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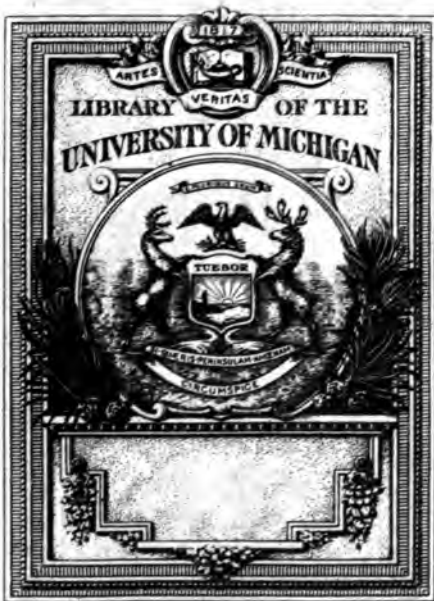
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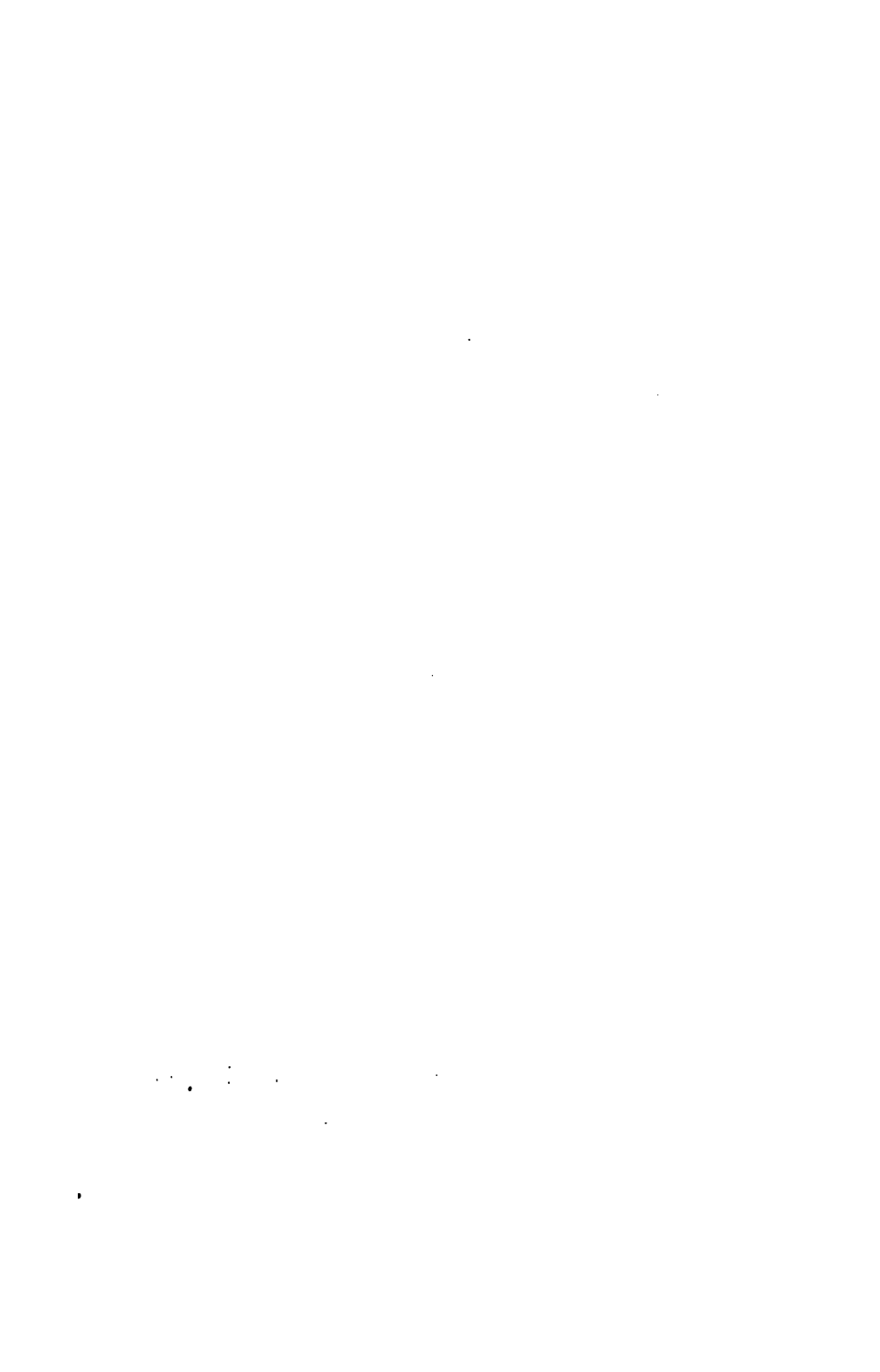
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仁力西







JIN KŌ-ŌIU

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JIN KO-NIU.

JIN KŌ - NIU

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE
LIFE OF JESSIE M. JOHNSTON
FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W. M. A.
MISSIONARY IN AMOY, CHINA

BY HER SISTERS META^{Johnston} AND LENA
WITH A PREFACE BY HER MOTHER

仁力西

PUBLISHED BY T. FRENCH DOWNIE
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PREFACE

PROBABLY many into whose hands this little *in memoriam* may fall will, not unnaturally, exclaim, "Where is its *raison d'être*?" The life sketched in the following pages is devoid of novelty or even of special incident." This was also the feeling of those dearest to Jessie, combined with the difficulty of reproducing her personality, joyous and eager in the days of health—patient and cheery when deprived of it, the only uniqueness being that in both she was so natural: no haloed saint, but a happy Christian girl and woman.

Our friends, however, and her own, seemed to wish that some little record of her life and work should be attempted, and suggestions to the same effect came from various quarters, one of which may be given as a sample:

PREFACE

"Surely no more beautiful sermon was ever preached than her life has been through all this time of weary suffering, and I pray that it may be used to lead many to the Saviour, Whom she loved and served. I hope some one will write an account of her life. I am sure it would be a help to many, and you must not think of the human shrinking from publicity she might have had on earth—she is far above all that now, and will only desire what may bring glory to God!"

So it comes that this little book, consisting mostly of fragments, in which Jessie is allowed to tell her own story by quotations from letters, etc., goes forth with the prayer that to those who knew her it may recall the little energetic missionary whom they loved, and to others, be an incentive to be ready to do the Master's will, and to all, prove a call to more prayer for China and the Chinese.

The characters, "Jin Lek-se," on the cover, represent the name by which she was known to the Chinese, the surname Jin (love)

being the nearest approach to Johnston, and Lek-se (strength of the West) very nearly representing the sound "Jessie." The whole simply and beautifully conveyed the idea that the keynote of her life was love in action.

Hearty thanks are due to those who have helped us by contributing material and photographs, especially to Miss M. E. Talmage, and to W. W. Callender, Esq., for his most kind and able assistance.

E. B. J.

December, 1907.

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EARLY DAYS

M. L. J.

1861—1885

EARLY DAYS

JESSIE M. JOHNSTON was born in Mentieth Row, Glasgow, on October 8th, 1861. She was a minister's bairn, and a missionary's too, for her father, James Johnston, had spent the first years of his ministry in Amoy, China, and it was only when compelled to give up the long-cherished hope of returning to work there that he settled down to be the hard-working pastor of St. James' Free Church, a large congregation in that great Scottish city. How much these two facts coloured her life and determined its bent it would be hard to say. The daily arrival of the white-haired beadle with peppermint rock in his pocket ; the importance and solemnity of the high-backed corner pew ; the sacred quiet of the busy Sabbath days, when " father " must not be disturbed ; the long silent walks to church, and the sense of freedom and rest on the homeward way when the two long services were ended and tongues were free to chatter

—all went to form the atmosphere in which she and her companion sister were brought up. The life-long devotion of that much-revered father to all the wider interests of the kingdom of Christ, and early familiarity with queer Chinese soapstone figures and ornaments, no doubt had lasting influence.

Even in those early days companionship counted for much in her life. The long summer afternoons at play on the terrace as an eager leader in all childish games were times of unmixed delight, and woe-begone and disconsolate was the face flattened against the rain-washed panes when wet days kept the little girls at home. Even then, however, there were the reels of cotton in the old nurse's workbox, that could be duly named and made to serve as playmates, and the large family of dolls to fall back upon, failing more lively company.

Happy days followed, too, when younger brothers and sisters came into the home. The lively nursery, with its cosy fire and tea-table, was always a favourite spot, and Jessie's advent there was a signal for plenty of noise and frolic.

Her craving for the society of girl-friends made school-life a source of unending interest. Lessons never gave her any trouble beyond the drudgery of learning to spell. But, delightful as it was to come home "dux," or to

tell of the keen rivalry in the large classes of the Scottish public day-schools, the doings and sayings of "the girls" counted for much more. It was this innate love of her kind, be they black, white, or yellow, that made life so interesting to her, and kept her heart and thought busy to the last. It was this same natural gift consecrated, which gave her so warm a place in the affections of those among and for whom she worked in later days. But that is to anticipate.

For a winter or two the long walks or bus drives to the West End were given up, and home-lessons took their place. The young student tutor found his work very entertaining, and used to enjoy rousing his pupils to eager defence of their heroes or their principles. They, on their part, were much concerned for his orthodoxy, and plied him with arguments based on a thorough grounding in the Shorter Catechism. He opened a new world to them by his enthusiastic appreciation of Milton and Carlyle, and his philosophizing over men and matters. It was then, too, that she turned eagerly to the library bookshelves and became an omnivorous reader. Poetry, travel, and story-books were eagerly devoured; biography was keenly relished; and the Memoirs of the Wesley Family was so notable a find that hours were spent over it, and meals were

a distressing interruption. Owing to the father's serious illness, the parents were away from home that winter (1875-76), and their absence brought new responsibilities to the elder sisters. The faithful nurse, who took charge in the home, was ready and able to conduct family prayers with the children, but objected to doing so if her fellow-servants were present. The sisters were quite clear that this dividing of the household would not be a faithful carrying out of their parents' wishes, but to take the duty upon themselves was a great ordeal. With much trepidation it was, however, undertaken, and this first attempt at leading others in praise and prayer was always looked back to as a definite step forward in the path of confession and service.

When books failed, many a long hour was beguiled in "telling story"; for the two sisters had a world of their own, to which they retired at will, peopled by "families" of their own invention, whose history was followed for years, and added to day by day. When the days seemed uneventful or dull, some very thrilling experiences had to be introduced into the "families" to supply the lacking interest. "Making poetry" was another delight very early indulged in, and some of the verses written in her girlhood gave expression to the deeper thoughts that

lay beneath. For, though Jessie was a very natural child, dearly loving fun and excitement, and not too fond of steady work or the drudgery of practising or sewing, she never remembered the time when she did not conscientiously love the Lord Jesus and wish to please Him.

She had, too, a wakeful conscience, which insisted on being attended to or made her very unhappy. The visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Scotland in 1872-73 brought a new element into the religious life of Glasgow, and the Saturday meetings for children were much enjoyed. Perhaps it was in those days of fervour that the thought of service became more prominent, though it had never been altogether absent. Her birthday verse, as she called Prov. xxxi. 8,* was always looked upon almost as a personal command and prophecy. Many a long talk was carried on in low tones under the bed-clothes concerning the ways and means of carrying out what she even then hoped would be her life-work, and very fervent was the deep desire suggested by one of her father's sermons—to be among "those who turn many to righteousness," who shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever."

The family left Glasgow for Bridge of

* "Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."

Allan in 1877, and while there Jessie was asked by a friend of her mother's to help in a small mission Sunday-school. It was her first experience of such work, and the little class of boys and girls became a great interest to her. It was quite hard to give them up when, in the spring of 1878, she went to Switzerland to study French and German in a Lausanne boarding-school.

How she did enjoy that year! The language study was a real pleasure to her, and her quick memory stood her in good stead. In addition to the pages of literature and history that had to be learned by rote, she would commit long poems for pleasure, and coax "Fraulein" to teach her nursery rhymes and *Weihnachts-lieder*. But it was not only the opportunity for a favourite study that made life in Lausanne so pleasant: every phase of school-life was a new pleasure, and she shared in all with zest, from the little prayer-meeting organized among the girls to the gatherings of the "Poetical Society" which met in the attic, and to which the following lines were among her contributions:

AN INCIDENT AT THE PARTY.

In the cold deserted schoolroom,
Where the midnight shadows fall,
And weirdly in the moonlight
Dance on the ink-stained wall,

There, alone in the darkness,
 Silent and sad she lay,
 In the silver light of the moonbeams—
 Was she watching the shadows play ?

Or heard she the sounds of music
 In the distant halls below,
 And the laughter of girlish voices
 As they flitted to and fro ?

Was she dreaming of former splendour,
 And hopes now past and fled,
 As she lay in the April stillness,
 While the shifting moonbeams sped ?

* * * * *

Softly around her, her garments
 In creamy whiteness hang,
 For the form alone in the darkness
 Is but *the last merangue* !

There, too, her love of girl society was fully met. She was a universal favourite with teachers and scholars, teased and petted in turns by all, but making, at the same time, true, earnest friendships which have stood the test of years and distance. Many of these were renewed during the long months of her illness, and photographs of her friends, and afterwards of their children, were among her treasured possessions, any additions to the store being hailed with eager pleasure and subjected to much friendly scrutiny and comment.

But while busy in many ways, Jessie was often sorely dissatisfied with herself and her

attainments. Perhaps being the eldest of eight made her feel older than she really was. There is something amusing and almost pathetic in the lines written in the summer of 1879. They would be more appropriate to eighty than eighteen! But she wrote them in dead earnest, and the feeling they expressed was a real one.

Eighteen years! Why, the acorns sown
 Those eighteen years ago
 Will have sprouted and shot up woody trees,
 With knotted trunks and rugged knees,
 Where sweet birds chant soft melodies,
 When the morning star sets low.

* * * * *

Eighteen years! to have lingered here,
 A *name* upon God's earth,
 While the work and the tears are throbbing on,
 And restless days and hours are gone—
 Are weary, sobbing, helpless, gone
 To God, who gave them birth!

This craving for some definite work was very happily answered by Him Who was guiding this child of His in ways that she knew not.

When school-days were over, there were home duties to be taken up. Younger brothers and sisters had to be helped with their lessons, and soon Jessie had a school-room party in her charge. Lessons in that schoolroom may have been somewhat erratic, but they certainly were never dull. She had

the happy knack of finding anything that she undertook to be of paramount interest. Her scholars, whether English or Chinese, were always apt to be prodigies. "My pupils," she writes, "are the admiration of all—as good as gold!" The methods she used were not always of the orthodox pattern. There were novel rewards and punishments, and wonderful shouting choruses to enliven the time. The mother of one of these early pupils writes: "How fond — was of 'Miss Jessie'! . . . I am sure her Christian influence and example has affected her life, for she is such a good, earnest, Christian wife and mother, bringing up her little ones for Christ."

It was in 1880 that the family removed to Upper Norwood, and there a new and absorbing interest came into Jessie's life in connexion with the Young Women's Christian Association. After taking secular classes on week evenings at the rooms of the Institute, and helping in her mother's large Friday evening Bible-class, she became teacher of the Sunday afternoon class, and remained keenly interested in it until she left for China in the autumn of 1885. "Going to the Institute" was a real treat to her. She loved to count up the girls who came, and to account for absent ones. Many little notes were written to members in business houses



GIPSY HILL, UPPER NORWOOD.

(The Y.W.C.A. is to the right.)

reminding them of different classes, or inviting them to some special event. "I have been writing charming notes all the week, and actually visiting absentees! Delightful work!" she writes in a characteristic letter to a sister, in which she speaks of her French class as "so enthusiastic!" Her own naïve enthusiasm was infectious. Though by no means fond of early rising, she arranged for long country walks with the members on summer mornings, and entered *con amore* into every scheme for making the Institute home-like, and a happy gathering-place. She really loved the girls, and enjoyed being with them, and the Sunday teas in the interval before evening service were appreciated as heartily by her as by any member of her large class. Certainly the work there was very helpful to the young teacher. She learned much while aiding others. At one time of revival, when special services were being held in the Y.W.C.A., she and her sister agreed together to pray definitely for a number of girls known to them as not yet having decided for Christ, and it was with awe and wonder that they noticed one after another of these profess themselves on the Lord's side until each name on the list was accounted for. This was a lesson on the efficacy of prayer not soon forgotten. But it was only one of many lessons learned in that happy training-

ground. The love and labour so freely bestowed on the young members was very warmly reciprocated. On the great event of the Annual Gathering Jessie's favourite post was that of doorkeeper, and there was always a merry group of "helpers" at that end of the hall. Some were with difficulty persuaded to come any further in! And when she left for China she was followed by the prayers and interest of many. Indeed, all through her years of absence they kept in touch with her, sending contributions to the Baby Home in Amoy, which are continued even now for her sake.

In the meantime her lifelong desire was forming into a definite purpose, and not Africa, with its attractive black babies, but China, where her father's missionary service began, was to be the sphere of work for her also. How this call came, and the training for it, she has told herself in a paper written during her illness, and in a message written, by request, for the children of the English Presbyterian Church, and reprinted now by kind permission.

"I have had such a happy life!" was her own verdict in looking back over it when first she knew that her call Home was at hand. Yet it might so easily have been otherwise but for the grace of God, Who early gave her an anchorage of trust in Him.

Like many who share in her brightness of disposition and gay spirits, she had varying moods, and was very susceptible to all outside influences. It was from her own experience that she wrote as a girl :

It was April, and April tear-drops
Were beating against the sun,
And April sorrow had filled the earth,
As its gladness before had done.

I stood by the open casement,
Watching the rain—
How it dimpled the tiny pools in the road,
And kissed them smooth again.

The little white daisies were smiling
Down in the grass,
Dreaming of golden sunshine hours
When the showers should pass.

And I, too, was dreaming and smiling,
As I watched the rain,
Till a shadow seemed to fall from the clouds
And settle over the lane.

It frightened the baby daisies
Till they quite forgot to smile,
And it entered the casement softly,
And stole o'er my heart the while.

It came like a dim foreboding
Of a sorrow far away,
Like the mist that shadows the river
At the dying of the day.

She was so imaginative that her more matter-of-fact sister was often hard put to it to allay the fears she would conjure up and

torment herself with. She was keenly sensitive to praise and blame, and her love of popularity was often a temptation, and might easily have become a source of trouble to herself and others. She was naturally timid, too, in many ways, and her nervous shrinking from such objects as mice and cockroaches, dead or alive, was only too well known to her brothers and sisters, and tempted them to many a prank. Long after, she wrote from a Chinese village: "I couldn't possibly live in China, if I could not pray about rats!" Though very plucky in bearing the few physical pains of which she had any experience until the last long illness, she had the greatest dread and apprehension of sickness for herself or others, and one felt how true it was when she wrote: "Had I known beforehand that I would be like this, it would have shadowed my whole life"; and yet, thanks to her Father's goodness to His child, she could add, "but now it is simply nothing to me."

THE CALL TO CHINA

J. M. J.

A MESSAGE TO CHILDREN

ONCE there was a little girl who was given a pretty blue book to read before going to bed. There was a little prayer in the book which she liked very much, and used nearly every day of her life. Would you like to know it?

“Lord, prepare me for what Thou art preparing for me.”

