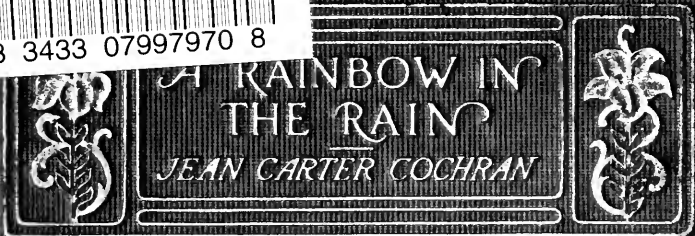


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A RAINBOW IN
THE RAIN
JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

Cochran

A RAINBOW IN THE RAIN

A RAINBOW IN THE RAIN

BEING THE JOURNAL OF MARGARET WATSON
a Sojourner in England

and

THE LETTERS OF CHU SHIEN YO
a Chinese School Boy

By

JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

“O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn' shall tearless be.”

—George Matheson.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

TORONTO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1912

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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York : 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago : 125 North Wabash Ave.
Toronto : 25 Richmond Street, W.
London : 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh : 100 Princes Street

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
MARGARET HUNTINGTON COCHRAN
WHO GAVE HER LIFE TO CHINA

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

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

—Meyers St. Paul.

INSTRUMENT
DUAL
TRIGGER

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THE DAFFODILS

“A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not,—
Not God! in gardens! when the even is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.”

—*Thomas Edward Brown.*

I

*The Gables,
Threlkeld, England,
Aug. 15th.*

The sun is slowly sinking behind Blencathra, only the mountain tops are bathed in golden light, the purple mists lie deep down St. John's Vale. A little rose at my window nods back and forth, as if to beckon me out into the beauties of the evening. In the meadows a lamb is bleating plaintively. The whole scene is one of deepest peace. My own sad thoughts are the only discordant notes in nature's beautiful symphony.

A short year ago I would have been entirely in accord with all this loveliness, but since that time I have lost my parents, and my lover, and the very foundations of my life have been shaken under me.

I turn instinctively to my little diary to-night, for in its pages I have been accustomed to tell my hopes and fears.

Shortly before Kenneth sailed for China he suggested that I keep a journal. Our separation promised to be a long one, and he thought we could keep in closer touch by such a method of correspondence.

My aspirations and endeavors were faithfully chronicled and forwarded to him each week, and I was fully rewarded by the pleasure he so evidently took in all my small adventures and lightest thoughts.

Indeed he often said that my letters helped to keep him cheerful in his struggles with the difficult language, and in adjusting himself to his new environment. It would take more than China to dampen his ardent spirits.

I can write no more this evening, the long English twilight is giving place to night, and the loveliest star is hanging over St. John's Vale—My Valley of the Shadow I call it. The dear old rector said today, in church, that the valley of the shadow was just like these beautiful vales, for though deep shadows fell in the valleys themselves, there is light at either end.

*The Gables,
Aug. 16th.*

This English country is very beautiful. One could not desire a more suitable place for a thorough change.

There are no other Americans in our little village perched on the side of Bleucathra, a few miles from Keswick. These simple country folk are very refreshing. They at once took an interest in the stranger, learned where I was staying without my telling them, and doubtless every inhabitant knows the number of letters I receive each day. The kindly women realize I am sad and often send in dainties to tempt my appetite.

This morning there was a large bunch of sweet peas and mignonette on the breakfast table, given by the baker's wife. Often the little children stop me in the winding street holding up to me a bunch of flowers or a single rose. How much kindness there is in out of the world places.

My dear landlady is a character very much given to conversation which is en-

tirely local in its color, and consists chiefly in reciting the prizes she has won in the village flower contest, which occasion is to Threlkeld what the horse show is to New York.

Mrs. Dickson is most kind, and would wear herself out looking after my comfort, if I did not frequently protest.

“The Gables” is an ideal farm, with its lovely view and such a garden! My greatest joy, these long summer days, is to stretch myself in a deck chair under the lilacs, and with half closed eyes revel in the beauty of the flowers, that are such a fitting foreground to the mountains beyond.

There is a stone fence partly covered with ivy which divides the garden and lawn from the meadow. The meadow stretches right away down to the river and after a rain I can hear the water rushing down to join the Greta at Water’s Meet, and I dreamily acquiesce with the prose poet who writes, “There is no music like that of a little river.”

In front of the stone wall grow the old fashioned flowers, dear to our grandmothers' heart—lilies and monk's-hood, and fox-glove, and in the corner by the ivy grown steps bright masses of goldenrod, rival Solomon in glory. But the roses—how can I ever tell the riot of beauty they are! When I see them my heart sings.

I wonder if that is the reason a dear old friend sent me to this bewitching spot? She called on me one day, and as she kissed me she gave me a brief glance, and said very gently, "My dear, I hope your trouble is not making you bitter." My eyes filled with tears, and she continued, "I did not mean to hurt you, only to warn you." Later I received a letter asking why I did not go to England for the summer; she knew of a place that would be ideal for an outing. So here I am.

The last time I wrote in this diary was nearly six months ago, the day before I received the sad cablegram. My father and mother had passed away a short time before and I was beginning my preparations

for joining Kenneth. His letters were full of joyful anticipation. He wrote the whole outlook was changed now that I was really coming. Our own home, over whose plans he had worked so hard was nearing completion, and he was delighted with the result. He laughingly said, that he was sure it marked a new era in Chinese architecture. I was very much touched at the trouble he had taken to remember all my fancies, in the way of casement windows and little balconies.

On my part life was full of dressmaking, buying stoves and furniture, and making farewell visits. The last day of this happy time there came a letter from Kenneth. It is blotted with many tears now, and I shall have to copy it, and keep the original more carefully. He spoke very tenderly and beautifully of our future, and the influence we might have over the boys in his large preparatory school. Then he continued, "The boys are really developing wonderfully, they seem to catch the ideas of manliness I am trying to drill into them, and

some of them will make strong citizens in the New China that is bound to come before long. Of the more influential, only one seems to be impossible to reach. His father is an official and Chu Shien Yo has imbibed all the vices and few of the virtues of yamen life. He is very ambitious and the best scholar we have. Still he is a ringleader in all the evil and mischief and delights to bring the others into trouble. He is deceitful and avaricious, and I seem to have failed in all my efforts for him. In church on Sunday he wears the most contemptuous expression, and the noblest thought wins only a cynical smile. After an escapade yesterday that is too unsavory to write about, the Mission Station wished me to dismiss him. I pleaded for one more chance and they reluctantly agreed. The other missionaries laugh at me on account of my fondness for "the little black lambs," as they call them. The boy has fine possibilities and I cannot bear to see him waste his talents. I called Chu Shien Yo to the study and had a long talk

with him, trying to show the kind of manliness we wanted in our boys. He looked at me and said, "O, I know very well you want me to be a man like your Christ, but I never will be a Christ man and you can cease to wish it." When I asked his reason, thinking it was because he was a strict Confucianist, Chu Shien Yo replied, "Because it would interfere with my official advancement. I want your foreign education that will help me on, your foreign doctrine would ruin me." How was that for worldliness in a youth of seventeen? He was then informed he could not get the foreign education in our school if he did not mend his ways, and that I had pleaded with the mission to give him one more chance. He looked crestfallen but not ashamed. I am very much discouraged and would feel entirely so but for the fact that he has so fully grasped the fundamental truths of Christianity. When you realize that he has only been in touch with the Christian religion for four months it is most amazing. He must have been an

attentive listener at church and Bible class.

“Now my dearest we will soon stand side by side and face these questions together, strong in each others love, and helped by an Unseen presence. Always whate'er betide,

Your true lover,

Kenneth Scott.”

The Gables,

Aug. 17th.

