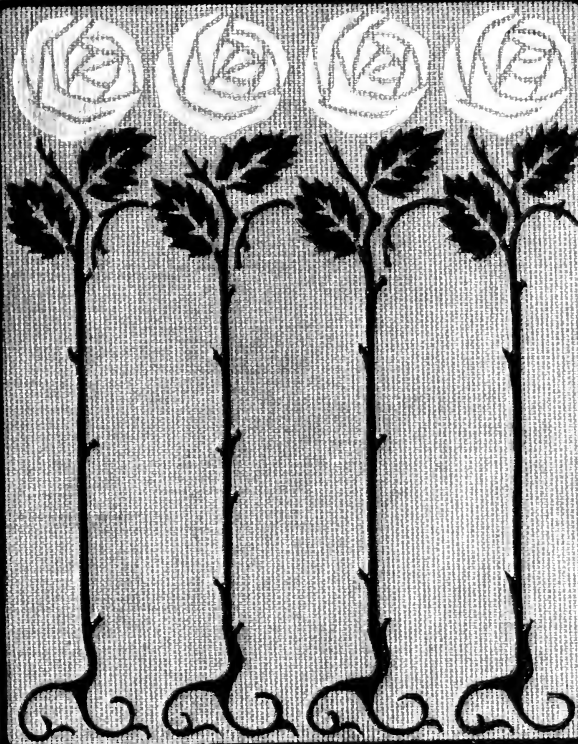


The Days of June

MARY CULLER WHITE



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THE DAYS OF JUNE

The Days of June

The Life Story of
June Nicholson

By
MARY CULLER WHITE



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Library
College of Liberal Arts
Boston University

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New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
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Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

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To all who loved June

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
The heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

—*Lowell.*

INTRODUCTION

WHEN the manuscript of this little book was sent for examination to me, as book editor, much work was ahead of it, I was very busy, and I laid it aside to await its turn. So busy was I that a special letter with a personal appeal from the author was not enough to persuade me that I ought to take it up out of its order. Shortly afterwards she came in person to my office and begged that, as she was soon to return to China, I would examine the manuscript and give my decision before she left America. I consented to take it up at once. I did so under pressure without and protest from within. But I had not read very far before the inward protest was swept away before the tide of emotions that were stirred within me; and I forgot all about the pressure of outward and other deferred work in my eagerness to continue and finish this increas-

ingly fascinating story of the brave South Carolina maiden-martyr, "June" Nicholson, who is its subject.

As a story, it is, barring the irresistible humour of that fetching sketch, the equal of "the Lady of the Decoration," and in compelling moral power, it is superior to it. I have read several books on missionary topics ; but I never read a book that makes you *see and feel* both the conditions that exist among the heathen and the actual every-day experiences of missionary life as does this modest but vivid delineation. It ought to be scattered everywhere, North, South, East, West. Thousands of copies ought to be sold and I believe will be sold. I know of nothing that would so get into people's hearts and create there a real longing to have a part in the work that so absorbed and consumed the beautiful life of beautiful "June" Nicholson.

GROSS ALEXANDER,

Book Editor, and Editor

"Methodist Review."

FOREWORD

TO make a book as attractive as its subject—this has been the author's ideal. To win people into real friendship with a real character, just as she won them in life—this has been the author's hope.

It might have been done differently—it might have been done better, but in every line of character delineated here, and in every glint of colour, the author has been true to the subject and the setting just as she knew them.

The stories and incidents are told as June Nicholson loved to tell them and much of the information was culled from her letters.

The material in the sketch called "The Chinese Subscription Book" was taken from an article prepared by Miss Nicholson for publication and the story of "Mei-ling" was written by a colleague in McTyeire School.

All of the sketches are true, and nothing is changed except the names of a few minor characters. If you care to travel so far, you can find McTyeire School at 4 Thibet Road, Shanghai, China, or if you wish evidence nearer home, there is a simple gravestone in South Carolina bearing the inscription,

*“ Jennie Hughes Nicholson
Lovingly called June.
Born February 15th, 1870.
Died February 11th, 1907.
Appointed to China by the W. B. F. M.
September 12th, 1901.
Returned to America broken in Health
February 4th, 1906.
Realizing her condition she sent
back this message:—
‘ As always, so now also Christ shall be
magnified in my body, whether it be by life,
or by death. Philipp. 1 : 20.’ ”*

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The Days of June

I

THE FIRST JUNE SUNSHINE

THE day after Valentine's day a new baby came to the plantation home. It was only six years after the great war had closed, and everything about the old place spoke of the ease and dignity of the past merged into the struggle of the present. They gave the baby a dignified name to accord with her surroundings and she was launched into life as Jane Hughes Nicholson. But the cold gray days of February gave place to the laughing days of June, and the baby kicked and cooed and grew; and somehow the name they had given her did not fit. Jane was soon softened to Jennie and for euphony they added June, but nothing stuck until, by an inspiration, they discarded the Jennie, saying, "She is our sunshine. We will call her June."

II

A FOREGLEAM

ONE day little June sat in the back room rocking the baby—for other babies had come to the home and there was always a baby for willing June to rock.

In the front room sat June's Mă, which word all the children pronounced in the delightful South Carolina way—*Man*. She was entertaining a caller and June could hear the guest giving the news of the day.

“Governor Blank is dead,” he said.

“Is he?” said Mă, and June caught a note of sadness and of pity.

“Yes,” said the caller, “a bad man gone.”

“And I know why he was bad,” quickly responded Mă. “When he was young he was called to preach and he would not yield to the call. That is why he plunged into wickedness of which this is the end.”

The little girl in the back room felt her heart stand still. A chill of dread crept over her. What an awful thing, she thought, to be a man and have to face such questions. The next thought was more comforting. She was not a man and could not be called to preach. But in the midst of this comfort, the Holy Spirit came and said, "You are not a man and you cannot preach, but you can be a foreign missionary."

Further conversation in the front room was lost on her ears. She still rocked the baby, but the struggle of her life had begun.

III

BEYOND THE GARDEN SPOT

FIFTEEN years and more sped by. June Nicholson, a little past twenty-five, was seated on a train pulling into Atlanta. Her battle had been fought—she thought it had been won. Upon the death of her father, the family had removed to Cedar Grove, as they called the homestead on the maternal side of the family; and here, under the instruction of capable governesses, she had received her education. Following this, she had turned teacher to the younger members of the family and had prepared her brothers for college. But all responsibility had been lightened by youth and joy. The halls and porches of the fine old place had been merry with her laughter and bright with her wit. The stately house had seemed to live again in the glory of ante-bellum days, as the new generation of young people grew to man-

hood and womanhood there ; for the brothers and sisters numbered nine, besides cousins living with them, and just across the creek at Aunt Sallie's there were nine others—also Nicholsons—and double first cousins to the nine at Cedar Grove. Eighteen young Nicholsons were on these adjoining plantations and other cousins and aunts and uncles and in-laws scattered over the country for miles around.

These country homes were favourite resorts for the young people of Edgefield, the county seat, and many were the house parties, the military picnics, the walks, the drives, and the glad free canters along the country roads. And in it all, the life and soul of the joy and sunshine, had been June—the dependence of her mother, the pride of her brothers and sisters, and the joy of almost unnumbered friends. There was not a foot of ground on the plantation which she did not know and love, not a negro who did not delight to serve her, and not an animal that did not know her voice and touch. Was ever lot

more fair or life more sweet? And yet she was turning her back on it all—on Edgefield County, South Carolina—the garden spot of her universe, and was starting for Kansas City to attend the Scarritt Bible and Training School for missionaries and other Christian workers. As she sat on the train it all came rushing over her again—the dear, dear home and the loved ones there. She had left them before for visits, but this was different. She was going now to take a two years' course in a far-away school and she saw that it was but the beginning of a wider separation to come by and by. Dear Cedar Grove—how could she leave it? How could there be people who were really worth loving and living among, outside of the charming circle there?

Thus she was thinking when the train stopped in Atlanta, where the journey demanded a change of cars. Here she was to say good-bye to her last relative, and to go on alone. The cords that bound her to Edgefield were tightening as she sought to

break them, and everything within her seemed to rise up and say she could not do it. She hurriedly left the train, sold her ticket to Kansas City and prepared to return home. But her trunk had to be got off the train, and for this she went to the baggage-master.

"My trunk is checked to Kansas City," she said; "but I am not going, and I want to get it off."

"Surrender your ticket," was the businesslike reply, "and you can get your trunk."

"I can't," she said, "for I have sold it. But I must have my trunk. Won't you please get it off?" Unwittingly the depth of her feeling was showing itself in her voice.

"Why aren't you going where you started?" said the man, evidently touched.

"Because I am homesick," she blurted out.

"Well," said the man, "if that is the case I guess I will have to let you have your

trunk. It's against the rules and I ought not to do it, but if you are homesick—that's a different matter."

But he knew not with whom he was dealing. The would-be missionary had recovered herself.

"No you won't," she said. "I'll not let you do for me anything you ought not to do. I'll go and buy back my ticket and go on to Kansas City."

And she did.

IV

CLOUDS DISPELLED

THE big city—the busy school—the regulation—the routine—she was plunged into the midst of it all. And the homesickness? Yes, she had it—a bad case—just as bad as she had thought it would be, and her imagination had been lively.

The teachers were kind, the students sympathetic, and the course of study engrossing; but it was not *home*, and the very screens in the windows gave her a feeling of suffocation. Accustomed to a whole plantation to breathe in, she felt she would die if she could not knock those screens out.

A year later, she was looking around among the new students for somebody, as she said, “as miserable as I was a year ago.” She wanted to comfort her. But

according to her own account, the search was vain.

For three months after her arrival there was no abatement of her misery. Homesickness did its worst; but at the end of that time the new environment began to work a cure for the disease it had wrought.

The house was full of busy women, each sustained by a high purpose. The faculty lived to develop the students, and the students lived to take advantage of the opportunities and prepare for trained service. Some of them were volunteers for the foreign field, some were training for home mission work, and some simply for self-improvement; but all were earnestly and happily working at the studies assigned them.

And the farther June advanced in the studies the more interesting they became. The research demanded by a thorough course in the English Bible, the mysteries of medical lectures, the practical points of bookkeeping and the theory and practice of methods of

Christian work, were sufficient to absorb her every thought. Besides the regular duties of study, there was another heavy claim on her time in that she elected not to accept a scholarship, but to work her way through school by answering the door-bell. This would leave her free from obligation when she was graduated, and she could then decide, finally, her great life question—the foreign field or America? She thought it would be the foreign field, and she wanted to be of the highest use when she got there, so she added music to her already heavy course.