We can help to prepare ourselves for some things. This little girl, when quite tiny, hoped some day to be a missionary, but she hated sums. Once her mother said: “What sort of missionary will you be if you can’t keep accounts?” Neither did she like waking up in the morning. Her mother said: “Who do you expect will waken you when you are a missionary?”

She had not thought before that doing sums and getting up punctually were ways of preparing to be a missionary. Later, when she had to keep the accounts of the Women’s

Missionary Association in Amoy, she was very glad that she had learnt arithmetic.

“Can do” is easily carried about, and it is well worth while to prepare ourselves for life in every way possible.

Still, there are so many things that we



AT HER DESK IN AMOY.

cannot prepare for, and the little prayer covers all these.

This little girl was very strong. Even when she grew older she thought it would be *dreadful* to be ill, and have to stay in bed and never go out. And yet God knew that this was what was preparing for her. So

when one day in Amoy she found, on getting up, she could not stand nor move, and the doctors said she must leave China, and would never be well again, she found, too, that her favourite little prayer had been answered, and that one can be ready for anything when God has prepared the heart. Then, even to be ill is not dreadful at all.

The Chinese speak of the heart's eye. Is it not nice that with our heart's eyes we can see all over the world? The missionary who was once that little girl now lives at St. Leonard's, but her heart's eyes see the merry school-children in Amoy and the dear little girls in the Baby Home there. They see the women weaving and spinning in the villages, and the Bible-women with fans and hymn-books visiting and teaching them, and she wonders whom God is preparing to help them in her place. Perhaps He is preparing a missionary life for some of you. It is the very happiest and grandest thing in the world to be a missionary—at least, she thinks so; only one must have the prepared heart.

Many children in Amoy are giving their hearts to the Lord Jesus this year. One little girl writes: "I wish very much to trust in the Saviour, and that all I do may please Him." And Golden Flower says: "I know surely that God has already forgiven my sins, and that I truly belong to the Lord

HIN KO-NIU

Jesus, and have entered His sheepfold. I thank God increasingly for His goodness."

Cloving our hearts to God is the very best way to prepare for life. If you do this, and ask God to prepare you for what He is preparing for you, you need not be afraid of anything the future may bring, for the peace of God will be yours, and His peace passeth all understanding.

When your editor asked me for a message for the children, I thought I would pass on the little girl's prayer. I ought to know her very well better than anyone else did. Perhaps some of you can guess how that is.

JESSIE M. JOHNSTON.

March, 1907

(Reprinted by kind permission from the "Messenger for the Children of the Presbyterian Church of England.")

THE CALL TO MISSIONARY SERVICE

THE question with, I think, nearly every missionary is: How is it that so few offer to fill up gaps in the ranks for foreign service?

It may be that with many earnest, capable, and educated Christian girls the real reason is that they do not realize when the time for decision has come. This was the case with the small child whose story was in the *Children's Messenger* for March, and perhaps the sequel may influence some.

Her father had been a Chinese missionary, and from babyhood the drawing-room chiffonier, with its contents, was a familiar object: the odour of Buddhist prayer-beads, the compass pointing South, the wonderful silk robes, and many other things, even to the little yellow slippers with turned-up toes, which were sometimes worn to children's parties, were all strangely attractive. Al-

though nothing was said by anyone, she always expected to be a missionary.

However, when about eight years old, interest in China declined. She was taken to a meeting at Mrs. Murray Mitchell's, where a most delightful lady spoke on Africa, and told stories of little black girls with funny, mischievous ways, especially of a naughty little one who had played some very ridiculous prank. It seemed little heathen children were just like English girls. It must be delightful to be a missionary in Africa! So, later on, when the missionary lady met her toiling upstairs, carrying a drawing-room chair, and asked, "Would you not like to be a missionary in Africa some day?" although far too shy to answer, that missionary must have seen "Yes" in the shining eyes and little hot face.

Then came school-days and other days, all full and interesting. With seven brothers and sisters life cannot be dull. When, later on, work for the Y.W.C.A. and such-like was taken up, other things seemed to slip the memory. And although every time a Communion Service came round the prayer went up, "Lord, let me be a missionary," it came almost as a shock one day when the mother said: "You used to speak a good deal about being a missionary. I do not wish to urge you in any way, but if you

are still thinking of it, it is about time to prepare." There was a little talk, and the preference for Africa came up. In mentioning the various pros and cons, the difficulty of the Chinese language was spoken of. This proved quite an attraction, and when the thought of China having been her father's former field was added, as well as that it was the place where many missionaries whom she knew were working, the scales turned in its favour.

Not very long after came a visit from a missionary, who put the question point-blank, and then the real difficulty came to the front. "Indeed, I am not worthy. I have no common sense. M. is the one with common sense. Just ask mother."

On saying "Good night" the missionary remarked: "How cold your hands are, child!" Was it any wonder, with so much to think about and decide? Fortunately there was the old refuge of prayer, and a saying of the grandmother was remembered: "One has no right to be without common sense. It can be had by prayer, just as other things can."

As twenty-two was considered rather young, a six months' course at the Normal Training School in Gray's Inn Road was proposed. This proved invaluable. As a rule, many years of teaching are not desirable

as a preparation for missionary life. Both circumstances and pupils are very different on the mission-field from at home, and it is difficult for those who have long taught, to adapt themselves to the new conditions; but a short course is of the greatest help, as one must not only teach in schools, but in women's classes, village and city homes, and hospital wards. Knowledge of the best methods of educational work, of discipline, of interesting pupils, of asking and answering questions—all are priceless.

Lessons in singing, in first aid and nursing, in cooking, and dressmaking—all found a place.

Although the servant difficulty is not great in most of our districts in South China, it is always well to know *how* a thing should be done.

Of the preparation, farewell meetings, and good-byes, little need be said.

Two of the chief fears of this missionary were that she might have to go to the bazaars and cater for the boarders, as "madame" had done in the Swiss school, and that she might have to teach cutting-out and sewing of Chinese garments. Both these fears proved groundless, as most of one's fears are. Difficulties there are, which some feel much more keenly than others. There was a missionary who used to run up and down

stairs to make a little noise in the quiet house to which she was so little accustomed. Later on she abandoned this practice! In the writer's opinion, one of the chief difficulties a missionary experiences is to be able to adapt herself to every circumstance and every person, and on every occasion to be prepared, smiling and friendly. The first, and middle, and last lesson to be learned is readiness to do the Master's will, and that her own wishes and inclinations are of no importance whatever. The first year or two, before methods are understood or appreciated, are always the hardest. But if there were ten times the difficulties or hardships, would it not be well worth while? Let me prove it.

To the big girls' boarding-school in Amoy came a very dirty and unpleasant little girl, Tee-a by name—so disagreeable in her habits that no one would associate with her; so intractable that she climbed, not only the trees in the garden, but found her way up the *outside* of the latticed veranda to the roof; so undisciplined that the Ko-niu had to be called down after midnight to stop a stand-up fight with her neighbour.

Some years later there was a women's conference in Amoy, the first held in South China. As the five-minute bell rang, one after another rose to speak or report on the different subjects under discussion.

Amongst others, a sweet-looking girl advanced to the platform, with hair neatly coiled and dress prettily arranged. She was



TEE-A WITH HER HUSBAND AND FAMILY.

teacher in a country school far removed from foreigners and with few Christian companions. Her subject was, "Shall we admit Heathen Children to Christian Day-Schools?" And

she gave instance after instance of heathen children in her school who had benefited by the teaching received.

The school matron was sitting beside me. She was a trustworthy woman, but had little faith in schoolgirls, being, perhaps, rather old to understand them. She turned with tears in her eyes. "Do you know," she said, "that is Tee-a?"

The hospital ward for women in Amoy was crowded and noisy. After the Gospel talk many gathered round to have a further chat. Amongst them came an old woman. She had attended irregularly for many months. Her disease was incurable, and the doctor could only give a little medicine to alleviate the pain. She was very poor. When I first saw her she was very wretched. That day she came with a beaming face. "Ko-niu," she said, "I cannot come again, but I know that what you have told me is true. I know that the Heavenly Father will receive me, and that I shall meet you again *there* some day."

You may have disappointments in the mission-field, you may meet with discouragements, but what does disappointment count for, or what discouragement, or what does anything matter in the face of facts like these?

IN CHINA

L. E. J.

1885—1904

I know that far across the sea
 There dwelleth one
 Whose thoughts are sure to turn to me
 When work is done.
 Ah, yes ! and still, when other cares
 Engross the mind,
 The heart is still as closely knit,
 The thought as kind.
 Think'st thou I grieve because these cares
 Thus intervene ?
 Nay ! love is often deepest felt
 With such between.
 And will our Heavenly Father's heart
 Less tender prove
 When earthly ties and cares engage
 His children's love ?
 Oh no ! His thoughts to usward turn
 More kindly far,
 And when we love and work most we
 Most like Him are.
 Still let us strive to live with Him,
 His face before,
 And loving others, still contrive
 To love Him more.
 So, working, praying heartily,
 We like Him grow,
 And loving Him and those around,
 His love shall know.

J. M. J.

AMOY, 1885.

(Written to her sister.)

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BEGINNINGS

JESSIE sailed for China in October, 1885, just after her twenty-fourth birthday. She describes her arrival in Amoy on December 11th:

“It was rather a dull morning when we reached Amoy, but the sandy beach and houses of Kolong-su looked home-like, and before long Mr. McGregor* and Miss Maclagan were on board, and brought us ashore for breakfast. Miss M. and I. are to take possession of the Ladies' House, which has just been cleaned and painted. It has a very pretty situation, with lovely glimpses of the sea and hills beyond, and little winding paths lead up to the great grey boulders above us.

“You may be sure that one of our first visits here was to the school, which compared favourably with those we visited elsewhere, and the hearty greeting we received from the children was most encouraging. I quite longed that some of those who are

* Now Dr. McGregor.

carrying on this work at home could have stood with us in the bright, airy schoolroom, and have heard the 'Peng-an' (Peace) which echoed from every corner. On



"OUR FIRST VISIT WAS TO THE SCHOOL."

Saturday morning, directly after breakfast, a messenger was sent to say that the whole school was coming to pay me a visit, and I had barely time to come downstairs before

the tramp of feet was heard, and two by two the twenty-three girls, their matron, and teacher, filed up the approach to our house. I waited in the drawing-room to receive them as they crowded in, and felt very helpless as I smiled a reply to all their good wishes. A little quietness followed while Miss M. kindly interpreted some of their words, and told them how I hoped soon to understand and speak to them in their own language. I was at a loss as to how such guests should be entertained, but they solved the problem themselves by beginning a tour of the room and examining each object minutely. Fortunately our furniture is but scant, as this proved a lengthy proceeding, and somewhat monotonous. However, our guests were well pleased, and proposed to visit our bedrooms; and on Miss M. consenting, the whole party trooped upstairs, and I soon heard great chattering and laughing over my boots and slippers. It seems they had been promised to see over the house after I came. A photograph of my father interested them very much, as they had heard of him before. It is pleasant to find that he is still remembered out here by several, my teacher amongst others.

“The girls were very curious to know whether I sang or not, and what my name would be. The latter question puzzled me,

but I have since heard that it is to be 'Jin,' the nearest approach in Chinese to Johnston, and meaning 'love.' As Miss M.'s name is 'An' (Peace), the Ladies' House at Amoy ought to be a pleasant place to live in!"

To Jessie the study of the Chinese language was a real pleasure, and she managed very early to understand and make herself understood in the Amoy colloquial. Any phrase heard she quickly made a note of, and used on the earliest opportunity. She used to love to run down to have a chat or game with the schoolgirls, and proverbs or quaint expressions caught from them were quickly added to her own vocabulary. The study of the written character she found very interesting, and an entry in her diary after four months showed that she began then to read her verse in turn at morning prayers, giving first the character sound and then the translation into colloquial.

Later, when school-teaching and other work made daily study impossible, she enjoyed using the leisure of the summer holidays for reading with some competent teacher.

Jessie was never one who, from having a knowledge of character, decried the use of the Romanized writing. On the contrary, she took a pride in the fact that the early

Amoy missionaries were noted amongst the pioneers of Romanization, and lost no opportunity of explaining the immense advantages that flow from its use. To quote her own words: "For producing capable, intelligent Christians give me the Romanized colloquial."

A friend, visiting Amoy about two years after Jessie's arrival, writes: "She seems to me to have made most excellent progress with the language, and to know it very well for such a short residence here, and she seems to have learnt it most carefully and accurately."

In the following letter, written after being out just a year, she tells her mother how she prepares for a class in colloquial:

"It takes a long, weary time to prepare. For instance, one lesson which takes about half an hour to hear requires often more than one afternoon's preparation. The pupils are revising, and so learn five or six chapters of a book about the Judges and Kings. Well, I have to read these over, not only so as to understand the sense, but to know each word's meaning, and when to use it. In one page there may be twenty or thirty new words—*e.g.*, all Goliath's armour; or, again, I may pass a page with only one or two words to look up.

"After the gist of the thing is in my head, I begin to write out about fifty questions or



KOLONG-SU, AMOY.

so. These have to be carefully prepared, and put into proper idiom. Of course it gets easier each time. Still, there are so many new words, and it is so easy to make mistakes in idiom, or only to make half sense out of it, that I think the wisest course is to plod on, doing everything as thoroughly as possible."

Jessie's early days in Amoy were greatly brightened by the friends she found. She often wrote, "They spoil me out here," and "They are all so good to me." In her own mission—the English Presbyterian—there were married missionaries, and in their houses she received a warm welcome, and a romp with their children was always a treat to one who had come from a big houseful of brothers and sisters. Dr. and Mrs. Talmage, of the A.R.M., admitted her early to a daughter's place in their home,



and happy indeed were the times she spent there. Their advice and encouragement, and, still more, the strength and beauty of their lives, were a great inspiration to this very young missionary.

It is not necessary to mention each, because the whole missionary community were soon her friends, for she had an undoubted gift for friendship; but mention must be made of the seven "ko-niu."

"Ko-niu" is the Amoy word for "unmarried lady," and there were just the perfect number of these at this time on the island. Two belonged to the London Mission, and had come out only a few weeks before Jessie; her colleague, Miss Maclagan, has already been mentioned; the two daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Talmage had been several years at work, and understood both the language and the people; and the young

daughter of another missionary, with Jessie, completed the group. These seven saw a good deal of each other. A friend writes from Amoy about this time: "Jessie is as merry as ever, and it does one's heart good to hear her merry laugh. She has lost none of the cheery ring in it through all her hard study and all the difficulties of a life out here."

An early institution in connexion with the missionary life in Amoy is what is known as "ko-niu le-pai," or the single ladies' prayer-meeting. By six o'clock on Saturday evenings, all through the year, the unmarried ladies, if wanted, must be looked for at this gathering, for it is counted one of the most binding of engagements, although the most informal of meetings. The attendances vary from two or three in the winter months, when inland visiting is in full swing, to twenty or more in recent summers, when the ladies of all three missions are down from the six inland stations for the hot weather. Each takes her turn in leading. A passage of Scripture is chosen, and read around verse by verse in turn, a hymn sung, and then each one tells of any case of special need which she has met with during the week. Then all kneel in prayer, and the petitions go up in a ceaseless stream, as each begins as her neighbour ends, until the circle

is completed. There is a wonderful feeling of all being "with one mind, in one place." Many a young missionary has had ready sympathy and advice from the more experienced ones of the group as she has told of her puzzling cases.

UP-COUNTRY TRIPS

IN those early days, when travelling was a more difficult matter than it is now, these ladies seldom went to visit the inland places alone, but generally with one of another mission, to save the giving up of classes in the centre station. One good result of this was that, travelling with a member of another mission, the churches of both were visited, and a great feeling of unity, arising from knowledge of and interest in each other's fields, was the result. Most of Jessie's journeys were with Miss M. Talmage, her lifelong friend. The following extract from a letter written just four months after arrival gives some idea of the method adopted for a short week-end trip :

“ These trips up-country are delightful, and this is the very season for going. I have been to several places. Each time Miss M. goes off on Sunday morning to the next station, and leaves me with the

women, so that I can hear texts, talk, and teach to my heart's content, and each time I find it so much easier both to talk and to understand. On Saturday I got a note to say I must be on the boat by eleven ; therefore I sallied forth, attended to the veranda steps by G. with the cake-box. I went down the broad stone steps, stopping to smell the roses and gather a spray of white blossom as I passed. Before me our coolie, with my bedding on a pole over his shoulder, and our boy 'Gift,' with my shawl and books, marched in procession. The coolie is a fine, tall man, with the most dignified bearing—quite a credit to our establishment. 'Gift' is about sixteen, and very tall for his age, with moderate good looks, very willing, but so noisy ! I was taking him with us, as we needed a boy to cook and look after the luggage, and serve as a sort of escort. At the end of the long narrow stone jetty the coolie deposited his burden in a little 'sampire' (rowing-boat) and returned, while we rowed out to the American Gospel boat. I arrived first, and sat on the roof of the cabin, which is slightly raised above the deck to allow of windows, and soon after Miss M. came. We then settled our baggage in the cabin, and ourselves perched on the wooden boards, which serve as beds.

"About two o'clock we reached the land-

ing-place, but could not land till nearly five, as the sun was too hot for our twenty minutes' walk across country. When we were able to land in the little boat sent out for us, we found quite a crowd on shore watching us pick our way over the rocks and sand. We exchanged greetings, and



"RED-TILED COTTAGES AMONGST THE BANYANS."

getting a porter for our luggage, began our walk through the village and over the fields to our destination—a row of red-tiled cottages, nestling among the banyans, in the distance, at the foot of a cluster of rugged hills.

"After supper we went down to prayers in the chapel. The women sit by them-

selves even then, and the helper's wife had her two little girls, about as sleepy as I was—such bright, bonny little damsels. We went early to bed, and notwithstanding the mosquito netting, the creatures were dreadful.

“Sunday was a lovely day, and I almost envied Miss M. her long chair-ride to Te-soa. However, I went back to our quarters, from whence I could see the helper's wife and bairns, beautifully dressed, going over the lesson for the day. I soon joined her and the other women, who, with their babies tied to their backs, were assembling to the number of eighteen or twenty. I noticed a few hooks, on which the women hung their skirts on entering. They were nearly all withered dames, wrinkled and yellow; but one or two young women also appeared, and after coming up to greet the ko-niu, settled themselves on one of the red benches which ran round the room, and had a chat together before service-time.

“The preacher soon came in, and we sang a hymn. The singing was much better than at Kang-thau. *There* a chorus of cats would be harmony compared to it. The old women sat swaying to and fro and holding up their books. At the end of each line they would hurry to read through the next, and directly it was read would begin their drone again, regardless of their neighbours, time, tune,

or anything. After singing, some one was called on to pray, and then the chapter for the day was read and explained, and different people were called on to say their verses.

“There was an interval of about ten minutes between this early worship and the regular service, which is conducted in the same way as at home. The women behaved wonderfully well. Of course the minister had to pause once or twice, to ask them not to talk, and to speak to some children who were laughing and running up and down.

“After church I heard the women repeat texts, and then retreated upstairs ; but a poor old body followed me with a handkerchief of what I feared was some dreadful cake, but it turned out to be pea-nuts. She would crack them, blow off the husk, and pop them into my hands, till my appetite for dinner disappeared. A number of others soon followed her, and I determined to improve the occasion, so brought out a picture of Christ coming to the disciples on the lake, which greatly interested them. I read them the account in the Bible and gave them a little ‘doctrine,’ which I had prepared with my teacher. They understood, and repeated it to new-comers, so I felt quite encouraged. They left me when I began lunch, so I had a little leisure.