I awoke this morning with the sun shining directly in my face, a “merry brown thrush” had alighted on a rose vine under my window and was singing as gaily as the thrush in the old song, “O the world’s running over with joy.” It seemed such a good omen for the day.

With my diary in front of me, I had just settled myself at my table thinking to finish the account of my loss which I began yesterday. Then Mrs. Dickson bustled in, very much out of breath and a good real

surprised to announce that I had friends waiting below. She evidently thought I belonged to the same class of beings as Topsy, and had no ties of kith or kin, or that like the baby in the poem I had "just come out of the everywhere into here." I found the Wilkinsons from Philadelphia. They had motored over from Keswick and insisted on my spending a day with them at Ullswater. At first I said "No", not wishing to be a damper to their holiday, but I found it would really give them pleasure, so I consented to go.

Mrs. Dickson insisted on adding some dainties to the tea basket, which relieved the monotony of the inevitable cold chicken, always dear to English hearts.

I was much delighted at the prospect of seeing Ullswater ever closely associated with the Lake poets, and was soon in the mood for the expedition. I shall always maintain that it was very little credit to the aforesaid gentlemen to write poetry among these wonderful dales and hills. The dullest soul would be moved to verse

in such surroundings, the surprising thing is that they wrote so much that was trite and uninteresting. Yet what courage they showed in attempting to describe in words the ever changing greens and purples!

In spite of my criticism, I am deeply interested in reading everything I can discover about that delightful company of bards.

The Wilkinsons were much amused at the account I gave them of the poet Gray's notable drive through the mountain passes—how he hired a carriage in order to see the famous places, but on coming to the best part of the scenery where it was very rugged and grand he became so afraid that the mountains would fall upon him, or that the carriage would be dashed over a precipice, he pulled down the curtain and would look no more on the views he had come so far to describe.

The flat, rolling country around Stoke Pogis was evidently much more to his liking; to write about graveyards being exciting enough for him.

Our motor climbed the ascent to Trout Beck most gallantly, and when we reached Gowbarrow Brow and saw Ullswater lying encircled with its glorious mountains our enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Slowly we wound down the steep descent, the road passed above Aira Force, whose murmuring waters we could faintly hear, and where the trees still make their "soft eye music of slow moving boughs," down to the borders of the lake, the road skirting its shores where we had wonderful views through the feathery foliage of ash or birch.

I found the Wilkinsons had come to seek traces of the old Quaker poet of that name, a distant relative. Mr. Wilkinson, with his Philadelphia love of family wanted to find all the haunts of the dear old "Friend." As Ullswater was a favourite retreat of the poets, Mr. Wilkinson wished to go at once on his quest. Helen and I begged to be let down at Gowbarrow Park, feeling we could easily spend every minute there. She is my dearest friend, and being with her

in a lovely spot is always a great pleasure for we know instinctively each other's moods.

Quietly we walked through the murmuring wood, thick masses of bracken and fern were on either side the winding path, and we could easily imagine that some woodland elf or fairy, might be peeping shyly at us from behind a stalk or quivering leaf. Finally we came to a group of trees under whose shade we decided Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy discovered the dancing daffodils. Together we read Dorothy's poetical description of the finding of the flowers.

“We fancied that the sea (she means the waves of the Lake) had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had thus sprung up. But as we went along there were more, and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them, along the shore about the breadth of a country turnpike. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grow among the mossy stones, about

and above them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness, and the rest tossed and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever turning.”

As I finished reading Helen merrily remarked, “I imagine we should enjoy a walk with Dorothy.” Wordsworth’s own poem about the daffodils always charmed me, picturing as it does the pleasure happy memories give, surging back after many years, bringing delight. Alas! the daffodils of my memory never dance any more, but are overhung by dark clouds.

Helen and I had a long talk about my future,—she urged me to join her in Rome this winter, saying it would be a relaxation. I feel sure, however, that Kenneth would not have wished it; but how can I go to China where his life was so needlessly sacrificed? At all events Helen will spend a week or two with me before I sail for America.

We had a merry luncheon underneath the shadow of a stately oak, our carpet was soft, green moss, and a clump of ferns grew in the middle of our table. Nearby a pretty brook laughed and gurgled, and a friendly robin red-breast came and hopped across our circle, closing one eye and looking up at us in a most knowing way.

In the afternoon we attended the famous sheep dog trials at Patterdale. The account in "Bob Son of Battle" is very vivid and correct. To see the intelligent dogs, drive the sheep around the course and into the pens, while the shepherd guides them by a shout or sometimes a whistle, is a most wonderful sight. The setting of the picture in that beautiful valley is perfect; and the gay marquette, and bright dresses of the ladies made a brilliant scene. I did not see any of the gray dogs of Kenmuir, but picked out a little beauty as my favourite. Much to my delight he took the first prize. A pretty scene followed, for after the contest a dear little curly headed girl of three years ran up to him, and threw

her arms around his neck, and the dog looked at her with such love in his beautiful eyes. They both seemed absolutely unconscious of the cheers of the crowd.

It is impossible to do justice to the views coming home. We seemed to be gliding straight into the Gates of Heaven, for the sun was setting in front of us, filling the valleys with glory; and in the distance against the sunset were the blue mountain peaks around Derwent Water. I shall always think of them as the Delectable Mountains.

Sorrowfully I bade farewell to the Wilkinsons; they go on to Scotland to-morrow, and I felt very solitary as they left me at my own wicket gate.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

“If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And it may be for months and for years;
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the fountain of Tears.

* * * * *

But the floods and the tears meet and gather,
The sound of them all grows like thunder;
O into what bosom, I wonder
Is pour'd the whole sorrow of years?
For eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping!
May God, then, the Maker and Father—
May he find a place for the tears.’’

Arthur William O'Shanghessy.

II

The Gables,

Aug. 18th.

Nature changes her moods as quickly as we do. The rose in my window was blown to pieces by the wind last night, and this morning the rain is coming down in torrents.

Just six months ago to-day came that terrible cablegram.

Mrs. Dickson seemed to divine this was a particularly trying day, so she served me a very tempting breakfast; with eggs from her prize Japanese hens, heather honey from her hives, and delicious raisiny scones. She stopped to chat about the rain and the danger that the floods would be out between here and the railroad station; making the highway and bridge impassable and meaning discomfort, if not danger, to the neighbors; for if anyone should fall ill there is no doctor nearer than Kes-

wick, and with the way to the station blocked no telegrams can be sent.

I tried truly to sympathize as she recounted the history of every freshet in her experience, and they had been legion, but I could not repress a longing to be alone,—though I am deeply interested in these people who a month ago were total strangers. Finally Mrs. Dickson was called away by a terrible clatter and smashing down stairs which sounded to me as if the cat had climbed into the willow pattern cream jug. The good woman's exit was more hurried than graceful.

Now I can settle myself to writing the account of that terrible time last February. I dread the effort, but the mere fact of writing out my sorrow may bring relief.

It was a bright, clear morning, the new fallen snow lay crisp and sparkling under the winter's sun. I arose in high spirits, and ran down stairs to breakfast, receiving a gay "Good morning" from the assembled family, and kisses from my little niece. Suddenly the door bell rang and

the maid brought in a telegram, handing the yellow envelope to me. With a laugh I tore it open, thinking it from some out of town friends whom I was planning to visit. My eyes fell on the short message, "Kenneth was drowned to-day," signed by Mr. Bruce, a member of his mission.

Uncomprehendingly I handed the paper to my sister and she confirmed the words I could not believe. For a moment all grew black before me and when the mist had cleared away, a shadow seemed to have fallen over all the world. In a daze I went up-stairs, and they urged me to lie down, but I would not, only in action could I bear the strain.

How I lived through that time I scarcely remember; I went calmly on, cancelling engagements, giving up dressmaker's appointments and countermanding steamer tickets, but never shedding a tear.