Faithfully she worked, even while she was homesick, and application and determination effected a cure. Long before her junior year was over she was a happy member of the Training School family, loving and beloved. And she was doing well with her studies. The music and the door-bell were heavy extras, but her mind was clear and active, her memory good, and her common sense unflinching.

Once her duties on the door-bell got her into

trouble. It was one night when she answered the summons and admitted the medical lecturer for the evening. She took him to the principal's office to register. There on the desk lay the open register in which were the names of all the lecturers since the time the school began. The book was neatly kept, for the principal was neat and demanded neatness. On this night the doctor signed as usual and Miss Nicholson looked round for the blotter which was always in the book. It was not there! But the book must be closed and the doctor taken to the lecture room where the class, of which Miss Nicholson was a member, was already assembled. She looked at the signature. The ink was wet. She could not wait—the principal was prompt and demanded promptness. Ah, the gas jet! She would just hold the book near it a moment and the ink would dry. Quickly the thought was carried out, but eager haste took the book too near and the page caught fire. She had it out in an instant, but there was

the scorched and blackened page on the hitherto perfect register. She laid it down and went to the lecture, very little of which she heard. At her first free moment she took the book to that kindest of souls, dear Miss J., the sister of the principal.

“What shall I do with it?” she asked in real distress. And then from the depths of her tender heart Miss J. concocted a plan as nearly wicked as anything Miss J. ever planned or did. “You might just cut out the leaf,” she said, “and copy those signatures on the following page. Then you needn’t say anything to anybody about it.”

But the next day courage found a better way. The marred book was taken, just as it was, to the principal herself, and courage met its own reward in that the incident was passed over—the accident pardoned.

V

SENIOR SNAP-SHOTS

MISS NICHOLSON arrived a few days late at the beginning of her senior year. No Atlanta episode this time, but the illness of her mother, had kept her. So the students, new and old, had arrived and the school had begun before she could get back.

Among the new students was the one who was to be Miss Nicholson's junior "on the door-bell," and the two were assigned a room together and seats at the same table so that together they might watch the bell and answer its every call.

The bedroom assigned was known as Centenary—a large pleasant room with a view of a near-by ravine and the distant river. Two others were to be in this room also, Miss Godbey, a sub-senior and a singer,

and Miss Harbaugh, a senior of wide practical experience and the private secretary of the principal.

From the time the new Junior arrived some of the students began to congratulate her on the prospect of rooming with Miss Nicholson, and in a few days she decided that this unknown young woman must be a very delightful person.

One evening at twilight most of the students were on the veranda, when somebody was seen coming up the walk from the car line. There was a cry—a commotion; the newcomer was surrounded and escorted into the house amid glad cries, “June Nicholson—June Nicholson.” There was a hospital on the third floor of the school and all noise or loud talking in the halls was strictly prohibited. But that welcoming procession ascended the stairs and went through the halls, breaking every rule that obstructed its line of march.

It brought up at Centenary and triumphantly introduced Miss Nicholson to her

new quarters. But the new roommate was not there. From the veranda she had been a silent witness of the whole scene. When the procession had swept by, she was left alone in the twilight—the sole occupant of the porch.

By and by she went up to Centenary and was introduced. She noted the tall form—the somewhat accentuated thinness, the graceful carriage, the stylish clothes, the refined face, and kindly manner. No, it was not going to be hard to know Miss Nicholson. And unconsciously to them both that day marked the beginning of a friendship that was to stretch to the ends of the earth and to go on to the bounds of time.

Happy days followed—days of hard study for everybody. The seniors talked learnedly of the “courses of thought” of the Pauline Epistles and spoke familiarly of Dr. George C. Fisher, walking around with his weighty volume of Church History under their arms.

These lofty thoughts were interspersed with days of district visiting and hours of

housework. Everywhere in the institution there was order, system, neatness. In Centenary the quartette had become fast friends and they decided to apply the system of general housework to the care of their own room—only with this awful penalty added—if any one left any part of her work undone or failed to put in its proper place any article of her personal belongings, she was condemned to clean the entire room alone on the morning succeeding such negligence. The only sympathy she received in the time-consuming task was that occasionally one of her loving roommates would look up from a text-book to say, “I’m sorry for you, dear ; I know you need this time on your lessons, but you really must learn to be more careful.” Suffice it to say that Centenary stayed in order.

Another tie that bound the four together was their merriment over the necessary economies. Those who, in mature life, have worked their way through any course of study, will understand. One of the Cente-

nary group made a record of two years on twenty-five dollars for clothes and incidentals, and has thereby gone down into history; while almost any of the others could have written an able treatise on "Having Nothing, and How to Live on It." They named themselves "The Ruggles Family," saying there were not enough good clothes to go around, and so all four could never go out at once.

One good brother who attended the nearby church, heard the jokes and failed to understand. It was whispered around that he was talking about the Training School students being *destitute*. Hearing this Miss Nicholson and the Junior took a nickel to Sunday-school and asked this brother to change it, telling him that several of them wanted to contribute to the collection. He had the wit to refuse, and the next Sunday he retaliated by bringing a penny to the same young ladies to be changed.

Miss Nicholson's friends at the Training School were gradually introduced by long-distance connection to the family at Cedar

Grove. The wire over which this acquaintance proceeded was Miss Nicholson's love and loyalty. She had found that she could be happy away from home, but she never forgot that it was to home she belonged. Her dearest themes of conversation were "Mă," "Uncle Robert," "Aunt Jennie," the brothers and sisters, aunts, cousins, and uncles. She kept up with home politics, too, reporting at one time seven candidates for governor from the political hot-bed of her home county. A true child of the soil that had produced fighting Ben Tillman, Senator Butler, Governor Pickens, and the other Edgefield notables, she could wax hot in protestation or eloquent in defense. One of her fellow students, having dared to differ with her, retired, remarking, "You had better keep the blue blood of South Carolina cool."

The senior year was drawing to a close. Together with the other missionary candidates, Miss Nicholson had sent in her application to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and had been accepted. If all went

well she would sail for China in the Fall. If all did not go well—if the family still opposed—ah, there was the rub. She knew not what she could do. No longer for self did she want to stay, but there were those who were dearer than self, and obedience to God meant opposition to them. She did not know how it would come out. She only knew that outside the Golden Gate that shut in America and the loved ones, was a land whose need was calling her, and that her face was turned westward in answer to that call.

VI

WAITING

FOLLOWING graduation came the Board meeting and appointments; Miss Nicholson for China—Miss Harbaugh for Korea. But almost before their preparations for departure were begun, the sword, the stake, the headsman's axe had been turned loose on the missionaries already in China. Chapels were in flames and stations devastated. It was true that the Boxer uprising was anti-foreign, not strictly anti-missionary, the German ambassador being killed with the rest. And it was also true that nearly all the trouble was in North China—not in Shanghai, where Miss Nicholson was expected to go. But all the East was in a state of upheaval. Missionaries were called in from the interior by their consuls, and all work suspended. It was a most fortunate time for furloughs for all those

whose Boards could afford to send them home. Clearly it was not a time to send new workers to the field.

And in the South Carolina home another storm was raging. They understood the daughter's decision, and they understood that the delay was only temporary. Their love claimed June as their own. How could they give her up to go out into the distance and the danger? But they were Christians! The courage with which June was now opposing them had come to her through lessons in the Christian life imparted from their own lips. Yes, it was hard, but they could have done it, had it not been for a secret fear—June was frail. Her energy kept her from knowing it, and she managed, after repeated examinations, to get a full health certificate from the somewhat dubious doctors. What if, in that trying climate, June should lose her health or her life, and the sacrifice prove vain? No! They were opposed to it! She ought not to try it. The risk was too great.

Under the strain the mother grew ill, and

all that year it was not the Boxer troubles so much as the mother's condition that kept June at home. At times Mă was better, the very thought of China for her darling was enough to make her ill again.

But winter passed and spring came. It was June again and Board meeting time. The Junior, left behind at the Training School—the one fragment from the Centenary group—had seen Miss Harbaugh depart in midwinter for Korea, and had listened to a final exhortation from her friend to the effect that she, too, should settle the question of life-work and apply to be sent out as a missionary. Their hands had touched in good-bye, as the half-willing Junior gave the laconic reply, "If I do I hope I shall,"—and then the street-car had borne the traveller away. Later, this ex-Junior made the decision, signed the volunteer card, and in June she met Miss Nicholson at the Board meeting.

Order had been restored in China now, and new workers could be sent out. Miss

Nicholson was again assigned to China, and with her, the Junior and Miss A., another new worker.

Juniors are not juniors after they graduate, but this one ever considered herself Miss Nicholson's junior friend and missionary and counted herself happy to start out on her life-work in such company.

But how could June go? How could she leave home any more than she could leave the year before? What would be the effect on the delicate health of the mother? She did not know. Sadly she said, "If Mă were not a Christian it would not be hard to oppose her. But she is such a strong Christian, it breaks my heart to have to go against her." One day she said, "I feel as if all eighteen young Nicholsons were pulling on me to hold me back." And again, "If I could only start now, while I am away from home,—if I could go without the good-byes! I do not know how I will ever get away if I have to go back home and say farewell formally."

But God, who had assuredly called her, and in whom she put her trust, came and spoke calmness and courage through the verse, "Ye shall not go out by haste, nor go by flight; for the Lord will go before you and the God of Israel will be your reward." In the strength of this she turned her face homeward for the last preparations and the final good-bye.

And God was faithful. It was all easier than she had thought. Mă rallied, and gathering together all she could of strength and courage, opposed no longer, but even did what her strength permitted in helping forward the preparations.

At last it was over and Miss Nicholson had started. What that good-bye cost on both sides is written only in the records of God.

VII

“WESTWARD HO!”

THE steamer *China* of the Pacific Mail Company lay in dock at San Francisco. At the Occidental Hotel a great missionary party was gathering. Men and women, with long years of noble service behind them, were turning glad faces to the sea, eager to get back to their work. Young men and young women were there—raw recruits, eager to be of use, and yet so ignorant of what awaited them.

Other travellers too were gathering. The representatives of army and navy—the wife and daughter of a consul—the cultured tourist and the professional globe-trotter—the commercial traveller and the man to sell liquor in the Philippines.

