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In the Far East.

LETTERS FROM GERALDINE GUINNESS.

FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN TO THE PO-YANG LAKE, CHINA

1888—1889

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M. Geraldine Taylor.

(MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR, NÉE GERALDINE GUINNESS.)



In the Far East

LETTERS FROM GERALDINE GUINNESS IN CHINA.

(Now Mrs. Howard Taylor.)

Mrs. Geraldine Guinness (now Mrs. Howard Taylor)

EIGHTEENTH THOUSAND.

THIRD EDITION.

RE-CAST AND FRESHLY ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON :

MORGAN & SCOTT, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.
CHINA INLAND MISSION, NEWINGTON GREEN, N.

1901.

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Carpentier

Introduction.



I AM very thankful to hear that another edition of "*In the Far East*" is about to be issued; it has long been called for. It is a book that I, with many others, value highly; and I feel sure that no one can read it without being deeply interested, and really profited.

It is a photograph of the spiritual experience of a devoted worker among a most needy and interesting people. Its graphic descriptions bring the reader into the very presence of the Chinese,—to their homes, and even to their hearts. I can scarcely imagine anyone reading the book without receiving a Missionary inspiration, and being brought nearer to God, and nearer to the heathen.

To those especially who wish to acquaint themselves with the work of the China Inland Mission the book has a special value. To the writer, the deep spiritual truths which underlie the methods of the Mission are not mere theories, but have become a part of her own inner life. The reader sees these truths illustrated in the daily life of the worker, in the homes of the Chinese themselves.

And what is the secret of the deep sympathy which makes our dear friend so truly one with those she has gone to raise and bless? Is it not the very "*love of God* shed abroad" in her heart by the Holy Spirit;—love for the unloving and unlovely? *God's love* needs no attractiveness to draw it out. He loves—because He is love; just as the light shines, because it is light. And love is as constant and untiring in its operations as light, and as mighty in its results. Such love *transforms*—by the power of the Holy Spirit—the unlovely into loveliness; and really transfigures many a dark life.

We have met many workers for Missions, as well as Missionaries, to whom this book has been an inspiration. May the present issue in like manner speak to many hearts and lead many to follow in the footsteps of their Master.

Will not each reader join us in prayer that God will guide and bless the dear writer and continue to give the health and strength that are necessary for her work.

DAVOS, December, 1900.

J. Hudson Taylor.

Preface to the Present Edition.

NOT since the days of the Indian Mutiny has so much interest centred on "the Far East" as to-day. All Europe and America have recently waited with almost breathless anxiety to learn the fate of their representatives in Peking, and now that suspense has given way to relief, another problem—the restoration of peace—presses heavily on the Allied Powers.

But while the concern of the various Governments has been centred in Peking, the Christian Church has felt the deepest concern regarding the Work of God throughout the whole of China. The century of Missions in that land has closed with a Baptism of Fire such as seldom visited the Church, even during the early centuries of the Christian Era. No fewer than one hundred and thirty-three Protestant Missionaries and forty-eight children have been put to death, while thousands of Native Christians have suffered martyrdom or the loss of all things rather than deny their Lord. Dr. Morrison, in his graphic account of the siege of Peking, tells how they "heard the shrieks of victims and the groans of the dying. For 'Boxers' were sweeping through the city, massacring the native Christians and burning them alive in their houses." "The Native Christians," a Missionary writes, "have had to bear the brunt of the hate and opposition. In some parts they are nearly exterminated. Some have fled, but there are few places where they can flee to, as the enemy is everywhere. It will be a purified 'remnant' that will be the nucleus of the future native Church."

As might be expected, at such a time, the critics of Missions have not been silent, and Missionaries have been accused of being the cause of all this trouble. It would be easy to show the baselessness of such charges. Let it suffice to say that the command to "Preach the Gospel to every creature" permits no hesitation on the part of the Church of Christ. We think the following pages, with their vivid pictures of missionary life and work, cannot be read without its being abundantly manifest how much such work is needed and what such labour involves. These letters, with their narration of facts, constitute a powerful refutation to the charges brought against Missionaries.

The writer of the letters was in 1894, married to Dr. Howard Taylor (son of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor). In this edition a new chapter has been added, giving the substance of some of Mrs. Taylor's recent addresses in England, telling of their work during the last few years in the province of Ho-nan.

In the light of subsequent experience, what does the writer say concerning the impressions recorded in her early years in China? She says that the "early convictions expressed in the letters have only deepened, early hopes have been realized, and love to the land, the people, and the work has only grown with the passing years."

During the recent visits of Rev. and Mrs. J. Hudson Taylor and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor to Australia and America, the book was constantly asked for, and not a few testimonies were heard as to its usefulness. This has led to its being reprinted. The present Edition is entirely re-cast and illustrated with more modern pictures. The latest statistics have been given, and the map at the end of the volume has been brought up to date.

At the recent Church Congress held at Newcastle, Mrs. Bishop in her paper on the Far East said:—"After eight and a half years of journeying among Asiatic peoples I say unhesitatingly that the raw material out of which the Holy Ghost fashions the Chinese converts, and oftentimes the Chinese martyr, is the best stuff in Asia. The problem of China, religiously as well as politically, is now upon us. Events call a halt in missionary operations—a halt, not to admit defeat, but to bring up overwhelming reinforcements. The word 'retreat' is now on the lips of many, but the Church of Christ cannot, dare not, retire from the blood-drenched battlefields of the Far East, so long as the Captain of our Salvation is in the front, and men and women are ready to fight and die under His banner."

With the earnest prayer that it may help the bringing up of "overwhelming reinforcements," this book is once again sent forth.

March, 1901.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

From Preface to the First Edition.

THE letters contained in this little book are from "the uttermost part of the Earth," and come straight from a heart that is earnestly seeking to witness for JESUS CHRIST. The reception that they met with on their first appearance in the pages of *Regions Beyond* has led to their being thus reprinted. They make no pretensions to literary merit, being written in the simple, familiar style that one would naturally use to one's home-people, and have been thrown into chapters somewhat irregularly with regard to subject-matter rather than to any special number of pages. As will be seen, the first chapter is introductory, and Miss Guinness's letters begin with Chapter II.

The "Mary" often alluded to in the letters is MISS MARY REED, youngest daughter of MRS. HENRY REED, and sister of MRS. HARRY GUINNESS. MISS REED had been for more than a year preparing for China, by living and working in one of the worst and lowest parts of East London, where she very bravely and successfully threw herself into home-mission effort, amid surroundings which

for spiritual darkness and moral depravity could scarcely be exceeded in China. She sailed with the missionary party on board the *Kaisar-i-Hind*, and she and Miss Guinness were companions in the varying experiences described in the letters until they parted at Tsing-kiang-pu (see p. 69). MISS LOTTIE MCFARLANE is the "L——" of the later Journals, and MISS MAGGIE MACKEE the "M——." A few editorial explanations will be found in large type here and there, where parts of the Journal have been omitted and connecting links are necessary.

LONDON, 1889.

From Preface to the Second Edition.

THAT five thousand copies of the First Edition of this book should have been circulated within five months of its publication, is surely evidence that the burden of the Evangelization of the World is being increasingly laid on the Church. We earnestly commend this second and enlarged Edition to the prayerful consideration of all who belong to CHRIST. Within three weeks of its first publication, "*In the Far East*" so stirred the heart and conscience of one reader that she was led to give her life to missionary work in China. Would God that the Second Edition might be used to send forth many labourers into the great harvest field!

LUCY E. GUINNESS.

CLIFF, *Christmas*, 1889.



The Empire of the East.

AN ancient and populous Empire exists in the far East,—the most ancient, the most populous the world knows. Its people number over four hundred millions, an inconceivable multitude. Its eighteen provinces have been penetrated to some extent by the messengers of Jesus Christ, but in the seven provinces where missionaries have longest laboured, *over eighty millions are beyond the reach of the Gospel*; in the other eleven provinces a few missionaries are labouring, but *over one hundred millions are beyond their reach*; while in the vast regions of

Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet, and the North-Western Dependencies, which exceed in extent the whole of Europe, are *other twenty millions*, making an aggregate of *over two hundred millions beyond the reach of all existing agencies.*

* * *

“The claims of an empire like this should surely be not only admitted but realized! Shall not the eternal interests of one-fifth of our race stir up the deepest sympathies of our nature, the most strenuous efforts of our blood-bought powers? Shall not the low wail of helpless, hopeless misery, arising from one-half of the heathen world, pierce our sluggish ear, and rouse us, spirit, soul, and body, to one mighty, continued, unconquerable effort for China’s salvation?”—J. Hudson Taylor.

* * *

“Take your Bible, and carefully count, not the chapters or the verses, but the letters from the beginning of Genesis to the ‘Amen’ of the Revelation; and when you have accomplished the task, go over it again and again and again—ten times, twenty, forty times—nay, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women, and children of that old and wondrous empire. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour; thirty-three thousand will pass to-day for ever beyond your reach. Dispatch your missionary to-morrow, and one million and a quarter of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, will have passed to their final account before he can reach their shores. Whether such facts touch us or not, I think they ought to move our hearts. It is enough to make an angel weep.”—Rev. Silvester Whitehead.

Statistics of Protestant Missionary Societies in China for 1898.

FROM "THE CHINESE RECORDER."

	NAME OF SOCIETY.	Year of Entrance.	Ordained Missionaries.	Lay Missionaries.	Missionaries' Wives.	Unmarried Women.	Number of these who are Male Physicians.	Number of these who are Female Physicians.	Total Foreign Workers.	Native Labourers of both Sexes.	Number of Stations.	Out Stations.	Communicants.	Number of Day Schools.	Number of Pupils.	Higher Educational Institutions.	Number of Students.
1	American Board...	1830	36	11	42	23	12	4	112	329	15	116	3740	122	2276	19	686
2	American Baptist Missionary Union	1834	24	7	32	15	5	1	78	135	14	77	2238	34	573	1	8
3	Protestant Episcopal Board	1835	14	3	10	4	3	...	31	97	5	45	1134	54	1239	1	337
4	Presbyterian Board (North)	1838	58	18	68	40	16	9	184	527	19	304	8317	201	2490	11	685
5	Reformed Church in America	1842	5	...	4	8	1	...	17	45	3	38	1304	15	264	8	265
6	Methodist Episcopal Church (North)	1847	41	9	48	54	12	12	152	695	15	186	20,326	474	6623	22	1206
7	Seventh-Day Baptist...	1847	1	...	1	2	...	1	4	5	1	1	55	2	58	2	32
8	Southern Baptist Convention	1847	15	...	15	10	2	...	40	43	10	50	1499	31	816
9	Methodist Episcopal Church (South)	1848	13	1	12	18	2	2	44	62	6	18	751	58	1310	6	552
10	Presbyterian Church (South)	1867	21	8	23	14	6	2	66	53	11	6	370	18	300	1	...
11	Woman's Union Missionary Society	1869	18	...	5	18	...	1	6	...	1	...
12	Presbyterian Church, Canada	1871	9	2	5	2	2	1	18	13	2	4	9
13	American Bible Society	1876	1	5	6	87	4
14	Foreign Christian Missionary Society	1886	9	2	10	3	1	2	24	8	5	6	204	7	113	2	48
15	Christian and Missionary Alliance	1888	5	53	28	35	1	...	121	...	34	1
16	United Brethren in Christ	1889	3	3	1	3	1	2	10	18	1	1	19	4	148
17	Swedish-American Mission†	1890	3	...	2	5	...	1	1	50	6	100
18	American Friends' Board	1891	1	6	*6	7	1	2	10
19	Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada	1891	6	3	...	6	...	2
20	Gospel Baptist Mission†	1892	8	...	3	1	12
21	Y. M. C. A. in Foreign Lands	1895	...	3	3	6	...	3
22	Reformed Presbyterians	1896	2	...	2	4	...	1
23	Cumberland Presbyterians	1897	1	1	1	...	1	...	3	...	1
	Totals of American Societies		276	126	310	256	68	43	997	2124	155	849	40,027	1032	16,310	74	3819

24	London Missionary Society	1807	45	3	36	24	12	3	108	291	16	140	7097	117	2530	...
25	British and Foreign Bible Society	1836	4	11	12	6	6	...	27	270	10	8
26	Female Education Society	1837	6	16	2	8	...	17	400	...
27	Church Missionary Society	1845	40	23	43	60	12	...	166	510	26	8	4911	250	3823	6
28	English Presbyterians	1847	12	6	12	18	7	1	48	112	7	122	3790	1	174	5
29	Westeyan Missionary Society	1852	...	13	3	1	*30	129	18	37	...	31	896	4
30	Baptist Missionary Society	1859	26	...	7	7	1	...	51	188	6	287	4088	...	1128	...
31	Methodist New Connection	1860	7	4	2	...	14	92	6	94	2125	37	489	2
32	Scotch United Presbyterian	1862	10	4	12	10	5	4	36	158	4	63	5183	55	652	41
33	Scotch Bible Society	1863	1	8	7	16	170	6
34	Society for Propagation of the Gospel	1863	8	4	...	5	...	1	17	7	6	...	400	14
35	Methodist Free Church†	1864	4	2	...	3	2	...	9	63	2	49	996	5	77	18
36	Irish Presbyterians	1867	8	4	7	4	4	1	23	105	7	49	911	11	127	...
37	Church of Scotland	1878	2	1	3	3	1	...	9	12	1	3	110	3	150	...
38	Zenana Missionary Society	1884	37	...	1	37	25	11	2
39	Bible Christians†	1885	7	...	4	3	1	...	14	4	3	3	28	2	70	...
40	Friends' F. M. Association	1886	...	6	5	3	14	7	2	3	5	2	162	...
	Totals of British Societies		174	85	166	183	50	12	625	2159	133	866	29,644	547	10,978	18 105
41	Basel Missionary Society	1847	21	2	13	...	1	...	36	127	13	49	3000	47	1121	2 55
42	Rhenish Missionary Society	1847	9	2	6	2	2	...	19	10	5	8	375	4	66	2 8
43	Berlin Woman's China Society§	1856	...	1	1	4	6	...	1
44	Berlin Missionary Society†	1882	4	2	6	50	5	29	479	18	270	5 81
45	Gen. Evangelical Prot. Miss. Assoc.†	1885	3	3	...	1
46	Swedish Mission†	1887	1	8	6	14	2	...	29	14	4	...	60	4
47	Congregational Church of Sweden†	1890	8	...	1	4	13	...	2	3	9	3	82	...
48	German China Alliance†	1891	...	9	2	5	16	4	6	3	45
49	Norwegian Lutheran...	1891	1	4	1	2	8	...	3	2	25	3
50	Danish Missionary Society	1892	5	...	2	2	9	...	3	...	4
	Totals of Continental Societies		52	28	32	33	5	...	145	205	43	91	3997	79	1539	9 144
51	China Inland Mission	1865	30	296	176	274	16	1	776	605	149	169	7147	114	1589	3 137
52	Chinese Blind Mission§	1887	1	...	1	2	...	1	1 20
53	Diffusion of Christian Knowledge	1887	1	...	1	2	...	1
54	International Institute	1897	1	1	1	3	...	1
	Totals of International Societies		33	297	179	274	16	1	783	605	152	169	7147	114	1589	4 157
	Net totals of all Societies		527	519	675	724	136	56	2461	5071	470	1969	80,682	1766	30,046	105 4285

* Totals correct though not fully explained. † These Societies associated with China Inland Mission. ‡ Statistics from "China Mission Handbook," 1896. § Dean Vahl's "Missions to the Heathen," 1897. || Society's report for 1896; it includes statistics of missionaries only of the Central China Lay Mission and of the Joyful News Mission.

PROPORTION OF MISSIONARIES TO THE POPULATION IN THE
EIGHTEEN PROVINCES OF CHINA PROPER ; SHOWING
THE ADVANCE MADE FROM 1888 to 1900.

(The estimate of population is that given in the last edition of "China's Spiritual Need and Claims." The number of Missionaries is according to an account corrected to May, 1888, and June, 1900.)

Province.	Population.	No. of Missionaries 1888.	Proportion to Population.	No. of Missionaries 1900.	Proportion to Population.
Kwang-Tung	17½ millions	96	1 to 182,000	253	1 to 67,200
Fuh-Kien	10 "	64	1 to 156,000	252	1 to 40,000
Cheh-Kiang	12 "	53	1 to 226,000	209	1 to 57,000
Kiang-Su	20 "	102	1 to 196,000	372	1 to 54,000
Shang-Tung	19 "	66	1 to 287,000	205	1 to 92,000
Chih-Li	20 "	78	1 to 256,000	294	1 to 68,000
Hu-peh	20½ "	43	1 to 476,000	201	1 to 102,000
Kiang-Si	15 "	19	1 to 789,000	138	1 to 109,000
Gan-Hwuy	9 "	33	1 to 272,000	119	1 to 76,000
Shan-Si	9 "	42	1 to 214,000	158	1 to 57,000
Shen-Si	7 "	9	1 to 777,000	89	1 to 78,000
Kan-Suh	3 "	21	1 to 142,900	35	1 to 86,000
Si-Chuen	20 "	25	1 to 800,000	205	1 to 97,000
Yun-nan	5 "	13	1 to 384,000	34	1 to 147,000
Kwei-Chau	4 "	3	1 to 1,333,000	18	1 to 222,000
Kwang-Si	5 "	0	0 to 5 millions	19	1 to 265,000
Hu-Nan	16 "	3 itinerating	0 to 16 "	10	1 to 1,600,000
Ho-nan	15 "	5	1 to 3 "	39	1 to 385,000

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain ; if thou sayest 'behold we knew it not,' doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul doth He not know it? and shall He not render to every man according to his works?"




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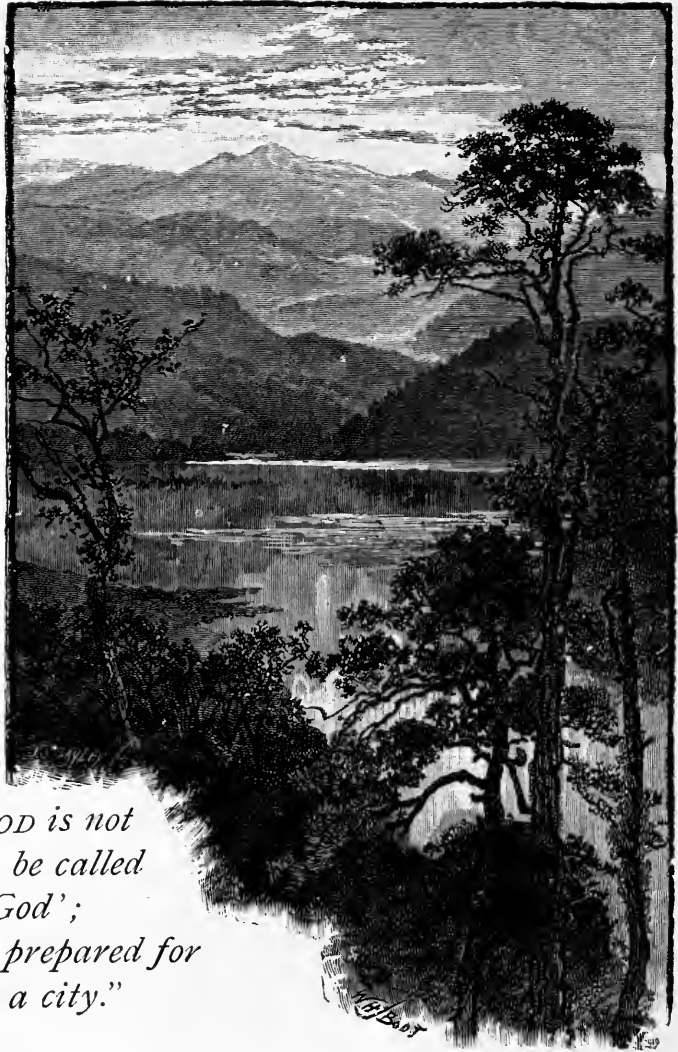
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*“TRULY if
they
had been
mindful of
that country
from whence
they came out,
they might
have had
opportunity
to have
returned:
but now they
desire a
better
country, that
is an
heavenly:*

*Wherefore GOD is not
ashamed to be called
‘Their God’;
for He hath prepared for
them a city.”*





A Missionary Farewell.

CHAPTER I.

“Good-bye!”

NOW many scenes are recalled by that one word “*Good-bye*”!

On the 25th of January, 1888, it was spoken by not a few voices to a Missionary party on the eve of setting sail for China. Perhaps we cannot better preface Miss Guinness’ account of all that has followed that farewell, than by recalling a few of the scenes that accompanied it.

After all it is real life that touches us. We live in an earnest world, in our every-day surroundings there is a Great Deep that we cannot understand. We live in a common world, and there is a heart-sympathy that binds us all together, whatever our name or nation. Our missionaries abroad will be glad to look at these pictures. It will remind them of a good-bye long since said! Our friends at home may also like to see them. God grant that to many of them, just such a good-bye *may come!*

* *
*

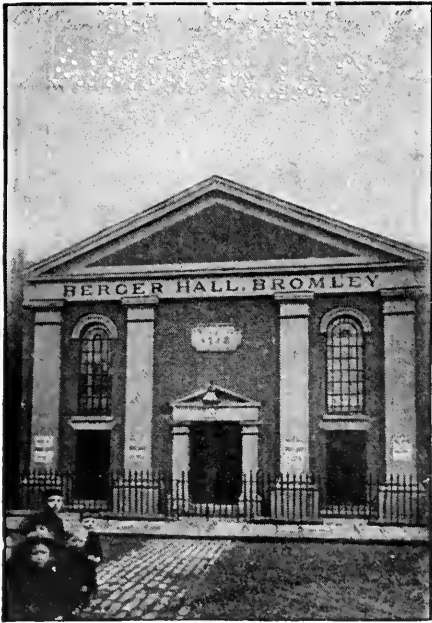
Exeter Hall is crowded. There is no standing room. People are being turned away from the doors. Honoured servants of God, representatives of all phases of Christian life and effort are gathered on the platform. It is a Missionary meeting;—a Missionary Farewell.

Standing amongst the multitude, we realize, with an aching heart, all that this implies;—the great Farewell Meeting has come at last; we are going to say *good-bye*—!

Suddenly the great organ peals forth, and from thousands of thrilling hearts and voices in the vast congregation, the grand old hymn swells up:—

“Thou, whose Almighty Word Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the Gospel ray
Sheds not its glorious day
Let there be Light!”

It is wonderful. We are conscious that we are speaking to God. All the pain of parting, the strain of the last few days, the anguish scarcely kept back, the forced turning of thought from the actual cause of our coming together, lest self-control should fail, vanishes in a great blinding light, the Infinite Presence of God. And with a strange calm the thought comes over us—“Yes. It is not we, not our work, nor any human effort that we seek, but—THOU, whose Almighty Word . . . !”



A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Each word of the hymn as it passes is instinct with life and meaning ;—but when on the closing lines the great organ's full power comes out in the triumphant infinite appeal—“ *Blessed and Holy Three, —Glorious Trinity, —Wisdom, —Love, —Might, —*” it is overwhelming. The billows of sound roll out like some vast surging sea, lifting up mighty waves on high, bearing us right beyond self and time, and flooding the soul with a sense of Infinitude. And a strong tide of feeling sweeps up from thousands of hearts with the inspiring prayer,—

“Blessed and Holy Three ! Glorious Trinity !
 Wisdom, Love, Might !
 Boundless as Ocean's tide rolling in fullest Pride,
 O'er the world far and wide
Let there be Light !”

The hymn is ended ; and as the earnest words of the speakers that follow ring out, reaching the hearts of thousands with their powerful appeal, we look across the wide, brilliantly-lighted hall, at the great assembly gathered to bid farewell to our missionary, and our thoughts fly back to a wonderfully different farewell meeting, at which we had been present only the night before.

* *

It was late on Sunday evening. Miss Guinness had just said good-bye to the people of our largest Mission Chapel. We stepped together out of Berger Hall, leaving the dear folk there behind us—stepped together out of the old home (as she felt it long since !) into the black, wintry streets. Andrews and another of the night-school men were waiting outside in the darkness and rain, to bid her a long good-bye. We shall never forget the little scene that followed. The tall, grey-headed hawker was always a familiar friend at Berger Hall, and we had long liked his simple earnestness, knowing how noble a heart lay hidden under his uncouth exterior. We can see him now standing there, bareheaded, in the rain—can see his tall, rough figure, and almost hear the half-broken voice, husky with emotion, with which he bid her good-bye ! The trembling words of his mate, who could hardly speak, were more eloquent than many an oration, when he broke down at last with,—

“I can't say no more, Miss ; nor I can't say what I means—but—God bless you !”

And tall, grey-headed Andrews bent down, and taking in his toil-hardened hands, hers that had so often brought him blessing, he stooped and kissed them,—uncouth East-end hawker as he was, with as much dignity as a prince could have commanded,—kissed them reverently, tenderly, silently, sobbing aloud the while !

* *

We are suddenly recalled from our mind-picture by the ringing applause that

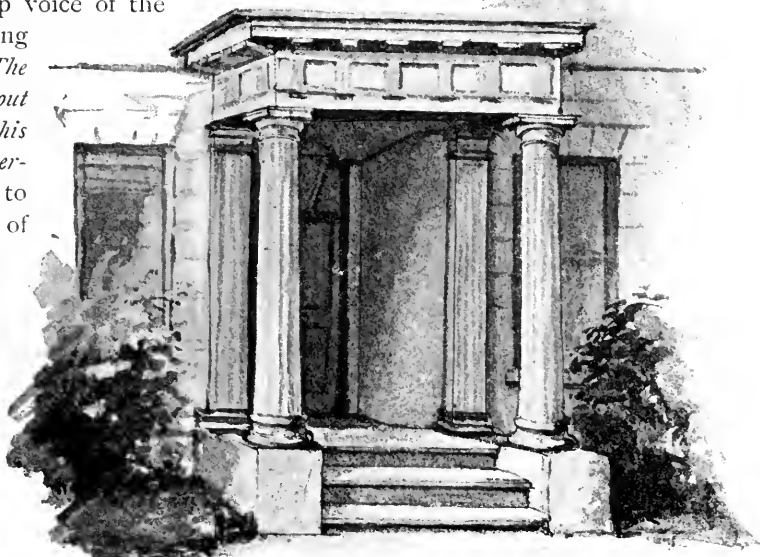
closes an eloquent speech from Dr. Barnardo. Mr. Farwell, of Chicago, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, Mr. T. A. Denny, Mr. Grattan Guinness, the Rev. Archibald G. Brown and others follow, Miss Guinness herself speaking before the close of the meeting. And now the great gathering disperses. Thousands have bidden her good-bye to-night ;—but a more real farewell is yet to come for some of us.

* * *

"Farewell"—? How much it means! What memories it awakens! In fancy we can almost see the old chapel-keeper of Berger Hall, standing with his good wife in the familiar doorway, their eyes brimfull of tears to see Miss Guinness go. We stand once more in the crowded gathering at the Bromley Tabernacle, where the dear East-end men and women, friends of past years and labourers together in the Gospel, have met to say good-bye to their "dear friend." The strange last scenes come back to one again ;—the packing and making of final arrangements,—busy outfit preparations,—journeys to town and journeys to Pyrland Road, the well-known English home of the CHINA INLAND MISSION ;—the pathetic little interviews with one and another of the simple people who had been brought to Christ by the one they were parting from, and to whose heart theirs were knit above all others ;—then the home-scenes, where, gathered the last morning round the Book of God, that had thus drawn the family about Itself every day since first the parents met, the Father's voice reads aloud with a sound of deepest benison the traveller's psalm for the one who is going away,— . . . "Shall I lift up mine eyes unto the hills? From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. . . ."

The wintry sunshine playing through the coloured glasses of the window, paints patches of beautiful light on the floor, as those last solemn moments pass away, and one notices the sunlight and colour as details are noticed in the presence of a great, overwhelming pain. But when the deep voice of the reader comes to the closing verse of the psalm :—"The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and even for evermore," the sunshine seems to fade away in the radiance of a brighter Light. There is a PRESENCE that passing across the heart at times, leaves "no need of the sun,"—for the Glory of God lightens that heart and the Lamb is the Light thereof.

* * *



Porch of Harley House

"THE OLD HOME."

In thought one can almost hear again the bewildering roar of the great city station that has seen so many bitter partings and glad encounters. Now we are in the train, hurrying swiftly past familiar East London districts,—seen *thus* for the last time to-day!—we stand inside the big docks and find our way with crowds of other passengers and friends and relations to the ocean-bound "*Kaisar-i-Hind*;" we are pressed with the rest of the throng up the narrow gangway, and stand a



INSIDE THE BIG DOCKS.

few moments—together still—on the hurricane deck above. A bell rings . . . again . . . again—There are moments that cannot be thought of, only felt.

* * *

Our feet are on the shore now and the ship is moving away,—slowly,—slowly,—so slowly, that we can almost reach, across the gap between us, the missionary party standing there on the upper deck. Keen January weather is crisping the sluggish dock water through which, impelled by two sturdy steam-tugs, the great vessel moves stately along. Keen January wind is tossing about the hair and shawls and skirts of a group of our factory girls who have left their work to come and say good-bye to their long-loved "*Teacher*." As they stand there in the

teeth of the bitter wind, they represent right well—with all their affection and rough simplicity—the class she loved so much! A knot of the night-school men are here beside us, some of the lowest and roughest of all have gathered at the dock to see the end.

* *
*

And now the end has come. The group on the hurricane deck, with sweet, bright faces turned towards England and towards Home, is growing less. As the few feet between us, across the cold, grey water, widen and widen out into a bridgeless, heaving waste, the strong, deep voice that read the traveller's psalm, is raised above the noise and pain of parting in prayer to God for our missionaries and for China.

“*God bless China!*”—the words ring out and are echoed fervently by hearts and voices on board, again and again. Then from the crowd on shore the sweet refrain goes up:—

*“I love to think of the Heavenly Land. . . .
There'll be no parting there!”*

And the message of Hope—made resonant by the hearty voices of our fifty students and deaconesses, joined by the factory lasses and night-school men, rung out by the little crowd of Berger Hall workers and even by some of the very dockyard men—is borne across the water to the fast-receding ship from which a faint sweet echo comes to us . . . “*no parting there . . . no parting there!*”

Hymn after hymn is sung while the vessel moves slowly out of the dock, till, finally the magnificent words sound out—slow, majestic and adoring—“ALL HAIL, THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.”

* *
*

For His name's sake they had left us. In His name they went forth. They went to carry that Name of Infinite Love to the uttermost part of the earth. It was fitting that the last message that they heard—floating across the water, from the Homeland—should be “*Crown Him . . . Crown Him . . . Crown Him . . . Crown Him Lord of All.*”



"The Voice of thy Brother's Blood."



OVER the deep blue sea,
 Over the trackless flood,
 The little band is gone
 In the service of their God.
 The lonely waste of waters
 They traverse to proclaim,
 In the distant land of Sinim
 Immanuel's saving name!
 They have heard from the far-off East
 The voice of the heathen's blood;
 A million a month in China
 Are dying without God!

For many an anxious day
 On England's shore they stood;
 As the eagle's longing eye
 Looks to the distant cloud,
 They gazed across the sea,
 Their hearts with sorrow heaving;
 O China! all for thee
 Their homes and loved ones leaving;
 For they heard the ceaseless cry,
 The voice of their brother's blood!
 Of thy million a month, O China!
 Who are dying without God!

And now o'er the mighty deep
 The heralds of mercy speed;
 Can we wonder that they weep
 As they bear the precious seed?
 But no labour in the Lord
 Shall ever be in vain;
 Laden with sheaves of precious souls
 They shall doubtless come again.
 They must weep, for they hear the cry—
 The voice of their brother's blood;
 A million a month in China
 Are dying without God!

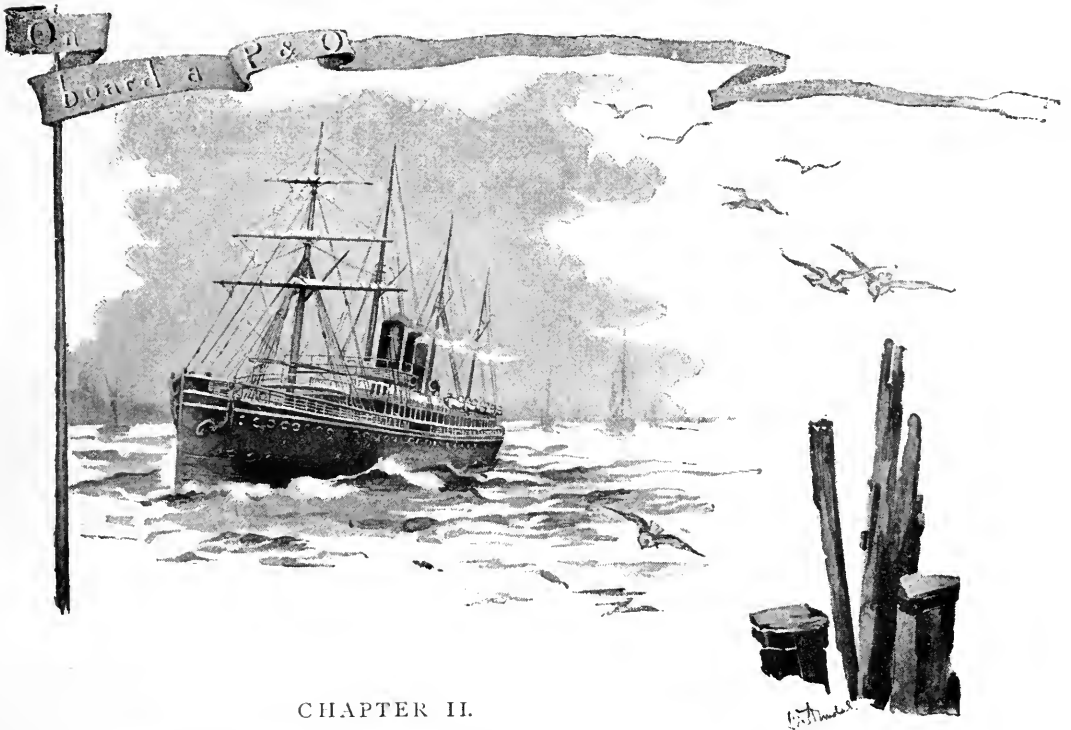
Oh! Church of the living God!
 Awake from thy sinful sleep!
 Dost thou not hear yon awful cry
 Still sounding o'er the deep?
 Is it nought that one out of every three,
 Of all the human race,
 Should in China die, having never heard
 The Gospel of God's grace?
 Canst thou shut thine ear to the awful sound,
 The voice of thy brother's blood?
 A million a month in China
 Are dying without God!

Oh, speak not of the noble few
 Who the Gospel sickle wield,
 And reap some sheaves with weary hand
 On the edge of its harvest field;
 For beyond their utmost efforts
 Four hundred millions lie,
 And a thousand preachers were all too few
 To reach them ere they die!
 But hear, oh! hear ye, for yourselves
 The voice of your brother's blood!
 A million a month in China
 Are dying without God!

Go, for the Saviour sends thee,
 To call from the distant East
 The Idolaters for whom He died,
 To His heavenly marriage feast,
 The Gospel that thou bearest
 The power of God shall prove,
 To triumph o'er the souls of men
 By the omnipotence of love.
 And remember, while thou lingerest,
 The cross shall triumph there;
 A million a month in China
 Are dying without God!

And ye who cannot go, oh! help
 With the wondrous weapon, prayer;
 While ye uplift your hands at home,
 The cross shall triumph there.
 And give you freely from your store
 To the warriors in the field;
 The more you give, to you the more
 Barrel and cruse shall yield.
 So only can you cleanse your hands
 From the guiltiness of blood!
 For a million a month in China
 Are dying without God!

OFF GIBRALTAR.



CHAPTER II.

Second Class. A Traveller's Diary.

January 31.

IF I could get a *quiet* moment anywhere, I might, perhaps, write what would be better worth your receiving. But it is all *so* noisy, *so* disturbed! This is the great drawback of travelling thus second class. But on the whole I am sure that being a second class passenger is as advantageous as it is right. This want of quietness is the *only* drawback to our pleasant passage, so we are well off, are we not?

We have about five-and-twenty fellow-passengers, of whom sixteen are men, and only five ladies. I, personally, have made friends with every one and know already a good deal about most of them. All the men, except two or three, are of the class we are so at home with in our dear work in Bromley, most friendly, nice and hearty creatures! Then we have two Hindu gentlemen returning to Bombay, and a nice Chinese nurse from Canton, whose little charges are amongst the first class passengers. Her we regard with deepest interest, not unmingled at times with dismay, for *she wears the native dress*, and we remember that unto the Chinese we are now to become Chinese! She is a Christian, dear woman, and most kindly and nice.

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Last night we passed Gibraltar at about 10.30. It was a clear, bright night, and the moonlight on that bold rocky coast and over the heaving waters was most beautiful. Every one was watching for Gibraltar's lights on the northern side of the ship. I need not tell you that I was on the other side most of the time, following with eye and heart the grey outline of *another shore*. There it was, soft and clear in the moonlight, and seeming quite near. For the first time my eyes beheld it! My heart went out to it, but not for the first time, not for the first time!

Africa! Africa! The Great Lone Land, the Dark Continent—there it was, just across the silver streak of moonlit water that stretched between me and it—within reach almost—within sight for the first time!

As I stood alone on the upper deck—alone with God—back to my heart came the remembrance of the heroic devotion, the self-sacrificing Christ-like spirit of all who have lived, laboured, suffered and died for Africa—or who are still living for it—the story of whose lives we cherish. One by one they came to me until I seemed to be compassed about with a glorious company of these mighty men and women of valour. The Moffats, Livingstones, Gordons, Coilliards, and Hanningtons of Africa were there, and with them many another:—Adam McAll, Henry Craven, Frederick Stanley Arnot, . . . each brave, patient, hopeful spirit—with the remembrance of all that they had done to “help to heal this open sore of the world.” Think! Was my spirit lifted up and strengthened *then*? Did I—rather did I *not*—afresh dedicate my little life to God for His lost World, and seek for strength to follow these as they followed Christ. No sacrifice I could make, no hardships or loneliness I could endure, seemed as anything any longer in view of what these had given and done—are giving and doing—for God and Africa.

I have been deeply moved this last day or two in considering another vast Continent, almost as large, certainly as populous, and equally needy—ASIA, dark Asia. Nay, now that I look into it, *much* larger, far, far more populous, and quite equally needy. Wichmann gives the population of Africa as seventeen to the square mile, while that of Asia he computes at forty-seven to the same area.

Would that God would raise up some Livingstone for Asia! So much of it is unexplored, unknown—so much still closed to the glorious Gospel. In the vast Chinese Empire alone, think of the Corea, of Manchuria, outer and inner Mongolia, Songaria, Kobolo, Ili—great populous land,—Kokonor, Khan, and Thibet—*all unreachd.*

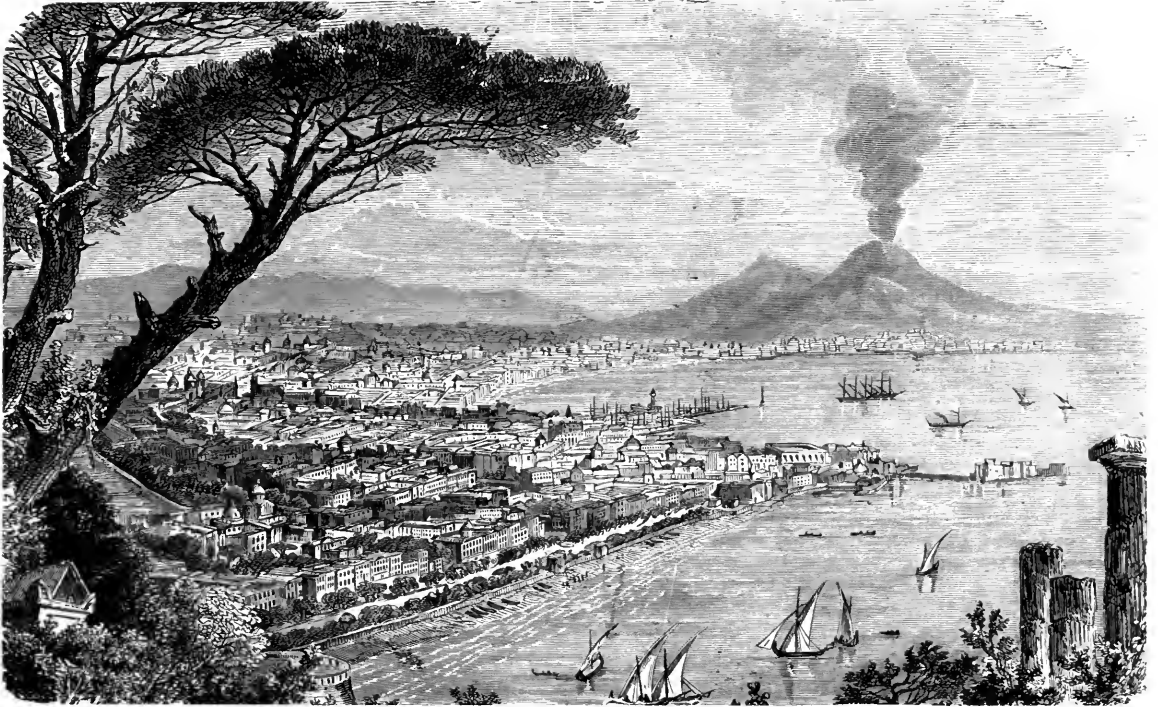
* * *

February 6.

I did not know when we left Naples that we were to pass through the Straits of Messina, but thought as I stood alone on the dark and quiet deck, that I was looking my last on the Home Land, the old Europe I had never left before! As the shining lights of Naples gleamed over the water of the bay, it was with the

dear home-letters in my hand, with their precious words in my heart, that I stood there, and a new strength and a new spirit of whole-hearted self-consecration to God came with the reading of those letters, and filled my soul as I thought and prayed alone.

It was time to lift the anchor, and the word being given the sailors drew it up with a will. Then there came a pause, a waiting before the captain's final orders. Clear upon the night air rang out the words,—and through and through



“ NAPLES’ BEAUTIFUL BAY.”

my heart—“*the chain’s short now, sir!*” . . . And the captain’s answer came promptly back—“*Heave right up.*”

They did so ; and in the pause that followed, the stately ship began to move, a sailor’s voice calling out, “*All’s clear now, sir, all’s clear!*”

We glided swiftly and silently out of Naples’ beautiful Bay, and I watched and watched till her lights were but as stars in the distance.

If any link of any chain that used to bind my heart—keeping it from full and complete surrender to my Lord,—if any such link remained, I think, in God’s goodness, it was snapped then as I watched and wept and prayed. And, when still clasping the precious home-letters I turned to go down, the last light having



IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

vanished across the heaving water, it was with a thankful, humble consciousness, that—“ *All's clear now,—all's clear!*”

* * *

I shall never forget the day we spent at Aden. We went ashore, and landed amidst the usual confused babel of contentious, angry, excited and pleading voices, and after prolonged and repeated discussions got the boatmen finally paid off and our English gold changed into Indian rupees. Then we were ready to take carriages and start for Aden itself and the renowned tanks of Solomon. This we did, amidst renewed excitement altogether inexplicable to our Western minds, which conceived of the matter as after all a very simple one.

How interesting that drive was when we had once started, I cannot tell you. Everything was so strange, so new, that it seemed an “Arabian Night's” tale for very wonder. First of all the place itself,—the strange, parched, scorched up, desert place; the hardened track over the sands that they called a road; the rugged, weird, volcanic-looking mountains, jutting up everywhere, their rugged peaks bare of the least sign of verdure or moistness; the brilliant, blinding sunshine; the clear, almost hard-looking blue sky overhead; and the clouds of sand, or sandy pillars like clouds, drifting with wondrous rapidity hither and thither in the grateful breeze, always, as it seemed, right in our faces at every turn! All these combined to make an appropriate background for the even more interesting, curious and varied groups of men and things that claimed our first attention,—first, a train of camels, strung together, heads and tails, laden with every variety of strange-looking bales, and accompanied by wild, active, clamorous drivers, in picturesque costumes.

And then further on a striking group of tall, handsome, soldierly-looking Zanzibaris, whose slight, straight, lissom figures clad in long draperies, many coloured or of dazzling whiteness, stood out in bold relief against the black high rocks, or clear blue sky.

Next, perhaps, we come upon two or three curious open carriages, containing queer figures, in all sorts of easy and uneasy attitudes,—men in turbans and gorgeous robes, smoking long, richly-bedecked pipes, and reclining on cushions of scarlet or amber,—men in brown skins and little else besides; some with shaven heads, and some with quantities of stringy-looking longish hair, dyed all sorts of queer shades of whitish-grey or brown; and many other equally strange, indescribable beings, whom their eager, quick, clamorous charioteers were swiftly conveying from place to place! And then would come a long row of dilapidated, low, wretched-looking houses, whose wide-open doors reveal still more unattractive interiors; and in front of these, groups of little children at their games or women talking together. Pretty children many of them were, with dear little brown faces and *such* eyes; the women were nice-looking, too, but dirty, *so* dirty!

Thus, passing fresh wonders at every turn, the road winds steeply up the hills until we reach the wonderful almost-tunnel, cut by England's energy through the very heart of the ridge that divides the town of Aden itself from the port and foreign settlement. After visiting the tanks we went to the markets, and walked slowly through some of the principal crowded streets, amazed at the beings and doings we saw on every hand! Here we bought fruit, and here I thought much of ION KEITH FALCONER, whose life was devoted to this needy sphere and whose death has sealed his labours.

Though only February, and what they call their winter, the place was almost unbearably hot. What it must be in the height of summer I cannot conceive. Dear WILLIAM BURNS, who subsequently laboured so devotedly in China, was asked at one time by the Jewish missionary committee of his church to become their agent at Aden. He was willing to have gone even there, but the Lord had other work for him to do. "What man is he that feareth the Lord; him shall He teach in the path that He shall choose." "He shall choose our inheritance for us."

But now all this lies far behind us, and with our faces still east, we plough the waves, steadily, swiftly, towards Ceylon. We could not have had a more perfect voyage than this as regards weather. Everything has combined to make it delightful. This is certainly the right time of year to go to China.

On Monday, God willing, we land at Ceylon and say good-bye to the dear old "*Kaisar*." The Lord has blessed us here, and my little cabin, at any rate, must ever remain a sacred spot. "How great is His goodness. How great is His beauty!" Our hearts long more than ever to know Him, yea to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He daily becomes more satisfying, more all-sufficient. O let us follow on,—all of us,—"*follow on to know the Lord*."

Shipboard is not the *easiest* place in which to make evangelistic effort, but our travellers held frequent gospel meetings on their outward voyage. Their spiritual work was blessed of God, especially in one case, of which Miss Guinness wrote :—

We often wish you were here with us to enjoy this or that, and most of all to rejoice with us in the spiritual blessing God is graciously giving.

At another table here quite close to me — is sitting, studying intently Mr. Meyer's interesting book on Elijah. It is not quite two days now since this fellow-passenger of ours was led into peace and joy in trusting in Jesus Christ. He has grown so wonderfully in grace that he is quite like a Christian of long standing and deep experience, and is most watchful and earnest in seeking the souls of others. This is a truly blessed answer to our prayers. — is a middle-aged man, and has spent all his life in the navy. The work of grace has gone deep with him. We prayed that this might be so, for he is going to a most responsible position of influence in Borneo, and will have many opportunities of preaching Christ by lip and life where at present He is not named. He is on his way to train a large body of Rajah Brooke's troops in Sarawak, and now goes in the service of a Greater than he, that of the King of Kings!

There are several others on board, about whom we have a good hope. Your prayers are a great encouragement to us. We know they fail not.

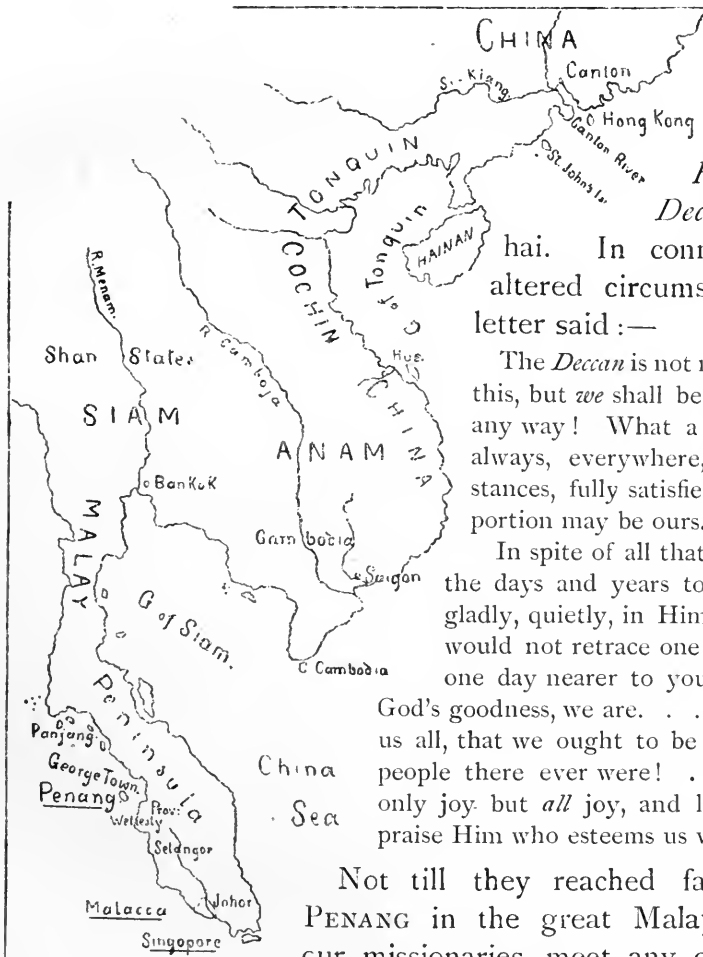


THE MALAY PENINSULA.

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CHAPTER III.

On the Way to China.



At Colombo the missionary party changed from the S.S. *Kaisar-i-Hind* into the S.S. *Deccan*, for Shanghai. In connection with the altered circumstances a current letter said:—

The *Deccan* is not nearly so fine a ship as this, but *we* shall be happy on board her any way! What a blessed thing to be always, everywhere, under all circumstances, fully satisfied. Thank God this portion may be ours.

In spite of all that is, that must be in the days and years to come, that we face gladly, quietly, in Him;—in spite of all, we would not retrace one step to-night, or be one day nearer to you and home, than, in God's goodness, we are. . . . So well is it with us all, that we ought to be the very gratefullest people there ever were! . . . Count it not only joy, but *all* joy, and let us daily unite to praise Him who esteems us worthy!

Not till they reached far-away, beautiful PENANG in the great Malay Peninsula, did our missionaries meet any of the people of their adoption, but there, one sunny afternoon, they were suddenly overwhelmed with an influx of Chinese, of whom we get the following glimpse:

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

It is wonderful! We are inundated with Chinese. Our second-class fore-castle-deck is simply covered with them, and I am escaped away here to tell you!

They have all come on as deck passengers, and we hear that at Singapore we shall have a large addition to their numbers. Our small deck space will be *crowded* with them. I cannot think where they will lie at night, much less move about by day!

Real Chinese, they are! With shaven heads, long pigtailed, and yellow skins—so strange! They talk and chatter away to one another and look so kind and friendly, smiling at us,—and we do want to *love* them from the first.

At present one feels rather taken aback, wholly unexpected. I went quietly up, after was too hot to take my writing on deck, and all established—household goods, women, bedding, pipes, boxes, bundles and all—*Every-* their advent was so dinner, to see if it lo, *forty Chinamen*, babies, long pigtailed, *where!* My first in-

After watching them for some time with mingled feelings, I went over and leaned upon the rail-of God" might be turned again, one of intently and with "shed abroad" in my heart, *now*. When I these poor fellows near me was watching me such a bright face!

I felt then, as I looked at him, that indeed it is a privilege to be allowed to be come unto the Chinese a Chinese, cost what it may, if by any means we may win some! Pray for us that into the Spirit of the Master, Whose heart was touched,—*moved* with compassion for all the ignorant and the sinful, the weary and heavily laden, no matter how unattractive.



