

These Forty Years

A Short History
of the
China Inland Mission

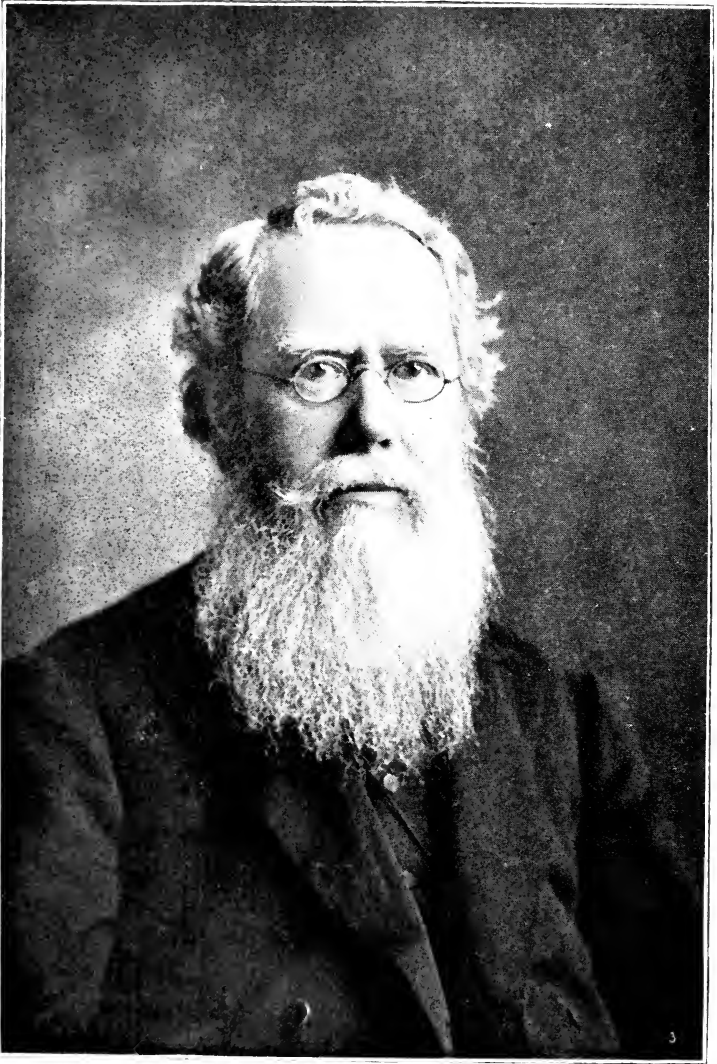


F. Howard Caylor

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THESE FORTY YEARS



REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

Frontispiece

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A SHORT HISTORY

OF THE

CHINA INLAND MISSION

BY

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CHINA INLAND MISSION

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TO THE
NORTH AMERICAN MEMBERS AND FRIENDS
OF THE
CHINA INLAND MISSION
IN MEMORY OF
GREAT KINDNESS

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PREFACE.

“REMEMBER”—“forget not,” said the Lord to Israel, “all the way which Jehovah thy God hath led thee, these forty years.”

It is just forty years now since the earliest beginnings of the China Inland Mission. The summer of 1862 saw the first answer to Mr. Hudson Taylor’s prayer for five missionaries, for Ning-po and the work he had left behind two years before, when invalided home.

He was sure that God would call and send them, in answer to believing prayer. He was equally sure that God would remember and keep them, far away upon the field. And he was not disappointed.

That prayer answered, he went on to ask for more, in 1865, and to attempt larger things for God. So, praying and believing, the work has grown and extended “these forty years,” until now the C. I. M. numbers eight hundred missionaries and eight hundred native helpers, carrying on settled work at three hundred stations and out-stations, in fifteen of the eighteen provinces. And through God’s blessing upon the work, from the beginning, more than twenty-five thousand souls have been brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. And if the service involves sacrifice, and even suffering—

when the eternal welfare of untold multitudes is at stake—is it not worth while? Besides, “doth Job serve God for naught?”

The members of the Mission, drawn from many lands and from all the leading evangelical denominations, are supported, month by month, by funds that come in through the mail, without collection or appeal. And so unfailing has been the gracious provision of God, that the Mission has never been in debt, though funds are very rarely in hand before they are actually needed. God’s clocks keep perfect time.

May the story of what God has wrought through this Mission, in answer to prayer, be an encouragement to those who may read it. And may we learn to trust Him in all things, no matter how great or how small. “He is faithful that promised.” “Able also to perform.”

PART I.
IN OUTLINE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

UNDER a profound conviction that the evangelization of China was God's purpose,—that God wished its people, and all people, to hear about the Lord Jesus,—the China Inland Mission was organized in 1865. At that time inland China was as dark as night. Not a ray of the coming dawn was to be seen, save on the eastern coast line and in one or two places on the lower reaches of the Yang-tse.

Not only so, but China was practically closed. To go inland, even a short distance, involved great hardship and peril, and was liable to end in arrest and disgrace. Many who knew very well, and cared not a little, said, "It cannot be done."

But God the Son had said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," and what God commands is always possible, because God can do it.

And God did it. It cost a great deal to His servants who went. It was never meant to be otherwise. It cost Himself much to save the world, potentially. Redemption is costly at every stage. The pioneers of inland China counted the cost, and gave it gladly. The result we all know, at any rate in

part. Through their labors and the work of the missionary army which has joined hands in the work, from many lands and under many Boards, day is already dawning in China.

The day-dawn has been overcast by a terrific storm, it is true. But the world is forming its own opinion as to whether this has been due to the peaceful preaching and practical proving of the Gospel of love and good-will or to rapacious foreign aggression. We know which would be most likely to stir up trouble here at home!

Already the clouds have lifted; the workers have returned to their stations, many of which are several months' journey up country. May we not hope, must we not pray, that these things may be caused to turn out "rather to the furtherance of the Gospel" by Him Who "worketh all things according to the good pleasure of His will?" God reigneth; His shall be the victory.

In one brief generation, "What hath God wrought!" Then, not a soul enlightened in all the vast territory of inland China. Now, hundreds of churches dotted all over the country, from the Great Wall on the north to the borders of Ton-kin, from Nankin away west to Thibet. Then, in 1865, less than three thousand Protestant Christians all told, including Chinese colonists down in the Malay peninsula. Now, including believers not yet baptized and the children of Christian families, not fewer than a quarter of a million, in China alone.

The dawn has come. May we not confidently expect, and pray and work for the Coming Day?

* * * * *

An appreciative newspaper report of a missionary meeting ended as follows: "The venerable speaker concluded a long and most interesting address by stating that the members of this Mission were dependent upon chance providences for a scanty subsistence." The venerable speaker was the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, and the mission was the China Inland Mission.

True, the Mission has no income but that which comes in answer to prayer; but it does not come by chance! True, the work only costs a little more than three hundred and fifty dollars a worker per annum, including the considerable extra expense of furlough, and it is run on economical lines; but—ask a C. I. M. member if God's provision is scanty, and see what he will say!

I suppose that its missionaries calculate, if He withholds "no good thing from them that walk uprightly," they are all right. That is, if they are walking uprightly; and if they are not, and good things are withheld, the sooner they get right the better.

This calculation has worked well for thirty-seven years, ever since the work was started. The Mission has never been a penny in debt. Some of its workers have occasionally been short, for a brief testing time, but never have had to go without a meal. All their

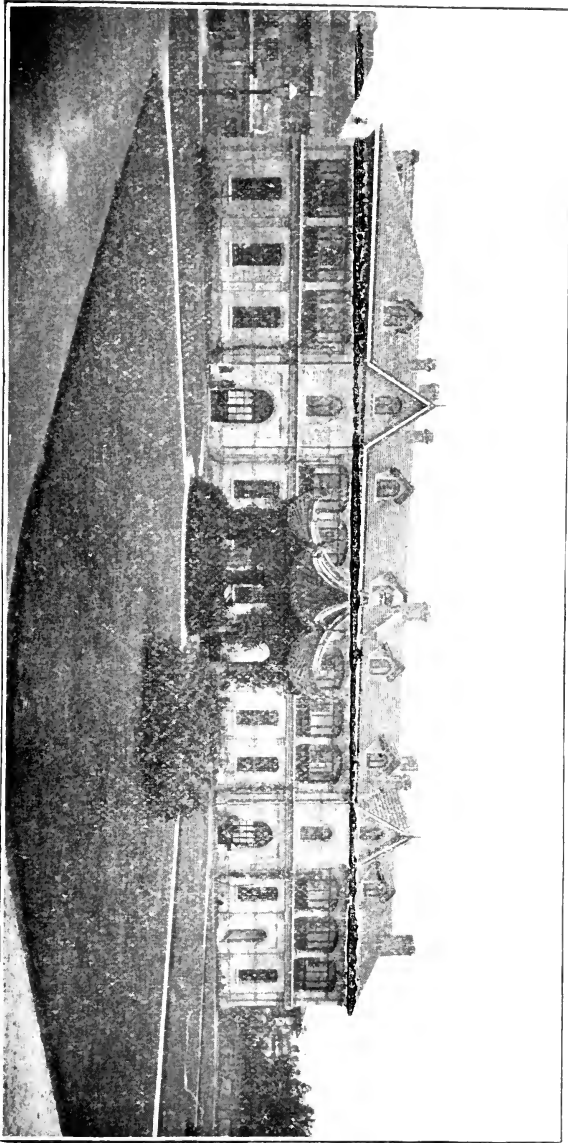
needs and most of their wants have been met with a bountiful hand.

A suitable candidate has never been refused for lack of funds. If the funds have been lacking, he has simply been accepted and invited to join in asking God to send him out; and the money has been sent, and the man has gone, and has perhaps been none the worse for having prayed himself into the work.

Furloughs are sometimes a difficulty. But when funds are needed to send workers home an appeal is made for money to Him to Whom it all belongs, so He says. And He sends it.

Ever since the work began its history has been one of extension. There has never been a retrenchment from shortness of supplies. God has supplied all the need. Is that strange? At long intervals consolidation rather than expansion has been dictated by the Great Treasurer, by His sending only what was sufficient for existing needs. For instance, He did so during the year or two before the recent troubles. We know why, now. What use to open new stations for the Boxers to close, too soon for the infant churches to stand alone?

It seems to work well—trusting in God to fulfill His promises. The members of the China Inland Mission have not found living by faith in God the same thing as depending “on chance providences for a scanty subsistence!”



PART OF THE SHANGHAI HEADQUARTERS, WHICH FACE THREE SIDES OF THE QUADRANGLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION—AN OUTLINE SKETCH.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION is an association of missionaries which was suggested and founded in 1865 by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, with the avowed hope and purpose of commencing the evangelization of the entirely untouched interior of China.