Finally, one sleepless night I took up a volume of "The Tale of Two Cities" I had been re-reading. Remembering how exciting the story was I thought it might

divert my thoughts. The beauty of the last few chapters held me fascinated and as I read the wonderful account of Sydney Carton's laying down his life for his friend, and his immortal dying words, "It is a far, far better thing that I do now, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known," it seemed in some unaccountable manner a direct message from Kenneth. The longed for tears began to fall and I wept bitterly.

It was weary work waiting for the history of the accident, but at length the letter came. Written that very day, it was necessarily brief in order to catch the mail steamer.

The boys of the school had been absolutely forbidden to play near the banks of the river. That morning, however, Chu Shien Yo, the official's son, of whom Kenneth wrote, induced one of the younger boys to play there with him. They employed their time on the house boats that were anchored near to shore, jumping

from boat to boat seeing who could jump the farthest. Chu Shien Yo's foot slipped and he was carried away by the swift current. Kenneth, in his room that overlooks the river, heard the boys' cry for help, rushed to the bank, and without a moment's hesitation plunged to the rescue. He was a strong swimmer but the river carried them down stream, still he managed to keep Chu Shien Yo's head above water until help came, but as soon as they grasped the boy, Kenneth's own hold slipped and he sank.

When they found him he was unconscious, and though his friends worked over him for hours, his bright, brave spirit had fled. No comment of mine can add to this beautiful deed of devotion and self-sacrifice. Through all my sorrow I cannot but glory in my lover's noble death.

But one of my greatest difficulties is that he should have given his valuable life for one who promises so poorly.

In none of the letters is Chu Shien Yo mentioned as being impressed or repent-

ant, and I fear he is utterly incorrigible.

They have asked me to go to China and take charge of the girls' school, but I absolutely shrink from the idea.

Very foreign to my present feelings are those lines that Kenneth and I used often to quote,

“Where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle that my soul may grow.”

The Gables,

Aug. 21st.

This morning Mrs. Dickson put me up one of her famous lunches, and I sallied forth to spend the day at the Druid Circle. Our three days' storm has washed everything clean and bright.

As I walked I saw with pleasure that the rowan berries on the trees that border the road, have turned a bright red, a lovely contrast to the deep blue of the sky. The heather on the high mountains is turning purple now, and adds another attraction to the landscape. I am seated comfort-

ably leaning back against the Druid stones. It almost gives me a shiver to think of all the generations that have come and gazed at these very stones and have now passed on. Very petty and small one's own trouble seems, when one thinks how many feet have trod just that road before.

I can look right down into the Vale of Keswick and beyond into my "Delectable Mountains." I hope no human sacrifices were offered here, even a Druid could not have so desecrated such a spot. They must have had an eye for beauty or they would never have placed their sacred stones where three lovely vales meet. There are some sheep peacefully grazing near me; they and I seem to have the whole world to ourselves. I have grown to love the sheep here in England, no meadow seems complete without them. They always remind me of a poem Kenneth once copied and sent me.

"She walks the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep—

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep,
She feeds them on the fragrant heights,
And folds them in for sleep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right.
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.''

I want to write down here, where all is rest and beauty, the end of my story about Kenneth. He seems very close on this quiet hill-top far from the stress and turmoil of cities, and all my hard feelings about Chu Shien Yo, must of necessity melt from my heart.

Mr. Bruce wrote me, that when the news of Kenneth's death was rumored in the school, a sudden hush fell throughout the buildings and until after the funeral not once was a boy's voice raised in shout or call, and all moved softly through the rooms and halls.

He lay in the chapel with a pall of purple cloth over his coffin and every now and

then a boy would tip-toe in, and look at him and then steal away weeping.

“Never,” wrote Mrs. Bruce, “shall I forget the radiance of his face, surely ‘we beheld his face, as it had been the face of an angel.’ ”

Even a Confucian teacher said, “There must be something in your religion. I have never seen anything so beautiful in a dead Chinaman’s face.”

The whole station were surprised at the love he had won from all the Chinese in the few short years he had been amongst them. At his funeral Protestants and Catholics, Buddhists and Confucianists gathered to do him honor.

The chapel was crowded to its doors; his boys marched in together, one boy bearing in front a cross of violets woven by their own hands, and as they marched they sang the last hymn Kenneth had taught them, “In the Cross of Christ I glory; towering o’er the wrecks of time,” and when they reached the casket they laid the flowers upon it.

The service was short, and the minister most appropriately chose for his text those words from the Psalms, "They looked unto him and were radiant." He continued very simply and earnestly, "Robert Louis Stevenson has truly said, 'A man would rather leave behind him a portrait of his spirit than a portrait of his face. So Jesus Christ must have felt, for we have no likeness of our Saviour's face to which we can go for inspiration, but it is his spirit which inspires our whole life. His spirit has animated noble and unselfish men of every age, and it is His spirit living yet that has prompted this deed of self-sacrifice and love that has thrilled our whole community.' "

He closed with this appeal, "O China! China! our noblest and our best have freely laid down their lives for you, will you do naught in return? Surely you are not your own, but you are bought with a price, and what a price!"

There was a sound of quiet weeping throughout the chapel as he finished, then

the older boys acting as pallbearers, they carried his body in solemn procession to its last resting place, and as they marched they sang, "For all Thy saints who from their labors rest," and when they came to the words,

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold—
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

the boys broke down and could sing no more for tears.

So with none but strangers to do for him, he was laid away to his long rest—no, not strangers, but the Chinese and foreigners he so greatly loved.

IN MEADOWS GREEN

“By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom
unbidden,
By the calm of the river’s flow to a goal that is bidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep founda-
tion,
By the courage of wild birds’ wings on the long migra-
tion,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature’s
breast!)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life and rest.”

Henry Van Dyke.

III

*The Gables,
Threlkeld, Aug. 27th.*

Yesterday, to my surprise and delight, I received a letter from Helen Wilkinson, saying she had decided to pay me a week's visit, and asking me to meet her at Ambleside that forenoon. I swallowed my breakfast far more hastily than any good Fletcherite would approve, dashed at my best speed through the meadow and over the stile to the station, and barely caught the nine forty-five. By the time we reached Keswick I had found my breath and was again forced to hurry for the coach. I "hustled" in the true American fashion that causes so much joy to our English cousins.

Fortunately I was able to procure a box seat beside a most intelligent driver, who knew every stone in the road, and told me numberless anecdotes of Wordsworth and

his friends. They lost nothing in the retelling on our return, for Helen drew him out famously, and her contagious laugh encouraged him to new efforts and was sufficient reward. Still I noticed he was not loath to accept a generous tip at the end.

Our meeting at Ambleside was a glad one, and having an hour to spare Helen insisted on our finding the "stepping stones" and kodaking everything that came our way.

We faithfully followed Baedeker's ever painstaking directions; going down a lane, and across a pasture, and through a gate in a hedge, keeping a sharp lookout for cows the while, and not losing our way more than twice. Apropos of cows, Helen bears a grudge against Baedeker because though he tells of many unimportant obstacles one may meet in a walk, he never mentions whether the meadows are inhabited by cows. She says she is going to put in a plea as soon as she reaches heaven to

be sent to a region where there are cowless pastures.

We finally reached the long desired "stepping stones," and found them a most fascinating method of crossing the stream, though I imagine so much could not be said of them when the water is high. It is a charming place, one that would be irresistible to a nature poet, and though Helen and I cannot claim to be that, we most thoroughly enjoyed it. Helen insisted on perching on a stone and having me kodak her, and in our excitement we both fell into the stream, but it only wet our feet and did not dampen our enthusiasm.

Helen said she was sure if ever spirits returned to their former haunts this was the place the poets must congregate every midsummer evening, and she laughingly called on the shades of Arnold, Harriet Martineau and Wordsworth to join her for a little chat, and professed herself much aggrieved that they did not accept her invitation.