“As I was finishing I heard some whisper-

ing, and saw some women at the bottom of the stair, who told me they were waiting for afternoon meeting, so I had to hurry down. They soon gathered round, and I found to my dismay that they expected me to take it. However, I asked the helper's wife, and she did it very nicely. Afterwards the Bible-woman improved the time before service by speaking some more 'doctrine.' The women were dreadfully sleepy, and so was I. I could hardly keep my eyes open, it was so hot and close. One old woman at the back amused me by coming forward and shaking the others, pulling their sleeves, and directing their attention to the speaker, who was going on regardless of listeners on *our* side of the screen. One woman before me was not even then sufficiently awake, so the undaunted arouser seized her by the *eyelids* and pulled them open, pushing her along the form at the same time! I feared a like fate, and by a severe effort kept awake during service, after which the people separated.

"One of the men came and spoke across the screen, asking me to go along with the Bible-woman, as it might draw some to hear her, so I ran up for my hat and umbrella, and, supported by three old women, had a lovely walk through the fields to a little village on the shore, where a crowd speedily collected to admire me!, and listened very

attentively while the Bible-woman spoke. I invited them to attend the chapel, and some of the women promised. I only hope they will come.

“Afterwards I was conducted to a very dirty yard, where a heathen woman brought basins of greasy, sugarless, and milkless tea and some little papers of cakes. I tasted, and then put it down, as is considered polite ; but she said, ‘She is afraid ; she will not take our food,’ so I courageously drained the cup, and took nibbles of the cake, carrying away the remainder, which I gave to a child on the way. Leaving amid many kind invitations to come again, I ran on in front of my guides, but was stopped by hearing them call, and, seeing that another woman was with them, I returned, and found the new-comer very anxious to see me. The Bible-woman tried to speak to her, but she would listen to no one but me, so I produced one of Mrs. Grimke’s cards (I wish I had more of them) in the Amoy dialect, and read it to her, and urged her to go to church. She asked me if I would be there, so I told her to come, and that the preacher’s wife would tell me if she had been. When she left I was tired of the slow pace of my guides, who, with long poles to aid their tiny feet, were hobbling along and laughing at my impatience ; so I told them I would

go quicker, and had a regular race home, to work off some of my superfluous energy. I had time to wash my hands before Miss M. appeared, and then we talked and read with the women till 7.30, after which came evening prayers and then to bed, as we had to be up by five o'clock, to catch the tide."

At other times long tours would be taken, lasting a month or more, stopping at various chapels at night, and staying one or more days in each, as seemed best, visiting the women connected with the little congregations, and seeking out their daughters, and, if of suitable age, inviting them to come to school. The women said she "had an attractive way," and certainly many little maidens, at first reluctant to face the ordeal of a journey by land, and, worse still, by water, and the strange new thing—a girls' school—were persuaded, and came to find it the happiest place they knew. The following extracts from letters give some idea of this country work :

"GOSPEL BOAT,
"October 28, 1887.

"Here we are, cosily ensconced in our little cabin. The passage was very quick, as we had a high wind in our favour. Such waves! We were tossed about like a nut-shell in our Gospel boat.

"I sat on deck, and watched the last golden rays of the sun disappear as we passed through the 'sea's gate' into the river. Then the silver moon appeared and



"DREADFULLY IGNORANT."

gilded all the ripples in a pathway to the sky. Everything now looks so quiet and peaceful—the great hills stretching up to heaven and the tiny villages under the banyans sheltering at their feet.

* * *

"These country people, although nominally Christian, are dreadfully ignorant. Speak of women's work! It is, I think, most necessary. The women in these villages know *nothing*. When asked, 'Who is Jesus?' they cannot tell. They never pray.

Yet some of these women are helpers' wives, and some have husbands who for years have attended church. Without women to teach them in their homes and behind the preacher's

screens, they seem to come and go, and get no teaching at all. I was much pleased to meet four former schoolgirls. Such a contrast!

* * * * *

"We have had a lovely day. Last night one of the helpers came in and planned out



"SUCH A CONTRAST!"

our trip for us ; so we started off at eight o'clock, leaving the Bible-woman to go in another direction. Poor thing ! she is so lonely, and for three nights had not slept at

all because of the dirt. These women have many hardships. We walked for the first hour of our trip, and did so enjoy it—such fresh country air and real highland scenery—rivers, and burns, and rocks, and high hills hemming us in—and such lovely fern-fronds at every turn. We had about two hours of chair-ride after our walk, and had some experience of fording rivers. Twice the water was so deep as to be above the men's knees, and nearly touched the bottom of our chairs. In one place we saw some men fishing from a raft of long slender logs. It seemed to act as ferry-boat as well, as I saw some men waiting to cross on it with burdens. For the most part, however, we were alone; not even a hamlet in sight.

“This place we have reached is so strange. The village is really one huge round tower—a blank wall to the outside, with tiny slit-like prison windows and a small entrance-gate. The church is built outside, but we went in to visit some Christians, and saw the interior. Just inside the thick stone wall, and lining its lower portion, is a row of wooden stalls, where many of the inhabitants live. Another strong stone tower, just like the outer one, rises within the stalls and towers above them. We step inside, and find ourselves in a large stone-paved court, open to the sky. It is, of course,

circular, and a raised pavement runs round it. Doors open into rooms the thickness of the wall—dark, gloomy-looking places; but here the people live like one large family. We just sat and watched as the women sat at the doors, one picking a goose, another smoking, another nursing her baby, and so on. In one corner was a loom, in another the stone mill for husking rice. Piles of brushwood for fuel were collected in a third corner, and in a fourth was a place where the rubbish of ages seemed stowed away. One of the girls took us upstairs to the second floor, also a ring of dwelling-houses. Another and broader flight of steps led to a third landing, where old chairs, bins of rice, etc., were kept; and one more climb led up to the attic, round which were stored the ancestral tablets and idols of the population! Nicely out of the way! It was so strange to look down over the railing on one hand into the round court, with its busy groups of people, pigs, and hens, and on the other side to peer through the narrow windows in the thick masonry of the wall, at the natural rampart of mountains, and rivers beyond.

“While we were talking to a woman, a man came in and examined us most thoroughly, saying finally: ‘What good fortune I have met with to-day to have seen these foreigners!’

We had a long talk with some old schoolgirls, and saw all the women church members in the place, then went home to supper. Looking up, we saw door and window packed with



“WHAT GOOD FORTUNE . . . TO HAVE SEEN THESE
FOREIGNERS!”

human heads—men’s heads—watching us. They were strangers, had never seen the like of us before, and nothing would satisfy them but that we should go down and ‘talk some doctrine.’ They were most polite and

attentive, listened for a long time, and went away praising the teaching.

“The people are always pleased when we talk a little to them. I was amused to hear



AMOY WOMEN'S SCHOOL.

one of my chair-bearers—a heathen—speaking about us at a place where we rested. A man asked as usual, ‘Are they men or women?’ ‘Women.’ ‘Can they speak our words?’ ‘Oh yes! thoroughly well.’ ‘Can

they read?' 'Read! they read our words and their own words easily, and they read a great deal.' 'Are they married?' 'No, they are ko-nius. They go about everywhere exhorting men to do right.'

* * * * *

"The scenery here reminds me much of Switzerland. Such an outlook down the valley, with its ripe rice-fields, terraced to the water's edge, and higher up pine-woods towering up the mountain-sides to the clear blue of the skies. The people are very simple and warm-hearted (I wish they were cleaner!), and I think it is wonderful how they come willingly at the busiest time of the day to spend two or three hours over the Word of God. Many walk great distances to be in church on Sunday. There is a woman here we are trying hard to persuade to come to the women's school in Amoy. She is over sixty, but seems both intelligent and quiet—two important qualifications for a Bible-woman. Even though she might not become a regular Bible-woman, she would learn a great deal, and be able to help others if she would only come down."

* * * * *

In later years the interest of this work was increased by the pleasure of visiting old pupils, seeing their homes and admiring their babies, who were eagerly shown to

“Ko-niu Ma,” or “Grandmother Ko-niu.” Jessie had a large number of such grandchildren, and took a great delight in them, rarely forgetting their names, and always looking out for their mother’s best characteristics to reappear in them. She writes again :

“I have been going from place to place spending a night at each. It is very hard to refuse to remain longer. The people find it difficult to understand why I won’t stay with them, and each place seems to think it has a special claim. There are the greatest opportunities on every hand, hundreds ready to listen, and so few to tell them what they need so much to hear. I have never seen such readiness to receive us, although we have always had open doors. We went to two villages to-day, which took us out of the way. At the first about twenty men meet for worship, but only one girl, who was in school for two months, knows anything on the women’s side. She can read, fortunately—the Romanized, of course. I had a crowd of women there. At the next place there are a number of Christians, who meet at the house of one of them. Here there are very few women. We need to come oftener and get hold of the wives and daughters. We ought to be everywhere oftener.”

This letter is written on one of her last journeys, for the need of workers is not

decreasing, but growing, as the church spreads further and further over the rich plains and up the terraced hills of South China.

She loved a friendly chat with the pastors and preachers in the various stations. They are often very lonely, and the missionary's visit is a great help and stimulus. The conversation usually was about the women of the church and the girls who might come down to school. Sometimes a thought from some commentary she had been reading was brought to bear on the lesson for the day, and the passage discussed, and at other times bits of news from the papers she had been reading in her chair.

The following is a letter from a young preacher to whom she had sent a clock. He is now pastor at Eh-mung-Kang.

LETTER FROM PASTOR YEW WHEN IN HIS
FIRST CHARGE, A SMALL TOWN INLAND.

“All the Brethren and Sisters of Stonewell beg to thank you for the clock. Every evening since you sent it I have been able to read and speak to many of the Gospel. This is how it is: when it is evening, numbers of young people come in to hear the clock strike, and then I get them to stay for a talk. I am so glad of this, for since I

came to Stonewell we have had to have our evening prayers almost always alone, and now many attend.

“I thought I would like to tell you that the weather is cooler, so that perhaps you will be able to come to us. But please do not come in the second week of next month, as I must be away then.

“I hear that you have had sorrow.* I pray that God may comfort you. I also have had sorrow, and have received of His comfort. I cannot say any words of consolation, for I know you understand all the words of consolation in the Holy Book.

“May the Lord grant you peace from henceforth, that your heart may be free to serve Him, which is, I know, your greatest desire!

“Greetings from Hoai-tek.”

* This refers to her brother's death in 1896.

HOSPITAL VISITING

ANOTHER important branch of the work is hospital visiting. It is a grand thing to see the poor sick folk being helped and healed, but it is a still greater joy to see them, whether healed or not, get the peace into their faces and the joy that comes from the knowledge of Christ. Once or twice a week the doctor arranges for out-patients to be seen. Sometimes these come in great numbers, and when they have received their "tally" they are drafted into the waiting-rooms for men and women. Many a time Jessie crossed the harbour and spoke in the crowded room to the waiting women, some half afraid to listen lest a spell be cast upon them; others, who had been before, eagerly drinking in all that was said. When almost all have gone, the missionary finds her way up to the wards where the in-patients are, and gathers them and the relatives who are nursing them together for

another talk. Again and again in Jessie's diary is found the entry, "Had such a good time at hospital"; and in her notebook the names of those present, and little details about them, or some of their remarks: "Tiong-so said to me to-day, 'I believe it



GROUP OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON DISPENSARY DAY.

is true that Jesus loves us, because you love us so.'"

"Hok - so is troubled about devils. She had vowed that she would make offerings if she got better, and feared they would trouble her if she did not pay her vow."

"I showed a picture of the 'Sower' to the

women to-day, and Ki-po-so said : ' I used to hear them speak of that in church. I was not allowed to go, but when no one was by I went ; and I thought I am like the seed among thorns ; and I comforted myself that even if one stalk grows up among the thorns the farmer will see it ; and I prayed that God would let me grow up, notwithstanding my troubles.' "

Whenever she could she was glad to visit former patients. Indeed, the necessity of helping them after they leave, and the impossibility of overtaking it, is a burden on any hospital worker. Take the following example from a diary of 1888 : " Went to hospital ; in out-ward saw Eng-a. She seemed at first not to be interested, but presently said : ' I will tell you how it is. Ten years or so ago I went into hospital and heard the Gospel. I believed it, and went home to tell my friends. I thought they would believe, but instead they reviled and beat me. Still I believed, but my sons died, and my mother-in-law died, and I have had nothing but trouble all these years. The neighbours say it is because I worship God. I do not know how it may be.' "

The following from a letter written about this time may be of interest : " I had a nice talk with a woman in hospital yesterday. She and her daughter of twelve had never

heard a word of the Gospel. She listened eagerly, and promised to pray daily, 'God, have mercy on me and forgive my sins.' Another woman had come two years ago, and remembered my being there and telling her to worship God. Still another followed me about to hear more, and seemed more or less impressed. It is such a responsibility to talk to them. I was thinking of Paul's words: 'An *Apostle* by the commandment of God' — one *sent* by God. If only a messenger, then only concerned with the delivery of the message. It is restful."

One more quotation must be given :

"On Tuesday I went over to the hospital and saw a woman in whom I am interested. She wanted me to go to see her mother ; but I had a whole ward of in-patients to talk to, so said I would go another time. We had hardly begun when some one called out that Miss A. had gone to see the out-patients, so the woman begged me to ask *her* to come upstairs and take my place, that I might be free to go with her to visit. I agreed, as I knew the wife of one of the pastors was with the out-patients. But you should have heard the indignation of the other women who were just gathered ready ! One of them clutched me, and I had to disengage her hands, promising to come again and speak to them.

“When we reached the house a number of women came together. Three of them had dressed to go to the hospital to listen to the teaching there, and they were very attentive. I gave them a verse to remember for next time, as I hope to go again. The woman who led me would hardly let me go. When I said, ‘You will be too late to see the doctor,’ she replied: ‘Oh, I can go next week; the *doctrine* is more important. Tell them more; they have never heard before.’ I promised to go to her house in the afternoon. I had been twice before, so felt sure I knew the way; but found I was not so certain after all, as I took a wrong turning and could not make it out. However, I visited at least half a dozen houses, and could have gone into twice as many more had there been time. At one place they were gambling, but an old hospital patient dragged me in to speak to them.

“I was very sorry not to find the house I set out to visit. I heard afterwards that the woman had collected her neighbours and prepared tea for me. When I said, ‘Oh, you must not get tea ready another time,’ she said: ‘You see, we want you to talk to us, and tell us a great deal about God; and you will get hoarse, so we must have tea, and then you can talk longer.’ I must go there again soon. When I told her that I

had mistaken the way, although I had been twice already, she said: 'You see, how can we remember the heavenly way when we only hear it twice? Just as you forget the road, so we forget.' Her father-in-law tries to hinder her, but every time I go she has a number of friends gathered to hear."

SCHOOL WORK

ALTHOUGH each different department of work in Amoy proved fascinating to Jessie, just as it happened to be the thing to be done, or, as she said, "It is a comfort to find that what one *has* to do always seems pleasantest," yet the girls' school was perhaps nearest her heart. We see her on the day of her arrival visiting the school, and next day being visited by them. In February she was giving lessons in reading to two backward children. She writes in an early letter :

"Round the school there is a veranda closed in with lattice-work, and doors lead into the different class-rooms, which, with their varnished forms and desks, maps and pictures, look a very cheery edition of an English school. The teacher at her table quietly reading and the girls in their forms softly repeating their lessons are, however, very different, though in many ways as nice. All wear trousers, wide, loose, coloured ones, embroidered or

trimmed at the foot, and over them a long wide jacket buttoned down one side and embroidered round the neck. The sleeves are so long and loose that at first sight you



TEACHER AND MATRONS.

would imagine the people had no arms. The little girls are the funniest mites. I would give a good deal to be able to put one or two in a box to send you. I can only laugh at them when they come dancing round with

their queer little pigtails sticking out all round. They usually wear their hair in a plait; not at the back of their heads, however, but at one side and sticking straight out. Then, above their foreheads, they sometimes have a narrow band of coloured cloth tied under their hair behind and waving in two long tails. The women often wear a black



“PIGTAILS STICKING OUT ALL ROUND.”

band in winter to keep them warm. I can't see how it answers! The older girls wear long plaits or have their hair smoothly brushed back and rolled into a flat 'bun' with pins and combs and bunches of gay artificial flowers. Every one has exactly the same glossy black shade. Such nice faces some have, the bigger ones sweet and gentle-

looking, the tinies rosy and mischievous. I must, however, tell you the whole truth—some are *very* ugly! One little thing I have up for reading, called Khun-a, is specially so, such a yellow little thing!”

It was very characteristic that a few weeks later she says: “Perhaps you remember my writing of Khun-a as such an ugly little thing. She looks a different being, and is brightening up, and quite a pleasure to teach.”

A run down to school and a chat or a game with the girls was always a cure for threatenings of home-sickness in the early days. “Last night I was down at school. I had looked in on the girls on our way home from tennis, and they exhibited a little spinning machine for making braid. One of the bigger girls was delighted to show off and give me a lesson, amid shouts of laughter at my awkwardness in moving the bobbins. At last I succeeded in mastering the process, to their delight, and promised in return to come down in the evening and sing to them. So after supper and prayers I set off. The moon, which is bright just now, had hardly risen, so I had some difficulty in finding my way down to the school. Half a dozen girls were waiting at the gate and triumphantly seized my hands to escort me safely in, where matron, teacher and pupils were sitting at their desks to listen. I did not

venture to think of my temerity, and seated myself at the tiny American organ, while one girl stood behind fanning me. It was an inspiration to sing—all those eager faces bending forward. After a while I proposed 'When He cometh,' which they sang in



"WE HAD SUCH FUN ARRANGING PLANKS!"

Chinese and I in English. Then they were clamorous for marching, so we tried that. I wish you had been there to see! Chinese girls have plenty of fun in them, and are quick enough at learning.

"I trotted down to find the schoolgirls in a grand state of excitement fitting the bed-

planks together. We had such a business—and the amount of talking and laughing over it! I was down ever so long superintending.”

Sickness in the school was a sore worry to her, but with a number of boarders a good deal of “matron” work is necessary even when the Chinese matron is doing her best. The following letter gives an idea of what is involved when things were not going very well :

“Truly one’s time is taken up with a variety of things! This morning, after breakfast, I went down to school to inspect the sick girls, and was collared by the matron to listen to a string of complaints about the difficulty of buying vegetables. After soothing her down, I had to go into the last fortnight’s accounts to see if the food was all right. Then down to school again with the doctor to see a girl who he fears has diphtheria. After he went, I had to dose her and get a room cleared out for her to be isolated from the others. Then a lecture to another girl who had bound her feet in the holidays and is threatened with hip disease. Again a talk about buying another bed, patching quilts and arranging which girls should sleep together, some being ill, some small, and some rough and others dainty. That settled, I had to collect empty medicine-

bottles and have them sent to the hospital to be refilled, and attend to an order for eye-bandages, so what can I do about my home mail?"

This part of school work was to her the least attractive. She writes very characteristically: "I give arsenic to four girls three times a day. It is a bother, as it has to go on for a month. They are dear girls!"

