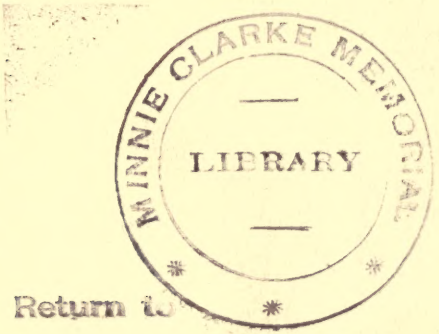
EAST of The BARRIER

SIDE LIGHTS on the MANCHURIA MISSION

J. MILLER GRAHAM



VIEW OF CHIEN-SHAN (THOUSAND PEAKS) WITH BUDDHIST TEMPLE

EAST
OF THE BARRIER

OR

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE MANCHURIA MISSION

BY THE

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MISSIONARY OF THE UNITED FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

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TO

MY WIFE

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MANCHURIA IN MINIATURE

The chief geographical features in Manchuria are its excellent waterways, its splendid forests, and its fertile soil. Those colonists who have settled in its southern provinces fully realise its value, and have turned out a hard-working and, in addition, a hardy and progressive race.—CLIVE BIGHAM, C.M.G.

CHAPTER I

MANCHURIA IN MINIATURE

THE name Manchuria is unknown to the Chinese. They describe the country vaguely as the "three Eastern provinces"; or when referring more particularly to the southern province, they speak simply of "East of the Barrier"—a name derived from the Great Wall which stretches for twelve hundred and fifty miles, from the seaboard on the east to the plains of Mongolia on the west, and divides the country from the eighteen provinces, or what is known as China proper. Manchuria is, however, an integral part of the Chinese Empire. The inhabitants speak the same language, have the same customs, and are governed by the same laws, as the people all over the Empire. As the cradle of the Manchu dynasty there are naturally more of that race in Manchuria (especially in the north) than elsewhere, but not so many as is popularly supposed. A recent authority[1] says, "of the 17,000,000 inhabitants of the three provinces

[1] *Manchuria.* Alex. Hosie, M.A., F.R.G.S.

of Manchuria probably not more than ten per cent. are Manchus." The bulk of the population is made up partly of the "descendants of Chinese who had already settled in Southern Manchuria during the Ming dynasty," but more especially of immigrants that pass yearly into the country in a constant stream from the overflow population of the more crowded south. As soon as the port opens in early spring, thousands of immigrants cover the roads. Most of them are men in middle life. But it is no uncommon sight to witness whole families, carrying bag and baggage on their Shantung barrows, pushing on to the north and east, where they cut down the virgin forest, and obtain small land-holdings from the Government, rent-free for the first four years. The great majority build for themselves homes, and settle down in the country of their adoption either as farmers or merchants, and never return permanently to their ancestral haunts. On the whole, the dwellers in these northern provinces are less conservative and less anti-foreign than their brethren in the south, due probably to the fact that they have left their old moorings and entered upon a freer life. They are consequently more progressive, more hardy, and more susceptible to western influences.

Each of the three provinces is administered by a Governor-General or Viceroy, who must be a Manchu, assisted by a large staff of

officials of varying rank, both Manchu and Chinese. The names of the three provinces are: (1) *Feng Tien* or *Hsing-Ching* in the south; (2) *Kirin* in the centre; and (3) *Hei-lung-chiang* in the north. The country covers a geographical area of some 300,000 square miles. The most northerly province is much the largest, but the most sparsely populated; while the southern province is not only the most populous, but the best cultivated. It is for the most part flat, except towards the east, and extremely fertile. The country produces millet, wheat, rice, beans, opium, tobacco, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds. It is rich in undeveloped mineral wealth. Gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, asbestos, soda, are to be found in greater or less abundance. Among the principal exports are immense quantities of bean-cake and bean-oil, with gold, silver, silks, furs, skins, and pigs' bristles. The total export trade for 1899 was valued at £3,783,914 sterling.

The climate is good. During the months of July and August the heat is intense,—from 90° to 100° in the shade,—and is particularly trying, owing to the heavy rains which fall at this season of the year. The winter is long and severe—the barometer falling sometimes to 34° below zero. But as the atmosphere is dry, and the sun warm, the winter cold is not so disagreeable as the lowness of the temperature

would seem to indicate. The transition from heat to cold, and *vice versâ*, is very rapid. Spring and autumn do not extend beyond a month, or six weeks at the most. The long warm summer with its refreshing rains, enables the farmers to reap two or three crops; while the long winter with its hard, smooth roads, enables them to cart their produce to the port, or else to the riverside, whence it is conveyed by junks in the spring.

Prior to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan (Dalny) in 1898, Newchwang (Yingkow) was the only gateway to these northern provinces. Newchwang was made a treaty-port in 1860. It has a native population of about 60,000, and a large foreign settlement, chiefly British, though the Russians have now a growing colony three miles higher up the river. Steamships of all nationalities and a perfect forest of Chinese junks are constantly to be seen in the river Liao, at the mouth of which Newchwang stands. The bulk of the trade is in the hands of the British, Japanese, and Americans. The trade with Japan alone has trebled itself since the war with China in 1895. The total imports for 1899 were valued at £5,633,435 sterling.

Proceeding in a north-easterly direction from Newchwang, the first city of any importance that we touch is Haicheng (the city by the sea). Though it is forty miles from the

seaboard, it would appear from the name that it was not always so. It is on record that *Tang Wang* came to Haicheng in 1700. The city was then in the hands of the Koreans. He landed his troops at Hsaio-ma-tow (small ferry), the name of a village five miles from Haicheng. The attack was evidently made from a hill that still bears the name of the conqueror—Tang Wang Shan. The Koreans were forced to retire, and from that time the city has been in the hands of the Chinese. On the rising ground within the city, two sides of a Korean wall, two Korean gateways, and an old well, within what must have been the Korean fortress, are still extant. A magnificent Confucian temple now crowns this hill.

The population of Haicheng is estimated at 20,000. It is a third-grade (Hsien) city. It was captured by the Japanese in December 1894, and was handed back to the Chinese upon their evacuation of Liaotung in December 1895. The impression left upon the Chinese mind by the Japanese was so favourable that it is the least anti-foreign city in Manchuria to-day. In the eastern quarter of the city there are about one thousand Mahommedan families. They have a school for the education of their boys, and a pretty mosque, where they practise unmolested the rites of their faith. In one of the Buddhist temples (San Hsiao Sï) is to be found what is probably the largest idol

in the country. It is an immense image of Buddha, standing thirty feet high. The head alone measures six feet. The priest of this temple became a convert to Christianity, and handed over the magnificent buildings to the Christian Church. It was afterwards found, however, that he had gone beyond his rights, and the matter was quietly dropped.

Twenty miles north of Haicheng we skirt one of the most picturesque spots in Manchuria —the "Thousand Peaks" (Chien Shan), so called from the innumerable jagged spurs on the mountain range that cut the sky-line. Flowers, trees, and shrubs luxuriate among the hills in great profusion. There are wolves, foxes, and snakes in plenty, and at least one tiger is believed by the natives to have his lair in the vicinity. Many of the hills are crowned by Buddhist and Taoist temples. In these religious retreats those who have renounced the world lead a recluse life. The temple of the "Dragon Spring" is the finest. Most of them own sufficient land for the support of the priests, which they let out to the natives for cultivation. The priests are extremely illiterate, and often positively immoral.

Continuing our journey northwards for another forty miles, the next place of importance is Liaoyang—the ancient capital of Korea. It is a second-grade (Chow) city, and much

larger than Haicheng. While still some distance from the city, the attention of the traveller is arrested by a lofty white tower, one of the finest specimens of a number of such towers throughout Manchuria. They are probably Lama structures of the sixteenth century. Ruskin tells us that the function of the tower is threefold: (1) to withstand war, (2) to look forth for tidings, and (3) to point to Heaven. The white tower of Liaoyang fulfils the last of these. The circles that entwine it are probably a symbolical representation of the cycles through which the soul passes in its ascent to Nirvana. This tower now marks the site of the new Russian railway station, around which quite a large Russian colony has sprung up within the last three years. The population of Liaoyang is about 150,000. The high wall with which it is enclosed is in excellent preservation, and the numerous orchards and market gardens within the enclosure testify to unlimited scope for expansion. It is probably the best preserved city in Manchuria to-day. It was practically saved from destruction by the timely intervention of Dr. Westwater, who was with the Russian army during the campaign of 1900.

Some twenty miles north-east of Liaoyang, at Yentai, among the low hills that run parallel with the main road, the Russians are now carrying on extensive mining opera-

tions. Coal is found in great abundance. From this point the hills gradually recede eastwards, and the country is flat and uninteresting, unless one finds interest in the broad and fertile acres that everywhere make up the landscape.

Moukden, the capital of the province, is forty miles from Liaoyang. As we approach it we cross the Hun River, the largest tributary of the Liao. In summer the junks are able to come up within a few miles of the city. Moukden has a population of some 300,000. High stone walls enclose the city proper, within which are to be found the various Government offices and the principal business houses. The residential parts of the city are in the extensive suburbs that have grown up on all sides. During the Boxer outbreak Moukden suffered severely. The best shops were pillaged and some of the finest streets were burned to ashes.

Just within the east gate is the famous "Fox" temple. It is much frequented by people who pray to the canonised Fox—the mythical ancestor of all the foxes. He is represented now as a bland old gentleman with long beard and cunning cast of eye. The "Fox" temple is a kind of Chinese *Lourdes*. Miracles of healing are said to take place, and certainly many tablets adorn the walls — the votive offerings of those devotees

who profess to have received healing at his shrine.

The Confucian Temple of Literature in the east suburb is one of the prettiest buildings in the city. The Chinese say that the god of literature resides in the middle star of the plough. After graduation, students, gorgeously dressed, march in procession with the magistrate at their head, and solemnly prostrate themselves before the tablet of Confucius.

On the north side of the city is the grave of Wên Hsiang—a quiet resting-place encircled by a pretty pine wood. Originally a "table boy," he was educated by his master, whose daughter he subsequently married. He was president of several of the six Boards, and a member of the Tsung li Yamen. In 1861 he was Secretary of State. He died in 1876. It is a curious fact that the most beautiful spots in China are dedicated to the dead. A few miles farther north, within a beautifully wooded enclosure, are the tombs of the founders of the Manchu dynasty. A number of Manchu retainers guard the grounds. Until quite recently no foreigner was allowed to enter the sacred precincts. Inside are beautiful avenues of elm trees, on either hand stone animals, and at intervals temples where the worshippers of the dead perform their ceremonies. The tomb itself is on the west side, covered by a huge mound, on the pinnacle of which grows

the spirit tree. The Russian railway passes ten miles west of the city of Moukden, in deference to the prejudices of the Chinese, who could not tolerate anything so barbarian as a railway in the near neighbourhood of their mighty dead.

To the north of Moukden the country is more hilly. Passing through Yilu, a busy little market-town, the next place of any importance is Tiehling ("the city of the Iron Hill") situated at the junction of the Liao and Tsai Rivers. It is one of the most flourishing towns in the province, and has a great commercial future before it. It focuses the trade of the country to the east, and has every facility for transport, both by road and by river. The name would seem to indicate that iron is to be found in the vicinity.

A run of twenty-five miles over undulating territory brings us to Kaiyuan, an important market-town of some 25,000 inhabitants, situated on the banks of the Ching River and at the mouth of the valley of the same name. It is the business centre of an immense agricultural region lying chiefly to the east. Still farther north is the large town of Mai-mai-kai (Merchant Street). Each of the places mentioned—Haicheng, Liaoyang, Moukden, Yilu, Tiehling, Kaiyuan, and Mai-mai-kai—is an important missionary centre of the United Free Church, from which there

flows a continual stream of influence upon the neighbourhoods around. Important however, as these towns and cities are, Manchuria is after all a country of villages. The people are a race of farmers, and no matter in what direction we turn, we pass a village at every two or three miles' interval.

The three so-called religions of China all flourish on Manchurian soil. These are: (1) Confucianism; the cult more particularly of the literary and governing classes. (2) Taoism; which represents the reaction in Chinese religious thought against the hard materialism of Confucius. Its founder was Lao Tzu, a contemporary of Confucius. His mystical philosophy has not deeply influenced the nation, though it has given the Christian Church some of its choicest and most spiritual converts. (3) Buddhism; the religion of the bulk of the peasantry. It is not uncommon, however, to find people whose religious experience is coloured by all three. Confucianism has no priesthood, so that priests are either Buddhist or Taoist, easily distinguishable from the laity by their low-necked dress, or shaven head. The religious indifference of the people is frequently illustrated by their readiness to call in either to say prayers or conduct funeral ceremonies.

The traveller in Manchuria cannot fail to notice the very large number of wayside

shrines. On every hillside, under village trees, and at the parting of the ways, these evidences of a primitive nature-worship meet the eye. They are the shrines of the god of the hills. He dates back to the time when the hills were forest-clad. He is always represented as a young man with an axe over his shoulder. He is the clearer of the forest; he knows the secrets of the forest. The people of Korea pray to him to this hour. On his left should sit the god of nervous diseases; on his right the god of the ground, who is prayed to at death and takes charge of the spirit after death. These wayside shrines are everywhere over the country, testifying to the tenacity of a nature-worship, which is older than any of the religious systems, and as vigorous to-day as any of them.

William C. Burns was the pioneer missionary to Manchuria. Though he lived for only seven months in Newchwang, his death attracted attention to this unevangelised part of the world. "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work." Since Burns' death in 1868 vast changes have been wrought in the religious condition of the people of Manchuria. Missionaries have established themselves all over the interior, and a native Christian church of twenty thousand members testifies to the success of their labours. The three Protestant societies at work are: (1) *The Mission of the Irish*

Presbyterian Church, since 1869, working to the west of the river Liao, at Newchwang, Chin-chow, Kuang-ning, Moukden, Hsin-min-tun, Fa-ku-mên, and in the north at Kuan-Cheng-Tzu, Kirin, and Ku-yü-Shu. (2) *The Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland*, since 1872, working on the east of the Liao and towards Korea, also in the north at Ashiho. These two missions united in 1890, and though still controlled by separate committees at home, are one before the eyes of the native church. (3) *The Danish Lutheran Mission*, since 1895, working on the southern seaboard; but they are not numerous. In addition to these societies, there is (4) *The Mission of the Roman Catholics*, since 1838. They are probably as numerous as the Protestant Missions. They observe no territorial limitations, but "count the whole world their parish."

The projection of a branch of the great Trans-Siberian Railway through Manchuria is bound to exercise a potent influence over the future development of the country. The line, which is now completed, runs from Port Arthur in the south, in a north-easterly direction, right through the plain to Harbin, a distance of six hundred miles. At Harbin it meets the junction line from Vladivostock, a distance of four hundred miles. There is also a loop line from Newchwang, which joins the line from Port

Arthur at *Ta shih chiao* (great stone bridge), a distance of twenty miles. Already the railway has begun to tap much of the traffic formerly carried on by road and by river. "As a civilising power it will do much to develop this vast and fertile portion of China, exploiting its resources and educating its people. Comprehensive in its inception, patient and arduous in its execution, its completion must assuredly give a mighty impetus to the moral and material evolution of Oriental Asia; and no one, however Russophobe, can honestly hesitate to appreciate and sympathise with such a magnificent and such a humanising enterprise."[1]

Upon the outbreak of the "Boxer" hostilities the Russian authorities formally took possession of Newchwang, and it is now temporarily under their administration. Of the Russian action, Mr. Fulford, the British Consul at the time, writes: "On July 28th, 1900, the Russian Consul, hearing a rumour that a Russian captive was held in the native city, wrote to the Taotai that he must be given up immediately, or if anything happened to him the city would be bombarded. The rumour was false, but the threat gave rise to great alarm. On August 3rd the Russian Consul informed the Taotai that next day, being a Russian festival, a salute of thirty-one guns would be fired by the

[1] *A Year in China.* Clive Bigham, C.M.G.

Russian gunboat lying in the river off the town. The Taotai protested that this would terrify the townspeople, and he feared that, under the impression that they were being attacked, the anti-foreign party might attempt some violence against the European quarter. Next morning early—August 4th—the lawless element of the town evidently got the upper hand, and advanced against the barricade guarding our end of the city. One of the barricades was efficiently defended by the volunteers of the foreign community. The Russian forces then took possession of the town, and a Russian civil administration was provisionally established. The foreign community remained under assurances from the Russian authorities of the enjoyment of their treaty privileges."

During the following months the Russian army invaded the interior, and took possession of all the cities along the Imperial route. Now that order has been restored, the administration has been handed back to the Chinese officials, although Russian influence is still dominant, and likely to remain so.

CHAPTER II

PEEPS AT THE PEOPLE

A people of much intelligence and some wisdom.—Dr. Giles.

CHAPTER II

PEEPS AT THE PEOPLE

THE most fascinating part of a missionary's work is that which brings him into contact with the life of the people. No man in China is more happily circumstanced than he for observing the peculiar workings of the native mind. Though the rigid etiquette of the country precludes him from engaging in pastoral work, in the sense in which we understand it at home,—house-to-house visitation,—still he has ample opportunity, in the troops of visitors who throng his study from day to day, for observing those more prominent qualities which mark off the Chinese race from the rest of mankind. Not unnaturally he is prepared to think well of the people whose good he seeks. "Love thinketh no evil." He regards them with a sympathetic, kindly eye, and while not altogether blind to their weaknesses, is prepared to do justice to their many admirable qualities. By a constant effort of intellectual detachment he endeavours to see life from their point of view, and by the growing

bond of attachment thus created, is the better able to draw out the best that is in them, and lift them up to higher levels of life.

Their perfect charm of manner is perhaps their most attractive characteristic. Their style of dress—long flowing robes of blue cotton, with silk vest worn above; white cotton socks, velvet shoes, and, not least, their plaited queue of jet-black hair with its silk tassel dangling at their heels—lends grace to every movement of the body, and a touch of the picturesque to the otherwise monotonous features of the streets. A race of born actors, they have acquired through long practice the faculty of always putting their best foot foremost. In speech and behaviour they are careful in their relations with each other not to offend; are perfectly cool and self-possessed, and are never at a loss, under the most trying circumstances, for the right word or the correct attitude. Even a coolie, thrust suddenly into the presence of his superiors, understands perfectly what is expected of him, and acquits himself like a gentleman as though to the manner born. It is not difficult for the foreigner who has just arrived in China to understand why the Chinese should regard him as a barbarian. In spite of his fancied superiority, he soon discovers that in comparison with these people of the East he is a mere child in the art of social etiquette. As Dr. Arthur Smith reminds us: "The Anglo-

A CHINESE SALUTATION

A BARBER AT WORK

Saxon has no doubt many virtues, and among them is to be found a very large percentage of *fortiter in re*, but a very small percentage of *suaviter in modo*. When, therefore, we come to the Orient, and find the vast population of the immense Asiatic continent so greatly our superiors in the art of lubricating the friction which is sure to arise in the intercourse of man with man, we are filled with that admiration which is the tribute of those who cannot do a thing to those who can do it easily and well. The most bigoted critic of the Chinese is forced to admit that they have brought the practice of politeness to a pitch of perfection which is not only unknown in Western lands, but previous to experience is unthought of and almost unimaginable."

To some extent, of course, their admirable etiquette has the defects of its qualities. One finds this in the tendency to exaggeration and flattery so common in everyday speech. Their horror of directness, their determination not to offend, has given rise to a wide vocabulary of circumlocutionary phrases that are sometimes positively untrue. But to tell a lie, rather than be offensive, would seem to be the obvious duty of every Chinaman. They address each other continually as the "Honourable Mr. So-and-so." An ugly fact is invariably alluded to under cover of some veiled periphrasis. They never speak of "death" directly, but say that the

deceased is "not in," that he has "greeted the age," "ascended to the sky," or returned to the "Heavenly Hall."

This "talent for indirection," as it has been called, is carried even further than circumlocutionary phraseology. When the business in hand is of extreme delicacy, such as borrowing money, or negotiating a betrothal, it necessitates the calling in of a middle-man to act as "go-between." Should your "boy" wish an advance in his wages, it is probable that he will not come in person to tell you so. He enlists the services of your "teacher," and even your "teacher" goes about his task in a truly circuitous fashion. He watches his opportunity. Some morning he finds you in an unusually good mood, then he naïvely asks you if you are aware that millet (the staple food of the peasantry) has risen in price, adding that, of course, fuel has also risen so much. By this time you are aware that somebody's wages are in question, but whose? Not his own, for he would not talk in this fashion about himself. "There's So-and-so," he continues, indicating with a nod in the direction of the kitchen; he has so many "mouths" to feed. Then heaving a sigh, he remarks, as he takes himself out of the room, "I wonder how some people live." A certain evangelist who wished a rise in his salary, wrote me letters for some months from his country station. He drew a terrible picture

of the famine prices he was paying for the bare necessaries of life ; but though he turned up to see me at the end of each month and received his salary, no allusion was ever made to the correspondence by either of us. After a few months the letters ceased. But he knew that if he could do better I was prepared to let him go elsewhere. From this it will be seen that words are not always the index of a Chinaman's real thoughts. He often purposely uses language to veil his thought, but he expects you to be shrewd enough to divine his meaning. He regards the straight, brusque frankness of the foreigner as a weakness, not as a virtue. And every Chinaman knows that this is the most vulnerable point in the foreigner's coat-of-mail.

After one has lived amongst the people for awhile, one begins, of course, to get glimpses beneath the surface, and to see how much of their etiquette is purely superficial. Every Chinese wears a mask, which he calls his "face," but it would be the height of impropriety to pull it aside and look at the real man. High officials have been known to chose death rather than "lose face." It is everything to them. It embraces self-respect, honour, *amour propre*, nay, even conscience itself. They speak of "losing one's face" ; of "keeping one's face" ; of "giving a person face" ; of "taking away a person's face" ; or, when reparation cannot be made, they say "his face cannot come down."

To accuse a person of a fault in the presence of others is to take his face away. If he is your servant, he cannot, of course, remain in your service, and will probably acquaint you next day with the fact that he has had a message from home informing him of his mother's illness or death, and is profoundly sorry to tell you that he must leave your honourable service for an indefinite period. If you wish to give "face" to one you have insulted, the common custom is to invite him to a feast. In the presence of mutual friends reparation is made, and all enmity ceases. To offer a person a handsome present is to give him "great face." But the acceptance of a gift generally entails on the receiver the return of something of equal value. Missionaries have sometimes to pay dearly for their intimacy with the official classes, because they are expected to make a return in the shape of some foreign article. It is said of the early Jesuit Fathers that they propagated the gospel in Pekin by the liberal distribution of European clocks. And, on one occasion, after persecution had driven them from the capital, they were one day summarily recalled to the court, because all the clocks in the palace had stopped and no one knew how to set them a-going.

The Chinese are never in a hurry, and yet they are a most industrious people. To toil so hard and yet remain so poor illustrates the

irony of their history. From dawn to sunset they are in harness. They work seven days each week, and have never discovered the art of enjoying a month's holiday. Yet withal they go about their work in a truly artistic fashion. They are Asiatics, and they work as such. They think nothing of resting in the midst of their labours, four or five times between regular meals, to smoke or to sip tea. To have anything to do with Chinese workmen is to undergo a severe discipline in patience, so much so that it has been playfully remarked that after a missionary has built for himself a church or a house, he requires a furlough to restore his shattered nerves. Though his working-day is not so long, by several hours, your Occidental can generally pack as much into one hour as your Asiatic does in three, and therein lies the whole factor of race supremacy. The Oriental has not our energy. The sun is in his blood, and he has yielded to the enervating influences of climate for centuries. As a workman he has little mechanical inventiveness. Show him a short cut how to do a piece of work to-day, but do not be surprised if you find him back in the old groove to-morrow. Introduce some labour-saving machines, and spend infinite pains in instructing him in their use, or in demonstrating their utility, but do not be disappointed should you find them erelong rusting in the

fields. The claims of habit would seem to be inexorable, and one almost despairs of ever getting the Chinese mind to grasp the meaning of the word progress.

The prevalent opinion of the Chinaman in this country is that he is a lying rogue, a cruel and inhuman monster. The misfortune is that we seldom read of him except when he is misbehaving—killing foreigners or attempting a revolution, then his doings are flashed abroad in every newspaper of the western world. He does lie and he is cruel. But these are not attributes of the Chinese alone, but of all Asiatics, of all semicivilised races that have not come under the humanising touch of Christianity. Their cruelty has its roots in their low estimate of the value of human life, and it will not disappear until that is altered. Most of their dark deeds are due to ignorant superstition, or to the mastering passion of fanaticism; but to dispose of the Chinaman by saying that he is cruel is to take an unbalanced view of his character. In his natural habitat he is hospitably disposed, patient under trial, and only vindictive because of some fancied insult or real injustice.

