your hostess's children's faces. Mrs. Yu Fu is so bright and good-natured. I am fond of her, but she is so slatternly. I have talked to her gently, but it did no good, and the Chinese have talked to her and about her with a great frankness which I hadn't the courage to imitate, but that seems to have done no good either.

"Thirteen of our seventeen scholars have unbound feet. Two of the small-footed girls are very poor, and so miserably supplied with shoes by their parents that they act as awful warnings to those scholars who have unbound their own feet, but think small feet pretty.

"It seems harder than usual to keep the younger girls looking tidy and clean this winter. They remind me of boys, with the same fine facility for wearing out their clothes and their shoes, breaking household articles, and getting their faces and hands dirty. It is a great blessing, however, that they are all well. Outsiders usually comment on the scholars' appearance, thus:—'How fat they look!' which is almost as great a compliment in China as it is in Dahomey."

March 16, 1898.

"DEAR GIRLS :

"There are so many old photographs in a box up-stairs. As I looked them over to-day, I was moved to compose a few stanzas of a poem, on this style :

"Such stacks of pictures ! Here's for you
 A nameless photograph.
 And others heaped are nameless too.
 What shall I do ? I laugh
 At bonnet huge, and hoop-skirt vast.
 I hardly know the half,

"My father holding infant son.
 Son wears an open smile.
 This work is framed in plush and gilt.
 I know *him*, but a pile
 Of old and young of either sex
 In 1870 style
 Are quite unknown. Ah, here's a name,
 A baby called 'Lenore.'
 I see it was in Pittsburg ta'en,
 I may find out some more.
 Perhaps it was our cousin's babe.
 How many has she? Four?

"And one has 'Mother from the oil
 Painting.' How can *I* tell
 Whose mother 'twas? There are not few
 Of them. Like merely writing 'jell'
 Upon the paper covered up.
 You guess the kind—'tis well."

"March 18th.

"MY LITTLE SISTER :

"Mamma said once she wanted me to write to you about coming to China.

"I haven't asked you to, because I wanted you to decide. I have ambitions for you, such as I had once for myself. Yet let God lead you. If I had you with me, all my own to walk and ride and talk with, I would be happy, so happy.

"But I am not lonely. While alone, God has come to me. I have such wrong things in me, but God has not left me a prey to them. My Master who bought me does not let go of me. 'Meet to be partakers with the saints in light, partakers of the divine inheritance.' Oh, why can't we think always of these things!"

"April 16, 1898.

"Mrs. Larson's friendship is such a comfort to me. I have needed companionship this year. I've had so many

good rides lately, because Mr. Larson and Mr. Stenberg were here and could go with me. It seems unusual to thank God for letting them be here to take me riding, but it has kept me in good spirits to have the rides and to have their company. Don't you know, Mary, how thankful we are for some little indulgence sometimes that doesn't cost near so much as other things? We get our clothes and food with apathy, but are delighted with some little ribbon or ring that comes in just right, and we feel that we must be good a long time for the kindness.

"I have been so happy lately in thinking of Jesus as the one who would make me what I ought to be. I shan't worry about myself, about not keeping on. It seems that God is going to keep me, because I am so weak. Yesterday I prayed especially for this. I said to God that He knew how weak and unstable I was, that there was no dependence to be put on me, so it was all for Him to do. I asked that what He wanted me to do should be made just staringly plain before me, just as He did for the children of Israel. Other people are better, and can stand periods of doubt and uncertainty and still trust, but now I want to be led. I want to *feel* God is with me, or I can't get along. Then I thought, 'I believe God means to save me, and I want to be taken care of.'

"Ever since I have had it with me as a lovely supporting thought that Jesus is with me and is going to make me into what He wants. I almost feel wrong as if I were over bold, but some of the Bible seems to mean just that. I feel perhaps as an opium-user might, who has put himself in a refuge where he knows he cannot get out and the doctor will cure him. And just as he is shut in, he feels, 'I am going to be cured. Even though I cry and rave for opium, I cannot get it. Though I strive to get out, I cannot until I am cured. I am going to be cured I know,

not because of anything I can do, except my coming here, but because of the doctor.' ”

“ *April 23d.*

“I am so glad because one of my prayers is answered. I prayed that I might love to read the Bible. Before this, I loved it when I could get at it, but now I want to read so much, and I think of so many nice places that I want to read all at once.”