All was bustle and preparation. Miss Nicholson and the Junior went down to the steamer office to perfect arrangements, and

while they waited, they had their first good view of the Chinamen. The Pacific steamers carry hundreds in their Asiatic steerage and the Chinamen were coming to buy their tickets. They wore coats and trousers of Chinese cut, and as they came in Miss Nicholson exclaimed, "Look there! Look there! Do you suppose they all look like that? Look at that man's queue trailing on the floor, and see the other one with his queue tucked into his pocket." And half amused, half fearful, she gazed at them. If they were all like that, could she love them and could she teach them?

The day for sailing came and the hour for embarkation. The others of the immediate party were leaving the hotel when Miss Nicholson touched the Junior and turning to an alcove said, "Come, Little Family, let us have a last prayer." Quietly they knelt and poured out their hearts before God. With a catch in their voices they committed to His care the loved ones left behind, and then claimed His strength for the untried

field before them. Then they arose full of divine strength and hope.

Thronging friends crowded the dock and, as the steamer loosed her cables, they waved a good-bye to the friends on board. Miss Nicholson and the Junior had no friends west of the Missouri River and the faces of the crowd were lost on them; but it was America they were leaving—America that held the loved ones, and every moment the water between them and the shore was widening—widening. A graphophone, brought on deck by the commercial traveller, struck up

“Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
There’s no use to ask me why.”

But even amid this discord of thought, hearts kept their sacrament and knew they were going “in remembrance of Him.”

VIII

A SIDE-LIGHT

THE *China* was crowded. Every cabin had its three berths taken. Some of the sub-officers even vacated their rooms and turned them over to the passengers "for a consideration."

The steamer wasn't very big, as boats go, but she was the biggest, fastest boat on her line, and on this trip she carried one hundred and twenty first-class passengers.

Nearly a month on board, and in that close contact which steamer life exacts! There was plenty of time to get acquainted, and on this trip all classes mixed well. The missionaries tipped the scale at a little more than half the total of passengers, since they numbered sixty-five. It was an unusual number, but this was almost the first ship-load after the Boxer troubles, and many, like Miss Nicholson, had been waiting nearly a year.

The life on board naturally centred

around a few strong personalities. One of these was Captain Park, who had been one of the victorious leaders of our volunteer army in the Philippines. He was now returning to the Islands, still in the service of the government. It was reported on board that he disliked missionaries—thought they had “horns” or something of the kind. Anyway, they were “thoroughly objectionable people and strictly to be let alone.”

He was pointed out to the group of young women of which Miss Nicholson and the Junior formed a part. They saw a tall man of about forty, with military figure, white hair, and clear, piercing blue eyes—eyes to look straight through you. Clearly this was no ordinary man. They would be glad to meet him. Perhaps they could help disabuse his mind about the horns.

One day the Junior fell into conversation with him and it was not long until the talk had drifted to subjects on which they disagreed—the world—the Church—missions and missionaries. Then they just couldn't

help it! They fell to and fought—with keen delight in the argument. But it was a “hornless” combat and they came off such friends that they wanted to renew the war as soon as convenient.

Watching this interesting character, the young women saw that he was making a number of friends among the missionaries. He took his exercise by pacing the deck with two other men—one of whom looked like a western miner, and the other, like a bishop *ought* to look. After a week or so of sailing the smaller groups of friends were merged into larger ones, and Captain Park became the centre of the group to which the young missionaries belonged. He enlivened four o'clock tea and nine o'clock ginger-snaps with stories never told by land or sea—stories of the struggles in the Philippines, and the brave lads who never came home—stories of camp life—stories of his own boyhood, and dear, tender stories of the wife back in the States. Somewhere about mid-ocean he told the best story of all. He had

round him an appreciative audience of missionaries, and near him sat the "should-be bishop." The story ran like this:—

When he got to San Francisco he found that the steamer was crowded and the best he could do was to take a cabin with two other men. He came down to the dock not knowing who these men were, but in great fear lest they should be missionaries. He looked over the crowd and approached the first harmless looking man he saw. (He knew he was harmless because he was smoking.) He eagerly asked this man if he was sailing on the *China* and if he knew his cabin mates. But when the reply gave him no help as to his own roommates, he turned away, and searched again until he found a second harmless looking man—also smoking.

This one he accosted in the same way and found that he was to be in stateroom No. 10.

"Good!" the captain ejaculated, "that's my stateroom too. We'll go together." And then he added, "They tell me there

are a lot of missionaries on this boat, but the best two out of three we're all right now. Let's go down and look at the cabin."

When they reached No. 10 they saw in it trunks marked "Appenzeller," and a deck of cards on the shelf. "Appenzeller," said the smoker meditatively, "Appenzeller, I guess that's Dutch, ain't it?"

"I guess so. And see the cards! I think we're all right." But just at that moment a man appeared in the cabin door and the captain looked him over. Now the captain had been about the world some, and he had seen men. But somehow, that name, and that deck of cards, and that face didn't go together. But the stranger stood there smiling and said pleasantly, "Gentlemen, is this your cabin? Well, it is mine too. I guess we had better get acquainted. We'll just tell each other who we are. My name is Appenzeller, and I am a missionary. My business is to send men to heaven."

"My name is Park," said the captain.

"I'm a soldier. My business is to send them to the other place."

"My name," said the third, "is Gallagher—Mike Gallagher, and I'm a miner. My business is to furnish them with the money to go to either place they want to."

Mr. Appenzeller put out a Korean Bible, saying, "Gentlemen, help yourselves. Read this whenever you want to."

Captain Park got out a box of Manila cigars, saying, "Help yourselves. Smoke these whenever you want to."

Mr. Gallagher took out a bottle, saying, "Gentlemen, help yourselves. Drink this whenever you want to."

From that moment, in the language of Mr. Gallagher, the three men were "Pards." The deck of cards left by a former passenger disappeared and nothing occurred to mar the freedom of the intercourse in Cabin No. 10.

On the first Sunday out Mr. Appenzeller, for twenty years a leader of mission work in Korea, was put up to preach. Mr. Gallagher came gravely to Captain Park, saying, "What

be we going to do?" "I don't know," said the captain, "I suppose we must go." "We can't go back on our 'Pard,'" said Mr. Gallagher decidedly. And so it transpired that these two were in the congregation and there they made acquaintances among other missionaries. They knew they liked Mr. Appenzeller and they gradually found that they liked some of the rest; and before the voyage was over the purser mistook Captain Park for a missionary and moved him to a table being made up of missionaries only. To the missionaries the captain protested that the other people—the card players, etc., were "his crowd," but he never showed it by staying with them, and he was keenly amused at the purser's mistake, being careful not to correct it.

After Yokohama had been passed the captain told another story. "Back in my State," he said, "and out in the country, lives a cousin of mine—Sol Somebody. Sol makes nine hundred dollars a year, and he and his wife live on four hundred dollars and send

the other five hundred over here to Japan to support a missionary. The missionary is a young fellow who works in the interior. The head of their mission, Dr. Obese, lives in one of the ports and when I was out here before, I went to see him. But I did not get in. I know he was asleep, and I don't believe he is doing anything anyhow. The young fellow off in the country *may* be; I rather think he is. But a missionary job in a port means a good house and a good time. So when I went home I said, 'Look here, Sol, you're wasting your money. I have been over yonder and I know. I've seen a good deal of this missionary business. You can save your money and keep it at home.' That was the way it stood when I left him. But," continued the captain with a wave of his hand at the port just passed, "when we were in Yokohama I sent back a letter and said, 'Sol, I am crossing the Pacific with the largest body of missionaries that ever sailed for the East. Some of them are nice and some of them are not. But I guess you can just send out your

money this year, Sol, and I will look into this thing more carefully and let you know.' ”

At the next port, Kobe, the first break came. It was here that the passengers for Korea would leave the others and go on in such a boat as they could get. “Number 10” was robbed of two of its occupants and the whole party hung over the rail and waved a good-bye as Mr. Appenzeller and Mr. Gallagher got into a sampan and were rowed out of sight.

At Shanghai another break was to come, and the captain spent the remaining time with the party which would leave the vessel there. Miss Nicholson had opportunity for a last quiet talk, and full of appreciation of his nobility of soul, she made an earnest appeal for the Christian life. His words protested in answer, but his eyes gave assent that she was right. He promised nothing, but he could not forget.

And so the trio in No. 10 was broken up—as remarkable a trio as ever crossed the ocean. And one of the three still digs gold

—shining yellow gold—in the American mines of North Korea.

And the second—the one who went for that better Korean gold, lies in an unknown spot at the bottom of the sea, off the coast of the gold-field he loved. After his return on the *China*, there was only one short season of digging, and then as he started to another section of the work on a little coasting boat, there came a fog and a collision, and he ceased digging forever, for the Master had called and taken him home.

And the third—did he make good? Ah, the third is standing for the American government to a whole province in the Philippine Islands. With keen insight and an impartial hand he has been meting out judgment and justice, and unmindful of the difficulties, has been lifting and leading the simple natives under his care. To the missionaries in his province he has been a friend and adviser. And who shall say that he, too, is not digging gold, not only gold for the government, but gold for the Master as well. And the end is not yet.

IX

INTRODUCED TO THE ORIENT

A ROLLING sea and mud-red water gave notice of the ship's approach to China. At sunset the Saddle Islands were sighted and all the returning missionaries, even the seasick ones, brightened up at the sight. They were unaffectedly glad to get back to their work, and they spoke of their stations in China as "home."

Not so the new ones. To them the voyage had been a blessed interim between the parting from home and the taking up of the new life. They could not tell how it was going to be with a new language, new problems, and a new people. Could they have just sailed on and on, they would have been glad. But the anchor was cast on nearing Woosung and the passengers notified that a steam launch would take them up the river

to Shanghai the next morning. When daylight came, they found themselves in the mouth of the Whangpoo River with the shore of China stretching away in low, flat lines of mud.

The gay breezes of autumn swept over the river the next day as the steam launch, or "tender," took the party and their baggage on the fifteen-mile run up the river. The nearer they approached Shanghai the more foreign buildings they saw—most of them trade-marks of British capital. At last the city itself came into view, with its broad Bund, its public garden, and its mixture of Chinese and foreign architecture. A large group of people marked the jetty where the tender was to stop. The people on shore were gaily waving at the incoming boat and the passengers waved in return. The new recruits turned away. There could be nobody in that crowd to welcome them. They waited as long as possible and then gripped themselves hard and landed—not, as they thought, amid people who knew not nor

cared, but landed in the arms, so to speak, of their mission; Miss R., Miss A., Miss P., and so on and so on to the full extent of every member of the mission who lived in Shanghai or could possibly get there.