The conservatism of the race is proverbial. Their golden age is in the past. Their minds look backward, not forward. Their educational system, which consists in memorising their classical books, fosters their conservative in-

stinct. The fever of commercial competition, of international rivalry, has not yet entered their veins, and they may be said to be lacking in ambition. Their ideal is neither commercial — though they are good merchants; nor military — though they make excellent soldiers when properly drilled and led; but literary. The "superior person" or ideal man in China is he who is most deeply versed in classical lore; who writes the most elegant style. A people possessing many great and good qualities, their civilisation yet presents many glaring defects to the critic from the west. Chief of these is their lack of conscience and consequent instability of character. If they are ever to take their place amongst the nations of the West, or make that contribution to the aggregate of human good which their really great qualities entitle us to expect, then they must rise above their narrow isolation, antiquated scholasticism, and tribal conceptions of duty, and advance to a less artificial and less encumbered life, endeavouring to keep pace with the march and progress of the civilised world. Otherwise, they will go down before the pressure of that civilisation and pass from the stage of history like the effete civilisations of antiquity.

In a recent book, Sir Robert Hart has indicated his belief that the only way to obviate the "yellow peril"—which to his mind is a

real danger, and one that may at no distant date threaten the peace of Europe—lies (1) either in the partition of the Empire, so that the separate parts might be held in check; or (2) in the gradual Christianising of the people, and the leavening of Chinese society with the restraints of Christian principle. His words are: "Nothing but partition or a miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form — a not impossible but scarcely-to-be-looked-for religious triumph—will avert the result." The alternative is between a policy of Force and a policy of Love. The first means bloodshed, anarchy, chaos; the second means social order, gradual evolution, ultimate emancipation. There can be no doubt surely into which scale we should throw the weight of our influence. "No social revolution and no intellectual education could so thoroughly advance the moral and material evolution of China as the willing adoption of the Christian faith."[1]

[1] *A Year in China.* Clive Bigham, C.M.G.

CHAPTER III

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

What kind of country is China?

I know very little about it: all I know is that it is a very large country far to the east, but scarcely large enough to contain its inhabitants, who are so numerous, that though China does not cover one-ninth part of the world, its inhabitants amount to one-third of the population of the world.

And do they talk as we do?

Oh no! I know nothing of their language, but I have heard that it is quite different from all others, and so difficult that none but the cleverest people amongst foreigners can master it.—*Lavengro.*

CHAPTER III

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

THE advent of the young missionary on the mission field, and the birth of a child into the world, may seem two very different things, but it is the only analogy that does justice to the situation, in the opinion of those who have passed through the experience. His first task is to learn to speak. Until he has reduced the labyrinthine mass of sounds to an intelligible system, and acquired the difficult habit of uttering them in speech, his condition is one of helpless bewilderment. There is no royal road to the accomplishment of this end. "Sit down doggedly, sir," is not a comfortable maxim, but it is a wise one, and yields the best results.

The first Chinaman with whom the young missionary becomes intimately acquainted is his "teacher." As this important personage enters the house after breakfast (before it, if he is allowed) to begin the work of the day, he makes a profound bow, which is more or less awkwardly returned. Putting his two hands

together (for instead of shaking yours, he prefers to shake his own) he bends his body till his hands nearly touch the ground. He then slowly raises them upwards, till, standing perfectly erect, they reach the level of his head. For a moment he stands thus, then quickly drops them by his side. This done, his first word is no insipid remark upon the weather (for there is no weather in Manchuria), but a comfortable request to ascertain if you have "eaten your food." This formality over, the business of the day begins. He reads a sentence or two in Chinese, which you struggle to repeat after him, attempting to reproduce the sound, and to remember the formation of the character simultaneously. This form of vocal gymnastic goes on for two or three hours without intermission, with a growing sensation of despair on your part, and a not imperceptible pity on his. You pause and attempt conversation, which is apt to degenerate into monologue. Of course, you do not understand, but your ear must grow accustomed to sounds. He hunts up the characters in your book and points to the translation, and with the help of a vivid imagination you may perhaps divine his meaning. He is asking your honourable age? How many "mouths" there are in your venerable home? What is the amount of your salary? or perhaps he hints that it would be refreshing to sip a cup of tea on so hot a day.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS TEACHER

All the time you are carefully noting these phrases for future use. Should you happen to leave the room for a moment, he forgets his rigid decorum, rises and makes good use of his time, examining the articles about the room. One missionary who used to read in his bedroom (perhaps he had no other place) had occasion to leave his teacher for a moment. The weakness of the gentleman in question was a childish liking for foreign cakes. He saw on the washstand what he took to be one of his favourite rarities, and instantly proceeded to take a good bite of it. It was scented soap! On his return, the missionary took in the situation and asked him if he liked it. True to the "celestial" nature, not to betray the slightest trace of chagrin, he replied warmly in the affirmative!

In learning a new language it is a mistake to stick too rigidly to books. A language is a living thing, and can best be acquired (1) by attentive listening, (2) by constant speaking, (3) by assiduous note-taking. Beginners are apt to stuff their memories with words and phrases, which unfortunately have a knack, like "Jeems" and "Thomas," of not coming when called for. The Chinese have a saying to the effect that it is all very well to have money in the bank when you are at home, but when travelling that will avail you nothing if you have no ready cash in your pocket. Speech is current

coin, and is only of value when it can be put readily into circulation.

One's first attempts to speak Chinese are apt, of course, to be humiliating. You take a walk into the country and spy a Chinaman coming along the road. There is no one near, so you resolve not to let the opportunity slip. You greet him with some of your newly-acquired phrases. To your amazement, he replies, "I don't understand foreign talk." He does not understand you because he does not expect to understand you. It takes him some time to perceive that it is possible for a foreigner to speak Chinese.

The very slight difference in sound of the various Chinese words, caused by what is technically known as the *tones*, is a veritable slough of despond which the young pilgrim can hardly hope to escape. For example, ma[1] means "mother"; ma[2] means "hemp"; ma[3] means "horse"; and ma[4] is "to curse." Care must be taken, therefore, when addressing a mother not to swear, or when calling for your horse not to be handed a piece of hemp. Tell your "boy" to bring a chair, but do not be surprised if he presents you with a cake of soap (yi[1] tzu, yi[3] tzu). A missionary who wished his "boy" to go to the street to buy a cupboard, failed to understand his reluctance till he discovered that he had really asked him to buy a "foreign-devil" (kuei: kuei tzu). Another, who wished

to invite a friend into a restaurant for some refreshments, only understood why the invitation was declined when informed that he had really asked him to walk into his coffin (kuan tzu: kuan). Not less amusing was the enthusiastic missionary who, while inculcating the duty of preaching the doctrine (ch'uan tao), really informed his hearers that they ought to wear trousers (chuan t'ao).

Learning to speak, however, is only one-half the task of acquiring a knowledge of Chinese. The missionary must learn to read. If ambitious, he may even acquire the art of writing—but this is a herculean task. The Chinese language, being ideographic, each hieroglyphic is a symbolical representation of a given thing or idea. It is composed of two parts. The part to the left (or as happens sometimes, on the top) is the radical, which gives a clue to the meaning; while that on the right hand (or as sometimes happens, below) is the phonetic, and gives the proper sound to the whole word. The table on the following page will help the reader to understand how the language is built up; while it will discover to him a fund of humour, lurking where he perhaps never dreamt of its existence.

The total number of Chinese characters has been estimated at 50,000, but more than one-half are obsolete. The using vocabulary of an educated man seldom amounts to more

than between 5000 and 6000, while the number used in the translation of the New Testament is limited to 2713, and the thirteen classics are made up of 6544 separate characters. The young student gets his

Note.—Chinese characters read downwards and begin at the right hand corner. The above table is taken from *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 1900, Philadelphia.

"teacher" to write a dozen or so of these characters daily on little detached slips of paper, on the back of which he writes the sound in Roman letters, with proper tone and meaning. One enthusiastic beginner hit on the ingenious plan of having a number of those

slips of paper served up to breakfast every morning. His "boy" had instructions to put a hundred or two in the sugar basin, and he did not allow himself to begin breakfast till he had passed them one by one into the slop basin. Nothing but constant reading accustoms the eye to the peculiar formation of the characters, but after a year or two one is able to read almost as fluently as in English. After a six months' residence in the country it is possible to converse a little; but, in the case of most men who are not gifted with a special genius for the acquisition of languages, it invariably takes from eighteen months to two years before they can attempt the sustained and dignified speech essential to good preaching.

Interest in the people grows with a growing mastery of the language. Excursions into the rich field of Chinese literature open up a new world to the student, amply rewarding him for all past struggles.

Apart from the classical books of the sages, which interpret better than anything else the *gravitas* of the Chinese character, there are whole libraries of novels, plays, and poems that throw a flood of light upon the lighter and more human moods of this most wonderful people. It has been well said that "we are too apt to give the Chinaman credit for being interested in little else than 'cash' and 'chow-chow' (food); in spite of ourselves we cannot

conceive him in an ideal aspect, or credit him with any delicacy of feeling or fineness of taste. Yet these people also are richly endowed with that mysterious creative power of imagination which gives to genius its light, and to love its glory. Across their hearts also has swept the rush of enthusiasm for brave deeds, and the sweetness of kind thoughts, trembling tenderness, discursive fancy, soft breathings of pity and the rain of tears." [1]

[1] *Chinese Fiction.* Rev. Geo. T. Candlin.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE STREET CHAPEL

The offer of Christ to sinful men wherever they can be found is not the offer of an alternative religion to them, in the sense in which Hinduism and Taoism and Confucianism are religions. It is the offer to men of *the secret of life*, of something that will cleanse them from all that hinders and defeats their spiritual natures, of something that will enable them to realise their true selves, and become men in the true and full sense of the word.—*Ascent through Christ.*

CHAPTER IV

IN THE STREET CHAPEL

WE will suppose that the missionary has acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to enable him to preach a little. Preaching in China is not quite the same, however, as preaching at home. The missionary does not shut himself up in his study for the best part of the week preparing two elaborate and cultured discourses to be read on Sunday to the congregation. He has to preach to Christians on the Lord's day, it is true, but he has also to evangelise the heathen during the other days of the week. This is carried on, for the most part, in the street-preaching chapels. These chapels are open for a few hours every afternoon. They are situated in main thoroughfares to attract passers-by, and are generally large enough to accommodate from fifty to a hundred people. The buildings are quite unpretentious; not in the least ecclesiastical. Any old shop or store with sufficient air-space and a few forms is all that is required. They are only distinguishable

from the other buildings around by a glance at the sign-board—"Jesus Religion Chapel." On entering the building the most noticeable features are the characters inscribed upon the walls; sayings from the classics, such as: "He who offends against Heaven has no place where he can pray," are found side by side with the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, or, "The time is fulfilled, repent and believe the gospel." Not seldom I have seen a map of the world adorning the walls. Adjoining the chapel is frequently a book-shop, where books of various kinds dealing with Christianity can be found, but especially the Scriptures in the vernacular of the people.

Let us go to one of these chapels and spend the afternoon. Two native evangelists live on the premises behind the chapel, and are in charge of all the arrangements. During the former part of each day they are busy receiving visitors, making calls, or studying, for they are students as well as evangelists, and have examinations to pass. These evangelists are, as a rule, the pick of our converts; young men of bright intelligence, ready utterance, and love for souls. About four o'clock the door opens. We commence by singing a hymn: "There is a gate that stands ajar," or other popular air. The singing attracts the passers-by on the street. They begin to drop into the chapel in twos and threes, till, at the close of the

hymn, from twenty to thirty people have gathered together. These, be it observed, are all men. Women do not attend the street chapel. Chinese etiquette does not sanction mixed audiences, and indeed women are seldom to be seen on the streets at all. The men seat themselves on the forms provided, light their pipes if they choose, and quietly listen. The whole meeting is of a free-and-easy character. They go out and in at will. Only there is no conversation—a law, however, which is sometimes honoured in the breach, as it is almost impossible for the irrepressible Chinaman to sit still and hold his tongue. The range of topics upon which one may speak to such an audience is fairly wide, so long as we treat our subjects in such a way as to show that they have some affinity with the circle of ideas already familiar to the Chinese mind. It will not do to choose a text and preach a sermon, even though that be directed to the unconverted. The probability is it would not be understood. We have to be careful even in the language we employ, for Christianity gives a new and deeper meaning to a wide vocabulary of words which the heathen mind can only fully understand after they have entered the Church, and grown up to an appreciation of Christian ideas. You need not be surprised if, when you are addressing your audience as sinners, you are informed by a

respectable Chinaman that *he*, at least, is nothing of the kind. It is the fault of the language, for *tsui rên* connotes to his mind nothing more nor less than a criminal. He knows nothing of that inward sense of pollution in the sight of an all-holy God which we read into the word.

The Chinese have two expressions which describe very well what we mean by preaching. The first is "explain the book" (chiang shu), and the second is "spread the doctrine" (chuan tao). The character of our preaching to the heathen consists largely in explanation, which results in spreading the knowledge of the gospel. If the foreign pastor is present when the chapel opens, he invariably leads off, and is followed by the native evangelists. Not unfrequently some church-members drop in, and close with a few words of testimony or exhortation. The foreign pastor may begin somewhat in this style:—

"In your Three-Character-Classic there is a saying to this effect: 'Man's nature was originally virtuous.'" (As this is one of the A B C books in every Chinese school, all present understand the allusion and know the text by heart from which you wish to speak. Moreover, they are pleased to hear the foreigner quote their classical books: it places him *en rapport* with his audience at once.) Then he proceeds: "Our Western books (the Bible) say

the same thing in another way. They say: 'In the beginning God created man in His own image.' Originally man's nature was pure and virtuous like the nature of a little child. But as a matter of fact, are the men and women around you virtuous? Do they not lie and squeeze and curse? (Illustrations of this from their daily life can readily be given.)

"Chu Hsi, one of your own sages, says it is like this: You plant a young tree in the earth, expecting to see it grow up tall and straight in your garden. But just as it begins to show itself above the ground, an enemy comes and places a large stone on the top of it. It does not cease to grow, but it grows twisted underneath the stone. Now the young tree is like our nature, but the stone is human sin. Sin is a heavy weight; it twists and embitters our nature and prevents us from growing virtuous and upright as God originally intended.

"Go to the Yamen Gate and you will see men wearing a heavy piece of wood on their shoulders, their heads thrust through a hole in the middle of it. It is locked, and they cannot get free. When they lie down to sleep it prevents them from resting; when they awake it is still there. Day and night they have to carry the burden. That is a punishment for having broken the law of the Emperor. But there is a higher law than the law of the land.

It is God's law. We have all broken that, and are carrying invisible burdens in consequence. Now I have come to China to tell you that God has sent His Son into the world to take that burden off your shoulders. He alone can remove the stone of sin from your hearts. When Jesus was crucified He took it upon His own, for 'He bore our sins in His own body on the tree.' He alone never broke God's law. He was without sin; perfectly virtuous. Read His life as you find it in the Gospels, and you will see what virtue means. Confucius tells you that it is enough to observe the five relations: The minister must be loyal to the Emperor, the wife love her husband, the child obey his parents, the younger brother be submissive to the elder, and friend be faithful to friend. But all that says nothing about our relation to God. Jesus says: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.'"

This talk will last for twenty minutes or half an hour. Meantime the little chapel is gradually becoming full of people. Some are listening attentively; some, on the other hand, are gazing around with vacant stare: "Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder, vainly contented with the show of things." The native preachers succeed the foreigner and take up

the theme. Ideas and illustrations have suggested themselves to their minds while he has been speaking, and they are able to enforce and apply the message to the consciences of the hearers in a manner he could not do.

After two or three hours the service ends. The bulk betake themselves home, where they talk over what they have heard in the chapels. Some few remain in conversation with the preachers. They are invited to the rooms behind the chapel to talk over their difficulties, and are encouraged to inquire further into the "Jesus doctrine" by the reading of a book; and so the work goes on every day. The street-preaching chapel is the nexus between the Christian and the heathen world; the lever by means of which the people are being raised out of their heathenism into the Kingdom of God; the feeder of the Church.

Evening falls and members and inquirers gather themselves together for worship. The senior preacher gives a short exposition of some passage and leads their devotions. After worship they spend some time together learning new hymns, examining inquirers, and in social intercourse, and thus the day closes.

In Moukden city there were seven such chapels, two of which belonged to the Irish Mission, and five to the Scotch. Over the whole Moukden centre there were between forty and fifty, and there must have been nearly

three or four hundred such chapels spread all over Manchuria. These held the strategic points of the field. An elder and two deacons were associated with each of the city chapels. They held a monthly business meeting. Some members had got into trouble and needed help; some brother had grown lax in attendance, and must be visited; some may have lapsed into heathen practices after the death of a member of the family where the unconverted portion insisted on the observance of heathen rites, and these must be disciplined; the contributions to the central funds of the church had to be made up and sent in. This meeting took general oversight of all the affairs of the chapel connected with that district, and the elder reported at the monthly meeting of Session on all matters affecting the spiritual welfare of the little community.

CHAPTER V

IN THE CONFESSIONAL

A pagan approaches Christianity the way the world did.—*The Shadow Christ.*

CHAPTER V

IN THE CONFESSIONAL

I HAVE tried to show how Christianity grows extensively through the medium of the street-preaching chapel; a more difficult but a more interesting task is to attempt to depict its growth intensively. What impact does Christianity make upon the heathen mind? How do the Chinese enter the Church? What is the *rationale* of conversion? How does the change come, and what effects are apparent in the lives of the converts? In short, can we trace the evolution of the inward growth of Christian doctrine in the pagan mind?

The first obstacle that confronts the missionary who would essay such a task is one which he can never thoroughly overcome. He is a foreigner. The Chinese have been described as "sphinxes of imperturbable reserve." Reserve is a national characteristic. People—even those who are on familiar terms with you—are careful not to reveal their deepest experiences to the foreign gaze. It has been remarked by an experienced missionary, with some truth, that

when a Chinaman comes to consult the foreigner about his soul's good, it is time to look to one's pocket. Sincere inquirers observe a wise reticence about such matters. Yet there are not wanting opportunities for observing how the leaven of the gospel wins its way.

The manner of conversion differs from what one would naturally expect from one's experience of the same change as witnessed in persons at home. One would suppose that the sheer novelty of the gospel would strike the pagan mind, almost on a first hearing, with overpowering force; that conversion would be swift and irresistible. As a matter of fact it is not so. We forget that "their eyes are holden" by custom, prejudice, and antecedent belief, so that "they cannot see." The portrait of Christ which confronts them demands much study and long patience ere it yields up its secret to their gaze, and ere they see in Him who was pierced that beauty which will make them desire Him as their Saviour. Writing to a friend who was home on furlough, Mackay of Uganda says: "You will do a noble work if you get good Christians in England to understand fully the exact nature of the case—that the heathen do not by nature wish the gospel, although we know they sorely need it; that in every land people are jealous for their faith which came down from their ancestors of long-lost memory."

Let us try to trace the steps of the

normal conversion of a working-man in China. Let us suppose that a chapel has been opened in his village. For some time he ignores its very existence. He not improbably anticipates some dire calamity to visit the neighbourhood because of it. Time passes, however, and nothing happens. He hears that some of his friends have visited the place. They give kindly accounts of the preacher. *He* is not a foreigner; he is one of themselves. One night he drops in. The chapel is a comfortable room. He meets his companions, gets a hearty welcome, and is invited to return. The preacher sings them a hymn and explains the doctrine. They never sang in their lives before, and no one ever manifested such a kindly interest in them and their families, as this preacher of the "Jesus religion." Some of his friends have actually bought a catechism and begun to learn to read. He is a simple man; peaceful, industrious, fond of his family. The only religion he knows is associated with the "Kitchen-god," which he believes has power to ward off evil influences from the home. Perhaps he goes to the temple once a year to bump his head on the ground before the idol—his sole ritual. He is beginning to enjoy going to the chapel of an evening after the labours of the day are ended. One night the evangelist speaks of the sin of idolatry. He had not thought of it in that

way; how could he? He does but as his fathers did. Yet it does seem ridiculous to expect help from the idols. Some of his friends have got rid of theirs, and the heavens have not fallen. He talks it over with his wife, resolves to abolish the idol, and learn the "Jesus doctrine." "Ye turned unto God from idols, to serve a living and true God." This is invariably the first step into the Kingdom. He begins to read; this is inevitably the second step. Line upon line, precept upon precept, he spells out the gospel story and the doctrines of grace. When the foreign pastor comes along that way on circuit, he is presented for examination. How different his feelings towards the foreigner now! He remembers how once he called him a "devil," or threw mud at him on the street. To-day, he salutes him with a profound bow, and attends to his slightest need with alacrity.

Most inquirers are examined two or three times before baptism. Experienced missionaries have little difficulty in discovering if the truth has reached the heart and changed the life. Though his knowledge is yet imperfect, and from the moral and spiritual point of view the net result in character small, yet the beginning of a new life has begun. He has the faith of the mustard seed. In his home Scripture texts are to be seen adorning the walls in place of the "Kitchen-god." The singing of hymns

takes the place of family feuds, and the children go to school instead of running wild on the streets.

It is true of the mission field of to-day, as in the days of our Lord, that the poor hear the message of salvation gladly. They have little to lose. They have no selfish ends to serve by throwing in their lot with the new faith. But it is different with the rich and the cultured classes. To them it means sacrifice, and only strong impelling motives lead their feet into the fold of the Christian Church. These motives are not always disinterested, and much caution has to be exercised in admitting them to the privileges of the Christian Society. One very powerful inducement which the Christian Church presents to the Chinese mind lies in the protection which it affords against oppression in the native law courts. Without doubt the Chinese are the most litigious people on the face of the earth. There is hardly a family that has not had at some time or other its lawsuit. The iniquitous system is encouraged by the Yamens, for by it they live. The ingenuity of the machinery for entangling worthy and wealthy people in the meshes of the law is simply appalling. Respectable people live in terror of being entrapped and coerced into its clutches. In nine cases out of ten it means their ruin. They are powerless to prevent it, and seldom

escape till they have paid the uttermost farthing. Hence the reason—in this social evil—why many merchants have looked to the Church, hoping to find in her communion a haven of rest where they may pass their days in peace and quietness, undisturbed by the intrigues of their enemies or the injustice of the law courts.

But how, it may be asked, does the Church fulfil such expectations? Does she come between the subject and the civil courts of the country? In this way. The Roman Church early recognised in this social evil an opportunity for recruiting a large number of converts among the rich and cultured classes. Over these she determined to throw the ægis of the Church's protection. For example, Mr. Wang has an impending lawsuit. He may be perfectly innocent of the charges trumped up against him. They may even have originated in the Yamen itself, for in every Yamen there exists a class of men called "sword pens," whose sole occupation is to bring grist to the mill and keep the Yamen coffers full. When charges are brought against Mr. Wang he is helpless. He must appear to defend himself. There is no such thing as justice. He who has money has reason on his side. "The big fish eat the little fish, the little fish eat the shrimps, and the shrimps eat the mud," is one of the proverbs of the country. Mr.

Wang, finding himself in a tight place, resolves to join the Church. It is cheaper to make a handsome donation to the funds of the Church than to be fleeced in the Yamen. The day of the trial comes. The French priest sends his card to the magistrate informing him that Mr. Wang is one of his converts. This is sufficient to put the magistrate on his guard. In nine cases out of ten it will be sufficient to secure Mr. Wang's acquittal. But should the magistrate be bold enough to defy the priest and decide against his convert, what happens? The priest will call upon the magistrate; argue, threaten, browbeat, until, because of his importunity, the magistrate will drop the case altogether. It seldom needs more than this to clench the matter. But should the magistrate still persist, the priest has another and a terrible card to play. He writes to the French Consul, informing him of this case of flagrant persecution. The Consul acquaints the Taotai, the chief Chinese official in the treaty-port; who, in turn, instructs the local magistrate to see to it that no more complaints reach him from that quarter. This method has been so successful that a tradition has grown up amongst local magistrates that it does not pay to give decisions against Roman Catholic converts. Sometimes the priest's action is sufficient to call for the removal of the magistrate. Now, if the priest

only interfered on behalf of *bonâ fide* converts, who were such prior to the instituting of law proceedings, and if he took care to discover that his convert was innocent of the charge preferred against him, there would not be cause for complaint; but when he deliberately *receives* men into the Church knowing that their motive is to secure his protection, and when, in addition, the justice of their case may be extremely doubtful, no language can be too strong, in the interests of Christianity, to condemn such a practice. It is notorious that men guilty of the grossest crimes have been protected from the just punishment of the authorities in this way. The wily Chinaman can always colour the facts of the case to make himself appear the injured party in the priest's eyes. Others, in similar straits, hear of Mr. Wang's success; they also become converts on like principles, till the Roman Church in China has become a veritable "cave of Adullam," beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of the civil courts of the country. The example and practice of the Roman Church have not been without their baneful influence on the Protestant cause in China. In spite of the greatest vigilance, Protestant missionaries have been dragged into this matter. With the haziest notion of the difference between the two churches, the Chinese come to us expecting like favours. The problem has been com-

plicated by the fact that in not a few cases of genuine persecution we have been constrained to afford protection to our converts. And having yielded in some cases, it is difficult to get the Chinese to understand why, having the power (successfully to protect some), we should not exert our influence on behalf of all who may apply. This gigantic evil has grown up all over China, and threatens to poison the life of the Church.