Long journeys were often taken to get some special little recreant down to school if she had failed to appear when the term began. And Jessie would often arrive back from a trip taken at the commencement of a term, like the piper of Hamelin, with a train of young hopefuls behind her, whom she had lured from their homes.

In school there was good order and discipline, with very few rules and almost no punishments. On one occasion the matron had complained of several girls that they were very careless, and when she had told them to do their work again, they had been rude to her. This charge was made so seriously that Jessie felt the delinquents must be treated in an exemplary manner. So she called the school together and pointed out the wrong, and then, ruler in hand, called out the girls of whom the matron had complained in turn, and gave a few strokes on the palm to each. The caning was both an

unaccustomed and an unpleasant task to her, and she was terribly afraid of hurting them. She noticed that the young sinners, who came up weeping, went away comforted, and realized that to them the punishment was very slight. With her usual readiness, after



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

all was over, she told them solemnly that this time she had only punished "to the point of *shame*"; if it had to be done again it would be "to the point of *pain*" as well. It never had to be done again.

As to the curriculum, that was slowly evolved. The founders of the school made

the formation of Christian character the first object, and Jessie realized that that must be always of paramount importance. Bible lessons and learning to read, so that the Book



PUPILS IN GIRLS' SCHOOL, AMOY : DOING SUMS.

might be studied by each girl for herself, took the first place. Other lessons naturally followed, such as geography and history. Arithmetic was carried to its utmost limits, the older girls being led to understand the

why and wherefore of a cube-root rule, and to think a problem in the comparative rates at which the planets revolve—a fascinating riddle! Chinese girls have good heads, and



PUPILS IN GIRLS' SCHOOL, AMOY: WASHING DAY.

yet are so apt to rely on memory that great stress was laid on this study, so as to teach them to think and reason. Classes in very elementary astronomy, geology, and physiology were as great a pleasure to the

teacher as to the taught, and the lessons were enlivened with quaint and ingenious illustrations.

An essay appended here shows a very crude attempt at composition.

“ESSAY ON THE EARTH.

“The earth has mountains and houses and trees. It also has men and Bibles to look at. It also has water and girls' schools. It has birds and umbrellas and chairs to sit on. It has seas and churches and boats and clocks to see, and gardens to play in, and geography and organs and fields. It has serpents and dogs and pigs and clothes to wear. The earth has pomegranates and the earth has lamps and stoves and leaves and tables and streets and ducks and grass and graves and sheep and fruit and hymns to sing and potatoes.

“MEE A.”

Jessie's genuine love for the girls never failed to beget love, and when any child was too shy to ask an interview, a tiny note was slipped into her hand or between the pages of her book, or sent up to the house by a small messenger. An amusing specimen, the only one to hand, is added. Sin-a had evidently been in disgrace for some es-

capade, but was not quite sure where the fault lay.

LETTER TO TEACHER LOVE, THE GREAT ONE
RECEIVE.

“Lately I heard that Teacher’s precious body was not well. Is it now better?”

“This foolish pupil received Teacher’s jade-stone letter. Her heart rejoiced knowing that Teacher loved as formerly her stupid scholar.

“Teacher, you are, of course, full of wisdom and knowledge, and therefore understand about every matter. I am just like a little bird flying in space, when suddenly a bad man comes and sets a trap to catch it; or like a little lamb running after its mother to eat grass, when, all at once, a cruel dog bites it; or like a cicada in a tree which a wicked child catches and eats. . . . Teacher, if this foolish one has done wrong, I hope you will forgive, and be graciously pleased to write a precious line to let this stupid one know.

“This foolish one’s humble hands have written these unsightly words: may I hope that Teacher’s honourable eyes will stoop to read?”

“SIN-A, THE FOOL.”

A letter from another child, when Jessie

was at home on furlough, is just such a newsy one as she loved to receive.

LETTER WRITTEN BY "BLACK SILK" WHEN
IN SCHOOL AT AMOY (HER STORY IS
GIVEN ON P. 182).

Letter to the Ko-niu we love.

"Since you left we have already received three letters from you, and a photograph at which we may all look. These have given us great pleasure, and all your pupils are grateful.

"We have been doing arithmetic from *weights and measures* up to *interest*. In our Scripture lesson we have been reviewing from Genesis to Malachi, especially taking up types of Christ. We have done geography and maps. We have besides had lessons in teaching just as you used to give us. Hoat-a gave a model lesson in arithmetic, Him-a on "Pilgrim's Progress," See-a on Character, Toan-a on Scripture, and we all criticized.

"Now I have to give you some sad news. Teacher Pure has lost her mother. I think it was plague. Nui's mother has died of the same disease, and also Iu's father. Kui-a's mother has died of plague, and she has gone home and can't return to school.

Plague is very bad at E-mung-kang. At first we were allowed to go over on Sundays to help teach, but now we are forbidden, so we don't go. These things have made us very sad, but we know God must have a good reason for allowing them to happen.

"As to my father, he has given up gambling, but he is not yet quite cured of the opium habit. The Church has suspended him from Communion, but they hope he may give up smoking and repent. I am praying that he may.

"I hope you are well. We are well. The matron has invited me to go home with her these holidays, and I have been allowed to go.

"Your pupil,
"Tiu."

Plague is mentioned in the above letter. Each year it returns and carries hundreds of victims to the grave. The following from Jessie, written at a country station, gives some idea of what is meant by the words, "Plague has broken out in China":

"Plague is raging here. In the street, parallel with the chapel, there have been eight deaths in the last day or two; and here, in our own chapel street, there were two deaths yesterday in the house opposite, and one in a Christian family next door, besides

others in the same street. A man was here in the chapel yesterday morning. He went to help in the house opposite—the street is narrow enough almost to shake hands across—and came back feeling ill. He lay down in a room here and got fever and became unconscious. His son came and fetched him home in a chair—tied in, as he could not sit up. I hear he is a little better to-day. They usually either die or get better in a day. The rats are dying in great numbers. We went to see a woman in trouble as her son is in debt. On both sides her neighbours have died of plague. One girl from next door sent in to beg for a basin of rice. She had a good meal and died directly after. Her sister died the same day—yesterday. I have just opened the window, and hear another beginning to wail for the dead.”

Being very reserved about her own spiritual life, Jessie made no effort to probe the secrets of her pupil's hearts, though she had many earnest talks with them, and was very glad when they would tell her that they had decided to serve Christ. She preferred that a girl should join the Church when at home either during the long summer vacation or after leaving school. She explains her reasons for this :

“I do not approve of the girls joining the Church when at school. It is better to let

them be tested in their own villages first. It is an encouragement, too, to the country pastors to receive members in their own churches. At this Presbytery I had the sorrow of hearing of one of our old girls shut out from membership because she never went to church. I remember her as one of my favourites when I arrived, before I could speak much. Her name was "Joy," and she was a bonny, bright girl. She was admitted to Church membership, but when she left school her home was in heathen surroundings, her people cold and indifferent, and so she gradually succumbed to worldly influences, bound her feet, and gave up attending church. She had little help, poor child! If she had not been admitted to the Church in Amoy, I can't help thinking she would not have been looked upon as a black sheep, and might have had more encouragement. At any rate, her falling away would not have been so injurious to the school and to the cause of educating girls.

"I find it very difficult to get at the girls. They will talk or pray with *ease*, but what is their real self it is very hard to see. One has to watch their lives. It is so easy for the Chinese to talk or write."

She did all she could to help and encourage old pupils by visits and letters, and rejoiced greatly in their faithfulness. "We saw a

very bonny, healthy-looking girl who, in her grandfather's days, was in school, but on his death was removed, and now has nothing but heathen uncles and aunts. She has stood out steadily against worshipping her dead grandmother, will not bind her feet, and insists on being married to a Christian. It is wonderful how she has kept firm in spite of jeers and taunts. I wish we could have her in school again. There is good hope of her marrying a preacher."

This leads on to the subject of Jessie's match-making. Force of circumstances led her into it. In visiting the churches inland she would often find a good, earnest preacher doing all he could for the place in which he was stationed, but tied to a raw heathen girl or one who was Christian only in name, and in no way a "helpmeet." Such a wife is not only useless for teaching the women, but is a positive hindrance, and Jessie took far too lively an interest in the churches to be able to look on such a state of affairs with indifference. Again, when one of her brightest pupils was married to a very ignorant, loutish fellow she felt it keenly. So when any student applied through a friend, via the senior missionary, for a bride from the school, the opportunity to assist in the choice was not allowed to slip. Sometimes it was the mother of a girl, who begged that a

suitable husband might be found for "Sweetness" or "Gold-needle." On such occasions Dr. McGregor always had to give a very full account of the students he had who were not yet engaged. Their mental and moral attainments were carefully gone into, and the temperaments of the prospective bride



BRIDES FROM THE SCHOOL.

and bridegroom, that, if possible, they might be so balanced as to bring about in more important matters that mutual accommodation for which Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt were so noted. In speaking of this subject, Chinese custom in marriage must be remembered. No personal choice is ever possible,

as neither may see the other, much less have any conversation. A "go-between" is always needed. This "go-between" may be bribed or influenced in many ways, so that she is not always to be relied upon.

Jessie writes : " B. is going regularly to church, and is anxious to come to the women's school. She told me that when she spoke of coming to read, her mother-in-law said : ' All right. If you ask the ko-niu to get a wife for my second son, who can take your place here and wait on me, I am quite willing for you to read.' So she asked me to find one for her. I have, unfortunately, a good many such matters on hand just now. The father of one of our girls wishes to go to Formosa, and has a daughter whose future troubles him. He says his father is constantly advising him to sell her, and get capital to engage in business. ' What is the use of having a girl worth more than a hundred dollars—a big, healthy daughter of seventeen—if you don't sell her?' However, the father wishes me to take her as a wife for my table-boy at 60 dollars, instead of 120 dollars which he could easily get from a heathen. What do you think of the proposal ?"

One girl, who had rapidly passed through school, doing very well in every subject, and early becoming teacher, and at last head

teacher in the school, had an idea that she would like to be as Jin Ko-niu herself, and live the single life of bliss! But such notions received no encouragement, and when a particularly choice young preacher was wanting a real helpmeet this advanced young woman was persuaded to allow her consent to be given, and they were married. Not long after "Pure" admitted to being very happy, and although it is ten years ago now, they are still "very happy." "Pure" is managing to combine most successfully the duties of wife, mother, housekeeper, and curate.

The following letter is from Pu-a, who was another such *multum in parvo*. She was a miserable little slave-girl, rescued by Dr. Lang from a cruel mistress, and sent to the Amoy school. She helped to nurse the children in the Home, and was later married to a preacher in a small town. She died, having caught infection nursing a plague-stricken woman.

"Teacher. I am now living far from you, and it is hard to send letters to and fro, and to tell and to hear news. However, there is now an opportunity, and so I wish to write a few words, which will be like paying you a little visit. I hope you are strong and well.

"I am at River-end, and have opened a

little school. There are old women, girls, and boys studying in it—about a dozen altogether. I hope you will pray that God will grant His Holy Spirit's help, that I may know how to teach them, because, with the children and adults together, it is very difficult. I beg of you to pray that I may be a help to them all.

“I wonder when you will be able to come and visit River-end. I would so much like to see you again. We have bought a site, but have not money yet to build a church. Do pray that we may be able soon to build, and that the hearts of many may be opened to give.

“I often think of you and of all your kindness. Please remember me to the children in the Home.

“PU-A writes.”

Jessie believed strongly in giving her pupils positions of responsibility as soon as possible. Often a girl, who had been growing a little slack in her work, was braced to greater self-respect by having a few backward juniors handed over to her for extra coaching. Any improvement in these was noticed, and a word of praise to the young teacher proved, perhaps, the turning-point of effort for herself.

Sixty-five of Jessie's pupils have been,

or still are, teachers. Over twenty are the wives of preachers or teachers, eight or ten the wives of pastors, and three are doctors.

Eleven years by Chinese calculation, which is nine or ten by ours, was considered the best age at which to admit pupils to the



SIXTY-FIVE PUPILS IN AMOY SCHOOL WHO ALL BECAME
TEACHERS.

Amoy boarding-school. The course of study was planned out for six years, and in the last two years of her course the pupil had lessons in the art of teaching and assisted with the younger classes. This normal training was a great help to the girls, for in the few years

between school-days and marriage they could be used to meet the great demand for teachers, not only in the large centre schools at Chincheu, Changpu, and Eng-chhun, but sometimes also in the schools of the London and American Missions.

Another important sphere for these girls is the country schools. Each large centre, such as Amoy, has several districts or pastorates worked from it. Jessie's ambition was to have a little girls' boarding-school in connexion with each of these. Sometimes a would-be pupil is too young to enter the Amoy school. Or, again, she or her relatives may be unwilling for the long journey or reluctant to unbind her feet. A few terms at one of these schools often creates a desire to learn more and willingness to conform to the rules of the big boarding-school. There are also women at many of these inland places who want to learn to read and to have an opportunity of being taught Bible-truth, and yet cannot find time or opportunity for a couple of terms in the Amoy women's school. These come for longer or shorter periods to the country school, and study under the young teacher, who has no easy task with such mixed ages and stages to manage. The pastor's wife, if she is a suitable woman, acts as adviser and matron, and the ko-niu must pay frequent visits to in-

spect, encourage, and counsel the girl who has been placed in this somewhat lonely and difficult sphere. References to these little schools are constantly found in her letters, and below there is an account of an examination at one of them :

“ BAY-PAY SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

“ I came on to Bay-pay to-day to examine the girls' school. For the last fortnight we have had a downpour of rain ; as the heathen say, 'Heaven has broken its bottom.' Everything is dripping and mouldy, and the roads are turned into pitfalls of clay and mire.

“ We had an amusing few minutes landing at Pechuia, where a stretch of ooze lay between the river and the chapel. They fetched me some straw mats, but the men went barefoot, and the mud was a good way over their ankles. The worst of it was that the mats slipped at each step over the soft mud, so that, in spite of two helpers and an umbrella, it was all I could do to cross without a fall.

“ Next morning I heard the rain drip again, and feared there was no prospect of getting on ; however, the boy had managed to get a chair, and it really cleared a little, so we started off. The row in the canal boat between the rice-fields was pleasant. Just

as we were getting into it, a huge red idol with a black beard was being carried out of a temple to go the round of the boats, as there is a good deal of plague about, and they look to him to stop it.

“Down the road a party of girls and



“MANAGED TO GET A CHAIR.”

women were gathering scarlet arbutus berries, which looked pretty among their green leaves. Some coolies had laid down their loads and were picking and eating the fruit, and there seemed to be a good deal of talk going on. Passing through the half-way village, many of the women, sitting inside

their doorways spinning or sewing, smiled to us and called out a greeting. The houses look comfortless, and seem to have no room for anything.



WOMEN AT THEIR DOORWAYS SPINNING.

“By the time we reached Bay-pay the rain had begun to fall again ; but the women and girls were waiting, and I was so glad that I had come, though my dress was still quite damp from the soaking of the day

before, and I could not put on my shoes at all, as the boy, in washing them to remove the thick mud, had made them wetter than they were before!

“This afternoon I have been hearing their lessons. They have done very well indeed. All can read a little, even those who only came a month ago. One little girl of ten repeated the first three chapters of the Gospel of John, was questioned in the life of Christ, and read and translated several chapters in character. Her copy-books were in both character and Roman letters, and she could do sums in three rules.

“All but two, one girl and one woman, have unbound their feet, which has been a hard piece of work. Binding is a universal custom here. One girl is very anxious to come, but her father says if she unbinds he will either break her legs or make her do coolie work like a man.

“One of the girls has five brothers, named respectively Iron - Beater, Pewter - Beater, Silver - Beater, Brass - Beater, and Rice-Beater. Brass-Beater became a Christian, and after many years of opposition his mother and two elder brothers have followed him. So the sister has unbound her feet and come to school. She is a bright girl, and in less than a month has learned to spell out words. I gave her and three others New

Testaments. The rest got bags with thimbles and needles, and all were greatly pleased."

Little children were always a delight to Jessie, and when in 1887 the missionaries found it necessary to start a baby home, she was appointed secretary. Visits to the Home



SOME OF THE FORTY CHILDREN IN THE AMOY HOME.

were very frequent. She writes: "The children are darlings; such wee chatter-boxes. I love them dearly, and even the baby cries to come to me." Illness there meant much care and trouble. From the small beginning of half a dozen little cast-out girls there are now over forty at present

in the Home. Three or four of the "chatter-boxes" above mentioned have now babies of their own, and are doing good work in their homes. Moa and Hoe, who are referred to on p. 140, are Home children.

The women's school has been mentioned. In Amoy there is a solid red-brick building, erected as a memorial of an American lady, and in that is held the adult school for the women of all three missions. It is very difficult for a woman in a village—say at five to eight or ten miles from church—to get instruction. Perhaps her men-folk have heard the Gospel preached in the little town to which they have gone on regularly recurring market-days, and she may have heard from them enough to make her long to hear more. They can go on Sundays to Church and weekly gain in knowledge, but her bound feet, and, still more, the bindings of custom, prevent her, if at all young, from going the long walk to service. For such as she the women's school is a veritable gate of heaven. Sometimes it is a heathen girl who has been from infancy engaged to some young man who, having lately heard the Gospel, wishes his wife to know something of it too. Besides, there are a few who are thought suitable for Bible-women, and these are trained in a longer course of study. Less of this work fell to Jessie's share, as

the Americans take by far the larger part of the work, and it must be confessed that she found the obtuse country-women less congenial than the bright schoolgirls. One short extract must, however, be given :

“ I first remember Bian-so at the women’s school. The advanced class had just finished their lesson, when some one said : ‘ Bian-so has prepared something to read with you, ko-niu.’ So I sent for her and she soon appeared, a great, stout, rosy-cheeked young woman of twenty-six or so. She was very shy of me, and could hardly screw up courage to read a verse or two, but after a little we became great friends. Her husband was a preacher, but she was much opposed to the doctrine, and had even gone so far as to drag him out of the chapel one day. Her babies died, and she was so far softened as to come and read in the women’s school for a term. She told me afterwards that she really understood very little that first term, the singing and praying were all so new to her.

“ When Bian-so went home, her mother was very angry because she had been in Amoy, and the neighbours would have nothing to say to her, and looked at her as if she were a ‘ big tail of fish,’ as she told me afterwards. Matters became so serious that her husband was obliged to bring her

down to Amoy one night under cover of the darkness. I remember so well running across to the college to see her. She was getting supper ready in the kitchen, and a tremendous thunderstorm came up, with torrents of rain and loud peals of thunder. She did not seem to think of the lightning that blazed in at the door, as she told me how every one was against her. Her brother had tried to kill her, and her husband could not interfere, in case of raising a clan fight. Some women had managed to stop him, and knock the long pipe with which he was beating her out of his hand. She seemed rather indignant with her husband. He is rather a weak man, I fear. I reminded her how badly she had treated him. That amused her, and she smiled as she said: 'Yes, I did not only scold, I beat him well.' Poor woman! her knowledge of the truth was so slight to stand all the persecution she met. I could only point to the black hanging clouds, and remind her of how soon they would pass away and the sun shine again.

"Last autumn I visited Kang-bay, a few houses clustered together among rice-fields. It was a stormy afternoon, and my chair was nearly blown away, so I was glad when at last the key of the church was forthcoming, and I could find shelter in the missionaries' little den off the meeting-room.

“Soon the door opened, and Bian-so appeared, breathless from a hurried walk across the fields. How nice it was to see her, and what a good talk we had!