By the blessing of God it has succeeded in its original aim beyond the hopes of its founder, and now numbers over eight hundred missionaries, from many lands and from all the leading evangelical denominations, together with an equal number of native helpers. Its members are working in all of the eleven provinces of the interior, which were without the Gospel in 1865; it has settled stations and many established churches in ten, and has done itinerant work in the eleventh; it has also many stations in inland districts of provinces on the coast. In all, there are missionaries in one hundred and sixty stations, and an equal number of out-stations in charge of native helpers.

The way God has dealt with the Mission in the matter of funds has been remarkable and very gracious, and has not only strengthened the faith of its own members, but of many other workers in all parts of the world. When the work was being in-

augurated it was felt to be of great importance, and was a matter of constant concern to Mr. Taylor and his friends, that the new mission should not interfere in any way with existing missionary work. It was determined never to take up collections, lest the contributions of the churches to their own Boards should be diminished, and this decision was come to the more readily, because it was realized that God could just as easily provide in other ways. If God wished this work to be done, and they obeyed His command and set about it, He would be sure to look after His side of the contract! Were they not *promised*, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you?"

As a matter of fact, all these years every need of the work, large or small, has been met as it has arisen, by moneys sent in unasked—usually through the post—in answer to prayer. "He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself."

It was manifest that if no human means were used to collect funds, no collections taken and no appeals sent out, the work could go on only so long as it had God's approval. And herein was at once its weakness and its strength. It was profoundly important, obviously, to have the right workers, men and women of faith and spiritual power, with a single eye to God's glory. It was essential that the work should be done in Scriptural ways, following faithfully the lines laid down by the Holy Spirit. If work which

had not God's approval were started, or if the workers were out of touch with Him, or unscriptural plans were adopted, woe betide the China Inland Mission!

It was easy to see also that as the Mission had no endowment or settled income, and God has told us to "owe no man anything," it was impossible for the missionaries to be promised a settled salary. Every worker must go out in simple, direct dependence upon God Himself for everything, not only without salary, but without guarantee even of food and clothing, save indeed the absolute guarantee of God's word, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." They mean to walk uprightly, and God's honor is at stake. Need it be added that their every need is met?

Taking the Mission as a whole, the ordinary expense per worker will perhaps be two hundred dollars a year for personal use, and another hundred dollars for share of house-rents, cost of long journeys, and a variety of other expenses (met by the Mission on a sort of coöperative plan), in all about three hundred dollars a year is the usual expense of a single missionary, besides another seventy-five dollars a year, on an average, toward the heavy extra expense of furlough. The missionary cannot live at home as cheaply as in China, and the voyage to and fro is a heavy additional item.

As to the workers chosen, not only must they be men and women of faith, they must also be soul-win-

ners. A sea voyage will not make a missionary of anyone. Spiritual qualifications are of course of higher importance than university training, and while a large number of the workers have been through college, many have only had a good general education. God often uses such, at home; if they are suitable in other ways, why should they not be similarly blessed among the ignorant heathen?—ignorant as judged by Western standards. The worker will need a thorough Chinese education in any case, or he will be counted ignorant by the educated, and soon by the uneducated people among whom he goes to work, and whose respect is of such paramount importance if he would win them for the Master. It will not be supposed, however, that all, or nearly all who offer themselves are accepted. In 1887, for instance, when earnest prayer was going up to God for one hundred new missionaries within the year, reinforcements that were urgently needed, there were over six hundred candidates, about eighty-four per cent. of whom were advised either to wait or to seek some other sphere of service. Those who do go are picked men and women. Health, age, character, temperament, experience, knowledge of the Bible, the equipment of the Spirit, all are taken into account. And above all, God is asked and is expected to guide in every case.

It is sometimes said that the China Inland Mission is undenominational. This is not strictly correct. The members do not undenominationalize them-

selves. They remain, with rare exceptions, just what they were. It is inter-denominational, and has room for every suitable worker who is sound in the Faith, irrespective of minor differences in creed. And in China, each member is free to work with those of his own way of thinking; and, as regards church organization, in whatever way he believes to be Scriptural and wise. Care is taken, of course, to avoid confusing the Christians by changes of denominational teaching, and neighboring stations are usually similar in method for the same reason. Here a district as large as England is worked by Churchmen, under their own Bishop (who is also a member of the Mission); there half a province is worked by Presbyterians; Yun-nan has mostly Methodist workers; another district is wholly Baptist, and so on. On the other hand, in some provinces the missionaries work together, on very primitive, Acts-of-the-Apostles lines, scarcely knowing, or not knowing at all, what the others think on denominational matters. These differences loom large at home, but when two or three isolated believers are surrounded by multitudes of heathen, perhaps hostile heathen, it seems better to agree to differ, and differing to agree.

The fundamental doctrines of Scripture: That Jesus is the Son of God; that the saved are saved through faith in Him; that the lost *are* lost because they sin against the light they have; that the Bible is the inspired, authoritative Word of God—these are essential, of course. It is no use to send men out to

teach a human Gospel that has neither divine authority nor power. In China they have enough of human doctrines already. What they need is God's Truth and God's Spirit.

The entire superintendence of the work *on the field* is another feature of the Mission. A Council of experienced missionaries, presided over by Mr. Taylor, or in his absence by the China Director, guide the work on the spot, and all minor matters are referred, as far as possible, to the Provincial Superintendents, who are *ex-officio* members of the Council. Long and varied experience among the people, and thorough knowledge of local conditions can be brought to bear on all important questions, and, after prayerful consideration, decisive action can be taken without delay, which is often of profound importance both to the workers and the work.

As to missionary methods, "all things to all men," "that I might gain the more" is the guiding principle. The members wear the native dress and live in native houses. Many eat, with chopsticks instead of knife and fork, the native food, but this last is optional. In dress, in language, in deportment, in the minor courtesies of life, it is easy to follow, as far as may be, what the people respect in their educated fellow-countrymen. And it pays.

Itineration first, then stations in the more important cities as the way opens up, and then out-stations, with a presiding elder or native evangelist, is the usual order of procedure.

It is very important, and this can hardly be too much emphasized, to spend as little money as possible in a new station. As a general rule, large buildings in a new station, or even considerable personal expenditure, means a small and unsatisfactory church. The richer the missionary and the mission seems, the more surely does he become surrounded by unworthy men who come merely for what they can gain. True inquirers are often literally unable to break through such a circle. And pitifully disheartening work it is in such a case. Self-sacrifice purchased our pardon. And, in soul-saving work, self-sacrifice is God's way still. "He humbled Himself." So may we.

Prayer, of course, is the backbone of all the work, as of every Christian enterprise. A weekly prayer-meeting has been held in London, where the work commenced, regularly for thirty-seven years; a daily prayer-meeting is held at the headquarters in England, America, Australia and China, and at the scattered stations it is the rule, to which there are few if any exceptions, to remember every member of the Mission at the daily prayer-meetings at least once a week by name. Every need, not only of the Mission as a whole, but also of each individual member, is *met* in answer to prayer.

With all its faults—and it has many; may the Master enable it to see them clearly and to put them right—God is in it. God's command started it. God's provision has kept it going without ever in-

curing debt. God's power has opened inland China partly through its means. And God's presence has enabled the workers to face overwhelming difficulties, to endure hardness, and by love to conquer opposition, and even in some cases to win the martyr's crown. Untold multitudes have heard the Gospel and many thousands have been "added to the Lord." And at last there are signs that, through many Missions, the Truth is slowly beginning to influence the country as a whole. The way of the cross is again proving the way to victory. All glory to God!

CHAPTER III.

THE NEED FOR THE MISSION.

THE present condition of China after nearly four thousand years of more or less settled national existence is a remarkable illustration of the insufficiency of mere education, civilization and high moral teaching to regenerate a people, without the re-creating power and life-giving presence of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

Civilized, very highly civilized as things went then, three thousand years ago, they have enjoyed the fruits of civilization, of settled government, of good laws—among the best, perhaps, that are not based directly or indirectly on the Bible—and of a very considerable degree of culture ever since, and yet the average life of the average Chinaman to-day is dark, degraded, and wicked to a deplorable degree.

Educated, as a people, more generally perhaps than any other great heathen nation, with a system of education based upon the Confucian classics, that date back in their present form to five hundred years before the birth of our Lord, they are yet, compared with Christian countries, ignorant, superstitious, credulous, priest-ridden, almost beyond belief.

Influenced, dominated mentally, by a moral code so high that it has never been equaled, save by the

direct revelation from God, they are yet to-day so immoral that Paul's description of heathendom in his time, in Romans I—that most awful description of godless peoples—applies without the alteration of a word to China as it is at the dawn of the twentieth century.

So utterly impotent are civilization, education and ethics alone, to elevate a people, even with the opportunity of millenniums.

We learn something in Genesis of the malignity of the devil, in the sad and but too true story of the fall; we read more in Job of his remorseless cruelty; we gather something of his awful power over the lost, the living lost, in the Gospel narratives, attested by our Lord Himself, of demon-tormented men and women and even children! We see in the story of the temptation his unabashed audacity in the presence of the very Son of God.

And one sees in China, with one's own eyes, in a few years' residence up country, proofs, quite as vivid and quite as awful, of the same malevolent ingenuity, proofs not in individual cases only, though these are constantly before one, but in the Chinese as a people, in their customs and beliefs and fears, in their dark, superstitious lives and in the terrible agony of terror so sadly common in a heathen's death.

If ever an individual needed saving the Chinaman does. And if ever *a people* needed the uplifting, ennobling, emancipating power of Jesus Christ, surely

the dark, degraded, godless people of China need it to-day.

So much, very briefly, for the degree of the need; now let us look for a moment at its magnitude.

We can form some idea of what it would mean for the reader or the writer, instead of being a child of God, to be in the dread power of the enemy of souls, such, doctrinally and actually, is the state of each individual unsaved Chinaman.* Multiply that a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a millionfold, and one begins to feel how unutterable is the need of the four hundred millions of China. God help us to *feel* that need in the awful depth of its full significance.

Every one of them, every single soul, is a man or woman or child for whom Christ died. For He is "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He "tasted death for every man."

Jesus has purchased for each one of them pardon and peace and eternal life. It is their birthright to know it. He said, tell "the Gospel to every creature." And we have not done it.