And then came the greetings of the natives, the Bible women, the preachers who were down to welcome their co-labourers, the returning missionaries. The new recruits were pulled this way and that in introductions and welcomes and hand-shakes. They knew it was not all for them, but they were glad to be in it anyway; and they began to realize what reinforcement meant to the struggling workers on the field. "We have heard about you," said some one to Miss Nicholson, "and have been waiting for you three years or more."

After the hubbub of introductions had subsided, the newcomers were told to identify their baggage and give it to the wheelbarrow men who were pushing into the crowd. A polylingual hullabulloo followed over a free-for-all fight for the unchecked baggage.

But at last the great pile of trunks was dissected, even the coolies satisfied and nobody killed. Then Miss Nicholson, Miss A., and the Junior were taken in charge and each put into a jinrikisha. They felt awkward and out of place—like grown up children riding in so many baby carriages; but the order was given for the mission home, the human steeds seized the shafts and the party dashed off, single file, up the Nanking Road.

Oh, shades of the Champs Elysees! Oh, proud avenue of the Parisians! Orientalize yourself and you become the Nanking Road. Turn your ever flying automobile into a jinrikisha, your motor busses into lumbering wheelbarrows; let your carriages remain as they are, only let the driving be more furious and the livery more gay; let your bicycles roll on and your occasional wagon be turned into a half-ashamed Sedan chair; add passengers and pedestrians of every nationality, and turn all this into a double procession hurrying in both directions

through the most wonderful Anglo-Chinese street in the world, and then, oh, Paris! you are outdone! You have lost in colour more than you have gained in speed.

The newcomers looked around in astonishment. Could this be China? They were lost in bewilderment until a sudden turn brought them into Thibet Road and their 'rikshas were dumped down at a gate marked "McTyeire Home." Inside, there was a pleasant yard with a long two-storied building of red and gray brick. Across the lawn was a church, made picturesque by clinging vines, and the whole was surrounded by a substantial brick wall. At their approach, the door of the long building flew open and Miss Richardson, the head of the establishment, said, "Welcome to McTyeire!" Together with some of the returning missionaries, they were ushered into the pleasant parlour. Somebody started the doxology, then two somebodies led in prayer, and their welcome was complete.

X

LIGHT AND SHADE IN SOOCHOW

THE next two weeks were packed with novel experiences for June Nicholson. There was the house-boat trip to Soochow on which she and her companions took with them bedding and food and drinking water, and even a face basin, to use on the boat, which, they were assured by the initiated, was bare, but not uninhabited. How small and clumsy the little craft seemed; how stolid looking the Chinese oarsmen! Everybody laughed when Miss A. smilingly asked the privilege of talking with the "ship's officers." How eagerly the newcomers listened as their chaperones told them of "slow-boat trips" to Soochow before steam got into China, and how glad they felt when a lively little launch took their boat in tow! Long into the night they gazed at the weird sight of other boat-trains swinging past them along the serpentine curves of the canal. Great monsters they seemed, with fiery heads and jointed bodies.

How strange was Soochow itself when its battlemented wall, two thousand years old, came into view. Oh, the narrow, dirty streets, and the thousands upon thousands of teeming people. How squalid the city seemed in those first glances when June could not tell poverty from dirt. An excursion through the city sent her back overwhelmed. So many blind people—so many lame! So much suffering uncovered to the public gaze! The memory of the streets haunted her.

She was told there was another side to Soochow life, and was asked if she would like to go to a feast in the home of a wealthy lady. Of course she would, and the others too. Accordingly, the invitation was secured and the party set out well-coached by a couple of older missionaries. They found their little hostess gowned in silk and resplendent with pearls. They sat down to the table and the coaching continued in English asides while the table talk proceeded in Chinese. But alas for the newcomers' efforts! Who could appear at ease? No table-cloth, no napkins, no plates, no knives and forks, no bread, no water! But hours upon hours of

eating—bird-nest soup, sharks' fins, ducks' tongues, doves' eggs, sea-slugs, and twenty odd courses of other dainties, partaken of amid frantic struggles with the chop-sticks and fruitless efforts to get away ! The Junior ate the watermelon, seed, shell and all, being determined to do her whole duty. They were glad it did not happen every day ; and glad indeed that the missionaries ate American food.

Then Conference itself was a unique experience ; the familiar hymns with the unfamiliar words ; and hours upon hours of sitting on hard benches in a cold church in the bare hope of absorbing something ; and then the pay for it all in the sight of the Christian Chinese reverently going forward to receive the sacrament. Here was something June could understand—here a bond of union with even the ragged sexton who tottered forward with the rest. It was worth while to see those awful streets, if Christ could change the natives into such a crowd as this.

Then appointments, and good-bye to the Junior, and Miss Nicholson and Miss A. were off to Shanghai to McTyeire again.

XI

CLEAR SHINING AT McTYEIRE

MCTYEIRE—an Anglo-Chinese boarding school for high-class girls—an institution nine years old, and the pioneer school in the Empire for the higher education of women. Located in Shanghai, the commercial centre of the Orient, its seventy or more pupils came from all over the Empire. High officials and influential men, liberal enough to believe in the education of women, were seizing the opportunity and sending their daughters. With joy Miss Nicholson looked into the bright faces of the students and realized that within the walls of the school she could touch for God the best life of the nation.

She visited the English classes and found the work of high order; and when she examined her music pupils she found they had been well taught and were worthy of her best.

One end of the building was set apart for

a home for the missionaries and here she settled down to her first year's work—half the day teaching music—half the day studying the language—and every day and all day working, working at her new psychological problem, *the Chinese*.

Homesick? No! She was immune after that spell at the Training School; and besides, there were the dear home letters that came by every steamer, telling how all were well at Cedar Grove, and Mă was better and willing she should be in China.

Afraid of the Chinese? No. She found them a peaceful and peace-loving race. On all sides were the signs of reaction from the anti-foreign frenzy of the preceding year. China had been sharply awakened by the treatment received at the hands of the allies. She no longer thought all foreigners barbarians, but was turning to her erstwhile enemies saying, "Teach me."

June Nicholson knew there had never been such a time of opportunity in China and her heart was happy and unafraid. She remembered how timid she had often been at home—how her brother had rallied the

would-be missionary because she was afraid of thunder and lightning. But she seemed to have left all these things behind. The typhoons raged, but they held no terror. Out of weakness she was being made strong.

And was she afraid of the other danger—that of spiritual retrogression? Ah, nobody in America had asked about this; but no sooner had she arrived on the field than some one intimated that it was impossible to keep one's spiritual life up to the level reached at home—there was too much giving out, too little taking in, etc., etc. But June Nicholson rose up in brave denial and almost walked the floor in indignation as she said, "The idea of God's sending you where He wouldn't keep you!"

And so it came to pass that from the very first her days were days of victory. Her battles were fought out on her knees, and none but the Father ever knew. Those nearest to her in the home saw only the strength and sweetness of a heart that had conquered itself.

XII

THE LANGUAGE

TSZ, zz, tsih, kyoen, zeh, sz, siang, tsang, hyeng—these were the English approximates of some of the sounds Miss Nicholson found she must make in her study of the language. But her work was to be done, not from such Romanization, but from books written in the Chinese character itself. These she must read and translate and several hundred of the characters she must learn to write from memory.

An examination was coming at the end of the year and the whole of the New Testament in Shanghai colloquial was but one item of the course assigned. She hired the time of a personal teacher and she and the teacher sat down in her study and looked at each other. She did not know where to begin but that did not matter. For there was no beginning. The language had no alphabet and it had no grammar. It was like a moving sidewalk—you got on anywhere and the thing never stopped.

Miss Nicholson stepped on at the genealogy in Matthew. The teacher called off the sounds in the first verse and Miss Nicholson did her best to make friends with the characters and call them what the teacher did. Thus they moved laboriously down the long list of names. She would stop occasionally and glance at her English Bible to see where she was. But if she counted off the words to see whether it was Esrom or Aram she was struggling with, the totals would not tally and she got hopelessly lost.

But there was no other way. She must plod on in the dark. The dawn of understanding was like all things Chinese: it would come by and by. Conversation would have helped her if she could have conversed. But Shanghai was too foreign and the McTyeire pupils too ambitious to allow free use of her broken Chinese. Think of picking up Chinese from a people whose one idea was to pick up English from you!

In the Interior it was different; there, one could absorb the language through the pores of the skin. But even with this handicap she was glad to be at McTyeire.

XIII

A TRANSFER OF WORK

ONE year gone and McTyeire was reinforced by Miss Mitchell, a specialist who was to give all her time to the music. How glad Miss Nicholson was! Glad for the girls, glad for herself. How much it would mean to the pupils of McTyeire! It meant more, and she soon found that to herself it meant the beginning of another of those friendships by which she was taking root in China.

They talked a little of sending her to Soochow, and the Junior knew who would be happy if this was carried out; but before the plan matured they found they could not spare her. She had become indispensable at McTyeire. The girls loved her and respected her. Her influence over her pupils was wholesome; while with her fellow-missionaries she helped to create an atmosphere which changed an institution into a home.

So they just transferred her to the literary department and held on to what they had.

XIV

PRINCIPAL OF McTYEIRE

JUNE NICHOLSON, principal of McTyeire School—it sounded oddly enough, but it had come about naturally. Miss Richardson, head of the district, treasurer of the mission and principal of McTyeire, was needed in America. If she could be spared from the school she would go. Bravely her three young assistants said that they would do the best they could. She must go.

So Miss Richardson's offices and honours were divided out. Miss A. was made mission treasurer and Miss Nicholson the principal of McTyeire. The latter said with a laugh, that she would expect soon to be head of the district if she were not disqualified by not being *fat*.

But honours are costly. It was no small thing to become responsible for the school

that held the daughters of China's statesmen and scholars. Her two and a half years in China were but a fragment of the experience she was sure she would need. Well for her that Miss Richardson had already brought her into the councils of the work, and well for her that there was a splendid corps of Chinese teachers to back her up. They were Christians—every one of them—and all ready to advise and help her in places where American judgment could not fathom Chinese thought.