No inquirer is allowed to enter his name on our books who is known to have an impending lawsuit.[1] It is by no means easy to discover when your inquirer is, or is not, in that condition. And there are not wanting native preachers who dissemble and throw the foreigner off his guard. Some years may elapse before he becomes acquainted with the true facts of the case. Even after baptism we

[1] Here are a few of the leading rules of the Presbytery :—

"All who come on account of lawsuits are excluded from entering the Church. A similar prohibition against those whose motives are of material gain, or those who, being their own masters, do not abolish their idols."

"Inquirers, after they have been enrolled, must submit to nine months' probation and instruction."

"All opium-smokers who do not break off the habit are excluded from membership ; but if anyone through illness is unable to break it off, he is to be examined by the medical missionary, and if the latter certifies that it cannot safely be broken off, he may be baptized with the approval of the Session."

"All persons cultivating, or trading in, opium, whether raw or prepared, are excluded from entering the Church."

refuse point-blank to be entangled in their law pleas, or in any way to lend our influence to their cause. The mere fact, however, that they are members, gives them an immense advantage in the eyes of the officials. Many who were enthusiastic when they entered the Church, turn back and walk no more with us when they learn that we are not prepared to help them. Some, however, who may have entertained false hopes and impure motives when they began, continue. They rectify their mistakes. They learn the true meaning of the Church. They truly repent and believe the gospel, and develop into splendid Christian men.

The approach of the *literati* to Christianity differs in many respects from the approach of the two types already portrayed. Their attitude is strictly intellectual. Hitherto converts from this class have not been numerous, and can hardly be regarded as a success. Their Christianity is eclectic. They read the Scriptures, and find in them a system of ethics, higher than that of their own classics. But their religious life remains cold and unprogressive. They seldom appreciate the great doctrines of grace. Their characters are marred by insufferable conceit, and by the absence of that humility of heart which is the mark of the seeker after truth. They are too often content to admire and applaud the ethics

of Christianity without endeavouring to reproduce them in their conduct. In short, they regard Christianity as a sort of sublimated Confucianism. The Confucianist Christian is generally censorious in his judgments of others, and more careful about his personal deportment and good name than about the salvation of men; and while professing to be enamoured of the loftiest ethical teaching, he too often remains the very personification of selfishness. In spite of his profession of Christianity, Confucius, not Christ, is his Master; self-culture, not self-abnegation, his aim; law, not grace, his method of salvation.

The ancestral worship of the thoroughgoing Confucianist is not unfrequently the barrier that hinders his advance. The attitude of missionaries varies widely on the subject. Some there are who treat it with easy tolerance; not regarding it as worship in the proper sense, but simply as an expansion of filial piety issuing in a pious recollection of the dead. While there are others who insist on making it a test-question of membership, and denounce it as a pernicious belief contrary alike to the worship of the One Living and True God, and to the teaching of Scripture. The elaborate ritual that has grown up round the doctrine in the present day bears the same relation to the original and classical form, as the corrupt practices of continental Catholicism bear to

the pure teaching of Christianity in the New Testament. The native Christian Church will be the best arbiter in a matter which it is impossible for the Western mind thoroughly to appreciate or understand. So far as I have been able to observe, however, the native Christian conscience unanimously condemns the practice, and views with suspicion the sincerity of anyone who, while seeking admission to their fellowship, still retains the old belief, or practises the old ritual.

While converts of the *literati* type have hitherto been more or less of a disappointment, there is another class, somewhat akin to them, who are the most promising and useful men in the Church. Though not scholars in the technical sense, they are reading men: bright, thoughtful, intelligent. They approach Christianity with open mind and unsophisticated heart. They are generally young men of good family, liberal education, pure morals, and strong convictions. From this class we draw the great majority of our preachers and teachers.

To sum up what I have to say on this subject it will be apparent:—

1. That among Chinese Christians appreciation of the essential inwardness of Christianity is a growth. One is impressed, generally speaking, by the absence of a deep sense of sin. This is due probably to their Confucian training which makes morality largely an external thing. The

missionary has constantly to guard his converts against the tendency to set too high a value on the efficacy of rites like Baptism and the Lord's Supper. I have heard of a newly-baptised convert who, immediately after his initiation, seized the font of water with trembling hands and drank it off. He doubtless believed that the water possessed some magical virtue that would cleanse him of his sins. Not till they have been in the Church for some time, and grown up to a knowledge of the holy character of God, do they feel the burden of a sense of inward pollution and undergo that radical change of heart that moulds their character and controls their conduct.

2. Reverence can hardly be said to be one of the graces of the Chinese Christian. This, too, is a growth. At first he is apt to make the punctilious performance of his elaborate etiquette do duty for reverence. He stalks into church, greets his friends in stentorian tones, and will even light his pipe immediately service is over, if not checked. The sacred building exercises no spell over his imagination. His consciousness is not sufficiently developed to lead him into communion with an invisible spiritual presence. With a deeper sense of sin comes a profounder humility and a truer reverence.

3. I have been struck, however, by the clearness with which Chinese converts grasp the

central doctrine of the Christian faith—the doctrine of atonement. Familiarity with the substitutionary idea, as it finds expression in their own religious life, has doubtless prepared their minds and given them some affinity with the Christian doctrine. The Emperor, as "the Son of Heaven" represents his people in formal acts of sacrificial worship twice a year, and offers prayers of intercession for their well-being. He is priest as well as Emperor. Every magistrate is called the "father of the people," in the same sense as the Romanist priest assumes the title of "father" of his flock. Nor is the idea of vicarious suffering unfamiliar amongst a people where the family, and not the individual, is the unit. The faith of the Chinese Christian is phenomenal. Belief would appear to be an easier thing to him than to us. He has small speculative faculty, and is unencumbered by doubts. If it is faith that saves, then whatever his defects, the Christianity of the Chinese convert is undoubted.

4. The institutional value of the Church is fully appreciated by Chinese converts. Its social attractiveness, its fellowship with brother believers, its mutual helpfulness, its intellectual impulse, appeal most powerfully to the Chinese nature. Among themselves they are extremely gregarious. They have a positive genius for combination, as witness the innumerable secret societies all over the country. Every trade,

every class, every village has its guild. In the Christian Society they meet together, not from any community of interest, though that is not lost sight of, but on the basis of a common belief, and they are made to stand out against their heathen environment in strong relief. Now that Christianity has spread itself over the land, and chapels are to be found nearly everywhere, the Chinese convert is sure to find in his wanderings a congenial home within the fold of the Church.

5. The loyalty of the Chinese convert to his faith is proverbial. It is a significant fact that converts who have been excommunicated for opium-smoking or immorality seldom go back to heathenism, but usually continue to think and speak of themselves, in spite of their sins, as Christians. I have known a man of very imperfect moral character held over a hole in the ice in the dead of winter by his enemies, who threatened to thrust him under if he did not recant his faith—but all in vain: he was prepared to be drowned rather than yield. Only the timely intervention of friends saved him from such a fate.

6. The ethical teaching of Confucius offers an invaluable groundwork for the preacher of the evangel of Jesus. The Chinese convert does not present a *tabula rasa* to the missionary, but a mind capable of moral distinction and religious impression. The Confucian classics are not comparable to the Old

Testament Scriptures, not to speak of the New. All such comparisons are misleading. But they have paved the way, and laid a foundation for the higher faith, just as the Old Testament prepared the way for the New. Without the moral discipline which they represent—and which has made the Chinese character what it is to-day — mission work would have been slower and more difficult.

The comparative study of religion has taught us at least two things: (1) It has taught us that Christianity loses nothing by comparison. Every fresh research brings out into clearer relief its unique, its divine character, and on every mission field the cry of the pagan Julian is heard again, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" (2) But it has not gained this solitary eminence by a cheap disparagement of the non-Christian faiths of the world. On the contrary, it has taught us to speak of these with greater respect. Their peoples are no longer classed by us as heathen and infidel indiscriminately. We now recognise that religion is an integral part of the life of every people. The more we study their religious systems, the more we see their incompleteness and insufficiency, but we thankfully acknowledge the gleams that bear witness to the immanence in them of the Father of Lights. Though the Sun of Righteousness has not yet arisen in their sky, we believe that the Day-

Spring from on high shall yet visit them, and guide their feet into the way of peace. Confucius and Sak-ya-muni have not lived in vain.

"God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge—reverence—
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right."

CHAPTER VI

THE MAKING OF PASTORS

It is now generally acknowledged among Evangelical missions that the aim of the work is the formation of independent churches of native Christians.—Dr. Gustav Warneck.

CHAPTER VI

THE MAKING OF PASTORS

TO seek to evangelise the Chinese by the Chinese has ever been the policy of the Manchurian Mission. This is desirable in all mission work, but may not always be possible. In China, however, experience has abundantly proved that the Chinese converts to Christianity are equal to the task. They possess a positive talent for the work of evangelisation, and herein lies the great hope of a Christianised China. The Chinese are a nation of talkers. They spend little time in amusement, and less in light reading, and they have no newspapers, as we have, with which to occupy their leisure hours. They spend much of their time in talk, and, generally speaking, they talk well. When a Chinese comes to Christ, he begins straightway to speak about his new faith. He cannot help himself. It is not because he has more grace than the young convert at home that he makes more converts to his faith. It is due to his instinct to tell others the new thing he has learned, and to the different

social conditions under which he labours. As he tells his story he finds himself the centre of an admiring group of listeners, and he probably feels flattered as he dons the much-coveted mantle of public teacher. With some biblical instruction, and the constant practice in preaching which the daily chapel work affords, it is astonishing to what a degree of fluency and efficiency these men attain in the art of evangelising. They are the real makers of converts. For every convert the foreigner makes, they will bring in a hundred. The foreign missionary is not the pastor of a single congregation: he is the overseer of many. He is the moral force at the centre of the mission organisation. He sends the natives out, charged with his own enthusiasm, to grapple with heathenism at first hand; his work begins *after* the converts are made. He has to examine inquirers, baptise converts, organise the raw material into churches, and generally to take oversight of the whole.

Experience proves that this method has obvious advantages: (1) It is the most economical, for by the use of the natives the foreigner is able to multiply himself. His influence passes through them to the multitudes, and he is thus able to cover a wider area. Thirty natives can be supported on the same sum as it takes to support one foreigner. (2) It neutralises the anti-foreign antipathy of the

people. Friction is reduced to a minimum. The native agency forms a sort of buffer-territory between the foreigner and the heathen population. The fewer foreigners, *who can overtake the work*, the better. We need not disguise the fact of the deep-seated anti-foreign feeling of the Chinese, and if by any means we can present the gospel to them in such a way as to disarm them of this prejudice, it ought to be welcomed. (3) It is likely to ensure a more purely native type of Christianity. There is always a danger of foreigners thrusting their own conceptions of Christian doctrine and practice upon the Chinese. Everything in our teaching which tends to denationalise must be rigorously avoided. The temptation, always present to the missionary, to follow the line of development with which he is familiar in the West, will end in creating a Western cult on Chinese soil, which must weaken the testimony of the native Church and discredit her witness among the heathen around. That the Chinese people will make their own contribution to the sum total of the Christianity of the future we firmly believe, and for this reason the work of propagation should be from the first intrusted to their own hands, that in the providence of God, and under the guidance of His Spirit, they may be able to work out their own salvation. (4) It would seem to be in line with the Divine purpose; for how else, it may be asked, are we

ever to evangelise the four hundred millions of the Chinese people? Certainly not by the sprinkling of foreigners scattered over the Empire. Or how else are we ever to attain to our ideal of a self-supporting and self-governing native Church? The foreigner's best work is in the training of a band of native workers who may be looked to as likely to take his place in the future.

He is the teacher of the teachers, ever on the outlook for "budding talent" among the raw material of his converts. Wherever he finds a young man of average education, the gift of speech, and a love for souls, he takes him apart, and, after some grounding in Scripture knowledge, places him in the street-preaching chapel, where he can be under his own eye. For the first four years the evangelist attends lectures, and has examinations to pass. The cream of these evangelists ultimately find their way into the Theological College, where, under the instruction of two professors, they receive a thorough training in Scripture Knowledge, Church History, Theology, Comparative Religion, and the Elements of Science. The course extends over four years of six months' session each year. Those who pass through this curriculum are considered qualified for the work of the pastorate.

The present Theological College in Moukden

is only of yesterday. It was instituted in 1900. The rapid growth of the Church after the Japanese War, and the widespread demand among the members for an educated ministry, made the establishment of such an institution a necessity. In the early days of the mission, each missionary trained his own evangelists; but shortly after the Union with the Irish Presbyterian Mission, it was felt that this was not only a waste of power, but failed to yield the best results. After the Union (1890) a more systematic training became possible, and senior missionaries were appointed to lecture to all the evangelists together. The advantages of this method over the old one were apparent at once. It made a uniform course of study possible, and it created an *esprit de corps* among the evangelists themselves, and gave a sense of unity to the work of the Church all over the country. Still, this arrangement only turned out evangelists, and as the membership grew in knowledge, and organisation became fixed, it was felt that something higher should be attempted to meet the growing needs of the Christians scattered all over the land. It was in this way that the Theological College was established The first photograph represents a group of licentiates trained under the old system, while the second represents the first set of men in training under the new. The entrance to the native pastorate is guarded by

the missionaries with jealous care. While they seek to make all legitimate provision for an educated ministry, they have ever placed moral character and spiritual earnestness before merely academic equipment.

The mission was fortunate in its first native pastor. Pastor Liu, both in his private life and public capacity, has set a high ideal before his younger brethren in the ministry. He was the choice of the Moukden congregation, who became responsible for his support. He was ordained on 14th June 1896, and the event marked a distinct advance in the development of the life of the native Church. Liu is a born preacher, graceful, self-possessed, fluent, dramatic, at times rising to a high level of pulpit eloquence. He holds his congregation of nine hundred members in complete command, speaking for an hour or more without the use of a note. His doctrine is always intensely evangelical. He could hold his own with the men in our pulpits at home, and might, if comparisons were not odious, leave some of them far behind.

Here is the impression produced by a sermon of Liu's on Rev. John Macintyre. The occasion was the ordination of Mr. Chang of Tiehling, the second native pastor:—

"The event of the day, I should fancy, will generally be regarded as the sermon by the moderator, Pastor Liu: 'Ye are the salt of the

THE FIRST THEOLOGICAL LICENTIATES
WITH PROFESSORS ROSS AND FULTON

THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS

earth.' I feel I am but giving the opinion of the mission when I say it was a thing of culture and of power. Save perhaps that his introduction might have been shorter, though there was nothing to be complained of as irrelevant, it sounded to us like a sermon which would have been reckoned of a high order in any of your home congregations. I was not myself prepared to see Liu take such a high stand. He is naturally eloquent, and seems simply to play with words and to conjure with them as he will. But what one felt was the clearness and the width of his view, the power of returning always to his main point from most interesting excursions in the search for illustrations, the power of adding illustration to illustration in such wise that the light seemed simply to beam upon his main topic, and one forgot all else but the spiritual truth he was enforcing. It will interest home readers to know that he was always correct when he touched on physical science; and his eloquent allusion to the ocean as embracing all and sweetening all, as receiving all manner of contaminating matter, yet ever pure, will long be remembered as a powerful stroke of imagery. What a step from the servant of a mandarin who could be asked fiercely, 'Does his excellency know that you are here in a detested street chapel, red-tasselled hat and all, proclaiming this detestable doctrine?' I have

never forgotten my first impression of him as a bold, earnest man who could ward off such an attack with gentleness, and who so won the authorities that he was never interfered with. And now no Chinese literate need feel ashamed to sit under his ministry. Without being technically a 'student,' he is a brain-worker, and has so mastered the necessary mental processes that he delivered this magnificent sermon without a scrap of paper. It was a proud day for the man who attracted him to the mission, and who has been his teacher all through his career, his right hand in the pastorate."

When Liu was ordained he was little over forty years of age, and had at that time been connected with the "Jesus religion" for upwards of twenty years. Before throwing in his lot with the new religion he made a careful study of it. His occupation at that time gave him ample opportunity for so doing. He was seal-bearer to one of the mandarins, and was only on duty for some two hours every second day. While still in the employ of the Yamen, he preached much; but shortly after the return of Dr. Ross from his first furlough, he became, at some personal sacrifice, an agent of the Church. As an evangelist he was abundantly successful. Old Wang (Dr. Ross's first convert) and Liu bore the brunt of the opposition at the commencement of the work in Liaoyang; they

never flinched, and ultimately their courage triumphed. Once Liu fell into the hands of robbers. They stripped him and used him badly, but all these things he counted as nothing for the "excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord."

Liu seems to have been one of those men spoken of by Augustine, "whose hearts are restless till they rest in God." He had knocked at the doors of all the religious faiths that flourish in China, but he never found the rest he sought till, in his own words, he "met Pastor Ross and the Bible." Such men are religious in spite of the superstitious forms through which they seek to approach the unseen—

> "They stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what they feel is Lord of all;"

but it is not until they come into the full knowledge of Christ that the burden of guilt and unrest rolls from them for ever. There is no doubt as to the perfect satisfaction which Liu now enjoys in the "life that is hid with Christ in God." Surely the history of one such man is fitted to strengthen the faith of the Church at home. It proves—if proof were needed—that the mission has not "laboured in vain in the Lord."

At the jubilee of the United Presbyterian Church (1897), Pastor Liu was chosen to repre-

sent the mission field of Manchuria. He threw himself with zest into the project, and the Mother Church had no worthier trophy to show on that occasion than the silk banner which he bore from the "land of Sinim," and which spoke of the "Beginning of Happiness in Manchuria." His sojourn in this country enlarged his horizon. The superior position of women, the excellence of our educational system, and, above all, the enthusiasm and energy of the Home Church in all forms of Christian work, greatly impressed him, and sent him back to his own people with fresh hope to labour for their emancipation.

That the life of this man has been mercifully spared to the native Church during the recent persecution is a matter that calls for devout thankfulness. The last text from which he preached before the Moukden church was burned to the ground by the Boxer incendiaries, was surely prophetic of the coming conflagration. "Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" (Gen. xxii. 7). The sermon was scarcely ended before the Christians were fleeing for their lives, and many were called upon to seal their confession with their life's blood. Liu made his escape with difficulty, in the guise of a Buddhist priest, to a village among the eastern hills, and there he managed to live in hiding till the storm passed. But with the restora-

tion of order and the coming of the Russians, he returned to the city and led his little flock in worship in the open air, and over the ashes of the burned building. The hand of the wicked had thrown down the scaffolding, but the spiritual building remained—steadfast, indestructible, standing out in its naked reality in clearer relief than ever before.

In Pastor Chang—the second native pastor—the example set by Liu has been worthily maintained. Of him on the day of his ordination—November 1898—Mr. Macintyre wrote: "He is the more pleasing presence of the two, and for years I have regarded him as the most winsome man on our Presbytery roll. A man of spirit, however, like Liu, and capable of temper; I have seen him flash up in Presbytery like a European, under a fancied insult from us foreigners. But it was the generous, unsolicited apology which he made next day that won him to me for life."

It would be impossible to close this chapter without a word of tribute to the memory of Elder Hsü. He was under call to the pastorate of the newly-formed congregation in West Moukden when the hostilities began. The last thing I did before leaving Moukden was to read the warrant for his ordination. Hsü was a remarkable man. He had received a careful training, chiefly from Mr. Fulton of the Irish Mission, and would have been the first native

pastor of that mission. He was labouring at Fa-ku-mên when the storm broke; and, being a marked man, he and his son were arrested and instantly beheaded. A scholar himself, Hsü was unwearied in his exertions in the cause of Higher Education. Through his labours a prosperous church had been built up in Fa-ku-mên, and he gave great promise of a useful and influential ministry in West Moukden. By his noble Christian character, his scholarly attainments, his modesty, and, above all, his zeal for the conversion of his countrymen, he endeared himself to every foreigner in the mission. His place will be difficult to fill. We could ill afford to lose such a man, but he was ripe for martyrdom. To us his life's work seemed just beginning, but to Him who "seeth not as man seeth," it was finished. "He had fought a good fight, he had kept the faith, and he now wears the crown of righteousness that fadeth not away."

CHAPTER VII

ON CIRCUIT

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom.—St. Matthew.

CHAPTER VII

ON CIRCUIT

A MINISTER at home recently remarked to me that, in his opinion, a primary qualification in a successful missionary was a certain consecrated love of adventure. There is a grain of truth in the observation, though perhaps it is somewhat out of date as applied to the majority of missionaries of to-day. It points back more particularly to the pioneer age of mission enterprise. Then the missionary was a kind of "bird of passage," ever exploring fresh fields whose very geography was a comparative blank to the Western world; then he presented himself to the home mind in his ideal aspect as traveller, and the imagination was wont to encircle his doings with the aureole of romance. But that phase of a missionary's work is fast passing away, and will soon be gone. The world is growing smaller every year, and there are few places on the globe where "hallowed footsteps never trod," or where some intrepid apostle has not taken up "his appointed post." Experience proves that

missionary organisation tends to follow certain fixed laws, and that the best results accrue to a settled, rather than a roving ministry. After a few years, when the novelty of living in a new country has worn off, it requires rather a consecrated sense of duty to enable the missionary to go through the commonplace routine of his circuit — within which narrow limit alone is there any scope left for the play of adventure. The three banes of missionary existence in Manchuria are bad roads, dirty inns, and springless carts. If anyone can find adventure lurking under these conditions, after his first few years, then he is to be congratulated. He is certainly well endowed with missionary capability.

The difficulty of travel in Manchuria is only equalled by the difficulty of learning the language. Indeed, the latter is in some sense the easier of the two, for after a few years it is possible to say all one has to say, but the roads remain for ever. Of course, if one has a taste for riding, one can indulge it to the top of one's bent. The Manchurian ponies are hardy little animals: they need no stable, and ask little grooming. But though most new-comers begin by riding, they invariably end by choosing what is after all the less of two evils—the Chinese cart! Many considerations influence this decision. The intense cold of winter, when the bulk of the travelling has to be done, makes

riding far from agreeable; while under the scorching heat of the summer sun, it would be dangerous if not impossible. Moreover, it is more dignified, from a Chinese point of view, to drive in a cart than to ride. No Chinaman who could afford a cart would ever dream of riding. Your new-comer, of course, does not know this, but his "boy," who has comfortably ensconced himself in his master's cart, does, and rather enjoys the honour unconsciously paid to his dignity by the uninitiated foreigner, who plays the *rôle* of outrider to perfection. For, after all, riding does not enable one to get rid of the cart; to the foreigner it remains a *sine quâ non.* His superior civilisation has unfitted him for living upon Chinese fare, or lying upon the hard brick *kang*; hence the necessity of the cart to convey his food-box and bedding. The heroic attitude of new-comers who affect to dispense with such creaturely comforts usually ends in failure—or a furlough!

The small passenger cart can hold two at a pinch, and one easily. It is drawn by two or three sturdy mules. The driver sits on the shafts in front, guiding his team with a long whip, and (if allowed) a copious vocabulary of curses. When the novice emerges from his first excursion, he vows he will never again be induced to undergo such torture. But after the discipline of bumps has done its work, and

especially after the art of sitting *à la Chinois* has been acquired, it is astonishing how one gets to like this much-abused vehicle. The Chinese dearly love their cart, and think there is no means of locomotion to equal it. It is even related of a high Pekin official who had spent some years as ambassador in a European capital, that on his return to his own country, as he took his seat in his cart for the first time, he was overheard to remark, with an evident grunt of satisfaction: "Ai yah, after all there's nothing like a Chinese cart for comfort!"

Only magistrates of a certain grade use "chairs." These require eight bearers at least; four to carry and four for relief. It is undoubtedly the most comfortable mode of travel, but so expensive that only high officials care to indulge in the luxury. In their case, however, it is probably more a matter of dignity than of comfort. The Chinese show the same consideration to the man who keeps a "chair," as we at home do to one who keeps a carriage.

With good roads it is possible to make from thirty to forty miles a day. But the roads are generally bad. In dry weather they are hard and rutty; in wet weather they are soft and marshy. Travelling is then slow and precarious. The cart sticks in the mud, or gets upset in the water, and not seldom the mules have to be levered out of the slime with poles to prevent

SETTING OUT ON A JOURNEY

INTERIOR OF INN

them from drowning. Theoretically each farmer is responsible for the upkeep of the road that skirts his property, but it is a law more honoured in the breach than in the observance. And carters often show their contempt for this neglect of duty by leaving the road and running across their ploughed fields.