“ *April 24th.*

“Yesterday I didn't feel so at peace, but to-day I got a beautiful verse, Jeremiah 31:12. ‘And their soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all.’ It was so beautiful to sit there and think it over,—that *my* soul should be as a watered garden. It lasted me all the morning, through the study with the teacher, which I enjoy, and the walk to the hill, where I could sit and see the snow-capped mountains beyond the blue. There was that undercurrent of joy all through. ‘My soul shall be as a watered garden,—as a watered garden.’

“It means something very wonderful and beautiful, and I know just a little bit, and the rest of the meaning is going to unfold as I go on.”

“ *May 20, 1898.*

“I am alone in the compound now, as all have gone to mission meeting.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sprague went late, because there has been sickness in our Girls' School. Six girls had it more or less heavily. They had sore throats and headaches. People outside the school had rash and were sick two or three days, but the two girls I had in my room at the schoolhouse where I slept and took care of them, were sick two weeks in a kind of delirium. Er-tzu called constantly

for the school matron, and after she had quieted down, Tsu-tzu kept calling for her mother and brother. We were afraid of typhoid or typhus. I read all the books I could find, and tried all the remedies I dared. Mr. Sprague thought to save criticism we ought to call in a Chinese doctor. I examined the herbs he sent in to be steeped. Caraway was among them, and sliced pears, and turnips. I don't think it hurt them and it made the Chinese feel safer. The Spragues stayed four days after they should have started for the meeting, and the girls were so much better it seemed that they ought to go. May 18th I got a telegram from Peking with 'Loving greetings, how the sick mission?' I telegraphed back 'All well.' The girls are all well now, though they did manage to make quite a serious showing for a while.

"I'm just back from prayer-meeting. I play the organ now after a fashion for services. I do it to keep Helper Feng Ke from playing. He has more confidence, but less sense of time than I. To-day the congregation couldn't sing St. Ann's, so I played a solo, first and fourth verses. Feng always gives out the fourth verse early if the singing doesn't go well.

"I told you of Mrs. Larson's little Mary Louise, born April 5th, didn't I? The baby is so well and good. Tuesday we, baby and all, went up the mountain by the Larson house. We found branches of such lovely yellow roses. I am going to get some roots from there. The branches are in a Chinese jar in Mrs. Larson's parlor and look like an 'Art Amateur Study,' only nicer."

(Etta's last letter, written in pencil in a wavering hand.)

"Tuesday, May 24, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. LARSON :

"I am not very sick, but if you could come over this morning, I would be glad. If it isn't convenient to

come, don't mind, for I have the water-carrier's wife with me, and Mrs. Sung, the matron, is very kind and comes in at evening and early mornings to inquire if I want anything.

Lovingly,

“HENRIETTA B. WILLIAMS.”

Mr. and Mrs. Larson's home was in the Upper City of Kalgan, some two miles from the American Board compound. Mrs. Larson had a little seven weeks' baby, but on receiving Etta's note, she took the baby and went over to be with her. Mrs. Larson has written of those last days.

“It had seemed to me that Miss Williams looked pale after the strain of nursing her scholars. But she said it was only that she had lost sleep, and would be all right soon. When her note came Tuesday I took the baby and went over immediately. I found her looking very ill, but not in bed. Talking tired her and she spoke slowly. I had her go to bed, and stayed with her until she died on May 30th. She thought it a touch of pleurisy. I felt sure it was the dreaded typhus fever, and lifted my heart to the Lord Jesus to be with us. And He was. Do not feel, dear friends, that it was accident that she should give her life as it were for her girls, or that her death was owing to lack of medical skill. It seemed to me that she could not have recovered in any case. The Lord Jesus just wanted her home, and took her. It was a terrible disease. Many of the Chinese women were afraid to come and help watch, but Mrs. Yu Fu and Mrs. Sung helped all they could. I had my little baby in the next room, and went from one to the other. Miss Williams gave me commissions for different women, and wanted the school closed and the girls sent home. In these directions she was clear, but soon she grew delirious, and called for her

mother. For two days she called me 'Mamma.' Thursday she was quite wild, and no one could help, for the Chinese women were frightened, and they could do nothing with her. With me, she was docile, and a little talking would quiet her down. That night when no one would help, Jesus came very near us in the sick-room. Etta spoke of it, and I felt Him, and she slept all night. She had not slept before. Friday noon, our nearest neighbor Mrs. Söderbom from Hsuan Hua, twenty miles away, came to help, and we took turns with her. Saturday she was wild again and Mrs. Söderbom had hard work to get her to lie down. She thought the house was burning and the schoolgirls and her father being killed. Your father will tell you the rest. Mr. Friedstrom had gone to meet the returning party and hasten them, and Mr. Williams reached here Saturday noon. That evening she knew Mrs. Sung and others. I gave her a verse and she smiled. She seemed to know that she would not live, but the fear she had in the beginning was taken away. She spoke of that. And after that she fell into a heavy stupor until the end,—just breathed herself to sleep.