This would all be a help. But with this help alone she would never have tried it. Her real dependence was in God. It was in His strength that she took up the new work, and she wrote to the Junior, "His grace *is* sufficient."

Her test was to come shortly.

Before Miss Richardson decided to go away they had talked over some changes in the school, and Miss Nicholson had suggested that they require all students to be present at church services on Sunday. When the

school had been started, its projectors thought best to leave the students free from Saturday until Monday. The result was that about a third of the girls came to church on Sunday. Some who did not come would have been glad to have done so, but were deterred by relatives who were opposed to Christianity. Others used Sunday as a holiday and were glad not to come.

Miss Nicholson said, "We can't make them be Christians, but we can put them in surroundings that will lead them to believe. If we bring them to church on Sundays, their conversion is that much more likely. It is due them and due those who contribute to missions that we require them to come."

And so it was decreed. But then came Miss Richardson's somewhat sudden departure for America and Miss Nicholson was left, not only as principal, but as the enforcer of a new and perhaps unpopular rule. Think of China for forty centuries with her face to the changeless past! No wonder she

has bred in her children a dislike of all change. No wonder they think an argument finished when they say politely, "It has not been our custom to do as you suggest. We will do according to our custom." Against such a wall as this Miss Nicholson found she had flung herself. But she, too, had determination, and she meant to enforce that rule. It was given out that the roll would be called at church time on Sundays and any girl who failed to come could not go out in town the next Saturday.

An irate mother was the first who came to protest. She had kept her two little girls out on Sunday and Miss Nicholson told them they could not go home the next Saturday. Their mother was indignant and came to see the "foreign woman" who dared interfere with her children. Those who have never heard a Chinese woman, "ten points mad," do justice to her native tongue, have no idea of what followed either in voice key or manner. Miss Nicholson heard her through, and at the close of the tirade, said quietly in

Chinese, "Your daughters have broken a rule. They cannot come home next Saturday—nor any Saturday unless they attend on Sundays." "Then I will take them out of school. *I will take them out of school!*" she stormed.

"Very well," said Miss Nicholson, "you can take them out of school, but if they remain here as pupils, they will not come home next Saturday."

The angry woman took her leave—but she did not take the children out, and they *did* keep the rule.

Yet another experience was with the father of one of the older girls. He was a cultivated gentleman, had been educated abroad, wore foreign clothes, and spoke faultless English. He was ushered into the office and immediately began:—

"I have come to inquire what you mean by changing the rules of this school without consulting the patrons. We pay for our daughters to come here and you have no right to make such changes. What do you

mean by demanding that my daughter shall attend church on Sunday? Why have you done it?"

"Simply in the hope, Sir," she said, "that your daughter may become a Christian." And when he had recovered enough to listen further she continued: "Every dollar that went into this building, every cent that goes into the salaries of the missionaries who teach here, is given in that hope. And we are bound to do all we can to get every student to be a Christian."

The man was completely silenced. He said good-bye as speedily as possible and took his leave. Miss Nicholson expected to lose the girl, but she came on without a break.

And so the Sunday rule went into effect. The new Principal was mistress of the situation and the school was moving on.

XV

THE REVIVAL

THE spiritual atmosphere at McTyeire was wholesome. There was a strong nucleus of Christian girls. Some were the daughters of native Christians who were working their way through school and fitting themselves to be teachers by and by. Others were the second generation of Christians in homes where they could afford to pay their own way ; and still others were a kind of first-fruits for Christ from out their heathen homes. The students' prayer-meeting was held in the chapel once a week and the Christian students took turns with the teachers in leading. Then there was a Sunday-school lesson, the daily studies in the Bible, the morning prayer circles, and the times when teacher and pupil came face to face and heart to heart in somebody's study. All these had their influence in winning students to Christ.

But the fact remained that by far more than half the pupils were apparently no nearer an open profession of Christianity than when they came into the school. Miss Nicholson thought it all over—took it where she took her other burdens, and the longing in her heart became more confirmed. They must have a revival in McTyeire. But how? Such a thing had never been attempted. Methods successfully used in America might accomplish nothing here. But she kept talking to the Father about it, and she resolved to make the attempt. It was arranged to hold a special service in the chapel every evening for a week. Mrs. Fitch, white of face, and heart and life, came and made one or two earnest, spiritual talks. But most of the services were led by the person who was Miss Nicholson's guide and stay in her every plan for McTyeire. She went to Dr. Allen with this, as she went to him with everything. And who was so fitted to give her advice as he? Was not McTyeire School born in his brain? Was not he the seer who with Mc-

Tyeire's first Principal, Miss Haygood, had caught the vision which was giving to China the educated women now in sudden demand as teachers for China's schools?

Yes, Dr. Allen would come and help. So night after night he came, and his venerable appearance added weight to his words. The last night he spoke of his own conversion. The great man told the story as simply as a child; and as he told of the weight of sin God took from his heart away back in his boyhood, the tears coursed down his cheeks. The girls were touched. For the first time he made a proposition. Would all who wished to decide for Christ come forward to the front pew? And they got up and came—seventeen of them, from the first families of the Chinese Empire—girls born and bred amid heathen surroundings, and girls who would have to meet opposition and persecution in their allegiance to their new faith. They knew not what it would mean, but they saw Christ as their Saviour, and they took the first step.

At the communion service over in the church not long afterwards, eight of the seventeen were baptized and received into the church. And the remainder wanted to be; but some were taken out of school by angry parents, some were persecuted, some were threatened by the suicide of a parent, and all so dealt with that they felt they must wait. They had given themselves to Christ, and they could trust Him and wait.

And over all the seventeen, June Nicholson's heart was singing its doxology. The revival had come to McTyeire. The students' prayer-meeting took on new life—more personal work was done by the girls, and the whole spirit of the school showed that the revival had come to stay.

XVI

MEI-LING

THE Principal of a girls' school in China has duties complex. Miss Nicholson was one of her own teachers, being still in charge of the literary department; and she had Bible classes too, which she now taught in Chinese. It fell to her, as principal, to oversee the work of the Chinese teachers, to keep the pupil teachers going, to sit as a listener—intelligent or otherwise—at all oral examinations conducted in Chinese, to nurture the budding hopes in the literary society, to share with the matron the responsibility for the sick, to support the weak and comfort the feeble-minded, to guide the aspiring, to stand side by side with those under persecution, and to so guard the admissions to the school that no undesirable characters should get in as pupils—all this and the continuation of her own studies in

Chinese. It was a heavy programme for June Nicholson. There was no time for outside things. The outside things had to go. She gave herself unreservedly to her work and as far as possible made herself one with the pupils in all the problems of their lives. But it was hard for her, being an American, to understand what the girls had to meet in their homes. She did as well as anybody could, who had not been longer in China, but her school duties allowed her little time to become acquainted with conditions as they were behind the scenes. She knew, of course, that Chinese homes had skeletons in them. They were not even kept in closets; but some paraded the house as secondary wives and concubines, while others kept guard over the opium tray or perched beside the gaming table. But on her few visits to the homes of the girls these skeletons had been dressed up and under instructions to keep quiet. She had seen home life at its best.

One day Dr. Arthur H. Smith, the author of "Village Life in China," took dinner at

McTyeire, and the conversation turning on his book, Miss Nicholson took him to task and said :

“ You have made the picture too dark. It is surely not so bad as that.”

“ My dear young woman,” he replied, “ the domestic life in China would give nervous prostration to a bronze statue.”

And the more Miss Nicholson learned, the more she knew that he was right. McTyeire itself furnished its stories of sadness, and she was called to share the agonies of some of China’s “ poor rich.”

One of these was Ming Mei-ling.¹ She was a girl of fourteen when Miss Nicholson took charge of McTyeire and was already engaged to be married. She had been in the school two years, and, encouraged by the examples around her, had unbound her feet. But that had not been the greatest unbinding. She had been under daily instruction in the Bible and her heart had opened to the truth. Her

¹ Mei in Mei-ling is pronounced like our English word May, or, as if written, “ Mai.”

personal faith was clear and strong, but she faced the conditions every Chinese girl must face—her father would control her until she married; then her husband and his mother would control her until she died.

But Mei-ling saw fit to rebel. The proposed bridegroom smoked opium and she told her father she would not marry him. The father became enraged and threatened to take her out of school. But she spoke up bravely and told him she was not the same girl she used to be—that in her heart she truly accepted Christianity, and that if she ever married, it must be to a Christian. The father became more furious; but he saw her determination and he had a talk with the young man. The latter was accommodating and said he was willing for Mei-ling to be a Christian so long as she did not bother him. This the father reported to the daughter, hoping for peace. But she replied that when she married she meant to have a Christian home and that no home could be Christian where the husband smoked opium. More-

over, if the young man became displeased with her, he would bring concubines into the home, and she would never live in the house with concubines. The father seemed sorry for her, but he said there was no help for it. When the young man named the day the marriage must take place.

With that the subject was dropped. Circumstances remained as they were and the girl was continued in school. She grew very fond of Miss Nicholson and steadily her mind and character developed.

About a year later, when she was fifteen, her father suddenly appeared at McTyeire one day during vacation. He asked to see Miss Nicholson and demanded to know where his daughter was. Miss Nicholson told him she did not know. Whereupon he said that Mei-ling had suddenly disappeared from home—he supposed because she was unhappy over her approaching marriage. He came again and again, believing that his daughter was in hiding in the school or that Miss Nicholson could give him some clue as

to her whereabouts. The family into which Mei-ling was betrothed was giving him no rest night or day. With tears he besought Miss Nicholson to help him in his search. At first she knew nothing and could reveal nothing; but one day she had a letter, and the next time he came, she looked him squarely in the eye and said: "Mr. Ming, I now know where your daughter is and I am not going to tell you. It will be useless for you to call here again."

His situation was peculiar. Cards were already out saying the marriage would take place. What was to be done? On both sides the heathen continued to rage and to imagine vain things. At last the vials of wrath were emptied. A compromise was proposed. All the bridal presents and money were to be returned and another bride procured. At the appointed time the wedding would take place with the understanding that should Mei-ling ever be found she should be turned over to the family of the betrothed if they so desired.

But what of the girl? What did the letter reveal? Miss Nicholson gathered the full story from that letter and others which continued to come.

On going home from school for vacation Mei-ling was told that the date of her wedding had been fixed and the bridal outfit prepared. If she refused longer she would have to be forced. The poor girl said all she could and finally in desperation declared she would *never* marry the man.