* * *

Leaving PENANG, with its strange memories, in the distance behind them, our travellers soon reached the beautiful group of islands at the South of the Malay Peninsula and the tropical fairyland of Singapore. We must imagine them sitting, pen in hand, on deck, and realizing themselves to be very much in the far East!

The bay of Singapore itself, a little beyond us to the east, is crowded with shipping; a large portion of our fleet being here at present, in consequence of the riots that threatened to prove serious.

TROPICAL FAIRYLAND.

The quieter waters of this narrow channel are gay with constantly passing native craft of quaint construction and picturesque rigging, and with the small flat boats of the merry, multitudinous "*Chuck-i-dive*" boys, who here, as at Aden, seem to flourish on the proceeds of their courageous agility. The larger island, on which Singapore itself is situated, lies to the north of us, and is about equal in size to our Isle of Wight; but here in front, stretching all along between us

and the open ocean, are many lovely islands bathed in light, gracefully undulating, and clothed with fresh verdure, set, like richly coloured emeralds, in this pale green, silvery, shining sea. Here and there along their shores or sometimes on their very summits, are perched the pretty, low, red-roofed houses, that peep out so charmingly from amongst the tall and graceful palms; but mostly these fairy-like islands are green and wooded, suggestive of birds and quiet jungle thickets, nothing more.

The beautiful tropical woods that surround Singapore and seem in places to extend even into the city itself, are enchanting,—so green, so luxuriant, with rich red soil underneath and feathery tops of the various palms above, under the blue, blue sky! Here and there the sea seems to have made its way inland, forming broad lagoons by the roadside amongst the trees, and these are populous with many a village and smaller group of dwellings, built on piles in the cool water;—*just* like the pictures you see in the missionary books, but so different from anything I had ever beheld for myself before!



Ah! the whistle is sounding—so we are really off—I must write more after tea. . . .

But the whistle sounded in vain, and vainly worked the obedient engines, and circulated the screw. No getting off was by any means possible, the tide had gone down too far, we were heroically stuck in the mud! It was quite funny to see the captain and officers come disconsolately down from the bridge, and to realize that this was indeed our distinguished position, from which we could do nothing to free ourselves until early next morning, when the tide should turn.

MALAY LAND BY MOONLIGHT.

It was about seven o'clock when Mary, Mr. Pigott and I, made our way in the darkness, over the side of our good vessel, and down the long plank connecting us with the coal-wharf on shore.

All was silent and mysterious in the deep blackness of the near jungle and the moonless night. Holding on to one another, and following Mr. Pigott, Mary and I stumbled on, past coal-sheds and cabins, on to the main road leading through the woods to the city. We had scarcely got well into the jungle when the moon began to rise, shedding a faint glimmering of light on our pathway. How weird and wonderful it was to stand there, as I did for a few moments, letting the others go on, alone in the quietness of that great forest, and realize where one really was!—To stand there, listening to the low hum of the multitudinous, marvellous tropical life surrounding one, and to look up through the luxuriant vegetation overhead, beyond the tops of the spreading palm-trees, to where in the deep blue evening sky, the drifting clouds revealed the clear, familiar shining of God's dear stars!

The heart is the same everywhere! There is but "One God; one Law; one Element." Always, under all circumstances, in every strange vicissitude of life, we meet in Him!

You, it may be, on some quiet terrace or by the rapid, flowing river at dear Cliff; our London party in some busy scene amidst the pressure of nineteenth-century life in the great world's metropolis; G—in class or cloister, under the shadow of the grey, time-honoured buildings of his ancient University;—and I, the wanderer, in some silent, moonlit tropical jungle, or mingling with the busy crowds that throng some eastern city's narrow streets! So widely separated, so diversely occupied and surrounded, we meet, all of us, in HIM, in "*God, Who is our Home.*"

But I could not linger. Singapore was still four or five miles distant, and we had to press on. The road was dark and solitary,





A JAPANESE JINRIKSHA.

not a creature to be seen, much less a Jinriksha, or carriage for hire. We walked on, expecting to meet at last with some sort of conveyance, much interested meanwhile, in the strange, solitary native dwellings or hamlets we passed through. Dark and silent now, standing on their low piles in the black water, these queer, unfamiliar abodes looked more like some large, odd, strangely misplaced *hencoops* than like the homes of human beings, and were most tempting to my curiosity to explore! But the low doorways were all fastened up with mats for the night, and no lights shone through any chinks. So we passed, interested and observant, on our solitary road, until at last the two bright lights of a Jinriksha became visible at no great distance. As we came up it was discovered to be empty, and was eagerly offered to us, with the services of the active-looking Chinese gentleman to whom it appertained.

A Jinriksha?—Ride in a Jinriksha! Could we? Dared we? Would we? What an outlandish, inconceivable vehicle it did appear! We had seen many of them, occupied by one or two individuals, as the case might be, darting about during the day with their human Chinese ponies, but actually to trust *ourselves* to

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the mercy of their strange motive power, with no control of bit or bridle, and no possible use of language, seemed, somehow, very doubtful when it came to the point! But the way is long, the novelty inviting, and time precious, so—

“Mary, if you will, I will!”

And in a moment, the long, slight-looking shafts rest upon the ground, and we prepare to step in. This process, however, is not so easy, as you will realize if I can bring before you the construction of a Jinriksha. The nearest approach to it that I can think of is a baby's single perambulator, or the seat and hood of a very light bathchair, perched on two high, slight wheels, and having long, narrow shafts joined in front in a half-circle. This is drawn by a coolie in very far from cumbersome costume, and at night is lighted by two lamps, one on each side. These are the hansom cabs of China, and prevail also in other cities, where, as in Singapore, the Chinese are in force.

Well, the shafts of our Jinriksha were lowered, until the rounded end rested on the ground, and we proceeded to step in. To our surprise the thing seemed fairly steady, and did *not* tip over backwards, as we had fully expected it to do when we attempted to seat ourselves in the appropriate place! So, somewhat reassured, though still with a measure of fear and trembling, we arranged everything comfortably, and prepared to start.

Then came the indescribable part. The *motion* and the *mode of motion*! Our Chinaman stepped within the shafts, raised them suddenly from the ground—of course, tipping us back at a sharp angle in the most unceremonious way—and started off at a good round pace, which, until he was with some difficulty persuaded to moderate, gave Mr. Pigott enough to do to keep alongside. Oh, how we laughed as we clung together on the narrow seat! The novelty and the strangeness of it all,—that funny, contented, cheerful figure, bobbing up and down in front of us, with flapping blue garment, and large round, flat straw hat! And, oh, the pigtail! Not flowing behind in agitated or graceful undulations, but twisted up into a small hard *bob* under the broad hat-brim! How we laughed and couldn't believe that it was really *we* progressing thus strangely over the level road, between forests of bananas and palm-trees, in the dim moonlight, under the shining stars!

Before we had gone very far we met another Jinriksha, which Mr. Pigott appropriated, and then our progress being unhindered, we rapidly drew near the brightly-lighted streets of Singapore. Here we went more slowly, through the eager, excited, thronging crowds, up and down amidst all the wonders of this wonderful city. It had seemed strange enough by day, but now, in the dim, mysterious light of countless weird lanterns, illuminated shop-fronts and stalls, it seemed more than ever curious, foreign, bewildering! This, our first introduction to a Chinese city, was deeply interesting and significant. As it was already late, we did not get beyond the Chinese quarter, but that is large, having a population

of a hundred thousand. How interesting it was to watch the throngs of men (no women seemed abroad) hurrying by on foot or in Jinrikshas, or drawn in their large, square, open carriages, by the tiny, strong ponies usual here.

The majority of the men of the coolie class wear very little clothing, nothing in fact, in many cases, but an insignificant loin-cloth. Their skins are light brown, just like the Arabs at Aden, though in *figure* they differ widely from those finely-proportioned, graceful, lissom sons of the desert; being, as a rule, short, strongly built, and of a square, rather awkward make. In fact, all the Chinese I have seen so far give me the impression (especially in contrast with the Hindoos and fine Malasian races) of being *roughly finished off*, there is something so blunt and clumsy about them! Yet their faces are often interesting and intelligent, with bright eyes and some degree of varying expression. See, for instance, these superior-looking men—gentlemen, I suppose—who for the most part occupy the Jinrikshas with which the roadways are crowded. Strikingly dressed in cool, pale-coloured silks of Chinese device and make, their long pendent tails plaited with red or blue silk strings and finished off with handsome tassels of the same, riding by twos together in animated conversation, or reclining alone against the red cushions of their conveyance, quietly observing this busy scene,—these are men whose faces and general appearance cannot fail to interest and favourably impress the passer-by. Our hearts are drawn already to these people of our adoption, and we look forward to the time when, knowing them better, we shall love them as we cannot yet.

Yesterday, on board here, I came across such an interesting little scene!

On my way down from the fore-castle-deck to our saloon, I noticed a small group of the Chinamen who are travelling with us, standing together, evidently interested in something they were reading. Drawing near, without being observed, I saw that Mr. Pigott had given them a copy of Mark's Gospel. One of the group, an aged, white-headed man, was reading aloud, pointing to each character down the page with his brown, old finger, and the others, closely gathered round, were listening with profound attention.

How I wished I could have sketched their faces! The mingled expression of interest, wonder, and fear was so remarkable. At first they always dread the *unlucky* influences of the new doctrine. I watched and listened for some time, praying that on them too the Light of Life might shine!

* *
*

BUYING ON THE CHINESE SYSTEM.

I must tell you about our first experience of buying on the Chinese system! We wanted some cool matting for sleeping on, such as they only make in Singapore, and directed our coolie to convey us to a suitable place for its purchase. After taking us up and down many a queer street and by-way, past long rows of strange shops, with their open fronts and large, striking Chinese lanterns, printed with great red characters for good luck, he at last stopped at a small, rather dark little store. Several Chinamen were sitting within, and we,

carefully descending from our Jinrikshas, discovered the vendor perched up on his narrow counter, cross-legged and cheerful. Fortunately he was able to understand the Mandarin dialect, by means of which we made our desires known. Producing his wares, with affable smiles, he was soon earnestly engaged in the bartering process. How amusing and strange it was, as assistants and friends gathered from inner rooms and outside places to witness the wordy war, to watch the absorbed and eager faces, intent on the momentous issues of this transaction with the white foreigners! Mr. Pigott is certainly skilled in his treatment of such matters, for with the utmost good-nature he rallied them on their desire to get rich too fast, and made them all laugh again and again. The shopkeeper, perched on his counter in the most wonderful position (called amongst us, I believe, sitting on one's thumb!), insisted, with the most innocent face, on the extravagant price first named. Patience, however, won the day, and with many shrugs, smiles, and expressive gestures of remonstrance, not to say despair, he came down to Mr. Pigott's figure in the end!

On leaving this place we wanted to buy some photographs to send home, and directed our man to convey us to the appropriate place for so doing. At no great distance accordingly he stopped again; this time before a dark, suspicious-looking staircase, which he directed us to ascend. With some inward doubts on the matter, we proceeded to follow his instructions, I leading the way. Who shall describe the funny scene we found at the top? It was a native Chinese portrait-painter's, and all round the room hung specimens of his art. Speak no more with irreverence of the "Ancient Masters!"—a more weird than they was here! We had hardly time, however, to glance round at the glowing, marvellous trophies of the painter's skill, ere we became aware of the commotion *our* appearance began to cause in the select circle gathered in this remarkable studio. Some six or eight Chinamen were there, little expecting the sudden advent into their midst of two young English ladies, followed by a gentleman in puggeree and helmet complete! I need scarcely tell you that here we found *not* the objects of our search, and that a speedy retreat seemed under the circumstances the most advisable proceeding. As we passed again down the narrow stair, the amazed ejaculations of the highly artful ones above, still followed us—and no wonder!

. . . We made our way back, through the moonlight, pondering over all we had seen and heard, and finally arrived in safety on board our good S.S. *Deccan*, finding her still gallantly stuck in the mud.

Thursday, March 1st.

Just off now, *really* off this time! It is only about six o'clock, and deliciously cool in the morning breeze. How perfectly lovely in the early sunlight everything appears! The high red cliffs of some of the neighbouring islands run steeply down into the grey-green water, crowned with feathery palms; the little, rapid native boats flit to and fro, with their long, pointed sails and funny grass coverings,

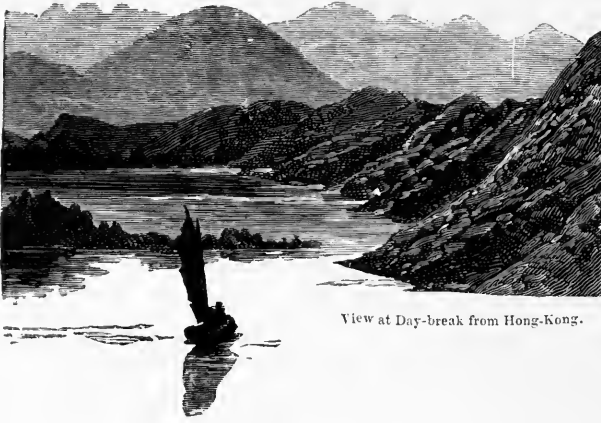
under which the brown men sit in bright, though elementary, costumes ; and over all lies the soft hazy mist of this sweet morning ! Looming through cloudland, the noble vessels that dot the bay gain rather than lose in interest from the mysterious veil that shrouds them. Far away to the east, one ship lies seemingly in the very sunrise, all her sails looking as black as night against the glowing morning sky. We are cutting through these fresh, green wavelets so rapidly, that while I write we have passed and already left her behind us on her westward way ; and now the full glory of the morning sun falls straight upon her. What a transformation ! No longer black, but of pure shining whiteness, she looks like the beautiful “Bird of Truth,” borne on the morning breeze with widespread silver wings ! As we passed she seemed to sail right into the radiance, the dark shadows, creeping slowly across each graceful sail, vanished away, and left her white and glistening in the full reflection of the sun’s bright beams !

Is it not always thus that the glorious light of God works transformation, just in the measure in which it is caught and reflected ? “In *Thy* light shall we see light.” Do not our hearts know—are they not daily learning—more of what this means ? But it is a life lesson, and cannot, I suppose, be grasped thoroughly in one or two experiences. Oh ! pray for us that by any means we may “attain” and know what it is to walk ever rejoicing in the light of God—

“Nor be afraid while that shines on, though all the rest grow dark.”



THE SU-CHAU CREEK, SHANGHAI.



View at Day-break from Hong-Kong.

CHAPTER IV.

Hong-Kong and Shanghai to Yangchau.



FN the glory of the evening sunlight we are just entering the lovely channel between the mainland of the province of Canton and these multitudinous, marvellous, fairy-like islands, scattered in such profusion to right and left, of which Hong-Kong itself, lying here on our east, is the principal.

An amphitheatre of rocky, mountainous islands rises round us, purple in the evening mist, and running precipitously down into this quiet, grey-green sea; behind them the dim coast of the mainland stretches, mountainous also, and boldly outlined against the northern sky. The waters all about us are alive with Chinese craft—queer, broad, cumbersome-looking junks, with sails reefed just now, for the most part, though some are still flitting to and fro with wonderful speed, piloted by their native boatmen. How pretty the terraced hillsides are; and these low, flat-roofed, European buildings!

Nearly all our first-class passengers are changing here at Hong-Kong for other steamers. One has just come up to say good-bye to us. We spoke a few words to him about going on to know the Lord, and His being to us the Light of Life, and parted, our friend saying most earnestly as he grasped my hand, "Thank you very much for showing that shining light!" "*Showing that shining light.*" A blessed life-work, indeed! Many of our fellow-passengers have seemed deeply interested in the word the Lord has enabled us to speak. Again and again I have been surprised and touched at the earnest gratitude manifested, and the conversations sought by one and another. It is His message. Pray that His blessing may rest upon it, making it fruitful in days and years to come.

We are in full sight of Victoria now, and a lovely town it is, climbing up the steep rock sides of its bold, lofty peak, and embowered in luxuriant greenery. Many Chinamen are already boarding us from the active little steam launches that come alongside as we steadily make for the wharf. What cheerful, encouraging specimens some of them are!—So different to the crowd of poor coolie men we have had on board from Penang and Singapore. Why, how delightful! Do look at this one!—So tall and straight and tidy, beautifully dressed too, and in good taste, with his grey silk garments, white stockings, and finely-embroidered black

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

satin shoes. Actually, he seems an active, merry, capable-looking, intelligent, delightful Chinaman! He cannot be an opium-smoker, I am sure, like so many of those travelling with us.

But here we are already slowing up at the jetty . . . and now anchored close alongside the wooden wharf. The great gates that shut this special P. & O. wharf off from the busy town are still closed, and a crowd of excited Chinamen throng the broad road outside, waiting, apparently, for admittance. Oh, what a scene! Now they throw open the gates, and, like a flood, the crowds pour in, covering the pier and jetty, swarming up the sides of the ship, and already rushing all over it. Could you but see them, shouting, yelling, seizing upon baggage, carrying off the mails, beginning already to unlade the cargo, as far as I can tell, and selling, the vendors among them, their various wares,—thongs and swarms and crowds of Chinamen, *real ones*, of every description! Behold this resplendent one here, large and portly, and clad in a brilliant garment of intensest blue, with, oh, imagine it! pale sea-green shoes! He must be an official personage; he appears so sedate and important. Mostly our invaders are of the coolie class, and are very lightly burdened with garments of any sort. Such as they do possess seem to be of old grey-blue calico, much washed out and patched; and the tails, under present circumstances, are all either twisted up in hard bobs, or, funnier still, *pocketed!*

Beyond this busy, excited, absorbing scene, the city lies, in the gathering dusk of evening, clustered on the steep sides of those precipitous hills. Above the front row of open shops and business-houses comes, apparently, the Chinese quarter, terraced up, street after street, one long row of red-tiled roofs rising above another. Higher still are the pretty scattered European houses, so varied, strange, charming, and many, that they entirely baffle description. These climb up and up, perched in all sorts of nooks amongst their trees and gardens, until it seems they can get no higher; and then, behind them all and above, towers the great, bare, red-brown rock called VICTORIA PEAK, the highest point in the island, crowned with the tall flagstaff from which floats the dear old Union Jack, as far as I can tell in the gathering gloom.

Early the next morning our travellers went on shore, standing for the first time on actual Chinese soil, and spent a long, interesting day at Hong-Kong.

A DAY AT HONG-KONG.

Up through the steep and crowded streets we went, passing innumerable marvels at every step. Oh, the shops—all open to the passers-by without intervention of doors or windows—and the wonderful



"A REAL ONE!"

stalls, and crowds of buyers and sellers of all sorts and ages ; the swarms of funny, merry little black-eyed children in their queer, uncouth garments, with long tails like the men, only in proportion to the size of their small shaven heads !

Bewildered, marvelling and amazed, we passed together slowly up the steep hillside, until at last we emerged above the crowded town into the quieter roads that form the European residential quarter. These run in terraced beauty one above another, winding up and down for many lovely miles along the rocky, precipitous coast, abundantly planted with trees and open to exquisite views, every here and there, of the bay with its numberless islands and the opposite mountainous mainland of Canton. Here were the English houses, each standing in its own garden, large, cool, ornamental. Hospital and foundling home, church and distant cathedral were discovered, making our longish walk most interesting, and by the time we arrived at Dr. Chalmers' Mission House, I felt to have quite a moderate acquaintance with Hong-Kong in general.

There, at the open hall-door under the wide verandah, we were most kindly received by Mrs. Chalmers and her two daughters, and ushered into the beautiful drawing-room whose windows overlook the pleasant bay. We remained with these kind friends to lunch, and had a long, interesting talk with Dr. Chalmers about missionary operations in China, with which he has been connected ever since 1852. From him we learned about all the missionary work going on in Hong-Kong itself, and especially that of the London Missionary Society, of which he is one of the oldest agents. Their premises in this beautiful city are large, comprising three good European houses, standing together on an open piece of ground high up on the hillside. One of his helpers, Miss Roe, a sweet English lady, lives in one of these, and also Mr. and Mrs. Bonfield, colleagues in the work. Beyond these Dr. Chalmers has no fellow-workers. Mr. Bonfield, to my delight, knew all about Harley House and the East End. Dr. Chalmers and Miss Roe superintend nineteen Chinese schools in the town and country parts of the island. These are largely supported by Government grants given to the children who attain a certain standard. The teachers are all Christians, and the Bible is regularly taught. At five of these schools there are preaching-stations, and the teachers combine evangelistic work with their other duties, having service in the evenings. The converts from all these and other agencies are gathered in one central church, and now number 270 Christian members. They meet at present in the Union Church building, where the English work of the London Missionary Society is carried on, under Mr. Bonfield as pastor ; but the Chinese are getting up a place of their own, which will soon be completed, God willing.

Besides the London Missionary Society, there are three other societies at work in Hong-Kong—the Church Missionary Society (in connection with which there is also a capital school under the French Education Society, worked by two English ladies), and two German Missions, i.e. the Berlin Foundling and the Basle Mission.

After luncheon at Dr. Chalmers', we went to call upon Mr. Austin of the Church Missionary Society, but unfortunately found him absent. We heard, how

ever, something of his work among the Chinese from Dr. Chalmers. Bishop Burdon is the head of the Church Missionary Society's work in Southern China, and he also lives at Hong-Kong, at the College near the cathedral. We were sorry not to have time to see him.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bender, of the Basle Mission, we found at home, and were very much interested in all we heard from them. They are most kindly German people, and have been at work in this part of China for twenty-five years. Kwang-tung, the province of Canton, seems to be quite a centre of operations to this good society. They have fifteen missionaries settled there (mostly married men), and no less than thirty-eight churches. Amongst these they gather 1960 converts, and have also many schools. Hong-Kong is the headquarters of all this work, and Mr. Roise, Mr. Bender's colleague, is the present secretary. Mr. and Mrs. Bender have left their family of six dear children at home in Germany. I was so glad to hear that they are going home next month for a year's rest. How delightful to think of their being all together again!

In the evening, after taking a hurried meal on board, we started again for the town, this time bound for the SAILOR'S HOME, where the chaplain, Mr. Goldsmith, had convened a Gospel Temperance meeting. It was a happy little gathering of some sixty or eighty men—rough sailor fellows and others, sitting in the bright, homelike room, just like our own men in dear old Bromley. It was good to hear Sankey's hymns so heartily sung, and to see the eager, attentive faces, and quiet intelligent interest in all one said. I could not help telling them that I had not felt so much at home since leaving the dear Old Country as I did there, in their midst, and when I asked if any one present had come from East London, quite a number held up horny, brown hands! We had an after meeting, when every one remained for prayer, and five especially seemed in deep concern about spiritual things.

Now we are out at sea again, pitching pretty badly, as we pursue our steady way up—up—up, the long coast line of this great country. All yesterday and all to-day we have been following it, and yet are many hundred miles from the wide mouth of the Yang-tsi, which itself, I suppose, is *only half way* between Canton and Peking. It is a *vast* empire, this China. And now in a day or two our feet shall stand upon its shore—to us all unknown. It is to me a very solemn moment this; one that I feel I want to spend alone with God in prayer. What does it bring—this Great Unknown? What does it mean for us, for many, our introduction now? What fruit will it bear in days and years to come?

HE knows, HE knows. To HIM there is no mystery, no dim uncertainty; only a clear path of shining light "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

Oh, may HE who has prepared before the way for us to walk in, every step—as we so gladly realize to-night,—may HE, especially at this time, prepare our hearts too; that we may be as ready for the way, by His grace, as it is, in His goodness, *ready for us*.

The next change in the journey came at the mouth of the Yang-tsi River, where our travellers exchanged the SS. *Deccan* for a smaller steam tender, in order to get to Shanghai. Here is their first glimpse of the Yang-tsi.



THE SHANGHAI BUND.

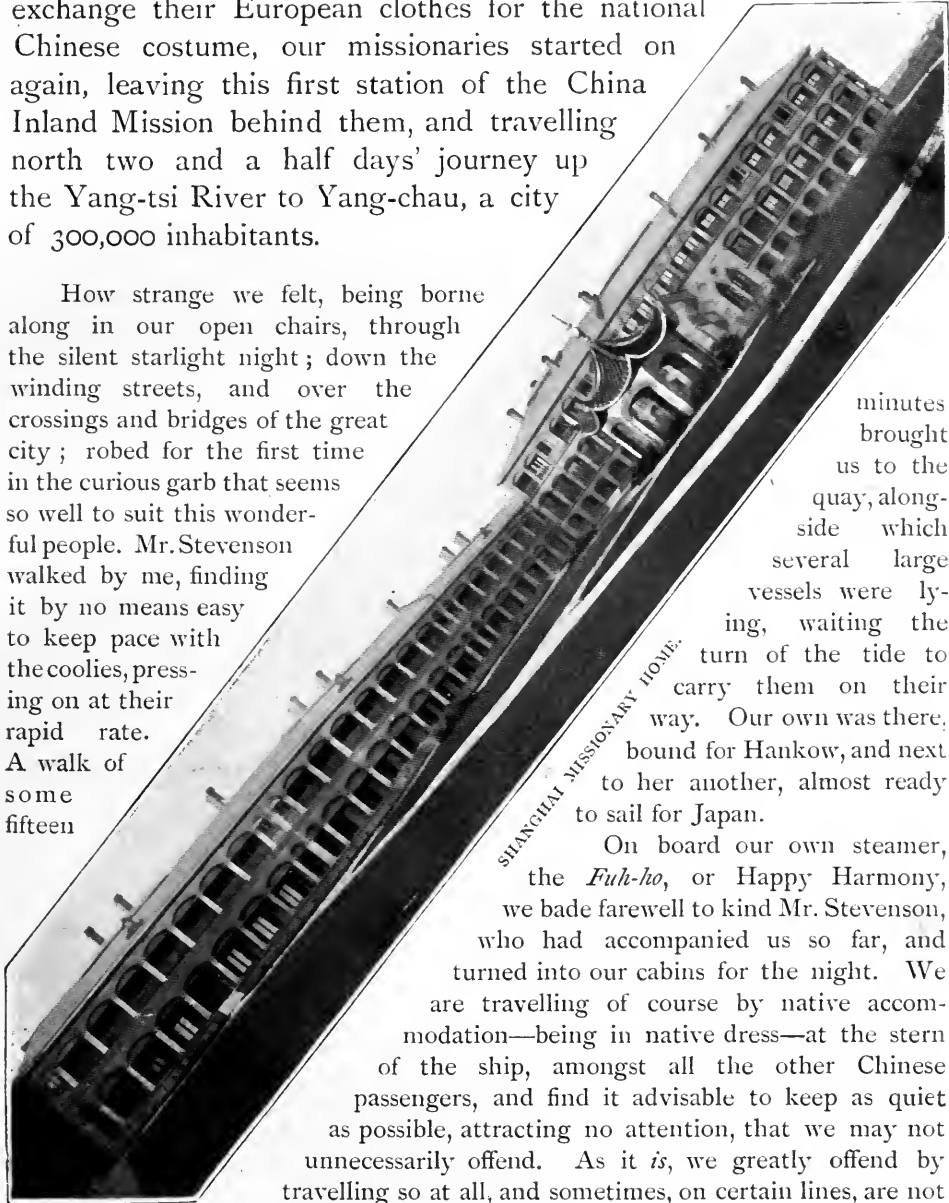


WE have just left the *Deccan*; she lies already some distance behind us, out on the broad waters of the Yang-tsi, as we steadily steam up the Wang-Poo, rapidly diminishing the number of miles—few now—that lie between us and Shanghai. Gathered in the cosy little saloon of the tender, talking and waiting, we are watching the low banks of the river on either side of us, glide swiftly by. There is nothing very distinctive somehow about the new scenes we are just now passing through. The brown water, rippling away on both sides of us, is banked in by the brown soil of the low-lying shores. These nourish a little sparse, brown grass and a good many brown trees, that look much like English willows in the winter, and amongst which stand the little brown thatched native cottages, scattered in small groups: over all this there is the blue, blue sky with its fleecy, white clouds, and the brilliant sunshine of a lovely day. It doesn't look like China. Really, it might almost be the Thames!

One glance, however, at the shipping with which the river itself is all alive soon undeceives us! The gaily painted junks, and sampans, and the handsome novel river-boats, are foreign enough.

Shanghai was reached at last. But Shanghai was not their final destination. Staying only long enough to exchange their European clothes for the national Chinese costume, our missionaries started on again, leaving this first station of the China Inland Mission behind them, and travelling north two and a half days' journey up the Yang-tsi River to Yang-chau, a city of 300,000 inhabitants.

How strange we felt, being borne along in our open chairs, through the silent starlight night; down the winding streets, and over the crossings and bridges of the great city; robed for the first time in the curious garb that seems so well to suit this wonderful people. Mr. Stevenson walked by me, finding it by no means easy to keep pace with the coolies, pressing on at their rapid rate. A walk of some fifteen



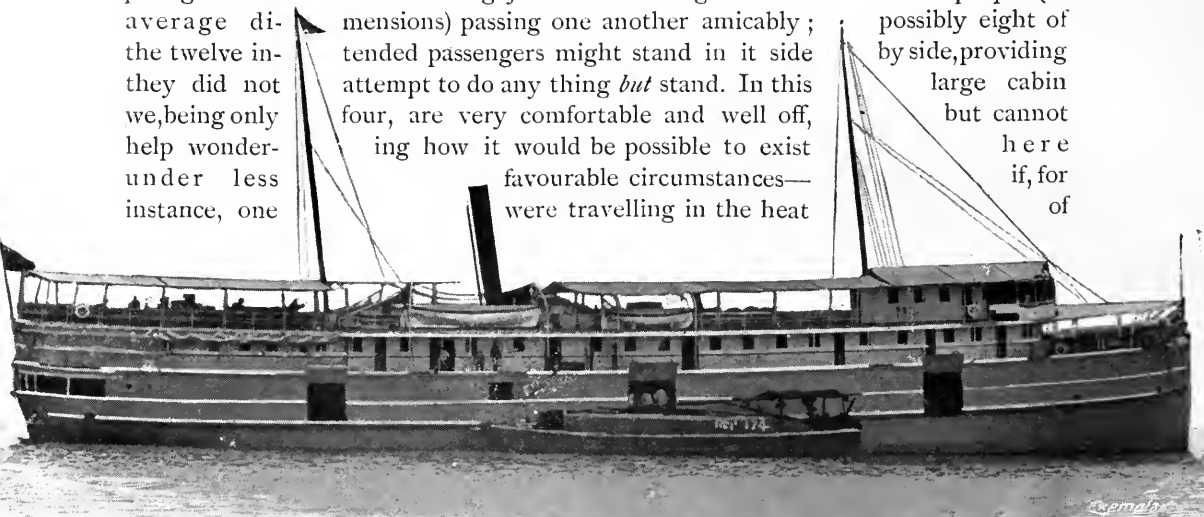
SHANGHAI MISSIONARY HOME.

minutes brought us to the quay, alongside which several large vessels were lying, waiting the turn of the tide to carry them on their way. Our own was there, bound for Hankow, and next to her another, almost ready to sail for Japan.

On board our own steamer, the *Fuh-ho*, or Happy Harmony, we bade farewell to kind Mr. Stevenson, who had accompanied us so far, and turned into our cabins for the night. We are travelling of course by native accommodation—being in native dress—at the stern of the ship, amongst all the other Chinese passengers, and find it advisable to keep as quiet as possible, attracting no attention, that we may not unnecessarily offend. As it is, we greatly offend by travelling so at all, and sometimes, on certain lines, are not permitted to do so. This is a great drawback, and entails considerable extra expense. The first-class passage—European—from Shanghai

to Chinkiang is over eight dollars ; but we, as Chinese, only pay one and a half, which is, to poor Missionaries, a serious difference ! It is a question not only of money but of the principle involved. The Chinese accommodation, though decidedly simple, supplies all that is necessary for a considerable amount of comfort. It consists of a cabin fitted with a varying number of ledges for beds ; a lamp that, though partaking distinctly of the nature of a somewhat smoky lantern, does sufficiently illuminate ; a large supply of rice, ready cooked thrice daily, and hot water *ad libitum*. To all this are added, I believe, certain native delicacies, questionable-looking concoctions to mix with the ungarnished portions of rice supplied from the kitchen ; but of these we partake not !

Our cabin on board the *Fuh-ho* is large—or at least long, and capable of accommodating quite a number. It is possessed of twelve ledges, and the space or passage in the middle being just wide enough to admit of two people (of average dimensions) passing one another amicably ; possibly eight of the twelve intended passengers might stand in it side by side, providing they did not attempt to do any thing *but* stand. In this large cabin we, being only four, are very comfortable and well off, but cannot help wondering how it would be possible to exist here if, for instance, one were travelling in the heat of



THE RIVER STEAMER "FUH-HO."

summer, and every ledge were occupied, the majority of one's fellow-passengers being Chinese ladies, and prone to smoking opium throughout the long, hot day ! Some of our missionaries have had to learn how to manage under such circumstances. One can only be thankful to remember that 'He giveth more grace.' As it is, we quite enjoyed our novel experiences, being made as comfortable as it is possible to be, by the kind aid of our experienced escort, Mr. McCarthy. He has improvised a table for us out of boxes large and small, and made everything so easy and pleasant that our journey is like one long picnic. We have brought bedding and food-baskets, and so are quite independent of outside supplies. At

meal-time we leave the door open as a rule, unless our wondering and admiring fellow-passengers collect in too large a crowd outside. After meals we sit and sing, or read and pray together, while without, across the brown waters of the wide Yang-tsi, the dim and distant banks of the river pass slowly by. We are busy too, writing and talking.

Time was so well occupied that the journey seemed longer than it really was, and we felt far indeed from Shanghai when at night we drew up at the landing-stage of Ching-kiang, having been twenty-four hours on the way. Here we were to change from the *Fuh-ho* into the canal-boat that would carry us up to Yang-chau, and our places were to be taken by a party of ladies from the Mission-house. It was strange meeting with these dear friends in the midst of the confused hurry of changing from one boat to another at twelve o'clock on a cold, dark night. We had just time to greet one another and say *God speed you*, which indeed we did right earnestly! Leaving our spacious cabin to them, we then went off on to the old hulk that forms the landing-stage at Ching-kiang, expecting to settle ourselves on board the canal-boat and spend the rest of the night there, lying off the landing-stage, as these boats never travel in the dark.

For an hour or two we waited on the hulk, sitting on our piles of luggage wrapped in shawls and rugs, and sleepy, oh, *so* sleepy, in the middle of the night! At last we heard that the boatmen refused to make the return journey in a satisfactory manner, and that we must spend the rest of the night where we were.

There is, I believe, a large sort of empty cabin somewhere on this floating landing-stage, for the accommodation of belated travellers, such as we were, and we supposed that the best we could hope for would be a shelter there until the morning, but there were better things in store for us, of which we little dreamed!

On the old hulk there dwells—somewhat after the pleasant fashion of good ‘Peggotty’ in ‘David Copperfield’—a kind-hearted, elderly Swedish gentleman, who is in charge of the business of the landing-stage. He lives as a prince on his own little island, the disused shell of one of the old P. and O. steamers that has long since ceased to plough the ocean waves. We had during our long waiting-time observed this magnate passing to and fro in kindly conversation at times with Mr. McCarthy, but we had no idea of the friendly intentions in his heart, and were not a little surprised when he



WE CHANGE FROM THE "FUH-HO"
INTO THE CANAL BOAT.

asked us to walk into his humble dwelling and rest awhile. Very gladly we complied, and followed him through what appeared to be a small counting-house or office, at the further end of which he opened a door and ushered us into—was it possible!—a beautifully furnished, large, quiet, brightly-lighted dining-room! Here were birds and books and flowers, and an ample table with a green cloth, besides a most respectful Chinese servant-man, who—with more bright lamps in his hands—signed to us to follow him into an inner apartment opening out of this.

Our host had vanished, so, ready for more surprises, we crossed the first room to the doors of the second, and lo, a real, proper, luxurious drawing-room, with looking-glasses in gilded frames reflecting our funny Chinese figures!—sofas, lounges, small tables, footstools, more books, *Tit-Bits* lying in a prominent position, and all the et-cæteras of an English, or, I suppose, a Swedish sitting-room. Amazed, we could scarcely believe our senses, but as no one appeared we proceeded to make ourselves quite at home, feeling all the while as though we were actors in some strange fairy tale, and should soon wake up to the hard realities of a cold, dark night, and an ungarnished resting-place upon a pile of luggage until the morning. A change did come in our pleasant circumstances when our host again appeared upon the scene, but only a change from good to better, for he, with ceremonious courtesy, ushered us again into the outer apartment, where, in the meanwhile, supper had been prepared, and caused us to partake of hot tea and excellent English cake!

Mr. McCarthy joined us, and after supper we had prayer together, and then thought of retiring to our own appropriate place for the remainder of the night. But wonders were not exhausted, our friend would not hear of our leaving him, insisting upon our making use of his bedroom, 'such as it was,' to which he then directed our way. Across the drawing-room we passed, and, through a door at the further side, gained access to the third and last of this suite of rooms,—a chamber whose charms almost surpassed those of the first and second. It was a large, grandly-furnished bedroom, occupying the stern of the old ship, and here we found a big, comfortable four-post bedstead, and everything else we could need or desire. Left in peace in such surroundings, as may well be imagined, we were not long in availing ourselves of the unexpected and much appreciated comforts. How soundly and well we slept!

Early next morning breakfast was kindly provided for us by our generous host, who seemed really to enjoy all the trouble he took on our behalf, and with very sincere gratitude we bade him farewell and proceeded on our journey.

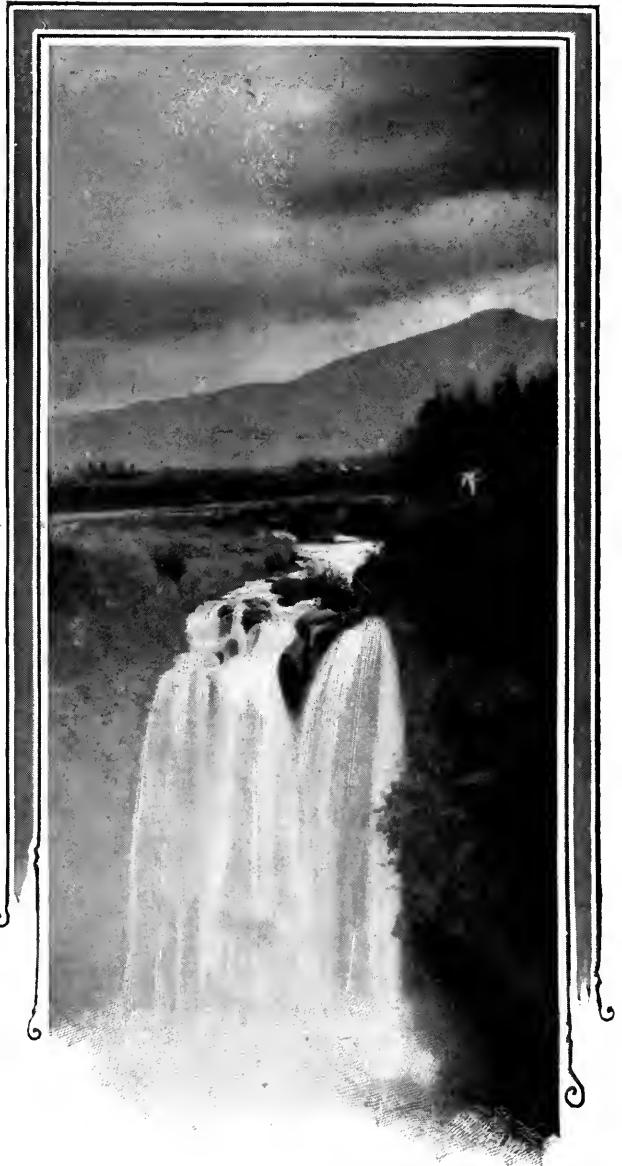
How little the dear ones who remain at home can ever know of the *real feeling* of being a missionary! Unless one had been through such experiences no one could understand what it is to travel by native boat up a Chinese canal, to arrive in a distant Chinese city, and to be carried, a stranger, for the first time, through its crowded, narrow, winding streets. It is not so much the facts but the *feelings*.

Picture to yourself your missionary, dressed in the full costume of this extraordinary land, surrounded by an eager interested group of Chinese, sitting

in the stern of a fine river-steamer, out on the broad waters of the Yang-tsi, making rapidly towards the interior of this great empire. Yes, we are really in China now! If there had been in our own minds any doubt or uncertainty about it before, that is all gone. Really in China! though not yet quite Chinese, as we long and hope to be. Witness, for instance, the discomfort we experience from the novel costumes to which as yet we find it impossible fully to reconcile ourselves.

As we sit here on deck busily engaged in writing, we are constantly invaded by a succession of visits from our Chinese fellow-passengers, who are overcome with astonishment and wonder at the marvellous spectacle we seem to present. Quite a number of them are standing round me, gazing most intensely at the rapidly growing, mysterious characters on the page, and ejaculating loud expressions of amazement. I stop to show them my spring ink bottle, and my wonderful gold pen and pencil case, that folds up and disappears. The bewildered wonderment increases. A woman—a real Chinese lady, with small feet—appears, and seems so alarmed by the spectacle I present that she promptly retires again, not venturing to draw near. Our friends seem to be making funny remarks to themselves. How they laugh and shrug their shoulders! More and more come crowding round; we shall really have to go away if we want any peace. They seem quite kind and friendly, these men, with their queer awkward garments and long tails. I wonder do they guess that sitting so quietly here we are writing about *them*.

How one longs to be able to speak to them freely, and tell the good news we have come so far to bring!



[Photo by Capt. Watts Jones.]



‘SAIL UP.’

CHAPTER V.

First Days in the Flowery Land.

March 23, 1888.



ANG-CHAU is only fifteen miles distant from Ching-kiang, up the grand canal that connects the Yang-tsi with Peking itself; but though really so near it is usually almost a day's journey from one city to the other. We started about nine o'clock in the morning, and, being unusually fortunate, arrived about 3 p.m., having been only some six hours on the way. We had sail up, however, the breeze being in our favour, and so reached Yang-chau in good time, drawing up, amidst a crowd of other boats, at the dirty mud-bank on which we were to land. A plank was put across from the edge of the boat to a place of safety halfway up this steep and slippery spot, and we made our way carefully across into the midst of a crowd of wondering, ragged, dirty onlookers, collected to watch us land. Oh, how miserable and hopeless, how forlorn and wretched, the faces and figures that were gathered there! It had been raining, and the mud and dirt everywhere were indescribable, while the poverty and rags of the people were beyond anything I had ever conceived of at home. All this struck me in that first moment, but, still more, the hopeless, vacant expression on the faces. They were not all like that, however, and remembering the nice boat-woman we had just left, and others, we were comforted.

Covered chairs were waiting for us at the top of the bank, and into them we stepped and were borne away on the shoulders of the strong coolies, who seemed to feel our weight no burden.

Oh, the wonders of the narrow, tortuous, busy streets through which we passed! Endless and indescribable, they wind and twist about, revealing marvels at every turn to the unaccustomed eye. Their narrowness surprised one as much as anything. You expect all the time to come to something wider, but no; all, all the same—four, five, or six feet wide, but no more. I have not seen as yet anywhere in Yangchow a street more than twelve feet in width, I am sure, even the busiest; and from what I hear, I do not think there is one. Sometimes, as we passed along on that first journey, the way was so narrow that the chair almost touched the walls on both sides. At last we stopped at a smallish door in a blank wall, adjoining quite a nice, friendly-looking little chapel front, which we easily guessed to be the *Jesus Hall*, or the *Pi-shi-kai*. The kind welcome we received here soon made us quite at home with our friends, and in a little while we were seated with them at table, feeling no longer as strangers in a strange land.

* * * * *

The dear household in Yang-chau was a good deal disturbed from its usual happy routine at the time of our arrival, and it was not long before we heard with pain of the serious illness of dear Miss Dawson, of whom even then but little hope was entertained. She had only been five weeks in China, being one of the last party of "the hundred," and for the latter half of her short stay had been ill with typhoid fever. The night of our arrival I was privileged to see her, and never, never shall I forget her radiant face, nor the blessing, straight from God, with which she blessed me. Her joy and peace were perfect, and the messages she had for every one—so touching, helpful, and appropriate—were most wonderful. She lingered on amongst us all through that night and the next; and on Sunday morning very early, passed into the Master's presence with scarce a sigh. Her brief life in this distant land, and her glorious, peaceful death, were blessed to every one who had come in contact with her. Not least, indeed, to me, who can never be thankful enough for having met her passing spirit on its homeward way, though only for a brief moment. And so "the hundred" is sealed, so to speak, at both ends, in its first and last party. Dear Miss Thompson of the former, and our friend Miss Dawson, of the latter, both being already called to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Words fail me to describe the earnest, solemn, yet blessed spirit that filled the house in those days. Not only had dear Miss Dawson gone from our midst, having risen up at the Master's call to go forth unto Him, but a large number of the others that remained were on the eve of departure from our happy home—also at His bidding, though to a very different service. No less than fifteen of the sisters then gathered with us were to be, within the next few days, far away on their long journeys to north, south, and distant west of this vast empire. Five had just left; fifteen were going; and one had been called up higher. Our hearts

were wonderfully drawn together in those last days, and drawn nearer to the Master also, as in the midst of this great heathen city with its 300,000 inhabitants, we realized the shortness of the time, the magnitude of the work, and His gracious presence and power that so abundantly outweighs our weakness. Monday and Tuesday passed in busy preparations for the coming separation and long, long journeys of our friends; and then on Wednesday, all the packing being done, we gathered, one large party, at the dear home in the "Pi-shi-kai," to commend one another to the Lord in prayer, and to spend the last evening together in His presence. We sat down to the evening meal provided in the dining-hall, a goodly company of thirty-five missionary sisters, all attired in the simple and not unbecoming dress of the country, with bright faces, testifying of happy hearts, and plenty of pleasant talk among the friends so soon to separate. We lingered long at the tables in the evening twilight, singing, when tea was done, one after another the favourite hymns so often heard in this happy abode, until the lamps had to be lighted, and the time came for our little meeting. Then we adjourned to the next room, and while waiting for all to assemble I got down the map of China from its place upon the wall to trace out quite clearly the long journey of each one. Oh, what a scattering of the lights amidst this heathen darkness! Three are bound for Yun-nan-fu in the great southern province of Yun-nan—dear Miss Hainge, Miss Cutt, and Miss Eland. Their journey will take them *four months*; three by boat and one overland. Fancy starting this August and not reaching your destination until the end of December! Two others, dear Miss Ramsay from Doric Lodge and Miss Hooke, will be *two months* travelling steadily up the great Yang-tsi before they reach Ch'ung-K'ing in Sz-chuen, the place of their future labours. Beyond them, but also in Sz-chuen, to the great city of Pau-ning, dear Miss Williams goes with Miss Hanbury to join Mr. and Mrs. Cassels and others who are labouring there; they will be *two and a half*

months on the way. Miss Bastone also accompanies them, D.V.,—a delightful party!

And then to Hanchung, distant three months by boat, Miss Holme and Miss Fryer go together, making the journey up the Han River in company with dear Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, who came out with us from England in the *Kaisar-i-Hind* the other day. Miss Waldie goes with them on her way to Fanchung, in



MISSION PREMISES AT YANG-CHIAU.

Hupeh, also a *three months' journey*. At this city the party that goes still further is to be joined, all being well, by Miss McQuillan (once at Doric Lodge for a while), who accompanies Miss Sutherland and the dear Ellises to Sining in Kan-suh. These all journey on still up the Han River, and then overland, until at Lanchau they leave Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and Miss Graham Brown, having been for *four months* pilgrims on the way. Beyond Lanchau, still many a long day's journey, lies Sining, which they may hope to reach in about *five months* from the time of their departure to-morrow.—What a vast country, what immense, almost inconceivable needs !

And now we are gathered in this quiet upper room to commend to the Lord in loving prayer and sympathy this little company of sisters going forth so brightly and bravely, simply trusting in Him, to carry the light of the glorious Gospel into the distant darkness. Only weak women, young most of them, helpless in face of the many dangers they must be called to meet ;—not very learned ;—not much experienced in the ways of this strange land ; with no power, or riches, or wisdom or might—except in God ;—*except in God*.

All is quiet, and most heads are bowed in prayer as we wait for dear Mr. McCarthy to come in to commemorate our simple service. Outside in the narrow street may be heard the sound of passing bells and feet upon the uneven way, while every now and then the gong peals forth its sonorous notes from the courts of the great temple with its ten thousand idols that stands just across the narrow strip of ground lying between us and it. Ten thousand idols ? Yes, and this is only *one* of the many temples in this great heathen city !

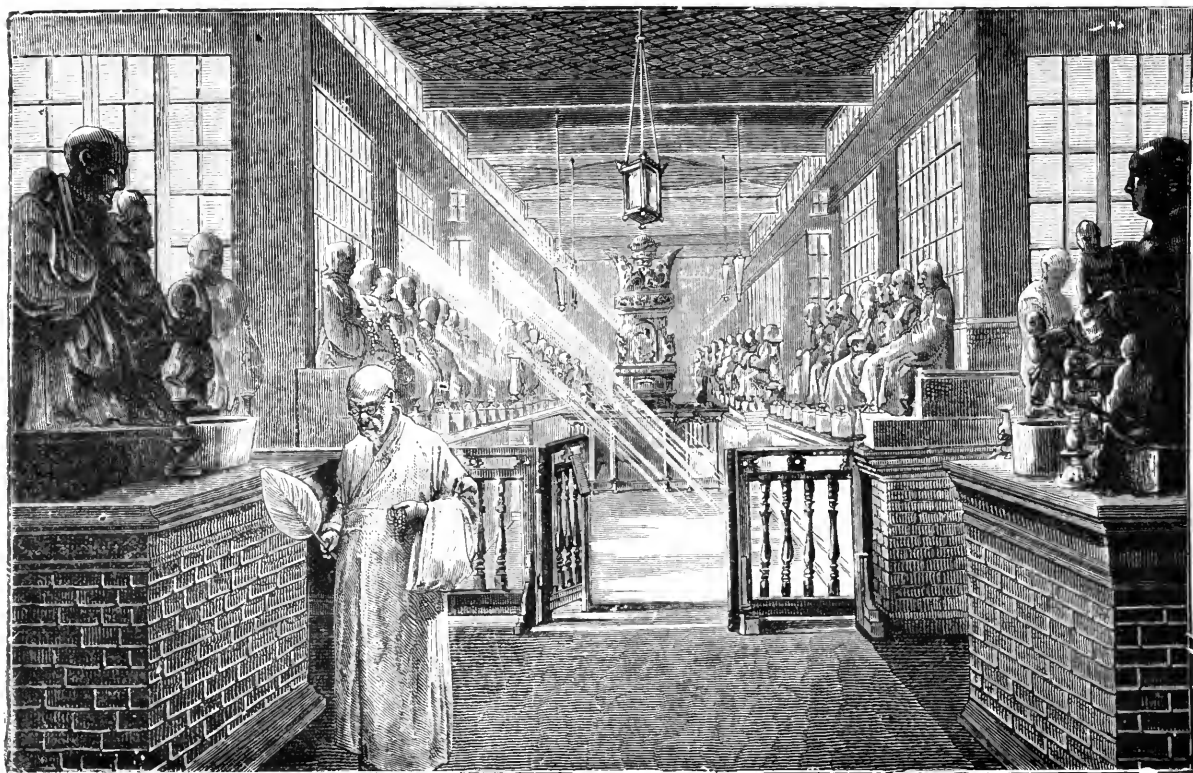
Within, the simple table of the Lord is being spread by the gentle hand of our dear and honoured friend, Miss Murray. There it stands in our midst, bearing the bread and wine, and over all a pure white cloth, on which falls the mellow lamp-light. As I look up and see one calm, bright, radiant face after another, and hear the note of trustful praise that rises now in a sweet song to Him whose Presence, though unseen, is so deeply felt by all, I feel that it is *good* to be here, and long,—oh, so much,—that instead of tens we were hundreds to represent the blood-bought Church commissioned by her parting Lord to carry the glad tidings to every creature. How is it, *oh, how is it, that we are so few,—so few among so many ?* How is it that Christians will not see the blessed privilege to which they are called, of coming thus to the help of the Lord against the mighty ? It is not that the work of GOD will suffer,—*that* will be accomplished whether we help or not ; but oh, the blessing, the privilege, the honour, the joy, those miss in their own lives and hearts, who might come but don't, or who might give and send their dearest, but hold back. A very few hours in this holy, happy circle are enough to teach one that *the path of blessing is the path of obedience*, painful though it may be, and that if we would *learn* of Christ, we must *follow* Christ, taking up the cross that He has carried before us.