“‘Well, Bian-so,’ I said at last, ‘do you remember the thunderstorm and our talk in the kitchen?’

“‘Indeed I do. It was only last night I was telling Ham-sian’ (the woman who saved her from her brother and who had joined us) ‘about it. God has been good to me. First He took away my babies, and so led me to Amoy to learn about my Saviour. Then I did not know very much, and He let my mother and friends get angry so that I was driven back to learn more, and now He has made them kind to me again.’ And she told how her mother had begged her to return, and how every one seemed pleased to see her. ‘When I think of Jesus and His love to me, it fills my throat,’ she said; and her eyes were full of tears as she spoke. Just a few months before one of the bitterest opponents of the ‘worship,’ now she is an earnest helper.”

FIRST FURLOUGH

(1893-1894)

JESSIE's first term of seven and a half years in Amoy was an almost unbroken record of splendid health. She was very careful in early days to do nothing rash. She was helped in this by what she used laughingly to declare was her mother's parting text to her: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Warned of the strength of the sun, she was willing to use a sun-helmet and white-covered umbrella. Sunset chills were guarded against with a little wrap. No one was more ready to take advice from those whom she knew had more experience than herself. When her sister came out, she preached to her what she herself had practised when she said: "Do as people tell you in your first year or two, and then you will find out what you can stand." She found she could stand a great deal, and her long journeys in rain and sun, and fearless facing of hardships, were perhaps made

possible by the care in her days of acclimatization.

A journey home by America had been planned, but the wife of a missionary being ordered home ill, Jessie took instead the ordinary route home, so as to help her and her children on the journey.



"HOME."

What a home-coming it was! Jessie, as eldest sister, had always taken an immense pride in the doings and sayings of the younger ones. One notebook is labelled "Facts about the Children in case any become famous!" Many early letters bemoan that she will never see them again as

they were when she left. Two happy summers were spent all together at Swanage and Eydon, and in the winter a great deal of deputation work was done. Speaking was not a burden to Jessie as it is to some, perhaps partly because she made no speeches, and only told her story of the work and the people. Her manner was very natural, and her own interest so evident that listeners could not but feel the influence. One who heard her writes: "When on furlough, Miss Johnston was full of life and energy and contagious enthusiasm for the great cause of our China Mission, which she loved so much." In going about in the various presbyteries she made many friends, and was always interested afterwards in the churches she had visited. Another writes: "My husband's friend used to say to me, 'I wish you knew Miss Johnston—you would like her'; and I did like her. No one could help it, I should think. She spoke at our meeting. She was so perfectly natural, and when she spoke she did not use set phrases, but made us feel in touch with the work at once."

Not only at the meetings, but in talks at other times, her earnest purpose could not but be felt. "I don't know that I have ever met anyone who made me want more to go to the foreign field," is the report of a minister.

On the last day of October, 1894, Jessie sailed again for Amoy. Some verses written by her young brother at this time picture her as those at home saw her during those days :

“ Some time ago the eldest went
To far off lands, who, having spent
A week of years, a number meet
To prove her term was quite complete,
Returned that she might serve two ends—
Her own advantage and her friends’.

“ A ship must land to fill with coal,
Enough to last the stoker’s hole :
So came she back from labour’s sea
To fill her store with energy.
Altho’ ’twas quite, as all remarked,
As full as when she first embarked,
Or fuller—hush !—the voyage back
Had doubtless well supplied the lack !
She also came to sit and let
Her friends and all among us get
A chance within our minds to paint
Afresh, what time had made so faint ;
And now we have her portrait right
In gaudy colours new and bright,
And in a thousand changing ways
The canvas of our mind displays
The chiefest object of our thought
In pictures accurately wrought.

“ One has her pensive, almost sad ;
Another, eminently glad.
We see her arguing with force ;
Up goes her hand—‘ That’s it, of course !’
Engraved for ever on this slab
We have her grinning from a cab ;

Here chased by cows through five-barred gates,
Here seizing all the dinner-plates ;
This, putting on her specs to see
Which of the puddings it will be ;
Now calling mice a pesky brood,
Now preaching to a multitude ;
Here sitting silent, mending socks,
Or packing up her curio box :
And many other living scenes
Are pictured on our mental screens."

SECOND TERM

(1895-1900)

JESSIE arrived in Amoy, for her second term of service, on the morning of New Year's Day, 1895, and that day received calls from 300 people. Though she had heartily enjoyed her furlough, she was genuinely delighted to be back in the midst of all the work and the people she loved so well. She was glad to note improvement in various places, and tells of this in the following letters :

“ EH-MUNG-KANG.

“ We are having encouragement in Eh-mung-kang. Last Sunday's text was Ps. cxxvi. 6,* and I could not help thinking of the former days when Sunday after Sunday

* “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

one's heart sank at the sight of empty forms, while now our little room is well filled with regular attendants, and we are able to divide the women into two classes for instruction. They have to stand out against much opposi-



EH-MUNG-KANG CHURCH BUILDINGS.

tion, and it is often a wonder to us how, with their little knowledge, they keep firm. One woman, whose son has disowned her, persists in coming, although she knows that on her return she may find her pigs sold or her fowls

killed. She is often four or five meals without being able to cook anything, and has either to go without food or beg her dinner from a neighbour in exchange for washing or sewing for her. Another has met with death after death in the family, and all her neighbours tell her it is on account of her for-



PASTOR AND FAMILY.

saking the idols. Still she comes regularly. 'I can understand the words, but not the meaning, of what I hear,' she says. 'When will God make it plain to me?' Another who, after months of visiting, at last was persuaded to venture to church, had a serious illness which lasted for weeks. In spite of the scorn of her neighbours she is coming

twice every Sunday, and is praying for her brothers, one of whom has begun to come with her. I was showing pictures the other day, and was surprised at her asking very earnestly, 'Who was that with one arm raised?' It turned out to be a picture of the Lord speaking to Nicodemus, which I had passed over hurriedly, as one does not often show pictures of the Saviour. She was so anxious to know, that I told her, and asked why she was interested in that picture specially. 'Because,' she answered, 'the other night that figure came to me and told me not to be afraid, but to try to learn more. I knew at once when I saw the picture that it was the same.' Her husband has failed in business since her coming, but she is still bright and faithful in her attendance.

"To us it is very strange how in Eh-mung-kang every one who begins to believe seems to meet with trouble immediately. We would try to make it smooth and easy for the new-comers, but we know it must be all right, though our hearts are often sore for them, and we wonder why they have such fires to go through—fires that would try the faith of some of the strongest of us. There is not one in the congregation who has not a hard struggle. Do pray for us and them. We long so for Christ's Church to be firmly established in Eh-mung-kang."

No life seemed to Jessie so well worth living as that of a missionary, and she always hoped to be joined by some of the brothers and sisters. When, eighteen months after her return to Amoy, one of the younger sisters had written that there was a chance she might come out, she wrote eagerly : "What a girl you are ! You write that you are 'more than willing to be a missionary,' and here is the chance slip, slipping. I find it so difficult to wait. The committee write me that they are looking for some one, and you leisurely tell me of all your doings, and add this sentence that sets me dancing with impatience. Every one asks if none of my sisters are coming, and I never know what excuse to make for you. I am envious for you that you should have the joy of the life here. There is no work to compare with it, in my mind."

Later, when she heard that the doctor's verdict was favourable, she wrote again : "I have been singing songs of thankfulness in my heart. I am so glad for you. There is such a grand field here. It seems such an honour for us to be allowed to occupy it. Dear child, don't be frightened. I have found it so true, 'My God shall supply *all* your need.' We have such need, such wants, but the supply is all-sufficient. There is nothing like teaching for helping you in

Bible knowledge too. . . . Good night. May God guide you and keep you wherever your lot may be cast !”

One of the chief events of her second term of work was the Women’s Conference, the first of its kind, in South China at any rate. She writes of it :

“ How I wish you could have been with us in the Douglas Memorial Church and seen the place ! The screen usually dividing men’s and women’s sides of the church removed, and the crowd of eager, interested faces stretching from platform to door. It has been from beginning to end a great success.

“ Last summer Miss D. begged me to try and arrange a gathering of our teachers for mutual help and encouragement. It seemed rather a difficult undertaking, but we kept the thought in mind, and in spite of a busy winter’s work managed to make out a programme and talk this over with one and another, so that by spring our plans were matured enough to permit of sending invitations north, south, west and even east to the native mission station in Quemoy, with the result that over 100 delegates reached Kolong-su for a week of meetings, discussion and prayer. All these were the wives of pastors and preachers, Bible-women, school-teachers, etc. It has been *grand* !



MEMBERS OF AMOY WOMEN WORKERS' CONFERENCE, 1898.

At one meeting seventeen spoke, of whom only five were European. Each mounted to the pulpit and gave a five-minute speech so modestly and clearly that we were filled with wonder and thanksgiving. At another meeting twenty-eight spoke, some only a word or two, others at greater length, answering questions previously allotted to them, so that the answers might be thought out and prepared.

“To the Chinese it has been a revelation. Some wished the meetings might go on for ever. A few of those in charge, however, were very glad to see the last batch of delegates safely off to their homes. It is no light matter to arrange for mothers and babies and young girls travelling in China, especially in this hot weather.”

The growth of the work was a care as well as a joy. “Mr. T. came back from up-country and gave us an interesting account at the prayer-meeting. At Siong-si the preacher and sixteen brethren take it in turn to go out twice a week to preach to heathen; as a consequence the chapel is crowded, seats have been bought and an awning erected in the yard, but even with that, there is still no room, so that they do not know how to invite new-comers, as there is no place for them. At Chinchew they said there were 600 at church on Sunday. There thirty-two men

go out to preach twice a week, and now they are starting the plan at An-hai, and sixteen have given in their names as willing. At Chioh-sai, a new station, they could not get the people away at nights. They would listen as long as the Christians had voice to speak.

“Mr. T. said to me it seemed as if we had prayed for blessing at the New Year, and now it had come we could not take full advantage of it, greatly for *want of money*. Sites offered we had prayed for long and now can't buy—people ready and no place for them. What does the home Church mean?”

Success means invariably growth of expenditure. Jessie herself found that, and declared it “very interesting to invest one's money in this way.”

To her sister in Damascus she wrote: “My *aim* is to have two Bible-women for each of the pastorates and one for Eh-mung-kang, and also to have a school in each for women and girls to learn to read the Bible. Pechuia School is now open. It is so nice and convenient. Bay-pay will be open next week, I hope. It, too, is very nice, and I am hoping against hope to manage one at An-hai this year, and perhaps at Chi-bé next year. The Bay-pay one took at least £15 (which I managed), and the church itself put out over £5—most marvellous! You can't

think how wonderful it is to have the natives do anything for girls' education. I have promised to go North in a month or two to see about An-hai. I fear it will take another £10 or £20. I *could* manage it, but fear I shall have to go away this summer, which would mean extra expense. It means planning. It's awfully interesting to be a missionary! Don't you think so?"

FURLOUGH IN 1900

THE summer of 1898 was spent in Ku-liang, and was the first she had not passed in Amoy except when on furlough. When her next term was completed, she and the two Misses Talmage journeyed home by Egypt and Palestine and visited her sister in Damascus, who was working under the British Syrian Mission. To her father she writes: "You say you never had any great desire to visit the Holy Land. I have always felt that too, but this visit has been a revelation, and made the Bible a more living book. It has opened it up in a way I could not have believed. For one thing, the Holy Land is so *small*. Although one reads of and hears this, only a visit can make it real. From the hill above Nazareth we could see the Plain of Esdraelon, with so many cities named in both Old and New Testaments—the whole area steeped in history, and the view ranging from Carmel by the sea to Hermon in the north, and the hills beyond the Jordan Valley to the east."

A journal was kept of this trip, and after returning to China, she showed curios and spoke to many of what she had seen. Small bottles with water from the Red Sea, Nile, Dead Sea, and Jordan, caused, perhaps, the greatest sensation, some even going the length of tasting a drop from each. One woman said :



"IN APPEARANCE SYRIAN GIRLS SURPASSED THE CHINESE."

"Well, I always believed in Jerusalem, but now that you have seen it I know that it must be there!" With the aid of sheets and sundry black skirts Syrian women of various sects were represented by the schoolgirls at a women's meeting. But the effect was so realistic that the women were much embar-

rassed, and were with difficulty persuaded that the "coat does not make the man."

During the six or seven weeks which Jessie spent at Damascus she helped in some of the English classes in her sister's school, "St. Paul's." Her pupils here soon took a high place in her affections, and she kept a note of their names, and used to ask after many of them. She once went the length of saying that in appearance the Syrian children surpassed the Chinese! Thence the journey was continued through Switzerland home.

Six months later, in January, 1901, she started for China via the United States, where she was to meet the Misses Talmage, and return with them. So the trip round the world was successfully accomplished, and became a pleasant memory.

LAST YEARS

(1901-1907)

HER last years in China had now begun, and were at first full and busy as before, with school, visiting, and all the other routine of mission life.

At her desk Jessie loved to work, writing letters to interest home friends, or studying and translating or preparing books for Chinese use. This was chiefly done in collaboration with Miss M. Talmage, to whose friendship from her earliest missionary days she owed so much. A short, simple Life of Christ, an easy Catechism, a Teacher's Handbook, and several tracts and short articles, both in Chinese and English were their joint work. But a primer for the study of character by progression from the simpler to the more complicated characters, classifying each under its radical, and giving exercises in writing after each reading lesson, was the *chef-d'œuvre*. The pupil is carried on step by step, understanding the proper

value of each character as well as its name and meaning, till, after mastering the three volumes, he is able to write letters, do accounts, and read the Bible and any ordinary newspaper in Classical (Wenli). It has been adopted as a school text-book in many places, and the new missionaries find it a great help in their studies. The help of a Chinaman was, of course, required for this work, and the tutor of the Theological College, during vacation, was of the greatest assistance, and took a deep interest in the preparation of the book.

Jessie's relations with her fellow-missionaries were always of the happiest, and she was glad of the close fellowship enjoyed with the American and London missionaries. With the clerical and medical missionaries of her own mission she was on the friendliest terms, and felt strongly that the work of men and women was *one*, and the more each knew of the other's doings, and the more mutual consultation and arrangement there was, the better the work of both would progress.

A member of another mission in Amoy writes of her: "Jin was loved not only by her own mission, but the members of other missions here, both native and foreign, claimed her as their own. She was loved and known by very many, and, regardless of mission distinction, they went to her for

advice and help. All with one accord hold her in very high esteem. Although she was a very busy missionary, she always had time to give to every one of the very many who sought her counsel. Her sound judgment,



UP A RIVER NEAR AMOY.

cheerfulness, optimistic view of things, keen sense of humour, courtesy, kindness and unusual intelligence, made friends for her everywhere. Her knowledge of and ability to speak the Chinese language were above the

average. These qualifications, added to the greatest of all—her whole-hearted trust in God and in His promises—made her a model missionary.”

Another writes: “I am sending you my last circular letter, as I know you will be interested in the start of female education in this corner of our province. How genuinely pleased our dear friend Jin Ko-niu would have been in this development! Humble beginnings for her were always full of hope, for she seemed to see a beautiful flower where others could only discern a tiny and, perhaps, unsightly bud. This I have experienced again and again in telling her of some of my experiences in the country and in hearing her tell of hers.”

Another: “How the women and girls loved her! Long will she be spoken of with esteem and affection through the valleys and hills in the wide region about Amoy. And we, who had the privilege of coming in contact with her bright and attractive personality, were helped and cheered time and again.”

Attacks of dengue fever and pleurisy broke into these days of work, and the unusual experience of being an invalid was felt. It was long before she yielded to the pains that seemed to grip her and were an indication of deep-seated trouble; and when movement was

torture, she still tried to overcome the growing stiffness with calisthenic exercises.

The day came when going about was no longer possible, and the doctor ordered her back to Europe, hoping that a winter on the Mediterranean would restore health. Another opinion was taken before leaving, and it was decided to return home direct.

So, lovingly and skilfully nursed by a fellow-missionary, Jessie arrived in England, and was taken to see a London specialist. His verdict was that nothing could be done. He was rather taken aback by her bright smile and cordial "Oh, thank you!"

It was on a brilliant day in March, 1904, that Jessie was brought to St. Leonard's on a stretcher, and laid in the sunny room where she was to spend so many weeks. She was so glad to be at home, and full of the pleasure of seeing father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and full, too, of the bright hope which had been given her by the doctors of a short, speedy journey to the better Home above.

In seeing friends, writing and receiving letters, planning presents, and reading books, the better days passed quickly. There were other days when there was much weariness and weakness, with fever and a longing to be able to move even a little in the bed; and the journey that was to be only a few short months stretched into years instead, and the

gates of Heaven, so often nearly reached, seemed closed. They opened to others as she lay waiting, and she saw fellow-missionaries, Chinese friends, and even the father who had been chaplain as well, all enter first.

Yet it was wonderful how bright and merry she was. All family jokes were retailed in her room, and when three or four of the family all came up together, there was plenty of chaff and fun and laughter. Such expressions as "sick-room" and "sufferer" she repudiated, and much preferred the thought that she was a soldier called from the fighting-line to act as sentinel. "When you see me turn coward," she said, "remind me that I am a soldier." When one and another passed her and entered the "Pearly Gates," she said, "I seem to be shunted to a side-line when close to the terminus, to let the expresses go by." She sometimes said, "I am *glad* in God's will; I don't like the idea of just submitting."

At times when she had freer use of her arms she loved to work, and many little knitted and crocheted things were made for friends, both white and yellow. She had always been so busy and active that her happiest hours were when she was doing some useful work. She wrote some articles for the mission magazines, and once or twice for the Chinese paper in Amoy. One night

when she had not slept, she made a rhyme in Chinese on teaching. They seem to enjoy rhymed exhortations, and the old schoolgirls were pleased to get this message from one they loved so well.

Her thoughts were much out in Amoy, and she "rejoiced greatly" when she heard of her girls "walking in truth." The news of the Revival in the schools made her very glad, and she praised and prayed the more. We often saw her lying with her hands folded, and knew she was bringing definite cases to the Lord for help and healing.

It was again a sunny March day when, on Palm Sunday, the beautiful gates were suddenly flung wide open, and Jessie was "at Home with the Lord."

She had felt latterly that the Heavenly Father's plan for her might be recovery and return to China, and she had been so glad about it. But on a day lately when pain and weakness had been much felt, she began to wonder if she were mistaken. We said we could not tell, and she only answered cheerily, "Well, either way is all right."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

J. M. J.

1904-1907

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL
LETTERS TO FRIENDS IN AMOY

MOST of the following were written to her great friend, Miss M. Talmage.

On her voyage home :

February 6, 1904.—Here I am in my bunk, most comfortable, with the electric fan going and M. getting things out of the top berth, which is our cupboard. With the exception of a wretched five or ten minutes getting to the cabin here, we have had an easy time. I am feeling stronger already. M. is so good about everything. This bunk, which I feared would not be nice, is really the best I could have, out of the draught and with the hard mattress, which does not wrinkle.”

February 9.—Do you know, we have discovered the reason why it was such a business to get into this cabin and bunk. It is the best place for me in the ship. The air blows fresh and cool over me without any draught and keeps the cabin so nice. I

could not think why the pain in getting in was permitted, so that I had to be bundled here, and behold! it was the plan for making me take this bunk, which is far the best. Every one is so kind. The steward and I are great friends. When I apologized for troubling him, he said, 'I always have time for *you!*' I tell the details to show how well off I am. I am able to turn about and feel hungry. I hope to try to get out soon."