Seeing that argument availed nothing, her father led her to an inner room and, failing again to get her consent, he did what a chagrined Chinese parent can do—he demanded her life instead. And with cruelty more subtle than to slay her himself, he demanded that she should die by her own hand. A choice of methods could be hers—and he placed before her a knife, a dish of opium, and a rope—then he retired, saying she could die before morning or else consent to obey.

The night wore on and the house grew still. The God of Daniel was alive and His

child was in the den. About midnight there came a low call at the window—scarcely more than a whisper, but it was enough. In an instant Mei-ling was beside the window and a word explained all. A relative had come to rescue her. Soon, with such things as she could gather into a small bundle, the two were fleeing in disguise through the streets to the wharf some miles away. Fortunately a steamer lay alongside. It sailed before daylight for a distant Chinese city. Passage for two was engaged at once and in four days Mei-ling and her rescuer found themselves at their destination, inquiring for a mission school. Soon one was found. Their story was told, entrance fees were paid, and Mei-ling was received into the school. Then the relative left her, knowing that she was safe.

Back at her home the bridegroom was solaced with the substitute bride and the father was left to his own reflections, no trace of his daughter's whereabouts ever coming to his ears.

XVII

THE CHINESE SUBSCRIPTION BOOK

ONE day Miss Nicholson looked critically around McTyeire. The varnished floors were scratched and worn, the walls defaced and the blackboards peeling off. The schoolroom did not present the object-lesson of cleanliness and beauty which seemed to her a very real part of the teaching needed in a land long indifferent to dirt. Clearly, the school needed repairs. From her survey of the house she turned to the grounds. There was a grassy lawn surrounded by a high brick wall. The compound seemed safe enough if the heavy wooded gate could be kept fastened. But how could such a public gate be kept fastened without a gatekeeper to watch it night and day? And how could a gatekeeper watch it without a gate lodge to live in?

If the lodge had only been there, she thought, and a gatekeeper on hand, they might have escaped that scene with the drunken Russian soldier who got in and frightened the girls. The teachers might leave the compound with more peace of mind, and sometimes, perhaps—a thing that never had happened—the foreign ladies might all go out at once.

But all this brought her back to the question of ways and means. How could the school be repaired and a gate lodge be built? Where was the money to come from? Mc-Tyeire was proudly called a self-supporting school, but the tuition fees only paid the running expenses and the salaries of the native teachers. There was nothing left over for repairs.

The Church at home might respond, if called on, but the treasury was already drained and it ought not to be taxed if there was any other way.

A bright thought came—would the school-girls help? They had responded generously

to various calls for charities and many of them came from homes of wealth. If the need of the school was presented, they might take up the matter and collect the money themselves. Anyway, she would give them a chance. How splendid, she thought, to do it before Miss Richardson returned, and present the money to her as a surprise. But better judgment said wait, and wait she did with prayer and thought still active. When Miss Richardson came, they counselled together and decided to lay the matter before the girls. So the oldest students were invited into the study. A statement of the needs of the school was made and a consultation held as to ways and means of raising the necessary two thousand Mexican dollars. The girls took up the subject eagerly, asked to have a subscription book, and said they believed they could guarantee success.

Miss Nicholson afterwards enjoyed telling how, with the unwisdom of a new missionary, she thought the first step towards assured success had been made, when an ordi-

nary white blank book had been secured and a few lines in English written on the first page—a simple statement of the purpose for which the money was asked. The matron of the school, on being shown the book, looked amazed and said, “You will never get a cent from the Chinese with that book; you must have a regular Chinese Subscription book, according to our custom, and the appeal must be written in classical Wenli.” Past experience had taught the wisdom of using Chinese methods in dealing with Chinese, so the matron was commissioned to buy the book. It came—a blue linen back with leaves of yellow paper having vertical red lines. The cost was \$1.50 (Mexican).

The teacher of Chinese classics was asked to translate the English preface into deep and elegant Wenli. When he saw the proposed book he came at once and, out of the depths of his wisdom, kindly showed them the impossibility of getting large subscriptions in a book of that sort. He said it must be a *large book with heavy wooden backs and gold*

paper on the outside if they wished large subscriptions, "for no man could write a large sum in a book of that kind." Miss Nicholson wondered what the end would be, and mildly inquired the cost of the book he desired—\$7.50 (Mexican). With a not very full treasury and no subscriptions assured, except by faith, she felt some misgiving; but she remembered the promises fulfilled in the past and gave the order to get the book.

The next morning it came, looking very handsome with its classical Chinese introduction and its strips of red paper pasted loosely on the leaves. These were for the names of the subscribers and the amounts promised.

The first subscription proved the wisdom of the teacher's advice. The father of one of the girls gave \$150 (Mexican) and interested himself in securing subscriptions from his friends, which altogether amounted to \$400 (Mexican). Miss Nicholson's heart was big with hope and gratitude, as she received the curious rolls of brown paper filled with silver dollars. An expectant Taotai, the father of

one of the girls, telegraphed from Tientsin that he wished to subscribe two hundred taels (about \$270 Mexican).

A little girl about thirteen years old, the daughter of one of the wealthiest families in Shanghai, came into the study one morning and said, "I have told my father that I don't want him to give any 'little money,'" and several days afterwards, when she returned to school, she came into the study, her face shining with joy, and having something in her hand so heavy she could scarcely carry it. Being asked what she had, she said, "Oh, it is money," and it was three hundred silver dollars tied up in a bandana handkerchief! Three families together gave one thousand Mexican dollars. The remainder came in smaller sums—one hundred, fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars.

By the time school closed for the summer there was enough in hand to embolden Miss Nicholson to give out the contract for the work, and before they reopened, the building was in perfect repair, the grounds in

order and the gate lodge up. Miss Nicholson wrote a bright account of it home, closing with the motto, "Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God." She said, "If you think it not fitting to introduce Carey's motto when recording so small a thing as two thousand dollars collected for a girls' school in China, it is because you have not the right perspective. When the conditions are known it is a great thing. It is the first time such a subscription has ever been asked; the work was largely done by the girls of the school, and the American boycott was just being violently agitated. The ready response is an evidence of the value the Chinese place upon Mc-Tyeire School."

XVIII

“THOUGH THE OUTWARD MAN PERISH”

BUT amid all this building up of McTyeire, June Nicholson was wearing down. Not her spirit—that was dauntless through her faith in her God—but her body. Six months after she got to China she felt something strange in her throat and was amazed to find it was blood. She went to the doctor who thumped her all over and pronounced her lungs sound. “It is the dampness of the climate,” he said, “affecting your bronchial tubes. You may not have it after you get used to this air.” But each returning spring had brought it again. “Just my throat bleeding,” she would say and pass the matter off.

And as the eminent British doctor could find nothing more, her friends tried to feel easy, and she wrote nothing home. But she had a queer little cough and year by year she grew thinner, till she said with a smile,

“If I don’t stop falling off, you will have to locate me by *sound*.”

In the summer vacation when McTyeire was undergoing repairs she needed rest and change; but she would not go away until the promised money had been paid and the work well begun. Humid days of stifling heat—China heat—took away her appetite, but she stuck by the school. It had been her project to repair it, and she must see it through. Late in July she got off—blessed rest in the cool and beauty of a bamboo-covered mountain where the mission had a home.

But she could not rest long. She must get ready to open school, and this time it was not to be McTyeire. She would have asked nothing better than to work on there with Miss Richardson once more at the helm, but Miss Waters must have a furlough, and Miss Waters’ school for girls in the city of Sung-kong, must be turned over to somebody—the mission said to her.

It cost her a great deal to be willing to go. She did not mind the interior, but she did mind leaving McTyeire. Her tender, loving

nature had again struck its roots deep in the soil. She did not want to pull up and go. But she could go—and she would. Whatever was best for the work she was willing to do. Her faith was in God and He had grace for Sung-kong.

Once her mind was made up she turned with eager planning towards the new place which she had visited often. She wanted by some means to get the school out of the tottering Chinese house, which was only saved from falling by the use of seventeen poles. She laughed and said that she must leave the mountain early as she had dengue fever every Fall, and she wanted to get the spell over and be ready for work.

Opening day found her in Sung-kong. Five days of work she gave the schools, and then she fell ill—thirty miles from a doctor, and those thirty miles to be travelled by slow boat over a canal. Twelve hours of hard rowing at best—and that rowing possible only when the tide served. To send for the doctor was out of the question. She must be taken to him.

Sadly the white-haired missionary, who

was almost the only other American woman in Sung-kong, packed up the belongings so lately unpacked for the year. Anxiously and lovingly this friend made ready the little boat that was to take them to Shanghai. Somehow they made the journey, their progress being two and a half miles an hour.

Thus after one week’s absence, June Nicholson returned to McTyeire. She felt humiliated over her breakdown. Sung-kong was a very desirable place now, and her only compensation for being ill was that the love and care at McTyeire made her feel as though she had indeed come “home.” By means of doses and threats the doctor had her free of fever in a week, but on one point he was obdurate—there would be no more Sung-kong.

Weak, but recuperating, she went to Conference at Soochow. She had filled four positions during the year and must give four reports. She stood as she read the first, but when she began on the second, a helpless glance around told of her weakness, and she was made to sit down. It was whispered around that the doctor had said, “America.”

But no word escaped June Nicholson's lips. Her one thought was her work.

And so it transpired that she was sent back to McTyeire. Miss Richardson would have made her principal and gone herself to Sungkong, but June's fine sense of the fitness of things refused to entertain the idea. McTyeire was their best. With Miss Richardson in China she would not be its head.

And so they arranged it between them. June would stand ready to do all Miss Richardson's teaching in addition to her own. Miss Richardson would divide herself out and try to be in two places at once. She would be head at McTyeire, but would stay in Sungkong as much as possible; for help must be given somehow to the entirely new worker who was now trying to fill in there.

Thus with double work and half strength began June Nicholson's fifth year in the foreign field.

XIX

A MISSIONARY SENSATION

THAT was the year that Miss A. surprised the mission—not that they thought she couldn't—but they didn't expect it so soon. Invalided home for a summer in Oregon, she had met—her fate; and when her friends stood on the pier with handkerchiefs waving to welcome her back, nothing came but a letter, saying she would return the next year, but not as Miss A. Hum—buzz—how the mission talked! Gone from the Woman's Board! But what a feat she had performed! Actually married a man “into her mission” and ready to bring him back the next year. No monotony on the mission field with the possibility of a sensation like this. Up in Soochow the Junior spent an awful two hours between the time she heard that Miss A. was married and the

time she could find out to whom. At Mc-Tyeire they pulled themselves together to re-adjust the work. To do without Miss A. permanently meant added classes for the rest. But Miss Nicholson said blithely that she did not blame Miss A. She had never promised that she would not do it herself.