She confided in me that she had left her

parents because her father had made her weep on the graves of all of England's great men that he could discover, and her tears had finally given out so he had sent her away to rest till she could collect more.

I gathered from words that Helen inadvertently let fall that she had refused a most tempting invitation to a house-party in order to come to me, for she feared I was lonely and perhaps moping.

I am so glad to have her. I feel I have been alone long enough and do not want to grow introspective and morbid.

Our drive to Threlkeld in the late afternoon was beautiful, past Dove Cottage, and Grasmere Church, and along the shores of Thirlmere and through lovely St. John's Vale, with the St. John's Parish Church perched high above the road.

On our arrival we found Mrs. Dickson waiting for us all smiles and courtesies, for as she said, any friend of mine was a friend of hers.

Aug. 27th.

This morning we were awakened by a great hubbub in the garden, and we flew to the window and beheld our old and staid Mrs. Dickson dashing around the flower beds after a fleeing cow, which, with tail wildly waving in the air, was trying to escape from our landlady's brandished rake while the little boy who had been driving her seemed determined to send her in another direction. I do not know who was the most frightened, Mrs. Dickson, the cow, or the boy, for Mrs. Dickson trembled for her fuchsias, the cow feared the teeth of the rake, and the boy dreaded a thrashing when he returned home. Helen laughed so hard she had to stuff a handkerchief in her mouth for fear Mrs. Dickson would hear and be offended. Our garden seems to have an affinity for dumb animals, one day a sheep sauntered leisurely in and took a nibble at the grass under the apple trees and was driven out by the watchful shepherd's dog. Yesterday evening a rab-

bit ate Mrs. Dickson's best lettuce she was planning to exhibit at the village contest, and knew would receive a prize. The rabbit was so engrossed with the delicious leaves, she caught him by the ears unawares and brought the culprit in to us. Helen gravely suggested that as the rabbit was such a plump one, Mrs. Dickson exhibit him as a visible sign of the wonders her lettuce had wrought. Of course, Mrs. Dickson lost the point and answered gravely, "You see, my dear, they don't show wild rabbits." Helen remarked to me later, "Well, as far as I can find out, that is the only species of English animal they don't exhibit; they have hens and calves, pigs, and cows, why not give Peter rabbit a chance?"

Mrs. Dickson cannot appreciate Helen's fun, which is too American for her, but nevertheless they are great cronies, and Helen spends much time in long chats, which chiefly consist, Helen affirms, in Mrs. Dickson's holding forth on my virtues. All

I can say in reply is that Mrs. Dickson is a charitable soul, easily deceived.

Aug. 28th.

Threlkeld's great day has arrived, and the whole village is on edge with excitement. Mrs. Dickson has been cooking and preserving for nearly a week, as besides exhibiting every branch of her culinary art she expects Keswick friends to high tea. The house has been swept and garnished, so have we all, I might almost say. The little maid is so stiffly starched she can scarcely bend at the waist, and she has received so many instructions she is in a twitter, but very happy withal, for is not her best young man going to take her to the dance to-night?

This is the day of the Flower Show and besides displaying flowers, cakes, pies and tarts, oat-cake and vegetables, chickens, pigs, and calves are also to compete. The last named animals, let me hasten to ob-

serve, are exhibited in the meadow, and not under the same roof as the oat-cakes.

Even the vegetable marrow is in the contest. No more need be said as to the completeness of the arrangements. As Helen exclaimed, "Just fancy anyone's giving a prize for a vegetable marrow!"

We asked yesterday if we could help in the decorating; they thanked us very heartily, and accepted, but when we reached the hall, I saw there was a very evident dread that we might upset some old-established custom by an American innovation, though any suggestion we made was accepted and acted upon. Not wishing inadvertently to spoil the pleasure of these kind friends, we soon withdrew and had an exhilarating climb up Bleneathra.

We have just been over to the exhibition to have a view of the flowers "and all," and we got much enjoyment out of it, particularly in watching the people who are all so excited to know what particular prize they have won.

They invited us to be judges, but we felt

our knowledge of leeks and onions, oat-cake and pigs was decidedly limited, and we also feared we might be tempted to show favoritism to our mutual friends, so we refused.

Mrs. Dickson came second in the number of prizes she won, of course Mrs. Tyson came first. Helen and I were much amused to see that our landlady got first prize for the aforesaid despised vegetable marrow, so we are sure we will have the eating of it, in the near future. Helen calls it a just retribution.

Jesting aside, these shows seem to be a splendid thing for the village, making the people take a deep interest in their flower and vegetable gardens. I wish our village improvement societies would start such exhibitions, we would have neater dooryards, and prettier villages as a result.

This afternoon there are to be athletic sports, and they have been at great pains to give us good seats. I have been very much touched at the trouble all the neigh-

bors have taken to have us see things thoroughly.

Late this evening as we were about to retire, weary from our unwonted festivities, a knock came at the door, and Mrs. Tyson, our near neighbor, hurried in. She said that one of the quarry men had been killed in an accident, and that "his wife was taking on dreadfully, and no one could quiet her." She looked at me as she spoke, and I asked if she thought I could do anything. Well, she thought I could as I had had trouble myself, and she glanced at my black dress. I hurriedly threw on my things, and we struggled out into a gale. It was a fearful night; after a cloudless day, a storm had suddenly come up, the rain pouring down in torrents and the wind roaring through the valley made holding up an umbrella almost an impossibility. We climbed the steep ascent to the house breathlessly and I had no chance to ask any questions. We came finally to a poor little thatched roof cottage, and not waiting to knock, as we felt a big gust of

wind coming behind us, we walked in. A most pitiful sight met our view, for the room seemed full of little children, some looking frightened, others sobbing, while the mother sat in their midst wailing at the top of her voice. A neighbor was trying to quiet her, but with poor success. I whispered to Mrs. Tyson to take the children into the next room, and I would talk to the mother. At sight of me, she did quiet down a little, but started a low moan that was almost as distressing. I began to talk to her and tell her that I could sympathize with her for I had had trouble too. She shook her head, and I found the only way to help her was to tell her the history of my own sorrow. I soon had her attention as I told her Kenneth's story, though it was like stabbing myself to do it. When I had finished, we were both weeping and my arms were around her, but there was no more wild crying. All the woman said was, "Oh, Miss, only trouble can talk to trouble." I tried to tell the mother as well as I could that our loving Father in Heav-

en would look after her and her bereaved children. She said she feared they would have to be separated, for she only had the cottage, and there were eight little ones. I told her, the children needed her more than ever now their bread-winner was gone, she must not break down but be brave, as she was their only support. The cottage was wretchedly poor, though very clean, and the struggle the poor woman will have, to keep the wolf from the door, is sad to contemplate.

How ashamed I feel for all the doubts and fears I have had in my sheltered life. God has been very gentle to me. When I realize that if it had not been for my sorrow Mrs. Tyson would not have come for me to-night, I begin to perceive the far-seeing plan behind my loss, for as the poor widow so truly said, "Only trouble can talk to trouble."

Aug. 30th.

Surely the people of this village ought to

get first prize for their, charity—I was going to say—but love is a better word. A meeting of town's people was held to-night for the benefit of the quarryman's widow, and twenty pounds were raised. That is a large sum for none of them are rich and most of them have a struggle to make ends meet. The baker promised to supply her with bread for the year for nothing, and the butcher with meat. She tells me that she has two positions offered her for the older children, and she thinks she will be able to keep the family together. I earnestly hope she will, for she is showing a fine, courageous spirit.

This morning Helen has gone over to Brothers' Water with friends for the day, and I have brought my letters and my work to my favorite wood beside the Greta.

In order to reach here I go through the meadow that always reminds me of the Shepherd's Psalm. The pasture is as green as any lawn I have ever seen, and through it flow the quiet waters of a little river,—and as if to complete the picture

there are always sheep grazing under the wide spreading elms.