Come out to China if the Master calls you, and you will find so rich spiritual blessing for your own soul that you will need to pull down all the ' barns ' of your

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anticipations and hopes of even the 'hundredfold more' that is promised, and build greater. But it is joy born of pain; fruit found, from buried seed; the corn of wheat falling into the ground that, in *dying*, yields so rich a harvest.

Solemn, tender, and earnest words carry this truth home to all our hearts, as Mr. McCarthy charges all to remember this great principle of the kingdom. Some of the thoughts that remain with me are these. "There is no easy way of getting souls saved. There must be a laying down, a giving up of our lives. It is the law of the kingdom, true of Christ Himself, true of us,—one principle. If we would come again bringing our sheaves with us, we must be prepared, literally in everyday experience, to lay down our lives. We need not. We may keep them for ourselves, but, if so, we can't expect the harvest. Let us encourage one another in the path of self-crucifixion. He will order the way in which it is to be, but *be* it



"Now and then the gong peals forth its sonorous note from the courts of the great temple with its 10,000 idols that stands just across the narrow strip of ground lying between us and it. Ten thousand idols? Yes, and this is only *one* of the many temples in this great heathen city." (See page 35.)

must. After the pattern of His life—very far short, but still, on the same lines. His footsteps on this earth were from the manger to the Cross. We do well to look at this and consider.”

As we sat and listened, and then partook together of the sacred memorial feast, remembering His love even unto death, His very soul poured forth for us, the familiar music of the long-loved hymn, “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer’s ear,” came to us from below. Ah, sweet indeed! But perhaps never more so than now, borne to us in a song of praise, ringing from the hearts of the dear native Chinese Christians in their meeting in the chapel below. . . . Our first communion of the Lord’s Supper in this distant land is solemn and glad. . . . And so we part, “until He come.” . . . Who can tell how soon He may come for some of us? Oh, to be found ready, as she was, whose quiet, sleeping form rests now from the labours she loved but was called so soon to leave!

Tenderly we commended one another in prayer to Him, remembering that our next meeting will be in His presence at the great home-gathering that cannot be far distant, and in the silence that follows the last prayer, Mr. McCarthy’s voice is heard—“The Lord Jesus Christ Himself says,—The Lord says especially to those who are leaving us—*All power is given unto Me—Go ye therefore—and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age.*”

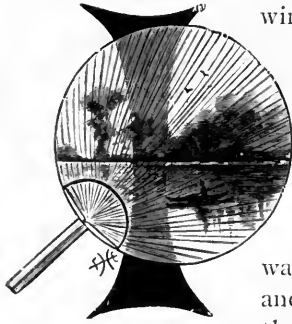
And so we parted;—and early the next morning our dear sisters were on their way to join their escorts at Hankow. Mr. McCarthy went with them, taking the remains of our loved friend, Theresa Dawson, to be laid in the English cemetery at Ching-kiang, “in sure and certain hope” of the glorious resurrection. All together they attended the quiet funeral; and then went on their distant ways in peaceful faith, and with glad courage. The Lord bless, cheer, and sustain them, and the Lord send forth more labourers into this great harvest! Scores we pray for, hundreds if it be His will:—women called and enabled of Him,—consecrated, believing, loving hearts, ready to spend and be spent in His service. For these there is ample room, and oh, such a welcome, not from us only, but from Him who seeks such as “fellow-labourers together with Himself.”



BUDDHIST ABBOT. YANG-CHAU.

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April 10.



AM writing alone in my quiet bedroom, where through the open window comes up to me the ceaseless mingled hum of the busy life of this great city. Within the broad high city walls and gates, shut now for the night, there are around us here three hundred thousand precious souls whom the Saviour loves, and for whom He died. And beyond this one household, there is none to tell them of His love. Only five can speak Chinese, including Mr. McCarthy and the native pastor. But this is not all. Beyond the walls of this great city, in the neighbouring country villages and towns, both large and small, and within easy reach, there are many more. Within one week's journey from this city as a centre, there are towns and villages containing a population of—oh, think of it!—*ten millions* of precious souls. Ten millions! all within easy reach, and amongst this whole vast number not *one* solitary missionary,—*no light; absolutely none!* Yet this Kiang-su is a seaboard province, and one in which there are comparatively many workers and much light. The climate is good on the whole, delightful just now, and there is no need to forego European comforts, for the whole province is within reach of weekly parcels post from Shanghai.

How many who could not stand the rougher experiences of inland travel, might live here, almost as easily as at home, and find a vast and most needy sphere for their labours. Oh! if English Christians only *knew* the need and the longing willingness of these dear souls to hear the glad tidings, and the joy, the unspeakable joy of a missionary's life, they would surely cry from the depths of yearning hearts, "Lord, here am I, send me, send me."

Ten millions, within reach of one week's journey in any direction from the city in which I am writing at this moment, and all in heathen darkness, without hope, without God in the world:—Is it *possible*? I can hardly believe it; yet so it was stated at table the other day by dear Miss Murray, who longs intensely for some *to settle amongst these towns and villages* as well as to go on to more needy spheres. As it is, all who come out have to start again so quickly for distant inland stations, that only one or two can be spared to remain in Yang-chau itself. One dear sister who has only been out about two months, left us this morning for a far-off sphere in Kiangsi. Her journey will occupy a month. Of course she has but very little knowledge of the language, and would gladly have remained here longer for quiet study, but the call came to supply a pressing need, and she, being all ready, left at a single day's notice. The telegram arrived last night, and she left us this morning. I like that, it seems appropriate. "The King's business requireth haste," and when His call is heard, we must rise up and go unto Him

quickly. But oh! how many at home have heard and heard again the cry from the great travelling heart of heathendom, God's voice to them saying,—

“Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?”

and as yet heed it not, or heed but passingly, soon to turn again to other things. It is a ceaseless cry, one which God hears always. Oh, that it might ring in loving Christian hearts at home, with ever-increasing urgency and power, for the time is short, and the fields are indeed white unto the harvest.

* * *

Evening prayers are just ended, and I am sitting again in my own little room writing by lamplight.

Downstairs in the meeting-hall some of the dear native Christians are gathered at one of their simple week-evening services, and I can hear them singing the familiar home tunes to the strange words that express the same sweet truths to their hearts that our own convey to us.

The work of the busy day is done, and all the house is still. I find it hard, however, to collect my thoughts for writing, my heart is distracted by the pitiful sounds of sobbing and wails of grief that come from the narrow street just below my window. For an hour or more it has been going on, and we can do nothing! A poor beggar-woman and a little child it is, who are sitting on our doorstep, crying and moaning aloud without ceasing, to attract the pity of passers-by.

We *dare* not help them; it seems that they belong to the large population of professional beggars that inhabit Yang-chau, and experience has proved the hopelessness as well as danger of giving money or even rice tickets to these poor strangers. Such charity has been tried before with dire results. As it is, I scarcely know how to write, these sounds of grief so rend my heart. None of the passers-by seem to take any notice, or care at all!

We have tried to comfort the poor woman and get her to go home, but she will not. She is still there, and—though the child seems to have wailed itself to sleep—she sobs and moans on as she has been doing for the last two hours and a half. Heart-rending sound! It is getting late now, but I cannot sleep with these piteous cries in my ears. Sometimes here in China professional beggars or wailers for the dead will cry thus until they become quite blind! One man came to Miss McFarlane lately in this condition seeking medical relief. God help them, poor souls!

How unspeakably sad the hopeless, Godless lives in this vast heathen land! Would that their ceaseless wail might reach the heart of Christian England, as this poor woman's moans pierce mine, until no peace or rest should be found at home for any who *might* come to help these that sit so long in darkness and the shadow of death!

These sad cries and hopeless sobs represent to my heart to-night the greater wail that ceaselessly rises from the hearts of the women of this land, as from *one* heart, distressed, and reaches the heart of God surely,—the heart of God, at any rate. Oh, Christian sisters of our own blest lands, happy in the glorious

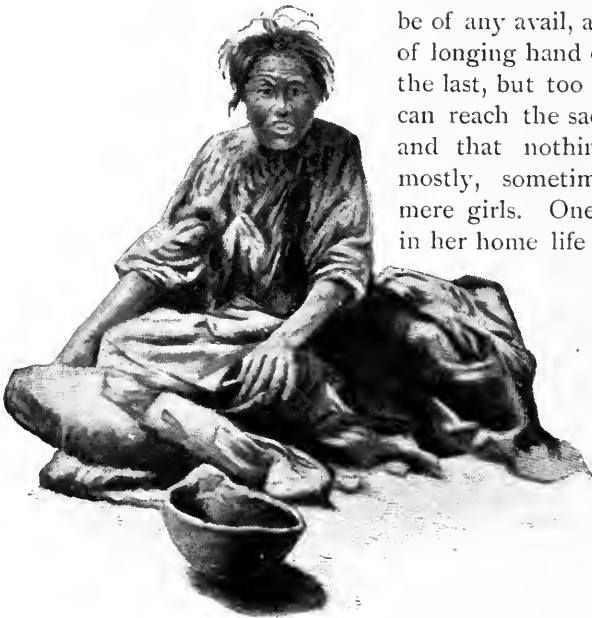
knowledge of Him who *satisfies* the heart's deep longings, always, under all circumstances,—would that you could know, would that *some* voice might reach your hearts and tell you of the desolate, hopeless, joyless lives that day by day are ending—*thousands of them*—in still more hopeless, desolate deaths here all around us in this vast heathen China. None to tell them of what makes us glad, none to whisper to them our Saviour's blessed message, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

I never have prized, never rejoiced in the rest of that Blessed One myself, half as much at home, in all the years I have known Him, as I have here, in these few weeks, proving Him exceedingly *more* precious in the midst of exceeding greater need. Let there mingle in your hearts with the bitter cry that rises ever, "Come over, come over, and help us!" the Master's own loving, tender voice, pleading, "For *My* sake, and the Gospel's." Remember that He promises an "hundred-fold more," of blessing to be assuredly yours, even in this present life, for anything you may give up for Him.

It is late now, and no sounds reach me from the city but the continuous sobs of this poor creature without and the occasional tramp of passing feet in the narrow way, with now and then the sombre resonance of some great temple's gong, or distant drum, mournfully calling the priest or other suppliant to prayer. Dead, dumb, hopeless prayer, that finds no answer, no response! At home, in happy England, how little idea we have of the great misery of heathendom! Life here is a burden, to many too great to be borne. Alas! how constantly we are reminded of this! Only last week no less than *five* cases of opium poisoning—*intentional suicide*—came to our knowledge in this one city alone!—Women and men,—oh, think of it,—who, rather than live any longer, drank that deadly drug,

to whom in most cases our poor aid arrived too late to be of any avail, and who, to-night, are beyond the reach of longing hand or yearning voice. They send for us at the last, but too often, alas! all hope is over before we can reach the sad and awful scene. Five in one week, and that nothing extraordinary! They are women mostly, sometimes men,—often young women and mere girls. One last week, a young wife, too wretched in her home life to endure it longer, refused to take the medicines brought, though they were in time to have saved her. And so they die around us every day. Within reach of a week's journey in any direction from this one city alone, there are TEN MILLIONS, as yet utterly without the Light of Life.

Ten millions. Think of it! Twice the population of Ireland, at least :



"THIS POOR CREATURE."

and amongst them all only one station where Christ is preached, only this one centre of Light and Blessing.

“Sun of my soul—
Thou Saviour dear”—?
Yes, glad truth! Sing it,
rejoice in it, Dear Heart!
But oh, remember these
who, not knowing Him,
are still in outer darkness,
and if you have found the
light, help to spread it
amongst them, for His
sake. How gladly they
welcome it, how willingly
they listen! The interest
and attention with which
they greet the tidings we come to bring are touching.

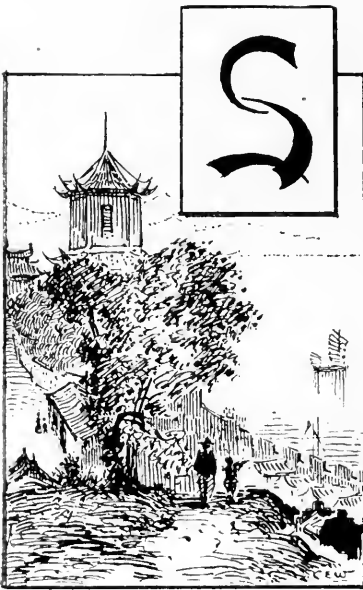


A WORKMAN'S HUT.

All is still now. The poor wailer has just gone mournfully down the street, to the hovel, probably, that she calls home. No words of mine could convey any adequate idea of the poverty and wretchedness of these places. The poorest of the people seem to pitch them on the wide waste places within the city walls, or in any little corner that is otherwise unoccupied, the situation of which suits them. Never shall I forget the first time I saw one of these wretched hovels, and learned that it was actually the home of human beings. Built of dry brown grass with bits of bamboo to make a kind of frame, the thing looks as if the least storm of wind must carry it all away. The rain, of course, soaks through both roof and walls, and the sun's merciless rays easily penetrate them in the long hot days. They stand right upon the muddy ground, which forms their only floor and foundation, and have neither chimney nor door, a grass mat being hung up at night to supply the lack of the latter. These poor miserable abodes vary much in size, some being large enough to admit of division into two or even three parts, while others are very small, perhaps six feet by nine and about five in height. Here a whole family would live, and I have seen one only just large enough for a single individual to creep into, and certainly not to lie down in! Hundreds of families in this city must live in such huts as these, for wherever one goes they are to be found, sometimes singly, but more frequently in groups of half a dozen or twenty, and here and there in much larger numbers.

A MOTHERS' MEETING IN CHINA.

April 15.



S

UNDAY afternoon, and I have just come up from the women's meeting which is held week by week in the large and pleasant room set apart for the entertainment of our lady visitors. Many dear women were gathered this afternoon listening with eager interest to the glad tidings. The rain had kept a good many away, still we had quite thirty present, of all classes and ages.

When I went in, the room, to my surprise, was full of smoke. Nobody seemed concerned, however, so though I could not see the source from whence the smoke proceeded, I suppose it must be all right, and take my place at the back of the room, from whence I can see all that is going on. We are singing—"Jesus, who lived above the sky." Sweet words, sweet truth! Oh, to be able to speak it freely in this difficult tongue! One dear woman just in front of me listens as indeed to

a new story; she has never come before and never heard the Gospel message until to-day! She is elderly and very poor, but evidently drinks in the meaning of the words lovingly addressed to her by our sisters. Her face is very kindly and intelligent, though all wrinkled and seamed with age and care. It is quite a conversational meeting this. The friends put in remarks with perfect freedom and in loud tones that must be almost confusing, I should think, to the chief speakers!

The two grand *T'ai T'ai* (ladies) in the front row seem very interested and intelligent, one of them appears to interpret to the rest, and both respond at every few words with loud and consenting exclamations.

Such gay, wonderful figures these ladies make in their black *kua-tsi* (or outer garment) trimmed with broad bands of colour, and bright *lan-kan* (or many-hued ribbon-border), their shining black hair garnished with wonderful, countless ornaments, of trembling filagree, or polished brilliant stones, their long and heavy earrings reaching to their shoulders, and their massive golden chains and bracelets! One of them holds in her hand a thin cane (fully four feet in length) the upper end of which is richly mounted in silver. I think it must be—yes, it *is*—actually—a *pipe*! The servant is even now stooping to light it, and the mysterious smoke is explained. The maid produces tobacco (I suppose) and matches, and, bending down to the floor on which the bowl of the long pipe rests, kindles the flame while her young mistress puffs away the smoke from the further end quite complacently, and almost without interrupting her running commentary on what is being said. Wonderful spectacle! The little hand, with its heavy gold rings, and long, care-



CHINESE LADIES OR TA'I T'AI.

fully preserved nails, holding the richly-engraved silver head of the long, thin pipe ; the olive-tinted Chinese face, shining black hair, carefully dressed and gay with green amber, and golden pins and many-coloured artificial flowers ; and all wreathed in clouds of softly tinted smoke puffed from the placid lips of the lady ! The strange sight, however, produces no disturbing effect upon the meeting, which goes quietly on as if nothing unusual were happening. One poor woman in front follows her grander sister's example and lights her more humble pipe, at which she is now contentedly puffing away, her eyes all the time fixed on the bright face of the dear speaker.

The various short addresses over, the meeting breaks up into small groups for conversation, our friends seem unwilling to go just yet, though they have been here over an hour. The poor woman, who had never heard the glad tidings before, listens with deep interest as the Gospel story is fully and patiently explained to her by one of our sisters.



CHAPTER VI.

OPIUM SUICIDES AMONG WOMEN.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' EXPERIENCE IN YANG-CHAU.

April 17.



MILLION a month in China are dying—*without God!*"

For years these solemn words, penned by dear Father's hand, long years ago, have been familiar, and influential in my life; but only now am I beginning to understand a little of their *real meaning*—a little of the depth and vastness, of the unspeakable woe, anguish, and despair, they cover and express. I will try and tell briefly, as the Lord shall enable me, the story of the last twenty-four hours of our ordinary life here in Yang-chau. Only one day—Lord! let its history *speak*, as with Thy voice, to many a heart.

* * * * *



Yesterday evening, tea being over, we gathered in our pleasant sitting-room at about seven o'clock for prayers.

After the opening hymn, instead of proceeding as usual, dear Mr. McCarthy turned to me and said that they would be glad if I would tell a little about what I knew of the condition of the thousands of factory-girls in London, and also of work being done amongst them.

I was of course much surprised at so unexpected a request, but it is never difficult I suppose, to speak of a matter so near one's heart, and I gladly consented.

We had a long talk about it all, the dear friends seeming much interested, and it led to

WEALTHY OPIUM-SMOKERS.

earnest prayer, which will, I trust, be continued. I can almost see the pleasant scene now as I write,—though it seems so long ago. The spacious room, with its freshly whitewashed walls and clean ceiling, the simple, brightly-coloured texts and Chinese scrolls and map, showing up so well on their white background; dear Mary, sitting near the harmonium, and all the others (we are thirteen here just now, in Miss Murray's temporary absence) gathered in the lamplight and the quiet that comes at the close of the busy day.

In the middle of our talk, however, the pleasant, peaceful hour was suddenly broken in upon. Ah, that loud knocking on the outside door is a sadly too-familiar sound! A hurried footstep on the stair, and, yes—it is indeed as we feared! An opium case, some one must go at once. In a few minutes Miss A—— and Miss Rentfield are on their way with the messenger who came for help. They have not far to go, but we know not how long they may be, or what they may find awaiting them. The Lord go with and help them! An hour or two brought them back with their sad story. A respectable house, crowded with people. Such a young girl! She had taken a large quantity of opium, and was lying on a bed in an inner room. At first she would not take the medicines, and an awful scene ensued. Four or five people held her down, in spite of her most violent and fearful resistance, and forced the liquid between her clenched teeth. Suddenly, in answer to prayer, she gave up her struggles, and said she would take it quietly herself. This she did, sitting up, and drinking enough to cause the desired effect.

A good deal of opium was thrown up, and before they left our sisters were encouraged to hope that she would recover. A great crowd of people were present, staring in at all the doors and windows, and some of them promised to come to the "*Je-su tang*" the next day, and hear more of the strange doctrine, told under such sad circumstances for the first time to some! Poor girl, it was only a quarrel with her mother that led to the desperate deed. Often, alas! it is perpetrated thus out of *revenge*, for the Chinese believe that after such a death the departed soul will haunt the living offenders, and be able to bring upon them all kinds of evil and suffering.

Alas, alas! for the dark places of the earth, where the devil *reigns*, and drives men to such awful deeds.

Tired, our sisters go to their rooms, and we scatter for the night. Only Mr. McCarthy and I remain awhile in the sitting-room, talking about the best means of getting *really to know* the hearts and lives of these people, to whom we have given our hearts and lives for Jesus' sake. It is late when at last we kneel down to pray for light and guidance about this all-important matter. All is still in the narrow street without and in the quiet house within, until suddenly, as we pray, hurried footsteps come to the door, and that loud and urgent knocking is repeated. A moment's silence follows, in which a man's voice is heard explaining to some companion or passer-by, that (as we had already guessed) he had come to get medicine from the "foreign devils" for a case of opium-poisoning.

The knocking recommences. A light is brought, and the door opened.

It is his own mother who has taken, they believe, the fatal drug ; it is a long way off, but he begs us to come at once. Eleven o'clock at night, almost every one has gone to bed. Who will go ?

Dear A—— is already prepared with everything needful, and very soon she and I hasten out together into the dark night. The man goes in front of us with his lantern held low to show the uneven pathway, and our boy San-sa follows, to attend and help us.

How strange the dark and narrow streets appear seen thus at midnight ! Nearly all the shops are closed, and the passengers still abroad are few. Some here and there we meet, all provided, as we are, with lanterns, without which it is unsafe to walk abroad after nightfall. Our guide walks rapidly ; fully in sympathy with him we too hasten our steps, and with a speed impossible to *real* Chinese women, pass along the narrow winding way. All is dark and silent about us, and we are soon in an unfamiliar part of the city, which adds to the strangeness of our surroundings.

Above us, in the dark, cloudless sky, the stars are shining with wonderful brilliance and beauty,—dear, peaceful friends. A glance up at their familiar, unchanged faces lifts the heart and brings a sense of rest in the constant, unflinching presence of Him of whose power and care they tell in voices of light.

Across open wastes, uneven with great heaps of stone and rubbish, we hurry, finding it no easy matter in some places to keep to the narrow foot-path and yet escape the pools and great holes and ruts, full of mud, that are of frequent occurrence. Across open wastes, and past groups of wretched basket-huts, huddled together, all dark and silent now ; then plunging again into the crowded network of tortuous little streets, passing many a great, mysterious temple and mandarin's spacious dwelling, we hastily make our way.

We are far from home now, and must be nearing the poorest part of Yang-chau—the old city. Yes, surely, we are in it already. How ramshackled, dilapidated and mysterious these crowded buildings look.—Wonderful ! But we can hardly venture to glance up or around us, our rapid pace and the increased difficulties of the way demand all our care and attention. Here, the streets are not only narrower, *more* winding and *more* uneven ; but, in addition, the great pools of mud and heaps of rubbish are more frequent, and there are also fresh obstacles to rapid progress, in the dark, huddled-up, pitiful figures we pass every now and then at the shop-corners, or in other sheltered places. Poor souls,—nowhere to lay their heads ! No basket-hut even to call their own. Outcasts, beggars, friendless,—and yet on them, too, God's dear stars shine down in tender light, for them, too, His great heart of Love yearns in longing pity. “Compel *them* to come in, that My house may be filled.”

Has He really a place in the “many mansions” for each one of these ? Do we *believe it* ?—believe that He longs for some voice to tell them so, some hand to point them the way home ? *Do we* ? If we really DID, could it be a fact, to-night, that around us here, within a radius of a few miles (*one week's* journey at slow

Chinese rate) there should be as there are—ponder it, weep over it tears of shame and sorrow, pray over it to the God of Love!—no less than TEN MILLIONS of our fellow-creatures, men and women, for whom He suffered, for whom HE died, who have never heard that message, who have *no means of hearing.it*, and amongst whom *we only*—our one household, numbering some five who can speak their language—are to be found witnessing, labouring for and with Him. Could it be true? And yet it is! Alas, alas! for the sleeping Church of Christ, the unready Bride. “*My head is filled with dew. My locks with the drops of the night.*” Ah, Master and Lord, how our hearts thank Thee, as we hasten on our midnight errand, realizing all this, thank Thee that Thou hast permitted *us* in some small measure to share Thy sacrifice and labour, and to be found with Thee here to-night, seeking to save! How we rejoice in Thy nearness and blessed communion, never thus known before—only beginning to be revealed even now.

The harsh sounds of distant gongs—rousing the howling of the multitudinous, vagrant dogs that lie about the streets—recall us from our wanderings in thought, and tell of the approach of the night watchman. Ah, here is one quite close at hand; and a horrible din he makes as he bangs and bangs his cracked old gong, with more vigour than sympathy for our feelings, at any rate. Perhaps the busily engaged burglar, however, is more grateful to him for the plain hint to keep quiet awhile, until the emissary of justice be passed. It seems a strange plan of procedure though, looked at in any light, for a night watchman.

The city gates are reached at last—high, heavy structures, picturesque in the gloom of night, with pointed, gabled turrets surmounting their massive arches, and standing out against the starlit sky.

Under one of them we pass through the thick wall, but are yet not outside the city. One, and another, and another, and now we must be near our journey’s end, for a second man meets us and joins our escort in eager conversation.

In a few minutes we arrive. Our guides stop at an open door in the blank wall of a narrow street, and we pass in, gaining entrance to a courtyard, from which rooms open on either side—a small, dirty, lumbered-up place. I should think the owners must be merchants, from the look of the bales of goods that stand about. An open door in front of us, and a crowded room, together with the eager gestures of our companions, indicate our destination. On a bench near the door a woman is sitting—a respectable-looking, elderly woman, whose sullen expression, and stolid aspect in the midst of all the excited company, point her out as the object of our errand. Yes, poor soul, it is she. But she insists in loud tones that she has *not* taken opium. She has not eaten any, and will have no medicine. It is distressing, and awkward as well; but the sons and neighbours declare that she is deceiving us, that she took enough to kill her at sundown to-night. So A— mixes the medicine.



“THE CITY GATES ARE REACHED.”

As she does so, one glance around the apartment reveals to me a strange scene. It is a large, irregular room, looking somewhat like a store, and filled with objects so many and varied as to baffle description. By the dim light of the Chinese candles standing on a table near the door, I can just see the faces of the gathered company, and the dark background of smoke-begrimed walls and rafters. Some twenty or five-and-twenty men and women are here, crowding around, shouting at and arguing with the poor woman, who at last comes over to a seat near the table, and consents to drink some of the strong emetic prepared. For half an hour, at least, we stand there, at first anxiously watching for the effect of the drink, and then getting her to take more as she is able. It still remains doubtful whether she has really taken the opium or not; if she has, we can but hope that the effect already produced by the emetic may be sufficient to save her from poisoning. But it is only slight, and, should she have taken much of the drug, we are hoping almost against hope.

The men smoke, the women chatter, and smoke too, some of them—as we still wait, praying in our hearts for some clear sign as to what we ought to do.

How careless they all seem about the possibility of the awful death that may be even now drawing near the poor creature in our midst. *Can* it be that this soul may really be so soon called to pass out into the unseen?—Ignorant, dark, hopeless!

San-sa, our boy, a dear Christian fellow, and A—— talk to them about the Gospel message, and I pray in my heart, listening to their earnest words.

At last we prepare to go. No change has come, and the poor woman eagerly insists on the lanterns being lighted, and our being invited to depart. It is late, and we can do no more. So, leaving another dose of medicine to be given in case she should become drowsy, we go forth once more into the night; and the young man, our former escort, accompanies us to find a wheelbarrow or chair, to take us home to our distant part of the city.

Out into the beautiful, solemn night, leaving in God's hands the results of what has been done, and the eternal issues of the truth spoken to the souls brought in contact thus with our own, we pass.

Silently we retrace our steps, and entering the city gates once more, come to a central place where four streets meet. Here our guide leaves us to wait with San-sa, going himself in search of chairs and bearers.

We stand and wait. It is one o'clock, and all is still. We look up and down the narrow roads that cross each other here at right angles, and marvel at the strangeness of the scene.

The shops and buildings on either side of the streets almost meet overhead, except just in the open central place in which we stand; and the numerous sign-boards and hanging lanterns—dark now, and flapping in the night breeze—look very foreign and wonderful to our unaccustomed eyes. We look up and down and *above*. How strange to be thus here alone at midnight, in the heart of this great Chinese city—nearly half a million of souls about us—asleep, most

of them, in the darkness. Many thoughts come crowding through heart and mind as we stand silently and wait.

We are not left long, however, in solitude. Some late travellers, like ourselves, are still abroad; very soon we are descried, and they stop and gather round:

One seems to bring another, for soon a dozen or more are clustered at the corner near us, and others still arrive. The chairs are long in coming, we can only wait in patience, glad that San-sa is with us, and that the men seem friendly on the whole. We are almost strangers, though, in this part of the city, and our circumstances add to the other elements of interest, so that we cannot wonder at the curiosity we excite.

Twenty or thirty are about us now—all sorts and conditions of men. Some with lanterns, which they come and hold up almost in our faces, to see, I suppose, what the "foreign devils" really are like; and some, with no light of any kind, poor wretched-looking objects, in rags indescribable, who creep miserably to and fro, and cast furtive glances now and then from a distance.

One chair arrives, and still we wait. Oh, how I *long* to be able to speak to these poor souls, right out of my heart; but, even if one knew the language, I suppose it would not be wise for us women to speak, we have to be exceedingly careful. Dear San-sa can, however. Standing beside us in the midst of the group, with the lantern in his hand, he speaks very earnestly, and they listen with grave attention.

His clear, strong voice is heard at a distance, and awakens a sleeper some little way off, who sits up on the ledge outside the shop where he is lying, and seems to listen like the rest. One man in front, near to us, whom San-sa principally addresses, answers and asks questions now and then. He has never heard the Jesus-doctrine before, and is interested. Several hear it thus for the first time, at dead of night, under the quiet shining stars.

At last another chair arrives, and we have to say good-night, and take our homeward way.

Tired, but *blessed* in heart, we reach the quiet house in the Pie-chi-ki again, something before 2 a.m., and are not long in finding our way to bed. Dear Mr. McCarthy had waited up for us. He was reading "Light for the Last Days," when we came in. He would have accompanied us or would have gone alone, had it not been a woman who needed help. In this case, however, he could do nothing, for here in China women must go to the women, or they must be left to die unhelped, alone!

* * * * *

After a few hours' sleep we awake to a lovely bright spring morning, and arise in the brilliant sunshine, wondering almost whether the events of the night can have been a dream. Such a peaceful, perfect day! With glad hearts we gather at 7.30 for prayers, and directly after go into breakfast in the adjoining room. The pleasant breakfast-hour, with its bright talk and cheerful anticipations

of the work and enjoyments of the day, is always a helpful time, and especially so to-day. At the close of the meal we repeat verses all round, and sing a hymn before separating. We are in the midst of the texts—dear Mary has just said hers—when a hurried step on the stair, and a sudden call to a pressing opium case, interrupt, and strike silence to all our hearts.—Another!

“Yes, and oh! do come quickly, it is a long way, and the young woman has taken a large quantity.” In a few moments A—— and M—— are gone, and we are left, sitting together as before, but with all the gladness overshadowed. We cannot sing now. We pray instead, and then go quietly to our own rooms. I stand by my open window, and looking out upon the city, lying in the lovely morning sunshine, think, with a straitened heart, of the passing souls that in the evening, at midnight, and in the morning—one long, vast, continuous procession—go forth into the darkness of the, to them, unknown and dreaded future. A million a month! “A million a month in China are *dying, without God.*”

We go to morning study, but A—— and M—— do not return. We gather at dinner-time, and now, four hours after their start, they come in again, weary and saddened. Words cannot tell the scenes they have witnessed. Space and time forbid one to try.

It was a young, sweet-looking woman, of respectable family; yet this, alas! is the *third* time she has taken opium to put an end to her weary, weary life. It seems to have been grief that drove her to it to-day. Her husband is dead, and her father and brothers died recently it appears,—so that she and her mother are left alone.

She had taken no food all yesterday, in order that the poison might more quickly work its dread effect. But fear, I suppose, drove her to tell of the deed, and help was immediately sought.

The strong emetics produced some result. A good deal of opium was thrown up, and A—— hopes she may live, but this is still doubtful, she is so weak, and the dose was large. While they were watching her, they observed evidences of the house being used as an opium den. Men were there smoking their long pipes all the time, while, so near at hand, a life-and-death struggle was going on with the same awful poison!

* * * * *

A quiet afternoon of study follows the mid-day meal; and at four o'clock we are just about to meet in Miss McFarlane's room for our usual Chinese class, when the dear woman who serves us appears in the doorway, saying, in sad tones, that a fresh call has come for immediate help in another woman's opium case!

“Another?—is it possible!” Who will go? A—— must be tired and is with her teacher besides. “Sai-nai-nai, get ready and come with us; we will start at once.” A well-dressed, middle-aged man is here to show us the way, and with him we set forth. L——'s sprained foot is still weak, so we call a wheelbarrow for her, which enables us to go more rapidly, and we soon reach the house.

It is a respectable place, in a quiet street. The front door is standing open, and we pass into the small courtyard. There are rooms on both sides, opposite to one another. We are immediately led into the principal living-room, and find it full of women talking, or rather shouting, to one another in excited tones. But the sufferer is not there, and our attention is soon drawn by the cries, moans, and confused struggles we hear going on within, to an inner apartment on the right.

We hasten up the step or two that raise this smaller chamber, and pass the narrow doorway. Here it is darker, but we soon discern the sad spectacle within. A little girl—poor little thing! only some fourteen years of age, is struggling violently, like one possessed, with three or four women. They are all fearfully excited, shouting at her and dragging her down; while the poor child seems beside herself with rage and terror!

Before we can interfere they drag her into the outer room; where we reach and try to soothe her. Alas, it is all in vain. Awful scene! We seem powerless to moderate for a time the excitement and noise, and can do nothing but prepare the medicine, which, however, in her present state the child is *unable*, as well as strongly unwilling, to drink. Some of it is forced down, but comes up again immediately, doing no manner of good; and all the time the poison (of which she has taken a large quantity) is doing its deadly work.

The men and women crowd around—some eighteen or twenty of them—many appearing amused and indifferent to the awful scene; and the children play about the doorway unconcerned!

We despair of doing anything in this shouting, unsympathetic crowd, yet almost fear to carry the child into the other room and shut them all out, in case of the consequences. Even here in Yang-chau, where missionaries have lived and worked so long, suspicion is very strong and unreasoning. So we try to hush the people, and tell them that the only chance of the child's life lies in her being soothed and got to drink the medicine quietly; but it is all of no avail.

Meanwhile the sad facts of the case come out. Oh, pitiful!—appalling! From her half-choked cries, and reiterated passionate exclamations, we gather that she longs to die—longs to die, and will not live,—if they make her take the medicine and get better, she will jump into the well,—she is no use to any one, and no good! Nothing she does is ever right, though she tries her best. Her mother-in-law cruelly beats and ill-uses her; and, during these last days, reproaches her with being a bad girl and doing wrong things. She cannot help it; they make her do what they like! She *longs to die!* And then, to us, when we come near and try to soothe her, she says she is so sorry to give trouble—we must not touch her like that; she is so dirty (pushing us away), she is so dirty—they all say she is dirty! Poor child, poor child!

The mother-in-law is not there. *She* cares not, as long as we do what we can to prevent the girl dying, for in that case another wife would have to be bought for her son. And besides, the spirit, gone no one knows where, might

haunt her and bring trouble ; so she sent for the foreigner's medicine, but cares no more than that !

At last, seeing no hope otherwise, we insist on taking the child into the inner room again, and shutting out all but two of the women, prayerfully try to soothe and help her. Seeing herself alone with us, she soon becomes quieter, and in a little while is able to drink the medicine, which remains down and works satisfactory results.

A quantity of opium is thrown up, but not all, we are convinced. Still keeping the people out—for whenever the door is opened trembling and hysteria come on again fearfully—we talk to her, and comfort, and quiet, till by degrees she is willing to take more and more, thank God. And still, at intervals, the pitiful tale is told. All is not right, evidently. She was sold to this family when only six years old, to be the wife of one of the sons. She is not married yet—poor child, poor child ! With what fear and horror she hides her face, trembling whenever she catches sight of one of the men looking through the window or doorway !

Alas—no help—no hope—no protector ! The despairing droop of the young head as she lies quiet now reveals much that words cannot tell !

They are *awful*-looking men these. I shut the door and try to close the window, but it is not much use, for the paper (there is no glass, of course) is broken, and they tear it away piece by piece when they want to look in. Their faces make me shudder.

After an hour or more the child is better, but very exhausted. We leave her resting her head on a kind woman's lap—an elderly neighbour-woman, who is very gentle and tender with her—and go out to the others in the living-room again. A large number are still gathered there, the mother-in-law, whose expressions of gratitude are profuse and revolting, amongst them. L— talks to them all about the great good God in heaven, and they listen very attentively, until the men begin to come in and out, evidently wanting us to go. We pray with them, and, saying we shall return later on in the day, come sadly away.

Tired out, we go home together on the wheelbarrow, and from what L— tells me, I begin to realize that all we have seen and learned in that house is by no means unusual or extraordinary. In thousands of homes in Yang-chau to-day the same thing may be found. Alas, it is so in *all* heathen lands. Thousands, thousands of women and little children,—hopeless, helpless—to whom death were grateful.

I gain my quiet room at home, and on my knees at the bedside lift up my cry to God from a heart rent and crushed by this load of sin and sorrow. "Oh, God—China, China !—The whole vast Empire, million-peopled. All its suffering, sinning, anguished hearts ; its women, its little children ! The long years of its darkness, the *few* to bring them light. . . ." Heart, heart, be still ! He speaks. "There is *no* place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven." Remember. Behold the Man of Sorrows. Go back to Calvary, *Calvary* ! *God Himself* suffers MOST. "Rabboni !" . . . Oh, wondrous hour of solemn rapture !

I behold *Thee, there*. “The King in His beauty.” . . . Calvary.—The Cross. Its awful yet tender light falls upon the darkest pages of earth’s history, and only *therein* can they be read aright.

“If ever, oh if ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, ’tis now.” Thank God; thank God—the great Redemption *draweth nigh*. “Yet a little while—behold how little—and He that shall come, *will* come, and will not tarry.” His Kingdom—“Righteousness, Joy, and Peace”—yes, it is near. Ah Lord, dear Lord, how glorious it will have to be to counterbalance THIS!

And meanwhile the heart can *rest*. All, all is well. Yes; even now. *Well*. Yea, more:—BEST. For we have reached *just the right place* in the unfolding of Thy plans of grace, that are so soon to result in “ages to come” of Eternal Light, Love, Peace!

Our little span of life—so short, so weak—what good is it? What can it accomplish to alleviate the sufferings of a groaning world, to hasten the dawning of that blest day? *Our little span of life*—weak woman’s life even? Oh, thank God, thank God! Glorious, triumphant joy! It may be lived—all of it—*in sympathy with Him*, deepest sympathy, heart to heart. *His ends, His work, His purposes, OURS!* We, just where He would have us, just where He wants and needs us, working “together with Him,” in closest “*fellowship* with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ,” to banish for ever all darkness, and to bring in *abiding, Eternal Light*. Every energy, every thought, every day, every possession devoted to Him and to this! He using us just as He will, and when and where.

By His grace we are *here*—what a privilege!—in the blackest of all black darkness. Precious, inestimable honour.

I never thought it could be half as blessed as it is. I would not be anywhere else for all the world.

The opportunities, the openings on all hands for women’s work here in China are marvellous, far exceeding my brightest anticipations. The WHOLE COUNTRY is open to us. And better still—the *hearts of the women*.

Thousands of workers might here find a limitless sphere for loving, blessed labour. All sorts are needed. Not only the educated and refined—though they are much wanted—but the lowly and uncultured, as the world counts culture. All, all whose hearts are full of *love*—love to God first, and love to the perishing—and who know God with a faith and depth of intimate sacred friendship, that will stand all assaults of the great enemy of souls, who reigns here supreme.

It is getting late. I must not write more, though my heart is full.

May He, Who alone can, speak to many a heart, and send forth in the power of His own tender, omnipotent Spirit, not tens, but hundreds, of devoted, loving labourers—*for the time is short!*



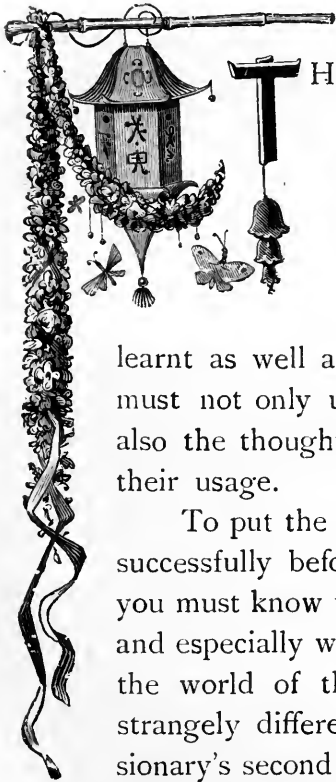


[Photo by Capt. Watts Jones.]

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CHAPTER VII.

Ten Days on a Chinese Canal.



THE first great difficulty that missionaries meet with out in the field is language; and when by dint of patient study the foreign tongue has become at last familiar, a second difficulty, almost as great as the first, has to be met and conquered. The *language of the heart of the people* must be learnt as well as the language of the lips. The missionary must not only understand the words and idiom used, but also the thought behind the words and idiom that suggests their usage.

To put the message of God intelligibly, acceptably, and successfully before the heathen who have never heard it, you must know what they *have* heard, what they have seen, and especially what they have thought; you must exchange the world of thought in which you have lived for their strangely different mental environment. This is the missionary's second great undertaking; and how can it be better accomplished than by becoming, as far as possible, a native?—In the spirit of the great pioneer missionary who wrote:—

“I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.”

In order to become thus, natives, to learn the language of the heart of the Chinese, Miss Mary Reed and Miss Guinness, after a

brief stay at Yang-chau, left the training-home, with its twenty or thirty English-speaking missionary sisters, for the more *Chinese* surroundings of Tsing-Kiang-pu and of a farmhouse near Antong. Miss McFarlane (the L—— of the Journals) and Miss Maggie Mackee, who were already familiar with Chinese, accompanied them. Taking only one native Christian lad as escort, these four young English ladies started in their own hired boat for a ten days' journey up the Grand Canal.

*Uan-teo : on the Grand Canal, Province of Kiang-su,
Friday, mid-day, April 27.*



“ON THE GRAND CANAL.”

ALL alone, in our pleasant boat, lying off the little town of Uan-teo, on the grand Imperial Canal of China ; how strange it seems, how blessed ! I have just had a quiet hour of prayer. How near the Master is,—how very near ! “Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that

is within me bless His Holy name.” “*A hundred-fold more?*” Why, I really think it is a hundred-fold more every day, so greatly does He bless us.

Just now I am alone because all the others are on shore, giving the sweet message of life we come to bring. I could not join them in going on their blessed errand, because some one was needed to remain on board here, with our things ; so I have been pleading for them, and am conscious that they are being, even at this moment, richly blessed of God. Just now I have two visitors, a nice peasant woman and her young daughter. I have been trying to talk to them—dear people—but, oh, I know so few words ! They are content, however, to watch me write, and are leaning over the table with wonder and amazement, gazing most intently at the mysterious performance, as I pen these words. Ah, their boat is just going, so they must be off.

Oh, how delightful ! M—— has just returned, full of joy, bringing seven ladies with her. They all come thronging in. And here are the others, Mary and L—— ; they also have had a grand time, and seem full of the blessing of the Lord. Praise Him, Praise Him !

One dear old lady listens with rapt attention. She has never heard the glad tidings before. She must be over sixty years of age. She says, earnestly, quietly, that she believes; she has never, never heard before, but she *believes*. They all sit round, crowded into our little cabin, and L— speaks to them, sitting by this dear old woman, while we pray, and I write these words.

An hour afterwards.

They are gone, having just left us. Eight or ten were here, and listened most intently; several of them, I am sure, really understood the message. Two were Mandarins' wives, travelling from Canton, and the others live mostly on neighbouring boats. L— spoke to them while we prayed, we sang to them too, and they asked questions, seeming really interested. The dear old woman who had never heard before seemed just full of joy and light, and explained to the others about the Saviour and the Cross and all His love, with quite a radiant face. Now we have left them—and there is no man to care for their souls. They never heard the message until to-day; now one brief visit and that is all. Thank God they have heard and believed, and thank God, though there is no fellow-believer to teach and help them further, His blessed light abides with them and will lead them into all truth. To Him we commend them now, as we pursue our onward way. And so our gracious Heavenly Father answers prayer. Oh, it is blessed to live thus in constant, actual, living contact with Him; asking and receiving, seeking and finding, dwelling in restful, loving communion with God.

3 p.m., same day.

Such an amusing dinner! As L— and I are going (D.V.) to live in a real Chinese home at Antong, and in all ways possible to conform to Chinese customs and manners, we thought we had better begin at once by taking into use Chinese chop-sticks, and dining in Chinese fashion. So we made a start to-day, using our chop-sticks for the first time, and certainly they are most awkward. The table was laid with just four basins of rice (no tablecloth), four pairs of chop-sticks, one basin of vegetables in the very middle, and two little plates of chicken, cut up, one on each side. I have not time to describe the funny scene. We got on pretty well, I think, and must try again to-morrow.

* *

Last night when we started on our journey we had no intention of calling at this place. We came on board at seven o'clock in the evening, purposing to start at daybreak on the morrow. Dear Miss Murray and quite a little band of our kind and much-loved friends at Yang-chau came down to the boat to see us comfortably established, and left us there to settle for the night. This we did, rejoicing at the bountiful provision made for our well-being by our Heavenly Father. Such a capital, large, commodious boat, so much better than we had either expected or deserved. After our dear friends left us, a dispute arose with the men about the agreement they had made for our journey. They had promised to take us up to Tsing-kiang-pu for a sum of four dollars, 3.40 cash; taking ten days on the journey (though it is only 100 miles), and stopping when we

desired to go ashore and evangelize. The trouble was that they now insisted on doing the journey in less than half the time for the same money. The principal man waxed wrathful, and was violently excited. So we prayed to our Father in Heaven. The answer was not long delayed. Before supper was over the whole thing was quietly settled, and he returned to his original agreement, we promising to pay more than he had at first asked should we keep him longer than the ten days. This was our first answer to distinct and definite prayer since we came on board. Others came to me during the night, that I cannot stay to record.

* * *

We spent a most helpful and delightful evening in reading together Dr. Pierson's valuable book, “The Crisis of Missions,” and in prayer over its deeply interesting contents. How glad and thankful we were for the circumstances under which we were privileged to read it! Not only as Missionaries in the field, but as a little band going forward to some of the darkest “regions beyond” those where the Gospel has ever yet been preached.

Sunday, April 29.

At half-past seven this morning we breakfasted early, so as to have as long a day as possible for our work. After that, and Chinese and English prayers, we went up the village to seek openings for our Master's message. Up the steep mud-bank, such a climb! The steps, just roughly cut out in the soil, slippery with the heavy rains and almost washed away, presented an almost impossible ascent. At least so we thought until we came to try. Then we found that, though most difficult and disastrous as far as clean shoes and garments might be concerned, the ascent was not impossible, and many a friendly hand was outstretched at the top to aid us over the last slippery bit. Such a crowd of kindly, welcoming faces! It was raining, but some of the women led us at once to a large neighbouring cottage, and ushered us into a pleasant, spacious, cabin sort of room, where a goodly company soon gathered to hear our words. Our interesting and eager audience must have numbered at one

CHINESE TRACT.

中 國 救 濟 會 印 發

求福○苦問多福之頌祝於康衢求福之詩典於萬壽世人每以多財多子輒稱之曰有福如於失意時忽得橫財則曰轉禍為福如大難不死則曰必有後福此皆指世上之福而言非真福也夫真福不在此而在蒙主赦罪之恩在得重生在與主復和此非暫時之福乃永久之真福也歷千萬年不壞特世人昧於所求每向木偶跪拜其中心以為不如是不能邀福而孰知天父掌福之權故不求天父而求木偶者不但不能得福且延承刑焉然則何能免此曰有法及早悔改轉移而信耶穌則在世得安樂之福死後享永生之福以耶穌為真神之子為救世之主故耳信之者無不可免罪得永生焉耶穌曰凡勞苦任重者歇就我則我賜爾安蓋我心溫柔謙遜爾負我軛而學我則必獲安於爾處蓋我軛易我負輕也故凡欲求福者宜反其向之所求轉意而誠求救主則永福無有不得者焉

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上



time at least fifty, not counting the children. Time fails me to describe the delightful scene and the kindness of the dear people. After about an hour, one of the women insisted on our going with her to tell the same wonderful story in her house, which was not far away. We went and there found a repetition of our first experience—a large, full room and most encouraging attention. Here some thirty or forty others must have heard the message. Gospels and tracts were also left with them. Twelve or fifteen of our hearers were men, some of them intelligent, superior fellows. They took the Gospels, promising to read them. Four or five of the women especially seemed deeply interested, and of several we have good hope. We had not time before dinner to visit more than three other houses, indeed we had not intended to go to so many, but the dear people simply waylaid us, and compelled us to come in. L— and San-sa had good audiences in as many more in their part of the town, so that altogether our morning's work must have reached congregations in eight or ten houses.

Tired, and oh so wet and muddy, we got back to our boat for dinner and half an hour's rest, thanking the Lord for His presence and blessing, and seeking His guidance for the rest of the day. While at lunch quite a little crowd of friendly folk gathered on the bank, to survey our operations. This we were not surprised at, but we certainly were rather taken aback when suddenly a woman's smiling face appeared at the window on the *other* side of the cabin, where only the water of the canal was before to be seen! There she was, friendly and curious, standing

in a little boat alongside our own. After some talk, we found that she had come from a neighbouring island, one we had noticed that morning out in the lake. We had observed the largish groups of houses built upon it, and wished to be able to reach them also with the Word of Life. So finding whence our unexpected visitor had come; we at once thought how delightful it would be if she would take us back with her, and introduce us there. This, after a little hesitation, she agreed to do; and at this moment two of our party are absent on their little journey to this place. It is a pretty spot. I can see the low, brown houses, peeping out from amidst the lovely green trees that come down to the water's edge. The Lord grant dear L—— good success, and bring them back safely and with good tidings of His prospering care. It is nearly five—they have been gone two hours already. I must soon get tea for them.

How strange and pleasant this life on board our canal-boat is—journeying on from day to day, travelling as He calls us forward, simply living to proclaim His glorious message! God is very near. We depend upon His guidance and help every moment; and every moment it comes. We are such a band of weak ones; so helpless in ourselves, so ignorant and inexperienced; but He uses and blesses even us, and fills our hearts with joy. I am the oldest of the party, and dear L—— the most experienced, and she has only been out three years. He is our Leader and Guide, however, and all is well.

* * *

They have just come in, with such beaming faces! The Lord has greatly blessed them. Dear San-sa is overflowing with joy and gratitude. He longs to stay here another day, and begs that we may do so. They had grand audiences, attentive crowds of both men and women, and most blessed opportunities.

We thank the Lord together with full hearts. On the table in our midst is lying a string of beads that one dear woman gave up to L—— when she turned from Buddha to the blessed Saviour, even this afternoon.

Same evening, 9 p.m.

It has been a wonderful day. Tired now, but blessed in heart, we go to rest. At daybreak to-morrow (D.V.) we shall be on our way, leaving all those dear souls behind us as sheep having no shepherd. To Him we commend them. As far as we can tell, no missionary has ever been amongst them before, but to-day at least 500 must have heard the glad tidings in the sixteen houses we visited. The Gospels and tracts now in their hands, remain. Thy Word cannot return to Thee void,—to Thee, Blessed Master, we commend these precious souls.

Monday morning, 7.30.

At five o'clock this morning we started, quietly and slowly on our northward way. Now it is 7.30. We were just going to have prayers together, a few minutes ago, when we came to a town covering both banks of the canal. We did not intend to stop and were passing on when we espied upon the western bank a large group of fifty or eighty men, labourers and others, engaged upon some works close to the water's edge. Such an opportunity could not be let pass.

so we got our boatmen to put in to the bank, and San-sa went ashore with tracts and Gospels. Just now, as I write, I can see him in the midst of a company of these men, selling Gospels, and talking most earnestly to his attentive listeners. . . . Here he comes back again. He has sold a good many, and was able to tell the glad tidings quite fully to those who gathered about him. Now we must go to breakfast, and have prayers afterwards to-day.



Photo by
Capt. Watts Jones.