The Chinese are early risers. They are on the roads with their carts a couple of hours before dawn. "Pull early; don't pull late" (la tsao, pu la wan) is the carter's maxim. As he loves an early start, so he dislikes a late arrival, for then the inns may be crowded, and it is difficult to attend to his cattle in the dark. Two meals must suffice the traveller in the short winter day. He stops usually for *ta chien* (déjeuner) at eleven, and has his second meal at sundown, when he turns in for the night. The inn-yards are very large, as they have frequently to accommodate hundreds of carts and their teams. The sleep of the weary traveller is often rudely broken by the braying of donkeys, the kicking of mules, or the clapper of the watchman as he goes his eerie round in the dark.

The interior of a Chinese inn is not an attractive sight to the visitor from the West accustomed to the comfort, not to say luxury, of a European hotel. It is dark and dirty. Smoke and steam greet him at the door on

entering, for the cooking is done within sight of the guests. Cobwebs of years hang from the grimy rafters, the air is laden with smells that baffle description, and a continual babel of sound rises from the crowd of gathering inmates. It takes some degree of fortitude to be able to pass a comfortable night inside. But all this comes in time. The people sleep on the *kang*, a species of brick bed heated by means of a flue that passes from the cooking stove at one end, the smoke from which escapes by means of a chimney at the other. These *kangs* run the length of the inn on both sides. They extend from the wall a little over six feet —the length of a man—and are about three feet high. During the daytime the bed-rugs are cleared off, and meals are taken, sitting tailor fashion, from off a small table on the *kang*. Pigs are frequent visitors in the inns, and an occasional invasion of rats is not unknown.

Travelling brings us into contact with some of the lowest classes in the country. The Chinese themselves have a proverb to the effect that "carters, boatmen, innkeepers, chair-bearers, Yamen-runners, even though not found guilty (of some particular delinquency), ought all to be killed, for they are generally guilty." (Ch'üan, chê, tien, chiao, ya, wu tsui, yieh kai shah). The experience of every foreigner who has travelled far in China will enable him to

bear ample testimony to the truth of native discrimination in this respect.

Such are some of the conditions under which the missionary in Manchuria has to prosecute his calling while on circuit. For the most part his time is passed at the centre, where the course of the work follows the lines already indicated, but three or four times each year he has to travel over his diocese for the purpose of examining inquirers, baptising converts, stimulating small Christian communities, and generally taking effective oversight of the district under his charge. I propose to give notes of two itineraries. The first describes a short journey which I took after I had been a few months in the country, while one's mind was yet susceptible to fresh impressions. The second describes a journey through the Korean valleys, made some years later, when the movement towards Christianity in the East was beginning to attract our attention.

It was on Friday afternoon, 11th September 1896, that I set out from Moukden for the north, in company with Mr. Inglis, on what was practically my first missionary journey. As we intended riding, we allowed our carts to start a few hours ahead of us. The day was not promising. There had been much heavy rain, and we knew the roads would be bad. Our worst fears on that point were more than realised. We had only proceeded a short

distance when suddenly, without warning, we were caught in a sharp thunderstorm. Fortunately we were just in time to get into a small inn at Yü-lin-pu (Oak Forest village) twelve *li*[1] from Moukden. The rain came down in torrents. Our ponies had to stand outside, and the saddles were soon soaked. It was impossible to proceed, so I had my first glimpse of a Chinese inn. The *chang-kwei-ti* (innkeeper) at once stepped forward and invited us to be seated on the *kang*. He conducted us to the innermost place — the seat of honour. Groups of people, caught like us in the storm, squatted about, smoking their long pipes and chatting to each other. Our clothes were carefully examined. I was asked why I had buttons on both sides of my double-breasted coat? what my boots cost? what was my honourable name? where I had come from? whither I was going? It is not rude to ask such questions; it would be rude not to answer them. In this inn I first saw Chinamen smoke opium. There were two of them. They had evidently made up their minds that they could not travel farther that night, so they began to make themselves comfortable. A little vessel, resembling a spirit-lamp, was handed to them by a servant, over the flame of which a small piece of opium was held between finger and thumb, till it melted somewhat. It resembled

[1] Three *li* = one mile.

a piece of brown sealing-wax, and was the size of a marble. After it had been heated to the proper consistency, it was placed in the bowl of a large wooden pipe, and the fumes inhaled. These men looked supremely happy; quite oblivious to their sordid environment. We did not stay long enough to see the full effect. I suppose in the morning they would awake from their dreams to the stern realities of earth again. The ravages of opium-smoking are not always apparent to the eye of sense. They have to be read in the man's loss of character and will, and in his utter insensibility to higher things.

But the storm is nearly over. We have already lost two hours, and cannot stay longer if we are to catch up on the carts. So without waterproofs or umbrellas (all which are in the carts) we mount our dripping saddles and ride through the rain to Da-wa. Da-wa means the "great hollow," and is some twenty *li* from Moukden—"great ditch" would be a more appropriate description of it to-day. The little stream at the village had swollen very high. There was a stone bridge, but it was neither broad enough nor high enough to allow the volume of water to pass under it. Our carters, who had not got farther than this place, came down to pilot us across, crying directions from the farther side. We managed to ford it, but paid the penalty in the shape of a good wetting.

This was my first night in a Chinese inn, and I confess to a feeling of uneasiness. Not a movement could one make without being closely scrutinised. Eating or dressing — no matter what — look up where one liked, the holes in the paper windows were studded with eyes. I had heard so much of the filth of Chinese inns that it was not to be wondered at if my imagination littered the place with rats and vermin. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I awoke in the morning to find that I had slept as soundly and rested as comfortably as if I had been in my bed at home.

We had hoped for fair weather, but how vain was the hope! Think of the worst of Scotch mists, with roads that baffle description, and you will have some faint idea of the elements against which we had to do battle for the whole of the next day. We reached Yilu about five o'clock in the afternoon—the place we should have reached, under ordinary conditions, the first evening. Here we found Dr. and Mrs. Ross, and four Zenana ladies who had preceded us the day before. Dr. Ross was in the midst of a great work that had just sprung up in Yilu and the neighbourhood. For miles around inquirers were pressing in, anxious to be examined for baptism. The work in this region began about two years ago, and was now taxing Dr. Ross's energies. It was most cheering. The inn where we were staying was full of country

people who had stopped work and had come long distances in order to be present at the services, and we were told that very many more inquirers were to be found in the villages to the west. It was Saturday evening when we arrived ; and as Dr. Ross was on the ground, we decided to push on to Fan-hoa-pu (Fan River village) on Sunday morning, and endeavour to be in time for service there. Accordingly we started at six on Sabbath morning. I don't think I ever travelled on Sunday before, but I never felt happier to do so than just then. There is a fine hill, a little to the north of Yilu, which we had to cross. At the summit there is a good Buddhist temple. It is quite noticeable the farther north one goes, how nearly every hill is crowned with a Buddhist temple. These places witness to a truth that was once living, but which is now as dead as the stone and lime of the buildings. For centuries the people had set all their hopes for eternity on what this place had to teach. Look within. It is stuffed full of idols of the most hideous shape ! I could not help contrasting this symbol of the old faith with the new one that was busy in the town lying at our feet. Blessed be God there are souls in Yilu to-day who lift up their eyes above this hill, even to the Living God from whence cometh their help !

When we arrived at Fan-hoa (twenty-five *li* from Yilu) service was over ; after waiting a short

time, however, the congregation reassembled, and we had worship with them. Fan-hoa is just a small out-station from Yilu, so when I speak of congregation do not think of a crowd. I think there were only ten members, a few inquirers, but numberless heathen. Mr. Inglis preached. I could not follow all he said, but I did understand the satisfaction on the faces of the people. They drank in every word, and looked as though they could have listened all day. We tried to teach them a new hymn, and after some intercourse started again for the main road to catch up on our carts. Thus closed one of the most peaceful and quiet Sabbaths that I ever spent.

On Monday (14th September) we reached Tiehling, saw the new church, climbed the hill behind the town, and had a superb view. The character of the scenery reminded me of Perthshire. Two lovely rivers are visible from the Iron Hill, and add variety to the scene—the Tsai and the Liao. We now entered the Tsai valley, taking the south side of the river, while we instructed our carters to take the north side. This was unfortunate, as we afterwards discovered. We agreed to meet at nightfall at Tsai-hoa-kow village (mouth of Tsai River); but when we arrived at the village, we were coolly told that they had not seen a cart for months. The roads were quite impassable. We were in a fix. We had neither bedding nor food. We

were confidently assured that the carts could not possibly arrive that night. We asked them to give us what food they had: small millet, eggs, and garlic. There was a soldier in the inn who made himself particularly agreeable to us. He gave us his rugs to squat on, offered me his ivory chopsticks to eat with, and explained to the country people, who crowded around to look at us, what important personages we were. It was highly convenient, since it saved us the trouble. He was a blustering sort of fellow, but we were grateful to him for his kindness. It was my first attempt to eat Chinese food, but in spite of an excellent appetite, the experiment was not a success. Mr. Inglis, of course, felt quite at home. We were just in the middle of our meal, when to the astonishment of everyone, and to my unbounded delight, we heard the rumbling of approaching carts. I at once dropped the chopsticks from my cramped fingers, and bade adieu to Chinese food. The carts had had a bad time. They had come to a bit of the road worn away by the action of the river, and had to make an extended *détour* across fields in order to circumvent it. It was now pitch dark and another thunderstorm was brewing. Gradually the inn settled down to rest. But I could hear one voice still speaking far into the night. It was Sung, our native evangelist, with a group of eager listeners around him—our soldier friend

amongst them. He was explaining "the doctrine." It is only some two years since his own feet began to travel in the way of life. It would seem as if he did not wish to tread it alone.

Tuesday morning, 15th September. — Rain, rain, rain! We have had rain every day since we started. But we must press forward, rain or no rain. The carters are lazy, and have a most tantalising way of putting us off when they don't wish to start. At last we are on our way to Tsai-hoa-pu (Tsai River village). It is a dreary ride, over mountain passes, through narrow gorges, and along the beds of tributary streams. The only thing that enlivens the proceedings is the spectacle of some cart axle-deep in mud, the drivers shouting at the stolid cattle to urge them forward. We turn a corner and here is one such, just outside the village whither we are going. We are seen by the drivers, and though desperate over their sunken cart, a gleam of glad recognition lights up their faces. "It is the pastor," they exclaim, "he is come." Instantly Mr. Inglis dismounts, though the mud takes him up to the top of his boots. I regret to say that my appreciation of Chinese etiquette was not keen enough to draw me out of the saddle. A few words are exchanged, and we pass on. At the village there is a chapel where we can put up; a pleasant change from the inns. Many people come from long distances to meet with us. Our

carter friend actually turned back and cleaned himself up, and came to the chapel to talk with us. When he entered, we did not at first recognise him, till he explained that he was the man we had met on the road. Our brief stay at this station was very encouraging. The members turned out in large numbers in spite of the rain. Many stay at long distances from the chapel, and could not possibly be present on account of the bad roads. The Tsai valley is not thickly populated. The people are nearly all farmers and live widely apart. This makes cohesion in the work difficult. But they are an earnest, industrious, and simple people. The day after the meetings were over, as we were proceeding on our journey, we happened to see three men fording the river. It was very high and cost them some trouble. We did not pay much attention to them at first. They, however, had recognised who we were and ran after us. They were inquirers on their way to meet with us at the village we had just left. They had been misinformed of the day of our arrival, and had come a day late. One of them was dressed in the white sackcloth of mourning; as he approached us he knelt on the ground and made the *kow-tow*. The only cloud that threatens the work here is the persecution that comes from the Roman Catholics. They are strong in this valley. In one of the villages (which is almost wholly

Catholic) a French priest resides. Last year they pulled down the village temple; this year they have built a chapel on the ruins, with a cross conspicuously placed on the top of it.

At *Shang fei ti*, a distance of one hundred and thirty *li* up the Tsai valley, Mr. Inglis and I parted company, he to go to the far east, and I to cross the watershed into the Ching valley, *en route* to Kaiyuan. Up till this time I had not required to speak much. Now I should have to use my own tongue. It was like learning to swim by being thrown into deep water. Again we had fearful torrents of rain. My carter wished to stop twenty *li* short of Ba-ka-shu, but I would not hear of it. It was a sharp thunderstorm we had got into—grand among those lonely hills. About five o'clock in the afternoon the sky cleared and the sun shone out, spreading a sheen of golden light over the tall brown stalks of the millet. The sun would be down in less than an hour, and we had yet a long way to go. Darkness falls almost immediately after sunset. I had not seen the cart for a while, having ridden ahead. As I stood among those fine hills in the twilight, involuntarily the words of Newman's hymn came to my lips, and I began to sing—

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
> Till the night is gone."

It was quite dark when I arrived at the inn.

They declined to open the big gate to let the cart through, but I just walked inside and sat down, and when they saw I was a foreigner, the gate was quickly opened and everything done for my comfort. I was not long in the inn when a number of people came in saying "Ping-an Mushih" (peace to the pastor). News travels quickly in China. Some Christians in the village had heard that a foreigner had arrived. Thinking it was either Mr. Webster or Mr. Inglis, they had come to pay their respects. It was a great disappointment when they came to the end of my Chinese. But they took it in good part, and my "boy" more than made up for my deficiencies.

We were on the road next morning by six o'clock. This was Friday (18th September). It was eighty *li* down the Ching valley to Kaiyuan, and as the roads were bad, I did not think I could reach it in one day, so meant to take two. This bit of the road proved to be a miniature chapter of accidents. When I was riding along the side of a ditch, suddenly I saw a huge adder. I dismounted to have a look at him. There he was basking in the sun, working his fangs and keeping his eye fixed upon me. I thought I should like to have him. So I gave him a smart stroke over the head with my whip. What the effect was I do not know, for my pony, which I had

neglected to hold, thinking the blow was meant for him, bolted. Down the hill he went and I after him. My "boy" who was in the cart behind saw what happened and made chase likewise. After half-an-hour's run the "boy" brought him back. But I lost my snake. The rain had gone, the sky was clear, and the sun hot; so I suggested to my "boy" that I should get into the cart, and he should ride for a change. Hitherto I had avoided the cart, but to-day I thought I would try it. I was not half an hour in it when it upset in a deep pool of mud and water. I had to crawl out, and found myself up to the knees in slime. The mules had lain down, and the poor carter was distracted. We hailed a man to come and help us; he only stood and looked at us without the least sympathy or response; it was no business of his. I managed to get him to hold the pony, whereupon it took the united efforts of the carter, my "boy," and myself to lift the cart up. My bedding and clothes were soaked with water. So my "boy" suggested that I should ride on to Kaiyuan and try to reach it that night. I started with fifty *li* of bad road to cover, and it was now two o'clock. On the way towards Kaiyuan, just as the sun was setting, I was riding along a little footpath with the river on my right, and a millet field on my left, when suddenly, as I turned a corner, I was brought

face to face with two human heads stuck on the ends of poles. A cold shudder crept over me. I whipped up my pony and passed quickly. Then I realised that I was in a heathen country. I learned afterwards that four men had been beheaded in Kaiyuan a few days before. These were the heads of two of them; both notable robbers. It is customary to expose their heads at the scene of their depredations as a warning to others.

It was a real pleasure to get to Kaiyuan after this day's experience. I had a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Webster. Though the youngest missionary centre, Kaiyuan has a great and growing work on hand. I have a pleasant recollection of a visit we paid to the Confucian Temple of Literature, where we were handsomely received by some of the leading scholars of the town. On Monday, 21st September, I retraced my steps southwards to Moukden by the main road, but without further incident that calls for special remark. So ended my first fortnight's itinerating.

The next journey, which I propose to relate, was to the Korean valleys in the winter of 1898. I was fortunate on that occasion in having the companionship of Mr. R. T. Turley, F.R.G.S., the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who had traversed part of the road before. In addition, we were favoured with the company of Mr. Sprent, of the S.P.G.

Mission. During the two previous years there had been a widespread movement towards Christianity all over the eastern region, not only among the Chinese, but also among the Koreans living on the banks of the Yalu. It was to inquire into the nature of this work, and particularly to see what could be done for the establishment of a mission to the Koreans that this journey was undertaken. The following rough notes were made on the spot, and appeared in the *Record* in May 1899:—

"13*th December* 1898.—We left Moukden this afternoon in the thick of a snowstorm, and reached Tungling—twenty *li* distant—the same evening. Next morning (14th December) we started at four o'clock, found the Hun River not quite frozen over; one cart went through the ice. We met some large carts and 'borrowed their light.' They knew the river better than we, so we crossed in their wake all right. Had breakfast at Ma-chia-wan-tzu; innkeeper and family all Christians. After food, Mr. Turley and I rode on in advance of our carts to a little village called Hsia-fang-shen, where we saw the chapel and girls' school (nine girls). 'Are there many Christians in your village?' we asked. 'We are all Christians here,' they replied, 'except one family; *they* are Roman Catholics.' In the evening reached Fu-shun (eighty *li* from Moukden); had worship with the Christians in their own chapel—thirty present.

"*Sunday*, 18*th December*.—Arrived at Hsin-ping-pu (two hundred and ninety *li* east of Moukden) late last evening. Had worship to-day with the congregation—over fifty people present. I took the service, and Mr. Sprent preached, taking for his theme the four last things: Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell. Mr. Turley preached in the evening. The church is very pretty inside, and suitable for over one hundred people. Hsin-ping-pu has a population of (say) eight thousand people, and is a flourishing business place. It is the focus of three large trade roads, and the district is rich in wood, hemp, tobacco, etc. The Romanists have also recently opened a chapel here.

"19*th December*.—Arrived at Wang-ching-men this afternoon; heavy snowstorm. This place (forty *li* east of Hsing-ping-pu) marks the old boundary of what used to be No-man's-Land, or the buffer territory between Koreans and Chinese. There are a few Christians here, and many inquirers. These we met in the house of Mr. Shih, the native doctor. All speak of petty persecution from the Romanists.

"20*th December*.—Stayed over night at a small village, Ying-erh-pu-kai; very bad inn. We were told by a little boy beforehand that it was a *tung rên tien* (an inn that froze people); but we, unfortunately, did not take his hint, and paid the penalty in the shape of heavy colds. The scenery up these valleys is very

wild in winter; but in spring and summer it must be beautiful. The hills are well wooded, and every available patch of soil is assiduously cultivated. The people are largely immigrants from Shantung. Allotments of land are let out to them by the Government, and after four years they pay a small rent. The fields are still strewn with the stumps of trees that are the only remaining traces of the virgin forest.

"*22nd December.*—Arrived last evening at Tung-hua-hsien. Beautiful little church. Tung-hua is five hundred and ten *li* east of Moukden; a rising place; every business house has more work on hand than it can overtake. Joiners very busy building new houses. This seems the most suitable place for an eastern centre, should it be necessary and practicable in the future for us to take that step. The Romanists have already established themselves here as their headquarters. We called to pay our respects to the priests, and they received us kindly; they did not, however, return our call. On Saturday afternoon we also visited the local magistrate —a very nice, frank young fellow, and very favourably disposed to 'the doctrine.' He asked for some of our books, and especially some copies of our Church Magazine (published at Moukden), which we had pleasure in giving him.

"*Christmas Day, 25th December.*—Rose this morning at six o'clock. Mr. Sprent read the

English Church communion service and dispensed communion. It was a most refreshing service. High Church, Low Church, and Presbyterian, all three had no difficulty in realising our unity in Christ Jesus while at His table.

"At twelve o'clock we had service with the Chinese and Koreans, baptised thirty-three Chinese and six Koreans. The examining of the Koreans was done through an interpreter with great difficulty. My heart went out to these Koreans, truly they are 'sheep without a shepherd.' It is greatly to be desired that someone might take up this work without further delay, or we may see a large migration over to the Romanists.

"The magistrate returned our call this afternoon; came in his 'chair' with great ceremony.

"*Monday, 26th December.*—To-day started on our journey up the Loa-chuan-kow (valley), and reached Sï-tao-chiang the first night, here we met about twenty-five Koreans, and examined a Korean school.

"Next day continuing our journey up the valley, we passed coal pits and a large iron-smelting foundry. On Friday morning we reached Tungkow-tien-tzu, an open plain that leads down to the banks of the Yalu. Just over the river were the Korean hills. Tungkow is a small port on the Yalu River. There are some large grain stores and distilleries.

The town itself is scattered, but is the centre of a considerable population, both Korean and Chinese. In the afternoon we crossed the Yalu on the ice and touched Korean soil. We had now reached a point where no foreigners had ever been before, and we felt that it was fitting to engage in prayer, beseeching the guidance of Almighty God as to the future establishment of any mission for the spiritual well-being of the Korean people. We entered a small Korean village. The people made us very welcome, and were pleased to show us the inside of their dwelling-houses. The humming noise of a school made us aware that the education of their children was not being neglected by these simple Koreans, even in such an out-of-the-way region. Many of them had seen our books, and had heard of our church at Tunghwa.

"At Tungkow Mr. Sprent left us to take a week's journey into Korea, as far as Kangkai, while Mr. Turley and I struck a south-westerly direction down the Hsin-kai-ho (valley). This valley is more fertile and consequently more thickly populated than the one we had just passed through. We came upon a large and flourishing Chinese town—seventy *li* south-west of Tungkow, called Yü-shu-lin-tzu (Elm Tree Forest). We did not know of the existence of such a place before. There is a large Korean population here also, and we met thirty-five men,

all of whom were reported *bonâ fide* inquirers into the 'doctrine.'

"At the mouth of the Hsin-kai-ho valley we met a large number of Chinese inquirers, who had fitted up a chapel for themselves, though no foreigner had ever been there before, and we did not so much as know of the existence of this chapel. There was only one baptised person in the village, and to him was due the spread of the new religion in the place. He had been baptised at Tung-hua-hsien on Dr. Ross's last visit. The name of the place was Chiu-tsai-yuan-tzu. I baptised six persons. Next day at Chiang-tien-tzu, where we spent a night, I was able to baptise nine men and one woman, and two children.

"5*th January* 1899.—From Chiang-tien-tzu we reached Huai-rên-hsien on Friday morning. We did not expect to find any Christians here, but we were most agreeably surprised. No sooner had our carts entered the city than a young man came running up to my cart and looking inside exclaimed, 'It's the pastor! He's come!' This was quite an unlooked-for welcome, for Mr. Turley had just been telling me that when he passed through Huai-ren last he was rather discourteously treated. We were at once invited to the home of the young man, whose father kept an inn. There were two baptised persons in the place: a Moukden member and a Liaoyang member (the latter

formerly studied medicine in the hospital under Dr. Westwater, and is now practising medicine on his own account). The two members were both some time in the place before they knew of each other's existence, but a colporteur happening to pass along that way, they were separately attracted to him, and then discovered each other. I had pleasure in adding to their number our enthusiastic young friend above mentioned, so that made a Christian community of four. They expressed themselves as most anxious to have a chapel. There were a number of inquirers, but these would require further instruction.

"*Sunday, 8th January.*—Reached Tai-ping-shao (one hundred and ten *li* south of Huai-ren) early this morning. Last year, when Mr. Turley passed this place, there were no Christians and no chapel; though there must have been many secret inquirers into 'the doctrine,' for in the spring of this year a deputation waited on Dr. Ross and asked him to send them a preacher. They undertook not only to provide a chapel and all expenses, but to pay the preacher's salary. To-day we had worship with about thirty people in a commodious building of their own. Tai-ping-shao is a country town, nestling among the hills, with a population of (say) three hundred families. It is the centre of a large farming district. I was able to baptise twelve men.

"10*th January* 1899.—Arrived late this evening at Chiu-tsai-kow, a name famous in the history of our mission, and connected particularly with the religious history of one family, namely, that of Mr. Ku. Our mission had scarcely started in the port of Newchwang when Mr. Ku, now a venerable old gentleman of seventy-eight, turned up. He had spent nearly all his fortune in building temples, visiting monasteries, and other vain attempts to store up merit so as to save his soul. He came across some of our books, and at once perceived that this was what he was in search of. He found his way to Newchwang, and stayed for some time with Mr. Macintyre, who daily instructed him in the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Dr. Ross also met him there, and was so impressed with his religious experience that he at once baptised him. Since then—nearly twenty-five years ago—he has lived a steady, industrious, and blameless life. He is surrounded in his old age by four generations of his children, about forty in all, and enjoys the esteem of his neighbours far and near. We had six baptisms here, a young wife recently married into the family, and children. One of our Liaoyang schoolgirls has recently married into the family, who was for some time assistant in the Rên-mu-yuan (women's hospital). She is sorely missed in Liaoyang, but it is to be hoped she will get into active work

in Chiu-tsai-kow. Amongst so large a household her influence and better education should tell for good.