"*February 25.*—We are in the canal, and hope to reach Port Said to-night. How it brings up our escapades of 1900! Hadn't we a good time! . . . We have had twenty-three days of the most lovely weather. I get letters from home at every port. Mother is ready to meet me anywhere. I have Amoy 'mail' every day." (Friends had prepared surprise envelopes, with photos, letters, etc., to be opened on the voyage.)

"*Naples, February 29.*—We had a bad roll on yesterday, not enough to be uncomfortable, but we could not read or write very easily. . . . I can't write letters, but how I *could* talk! . . . I have not got up at all since coming on board. I have not once sat up. So long as I lie propped with pillows I am all right."

"*March 8.*—Really nearing home, and port open and sea steady. There has been a good deal of motion in the second class, but

here I have not suffered at all. . . . M. is packing in a grand confusion on the floor."

After hearing the specialist's opinion she wrote :

" *March 15, 1904.*—I could not write you by last mail after seeing the doctor. Father said he was writing to Mrs. T., and neither M. nor I felt we could do more than let you hear through her. You would guess what the doctor's verdict was when you heard we came down here straight away. It is almost all on your account that I feel sad. For myself, it seems something too wonderful, to be really called for and wanted by our Master. It is only a little while at best. . . .

" We were cared for so all the voyage, and I have so long known what it is to trust God, that there is no question of fear or uncertainty. *We know*, don't we ?

" What jolly times we have had ! What happy lives in China ! and soon it will be grand to be together in the Father's Home above. . . . I have been reading so often

" " God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour, and day by day,
Just going on a little way, we might be able all along
To feel quite strong,' etc.

—the lines which I copied out for you. I am very cosy here in L.'s room with such a wealth of flowers. It is lovely having M. here and her father. He brought me such

lovely violets and primroses this morning. I must not write more. Think of the afterwards!"

Miss L., a fellow-missionary, wrote to the same friend :

"*March* 17, 1904.—I have been to see Jin. . . . She is so bright, so like herself, that it is almost impossible to realize that she will never be about again. She is so bright that it helps them all to be bright. . . . Jin said, 'Oh! I am so happy!' and she looked it, too. Her eyes fairly jumped for joy. She said, 'I have had the best of it all along!'"

Another friend, a member of Committee, wrote :

"*April* 1, 1904.—I promised Jessie Johnston when I saw her a few days ago that I would write to you, or, rather, I asked her if she thought I might, and she did. So I want to tell you about my little visit to her at St. Leonard's. I was in lodgings just opposite from Thursday to Monday, and on Friday morning I sat for about an hour with her. She looked so like her dear bright self, and her face was beaming with joy. As she was in comparative comfort and had had a good night, she was able to speak of many of her Amoy interests, and told me all about the new members at Eh-mung-kang. . . . I feel as though I had been to the land of

Beulah or the Delectable Mountains. It is so beautiful to see her made ready to rejoice in His Will—not only to bear it. . . . You know more than I can tell you what our mission will be in Amoy without her, but her influence will long live and continue to speed the King's service through her pupils, and friends and prayers laid up."

Jessie writes on April 20:

"Such a lovely morning. The window is wide open, and just a wee fire in the grate. I wish you could see the daffodils, moss and wild flowers on the bamboo table beside me. . . . I am sending some stockings to the preachers and material to the pastors' wives, also to Bi so and Sia Sian-si-niu, and hope they will like it. . . . L. had to leave the room because she and I got laughing over her efforts to get my pillow right. It is very awkward not to be able to laugh properly!"

"*April 27.*—I just love to look at the photo of the Kang-thau road. What jolly times we have had there!

"They thought I should be here three months after arriving in March, but I am very much better since then, so one can't say at all. I am wearying to go, though one could not have a happier sickness—only discomfort, no pain, good sleep, tempting food, lots of lively times with L. and the boys and

others. It is the old refrain—'goodness and mercy' all the way. And we have an eternity together to look forward to. . . . The news has come of Dr. H.'s passing—just the date he gave me. Strange he should go before me after all, and here am I really better in some ways."

"*May 25.*—Yesterday some of the family and a cousin came to my room, and we played quartettes of proverbs. You should have heard the shouts of laughter. You would have thought there was not much illness in that quarter!"

"*July 29.*—Sometimes, not often, I wake up thinking, 'Oh dear! another long day of waiting,' and a word of prayer and the tired feeling goes, and the early post brings a letter, or something turns up to pass the time. . . .

"Yesterday the boxes came from China. L. had a grand time, and brought tray-loads for me to see. We felt quite blue over the unpacking. It seemed a sort of break with China and our dear Amoy home. It is far easier for me than were I able to be about and yet not go back. As it is, I have a fine prospect."

"*June 9.*—Dear me! I am so interrupted. I have had a gay, giddy week. Last Saturday a nice long call from Miss B. I much enjoyed the talk. Monday, two local visitors;

Tuesday, two more ; Wednesday, another, and two young girls to play the violin ; and to-day our President and another lady. Fancy ! I had fourteen China letters on Sunday. I just had a glorious day, revelling in them. God does give me perfect peace. He is always so good to me, and I know you won't sorrow overmuch, for it is only a little while, and He will be seeing us both all the time. . . . I like to hear all the news. L. and I just *shouted* over Miss K.'s class ! It is capital.

" You may be pretty sure I am having a good time whenever your thoughts travel this way, and I know that is all the time. I'll be reading, or sleeping, or lying thinking and watching the sun on the flowers, or chatting or laughing with L. or the boys. . . ."

" *August* 3, 1904.—Amn't I staying on and on ? I shall be very eager to hear why all this delay. But what blessings, what comforts I have ! It is indeed true, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' There is always help ready for the asking. . . . We are a lively party—fancy five sisters at home together ! . . . I am as interested in everything as ever. To-day last year I took 'koniu le-pai' . . ." (see p. 40).

" *September* 30, 1904.—On Sunday we thought the call had come. I was so breath

less. It did not hurt at all, and it seemed such an easy, pleasant way of going, but with remedies the attack passed off. I am indeed led through green pastures and quiet resting-places. . . . I am very earthly. I do enjoy fun and business so much, and can't bear to voice the deep feelings and thoughts to outsiders. I never say things to people like you read of in memoirs, and it would be very difficult to lie and mope. It is much more natural and easy for me to enjoy life. I feel very like that hymn 'Waiting.' If it is to work God calls, then it is lovely; but if to wait, why, then it must be all right. There is a limit to all waiting and suffering—a glorious time ahead. What does the 'little while' matter? and if by it we can in any way glorify God, why, it is just too good. 'His will can only mean the choicest good for me.' But then everything is made so easy for me. It is hardly fair to speak of suffering. Aren't you proving it true, 'My God shall supply *all*'? I am."

"October 14.—Oh, it seemed such an age since a mail, and when, on the 8th, none came, I began to despair. Then Sunday—hurrah!—six letters, and behold, on Monday, over twenty letters to your wondering and gloriously delighted friend Jin. You can imagine how I revelled in them; and coming when M. was here we could talk and discuss

to our heart's content. We had a *lovely* time. . . . The boys gave me a lovely huge fern, which stands on a pedestal in my room."

"*November 9.*—I am kept in perfect peace and comfort all through. When I am worse there is the great joy of feeling I may enter in at any moment the gates of the City, and when better, I can enjoy the good things of life. You need never be sad for me. Do you like this? I think you will.

"This life doth but our life begin,
Is but outside the porch of the abode,
And death the going home, the entering in,
The stepping forth on the wide world of God."

"*November 28.*—Such a lovely sunny morning. My natural woman would just *love* to be trotting along with you down to Sin-lo-thâu jetty for a day at Kang-thau. Would it not be more than lovely! Well, it is nice to have many such days to look back upon. This is M.'s last day in England. . . . I sometimes just long to be in the rush of Amoy life again and at Sa-loh! . . . This is just a lovely home to be ill in—every one so kind and cheerful, and everything I want to be had for the asking. In the evenings they all come and read aloud and sew. It is most cheerful. . . ."

"*November 29.*—This day last year I had

my last lovely Sunday at Sa-loh. How well I remember it! On Saturday we took 'Home' photos and called on the B's., etc. I had a jolly little lunch with Mrs. T., and in the evening we three and Mrs. M. sat in the back veranda. What a comfort we did not know it was the last time! How it would have spoilt it all!"

"*December 2.*—It will be a year on the 18th since I went to bed with these spasms. How little we thought I would know so much about lying in bed! I'm getting quite a lazy thing. I do nothing but read and sleep and eat. I like an active life better!"

"*December 26, 1904.*—I'm having such a lovely Christmas! You should see my room all decorated with holly and ivy and beautiful chrysanthemums and lily-of-the-valley. To-day a big box of bright-red-berried holly came from Ireland. Every one is so mindful. The heaps of cards and flowers and presents that have been coming in these days is marvellous, and I am so well to-day to enjoy it all. After tea all the family are coming to my room, and we are to have a huge bran-pie. There has not been such a big home-party for many years. Father is all right again and enjoying everything."

"*January 23, 1905.*—For years, ever since I was ten or twelve years old, I have prayed almost daily, 'Lord, prepare me for what

Thou art preparing for me.' It was in one of Miss Havergal's little books for children. I thought it would be nice for the Chinese, and amused myself translating it. It could probably be better done, but I send it for what it is worth. . . . I pray daily, many times a day, for Mr. Campbell Brown's meetings, and have spoken to others."

"*February* 8.—What do you think I'm doing these days? Yesterday I was so busy I could not write a line. All day I was knitting gloves for you! There is love in every stitch, and I am so enjoying it. It is such easy, pleasant work, and does not tire the eyes, but the fingers are fiekie, and take a lot of time. You would laugh to see me and my knitting—I laugh myself. . . . These are nice white wool gloves—so warm, and fit me nicely. I am measuring the fingers by my own. . . . I enjoy puzzling out patterns and doing things—what pleasure there is in the world!—and never having done such things, it is the more new and interesting.

"To-day I am worrying L. to start a 'Baby Roll' for the mission.* I am offering to start the certificates and booklets if the committee approve. . . . I had a little

* The Baby Band was started at the Synod of 1905, and Jessie greatly rejoiced in each addition to the roll, and all the little members were remembered by her in prayer.

malaria last week ; was so glad I had written early."

"*February 22.*—I am tired these days. . . . I count it a good night when I get to sleep before three. I am quite comfortable, and find the time pass easily even when it goes on to five o'clock ; *then* I nearly always get an hour or two. Oh, I have *so much* to be thankful for ! Isn't prayer a boon ?"

"*February 24.*—I've finished your gloves ! . . . Doesn't it seem queer I can't be out there, where there is so much to do ? Sometimes I would give the world to go back and work ! And then I think, How foolish ! Surely God keeps watch above His own, and will arrange all right for His work. . . ."

"*March 10.*—I thought I should not get a line written this week, but am better to-day. On Monday I had malaria, and on Wednesday fever and pains, but so *joyful* in my soul. . . . It was such a comfort, when I knew any moment I might go, to feel no fear, no doubt—just such *joy*. It was good of God to let me have the foretaste, and I am glad to have you know. God will be sure to be near, and physical pain is nothing when the heart is at peace. . . . The doctor says only the girls' good nursing has kept me—the least roughness would be fatal—so I am giving them each certificates : '*I have been kept from glory for many months by the*

care of this excellent woman,' and 'I have been enabled to crochet many egg-cosies and bedroom slippers by the attentions of this estimable nurse!' Does this read frivolous? I don't mean it so, but the funny side always comes up. It always has done, and I quite feel there will be fun and humour in heaven, else why is the gift allowed? It helps us here a great deal. We have lots of laughing and fun. This is all about me."

"March 15.—I am longing to know about the meetings. What a business all the preparation must have been! It was splendid to get the women down, and I do hope you had a real stirring of 'dry bones.' Oh, how I should have loved to be there! I'm glad I was not so sleepy then, for I could pray for you night and day. I can move myself very slightly by putting my hands underneath. It is a great relief, and partly due to my being so thin and light. . . . Please congratulate Ti S. S. on the new church. I should like to see it. May it bring gladness to many who live in darkness, and quicken all the members! . . ."

"March 23.—It is just a line I can send. I'm so tired, but you understand. These lines have been rhyming in my head since Sunday, from an old Scotch version of Ps. xxiii. :

*" 'Yer sel is nar me,
Yer staff and yer stock
Haud me aye cheery.'"*

“Do you remember my saying, ‘To die I could stand, and to get well and come back, but not to be an invalid?’ and how you said, ‘Yes, Jin, you could be happy that way, too?’ I felt grateful at the time, because I knew you were right, and I should not have said it; and it is true. It is just wonderful how full of peace and happiness one can be in circumstances one naturally would most go against; and I am so surrounded with love and comfort.’

“*March 28.*—I am more than rejoiced to hear of the meetings, and am so grateful to you all for letting us know about them. I do appreciate your taking time to write. I am in great hopes of getting ‘Home’ this month. Don’t think I am the least whit less interested in every bit of news. I just devour the letters! My heart all the time sings, ‘God is good!’”

“*May 18.*—I had such a nice long call from Miss C. W., and we had great fun telling about Foochow, and of her arrival in Amoy with the eleven, and how we prepared tea for them at Sa-loh, and only one turned up! Do you remember it? I have been reading Gordon’s book on Prayer, and much like it. I, too, have wondered if God were calling me to pray more. It is a great joy to join you in this little bit of work left.”

“*May 25.*—I have just been gloating over

the school photos. I keep them by my bedside, and don't think a day passes but I have them out to ponder. The school marching



SCHOOLGIRLS MARCHING.

and turning their backs, with the dog, is capital—so natural and so quaint—and the classes are just delightful. . . . Changes in

the children's Home or school—all—any news is most interesting.”

“*June 23.*—How very nice Moa's photo (and the baby) is, and Hoey's! I just feast



MOA AND HOEY.

my eyes on them. Moa's face is so exceedingly nice, and she is so tastefully dressed. Dr. M. (Moderator of Synod) has been here; it was his first free time. Wasn't it good of him to come? He had an arm-chair, and

spent an hour or two before and an hour or two after dinner, and we talked the whole time! He is going to China in November. How nice the Prayer Calendars are!"

"*July 5.*—I may not be able to write to-morrow, as this week I have had another turn of malaria, so I want to make sure of a letter, while I am a little better, this afternoon. I am sending you some magazines. You see I have been busy, though most were written a month or so ago. I hope the Tek-chhiu Kha account is correct. Do you remember that day, and what a good time we had at Phoa-bo?"

A friend mentioned having made some extracts from her letters to send to mutual friends, and that others, strangers to her, had been helped and encouraged by them.

In answer, Jessie wrote:

"What *do* you find to 'extract' in my letters? It appals me! I am but a worm of the dust, if you only knew. When these people get to heaven, and say, 'Where is Miss Johnston on her throne?' think how I shall feel when they are pointed out a low footstool! You will get such a shock to see the real me in heaven—such wrong motives, and omissions, and careless performance. But, indeed, it is only the words of Christ, 'Whosoever cometh,' and such, that are one's comfort and rest."

“*July 17.*—Yes, indeed, I will pray for . . . as I do for all your work. Lately I have been praying that God will *thrust* forth labourers. They seem so slow in answering the call. I like that verse so much :

“ ‘ One who was known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.’

How that knowledge keeps one at rest !”

“*July 18.*—

“ A cloudy day
And an irritable J. (*that's me !*).

The school examination papers you sent created great fun.”

“*July 20.*—Well, I have had a day ! A visit from Mrs. W. How we talked ! I enjoyed it very much, hearing about everything. She has just left, and the time passed very quickly. . . . The other night when I could not sleep I made a Ka-oh Sian-si Koa (school-teacher's hymn), which you will find enclosed. I wonder what you will think of it. I thought it might be printed at the end of our Ka-hoat (lessons on teaching) when we have a new edition, or as a leaflet to give to the girls who go out as teachers—that is, if you think it of any use. . . . I am so glad about the women's meetings. Mrs. W. made me hungry for the old active life.”

“*July 29.*—To-day brings the school

plans. I like them very much. I had hardly any sleep last night with thinking of the school up till nearly 6 a.m. My meditation this morning was on 'Commit thy way' and 'Rest in the Lord.' What a lot I have yet to learn! I get so worked up over things. No wonder I am still here!"

(A new girls' school had to be built in Amoy, and Jessie's great ambition was to have a good building, as there had been much overcrowding. She felt, too, that the supply of teachers greatly depended on Amoy being efficiently equipped. But the Committee could not grant more than £500. Some relatives and friends, hearing of this, collected nearly another £500. This kindness greatly touched and delighted Jessie.)

"*August 2.*—Amy's sister writes that she is very near the Border; they cannot hope to have her long; but she has no pain. Doesn't it seem strange to think that when you were helping me a year and eight months ago she was well and strong, looking forward to her furlough? . . . There is such need of workers. What can we do but pray? Christians seem deaf to the glorious call to work in China. Can you understand it? But 'what is it to the Lord to save by many or by few?' He will surely be doubly near in this time of stress."

"*August 10.*—I was much interested in

Children's Home news. Do you like the giving away of children whom we have long cared for? I don't a bit. Look what a splendid lot the older ones have turned out. Is not An-a very young to begin trousseau-making? I thought we were to keep them till twenty. She will need all the help she can get in the wilds of the South! Will you be very careful of Un-tian? How I love writing to you about them all. Amy will likely get to heaven before me. I have less pain just now. It makes me *long* to be at work—oh! just *long* for it. I'm glad you will have Hoey in school another year. The photos of the thirteen were very good. I knew almost all. What a big girl Sui-soat is! Khun-a looks so nice. I thank you for telling me about the women at the Home."

"*September 7.*—There are so many, many faults to fight still. . . . You will pray that I may be brave and bright, a help, not a hindrance. I know you do. I am sorry I wrote you about the worrying over the school plans. It is over now. God will surely arrange that we have a nice school building."

"*September 20.*—Oh, the photos are lovely! I'm just awfully pleased with them. How good to send them for my birthday! Chhin-a's and Bo-gi's came first. . . . we just pored over them. Hoai-tek has made such a fierce face, but Chhin-a is her own dear

sensible self, and the children are very nice. They never take as they should do, those twins, but it is very like them. I like the wee boy. Will you tell them when you see them how pleased I am to have the group? They are a fine family."



" THOSE TWINS."

" *October 4.*—Father has been very ill. He is just twice my age, and we both have 'wonderful rallying powers,' according to the doctors!"

" *October 5.*—J. and M. came last night. Father wanted them, but he is much better again. I don't know when I'll go. As

father is much better, J. goes back to-night. I do so wish I could help. All I can do is to be as little bother as possible. I had such a lot of birthday letters. Such a big mail, and just right, for the Suez Canal will be blocked till the 8th."

"*October 8.*—Father seems better to-day. He and I may go any time, or he may rally and get quite strong again. A fortnight ago he was playing croquet and so well."

"*October 16.*—Father has gone 'Home.' He left us last night very peacefully. . . . Yesterday he was very weak, though without much pain. There was a consulting physician, and both he and R. seemed to think it was serious yesterday, and last night he slipped quietly Home. I was awake all night, but heard no sound. The last time I saw father he was so cheery, and gave me my text, our favourite, his and mine, 'Surely goodness and mercy,' etc., and he is already in the 'House of the Lord.' Your Jin is a laggard. Every one gets before her."