XX

THE RIOT

THAT was the year, too, of the riot in Shanghai. It came on the eighteenth of December. Slash! Bang! and the riot was on in the heart of the British concession.

The smouldering race prejudice had burst into a flame over a decision in the international court. The mob would have revenge. They would burn and kill until they could get charge of the light-plant and water-works and then,—good-bye to Shanghai.

The tide of lawless hate surged up the Nanking Road and eddied round the corner to McTyeire. Where the streets intersected a large hotel was soon in flames. The ladies at McTyeire knew not what to expect, as volley after volley fell on their ears, and the angry crowd in the streets grew more threatening. It seemed every moment that the rioters would rush over the wall into the school yard. But the teachers reported to

their regular classes and the girls, though frightened, behaved beautifully.

When the firing was at its height, Miss Nicholson was teaching her most advanced class. Seeing the white looks of the girls, she took occasion to exhort them to peace and trust, assuring them that if their common belief in God was good for any time, now was the time. As she finished her exhortation she looked down at her hands and the book she was holding was shaking like a leaf. Writing of it to the Junior, she said, "I was covered with shame,—but there was peace in my heart—and courage. My knees shook but my heart didn't."

In the meantime, on the outside, the Shanghai volunteers, a company of Britishers, were being joined by the Marines hastily landed from the war-ships in the harbour. The disciplined troops were getting control of the undisciplined mob. The shots grew less frequent—the fires were put out; and by and by Shanghai got ready to sing her Christmas anthem of "peace on earth" while soldiers with bayonets stood guard in her streets.

XXI

THE UNQUIET DRAGON

THE New Year, after that Christmas, opened gloomily. The rowdy element was sullen with disappointed hate. The commercial element, aided by a patriotism, newly born in the schools, was still agitating the boycott against American goods; while among Chinese Christians a new cry was heard—a cry for independence—“China for the Chinese.”

Miss Nicholson felt the gravity of the situation but she said, “I believe that through it all God is working mightily for the upbuilding of this old land.” And to one of her students she added, “No nation ever passed through a crisis with more people on their knees for it than are on their knees for China to-day. The world is watching what is happening here.”

Thus her days were full of cheer and hope,

but sometimes at night the weariness from the work would almost overpower her. It was just at this period that she wrote to the Junior, " I feel so desolate to-night ; I wonder if you ever feel desolate."

XXII

THE COLLAPSE

ON a Saturday early in January Miss Richardson came in from Sung-kong. Her home letters lay in the office and she sat down to read. "Strange," she thought as she seated herself, "that Miss Nicholson isn't somewhere about." She read one letter through and glanced up—no Miss Nicholson—took up another and read that through—still no Miss Nicholson. As she began on the third, the Chinese matron came in saying, "Isn't it awful about Miss Nicholson?"

"What about Miss Nicholson?" demanded Miss Richardson.

"Such bleeding from the throat," she began, but Miss Richardson was gone—through the long hall and up the steps to the bedroom where June lay, weak and helpless. The doctor had come and gone. He had given his final verdict—it was what

they had all feared. Her only chance was America.

She had insisted upon knowing and now that she knew it seemed more than she could bear. Her life-work! China! How could she give them up? How could she be willing to watch the slow end come? Miss Richardson found her thus, and together they faced it out. The wise friend said, "Three weeks ago we all expected to be dead in thirty minutes, and you were willing. If this is God's way instead of that, you can be as willing now as then." And as they spoke with each other and with God, courage came—courage that never left her.

The Junior got the news on Sunday, and on Monday she left for Shanghai. How long seemed the hours on the boat—how dreary the coming years in China without June. She found her friend lying with two glowing spots on her cheeks and two thin lines of crimson for her lips. She had never seemed so beautiful, and she had never been more calm. "What are you doing here?"

she demanded smiling. "I am all right and I wrote you a letter yesterday to keep you from coming."

They sat together during the hours of that day and tried to look into the future. June couldn't talk much; it was a menace to her throat. And, though she rallied the Junior on having the long-coveted chance to do all the talking, the Junior couldn't manage it. Something was the matter with *her* throat, and her glib tongue was tied.

June was in doubt as to how to proceed. She soon got a little better and then she wanted to stay. She knew how hard it had been to arrange the work even when she taught the whole day. What would they do if she stopped now and went home? She would like to stay if she could only lift the little burdens off the rest of them—and she was willing to take the risk.

So she crept down-stairs and held her own examinations as school was closing for the China New Year. And then she began to plan and to plead—if she could stay six months,

they could get help from home—and she could finish her course in Chinese—Mã could be told gradually, so that she need not be alarmed—and she would be *so* careful. She would go to Kuling, where somebody had been cured. She would go anywhere—and they must give her a chance.

Her friends knew they could trust her. When she saw it was right to go, she would go. And so they made no effort to force her, but waited quietly and prayed.

Gradually she discovered how weak she was—too weak for even the simple duties of one vacation day. A steamer was to sail before school opened. Dr. Allen and Miss Leveritt were going. Here was the chance her friends thought she should take. Almost indignantly she rejected the idea. The sailing of the *Dakota* was nothing to her. It was not until Sunday before the sailing date on Thursday that, humble and submissive, she said she would go. With tear-dimmed eyes she said, “It is the hardest thing I ever did, except to come to China.”

XXIII

THE DEPARTURE

FOUR days in which to get ready to go to America! But they were enough. Miss Nicholson had spurred a slow pupil once by telling her it could be done in one.

She did not set her affairs in order. She had kept them so. She rather set her friends in order, with a last loving thought and helpful word for each. And then she was ready.

Miss Mitchell had undertaken the planning of her clothes and the packing of her trunk. June looked dubious over the clothes, especially the fur-lined coat which the winter voyage demanded. "I am afraid they are unmissionary," she said. "Some people in America will not approve."

However, when her trunk was brought in, the amount of clothing seemed inadequate to its size and she rallied Miss Mitchell over having nothing with which to fill it up. Her

household goods she refused to have touched. They were to be left against her return. But just then the good-bye presents began to come in from the members of the mission, and such Chinese friends as heard of her sudden going. Bundle after bundle came—linen, embroideries, silver souvenirs and various curios, until at last the trunk was full.

One of the McTyeire girls, not satisfied with bringing a present, haunted Miss Nicholson's study and followed her up-stairs and down. She was one of the seventeen converts and was teaching a Sunday-school class, but had not yet been allowed by her parents to unite with the church.

When everything was ready, the *Dakota* gave three days of grace, putting back her sailing date from Thursday to Sunday. It was February now and cold and bleak. Saturday night Miss Nicholson gave her last testimony to the mission which was assembled in the McTyeire parlour at prayer-meeting: "'To live is Christ,'" she said, "'to die is gain!' I have nothing to fear." Before she lay down to sleep that night she called the Junior, just as she had done in San

Francisco, to have a last prayer ; and when they knelt her voice was the braver of the two.

Sunday morning the usual routine was followed. Prayers in English before breakfast, the hymn used being "Blest be the tie that binds." Miss Nicholson had been warned not to use her throat, but at the last verse she sang :—

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

After breakfast, prayers in Chinese for the servants, with whom some of her most faithful work had been done. Again her voice joined with the others in the Chinese words of that grand old hymn, "How firm a foundation."

"In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be."

Later in the morning came Chinese church. This June attended wrapped in the fur-lined coat and carrying a steamer rug to protect her from the cold of the unheated church.

Immediately after tiffin the party started for the boat. Again the procession of jinrikishas down the Nanking Road, but this time it was headed away from McTyeire. A little knot of friends gathered on the jetty to see the travellers off.

Dr. Allen and Miss Leveritt came on board. Miss Nicholson forcibly kept up her spirits as long as she could. She would hear of nothing but that she was coming back, and with an amused reference to her friend, Miss A., she said: "There is no knowing what might happen." But when most of the good-byes had been said, and the time came for her to part from the ladies of McTyeire, then it was that she broke down and her last view of their faces was dimmed by her tears.

Thus the *Dakota* bore her away. Among the passengers on board were the Chinese viceroys and dukes, being sent abroad as a commission to examine into constitutional governments. But of all that great company not one heart in the ship beat with more loyal love for China than the heart of June Nicholson—four years and a half missionary to Shanghai.

XXIV

THE READJUSTMENT

THE ladies went back to McTyeire. The house seemed desolate. Its sunshine had departed. But they hushed their hearts into silence and Monday morning they plunged into the work. Doing double duty before, it must be twice doubled now. The workers might fall, but the work must go on.

The girls returned at the opening of school and were stricken with sorrow to find their friend gone! She had never touched their lives except on the upward grade. One of the native teachers voiced the feelings of all when he said—"If she only had a body to match her spirit."

The Junior returned to Soochow to go on with her work, but China with its millions seemed an empty place now. She tried to be faithful as she studied and taught, but

her heart was on the Pacific making the long journey home. One night she dreamed that she, too, was starting for America. Without ticket, without money, without permission from the Mission Board—she was following her friend. She got to Shanghai too late for the tender, but hailing a sampan she set off down the stream, taking with her the secretary of the Soochow district whom somehow she inveigled into attempting the trip. Two boats were to leave Woosung for America that day. Since they had no tickets it mattered not which they caught. At last Woosung was sighted. Yes, there was the *Korea* just ready to sail. Her gangway indeed had been taken up, but the Junior was so frantic that some pitying person threw a rope overboard and told her to take hold. True to character, even in her dream, she gripped the rope and was hauled on board. Then they threw the rope over for the secretary, and, just as true to character, she refused to take hold. If she had to go that way, she would not go at all. At that moment the engines

started, the Junior waved a good-bye and sat down on deck. She saw the shores of China receding and then her conscience began to hurt. What was this she was doing—running away from her work? And then she awoke, and all that she knew was that she was still in China and that her friend was gone.

XXV

WINTER SUNSHINE AT YOKOHAMA

A FREEZING cold day at Yokohama—the pale winter sunlight shining over the water in the harbour—June Nicholson wrapped in furs and seated on the deck of the *Dakota*.