“It seems wonderful to think of her being with Jesus. She lived close to Him here, and seemed to become better acquainted with Him in these last few years.”

(Letter from her father.)

“*Kalgan, June 1, 1898.*”

“DEAR CHILDREN :

“Etta passed away May 30th at 10.45 P. M., after eleven days' sickness. It was the typhus of which Miss Diament died, and she took it from her scholars as Miss Diament did. When I saw her, it seemed certain that no physician's aid could avail. I came Saturday morning, and she recognized me, and smiled. On Sunday she

was in a stupor, sometimes speaking incoherently in Chinese, but mostly quiet.

“The Chinese were afraid we were not giving enough water, and the women and girls would slip in at the back door to take water to her. It was hard to keep them away. We had ice, and gave much water. The school-girls were sent off in two carts. They were all crying. By Monday evening it was all over. We held the service Tuesday noon, and she was buried beside her mother and Miss Diamant. So now there are three graves side by side, and three to rise together at the resurrection of the just.

“Miss Diamant and Etta both died at their posts, caring for their scholars in a contagious disease. Etta died on the day Margaret and Anna were born,—Decoration Day. Like the soldiers, she died for others, and may well be remembered with them.

“It was Providence that Mrs. Larson was near. Though with a young baby she watched over Etta three or four days when she was delirious. Then Mrs. Söderbom came and helped four more days till the end. God was good to send such help. Doubtless a physician could have done no more for her than was done vainly for Dr. McBride. The disease is often uncontrollable. Caution against contagion is the only sure help. The children from whom she took the fever had it so lightly that no one recognized the disease, thinking it scarlet fever. And Etta found it difficult to find Chinese women to wait on the sick ones properly. The Spragues stayed till the girls were well, and Etta showed no sign of illness then.

“In her brief life, Etta had good opportunities for being useful. At school she was loved. In her three years at Santee, she won the affection of her scholars, and in her five years here, she showed her interest in the

women and schoolgirls. She delighted in touring, and the Chinese felt that she was born among them and loved them. So that she has not lived or died in vain. I can say that this is God's will and 'His will be done.'

"Etta was of a sunny nature, never faultfinding, contented in all circumstances, generous, making others happy with her bright sayings. The Swedish ladies loved her. Miss Haven said, when I spoke of Etta's plan to spend the coming summer at the Western Hills, 'I do enjoy being with her.'

"Hsin Wu mourned at the grave, feeling that she had lost her last friend. We shall help her sometimes still of course.

"Within a little more than a year have come two gaps in our family.

"It is good to think of Etta and your mother together with Christ. So all is well.

"Your loving father,

"MARK WILLIAMS."

Mrs. Sprague wrote in a letter to friends :

"Etta was delightful company, always cheerful, with something amusing to talk about. In her most trying experiences with the Chinese, she always found something funny, and she had an inimitable way of telling of her experiences which made her the life of our little circle. And how she loved her schoolgirls! She loved to pet them and was only anxious to be quite impartial in showing affection. When she was nursing the two little girls from whom she took the contagion, she had no idea that their illness was anything alarming, and told me that she quite enjoyed the girls' little sickness for it gave her a chance to pet them, and give little dainties and show little favors without making the other children jealous."

Mrs. Goodrich wrote :

“ I shall always think of her as one of those disciplined ones who take a great delight in heaven. . . . How much I had hoped for her visit, personally,—how much for the children’s sake. She had such a sweet spirit, and won the children so ! God knows, yes, God knows all these ought-not-to-be things. He allows them, and out of them, in His infinite mercy, He always works good.”

(Etta’s letter “ To be Read if I die.”)

(This was written the night after her mother’s death, when Etta was worn with watching.)

“ *January 27, 1897.*

“ I felt a sinking at heart, and I trembled all over. It seemed as if I were going to die. So I got up and lighted a candle and wanted to write good-byes, and tell something of what was to be done for the large-footed girls to whom I give clothes, and my little money which is to be given to my brothers and sisters. My furniture bought when coming out goes to the W. B. M. I. I have been an unprofitable servant.