"We picked up Mr. Sprent again at Chiu-tsai-kow. Then it came to my turn to leave the party. Mr. Sprent and Mr. Turley pursued their journey down the Yalu, thence to Newchwang, while I came due west *viâ* Kuantien to Liaoyang.

"Kuantien, which I reached on 12th January, is a large and important place, four hundred and sixty *li* east of Liaoyang. The Ku family have put a chapel at our disposal there, and I hope to send a preacher after Chinese New Year. We shall soon see the whole intervening space between Liaoyang and Chiu-tsai-kow filled up with preaching stations.

"I arrived home on Monday, 16th January, having covered about eight hundred miles of ground, baptised seventy-six people, opened three new chapels, and done some little, in conjunction with my fellow-travellers, towards confirming the churches in the faith in those outlying and needy districts through which we passed."

CHAPTER VIII

THE PRISONER OF HOPE

We afterwards met from time to time many men in chains on their way to the capital of the province, and I have reliable authority for stating that about a thousand heads fall every year.—Consul Hosie.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PRISONER OF HOPE

IT matters little what his real name was. We always thought of him and spoke of him as the "Prisoner of Hope." I had good cause to remember him, for he was the first "Celestial" I was privileged to baptise. He had the misfortune (or, shall we say the distinction) of being the first Christian convert of his village. On that account he had many enemies. His family were hostile, and indeed the whole village community felt that it had "lost face" through this despicable concession to the "foreign devil." Yet he dared to believe, and bravely struggled to follow the larger light. He was quite young—about four-and-twenty—and the scholar (so called) of his family. His father owned a small croft, just sufficient to provide for the simple wants of his numerous family.

It was early autumn. The hemp had just been gathered from the fields, and was deposited in the bed of the river to steep—a common custom. There was nothing to fear. It had

always been done in former years. In the morning when the farmer awoke his hemp was gone. "This is because of the 'Jesus religion,'" he muttered, as he found himself confronted with his loss. "The gods are angry," and he had bitter thoughts of all the trouble that his son had brought upon the household.

Under cover of night, four robbers crept up the river in a boat, loosed the hemp from its moorings, allowed it to glide to a convenient spot, then seized it. It was a good night's work. Half of it was quickly sold for a goodly sum, and the robbers made merry on the proceeds of their spoil.

The farmer reported the case to the village headman. Search was made, and after a while the culprits were found. They willingly restored the unsold half of the hemp, but the money for the other half was gone. The village commune, unwilling to let slip so good an opportunity of a squeeze, were bringing pressure to bear—in which art they are masters—upon the robbers. One of them, smarting under the process, got muddled with wine, and thinking the farmer the cause of his torture, went to his house to remonstrate. In his passion he lost all control, and stabbed himself with the knife he had brought to kill his enemy.

And now the poor farmer was convinced that because of the "foreign religion" a curse

rested upon his house. He almost wished that he himself had died in order to shield his family from disgrace. For, according to Chinese law, when a man commits suicide at your door, you are held responsible for his death. Rumour said that there must have been an old-standing feud between the two men, as well as the affair of the hemp, but of that there was no evidence, and the farmer vigorously denied it. Fate had dealt hardly with him. First his son is bewitched by the foreigner, then he loses half his hemp, and now crime lies at his door in the person of the dead robber.

At the other end of the village there lived a wealthy gentleman. He was a strict Confucianist—a member of the *literati*, holding a high degree. He might have held a magistrate's post, but inclined to the more peaceful life of a country gentleman. Such men exercise a powerful influence over the village communities where they live. Now, though he knew little about it, this gentleman took pleasure in denouncing, on all occasions, the "Jesus religion." To introduce it into their village he regarded as an act of impiety, and he swore that he would stamp out the pest. Here was his opportunity. The dead robber had at one time been in his service, so he came forward as the champion of the widow's cause. And so zealous was he that one sometimes wondered whether there might not have been some subtle

connection between him and the theft of the hemp.

The Confucianist scholar came to the city to prosecute the case before the provincial magistrate.

The "Prisoner of Hope" came to see me and told me the whole sad story.

"There is only one way," he said, "to save my father. He is an old man. The prison life would kill him."

"How can you save him?" I inquired.

"I mean to offer myself in his stead," he replied.

I did not know then, but afterwards learned, that Chinese law permits this, and it is regarded as peculiarly virtuous when the son bears his father's punishment. In China, as in ancient Rome, the family, and not the individual, is the unit. If the family be punished, the law is satisfied, for when "one member suffers, all the members suffer with it."

So when the officers of justice came, the "Prisoner of Hope" offered himself, and was taken away to the Yamen. His fellow-Christians cheered him with what words of comfort they could command, though all knew that he might never come out alive.

The Confucianist scholar, animated by the spirit of Saul of Tarsus when he made havoc of the church and haled men and women to prison, went to the Temple of Literature and

enlisted the sympathy and support of his *literati* brethren. Unitedly they brought the might of their influence to bear upon the magistrate and his officials in the usual way—chiefly by bribes.

At length the day of trial came. The "Prisoner of Hope" "crossed the Hall," and with hands bound, knelt on the bare ground before the magistrate seated on the bench. But there was no attempt at examination. The other parties were never called, and the stealing of the hemp was never mentioned. The magistrate, with his mind made up, thundered at him from the bench, "Do you confess your guilt?" For no one is legally condemned till he confess. Should the magistrate decide in his own mind that the prisoner is guilty, he is tortured till he confess. So when asked this question, the "Prisoner of Hope" replied, "They are guilty who stole our hemp."

Foiled in this attempt, the magistrate again thundered at him, "Do you follow the foreigner?"

"No," replied the "Prisoner of Hope"; "but I follow Christ."

"Give him a hundred blows on the mouth," said the magistrate, and thus ended the trial. The "Prisoner of Hope" was led away to his cell. We heard from time to time of his sad plight, but rejoiced to know that he was much cheered during those dark days by thoughts of Christ.

My heart went out to this brave Christian lad. After repeated solicitations from his friends, I approached the magistrate on his behalf, and ventured, without interfering with the course of justice, to bring before his notice the facts that seemed to me to mitigate the crime with which he and his were charged. This made His Excellency pause.

I had risen early one morning to enjoy the fresh cool air. Suddenly the stillness around was broken by the clanging of cymbals. The noise grew louder as it approached the house. I soon discovered that something unusual was about to happen. An outrider from the Yamen dashed up to the gate, and, dismounting, handed a long red strip of paper, with some hieroglyphics upon it, to my servant. It was the magistrate's card. In a few minutes the remaining outriders had drawn up in line at the gate. Then, the magistrate himself, borne in his screened palanquin by eight sturdy men, passed up the line and entered my courtyard. For a moment the spectacle of so much pomp unnerved me. Emerging from the "chair," His Excellency made a profound bow, and after a few minutes' palaver as to who should first enter the house, we found ourselves seated face to face in my study. Our subject of conversation was, of course, the "Prisoner of Hope." He applauded his action in offering himself on behalf of his father. So conspicuous an example of filial

CHINESE OFFICIAL AND HIS SON

piety could not fail to appeal to his imagination. He discoursed on the law of the Celestial Empire with regard to suicide. But I could not help feeling that in reality he had come to discover what weight he was to give to my opposition. Probably in his heart he pitied the prisoner. He had manifestly been bought over to the other side. As he left I could not help feeling that the "Prisoner of Hope" would not be released till he had paid the uttermost farthing.

The weary months dragged past. We were now in winter. All our entreaties and efforts were unavailing. The "Prisoner of Hope" had to shiver in his cold cell with no ray of hope to cheer him. But the time was not misspent. It was a time of growth. Christ became the Bread of Life to his soul. And his fortitude made a deep impression upon the minds of his fellow-prisoners.

Hope twice revived. One day a prisoner who had been confined for many years, was passing the prison kitchen. Weary of the restraint of prison life, he seized a huge knife and cut his throat. Should he die, the law would be turned against the magistrate by the prisoner's friends—a suicide at his door! They sent post-haste to the hospital. The doctor went, sewed up the wound, and the unfortunate man lived long enough to save the magistrate's "face." Was it the handwriting on the wall? If so, it conveyed no message to the magistrate's

soul. He hardened his heart after his own deliverance, and refused to liberate the "Prisoner of Hope."

Once again, a bank failed. The magistrate was to blame, for he allowed the bank to issue notes out of all proportion to its capital. The manager of the bank drank opium and tried to poison himself. Should he die, the bank could not be re-established, and the people would demand the magistrate's dismissal and degradation. Again the medical aid of the foreigner was sought, and the life of the manager saved. The bank weathered the storm, and the affair was hushed up. Was it the voice of Providence? If so, it fell upon unheeding ears.

The limits of human endurance had been reached. After five months' confinement and payment of a large sum, the "Prisoner of Hope" was set free. It was Sunday morning. He came straight to church. The service had commenced. As he entered, looking pale and emaciated, many eyes were turned tenderly upon him, and many a silent thanksgiving for his deliverance went up to God. Shortly afterwards the "Prisoner of Hope" became a preacher, and showed by his consistent life how deep was his attachment to his Lord.

A year passed. I was going up the river Liao in a pea-boat. On the Sabbath day we moored by the river's bank, and I wended my

way to the village, where I knew there was a "place of prayer." When I arrived the service had already begun. At my sudden appearance there was a slight commotion among the devout worshippers, some of whom in their desire to greet me, seemed likely to forget the solemnity of worship. A voice from the platform, "*tsoa-li-pai*" ("make worship"), held the wavering congregation in check. It was the "Prisoner of Hope." He was beginning his sermon from the text: "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." It was to me a fountain of water opened in a dry and desert land. I was spiritually refreshed. I blessed God for the testimony of the "Prisoner of Hope," and took fresh heart in my work for this people. In his own village he no longer stands alone, but through his witness there are many who name the name of the Crucified.

CHAPTER IX

WOMEN'S WORK AND WITNESS

There is no country in the world where the symbol denoting happiness is so constantly before the eye as in China. But it requires no long experience to discover that Chinese happiness is all on the outside. We believe it to be a criticism substantially just that there are no homes in Asia.—Dr. Arthur H. Smith.

CHAPTER IX

WOMEN'S WORK AND WITNESS

IT is said of the mother of Mencius that she thrice changed her place of abode, in order that her gifted son might escape the contaminating influences of a bad locality. That such maternal solicitude for the moral training of her child should be singled out by Chinese writers for special remark only tends to show that amongst the mothers of China the opposite is the rule, abundantly proved by this solitary and classical exception. The definition of the ordinary Chinese mother, which one sometimes hears, as "an ignorant woman with babies" contains a due amount of truth to give point to the sarcasm. Indeed, amongst ourselves, the title of the children to full recognition may be said to be a Christian discovery of the last century. We need not greatly wonder, therefore, if in the East every child that comes into the world is looked upon more in the light of another "mouth" to be fed than as a soul to be trained.

In the physical world the law obtains that water cannot rise higher than its own level. In the sphere of morals it is equally true that the heights of character are only reached where you have behind it the dynamic influences of noble motherhood. The whole case for the Christianising of heathen women could be made to rest upon this one argument alone, for until we have a race of Christian mothers in the homes, we despair of producing a high type of Christian character among the members of the native Christian Church of China.

Two factors enter into the accomplishment of this task. These are—time and teaching. Converts are quickly made, but Christian character is of slow growth. We may plant a seed in a day, but we cannot build a temple in a day. Belief is easy, but the formation of character is the work of generations. Every missionary bears witness to the fact that the second generation of Christians is better than the first, and that the third will outstrip the second. But teaching is equally essential. Indeed it is of primary importance. And this task can best be accomplished by Christian women. They alone have ready access to the homes; they best can disarm the shyness of their heathen sisters; they most powerfully demonstrate to the ignorant and superstitious mind the latent possibilities of their sex.

The national opinion of women is probably

as high as it can be where the emancipating touch of Christianity has not yet penetrated. Theoretically she has no standing at all; she is simply ignored. But practically she contrives to make her influence felt in a thousand different ways, and she succeeds, on the whole, in making her existence tolerably comfortable. We see this reflected in the written language of the nation. Each of the hieroglyphics in which the symbol for woman appears is a window through which we may look into the native mind and see how popular opinion regards her. Take a few illustrations.[1] The word "home," which is unthinkable by us apart from the tender ministry of woman, is represented in the Chinese language by a pig under a roof. In most cases it is an accurate description of the Chinese home, which to our eyes is often little better than a pigsty. Of course the Chinaman does not mean to satirise his home. To him the pig is the symbol of "plenty." Yet it unconsciously sheds a lurid light on the domestic life of a people who have never yet learned the art of social comfort. Again, our sense of all that is sacred receives a severe shock when we discover that the word "marriage" is represented by a woman and a pig practically under the same roof. There is a certain grim humour in the combination, not without truth, if the wit of the

[1] See Chinese characters in Chap. iii.

gentler sex first gave birth to the conception. To a celestial, of course, it signifies merely the adding of a woman to his home. But it is in no real sense *her* home; it is his mother's. Her rôle is too often that of an insignificant drudge. For "wife" is represented by the suggestive picture of a woman under a broom; while woman is the radical of the word "slave." "Peace" is *one* woman in isolation under a roof —a triumph of felicity difficult of accomplishment; two women together conveys the idea of a "quarrel"; three together means "intrigue" and "adultery"; while woman under trees signifies to "covet"—a fact that led the early Jesuits to speculate on the possibility of a time in the remote past when the Chinese may have heard of the story of Eden and the sin of mother Eve.

There is one character, however, in which woman, in combination with her male child, sums up to the Chinese mind the *summum bonum.* The birth of her firstborn son marks an epoch in the life of every Chinese mother. It signalises her emancipation from a condition akin to slavery, and elevates her to a position of freedom and respect in the household. Such is the desire for male offspring, due probably to the religious importance of ancestral worship, that it has given rise to the widespread practice of polygamy. What the Chinese mother needs in that supreme moment of her

life is the illuminating spirit of the gospel, to teach her how to take advantage of the new position given her in the home, and to enable her to put in force all the subtle influences of Christian motherhood in the training of her child. We shall never have noble men in China till we have enlightened women. The superior ignorance of the husbands is not seldom the chief obstacle to the advance of their wives. They speak of them continually as *pen*, that is, stupid, foolish, dull; and the women have come to believe that they are so. To disabuse their minds of this sense of their own inferiority; to get them to believe that they can learn, is the first step on the road to knowledge, and the only way to elevate national sentiment.

It is a significant fact that outside of the Christian Church there are no schools for girls in China, and only a few of even the better-class women ever learn to read. Of the great majority of our women converts it might literally be said that "faith cometh by hearing," though the efforts which they make, after conversion, to master the intricacies of the written language and acquire the difficult art of reading are most praiseworthy. Under the influence of mission schools a new type of woman is growing up in China. As girls they have received a fair elementary education. From the first they have been under Christian influences, and

their characters have not been poisoned by breathing an atmosphere of superstition and prejudice, such as their parents inhaled. When such girls pass from the nursery of the school to the wider responsibilities of the home, they are able to acquit themselves in a manner that is sure to leave a powerful impression on the future of their children. The conversion of individuals here and there is a gain not to be despised; but until Christianity permeates the life of the home, it cannot be said to have struck its roots deeply amongst any people. To accomplish this end, and to organise and carry on the educational machinery essential to its success, would seem to demand, in those who put their hands to it, some degree of trained teaching capacity no less than high Christian character.

Good work has been done in Manchuria in past years. In Haicheng, the energy and devotion of Mrs. Macintyre has woven a network of educational agencies around that centre, whilst her womanly influence has been a potent factor in the elevation of the homes throughout the whole district. To spend a day in her compound — a veritable hive of industry—is to have one's eyes opened to the future possibilities of the women of China. It is less easy to individualise in the other centres where the work is carried on by so many devoted workers; suffice it to say that in

CHINESE GIRLS' SCHOOL

Liaoyang, in Moukden, and in Kaiyuan, girls' schools, reading classes, institutions for the training of Bible-women, and extensive medical work have been splendidly carried on. Wherever the influence of the lady missionaries has penetrated, it has lifted a cloud of darkness from the life of the home. They have been assisted in their labours by a noble band of native women, whose hearts the Lord has touched. These go out from the centres in all directions, either to teach in schools or to read the Scriptures in the houses, and tell their sisters of the love of the Saviour. If proof were needed of the reality of the change that has passed over the lives of these women, it could be found in the manner in which during the persecution of 1900 many of them suffered death rather than deny their Lord. Let two examples suffice. "One fine spirited woman named Hsiao, who was the soul of a part of the work in Kuang-ning, was seized. She was wealthy, and earnest in spreading the gospel. When the 'Boxer' trouble broke out, she was a marked woman. The rascals had an eye on her property, and demanded it. The Deacon Wang, her manager, made his escape, but she courageously stood her ground, and said she was prepared to bear witness for the Lord who bought her. She was offered her life if she would recant. She refused, and only asked that they would kill her quickly.

She suffered death in the most cruel manner, but up to the last kept praying."

"A young woman named Yin was captured. As she was young and good-looking, her captor offered her her life if she would renounce Christ and become his wife. She replied that she had a hope of Heaven, and that whether she died or lived was of little moment. 'What is Heaven?' said her captor; 'if I kill you, what then?' 'Then I shall go to Heaven at one step.' As she was praying for her enemies, she was cut short with the assassin's sword. Her conduct made a great impression on the community"—

> "Through such souls alone,
> God stooping, shows sufficient of His light
> For us i' the dark to rise by."

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT AWAKENING

The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation ; I, the Lord, will hasten it in its time.—ISAIAH.

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT AWAKENING

THE Manchurian Mission is just thirty years old this spring. The Church had been labouring for some years previous in other parts of China, it is true, but the work of our mission in the north dates from the arrival of Dr. John Ross, in 1872, in the treaty-port of Newchwang. The Irish Mission was established some three years earlier. Looking broadly at the history of those thirty years we may observe three well-defined periods:—

1. *The period of pioneering.* From 1874 (when Dr. Ross may be said to have acquired the language, and fairly begun work in the capital of Moukden) to 1894—in short, from the start of the mission to the outbreak of the war with Japan. No one can ever know, except those veteran men and women who passed through the experience, the amount of patient toil and heroic self-sacrifice, that lies embedded in those twenty odd years when the foundations of the mission were being deeply and securely laid. To a large extent it was a time of quiet waiting and preparation; but

not without fruit. The opposition of the people—to the messenger no less than to his message—had to be lived down and gradually overcome. This of itself taxed to the full the wisdom and forbearance of the missionaries. As not unfrequently happens in the beginnings of mission work, God greatly encouraged His servants by raising up almost at the first, a few choice converts of sterling character and apostolic zeal. Of such was old Wang, whose memory is enshrined in the heart of the native Church to this hour. Not less notable were blind Chang, Elder Hsü, Elder Ch'en, and Pastor Liu—all of them fruits of the early pioneering days.

At the close of those twenty years the membership of the Scotch Mission numbered 2341 souls. The Irish Mission had about an equal number, accordingly some 5000 souls at the close of 1894 represented the total Protestant community out of a population of 17,000,000. Then came the war with Japan. It was with much prayerful foreboding that the missionaries left their little flocks in the interior. It was a severe trial for the infant Church to be thus bereft of its leaders. But the converts stood the test well. When the missionaries were permitted to return a year later, to their great joy they found not a diminished Church, but one that had actually grown in their absence. The experience had revealed of what order it was, and it cheered the missionaries

and nerved them for fresh efforts in the future. They had not laboured in vain. The Church had divine life in itself.

At the close of the war with Japan, the mission entered upon a new phase of its existence.

2. The period of pioneering was, in a manner, over. The *period of popularity* had begun. This lasted from 1895 to 1900—from the close of the Japanese War to the outbreak of "Boxerism"—and is perhaps one of the brightest pages in the annals of missionary enterprise. This chapter is an attempt to describe the spiritual awakening of those five years, during which time the Church not only grew, but multiplied.

The following statistics will give some idea of the rapidity of the Church's growth:—

	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.
Pastors	1	1	1	2
Elders	17	27	37	40
Deacons	171	294	414	414
Chapels	104	181	246	92
Churches	...	...	...	42
Prayer places	...	...	...	117
Members	5788	10,255	15,490	19,646
Catechumens	6300	9,442	8,875	7,126
Schools	59	64	93	93
Scholars—Boys	334	626	700	784
,, Girls	157	306	354	396
Contributions	£261	£877, 10s.	£1,345	£2,000

The above are the statistics of the United Missions—Irish and Scotch.

It is a great privilege to have lived through a movement like this. One can never think of it without mingled feelings of awe and thankfulness. It grew with such rapidity that it taxed the energies of the mission staff to the utmost. The above statistics represent only the fruit gathered. They give no conception of the widespread character of the movement; that cannot be tabulated. Our difficulties arose out of the embarrassments occasioned by an overwhelming and sudden success. Instead of the old indifference to the gospel message, it seemed as though the people would take the Kingdom of Heaven by force. We found ourselves confronted by a mass of confessing humanity knocking for admittance at the door of the Christian Church. We examined candidates for baptism far into the night, yet crowds had to go away unseen. On circuit we would pass a village where last year there had been only a few inquirers, now we found hundreds awaiting our arrival, and these had travelled for long distances. The movement was not confined to any one class of society. It touched all, except perhaps the very highest, but even from this class also there were not wanting a few who came to us by night, and who in their hearts believed, but secretly, so to speak, "for fear of the Jews."

While yet in its beginnings, Mr. Inglis thus wrote of the new movement: "There is some-

thing to make the heart rise, when, after a day's journey, you come in sight of the crowd gathered to welcome you; when from point to point you find the same willing audiences; and when you meet men who say that Christ is in their hearts. The feeling must grow that here we are in the midst of a mighty stream, swelling from year to year and ever receiving new affluents. Checks and disappointments there are, but they are only the eddies at the bank, which must not take our attention from the onward rush of the main stream."

A year later the same eye-witness wrote when the stream had swollen into full flood: "A river in flood carries away in its course whatever lies along its banks, both clean things and foul. So it is in the advance of Christianity —the greater the stream, the larger the admixture of baser elements and the more turbid the current. It remains, then, for the Church and her ministers to do their part to keep the stream pure."

How explain a phenomenon of this kind? "Our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions. To this inquiry an obvious but satisfactory answer may be returned; that it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its Great Author. But as truth and reason

seldom find so favourable a reception in the world, and as the wisdom of providence frequently condescends to use the passions of the human heart, and the general circumstances of mankind, as instruments to execute its purpose; we may still be permitted, though with becoming submission, to ask not, indeed, what were the first, but what were the secondary causes of the rapid growth of the Christian Church?"[1]

And first of all let us be clear as to what it was not. While it could obviously never have taken place without the previous labours of God's messengers, it was apparently not due to the direct instrumentality of any one man or group of men. Similar movements at home can frequently be traced to the commanding personality of some individual, who, by his sanctity of life or overmastering eloquence, can powerfully influence large numbers of his fellow-men; but it was not so in Manchuria. The movement was not confined to any one locality. It sprang up almost simultaneously in widely-scattered and separated districts. In the quiet country hamlets and market-towns, no less than in the larger cities; in the north as in the south, on the western plains and up into the remote Korean valleys in the east—everywhere the new spirit spread, and men felt and owned its sway.

[1] Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xv.

But it was not a revival in the sense in which we understand the word. It did not originate in a deepened spiritual experience on the part of those already within the pale of the Church, and pass from them as the media of a quickened and contagious life to the heathen masses outside. No: it had its origin among the so-called heathen; a power not understood of themselves seemed to be laying its sweet compulsion upon them, to which they readily yielded. It was an awakening as from the slumber of centuries. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, yet canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth."

And yet with the fullest knowledge of the movement one shrinks from applying to it the term "Pentecostal." It was so in the matter of numbers, certainly, but except in rare instances men did not come to us "pricked in their hearts" and cry out to us in New Testament voices, "What must we do to be saved?" Neither, on the other hand, was it an ignorant stampede of heathenism into the Church. The people themselves, many of them, did not understand why they came. They were caught up in the onward rush of the movement. Recollect that they had just passed through a great national crisis—a crisis which had shaken their faith in old ideals. They turned in their helplessness, therefore, to

the Christian Society for social and political salvation. God had "shaken" the nation; it remained for His ministers to point the suppliant people to that Kingdom of God which cannot be shaken. To have repressed the whole movement by coldness or indifference, because of the mistaken motives inseparable from it, would have meant the shutting of our eyes to the opportunities of God's providence in the events of history.

That the people should turn at all to the Church for enlightenment and guidance was due, in the first instance, to the long years of patient sowing and persistent preaching of the evangel of Jesus over the length and breadth of the land; and to the broadcast distribution of Scriptures that found their way into the homes and hearts of the people. The lines of the mission had been laid from the first in prayerful expectation of just such a harvest, though when it came it surpassed the wildest dreams of the most sanguine, and touched with awe the spirit of every beholder.