Among my letters is one from Mr. Bruce. He says, "I am sorry you feel you cannot come to China. I suppose your dread of seeing Chu Shien Yo, is natural. But after all Kenneth loved the boy so much he died for him.

"With Chu Shien Yo's permission I am enclosing some letters he wrote to his father from our school. I have had them translated into English, leaving as far as possible the Chinese phrases, and idioms. I do not need to dwell on them, as they explain themselves.

"If ever you change your mind and come to China, you will find a warm welcoming waiting for you at Feng Ti Fou."

I am eager to read these letters from Chu Shien Yo. I wonder if by any miracle I could grow to like the lad!

THE SCHOOL OF STRENGTH
AND CULTURE

*“Alas,” moaned the ink block, ground down day by
day,
My cloud-circled landscape full soon will be gone,
My former companions, how brilliant and gay,
By sorrow’s white fingers my comeliness worn.

“O fool,” cried the ink slab, “the more thou art
ground,
The more are the gem words by master hand writ,
The sweeter the perfume that floats all around:
By grinding thou ’rt made for thy destiny fit.”

Chinese Poem.

*The Chinese employ India ink and a camel’s hair brush for writing their characters.

IV

The Letters of Chu Shien Yo to His Father

To my honorable father, I, the unworthiest of sons, most humbly write. Greatly I feel his condescension in allowing me to leave his august presence, even for a few months of light and shade. Short as they may be in time, long and dreary seem the hours away, and my heart is as ashes or the rent head of a drum. How can medicine mend it?

I am meekly mindful of the instructions you so thoughtfully gave me when I sadly left my ancient home. My surroundings are strange, the foreigners' ways are different from our own revered customs, but ever as you so benevolently warned me, I remember that, "he who has seen little wonders at much." No look of surprise shall cross my countenance, but this is no merit of mine, is it not you who have so wisely advised me?

Prostrate I wish you golden enjoyment.

Chu Shien Yo.

Feng Ti Fou.

Sept. 7th.

Yesterday I received the word of command at your hand, and hasten, though with faltering pen and feeble expression to obey your request. You so kindly inquire of me concerning my journey.

How can I, a meritless son, fittingly thank you for the interest which you show in my undeserving welfare. Never has father, since the days of the sages, shown deeper solicitude over the progress of his illdeserving offspring. Thanks to your care and the reverence and dread in which your illustrious name is held, our houseboat passed all difficulties with ease. Your name in large letters on our sail seemed a sufficient passport everywhere, and we had no delays except at one likin (custom house) station. There the stupid official had laid chains across the river and refused to remove them until he had searched

the boat. A handful of cash and an upward glance at the sail proved sufficient, however, and we proceeded with flying colors, your hogiis (sailors) laughing and jeering at the fleet of salt boats that had accompanied us thus far, but who were compelled to stop and be inspected. I was forced to join their mirth, and may I be so bold as to say I think even your eminent person would have entered into our enjoyment.

Their delay nearly proved our undoing. This part of the country is much infested with brigands, and that night we had to tie up at a lonely village without the protection of the other boats.

I am free to confess that neither the hogiis (sailors), the soldiers you so thoughtfully sent to guard us, nor your unready son, much liked the looks of the place nor the inhabitants. Even the dogs wore an unusual air of ferocity,—but the wind had died and the spiritless hogiis refused to leave as they had not partaken of their evening opium. At midnight I was awak-

ened by startling sounds outside my window. Listening, I decided it was a large raid of river pirates, and rushing on deck aroused the soldier sleeping at his watch. There was a tremendous racket, shouting, calling, with firing of guns, and the boatman's wife discharged many fire-crackers for our protection, while the soldiers seemed panic-stricken. At first I ran to my cabin as the safest place, being aware that though my life was of so little value it had the honor of belonging to my esteemed father.

Hearing the confusion that ensued, there was nothing for it but for me to take command and see that the soldiers shoot toward the intruders and not toward my insignificant self. Suddenly the din ceased for a moment, the moon came out from an obscuring cloud, and we saw that our supposed antagonists were the fleet of salt boats, which was making the best of a moonlight night to continue its journey.

It was their turn to laugh and jeer, which the vulgarians did with more zest than the

obsequious politeness you would think low born men would show to the princely man. The laughter did not embarrass me for myself, but I felt it as a direct insult to the son of a distinguished father. There was no way, however, to check it, so I retired with what dignity a dull scholar could muster, to my cabin, where the laugh did not penetrate. Hoping my most renowned parent will approve of my course I will hasten to add that the following morning I sent the sleeping soldier to the Yamen for a few stripes as a gentle reminder that, on duty, waking was his pleasure and sleeping his pain.

Aside from these uninteresting incidents our trip was uneventful, and we came in safely to the school of the foreigners. You may be not uninterested to know it bears the felicitous title of the "School of Strength and Culture."

Never would I have ventured to write thus at length, had I not been encouraged, nay commanded, to do so by your gracious pen; knowing full well that many of

China's sons would not be allowed to show their father the disrespect of writing so many words about such an unimportant subject as their own journey.

May everyone be blessed by azure heaven.

Chu Shien Yo,
September 14.

Feng Ti Fou.

I would respectfully state, from the day which I left your honorable presence, imperceptibly the time has slipped away, yet I constantly remember I have been away far too long.

Again you use your sagacious parental authority and ask me to write most fully of my unpretending surroundings.

Was ever such graciousness extended by a noble father to a heedless child? I who possess the poorest and shallowest of talents, always disgrace the seat of learning when in it, but though often unmindful and inattentive I ever pray I may listen to the behests of my parents.

Your eyes would droop in weariness and sleep would soon veil their lustre, should I recount in detail the new and barbarous customs that unroll themselves before me.

Your injunction is ever before me to keep my late ill-starred adventures from the light of day, and see to it that it never reaches the foreign teacher's ears, concerning the boycott I so successfully led against the government school at Sing Chow. I sadly realize that I had not altogether the approval of my revered parents through the occurrence, and yet by indirect sources I heard that you, my father, expressed yourself as gratified that I had the ability (though in reality it was nothing) to engineer it.

It grieves me to state in regard to the boys in this school, they seem to have little of the proper spirit, and admire and fear Shi Sien Sung, their foreign teacher. I have your authority for feeling that I should learn their foreign knowledge, but not their outlandish customs and religion. I suppose it will be necessary to treat the

teachers with some show of respect, indeed they would not allow me to remain otherwise, but it will only veil my inward contempt, and never as some of these Chinese do, will I admire their virtues, or seek to copy them. Surely they are entirely different from those taught in the classics.

All their ways and manners at the school seem strange and foolish to me, but I am learning by observing closely my classmates, and judging all from the Chinese standard of what is best. For instance, they have a stupid idea that it is wrong to tell a lie, and any student who tells one, commits a misdemeanor and gets a demerit. I could not follow any such silly rule, but tried very carefully to explain to Shi Sien Sung, that the sin consisted in the stupidity it showed in being found out.

Now you, yourself, my astute father, know that thanks to your careful instructions I am never caught lying,—though naturally I lie, as all clever Chinese do, many times a day. I have great difficulty in remembering that Shi Sien Sung always

adheres to this rule himself, and says exactly what he means. It caused me endless trouble at first, I must confess. He senselessly contends that it simplifies life. Why should one make life simple, and take away the pleasure of mystifying one's friends as to our motives? To my ignorant imagination, life is a game, the more involved and obscure the moves, the greater the skill of the player and the more glorious the victory.

I feel hardly able to cleanse my shameless face for writing to you these wearisome thoughts.

Shien Yo,
September 21st.

Feng Ti Fou.

I, who possess the poorest and shallowest of talents am asked to describe to your untarnished greatness my daily life. How can I bear so much honor humbly?