Till our Lord's command is obeyed what tremendous responsibility rests upon the Church universal, of which we are members! God help us to feel it and to care. How callous we get sometimes. A man there that we might save, through the power of "Christ in us," if we went and gave him the Gos-

*"We *know*," the Holy Ghost teaches, "that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil one."

pel—shall we let him pass on, uncared for, from a dark life into a darker and more dreadful eternity? And to how many such, each additional missionary is able to offer the ineffable gift of Salvation!

And if we cannot go shall we let the matter slide? Or shall we earnestly ask, "Is there anything I *can* do at home toward saving the heathen, that I have not done? God help me to do it." Would it not be awful to meet men and women at the Judgment Throne whom we might have saved if we had only cared enough to do what we could for their present and eternal happiness?

It may perhaps help in forming some idea of the darkness of the heathen's life to visit in imagination an unevangelized city in the heart of China. One Sunday, resting on a journey, the writer's boat was moored opposite the great city of Huai-yuan, in the province of An-huei. It was an intact stronghold of heathen darkness, without a ray of Gospel light. Let us visit it together.

We enter by the south gate and walk right through the city, from one end to the other, making a mental note of the faces of the people. They are mostly men, of course, women stay at home. But those men's faces impress us. Among all the hundreds, the thousands that we pass on the busy streets, there is not a single one with a restful, satisfied expression. Many are hostile, many are indifferent, but all alike are lacking in inward peace and love and joyfulness, the graces of the Holy

Ghost. And this lack is manifest in every face. "Without Christ, having no hope; without God in the world."

A few days later, as we journey up the river, we come to the city of T'ai-ho, and join, perhaps the following Sunday, in public worship. Now watch the faces, the happy, transformed faces of the Christians, as they listen to the story of the love and life and death of Jesus Christ our Lord. How great the contrast between those heathen faces and the faces of a company of native Christians. It seems scarcely possible that a few brief years, perhaps only weeks, since they learnt to know Him, could make so great a difference.

Think of it. The city of Huai-yuan has a population of perhaps two hundred thousand, no one knows exactly; and there are hundreds of other cities just as large and just as needy. There are more than a thousand governing "cities," that is, capitals of counties, in which a missionary or even a native Christian has never been located, even now. And yet some people think that the needs of China are fairly met. Of course the need was very much greater in 1865.

If this is the impression left by a single visit to a heathen city, what would be the impression if we could stay long enough to get to know something of the individual lives of the people?

Let us stay among them; mingle freely in their streets and markets and fairs; accept invitations into

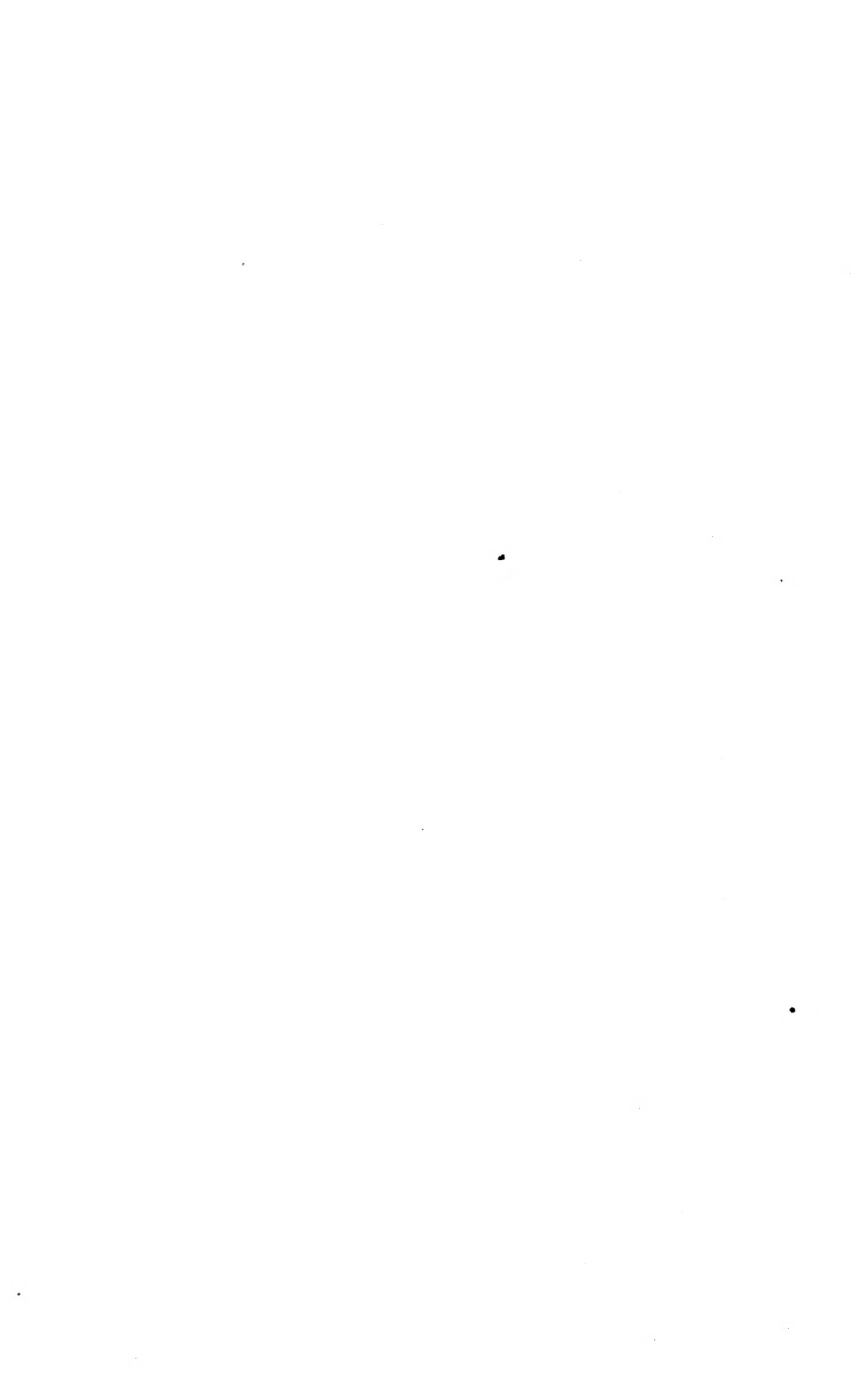
their homes; pay visits to the sick; rescue the lives of some of the many suicides, and a steadily deepening conviction will grow of the awful needs of the people.

The *men* we find on the whole fairly contented with their lot; certainly most of them are industrious. But as one gets to know them more intimately, "There is none good, no not one," is called to mind. They are just heathen, that says it all in one word. They are wicked; we hardly know what wickedness is until we go to a heathen country; they are impure in heart and life; they are selfish, grossly, callously selfish, caring little or nothing for the sufferings of their less fortunate neighbors. They have no asylums for the blind, no hospitals for the sick, no homes for the lame or maimed or incurable, and in most of the cities no almshouses or other provision for the aged poor.

Alas, how can they but be so?—without any ray of that "wisdom that comes from above," and "is first pure, then peaceable—full of mercy and good fruits"?

Such are the lives of the men on the street. And what shall we say of the millions of unfortunates who are victims to opium, or to intemperance, to immorality, or that most enthralling of passions, so ubiquitous in China, the passion of gambling—victims without a Saviour?

But if the lives of the men are sad, those of the women in the homes are sadder. Despised, down-trodden, ill-treated and neglected, the lot of woman in





"NEVER OUT OF PAIN."



GOING TO VISIT THEM.

China is pitiable indeed. Unwelcome when born, unloved in young womanhood, unhonored in old age; is it any wonder that so many commit suicide every year? Unprotected, too, their parents or husbands may kill them, or sell them, and often do. And there is no redress. Do not the women *belong* to them?

Saddest of all are the lives of the children, especially the girl children. Take this one fact: From the time she is four or five years old until she is twenty-five a girl is never out of pain, from the cruel custom of foot-binding, which is almost universal, except among the poorest and most degraded. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Heathendom *needs* the Gospel. And thirty-seven years ago inland China was utterly without its light, its comfort, its hope.

To these thoughts as to the need then, might be added in confirmation now, the marvelous results of a third of a century of Christian work. Not only is it true that God commands us to give them the Gospel, a fact which must ever stand above all other considerations, as regards the claim upon us of work among the heathen, but the experience of thirty years has *proved* that the Gospel just meets their need—the great yearning need of God in every human heart. God's will, again, has vindicated itself. What He commands is wise, as well as right.

Who could have believed, who could have hoped at the commencement of the last third of the nineteenth century that missionary work would have ac-

complished what it has?—such a work, judged not merely by numerical results which are astonishing indeed, as will be seen in later chapters, but by the much more crucial tests of 1900, when the native Christians, in the fires of the bitterest persecution, and even the literal fires of martyrdom, so nobly proved their right to be enrolled in the ranks of the Church of Christ.

The truth as it is in Jesus is just what they need, and has proved the power of God unto salvation to unnumbered thousands of Chinamen and China-women.

But in 1865 Han-kow and a few places along the coast, alone, were being touched with the Gospel, and with that small exception China—vast, continental China—was entirely without the Light of Life. Inland China (excluding the coast belt and the region round Han-kow), with an area of four million square miles, about a third as large again as the United States, and a population of over three hundred millions, was utterly without any knowledge whatever of the only Name under heaven whereby men may be saved.

Is it any wonder, when other Missions could not take up that work, so desperately needed, that Hudson Taylor felt it must be done, even if a new Mission had to be originated for the purpose?

Huai-yuan, referred to upon pages 21 and 22, has recently been opened by missionaries of the Presbyterian Board. May God prosper them!

PART II.
IN MORE DETAIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEOPLE OF CHINA.

AT a picturesque little town on the wild, magnificent west coast of New Zealand we were to address a missionary meeting in the spring of 1900. When my wife and I went on the platform and saw the audience we were not a little surprised to find an upturned sea of Chinese faces. They had come early and crowded out the friends we came to meet, so eager were they to get tidings from the fatherland. The church was full of Chinamen, so the missionary meeting had to be held at nine o'clock instead of eight.

To us, of course, it was deeply interesting to be face to face with that eager, expectant Chinese audience. Closely packed, right across the building, in rows a yard apart, they seemed a picture in miniature of crowded China. But that audience, seated as they were, about eighteen abreast, would need to be continued row after row, row after row, on and on, more than half way round the world, to contain all the Chinese in China. Have we any adequate conception of the immense population of that dark, needy land?

As we have already seen, thirty-seven years ago the interior of that great empire, which includes one-

eleventh of the land area of the globe and a population estimated at four hundred millions, was entirely without the Gospel.

It was to help bring about a change in this deplorable state of things that the "China Inland Mission" was formed.