Those silent years of ministry on the part of the missionary laid the train; in the providence of God it was the war with Japan that applied the igniting spark. The effects of that war, in Manchuria at least, were far-reaching. It wrought nothing short of a revolution in men's minds. It altered for the time their whole attitude to the foreigner. It dealt a most

salutary blow to their overweening conceit and insufferable pride. It opened their eyes to the rottenness of their own officials. It exposed the hollowness of the national pretensions; for here was a petty state, that but yesterday paid them "tribute," and to-day was their master. They knew that the secret of supremacy lay not so much in the character of the Japanese, as in the superior arts which they had borrowed from the nations of the West. The foreigner, therefore, was no longer a "thing" to be toyed with and despised. He possessed that which they lacked—for the want of which they had suffered disgrace and defeat, but with which they might be able to save themselves and their nation from further disaster. Hence they began to look upon the foreigner with more kindly eyes, to "borrow his light," to cultivate friendly intercourse, and to invite his help.

Moreover, during the war with Japan the Christians suffered less, not more, than their heathen neighbours. Outsiders did not fail to note that wherever the Japanese soldiers went they threw the ægis of their protection over the Christian converts and all Church property. Such clemency, while it popularised the Church, was not without its baneful influence upon individual members. Many who were poor before the war, were rich after it, and in some instances their riches grew up and choked the good seed of the kingdom. While there were

many regrettable elements mixed up with the new movement—which we now understand better than when we were in the midst of it—still it is the unanimous testimony of those who witnessed it that the whole native Church during those five years of its popularity and success took an immense stride forward, and rose to an immeasurably higher level of spirituality than it had ever before attained.

Some of the characteristic features of this movement towards Christianity may here be noted:—

1. Although most of the members were mere babes in Christ, there was everywhere manifest a keen appetite for biblical instruction. To meet this demand claimed all the time and energies of the missionaries. Bible-classes were in operation in all large centres, and a uniform scheme of lessons was printed at our own press in Moukden and distributed all over the Church. Examinations on these lessons were held at the end of the year, and the results revealed were extremely gratifying. At our annual Conference held in May 1900, it was stated by Mr. Bonfield, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who then paid us a visit, that of the total sales of their Society in China one-third had gone to Manchuria. Evidence surely that the movement was grounded on the word of God.

2. There was manifest, too, in our larger

centres an increasing desire for higher education on Western lines for the children of the members. A number of native teachers, trained in Dr. Mateer's College at Tung-chow-Fu, were secured for this work, and gave good promise that, with time and effective supervision, excellent educational results would accrue. Many of the officials showed a keen interest in the growth of these institutions, and were prepared to make them the model of national schools, on a large scale all over the country, when the opportunity for advance in that direction might offer itself.

3. A native monthly magazine was published at Moukden, which was much appreciated, not only by Church members, but by many of the more enlightened and progressive officials. It gave them information of events happening in Europe, which they could not otherwise obtain, and by means of articles on scientific, educational, and religious subjects was in every way fitted to lift the cloud of superstition and ignorance from the intellectual life of the people.

4. It was gratifying to notice the development of a spirit of independence amongst the various congregations of the native Church. The members, in most cases, voluntarily provided their own places of worship. They managed their own elementary schools. They made handsome donations to the good work

of the hospitals. They took prominent part in the deliberations of Church courts, and they were prepared to call and to support their own native pastors as quickly as the Theological College could provide them.

It is impossible to review these five years without having one's own faith strengthened. The advance made during that short time by the native Church inspires one with hope for the evangelisation of China. But while grateful for all the advance of these years, the missionaries could not shut their eyes to the fact that in spite of their best efforts they had not kept the stream pure. They recognised all too plainly that there were many elements in the Church's life that marred its usefulness, weakened its witness, and hindered its advance. But what the missionaries could not do, God has Himself done. He who gave the years of popularity, now called the native Church to pass through *a period of persecution.* In that fiery furnace of affliction much of the dross has disappeared, bringing out into stronger relief the pure gold of the Church's life and faith.

CHAPTER XI

"THE FIERY TRIAL"

The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.—TERTULLIAN.

CHAPTER XI

"THE FIERY TRIAL"

IT was the beginning of May 1900, and the time of our Presbytery meetings. Missionaries and native elders, to the number of about one hundred, had gathered themselves together at Moukden from all parts of the country, to confer with one another on the things concerning the Kingdom of our Lord. Never before in the history of the mission had we to record a year of such unparalleled success. The native Church had a membership of nearly twenty thousand, with, in addition, some eight thousand catechumens waiting for baptism. It had contributed no less a sum than two thousand pounds sterling towards its own support. A Theological College had just been established for the better training of the native ministry. The burden of the work was felt by all, and it was with a keen sense of personal responsibility that we faced the question how best we were to minister to this mass of confessing humanity. At that time there was not the slightest trace of the coming

storm visible on the horizon. Our outlook for the future, while it brought with it a deep sense of responsibility, was fitted to call forth in the highest degree a spirit of devout thankfulness to the great Head of the Church.

A tone of high seriousness pervaded all our gatherings. We held a series of meetings with the native Christians calculated to deepen their spiritual life, whilst amongst ourselves we reverently sought God's guidance as we considered the situation with which we found ourselves confronted. Mr. Webster read a timely and suggestive paper on "How best to stimulate Bible Study amongst our Members"; while Mr. Macintyre, in a paper on "The Present Situation," summed up the problem in the following manner:—(1) "We have converted people among us, but we have also a vast number who, in the words of James, are 'driven of the wind and tossed.' (2) We have come, humanly speaking, to the usual period of reaction in such movements, and must be prepared for a considerable falling away. What is not of the Spirit will now manifest itself and return to the world, possibly more friendly to us because of the temporary contact, but possibly also as enemies who will know our weakness and be able to exercise a very chilling and deterrent influence on our converts. (3) We have ourselves as teachers

been very earnestly at school amongst this mass of confessing Christians, and we have doubtless, most of us, formed new and perhaps pretty stiff conclusions as to certain pronounced measures which must be taken immediately if the Spirit of God is to continue His work and sift out a people for the Saviour." And he suggested the following queries for consideration :—(*a*) "Whether we are doing sufficient in the way of pressing upon members the duty of educating their children? (*b*) whether we are sufficiently pressing the duty of systematic giving? (*c*) whether we have done justice to the Sabbath question; (*d*) whether we have duly grappled with the moral defects in the character of our converts, so as to make them stand out in their old surroundings as new creations of God by the faith of His Son? (*e*) whether we can make an advance in our present position as regards the treatment of Yamen cases? (*f*) whether we may be said to have touched the home life of the people?"

Such were some of the problems that occupied our attention in conference. Scarcely had we dispersed when signs of the coming storm appeared. God was about to test the faith of the Manchurian Church in a way that none of us had dreamed of. By the beginning of July there was not a single missionary left in the field. The Christians were driven from their homes and scattered to the four

points of the compass. The property of the missions was completely wrecked, representing a loss of about one hundred thousand pounds.

How the native Church stood the test and came through the fire it will be my object to show. I rely almost entirely upon the reports of those missionaries who were the first to get into touch with the converts after the storm had subsided. But first let me narrate how it began.

It was in the beginning of June that we first heard that "Boxers" had come to Moukden. They began to drill nightly on the streets, and to enlist large numbers of the people to their ranks—chiefly from the *Tsai li* sect, which has always been inimical to the "Jesus religion." Prior to this time we had only heard of the "Boxer" movement in the provinces of Shantung and Chihli. When they made their appearance in Moukden, the Governor-General at once issued two proclamations against them. In these they were denounced as "rebels," and the people were warned not to join them else they would be punished. But no sooner were the proclamations posted up on the Yamen gates than they were scribbled all over with insulting remarks. At any other time this affront to the Viceroy would have cost the writers their heads; but no action was taken. My Chinese writer, who

went to take down a copy of these proclamations for me, overheard a "Boxer" remark after he had read them: "Oh! is the Viceroy not going to countenance us yet?"

The enrolling of recruits continued. Slips of paper began to be circulated in the streets with insulting remarks against the foreigners, while big posters were displayed on the walls and gates of the city, urging the people to kill and burn. These had the desired effect. They produced a panic amongst the people, and fanned the passions of the mob into a flame. We dared not show ourselves on the streets. When we went outside our compounds, people who used to be friendly fled from us with frightened looks, as from a plague. Rumour said that the date for burning the Moukden church was fixed. On Sunday, when we went down to church, we found some soldiers there in plain clothes. They had been sent by a friendly magistrate to prevent an attack being made upon us. We took this as a good omen. It seemed as though the officials wished to protect us. The same official arrested some "Boxers" and put them in prison. On the evening of the same day the military governor went himself to prison and liberated them. From this we concluded that the officials were not agreeing among themselves. Some wished to put down the "Boxers" and protect us, whilst others aided and abetted the "Boxers"

to kill us. Up to this time (20th June) we had refrained from seeking protection. The strain was terrible—especially at night. We were a mere handful of people, without arms, in the midst of a heathen city. Never did we put our trust in God as we did then! The elders came to tell us that one of our Christians had been badly beaten by a notable "Boxer." They feared that if no notice were taken, it would be the signal for a general persecution. Dr. Christie wrote a letter to the Governor. He reminded him how many years we had lived peaceably amongst them. We had respected Chinese customs, we had kept the law, and we had ever urged our converts to do the same. Our sole object was to preach the gospel and heal the sick. Now that the whole city was in panic, and we might be attacked any day, what was he prepared to do to protect us and our property? We waited two anxious days for his reply. When it came it was a bitter disappointment. "The whole situation was very difficult: he was unable to help us." It was evident he was obeying Imperial instructions. Then news reached us of the wrecking of the railway near Pekin, of the bombarding of the Taku Forts, the siege of Tientsin, and the perilous condition of the Legations, and we realised for the first time that what we were feeling up country was but the ripple of a great wave of rebellion that was

passing all over the Empire. We waited much on God in prayer, and earnestly sought His guidance and protection. A neighbouring magistrate—Mr. Hsien—who had always been friendly, made frequent visits to the hospital. He told us what was taking place in the Yamen. The last time he called he said in effect, "The Governor-General has received secret instructions from Pekin to foster the 'Boxer' movement in every way possible. I advise you to get the women and children away to a place of safety at once." We now know that this was the notorious edict of 17th June 1900, ordering the destruction of all foreign property by fire, and the extermination of all foreigners and their Christian adherents by torture. We also have good reason to believe that the Viceroy, solicitous for our safety, was cognisant of the advice given to us to withdraw. He refrained from publishing the deadly edict till the "Boxers" forced his hand and threatened his life if he resisted them longer. Our leading Christians unselfishly advised the same course. "You cannot protect us by remaining," said they, "they can only persecute us, but they will certainly kill you." Hurriedly we packed a few things together, and at dawn on the 23rd June all the remaining ladies and children, with Mr. Pullar and myself, made our way quietly out of the city, and reached the Russian railway, ten miles

distant. After three days we reached Newchwang in safety. It was my purpose to have returned to Moukden, but when we reached Newchwang we had advice saying that, as the situation had rapidly grown worse, Dr. Christie, Dr. Young, and Mr. Fulton were compelled to leave. Immediately afterwards the "Boxers" began to burn the railway bridges. Had we been compelled to go by road, the journey would have been both difficult and dangerous, as the inns were now crowded with soldiers. On 30th June came the sad tidings of the destruction of all our property in Moukden, and the massacre of many of our Christians. One week later came the still sadder intelligence of the massacre of the Roman Catholic bishop, two priests, and two "sisters." They had armed their converts, fortified their compounds, and attempted to resist the "Boxer" onset—but in vain. Had we remained a week longer in Moukden we should doubtless have shared a like fate. Every day thereafter brought tidings of the most wanton destruction of churches and chapels, houses and hospitals, all over Manchuria. Nearly every Christian merchant had his shop burned and looted. A blinding sense of horror comes over us as we think of the sufferings and peril through which our native brethren passed.

I have confined myself to the beginnings of

the trouble in Moukden, but other stations have a similar—and in some cases a sadder—tale to tell. The brethren from Kaiyuan were attacked by robbers whilst making their escape by river. Mr. O'Neill, of the Irish Mission, was the last to leave the field. He had a perilous journey from Fa-ku-men to Vladivostock, in company with the Russian engineers, who had to fight their way through a people now thoroughly roused and hostile. Our missionaries in the north all made their escape to Vladivostock, and were much indebted to the generous and timely assistance rendered them by the Russian authorities.

Some time elapsed before the Russians were able to put a sufficient army into the field to cope with the disorders. They were as ill-prepared for, and as much surprised at, the turn events had taken as anyone else in China. But they made a desperate effort to protect their railway, which was nearing completion. On 4th August they took possession of Newchwang, the treaty-port, and put it under military control. They then gradually pushed their way up country, and before many months recaptured what was left of the railway and reduced the main route to order. The first missionary to get into touch with the native Christians was Dr. A. Macdonald Westwater. Smarting under a keen personal bereavement, he yet bravely returned from Japan to Port

Arthur, where he was invited by the Russian General to take charge of the Red-Cross hospital work. By his knowledge of the country and the language he was in a position to render valuable assistance, not only to the Russians, but also to the mission. When he reached Liaoyang, where he had conducted medical work for many years and was well known to the people, he succeeded in calming their fears, induced the merchants to open their shops, and in this way secured the safety of the inhabitants and the immunity of the city from plunder. The people of Liaoyang justly regard him as the "saviour of the city." They showed their gratitude for his services by placing premises at his disposal for the resumption of medical work, with the promise that when the trouble was over they would rebuild his old hospital, then lying in ruins.

Arriving at Moukden, Dr. Westwater got into touch with Pastor Liu and the Christians. He hired a temporary building—an old theatre—and set up the organisation of the Church once more, as far as circumstances would permit. The Christians had suffered terribly, most of them were in rags, but in their joy at seeing the missionary back in their midst, there was never heard so much as a murmur. The first Sunday they repaired to the old church—to all of them its very dust was dear, for many could say: "I was born there!" Over its ashes

A BUDDHIST PRIEST AT PRAYER

THE MOUKDEN CHURCH

they held their first service. It was a pathetic, and yet a glad reunion—a striking testimony to the fact that despite all vicissitudes the continuity of the Church of Christ was assured.

Dr. Christie and Mr. Webster were the next to arrive in Moukden. Their visit greatly cheered the Christians, and in some cases they were able to relieve pressing necessities. Shortly afterwards Mr. Fulton, of the Irish Mission, arrived. He thus graphically describes the condition of the country and the people:[1]—

"Every step of our way from Newchwang bore testimony to the fearful destruction of property within the past few months. Fields of the smaller grains here and there had been left unreaped, and the heads of the tall millet had been hurriedly snipped off—the stalks left standing till a more convenient season for cutting them down should present itself. All along the line of march of the troops the majority of the houses were empty, the owners having fled to avoid extortion, or injury, or death; in most cases taking their windows and doors with them. Many houses were also burned down, apparently no distinction being made between Christians and non-Christians; in fact, from inquiries made, I should say that nine-tenths of the houses burned down belonged to the latter, and probably the origin of the fire in

[1] *The Missionary Herald*, March 1901.

most cases was due to a desire to loot. You will see then, that, whatever may have been the real cause of the recent upheaval in Manchuria, a very large number of non-Christians have suffered the loss of both life and property. At the beginning of the troubles the hostility of the "Boxers" was first directed against the Christians and foreigners; but as soon as their ranks began to swell, and they had attracted Imperial favour, they let loose the reins of passion, and set no limits to their ambition. Wherever their demands were not complied with, neither life nor property was safe. Here, in Moukden, the non-Christian merchants have lost very heavily. The majority of the large shops were plundered ruthlessly, and many of them afterwards burnt down. The Governor-General and other officers fled from the city on the night of 29th September. On the following morning, the representatives of law and order having gone, the merchants, fearing that organised looting would take place, did not open their shops; but the soldiers who had been left behind, together with the evil men that are always waiting to enrich themselves at others' expense, armed themselves with rifles, and scattered themselves throughout the business part of the city, fired into the air at random to create terror, and demanded that all shops should forthwith be opened. Fearing death on refusal, men opened their shops, and the whole rascality

of the city, and even many so-called respectable people, fell upon them, and plundered without let or hindrance for a whole day and a night. Then on 1st October, when the advance guards of the Russian army arrived at the gate, the looters set fire to several parts of the city and fled. The Governor-General is roundly abused for fleeing, as his presence would have saved the city. However that may be, it is certainly true that the arrival of the Russian troops saved the remnant that the Chinese themselves failed to destroy.

"The tales of suffering on the part of the Christians we continually have to listen to are simply indescribable; and if half of them were told in the ear of the Church, there would be let loose such a flood of sympathy as should make the salvation of China the daily thought and prayer of every Christian throughout the world. Our brothers and sisters in Manchuria have been filling up the sufferings of Christ in a measure we never should have dreamt of. Had their flight taken place in winter, most of the women and children must have perished of cold. They lay hidden in the tall grain and in the long grass, and amongst the gullies and holes in the mountain sides, often for weeks, picking up food as best they could. Hundreds of them have had most miraculous escapes from horrible torture and certain death, even in places where exemption from death by purchase was

disallowed them. Families got separated in the general flight, and the slow-footed were overtaken and either butchered or held for ransom. And some of those who escaped have found, or are now finding, an early grave through fright and exposure. Women and girls sometimes became the private property of their captors. . . . What happened here, in Moukden, is true of many places throughout the province. An order was issued, and carried from house to house, strictly forbiding anyone to give the least asylum to Christians or their families, and should anyone be found disobeying this law their houses would be burnt down and themselves treated as Christians. Consequently no one dare harbour even a near relative: in many places non-Christian strangers travelling on the roads were suspected of being Christians, and refused even a drink from the village well; and Christians, who had wandered many miles from their homes to places where they were quite unknown, were sometimes apprehended by the villagers and robbed, and perhaps handed over to the local 'Boxers.' Moreover, in the case of those who did not leave their homes, but made terms with the 'Boxers,' and purchased their lives and freedom by a handsome sum, this did not always guarantee them against further molestation at the hands of others who were not 'Boxers.' Consequently Christians became the prey of everyone who

for the time had taken power to do as he pleased. After consenting to the exactions of the 'Boxers,' the Chinese officials, from the county magistrate down to the lowest scoundrel who lives by evil ways, pressed their claims, even to confiscating their property; and in the city of Moukden the beggars made the occasion their harvest day, and went in bands from door to door demanding from the Christians generous gifts, otherwise they would burn their houses over their heads.

"From the beginning of the troubles it would seem that the Governor-General tried to do his best to keep order, but the General of the forces was the bitter enemy of the foreigners and Christians, and demanded their extermination, and threatened death to all who dared to oppose him. It was under his orders that his troops attacked and destroyed with field-guns the Roman Catholic cathedral here, and killed the foreigners and natives who had taken refuge therein. The 'Boxers' flourished under his patronage as long as he remained in the city, and they were emboldened thereby to defy the civil officials: it was only when he had gone south to oppose the advance of the Russian troops that the civil officials were able to assert themselves. One day a leader of the 'Boxers' was being carried in triumphal procession through the city, with fifty of his subordinates marching on either side with drawn swords,

when the Governor of the city in his chair met them full in the face in one of the main streets, but he was obliged to move aside and let them pass. On 11th August, when the 'Boxers' had attained the supreme height of their power, and things had reached a crisis, the city officials suddenly awoke to a sense of the serious dangers that threatened them, and fearing for their own lives, they gave the order to exterminate the 'Boxers.' The order was carried out immediately, and many of them were slain, and the rest fled. Had the General of the forces been in the city at the time, instead of being with his troops on the field, this order could not have been executed, and nothing could then have saved the city from being sacked, and the Christians from utter extermination. Eventually, when the General of the forces returned from an utter defeat and rout by the Russians, he threatened the lives of the Governor-General and others who refused to carry out his behests, and it was largely owing to this threat that these officials fled from the city."

From the roll of martyrs the following, who sealed their confession with their life's blood, are surely worthy of a high place in the annals of the Christian Church. Those who have hitherto sneered at the work of missions in China, or have spoken of the converts as "rice Christians," must feel rebuked at the spectacle

here presented of so much suffering heroism, for a parallel to which we must travel back to the first persecutions in the early days of the Church's history. It is impossible, of course, to do more than select a few names.

Among the first to win the martyr's crown was Blind Chang of the "Valley of Peace" (Tai-Ping-Kow). His life-story is one of the gems of missionary romance![1] One day in the year 1886 a blind man, in middle life, found his way to the Mission Hospital at Moukden. He had travelled over a hundred miles on foot from his village home, full of hope that the skill of the foreign doctor would be able to give him back his sight. He remained in the hospital for some months under treatment, during which time he heard much of the "Jesus religion." Chang was a deeply religious man—a member of the *Hun yuen*, one of the straitest sects of Buddhism. It was soon apparent that there was small hope of a restoration of his sight. He was too late in coming—and yet not too late, for the light of Heaven broke on his soul, and he saw by faith visions of a new life opening up before him. He earnestly besought baptism, but the missionaries refused his request, deeming it wise that he should first return to his home and tell his friends and neighbours of the great change that had passed over his life. He did

[1] *Blind Chang*, by the Rev. James W. Inglis, M.A. 1d.

so, but only after he had received the promise of an early visit from the foreign pastor. In obedience to this pledge Mr. Webster, some months later, sought him out in his own village. To his joy he found the whole country-side engrossed in the study of the Gospels, as the result of Blind Chang's witness. From place to place he had moved, telling his story with the native eloquence with which he was so richly gifted, and the simple village folk everywhere opened their hearts to the message, and their homes to the blind evangelist. He heard of the work of Mr. W. H. Murray among the blind at Pekin. Ever of a roving, restless disposition he set out with no guide but his staff across the hills to the Imperial city. And when he returned, bearing the Holy Scriptures in the *Braille* type under his arm, oh, miracle of miracles! to hear the blind man read from the tips of his fingers! He never sought to hide his light under a bushel, but set it where it could shed its lustre all around. So when trouble came, and the dark days of persecution and death, Blind Chang was a marked man. He could not flee like others to the hills or hide among the tall millet stalks of the field. He could only await his appointed end. He was dragged before the "Boxer" tribunal and asked to worship the idols. He replied, "I can only worship the one living and true God." "You must repent," they cried. "I have re-

pented already," was his answer. "Then will you believe in Buddha?" "No; I believe in Jesus Christ." "Then you must die." And whilst he chanted his last earthly hymn, the sword fell, and the spirit of the martyr passed to the unseen world.

Dr. Ross writes:[1]

"A young man, Li Ru Tang, a painter by profession, has been a diligent and an eager student for some years. He was preacher at Huai-rên city, but being in Hsing-ping-pu, to which place he belonged, when the storm burst, he was apprehended. The 'Boxers' were eager for his recantation, perhaps unwilling to take his life. On the execution ground he was bound as men are bound who are to be beheaded. He was then asked, 'Will you preach the Jesus religion?' 'As long as I live,' was the reply. Then an eyebrow was cut off with the sword, and the same question was repeated; and so was his answer. Then another eyebrow, an ear, then the other ear. Then his lips were cut off, and still after each cut he was asked and still answered that while he lived he could not but preach the way of salvation to sinners. When he felt he was getting weak, he said, 'I may be unable to speak, but I shall never cease to believe.' Then, with a terrific cross cut his heart was cut out and taken away. His heart was exhibited at

[1] *Missionary Record.*

a theatrical performance for several days. The 'Boxers' themselves are now loud in praise of the man who was so unnaturally brave and true to his belief. His death, and the manner of it, produced a greater impression on the public of Hsing-ping-pu than any other.

"After her father's death Li Ru Tang's only child, a bright girl of fourteen years of age, fled, taking with her a New Testament. Some relatives wished to save her, but she must burn her book. She refused. She ran with 'the book' under her arm into the millet. She was not known by any of the 'Boxers.' She was discovered, however, among the millet. Her book was testimony, and the only testimony against her. She was brought to the place of execution, and asked if she were a believer. She replied that she was. The child fearlessly stood before her tormentors, who asked if she were not afraid. 'Afraid or not afraid, it is all one,' she replied. But with a smile she met the sword that cut her down."

In December 1898 I first met Li Ru Tang in Hsing-ping-pu, where he was a student preacher. While on the same journey, I had the joy of baptising the first convert of the Huai-rên-hsien church—the son of an innkeeper. Li Ru Tang was the first preacher of the young church, and promised well. Though not a great scholar he was a man of strong individuality. The last time I saw him was in

Moukden. The work in Huai-rén had grown, and he came thither to solicit aid for the purchase of suitable premises for a church. "Faithful unto death, he now wears the crown of Life."