Monday afternoon, 3 o'clock.

We have just reached the great city of Kao-Sin, and are now slowly passing its long, high, turreted walls. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of people live within its large enclosure, but amongst them no missionary;—*no light to shine amid the darkness* pointing men to the Saviour of the world. Kao-Sin never has had any missionary, but, thank God, a native Christian evangelist is now on his way up and will reach the city this week, all being well. Our hope is that he will be able to live in a native inn and make his way gradually into the confidence of the people, so preparing the way for some of our sisters to come and commence work amongst the women. As it is to-day, we could not venture to go ashore here, no foreign ladies having yet been seen in Kao-Sin. So we must pass the great city by, and go on to the next place for the night. San-sa has gone in, however, to make some purchases and to sell books. We have just passed him, standing in a crowd of men, eagerly talking and handing out the precious Word of Life.

Interminable wall! We pass it, and pass, and *pass!* Both sides of the canal are alive every here and there with great gangs of men, engaged in repairing and strengthening the banks;—a very necessary operation. The workmen we saw early this morning were only a first detachment of the hundreds we have been passing ever since. It appears that many of these labourers come from a distance. The little boats that seem to be their homes are moored by scores all along both banks of the river. Here the women and children may be seen, cooking, washing, playing, and often also helping the men in their heavy navy's work. They seem such frugal, hard-working, decent people these Chinese. I do love them! But they are terribly poor. Just look at the wretched places they are living in—nothing but largish open boats, some five feet, perhaps, by fifteen or eighteen, covered at one end with two or three grass mats, under which they creep to shelter at night. Nothing more! Frequently the main part of the boat carries a large cargo of mud for the embankment. Two-thirds of the whole space are occupied in this

way; while in the remaining third the whole family live and seem to thrive, in closest proximity to their unattractive-looking cargo! A hundred cash a day, which comes to about *fourpence*, seems to be the ordinary wage of these poor labourers. How they live at all upon such a sum I cannot imagine, yet they seem cheerful and thriving, poor souls!

The slow progress of the Chinese river-boat enabled our travellers frequently to walk along the footpath on the banks of the Grand Canal, and even to stay and give their glad message in villages here and there, while their boat went quietly onward. Of such a walk we read later on:—

The broad canal lies twelve or fifteen feet below us here like a wide, flowing river, the opposite bank rising to the same height as this, confining the brown waters. Beyond the banks on either side the country falls away to a low-lying plain, considerably below the level of the canal itself. The land is under cultivation. On our right there are wide rice-fields, with little groups of brown houses amongst the beautiful green trees, and every here and there narrow, raised, brown paths intersecting the water-covered fields, and dividing them into regular squares and strips. On our left, below the further bank of the canal, all is different, but equally beautiful. No rice-fields, no houses, just one broad, still, fair expanse of grey-blue water,—a great quiet lake, seen between the fresh green trees that fringe the tow-path on the opposite bank of the canal. The boats upon it and the distant ships add to its beauty. No boundaries limit its wide waters; as we see it now, it might well be the sea on some quiet summer morning, too still even for wavelets;—a lovely spectacle!

So with varied beauty on both sides of us and in front, where the wide canal with its green banks winds away out of sight towards the north,—with the fresh spring tints to refresh the eye, with the sweet May sunshine flooding all, and the cool breeze meeting us as we go, our walk is indeed delightful.

The boat goes on, but we delay to talk to one group or another of fellow-pilgrims whom we meet, until at last we are left quite behind. Coming to a little village we quickly dispose of our books; and leaving L—— and Mary to speak to the crowds that gather, M—— and I quickly follow the boat (ourselves with a considerable following!), and come up with it some half a mile further on, waiting at another larger village, where quite a large crowd has already gathered anticipating our arrival. We get the needful books and return, escorted by at least a hundred friendly folk, to the others. Here we divide into two parties, and presently two large groups are listening to the Glad Tidings. San-sa, with one of the boatmen, gets an attentive audience further along the village street. As I write now I have just returned to the boat to send up more books by another boatman. I can see two of these crowds up on the bank above me, and almost hear the voices that declare the joyful message.

How the people run from every quarter, and with what eager attention they listen! Oh, *wonderful opportunities!* How is it that there are not hundreds of voices to “tell it out among the heathen that His name is Love”—*Hundreds* instead of so few? Such wide openings are here, such ready hearts, waiting to drink in the glad tidings;—waiting,—waiting, and lo, there is no man to carry them the message of life!

DANGEROUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

May 1.

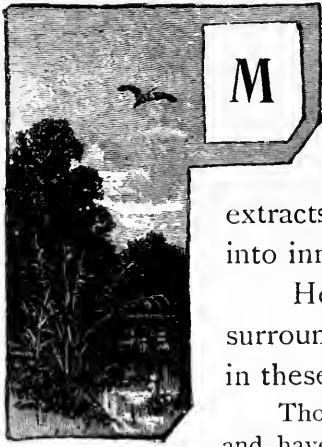
WE have left that village now, and though only a mile or so further on, are already drawing near to another. San-sa is still on shore, walking along the banks to sell “the heaven’s books” in this little place also. Scores of men are working here too, strengthening the barriers that keep the water in;—scores of them and *all* apparently willing to converse and listen to the heavenly words. Oh what openings! and which of us can tell how long these dear people may have to hear? Great anxiety is being felt about the turbulent waters of the dreaded Hoang-Ho or Yellow River, and all these embankment operations are with a view to the flood that is expected, even down here, when the great river begins to rise with the melting of winter’s snows. Already the Kao-yiu Lake, here on our left, is unusually high, and as we pass the villagers now and then anxiously question us as to what may be expected next. (Another village on the left, but we cannot stop as we have not time, alas!—Villages, villages all along!)

What may be expected next?

We would not dare to face this question were it not for our Father in Heaven. It is not at all impossible that a repetition, almost, of the awful disaster in Honan may devastate this region also, unless in His Gracious Providence the Lord avert it. The old bed of the Hoang-Ho, which crosses this canal at Tsing-kiang-pu, and for a long distance above that, runs parallel with it, is now being prepared for the flood of waters that is expected, but the work goes on so slowly that next to no real progress seems to be made. Further on the overflow of the present flood is being carried off into the Kao-yiu Lake, amongst other outlets, and this large expanse of water is already so high that it causes anxiety and it could not without disaster receive much more; yet what is to stop its coming? The lake on our left is already higher than the canal, and the canal is much higher than the spreading country below the right bank; so that if once the slight barriers between were to be overflowed or broken down, widespread destruction must result.

And the great river rises day by day.

Into His hands we commend this matter, praying that He may lead the Chinese authorities to take really practical steps in time—if it is not already too late—to avert more devastation and loss of life, and save this fair and populous country.



MEANWHILE, in the midst of such varied experiences, the heart-life holds on its course day by day, and the missionaries are making progress in the Spiritual world as well as journeying on to literal fresh fields and pastures new. We feel bound to add some extracts that are not wholly descriptive, but that give a glimpse into inner rather than outer missionary experiences.

How far away our loved ones must feel at times,—surrounded by the darkness of heathendom! And yet we read in these pages,—

Though so far apart, we meet “in Him in Whom we live and move, and have our being.” What a glorious privilege to be separated thus *for Him*, and to realize that you in England and we here in the heart of China are just in the very place where He would have us be, each living and labouring for the same blessed end,—His glory, the coming of His Kingdom!

Our hearts are deeply assured that God is going to do wonderful things in this great land. In the little while that remains—how little, *how* little!—He is going to pour forth, we believe, floods of spiritual blessing. What a privilege to be “with Him” in any measure in this glorious work. Why, it is worth any sacrifice, any suffering! Thank God we are this in our poor far-off degree, but we long to be *fully* “with Him,” even in our measure as the Lord Christ Himself was in His earthly life of service,—ever one with the Father, doing always those things which pleased Him, until at last He could say, “I have *finished* the work which Thou gavest Me to do.”

Our longing is to be *wholly* His; to have no desire, no affection, no realm of thought or feeling, no plans, no hopes, *no existence* into which He does not enter to reign as King. How much of our lives have been apart from Him. So many things gave pleasure in which He had no part, so many thoughts and plans and hopes in which He found no *central* place occupied the heart,—alas that it should be so! We are learning, day by day, with increasing clearness, that, whatever it may be at home, here certainly there is no question that life must be just simply a doing of one thing,—*one* thing,—a *following hard after God*, in heart for oneself, and in life for the souls of the perishing around us. Here there is only time, only strength for the one thing,—to learn of Him and to make Him known. Oh to be amongst those who mighty in faith and prayer, move the arm of God and bring down the flood upon the parched land! It is a solemn responsibility as well as a glorious privilege to have any part or lot in this matter. How earnest should be the spirit, how pure and single the heart, how constantly watchful the soul that is called to be a “*fellow-labourer together with God*.” Let us lay aside every weight. To our own hearts we say it with deepest emphasis, “*every weight*,”

cutting off, if needs be, the right hand and that without hesitation, casting completely away all that hinders or causes to offend, that we may *run*,—looking unto Jesus.

Help me to thank and praise Him for ever having brought me here to China. . . . He is very, very near, here in this distant land. It is glorious to find Him so far better than ever we could have expected, even from the reports brought by those who tried to tell (but could not!) all His power and grace. . . . The Lord give to you too the spiritual blessing you need for the home-life,—in some ways so much more difficult than this in distant China. It is all *one*, is it not? We are not a bit more missionaries than each one of you may be in England. “They shall share and share alike.” Let the *spirit* but be the same, the mere details of the outward life and work matter but little. We want all Christians at home to realize and remember this. They are called to be missionaries *just* as much as we. The Lord make the spirit of our lives increasingly this “laying aside every weight” . . . “this *one* thing I do.”

The Lord is giving us, we are thankful to say, some measure of success with the language. We have been at work now three weeks, and on Sunday last a few words I was enabled to say in visiting were actually understood by the dear women to whom they were addressed. Imagine my joy! We realize that you are praying for us, and are profoundly conscious that any and all success comes directly from Him, without Whose gracious ever-present help we can do nothing. Oh, the joy of studying this language, difficult as it is, and feeling that every day is bringing one near the profound gladness of being able to proclaim freely the unsearchable riches of Christ to these beloved and perishing souls! My heart is so filled with solemn and, in Him, triumphant joy, in the prospect of what He is doing and is going to do here in China, that I find no words even in prayer to express it. We long unspeakably for all to share in this—which is the very bliss of heaven—*fellowship* with the blessed Saviour Himself in His present and future labours and triumphs in the extension of His Kingdom and the accomplishment of His glorious purposes of grace.





HADDON HALL IN THE DAYS OF YORE. (See p. 68.)

CHAPTER VIII.

At Home in our Chinese Haddon Hall.



Tsing-kiang-pu, May 4.

It is evening now, calm and peaceful. Only a few hours since we arrived as strangers in this great city, and yet already we feel completely at home. The Lord has met us here, and has blessed us beyond all we asked or thought. And it is because He is so near, I think, that this place seems homelike and already dear to us. We have just been reading the 91st Psalm together. Blessed and hopeful passage, it has indeed proved to us even to-night a "shield and buckler." How plainly it tells us what to expect in our daily life! There will be "the snare of the fowler" and the "noisome pestilence," there will be, at times, "terror by night," and "the arrow" flying by day; there will be "trouble," but,—*but!* all these shall only make the more room for His protection, His covering, the more opportunity for His setting "on high," the more realized His presence and deliverance. "*I will show him my salvation.*" Therefore we will not, cannot fear.

One is not long in China—at least, we have not been—without finding out that both these sides of Truth enter into missionary experience.

They must go together. How often our own beloved mission has proved man's extremity, God's opportunity. How often do we still, and shall again—"My soul shall make her boast in God."

OUR HOME IN TSING-KIANG-PU.

Three minutes' walk from the canal and boat brings us to the quiet street in which our premises are found. Two doors in a long blank wall, one large and one of only medium size, are all that can be seen from without, for this is really a Chinese house and makes no outward pretensions. The larger chapel doors are opened as we arrive, for the afternoon *séance* is going on, and men are passing freely in and out for conversation with the good evangelist or pastor Jao Sien Seng. The smaller door soon opens to us, giving entrance to a long courtyard, the space in the middle of which may be thirty feet by eighteen. Right opposite the entrance door the reception-room of the house stands pleasantly ajar, and to this we quickly cross. Here all our baggage is brought in and laid down, and we are left to survey our new home at leisure. This apartment, the "women's room" we call it, is lofty and spacious, and though it boasts of no windows—being thoroughly Chinese—it has a wide, high, double door (just such as an English coach-house would be fitted with) which, standing always open, admits plenty of light and air. It has also antique wooden walls, a wooden roof (the rafters of the room above), and a brick floor, but as the bricks are rather far apart and the ground between is clearly visible, this presents rather the appearance of being earthen. The furniture of this cool and shady apartment consists of a table, half a dozen handsome Chinese arm-chairs, square and cumbersome but very stately-looking, and two or three forms. There are also some bright text-scrolls on the walls, which give a pleasant effect to the brown old woodwork. Two of these please me particularly, they are respectively, "God is Lord of heaven and earth," and—

"God's heart then is Love,"

which is the Chinese version of 1 John iv. 8. On one side of the room our little kitchen opens, and on the other a staircase gives access to the upper parts of the house. Outside across the courtyard are the living rooms used by the evangelist's family. To the mysterious staircase we now turn our attention, and proceed to make the somewhat perilous ascent. The whole house is old, very old, and as we go up its antiquity becomes more apparent. How interesting and curious it is! At the head of the stairs, we cross a narrow landing into a queer little lobby, off which two tiny, tiny rooms, or big cupboards open. This gives access to our three chambers beyond, which are *en suite*, leading one into the other in ancient, friendly fashion. They are each possessed of whitewashed walls and wooden floors, and are illuminated by three windows looking into the courtyard. We pass quickly

to the furthest. Here is a strong, clean, comfortable bed (consisting of two wooden tressels and a wooden frame, like a flat tray, laid upon them and strung across and across with brown fibre) and a Chinese table and a chair. The next is similarly furnished, boasting, however, of two chairs and an extra little table. The next, the tiny sitting-room, has a table also and four chairs, two of these being arm-chairs, and giving quite an appearance of comfort. I stand here in the narrow doorway and look across the little lobby to the queerly-shaped landing outside, and the ramshackled, wide, old stairway, going down out of sight in the darkness, and I marvel at the strangeness of it all, and at the queer, picturesque effect of the ancient woodwork, the semi-gloom, and here and there the bits of clean whitewashed wall throwing all the rest into artistic relief. It is really quite like a little corner of the very oldest part of Haddon Hall, the part that is not shown to visitors, but that specially delights the artist's heart. Here are the ancient doorways, the brown, moth-eaten woodwork, the uneven, rickety floors, and the tiny latticed windows, looking on to the still courtyard. Here and there a board that has given way in the floor leaves a broad opening into the regions below, and many, as one walks quickly across them, crack and spring in truly antique manner. The rafters above in the attic roof, and the old-fashioned beams and door-posts, and indeed all the woodwork (except in places where it has been renewed), is so very time-worn, brown and moth-eaten, and contrasts so effectively with the white patches of wall here and there, that I feel quite justified in placing our new Chinese home alongside some little corner of my dear old, ideal English castle-home of other days.

A SATURDAY AFTERNOON'S CLEANING—*Chinese Fashion!*

But we have no time to stand here dreaming; a good afternoon's hard work lies before us ere we can reduce to anything like respectable cleanliness the chambers we are to inhabit. They have been empty now for six weeks, and the builders have had possession, so that their present condition calls for all our courage and all our time as well, if we are to get them ready for habitation to-night.

Our friends here are too busy to lend us any help, and so, no Chinese hands being available, we hopefully set to work ourselves, and gathering what poor implements we can, commence a vigorous cleaning process, supplying in good will and cheerful resolution what we lack in apparatus. China knows no such *tong-si* (article or thing) as either a scrubbing-brush or a broom, and the only substitute for these necessities to (English) existence is, for the former, a rag-mop, and for the latter a soft kind of twig hand-brush. No mop can be had to-day. They are not to be bought in shops, each family makes its own, and our good pastor's wife has none, so we set to work with a very old, worn-down brush and a native dust-pan, made of basket-work, which being exceedingly old also, is plentifully supplied with holes of various sizes, the distressing effect of which is that the dust-pan partakes of the nature of a sieve, letting a large proportion of its

contents through. We supplement our sweeping operations with pails of hot water and flannels made from some disused garment, which in skilful hands do good service. But, oh, it is a funny scene! I look up from clouds of dust, where, in the outer room, I am vigorously sweeping away great heaps of rubbish, and behold M—— busy cleaning windows, perched upon a chair of Chinese construction, out of the way of L——, who down upon her knees is hard at work upon the floor with her hot water and flannels:—No soap, no soda, but a good supply of stick-at-it and fuu. Meanwhile Mary, in the middle room, surrounded by various strange articles of furniture, is rubbing away at Chinese chairs and tables, and dislodging various unhappy spiders who may no longer dwell in their peaceful recesses.

Many a sweet hymn resounds in the busy rooms as we ply our various tasks, and the hours fly swiftly by:—“Am I a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb?” “I will love Jesus and serve Him, for see, how the dear Saviour has watched over me,” “All my heart I give Thee, day by day, come what may,” “And above the rest this note shall swell,” with many another favourite.

At last in the gloaming we feel our task is finished, and lay aside our poor tools to look round on rooms that appear to us radiant with cleanliness and comfort, though to uninitiated eyes they might still leave something to be desired. San-sa comes up to tell us that tea is ready below in the “women’s room,” which is also our dining-hall, and we go down to find that he has, aided by M——, prepared quite a comfortable meal, to which we are ready indeed to do ample justice. A happy quiet hour at English prayers follows, and then Chinese worship below closes the busy day.

With this little glimpse into a home-scene in Chinese missionary life, we bid farewell to Tsing-kiang-pu, for here our friends separated; Miss Reed and her companion staying to carry on the work, Miss McFarlane and Miss Guinness going forward, still further afield, to Antong. We read in the pages of the well-worn Journal, written on the night before the parting,—

We go forth unto Him. Step by step His way shall be made plain. We rest in this assurance.

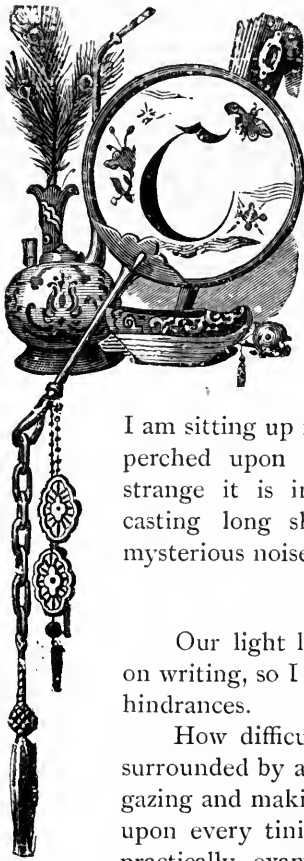
How peacefully the blessed and familiar words chime in one’s heart to-night of David’s sweet psalm, the 48th! I say them over to myself, leaning for a few moments on the wide window-ledge to drink in the beauty of the quiet night, and glorious star-lit sky.

“This God is our God, for ever and ever. He will be our Guide even unto death.”

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

CHAPTER IX.

By Wheelbarrow to Antong.



Antong, Friday evening, May 11.

AN it be possible that only two days have passed since the last entry in my little diary? So much has happened, and such varied experiences have befallen us, that it seems, to-night, more like two months to me than two days since in the quiet starlight I leaned upon the wide window-ledge of our little room at Tsing-kiang-pu, and looked forward to the events that are now in the past and present of God's goodness. Nothing has happened or turned out quite as one expected, save that His gracious guiding care, and all-satisfying presence, have exceeded our hopes.

It is now late, and we have retired for the night; I am sitting up in bed and writing on my knee by the light of the lamp perched upon my neighbour's recumbent figure. How weird and strange it is in this great, dark chamber, with the dim lamplight casting long shadows, and our friendly visitors, the rats, making mysterious noises on all hands.

Saturday morning, May 12.

Our light last night attracted too much attention. I could not go on writing, so I must try and do my best in the day-time, in spite of all hindrances.

How difficult it is to collect and express one's thoughts properly, surrounded by a crowd of these dear people, all talking and wondering; gazing and making remarks, the drift of which one can just understand, upon every tiniest article that one either wears or uses; and further practically examining everything that excites their curiosity. But I must try:—

On Thursday morning early we were up preparing for our long day's journey. Though only about 70 *li*, or 25 miles distant, ten hours is the time required

to reach Antong. *Ten hours by wheelbarrow.* Oh, inexpressible experience! I looked forward to it with somewhat mingled feelings, and now look back upon it with amazement and thankfulness that after all it was so endurable and even pleasant at times, when the roads were moderately good.

Packing and arranging the barrows was the first task, and one that inexperienced hands took time over, but at last 7 a.m. found us fairly *en route*.

A lovely bright morning, but so hot. Really, at that early hour, *so hot!* What will it be during all the long day? We start on foot, dear Mary accompanying us some little way on our journey.

Our pathway leads through a quiet part of the city at first, just round inside the wall, but soon we come to a place where the busy streets meet, and here we stop to part,—alas, a Chinese parting! We can only clasp our own hands, and agitate them slightly to express all the feeling we would put into an English embrace if we could. We stand together and sing softly over the dear familiar words:—

*“Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus!
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on.”*

We sing them in Chinese, and it makes them all the sweeter, helping us to realize the privilege that is ours of really following Him in seeking to save the lost—these His “other sheep.” We stand and sing, and then leaving all the rest to be said by the last loving look and upward glance, we part and go our different ways; they returning to the work and responsibilities of our dear station in Tsing-kiang-pu, and we going forward we know not exactly whither, but to seek the place that He has told us of, trusting to His guiding care.

So we plunge into the busy streets, where, even at that early hour, all is hurry and bustle. Our way leads us, however, across only a small corner of the city, and soon we find ourselves getting out again into the quiet of the open fields beyond. Here our wheelbarrows and we commence the real journey of the day. Oh, what a funny experience! What a strange sensation! Indescribable vehicle, how comest thou to be the mainstay of Chinese travel? They seem to vary a great deal in construction, these wheelbarrows, in different parts of the country. Ours, to-day, are perfectly flat, and just like a large tray of somewhat triangular shape, made of wooden bars and crossbars. But I have not time to describe them, nor attempt to portray the varying sensations that this new mode of motion produces for the first hour or two.

Our first stopping-place is a beautiful cherry orchard, where we sit down in the cool shade to rest while the barrow-men smoke their long pipes hard by. We are not left long alone; the women see us, and begin to gather from every



“OH, INEXPRESSIBLE EXPERIENCE!”

quarter, and L—— is soon speaking to quite a little crowd under the spreading trees. Our barrow-men are eager to take the road again, however, so we must go on, leaving only a few gospels with these kindly folk. Our next descent is at the crossing of the old bed of the Yellow River. It is interesting to stand upon the high bank, and looking across the broad, now almost dry, channel, to think of the mighty stream that, but a few years back, rolled its full waters over this very sand, and that so soon may again return to its former course. A largish body of men are at work, clearing and widening the bed of the present small stream that flows at the bottom of the ancient water-course. What they hope from the proceeding it would be hard to say, indeed they seem themselves scarcely to know, so slowly and listlessly do they labour. If indeed the mighty river *is* coming this way, there should be *hundreds* at work rather than tens, cleaning its channel, and they should be really *at work*, not thus listlessly playing at saving lives!

What a picture, this, by the way, of the work of the Church in the world,—in million-peopled China, for instance!

We follow our wheelbarrows down the steep banks, until in the muddy bed at the bottom we come to the present little stream. Here a ferry-boat awaits us, and we cross in state, wheelbarrows and all, to the other steep bank on the opposite side. And now away again across the flat, green country, through a great waste of sand and then right into the midst of the corn-fields.

It is *no* use trying to write just now! I *must* leave it again until night-time, and summon up resolution to attempt it then. Since I began this page only four medical cases have been brought to me for treatment—no, three medical and one surgical—a wasp sting. Happily I have my little medicine-case with me, and the ailments are simple so far. Last night I had a case of small-pox,—a poor little baby! I think I ought to go and see it to-day. This is anything *but* simple to my inexperience.

9 p.m., same day.

It is evening now, the evening of a long, eventful day. L—— is just having prayers with the dear household, and I have escaped away (wonderful to relate!) to our bedroom, to seize the few moments' quiet for writing.

After leaving the sandy bed of the former course of the great river, we quickly got right into the heart of the country, and pursued our peaceful way through endless fields of waving corn, in and out amongst the little hamlets and rustic country cottages, and under the shade of frequent trees.

About mid-day we reached a small town, and stopped in its quiet street at a good-sized tea-shop for lunch. Outside the house a space was covered with a grass roof, supported by several high poles; and this shady spot being furnished with tables and benches, offered an inviting retreat for us to rest in. Here we sat down, in prospect, as we thought, of a few minutes' rest and refreshment, but far other was the case.

In what appeared to us a marvellously short space of time, the whole town seemed informed of our arrival, and the people came thronging from every quarter.



“NOTHING BUT A HOST OF OLIVE-TINTED FACES.”

Such crowds! In a few moments we were completely surrounded. Nothing was to be seen but a host of olive-tinted faces, and countless, bright black eyes, all fixed on us poor, tired mortals, the observed of all observers! It was a good opportunity to declare our message, however, so while I prepared lunch, L—— and San-sa proclaimed the Glad Tidings to the men and women around. When the meal was ready we had to sit down in the midst of the crowd, and, making the best of our strange circumstances, to drink tea and eat bread and hard-boiled eggs with all the composure we could command. How curiously those scores of black eyes watched our every movement, and how busy the tongues were with every variety of remark in every key and tone! We were thankful to have so few foreign articles about us; scarcely any beyond the pencil I made a few notes with, and the white (ordinary) salt we ate with our eggs. (Oh! yes,—the stockings we wore and the long sleeves of a vest that of course *would* show when our outer garments were subjected to the close scrutiny they had to undergo all the time. We were indeed

thankful to have so few, and much wished those few away!) Our barrow-men, eager to start again, gave us no time to linger after lunch, so we soon had to say good-bye to the friendly crowd, and start again on our journey.

And so the long hot day wore on, and towards afternoon we reached another large village, where the dear people, on seeing our approach, came out to meet us and kept us talking for nearly half-an-hour by the roadside, all so friendly and interested. As we left them they called after us to come and stay with them in their village, and that they would give us a place to sleep in if we could do so. This was the last village we passed on our journey. The sun was setting as we left it and plunged again into the green corn-fields, losing sight of the mud walls in the distance. How lovely and peaceful the green country looked, stretching away on all sides of us, bathed in the golden glory of a summer sunset sky! No boundaries mark the fields (or at most a ditch or stream), and the waving corn, just now in the full freshness of its beauty, has just the effect of a quiet, heaving sea, boundless, green, and peaceful. The narrow footpaths and little roads that intersect the country are lost sight of in this tall growth of green, and, at a very little distance, even those who approach seem to be wading through a sea of corn, up to the knees and more in its wave-like undulations. The effect is wonderfully pretty and strange, especially when, as now, the whole of this wide-spreading verdant country is tinged with the golden hue of the setting sun. Here and there, plentifully scattered in all directions, cluster amongst their trees the cottage dwellings of the dear country-folk, who are now wending their way homewards after the toil of the long hot day. What scores and *hundreds* of these low, thatched abodes we must have passed during our journey! Each one with its numerous family, counting three generations at least, and clan-like in its relationships, numbering sons and sons' wives, and children's children in its wide embrace. How many hundreds of such dwellings! And yet in *none* of these is there, so far as we know, a single Christian heart that realizes the sweetness of the name of Jesus; or looks beyond the sunset clouds to the glory of the many mansions of that "house" that He would have filled with just such as His guests! Not one! Not one! And none to show them the way, much less "compel them to come in." Yet what open doors on all hands to the messengers of the King! And what a privilege to be going—as we thankfully realize we *are*—as His ambassadors, carrying His royal invitation, and strengthened by His royal grace! Humble ambassadors to all outward appearance! Wheeled over the rough footpaths on jolting barrows, and unattended, save by one Chinese youth of unassuming guise. Humble indeed—yet constantly encompassed with the King's own presence, and, even on these jolting wheelbarrows, under the white umbrellas in the burning sun, holding sweet converse with Him by the way; or, as the day declines, resting in His love and care, which never change, though suns may rise and set.

We must be nearing now the end of our journey, the place He has prepared for us. I look around all the wide country, from one to another of the little groups of brown houses amongst the trees, and wonder to which of all these it is that

He is taking us, and what we shall find awaiting us, in His grace. How restful the certainty that He *has* a little spot, somewhere, prepared for us, just as carefully as that "place" in the "many mansions" to which He Himself will welcome us by-and-by, when His voice shall say, "Enough! come up higher," is prepared.

As we draw near to it now in the sunset, my heart becomes eager to arrive, and really *see* the place that He has told us of, and which, at His bidding, we have come so far to seek :—so far, by land and water, in so many days' journey, since we left Yang-chau, two weeks ago! Yes! we are drawing near. We see the little group of houses in the distance. . . . And now, at last, we cross the narrow foot-bridge over the little strip of water that ripples under the trees in front of the farm, and pause before the high mud-wall that encloses the main building,—the master's own dwelling, where we are expected guests.

On either side of this central larger house stand the little cottages of the labourers employed on the farm, and within the wall are grouped the dwellings of the three brothers to whom the whole estate belongs.

The wicker-gate stands open, and we pass within to the first of the three enclosed yards round which the buildings stand. One opens to our left, and one in front of us. We enter the latter by a door in the inner wall, and find ourselves facing our new home—the house of the eldest brother, whose wife and daughters we have come to visit. Hither we make our way (passing the large kitchen-building and various out-houses on one side, and the third brother's abode on the other), and here we are met by the gentle daughter of the house, a sweet girl of twenty-one years of age, the only unmarried one now left at home. She and her mother and the daughter-in-law, with her little baby son in her arms, meet us and lead us into the guest-room of the house. How kind they are! but *so* quiet and subdued, and seemingly *afraid* of us, strange to say!

In the silence that follows our being seated I look around with an almost failing heart! Can it be really *here* that we have come to stay? In the gathering gloom of evening the always dark room looks darker than it is wont, and, to my unaccustomed eyes, profoundly dreary! It is high and large, some fifteen feet by twenty, and dirty, oh, *so* dirty! It boasts of no window; the only aperture for light and air being the ever-open door.

Its furniture consists of one table, two chairs, and one or two small rough wooden forms. From the damp and dirty mud floor I glance up to the dirty, dirty mud walls, and, above them, to the garret-roof, hung with dust and cobwebs. And a painful misgiving for a moment crosses my mind as to the advisability of a prolonged residence in such a place!

But now the silence is broken by my companion's timely suggestion that we should be glad to go to our room if it were quite convenient. Our quiet and timid hostess leads the way to one of the two apartments partitioned off from this central room, over the opposite doorways of which hang two old blue cotton curtains, *not* the cleanest imaginable. One of these she raises and ushers us into what seems at first a perfectly dark place, where nothing makes itself manifest but

an odour of evil description ! In a few moments, however, the dim evening light, struggling through the tiny window (so high above the ground and so heavily barred as to be unnoticed at first), reveals the black outline of a large wooden cupboard, standing out sideways, half across the long, narrow room, and, beyond it, in a black recess formed by its protrusion, a bed of very questionable appearance. Soon the walls become visible to eyes accustomed to the darkness, and then the floor and a distant roof,—all of the same description as those in the other room, but, if possible, damper, dirtier, more cobwebby. One or two old boxes and benches, with a rickety table under the high window complete the furniture of this room, with the exception of sundry indescribable objects of varying nature in the several corners, and a string stretched across, from the old wooden partition to the mud wall, on which a quantity of suspicious-looking clothing is hung, apparently to dry. Here our friends leave us, we suppose to prepare the rice for the evening meal, and here we look at one another in the gathering gloom, and look—*up!*

How silent it all is ! No one comes to see us, and we miss our lad San-sa and the two Christians who accompanied us on our journey to-day, dreadfully. They are not allowed to come near this, the women's part of the house. We see no one, but our three kind hostesses, and a few children who come silently in to watch us, and amongst them all they speak almost no word !

Rice is served and hard-boiled eggs, and this, with tea, forms our evening meal. Tea and *silence!* After tea we hope to be able to gather all the household for evening worship, but no ! A message reaches us from the father that as his daughter is young and unmarried, he wishes no man to come to the back part of the premises, and she, of course, cannot be seen anywhere else. So we stay and have prayers together where we are, with her and her mother, and she is very sweet and dear, though *so* quiet.

After this, tired, we go to bed, silently watched all the while by our kind hostesses. L— tells me now that she already heard in a brief conversation with one of our own escort, that one of the brothers, the most important, strongly objects to our being here at all, and wishes us to leave as soon as possible !

Our friends silently watch us as we read and pray together, and go through the process of undressing for the night. The equally silent group of children about the doorway watch us also. Beyond these we see no one, and no living soul seems to be moving about the farm.

I feel as though suddenly shut up in some dark-Zenana, cut off from my kind, and shut out from the sweet sights and sounds of nature by these high mud walls. At last we creep into bed, but even then our silent friends do not seem to think of leaving the room, they watch us still.

We beg them, then, to put out the candle, which they kindly do, and then, as far as we can tell, retire in the darkness. At last the silence is without constraint, and I cease to feel so very painfully my *inability* to talk to these dear people, and L— relaxes her efforts, which have been made all the evening in spite of pain and weariness and the fatigue of the long journey of ten hours by wheelbarrow.

Now comes the question of what we must *do*? If the brother does not want us to remain, ought we to attempt to? Also, is it any use to stay if no one comes to us? But if we cannot remain here, where are we to go? We know no other place to go to! for neither of the two Christian men in the district would be *able* to accommodate us. How different all this from what we expected, and how strange! Perplexed, but looking up, we prepare to sleep, confident of one thing that the Lord has Himself brought us here, and so there *must* be a way for Him to be glorified, and others blessed, though as yet we see it not.

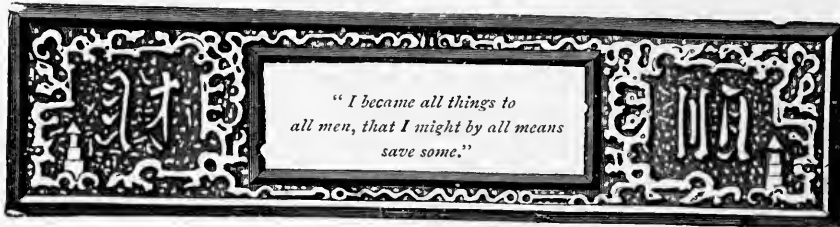


FERRY OVER THE ME-HONG RIVER, ON THE TONG-CHAU —TA-LI FU ROAD.



FISHING BOATS ON THE TA-LI LAKE.

Photos by Capt. Watts-Jones.



CHAPTER X.

Life on a Chinese Farm.



HE next morning dawns bright and clear, and before five o'clock we are up and greeted by our kind hostesses, who come in to watch us dress, while performing also their own toilettes, which are of the simplest sort—most days. What a relief it is, as soon as one can, to escape, Bible in hand, from the close, dark room into the outer air and sunshine! I make my way alone across the yards and out beyond the high mud wall, and then the full beauty of the summer morning lies revealed on all hands. Across the open space in front of me (where corn is ground, rice washed, and other farm operations carried on) ripples the quiet water of the tiny lakelet, which supplies the dwellings hereabouts, and beyond this and the shade of the trees that border it, stretches the wide expanse of green waving corn, while the distant hamlets dotted the horizon and brightened all the scene with life.

But better still and more cheering is the *foreground* of this sweet, peaceful scene. Upon the grinding-stones, lying quiet just now, our dear lad San-sa is sitting with Tsuei-ning, another Christian lad, who has come out with us for a week or two's rest in the country. Both are evidently poring over their open Testaments, and with earnest tones discussing the first chapter of John, I find. It is delightful to see them, though indeed the report of the land that San-sa has to give is not very encouraging. With cheered hearts, however, we go in again to breakfast, which is ready soon after six, the bill of fare consisting again of rice, and hard-boiled eggs and tea. (What shall we do if we can get nothing to eat but this?) Our kind hostesses will not let San-sa do anything for us, as he is accustomed to,—indeed, he is kept altogether beyond the wall of the inner courtyard where we dwell.

Also, to add to our perplexities, they will not consent to the understanding on which we came, that we should *pay* for our board and lodging, but treat us as guests, refusing to hear of taking anything from us. Of course we cannot stay long under these circumstances. We had hoped to remain many weeks, perhaps months, working in the surrounding neighbourhood, but cannot think of being such an expense to these kind friends.

Besides, the brother does not want us! And during breakfast time L— finds out, to our increasing perplexity, that the kind woman herself is afraid of our being here, and hopes we shall soon go. Some very dangerous bands of robbers are about in the neighbourhood, and she fears that when the arrival of foreigners is known, they will come down upon the farm and do mischief. When we understand this fully and see that she is really in earnest about it, we naturally say that we will leave as soon as possible; but the perplexing question is—where to *go*? We know no one who could take us in, and have not had time to make friends in the neighbouring little town, or get an opening there, as we had hoped to do after a few weeks. We know absolutely of no place to go to, for the houses of the two Christians are too small to take us in. L— also is very poorly, and I am feeling far from well.—So we again *look up*.

After prayers with the women of the household, we prepare to go out and visit some of the neighbouring cottagers, who are interested in the Gospel story, and conducted by Chang-sien-seng, one of the Christians, set forth through the corn-fields. We have said nothing to him or to any one, of our difficulties, except to San-sa *and* the Lord.

At no great distance we reach a little cottage, one of a group, and are met by a dear, energetic old woman, named Ten-nai-nai, who lives here, and who welcomes us to her humble abode. Soon the room is filled with men and women to whom L— and San-sa tell the Glad Tidings, while I listen and pray with great delight, longing to be equally able.

To our joyful surprise, we find that the dear old woman is not an anxious inquirer merely, but a real *believer*, though dark. Her kindness could not be surpassed, she insists on our staying to take food, making us rest meanwhile in her other room. Before we leave, L— says how much we should like to come and stay a night with her some time, if she could have us! Immediately, with her dear face all aglow, she eagerly answers that we should be indeed welcome,—she would give us that inner room, and would be glad to have us come not for a night only, but for a *year*!—Dear soul, she little knows how much her offer cheers us! We agree to come to her on Sunday morning, for worship in her living-room, and go on again to visit other houses, thanking the Lord for this open door in case of need.



After a good day spent in visiting several little groups of houses, at all of which we attract crowds, we return to our own farm in the cool of the evening. Our kind hostesses seem very glad to see us, and have prepared, we find, quite a sumptuous supper, which they serve in the dark guest-room. How thankful we are for it! There is tea, of course, and some kind of roasted bread, with rice, in basins, chicken cut up small, to eat with chop-sticks, a little saucer of green vegetables, and some fried eggs. With great interest our good friends watch us eat, and even I am not *too* greatly confused, having become fairly expert at the use of chop-sticks (!), while L——, of course, is quite an adept, after three years in China.

Evening prayers with these dear women follow. It is delightful to see the young daughter drinking in the blessed Bible truths, and to hear her pray, kneeling with us at the close. She is a true Christian, the fruit of a former visit of one of our sisters to this house. She has never been baptized, but wants to be. The mother and sister-in-law also kneel with us, and seem deeply interested; dear people, they are *so* kind and affectionate!

* * *

On Saturday morning a surprise awaited us! The second brother, who so strongly objected to our presence at first, had suddenly become most friendly, and actually offered us accommodation in his part of the premises, and *such* accommodation! He has, opening on the front yard, a beautiful, large, light room, used for a boys' day-school. It has many large windows, is both lofty and cool, and, for a Chinese room, very spacious, being some thirty feet by twenty. This beautiful apartment he actually placed at our disposal, offering to put up a slight partition to divide off a sleeping-room for us, and further giving permission for the room to be used for meetings if we like. Our surprise was only equalled by our delight. For in the hot summer weather shortly expected, this room would be beautifully cool, and moreover one can see the tops of the dear green trees and a beautiful strip of sky from it above the mud walls! He offered it all for three dollars a month, and seemed very pleasant and cordial about the matter. We could scarcely believe it possible, and at first felt very much inclined to accept the proposal at once, as of the Lord, but delayed, to pray and think over it until the evening. Our friend Chang-sien-seng wanted us to take the room at once for five months, but we felt one great drawback. Though delightful for *us*, how about reaching *the people*? Somehow they do not seem to come here much. True, we could visit in the hamlets round and so get at many, but the hot, hot weather, so soon coming, would greatly hinder this, and then, if they did not come to us, our time would be lost.

The neighbouring town, Nang-kia-tsih, though it could not of course offer us anything like such accommodation, would be a much better centre for Gospel work, and it might be possible to find a house there. We ought surely to try before deciding anything. So Saturday afternoon saw us on our way, wheelbarrows and all, to the little market town, attended by our faithful friends San-sa,

Shen-u-ling, and Chang-sien-seng. It was market-day in Nang-kia-tsih, so we took plenty of Gospels with us to sell.

On our way through the green cornfields we remembered that we had not had special *united* prayer about the object of our expedition, so we knelt just where we were, greatly to the surprise of the barrow-men, and commended the matter to Our Father in Heaven. As we knelt in that quiet spot a strange rustling became audible through the green corn, on all hands—a quiet, subdued, approaching rustling—and looking up, I saw quite a number of dear people coming towards us from all quarters, with curious interest.

As they had gathered, we stayed to speak to them, and one very intelligent man asked many questions and seemed deeply interested. He had no cash with him, he sorrowfully said, to buy a Gospel, so we left one with him without money, and he promised to read it.

* * *

Nang-kia-tsih was very busy, it being market-day, and the principal streets were crowded as we passed up them to the largest tea-shop, to leave our barrows. For the next hour or two we were in one constant crowd. Throngs of country people who had never, I suppose, seen foreigners before, gathered round, all eager to behold and hear and touch us—such crowds! We divided into three parties most of the time, and tried to tell them the Glad Message we had come to bring. Sometimes they listened well, but mostly it was very noisy where L—— and I were. By sundown, however, the farmers living at a distance had to leave, and we, returning to the main part of the town, having made a little circuit of the place, were left comparatively in peace, and could survey it all comfortably.

Here we found to our joyful surprise, in the very centre of the principal street, a little house standing empty. Our friends made inquiries, and found it was to let. What we saw of it then was not very favourable, but we determined to find out if it would be possible to get it, and at what rental?

Returning home we found our farmer friends not quite so anxious about the robbers as they had been, for news had come that the leader of a band had been captured and beheaded the day before.

Sunday morning saw us early on our way to dear old Ten-nai-nai's cottage for our little Christian meeting. A very blessed one it was—just a handful of humble believers (six in all), the only Christian hearts, almost, in that whole great neighbourhood, gathered unto Him Who, though unseen, was so present in our midst. Towards the end of the service the quiet of our little assembly was broken by the advent of Shen-u-ling with another man, a stranger. *What* bright faces! Though wearied with their long walk through the burning sunshine, they seemed heartily glad to join us, and, without much interruption, our little service was continued to its close. Then Shen-u-ling brought forward and introduced his friend, a nice-looking, elderly man, named Chang; and what was our joy to find that he was a *Christian!* A Christian who had never seen any other Christian before except Shen-u-ling—never been in any Christian meeting, or heard a

Christian hymn! Tears started to my eyes as I watched his shining face and heard him say how glad he was to meet Christian brethren and sisters, and to be at last amongst others who love his Saviour! It was a touching scene as they gather round him and bid him welcome in the name of the Lord. He had only known the truth two months, and it was simply through a Gospel, without any human voice, that he was led to the Saviour. He used to go over sometimes to Shen-u-ling's house to be taught the way of God more perfectly, but had never had any other help. His joy at meeting us all was indeed great. He has a good deal of persecution to meet from his own family.

We were much interested to find that this new friend lives quite near the little town of Nang-kia-tsih, and longs for some one to influence his home.

He and Shen-u-ling remained with us all day long, and we had a blessed time over I Thessalonians i. In the evening he took his way home through the green cornfields, our lads going with him some little way, after we had sung together under the open sky,—

"Ken-Sui, ken-Sui, O, pih ken-Sui Kiu-chu."

("Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus.")

It was so sweet!

When the heat of the day was over we went out to visit in the neighbouring cottages. What a delightful time we had! The women never seemed more glad to see us. One woman, who heard the Gospel for the first time when we went to see her the other day, seems most simply and sweetly to have taken Jesus for her Saviour. It was very touching to see her eagerness to learn more of the good news. When we were passing her cottage she begged us to come in and teach her more of the doctrine. How gladly we did so! She is in decline, and very ill; some medicine I gave her seems to have relieved her cough, and she was so grateful. While we were with her, our friend, Chang-sien-seng, came to beg us to come to another house. We did so, and there had a delightful opportunity of preaching the Gospel. One dear woman of the household is an earnest inquirer, and will, I am sure, be blessed. We were there some time, and it was past seven when we began to make our way home; but even then we were waylaid by a group of women, complete strangers, and so earnestly invited to come to them that we gladly complied. A little boy of the family, indeed, took us both by the hand, and led us forcibly to their home! Here we had a very happy opportunity for our Master's message. When, after quite a long visit, we wanted to leave them they would not hear of parting, but caught our hands and dress, and



"THE MANDARIN WOULD CUT OFF HIS HEAD."

simply made us sit down again. And then, as they had kept us so late, the men of the household insisted on bringing us home on their own wheelbarrows!

We had sent a messenger in the morning to inquire about the little house at Nang-kia-tsih, and now learned on reaching our familiar farm, that the owner is unwilling to let us have it. At first he had rather entertained our proposal, but now says he dare not let us the house, for *all the people in the town would become believers in the new doctrine*, and then the mandarin would come and cut off his head, and theirs, too, perhaps! I am profoundly convinced that the Lord *is* going to bless this neighbourhood greatly, convinced of it for many reasons, and it is deeply interesting to watch the unfolding of His plan. He is guiding now, even at this moment as I write, and influencing, I doubt not, the hearts of those about us. The result, whatever it is, will be to His glory, so we rejoice and praise Him.

Since they heard of our really leaving them, the dear people here are filled with regrets and earnestly beg us to stay, promising all sorts of comforts. We are indeed sorry to think of parting with them. To-day I was explaining to them about all this writing, that it was to my people at home, to tell them of all the kindness we receive here, and I said, "My mother, my own dear mother, at home, thanks you in her heart for your goodness to me. She thanks you," when, to my surprise, the daughter of the house answered quickly, "*Puh sie sie! puh sie sie!*" ("No thanks! no thanks! we thank her rather"). The Lord bless them and Himself reward them for all their goodness to us.

It is getting late, I must not add more. All is quiet now in the house, everyone having gone to rest for the night. I long to be able to use this rare opportunity to tell the thousand and one marvellous things that keep happening all the time, but must refrain. I am impressed with the glorious capacities that lie dormant in these most accessible people, capacities of mind and heart and soul; capacities for all good. In spite of much to discourage, this is certainly the case.

And, oh, what open doors for the Gospel amongst these dear souls, who are waiting and longing for it! It were impossible not to love them! I love them increasingly.

Tuesday morning, 6.30 a.m., May 15.

I have already had three patients this morning; one, a dear woman, has come four *li* to get here. She is in consumption and is very weak. As I write (having given her the best aid I could, little enough, in my ignorance), dear L—— is talking to her about the blessed Saviour, Who can give her a new body as well as a new heart, and a bright home in heaven beyond the reach of pain. It is most touching to see her longing interest, and to hear her humble quavering voice follow in prayer, to that Blessed One for the help she needs. Surely He, Whose ear is ever open to the cry of the distressed, marks this plea and will not fail to answer.

Same day, evening, 8 o'clock.

We have just come in from our afternoon's work. The first house we visited was on a large farm. As soon as we were observed approaching, the people began

to gather from all the fields around and other houses, quite a nice company. The open space in front of the buildings was beautifully clean, the hard smooth surface of clay being carefully swept for treading corn, &c. Here they brought out benches and pressed us to be seated, and here the women gathered about us, coming up quite close, stroking and holding our hands, and giving me their babies to nurse, while L—— talked to them, and we sang. Dear people, how bright, simple, and loving they were! The men formed an outer circle, and in about ten minutes we must have had from forty to fifty grown-up people around us, besides many children, and this in the depths of the quiet country, at least three miles from any village, without our seeking to gather them in any way. Oh, populous land!

We remained here about an hour, the interest in our message being remarkably sustained and intelligent most of the time; and then went on to the next little group of houses, guided by several of the dear women. Here we had a repetition of our first experience, except that the numbers were not quite so large. Dear people, they were so kind! After we had been some time with them they insisted on bringing us tea and eggs. These we, of course, accepted, and ate with chop-sticks and composure, eagerly watched by all the household. It was getting late before we left, and, in the gloaming, made our way home through the quiet cornfields. Our own farm made such a pretty picture as we drew near, its brown buildings and spreading trees standing out against the blue-grey evening sky, in which, just over the house, hung one soft, white, fleecy cloud. We stayed a moment in the quiet of the green cornfields to drink in the beauty of all around, and to speak of the close of the world's long, busy day. The coming of "that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," seemed so near, as we knelt to pray in the quiet evening light, before returning to the busy farm.

Just now as I write, I can hear dear L—— in the other room, beyond the curtain, conducting evening prayers with the women of the household. They have been singing, "Yes, Jesus loves me," and are now following her in prayer. The doors are all closely barred for fear of the robber-bands that still infest the neighbourhood, and, as the night is very warm, and there is no window in the room, it is close, to say the least of it.

Wednesday afternoon, May 16.

All is settled at last about where we are to live, settled in every way well, but so differently from anything that we expected. Word came definitely this morning that we could not get the little house at Nang-kia-tsih. The mandarin will not consent to our coming, and so the owner of the place dare not accept us as tenants. We have prayed much, asking that if it is not the Lord's will, we may be prevented going, and so, though surprised, are in no way disappointed at these final tidings. The Lord has "provided some better thing for us," and already we begin to see it.

As I write here at the table in the guest-room of our kind farmer-friend's house, who should be by me but *the brother*, the one who was so unfavourable to our being here at first. He is now most friendly and kind! He came in just now, seemingly inclined to stay, and I gave him the interesting dialogue in Mr. Baller's Primer to read. It is a long imaginary conversation on the Christian doctrine, capitally put. He took it willingly and began to read, some ten minutes since, in a loud, sing-song voice, but soon became so interested that he took off his coat, and laid down his pipe, and now he has drawn a chair up to the table and is reading away in a most intelligent and absorbed manner, with a pleased expression of surprise on his face. I am so glad, for he has not come to prayers like the other brothers and men since our arrival, and seemed quite careless as to our message. He is a nice man, and has a dear bright little son, who helps me capitally in studying.

And now as to the arrangements made for us. While closing the door in the direction of Nan-kia-tsih, the Lord has been graciously opening another for us here. He has given us remarkable favour amongst the people, with whom we have been staying. All shyness or distrust of us seems to have vanished, and all fear of robbers too! When they began to expect to lose us, their regret and sorrow were very real, and they besought us to stay, offering, in addition to the bedroom we now occupy, a large barn for meetings. Still they would not agree to receive any payment from us; but finally, seeing that we were really in earnest, they came to terms delightfully, and everything is now settled to our mutual satisfaction. The outhouse is to be nicely done up for us, another window made in it, and a little room taken off one end for San-sa's accommodation. It is a room that would seat 150 people, and we are to pay two dollars a month for the whole concern. Then for our own board and lodging we are to pay $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars apiece a month. So that for this small sum—seven dollars a month, or about thirteen shillings each—we get the use of three large rooms, and more than we can possibly take of all sorts of good things: bread, chicken, meat, eggs, rice, various vegetables, and capital oatmeal, all beautifully cooked and served in real Chinese style! We can hardly believe it, but this is the price they fixed themselves, and every one appears to think it quite reasonable.