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Everybody is aware that China is the greatest country in the world, as far as population is concerned, and that it has a past to be proud of; but it is not so generally recognized that the Chinese have national characteristics that, given fair play, promise a future far greater than the past.

We know something about their industry and their thrift. We know less, probably, about their brilliant commercial instincts and adaptability. We knew little or nothing until quite recently of the pertinacity of their conservatism, of the determined adherence to their own beliefs of right and wrong. They have grit.

They need new ideas; they need better methods; they need still more, leaders. But they have men; men capable of remarkable development, of brilliant achievements, and under Christian influence as we now know, of magnificent steadfastness under bitter persecution and all the terrible concomitants of martyrdom.

The filial piety of the Chinese is proverbial. And this goes much deeper than many suppose. A well-trained young Chinaman is as considerate of his

parents' wishes and feelings and as obedient, at least in many cases, as heart could wish. Then they are also a very grateful people. Every missionary has many evidences of this, perhaps medical missionaries most of all, for they have something to give that the people want, and know they want, and when it is given, the gratitude returned is often most encouraging. Again, they are a most religious people. Of which the immense sum spent annually on the public and private worship of the gods and of departed spirits may be adduced as one proof among many.

The faithfulness of the Chinese is scarcely recognized in the West by those who do not personally know them, but in China, in the great foreign banks at the treaty ports, all the silver (*i. e.* the current coin) is in the hands of Chinese clerks. The same holds good in Japan, where the wealthier Japanese merchants trust them as cashiers, and in many positions of responsibility, where they would not and could not trust their own people. Their faithfulness was also most conspicuously in evidence during the Boxer outbreak, and the way in which native friends risked even life itself in the effort to help the hunted missionaries will never be forgotten by those who survived that "Reign of Terror."

They are a great people. Faithful, grateful, peace-loving, filial, patient, religious, plodding, teachable and industrious; it is impossible to know them, or at any rate to know their better side, and not to love them. And there is no reason whatever

why they should not become a much greater people than they are to-day. They have come to a turn of the tide in the affairs of their country which, taken at the flood, may well lead on to glory.

China is like an ethnic flower-bud; its fragrance is undeveloped; its beauty is hidden, and perhaps lies chiefly in promise; but God can surely cause it to blossom forth.

Sir Robert Hart, the greatest Western diplomat in China, tells us that the hope of the country lies in the rapid spread of Christianity, which he regards as "improbable but not impossible." There needs to be, he says, a buffer community between the conservatism of Confucian China and the progressive civilization of the West, if the horrors of 1900 are not to be repeated.

What Sir Robert Hart hopes for so vaguely is, in fact, steadily being brought about. The annual increase of the Protestant churches in China is ten thousand communicants, and the annual increase is annually increasing. The total membership of the churches has doubled every eight years for more than a quarter of a century.

If this means that God is working mightily in China, that He has great purposes for her future, which are already in operation, there is hope for that distracted land.

If the churches at home realize their opportunity, and strengthen the hands of the hundreds, nay thousands of young men and women asking to give

their lives to such work as this; if, at this crisis, the native Christians and the foreign workers are earnestly upheld in prayer by Christendom, there is hope for China.

Had there been ten righteous men in Sodom the city would not have perished. There are more than ten times ten thousand believers in China. May we not pray God to spare her? Must we not believe, doing all we can ourselves to help, that God will deal with her in mercy?

If the *rapid spread* of the Truth in China be its one only hope, shall we not, by faith and more determined effort and through the mighty power of God, bring this to pass?

CHAPTER II.

AN EFFORT TO MEET THE NEED.

FORTY years ago the entire missionary enterprise was still in its infancy. Each of the leading denominations had, as in duty bound, its mission to the heathen, but the work was small. Those were the early days of foreign missions, for till recently "Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature" had been for many centuries, with rare exceptions, an ignored command. Is it not, to many, a forgotten duty even now? Still, a beginning has been made, and a good one.

The vast, the continental area of China, however, was largely neglected. In that greatest of unevangelized countries, missionaries were stationed in some half-dozen treaty ports along the coast, and at Han-kow, the Chicago of the Orient. Inland China was not only unreached, but by competent judges declared unreachable. It was closed, barred and sealed against the heralds of the Cross.

There was one, however, to whom a country closed against God, against His revealed will, was not only theoretically, but practically, beyond belief. "I will give thee the heathen—the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," said God. "To the uttermost parts of the earth" commanded Jesus, doubt-

less with that assurance in mind. And what God promises comes to pass; what the Captain of the Lord's host commands His soldiers they can do, for He leads them Himself, and leads always to victory!

So Hudson Taylor pondered and prayed, and was persuaded "We can do it"—"Let us do it, in the name and in the power of God."

Thus, since "all things are possible to him that believeth," a new mission was started to the new field of inland China. And it had to be run on new lines, as we have seen, to avoid the risk of conflicting with existing work.

This was the China Inland Mission. It has been called by some a "faith mission." The term is unfortunate, and is one we regret, for it is invidious. All missions are faith missions and all missionaries are faith missionaries, or they would stay at home. It costs more than many realize to live and work in a heathen land, as every missionary knows. The special feature of the China Inland Mission referred to is that it does not take collections or make in public or in private direct appeals for money. It simply trusts God to provide, through His servants, what He sees is needed to carry on His work.

And how has that plan worked? God *has* provided the funds, and provided royally. Who could suppose it would be otherwise? The work has been economically conducted, it is true; the money sent in has been made to go as far as it could without loss of effectiveness; but the point is—the money has come,

and has always come in time. God has been asked for it and He has inclined His servants to give, large gifts and small, mostly the latter; widows' mites and children's, often in postage stamps; and wealthy donors' checks—month by month they have been coming in, all these years. Never a debt has been incurred, never a need has been unmet, never a suitable worker has been refused, never a field abandoned, never an invalid worker unable to go home for lack of funds. The experience of the China Inland Mission all these years may be summed up in a word: "He is faithful that promised."

As to the workers, they get no stipulated salary, as we have seen; they are promised nothing, not even food. They go out in daily dependence on God to supply their needs and, of course, their every need is met.

The missionaries wear the Chinese dress. "All things to all men" is their motto in this and other non-essentials. "Let us become Chinese," they say, "to the Chinese, that we may win the more."

They live in native houses, many eat the native food, and all do what they can to get *near* the people, that they may win them to the Master. "Living epistles known and read of all men," they seek to be known and seen, to be accessible and understandable to all.

Indemnification for losses is sometimes offered by the authorities, but it is a rule of the Mission never to demand it. "We seek not yours but you," is its

attitude in all such matters. Moreover, "Resist not evil" is the law of the Kingdom, an explicit command to which God of course expects obedience.

To the rulers, the mandarins and the recognized leaders among the scholarly classes—the "local gentry," courteous deference is shown. "Honor to whom honor is due."

And how do these principles answer? Just as one would expect. Inland China has been opened up, in the first instance largely through the members of the China Inland Mission. Laborious itinerations, totaling many tens of thousands of miles, have been made, reaching to the remotest parts of the empire, including Mongolia, Turkestan and the lofty plateaux of Thibet. And, step by step, more than three hundred stations and out-stations have been opened; to many hundreds of thousands the Gospel has been preached, with the happiest result in multitudes of cases. Wherever the work has been established neighbors have become friendly, and most friendly just where these methods have been most enthusiastically carried out.

CHAPTER III.

THE INCEPTION OF THE WORK.

IN the year 1860, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor was invalided home from China. He had gone out in '53, had learned the language, had gained experience working with older missionaries, had taken charge of a hospital, had become a Chinaman to the Chinese and had gathered a Church. In other words, he had gone through his missionary apprenticeship; but now his health was so completely wrecked that he would never be able to return, the doctors told him.

He was a full-fledged missionary. In China he had lived right among the people and had itinerated as widely as circumstances would then permit. He was familiar with the busy life of their great crowded cities and had seen a good deal of the simpler rural population. To him "the millions of China" was not a mere expression, but represented a concrete fact with which he was in some degree familiar.

More than this, he knew where they were morally and spiritually. The awful wickedness, the deplorable ignorance of spiritual and energizing Truth, the sufferings of the women, the miseries of the children, especially of the girls, and the hard-hearted selfishness of all, with all the unhappiness and sorrow

which spring from such a state of things, these were living and terrible facts to his mind. Had not God some pity? Had He not some plan for their uplifting?

Yes, verily! Had not God commanded that His Gospel should be preached to them with all its enlightening, emancipating power? Surely it was the duty of God's people to do their part to bring light and liberty to this sordid and suffering nation.

While at home from China in the early sixties, Mr. Taylor, unable to work in China, determined at least to work for China. And this he did in several ways: By making known its needs, in meetings and through the press; by revising the translation of the New Testament in the vernacular of Ning-po, an important dialect; but he believed that the most important work he could do was by prayer, and he prayed without ceasing.

The trouble was, the more he prayed the heavier grew the load upon his heart. The awful condition in time and for eternity of those Christless multitudes, their miseries now and their hopelessness hereafter, became, like Pilgrim's burden, more than he could bear. Even when he had been five years at home, and had finished the medical curriculum which had been broken off when he first sailed for China, and had held many missionary meetings in various parts of the British Isles, as well as doing not a little literary work for China, even then, when his health was somewhat reëstablished, it broke down afresh

from this burden on his soul. Under medical advice he went to the seaside, but even change and rest could not help him much, unless this burden could be lifted. To make matters worse the conviction was dawning on him that if the existing missionary bodies could not undertake work toward the evangelization of the great interior of China, he must. He had already been to see the secretaries of the principal English Missionary Boards. Some had work that so urgently needed reënforcing that their new missionaries must go to old fields; others were already using all the funds that were coming to their hands; others said, and said truly, "The country is not open," adding, "How *can* we send missionaries to inland China?" In every case he came away with a heavy heart.

And now God seemed to be saying to him, "This need is laid on you; you have been there; you see it more clearly than most; why not ask the Lord for laborers to go with you to the interior?"

From this thought Mr. Taylor shrank back, with a very keen perception of the gravity of the undertaking. The closed door did not deter him because God could open that, and doubtless would, in answer to prayer, when His servants went out in obedience to His will. For his own support and his family's he had no concern; as to their needs when away in China, he was perfectly prepared to trust God for everything. "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" was sufficient for him. But the magnitude of

the task, the difficulties of the climate, the obstacles to be overcome, and above all the spiritual deadness which assails missionaries living in the midst of the heathen, seemed overwhelmingly serious to Mr. Taylor as he faced the proposition.