"The most uncompromising and deadly form of persecution," says Dr. Ross, "was in the flourishing town of Hsing-ping-pu in the east. Here we had a congregation of three hundred members, a large proportion being merchants and comfortable farmers. The value of the loss of goods and property there was fully $100,000 (Mexican) = £10,000; every man, woman, and child belonging to the Christian religion who was seized was mercilessly and often barbarously put to death. Those who had not saved themselves by flight were all put to death. I have since seen the mandarin, and I can understand his attitude. He is a devoted Buddhist and ignorant man. By his action he had hoped to accumulate a stock of merit."

"The ablest and most intelligent member in the neighbourhood of Mardun was a doctor in Shangjiaho-Shih. He was apprehended, for he was well known and highly respected over a wide region. His ears were cut off, and as he would not renounce his faith, the 'Boxers' made a crown of flour over his head, saturated it with kerosene oil, and set it on fire. This they called 'the lamp of heaven'; and under its torture the poor man died. A few others

were more mercifully dealt with, as their heads were cut off at a stroke. A man from Hsia-fangshen is in, and tells that every house in that village—which was all Christian—was burned down. Two people were beheaded. A man named *Wang*, who introduced the gospel to that place, was cut so deeply on the neck with a sword that friend and foe believed him dead. Another was so cruelly cut with a sword that he was thrown out to die. But like Paul in similar circumstances, they both recovered. All these people are farmers, and I am glad to learn they have been allowed to cultivate their ground this year. In other places it has not been so.

"The 'Boxers' went to Deacon Yieh's shop in Yungling, and demanded whether he was not Yieh the deacon of Yungling church. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am.' 'Then,' they said; 'your doom is come.' 'I have long been a Christian,' replied Yieh. 'What have I done recently to deserve death?' 'The fact that you are a Christian is your crime, and it is the will of the Buddha that you die.' He was a very athletic man, and a trained gymnast. It would be difficult, therefore, for the 'Boxers' to behead him. The soldiers levelled their pieces at his head, and thus compelled him to stand still, and the deed of blood was done.

"On the twenty-sixth of sixth moon (July) the Boxers of Hsing-ping-pu went to Wang-

ching-mên. The headmen of the village hunted the members, seized them, and handed them over to the 'Boxers.' The 'Boxers' went thrice to Wang-ching-mên. In all, members and applicants for baptism, fourteen were put to death. All these met their death with great courage. 'There was no weak one among them.' They bore witness to the truth. One, Wang, was singing and praying up to the moment when he was beheaded.

"An old man, *Swun*, formerly of considerable influence in the village, but one whom we all considered a weak member, was apprehended and bound. The crowd of beholders appealed to him to save his life. Why should he continue in the Jesus religion? 'Let him bend the knee and crave their forgiveness!' 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot. The Jesus religion is true. What of my life? The religion I possess is an everlasting inheritance.' He continued preaching the truth in which he believed till he was beheaded.

"At Hsing-ping-pu *Deacon Chang* was seized, and asked to recant or die. He refused in any way to deny the faith, and was beheaded.

"*Swun Haiting* was brought before the 'Boxers,' and asked whether he was a Roman Catholic or a 'Jesus religion' man. He thereupon began to preach to them the religion in which he believed, and for his 'impertinence' was beheaded. Twelve other members of his

family died with him for their faith, which they would not renounce.

"*Chang Paichwan* was asked to forsake the faith, or die. He replied that when he became a believer he counted on having to die for his faith. He was executed.

"*Kuo Mingching*, a member of Yungling, was hiding for a time, but was apprehended and brought before the 'Boxers' of Hsing-ping-pu. He was presented with the alternative, recantation or death. To all the revilings and threats he answered only one word, which he continued to speak as long as he could—'It is well. It is well. It is well'—and he was beheaded.

"*Deacon Miao* from Yungling, had escaped and was taken, like Kuo. He too made a bold confession, as I would expect, for he was a bold, brave man. He exhorted the persecutors, who ended his exhortation by beheading him.

"Mrs. Hsia, of Yungling, one of the ablest women I have seen in Manchuria, was taken. She would not renounce the faith. She asked time to pray according to the custom of her religion. She had a napkin on her head, on account of some sickness. This she took off, and knelt, praying for some time. She then stood up and sang a hymn, 'At the gate of heaven,' and, while singing with all her heart, she was beheaded.

"*Hsü* was a member of Changtan congregation. He was deacon of a station ten miles from that town. He was seized by the headman of this village, and threatened with death if he would not recant. He refused. His feet were put into the stocks, a heavy chain from his neck was tied to the *kang*, and his hands were manacled. He had been the first man baptised there, and the other members, who were not yet persecuted, with tears besought him to come to terms with his foe. He refused. He was asked to partake of some food, the meat having been offered in the temple. To that he made no objection. He was again pleaded with to 'open his mouth'; that is, profess non-belief in the Christian doctrine. He replied that he had only one life to live, and he would remain true to his Saviour. He would not in any degree seem to acquiesce in denial of Him. The headman sent him to Moukden to the 'Boxers,' whose headquarters were next door to our present church. The headman went in and accused him of being a Christian. The 'Boxers' came out with their swords, and hacked him to pieces on the cart; even his boots were cut to pieces."

"Gladly Lord with Thee they suffered;
Gladly Lord with Thee they died;
And, by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified."

From an article by the Rev. James Webster,

entitled "The Sifting Time in Manchuria,"[1] we quote the following. The whole article is well worth careful study. It embodies reports of all the districts by the various missionaries, and gives the most complete account of the persecution we have yet seen.

"The sufferings of the Christians in the districts of Hsin-min-tun and Kuang-ning (Irish Mission) were in some respects the hardest of any we have yet heard of. The persecution started in Hsin-min-tun in a carpenter's shop. The shop was burned, and in a few days twenty-five members were killed. Among them were men of great influence in the Church. One such man was taken early and beheaded, his head being placed in front of the chapel. Shortly after his wife followed him. Throughout the district no houses were left; all were burned. All the people who could do so fled. Some couldn't. Two brothers and a nephew were all killed together. The elder brother offered to give his life for the others, but he too was killed. He was a man who had great zeal for the Church. The old mother and the wives of three men—four widows in all—are left desolate. The daughter of one of the men was kidnapped. It is a sad case; one of many. A man was brutally murdered after seven days' torture, during which he witnessed for Christ. He never

[1] *Chinese Recorder*, September 1901.

made any secret that to preach Christ was the main business of his life. It may be truly said that this man suffered because he was always letting his light shine. Altogether in Hsin-min-tun there have been forty-five deaths; thirty-eight were massacred and seven died, either through fright or by suicide. Five girls were abducted and carried away to heathen homes. Sixty per cent. of the houses have been burned.

"In Kuang-ning the case was even sadder. In the city there were eighteen killed, and twenty-eight in the surrounding districts. There were three or four cases of real martyrdom, a faithfulness, even to death, that would add a lustre to any church of whatever age or country. Two Bible-women met their death in this way. One was killed directly by the 'Boxers,' one was hunted from pillar to post, and after a friendly family was murdered because they had given them shelter, she and her husband, unable longer to bear the strain, committed suicide. Another, an unpaid Bible-woman, a warm friend of Mrs. Hunter, died a most heroic death. She has left two little children, who are almost penniless. The deaths were sometimes by slow torture. Some men suffered because of their ardent propagation of the truth, others for no particular reason, except that they were connected with the Church. Even of the latter class some died

nobly. One man who had not, as we thought, lived up to his light, yet when the trial came and he was asked to disown Christ, declared that he could not deny the truth, and he preached up to the very last, exhorting people to inquire for themselves, and see if the doctrine of Jesus was not true."

"At *Tien-tzu-tsai* (Haicheng) the Pan family were brutally attacked and eleven members were killed."

It has not been possible, of course, to do justice to the persecution as a whole. It is questionable, indeed, if we shall ever know the extent of the suffering through which the native Church passed. But these facts are sufficient to show the ruthless cruelty of the onslaught, and the equal fortitude and heroism with which it was met. It must surely be apparent to the most bigoted enemy of the Christians in Manchuria that Christianity has come to stay, and all the powers of hell cannot crush it.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." "Therefore are they before His throne, and serve Him day and night in His Temple."

CHAPTER XII

THE "BOXER" CRISIS

This is the crack of doom for Paganism.—Dr. Martin.

CHAPTER XII

THE "BOXER" CRISIS

IN the summer of 1900, by one of those national convulsions not uncommon in her history, China again thrust herself into public prominence and crossed the path of the nations of the West. Seldom has there been anything to equal it for sheer ferocity and extent. It is of some importance that we endeavour to understand it, since it has an intimate bearing upon the mission work of the future. Moreover, the elements that produced it, though dormant, are not dead, and may come to life some other day, unless we profit by its lessons.

My object is not so much to apportion blame as to state facts, leaving these to speak for themselves and to carry their own conviction to the mind.

In order to perceive the trend of events that led up to the recent imbroglio, it is necessary to revert for a moment to the time of the Japanese War in 1894–95. Prior to that war China was practically an unknown military

force, and like most unknown forces was apt to be overestimated. At the inception of the war the bulk of opinion, even of those resident in China, seemed to forecast a victory in the long-run for the Celestial Empire. At the close of the War, however, when the tables were so completely turned in favour of Japan, it was patent to everyone that the imposing bubble had at last burst. It was seen how worthless were China's defences, how corrupt were her official classes, and how apparently incapable the whole Empire seemed to be of anything like united and effective resistance.

As a result of the war with Japan, China lost Formosa. She had to relinquish her ancient suzerainty of Korea, and had in the end to pay Japan an indemnity of £34,000,000 sterling. But the most precious thing she lost was her prestige. After the war, the mask she had worn for centuries, dropped off, and she stood forth in all her weakness to the gaze of the world. Since then it is no exaggeration to say that China has been a prey to various forms of Western political aggression. So much so that the recent disturbances may be said to have arisen out of a strong feeling of resentment at what Chinese statesmen conceived to be the totally unjust way in which their country was suffering at the hands of Western powers. Things have been done that probably would not have been attempted

had China been able to keep up the mere show of military strength. Railway and mining concessions have been wrung out of her; tracts of valuable territory have been forcibly seized or ear-marked; the "partition" of the whole Empire has even been calmly discussed, "as if such a gigantic revolution could be accomplished by a stroke of the pen," until a sense of wonderment seized the mandarin mind as to whereunto all this policy of grab would lead. It was not because of the intrinsic value of the concessions. Chinese statesmen are probably as sensible as we are of the commercial advantages of mines and railways, but they saw, or thought they saw, in our political aggression an unwarrantable encroachment upon their liberties and the herald of their subjugation to the foreign yoke. This was what they dreaded, and against which they were prepared to fight to the death.

Little more than a year after the Japanese War (1897), ostensibly because of the massacre of the two German priests, Nies and Henle, in the province of Shantung, but in reality because a strategic base was essential to German expansion in North China,[1] the Government of the Emperor William surprised the world and

[1] "It is certain that the Government of the Emperor William did not expect merely religious consequences from that event, but hoped for a political and economic advantage" (*Les Troubles de Chine*, p. 83. Raoul Allies).

outraged China by the seizure of Kiaochow. This was done at the instigation of Bishop Anzer, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Shantung. In the Reichstag, on 8th February 1898, Count von Bülow, commenting on Germany's action, said: "After the empire had taken under its care the protection of Christian missions and Catholics in Shantung, and since we consider the exercise of that protectorate, not only as a duty, but also as an honour, a declaration like that of the chief of these missions, Bishop Anzer,—who has told us *in the most peremptory manner* that the occupation of Kiaochow was a vital question, not only for the prosperity, but also for the maintenance of the Chinese Mission,—ought to be for us one of very great weight."

In his "New Year's Greeting," written from Tsi-ning on 1st December, 1899, after the occupation of Kiaochow, the bishop himself has described for us with admirable frankness the consequences of Germany's action. It may be questioned whether anyone ever penned a more damaging indictment against himself than this document offers. He says:—

"Before the occupation of Kiaochow the mission enjoyed an excellent reputation with the people and also with the Government. The mandarins themselves showed to the mission their appreciation in an entirely public way, and the Government at that time strength-

ened on its part this token of esteem by bestowing on the bishop a button of high rank.

"But things changed after the occupation of Kiaochow. The Catholic Mission of Southern Shantung, despite its youth, had behind it a past and an experience of nearly twenty years. No doubt during such a long space of time we had often to tell about troubles and persecutions. However, it is very necessary to observe that before the occupation of Kiaochow these troubles had a different character from those which we had to endure after that event.

"Before the occupation of Kiaochow these troubles, although being a boisterous enough movement, were yet always of a purely local nature, and were almost every time promptly suppressed. They only happened in remote places where we were founding new communities; consequently in localities where the foreigner was still unknown. From the moment that the communities were founded there began ordinarily a tranquil and peaceful life in common between Christians and non-Christians. The missionary was loved by the Christians, esteemed by the pagans, and was even frequently bound by bonds of friendship with the mandarins.

"Likewise the murder itself of the two missionaries, Nies and Henle, was only an isolated act of vengeance committed by some leaders of a sect who believed that a missionary lodged a

complaint [against them], and who felt themselves encouraged by the hostile attitude towards the mission of the then Governor, Li Ping Hêng.

"On the other hand, it is since the occupation of Kiaochow that the persecutions have assumed body, as it shall be proved by the report below. It is not a matter here of a local outburst of hatred against the foreigner, but of a general persecution, methodically organised, and under the protection of the officials against the mission in its entirety as such, having in view the systematic annihilation of Christianity.

"The first reason of the persecution and the most important one, was, as the preceding account has already indicated—the occupation of Kiaochow.

"The taking of Kiaochow deeply and painfully wounded the national pride of the Chinese. The intentionally haughty way in which the German troops planted on the Island of Tsingtao, in place of the Chinese Imperial standard, the German war-flag, produced then and there an effect altogether disconcerting. The Government felt the ground quaking under its feet. The mandarins were, as Pêng Taotai told me, 'miliao'—that is to say, they didn't know what to lean on. 'We no longer know what we ought to do.'

"It was to be anticipated that there would be a reaction. For the wound which Kiaochow

had made was not yet healed for a long time, [when] Port Arthur, Wei-hai-wei, the humiliating projects of an imminent partition of China, appeared in the newspapers—all this dated from Kiaochow.

"Although the common people had no great interest whatever to set against such political projects, nevertheless the educated Chinese, and particularly the mandarins, resented profoundly this outrage, and thought (that's clear) of an appropriate occasion for vengeance.

"But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the missions? A great deal! To the Chinese of medium culture, having no political education, all foreigners form a conjointly responsible whole (*un tout solidaire*)—'the foreign devils.' And since it not rarely happens that the missionary is the only foreigner who has appeared on this horizon, they make him, together with the Christians ('the devils of the second rank'), responsible for all that has always happened in the wake of the foreigners,—as well for the occupation of Kiaochow as for a box on the ear which any European might have given to a Chinese loafer.

"As for the sentiments of the educated Chinese, of the mandarins, Governor Yü Hsien of Shantung has openly declared them to me: Because the missionaries were assassinated, the Germans have come, hence Kiaochow and all that follows. 'Thou hast called the Germans,'

the Governor in question said to me; 'if there had been no German missionaries, nor Christians ruled by them in Shantung, Kiaochow, Port Arthur, etc., had not fallen into the hands of foreigners. Thou art guilty of all that.'

"Likewise Li Hung Chang, with whom I have had dealings for many years, and who certainly counts among the men who know to the bottom their country and its state of mind, declared to me also in a conversation of 3rd September of this year: 'Southern Shantung was the pretext for the occupation of Kiaochow.' The knowledge of this fact has penetrated little by little into the people and provoked an irritation against the missions and the Christians—the risings have been the natural consequence thereof." [1]

Scarcely had the sensation of Germany's seizure of Kiaochow died down when, almost without warning and certainly without provocation, Russia (1898), probably in return for her services after the Japanese War, when she compelled Japan to relinquish the fruits of her victory in Southern Manchuria, quietly took possession of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and commenced the construction of the branch line of her Trans-Siberian Railway from the former port northwards through Manchuria.

[1] Cf. *Les Troubles de Chine*, p. 86, from which above translation is taken. For original lettter cf. *Neujahrsgruss*, 1st December 1899.

As an offset to these movements Britain stepped into Wei-hai-wei. Commenting upon this, Lord Charles Beresford wrote: "I feel most strongly that the pride and profession of Great Britain, to be the champion and chivalrous protector of weak nations, have been humbled and exposed, by her acquiescing and taking part in the disintegrating policy of claims and counter-claims with which the Chinese Empire is being bullied whilst she is down. I hold that to break up a dismasted craft, the timbers of which are stout and strong, is the policy of the wrecker for his own gain. The real seaman tows her into dock, and refits her for another cruise."[1]

The next year (1899) Italy tried to obtain on demand a sphere of influence in Cheh-kiang and a leasehold of Sanmen Bay, but was unsuccessful in the attempt.

Under all these trials the Chinese exhibited not a little of that patience which is perhaps the strongest characteristic of the race. As has been remarked, the process resembled nothing so much as the harpooning of a whale. The first thrusts were not particularly noticed by the vast creature. They were annoying,

[1] The British Government have since [10th February 1902] given up the idea, which they originally entertained, of fortifying Wei-hai-wei and of keeping a large garrison there. They have no intention, however, of abandoning the place. The Anglo-Japanese Agreement [30th January 1902] is probably the explanation of this change of policy (*The Break-up of China*, p. 439).

but they did not kill. The accumulative effect, however, soon began to make even leviathan wince and to lash out in his inelegant fashion with his mighty tail. Even so China, goaded to fury, lashed out in blind and impotent rage against the whole Western world.

The following edict, issued at this time by the Government, gives forcible expression to the wounded pride of the nation:—

"Our Empire is now labouring under great difficulties, which are daily becoming more serious. The various powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other in their endeavours to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories. They think that China, having neither money nor troops, would never venture to go to war with them. They fail to understand, however, that there are certain things which this Empire can never consent to, and that, if hardly pressed upon, we have no alternative but rely upon the justice of our cause, the knowledge of which in our breasts strengthens our resolves, and steels us to present a united front against our aggressors. No one can guarantee, under such circumstances, who will be the victor and who the conquered in the end. . . . It behoves, therefore, that our Viceroys, Governors, and Commanders-in-chief throughout the whole Empire, unite forces and act together without distinction, or particularising of jurisdictions, so

as to present a combined front to the enemy, exhorting and encouraging their officers and soldiers in person, to fight for the preservation of their homes and native soil from the encroaching footsteps of the foreign aggressor. . . With such a country as ours, with her vast area, stretching out several tens of thousands of *li*, her immense natural resources, and her hundreds of millions of inhabitants, if only each and all of you would prove his loyalty to his Emperor and love of country, what indeed is there to fear from any invader? Let no one think of making peace, but let each strive to preserve from destruction and spoliation his ancestral home and graves from the ruthless hands of the invader. Let these our words be known to each and all within our dominion."[1]

Two diametrically opposite currents of thought grew up in China out of the political situation thus created. The aim of the two parties was the same, but their methods were diverse: the one progressive and peaceful, the other reactionary and violent. Both sought to rid the Empire of the foreign oppressor, but they were travelling different roads to accomplish their end. The conviction was slowly gaining ground, especially amongst a large, educated, and influential class of young men, with the Emperor Kuang Hsü at their head, that China's only hope of stemming the

[1] *North China Herald*, 27th Dec. 1899.

tide of Western influence lay in herself adopting Western methods of education, administration, and military defence. For a while it seemed as if the Reform movement under the Imperial patronage and leadership was going to succeed. In obedience to the young Emperor's edicts, schools were opened on Western lines; literary aspirants for degrees were informed that the useless and antiquated *wên chang*, or literary essay, was abolished, and that they would be examined in future in geography, mathematics, and elementary science. The people responded nobly to the new régime, and every weary toiler in China rubbed his eyes and wondered if the long-hoped-for renaissance of the nation had come.

It was too good to last. Not so easily was the leopard to change his spots. The *coup d'état* at Pekin in September 1898 sounded the death-knell of such hopes. Clearly the Reformers had underestimated the conservative instincts of their countrymen, if they imagined that they could so easily "ring out the old and ring in the new," merely by the publishing of a few angry and revolutionary edicts. Like a bolt from the blue, the Dowager-Empress swooped down upon the Reform party and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. She set the young Emperor aside. She took the reins of government into her own hands, and from that day a reign of

terror swept over the land. Much of the best blood of the nation was shed to appease her imperious wrath. Those in authority, who had in any way sympathised with or helped on the new movement, trembled lest theirs should be the next head to fall at the nod of this woman who wielded so despotic and deadly a power. It was even feared, for a time, that the life of the Emperor would not escape her malignant designs.

Such was the fate of the first really serious effort at internal reform! It ended in collapse; and yet it was not altogether fruitless. Whatever may be thought of the methods of the Reformers, there can be no doubt that they were actuated by the highest motives. The dying message of one of them—Tan-Tzu Tung—reveals the stuff of which they were made: "They may kill my body," he said, "but for each man killed there will be a thousand others in whom my spirit shall live." May the prophecy be fulfilled! So long as there are men who are ready to die for their country in this fashion, it cannot be said that patriotism in China is dead.

In effect, the Empress said to the Reformers: "Yours is not the way to save the Empire. The government of China is good; has it not lasted for a myriad years? To establish peace throughout the Flowery Kingdom it is only necessary to drive the 'foreign devils'

into the sea." On 5th November 1898, therefore, she issued an edict ordering the formation of volunteer corps throughout the country, "to turn the whole nation into an armed camp in case of need." To a large part of the nation—ignorant, conceited, bitterly anti-foreign, and suffering at the time from famine—the policy of the Empress and her party appealed most powerfully. Their superstitious minds fastened upon the "foreign devil" as the sole cause of their distress. The gods were angry, and would visit them with famine till they drove the enemy from their midst.

Hence sprang up all over North China, like Jonah's gourd, almost in a night, what has come to be known as the "Boxer" movement. "Boxer" is a slang translation. It emanated from the treaty-ports. The Chinese call them I-Ho-Chüan; literally, "Righteous-Harmony-Fists"; or, more generally, "Patriotic Fists." The sect is believed to be a branch of the great Triad Society which has been in existence during the lifetime of the present dynasty. This particular branch first made itself prominent in 1897 at Tsaochow, in the south-west corner of Shantung, and in Wei-Hsien, by its violent attacks upon Roman Catholic converts. Soldiers had to be called out more than once to disperse them and to restore order. The movement spread rapidly over the

provinces of Shantung and Chihli. To their original tenets they now added an inveterate hatred of all Roman Catholics, a feeling which quickly developed into anti-foreign dislike generally. They were secretly encouraged by the Governor of Shantung—the notorious Yü Hsien. As the result of representations made by the Foreign Ministers at Pekin to the authorities, he was deposed, but shortly afterwards, so far from being degraded, he reappeared as Governor of Shansi, by Imperial appointment. Relying on his protection the "Boxers" followed him and flourished there also. The movement spread by leaps and bounds. "Boxer" agents were soon found in every city and hamlet over North China, penetrating even to the extreme north of Manchuria. They promised to all who joined their ranks invulnerability to bullets and sword-thrusts. The people, prone to belief in infra-naturalism, seem to have placed implicit faith in such assurances. The movement was thus invested with a halo of religious fanaticism. They accompanied their drill with weird incantations, praying passionately to the "spirits" to possess them. It is now generally believed that "Boxer" initiation consisted in nothing more nor less than a species of hypnotism. To a large extent this explains the popular effect of the movement, and the unshakable belief of sensible people in its spiritual origin.

The effects produced upon the medium by purely physical causes, were to them proof positive of spirit possession.

Now, it was this popular movement, embracing some of the worst elements of the nation, that the Empress and her party chose to employ as a valuable ally in the recent disturbances. They did not create it, but they used it. The recognition of the throne invested it with more than merely local importance. At any moment "Boxerism" might have been nipped in the bud had the Imperial authorities chosen so to act. It was not their policy to do so. By secretly nourishing it they were able to turn it to great popular use in stirring up the anti-foreign feeling of the nation. As a decoy to veil the hostile designs of the Government it was a complete success, and threw the authorities of Foreign Powers living in Pekin entirely off their guard, and for that matter foreigners generally all over the Empire. The important fact to remember, therefore, is that without the sanction of the Chinese Government "Boxerism" would never have been heard of. But that there was a real element of patriotism at the root of the movement no one, I think, can deny.

These, then, were the two parties in China that were struggling for the mastery. On the one hand, the Reformers, with the sympathy and goodwill of the native Christians

and all foreigners living in China. On the other hand, the conservative and reactionary party of the Dowager-Empress, with "Boxerism" as its ally. The latter gained the upper hand, and brought the dynasty to the brink of destruction. It is not likely that they will again embark on such a hazardous enterprise. It remains to be seen, however, what impression recent events have made upon the mind of the nation.