"*October 19.*—I have been very drowsy these days and could not write. . . . Every one is so kind. Father left such a dear letter to us all. I expect he will have so many round him I'll hardly get in a word! Oh, the brightness of the joy! the goodness and kindness of our Lord! They had the little funeral service downstairs to-day, and

again I had all peace reading about the 'crossing' in 'Pilgrim's Progress'—some 'wept' and some 'shouted for joy.' It seemed so near and real. How I longed to hear the call!"

"*October 26.*—Your Jin is often impatient as one and another passes her and casts anchor. A. we only heard of this morning, and she was so well and strong long after I came home. I wonder why I am left. It is a strain on my friends . . . but it is all well. Dr. M. took the service at father's grave; was it not nice? J. said it was a lovely evening, and such a quiet spot, and a robin came and sang on a tree close by. There have been notices in all the papers, some such nice ones, but no one can tell what he accomplished in his long, full life. One sentence in his letter struck me forcibly: 'Let each seek personal perfection, but do not fret if you do not find it in one another.'"

"*November 2*" (written when very ill).—
"Just a line. I'd like to make comments on your letter, but I can't see. . . . My eyes will close with lead weights, so I will stop and think for a while. . . . God is a God of great kindness. I love to think of father with Him Whom his 'soul loveth,' and we'll soon be there too. I'm better for a while."

"*December 6.*—I have been so tired lately. I lay with my eyes shut nearly all day and

night. It was too tiring to open them. I thought I was *Home*. Now I am off on another tack—long or short, I know not. When the doctors say, ‘pulse no weaker,’ and I feel the strength coming back, then I pray to be brave. When I am lying tired I think of old China tales, and L. sometimes writes them for me. It is all I can do, and pray.”

About this time she was longing to go, but, speaking of it, said: “I don’t think you quite understand—if a hundred gates were open into heaven, and all the sentinels asleep, I would not go one moment before the Master calls me.”

“*December 10.*—The Master’s peace is unfailing. . . . Soon . . . oh, won’t it be grand! ‘A little while—only a little while’—and then always with the Master! I don’t know when I shall go, but it will be the right time.’”

“*December 29.*”—Her sister wrote: “Jessie was very well for Christmas. If it had not been for her, we would have made little of it this year, but she has taken great interest in buying us all presents and making ‘high-class poetry’! When she woke I helped her to make up her parcels and write out her rhymes. We were all ready by dinner-time, and J. had arrived, so we were a big party. Quantities of flowers had been sent to Jessie,

so she had quite a garden. After dinner the tub was filled with presents and 'poems.' Jessie always loves to have some sweets to hand to her visitors. We had made some fun of this; and R.'s present was a big box of candied fruit, with the inscription:

“ You talked to me the other night
 About the joys of giving,
 And told me that to give aright
 Made life well worth the living.
 I chuckled to myself with glee,
 And thought of bliss that comes
 From giving such a one a box
 Of candied sugar-plums !”

“ The night-nurse is a great comfort, and Jessie finds her so, though she mourns over her as a life-prolonger ! All through the fun the thought of last Christmas has never been away. What do people do who believe in purgatory? ‘ In His presence is fullness of joy ’ is such a different thing.”

Jessie herself wrote later:

“ Christmas has come and gone. It was a very happy one. . . . I thought—we all did—of father last year . . . and this year in the Glory-land, with the Father of all and Christ his Saviour ! What a change ! How could we be sad ? And it is such a little while till we all are there, too ! . . . Thank you for the photo of your room. How natural it is ! How I would like—*like* is not the word—to be in that ‘ rocker ’ !”

“*January* 18, 1906.—I’ve been so excited over the elections. It was touch-and-go to the end; and I am so divided on the cause and on the parties here that it is harrowing. . . . What joy and gratitude I have about the Bay-pay Conference! Do thank M. for telling me the names of all the women. How I rejoiced and gave thanks! Of course there are rocks ahead and disappointments, and Satan will be working hard. I am praying chiefly now lest he work discouragement and faction, but thanksgiving is the keynote. . . . I have written a Chinese letter, which L. is sending. We thought it might be printed. . . . It may not be worth it; if not, don’t have it done. I just thought it might be a reminder to some old school-girls, and so a little help to them.”

Her friend had five hundred copies printed and distributed among her many Chinese friends, and reported how very greatly they were enjoyed by them.

“*March* 14.—Oh, I’ve been dissipating at a great rate! Last week the chimney-sweep. I did enjoy him!—an honest British workman. All the things taken out of my room, and me under a dust-sheet! Then, this week, Aunt C. and Miss R. (a friend from China). We talked hours! Yesterday she sat for an hour or so, and then, in the afternoon, I had the dentist. What

do you think of that? R. and he lifted the bed near the window, and I saw out and he saw in, and stopped quite a big hole—nerve exposed and all! I quite enjoyed the novelty! What am I made of? Something pretty indestructible, I think—some fabric that won't wear out! To-night J. is down, and is to have a magic-lantern show in my room."

"*April 7.*—There is one Rock on which I lean, sure and steadfast: 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' If it were not for Christ's words to the most graceless—the most unworthy—I would be desperate. But I can trust Him. I sometimes think I haven't done one thing right; but, then, that is mistrust. He knows and understands the bungling. No, I can rest quiet and leave it all! . . . The Master appoints our places, and He sees best."

"*May 3.*—You were brought so near when C. came. My heart ached to be with you all again, teaching and helping. It was almost more than I could bear; the 'Why?' of it all came very near the surface . . . but it is restful to turn to the other side and know that the 'far better' will soon be mine; meanwhile it is a joy to do His will—to know He can *trust us to suffer without knowing the reason*, as some one put it. We *know* in Whom we tru

soon we'll be over there, 'for ever with the Lord.'"

"*May 10.*—We both know the peace of leaving things with 'our Father.' . . . It is true my three crosses are gone: for the first, 'troubling my friends,' they won't seem to hear of; and the second, 'being out of things'—I really am 'in' everything most wonderfully, thanks to letters keeping me in touch with all; and the third, 'physical suffering,' gone, too, only tired. . . . I am so glad about your school enlargement. It is capital."

"*May 14.*—You should see my table! A huge vase of lilacs and a rose-bush growing with six buds opening. In the middle a most exquisite pink carnation and pale-yellow tulips. Then there is my book corner, a vase for pencils, knife, etc., an upright stand for letters to answer. . . . Behind all is the big screen of pictures and photos. . . . You are not praying for me to get well? Please don't! . . . Oh, how glad I was about your school revival, and Hoey and Loan leading! It is just splendid! I *am* so glad!"

"*May 22.*—I was almost 'Home' last week. Heaven seems near—near!—and the gates swing open only to close again for a little while. I am getting accustomed now to one and another passing in first, but I do not think the Master is going to call me to stay

much longer. . . . I do love to look at the photos, but I am so tired these days, and often can't look at all. . . . I wonder if you could remember, when convenient, a dear little Chin-a in our school, and our old teacher, now a widow? I've had such nice letters from them. Please thank the girls for their beautiful letter. . . . You all spoil me with kindness, and I can just pray; but it is a big 'just,' isn't it?"

"*June* 1.—The first of June! I never expected to write this mail, and behold my 'firm and vigorous pen'! (The letter was written in pencil, like all the others, and evidently with great effort.) "I've been thinking much of the *wideness* of God's kingdom and the *broadness* of His plans. How little we know of all! Our part is just to do, moment by moment, the little bit of work given. It makes it grand, and yet so simple, doesn't it?"

Here the letters fail us, but the haven so often neared was not yet within reach. There were months of weakness, sleeplessness, and delirium to be passed through, and when towards Christmas-time she began to regain lost ground, there was in her quiet cheerfulness a loss of the old, quick brightness and mental vigour that had always been such a part of herself that her friends missed it sadly.

She was very happy during the months that followed. Nothing seemed to trouble her. She was freer, too, in her powers of movement, and could enjoy being carried from one room to another, and even downstairs, to share in the hymn-singing on Sunday evenings. The China mail, which in the past months had so often to be left untouched, was welcomed again. With her old hopeful spirit she noted the signs of physical amendment, and began to look forward to further progress—even with distant anticipations of a return to her well-beloved work some day. But this was not to be. Something far better was in store for her, and on March 24, 1907, suddenly the call so long listened for was heard, and she entered into fullness of joy for evermore!

STORIES

J. M. J.

BUEY'S STORY

SHE stood at the top of the slippery bank before the cottage door—a compact little figure in a dark blue coat and trousers of Chinese make. Her face was broad and rosy, and her dark eyes looked out over the plain before her. The “Great Hat” Mountain towered above her, and the tiny footpath, worn by passing feet, straggled across the plain to her right and to her left past some eating-stalls, and ended in the one village street, where stood the Christian chapel, little different from the other houses of the village.

She wore a look of quiet content till a tall foreigner strode out up the village street. He paused on seeing the girl, as he knew she had belonged to the Amoy Mission School, and looked rather sternly through his kind eyes at the tightly bandaged feet and small shoes with their high wooden heels.

“What is the meaning of this, Buey?” he

asked. "Why are you not reading in school this year?"

The girl was silent, shamed by his disapproval, and he soon passed away over the plain and through the mountains to the sea.



BUEY WAS SOON AT WORK.

A voice was heard calling her, and Buey hastened down the slope, and stepped through the open door with its high board to keep the chickens and pigs within the courtyard. Many doors opened off the court, and many

people crowded into its tiny space. The men were washing the soil of the rice-fields from their feet and legs. They wore the loose blue cotton clothes of the Chinese



BUEY AND FOUR OF HER PUPILS.

farmer. Children ran about among the chickens. A brick stove stood in the court, and over it an old woman was busy watching the rice in a big iron rice-boiler, and cutting

up vegetables and bean curd for the evening meal.

Buey was soon at work, and, after the men had eaten, the women finished what was left over from their repast. It was a Christian house, and evening prayers followed. The tired working folk soon separated to their different rooms, and Buey and the old woman went to bed. The old woman soon slept, but Buey lay with open eyes thinking of the future. All seemed hopeless. Who was there to help her? The missionary had gone to Amoy. The old woman had bought her years ago to be the wife of her son, a sickly lad, who had lately taken to opium-smoking and gambling. Her own father and mother were heathens, who lived in a village far below in the plain, and would not think of rescuing her from a difficulty so common to girls in China. She thought of the Mission School, and what she had learnt there; and as she prayed to the 'God of heaven' a plan unfolded itself to her practical mind.

Not many days after, the few Christians met for worship in the little chapel in the street. An old man preached to the stolid farmers who formed his audience. A wooden screen, with a chintz curtain hung from an iron rod, ran up the length of the church, ending at the wall on one side of the pulpit. Behind it was a long narrow table and a few

benches, where some women and children sat through the service. Buey spoke to one of these—a tall old woman. Her face was wrinkled, but her smile was pleasant. She agreed to go with the girl for help to the Mission School.

When the time came, Buey stood—clean and quiet as usual—by a fence not far from her home. Her clothes were packed in a blue cotton cloth, and she scanned the hill-side anxiously for the tall figure of the old woman, who had not come. It was little wonder, for the ground was sodden with rain, which poured in torrents, and the woman dreaded an attack of rheumatism in her feeble old bones. Buey looked towards the sea-road, but she did not know the way. She could not return to the noisy courtyard and her opium-smoking fiancé. She thought she could remember a little the long journey to her home in the plain, where some Christians lived who might help her. So down the steep hills she travelled the long day, past the huge boulders with bracken and maiden-hair at their bases, down the slippery granite slabs, which served as stairway in some parts of the mountain, along the dripping foot-path, through the shallow rivers and weary stretches of heavy sand, until she arrived at the house of a Christian.

It was a busy farmstead to which she

came. Outside, the roadway and the rice-fields were turned into sheets of water, and the courtyard looked melancholy with its bedraggled live stock in pools of rain, but inside the family were cheery enough. The old grannie was nursing a baby, and the mother was busy with her elder daughter at the loom. True, the farmer looked somewhat disconsolately at the landscape, but the children were busy at play or preparing food for the animals which flocked round. At the great wooden entrance Buey appeared wet and footsore, but smiling. A warm welcome was given her, the ever-ready teapot was produced, and the rice-pot set a-boiling. Behind the bamboo screen she found dry clothing, and was able to remove the bandages—long blue strips of cotton—which crippled her poor feet. Plans were discussed. The women talked much, and the tall farmer came to her help. He had some furniture to take to his father in Pechuia, which he said he could take at one end of his pole; Buey must squeeze herself into a big basket and balance the other end, for her crushed feet refused to carry her any further.

In a day or two they set out. Buey was rosy and smiling, and her heart was happier, though still anxious. She carried an umbrella to hide her from any curious passer-by. The farmer, with his quick carrying step, passed

in the bright sunshine along the narrow mud footpaths between the rice-fields. Blue smoke from cooking breakfasts went up from the red-tiled houses, and all the plain was busy



THE UNWIELDY SAILS WERE SPREAD.

with fresh life after the rains. Parties of coolies, laden with pigs and farm produce for the Pechuia market, joined them, following single file, and among them Buey, with dismay, recognized her heathen brother. He

seemed amused at the curious burden, and when a roadside eating-house was reached, he came up to make some laughing inquiries. Buey turned her umbrella as he tried to scan her face, and prayed again to the "God of Heaven" for help.

"What are you doing with a woman in your basket?" queried the brother.

"Oh, just doing a kindness—helping the poor thing along—she can't walk!" said the farmer. "But it isn't polite to look at women. Come along and get something to eat."

In the afternoon they reached the pastor's house, and a passage in a junk for Amoy was secured.

As the great sculling-oar creaked in its socket and the unwieldy sails were spread, the curious brother caught a glimpse of who had been in the basket, but it was too late then to try to drag her home.

Next morning the rosy, happy Buey, no longer shadowed by trouble, surrounded by all her schoolmates, greeted the ladies as they came in for prayers. Buey took her old place at the desk, but all the anxiety was transferred to her teachers.

Some days after, up the dusty road came some farmers from the plains, among them Buey's father. He wandered at will through the schoolrooms, saw the heaped rice-boiler, watched the merry schoolgirls, looked at

their lesson-books with their familiar Chinese characters, and examined the beautiful needlework on which some were engaged. He said little, but he and his companions soon trudged away again along the broad white road to the sea.

It seemed as though there would be no more trouble, but the old woman was not going to give up so easily the wife she had procured for her son at such a bargain long ago. Many months passed, and then a deputation came to demand that Buey be returned. Pleading was vain and argument useless, so the ladies acquiesced, at the same time producing their trump card—a full account of all that the girl had cost. “Here is Buey, and if you pay the bill you can have her,” said the ladies. Ready-money is always difficult for a countryman to obtain, and when the alternative was that Buey should be entered as a regular scholar, it seemed easier to agree to that. The three rules for pupils entering the boarding-school are: that feet be unbound, that the pupil stay at least three years, and that she be married to a Christian.

The men went away to tell the old woman the result of their quest. Next night there was much loud talking in the cottage on the hill, the Christians approving of what had been done, and others agreeing with the old

woman that no fate was bad enough for a girl who was so bold and insubordinate.

As the years passed there were several attempts made to catch Buey and bring her forcibly back to her doom, but somehow they failed. By Chinese law, if the girl reached twenty-three before the marriage took place she would be free. But at last the ladies heard with gladness that the father had persuaded the old woman to make arrangements for his daughter's marriage to a Christian, and the sickly youth, being under authority, had nothing to say.

In the far-off, busy city of Chang-chew, a young Christian tradesman was found willing to pay the ransom money for a wife. Before her marriage Buey became teacher in the mission-school of the large city where she was to make her home. She had learnt to trust the Father in heaven Who had been her helper in time of need. Two little sons now like to watch the bright placid face, and a great river rolls between her new surroundings and the sodden plain where she tramped in the day of her trial.

AMOY : NOTES OF A SERMON
AT CREEK END*

It was a clear afternoon in December. The sun shone brightly through the windows of the whitewashed church at Creek End as Pastor Lee rose to address his flock. Mr. Lee is a tall, fine-looking man of thirty or forty, and his eye glanced rapidly over the fifty or sixty men and women in front of him—hard-featured, wrinkled men and women, in coarse blue coats and trousers, with here and there a rainbow-vestured boy or girl to enliven the scene and distract attention. His own little daughter in gay attire drummed her tiny heels against the wooden platform where she sat at his feet. The subject of the morning sermon had been "The Broad and Narrow Way," and doubtless Pastor Lee had experience of the capacity or incapacity of his audience, for instead of giving out a fresh text for the afternoon, he

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went through a brief summary of his morning discourse, and then turned briskly to a bald-headed, wizened old woman, who woke up from a nap to answer him. "Mrs. Hu, were you at church this morning?" "Yes, I was



SOME OF THE AUDIENCE ON THE WOMEN'S SIDE.

here." "Can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "No, I can't do that," said Mrs. Hu, "for I came late, and had to go out to cook the rice for dinner." "Well, this afternoon you have been here all the

time; what have you heard?" "I didn't hear anything. I don't understand about hearing." "Now, Mrs. Hu, I know you have come a long way and have a long way to go home. You ought to listen very well, or else your coming and going is useless. Isn't that true?—Brother B., what did you hear?" "The broad way leads to death, and the narrow to life," said Brother B., with much difficulty and many grunts and groans. "That's right; and what death does it mean—the body's or the soul's death?" "The soul's death in hell." "Yes." "The devil is in hell," volunteered Brother B., much encouraged. Then followed questions to Brother C. on the second birth, ending, "Are you born again, Brother C.?" Silence, on which the pastor explained shortly the fruits of the second birth, and asked, "Have you sinned against God?" "Well, maybe, perhaps I have." "It isn't only maybe. I'll make it plainer to you. Did you ever worship idols?" "No, I worship God. I've nothing to do with idols." "But long ago did you not?" "Oh, before I knew—I once did." "Wasn't that sinning against God?" "Yes, so it was." "And again, you sell meat. Suppose a man comes along and asks the price of a piece, won't you sometimes say, 'It is 220 cash, and cheap at that, and very little gain on it,' when you know well

enough you are making a good deal?" "Of course I do; if I didn't say that, people would not buy from me." "Then you prefer a few cash to telling the truth. Isn't that sin?—Sister D., how are you to-day?" "I'm much better;" and Sister D. is only stopped from a voluble explanation of her illness and its cure by the question, "Did the idols make you better?" "Oh dear no; God did." "Then do you worship idols any more?" "No, no." "Not at all?" "No." "What about the ancestral tablets?" "I love my parents very much. I must worship them." "But it was God Who made you better, and He says, 'Thou shalt make no graven image.'—Brother H., what did you get from the sermon this morning?" "My ear is rather deaf, and I'm not very well. I did not hear a word." "I think you sat too far back. Come and sit nearer, and you'll hear better. Now I'll tell you what I said over again.—Sister E., how did God save us?" "By sending His Son." "How did God save us by His Son?" "By His death." "Has God forgiven your sin?" "Yes." "How do you know He has?" "They told me so at the hospital." "God has promised to forgive sin; do you trust Him?" "Yes; I have not much sin, it is true. My sins are very light, but what there is I trust Him to forgive." "Sister M., what do you re-

member?" "I don't remember anything at all." "Why, what a bad memory you have!" shouted a heathen woman who had been listening curiously at the door. "You ought to listen; I remember better than you do." "Why don't you always come?" said the pastor. "You understand how to listen; you must come again." "I am very poor; shall I get employment if I come?" "You come and hear, and you'll soon know about it. You are God's child, and if you truly worship Him, He will certainly take care of you.—Now Siong-liu (to his child), don't clatter your feet on the pulpit steps.—Brother S., if you suffer persecution, must you complain?" "No." "Why not?" As Brother S. cannot answer, Pastor Lee takes an instance of a man travelling to Singapore, who does not grumble over the inconveniences of the journey because of his hope of gain in the future.