However, he could get no relief. The conviction deepened that this was God's work for him. And finally, in a lonely spot on the seashore near Brighton, one bright summer morning, the struggle ended. On his knees before God he said, "I will obey Thee." And immediately the load was lifted. But he added, "Lord, bear Thou all the responsibility involved by obedience to Thy command." "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," seemed exactly to meet the case. Might not the words be understood to apply to other and deeper needs than food and clothing, of which the Father knows full well? Mr. Taylor immediately began to pray for fellow-workers to go two and two to the eleven unreached provinces of inland China and to Mongolia. There and then he entered a memorandum in the Bible in his hand:

"Prayed for twenty-four willing, skillful laborers, at Brighton, June 25th, 1865."

This was the seed purpose from which sprang the China Inland Mission. Before tracing its growth and development it may perhaps be well to go back for a few minutes to trace the steps by which God

prepared an instrument for the work He was about to do.*

*Those familiar with the early life of Mr. Taylor will perhaps pass over the next three chapters. They give, in a condensed form, some of the experiences by which he was trained and fitted for his life-work—founding and directing the China Inland Mission.



REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.



CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN FOR THE WORK.

BEFORE Mr. Taylor was born his parents prayed that if God ever gave them a son he might become a missionary to China. They were a north-country English family, living in Barnsley, Yorkshire. The father was a chemist, a man of exceptional intelligence and thoughtfulness and a local preacher amongst the Methodists of power and general acceptance. The mother was a quiet and deeply spiritual woman. Both parents were profoundly impressed with the reality of God and of spiritual things, and of the reasonableness of trusting God in everything and of literally obeying His commands. Any other course seemed not only wrong but folly.

When their first-born child was given they hoped the little son would prove to be the answer to their prayers; and many were the petitions that went up for the infant boy. He grew, however, into such a delicate lad that he could seldom stay an entire week at school, and reluctantly the father and mother came to the conclusion that for some reason or other their ardent desire was not to be granted. The boy always worked with a will at his lessons, but health constantly gave way under the strain of ordinary

school duties, attacked with the earnestness that characterized everything he did. But, in spite of many prayers and the helpful training of that godly home, young Hudson Taylor came nearly to the end of his school-boy days without knowing the supreme joy of conversion. He tried repeatedly to be a Christian, but had always failed. He did not realize that it was because he had not begun at the beginning.

About this time he came among skeptical companions and was not unaffected by their way of thinking and speaking, in which he was confirmed by the inconsistencies of many of the Christians around him. "If I were a Christian," he used to say to himself, "I would be one in something more than name. If it were possible for me to believe in the God of the Bible I would believe in Him with all my heart, and would put Him to the test, taking His promises to mean just what they say, and if they proved to be untrustworthy, if they would not stand the test, I would throw it up altogether." It may be that the musings of those dark days have tended to strengthen the supreme conviction which has characterized Mr. Taylor's life: That God may be utterly depended on for everything and that His promises were always intended to be literally fulfilled in every case.

It was while still in this frame of mind that, one half-holiday, he picked up a tract in his father's library, saying to himself, "There will doubtless be a story in the first part of this and a sermon at the

end. I will read the story and leave the moral for those who like that sort of thing." So he took the booklet to an empty barn and stretched himself at length to enjoy and while away the time. As he read the story, certain words in it struck him as remarkable.

That same afternoon his mother, who was away from home at some little distance on a visit, finding herself free from her ordinary domestic duties, seized the opportunity for more uninterrupted waiting upon God than usual about the conversion of her boy. She wrestled with God for him hour after hour until at last a great light flooded her heart and she could pray no longer, for she knew that God had granted her petition.

The words that riveted young Hudson Taylor's attention were, "The finished work of Christ." "Finished," he thought, "then my efforts to make myself a Christian were all beginning in the middle! If the work is finished there is nothing left for me to do but to joyfully accept Him as my Saviour and to thank Him for His great sacrifice and sufferings for me." He fell on his knees and there and then gave himself to the Lord and claimed Christ as his Saviour and his God.

He had often dreaded conversion as "becoming serious," and shrank from the thought of it accordingly. He found, however, that it was becoming happy; he had never had his heart so full of joy and happiness before!

When the dear mother came home a few days later he met her with a glowing face. "I have good news to tell you, mother." "You need not tell me, my boy," she said, "I have been praising God for that news for days."

"How did you know; did anyone tell you?"

"I prayed for you until I knew in my own heart that God had granted my request and had drawn you to Himself."

Is it any wonder that Mr. Taylor began early to believe in the power of prayer?

CHAPTER V.

PURPOSE AND PREPARATION.

A FEW months later a transaction took place that proved of lasting consequence. Having a leisure afternoon the boy determined to spend it in the most delightful way he could think of, the most profitable way as well. Alone, in communion with God, he felt deeply conscious of the love of God as manifested by His great sacrifice of Jesus Christ and by His dealings with himself at a time when he had given up all hope of being saved. As he pondered on these things he became so full of glad thankfulness and peace that he asked God to graciously give him some opportunity of showing his gratitude, some service, however insignificant or however trying, that would enable him to show how profoundly he appreciated the loving kindness of the Lord.

He arose from his knees that afternoon with a very definite consciousness that God had accepted the offer, but for what service he could not tell. It was not until some months later that the conviction was borne in upon him that God wished him to go to China. Of this wish his parents knew nothing. With China in view he tried to obtain books about the country and people, but experienced considerable

difficulty. At that time there were very few books to be had, and those few were not easily accessible, at any rate to him. He obtained, however, a book by Medhurst on China, and from that he learned, amongst other things, that medical knowledge would be invaluable in winning the hearts of the people. Then and there he determined to take a thorough medical curriculum.

Now, of course, it became necessary to consult his parents. When they first heard of the wish to go to China they said nothing of their own prayers and longings all these years but simply encouraged him to wait on God. If God were calling him to China He would open up the way and make all plain in due season, but it would be wise, lest this should be merely his own personal inclination, to be entirely willing to serve God either there or at home or anywhere else. And Mr. Taylor has often felt the wisdom of the counsel. When he did go, it was with the profound conviction that God, Himself, had definitely called him to a definite work in China. His faith, therefore, was specific and certain, and no questions arose later on to trouble him as to the wisdom or rightness of his choice.

After some preliminary studies at home, it was decided that he should commence his medical studies at Hull. There, under one of the lecturers at the Hull School of Medicine, he worked at *Materia Medica*, Pharmacy and other branches for a year or two. Both previously at home and now again here

he determined to toughen himself as much as possible for the life of hardship which would probably be his in China, which was then to so large an extent a closed country and therefore necessarily a difficult field of service. He took more regular exercise, did without his soft bedding, lived on the simplest and most inexpensive diet; thus not only accustoming himself to experiences that might be normal in the East but also saving no little part of his slender income for use in the Lord's work, into which in his new surroundings he at once launched with all the earnestness of his enthusiastic nature.

It must have been a touching sight to the only One who witnessed it, to see the young medical student, about this time, looking through his little library and going over his slender stock of clothes to see what he could do without, that he might have nothing in his possession that could be better used in other ways. Is not a man's secret life, under the eye of God alone, the best test of what he is?

Here in Hull Mr. Taylor made a determination which he thought would help in preparing for the future. He decided never to ask for his doctor's assistant salary when it fell due, however much he might need it; for he expected, out in China, to be entirely dependent upon God, and if he could not move a man through God before he went, how could he hope to live by faith in a distant land. More than once he was in difficulties through this decision—on one occasion in very serious difficulty—but in each

case the matter of salary was remarkably brought to the doctor's mind, and so the need was met in answer to prayer, and not only was his faith in God strengthened but he was encouraged to hope that God Who heard him in this lesser matter at home would not fail him in the greater need abroad.

One Sunday, after morning service and a good time of Bible study and prayer, he set out as usual, his heart brimming over with joy and gladness, to an afternoon and evening of Gospel work in tramps' lodging-houses and wherever else he could get a hearing. After his last service that evening was closed, just as with glad thankfulness for good opportunities and a ready hearing he was about to turn homeward, a poor man came up to him and said, "I wish, sir, you would come and pray with my wife, who I am afraid is dying."

Gladly, of course, Mr. Taylor went. Noticing from the man's brogue that he was Irish, and therefore probably a Catholic, "Why did you not go to a priest?" he asked.

"I did, sir; but he would not come for less than eighteen pence, and we have no money for food, let alone money for him!"

On hearing what a deplorable condition of want and destitution the family were in, Mr. Taylor asked why the man had not applied for relief to the proper authorities, especially as his wife was the mother of a little one only thirty-six hours old.

"I did, sir," he said, "and they told me to come

again to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, but I am afraid my poor wife will hardly live so long."

Mr. Taylor's supplies had run so low that he had nothing left but a single half-crown (sixty cents), and he could not help thinking as he heard the sad story, "How I wish I had it in change! If I had only two shillings and a sixpence, how gladly would I give them a shilling."

When he came to the pitiful home he found it all just as the man had described. A miserable little ill-furnished upper room, the poor mother lying exhausted on the bed and four or five little children huddled here and there about the room, whose sunken cheeks and hollow temples told an unmistakable story of long want and slow starvation.

"If only I had change," he thought again, "how gladly would I give them a shilling and sixpence, to tide them over till to-morrow."

And then as he stood there he began to talk to the poor woman, so near her end, about the loving Father who knows and sympathizes with all the sufferings of His creatures.

"You hypocrite!" a voice seemed to say within him, "How dare you call Him Father and say He will provide for their needs when you are able to do so yourself, but are unwilling to trust God without a shilling in your pocket?" And the words he was trying to say stuck in his throat.

Mr. Taylor bethought him of another resource. He never had any trouble or difficulty in prayer. But

as he began to pray, "Our Father, Which art in Heaven," again he nearly choked. "How dare you call Him your Father when you are not ready to trust Him yourself!"

Somehow or other, he never knew how, he managed to struggle through a form of prayer. As he rose from his knees, the poor man said, "You see, sir, what a bad case we are in. If you can help us, for God's sake do!"

"Give to him that asketh of thee," flashed into Mr. Taylor's mind, and instantly he knew that it was the word of God to him then. Drawing the coin from his pocket he handed it to the man, saying, "It may seem a little thing for me to help you, who am so much better off than you are, but this is all the money I have in the world. I know, however, that our Father in heaven will supply my need in some way or other." And then his mouth was opened and he was able to speak with freedom and gladness of the love and the goodness of God.

The poor woman's life was saved, and so Mr. Taylor has often felt was his. To trust God and God only—with no one but God to look to—was just the lesson he needed to learn.