You ask of the school and its environment and I hasten to assure you that the buildings are almost worthy my father's

attention. They are constructed in foreign style and of three stories, and are not unimposing with their overhanging tile roofs that give them almost the appearance of a Confucian temple.

They are surrounded by green lawns which the foreigners call a campus, and are situated on the top of a hill which slopes gently down to the river bank. It is one of the stupid rules that the boys should not play there, as the current is swift, and few of the boys know how to swim.

I am sure that the only son of so renowned a father should not be restricted by the rules that hamper ordinary boys, and expressed myself in this manner to Shi Sien Sung. His answer was, "In this school all the boys are born and created equal." I found from one of the older lads that he was quoting one of the favorite classics of his own country. Words would fail a Chinese to express their opinion of such a doctrine, but it is easy to be seen that in this school I shall reap no advantage from your influential position, and

were it not for the high scholarship maintained and the certain chance of passing from here to a government fellowship in a foreign country, I would beg your illustrious permission to leave immediately. I have your most wise words ever in my heart that the future great men of China will have a foreign education, and by fair means or foul, but particularly by your political influence in high places I mean to obtain it. The motto of this institution seems to be, it is necessary to strive to be good, and if possible one can also be great; but to me the wiser one is, It is necessary to be great, and if convenient one should also try to be good.

To return to the buildings I forgot to remark on the vast number of windows they contain, an uncomfortable number we Chinese wisely consider, for it is impossible to hide anything from the sharp eyes of the teacher, and gives endless trouble to the servants as dirt and dust are plainly visible, and these foreigners are truly tiresome about having things sanitary, as they

call it. There are many stringent orders given to the boys against throwing things out of the window or tossing unpalatable morsels or sweetmeats on the floor under the table. They have no dogs in the dining rooms, which is our most labor saving custom, consequently the room has to be swept after each meal, a useless task.

Of the two buildings,—one of them contains dormitory, dining room, library and amusement hall; the other recitation rooms, laboratory, studies and chapel. On entering a classroom you who have been accustomed to the schools of our ancient empire, would be much astonished to see all the boys studying without a sound coming from their lips. Every boy is forced to say the lesson over in his own mind, without using his voice, hence this dreadful and appalling silence. At first I could not think the stillness was so great, and I have been so accustomed in the past to the noise of my class-mates studying in their loudest tones, that at first I could scarcely fix my mind on the lesson.

The reason given for this senseless innovation, is that they are trying to teach the boys to sing, and studying aloud strains their throats. This seems to me a poor subterfuge, it will appear plain to your penetration as it does to my obtuse mind, that the foreigners are trying to break down and make ridiculous China's ancient customs, and it is still another reason to dislike them.

As your representative, though a very poor one, I tried to hint my feelings on the subject to some of the boys, but they are so completely under the influence of Shi Sien Sung they would not listen.

It is easy to see that I shall have to proceed very carefully in combating him, he has a wonderful power over the boys; why, it is hard to say, for is he not a stranger and a barbarian?

I should like to find out his secret for such a gift would be of much service to me in my future career as an official. But who am I to desire it?

Again I have erred most patient and

longsuffering father; what can I do for inflicting on you this most tiresome and spiritless letter.

Chu Shien Yo,
September 29th.

Feng Ti Fou.

Your valued and considerate letter came to me as evening fell, and I hasten to obey your entreaty to recount more fully than I have been able to do in the past concerning my teacher and pursuits.

Shi Sien Sung is far too young according to our Chinese standards of the honorable years becoming to a teacher, and I fear you will consider me the frivolous boy I am when I tell you we like him none the less for his youthfulness.

You ask me of his appearance and bearing, and I can only say he is vastly tall, with broad shoulders, and, as a man of influence should, he wears spectacles. But not those with the heavy shell rims we consider becoming and respectable. In

other regards he looks like all these red-haired barbarians.

Gradually I am growing able to distinguish between them. He has an unusually keen glance, and when one is called before him for some misdemeanor it is difficult to meet his searching look, and tell a lie with that unconscious innocence all clever Chinese try so hard to cultivate.

You will rightly consider it undignified when I inform you Shi Sien Sung is the leader of our sports, and trains us in basket ball, and gymnastic games.

If the boys speak truly he was known as a great athlete not only at his own university, but in all American colleges. One day when two of us were sent up to his room, the other boy pointed out to me silver cups he had won as prizes at athletic contests—a silly custom but one that is universal in America and therefore necessary to learn.

He tells the boys that all work and no play makes us dull, and the stronger our bodies the brighter our minds. If by any chance he is correct, and I think it has the

sound of sense, I have determined to become proficient in games as well as in lessons.

The boys elected me captain of our class team, and I am ashamed to own that such a trivial pursuit gives me the keenest enjoyment.

Secretly I tried in various ways to persuade the boys to make me captain of the school team, but they would not take the sweetmeats and cash I offered them and said it was not right to bribe. Shi Sien Sung's silly straightforwardness has influenced them, and he has complete ascendancy in the school.

I am quietly trying to win some of the younger boys over to my side, thanks to your generosity I am not short of means; but a word from the teacher will undo a week of my most painstaking efforts.

I fear this description of my preceptor is wholly inadequate, but in writing as in all other things my wings are not yet grown—how can I presume to rise to the clouds?

I humbly send this, wishing you rising
or sitting abundant delight.

Chu Shien Yo,

October 12.

Feng Ti Fou.

LOSING HIMSELF TO SAVE
HIMSELF

“I had walked life’s path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led,
And then it chanced in a quiet place
I met my Master face to face.

“With station and rank and wealth for a goal
Much thought for the body and none for the soul
I had entered to win in life’s mad race
When I met my Saviour face to face.

“I had built my castles and reared them high,
With their towers had pierced the blue of the sky
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace
When I met my Saviour face to face.

“I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see,
That eyes full of sorrow were fixed on me
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While all my castles vanished away.

“Melted and vanished and in their place,
I saw naught else but my Master’s face
And I cried aloud, ‘O make me meet
To follow the marks of Thy tired feet.’

“My thought is now for the souls of men,
I have lost my life to find it again,
E’er since alone in a quiet place
My Master and I stood face to face.”

Samuel T. Carter, Junior.

V

Your too flattering letter brought me exaltation of spirit, but while I am away at peace, it is unnecessary for you to be anxious concerning me.

As far as my lazy disposition allows I have tried to truly picture my daily employment.

To-day is the foreigners holy day, in which they stop their regular pursuits and spend their time in deeds of devotions and study of their religious books.

Of course it was all absolutely incomprehensible to me, so I purchased their book of "Glad Tidings" to discover, if possible, why they were so fanatical in teaching others about their God in Heaven. As far as I can gather from this life of their Jesus Christ, he was a wonderful character, and his teachings are even more beautiful than those of Confucius, but absolutely impracticable for a man who has any ambition to lead an official career.

Christianity is certainly not the religion for me; how could I disappoint my generous and gifted father by such a course?

Unfortunately for us, the foreigners are quite particular that the school should observe their Sabbath too. Every Saturday night they insist that each school boy takes an unnecessarily thorough bath, has his queue neatly plaited and on Sunday morning he must don his cleanest and best coat.

We all arise at half past six, going to the dining room at seven. After the teacher has asked a blessing from the God of Heaven upon the food, we have our breakfast.

This blessing or grace is not said like a Buddhist incantation. Shi Sien Sung really seems to desire the things he prays for, and woe betide the lad who laughs or nudges a companion during their prayers.

The foreigners may seem rude and unceremonious at times, but when in their places of worship or at their devotions, they require a respectfulness of demeanor that we assume in the presence of his Im-

perial Majesty. They never allow dirt or dust to collect in their churches, such as one finds around Buddhist temples; neither are the Chinese permitted to have theatricals in them,—they are horrified at the suggestion.