We are already beginning to see many advantages in remaining here. The people are coming to us better (attracted partly, I think, by my poor little medicine-case!), and now that all fear of us seems to have vanished, we are treated quite like members of this large family, and taken into their midst without reserve, so that we have a capital opportunity of getting into the heart of this style of Chinese life. Having no household cares or responsibilities, we are free to give all our time and strength to work and



study, and can go or come as we like, remaining a night or two in any hamlet or town to which we may be invited, always knowing that our things are in safe keeping during our absence. We are getting quite accustomed to mud walls and floors, and to all the Chinese fashions. Our rooms will be all we need desire by-and-by, when, by degrees, we get them a little cleaner. At present their condition is a great drawback; but, alas, this also is Chinese! Keating's insect powder is most comforting, happily we have some with us.

We are so glad and thankful to look forward to a month or two's good work in this dear place. The Lord greatly bless it! Already we begin to see the first droppings of the shower. We shall be able to reach and influence Nan-kia-tsih, I trust; it is only about three miles away. "Blessed be God, Who daily loadeth us with benefits."

Wednesday evening.

Again, this evening, I am constrained to take up my pen and tell of the Lord's goodness to us.

While we were at tea to-night, feeding on rice, bean-curd, and eggs, and managing our chop-sticks to the admiration of the numerous beholders, the master of the house, our friendly host, Shen Lao-ti, came in bearing a great bar of iron, which he proceeded to show and explain to us. It appears that this iron bar is a weapon of defence, that he was overhauling, in view of the robber-bands that are nightly expected. It was an awful-looking instrument; evidently capable, as he told us, of killing a man with one blow. The robbers come in very large bands armed with knives, &c., which they do not scruple to use. Once this farm was robbed, and everything taken, even the clothes our friends wore. When we saw and heard all this, we of course told Shen Lao-ti that the disciples of Jesus had no need of any weapon of defence, since He is a wall of fire round about His people; that prayer is all the protection we want, and faith a perfect safeguard. He listened with the deepest interest, and presently laid aside his iron bar, saying that if these things were so, *he would certainly not use it.*

We tried to find out then whether he really had any immediate fear of an attack, and when it appeared that he seriously had, we asked him if he would like to pray God Himself to defend us? He said at once that he would, so we knelt down right there, in the midst of supper, to pray. He knelt with us, and, to our great surprise, began to pray himself!

He does not profess to be a Christian, and though we had been much pleased once or twice with his interest in the Truth, we were scarcely prepared for so decided a step as this. His prayer was entirely to the point, very intelligent and apparently full of real faith. He said, amongst other things, that God had sent us here to preach His doctrine, and so He must defend us from all dangers. It was deeply interesting to see the dear old man kneeling there, beside his good wife and daughter, bowed with his face to the ground, and praying, I suppose, for the first time in his life to the true God. He is so glad and pleased that we are staying on—in spite of the robbers—and is the very essence of thoughtful kindness all the

time. It is most funny when he comes in sometimes at meal-times (the men, of course, do not take their food with the women), bearing in his chop-sticks some delicate morsel to pop into one of our basins, of a little saucer or some specially *recherché* preparation to add to our rice !

He has long been an opium-smoker, but is breaking off the habit, I am thankful to say. As to the robbers, I need scarcely add we have no fear of them ! How could we, when the honour of Our Heavenly Father, in Whom we make our boast among the heathen, is so involved. Impossible !

After supper we went out into the beautiful moonlight, to call at the cottages of the dear farm-labourers and invite them to evening prayers with us. Such warm welcomes from them all ! Shen-lao-ti employs thirty men here. The last cottage we went to was that of the dear woman I mentioned before, who is in consumption, but in whose heart the good seed of the Word has found fruitful lodgment. She has indeed sweetly and simply accepted the Saviour, and welcomed us so lovingly, holding L——'s hands while she talked, and eagerly drinking in every word. Only two or three days ago this was a heathen heart, in complete darkness, and now ?—Now a humble, loving disciple and believer, and one, too, growing in grace. That was a scene to make Missionaries ! A scene to gladden the dear Saviour's heart, and to call for praise in Heaven. In answer to the question whether she had prayed to-day to her newly-found Saviour, she said, with most touching humility, that she was very slow to remember what we taught, that indeed she had forgotten all the words except *His dear name*, but that she said *that* over and over.

Never shall I forget that touching picture. The strange interior of the poor little cottage, lighted only by the fire on which supper was being prepared ; the eager, earnest, upturned face of our dear friend, and the wistful longing with which she said entirely of her own accord, " I love Him. He loves me, and I love Him ! And He won't leave me, will He ? He will never leave us." The Lord Himself must have taught her this, for we had not mentioned it !

Dear woman. It will not be long, I think, before He comes to take her home, to be for ever in His loved presence. What joy to meet her there.

Saturday morning, May 19.

Five o'clock in the morning ; a few faint beams of grey light struggling through a tiny window, just eight inches square ; and the interior of a real mud-cottage. Sitting upon our strange Chinese bed, I am writing amid new surroundings. Yesterday afternoon we arrived here, perfect strangers, brought by one of our Christian men. We did not long remain strangers. The welcome the dear people here gave us was so kind and cordial, and their pleasure at seeing us so evident, that we soon felt quite at home. What a long, hot journey we had to get here ! Twenty-two *li* through the burning sun—by wheelbarrow, of course—and on the roughest of by-paths, through the lovely cornfields. Once L—— was quite spilled over in an undignified tumble, and we frequently had

to get down and walk over deep ruts, &c. However, to atone for its difficulties, the road was very pretty, and a delicious breeze made up for the great heat. Are there not always compensations?

Several stoppages on the way somewhat delayed our arrival, so that busy folk were returning from their long day's labour in the fields, as we drew near the homestead hidden in the trees. Alighting, we made our way through the first house to the inner farm-yard, and discovered the good mistress of the house busily engaged in sifting wheat. She was not expecting us, and had never seen foreigners before, but gave us the kindest of kind receptions. Within a few minutes of our arrival the dear people began to gather from the neighbouring houses, and we were soon surrounded by a congregation of forty or fifty.

The scene was strange and deeply interesting, and, though very tired and hungry after our journey, we greatly enjoyed it. Dear L— spoke long and earnestly, and every now and then, if attention wandered, or was distracted by the advent of new arrivals, we sang verses and choruses that they could understand.

As the gloaming deepened into darkness and the night air grew chill, our hostess came to beg us to go in to supper in the small living-room of the women's part of the house. The crowd was still all about us; but as they promised to return in an hour's time, we felt justified in leaving, and tired (oh, so tired!), gladly followed our kind friend indoors. By the light of a Chinese lamp (just a small strip of bamboo pith, burning in an open saucer of oil), we made out that the room was about fifteen feet square, without any window, two still smaller sleeping-rooms opening into it. Supper was brought in, and we sat down with our hostess at the small table, watched by all the rest of the household! Fried eggs, and bread, oatmeal gruel in basins, and some kind of pickled cabbage formed our repast, which was followed by tea, as we had refused the proffered wine. The meal was scarcely over when the people began to arrive again.

Throughout the evening the room was crowded with women, and the men outside were far more numerous. The arrival of some nice people, the grandees evidently of the neighbourhood, caused quite a little sensation. They seemed much interested, the lady—who was a very intelligent person—especially so. L— within, and Chang-sien-seng and Tsuei-ning without, repeated over and over again the precious Gospel story; until at last it became too late for the people to remain. We invited them to return before going to work in the morning, and, quite tired out, gladly followed our hostess into the little chamber where our P'u-k'ai (bundles of bedding) had been already put. These being unrolled, we prepared to go to rest for the night, thankful to have nothing or next to nothing with us that was not thoroughly Chinese. As the five dear women of the household, who watched us intently all the while, filled up all the available room except the step leading up to the bed itself, our space was limited! At last, when we were safely tucked in, they—with many good wishes—retired to the outer room, where for a long time we listened to them discussing the things they had seen and heard, and repeating over parts of the hymn that we had been

trying to teach them—“*Jesus loves me, this I know.*” The beautiful moonlight made a faint glimmer in our dark, close little chamber; and the last thing I saw was the brilliant shining of one exquisite star, that framed itself in a tiny square of the lattice-work of our wee window.

I survey it all by daylight with amazement. What! an indescribable little place! Half the room is taken up by the bed, standing on a platform, raised about two feet from the ground. This bed is a picture! It consists of a wooden construction walled in on three sides and covered with dry grass, on which is stretched a piece of matting. A heap of rags of unsavoury nature occupies one corner, some old boards lie at the back, against the wall, and *we* occupy the front, with an astonishing measure of comfort! Above the bed, between it and the low roof, is an inner roof, also of plaited grass, extending half over the room, and forming a wide deep shelf, which seems to be used as a receptacle for everything that needs to be put out of the way. Two or three bamboo rods, stretched across the room, serve to suspend the family wardrobe, which consists largely of old shoes, as far as I can tell in the semi-darkness! From the baskets of grain and various accumulations of uncertain nature that cover a large part of the mud floor, I judge that our chamber is the store-room of the house.

Saturday evening.

We are back now in our own dwelling—after a long and busy day. Hardly had I finished writing, when the yard outside our room began to fill with eager visitors, and, before seven o'clock, L— was sitting in the midst of a crowd of forty or fifty cheerful women, telling once more the old, old story! This was only interrupted for breakfast, during which time the numbers outside increased; and at eight we had a regular service, calling it morning worship. The whole yard was filled with people, and while L— read and expounded the 15th of Luke, and our Christian friends spoke and prayed, remarkable silence and attention were maintained. Scarcely any of the eighty or ninety listeners had heard the Gospel message before. After this was over, far from dispersing, the crowd only gathered more and more. We could not stay, because of Sunday's work here, and feared to delay our departure on account of the great heat of the sun, and the length of our way; so we had reluctantly to leave, promising, however, to return and spend a few days shortly, the Lord willing. How kind and pressing were the invitations we received! Dear people, they are only waiting for the Gospel, so ready to accept it! Oh! why are there so few voices raised to tell the sweet, old story?

We took nearly four hours on our homeward way, so many were the delays we were obliged to make. In the first mile or two we were stopped by four patients, asking for medicine. Alas! for our ignorance and inability to help. Whenever we were detained a moment crowds gathered. Five or six times, in the course of the eight miles, we must have stopped to tell the Glad Tidings, and we might have made the number ten times greater, had we had time and strength. Populous, populous country, and kindly, open hearts! What a responsibility ye

lay upon the Church of Christ, in these last days! Thank God for any measure in which she sees and feels it,—but, oh, how inadequately as yet!

Very thankful and tired, we reach our present home in the heat of the day, and since then have had three new sets of visitors, to all of whom dear L— has tried to make the Good News plain. Now they are gone, and in this quiet moment before tea, my heart reviews it all with unspeakable gratitude and longing. “Fields white unto Harvest,” and “the day approaching.”

Oh, that the Lord would indeed thrust forth His own chosen labourers. And oh, that we, who, in His Grace, have the unspeakable privilege of being called to this work, may be filled with His Spirit, thus to be mightily used of Him.

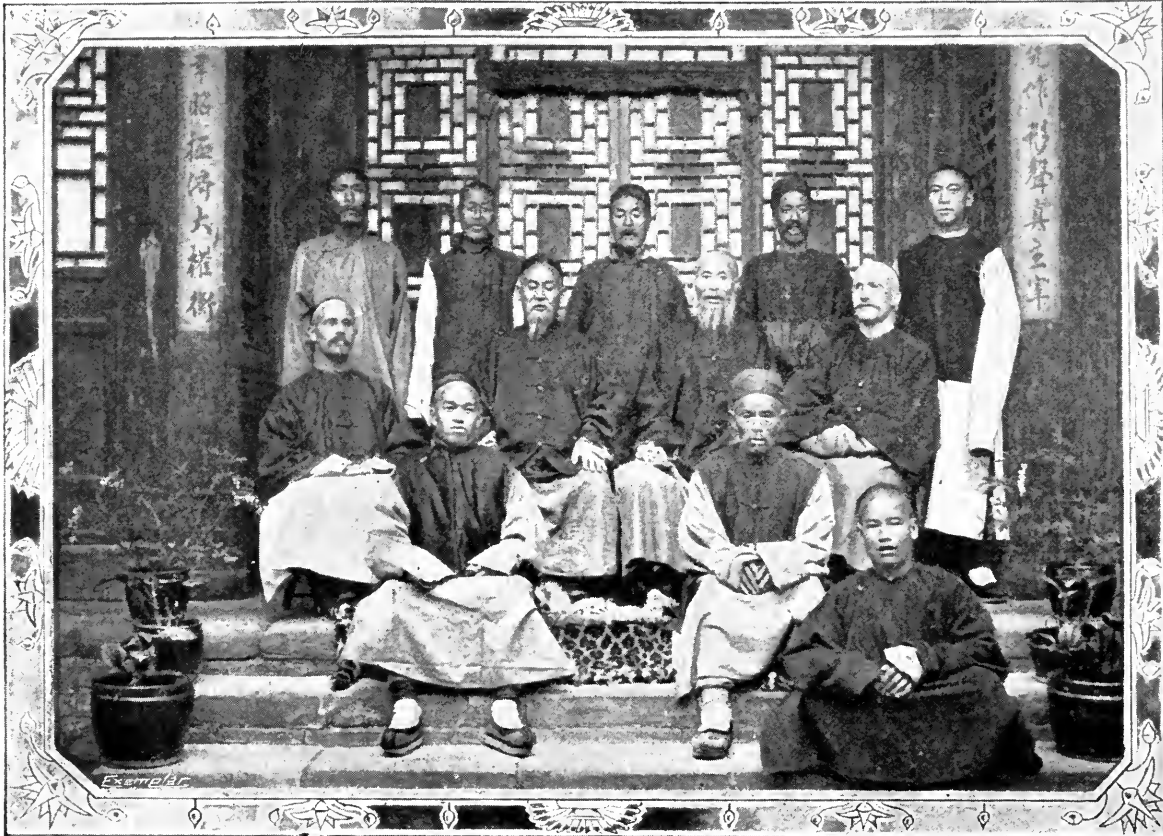


Photo by]

SOME OF THE WORSHIPPERS IN THE CHURCH AT LAN-CHAU FU-KAN-SUH.

[W. M. Belcher.

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CHAPTER XI.

Sick Nursing; the "Hien" City; and chez les aristocrats.

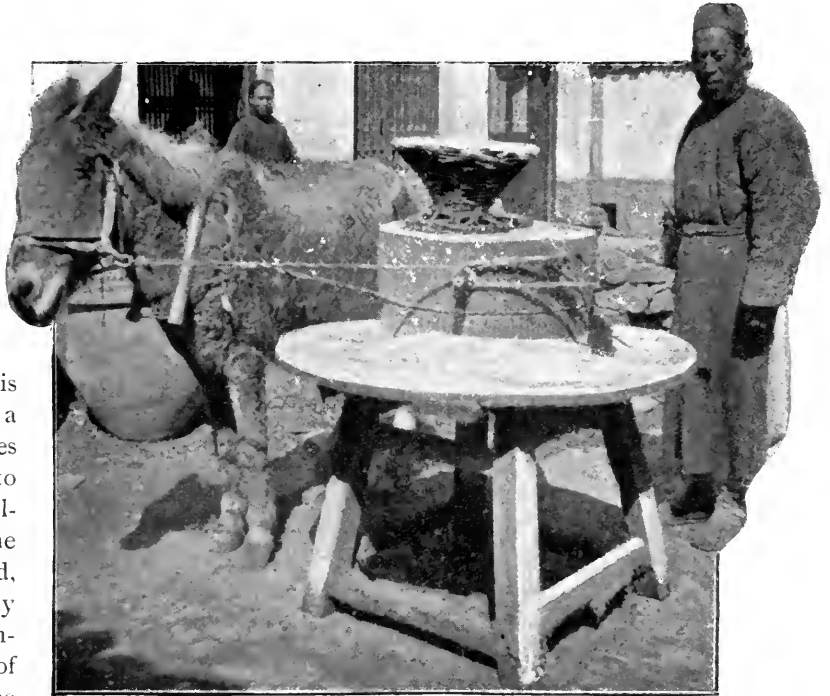
May 20th.

I AM sitting alone in a little Chinese cottage, nursing a dear sick woman, Chang-nai-nai. A funny little Chinese one comes in from the kitchen room across the yard, armed with chopsticks, and carrying his mid-day meal in a basin. He establishes himself quite close to me on the great millstone that grinds the family wheat, and, cleverly and deftly manipulating his instruments, disposes of long strips of Chinese macaroni with speed.

My patient is his grandmother, and one of the only three Christian women in all this great district. Dear thing, though over seventy years of age, she was baptized at T'sing-kiang-p'u a few weeks ago on profession of her faith in Christ. She is quite bright and happy in the Lord, and when I asked her just now if she did not long to see Him, she earnestly replied,—

"Si di, si di,"—Yes, yes.

She is very ill indeed, I fear. There is high fever, and she is weak, sick and dizzy, her pulse over 140 a minute, and her temperature over 103°. I cannot quite make out what is the matter, the root of the evil, and so can only give her aconite, and pray and wait. I have been with her all the morning, since about eight o'clock, when her son came to fetch me.



"THE MILLSTONE THAT GRINDS THE FAMILY WHEAT."

Such a dirty little cottage it is, and so dark. The only window is certainly not more than six inches square. Happily, it is just over dear Chang-nai-nai's bed, so that a little breath of air can reach her now and then. On a rickety table near me I have my little medicine-case, some condensed milk, extract of beef, a sponge and towel and some scent, all marvels of wonder to those who now and then come in to see the dear sick friend. The daughter-in-law, the mother of the small voracious one, has just returned from the kitchen, and is busily engaged in turning over and feeding her silkworms, basketsful of which struggling, crawling creatures stand in one corner. The father, Chang-sien-seng himself, is out, having gone over to our house to join the rest at the Sunday morning meeting. It is so nice to think of there being such a service here at last. Once or twice some of our Christian sisters have visited this neighbourhood for a few days, and there have been for some years three or four scattered Christians. Now we have in the Lord's goodness a nice meeting-room, the one we are renting at our farm, which forms a centre for all these dear people, and for others, more or less interested, to gather to. To-day is the first Sunday we have used it. We hope to continue the meetings as long as we are here, and then trust that the infant Church will be sufficiently established to keep them up regularly without us.

Wednesday morning, 7.30 a.m., May 22.

Again by the bedside of our dear patient, Chang-nai-nai, we are watching, I suppose, for the last time. She is quietly passing away, and will probably before many hours are over have entered the glory of the presence of the KING. Fifteen or twenty people are gathered in the little cottage, talking loudly all the time. We have to be careful to interfere as little as we can, but really the conduct of these heathen neighbours is painful at a Christian death-bed. They seem to think very lightly of death, laughing quite openly at every little thing, and have only just stopped, at our request, their loud talk about the garments she should wear in the coffin. More and more people come in, and now they begin to smoke—men and women alike. Ah! how little they realize what is about to dawn on this dear soul. She has been a bright, happy Christian about six months. Together we sing softly the Chinese version of "Take me as I am," and she feebly whispers, "*I thank Him for His grace.*"

Same day, 1 p.m.

Chang-nai-nai is sinking rapidly now, and is almost unconscious. We have made her as comfortable as we can, and when she recognizes us and is able to smile or speak she seems very grateful. I have been reading here, in these strange surroundings, 1 Corinthians xv., and realizing with wonder and unspeakable gratitude that it is true! Oh! if you could but see it, this strange, sad scene. If you could but feel it as I do, here and now! The mud cottage is a wretched little place, containing only one room divided by a grass partition. The mud floor is uneven and worn, the dilapidated mud walls are falling in in places. Chang and

the dear old mother are the only Christians here, and the rest of the family greatly troubled him by their reproaches and scoffings now in this scene of death. They are now talking about how she is to be buried, and saying that since he is so poor he will have to take down his house, and build a coffin of the wooden beam of the roof!

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Chez Shen-lao-ti, Antong, June 2.

LONE in China, for the first time. How strange it seems, and how appropriate! Dear L— has just gone up to spend the night with our friend Ten-nai-nai, and I am staying here, to have evening prayers. We walked together a little way on the road, and when we parted, and I turned to come back, through the quiet cornfields, it seemed strange to realize that one was absolutely alone, for the first time in this great land. Oh, blessed paradox! Alone, yet not alone. Solitary, but never lonely.

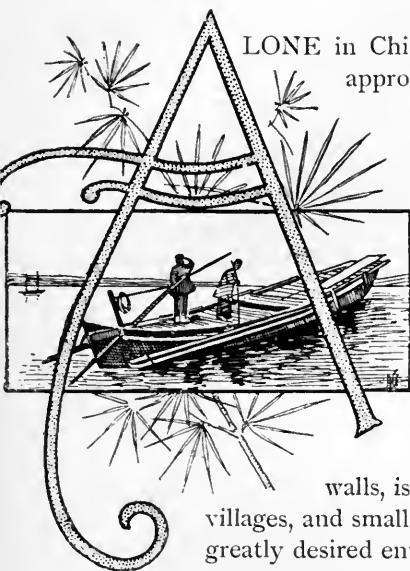
“Lo, I am with you *always*.”

* *
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Saturday afternoon, June 2.

We have just returned from ANTONG, the “*Hien*” city of the neighbourhood, which, enclosed within high walls, is quite an important place, the centre for all the hamlets, villages, and small towns of the district, and hence a city into which we have greatly desired entrance.

As far as we could tell, no missionary or foreigner had ever been there, except Mr. Copp from Harley House, who, as an agent of the Bible Society, spent a night there about four years ago. No foreign lady, of course, had ever been seen within its walls, and what kind of reception would be accorded to such, going for the first time, was uncertain. We felt, however, that we must go, for we believe the Lord is graciously about to make an opening there for the Gospel; so after prayer and careful consideration we engaged our barrows for Friday afternoon, and arranged to start as soon as the great heat of the day was over. The most serious difficulty, as far as we were concerned, lay in the fact that we could not return the same night, and must therefore get some accommodation in the town until Saturday. We knew no one there. And even if they would be willing to receive us into an inn, which seemed not altogether certain, would the surroundings be safe and suitable for such young and inexperienced ones as we, with no (visible) escort but our Chinese lad San-sa? Of course, we did not the least mind roughing it, and expected nothing else. Our kind hostess, Shen-nai-nai, told us that there was an inn, in which women could lodge with propriety. This was good news, and when, at the last moment, Chang-sien-seng, one of the two Christian men of the neighbourhood, volunteered to accompany us, we felt we were well off indeed, and set out full of courage.



Oh, the heat of the dusty day, and the weariness of the tedious barrow ride, across rough paths, baked hard by the long-continued drought and sun! We were glad indeed to catch sight of the tall pagoda in the distance, that tells us we must be drawing towards the end of our journey. Yes, here the farms and scattered hamlets we have been passing become more numerous,—we are in the suburb outside the eastern gate. Over a steep little bridge, and the city itself comes in sight. There is the deep shadow cast by the high turreted gateway—a moment more—down under its massive arch, and out into the sunshine beyond, and we are within the wall, as the rough jolting over the stone-paved city street soon tells us.

What a busy little place!

Soon a crowd collects; the usual crowd, without which it is almost impossible to do anything, or go anywhere in China—in my brief experience, at least. The people all seem kind and friendly; but, of course, intensely wondering and curious. We go straight to the inn, but long before we can reach it are escorted by a couple of hundred people at least, mostly men. Will the innkeeper receive us with such a body-guard? It seems more than doubtful! Chang-sien-seng knows him slightly, and, while we wait outside, he goes in to explain who and what we are, and why we come. Meanwhile we sell books and the crowd gets larger. After a brief delay it appears, thank God, that the inn-people are willing; they invite us to enter the courtyard, barrows and all. This we do in the hope of getting a little rest and refreshment before going out into the city for the evening's work. Alas, vain hope!

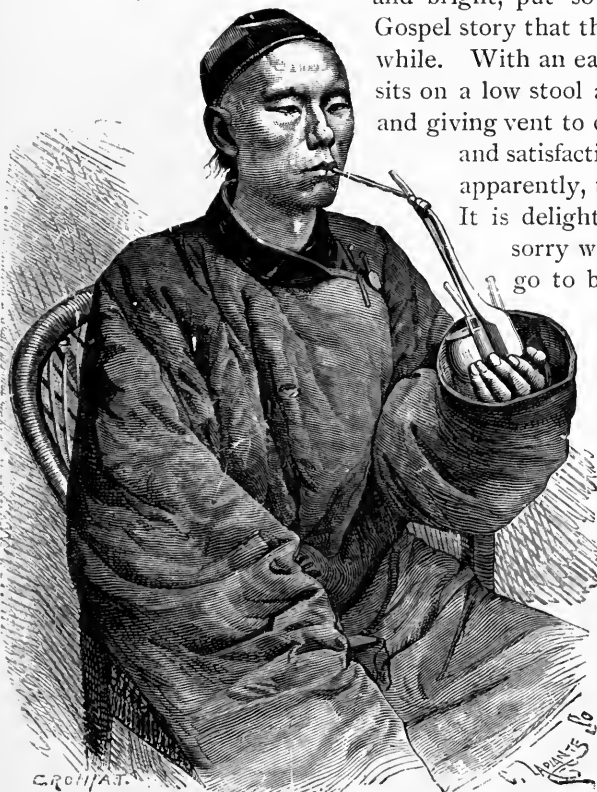
By no means to be restrained, the crowd breaks in after us, and in a moment or two the whole courtyard is filled from end to end. For half an hour or so, L— tries to speak, but the noise is so great that only those quite near us can hear. At last Chang-sien-seng tells us that we must, if possible, go and show ourselves in the city, for the numbers collecting outside, who cannot get in, are urgent in their desire to see us. So, commending ourselves to the Lord, we comply with this request, and, with considerable difficulty, make our way out into the narrow street. Avoiding the busiest parts, we walk up and down the city, until the dusk of evening compels us again to seek the shelter of our friendly inn. We cannot stop long in any place because of the great throngs, but pausing at some street corner or open place now and then, we get opportunity to speak a little to the women. Some of them are so kind and nice. One, a bright-looking, middle-aged woman, takes my hand and holds it all the time we are standing talking to her, and, whenever the crowd surges up roughly, presses it kindly as much as to say, "Don't be afraid."

To our surprise, when we reach the inn and tell the people how tired we are, and how much we long for a little quiet, they fall back from the doorway, and we go in alone, promising to come out again when we have had our evening meal. The women of the inn receive us most kindly and conduct us across the courtyard to the room at the back, where, with thankful hearts, we fall upon our knees

beside the Chinese table, to praise God for all His gracious care of us and for the quiet moment of rest He has given. But, alas! the quiet is but brief. Ere we can rise from our knees the outer doors are again thrown open, and the crowd streams in. We are again surrounded, but this time in our room, and there seems no possibility of getting supper even when it is ready. L— speaks all the time to the changing groups about the door, and we sell many Gospels.

At last one of the women of the inn whispers that she wants us in another room. We cannot think why; but, as she is urgent, we make our way out into the darkness and across the courtyard (where the fresh night air is grateful after our heated room, and the quiet stars look down from the deep blue cloudless sky), and follow her into a room opening off the eastern side of the yard. Directly we have entered she promptly shuts and bars the door, and, looking round, we discern, by the faint glimmer of the Chinese lamp flickering on the table, the friendly faces of the three or four women of the inn, smiling welcome, and the evening meal spread out and waiting our leisurely appropriation! How pleased they seem, dear, kind women, when we thank them for their thoughtful goodness, and say we are indeed glad both of food and quiet, and of the opportunity to talk to them of the message we have come to bring. This L— does, while we eat rice, bread and fried egg, and then the door is opened to admit a number of other women who have come to see us, and who soon fill the room with an attentive audience. For a long, long time they listen, and one, an old white-headed woman, very intelligent and bright, put so many pertinent questions about the Gospel story that the interest is sustained and lively all the while. With an eager expression on her dear old face, she sits on a low stool at L—'s feet, drinking in every word, and giving vent to constant exclamations of deepest wonder and satisfaction, in varying keys and tones according, apparently, to the emotions that called them forth. It is delightful to watch and listen, and we are all sorry when the room is wanted for the men to go to bed, and we must make a move. Men

and women come with us and stay still a long time, until it is quite late. Our dear old friend is eager to learn a prayer before leaving, to offer to the blessed Redeemer. It is late when we at last feel constrained to invite our friendly visitors to retire, and to our surprise and gratification the men at once do so, and we are able to think of going to bed. Our bed is in the general room, and we are glad to spread out our *p'u-k'ai* and prepare for rest. What



is our amazement, however, and dismay, when the son of the household, a man of some thirty years of age, appears on the scene, and, establishing himself in the open doorway, commences quietly to smoke his long pipe, and watch all our proceedings. A pause ensues, in which we quietly go on with our reading and prayer, waiting to see what will happen; then one of the women says something to him, and he retires still smoking, leaving us in peace! We are soon in bed, and care but little for the open door that exposes us to the courtyard without, or for the passing feet that cross it in the darkness now and then. As long as we are awake it is restful to see the dear stars shining in upon us, and after that we know nothing, till at three o'clock next morning another day begins.

Some of the women have slept with us in the same room, and the first thing I see in the grey dawn is the brief toilet of one of these. She has slept upon a bench and a couple of chairs, absolutely nothing more, and in her usual dress. When the sounds without that awake me roused her too, she—poor dear—tumbles up, and with a little shake seems to gather herself together, puts back the chairs in their places, and forthwith sets to work at 'the business of the day! In which latter proceeding we soon follow her example.

One of our principal objects in coming to Antong was to see whether it offers a suitable sphere for our efforts, but we were not able last night to gather any general impression of the place, and so determined to go out very early in the morning and explore it all before the people were about! By half-past four we were on our way—accompanied by Chang-sien-seng, who guided us through all the principal parts of the town, and up on to the wall. Here we got a capital view of the whole, and, as my eye followed the long line of turreted brickwork, completely round the great enclosure, my heart went up to God for this city in which no voice is heard proclaiming His glorious Message, and whose thousands are still living and dying, as they have lived and died so long, without light! We felt almost as though we were taking possession of the city for God as we walked round upon its walls, observing point after point of interest and advantage. The old bed of the Yellow River lies just outside the southern gate, green with corn-fields, trees, and gardens—a wide level valley, 500 yards across, I should think.

On our return to the inn we found many visitors already awaiting us, and had a busy hour or two with them, until we went out again to sell our remaining books. Passing through the most crowded part of the city, we soon disposed of these, and could have sold more had we had them. By that time the sun was up, and we had to hasten away. In passing out of the city we came to the great pagoda and temple, and went in to see the many idols of the place. The crowd, of course, came in with us, and we soon had a congregation of sixty or seventy people in the largest room of the temple. A couple of priests came to talk to us, and L—'s conversation with one of them soon developed into a regular proclamation of the sweet old Gospel Story—to which he and the people listened with profound attention. It was a strange and deeply interesting scene! L—'s text was a colossal figure of Buddha, before which we were standing.

The divinity was represented asleep in a recumbent position, in a huge bed of wonderful construction, covered by a very dirty silk counterpane.—And this a god! As, clearly and pointedly, L— showed the absurdity of praying to and worshipping an object like this, no dissenting voice was raised, the priest himself undertaking no defence of his god, but tacitly agreeing to what was said. Some of the men in the group seemed much interested, and asked many questions, and a kind woman brought benches and made us sit down and talk with more freedom and comfort. For more than half an hour L— must have proclaimed the Gospel Tidings there, in the very presence of all those idols, in the inner sanctuary of the great temple.

The openings for the Gospel are indeed wonderful. On all hands the people seem to be just waiting for it! In these country places, at any rate, the Chinese are *a people without a religion, waiting for the Light of Life.*

* *
*

June 16th.

At half-past four this morning we were roused from slumber by the kindly tones of Shen-nai-nai's voice calling us to awake and explain the meaning of the two barrows and barrowmen, who, at that early hour, had appeared, saying that they were come to take us to the large neighbouring village of Na-in-Chuang! There she was, dear, kind woman, peeping through the mosquito-curtains, all wonder and curiosity, at this inexplicable event.

The intelligence recalled at once to L—'s mind her visit of yesterday to this same place, where she found the lady of the great house of the village very anxious about her little sick daughter. L— promised to return early the next morning, bringing me (!) and some medicines, to see if we could help the dear child in any way. The lady had said she would send wheelbarrows to bring us, and here they were, at 4.30 a.m.!

As quickly as possible we prepared for the little journey, but did not get off till six, being detained for some time by two dear women, who were here soon after five o'clock, having come a long distance, seeking medical aid! Their "*mao-ping*" (sickness) was obscure, and, I fear, the best remedy we were able to give was sympathy; however, they heard of the love and power of the Great Physician, for Whom no case is too difficult, none too bad.

By six o'clock we were on our way, through the open park-like country. On our right lies a hamlet, where L— found a poor young girl terribly ill, yesterday. Though in fearful suffering, and apparently dying, she seemed to listen to L—'s words, and even said she understood some. We can do nothing, I fear, to relieve her, her whole body is one great sore, raw, and badly ulcerated in parts. Oh, how much these people suffer!

Through the clear morning air, we can now see our destination in the distance; and as we draw nearer the main building becomes visible, with the cottages and huts, its dependencies, clustered about it. The house itself, like all

large Chinese dwellings, is nothing to look at, just a plain square of masonry, with one unpretending entrance-door facing the south.

At the entrance we are met by the lady, her little daughter and servants, who lead us courteously through a bewildering maze of courtyards and buildings to the central house, where the mistress apparently lives.

We have heard something of the tragic history of this family, and are prepared to find the great house—that has witnessed so many sad and awful scenes, and is now only inhabited by this lady, who is almost the last of her race—desolate and forsaken-looking; but its forlorn appearance surpassed all our expectations. Originally a very fine as well as a large dwelling, only the ruins of its former



ORNAMENTAL GARDEN DOORS OF A "GREAT HOUSE" IN CHINA.

grandeur now remain, in broken alabaster pillars, bits of stone carving here and there, in the tumbled-down walls and elaborately beautiful woodwork, and in the rich fittings of some of the many deserted rooms, whose falling roofs let in the sunshine, dust, and rain.

All this we see in passing, as our hostess leads us to the inner dwelling that surrounds the fifth courtyard, and shows signs of human occupation. Here, our first business, of course, is to examine the little maiden we have come to see, who soon proves to have a bad attack of whooping-cough. The mother is very anxious about her, for she is the only one left out of a family of five, all the others having been carried off by throat or chest complaints! We give the best medical aid we

can, and then kneel with them all to ask Him, Who alone is able, to heal the child.

Meanwhile others throng in—many, many sick ones! Alas! the majority of these ailments are quite beyond our ken, and we have sorrowfully to say so, but several we are able to help. The steward's little boy, for example, has a very bad abscess on one side of his head, in a condition of neglect indescribable. This is dressed, and other similar "*mao-pings*" are attended to in due course. What a pleasure and privilege to help where one can. The faith of the people themselves in our powers is quite wonderful! They take our medicines unquestioningly, and will hardly be persuaded that we cannot always cure.

One morning recently a poor lad was brought to me; in a fearful condition, possessed, the people told us, of a devil, whom they besought us promptly to cast out! They seemed to have heard from Chang-sien-seng, one of the few Christians in this district, of the cases healed by the Lord, in olden times—and their belief was firm that we must have the same power! It was a very bad case of epilepsy, painful and distressing in the extreme. Alas, we could do little but pray!

After our patients were attended to and while breakfast was being prepared, our hostess took us to "*uang-uang*," or wander, all over the premises, and great was my interest in exploring the first large Chinese house I had ever been in. She tells us that, before the last troubles, over forty people lived here, and indeed it looks as if that number could be easily accommodated. Six courtyards, besides smaller entrance-halls and lobbies, are contained within the walls of the building, and as many distinct sets of beautiful rooms open off them.

Besides these there are gardens and a large, open, tasteful summer-house, in which thirty or forty people could easily be served with tea. But the courtyards are deserted and overgrown with grass and shrubs, the rooms stand empty and open. The suite of rooms where the last sad tragedy occurred not long ago, bears only too evident traces of the struggle that ended in the murder of the younger brother, alas, by the present owner! The shock of his awful death killed his young wife and child. And now no one is left of the once large family except the poor lady and her little girl whom we have come to see. The murderer (husband and father) has had to flee, and for several years has been unable to return home. Our hostess is still young and pleasing in appearance. What a lonely, sad life for her here, with her servants! She never, or very rarely, goes out.

Beyond the walls of her grand but dreary abode, lies the busy little town, with its two or three hundred inhabitants. We longed, as we came through it, to be able to spend a little while here, to tell the Glad Tidings to these dear people, who never have heard of the Heavenly Home, or the Father's love. Perhaps we shall be able to accept our kind hostess' invitation to come and stay with her in her great deserted dwelling a little later on, when the worst heat of summer makes it impossible to go about much; here we should find people at our very doors, and a beautifully cool and quiet abode.

But now breakfast is served, and we sit down with our hostess and her little daughter, a considerable crowd of friendly folk looking on all the time. This is to us, now, a matter of little moment, so thoroughly at home have we become in the use of chop-sticks and in Chinese manners and customs at table. Breakfast over, L— gets some opportunity for delivering our message, but the sun is nearing the zenith, and we dare not linger long. We arrange, however, to return at no distant date, and gladly leave behind us the three Gospels that our friends buy and seem eager to read.

Though we have left the great house it is not so easy to leave the village. Many, many come seeking medical aid. One poor woman is so ill that I am fain to draw her arm within my own and lead her home, where I find on examination that she is in the distress and burning fever of a bad attack of diphtheria. We are called to two other similar cases before we leave! How these poor people suffer!

The sky is mercifully clouded as, at last, we start on our homeward way; so the heat is not unbearable. Twice, in the open country, we are stopped again to see sick and suffering ones, and once to sell books, two intelligent-looking men buying Gospels, to our great joy. L---- is able to put the Gospel clearly to the last group that detains us, while I am in the house dispensing medicine. She hears from these people the tidings of the death of the suffering girl in the little hamlet she visited yesterday, on her way home. The poor girl passed away only a few hours after L— had been there, having heard, for the first and last time, from her lips of a Saviour's love.

And so they live and die, all around us every day! The corn is reaped now over all the wide-spreading country, as we pass on our homeward way; and the graves, the many, many graves that dot the fields everywhere, like ant-hills in some Central African region, are all the more visible. How vocal they are to-day, as we pass them one by one!

Just now at home you are preparing for the work and interest of the Mildmay Conference in the midst of the bright summer days. In thought I picture you starting for the great gathering of the Lord's people, walking down the familiar road, passing into the well-known station, greeted probably by the pleasant salutations of our railway men. I can see the great meeting itself, with its well-remembered faces and happy associations of other days,—and then I look up and catch sight of the mud floor and walls, and the big barn-like door standing ajar to admit both light and air, the barn-like chamber containing nothing but the wooden table at which I write, and one or two rough forms besides the one on which I am sitting; I see, beyond, the littered outer yard of our Chinese home, and hear the ominous hum of the already gathering mosquitos,—and it comes over me that indeed, indeed, I am far away from home to-night!

We pray for you—so far away—it is all we *can* do now! And is it little? I verily believe not.

Is there any greater power to be wielded in this world than the power of the prayer of faith? The following sentence from the life of that blessed man JOHN

EVANGELIST GOSSNER struck me very much in this connection. Speaking of his great missionary enterprise, Stevenson says :—

“There were critical periods of the Mission’s history ; there were dissensions that might have broken up the stations ; there were questions to be decided in the pastor’s study concerning the welfare of God’s Kingdom in Java and Nagpore ; there was a unity of thought and action to be maintained among many hundred men at the most opposite points and perhaps of the most opposite opinions ; an unbroken connection to be kept up by letters with every settlement ; the missionary paper had to be edited ; the training school at home to be diligently watched ; nay, the very income itself was uncertain, for it was left to the private thought of Christian brethren.

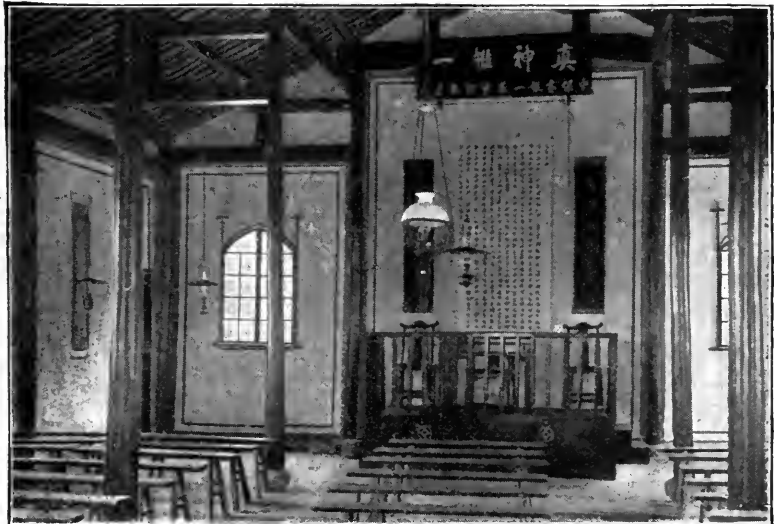
“Whose head would not be puzzled if left to its own wit in such a tangle ? What nicely-balanced calculations would not be oft rudely overturned ? . . . Yet push forward such questions and the world will set boldly to answer them. It does not believe that in our day there is anything that cannot be done. . . . It is a monstrously clever world ; steam and telegraph, and photography, and planets discovered before they are seen, Great Easterns and St. Lawrence Bridges are very fair credentials. *But there is a Kingdom into which none enter but children ; in which the children play with infinite forces ; where the child’s little finger is stronger than the giant world ;—a wide Kingdom where the world exists only by sufferance, and the world’s laws and developments are for ever subjected ; in which the world lies like a foolish, wilful dream in the solid truth of day.* Gossner had been brought into that Kingdom by a long and painful way ; these questions were nothing to him—it was enough that he could kneel down and *pray.*”

In that Kingdom let us pray to be little children always, in the spirit of Gossner’s faith—a faith that dealt on its knees with infinite forces !

Again in the life of Gossner this sentence struck me :—

“He was learning of the LORD, slowly becoming conscious of that gigantic power that God puts into His children’s hands, and by using which he becomes a prince in the Church of Christ.”

A power for *us* to pray for. *Let us pray!*—Pray ourselves into lives of walking with GOD, lives begun, continued, and ended in CHRIST ; let us pray the work we are connected with into a fuller and more faithful following in His steps and consecration to Him, and into more abundant usefulness ; let us pray money into the coffers, power into the agencies, and consecration into the workers ; let us pray Missions into existence, souls into the Kingdom, and the KING Himself on to the throne, — looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God !

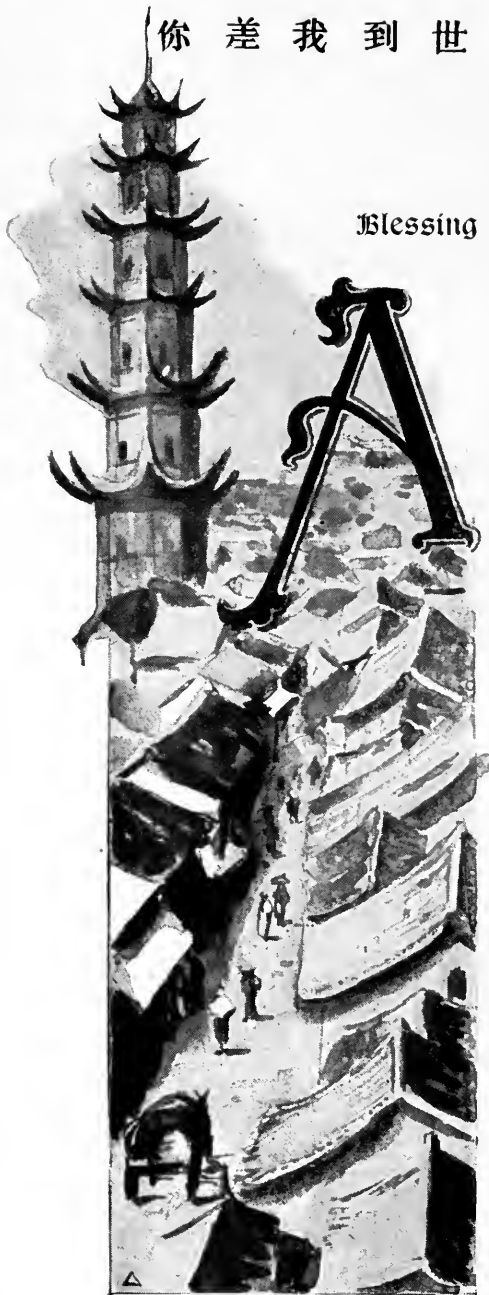


INTERIOR OF A CHINESE CHAPEL.

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

CHAPTER XII.

Blessing and Need of Blessing in the Far East.



FORTNIGHT has passed and changes have come about ; Miss McFarlane (the "L——" of the Journal) has been obliged to leave for Ts'ing-kiang-p'u, and Miss Mary Reed is to fill her place. She has not, however, arrived as yet, and Miss Guinness is alone. She writes :—

When first we came here, we felt much need of prayer and guidance in connection with a poor man who is completely out of his mind, and who has taken a violent hatred to L——. He had done all he could to rouse the neighbourhood against us, and we quite expected to have had trouble in connection with him. In answer to prayer, the Lord kept us free from the least anxiety about him all these weeks, and though he might have come at any time, we saw and heard nothing of him till last Sunday, when he appeared in a most violent and excited state, throwing all our kind friends into great distress and terror. He made the most fearful threats against L—— if she did not at once restore the large quantity of gold and pearls that he declared she had taken from his house ! After a long time he left us, only to return next day more violent than ever. This decided us that she should leave the neighbourhood, as it had been proposed that she should do, and as yesterday was her last day here, we were anxious that it should be quiet and undisturbed

that she might be able to pay a few farewell visits in peace and safety. We had

special prayer that the LORD would keep this poor man away, if it were His will, and greatly to the astonishment of everyone else he failed to appear. *We* knew already that he would not come, and so were not at all surprised, but our friends here were unboundedly amazed. Of course we told them that it was the LORD's answer to our prayer. After L— left he came again, and was as violent as ever, but when he found that she was really gone he soon withdrew. I do not anticipate any trouble from him personally, as he does not know me ; but if he did, what matter ?

“ How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that trusts in THEE.”

June 28th.

When it was decided (so far as the matter rests with us) that L— ought to leave for a time, and to leave just now, I thought at first that of course the actual work of preaching the Gospel to outsiders would have to cease until her return. I thought that Mary and I might go on teaching the children a little, and perhaps conduct the medical work (which is assuming quite the proportions of a medical mission !), but that we could not do much more, except study. But soon the Lord graciously brought to my mind the glorious truth that the work is *His*, not ours at all, and that His Spirit can work through any means, however weak, not being at all dependent upon our aid. And I was led to pray that the Lord would use and bless even us, now, to the conversion of souls, use our few stammering words or our silence, use our daily lives in the midst of the people, above all, to bring glory to Him and great blessing to those about us.

Dear L— left yesterday morning early, and since that time—I can only record it to His glory—six dear women have professed to believe in the Saviour, and, which is unusual as far as my experience goes, in each case have themselves wished to pray to Him, then and there, and have really seemed intelligently convinced of the blessed truth of the Gospel. And, equally encouraging, the women of the household itself, who were believers before, have come out so brightly for Jesus !—dear old Na-Ma (Shen-nai-nai) and the daughters especially. My being able to speak so few words has seemed greatly to encourage them, and evidently led them to feel the importance of their doing all they can to supplement my poor efforts. It has been delightful and most blessed to hear them pleading with souls and praying for them ; and together we have rejoiced in answers to our prayers.

Of the six dear women about whom we are now giving thanks three were strangers from a distance, the other three live in this neighbourhood and had heard the Gospel before, but never seemed to accept it for themselves.

The Lord is gracious. To Him we commend them. Their interest in, and attention to, our poor words was something wonderful ; and the three strangers especially asked so many questions that it was most encouraging.

Saturday night, June 30th.

The last day of June.

Dear Mary arrived yesterday, and we had the joy of spending the last few hours of the Mildmay Conference together, here in prayer, after our long separation.

Sunday, July 1st.

A wonderful day. From early morning throngs began to arrive, and before night three hundred people must have come to us for one reason or another. We had five meetings through the day, and between whiles I must have seen eighty patients at least! We could do nothing for many of these, but were able to help others, thank God.

In the afternoon meeting for women we had such nice bright testimonies from the Christians. About sixty women were present—it was a delightful time.

* * *

We are to-day on the eve of leaving this, our first Chinese home, and I look around now, almost for the last time, on the familiar rooms that have known us so long. It seems more like eight months than eight weeks since the first desolate evening we spent here in darkness and silence, amongst the then strangers who have now become such dear friends. Yes! this is verily the same room, with its desolate-looking mud floor and ancient walls; opening off it on either side are the same mysterious chambers, hidden from view by the faded curtains that hang over each doorway. All the same, and yet so different, in the dear light and love that has been kindled in these hearts—love which shall burn on for ever.

Very shortly after this date Miss Guinness and Miss Reed returned to Yang-chau, taking, as before, a journey whose first stage was

A trying experience, twelve hours, most of the time in the burning sun, on those agonizing barrows, over the rough roads.

Back at the mission-house they found themselves in comparative luxury, though suffering a good deal from the great heat of the summer season, of which for instance we read:—

The great heat is, of course, rather against us—just like one long continuous



"THOSE AGONIZING BARROWS."

Turkish bath, the temperature in the shade in the coolest part of the house being 104° to 106° . I have changed my things five times to-day already, but as I write now, I am *soaking!* The perspiration runs off one in small streams, though it is evening, 8 p.m. After our dear Chinese home in An-tong, everything here seems so luxurious. We have *water* to drink (think of it!) and a little milk sometimes, and feel ourselves rich in comforts.

A month later they were on board a Chinese river-steamer, bound for the Poyang lake. We take up the Journal again at this point.

On board the "Kang-Yung,"

August 2nd, 1888.

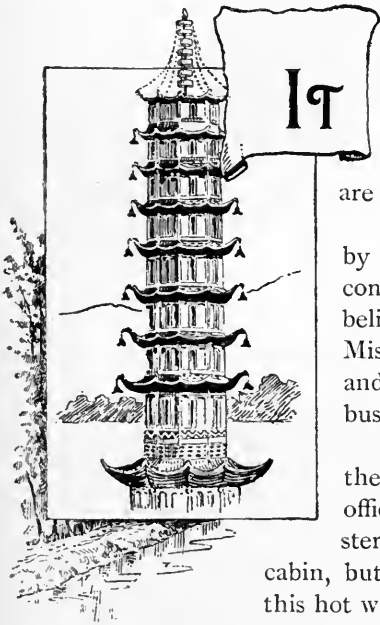
It is difficult to get leisure for writing, for one's whole time seems taken up by long talks with our Chinese fellow-passengers, who constantly throng about us, and are *exceedingly* pleasant and friendly.

There are about 300 of them on board, travelling with us, by steerage or Chinese passage, which is, as it happens, very comfortable, this being a Chinese company's boat. This is, I believe, the only company on the river that will allow us Missionaries to travel steerage! We are greatly enjoying it, and much value the opportunities for being about our Master's business all the time.

The *Kang-Yung* is a fine vessel, built on the principle of the great American river steamers, and commanded by English officers. She is three stories high, and our cabins are at the stern of the top or hurricane deck. Mr. McCarthy has no cabin, but just sleeps out on deck, as many of the Chinamen do in this hot weather.

Besides this open deck accommodation, three great dormitory kind of places, fitted with 80 or 100 berths each, are provided for our accommodation if we find the night air outside too chilly. Here many of the men lie all day long, smoking opium, alas! A few small cabins, used by the women and children and by family parties, open off these large dormitories, and it is one of these that dear Mary, Miss Ord, and I are occupying. The cabins are provided with plain wooden berths, two, four, or six, as the case may be, and nothing more. Ours has four berths, and happens to be at a corner, so that it has two windows and is most delightful.

There are very few Chinese women on board just now, they do not travel much at this time of the year. We soon found out, and have had long talks with the six or eight that are here. One, a dear woman from Hu-nan, has, I believe, truly grasped the precious gospel message! We were talking out on deck until



quite late last night, and she knelt and prayed there with me, under the quiet stars. God seemed very near to us, in spite of the group of other Chinese passengers watching us with somewhat scornful wonder. She seemed to understand every word that was said to her, and, thank the Lord, I know He enabled me to put the simple Gospel clearly.