“ I promised Mrs. Sung a place to stay if she should become too feeble to work in the school. I would like some of my money used to pay her rent in that case. Also the gifts I promised to Jen Te Ming and Yu Chien. My books and pictures given as I have written below.

“ I write this in a sort of pain. Since mamma has died, I don’t feel certain of life. I’d like to say good-bye, especially to the nearest and dearest,—to ask their forgiveness for anything I have done or omitted that I should or should not have done, and if anything needs my forgiveness, they have it fully and my love.

“ Now I am going to bed, and I hope to sleep. ‘ What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.’ Lord, I trust, help Thou mine untrust.

“ HENRIETTA B. WILLIAMS.”

(Letter to Mrs. Bertha Harris Arnold.)

“These past months, I have been reaching out after God as I cannot remember having done before. I want to go to Him so much, though I am well, and not worried or in trouble. But it seems so good to think of going to One who is perfectly noble and wonderful, who wants me and cares for me.

“I cannot think of anything better than to adore some one who is worthy of worship, unless perhaps it is to be of great help to some one in great misery. And this is not better, but only a different kind of joy.

“I cannot quote the words of Erskine of Linlathen concerning the Duchess de Broglie. That in the midst of everything attractive, with beauty, position, intellect, admiration of the multitude and love of many friends, she cried out for God. That her heart craved the only Satisfier is the substance of the paragraph. I am not like her. It is because I am lonely that I reach out for God, and perhaps God made me lonely so that I should seek Him.

“I saw in Mrs. Prentiss’ Life this quotation : ‘Only God can satisfy a woman.’

“Do you know who said it? It is not given with any allusion to the author.

“I am so trifling about my reading. I reread some paper or magazine when I would really like my Bible better if only I had it in hand. And yet through all my failings and smallnesses and forgetfulness, there is the undercurrent thought, ‘I belong somewhere else. I am going to see Him surely some time, and be all filled with gladness, and waves of joy and worship will pour over me.’

“It’s good to think God is going to let me live near Him. I always imagined it would be easy to be good if I had some one who was very good whom I loved very much.”

With this letter to her college friend, Mrs. Arnold, it seems fitting to place a poem written during her college days at Oberlin, which is significant in its beautiful allegory.

HALLO! MY FANCY

- “Hallo! my fancy, where wilt thou lead me?
 Give me good reason why I should heed thee.
 What new dwelling for me hast thou built?
 What sight to see of airy tilt
 Between the Knights of the Table Round,
 Where noble Arthur fitly crowned
 Doth watch? Or is it far from these,
 In twilight woods, by massive trees,
 Where each tree hath its fostering maid
 Hiding from sight, with glance afraid?
 What one of these, my fancy?”
- “O soul of my charge, it is none of these,
 Neither thy castle in Spain, where the orange trees
 Wave to and fro with perfumed breath,
 And the nightingales sing of Love and Death,
 And the sighs of sad lovers filled with unrest,
 Are all in the plaintive night wind expressed;
 Nor thy cloud-castle, ever shifting,
 Where the winds, like boatmen, send it drifting.
 In this rare castle are countless halls,
 Through which the north wind whistles and calls,
 One hall is of rosy sunset cloud,
 Where fairy treasures on thee crowd.
 Red, gold, and yellow, thou hast in store,
 Aladdin's self could boast no more.
 One hall is made of a summer day's sky,
 With all its fancied imagery;
 The great white throne we saw one day,
 As under the trees, on the grass, we lay.
 A flock of sheep, a ship at sea,
 Are there as plain as plain may be.
 When the sun's gone down, and the moon's away,
 The stars are our candles, so bright are they.”

" Then is it my garden, with encircling wall?
 Against the stones, are my bookshelves tall.
 I open the door, and there comes from the shelf
 The Novelist, Poet, or Preacher, himself.
 More to me will he confide
 Than he uttered to all the world beside,
 When with spoken words he tried their ears,
 And they gave—not a laurel crown, but jeers.
 He tells me the story of his life,
 His loves, his hates, his work, his strife.
 Is it this that shall entrance me?
 But thou sayest, ' No, ' my fancy. ' '

And where we went, I cannot tell,
 Though it seemed that I saw all heaven and hell,
 And then was taken back to earth.
 But my shivering fancy had lost her mirth.
 Her butterfly wings were bruised and broken;
 She sadly said it was a token
 That our fair hopes and dreams so gay
 Like morning-glories had withered away.
 Poor fancy drooped her head, and bitter tears she shed,
 For the orange trees were dead, and the nightingales had
 fled
 From the beautiful castle in Spain.