She had felt stunned for the first few days of the voyage—as if some part of her was dead. She could only lie on deck and try not to think of the future. But now she was better. She felt really well. She took up a pen and addressing a letter to the Junior, wrote: “I feel as well as I ever did in my life, have no complaints to write about. I sleep and eat well and have no trouble with my throat. I want you to read the first chapter of Philippians carefully and take that as my farewell to you—my letter, I enjoyed it so much yesterday. It is my prayer that Christ shall be magnified in my body,

whether by life or death. Yesterday was a blessed day when God seemed very consciously near, and I seemed to have put all things under my feet ; and I feel that in His strength I shall be able to give no more thought to the condition of my body than is necessary to care for it. I shall not dwell upon it or be anxious.

“We sail this afternoon. Good-bye, and may our Father bless you. Love to the others in Soochow. A long good-bye!”

XXVI

BACK IN THE GARDEN SPOT

THE friends in China were more hopeful after the letters from Japan.

Given a good trip home, there was no knowing what the air of America might do. But the news of the latter part of the journey was alarming. A desperate trip across the Rockies—a stop-over enforced by illness in Kansas City—and an arrival at home in a condition too weak to permit of more than one member of the family meeting her at the train—this was the home-coming of Edgefield's first foreign missionary.

But once back in the genial atmosphere of home she began to improve. She was soon strong enough to receive some of the many callers. How eager everybody was to see her! How much she had to tell! A new motive inspired all her contact with friends. She would gather up every gleam of the

interest in herself and use it for the Master's glory.

How she would like to have spoken in the church. When she had first gone to the field she had dreaded her furlough because of this very thing. They would expect her to speak. But now she wanted to, and couldn't. One morning just before she left Shanghai she got up and said to the Junior, "I dreamed last night that I was in America and was making a speech. It was a good speech, Junior—there were four volunteers." Now here she was actually in America with the opportunity of making the speech of her dream, but for her throat's sake she must wait.

She got well enough, however, to insist on going to the session of the Woman's Board in Alabama, and while there she was allowed to use her voice for three minutes in a plea for a building at Sung-kong—a building that could stand alone and let the mission dispense with props.

Those three minutes were all, but Miss

Waters from Sung-kong was also on hand, and Miss Nicholson found also that there was something making an eloquent speech for her—she had with her letters from her pupils at McTyeire, written in English, and wherever she showed them somebody was surprised.

“Did a Chinese girl write that?” “Who taught her?” “What English! I wish our girls would do as well.” “How long has she been studying?” “May I copy the letter?”

So the McTyeire girls were speaking for her and since there were some new appointees for China, she started back to Edgefield feeling well repaid for coming. For a part of the journey, she travelled with Miss Waters. In Atlanta their ways diverged, but both had a long wait before they could get their trains. Miss Nicholson was tired after the strain of the meeting. It had cost her more than she thought. She daringly proposed that they should go to the Kimball and get a room “no matter what it cost.”

They went—got as far as the desk—inquired the price of a room—and retired to the parlour. They had the money, oh, yes, but it seemed such a lot to waste on their comfort for the fraction of a day.

The parlour grew monotonous after a time. A ride on the trolley would be the very thing. This they knew they could afford. So all over Atlanta they went and by and by Miss Nicholson grew chilly. She had not brought a wrap and Miss Waters insisted that she put on hers. Now Miss Nicholson was tall and thin—very thin, and Miss Waters was short and stout—very stout; but Miss Nicholson put on the coat, saying, “Miss Waters, I have been as faithful to the friends in China as I knew how. I have written back every detail of the proceedings of the Board. But this you must write. Don’t fail to let them know how I looked in your coat.”

XXVII

HOMESICKNESS AT HOME

IN spite of the fatigue of the Board Meeting trip, Cedar Grove and Mă's care and the horseback rides began to work wonders. But the stronger June became the harder it was for her to refuse the invitations which now besieged her. Would Miss Nicholson please come to such and such a missionary meeting—she need not even speak if she did not feel able, but she could give them the inspiration of her presence? She thought of how the Junior loved these things as she wrote, "I don't believe even you would find it much harder to sit quietly by resting with the fields here so white to the harvest."

But June was willing to rest and to refuse invitations, or do anything else whereby she could strengthen her chance of getting well enough to return to China.

One day she was talking over the prospect with a friend who spoke of how ill she had been and said, "If I were you, Miss Nicholson, I would never return to China." June was almost indignant. "I would return to China," she replied, "if I knew it would only be one year's service and then the end. But I do not mean I will go until I am well enough to be of some use."

Every missionary starting for the Orient set her longing to go with them. She was even planning to escort the bishop and to the Junior she wrote: "You do not know how I miss you all and my loved work, even in the midst of all the love and joy of home. God knows why, and I try not to question, or to think much about the future. I am sure it is safe in His hands. You know, I believe, how much. I love the work in China—how surely I believe that God called me there, and kept me there; and I feel just as strongly now as I ever did, that my place is there."

XXVIII

GATHERING CLOUDS

WHEN summer came the watchful family had to acknowledge that June was not improving as she had been. In July a low fever set in. The doctor came and pronounced it malaria—some of the China malaria she had brought over with her. June was so disappointed. It seemed hard for this to come after she had been doing so well. While the fever was on her she wrote a letter to China. Then she re-read it—it was nothing but a wail. Her better judgment said it was unworthy any child of God. She took it up, but not to mail. Her slender fingers tore it into bits and threw it back into the desk. She would wait until she could write something different.

Through the long Fall the fever came and went. When she was ill she was quietly

patient and when she was better she was eager with hope. Sick or well there were two things, she said, which she could do—she could write and she could pray. Perhaps she could make McTyeire richer through both.

One day in November she was feeling much better. There was a missionary meeting in Edgefield and she was sure she could go. At last the family decided to let her try it; but on reaching the church she only stayed a few minutes. Her appeal for China was again left unmade. The subject was too near her heart. It took away her strength.

XXIX

“SUNSET AND EVENING STAR”

IT was February again at dear Cedar Grove, three days before Valentine's day and June's birthday fast coming on. But the old trees about the place moaned in the winter wind, and in the house all the family were gathered with hushed voices in June's room. The down-stairs was deserted. The black cook and house girl were in tears. Thirteen weeks of unbroken fever! Through the weary days she had lain—often too weak to move or speak; but when she could talk she was always cheerful. “I am so fortunate,” she would say, “in never being more ill, and so blessed in having so many comforts and so many to love and wait on me.” Once after a painful, restless night she said, “I fear I do not bear my sufferings as I should, but no matter how it

may appear, I have that great peace that passeth all understanding, and, whatever happens, all is well.”

And during all these weeks Cedar Grove had done its best to nurse her back to health. From dairy and orchard it had sent up its offerings with the polished silver and delicate china June instinctively loved.

But even love had failed to make her better and they noted no change until February. Then the fever had left her. They could see no improvement, but they believed it would come. Under her pillow were her letters from China, treasured there to be read sentence by sentence as her strength would permit.

Sister and Mã had done her writing for her. They had sent the news of her illness to the anxious friends across the sea, and now June directed that the good news must go. “Take two postals,” she said, “and write them to China. Send one to McTyeire and the other to the Junior. Tell them I am better, and that I send my love.”

But ere those postals had travelled across

America another change had come. Days of pain were followed by days when she seemed only half-conscious. One night while she was in this state her sister was watching beside her ; and as she looked at the face on the pillow it seemed almost transformed by its beautiful, peaceful expression, and the clear, conscious look in the eyes. As she lay thus she began to speak of what she saw, and to those eyes everything had become white and shining. After telling how white and beautiful everything was she said, "Sister, Christians do not half realize that the blood of Christ washes them, and makes them as white as snow."

After that night the family had little hope, and on that sad February day they were gathered in her room, watching and fearing. Again she opened her eyes and the tired lips moved—"Oh, the glory, the glory," she said, and then she was quiet. By and by they could see that she was speaking once more, and eagerly they bent to catch what she said. Slowly the words fell, and then

again the same words over and over. They judged from the form that it was a hymn or a prayer. But not one syllable could they understand. She was speaking in Chinese. The voice lapsed, the sound of the strange words died away, the loved form grew still; she would never speak again.

In their sorrow the family were not conscious of the flight of time, but as they turned and looked out of the window, it was even-tide, and the sun had set.

XXX

THE AFTERGLOW

THEY laid the tired body in the family burying-ground out beneath the pines. Her heart was already buried on the compound at McTyeire, and her soul they could not bury anywhere. That had gone to live with God.

And the family—how did they bear it? As the family of June Nicholson should. And they were not deceived. They knew the climate had done it; knew she died for China as surely as if the mob had killed her and her body had filled an alien grave. But they knew she felt that China was worth it. And they believed in the China that she believed in—the China that was to come. They caught gleams of it in the letters from her pupils, and read of it in the papers, with the coming of the reforms for which she had prayed. While all the way from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Philippine Islands

came letters to say June Nicholson had not lived her short life in vain.

The family bowed their heads in submission, and though their hearts were aching, not a murmur escaped their lips. Their June had given her life for the Kingdom and they prayed "Thy Kingdom come."

And that other far-away circle, how was it when the news reached them? Their February had come and gone as usual. The letters—a month old when they reached them—had brought news of June's fever—that was all. School opened, and then something happened. Mei-ling had returned. Her father pronounced her dead to him and she was practically free.

On March tenth the cannon boomed with the announcement that the American mail was in. A messenger was sent to bring it. A letter from June's sister—here was news! And then they opened it and they saw that she was dead—had been dead a whole month and they had not known. They counted back to the time of her going and somebody said softly, "Her soul entered heaven as Mei-ling reëntered here."

One more day and they got the news to the Junior. She opened the letter and read what she had feared. But God had prepared her. Her victory had come. She bowed her head, saying, "If God will let me I will carry on her life-work for her—I will find her volunteers."

Over in Korea Miss Harbaugh got the news and she too counted back. The eleventh of February—yes, that was the day when she was in Honolulu on her return trip to Korea—a wonderful day in that land of rainbows—a day when the glory of sea and land reached up and joined the glory of the sky—when the cold of February was forgotten in the genial warmth of the tropical islands.

And as her thoughts dwelt on the colour and beauty of that radiant day her heart again saw the rainbow and she knew that it was arching over the life that was gone—knew that because of June Nicholson's life, the dreary February of many hearts had been changed into summer, and that through her they had found a way to turn every February into radiant June.

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