Early in the afternoon we had another very interesting talk with two Yang-chau women, on their way to Ta-tung. I had just come out of my cabin when they called me over to where they were sitting on a large, raised place something like a wide, low table. These seats cover the skylights, and are used by the Chinese passengers to sleep upon at night, and in the day-time serve the purpose of divans, on which they sit and lie about, smoke their opium, and spread out their basins and chop-sticks for meals at the appropriate seasons. My two friends were perched up on one of these, surrounded by their few belongings, and looking very pleasant and comfortable. So I made my way over the crowded deck and joined them. They insisted on my getting up to sit beside them, on their little bit of carpet, which I gladly did. Next came tea of course, politely offered, and I was nothing loath to accept, but what was my surprise when the elder woman handed me the large teapot bodily, and, seeing my momentary hesitation, went on to put the spout herself to my lips.

This was Chinese tea in Chinese fashion indeed! But they seemed so pleased when I drank it, and took the teapot myself to facilitate the process, that I really enjoyed it, in spite of the funniness at first, and in spite of the consciousness that we were being watched by at least a hundred curious eyes. I found afterwards that amongst the onlookers were not only Mary and Miss Ord, but also Mr. McCarthy and a gentleman with whom he was engaged in conversation at the further end of the deck, who turned out to be no less a personage than the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia (a cousin of the Czar), who is travelling on board this steamer up to Han-Kow.

It was funny! But at the time I did not know we were watched by such distinguished eyes, and if I had, it would have made no manner of difference. How could it, to those who act as in the immediate presence of the King of Kings?

After the tea-drinking was over, we had a long talk—seated cross-legged up there on the divan—and a large group of men gathered round, listening with much interest. One of the two women is an opium-smoker, poor thing, and in the habit of taking a very large quantity daily.

After leaving them, Mary and I were sitting quietly together at the other side of the deck, when a young man, one of our Chinese fellow-passengers, came up, and addressed us in *English*. Such funny English! Of course we spoke to him, and, having my Testament at hand, I gave it to him to read certain passages.

Soon quite a crowd was gathered round us, and I translated some of the verses that he read in English for them to hear in Chinese, he confirming my interpretation. The men seemed deeply interested, and all squatted down on the ground, round us, to hear and ask questions.

They were all so quiet and earnest and respectful, that I could not but speak to them, as fully as I was able, of Jesus and His love. How eagerly they listened! It was curiously incongruous, however, to see and hear that half-naked, yellow Chinaman (they all go about very slightly clad in this hot weather) in the midst, reading the precious words from my Testament in his odd "pigeon" English.

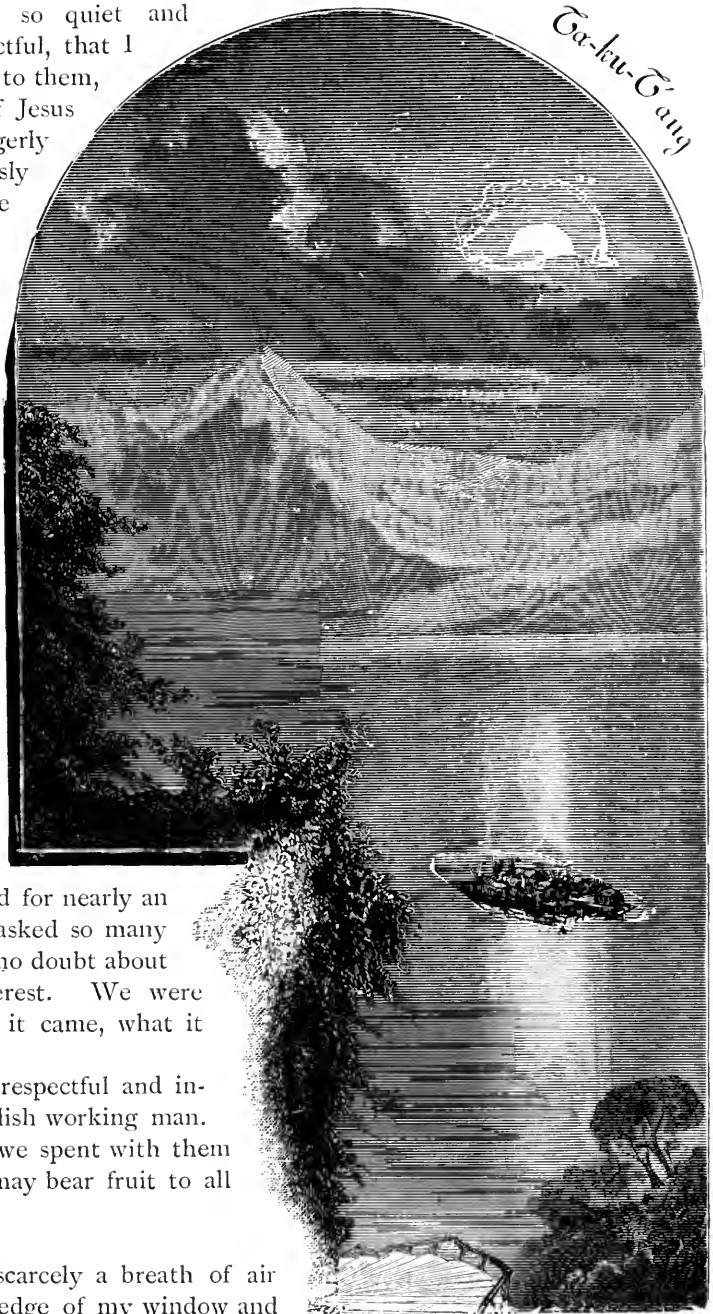
One funny thing happened, but we were all so engrossed in what was going on that we scarcely smiled. Our accomplished friend asked us, with some difficulty, how long we had been in China; we told him, of course—four months and a half. He waited a moment, and then gravely replied, "I don't believe it, *I do not believe it.*" All we could say would not persuade him that so it was.

They must have remained for nearly an hour, and two men especially asked so many questions that there could be no doubt about their real and sustained interest. We were talking about the Book, how it came, what it was for, and much besides.

These men are quite as respectful and intelligent as our ordinary English working man. It was a delightful time that we spent with them all; the Lord grant that it may bear fruit to all eternity.

* * *

A hot, still night, with scarcely a breath of air stirring as I sit here on the ledge of my window and drink in the beauty of the quiet scene. The little sleeping town, 100 feet below our dwelling, nestles at the foot of the hill, and creeping down to the water's edge, lies in dark shade; only its black roofs, relieved



here and there by twinkling light, being visible. Opposite, across the narrow arm of the lake, the low hills that bound the beach are also black and in shadow, but behind and far above them the glorious moon shines forth in full brilliancy, casting a broad band of light across the rippling water, and flooding the mountain range, that towers up four or five thousand feet, with silvery radiance.

Li-Shan, the highest point, stands forth in grandly rugged outline against the star-spangled sky, and the fleecy clouds that rest upon his head seem full of misty light.

On the lovely lake, a hundred feet below my window, the broad band of rippling moonlight is broken by the dark outline of a large raft, one of several that are lying here just now. It is eighty or a hundred feet long (some of them even run to a hundred yards in length), and, with a street of little wooden houses or huts, and the boats moored to its side, looks like a considerable island suddenly sprung up, no one knows whence or how, and lying before me here in the quiet moonlight. Over the north-western hills the grand old plough is just setting, and close to the lovely moon some glorious planet is shining with wondrous brilliancy. But it is late, and I must away.

The Meeds of Kiang-si.

Ta-ku-Pang, Kiang-si, October 13th.

I had often heard of its fame—beautiful Poyang! but never imagined it half so fair as in truth it is. For ten weeks now we have been inmates of the mission-house on the hill, and have daily delighted in the loveliness of mountain, lake, and cloudland outspread before our southern windows, but never before did it seem so fair, I think, as now to-night. Perhaps it is that associations are gathering round this or that point or distance.

I raise my eyes, for instance, to the magnificent frowning height of grey Li-shan, where the sunset glow has just faded from the clouds that mantle its brow, and think with sadness of the self-exiled men dwelling among its lonely summits in the monasteries and temples placed there in blind superstition by darkened hearts. Or my gaze wanders away across the still, bright waters of the rippling lake to yonder low, green island facing the little town, while with a glad heart I recall the scene that quiet shore beheld only a few days since. Yes, it was just there that we were all gathered to witness the joyful sight—the baptism of four men, Chinese Christians, and of one dear woman, the *first* ever immersed in the name of JESUS in the clear waters of this lovely lake.

But it is not so much of these things I am thinking to-night, as with full heart I sit alone by my open window.

The twilight deepens into evening, and the fair scene is veiled from me by

drifting clouds that darkly flit across the moon. The busy little town below sends up its many varied sounds of life, with now a burst of crackers, sharp and long and loud, echoed by another from some large raft moored at no great distance, and followed here and there by the clanging of heavily-beaten gongs, and the loud wooden click of the curious instruments used so much with them . . . Another burst of crackers and more gongs, drowning the shouts of the children, follow from rafts and temple, rousing the hoarse barking of the street dogs here and there, and so it goes on, while the quiet stars shine forth and I look and listen . . .

Away, away, to the south of us here stretches the wide and populous Province of KIANG-SI. Ta-ku-t'ang is only just on its northern border. Fifteen millions of souls within its limits pass across the narrow stage of life . . . *Fifteen millions!* It is with *them* my heart is to-night.

Twice the size of Portugal, this busy province has no less than *one hundred and three walled towns and cities*, besides almost countless large villages, hamlets, and scattered homesteads.

One hundred and three walled cities. How many of them are occupied for CHRIST?

In how many is the joyful message being proclaimed?

Alas, alas, for the sad answer! In only *four*.

Thank God for the four! But are there still ninety and nine without a single light; left in these last days to utter heathen darkness? *Yes, still ninety and nine.* O! that the burden of them were laid upon hearts at home as it is upon ours here!

I have just laid down my pen to turn and look out again southward over the province, and, leaning upon my window-sill, have counted slowly over, one by one, all these great towns and cities, with face and heart both turned towards them. One by one, slowly and deliberately, all the ninety and nine. Solemn moments thus occupied!

How are we living in face of such realities! O! that any who may read these lines would stop here and do as I have just done.

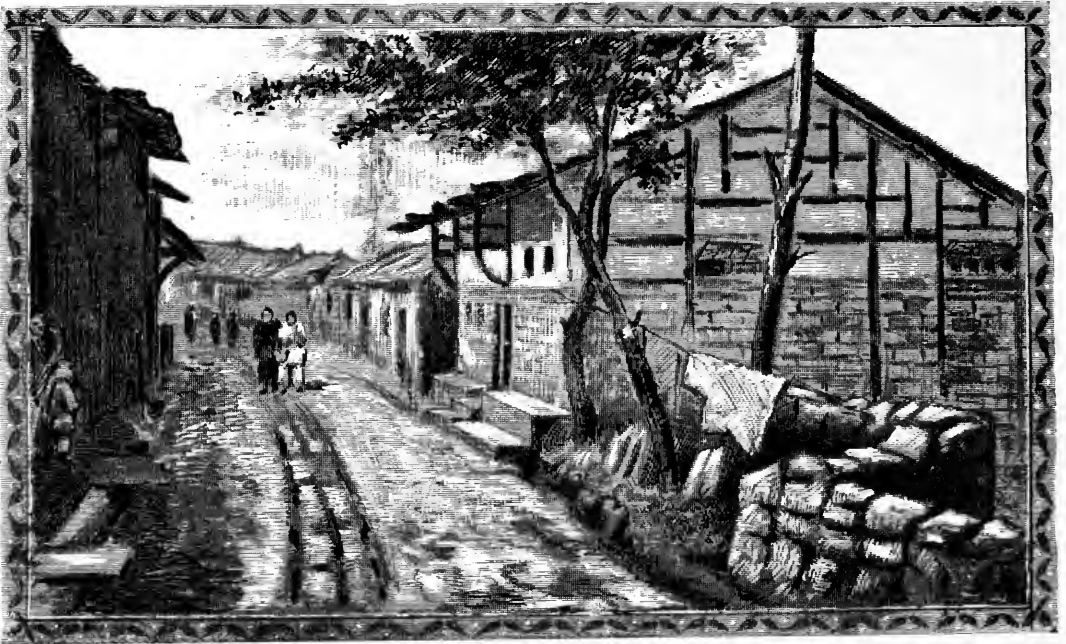
Bring it to God, this great Province of KIANG-SI, and count over slowly, in His presence, the full number of these ninety and nine great, busy, populous, walled cities, every one of them, now at this moment, in utter heathen darkness. Count them over, stopping every now and then to recall the solemn fact, and then at the close say—as I have said—“LORD, what wouldst Thou have *me* to do?”

There is no medical missionary in KIANG-SI. The majority of the little band are ladies, and they are all gathered in the north and north-east of the province, leaving the great centre and south *utterly untouched*. Yet even this is a great and rapid advance, telling a tale that calls for much thankfulness. Two years ago, in the summer of 1886, two young sisters of the China Inland Mission made a journey up the Kuang-sin river from Ta-ku-t'ang. They visited Nan-k'ang, An-ren, Ho-k'eo, Kwei-k'i, and Yuh-shan amongst other places, and tell us that then there were no missionaries resident in any of these, and only a few converts at the last

mentioned. On that journey they saw the first convert baptized at Kwei-k'i and rented the first house in Ho-k'eo.

Now, only two years later, there are ten missionaries living and working on this important river, making these five stations their headquarters, and in each place a living Christian Church of baptized members is the result. In Yuh-shan there are over a hundred, in Kwei-k'i thirty, and so on.

Mr. McCarthy's report of his recent visit to all these stations is most encouraging. He, as the Provincial Superintendent, was absent for two months lately, spending a few days at each station. During this time he baptized twenty-three new converts, and saw real and marked progress in the work.



THE C.I.M. STATION AT AN-REN.

Some of the churches are not only themselves flourishing, but are sending forth native agents to carry the joyful message into the regions beyond them also! At Yuh-shan the devoted and successful missionary in charge, Miss Mackintosh, was able to attempt the opening up of another city hitherto quite unreached, and had sent down there (to Kuang-feng) two Christian men to commence the work. But more blessed still was the other extension of her work, of which Mr. McCarthy brought us word. She had just mapped out a missionary journey of three weeks in the surrounding country, and was sending forth two dear native *women* as evangelists to carry the sweet Gospel message to many a village and hamlet where before it had never been heard! This is indeed, cause for praise. One cannot but

feel that *these* are the lines on which China must be reached, if it is ever to be reached at all. The Lord hasten the time when *the women of China* who publish the Word shall be a great host.

If ever there was a time when China thirsted for the Gospel, that time is now! The door of opportunity seems to be flung just *widely* open. On all hands the testimony is the same. From this province, from KIANG-SU, from HONAN, and from the North and far-off West, letters and tidings come, all telling the same tale. Now is the time for the Church of CHRIST to press forward, laying aside every weight, to go in and take possession.

The devil is not callous or indifferent to the importance of the crisis. He is making strides in China in more than one direction—notably so in connection with the opium curse! I have it on good authority that there never was a time when opium was smoked so much and so openly as now. A few years ago it was a thing done in a corner, of which every one was ashamed; but now officials and others do it quite openly, and as an occasion rather for glorying than otherwise. Mr. McCarthy can remember travelling by river steamers when such a thing as opium-smoking was not allowed on the ship, and has seen an officer, finding a man thus engaged, throw his pipe and tray and whole apparatus clean overboard into the broad Yang-tsi; but now all is different. I have myself seen the poor men lying openly in their bunks smoking it all day long, from morning till night.

The devil is wide-awake to the crisis, and the Church of Rome is not indifferent. Her attitude is powerful and advancing. Here in this very province she is actively seeking to make headway, and has an almost incredible number of young people in her hands in various schools and organizations. We thank God for what the Church of CHRIST has done and is doing; but, alas! how little it seems in face of the great need!

Why, if all the hundred labourers that came out last year in our own beloved C.I.M. had found their way into this one province, there would have been only one to each walled city, to say nothing of the smaller towns and country places. Even *then* each one must have had an average of 130,000 heathen souls as his or her sphere of labour, a population that is almost equal to that of *Brighton and Torquay*!

But the hundred did not,—could not,—all come here; and, as it is, there are to-night fourteen millions of souls—at the very least—left in heathen darkness here in this one province. *So* accessible, yet unreached! Ninety-nine walled cities in KIANG-SI alone, with no missionary . . .

I am glad I am in China, by God's grace. May He call and send many another, and lead those who cannot come to pray, that we may all be more in sympathy with Him who gave His all,

“NOT FOR OUR SINS ONLY,
BUT ALSO FOR THE SINS OF THE WHOLE WORLD.”

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

CHAPTER XIII.

A Journey in Central China. From Han-kau to Ho-nan.

“We want China emancipated from the thralldom of sin *this* generation. It is possible. Our Lord has said, ‘According to your faith be it unto you.’ The Church of God *can do it*, if only she be faithful to her great commission. When will young men press into the mission-field as they struggle for positions of worldly honour and affluence? When will parents consecrate their sons and daughters to missionary work as they search for rare openings of worldly influence and honour? When will Christians give for missions what they give for luxuries and amusements? When will they learn to deny themselves for the work of God, as they deny themselves for such earthly objects as are dear to their hearts? Or rather, when will they count it no self-denial, but the highest joy and privilege to give with the utmost liberality for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen?”

“Standing on the borders of this vast Empire we, therefore,—one hundred and twenty missionaries from almost every evangelical religious denomination in Europe and America, assembled in General Conference at Shanghai and representing the whole body of Protestant missionaries in China—feeling our utter insufficiency for the great work so rapidly expanding, do most earnestly plead, with one voice, calling upon the whole Church of God for more labourers; and we will as earnestly and unitedly plead at the Throne of Grace that the Spirit of God may move the hearts of all to whom this appeal comes to cry, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?’ And may this spirit be communicated from heart to heart, from church to church, from continent to continent, until the whole Christian world shall be aroused, and every soldier of the Cross shall come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

APPEAL TO THE HOME CHURCHES FROM THE SHANGHAI MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.



O not to those who need you, but to those who need you *most* ;”—a wise saying of a sainted man of God. But in China where is one *not* “most” needed? Surely Kiang-si, with its ninety-nine walled cities, and its fourteen million souls still utterly unreached by the Gospel, presents claims that might well be considered pressing! Yet there, there are converts numbered by the hundred, native agents of both sexes sent out by native Churches, five mission stations, no less than ten missionaries, and a work which was begun in 1886 and is now prospering well.

True, ten missionaries do seem few to evangelize a province containing 15,000,000 people . . . but we must remember that we are talking about China, and dealing with the souls of the Chinese. If we were considering the needs of Anglo-Saxons we should certainly think ten ministers too few to reach all Ireland, all Scotland, and Berlin, besides the towns of Huddersfield, Halifax, Newcastle, Hull, Bristol, Nottingham, Portsmouth, Sheffield, York, Leicester, Leeds, Plymouth, Warwick, Sunderland, Derby, Durham, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester; *especially if none of the inhabitants of those places, except the people of Berlin, had ever heard of God, or of Jesus Christ.* But we are speaking of the souls of the Chinese; whom the Church—judging from her action—seems to reckon of comparatively small value, for she has thus far only sent ten Christian missionaries, of whom the majority are women, to preach Christ to the fifteen millions of Kiang-si, while at home she supplies the places we have mentioned, whose population is far less, and whose inhabitants are all nominally Christian to begin with, with hundreds of thousands of clergymen, ministers, preachers, evangelists, home missionaries, and teachers of all sorts. Even granting that one million people can be reached by those ten missionaries—surely a full allowance!—there are still fourteen millions in the province without any messenger of Christ.

Yes, the claims of Kiang-si are pressing. But other parts of China present equally urgent claims.

Northward, beyond the Yang-tsi-kiang, and across mountainous Hupeh, lies the upland wide-stretching province of Ho-nan. A glance at the map at the end of the book will fix in the reader's mind its central position as regards the rest of China, its characteristic spur of the lofty Peh-ling mountains, and its level northern plain, through which the Huang-ho flows eastward to the sea. Ho-nan, like Kiang-si, has a population of fifteen millions. Six years ago no missionary had ever settled among its people. Three or four years since, itinerating work was undertaken by the China Inland Mission among them, and now, as will be seen by the map,¹ two stations of that mission have been opened—at Shae-k'i-tien and Chau-kia-k'eo.

¹ Ten stations in 1900.

For years the great need of Ho-nan—the vast unevangelized province to which so few workers were going, and for which so few Christians cared even to take earnest thought, much less to give earnest prayer or effort—had lain heavily on the heart of Geraldine Guinness. For years before she sailed for China she had prayed to be sent to Ho-nan. And now, before the first twelve months of her life in the Far East are over, those prayers are answered.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, who had come to spend some time in the autumn months, to which our missionary journal has brought us, on the beautiful Poyang lake, are returning to their station at Shae-k'i-tien, and it is arranged that Miss Guinness and Miss Waldie, of the C.I.M., should accompany them. Mr. Herbert Taylor is the eldest son of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. Miss Mary Reed, whose health did not at this time permit of her going so far inland, returns to Yang-chau.

The travellers do not seem to have taken much luggage with them; and to judge from their Christmas dinner described on p. 122, they seem to have been content with frugal fare; but perhaps old John Bunyan was right, after all, when he said—

“Fullness to such a burden is, who go on pilgrimage.
Here little, and hereafter bliss, is best from age to age.”

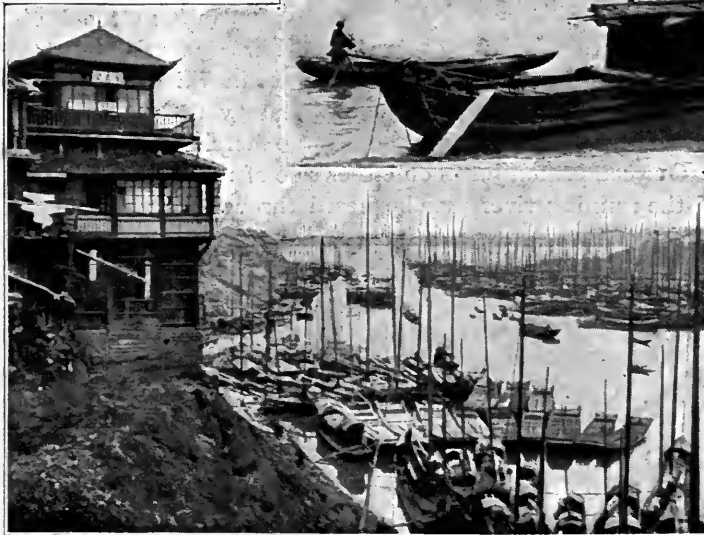
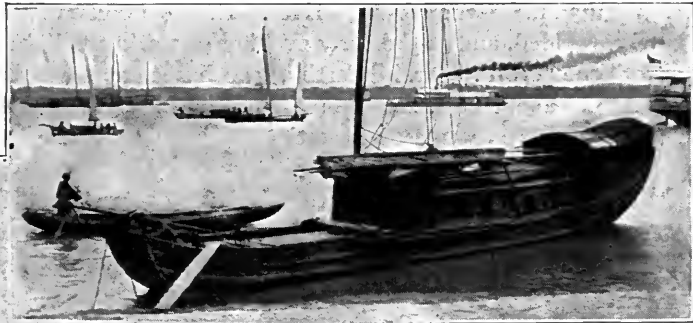
We need add no further introduction to the following account, which opens at Han-kau, *en route*.



Han-kau. On board the s.s. "Fuh-ho." Saturday, December 8th, 1888.

THIS busy port, second only to Shanghai itself, is the centre of a vast population. Two million people are gathered here in three great cities (grouped so as to form almost one) at the junction of the river Han with the Yang-tsi. On the northern bank lies Han-kau itself, divided from Han-yang by the Han river, and opposite, on the southern shore, lies Wu-ch'ang, another immense city. Here, on a high hill, within the wall, the C.I.M. Mission-house is situated, commanding a fine view over the city and distant river.

The mouth of the Han river is an interesting sight, crowded as it is with masses of shipping



THE MOUTH OF THE HAN RIVER.

from every quarter of this vast empire.

In one place packed closely together lie scores of huge junks, with curious fiddle-shaped backs, that have made their way down the dangerous Yang - tsi rapids from far-off Si-chuen, and now

wait an opportunity to return thither. Sometimes as much as two years pass before they get a commission to take them back. Beyond these junks lie others from the north or south, the boats from each separate province or port anchored alongside in friendly fashion, group after group filling up the whole river mouth. Each junk has its own one tall mast standing up straight and bare, and these massed together stretch forest-like, line after line, one beyond the other, into the far-off distance.

Amongst these masses of crowded shipping we made our way in our own particular junk on Monday afternoon, up to the chosen mooring-place for the night. Boxes and *p'u-k'ais* (bedding), food baskets and bundles, crowd all the

little apartments of our house-boat, and we merrily examine and comment upon these new quarters—our home for the rest of the year, at any rate. A fine large boat has been provided for us, and quite a family live in the back part appropriated to the *lao-pan* and his belongings. Our suite of apartments consists of the middle part of the boat, from side to side, divided into three wee chambers by the ornamental carved screens in which our Chinese friends so excel. The further chamber, innermost of all, is Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's; the middle one promises to make a nice little sitting-room, and the other acts as our bedroom.

Various packages are disposed of in their appropriate positions while we go slowly up and up the crowded river. In the middle of this proceeding, a cup of tea is provided, and as the early evening closes in we light our candles and gather round the Word. Mr. McCarthy, who has come down to see us off, reads and talks to us about Phil. 2, "the mind of Christ." It is a precious, helpful hour, and his utterances are treasured as the parting words of a friend whose teaching is always with power and blessing. By-and-by our table of planks in the little sitting-room is transformed into a bed for our guest, and we retire behind our various curtains for the night. It is so funny, the tiny space in which we manage to do everything! But we do manage, and are soon snugly tucked into our *p'u-k'ais*, and left to think quietly in the darkness of all the mercies of the days of our journey hitherto. Our companion junks on either side of us are likewise still, and the quiet ripple of the running river may be heard through the silence as it washes up against the sides of our strange new home.

After breakfast and prayers next morning the time came to part with our beloved friend. The little boat alongside is loosed and quickly drifts away on the stream, whose rapid current soon bears it and him out of our sight down to the wide water of the open Yang-tsi.

Just now it is mid-day. We have all been gathered in our tiny sitting-room for our daily prayer-meeting, and now are waiting for dinner. We have a cook on board, so are well off. The low mud-banks of the river pass slowly by on either side as we are poled along, the exertions of the men slightly helped by the high, pointed sail.

On the Han River. December 20th, Evening.

AFTER a cold, bright, wintry day the glorious moon rose full and clear above a misty horizon.

Tea was just over, and we were sitting together singing, in our wee saloon, some of the favourite hymns of long ago—sweet songs of Zion, and sung with gladness though in a strange land—when we discovered that quite a group of eager listeners had gathered about us on neighbouring boats.

Mr. Taylor went out on to the little front deck, and, following him to the cabin door, we stood and watched with thankful hearts. Near the steep, high bank to our left, quite a number of junks are moored for the night, some before

and some behind us, and one outside, between us and the broad, rapid, open river. The evening meal is over, and the tired men are resting, lying out on the front of their boats, or sitting smoking and chatting here and there. Their attention has been drawn by the singing, and as Mr. Taylor comes out he is greeted by our next neighbours with evident pleasure, and to them he proceeds to address himself. How our hearts go up in prayer as we stand and watch, and listen to the earnest, telling words.

The grand old Gospel of the Grace of God is ever sweet and welcome to our ears—for years no name has been so precious as the Name of "Jesus," no theme so dear—but, oh, here in this heathen land, what added sweetness there is about that Name, what special surpassing charm! And our hearts delight to hear, borne thus on the still night air, the old, old story, ever new, again proclaimed in the name of a present and almighty, one, true God! How the men listen! Some question and some reply, as Mr. Taylor unfolds the wondrous theme, but the majority just drink it quietly in as news indeed.

The moonlight and the flowing river, the glorious starry host of heaven and the little children by their father's side on a neighbouring boat, all are used to point or illustrate the strange, sweet message of His love and power, Who, though unknown, standeth among us, mighty to save.

And so by day and by night, in season and out of season, the Glad Tidings are proclaimed, and the precious seed of the Truth is sown beside all waters. We know not whether this or that shall prosper. To-morrow, in the grey dawn, we shall part company again, each going our several ways; certain—however far apart they may tend just now—certain to meet at last. Yes, the reaping-time is coming. What shall the harvest be?

Gospels and tracts are sold, the men buying willingly, and so we part, and come in for prayer to our own wee boat-home again.

Now it is late, and all are gone to rest. No sound is heard, save the soft murmur of the moonlit river gliding by, and occasional gruff voices from the boat lying close alongside us, in which the men are not yet sleeping. The perfect peace in which our hearts are kept here in the midst of this heathen land, surrounded, as of course we are, by many dangers known and unknown, is wonderful and very blessed. Nearly a thousand *li* stretch between us and the nearest port where any human help could be found in case of emergency, and we are far from other foreigners, all alone, shut up in our little



"MOORED FOR THE NIGHT."

boat out on the dark river. And yet peace? Yes, perfect peace! Never deeper, sweeter, or more restful. "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" "God is our refuge and strength, a very present Help."

December 24th, 1888.

AND now it is Christmas Eve.

A quiet, grey, cold night after a long, bright, sunny day. The men are still drawing the boat steadily on, so the low banks pass slowly by, as they have been doing all the day. We might almost be in the Suez Canal to judge by the view from our windows, so desert-like are the continuous, barren sandbanks on either side of us. Sometimes as far as the eye can reach, inland from the sandy shore, all is the same—an unexpected change from the usual cultivation of every available scrap of soil in this crowded country. At times, of course, we meet with different surroundings—low hills, with pretty little hamlets standing among fine groups of trees, bamboo groves, and spreading fields; and here and there the effect is very pretty when we catch sight of a broad expanse of water at some bend in the winding river, with a stream of junks all following one after another, their high, pointed sails leaning to the helpful breeze that bears them steadily up against the strong current.

Our men are excellent boatmen. They have been hard at work to-day since 3 a.m., trying to make up, I suppose, for the enforced idleness of yesterday. It was Sunday, and we did not travel, thankful that the men consented to wait in spite of the favourable breeze that blew nearly all day. We were anchored beside a strange little settlement of some thirty houses, inhabited apparently by families engaged in trading firewood with the passing boats upon the river. Such a poor, desolate-looking spot! No trees, nothing but sand, sand, sand, and two long rows of huts standing between the stacks of tall reeds (used for firing), and surrounded by piles of chopped wood tied up in big bundles. The huts were poor concerns enough, merely grass mats, with bamboo frames and some sort of thatch roof above, standing on the sand. They certainly had one advantage—that of being easily moved. While watching, we saw one of these tenements apparently walking on a dozen legs over the soft sand. No men were visible carrying it, until it had walked quite down into the row of other huts and settled itself comfortably in its new surroundings, and then six men walked composedly out from within, and the "flitting" was done! The stacks of strong, straight reeds standing among the huts looked like Indian wigwams, with their round or long-shaped forms, and pointed tops where the tall sticks cross and recross, the longest running up in the middle. The whole scene—the men and women wrapped in thick, clumsy-looking, wadded garments; the arid plain stretching away inland, treeless and desolate; the monotonous sand, sand, everywhere, and the grey, cold-looking river—reminded me vividly of pictures of solitary settlements on the steppes of Siberia.

Here in this lonely little Chinese hamlet we spent a happy Sunday. In the

morning after prayers we went ashore, and soon had an attentive audience in front of the huts, eagerly listening to the sweet Gospel story told in dear Mrs. Taylor's gentle tones. The women within the circle sat around us, the men standing outside, while for more than an hour we talked and sang to them of the Glad Tidings. One old woman who had eagerly listened for some time presently leaned forward, and asked in her trembling tones,—“But I, I am more than seventy years old ; can I, too, be saved?—*is it for me?*” This pathetic question she repeated more than once, and I think she really grasped the glorious answer. After our mid-day meal and a brief prayer-meeting, we went out again, Mr. Taylor remaining on board to talk with our own boatmen. A crowd soon gathered about us at the other end of the little settlement, and after the meeting, several of the women came down with us to the boat, but though warmly invited, they could not be persuaded to come on board for another talk. As we were getting into the boat to come off to our junk, I heard one dear old woman repeating over to herself, again and again, the brief prayer we had been trying to teach them : “*Jesus—Lord Jesus—I beseech Thee forgive my sins—save my soul—and lead me to heaven!*” It was very touching to catch the softly-uttered words, and to watch her thoughtful, pondering old face, as she looked away over the sand-hills to the distant evening sky. The Lord bless her !

With our own boat-people also we had a good time after returning. The two women came in from the back-kitchen place, bringing all the three babies, and had a long, quiet talk, while the little ones were kept happy with a plentiful supply of biscuits. Dear women ! The younger, at any rate, seems to understand the wonderful fact of Substitution, and a living, loving Saviour. Mr. Taylor had a long and most interesting talk in the afternoon with the *lao-pan* or captain himself. He is a very thoughtful, earnest kind of man, and seems to be really thinking about spiritual things. He asks very intelligent questions, and appears to drink in the Truth.

And now it is Christmas Eve. I can hardly believe it. How strangely unlike all other Christmas Eves one has ever known ! It seems scarcely possible that this can really be the time of happy home-gatherings and cosy firesides—the Christmas Eve of long-loved memories.

We here in our travelling boat-home are moored for the night beneath a high mud-bank in a lonely spot, quite out of sight and sound of the dwellings of other men. Not a light is to be seen, not a sound heard without, save from two or three other boats anchored with us under the quiet stars. Out on the dark, swift waters of this great river ; rocked by its flowing tide ; cut off, in the very heart of this vast land, from all contact with the world outside us ; beyond the reach of letters and all Christmas greetings, and many hundreds of miles from any others of our own race or language ; it seems strange indeed to think of this as Christmas Eve. And yet it is so. And oh, how glad we are for the privilege of being here, and thus ! We would not change one single thing—no, nor go back to the happy home-days of long ago.

Christmas has a deeper meaning than the joyous one, that makes it fragrant with all sweet home memories. Does it not tell of ONE, the Christ of Christmas, Who on the first Christmas Eve left home and all the joys of heaven—left His Father's bosom and the music of the angels' songs—to come to Bethlehem's manger and to Calvary's Cross, that we might learn a sweeter song than angels ever sang? Does not its deepest, tenderest tone tell of His life of exile, so gladly borne for us?—of Him Who, "though He was rich, came to have nowhere to lay His head, on this same weary, sin-stained earth, that we might find our home, not here but in His open heart of love? Ah yes—we feel it true. And far from being out of touch with the meaning of this Christmas season, our hearts are more than ever in deepest harmony with its sweet song—" *Peace, peace on earth, goodwill to men.*"

Ring out, sweet Christmas bells! We hear ye not—are far, far beyond all reach of your clear chimes—but heaven's melody is not echoless in these hearts of ours, and even here, in our loneliness and distant exile, we catch the spirit of your song—*Goodwill to men . . . to men . . . peace . . . peace . . . goodwill!*

Tea is just over, and in the next apartment of our little boat an interesting conversation is going on. The boatmen have come in to prayers, and we have left them with Mr. Taylor in our tiny middle room. Beyond, in the further chamber, Mrs. Taylor is putting little Howard to bed, and we are sitting in here, writing on our knees. Where the curtain is drawn aside I can see the grave, earnest faces of the men as they listen to the precious words of Truth. The captain is there, and though they must all be very tired, they seem much interested. The captain has just said,—

"Well, these strange words about Jesus and the pardon of all sins certainly are good, but how can one *know* that one's sins are really forgiven?"

In answer, Mr. Taylor is reading the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, in the Temple of old. How the captain's face lights up as he listens, now and then exclaiming, "Ah ;—ah? Ah . . . Ah!" or otherwise expressing his deep interest and appreciation of the blessed story of salvation! Thank God, he does seem fully to understand. Oh, that by the power of the Spirit the truth may be carried home to his heart, and made abundantly fruitful there. Just now they pray . . . and now they are gone, the captain retiring out of the window, which is a little nearer to his own quarters than the door. It makes but little difference, however, for all the wooden panels that line our boat walls and windows are sliding and easily movable.



CHINESE SHAN SOLDIER.
[Photo by] [Lieut. Watts Jones.]

11.30 p.m. *Same night.*

S

TANDING here at the open window of our tiny chamber, looking out into the quiet night, where the glorious stars shine down and the rising moon lights up the clouds behind the steep bank of sand that forms our horizon, how sweet the Christmas peace and blessing that fill my heart! All is utterly still—wrapped in slumber. I can almost hear breathed through the silence the wondrous message of that first, blessed Christ-song: "Glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people . . . *All people!* . . . Glad tidings of great joy." Brought that night to earth from heaven, at so great a cost, how deep an echo it finds in my heart, here and now! Thank God that our work in the world is to carry this good news to "all people."

When the dear Saviour with His parting words bade bare that message round the whole globe and tell it to every creature, even unto the uttermost part of the earth, did He, I wonder, look forward and anticipate all that I see and feel to-night—and the much more beside—that obedience to His command would mean? Did He foresee a lonely Chinese junk, lying out on a wide, dark, rapid river, moored to a sandy bank, where the deserted fishing-nets lie out in the night air—a Christmas Eve at midnight, the early dawn of somebody's birthday—the first birthday somebody has ever spent away from home and mother—and that same somebody standing alone, looking out into the quiet starlight, pondering it all with wondering, peaceful heart? Perhaps He did. At any rate, He knows now. . . .

I have been thinking much lately over His wonderful way of spreading salvation. We find it very helpful, in the midst of the little details, many of them trying, that make up much of our life out here (especially when travelling), to remember that all our experiences are *part* of His wonderful way of spreading salvation, and therefore glorious. He might have chosen so many ways, and used such different messengers. But He has chosen *this*, and ours is the privilege of carrying out His blessed purpose in deepest heart-sympathy with Him.

On the Han River. Christmas Day.

Christmas Day dawned grey and cold over our little solitary group of Chinese junks moored under the desolate-looking sandbank that had afforded us shelter during the night. Early though it was, the men were already up, and we were soon in motion out in mid-stream.

I was just trying to convince myself in a half-sleepy kind of way that it was Christmas morning, and could but poorly realize it (in spite of saying it over softly



to myself several times!), when, lo! what was my bewilderment and surprise to hear, soft and clear, through the silent dawn, the sweet familiar carol :—

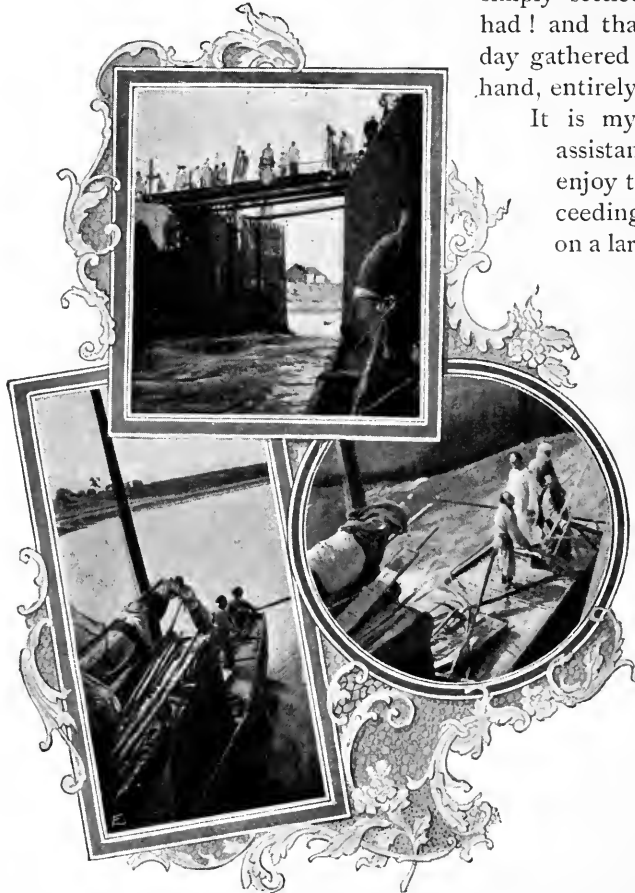
“Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to our new-born King.”

Amazed, with joyful astonishment I almost held my breath to listen. What did it mean? Where could it come from? How sweet it was! Never did Christmas carol seem more welcome, more appropriate. One after another the well-known verses came, each word so clear and sweet. And then I knew that this was dear Mr. and Mrs. Taylor’s homelike welcoming-in of the dear day that had promised to dawn so strangely in this far-off land.

Soon the sun rose, and a bright, cold morning succeeded the grey, frosty dawn. We all met at breakfast, and made good cheer over our simple meal of porridge, dry bread, and tea. Prayers followed, when the grand old hymn, “Crown Him Lord of all,” seemed sweet as ever to our hearts. The morning soon sped, and the question came, what should we have for dinner?

As for some time we have been unable to replenish our stores, not having stopped at any large market, the question of our Christmas fare was soon and simply settled. We would have—what was to be had! and thankfully enjoy it. So behold us at mid-day gathered in our tiny sitting-room, chopsticks in hand, entirely in Chinese style.

It is my day to be housekeeper and general assistant, so I am busy behind the scenes, and enjoy the full effect of the company and proceedings. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sit together on a large, low, Chinese box, and Miss Crewdson on another like it, opposite them; between the two is a third box, higher than the others, which serves for a table. On this are placed three basins of steaming rice, a plate of sweet potatoes cut in slices and fried, a basin of boiled cabbage cut up small like salad, and another of fried chips of carrots, all pretty and red. Similar provision is made for Miss Chiltern and me at another table, where we sit on two little Chinese stools. A plate of Chinese toasted bread, and the teapot on our table, complete our Christmas dinner, of which we merrily partake, after singing from the heart,—



BOATING EXPERIENCES. PASSING A LOCK.

“ Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.”

Rice, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, tea, and bread—why, we are well-off, indeed! We have salt too, and sugar and condensed milk, so what more can we desire?

Little Howard sits on his mother's knee and is cleverly fed, morsels of rice being popped into his readily-opened mouth with the red and green chopsticks lent to us by the kind boat people. We are all so at home now in the use of these characteristic implements of Chinese gastronomic art, that not a grain of the well-boiled rice escapes its fate, and chips of carrot, scraps of cabbage, and slices of potato circulate freely from bowl to bowl, and disappear with gratifying rapidity. Time fails me further to describe our Christmas feast. Suffice it to say our hearts are happy and altogether satisfied in the bountiful provision of our Father's hand for every need.

Our mid-day prayer-meeting is a sweet and quiet hour, when we anticipate, with loving remembrance, the dawning of the day at home, and send it on to all our beloved ones laden with earnest prayers.

Now it is evening. The boatmen are in again at prayers with Mr. Taylor in the next room. They are having a long and earnest talk over the opening chapters of Genesis, and seem deeply interested in it all. The Lord bless them! They certainly know the truth.

Shae-k'i-tien, Ho-nan, February 9th, 1889.

The day after Christmas Day we anchored within twenty *li* of Fan-cheng, and realized that we had come to our last night on board the pleasant little home-boat that had carried us so far, so well.

Early the next morning our *lao-pan* setting sail to a favourable breeze brought us within sight of our destination. Not knowing we were quite so near, I went out with dear wee baby into the brilliant morning sunshine on the little front deck, and there before us, close at hand, surrounded by their far-reaching, turretted walls, and divided only by the wide, swift-flowing, peaceful river, lay the crowded buildings of the two great cities of Siang-sang and Fan-cheng.

A truly characteristic scene, and as lovely as it was unexpected! There on the western bank lay Siang-sang, a busy, important centre of population, one of the *fu* cities of the province, where the gentry and officials reside, and where, as yet, they are bitterly opposed to the entrance of the blessed Gospel light. So far we have no footing in that city. What an imposing place it appeared, seen thus from the deck of our rapidly-approaching boat. It stands well there, within its massive wall, and is finely flanked by that grand range of hills behind it, blue and hazy now in the morning sunshine. Fan-cheng, a large and important city, opposite on the eastern bank, is equally busy, though of quite a different type. It is a market and place of assembly for the river craft, less pretentious though not less lovely than aristocratic Siang-sang.

Very soon our little boat mingled with the crowd of shipping lying under the

picturesque old wall that creeps down almost to the water's edge, and here, our journey over, we prepared to land. How pleasant was the greeting of an old friend in this far-off city, as dear Mr. Hutton¹ warmly welcomed us to Fan-cheng, and how delightful the week spent in his house while making ready for the next and last stage of our journey! He and Mrs. Hutton were just kindness itself, and to me it was a great delight and almost like a little bit of home to hear him speak so affectionately of his old student days at Harley House, of the familiar scenes and past friendships. Truly the bond that unites us, heart to heart, is a very real one. Out here in far-off China, the friends of old home-days seem in a very special sense brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus. The Lord bless the work of these dear friends in Fan-cheng, and of the sisters with them, and open a door of entrance for them into the great city of Siang-sang, at present utterly unreached by the Gospel.

Many were the delays that prevented our getting off from Fan-cheng as soon as we had hoped. At last, however, on New Year's Day, all was settled, and early next morning we made a start.

My first long overland journey in China. What an experience! How can I



THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN HUPEH AND HO-NAN.

describe it? Several circumstances combined to make the journey one of special difficulty. To begin with, we were a large party—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor and their little son Howard, Miss Waldie, and myself. Then we were to traverse a district in which foreign ladies, and certainly a wee foreign baby, had never been seen before; and to go to a city in which only one foreign woman has ever resided, and that but for a few days. Further, the inns on the road were very bad, some of the worst in China, and it was the depth of winter.

A heavy fall of snow before we left Fan-cheng had covered the ground with a pure white mantle, and partly shrouded the frozen river, so

¹ A former student of the East London Institute.

that a dazzling scene lay before us when our procession of chairs passed out under the ancient gateway in the city wall. Five or six days' journey lay before us over a country that looked wonderfully bleak and Siberian, as we struck into it, leaving the now useless river far behind. Of those five days what shall I say? Truly the Lord was with us, and His angels had special charge over us, that we reached this place in such safety and peace, after the difficulties and exposure of the way. Our chair-bearers were many of them confirmed opium-smokers, which sad fact complicated matters not a little.

The first night we stopped at a small inn, still in Hupeh, on the main street of a busy little town. The snow was trodden into mud many inches deep, which added to the difficulty of making one's way through the eager, excited crowd that assembled immediately on our arrival to see us alight. The general room of the inn, opening on the street, was packed with people; but we were led through into the back premises, Mr. Taylor shutting the door behind us, so that only the women might get in. On the inner side of this door we found ourselves standing in a tiny yard, exactly like—just *exactly* like—the open part of a good-sized pig-sty at home—filthy, odoriferous! A narrow plank made it possible to cross the mud to the low doorway of the shed at the further side of the yard, which completed the accommodation of this part of the inn. Within this tumble-down-looking construction of mud and straw we found two apartments, but no window. However, a good supply of air, such as it was, came freely through the plentiful cracks and holes in walls and roof. This little shed appeared to serve the purpose of granary and barn, as well as living and sleeping room for the inn-keeper's family, and guest-chamber for the better-class travellers who came that way. Also, to judge by appearances, it might have been used as a dust-bin and general receptacle for all the refuse that could not well be thrown elsewhere, for on the floor were heaps—indescribable *heaps*! Avoid them we could not, examine into them we dared not. The dim light, or semi-darkness, was, on the whole, more helpful than otherwise. Two or three men pilgrims kindly moved into the inner den to make room for us, and we stumbled thankfully in, glad to find any shelter from the cold, cold night, and the overwhelming crowd of not very friendly folk. How different the Ho-nan people are to their neighbours of the next province! Here they are cheery, kind, and affectionate, as far as our experience goes, but in Hupeh it is not so. Sad to say, the nearer one comes to an open port the more antagonistic is the feeling towards foreigners. I must not stay to describe in detail our experience at that first halting-place, nor our perplexity when the aged and querulous grandmother began to insist on sharing not only our shed, but our bed and *p'u-k'ais* also, and to reproach us, on the ground of her venerable age and our evident youth, for decided hesitation in complying! Here, however, Mr. Taylor interfered, and the old lady was afterward content to occupy the outer apartment with her granddaughter.

Early the next morning we were on our way again. On, on, over the desolate-looking, snow-covered country. At every halting-place crowds gathered, half-

frightened, yet eager and very curious. We tried, when there was time, to talk to them a little and to sell books, but up so far north my words, at any rate, were but little understood, and often the women seemed too frightened to listen. At night we reached a considerable place, and halted at the inn. Here we were all taken at once to a big empty, barn-like room at the back, with a mud floor and no window. Somewhat to our dismay we learned that here we were all to sleep, our chair-bearers and other men being accommodated in a loft overhead, to which a ladder gave access. There was no alternative, we were *muh-iu-fah-tsi* (without plan or help), so we cheerfully rigged up a curtain to divide the room into two, and contemplated with equanimity the free passage to and fro of the dozen or twenty men who slept above.

Strange as this was, a still more trying experience was reserved for the next day, when late in the afternoon we arrived at a largish town and halted at the inn. Here we were well received, and prepared to pass the night. But soon, oh, such a crowd assembled!—men most of them—and almost wild to see us. Mr. Taylor went out, but all was of no use; they would not be quieted. The landlord of the inn took fright, thinking his house would be injured, and told us we must leave, and leave at once. This we were only too thankful to do as soon as our bearers would consent to travel another stage that night. Going, however, was easier to contemplate than to achieve. Half an hour had sufficed to collect a concourse of hundreds of people—*hundreds*. The yard, doorways, and room of the inn were all blocked. Besides this, the place seemed *bad*. I have never seen more dreadful faces nor had to meet a more trying experience than in that crowd. A quarter of an hour at least elapsed before we could get into our chairs and start—a never-to-be-forgotten quarter of an hour! Out again on the dreary, upland plain, in the fine, driving snow and the cold, cold, cutting wind, we slowly and painfully made our way to the next stopping-place, a wayside inn. Here there were not many people, and they seemed friendly—we were in Ho-nan. We were by this time too tired and too thankful to be there at all to mind much when we found that the inn consisted of a single not over-large shed by the roadside, and that it was already occupied by quite a number of men. These were very kind, however, and welcomed us to share whatever they had. They got some long reeds, which they leant against one of the rafters to make some sort of a partition, gave us other reeds to lie upon, and returned to their opium-smoking and other occupations on the other side of this slight wall. We were beginning thankfully to prepare the baby's food and to get ready for the night, when sundry ominous whiffs of smoke, attended by a crackling sound we knew too well, came curling round the partition.

"Surely the men are not making a fire inside on the floor?"

Yes, so it was, and in a very few minutes the place was one dense cloud of choking smoke, and our poor eyes were smarting with pain and streaming with tears. Of course we had to go outside, picking our way between the recumbent figures of the tired men who lay all over the floor, while their socks and outer garments were drying in the smoke and heat. Baby's food was brought out into

the moonlight night, and Mrs. Taylor had to sit in one of our chairs, in the midst of an admiring crowd, and feed him there by the flickering light of a Chinese candle. When the clothes were dry and the fires out, we went back again, hungry and tired enough ourselves, but thankful that the poor men were comfortable.

It was strange, lying awake in the darkness when all was still. Far, far on into the night most of the men were awake smoking opium and listening to one



From Photo by]

A WAYSIDE INN.

[Mrs. Bird Bishop.

of their number who was telling some long, wonderful tale, until even his garrulous voice dropped to silence and the opium lamps burned dim. Our bed was next the partition of reeds, through which we could see all that went on. Long, long I watched them with a straitened heart. Oh, how I longed to be able to rise and go over to the dying embers of the last fire, and, sitting down there in their midst, take the now silent tale-teller's place, and out of a full heart unfold to them

the wondrous story of the Saviour's love! But I could only pray, till one by one they dropped asleep.