Do not think, most sagacious parent, I uphold these barbarians in this, and never would I confess to them I have noticed the difference, but I must admit their supreme Deity seems to them an actual living presence, and they really consider He knows and weighs and compares all our sins and faults—a most uncomfortable idea if he has as high standards of morality as they claim. I was trying, however, in a most inadequate manner to describe a Sunday to your noble comprehension. The school boys walk to church, and sit together, in order to lead the congregation in singing and in the responses. Their worship is not uninteresting for they sing a great deal, and instead of the priest taking the whole service the people are permitted to participate. I confess I enjoy the singing and

poor as you know it is, my voice has received the commendation of the teacher. Occasionally, therefore, I am allowed to sing what they call a solo. That means alone, and is a great honor, but I try to do it with due modesty.

This morning Shi Sien Sung preached. I am always glad to hear him for he uses many stories to illustrate his points, and though what he says is of course impossible, it is good reasoning. What these strange people call preaching is, when the priest or minister stands on the platform, takes a text from their scripture and explains its meaning.

Shi Sien Sung talked this morning on the words, "He gave His life for me, and I must live my life for Him." He then proceeded to tell how their Christ, whom they claim is the Son of Eternal God, came down to earth to show us the way to His Father and how wicked men killed Him, and as Christ came to earth to live and die for us, so should we, moved by all He has done for us, live our life for Him. I have

tried to look up this text in their Bible, but cannot find the verse. Of course it is absolutely impossible for any Chinese to think of such an idea for a single minute. The self-denial and sacrifice it would entail, makes the suggestion absurd to anyone with ambition.

I listened for a while to what he had to say, but, as unfortunately goodness in others, always makes one uncomfortable, I stopped heeding before the end, and wrote notes to the boy next me with the aid of a foreign pencil. The boy appeared to want to listen and nudged me to keep quiet, so I was forced to amuse myself by doing mental arithmetic. By this means I soon changed my line of thought, but I wish Shi Sien Sung's text would not remain in my mind. "He gave His life for me, and I must live my life for Him." Why there's no compulsion about it. Fortunately most noble father, they teach us here that we have free will, and we can choose for ourselves.

On our return from this tiresome serv-

ice some of the idle neighbors were on the street and began to call after us "foreign devils." Did your polite ears ever hear of such insults to an official's son? I could not and would not brook it, so this afternoon, a friend and I ran away, though against the rules, and went down to these unruly people. My friend gave them your honorable name and distinguished titles, and said that you would not soon forget this insult to your dignity. I, for my part, told them some uncomplimentary things about their ancestors and also reviled them by telling them they had forgotten all the eight virtues. The change in their attitude was laughable; they fell on their knees and begged me to forgive them, I was an honorable son of a most honorable father, etc., etc. I shall have no more trouble from the rabble of this city. Fortunately news travels fast in a Chinese street.

To-night Shi Sien Sung invited me to his evening meal. Time and space fail me to describe the strangeness of that strange repast. Only consider they use knives and

forks to cut their food, instead of having it so tenderly cooked that the mannerly chopsticks suffice! Shi Sien Sung seems very tired and has malaria. In fact he constantly put his hand to his head as if in pain. After the meal a man came in to say he and his children were destitute, after a fire, and would Shi Sien Sung not come and help them? He immediately arose and was gone for two hours. He came back looking utterly spent, so I, of course, was forced to leave. In the compound I met the lazy beggar who had so outrageously tired him, and I asked the man what he thought of Shi Sien Sung. His whole face lit up, and he said, "I could die for him." What is it in this man, inspires such love? I do not see.

Wishing both my parents to have all the support of heavenly peace.

Chu Shien Yo,

Nov. 1st.

Feng Ti Fou.

Since I left you the chrysanthemums

have bloomed and faded and I fear you will consider me unmindful of my father. Your reproof that my Chinese style is being changed for a foreign one, is well merited and is fully realized by me, but as I have to write many essays after the barbarian manner, it is difficult to avoid it. However, my heart and feelings ever remain Chinese and are not tainted as you fear, with foreign doctrine. In fact we have to be too monotonously good in this institution, even gambling is forbidden, and I can well imagine how your virtuous self would rebel at the restraint, if day by day you were compelled to forego your favorite pastimes. Several of us boys have attempted a quiet game of fan tan on various occasions, but unfortunately we have always been discovered and punishment ensued. Of course one does not mind the rebuke, but the losing of face is galling.

The boy I admire most in the school because of his attainments, standing as he does at the head in studies and athletics, is, alas, incurruptible. I should like to

have him as my most intimate friend, as he is very popular, but his idea of honor does not at all agree with mine, and how can one have as the friend of one's bosom a boy who will not enter into all sorts of Chinese sport, such as cock fighting and gambling. He has written over his bed, in English and Chinese, "Can you not conquer yourself?" I imagine he does not find it at all easy to live well. If it is hard for him what would it be for your meritless son?

I try in all my pranks to plan the mischief and let others carry it out, and in this way I run less risk of being caught. In our recitation room I humbly sit in the last row of desks, and yesterday when the Chinese teacher was absent from the room for a minute I whispered to my neighbor, who is always ready for a frolic, that it would be a good idea to fasten the queues of the boys in the front row to the back of their seats. The game surpassed our wildest expectations. When the teacher returned he was accompanied by the Shien (chief

magistrate). Of course, after the polite Chinese custom, all the boys arose and bowed very low with their hands clasped; but alas for the boys in the front row, they were covered with confusion when the seats in which they had been sitting, rose in the air after them. It was with the greatest difficulty we kept our countenances, but not a smile passed over our faces, though the Shien was amused, and the teacher looked as though he would like to sink through the floor. Fortunately for your lazy offspring, suspicion that might have perchance fallen on his dull head was entirely diverted by the honors the official showered on my unpretending person. It seems upon hearing that my illustrious father had a son in the school he had determined to place his son there also. At first I was delighted, thinking I had found a companion after my own heart, but I find he is low and stupid. His idea of a joke seems to be torturing animals. I used to consider that amusing too, but since being taught that the dumb creatures have feel-

ings and nerves like ourselves, I have rather changed my attitude in that regard. The look of disgust and horror and contempt Shi Sien Sung cast on my undeserving form one day when he found me torturing a rat, made me resolve never to do so again.

There is not a day in which my heart will not glance toward your place.

Chu Shien Yo,

Dec. 1st.

Feng Ti Fou.

Though far from your august presence, my mind ever turns towards you. Since my last letter I have been trying, though poorly, to concentrate my mind on my lessons and very undeservedly my marks have been second in the school. I will not mention deportment. Some day I hope to be able to enter into the autumn gate (graduate).

The last week has been the most eventful of the school year, for we have given our Christmas festival.

Christmas, as you doubtless know, is the day that the foreigners celebrate as the birthday of their Christ, and there is feasting, exchanging of presents and general rejoicing, after the manner of our Chinese New Year. I am sending you a book of their gospels which gives an account of Christ's birth, and will explain to you the meaning of what I am writing. Every year the School of Strength and Culture gives an evening entertainment which demonstrates to the people the significance of the day. Of course I expected the boys to choose me as the leader of this entertainment, and I gave the younger boys presents and promises to this end, hinting to them that on account of your honorable position it would be an insult to you to choose another. I had spent a good deal of spare cash very quietly, and was on the verge of winning the whole class to my side, when unfortunately the teachers got wind of it and gave me a very inferior place. I threatened to return home immediately, but as I found they did not seem moved

by my words but simply looked relieved, I resolved to remain. Shi Sien Sung gave me a severe talking to and told me that it grieved him that I should waste my time and abilities in trying to lead others in wrong doing, when I might be such a strong influence for good in the school. I confess to you, though not to him, I really felt ashamed and am resolved to mend my ways.