On the way home Mr. Taylor says he remembers his heart was as light as his pocket. When rather late he reached his lodgings he kneeled down and said, "Thou hast said, 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again;' I cannot afford to

make a long loan of it, Lord, or I shall have nothing for dinner to-morrow."

There was water-gruel waiting for his supper and enough oatmeal to suffice for breakfast, but that was all. He felt, however, with a very happy heart, that the blessing of God was upon him.

Next morning as he was taking his frugal meal the postman came, bringing an unexpected letter. The handwriting he did not know, and when he opened the cover all he saw was a pair of gloves. "A strange gift, indeed," he thought, "for one in my circumstances!" As he drew them out, however, a ten-shilling piece dropped to the floor. Picking it up, he said to himself, "Praise the Lord! Four hundred per cent. for twelve hours' investment; that is good interest. How glad the merchants of Hull would be if they could lend their money at such a rate!" Then and there he determined that a bank that paid so well, and that could not break, should have all his savings. And he has never regretted the decision.

Many details must of course be omitted in this outline sketch that are told at length in the "Retrospect," Mr. Taylor's own account of his early life and training for the work that lay ahead.

After this preparatory work at Hull the young student came up to London to take the regular course of medical study at the London Hospital.

The life into which he was then plunged is difficult for us to picture now. Even in recent times medical students have had the reputation of being

rather rowdy, but the medical student of fifty years ago is happily almost an extinct genus now. Drinking and gambling and other vices and a general rowdyism were the order of the day out of lecture hours. It was not an uncommon thing for a dozen students, not content with an evening at a West End theatre, in a hilarious condition to link arms and march down the middle of the main thoroughfares, rollicking, shouting, and singing at the top of their voices, and clearing all before them that came in the way.

It was in the midst of such surroundings as these that the young student came with scarcely, so far as he knew, a Christian student to stand by him. Surely God had him in training to stand alone!

Here in London Mr. Taylor sought and found an opportunity of testing his faith in God to meet his daily needs. His father, deeply interested, of course, in his possible future, had offered to meet his expenses, which, however, would have entailed a good deal of sacrifice on account of business reverses. The Chinese Evangelization Society, in connection with which he expected to go out, had also suggested that they should meet his expenses while carrying on his medical education. Before replying to either of these offers Mr. Taylor brought the matter before God in prayer for some days. He then felt that it would be wise to decline both offers. His parents, who already knew of the offer from the Society, would not be in any anxiety about the supply of his needs, while

at the same time the Society, knowing of his father's offer, would be perfectly satisfied if he declined theirs, and by this means he would be enabled to commence a very practical life of faith before he went out to the field of his life work.

In many remarkable ways his needs were met. It was not for lack of supplies, but in order to have as much as possible to give away or to spend in the Lord's work, that he economized as much as he could. An inexpensive room, both bedroom and study, four miles from the hospital, was shared with a cousin; and this involved an eight mile walk each day, which was not without its advantages from the point of view of health and hardihood. For food, a four-cent loaf, bought on his way home from hospital, was sufficient for supper and breakfast, with water to drink. This, with occasional variations, and apples or other fruit for lunch at noon, was his sole diet for much of the time of his medical curriculum.

It was to this simple diet that he owed his life on one occasion. Having pricked his finger with a needle one evening, he forgot all about it and was poisoned next day while dissecting, apparently from this minute wound to which he had never given a thought. Violent septic inflammation set in up his whole arm, and for days life hung trembling in the balance. The prominent surgeon from whom he first sought advice told him that his life would depend upon whether he had been living steadily and avoiding beer and rich foods.

During his slow convalescence a sum of money unexpectedly came into his hands, which enabled him to return to his home in the north of England for a much-needed holiday. Thus again, in an unlooked-for way, the Lord supplied the need of His servant, whose expectation was from him.

Shortly before the completion of his medical course an urgent opportunity arose to go out to China at once in connection with the Chinese Evangelization Society. After earnest waiting upon God for guidance as to whether he should complete his studies and take his diploma or accept this opening and go without delay, Mr. Taylor felt perfectly clear that he should accept and go.

It was a long and sometimes eventful voyage in those days. Starting in the autumn of 1853, it was nearly six months later before their vessel arrived at Shanghai.

By the way, the ship was becalmed on one occasion in the tropics and an unfavorable current began to carry them rapidly toward an unfriendly shore. There was not enough wind to move the listless sails, and as the long, hot afternoon wore away they drew nearer and nearer to what they found by the chart to be a cannibal island. The natives, seeing the straits they were in, lighted their fires and began to dance around on the beach in eager prospect of the feast they expected so soon. On that boat there were but four Christians, the captain, the carpenter, the colored steward and Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor sug-

gested that each of them should go to his cabin and wait on God for a wind to carry them away from the impending and horrible fate. After a short time of prayer Mr. Taylor felt that the petition was granted, and coming up on deck said to the first officer, who was then in charge: "Won't you let loose your mainsail, for a breeze is coming?" With an oath the man replied: "I would rather see a breeze than merely hear of one."

"And don't you see, away up in the topsail, a breeze is coming?"

"Oh, it's nothing but a cat's-paw," the mate replied, as his eye followed Mr. Taylor's upward.

"Cat's-paw or not, we might as well take advantage of what there is."

And as the breeze continued to freshen, the officer very gladly let out his clewed-up sails, and in a short time they were sailing away from the disappointed cannibals at a good many knots an hour.

* * * * *

What were the mingled feelings of the young missionary as at last he stepped on shore at Shanghai alone and without a friend or acquaintance, but in a country to which his life was given, can better be imagined than described.

CHAPTER VI.

FORMATIVE EXPERIENCE IN CHINA.

It is probable that no new missionary ever arrives in a heathen country without having a "bad time." All the old helps and props are gone; the old associations are broken. Alone as never before in his life, the newcomer must get into harness. Alone amidst the inconceivable wickedness of a heathen people; alone with them and with God—does He not seem at times afar off?—he has to fight what are often the fiercest battles of life with the powers of darkness.

Climate, surroundings, lack of sympathy, loneliness, everything seems against him. Health perhaps flags, and a remorseless adversary, with no sense of honor, comes to him—when he is down—to crush out spirit and hope and joy if he can.

No missionary, probably, even of six months' standing, has any lingering shade of doubt as to the personality of the Evil One. Our warfare, Paul reminds us, is against principalities and powers of darkness. And he believes it. He has good ground to believe it. He has battled with evil within him that is not himself, not even the old worse self he has learned to conquer since he came to know the Lord.

Is it not highly probable that the great Enemy

plans and carries out a deliberate assault on every young warrior that comes against his old undisputed strongholds, with the deliberate intention to cripple him either in faith, in hope, or in love—to undo him as a missionary if he can? Ask them, you will seldom or never get “No.”

If he comes out of the conflict unscathed he comes out the stronger. He is purer, better, brighter; gold refined in the fire.

Hudson Taylor was no exception. He had his testing. When he landed he knew not a soul in China. But he had three introductions. The first friend, the chief hope, was dead—died a month or two before the young missionary arrived in Shanghai. The second, the next, was at home in America. The third, an unpromising introduction from a casual acquaintance, did help. Or the young missionary would have been badly off indeed.

Civil war was raging, to add to difficulties. The dollar was dear—two and a quarter to the English sovereign instead of four or five as he expected. That halved his income. Moreover, lodgings were scarcely to be had at any price, and food was correspondingly expensive from the fact that the rebels were in possession of the native city of Shanghai, and were being slowly starved out and shelled out by the imperial soldiery.

But God did not desert him. A fellow missionary very kindly shared with him his home for the first few months. Then, to be more among the people,

he lived in a native house: and though sometimes hungry, often sleepless from the danger of the siege, and always rather short of money—his salary was only eighty pounds—and suffering intensely from the horrors of war all around, and a great hunger of isolation within, he pulled through all right. Faithfulness in the use of the two great energizers, prayer and Bible study, kept him going. He held on to God, and God kept him true.

In a year from the time he landed, after minor attempts in six months, Mr. Taylor was preaching with some degree of ease in the mandarin dialect, and rejoiced to find that the people really understood him. What an Egyptian puzzle of a language it is! Did anyone ever master its perplexing idioms, its curious sounds and characters, without feeling, as soon as he began to feel his new power, inclined to shout?

He and a fellow-missionary, however, had some very rough experiences, and on one occasion they came near losing their lives from some rough native militiamen off duty. But God delivered them. They had more work to do yet.

Another time the young missionary was preaching in the open air. He enjoyed that day considerable liberty in speaking. His heart was full—full of joy and full of yearning love for the dark souls that faced him. One man, especially, right in front, drew his attention, and seemed deeply interested. Following a plan which works very well with a Chinese

audience, Mr. Taylor addressed his remarks to this one attentive hearer, and all the rest looked on and listened. After preaching the grand old Gospel story—a new story to them, of course—fully and with ease for some time Mr. Taylor closed his address and began at once to engage in ordinary conversation with this man, asking first the usual questions of courtesy as to his name, his age, his residence, and replying to similar questions himself. They were now “introduced,” and began to chat freely. As soon as the man seemed thoroughly at home Mr. Taylor gave him an opportunity to ask questions in return.

“I have been wanting to ask you a question for some time, foreign teacher.”

How the heart of the missionary leaped with hope! Was this poor idolater indeed feeling after the truth, if haply he might find it? Had he been really understanding and drinking in the good tidings of salvation?

“I want to ask,” he said, “about this matter. I notice that you have buttons at the front of your coat, and corresponding buttonholes. I understand their use. But what are those buttons for in the middle of your back?”

Imagine the feelings of Mr. Taylor. The revolution from hope to disappointment was almost more than he could bear. “I must get rid of this foreign dress which attracts so much attention,” he said to himself. He determined the next time he went on a tour to dress like the people.

He did, and was profoundly impressed by the difference it made. Much to his surprise and delight he succeeded in renting premises on the important island of Tsung-ming, in the main estuary of the Yang-tse, which, however, had to be abandoned later on account of the determined opposition of a native official.

Not long after this he went on an evangelistic journey with the saintly and delightfully companionable William C. Burns, than whom a better associate for a young missionary could not be found. Hudson Taylor soon came to love him as his own soul. Their plan was to work a canal-intersected district between Shanghai and Hang-chau as thoroughly as practicable by boat, selling tracts and Scriptures and preaching the Gospel at each place they passed. Before long Burns began to notice that he seemed to have all the bad times and Taylor all the courtesies. His young friend was invited here and there into people's homes and obtained a quiet hearing, while he, older and more experienced and with a better knowledge of the language, was declined admission on account of the crowds, and had the noisy lads and the roughs to deal with as best he might.