The fourth day and night of our journey were pretty much a repetition of the third. It was, if anything, colder by day, with a more cutting wind, sweeping over a more dreary country, and easier by night, for we were getting more accustomed. Again we all shared one room with our chair-bearers and fellow-pilgrims. On the last night, Sunday night, we had a stranger experience than ever. In that inn they only made room for us at all by turning out a flock of goats from the shed they were accustomed to share with any beasts of burden that might come by that way, and even then, after we were established in their place, we had to extend hospitality to a travelling donkey of cheerful disposition, who, sharing this apartment with us, made the night musical more than once with his prolonged attempts at song.

It was a strange experience that, the first Sunday night in the New Year. One's heart could not but rejoice in thinking of Him Who, born in a stable, was cradled in a manger. What a privilege to follow in His footsteps even though so feebly, so far off!

The next day we reached this place—Shae-k'i-tien, our home for the time being. How eagerly, as we drew near the city, did we look out for its long wall and the roofs and gables of its houses, and with what earnest heart-longing and ardent prayers did we claim and take possession of it for our Master, ere ever we crossed the threshold of its ancient gate! With tear-dimmed eyes I scanned it all, and let my gaze wander to the distant northern hills that break the level plain beyond the city, and rise into the clear blue sky, while David's precious traveller's Psalm (the 121st) woke grateful echoes in my heart.

Yes; in entering for the first time our city, in taking possession of it for

God, we do believe to see great things and many wonders through the power of Him "from Whom cometh our help." To Him to Whom we committed our "going out" when we started on this journey we now commit our "coming in" and our "going out and coming in" before this people while it is ours to dwell in their midst.



A FEW OF THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN HO-NAN.

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HEARTS wholly given to Jesus would lead us to long that His wishes should be gratified—His desires fulfilled. What are those wishes and desires? Let His life, His death, reply;—that all should return, repent, and live; that the lost should be found and the dead quickened. If, knowing that a thousand millions of our fellow-creatures are still lost in Heathenism, we make no effort for their enlightenment, how do we show our devoted attachment to Jesus Christ our Lord? *We* devoted to Him! What even of *ours* is devoted to Him? Is even a tithe of our time, a tithe of our substance, devoted to Him? Have we surrendered to Him for this service even one child of our family, one year of our lives? No; but we give an annual subscription to some Missionary Society. Ah, friends, gifts that cost us no personal self-denial are no proof of devotedness! Christ's devotedness to our interests involved Him in suffering, loss, and shame, because of the state in which we were; though hereafter devotedness to us will involve to Him only joy, “the joy that was set before Him.” . . . Devotedness, consecration to Jesus, in a world tenanted by a thousand millions of heathen means stern labour and toil, means constant self-denial and self-sacrifice, means unwearied well-doing even unto death.

Judged by this test, how many faithful, loving, and devoted followers has Jesus Christ? *Are we of their number?*

MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

God says, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” But His servants stay, crowded together on one little spot on the earth's surface, and preach the Gospel to a select few, often treading upon each other's toes, working (sometimes deliberately) not so much against Satan as against each other; the filling of one church meaning the emptying of another, the success of one worker the disappointment of another.

And all the time hundreds, thousands, millions, nay, hundreds of millions of our fellow-creatures are ignorantly worshipping stocks and stones, and scarcely anybody stirs to go to them.

God's command, “Go . . . to every creature,”—albeit it was our Lord's parting message to us—we simply ignore. But we expect Him to smile on us all the same! Who will ponder these things? . . .

When I think, on the one hand, of the numbers of Christians who, awaking to the fact that they are not their own masters but Christ's slaves, have definitely consecrated themselves soul and body to their Master's service, willing, we say, to leave home and country and go wherever He tells us; and when I think, on the other hand, of the heathen as they actually are to-day, and of our Master's “marching orders” to us, it is a deep, sad mystery to me how, notwithstanding, Satan is still able to keep such vast tracts of country, with their teeming populations, exclusively to himself, without the intrusion of a single witness to Christ.

To preach the Gospel to the heathen—*is it the amusement or is it the business of the Church of Christ?* Is it true that the devil himself marvels at our unfaithfulness? Does Satan wonder at his own success? How long shall he be allowed to triumph? How long shall he keep these millions in his own possession? How long shall he be permitted to enjoy his proud boasting? Shall we indeed see him laugh at our conferences, our prayer-meetings, and our “deepening of the spiritual life”? Shall we stand still and let the devil smile when we consecrate ourselves and talk of going by-and-by to the heathen? Oh, brothers, let us be true! Sisters, be true! By the devil's scorn, by the Saviour's entreaty, by the heathen's woe, *be true!* “Pay that which thou hast owed.”

REV. J. H. HORSBURGH.

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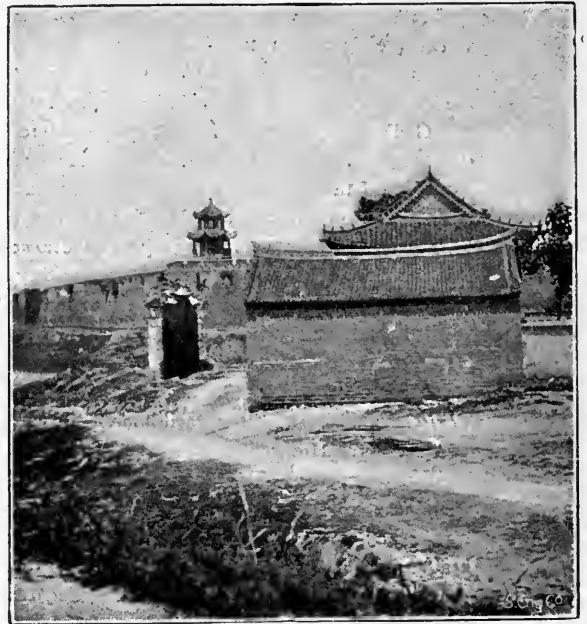
CHAPTER XIV.

In the Heart of Heartbendom.

HO-NAN.¹ Five letters and a name, to us in England. Little more. “—Oh, yes, a place where people were starving recently, a river overflowed its banks or something, and we sent money to them,—very generous,—fed them on rice, wasn’t it? Papers put in pathetic appeals and so forth. Yes—Ho-nan;—that was the place.”

Five letters and a name; little more.

To the Emperor at Pekin HO-NAN has a wider meaning. On the lower spurs of the lofty Peh-ling mountains, running eastward towards the Yellow Sea, on the northern slopes of the hilly borderland dividing Ho-nan from Hu-peh, on the level plains at the foot of the Shan-si Highlands, and on the low-lying flats that bank the Yellow River, fifteen million subjects of his imperial court live in the vast province of HO-NAN. The great Hoang Ho (or Yellow River), significantly called “China’s Sorrow,” racing down from the western mountains, through the sandy desert stretches of Mongolia, past the great wall, and southward to Pu-chau,² takes a sudden eastern bend as it passes the borderland of that province, and, changing both course and current, flows sluggishly through the Honanese plains, depositing its burden of yellow Mongolian sands, and for ever silting up its own channel as it creeps away to K’ai-fung,³ and turns north-



A HO-NAN CITY.

¹ See map at the end of book.

² In the south of the Shan-si province.

³ The capital of Ho-nan.

ward to the Gulf of Peh-chi-li. Its bed rises year by year. Yellow sand is piled on yellow sand, till the people of Ho-nan, in self-defence, dyke up the river to keep it within bounds. And their dykes rise year by year as the bed of yellow sand gets deeper. Still, to the Imperial mind at the Court of Peking the 15,000,000 hardy, simple-minded, northern Honanese, must be a constant source of anxiety, for when the big dykes give way, flood and famine, death and devastation sweep across the province, and hurry thousands out of the busy, toiling world of China, out of existence—*whither?*

Not that the Imperial mind is likely to give much heed to the last reflection. *Whither?* Who shall say? To the Western Paradise of Buddhist dreams, or to some dark nether regions? “*Wo-men puh-teh chi-tao.*—我們不得知道—We cannot tell!”

* *

But there is One who knows! One who for these 15,000,000 has become, as for us, “*the Way.*” Sunken though they are in superstition and idolatry, blinded by Taoism, Confucianism, Mahomedanism, Buddhism, and ghostly ancestral worship; there is for them, as for us, One who is “*the Truth.*” Dead in their sinfulness, and dying daily, sweeping on, opium-cursed, guilt-hardened, by thousands, to the grave, there is One who for them too, as for us, is “*the Life.*” And He sends His people forth to carry His message. *Why do they not go?*

* *

Eighteen hundred and eighty-four years after CHRIST commanded His disciples to be witnesses to Him to the uttermost part of the earth, the five great Chinese territories of Ho-nan, Hu-peh, Kwang-Si, Mongolia, and Thibet lay still in utter darkness, 51,000,000 souls within their limits, and among them no Gospel messenger.

Now in 1890 things are changed.¹

The accompanying diagram should surely be, to us who constantly and loudly profess to belong to the CRUCIFIED, at least suggestive of the possibility of further self-crucifixion.

¹ In 1900 Honan had 40 Missionaries.

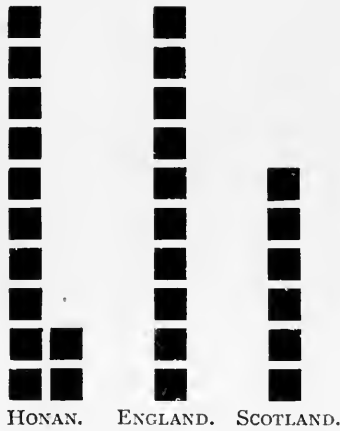


DIAGRAM OF RELATIVE AREAS.

HONAN has
Fourteen Missionaries (including wives).

GREAT BRITAIN has
35,000 Ministers.

SCOTLAND alone has
3845 Ministers.

HO-NAN. A province as large as all England and all Wales, peopled by fifteen millions, and in it two slenderly-munitioned stations, outposts of the great Gospel army, the van of the advancing hosts of GOD!

In this Shae-k'i-tien the soldier's hands are few and feeble,—three women, a young child, and one man,—what are they among so many? Yet they think their task by no means hopeless, for our missionary writes:—

This Shae-k'i-tien seems just the kind of place where the Gospel seems to take hold, and spread. It is not a city, no mandarins or teachers reside here, and there are no great examinations such as in larger cities, to bring the literati together, often causing trouble. The upper classes are but poorly represented, and official prejudice is almost *nil*; still Shae-k'i-tien is a large centre of population (the second largest in Ho-nan), a busy, thriving market town, in which strangers from all parts come and go. It does not however seem like a big city at all. Its streets are wide and shabby-looking, and there is an utter absence of all attempts at display. A white countryfied look characterizes everything, and the people seem like country folk, simple and kind. "*To the poor the Gospel is preached.*" Let us rejoice in spirit!

March 20th, 1889.

I was just beginning this afternoon to write to you by the outgoing mail, and was rejoicing to think of the nice long time I should have to tell you all sorts of news, for my teacher had gone out and I was not going to study, when suddenly the summons came to go to an opium case,—a young girl who had taken the poison yesterday. It was the first woman's case we had had here, so Mrs. Taylor

and I both prepared to go. The house was at some distance and the day was hot. When we got into the streets we found the dust inches deep, but had to walk on fast, following the men who had come for us, and soon found ourselves in a strange part of the city. Of course crowds followed in our wake, and before we got to the house we had quite a procession. What clouds of dust the dear wee children made! We were almost choked and blinded. The crowds that follow us everywhere form one of the trials of Chinese life in the interior; never, never, to be able to get out for five minutes without a hundred eyes following every movement! Conceive of it! Many hundreds must have followed us to-day, but not thousands as at first. At last we got to the house, only to find to our joy that the poor girl had not taken opium, after all; it was a mistake, and she was all right. Would that such discoveries were of more frequent occurrence!

Never able to get out for five minutes without a hundred curious eyes following one's every movement! Why? Because one is a woman. If our sisters were only free to work as they would, things would be wonderfully different. But the Magna Charta of womanhood, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus," does not obtain in Central China. Such a doctrine is unheard of. We read later on:—

You can have no idea at home of how one is handicapped at every turn by the strict customs of this heathen land. They hinder us constantly. Women—and we are only women—simply *dare not* go about . . . as we would do at home . . . It really comes to this, that all has to be done through the men. Even to buying one's own or one's children's *clothes*, everything must go through them. Here a woman is *never* seen in a SHOP! and down to the smallest details she is nothing, and can do nothing except through her husband or men relations. Men, on the other hand, have every facility for seeing and doing everything. They have no crowds following them when they go out, and can wander where they please. Only even men must not be seen looking about much; they too must keep their eyes fixed on the ground about ten paces in front of them, not observing anything that is going on around them; that is, if they aspire to be above the coolie class.

Hampered by social etiquette, living in a Chinese house.

So different to our home dwellings, all shut up within four walls, with no outlook, and nothing to be seen but a little strip of sky;—

Hampered by not knowing the northern dialect, which compared to that of the South is "almost like a new language" to inex-

THE FAR INTERIOR.

perienced students of Chinese; isolated in the far interior of China, five days' journey from any other Europeans, our Missionary is beginning to experience some of the trying physical, mental, and spiritual deprivations of pioneering Gospel effort. We read—

I am beginning now to realize what life at an inland station really is. We need your prayers very much, more than you can know. At present we are keeping very quiet here, because it is the Chinese New Year's time, and there have never been English ladies in this city before. It is little

indeed we could do if we were to go out, for the dialect is so different to

anything we have heard before that even Mr. Taylor can hardly be understood. So we are studying, praying, and waiting.

What a terribly strong tendency there is to become narrow, narrow-minded; I feel it intensely. Communion with God is a blessed preventive, is it not? Thank God that is ever possible! Pray for us that we may be kept *growing* in spite of all.

Yet our friends are busily at work in Shae-k'i tien.

This afternoon we had a good time out, and must have been invited into at least twenty houses. We took as many as we had time for. Everyone



Street in
Chau-Kia-
Keo Monan



Bedroom & Dispensary
Chen-chau Monan



View outside of
Gospel Hall
Chau-Kia-Keo
Monan



Interior of
Bank
Chau-Kia-
Keo Monan



Street in
Chau-Kia-
Keo Monan



View
outside
of Gospel
Hall
Chau-Kia-Keo
Monan.

was so kind and friendly. . . . Not long since I was out with one of our women in a new part of the city, and had a large audience twice over in an open space among the houses. They listen with wonderful attention, and one is able to put the simplest Gospel before them with some clearness, but beyond that it is difficult at present. . . . My heart is here. I *love* the people! They are in some ways the finest and most hopeful in China. I love and long for the *women*; and they are just full of promise. Praise the LORD!

And thus, in spite of not a little outward difficulty, hindrance, and privation, the spiritual life goes forward unflinching. For the All-Father, whose everlasting arms are underneath His children everywhere, teaches us by degrees the life-lesson,—

“The wisest part . . . to move
Along the city ways with heart assured by heavenly love,
And vocal with such songs as own a fountain to the world unknown.”

Shae-k'i-tien, Ho-nan, July, 1889.

It is Sunday morning—bright and warm.

The service is just over, and we are gathered again in the women's own room. Some are preparing to go home, and some still linger to talk over the morning's meetings. Among these latter are two dear women, middle-aged, and not especially attractive-looking, perhaps, but who are very precious to us, for we think we see in them a real interest in the Truth for its own sake.

I go over and take my seat beside them, receiving a warm welcome, dear Tuan-Sao-Sao taking my hand in her own bright, loving way. Chao-Sao-Sao wants to be baptized, and leans forward to say so, very earnestly. She wants to be baptized *at once*, so that she may go home to her old mother, and tell her about JESUS before she dies! The road is long, forty *li*, and it must all be travelled on those poor little feet, for she has no chance of getting a cart, but—“Oh,” she says, “I shall go so quickly, it will seem easy! my heart longs to get to her so!” and then she adds,—“If *we* believe in JESUS can we take *somebody else* with us to heaven?”

“Yes!” puts in Tuan-Sao-Sao. “Can we bring another with us, Gin-Ku-niang?”

Such earnestness! such longing tones!

“Why, Tuan-Sao-Sao?” I ask, half anticipating the reply.

“Ah! My husband! My son!”

“What is it? Tell me all about them!” and with deep and increasing interest I listen, as, from a full heart, she pours out the whole story.

The husband is good and kind, but much opposed to the Gospel; the son most dutiful, most filial, but also strongly prejudiced against the Truth. And he is under a vow, which makes his poor mother the more fearful that, for him,

it would be impossible to be a Christian. It is a strange story, giving a fresh insight into the heart-life of these people, and runs thus:—

A few months ago, back in the winter, Tuan-Sao-Sao was taken very ill while her son was away from home. He returned to find her, as they supposed, dying, and all the household in deepest grief, for she is greatly beloved by her family. Seven hundred *li* away, in the mountains near the great river (the Han), stands a famous temple, high and inaccessible, to which pilgrimages are often made; thither the young man determines to wend his way, to confess his mother's sins, burn incense, and seek for her pardon and healing. The snow lies deeply on the ground, for it is the depth of a Ho-nan winter, but he takes a vow to travel all the way bare-footed, dressed in summer muslin garments, and laden with heavy iron chains, many, many pounds in weight!

The poor mother is too ill to know anything about her son's self-sacrificing resolve, and his one care is that she shall not see him as he passes out into the biting frost and blinding snow of the mid-winter morning.

First all the temples in the town itself are visited, and incense burnt to all their gods, and then, this weary day's work over, he starts on his long, difficult journey. He has never carried weights before, and the seven hundred *li* (over 230 miles) seem long indeed, as he toils on from day to day! At last, after indescribable sufferings, the goal is reached; one final tremendous effort carries him up the steep, high mountain upon which the famous temple stands, and lays him prostrate at the feet of its cruel divinity, before whom he offers incense and many prayers, and leaves his load of chains. Before returning he takes a solemn vow to repeat this journey twice again in the two following years, if only the sins of the loved mother, lying so ill at home, may be remitted, and her life spared!

The vow is still upon him—for his mother is better; and as I listen to her earnest, pitiful recital of the story, and see her eyes fill again and again with tears, I feel how much the thought of her boy's devotion touches the mother's heart.

And now—"Could *he* come to Jesus? What about all the merit and his vow?" It seems hard to say that it is all of no use, and can profit them nothing! but it is equally blessed to be able to add that there is a better merit that may become their own, a more excellent Sacrifice sacrificed for them, and a surer way to obtain forgiveness and healing, both of body and soul!

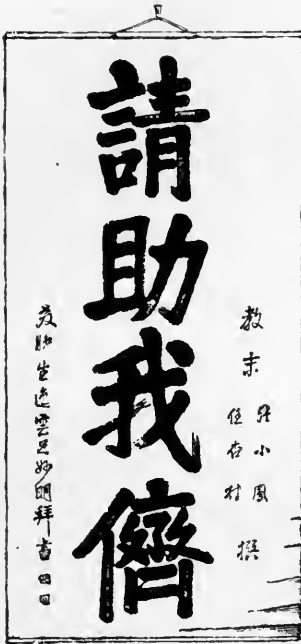
That the dear woman herself has obtained it, and is even now saved and on her way to heaven, we can have but little doubt, thank the Lord; and it is a great joy to think of her as among the first five women accepted for baptism in our loved Shae-k'i-tien.

For the husband and son we agree earnestly to pray—as for Chao-Sao-Sao's four grown-up sons, only one of whom is yet a Christian—and the two dear women leave us to wend their homeward way.

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

CHAPTER XV.

A Cry from China.



[Facsimile of a Chinese Scroll, bearing the words, "Come over and help us."]

SITTING here to-night in my own quiet room, alone with a dear wee Chinese baby seven months old, a little patient very ill with bronchitis, my heart turns to the dear home—still mine, though so distant! The poor mother, when she brought her child this afternoon, consented to stay on finding that we might be able to help it. So I have given them my small chamber, and baby is lying in little Howard's cot beside me here, with poultices on his poor wee back and chest, and a big kettle sending forth plenty of steam beside him. We are giving him aconite and belladonna, and trusting he will be better soon, dear little lamb! The mother has just gone into Mrs. Taylor's room to see baby Howard have his bath—such a wonderful, wonderful sight to our Chinese friends, whose poor little ones only have the *remotest* acquaintance with soap and water!

Last night I was suddenly called out to another sick bed, and am half expecting to be sent for again this evening. Such a sad case! A dear young woman of only five-and-twenty, whose little baby, now a few days old, was born after nearly two days and nights' protracted suffering. Puerperal fever succeeded, and her temperature last night was 105° and 106° as she lay half-unconscious hour after hour. It was very sad to see her suffer, and be able to do so little. My only refuge was in prayer, and several times through the long night we all knelt together on the mud floor of the poor little home, to plead with the one true and all-powerful God for her life. I trust and believe that she will be restored again, though to all human probability it looks impossible.

Oh, how these people *suffer*! It was most touching last night to watch the husband and mother of this poor girl in their loving devotion to her. He especially, though he had been up several nights, was unremitting in his watchful and tender care all the long night through. He held her in his arms hour after

hour, comforting, soothing, and helping her, with gentle, self-forgetful, patient tenderness. It was beautiful and most touching. Again and again tears came into my eyes as I watched them, and thanked God for permitting me to see such real affection, once at any rate, in this dark, *cruel*, heathen land!

* * *

April 15th.

Ten days since the foregoing! Such busy, trying days that I have not had time or heart to finish this letter. Night after night we have been sitting up with the poor little sick baby, again and again expecting it to die in our arms, again and again receiving it back to life, in answer, I believe, to our fervent prayers. We had no idea when taking it in, that it would have been so ill, or we should scarcely have dared to receive it, for had the child died the consequences would have been most serious. Already the reports spread about us in the town are of the worst, and the devil seems to be trying his hardest to turn the hearts of the people against us. In addition to these painful rumours, a statement has been in circulation that *we* are accountable for the long and serious *drought* that has prevailed, and threatens to destroy the crops! It is said that we, night by night, blow the clouds away and keep the rain from coming! If anything had really occurred to alarm them—if the baby, for instance, had died in our hands—what the result might have been would be hard to say. For ourselves we care but little, but for the good of the Kingdom and our Master's glory we care much. Great therefore was our thankfulness when, after five or six nights of anxious watching, the little one began to mend, and when the rain-clouds for which we had been so earnestly praying gathered at last in refreshing showers. At the end of the week the baby was much better and able to go home, and with thankful hearts we looked forward to a day or two's rest.

The town was very full, three great *Shi* or theatres were on, and as one occupied the whole street outside our very door we thought it wiser not to go out until it was all over. These *Shi* are very curious. They are travelling performances, conducted in the open air. A stage some thirty feet square is placed across the street, high enough to allow of the traffic passing beneath. The back is boarded in, and contains apartments for the actors, &c. No charge is made for witnessing the performance, and thousands throng the open street, watching with eager interest, hour after hour.

Early next morning a call came for some one to go to a case of opium-poisoning—a young girl of sixteen. Mrs. Taylor went, and returned after some hours, bringing a favourable report of the poor girl. The difficulty of getting through the streets was very great. Early in the afternoon another call came. This time it was an old woman who had taken the drug. Mrs. Taylor went. Shortly after a messenger hurriedly arrived from the house where Mrs. Taylor had been in the morning, begging us to come at once, as the girl had become worse. With earnest prayer for help and guidance, I got together a few things we



thought
might
be use-
ful, and
taking
our wo-
m a n,
Chang-
sao - sao,

and a man, started somewhat in
fear and trembling.

The theatre was in full
swing as we
reached the
door. What a

sea of faces all

a glimpse of the grotesque

to pass under it, for happily our road lay at the back, where the crowd was not so great. The screaming voices of the actors were almost drowned by the clashing of gongs, cymbals, and other *un*musical instruments, which keep up a perpetual din during the performance.

down the crowded street ! I caught
figures on the stage as we turned

The scenes acted were full of horrors, one (often repeated) represents the tortures of a soul passing after death through the seven hells of its future state. Happily for us, the attention of the crowd was riveted on the stage, and we got past without attracting very much notice ; still, a large number followed us, increasing as we went on, and not seeming as friendly as usual, so that I was glad indeed to reach the house to which we were going.

It was dusk, and within the crowded hovel all was dark and mysterious. The first thing to do was to get a light. But, oh, how callous the people seemed ! In vain we begged for a candle, urged them to procure us a lamp, and upbraided their slowness. It was at least a quarter of an hour before a miserable glimmer made its appearance—a bit of bamboo-pith in a saucer of oil—and we were able to see where the poor girl lay.

One glance convinced me that she was dying. The stiffened form, purple lips, swollen face, and laboured breathing told their own tale. Her mother had not only let her sleep, but had given her food also—solid food—one of the worst things under the circumstances. Now the poor miserable woman was crouching behind her dying child, wailing in her grief. I soon learned from the neighbours, who crowded the room and did not spare their reproaches, that it was *she* who had driven the poor child by her cruelty and hardness that morning to take the opium.

We did all we could, but it was too late ; and I would have left after an hour or two, but that they begged so hard for us to stay. The poor girl soon became

unconscious, and it was evident to all that she was past hope. Then to my distress they began to change her clothes, dressing her in the best she had, that she might die respectably! Her poor little feet were rebound and squeezed into her tiniest shoes, and her gayest clothing put upon her, with her finest head-dress of silver and blue and scarlet. The poor head fell from side to side, the glazed eyes staring unconsciously on them all, as with rude haste and loud clamour they accomplished their unnatural task.

With heavy heart I stood and watched, and then with surprise saw them lift the stiff, unconscious figure out into the darkness of the other room. No one followed, but a burst of loud, unmeaning wailing broke from the women and children. Calling Chang-sao-sao, I hastened after the men, and there in the outer room I found her laid on the mud floor with only a straw mat under her, close by the open door, through which the cold night air came blowing in—just laid down in the dark and cold to die! Indignant, I called to the people to come and see that she was not dead, scarcely even dying yet; and made them feel her heart and hands.

Somewhat surprised, they gathered round; but the excitement being over they soon dropped off one by one, leaving us alone with the mother and sisters of the dying child. It was late then, and we could not leave them by themselves through the long, awful night. They begged us to stay, the little ones holding my hands with tears; so I sent word to Mrs. Taylor, and sat down with the poor dying girl in my arms.

Already she seemed almost choked with the thick matter which made such a terrible rattling in her throat, and once she roused to almost consciousness, seizing my hand, and gazing all around her with imploring eyes. Of course, we did all we could think of, and prayed again and again; but it was too late, the poison was fast doing its deadly work. Unconscious she sank back again into my arms, and we all felt there was nothing more to be done. I got a *pu-k'ai* and covered her up warmly, and then sat down on the mud floor by her side to watch the end.

The little sisters—dear children of some eight and ten years old—sat by me. The mother had gone away! The brother and some men-servants (they were not poor people by any means) were *asleep* in the next room. It was midnight; I suppose they were tired.

Presently a heavy, sickening smell of opium came wafted to us from somewhere near at hand! Quickly I looked up and asked who was smoking the deadly drug—here and now! The little sister sadly replied,—

"It is mother, in the next room; she is always smoking."

"*Mother!* here and *now?*"

"Yes."

Heartsick, and overwhelmed with grief and shame, I bowed my head beside that dying child. There swept over me an awful realization of the part England has played in this devil's triumph—the heavy curse of my adopted people. I, an

English girl, as I knelt there by that dying Chinese girl, felt an awful “fitness of things” in the remorse and grief and shame that bowed me to the ground. My people’s sin is mine. Oh, that my grief and shame were theirs!

But, alas, it is too late for grief to avail anything here *now*. I can only comfort the living and weep beside the dying, helpless to save. And for my people, too, it is too late ever to repair the unutterable wrong that justifies the bitter answer lately made by an educated Chinaman to a missionary,—

“I don’t know about heaven,” said he, “but I know there is a *hell*, for China has been a hell ever since you brought the opium to us.”

Yes, we have forced upon them our opium, and it is too late ever to undo that, for the whole empire is just *saturated* with its deadly poison. There seems scarce a house in which there is not one dead. But, by God’s grace, we may yet do something for the living; we may yet take the little children and lead them by the hand into safer, better ways. We have given them our *opium*; can we refuse them our *Bible*!—our knowledge of a Saviour, a Deliverer, a certain Hope? Opium we forced upon them at the bayonet’s point; for the Bible and the Light of Truth they cry with outstretched, empty, longing hands, and for help also to rid themselves, even now, from their awful bondage to this deadly drug. Oh, that Christian England would arise, as one man, and give of its best—its sons and daughters, its silver and gold—determined that even now, late though it be, all *shall* be done that *can* be done to save this people, and purge our consciences from this load of guilt and shame.

* * * * *

It is past midnight, and dark and cold; I look up and see a strange, sad scene.

The dying girl is weaker, the awful death-rattle louder, hoarser than before. The little sisters have fallen asleep, their heads pillowed upon her cold, stiff form. I take the younger in my arms, and wrap my loose garments about her. The other wakes up, and pillows her head on my knee. A little way off, Chang-sao-sao is sitting, quietly watching, with a sad, grave face. For three long hours we sit here thus—never-to-be-forgotten, awful hours, spent in that low, dark chamber, face to face with that fearful death, and with the consciousness of what it *means*.

Only this morning she was well and bonnie, poor girl! On the threshold of womanhood, life just opening before her, and with no thought of death. And now?—And *now* dying . . . poisoned . . . self-poisoned . . . in her misery . . . with British opium!

Yes. And think! “A million a month in China are dying—without God.”

* * * * *

The breathing is slower. The death-rattle longer, louder. No one knows, no one cares much, except us! A long silence—one more faint gasp—one quiver—and all is over.

I kneel beside her, and the children wake, looking up with sad, strange eyes, wondering at my tears. By-and-by the mother and the rest come in. The brother, without a word, fetches a bundle of paper which he burns upon the

ground beside the dead girl's head. He says it is to *song* her *ts'ien*, or send her money, to the land of shadows whither she is gone. Sick at heart, I watch the sad picture, and then I try to tell them of HIM who can rob death of all its terrors ; but they are too tired to listen, and my heart is almost too sad.

The little ones beg me to come again, as presently we go out into the dark, cold night, and make our way home through the sleeping, silent city.

It is half-past three when we get in, and I sit down alone to think about it all.

* * * * *

I have told it you just as it happened. It is a sad story, but no description could convey a tenth part of its sadness.

It is only one of scores of such—hundreds, I suppose—that happen daily in this vast sin-cursed land, where *twelve hundred and fifty souls every hour* pass away into Christless graves.

No words can tell how thankful I am to be in China—to be *here*. What they lose who might come and don't! And what they incur, also! For hath HE not said :—

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain ; if thou sayest, ‘Behold we know it not,’ doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall He not render unto every man according to his works?”

Yours, seeking the lost—with Jesus,

Geraldine Guinness

“While you and I cannot look beyond what our newspapers put before us, and while we are taken up with what is going on in England, the eye of the great God is going to and fro among all those countless millions, not one of whom is forgotten, each soul of them an object of the tenderest solicitude and of the utmost interest to the great God that made it. And as they pass on and go down into the darkness the heart of the great God is wrung for them; there is not one of them that God has not loved, there is not one of them for whom Christ did not die. There is not one of them but God would have saved—whom the infinite heart of the infinite God is not yearning over with unutterable compassion. There is not one of them that goes down into the darkness but the very tears of Christ are, as it were, falling upon his head. Shame upon us when we look at the wonderful, inconceivable love of God and look then at our own hearts! God has shown that there is nothing He will not do, or give, or suffer, that men may be saved; and yet in spite of the pouring out of all that infinite wealth of love, men are going down to death because you and I will not tell them of the Gospel. That is our position before God in this matter.”

MAJOR-GEN. F. T. HAIG, R.E.

How much longer shall this state of things continue? How much longer shall more than half the human race be allowed to remain in ignorance of the way of life? How much longer shall the command of Him whom we call “Our Lord Jesus Christ” to go into ALL the world and preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE, be neglected, disregarded, and ignored?

We plead for these neglected millions. We raise our voices on their behalf. They cannot speak for themselves. Distance makes them dumb. Strangership silences them. They wander in moral midnight. They know not what they do. Year after year, age after age, they fall and perish as though of no more worth than the withered leaves of autumn. They have fallen by millions, and none has cared for them. Torrid sun and sweeping rain have bleached their bones or blanched their sepulchres. Melancholy winds have moaned their requiem. Relentless Time has rolled over their generations the billows of oblivion. They have perished from the earth, gone into a dark and dread eternity, without ever having heard of Him who died and rose that men might live, who was lifted up from the earth to draw all men unto Him, and who cries aloud to a ruined but redeemed humanity, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

We plead for the neglected millions of heathendom. We say to the Church of Jesus Christ, “Behold them! They are our own brothers and sisters in a common humanity. They are one with us in sin and ruin; let them be one with us in the knowledge of salvation. Awake, O selfish, sleeping, forgetful Church; arouse thee to thy neglected duties; fulfil thy solemn mission; bear thy testimony; send forth thy sons; proclaim thy glorious message; gird thyself, and give thyself, in the name of Jesus Christ, to the tremendous task of evangelizing the uttermost part of the earth.”

HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Recent Experiences.



Married
at
Shanghai

Cathedral,

April 24th, 1894,

Mary Geraldine Guinness,

to

F. Howard Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S.

*An Address given at Harley House on the return of Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor to
England. May, 1900.*

WHEN I first went to China, more than twelve years ago, we spent a pleasant day at Hong-Kong in passing, and something was said to me there that I can never forget. The kind friend who received us had known about the work left behind in East London, and was concerned lest amid the new surroundings of a heathen country one should become disheartened. As we were leaving he said :

“You are going to China for the first time, and are full of enthusiasm. You have seen much blessing in the work of God at home ; many souls saved and lives transformed. The conditions now, however, will be very different. You must not look for the same kind of results, or you will be terribly disappointed. *You must not expect to see people converted as they are at home.* In China it is a very gradual work. The missionary must teach and preach and slowly influence opinion ; but not in the first generation can we look for conversions like that of Paul. The great hope lies in educating the children.”

Much surprised, I could not but differ in opinion. Having no experience of missionary work, however, I was only able to express the conviction that the power of the Gospel must be the same everywhere, and applicable alike to all.

“Well,” my friend repeated, “you will see. Only do not expect heathen men and women to be suddenly converted ; or, as I say, you will be disappointed and discouraged.”

How often, in the years that have passed since then, I have thought of those words. Working in widely separated parts of China ; travelling in ten different provinces ; meeting,

as I have done, with hundreds of men and women converted to God in middle life — gamblers, opium-smokers, some even possessed with devils, saved and transformed just the same as people are at home, and many of them *the very first time they ever heard the Gospel* ; how often I have thought of those words ! Thank God, we need no new methods and no new message ! The Gospel is still the power of God, the only power, unto salvation. Let us believe in it more.



THE SHANGHAI CATHEDRAL.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Paul, when he penned those words, was no longer a young enthusiast. He knew well what he was writing about. He had preached the Gospel then in many a centre of culture and civilization, as well as in wild and barbarous places ; and his face was turned at length toward Rome, the capital of the world. Think what that meant in Paul's day. Rome must have been then something like London, Paris, New York, and all our chief centres of wealth and power combined in one ! The sole imperial city ; mistress of the world ! And with his face toward this proud metropolis the veteran missionary cries, "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are in Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God unto salvation." Ah, brethren, he had *proved* its power.

There are many kinds of power in the world, forces seen and unseen, natural and spiritual ; but the greatest of all forces, thank God, is this "power unto salvation," enfolded in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When we go to China we are met by *power*, forces of evil arraigned against the Gospel. Pride, prejudice, ignorance, sin ; philosophy, idolatry, devil-worship ; natural antipathy to the foreigner ; acquired hatred, born of our past relations with themselves ; all these things and many more combine to oppose the truth.

Oh, the forces behind idolatry ! How little we begin to realize it all at home ! In China there are four great religions ; mighty ancient faiths. The most recent dates from before the time of Christ ; the oldest can be traced back through four or five millenniums. Stately temples are reared all over the land, containing in some cases scores, hundreds, and even thousands of idols.

In one beautiful temple I have seen five hundred idols, all larger than life, worshipped at one and the same time. In another, well known to us, there are no fewer than thirty thousand idols, large and small. And behind all this idolatry, foolish and empty in itself, is concealed the terrible power of the devil. How often we are reminded of the statement made by the Apostle Paul : "The things they offer unto idols they offer unto *devils*" (1 Cor. x. 20). Idolatry is a religion of fear, prompted by dread of evil spirits that the people know only too well have power to harm them. Then there is Confucianism, a still more mighty and subtle force. I do not suppose there is anywhere in the world a false faith that is more closely twined around the hearts of the people. Its stronghold lies in ancestral worship ; and that touches all that is deepest and most sacred in human relations. This I came to realize a few days ago, as never before, when upon landing in England, after long years of absence, we went first of all to a spot newly become sacred, and stood beside my precious mother's grave. There, as I knelt alone in the gathering shadows, and pressed my lips and cheek against the cold white stone, feeling I had got home at last, because I had reached her side, I was conscious of that deep outgoing of the heart in love and veneration so near akin to worship. How well one can understand at such a moment the spirit that prompts to adoration of the departed ; that rears the shrine in memory of the beloved one ; that worships at the grave still hallowed by some lingering presence.

Of course, much that is connected in ancestral worship is purely formal and perfunctory,

but there is at the same time the deep heart of it all, and it is useless to ignore its power.

These and many other mighty forces we have to meet and combat, with no charm

or attraction, no outward and visible sign of

power, nothing in ourselves, nothing in our surroundings—nothing but the name and presence

with us of the living Christ. And oh, brethren, we, too, in our measure have proved the supreme power of that precious name; we, too, are "not ashamed" of the Gospel of Christ.

Since last I stood in this hall, my husband and I have had the privilege of opening two important cities in China to the Gospel. We and our fellow-worker, Mr. Ford, who went out from this college, were the first to live and preach Christ in those places, two of the chief governing cities of Honan. One of them, the city of Ch'en-cheo, was for a time the scene of painful experiences in the life of the great teacher Confucius. Two thousand five hundred years ago he visited Ch'en-cheo to propound his doctrines, but was met by violent opposition and



Photos by Dr. H. Taylor.

THE MISSION HOUSE AT CH'EN-CHEO
AFTER REPAIR.

persecution, and narrowly escaped with his life. In that remote past, Ch'en-cheo was already an important centre of culture and learning; and there it still stands on the plain of Honan, capital of a populous and important district.

It was the medical work that was used at last to win an entrance for the Gospel into that city. And even with all the help thus afforded, it was far from easy. Four years of patient effort were required before we could obtain the poorest kind of little place in which to live. The house they gave us was just a small cart-inn, old and dirty; four rooms, all told; with walls and floors of dried mud, and a dilapidated roof of thatch, leaking all over. The paper windows were heavily barred and not made to open, and the little bit of courtyard was enclosed with high mud walls all round that shut out everything, except the sky. Altogether it was very like a prison, and so shabby and dirty that it would hardly have been used for a stable at home. But poor as it was, how we rejoiced to obtain it! It was privilege, opportunity, everything to us; the answer to many prayers; the chance we had so longed for to live and preach the Gospel in that proud Confucian city! I think the authorities had an idea, when they let us rent that house, that we should find it impossible to live there long, and that in that way they might soon be rid of us. But if so, they were indeed mistaken. How little it matters to us where we live or what we have to put up with, as long as souls are saved and men and women grow up into Christ in all things! It makes no difference after all whether they are saved in a mud hut or in a palace, so long as they *are* saved, and brought out of darkness into His marvellous light. And that was what happened in our little cottage, from the very first, thank God. Within the first six weeks quite a group of men and women had been led into the light, more than a dozen of whom were afterwards baptized and became members of the little church, which has gone on growing and developing ever since. Storms of persecution, of course, came upon us. Our lives were often in danger; and the city was placarded more than once with announcements of the day on which we were to be massacred. But in all this, too, we could rejoice, because souls were being saved. From the first, it was our earnest petition that God would bring to Himself men and women who should be in their turn saviours of others, soul-winners among their own people. I should like to give you just two instances of how this prayer was answered through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Among our earliest friends in Ch'en-cheo was one young woman to whom I was specially attracted. She was quiet in manner, and very pleasing in appearance; tall, slender, and refined. She came regularly to the meetings, always accompanied by her little boy, a bright child of about twelve years old. I soon found that they were deeply interested in the Gospel, and was the more surprised when suddenly they ceased coming, and we saw them no more. Upon inquiry about this unexpected disappearance the other women said:

"Oh, do you not know? Mrs. Üen has gone to live in the country. She has become a Christian, and wants to lead a Christian life."

"But why," I questioned, "could she not live a Christian life here in the

city? Where she has gone there will be no one to teach her, and no services to attend on Sunday."

"Ah," was the reply, "you do not understand. Her life has been very sad. She could not be a Christian in the city. The only way was to break with it all, and leave her bad companions. Happily her husband has consented, and let her go to his people in the country, where she will be all right."

Seeing it was wiser to ask no more questions, I let the matter drop, and Mrs. Üen was lost sight of for a time, though we continued to remember her in prayer. At last, some weeks afterwards, her husband unexpectedly appeared, with a message from his wife in the country.

Could we send someone out to their village at once? So many people there were inquiring about the Gospel. His wife had taught them all she knew herself, but they were not satisfied, and wanted to learn more!

This was good hearing, and we at once sent off a Christian man, and our dear Bible-woman, to visit the village. And what a story they brought back of the wonder-working power of God! Later on we went ourselves, and found it all true. The influence of the life of that young woman had been wonderful.



Photo by

FOUR CHRISTIAN WOMEN BAPTIZED IN HO-NAN IN 1899.

[Dr. G. W. Guinness

When she first went back to the country, people began at once to notice the difference in her appearance and manner. "How changed young Mrs. Üen is!" became the general comment. "How bright her face has become! And she does not worship idols, or burn incense any more. Yet she is quite well, and seems peaceful and happy! What can be the meaning of it all?"

When questioned, Mrs. Üen was quite ready to answer, and told her neighbours simply and clearly of her new faith in Christ. They had never heard the Gospel before, and were deeply interested. When she spoke of Jesus and His love toward men, of all the wonderful things He did when on earth, and His present power as a Saviour, they questioned:

"But can He do such things now? You say He is still the same, and that He fills your heart with joy and peace. Can He heal the sick now, and cast out devils?"

With no embarrassment or sense of difficulty, the young woman answered at once: "Why, of course He can! He is the very same as ever. You have only to believe in Him and to ask Him now, like people did long ago. He has the same heart of love; the same touch of power."

And then she had to teach them to pray as best she could, and explain how it was that she could not go and fetch her new-found Saviour and bring Him to the little village, as they wanted her to do; that He was really there and could hear all they said, and see their hearts, although Himself unseen.

"But," they said, "can He really heal the sick, and cast out devils *now*? Because, if so, there is an old lady here, close by, who is very ill, and has been for months. She is in great suffering. If Jesus can make her well, why do you not go and tell her so?"

Soon Mrs. Üen was by the old lady's bedside, lovingly and patiently explaining to her, with the most simple faith, all about the power of Christ to save and heal. The old lady had never heard such things before.

"But," she said, "if all this is true, I want to believe in Jesus. Take down my idols, I never knew before that they were false, that it was wrong to worship them. You kneel down there and ask your Jesus to make me better, and forgive the sins of all my life."

So the idols were burned, and Mrs. Üen knelt down in that little Chinese cottage to ask Jesus to make the sick woman well. Do we doubt the presence and power of the living Christ? Do we question His willingness to answer the cry of need to-day? Do we say the age of miracles is past? Oh, brethren, where is our faith? I only know that far away in that little Chinese village the young woman's prayer was answered. She probably said some such words as these:

"My own dear Saviour Jesus, Thou art everywhere, and knowest all things. Thou hast almighty power. We are full of sin, and yet Thou lovest us. I beseech Thee, Lord, pity this old lady who is in so much suffering. She has a heavy burden of sin. She did not know, had never heard before, Thy precious Gospel. This is the first time she has ever prayed to Thee, Lord. She is quite willing and determined to give up her idols, never again to worship them,

only, in future, to serve and worship Thee. I beseech Thee, Lord Jesus, enlighten her heart. Pardon the sins of all her lifetime. Wash her heart clean in Thy most precious blood. And, oh Lord, please make her illness better. Thou canst heal the sick. Lay Thy hand on her now and make her strong. And help her from this time forward, only to serve and follow Thee, that she may obtain eternal blessedness in heaven.

“I venture thus to pray, trusting in no other merit, but only in the precious blood of Christ the Son of God.”

Then and there the old lady was made better. She was soon completely well, and became a sincere Christian. And seeing this, others began to turn to Christ. Many came to be prayed for—old and young, men, women, and children; and numbers were healed of various troubles. One or two, even, who were possessed by devils came to Mrs. Üen, and besought her to help them. She told them *she* could do nothing, but that her Saviour was able still to cast out evil spirits, and in the name of Jesus she commanded the demons to depart and trouble the poor sufferers no more. And from that moment they were free, healed, at rest. Why should these things surprise us, brethren? Has the name of Jesus lost any of its ancient power?

And so a little Christian church was formed, without any outward organization, but with true life at heart. The young believers met regularly on the Lord's Day for worship in Mrs. Üen's little house. When we went out there some months later we found about twenty Christians meeting to worship God in that little village where a foreigner had never been seen before. Mr. and Mrs. Üen had a little cottage that consisted of only one room, but this they had given up for a chapel. They had screened off a narrow strip at one end, not more than six feet wide, in which they lived and slept, did their cooking, and kept all their belongings; and the main part of the room they had made into quite a comfortable little meeting hall, with a table and some benches, and on the walls a few texts and scrolls, hymns written out on large sheets of paper, and even the Ten Commandments!

One other instance I must mention of healing in that little village, as it was rather out of the ordinary, and a practical instance of the power of prayer. An old woman in the neighbourhood was suffering severely from toothache; she had had it for weeks, and was almost in despair. She could neither eat nor sleep, and had made up her mind to commit suicide. Just then she heard reports about young Mrs. Üen, and determined as a last resort to go and see what she could do. The Chinese have no dental forceps, and know nothing about the extraction of teeth. They just have to suffer all life long, with no hope of relief. I have myself seen a man knocking his head against a stone wall to try and stun himself, because the pain he was suffering from toothache was so great. Well, the poor old woman made her way into the village and found out Mrs. Üen, who was full of ready sympathy. Not only did Mrs. Üen promise to pray for her, she explained to the old woman fully all about the Gospel and got her to understand, as well as she could, how much Christ could do for her soul. Gratefully the old woman listened, and then said:



"Indeed, if He would cure my toothache, I would willingly believe in Him."

Seeing that this must come first, Mrs. Üen knelt down with the old woman and prayed earnestly that the Lord would take away the pain, and save her soul. Immediately, as they rose from their knees, the pain left her, and the old woman was perfectly relieved! I do not wonder that she became an earnest Christian.

3



CHINESE SCENES.

To the present time that little village is the centre of a bright aggressive work, carried on through Mrs. Üen and those brought to the Lord by her means. Several of the Christians have been baptized, and the regular Sunday gatherings number about thirty people, still meeting in the

Üens' house. Now that all the missionaries have been driven away from Honan, and the Christians are suffering so much persecution, the Üens specially need our prayers. It is several months since we last heard of them. Will you not join us in praying for them and their work at T'ang-li-ri?

Another of our earliest friends in Ch'en-cheo has also been much used in spreading a knowledge of the truth. His conversion was even more sudden than Mrs. Üen's, and his case more touchingly sad.

It was one day when my husband was seeing patients in the men's guest hall, that this young fellow came in. We used to see patients every day, excepting Sundays; men on the even days of the month, and women on the odd ones. In this way people could be sure of coming at the right time. Among all the crowds of patients, sometimes as many as sixty or eighty in one afternoon, few ever impressed us as that man did. He was a young country farmer, a big, powerful, well-built fellow, but worn and emaciated, with a wild, haunted look in his eyes, disordered dress, and strange excited manner. My husband, after a very few questions, felt sure as to the nature of his case, which the young man shortly explained.

Let me say, before proceeding with this story, that I know it cannot but be received with a measure of hesitation by most at any rate who are present. We have not seen or heard of such things in England, and are accustomed to suppose that they are entirely phenomena of the past. But it is well to regard the subject with an open mind, for there exists abundant proof that, in China at any rate, the power of evil spirits is just as great in these days as in the time of Christ.

The young man who sat beside my husband in that little guest hall at Ch'en-cheo was literally possessed by evil spirits, and he knew it. For many months he had been in that condition, and was rapidly sinking into depths of degradation. Night and day he could get no rest. He could not eat, or work, or sleep. Strange perversity characterized him; and he would pick up the vilest refuse in the street and keep it for food. Restless, haunted, miserable, it was as though some awful nightmare was always upon him, overshadowing him with terror and oppression. At times, paroxysms came on of fearful violence, in which he was possessed of superhuman strength. And when these passed away, he was left in a state of utter exhaustion. He saw and knew the spirits that were haunting him, and sometimes heard their voices urging him to end his miserable life by suicide.

After listening to all he had to say, my husband answered sadly and impressively: "My poor fellow, do you not know? There is no medicine in the world that can do you any good."

"Ah, sir, that was what I feared," responded the young man. "I have been to many of the local (Chinese) doctors, and they all say they can do nothing for me. I only thought that perhaps you, sir, being a foreigner, might have some skill that could relieve me."

"No," said my husband again, "I can do nothing for you." And then, seeing by his despondent face that the poor fellow had quite taken that in, he added slowly: "But *I have a Friend Who can make you perfectly well.*"

"What, sir, a friend? Have you really? Where is he? Would he take up my case?"

"Certainly He would. And He is here. There is no reason why you should not be perfectly cured before you leave this house to-day. Just come with me into this inner room, and you shall hear all about it."

Full of eagerness and interest, the young man followed my husband into a tiny chamber partitioned off the guest hall, and used as a spare room for visitors. A dear old Chinese gentleman, an earnest Christian and a great friend of my husband's, was staying with us at the time, and to him the doctor handed over his new patient, with a brief explanation, while he went back to others who were waiting.

Dear old Mr. Ch'en was then quite in his element. There was nothing he loved better than to tell of Jesus. Converted himself only a few years before, he always seemed full of the joy and wonder of life in Christ. The Bible was his great delight, and all his leisure time was given to preaching. In early life he had been a wealthy mandarin in connection with the salt trade, and though retired from office, he was still a man of means and distinction. Having plenty of leisure, he spent a great deal of time with us, giving invaluable help in all branches of our new work. It was wonderful to hear that dear old gentleman preach! Such eloquence; such power! He never seemed to tire of telling the old, old story; and people would gladly listen to him, any time, by the hour.

Well, dear old Mr. Ch'en sat down with the young man, whose name was also Ch'en as it happened, and began to tell him all about our Divine Friend, Who was just the Physician for his case. With deepest interest the young man listened; and soon it was evident that he was one whose heart the Lord was opening to receive the truth.

"Sir," he said to the old man, after hours of conversation, "all that you tell me I believe. I intend henceforward to follow the teachings of Jesus, and will now go home and take down my false gods, and rid the house of every trace of idolatry. Do you think, sir, that the Lord Jesus would save me from the power of these evil spirits, that are wearing out my life?"

"Of course he will, here and now," responded the old man gladly. "Let us kneel down together and ask Him, before you leave the room."

So together they knelt in prayer; and Mr. Ch'en laid his hand upon the young man's head, and in the name of Jesus commanded the devils to come out of him and return no more. I do not know what happened. I cannot explain the mystery. I only know that the young man came out of the little inner room that day a new creature in Christ Jesus. The restless, troubled look in his eyes was gone. His face was bright and calm. He was rejoicing in a consciousness of freedom and light he had not known for months, in a deep peace and gladness he had never known before. He went home to his little village, took down his idols and burned them, swept out the house and cleaned it thoroughly, told his wife and parents about his new-found Saviour, and from that day to this has gone right on in a bright, useful, Christian career. He soon became a most earnest preacher of the Gospel, and has been the means of leading not a few to Christ. His own

father, mother, wife, brothers, and some other relations have become Christians, and all round that district Ch'en himself has gone, preaching Christ. How much we have to thank God for converts such as these ; and now that they are passing through times of terrible persecution and distress, how earnestly we ought to bear them up in sympathy and prayer !