Here my notes come to an end, and I fancy the questioning also; the strange congregation disperses in the gloaming, and we wend our way over the mud to the *sampan* waiting for us in the creek.

NAU-A

PEH-CHIOH might be called a mud village. True, at certain tides there is a sun-baked road leading round the creek, but usually the chair-bearers plunge and slip in the black ooze which covers the stones of the pathway crossing the shallow water. And when a boat is hired one has the doubtful pleasure when landing of being carried pick-a-back over yards of deep black mud to the firm shell-strewn ground on which the village stands.

It is an everyday, straggling Chinese village, but it has the distinction of possessing a Christian church and very many Christian families. Dirty, healthy little children tumble over the ground in front of mud hovels, where the loom takes up the chief part of the common room. Curious farm implements are hung about everywhere. Bins of rice and stacks of fuel help to fill up the apartment. The spinning-wheel stands by the door, and huge black grunterns, along with hens and

chickens, wander at their will through house and tiny courtyard.

In one of these houses an old man thought it would be "profitable" to become a Christian, and for many Sundays attended the little



NAU-A.

chapel at the village corner, although not a church member. After some time his tall daughter-in-law was allowed to read in the Bay-pay school. She studied to some purpose, for when the old gentleman thought he

would join the Roman Catholics, as more ready to help in this world's matters, she refused to accompany him, saying that she had already found the true God, and could



BLACK GRUNTERS.

not worship idols, as the images of the Virgin and Child are called in China.

Her husband had turned out a gambler, and been sent abroad, and the family was altogether unsatisfactory. The old man beat and starved the girl, but to no avail. In

the end he took a knife to stab her, and was only prevented by being forcibly dragged away. After this she fled, and in her loneliness had a dream that God would help her. She decided on going to the mandarin. When the case was tried, the whole plain was full of people. It was a most desperate and unusual course for a girl to take in China. The heathen expected her to be handed back to the father-in-law, but the Christians had gathered in full force, and were praying for her. To the surprise of all, the mandarin decided in favour of the Christian girl, saying that there was abundant evidence that the old man could not rule his own family, as Confucius had ordained. He asked where she would like to go, and she answered immediately, "To the ko-niu." The mandarin agreed, saying the father-in-law must give money for her support; but to make things even, he said she should receive three slaps on her face!

The Christians were overjoyed at the decision, and helped the girl to find her way to Amoy, where she was allowed to study in the women's school. From it she went to act as matron in the children's home; but the easy, careless ways of the heathen still had a hold on her, and she was transferred to the girl's school, where it was felt she would do better with supervision as under-matron.

She proved fairly satisfactory, and was sent later on to her old school at Bay-pay, to do what she could to help the children and women in the district round.

The old church at West Plain had at that time no woman teacher, and it was proposed that the Bay-pay women should take turns to help there on Sundays. The bulk of the work fell on Nau-a, and, even at the rainy season, when the river separating the two churches was flooded, she rarely missed her weekly visit. It was no easy thing for a Chinese woman whose feet had been crushed to take the long walk in her thin cotton garments, and face the few women who would venture out in such weather to meet her.

When one of the ladies spoke of the flooded river, she replied: "Yes; but when I see it I think of the hymn,

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost,'
and that helps me."

A NIGHT-SCHOOL IN CHINA*

BEHIND the low hill, over against the little church at Kang-khau, the glow of the sunset still flames red, but high in the east the moonlight is already piercing the few evening clouds. From the sands and the waves troops of tall girls and red-hooded children have wound their way home laden with the spoils of the ocean. The men of the village, with light ploughshares over their shoulders, and driving their small brown cattle, have sauntered in from the fields; and the white haze over the red-tiled house-roofs is fading into the air as the kitchen fires die out, and the chatter over the steaming rice-bowls gives place to long pipes and gossip in the moonlight. The one foreigner in the village lingers on the little veranda, loath to leave the quiet splendour of the heavens for the dirt and noise below. But a warning babel

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of voices causes her to hasten down to meet the inflow from the village—a noisy crew—boys and girls, rosy-cheeked and healthy from the sea-breezes and the brine; young women and old, in the inevitable blue jacket and trousers of village workaday dress;



NIGHT-SCHOOL MATERIAL.

mothers, and sisters, and grannies, flocking to the novelty of the night-school.

The little church looks clean, with its white-washed walls and the bright red curtains by which the men's seats are divided from the women's. The preacher is lighting the lamps, and soon forms are arranged, and some sort of order established among the noisy, eager

crowd. Near the further door at least twenty boys and girls swing respectively bare toes and little bandaged feet, to the rhythm of a Chinese version of "Jesus loves me," and sorely tax the patience of their young teacher, with her baby wrapped warm in the folds of her long blue coat. By the lamp on the table sits Mrs. Peow, the Bible-woman, repeating line by line the first hymn in the Chinese hymnal:

"The Supreme created heaven and earth.

He gives birth to all things: He is all-powerful."

After her, laboriously, in slow tones, follow the voices of the older women, as their work-begrimed fingers wear their way down the columns of strange characters. The younger women are gathered round the second Bible-woman, and there is much laughter as they try to recognize the letters of the Romanized Chinese primer: "U, u—that is what the children call when they play. L, l—that is, how the wind blows! Ng—we go to the hills to gather 'ng.' Hi, hi—that is the market: there is a market at Cheng-tan. S—that is like a serpent. O—that is a baby's hat." With their smooth, glossy hair, flowers, gilt pins, and bright faces, these make a very attractive group, and a very pleasant class to teach.

The advanced class, the "Red Covers,"

study in a low monotone—a busy, eager set of scholars, from tiny “Pomegranate” to middle-aged Mrs. “Hanging Brow,” all being proud to work their way, unaided, through their bright new books. Even the pulpit is occupied with two or three, anxious to add writing to their accomplishments, and taking possession of the preacher’s desk for their copy-books.

Round the ko-niu are the “unadjustables,” the new-comers, the old women too old to remember even a single hymn, and the little girls with babies strapped to their shoulders, who cannot be kept away, but poke their eager little heads against one’s arm, or steal a soft grimy hand on to one’s knee. And in every hiding hole behind the pulpit, over the screen, are the boys, big and little, trying hard to keep quiet as the sad price of non-eviction.

After about an hour the busy hum of study is stopped, forms are dragged into position, a Bible picture is shown, and questions and answers follow in rapid succession, for the Kang-khau women and children are quick and responsive, and the children’s faces, as they crowd near the platform, are an inspiration; while the row on row of girls and women—wondering, surprised, interested—make one long for the right words to teach and help them. The Commandments repeated in con-

cert, a verse learnt, a hymn sung, a short prayer, and the night-school is over for to-day, although the "Red Covers" linger for their turn, and will not be dismissed.

Soon after nine the lights are out in the little church, but heaven's lights are ablaze as a crowd of blue-clad women watch at the foot of the ladder to call out good night ere the door of the tiny room on the roof closes.

Not so long ago the Kang-khau church was a small mud-floored building, dirty and low. Then the "Red Covers" were non-existent, and the bright little preacher's wife, so busy to-night helping every one, was a heathen, unable to read or write, bound foot and mind. Then, almost the only Christian woman in the place was the mother of little "Pomegranate," and she so ignorant that she had sold three of her daughters to heathen, and was only persuaded to keep this last little girl by the gift of a dollar to buy her clothes. Mrs. Peow, the Bible-woman, herself had destroyed two of her baby girls; and most of the helpers of this evening had worshipped the old tree-stump by the sand-drift at the entrance to the village. "What hath God wrought!"

“BLACK SILK” AND “BLACK SATIN”

It was a forlorn little family group that we found on our veranda, well out of the glaring sunshine of a hot summer day. The father was a small, unkempt-looking man with scanty clothing, and his two little girls looked with anxious, frightened eyes at the foreign ladies whom they saw for the first time. He had only lately become a Christian, having been a play-actor in one of the densely populated villages near Amoy. It was a heathen village, and when the Chinese Christians began preaching there, claiming it for Christ, the headmen of the village at once took prompt measures of opposition, sending round cakes with a stern message that if anyone dared to become a Christian, he must leave the village.

But the words of the Christians had entered the heart of the play-actor, and he felt he must leave his acting and opium-smoking and find his way back by road and junk to the “Ancestral Home,” which was

but a dingy cabin after all, with a few yards of sandy soil which he and his son cultivated, and which were all the family had to support them. The ground was near the sea, and



A FEW YARDS OF SANDY SOIL WHICH HE CULTIVATED.

millet or rice would not grow there, so they planted their long, red, sweet potatoes, or a few ground-nuts, and watered them anxiously from tiny buckets on a long pole. The mother's time had been much taken up by

the care of the second son, a delicate, deformed little boy, and all the family was sickly from want of food and care.

Now the mother had died of plague, and no one in a heathen village would attend to the two little girls, who now stood on our veranda, looking at once so sad and eager. The Christians nearest their village, though willingly doing what they could, were too poor to support the children, and it was with thankful hearts that we found we could make room for little "Black Silk" in the girls' school, while tiny "Black Satin's" pleading eyes were irresistible, and she found her way to the Baby Home.

Soon it was discovered that though "Black Silk" looked but three or four years old, she was a very clever little girl of eight or ten. Hands and head worked well, and the bright eyes delighted the teacher who gave the Bible lesson every morning. Year by year "Black Silk" reached a higher class till she was in the top form in school; but, strange to say, she hardly grew at all, and still occupied the front bench with the tiny children. Nice hot basins of rice with a little fish or meat and vegetables seemed to make little difference. Even cod-liver oil was resorted to, but though she was quite well, the height-mark on the door, anxiously examined from time to time, grew little higher. What was to be

done? At last some one suggested that she should be sent for change of air; and although it seemed a little hard to send a mite of fourteen or fifteen so far away, she went as teacher to a mission-school in the north, three or four days' journey away.

There she worked splendidly. Both in discipline and progress her pupils were in the first rank, and with all her heart she strove to lead them to Christ. So when, later on, a head teacher was wanted for the "Eternal Springs" School, "Black Silk" was again sent to the fore.

The north air seemed to suit her, and she grew to the average size of a Chinese woman. She worked well, as usual, and I think the ladies in Eng-chhun were as sorry as she when the time for parting came, and she left to marry the tall, nice-looking brother of the pastor at Golden Well.

So the tale ends like a fairy story after all with wedding bells, and we hope they will live happily ever after.

DARKNESS AND DAWN



HAIR ORNAMENTS OF COUNTRY WOMEN (NORTH).

A FEW of us sat at tea in the hall, which was crossed by four passages to allow any cool winds that blew to reach the room which

served as reception and dining room. Suddenly the glass doors at the end of one of the corridors was darkened, and a number of Chinese women entered.

From their clothing one could see that they



HAIR ORNAMENTS OF COUNTRY WOMEN (SOUTH).

were field-women from a district two or three days' journey to the north of Amoy. Some carried babies tied to their backs by a square blue-checked cloth. All wore silver ear-rings and gilt or silver pins and flowers in their glossy hair. They wore red shoes on their

bare feet. There were many children with them, and as each woman tried to explain the reason of their coming, it was some little time before one could understand.

At last the centre of interest was dragged forward—a tiny mite of a child about three



"HE IS OF NO USE: HE IS BLIND."

or four years old. There he stood on the table, the small pathetic face and thin little hands and cheeks. "We wish to give him to you," they said. "He is of no use to us: he is blind."

We thought of our merry little party in the Children's Home, and our hearts ached

to add him to the number, but it could not be done. He had parents to support him, and there were others more needy. "Then we must give him to the beggars or throw him



"WE THOUGHT OF OUR MERRY PARTY IN THE
CHILDREN'S HOME."

away," they said. "A blind child is of no use."

So the little figure was lifted down and dragged wearily after the noisy group, leaving a pain in the hearts of the mission-

aries far greater than the strain of their daily work.

* * * * *

It was midday. The deserted tennis-lawn with its level stretch of cool green lay on one



“VENDOR OF SUGAR-CANE, PEA-NUTS, ETC.”

hand of the roadway, and on the other stood the temple of the “Protector of Life, Great Emperor.” On the open ground before the

temple one or two vendors of sugar-cane, pea-nuts and tea plied a desultory trade, and some children played with stones and bits of wood.

The roof of the temple looked picturesque with its red and green glazed tiles, and in one corner the smoke rose lazily from a pillar



"THE ROOF OF THE TEMPLE LOOKED PICTURESQUE."

in which was an opening where paper, picked up by the virtuous, was burning.

A wide opening in the high, wooden paling gave access to the temple itself. Through this an old woman passed, her blue garments patched and faded, and her grey hair bound by a black band of cloth. The great black idol, with its hideous face, was seated directly in front of her, while the goddess of mercy

and lesser deities crowded the niches in the wall and lined the long, high table. Pewter-stands filled with fine ash held the thin incense-sticks which were placed in front of the gods. The old woman took up two semi-circular pieces of bamboo-root which were lying on the table, and kneeling on the dusty floor after worshipping the image, she threw them again and again until she gained a satisfactory answer. Then, after consultation with the priest, who had emerged from a side-door, she drew a slip of bamboo, on which characters were written, from a tin cylinder hanging on the wall. After reading it the priest handed her a paper with a few written characters, in which, after more prostrations, she placed a little of the fine ash from one of the pewter-stands.

Some loungers were standing by the temple smoking. "A powder for her grandchild; he is dying," said one, as she hurried away, her features twitching and her eyes dull, her only hope the incense powder and her worship of the "Protector of Life, Great Emperor."

* * * * *

GLIMMERINGS

It was market-day at White-water Camp, and a babel of sounds rose from the narrow street in which the Christian church was built. In

most of the shops medicine was sold, and one caught weird glimpses of dried snakes, sharks' fins, tigers' flesh, and live tree-toads, together with many vegetable compounds. The narrow pavements at either side were lined with motley groups of fruit-sellers and others bringing market produce from the country.



"MOTLEY GROUPS."

Every now and then a pig was carried past, squealing, tied to a bamboo pole, and the chorus of voices rose high.

The wide doors of the mission-church stood open, and the preacher, a delicate, consumptive-looking man, was anxiously trying to make his voice heard above the din outside. In front sat the Church elders, seemingly oblivious of the noises without. Each

carried a Bible and hymn-book, and appeared to be listening attentively. Near the door a shifting crowd, attracted by the novelty, passed in and out, staying for a longer or shorter period as they were more or less interested. Beside the large central door of the church a smaller entrance led to a space screened off for the women behind and at either side of the pulpit. The townswomen looked gay and attractive in their coloured and elaborately trimmed garments, mostly of foreign material. Some had the crushed and bandaged feet of the Chinese lady, while others wore the stamp of the Christian in the natural feet and prettily worked "Gospel" shoes.

Many women came from villages in the country, and could be told at once by their long jackets of native homespun. Their skirts were of gay pleatings of yellow and red, and, on entering, were immediately taken off and hung up on pegs on the walls. They wore the high-heeled shoe and false bandages which the exigencies of farm life required, and carried branches as walking-sticks, 5 feet long, painted a bright red, and often finished with some carved device.

When service was over, the country women pored over their well-worn hymn-books, repeating the names of the strange characters with the help of some brightly adorned little

schoolgirl. Many of the women conned over passages of Scripture they had prepared for the missionary. Some read over the afternoon's lesson, and others had questions to ask.



"MANY WOMEN CAME FROM VILLAGES."

A pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman was sitting with a ten-year-old boy at her side.

"I did not know you had a son of that age," remarked the missionary.

“Oh no! This is my newly adopted son!” answered the woman brightly. “He was stung on the foot by a serpent the other day, and his father feared he would be lame for life, so he took him to the river-bank and buried him up to his neck in mud, thinking the incoming tide would drown him; but some Christians heard of it, and dug the lad out, and they gave him to me. I got some medicine for his foot, and it quite healed. His father wanted him back again, but the boy prefers to stay with me. I call him Joseph, for he was saved out of a pit. You do want to stay with me, Joseph, don’t you, and to worship the true God?”

The bright smile of the lad was sufficient, without his emphatic, “I do!”

* * * * *

A little crowd was gathered in a picturesque, dirty little Chinese village. The blue waves of the Pacific broke in a white line on the stretch of sandy beach before them. A matronly woman, a few books tied in her handkerchief, passed by the group. Her curiosity was aroused, and she looked inquiringly at the sack of coarse matting which was being tied up by a respectable-looking farmer.

“What is he doing?” she said.

“His wife has had a baby girl, and he says he can’t keep any more daughters.

There is no one in the village wanting one just now, so he is going to throw her into the sea!"

In vain the Bible-woman expostulated, and spoke of the duty of parents to their children. It was all of no use, and he was carrying the sack to the sea when she remembered the Children's Home in Amoy.

"Wait at least a day or two," she entreated, "until I find out whether the Christian ladies will take the baby."

He consented. Fortunately there was a vacancy, and the little one was soon in safe shelter.

* * * * *

DAWN

It was such a funny little group that I came upon on rounding the corner by the well, sitting on a piece of matting in the only shade that was to be found anywhere that hot July day—tiny girls with little flowered coats, shaven heads, and tight pig-tails sticking out in all directions. In the eldest I recognized a seven-year-old schoolgirl. She had a book in her hand, from which she was reading to the others.

"What are you reading about, Koai-a?" I asked.

The little maid rose from her low bamboo stool and looked up from the book she was holding so tightly in her pretty hands, over which the silver bracelets dropped.



KOAI-A SOME YEARS LATER.

“I am reading about the management of a family,” she replied seriously.

The grave eyes of all the prospective

managers of families being upon me, I had to keep the laughter out of my own, but it helped me up the last stretch of hill into the road where Koai-a's grandfather—an old sea-pirate, now a Church member and captain of the mission-boat—was smoking peacefully at his son's house door.

CONTRASTS

LOOKING down from the shade of the veranda, we saw a spare, blue-clad figure hurrying along the white road. He wore the broad bamboo hat and straw sandals of a Chinese coolie. A long box was slung over his shoulders at the end of a pole, and balanced by some rough digging implements. "It is a coffin," we were told, "and he is going to bury his child round the hill corner."

* * * * *

Again, we were passing through some narrow unsavoury lanes near our home. A woman sat sewing by a still narrower foot-path on the right hand, and a little crowd was collected at the house further back. "The son in there has died," she said, in reply to our inquiries. "He had just taken his degree, poor fellow! worked too hard, and died of consumption. It was sad to hear him repeat over and over again, 'I have been of no use to you, my parents; I have

only wasted your money—it is all waste, waste, waste.’”

* * * * *

On the hill before our house an old woman was wailing. She lay prostrate before two



GRAVES.

newly made graves, and all one could hear was the constant repetition of the cry heard so long ago, “My son, my son; would that I had died for thee, my son, my son!”

* * * * *