Seeing how much better opportunities for work Mr. Taylor was having, after some weeks Mr. Burns also adopted the native dress, and keenly appreciated the change it brought about in the attitude of the people. Shortly after this he wrote in a letter to his mother:

“Fours weeks ago, on December 29th (1855), I put on the Chinese dress, which I am now wearing. Mr. Taylor had made this change a few months before, and I found that he was in consequence so much less incommoded in preaching, etc., by the crowd, that I concluded it was my duty to follow his example.”

They were greatly encouraged on this journey. Not only did they receive a good hearing in many places but were daily refreshed by spiritual intercourse. Burns was a man who lived very near to God. He loved and was deeply taught in the Word, and was a man of prayer. This time of fellowship, in service and the things of God, was one Mr. Taylor long looked back to with pleasure and gratitude.

On one occasion they met with serious trouble. Border towns in China, between two provinces, are often dangerous places. Bad characters congregate, and when “wanted” in this province flee over into that, beyond the jurisdiction of the offended justice of the peace. It was at a place appropriately called “Black-Town” that this trouble arose. Happily, however, the missionaries escaped with no more serious consequences than a broken-in boat and a curtailed journey. Even so, it had lasted a good many weeks, and both were so much encouraged by their experiences on that long itineration and refreshed by one another’s company, that they proposed to start out

again after a few days' rest at Shanghai, with a fresh supply of books, on another similar tour.

So they proposed. But God had another plan. Through a Christian captain who had recently come from Swatow they heard of a still greater need and an open door in that southern port. From the first Mr. Taylor felt this to be a call from God to himself to go where no others were working. He faced the proposal, however, very prayerfully, suffering keenly at the thought of parting company with William Burns. One evening he came to the point, and with tears in his eyes told his companion of his decision. Mr. Burns seemed surprised and rather pleased than the reverse, to his astonishment, and told Mr. Taylor that he also had felt this a call from God, and only regretted that in going south he would need to part from his new but very dear friend.

They went together, the captain giving them a free passage. At Swatow they found a very godless set of foreigners engaged in the then illicit opium traffic and in the coolie business, which was practically a trade in slaves. To be as little as possible associated, in the minds of the people, with these other foreigners, they attempted to obtain premises in the native city, but were, however, entirely unsuccessful at first. One day, happily, they met a Cantonese merchant, who was so delighted to hear Mr. Burns speaking his own dialect that he at once became friendly and secured them a lodging. The lodging was not much to boast of, it is true—only a single room under the tiles

—roastingly hot in the long summer days, and not much better through the still, stifling nights. They made it a point to be as much away as they could on missionary journeys, and were thankful to have a home of any kind among the people.

After four months at Swatow, Mr. Taylor rendered an important medical service to the local mandarin at a time when the native doctors were wholly unable to give relief. Grateful, as usual, for medical help, he advised the missionaries to rent a place for a hospital and dispensary, and through his influence they succeeded in obtaining the whole of the house in which they heretofore had occupied such narrow quarters.

To open this hospital it was necessary that Mr. Taylor should return to Shanghai and obtain his medical supplies and surgical instruments, which had been left behind with a friend. He went, but was disappointed to find they had been destroyed in a fire. Funds were low and medical supplies were very dear in Shanghai, so he decided to obtain what he needed, if possible, from his medical colleague, Dr. Parker, of Ning-po. On the journey to that city he had some very trying experiences and lost all the property he had with him, to the value of about two hundred gold dollars, with which his servant absconded. For a time he was in uncertainty what to do in the matter. He could easily have traced and prosecuted the servant, but determined not to do so on account of our Lord's injunctions in the Sermon

on the Mount. Mr. Taylor had repeatedly pressed the claims of Christ on the man, and felt that it was far more important in his interest to practice what he preached than that the man should be punished. There was very little prospect of recovering the stolen property in any case, and the man's soul was worth incomparably more than the value of the goods. A friend at home heard of this decision, and was so pleased that he immediately forwarded a check for forty pounds sterling; and not only so, but for the remainder of his life continued to take a profound and very practical interest in the work in which Mr. Taylor was engaged, and in its future developments.

Through this rencontre Mr. Taylor was considerably delayed and suffered no little hardship, being left without money a long distance from Shanghai, and finding great difficulty in returning.

When, eventually, he had obtained the needed instruments and medical stores from Dr. Parker, war had broken out—the second Opium War between England and China—and letters from Mr. Burns awaited him at Shanghai saying that missionary operations were for the time being impossible at Swatow. Then Mr. Taylor knew why the Lord had permitted the tantalizing delay, and glad as he was of the opportunities and experience at Swatow, it became quite clear afterwards that the Lord did not wish him to return.

Mr. Burns remained at Swatow for a time, but was

arrested on an evangelistic journey, imprisoned and sent in custody all the way to Canton.

Thus ended an important and most formative period of the young missionary's life.

The journey to Ning-po, however, resulted in an unexpected development. Mr. Taylor had made the acquaintance there of the Rev. John Jones, he and Dr. Parker being members of the same Society as himself. The way being closed to Swatow he determined to join his confrères at Ning-po. On the journey, traveling by boat, he came into contact with a Chinaman who knew something of foreigners and had received the name of Peter, but was till now entirely ignorant of the Gospel. The man became interested and requested permission to join Mr. Taylor in a preaching expedition in one of the large towns they passed, to Mr. Taylor's great satisfaction, for he longed to see this intelligent listener more completely under the influence of the Truth. Mr. Taylor went into the cabin to get books for use in the city, and while he was there heard a sudden splash. He leaped on deck, but Peter was gone. Evidently he had fallen overboard. In a moment Mr. Taylor had pulled down the sail and jumped into the water, but nothing could be seen of the missing man. Just then a fishing boat came along with a drag net, and Mr. Taylor begged the men at once to draw and see if they could bring up the drowning man.

"Puh pien," they replied, "it is not convenient."

"But a man is drowning," Mr. Taylor cried.

“Drag at once, and I will give you more than your day’s fishing is worth.”

“How much will you give us?” the men demanded, seeing how much the foreigner was in earnest.

“All I have,” Mr. Taylor said, “only drag at once or it will be too late.”

“How much have you?” they continued, with heartless indifference.

“I don’t know exactly, about fourteen dollars.”

And then they dragged and brought up the dead body of the missing man.

Sick at heart, Mr. Taylor could not but be reminded of the callous indifference of too many to the condition of the perishing multitudes of heathendom. These fishermen were surely guilty of the death of the man they declined to save until too late.

May we not be equally guilty before God, in our relation to the lost, if we “forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death?” He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it, and shall He not render to every man according to his work?

It was now nearing the end of 1856, and the work at Ning-po began to be more and more encouraging. But about this time Mr. Taylor found himself face to face with a serious difficulty. He learned that the Society with which he was connected was in debt, and remembering that we are commanded through the Holy Spirit to “owe no man anything,” Mr. Taylor made it a matter of prayer, and became increasingly convinced that debt was just as much dis-

obedience in an association of Christians as in an individual. After some months of correspondence, finding that the Society could not agree to his proposal to send him money when they had it, and merely to let him know when they were short, Mr. Taylor felt compelled to resign. He did so, without having any "visible means of support," but he put the matter into the Lord's hands and felt sure that He would bless a course of obedience, all the more, probably, because it cost something to take it. He was quite prepared to engage in business if necessary, but told the Lord he would much prefer to be wholly engaged in missionary work, and would be quite willing to live on the least possible income if the Lord would graciously send it in some way or other.

His colleague, Mr. Jones, entirely agreeing with Mr. Taylor, took the same step at the same time, and in many remarkable ways their needs were all met, though not without their having to endure from time to time a good deal of hardness. But this we are exhorted to, are we not, "as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?"

It will be remembered that Mr. Taylor was only twenty-four, that he had been but three years in China, and that at this time his name was unknown outside a very limited set of personal friends and acquaintances in the work. On one occasion the two missionaries, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Jones, were reduced to a single cash, then worth the tenth part of a cent, and their food supply was exhausted. After

a time of prayer they thought they would try to sell the only marketable thing they possessed, a foreign stove, with which, however, they were very loth to part. Together they went down to the river and were about to cross to the foundry when they saw the bridge of boats had been washed away, and they were without the money to pay for the ferry. "God must be going to supply our needs in some other way," they thought, and returned home.

Searching a seemingly empty cupboard they found a small remainder of cocoa. This, with boiling water, somewhat refreshed them. Again they waited on the Lord about their need, a need which Mr. Taylor felt the more keenly because he was engaged to be married in a fortnight, and that very evening the lady in question, Miss Dyer, and a friend, were expected to tea. While they were still on their knees the postman came with a letter containing a very welcome remittance from home. They thanked God and took courage, and the wedding was not postponed.

Faith wavered at times, but God's faithfulness never failed them.

On another occasion Mr. Taylor had been nursing a fellow-missionary, Mr. Quarterman, of the American Presbyterian Board, through a fatal attack of virulent small-pox. After the sad ministry was ended it was needful to lay aside the clothes he had been wearing for fear of conveying infection. But he had no other clothes, nor money to buy them. "No good thing will He withhold" was often a sheet anchor

to his faith at such times. He asked God for clothes. And a box of clothes arrived at that very time from Swatow, his own things that had been left with Mr. Burns the year before. Again and again the learner was given precious lessons in the faithfulness of God.

"Those who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true."

And so, thank God, do those who trust Him very imperfectly. He never changes. "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself."

In the year 1859 a great sorrow came to the little company. Not long before, Mrs. Taylor had been graciously raised up in answer to definite prayer from an illness that almost ended fatally, during which Dr. Parker's kind services were invaluable. And now Mrs. Parker was stricken with a severe attack of Asiatic cholera, and after a brief illness passed away.

For the children's sake Dr. Parker had to return home. The hospital he thought must be closed, for he had supported it by his own private practice among foreigners, and the expenses were considerable. He had, however, quite a supply of medicines. Would Mr. Taylor keep on the dispensary? Asking a week for prayer while the doctor was making his preparations for the journey home, Mr. Taylor became convinced that he ought to undertake not only the dispensary but the hospital also, since the latter gave a much better opportunity for reaching the hearts of the patients with the Gospel. Dr. Parker

was much surprised and tried to dissuade him. But Mr. Taylor's mind was made up, and the doctor was able to leave behind enough to pay the salaries of the native assistants for the current month. At the end of that time they resigned, very naturally, when they learned that Mr. Taylor was unable to promise them their usual salary, not having money in hand for the purpose. A little church, however, had been gathered by this time, and several of the native Christians volunteered to help. They agreed to wait upon God in prayer, and to do the work gratuitously unless God should send the needed supplies. This change was, of course, a great help in the spiritual work among the patients.