The evening of the entertainment was a fine, clear night, the large Chinese guest-room, and court were gaily decked with flags, lanterns and Christmas greens, and the doors between the guest-room and the court were swung wide open in order to make room for the audience.

Tickets were greatly sought after by people of the town, and the first official, was to be given the place of honor.

We boys were of course deeply excited and kept peeping from behind the scenes to watch the curious crowd. The flags and greens and shadowy court and guest-room lighted by lanterns that throw out an un-

certain light, made all look mysterious and picturesque, while the eager faces of our expectant friends were most interesting to behold.

At length Shi Sien Sung went to the piano and played a hymn. Keeping absolute time to the warlike strains, we boys marched in, bearing banners and singing,

“Fling out the banner, let it float
Skyward and seaward, far and wide
The sun that lights its shining folds
The cross on which the Saviour died.”

We marched several times around the platform waving our flags and always singing, and then retired. It is a thrilling song and we all felt like soldiers inspired to fight for our country or some good cause.

In the next scene three boys appeared dressed as Oriental kings, with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands. One of the boys then recited the verses from the foreigner's book of Glad Tidings, “Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king,

there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.’’

After this three more boys clothed as shepherds followed them, they had little lambs in their arms and with the shepherd crooks in their hands, they looked as though they had just come from watching the sheep on one of our neighboring hills. I could almost close my eyes and think myself back those many hundred years to that night when Christ was born, and suddenly I remembered the same stars looked down on Him that were shining on us now. Can it be true he really came? If we only knew? You will shrewdly say a boy with an official career before him has no right to tamper with such thoughts.

After the boys had finished their recitations about the angels, the remainder of the school in another room sang:

“When shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
An angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.”

The last scene of all was now acted, when

each boy in the school entered carrying lighted lanterns. We had taken particular care in choosing the most beautiful colors for our lanterns, and they threw a soft light around us as we marched. The first lad's lantern was in the form of a cross, and so we all followed the cross singing softly,

“The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The light of the world is Jesus.
Like sunshine at noonday his glory shone in
The light of the world is Jesus.

O, come to the light, it is shining for thee,
Sweetly the light has dawned upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see,
The light of the world is Jesus.”

and when we came to the words “The Light of the world is Jesus,” we lifted our lanterns in unison and swung them on high.

After this there was a distribution of gifts to the boys' and the girls' schools, from a fir tree decorated with candles.

When all was over there was a cry of fire and a boy rushed in, his clothing in flames, a wild shriek went up from the

crowd and they rushed madly for the door. It looked as if the people would trample the weaker ones to death. Shi Sien Sung did not lose his self-control a moment, he called commandingly to the crowd to sit still, and then rushing to the boy threw his own heavy foreign overcoat around him, flung him on the ground and rolled him in it. Fortunately the flames were soon extinguished. The crowd at first doubted his motive and were preparing to rush him off his feet and do him bodily injury, but in a minute he had the boy up, the flames out. Then they praised his promptness and coolness, and we were all forced to admire his courage.

Again I have trespassed on your time far beyond any hopes of forgiveness, and yet you have encouraged me to it by your too great leniency in the past.

Chu Shien Yo,
January 30th.

Feng Ti Fou.

Can I ever show my shamed face again

to my revered and longsuffering parent. Two whole months have elapsed since I have written of my insignificant wellbeing. When I recount, however, the occurrences of the last few weeks you will perchance forgive me my discourtesy.

Six weeks or more ago as these foreigners account time, I grew weary of school restrictions and rules and desired forbidden pleasures. I had for some days been trying hard to please Shi Sien Sung, and it may be the effort wearied me, but I must not seek to excuse myself for my wrongdoing. Another smaller boy and myself stole out from the school and came down to the bank of the river, a thing contrary to all laws.

We ran happily around on the shore for a while and then I suggested we amuse ourselves by jumping from house-boat to house-boat moored along the banks. At first he demurred, but when I called him coward he consented and away I sprang, he following me. In jumping from one boat to another my foot slipped and I fell

in. The current was very swift, as the water was high, and I immediately sank. I shall never forget the horror of that minute, every event of my life, and all my misdeeds came before my eyes and I knew I was not fit to see the God of Heaven. I cried out in my terror and so did my companion, and then I heard an answering shout and saw someone running toward me whom I recognized as Shi Sien Sung. Then I sank again and knew no more until I found myself on my own little bed with the doctor bending over me.

His face was very grave and bore a look of grief I could not understand. At first I thought I was going to die, but he said, though I was very ill I would pull through. I found I had been unconscious all night and this was the day after my accident. Suddenly I thought of my teacher and I said, "Did Shi Sien Sung save me?" The doctor nodded assent, but did not speak. "Where is he?" I asked. "I want to thank him." But the doctor only shook

his head and said, "He cannot come to you."

I was so weak I dozed off and awakened a little bit later to hear two boys whispering in the hall. One said, "Can I believe it is our master who is really dead?" and the other said, "Yes, he died to save Chu Shien Yo," then they passed on and left me, and suddenly I knew what it meant. Shi Sien Sung had died that I might live; he had laid down his valuable life, full of high ideals and ambitions, to save one whose highest thought was to serve himself. Did anyone ever hear of such a sacrifice?

I turned my face to the wall and wished I had died too. Everyone was very kind to me, but it was almost more than I could bear to see their grief-stricken faces.

They said I was too ill to attend his funeral and do him that last honor. I found out that he lay in state in the chapel, and that night when all were asleep I arose and crept softly to have a last look at his dear face.

He lay so peacefully with the moonlight streaming over him that he might have been asleep, but there was radiancy about him that was never seen on earthly visage. And as I gazed at him his lips seemed almost to move and his voice to say in my ears, "I gave my life for you and you must live my life for me."

Suddenly the realization of what that verse meant came over me, I knew that this was the way for me to spend my life.

Honored father, I have been very ill, and in my time of weakness I have had many thoughts, and my determination is to try and live for China as he would have lived, with his God to strengthen me. It is hard for me to write this, knowing as I do how it will shatter all your plans for my future, but whenever I look in that direction his words ring in my ears, "I gave my life for you, and you must live your life for me." May the true God of Heaven be with you.

Chu Shien Yo,

Feng Ti Fou.

April 2d.

Can it be true that this is the last letter I shall ever send to the father of my youth? Words are poor substitutes to tell the love I bear you, and to disobey you is my heart's deepest grief. You say if I pursue the course of becoming a Christian minister I am no longer a son of yours.

It is with tears and anguish I resign our most honorable name, but most revered father I cannot be disobedient to the heavenly vision.

May the God of peace show you the way of peace.

Chu Shien Yo,
May 1st.

Feng Ti Fou.

HER ANGELUS

“For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings
Hast given us joys tender and true
Yet all with wings
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things.”

Adelaide Proctor.

VI.

Threlkeld,

Aug. 30th.

My first thought on finishing these beautiful letters was one of deep thanksgiving, forgetful of time and place I can only feel the infinite love around me.

Now on looking up I find the shadows lengthening in the valley, and remember I must have been here for hours, hours that seem like years the change they have wrought is so momentous. No longer is there any bitterness in my heart against Chu Shien Yo.

Here by the river Greta, beside His still waters, and in His deep wood of firs that point ever upward into the ineffable blue, I give myself anew to Him who calls me so tenderly to His work over the distant seas.

As I glance instinctively up to where the summit of Bleucathra pierces the summer sky, that wonderful mountain undaunted

and unconquered by autumn gales and winter storms suddenly reveals to me her secret, as I realize that her beauty of form and rugged strength are the result of these same storms and gales most gallantly born.

Reverently I bow my head and say,
Where'er the prizes go
Grant me the struggle that my soul may grow.

A little bird on an overhanging bough
has just burst into an even song of praise.

The End.