Missionaries, of course, have not escaped their share of censure. Indeed, there are not wanting those who attribute the recent disturbances in China solely to missionary work. It is a pity that those who make such charges, or believe them, do not take the trouble to study the question, or at least to distinguish between missionaries. The missionary body in China is a very complex organism. It is composed of diverse elements. It includes various nationalities. It embraces widely differing types of religious faith and methods of propagandism. That individual missionaries are all actuated by high and sincere motives we must in justice believe, but that their methods for the carrying on of their work are all prudent or wise it would be impossible perhaps to expect. It would not be difficult, for example, to show that the methods of the Roman Catholic Church — methods which differ widely from those of the Protestant

Church—are to a large extent responsible for a great deal of ill-feeling. I have already shown their connection with the occupation of Kiaochow—the root of all the trouble that followed. The priests are constantly coming into conflict with the native officials over the law pleas of their converts. They have demanded, and have received, the better to facilitate their ends, a civil status which places them on the same level as mandarins. They have employed, as Church agents, men of notoriously bad character, who have used their positions to levy blackmail on innocent and helpless people, in the name of Mother Church. All this has caused much friction between priests and magistrates, and it has made the name of the Roman Church in many parts of China a byword amongst the people for all that is unscrupulous and high-handed.

Apart from these regrettable and objectionable features in missionary work in China, however, there is another sense in which the charge is legitimate and true. To anyone who understands Christianity, or has read Church history, it must be apparent that there is that in it which naturally excites opposition. Did not our Lord say that, "He came not to send peace on earth, but a sword?" And was it not said of the first missionaries that they were "turning the world upside down"? If, therefore, missionaries, in the broadest sense, have

caused trouble in China, may it not be due to the very success of their labours? Ought it not to be a cause of congratulation, rather than of complaint? There are thousands of missionaries to-day spread all over the Empire, each of them at the head of a large band of native evangelists. They have been sowing the seed of the Kingdom these many years by voice and by pen, and have exemplified its teaching by living blameless lives. The leaven of Christianity has been leavening the pagan lump. Now the fermenting process has begun. Thousands have responded to Christ's call. They have outgrown their old ideals. Inevitably their very presence evokes intense and bitter antagonism. So much is this the case that the recent crisis may not untruly be regarded as a conflict between the old and the new beliefs, between truth and falsehood, between light and darkness, between Christianity and Paganism. The recent persecutions of native Christians — who have played no other part in the troubles than that of witnesses and martyrs to the truth— recall to our minds the early struggles of the Christian Church in its deadly conflict with Roman Imperialism.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness, 'twixt old systems and the Word:

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future; and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God, within the shadow keeping watch above His own."

In considering the character of the "Boxer" movement two things have impressed us. On the one hand, its widespread nature; and on the other, the rapidity of its growth. The country was ripe for revolution. From Canton in the south to the banks of the Amur in the north, from the seaboard on the east to the provinces of Ssu-chuan, Shansi, and Shensi on the west, in an incredibly short time the movement spread itself. Six months before the outbreak, with the exception of a few missionaries in Shantung and Chihli, everybody treated the "Boxers" with contempt. What was more serious, they seem to have regarded the attitude of the Government to the "Boxers" with incredulity. Even as late as the end of June 1900, after we had been compelled to leave our station in the interior, we were coolly informed by a consular authority that, in his opinion, a good shower of rain would put an end to the whole trouble. The unsettled condition of the people was attributed to the dread of approaching famine. So much for official "understanding of the times!" The same gentleman had a rude awakening a week later, when the news of the burning of our property

came to hand, and the yet sadder intelligence of the massacre of Roman Catholics in Moukden.

The fact is that China had been arming herself with the best modern weapons for some years. But the ministers at Pekin seem to have as little understood the significance of this warlike preparation as Britain misunderstood the intentions of the Boers prior to the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa. "The quantity of Mauser rifles recently imported into Manchuria through the Port of Newchwang alone, for use in the Feng-tien province, would suffice to equip an army of about 40,000 men, and it must be remembered that the foreign-drilled troops of the province, amounting to 8000 men, are already provided with serviceable weapons."[1] In the House of Commons on 2nd August 1900 it was stated that "since 1895 firms in this country had supplied the Chinese Government with 74 guns of position and 11,740 rounds of ammunition; 123 field-guns and 40,000 rounds; and 297 machine-guns with over 40,000,000 rounds; and Germany had supplied nearly half a million Mauser rifles with three million rounds." In the face of such facts it seems almost incredible that the "Boxer" outbreak should have taken anyone by surprise.

[1] *Manchuria: Its People, Resources, and Recent History.* Alex. Hosie, M.A.

The crusade was primarily anti-foreign, and only secondarily anti-Christian. Pekin and Tientsin, where all classes and nationalities suffered alike, may be taken as proofs of the former feeling, whilst the wanton destruction of churches and hospitals, and the massacre of missionaries and their converts, may be regarded as equally terrible illustrations of the latter. The brunt of the persecution fell, of course, upon the missionaries, not because they were missionaries, but because they were foreigners, living in the far interior and absolutely without the means of self-defence. The Chinese would probably tolerate Christianity in the same way as they tolerate Mahommedism and Buddhism—both of which are heretical sects in China—were it not for the connection of the missionaries with powerful states that seek to encroach upon their country.

The question is being eagerly discussed in many quarters: "Will the 'Boxer' uprising be for the ultimate good of China?" In the month of May 1901 the subject was debated at the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, Shanghai, in English, before a large audience. The debate is interesting, for it shows how keenly educated Chinese are interested in the welfare of their country. Some of the points of the debate are well worth the consideration of foreigners. The chief arguments of the affirmative, who attempted to

show that the "Boxer" uprising would, from present indications, ultimately benefit China, were as follows:—

"1. 'Reform always comes through upheaval.' The history of France, Japan, and England has proved this point.

"2. The Boxer uprising 'has caused a wonderful stimulus to public opinion,' which makes for good government.

"3. The Boxers themselves, 'though entirely fanatical, yet demonstrated that the Chinese are patriotic.' Sir Robert Hart was cited to prove this.

"4. And the fact is also noted that though the Russian Manchurian convention grew out of the Boxer uprising, yet that 'the patriotism of the Chinese was thereby roused, and was so strong as to force the hand of the Manchus.' This was good out of evil.

"5. The Boxer uprising has for good and all convinced the Manchus of the foolishness of their foreign-exclusion policy.

"6. The uprising has demonstrated 'that the Chinese Christians have the martyr spirit, and that the hearts of the people are not dead within them.'

"7. The overthrow of Boxerdom 'has given a great blow to superstition.'

"8. 'The Conservatives have been crushed.'

"9. The war has brought other nations closer together in suppressing a common danger, and

has therefore exerted 'a unifying effect on the world.'

"As opposed to the position taken up by the affirmative, the speakers of the negative held that the Boxer uprising had resulted in an overwhelming evil to China:—

"1. 'China has already lost her independence. Her foreign relations, the policing of her capital, her customs and her financial system are now dictated by foreigners. Officials are put up and down as the foreigners direct. She is only nominally independent. If the loss of independence is a benefit, then the "Boxer" uprising has been a benefit, but not otherwise.'

"2. The Boxer uprising 'is probably only the beginning of like troubles.'

"3. One result of the Boxer uprising is the certain 'increase of taxation to a point such as the Chinese have never known before.'

"4. The Boxer uprising has given Russia just the pretext she wanted to seize Manchuria. 'She will never restore Manchuria.'

"5. 'The moral effect of this bloodthirsty war, the object lesson of Western troops descending to barbarism, will take years to eradicate amongst us Chinese.'

"6. Another detrimental result was brought forward, namely, revulsion of feeling now felt all over the world against the Chinese, because of the Boxer outrages.

"7. The barbarities of the foreign troops have led many progressive northern Chinese 'to hate foreigners, excepting the Japanese. The native newspapers are constantly praising the Japanese.'

"8. Though the Yangtze Viceroys undoubtedly did a wise thing in breaking with the northern Conservatives, yet the result has been the making of two parties, the northern party and the southern party. If any nation desires to secure north China, she undoubtedly will play off one of the parties against the other.

"9. The missionary problem is now much more complicated than before the Boxer trouble.

"10. The Court, instead of being led to adopt reform measures, has given evidence by recent appointments that it is as conservative as ever.

"The negative held that for these and other reasons the Boxer uprising was not for the ultimate good of China, and the judges decided in their favour, after long deliberation." [1]

"You cannot carve rotten wood," wrote Confucius two thousand years ago, and his words find a startling fulfilment in the history of his own country to-day. It is difficult to say what impression recent events have made on the governing clique at Pekin. The future of China, to a large extent, will depend upon

[1] Report in *North China Herald*, 8th May 1901.

that. Should these events succeed in discrediting the conservative and reactionary party around the throne, and in restoring the young Emperor to his rightful position, they will not have occurred in vain, and we may yet hope to see some substantial advance made in the direction of reform.

The "Boxer" crisis has left its mark upon the native Christian Church of China. It has purified it of many elements that have hitherto marred its influence and hindered its advance. It has given definiteness to the newly-found faith of its members, and it has awakened a consciousness of unity amongst believers all over the Empire. Nor can we doubt that the blood of its martyrs will be a seed from which the fruits of holiness will yet be reaped in the years to come. The fire of persecution through which the native Church has passed has at least convinced every unprejudiced mind of the sincerity of native Christianity, and it has opened the eyes of the Church at home to the magnitude of the task to which she has set her hand. As we review the wreckage of our work, the present may seem eloquent only of failure, yet it may prove to be God's way of leading His Church to a wider success and a more glorious triumph. "In Pekin and in the treaty-ports the visitor who inquires about missions and their work will always hear a great deal about the 'rice Christians'—that is

to say, those Chinese converts whose steadfastness depends mainly on the material benefits that accrue to them from their religion. No doubt there is reason for this imputation in many instances, but there is also a vast amount of exaggeration. Anyone who, in the recent sieges of the foreign quarters in Pekin and Tientsin, saw the thousands of natives that stuck to their new faith, who read of the thousands that were martyred for it in the provinces, can hardly question their honesty and single-heartedness. A year ago the general European opinion in China was that the Chinaman was a born indifferentist. The same cynical attitude obtained as to his courage: he was a born coward. The events of 1900 have convinced most people who took part in them of the radical error of these two views. Under his apathetic exterior the Chinaman has after all a soul. He is apparently capable of being a good Christian, just as he is of being a brave soldier, and the discovery is as important for the ethical, as it is for the practical world." [1]

[1] *A Year in China*, 1899–1900. Clive Bigham, C.M.G.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER THE PERSECUTION

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks, and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER THE PERSECUTION

NOW that the storm of persecution has spent itself, and a measure of calm has ensued, it is of some importance to inquire, What is the present position, and what are the future prospects, of the native Christian Church?

It is too early, of course, to make anything like a final pronouncement, or to offer a complete solution of so difficult and complex a problem. Time alone will do that. Still there are a few facts to hand to enable us to estimate the effect of recent troubles upon the life of the Church; nor are there wanting indications that may help us, if only in roughest outline, to forecast the probable trend of future events.

The destruction wrought by a tempest upon the trees of a forest is ever a sad spectacle. On every side we trace the marks of its devastating winds. Here, fallen trees strew the ground; there, though not altogether uprooted, others are so maimed and broken that it will take them years to recover from the shock. Upon reflection, however, we cannot fail to be

impressed by the fact that the vast majority have stood firm. They have miraculously weathered the storm. They have struck their roots deeper into the soil, and have gained strength in consequence.

It is not otherwise in the spiritual world. The violent persecution that swept like a hurricane over the native Church of Manchuria wrought sad havoc. It completely obliterated for a time the external marks of organisation. By the wholesale destruction of property it practically left the Church without a roof over its head. It made many gaps in the membership, while some who still survive, have so suffered that they will never be the same again. We cannot fail to be impressed, however, by the fact that the majority have stood the test better than some of us had even dared to hope, nor can we doubt that they have gained spiritually by the experience.

Some features of the persecution may be briefly indicated. In most districts three distinct stages are discernible: (1) fining; (2) torture, for the purpose of exacting money, or of coercing the convert to renounce his faith; (3) killing, attended often by the most revolting cruelty. The extent and severity of the persecution were determined in most districts by the personal attitude of the magistrate or village headman to Christianity, or, conversely, to the "Boxer" movement. Where the magistrates

were friendly disposed—and, to their honour be it said, there were not a few—they did all in their power to shield the Christians. To further this end they issued a form of "Recantation Certificate,"[1] upon which it was distinctly stated that the purchaser "rejected the false and returned to the true." Some members, in order to protect their families, hung up in their homes the picture of the "Kitchen-god"—a prevalent form of idolatry; others, under torture, were induced to burn incense and to worship idols set up by the "Boxer" leaders; while in a few cases, gambling and opium-smoking, both of which are proscribed by the rules of the Church, were indulged in, to prove to their heathen neighbours that they had renounced the faith.

The number of those who accepted "Certificates of Recantation" was very large—probably one-third of the total membership—but it is only fair to state that most of them do not seem to have realised at the time the seriousness of their action. They regarded it merely as a temporary expedient for the saving of life, or as a means of escape from torture, but not,

[1] For an interesting historical parallel, see the persecution under Decius Trajan in 250 A.D.: "Many magistrates who were really desirous of sparing the Christians, gladly let them off . . . provided they bought a certificate or libel, as it was called, attesting that they had satisfactorily complied with the requisitions of the edict" (cf. Neander's *Church History*, vol. i. p. 182).

as in any sense, implying a final abandonment of Christianity. As they themselves naïvely confess: "By the grace of God we were permitted to tell a lie." This, of course, reflects upon the imperfect development of many of the members, whose Christian faith, be it remembered, is but of yesterday. Only the full recognition of this fact, coupled with the suddenness and severity of the trial they were called upon to face, can soften and temper our judgment of their action. "One much-respected elder, named Li, up till now looked upon as the future pastor of the Liaoyang church, who was at the time in charge of a country district chapel, fled with wife and children and hid in the millet fields for some weeks. At last he came to a point when he had to choose between fleeing by himself (leaving his wife and family alone and unprotected, in the midst of great and imminent dangers, when she was nearing the time of her confinement) or accepting a certificate. He accepted it, but when relating the story afterwards he felt his position very keenly."[1] We are in no position to condemn these people. They must be judged, it seems to me, not by their one single act of denial, but in the light of their subsequent attitude to the Christian faith. And this, we are glad to say, is all that could be desired. With the full knowledge of what it costs to be a Christian, they have shown

[1] "Sifting Time in Manchuria."

no disposition to break with the Church, but have returned almost to a man, and have willingly submitted themselves to discipline.

In some districts where the death-roll was so high we now know that they had no opportunity of recanting. They were simply hacked to pieces. To some extent this may explain the paradox that many of those who are found to have accepted "certificates," previously exhibited a higher type of Christian character than some who suffered death for their faith. They had no means of escape. Among the three hundred who were slain, there were many undoubted martyrs, men and women who had every opportunity given them to deny their Lord, but who steadfastly refused. Their heroic and noble witness has raised the native Church to a higher spiritual level. We have no desire, however, to parade their testimony as a proof of the high sanctity of the native Church. Rather would we seek to emphasise the educative value of such a trial to the Church as a whole. It has done for Christianity what years of preaching could not have accomplished.

We are pleased to note that there is manifest amongst the Christians an uncomplaining acceptance of the discipline of recent events. They recognise behind all that has happened the sovereign hand of God. Though they know that the persecution was most unjust, in so far

as it was directed against them, yet there is a total absence of anything like a spirit of revenge. Though they have lost their all, there is no apparent disposition to murmur, nor desire to institute legal proceedings for the recovery of their lost property. Such a result amongst a people notorious for their love of litigation, is a distinct triumph of grace. An insignificant few, it must be sorrowfully confessed, have deliberately renounced the faith, and whilst the hope of forthcoming compensation may be determining the attitude of large numbers, it cannot be doubted that the great majority have risen clear above such considerations. If indemnity is offered—and it would only be an act of justice—it will be gratefully accepted; but should it be withheld, we are convinced that it would not seriously influence the bulk of the members.

On the whole, the native Church has emerged from its baptism of fire with a much-needed touch of other-worldliness upon it. To be a Christian is a matter of profounder import than hitherto realised. Faith has been vivified, and the personal relation of each believer to the Saviour more sharply defined. A deeper appreciation of the means of grace, and a newborn hunger for spiritual instruction now marks the assemblies of believers. In a word, the Church has perceptibly risen to higher spiritual levels. It may be temporarily reduced in

numbers, but it has indisputably become purer in spirit. Nor can we doubt that in the immediate future the soil of Manchuria, made fruitful by the blood of its martyrs, shall yet bring forth an abundant harvest of souls. The work of reconstruction is already well advanced. Missionaries are now residing in the interior in all centres formerly occupied by them. Only a few of the more remote out-stations have not yet been visited. The native Church is rallying from the shock. The native preachers are, for the most part, back at their posts, and assemblies of the faithful meet statedly for worship. In spite of the political shadows that still darken the sky, one may reverently predict for the native Church a future not less fruitful than its past.

It is impossible, of course, to ignore the fact that the position which Russia now occupies in Manchuria has given grave cause for anxiety. I have no wish to add to the general anxiety by anything that I may say on so complex a problem. At the same time, nothing will be gained by shutting our eyes to facts. "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why, then, should we wish to deceive ourselves." We may assume, I think, that in some sense Russia has come to stay. It is difficult, indeed, to see how she can retire from the position into which the logic of events has thrust her. Whatever her objective

may be, she certainly cannot withdraw for many years without imperilling her railway. At the same time, we must not forget that Russia has not yet closed her hand, and that she herself has repeatedly repudiated the idea of a permanent occupation. Her path is beset by enormous difficulties. She has to reckon with the strenuous opposition of Japan, she is limited by her own financial embarrassments, and by the fact that she has not the men who could administer the country. In face of these facts, it may be doubted whether she will seek to do more for many years to come than simply guard her railway and turn her attention to the development of the material resources of the country. The whole situation might yet be saved if China herself, profiting by the lesson she has just learned, awoke from her long slumber and threw her whole strength into the saving of this valuable part of her Empire. The recent opposition of the southern viceroys to the cession of Manchuria makes such a consummation not impossible.

Assuming, then, that we shall have to reckon with Russian influence in the future, how is this likely to affect the native Christian Church?

In the course of conversation I once put this question to a Russian official. He at once assured me that it was foreign to the genius of the Russian people to persecute any religious

sect as such. And when I reminded him of the case of the Stundists, he replied that wherever the Russian Government had taken such action it was because political complications had arisen, as, for example, the refusal of the Stundists to serve in the army. The one thing which Russia will not tolerate is proselytism amongst the members of the Greek Church. Russian officials in Manchuria are now well enough aware, however, that we have no call to embark upon a mission of that kind, and we have given them every possible assurance that we shall not intermeddle in Chinese politics. Should the Orthodox Greek Church, which is at present holding services for its own members throughout the country, think fit to open its doors to the Chinese, it is possible that many would seek admittance to her communion. The advantages to be derived from such a course are always present to the minds of an Asiatic people who cannot well afford to disregard the prestige which association with the ascendant political power is sure to confer. But, except in so far as it would tend to complicate the religious problem to the native mind, one could only welcome such a missionary development on the part of a church that has hitherto confined its operations to its own people. The great mass of our converts would, I am convinced, be proof against such considerations, and, if not unduly interfered

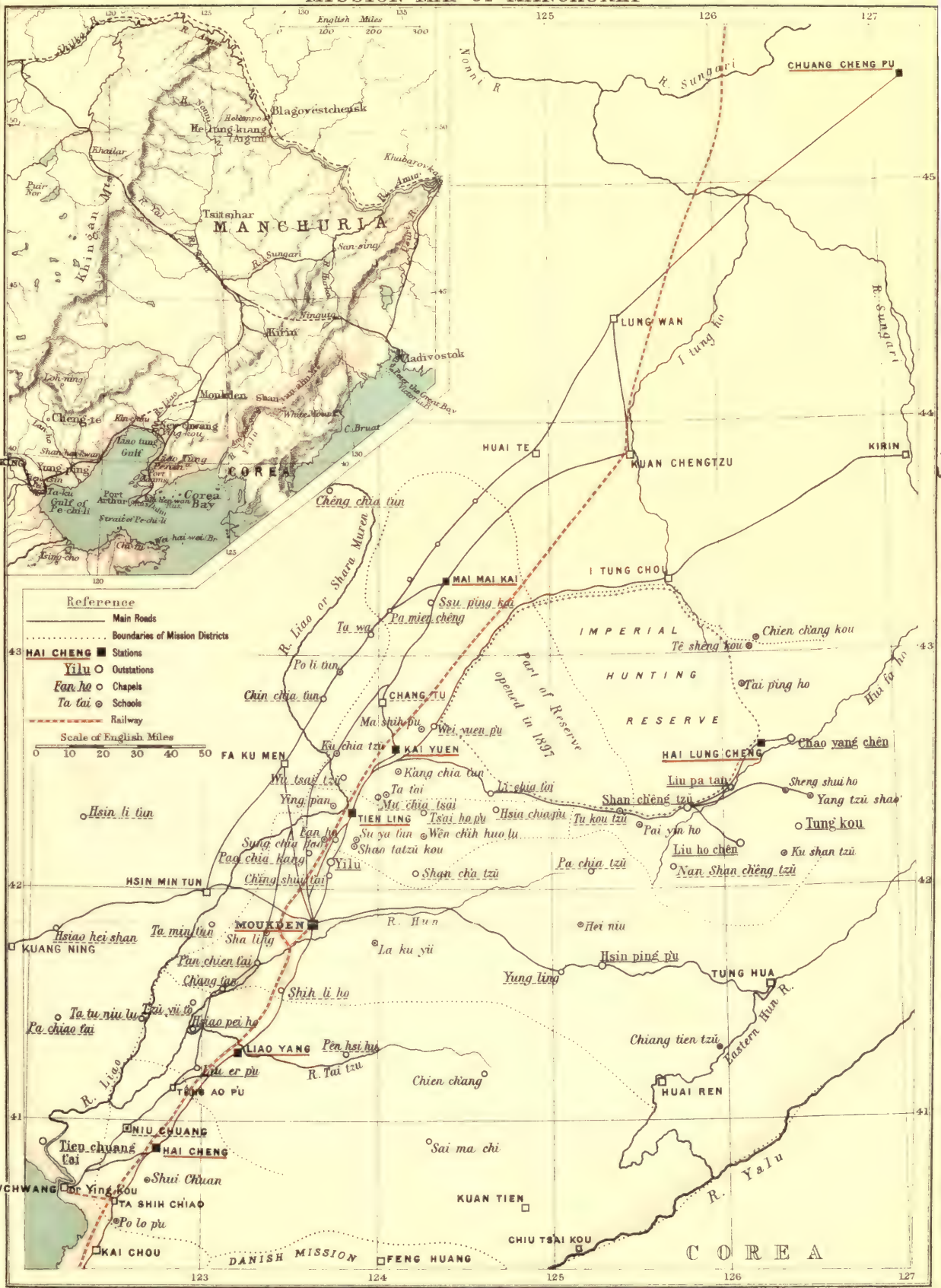
with, could maintain their protestant position to the last.

But, to come to the crucial point of the whole problem. What effect, let us ask, will Russian occupation have upon our mission? And here I should like to say at the outset that we can never forget our indebtedness to Russia. Their timely and generous assistance saved the lives of some of our missionaries upon the outbreak of "Boxer" hostilities. They were instrumental in staying the ravages of persecution, and in so far as they were able, threw the ægis of their protection over the Christians. At the beginning of the war they accepted the services of one of our medical missionaries, and thus made it possible to open early communication with our distressed people. And when a measure of peace had been restored, they did everything in their power to facilitate the return of the other missionaries, that they might visit their scattered flocks in the interior. Indeed, but for their present position in the country, our missionaries could not now with safety reside in the interior at all. Our relations hitherto have been most cordial, and various officials have, in an unofficial way of course, repeatedly professed that the Russian Government have no intention of permanently interfering with our work. Where it has been supposed necessary to impose restrictions, such as in regard to the opening of street-chapels

for preaching to the heathen, it is only, we are informed, a temporary prohibition, due to the yet disturbed condition of the country and the restlessness of the people.

For the present, then, we apprehend no danger. We see no just cause for alarm. Our missionaries have quietly moved back to their posts, recognising the *status quo ante* as still valid, and though it is becoming increasingly plain that we shall have to reckon with Russian influence in future, we are resolved to do our utmost to deserve their good opinion. "We are content to accept, without quarrelling with it, a state of facts which we do not like, but which we cannot alter; to work in the harness provided for us by an ordering which is not our own; to merge our personal mortifications and disappointments in larger interests to which we have devoted life." The door is still open. Our present duty is therefore plain. We must do what we can for the people whom God has intrusted to our care, in the faith that "He which hath begun this good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

MISSION MAP OF MANCHURIA



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