We also want to encourage our hearts in God this afternoon, and to remind ourselves, in the midst of much that is difficult and perplexing, of some of the many ways in which He can and does overrule persecution, suffering, and even



DR. AND MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR IN CHINESE COSTUME.

death itself, for the furtherance of the Gospel. Often, through such experiences, men and women have been laid hold of and led to Christ, who perhaps might never have been reached otherwise ; and others have been enabled to show the most beautiful and Christlike spirit.

As an instance of blessing being born of trouble, let me tell you something of our experiences in T'ai-kang, the other city in Honan that the Lord gave us the privilege of opening. We were greatly helped there by some of the dear native Christians who went with us, and bravely bore much persecution for Christ's sake in the early days of the work. One of these was a dear old man named Li. Sometimes people ask us what kind of Christians we have in China, and seem to

doubt the possibility of their being equal to the average church members at home. I often think of Li, and many another like him, when I hear such questions raised. It is not very often at home we find the simplicity, love, earnestness, and devotion to Christ that many of these dear people show.

For example, just before we left China, this dear old man, Li, came to the missionary in charge of the station and requested a private interview, saying he had a serious communication to make. They went together into a little study, and when the door was shut the old man unfolded what was on his mind.

"It is just possible," he said, "that before long I may be taken away. I expect to die suddenly. You are the pastor of the church, and in this case I should like you to understand the reason of my removal."

The missionary, greatly surprised, waited for further confidences.

"I have been thinking," continued the old man, "about Mr. Hudson Taylor. He has been much upon my heart. I have heard of his being seriously ill in western China, and I am constantly grieved that he should be laid aside. His life is very precious. It seems to me that the Church of God cannot do without him."

It is, perhaps, necessary to explain at this point that the dear Native Christians in connection with our own mission in China have, in many instances, quite an exaggerated idea of the position of the beloved Director of the Mission. They seem to think of him as the head of the Church Militant, in comparison with whom even the Pope of Rome himself sinks into insignificance! And no amount of explanation on our part succeeds in entirely disabusing them of this idea.

"My life," pursued the dear old man, "is not much good anyway. I am an uneducated man, and it would be no great loss were I to be taken away. But we cannot do without Mr. Hudson Taylor, and so I have reverently entered into an arrangement with the Lord. In the ordinary course of things my life might be prolonged another ten or twelve years; but I have been asking the Lord if He will graciously take the remaining years of my life and add them on to Mr. Taylor's life. It is very important that he should be spared as long as possible. And so, if I should die suddenly, you, sir, would understand the reason why, and not be surprised."

All this was said most simply and with touching earnestness, and no idea seemed to enter that old man's mind that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, or making any sacrifice.

This dear old coolie, Li, accompanied us when we went to T'ai-kang, an important city in which the Gospel had never been preached before. We obtained part of a house, and settled down; but there was a great deal of unrest, and we often had to go away for a time, to calm the people, and let them become gradually accustomed to the presence of foreigners. During such absences we used to leave old Mr. Li in charge of our part of the house, as doorkeeper, and I should like to tell you something of the influence of his life there, that you may see how precious these dear native helpers are.

There were, of course, no Christians in that city, but some of our neighbours were beginning to show a little interest in the Gospel. Among these was one man of good position, who lived quite near us, and delighted us by his intelligence, culture, and refinement. He was a gentleman and a scholar, a Confucianist, with a degree equal to our B.A. His father and grandfather also were distinguished scholars, and his family for generations had been in a leading position in the city. He was a man of about thirty years of age, singularly gracious, gentle, and lovely in spirit, although not a Christian. He had heard the Gospel since our coming to the city, and was studying Christian books, particularly the New Testament. We were, of course, deeply interested in this new friend, and were very sorry, at times when we had to leave the city, that there was no one who could instruct him. But Mr. Tseng himself had been more observant than we. He had noticed the old



THE GUEST HALL AT T'AI-KANG.

coolie prying over his well-worn Bible, and had been struck by his love of the Book. So when we were gone, and the house was empty, he would come along to see old Mr. Li, quite willing, scholarly gentleman though he was, to learn all he could from the doorkeeper. Dressed in a long white summer gown, and book in hand, he would knock at the door of our quarters, sure of a welcome at any time of day.

"Well," he would say, "old brother Li, I see you are all alone again."

"Yes, sir," respectfully responds the old man. "You greatly honour me by such consideration. Pray come in and take a cup of tea."

And while the fragrant beverage was being prepared, Mr. Tseng would take up the old man's open Bible, and scan what he was reading, anxious to draw him on to talk of spiritual things.

"When did you learn to read characters, old Li?" would be a convenient question.

"After I became a Christian, sir ; only a few years ago. You see, I was so anxious to read for myself the precious Book of God, that I had to begin to learn, although so stupid and so old."

Long and interesting talks would ensue, when from a full heart the old man would give wonderfully intelligent answers to the scholar's questions, and put before him, with simplicity and earnestness, the truth as it is in Jesus. Many a time in those quiet conversations the Confucian gentleman would exclaim with surprise,—

"Well, old Li, you are not a scholar or even an educated man, but you certainly do understand this Book, and you are helping me to understand it too."

Thus, little by little, that cultured gentleman was led to faith in Jesus, largely through the instrumentality of the dear old coolie ; and one time when we came back to the city, we found Mr. Tseng an out-and-out believer, and not afraid to declare himself on the side of Christ. Naturally, as soon as he took this stand, persecution, bitter and terrible, broke over his head. His father, his mother, his wife, and all the clan turned against him, and did everything they could to frighten him out of his new faith. On one occasion he came round to us at night. We had not seen him for a day or two, and were surprised to find his gown and coat in tatters, and his usually careful and gentlemanly appearance sadly disordered. It transpired that his wife had torn his clothes to pieces, and would not mend them, and he had been unable to venture out in daylight for fear of being laughed at ! On another occasion we noticed his hand bound up and in a sling. At first he would not let anybody see it ; but after a time the pain was severe, and he was prevailed upon to let the doctor attend to it. What was my husband's surprise when he found the hand inflamed and festering from the marks of human teeth. Very reluctantly the poor man had to confess that his wife had attacked him in blind fury, and had bitten his hand and arm almost to the bone. These are little indications of the state in which that poor fellow lived for months. Often, when he came round to the mission-house to attend the meetings, his wife would follow him. She was quite a young woman, but a perfect virago. She would search him out, wherever he might be, and before the assembled people she would storm and swear, and order him out, working herself up into the most terrible passion. Sometimes, to avoid a scene, he would go with her, and then she would follow him home, through the streets of the city, cursing and raving openly, as she went along, to the delight of the onlookers and his most bitter shame. Of course, if she had dared to attempt such conduct before he became a Christian, he would have given her a severe beating ; but now she knew he would not do this, and was no longer afraid. One day, I remember, he said quietly,—

"I am praying for my wife, and I think the Lord will lead her to Himself. You know we have no little boy. I am asking the Lord to give us a little son, because I think that would comfort her heart, and perhaps be the means of leading her to Christ."

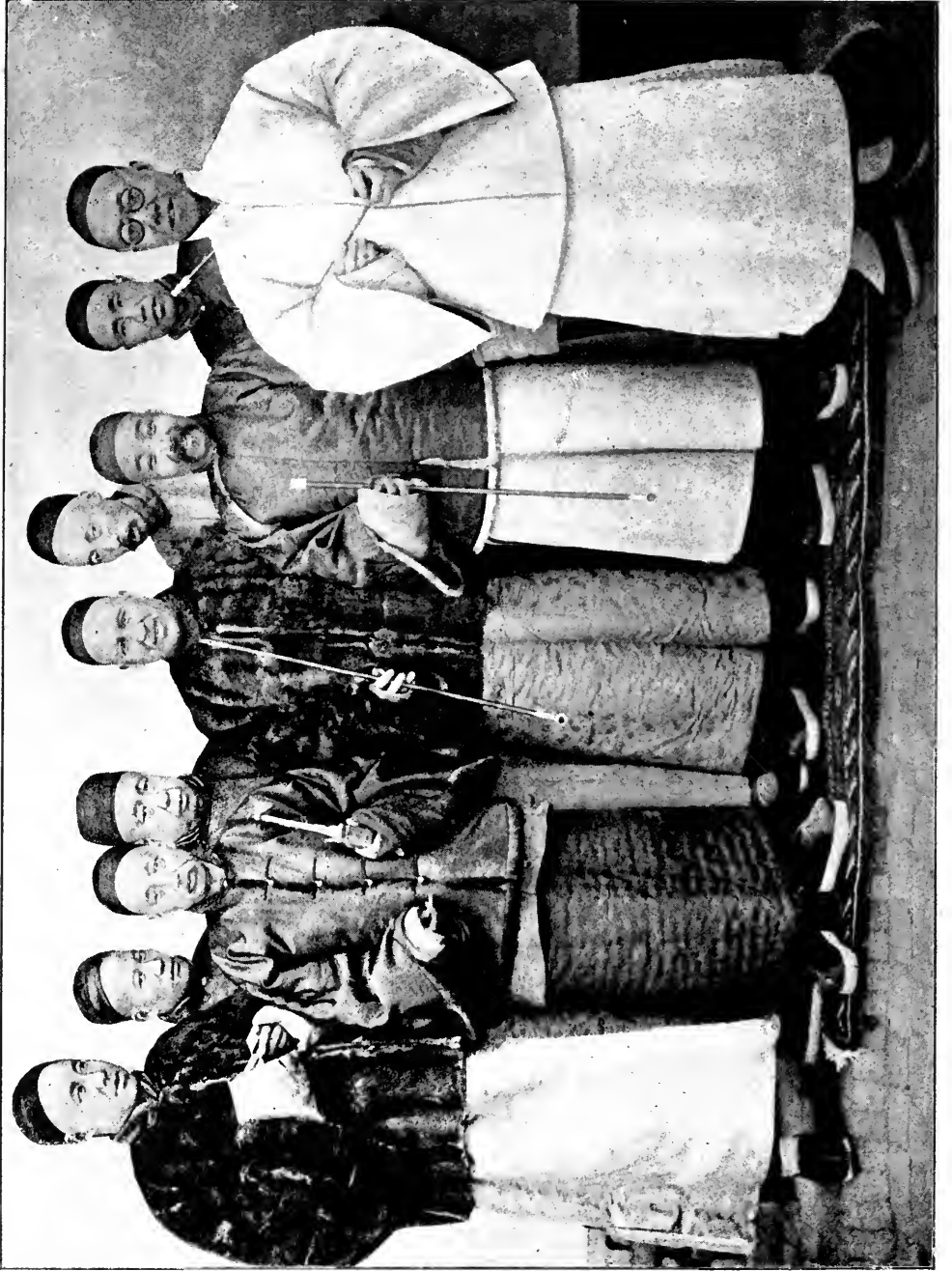
The trouble went on for a long time, but sure enough a year or so later a

little son *did* appear ; and that was the beginning of the change in the young mother's life. She is now a sincere inquirer.

But not only from his wife had Mr. Tseng to meet with persecution. His whole family united in a determined effort to turn him away from Christianity, but without success, thank God ! On one occasion his old father, as a last resort, fell down on his knees before him, and in the presence of a crowd of onlookers knocked his forehead repeatedly on the ground,—which is an act of worship,—refusing to rise up unless his son promised to abandon all connection with Christians. Imagine the acute painfulness of such a scene ! The Chinese venerate their parents to the point of worship, and an unfilial son is considered worthy of death. Think of that young man's feelings as his old white-headed father, a distinguished gentleman and scholar, knelt upon the ground at his feet, imploring, with his forehead in the dust, that his son would obey his wishes, and refusing to lift himself up again until the promise was given once and for all. Imagine the indignation of the onlookers, the anger of the family, the shame and disgrace of it all ! The only thing the son could do was to run away. Happily he managed to do this. But he did not venture to return home for a full fortnight after that time. I must not go further into details. Suffice it to say that Mr. Tseng remained firm and true to Christ. The very bitterness of the persecution seemed to develop a remarkable strength and sweetness of character. His life was fragrant of Christ, and he was much used of God in leading others to a knowledge of the truth. Numbers of men in that little church to-day trace their conversion, directly or indirectly, to the beautiful life and earnest witness of dear Mr. Tseng. And all this again is due to the faithful testimony of the dear old coolie, Li.

Mr. Tseng had one special friend, who was also a scholar, one of the leading men of the city. He soon became most anxious for this friend's conversion, and did everything he could to lead him to Christ. But Mr. Wang was not so easily won. He was not so gracious, nor so receptive, as Mr. Tseng had been. He was a man of a more practical turn of mind ; full of energy, intelligence, and strength. Many difficulties, doubts, and questions suggested themselves to him as he pondered the story of the cross. And the fear of consequences, if he became a Christian, raised almost insurmountable barriers in the way. He had everything to lose, and he knew it. Gradually, he began to be intellectually convinced ; but nothing would persuade him to give his heart to Christ. He seemed to need some further proof of the reality of the Christian faith—something convincing and powerful to break down his reluctance and overcome his fears. And this God gave him. Oh, how wonderfully He can make even the wrath of man to praise Him ! I want you to see in this truly remarkable conversion, how safe it is to trust in God, and how, in the midst of suffering and danger, He can care for the interests of His own work, and make all these things turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel.

What actually took place was this : a terrible riot in which we nearly lost



CHINESE GENTLEMEN.

our lives. Drought and famine had visited the district ; the harvests failed, and the people were in serious distress. I cannot now go into detail, but the outcome of it all was this fearful riot, when thousands of people surrounded our house, broke into it, stole or destroyed everything we possessed, and when we ourselves fell into the hands of the mob for a considerable time.

It was a terrible experience. Oh, Christian friends, when you read in the newspapers about troubles at this and that station, and of the lives of the missionaries being in danger,—as in Tientsin just now,—it sounds ordinary enough ; but you cannot imagine, you cannot begin to imagine, what it really means to face such experiences. I never had the least idea, before that day, of what an awful thing it is to die—to die a violent death at the hands of an angry mob. But when we stood face to face with those thousands of people, expecting every moment to be the last, we came to understand, in some measure, the heart of Christ when He cried, “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.”

Our lives were saved, as by a miracle ; and not only *our* lives were saved, thank God ! Notice how the Lord used this whole affair for His own glory and the advancement of His kingdom. Mr. Tseng and Mr. Wang, as soon as they heard of the riot, came together into the midst of that great raging mob of people, to see what they could do to help us. All the Christians tried their best to protect us ; but Mr. Wang was not a Christian, and came simply as an outsider, one of the leading gentry of the city, to see what he could do for our help. He came through to the back of the house where we were—facing the great courtyard crowded with people. I shall never forget his face as we saw it that day. He came right up to the doorway where we were standing, and where we expected every moment to be struck down. I could see at a glance that he was friendly, and looked at him in surprise as he took up his stand by my side. His face was perfectly white. In the excitement of the moment it did not dawn upon me that this gentleman was the Mr. Wang of whom I had heard as somewhat interested in Christianity. I turned to him and asked his name. Very briefly, for he could hardly speak, he answered, “My name is Wang.”

“I hope, sir,” I responded, “that you will stay beside us until help comes.” For Miss Brook and I were all alone, unavoidably separated from the others who were in the front part of the house.

“I intend to stay here,” was his reply. “I will not leave you.”

Much interested, and wondering who he could be, I looked at him—which was a most improper thing to do—and then looked away again over that raging mob of people. But he never looked at us. His presence saved our lives, for he stayed beside us, and in some measure restrained the violence of the mob, until the Mandarin came and every one fled before him. Then Mr. Wang disappeared. But the work was done ! Little as we guessed it then—bruised and bleeding and only half alive—that had been just what was needed to bring him to Christ. Had we but known it in that awful hour !

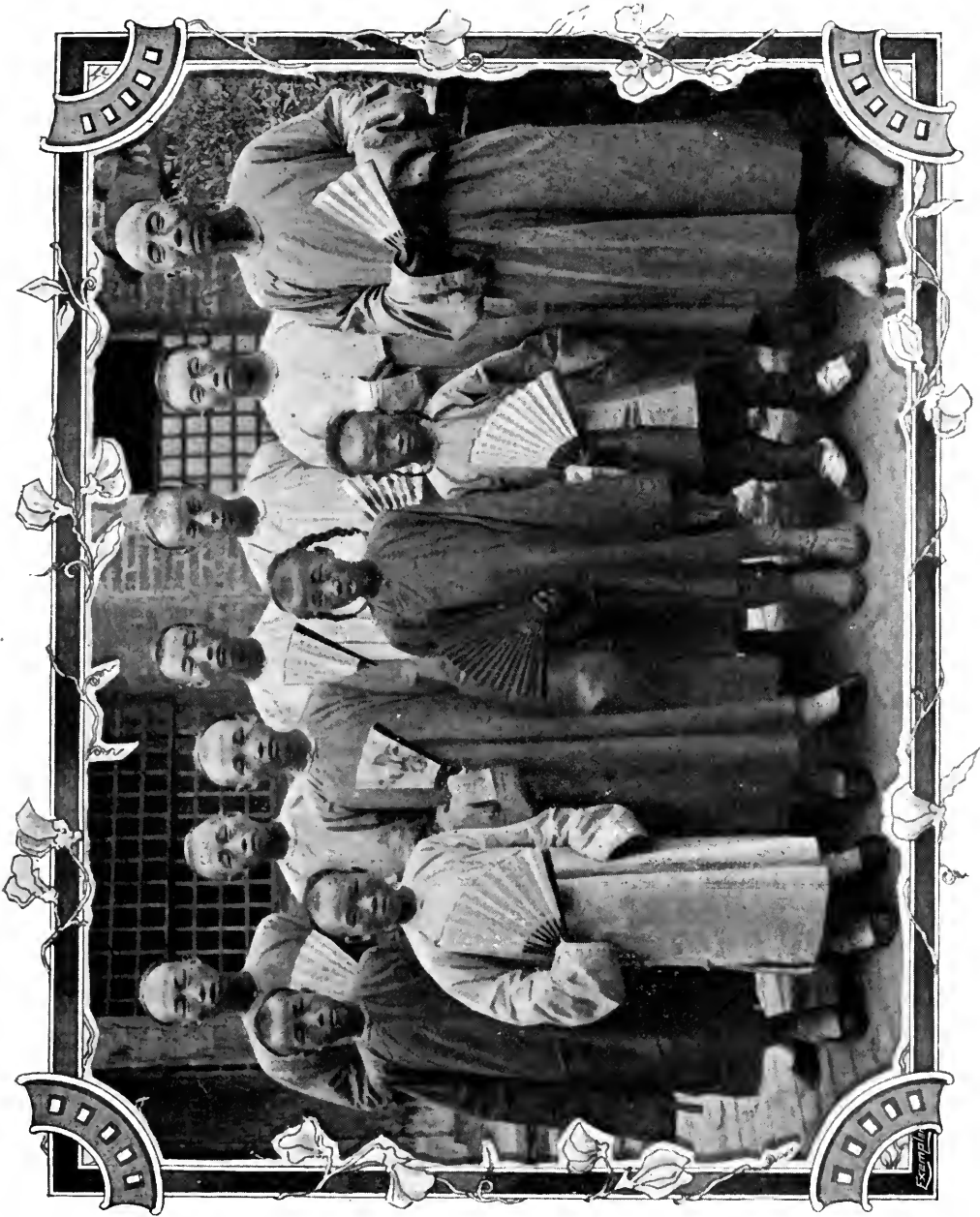
Far too courteous, too much of a gentleman, to speak to us, unaddressed, or

to seem to observe us, Mr. Wang had yet been watching keenly all that scene. Nothing had escaped him. He saw the perfect calmness in which we were kept. He saw that we were able to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, and that no anger or desire for revenge had any place in our hearts. Of course, we never thought of such a thing! But it was all very wonderful to him. He saw that all we asked from the Mandarin was that he would treat the prisoners he had taken with leniency; and that he would soon bring us back and enable us to resume our missionary work in peace. And then he saw, when all was over, the marvellous flood of joy that filled our hearts. For oh, it was marvellous! When we came to ourselves, so to speak, and had time to realize what had happened—that we had been counted worthy to suffer something for Jesu's sake—it seemed as though heaven itself were opened to us. Such joy and thankfulness filled our hearts that it was almost more than we could bear. And watching all this, unknown to us, the proud Confucian scholar had found something that utterly broke him down—had witnessed a practical evidence of the power and reality of the Christian faith that nothing could gainsay. That night he went home to his house determined to be a Christian.

“If these people,” he said to himself, “can be filled with joy and peace in face of an awful death; if they can pass through an experience like that without even being troubled; if the doctrine they preach must be true, the God they worship must be the living God.”

And this was the means chosen of God to bring that strong man to Himself, humbled like a little child. Oh, Christian friends, there is nothing too hard for the Lord. He can bring blessing, wonderful, spiritual blessing, out of the most terrible experiences. Let us unite to cry to Him to make this year—even this disturbed and anxious and terrible time—the most fruitful in soul-winning that China has ever known. And let us ask the Lord to save *soul-winners*—men and women of strong character, even from among the persecutors, who shall become saviours of others also, like these of whom we have been speaking. He is well able to do it. This is no time for discouragement, but for advance!

Not many weeks passed away after that riot before Mr. Wang was earnestly and eloquently preaching the Glad Tidings of the love of Christ. Educated and intelligent, he was able at once to study for himself the Word of God, and he rapidly grew in knowledge and in grace. On one occasion, about two months after the riot, my husband had to leave the station where we were on important business, and invited Mr. Wang to take his place for a few days. He came down, and, as a matter of course, took all the services. I had not seen him since the riot; and one evening when he was preaching in the guest hall on the front courtyard, I went out, under cover of darkness, and looked from a distance through the open window. Oh, what a change on that well-remembered face! Never can I forget that moment when first I *saw*, unmistakably, in the man who had saved us that terrible day, a new brother in Christ Jesus! His face was lighted from within; with peace and joy. And his preaching was even more wonderful. Simple,



THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT T'AL-KANG, HONAN.

[Dr. G. W. Guinness.]

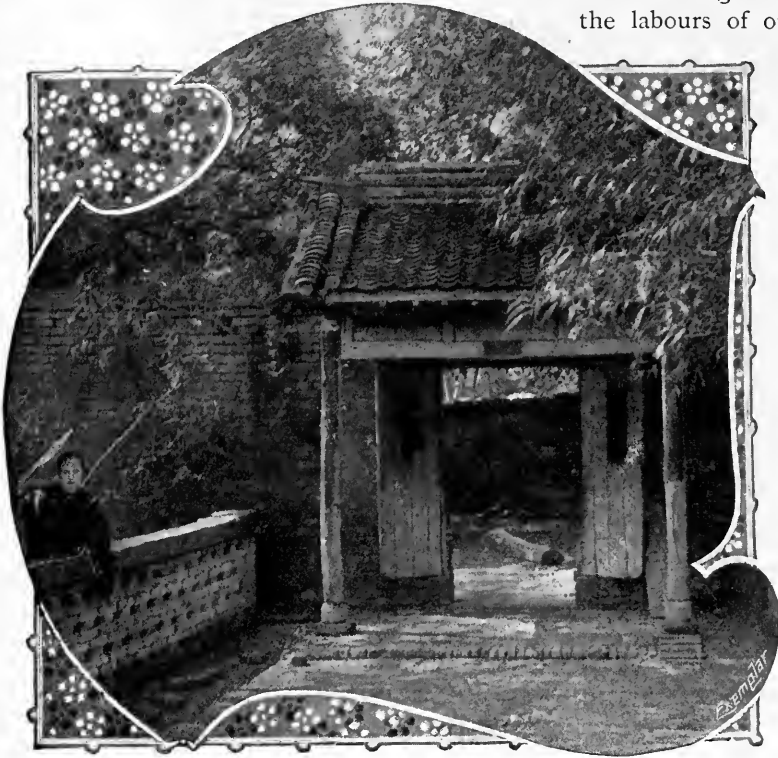
Photo by]

clear, eloquent, and suited to his hearers, I thought I had never heard anything like it before! And I stood there in the darkness weeping for very joy until I had to turn away because it was more than one's heart could hold! Ah, those are moments that anticipate heaven!

One other such moment I remember, in that very house where the riot took place. One month after the riot, when things had quieted down, the Mandarin of the city sent to invite us back in the name of all the leading gentry of the place. We had not taken aggressive measures to bring this about. We never informed our British Consul of the riot, nor was it written about in any paper. But we did wait upon the Lord in prayer, and He inclined their hearts to bring us back. And what a welcome was prepared! Almost all the Mandarins and gentry of the city turned out to meet us. They came with bands and banners and a great triumphal procession, and met us outside the city gate, walking on foot with my husband right through the main streets to our house. The people said it was just like welcoming the Viceroy of the Province! Thus we were enabled to resume our work, and although we never recovered the things that we had lost, and never asked for compensation, the Lord gave us "much more than

this"—for He gave us souls. Chiefly through the labours of our two scholar friends, Mr.

Tseng and Mr. Wang, numbers of men were laid hold of and interested, not a few of whom became earnest Christians. At last, not long before we had to leave on furlough, a little band of nineteen of these were baptized, one Sunday morning, in that very courtyard where the riot had taken place. We could not go down because my husband was lying dangerously ill with fever, but we heard the singing as our dear colleague, Mr. Ford, conducted the service. With a full heart I stepped out for a few moments on to the verandah of the old house and looked into the courtyard below, and there, on the very spot where,



T'AI-KANG. "ON THAT VERY SPOT."

during that riot, I had seen my husband beaten down and thought he would have been trampled to death—*on that very spot* I saw, through blinding tears of joy, those nineteen men confess their faith in Christ, dear Mr. Wang himself assisting, his face glowing with joy! When I returned to my husband's bedside, and knelt in silence as we listened to those songs of praise, I think we scarcely knew whether we were on earth or in heaven.

One word in closing as to our dear friend Mr. Tseng, who was led into the light chiefly by the old coolie. Oh, how we loved that man! To my husband he was indeed as a brother. Cultured, refined, intelligent, and full of the grace and gentleness of Christ, his life was very beautiful and precious. The subject upon which he loved best to preach was always the love of God. Oh, how he did delight to unfold this inexhaustible theme! On one occasion, I remember, he came to give an address to a company of twenty-five dear women who had just been baptized. With rapt and wondering attention they listened. For he was an eloquent and beautiful speaker. One sentence I never can forget, for the touching, noble way in which he said it:—

“Oh, brothers, sisters, if there were no hell to fear, no future suffering to dread,” and then he paused, before adding, with deep emotion, “*how could we sin against such love!*”

Since we left China, this friend, this beloved brother in Christ, has been taken home. Heaven is dearer for his presence there; but, oh, how we miss him! My own dear brother, Dr. Whitfield Guinness, writes to us from that very station, telling of Mr. Tseng's last hours. All was done that medical skill could devise, but without avail. Patient and gracious always, he bore a consistent testimony to the last, and brightened wonderfully as the end drew near. Death itself could not disturb his peace; and when the last call came he passed away with a smile. Hours afterwards, my brother told us, that smile still lingered on his face. Wonderful, wonderful testimony to the heathen round about—that a Christian could die with a smile!

Thank God He is blessing His own Word all over China. Let us earnestly and constantly pray that He may overrule all the present dangers and troubles for the furtherance of the gospel. Let us wait upon Him that through these very trials and difficulties men and women may be led to Christ who might never be saved in any other way, and who shall become, in their turn, saviours of many, by His wonderful grace.

你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

“As Thou hast sent Me into the world,
Even so have I also sent them into the world.”

Lord Jesus, Thou hast sent Thy people to carry Thy Salvation to the world. But few of them have gone, and the world is perishing. Here and now I give my life to Thee for missionary service, in obedience to Thy last command; promising, in as much as in me lies, to take or send the Gospel to every creature.

(Name) _____

The Way to the Western Paradise.

ACCORDING TO THE
BUDDHIST PRIEST CHE.



你 差 我 到 世 上 我 也 差 他 們 到 世 上

CHAPTER XVII.

The Way to the Western Paradise.

"Il y a dans notre cœur une place vide, que Dieu seul peut remplir."

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee."

MISSIONARY work has been objected to on the ground that the followers of Buddha, Zoroaster, Mahomet, and Confucius are already much on a par with the followers of Jesus Christ, and do not need our Gospel. We are told that the Sunday School children's idea of black miserable heathen can no longer be entertained as regards enlightened and civilized Asiatic nations. True, their religions differ from ours, but this is the natural outcome of their different environment. Their whole civilization, their laws, literature, and social customs, are unlike those of Europe and America; and the different faiths they hold are as fit and proper for them as the different clothes they wear.

The disciples of Jesus Christ believe, on the contrary, that He is the Light of the World; that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; that "*il y a dans notre cœur une place vide, que Dieu seul peut remplir;*" and that the human heart can find no home but in the bosom of the Man of Sorrows, Who stands with open arms calling to the sin-weary, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Only facts can settle the question at issue here. If it can be shown that Buddhism, for instance, is a vital, transforming power, solving the problem of existence, lifting the veil of the unseen, dispelling the shadows of death, bringing freedom from the guilt and love of sin, and so working in man a new creation that, liberated from the chains that bound him in sin and selfishness, and no longer anxiously seeking his own salvation, he begins to nobly live, and

love, and serve, and bless his fellows; then it has been shown that Buddhism is a Gospel fit to compare with the glad tidings of the Christ of Nazareth. But if the faith of Buddha, far from doing this, only sets the weary soul to climb an endless treadmill of so-called good works, in hope of some vague and distant deliverance,—a treadmill that turns round and round for ever, bringing no deliverance at all, but only grinding out hopeless discouragement, futile effort, present uncertainty, and final despair;—if Buddhism, we say, has no better word than *this*, it clearly is no Gospel, but only sad news and unspeakably bad news for the sin-sick and tired.

Buddhism is the faith of millions in China to-day. Are we to believe, as some would have us, that this faith, evolved by the ages in the process of religious development, exactly suits the requirements of these millions, and that all efforts for their evangelization are ill-judged and unreasonable attempts to foist a foreign faith upon people who do not need it any more than they need foreign clothes? Or are we to number them among “the ignorant and those that are out of the way,” upon whom the Christ of God had compassion, whom He has died to redeem, and *to whom we are responsible to carry the glad tidings of His great love and great Salvation?*

Let Buddhism speak for itself! We would hear its own testimony and judge from its own lips “the Light of Asia.”

The following reproduction, translation, and account of a Chinese Buddhist tract appeared recently in the Journal of the East London Missionary Institute. We reprint, with a few verbal alterations, the article just as it stood in the pages of *Regions Beyond*.

GAN-KIN was full of death. There was a great drought. No rain had fallen for six months. The city was parched and dry. Foul odours and pestilential gases, resulting from indescribably unsanitary conditions, bred fevers and cholera and death. There was no water to wash in, and hardly any to drink. The children died. The beasts died. The people died. The crops failed. Famine threatened the city. Who was to blame? Above all, who was to help?

Kaolaishan, disciple of Buddha, had an inspiration. The Buddhist priest Che had spoken. Gan-kin had forgotten his words; this miserable state of things was quite to be expected; but the town should remember once more. If he were to

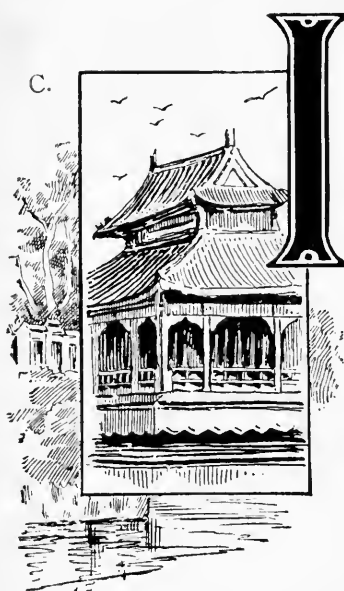
remind Gan-kin, it would be an act of merit. He would gain. The town would gain. He might avert the famine.

And so it came to pass that the words of the Buddhist priest Che were once more in vogue at Gan-kin. Kaolaishan did his work thoroughly. He printed a large tract. It was three feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. It was posted up on the walls and distributed by thousands. Everybody who could read, read it. Everybody who could pray, prayed it. It enjoined a constant repetition of Buddha's name. His name was repeated innumerable times, for could not his name avail to avert the famine?

The central figure on the sheet was that of the Buddhist priest. The lines of his garments were ingeniously contrived in readable characters. Three rows of dots on his shaven head showed the marks of his ordination. For every bead on the rosary in his hand he was supposed to repeat Buddha's name or a prayer. A coffin and a skeleton at the foot of the sheet represented death—a subject on which the Buddhist priest had thought. The whole tract is reproduced in *fac-simile* on the opposite page (to which the initial letters in brackets refer), and reads with a certain poetic measure and rough rhyme, which can scarcely be preserved in a translation, as follows:—

A TRACT EXHORTING ALL MEN TO REPEAT BUDDHA'S NAME.

(B. 1 and B. 2.) "*An ingenious Essay on the Vanity of all things. By the Buddhist priest Che.*"¹



IT is good to reform ; it is good to reform.²
The things of the world will be all swept away.
Let others be busy while buried in care,
My mind, all unvexed, shall be pure.
They covet all day long, and when are they satisfied ?
They only regret that the wealth of the family is small,
They are clearly but puppets held up by a string,
When the string breaks they come down with a run.
In the article of death there is neither great nor small,
They use not gold nor silver and need not precious things,
There is no distinction made between mean and ignoble, ruler and
prince.
Every year many are buried beneath the fragrant grass ;
Look at the red sun setting behind the western hills,
Before you are aware the cock crows and it is daylight again.

¹ The ingenuity is supposed to lie in the arrangement of the characters so as to represent the garments of a priest ; and in the discourse being so planned that the character for "heart" comes in the very centre of the body, where the Chinese believe the actual heart to be situated.

² The first line, literally translated, means, "Turn the head ; turn the head," or "Right about face," an interesting expression when connected with our Western *con-vertio*.

文佛念世勸師禪公誌

四頭好回頭好世
 將果一筆掃紅塵
 裏任他忙我心清淨
 無煩惱怒身食何時
 了只恨家中財帛火
 分明傀儡戲牽提
 斷之時身段固無常
 到及大小不用全銀
 不要買不分貴賤與
 王侯年多少埋芳
 草看看紅日落西山
 不覺鴉鳴天又晚
 回頭莫說早小孩
 重易得老才高北
 富千福業障隨身何
 時了劫世人頭好
 持齋念佛隨身寶
 來名利一場空不如
 回頭念佛好

大空慧
 欲見生死苦
 急早念彌陀
 生前多念佛
 未後生極樂



增公誌
 我見他人死
 我心熱如火
 不是熱他人
 看看輪到我

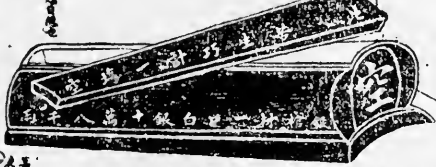
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 世事重重空山古古今今多變故實當有悟
 游船就就隨時過若苦甘命一紙

世有無無且耐煩勞碌碌時時人生由自磨水
 世事重重空山古古今今多變故實當有悟
 游船就就隨時過若苦甘命一紙

念佛三百萬用破筆即點一團黑清共計
 十八萬
 生老病死若人身那個無
 若不念佛陀念得免三途

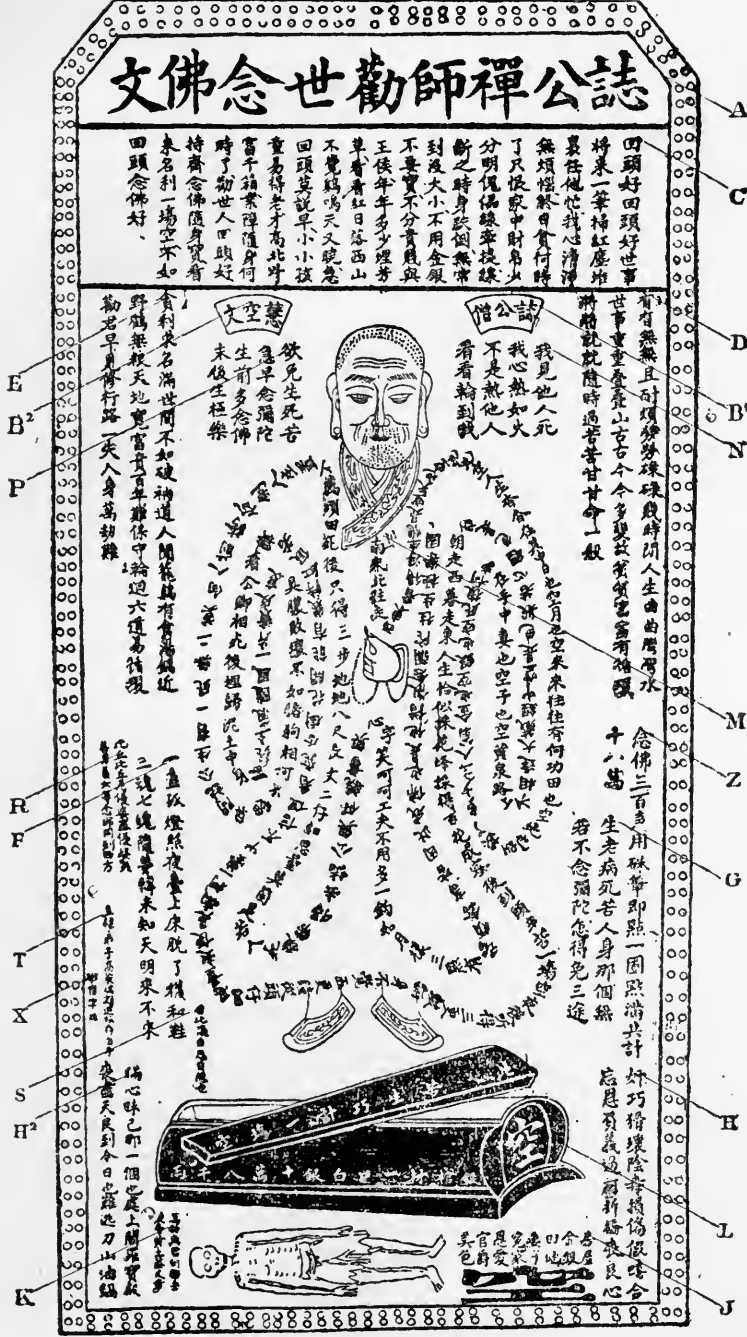
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 勤若早見修行路一失人身萬劫難

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巧巧精環陰壽積傷假味合
 忘恩負義成禍福新橋良良心

巧巧精環陰壽積傷假味合
 忘恩負義成禍福新橋良良心



We are indebted for the translation of this tract, as well as for the tract itself, to our friend and former student, Mr. F. W. Faller, of the C.I.M., who brought the original with him from Gan-kin.

Facsimile of a Chinese Buddhist tract published at Gan-kin in Central China, in 1887.

*Speedily reform. Do not say, "It is early,"
 The smallest child easily becomes old.
 Your talent reaches to the dipper (the North Star).
 Your wealth fills a thousand chests,
 Your patrimony follows you, when will you be satisfied ?
 It is good to exhort people to reform.
 To become vegetarian,¹ and to repeat Buddha's name is a precious thing you can
 carry with you.
 It may be seen that wealth and reputation are vain.
 You cannot do better than repeat Buddha's name.*

- (D.) *There is, there is ; there is not, there is not ; yet we are troubled.
 We labour, we toil ; when do we rest ?
 Man born is like a winding stream ;
 The affairs of the world are heaped up mountains high.
 From of old, from of old, and now, and now, many return to their original.
 The poor, the poor, the rich, the rich, change places.
 We pass the time as a matter of course ;
 The bitter, the bitter, the sweet, the sweet, their destiny is the same.*
- (E.) *To covet profit and seek reputation the world over,
 Is not so good as (to wear) a ragged priest's garment, and be found amongst
 Buddhists.
 A caged fowl has food, but the gravy pot is near.
 The wild crane has no grain, but heaven and earth are vast.²
 It is difficult to retain wealth and fame for a hundred years,
 Transmigration of souls continually causes change.
 I exhort you, gentlemen, to speedily seek some way of reforming your conduct.
 A man (being) once lost, a million ages (of suffering) will be hard to bear.*
- (F.) *A solitary lamp illumines the darkness of the night,
 You get into bed, take off your socks and shoes ;
 Your three souls and seven spirits³ turn and follow your dreams,
 Whether they will come back in the morning light is uncertain.*

¹ The Chinese, speaking generally, are, as a nation, vegetarians. Frequently this is a matter of necessity with them, but when strict Buddhists they abstain from animal food from religious motives.

² The explanation of this terse saying is simple. The caged fowl with his food represents the man who seeks to provide for himself in the ordinary way. As the fowl is put into the pot when it is fattened, so the poor mortal goes down to the grave at the appointed time. The wild crane without food represents the Buddhist priest without any means of sustenance. In his case the world from which to choose is all before him, and he will reach the Western Paradise at last.

³ The Chinese, in common with other Buddhists, firmly believe that each man possesses three souls and seven spirits. Why this should be the case they cannot say. Even the priests have no explanation to offer of this curious theory.

- (G.) *To be forgotten, grow old, and die of disease is a bitter thing,
But who has not this?
If you do not repeat Mito,¹ how can you escape punishment?*
- (H. 1.) *Villainous devices, treacherous evil, hidden poison, false rejoicing,
& Forgetting favours, crossing the river, and then breaking the bridge (i.e. to serve
oneself at the expense of others),*
- (H. 2.) *Losing all conscience, deceiving his own heart; he that has done these things lives
with the king of hell.
He that has said good-bye to conscience, even he now finds it difficult
To escape the punishment of the knife-hill and oil-pot.²*
- (J.) *Houses, gold and silver, land, wife, family,
Grace and love, rank and lust, all are VAIN.³*

[The Buddhist priest, addressing the skeleton, who is here drawn to illustrate and enforce his discourse, proceeds:—]

- How can you, sir, carry all things away with you?
A few layers of yellow earth cover all your glory.*
- (L.) *A silver coffin worth 108,000 ounces of pure silver (about £27,000);
This man took pains to devise an ingenious device, but all is VAIN.*

[The large white character on the coffin-end will be recognized as identical with that elongated under the list of houses, gold and silver, &c., below. In China it is customary to place some striking and significant device, generally in the form of a scarlet character, at one end of the thick coffins of the dead.]

- (M.) *To travel east, west, north, south, to see all life is vain;
Heaven is vain, earth is vain, including also mysterious man.
The sun is vain, the moon is vain.
They come and go, for what purpose?
Fields are vain, lands are vain, how suddenly they change owners!
Gold is vain, silver is vain, after death how much is there in the hand?
Wives are vain, children are vain,
They do not meet again on the way to Hades.
In the Tatsang classic vanity is lust.
In the Panrohsin classic lust is vanity.
He that travels from east to west is like a beautiful bee;
After he has made honey from flowers with all his labour, all is vain.*

¹ Buddha's name.

² Two forms of punishment in the Buddhist hell.

³ It will be seen that the characters representing these several possessions are ranged above one large, elongated sign. This character, which is pronounced *Kong*, and corresponds pretty accurately to the Latin *vanus*, is thus shown to be the sum of man's earthly possessions and attainments; reminding one strongly of the words of the preacher—"All is vanity."

*After midnight you hear the drum beat the third watch,
You turn over, and before you know where you are you hear the bell striking the
fifth watch.¹*

To carefully think it over from the start, it is like a dream.

*If you do not believe, look at the peach and apricot trees,
How long after the flowers open are they red?²*

*If you regard prince and minister, after death they revert to the soil,
Their bodies go to the earth, their breath to the winds,*

*Within the covering of yellow earth there is nothing but a mass of corruption;
they pass away no better than pigs or dogs.*



THE GODDESS OF MERCY AND CHILD.

*Why did they not at the
beginning inquire of the
Buddhist priest Che?*

*There is one life and not two
deaths;*

*Don't brag then before others
of your cleverness.*

*A man during life owns vast
tracts of land,³*

*After death he can only have
three paces of earth.⁴*

*To think it over carefully
after death, nothing would
be taken away;*

*The Buddhist priest Che has
with his own hand written
to you.*

[At this point it will be seen that the winding convolutions of the priest's robe have reached the centre of his body. Here, as already mentioned, the heart is by the Chinese supposed to be located, and a good deal of the "ingenuity" referred to in the

¹ Daylight.

² i.e. They drop off and perish.

³ Literally, 15,000 square acres.

⁴ Literally, eight feet by twelve; enough to bury him.

title is contained in the fact that at this point the characters refer to the heart. Hence the exhortation to “laugh loudly.” To Western minds, the sudden introduction of three wholly disconnected lines breaking in upon the theme of the discourse is not sufficiently ingenious to dispense with explanation.]

The word heart :—loudly laugh!

Not much time need be employed in writing it,

It has one curve like the moon and three dots all awry.¹

The feathered tribe and beasts will also become Buddhas.²

If you only repeat Buddha's name you will go to the kingdom that produces extreme felicity.

[At the point N. a layman is supposed to break in and remark :—]

- (N.) *“I see other men die,
My heart is nervous and excited,³
Not anxious about other men,
But because my turn will come.”*

[The literal rendering of this line is “*Look, look, the wheel comes to me!*” The wheel of life, the inexorable turning of fate that now raises one man and then another, alternately exalting the beggar and debasing the prince, plays a large part in the Buddhistic conception of all things. It is referred to in lines 6 and 7 under the heading E. The idea of transmigration is connected with this doctrine.]

- (P.) *If you wish to escape the ills of life and death,
At once repeat Buddha's name.*

*If in life you repeat it often
Hereafter you shall reap extreme joy.*

- (R.) *Pikiu, Pikiuni, Yiuposeh, Yiupoi.⁴
Virtuous men, virtuous women, and others who repeat Buddha's name
Shall together go to the Western Paradise.*

(S.) *On seeing this tract reflect, reflect.*

(T.) *Kaolaishan, disciple of Buddha, native of Chihli, has had this engraved and given away as an act of merit. The block he retains in his own keeping.*

(X.) *Respect printed paper.*

(L.) *On repeating Buddha's name 300 times fill up one of the empty circles⁵ with a red pencil. When all are filled up the total will be 180,000.*

And this is the last word.

¹ Referring to the shape of the character, which is drawn thus 卍

² Absorption into *Nervana* is here referred to, and not an indefinite multiplication of inferior Buddhas.

³ Literally, like a hot fire.

⁴ A Buddhist charm probably derived from Indian names. The words have no significance whatever, being merely repeated as a kind of magic.

⁵ “The circles” are ranged all round the tract,—empty, awaiting filling.

In face of drought and famine, death staring his people in the face, the Buddhist priest Che propounds his scheme of salvation. The people are perishing hopelessly. In their extremity Buddhism shows them the way to the Western Paradise. To whom must they fly for aid? What must they do? Perform meritorious actions, and "*on repeating Buddha's name 300 times fill up one of the empty circles with a red pencil.*"

And then begin again. "*O-mi-to-fu*" 300 times and a red pencil mark; 300 more times, another pencil mark; 300 more, another. And so forth.

When 180,000 repetitions of Buddha's name have been faithfully pronounced with earnest lips by the distressed soul, the tract is full. But the drought still continues. What now? Begin again. A new tract; the same red pencil; precisely the same process!—300 repetitions and a dot.

But the children are dying! Repeat Buddha's name. The town is desolate? His name cannot have been pronounced a sufficient number of times. Reiterate it yet again. "*O-mi-to-fu! O-mi-to-fu! O-mi-to-fu!*"

But is there no end?

None. Absolutely none.

We hear much, now-a-days, about "the Light of Asia." Literary men, who have read Christianity into Buddhism, tell us that Buddhism compares well with Christianity. Some even ask us to believe that Buddha is nobler than Christ.

When we are brought face to face with the actual thing, with Buddhism pure and simple, our eyes are opened. "The Light of Asia?" *This* is the light of Asia. This tract contains the essence of Buddhism. Buddhist publications are to be had by the hundred in China, but they are only changes rung on the same old peal. The sheet we have translated contains, as our missionary friend who had been through the drought of 1887 at Gan-kin, and brought home the tract, remarked when he handed it to us—"Buddhism boiled down." Clearly not Buddhism as understood by modern writers, but Buddhism as understood and practised by the Chinese people and priests; Roman Catholic in its ceremonial, its tonsure, its rosary, its purgatory and priestcraft, with all the vain unmeaning repetitions, penance, meritorious works, and mummery of paganized Christianity, including the sacred sect of shaven celibates, cut off from all natural affection and human ties.

This then is the whole faith in which millions of our fellow-men are born, and live, and die, in China.

"All is vanity; it is good to reform;

It is good to repeat Buddha's name.

Why did they not at the beginning inquire of the Buddhist priest Che?"

This they have. And this is all they have. We repeat it:—*this is all.* The whole answer to humanity's bitter cry, to the vanity and emptiness of life, to the pain of the world, the fear of death and the dread of the unknown world to come, for these millions is here—*Repeat Buddha's name.*

Buddhism can give no further hope, and no certainty even in this forlorn performance. Repeat Buddha's name;—repeat it any number of times. The more the better. There is no end, no limit, no sufficiency, in this vain work of merit. Always unsatisfied, the worshipper continues, his uncertainty being a fruitful source of money-making to the priest, for could he satisfy himself before death that he had done enough to deserve the Western Paradise, no further payment would be necessary at or after his funeral.

And so the devotee goes on, for the way to the Western Paradise is long. In the chill of the black midnight and in the grey dawn he rises to repeat Buddha's name, “*O-mi-to-fu, O-mi-to-fu, O-mi-to-fu,*” he mutters, unendingly, in a monotonous, sing-song undertone. At his work he reiterates it; at his dressing; when he lies awake at night; in the street, in the field, in the temple, in the chamber of death,—“*O-mi-to-fu! O-mi-to-fu! O-mi-to-fu.*” And there is none to answer, nor any even to hear.

Can we realize the meaning of this?

No faith that God is love; no forgiveness of past sins; no unseen Hand to guide through the mazes of life, making “all things work together for good”: no certain future; no coming King and Redeemer to look for

“By the light of the Evening Star
When the room is growing dusky as the clouds afar;”

No higher Friend whose strength enables weakness; no Lover of the soul; no Home for the heart in God; no Father in heaven:—only a dismal question of a hopeless balance of merit, whose issue must be dreaded either way. In death no hope; for death is but the turning of a vast and awful wheel, grinding out inexorable fate for hapless humanity, and leading now up, now down, through unknown æons.

Think of the meaning of our Faith to us; realize what lies hidden in the words, “*I have loved thee,—thy sins are forgiven,—I will guide thee,—all things work together for good,—I go to prepare a place for you,—I will come again and receive you unto Myself,—Ye are My friends,—Your Father knoweth,—My Father and your Father,—My God and Your God.*” Then try to strip them from you. Leave no idea of God's love, of Christ Jesus' redemption, of hope beyond the grave. . . . We cannot do it. These thoughts are ingrained in us; they are part and parcel of ourselves. But *they do not belong to all men as they belong to us*; and we have been listening to the cry of the human heart apart from God. “See,” it seems to say, “we are here, but why? Whence? What reason is there for our suffering? What explanation for our soul-emptiness? We can feed our bodies, who can feed our hearts? Who can show us any good? Is there such a thing as rest? Which is the way where light dwelleth?”

And what answer does it find, by seeking earnestly? This:—“*O-mi-to-fu, O-mi-to-fu, O-mi-to-fu,*”—for ever.

Listen to it! Listen to that cry, going up from thousands of trembling lips, aye, from millions of suffering hearts, daily, hourly, momentarily; a monotonous, unceasing repetition—"Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha," floating out into the mute, unheeding void!

It is rising to-night, as we write these words. It is rising to-morrow, as you read them. It has risen for thousands of years. It is rising *always!*

In the cold midnight air and in the morning sunshine, mingling with the dash of sea-waves, with the murmur of flowing streams, or the hum of deep tropical forests; breathed amid the stillness of great mountains or in the noise and hurrying of crowded cities; remember that it is *always going up*. Remember that it is always unanswered.

And remember that Jesus hears it always: that He died in response to its unspoken pain and sorrow. Remember that, having committed to us its deep, all-satisfying reply, He says to us to-day, "Go ye into all the world and preach THE GOSPEL to every creature."



LISTEN TO IT! "BUDDHA, BUDDHA, BUDDHA!"

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