In all my house of clouds there were left only shrouds,
 In which I laid away my dead hopes, now turned to clay,
 Yet some time they will rise,
 My fancy's wings so rare, will perhaps be yet more fair;
 She will castles build again, unseen by mortal men,
 Almost to reach the skies.

The following memorial sketch was written by Rev.
 W. P. Sprague, one of the senior missionaries at Kalgan,
 who had known Etta from childhood.

IN MEMORIAM

Henrietta Blodget Williams

My earliest recollections of Etta, as she was always
 called, were of a girl seven or eight years old, absorbed

with her book,—at first, pictures, then anything readable. She literally devoured everything within reach, including encyclopedias and histories.

Her power of concentration was remarkable. When reading, she was totally oblivious to whatever was going on around her, even the loud calling of her name. And sometimes her meals were sacrificed to her book.

She early learned the art of skimming through a book, and yet gaining and retaining all its essential ideas, and with a quick perception she grasped the aims, genius, and characteristics of each author read. She thus became an excellent judge of most of the writers of her day, and her criticisms, while original, were seldom at fault.

Had she chosen to devote herself to literary work, her rare acquaintance with others' writings, her vivid imagination, and especially her keen sense of humor, with her versatility of expression would almost certainly have made her a successful and popular writer. But she early determined to give herself and whatever talents she possessed to the uplifting of her downtrodden sisters in China.

To this end, on arriving in Kalgan, she attacked the language vigorously, and applying to it her well-trained memory and systematic habits of study, she soon recalled the language of her childhood, and also gained familiarity with the written character. When new missionaries came to the station, she was a great help to them in learning the language.

What she learned, Etta began early to use in teaching and preaching to women and children, and at once became a great favorite with all. Improved methods of study were introduced into her girls' school. She was specially interested in the anti-foot-binding movement, and in her school the number of girls with unbound feet increased in three years from one to thirteen.

But she could not rest in school work alone while so little was being done for the women outside. She secured an efficient teacher for the school, and gradually left some of the routine work to others while she went out on horse-back tours where there were Christian families, and her missionary horse became known in many places. In summer vacations, she rode to the most distant out-stations, from fifty to one hundred miles away. And everywhere she endeavored to teach the women and children to read the Bible and pray and sing. I remember meeting her on one of these distant tours. She was out in the chapel court after a service, giving further instruction to those who would listen. She had one child on her lap, held two others by the hand, while half a dozen others crowded against her, and a dozen women sat around, and all listened eagerly to her Bible stories, or tried to follow her in singing. She seemed for a time one of them. She wore the native women's costume, and greatly enjoyed eating Chinese food with them. Her visits were all too short for the people who clung to her and urged her to come again soon. Often and often I have been asked, "When is Miss Williams coming again?" She pleased all by doing so much for them.

It was just this giving of herself unreservedly to others' wants that cost her her life. For when her schoolgirls were taken sick there was nothing she did not do for them. She was with them night and day. The school room now became a hospital, for there were five girls down with the fever at once. Every real and imaginary want was attended to personally.

As there was no physician to be had (Dr. Waples had gone to America two months before), she did not suspect it was typhus until too late. As her father and Mr. and Mrs. Sprague had gone to mission meeting, she was quite alone with the girls except for the help of Chinese women.

The Swedish ladies in another part of the city offered to come, but she thought she did not need any help. And even when she came down, she was loth to call Mrs. Larson till she was barely able to write the word. In three days another lady, Mrs. Söderbom, came to help, and the next day her father returned. But then she was scarcely able to speak, though she recognized him, and expressed joy at seeing him. The third day after, her spirit took its flight into the Heavenly Land. While she entered into rest, and the reward of those who have given their lives for others, we were left to mourn her absence from us, and sorrow that one so well fitted and so much needed should be called from earthly service in less than five years from beginning work for these Chinese of her native city.

Who knows but this short, earnest, self-giving life may kindle the spiritual life of some, even many, who perhaps because of this death may be used of God in accomplishing great things in His kingdom? And is not this a call for some other self-denying volunteer to take up the fallen standard, and from her gained vantage ground, carry on this, the Master's work to a grand consummation?

*“Greater love hath no man than this, that
a man lay down his life for his friends.”*

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