Their faith was tested. The supply of rice grew smaller and smaller. The patients, who averaged about fifty in number, were invited to join in prayer to God that the needs of the work might be met. One morning the cook came to Mr. Taylor and said: "The last bag of rice has been opened."

"Then God's answer to our prayers must be very near at hand," Mr. Taylor replied, and left the room. He went away for a time of quiet prayer with Mrs. Taylor, with a considerable load on his heart, which the cook had not seen, but which the Father had. They waited earnestly on God to meet their urgent need. That very day a remarkable letter reached Mr. Taylor from England, which contained a check for fifty pounds. The writer had recently lost his father and had inherited a considerable increase of

wealth. He said that he did not propose to increase his personal expenditure, for which he had ample before, but intended to hold this additional money at the Lord's disposal, for use in His service. "If you can help me in this stewardship," he concluded, "I shall be very grateful, and if you know of any way in which more money can be used in the Lord's work I shall be glad if you will let me know."

After a time of thanksgiving with Mrs. Taylor the native helpers were called in, and they had forthwith a rather noisy but very hearty praise meeting. Before many moments the patients knew all about it. "What do you think of this?" the men said. "There is a man over in England who has more money than he knows what to do with (an extraordinary condition to the Chinese mind) and has sent two hundred and fifty dollars, he does not know what for, in the hope that it may be needed in the work." The patients confessed they had never heard of such a thing, and were deeply impressed. During the nine months that Mr. Taylor had charge of this hospital forty-eight patients professed faith in the Lord.

The experience was very valuable, but the strain of all this additional work, besides the responsibility of the growing little church was too much for Mr. Taylor's health. He became seriously ill and was obliged, most reluctantly, to leave the little band of earnest native Christians who were becoming such active, hearty fellow-workers. Nothing but sheer necessity would have persuaded Mr. Taylor to leave

at such a time. He hoped, however, that a few months at home would restore him, and then he would be able to return to his much-loved service and his earnest fellow-Christians.

Some months before, impressed by the growing opportunities of the work and the doors that seemed to be opening on every hand, Mr. Taylor had written to relatives at home :

“Do you know any earnest, devoted young men desirous of serving God in China who, not wishing for more than their actual support, would be willing to come out and labor here? Oh, for four or five such helpers! They would probably begin to preach in Chinese in six months’ time, and in answer to prayer the necessary means for their support would be found.”

No help came then, and, not long after, health gave way. But the little church went on and prospered, and became, as the years went by, a bright influence for good in that city and neighborhood.

In good time for the journey home, funds came to hand, not only ample for their own needs but sufficient for Mr. Taylor to bring with him a young native helper, whom he hoped to use both in preparing literature for the growing church and in teaching the language to new missionaries, whom they confidently believed God would send. We shall see how that expectation was fulfilled.

CHAPTER VII.

INAUGURATION.

How remarkably in all these things one traces the hand of God. Of every believer it is true that "we are His workmanship, created . . . unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." And is it not abundantly apparent from what we have seen, that God was preparing a special instrument for a great work; a "good work" fore-ordained for Hudson Taylor, that he should commence the evangelization of inland China?

From infancy, in thoughtful childhood, in early manhood among medical students, in the difficulties of missionary service in China, surely God was fitting His vessel for His use.

Even disappointments were proving a blessing. As Pastor Stearns, of Germantown, has said, "Disappointments are His appointments." They were, certainly, for Hudson Taylor. It had been hard to leave that little church at Ning-po, whose whole-hearted earnestness and loving, happy faces were opening doors on every hand, doors that might not remain open always if they were not entered, and that were, in point of fact, closed the very next year through the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. But we know now that God

was resting His servant with a view to a future that no man could foresee.

It had been hard to hear the doctors say that return to China was impossible, at any rate for many years to come. But without the long recruiting time, and prayer and work at home, the C. I. M. probably would never have been born.

It had been hard to hear the missionary secretaries say they could not take up work toward the evangelization of inland China. But if they could have done so this new Mission would never have been suggested. Verily, God was behind it all. And His servant needed to stand back a little if he was to see, in its true perspective and magnitude, the whole sweep of the need of that vast country. At Ning-po he was too near to see clearly anything but the dark foreground of the heathen immediately around him.

We have seen the conflict that went on in Mr. Taylor's heart; how he shrank from attempting so impossible a task; how at last convinced of the will of God he yielded, and with simple, childlike faith said, I will if Thou wilt. I will do what thou willest, if only Thou wilt bear all the responsibilities entailed by obedience to Thy command. This was surely a challenge in which God could take pleasure. "Concerning the work of My hands command ye Me!" He says. We do well, humbly, reverently, to take Him at His word. And to do so every time.

We have seen how that step of faith at Brighton on June 25th, 1865, led up to the prayer "for twenty-

four willing, skillful laborers" to go two and two to the eleven unoccupied provinces and to Mongolia.

It remains now to trace the answer to that prayer. From the first Mr. Taylor had no doubt the prayer would be answered. Of course not. If he had, he *might* have prayed in vain. But "faith without works" was no part of his program. He had far too strong common-sense for that. If God was about to start a Mission to unevangelized China he must pray and consider as to the method of the work. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee on the mount," God had said to Moses. And it was not less important that this work also should be after the pattern and the plan of God.

Mr. Taylor recognized that in these days God reveals His will usually not by visions or dreams or sudden inspirations, as some would seem to suppose, but by His Word, His perennial message to mankind. With a new interest and ambition he came to its study. What had it to say about this new venture, built on impossibilities and the direct command of God?

He valued greatly also the counsel of godly men. The "counsel of the ungodly" he had no use for, even though it were friendly. God has no pleasure in it, for it leaves Him out of account. "Whatsoever He doeth shall prosper" is the portion of those who do not walk in their counsel, but do delight in and walk according to the law of the Lord.

He was brought much in contact, at this time, with

an unusually wise counsellor, Mr. Berger, whose friendship had been given him while still in China. It was he who had sent gifts that arrived most opportunely more than once. And now in his home, two hours' journey by train and drive from London, at Saint Hill in picturesque Surrey, much of the planning for the new Mission was done. More saintly people Mr. Taylor could not have consulted. Mr. and Mrs. Berger took from the first a keen interest in the proposal. To their advice and sympathy the young missionary owed as much as to their coöperation and their gifts. In that quiet country home, stately, remote, delightful, or out on its beautiful lawns, or under the weeping limes, looking through at the sunshine on lake and park and undulating country, the foundations were slowly but deeply laid and the new venture received its name—the China Inland Mission.

One thing Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their friends felt very strongly. The Mission *must not* conflict in any way with existing agencies. Already twenty different Societies were working in China, in perhaps a dozen stations all around the coast. The first sheaves were being garnered, sheaves which the devoted workers confidently believed were but the first-fruits of the coming harvest. There was, however, for the new Mission an entirely new sphere. No fear of overlapping on the field! Inland China, away from the coast country and Han-kow, was, as we have already seen, entirely without a Protestant mission-

ary. And the need, as they saw it, for this new sphere of service was new workers and new money: workers who would probably not go out in connection with the existing Boards, and funds which should not curtail or lessen in any way contributions to the old, established work.

Thus far workers for China had been drawn exclusively from the student class and had been men with a college education. As leaders in any missionary movement such workers, Mr. Taylor felt, would always be indispensable, but surely to carry the simple Gospel of faith in God and salvation from sin through our Lord Jesus Christ, men and women who could win souls at home were likely to win souls in China. Moreover, the actual number of men and women available, with high educational advantages, who were not only able but willing to go, was very limited and wholly inadequate to meet the need. And it was not even an open question to this little company of counsellors that spiritual fitness must always take precedence of intellectual attainment. The deep things of the Kingdom have been apt to be hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes. Men and women of childlike faith, and of childlike unquestioning obedience, were what they agreed to ask of God.

They decided also that the basis of this supplementary Mission should be not denominational, but simply Christian. If salvation depends on faith in Christ, and on that alone, what need to introduce to

the converts away in the interior of China the little differences of Western Christendom? It was in this quiet home also that they finally decided to take up no collections, and to make no definite appeals for funds, for reasons which have been explained. Since, then, there would be no settled income, and as they determined that debt, being dishonoring to God and explicitly forbidden, should never be contracted, it was obviously impossible to promise a settled allowance to the members of the Mission. They would have no stipulated salary, and would go out, if they went at all, trusting in a covenant-keeping God to supply their every need. They must, therefore, be men and women who knew what it was, practically, to "have faith in God."

Mr. Taylor's previous experience in China now stood him in good stead. He determined for himself and his fellow-missionaries that they would be prepared to accommodate themselves, in all wise ways, to the conditions among which they worked. In matters of dress, in the houses they occupied, in the minor as well as the major courtesies of life, they would conform as far as possible to the preferences of the people, that they might the more readily make friends, and thus gaining influence and respect among a people who *cannot* understand Western ways and manners, they would use this leverage in winning men and women to the Master. If the love of Christ constrained them to go, surely love to Christ and to souls would make them willing for all these lesser

sacrifices. The methods of the work were partly new, perhaps, but the principle was old, the grand old fundamental principle of FAITH.

The plan of campaign they proposed was equally simple. It was just this: to send out workers as God opened up the way, two and two, into each of the unoccupied provinces, and later on, perhaps, if the work should grow still further, to follow out this Apostolic method in greater detail.

Of course, there would be many who would doubt the feasibility of the whole thing, but there was after all no mystery about it, save the mystery of GOD, Who had commanded, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If He intended His servants to carry out His command nothing would be impossible to Him.

But not planning only was needed. To find God's men for the work it was necessary to make known the need and the opening for service. This Mr. Taylor did in two ways. He drew up a series of papers on the spiritual needs and claims of China, convincing appeals, which won their way to many hearts, and drew forth not a little interest in China and the proposed new Mission. At the same time Mr. Taylor embraced every opportunity that arose for speaking of the needs of the people in public. He went, about this time, to the annual conference for the deepening of spiritual life at Perth, in Scotland. Such conferences, so common now, were rare then, and gathered together some of the most godly and earnest souls

to be found in the British Isles. Mr. Taylor met with them from day to day, and enjoyed greatly the fellowship with kindred spirits. The burden of his soul, however, they did not share. He longed that they should know more, and pray more, about the conditions of millions of our fellow-men in China. At last with much difficulty he overcame his natural reticence and, calling upon the conveners, asked for an opportunity to bring the overwhelming needs of China before the conference. "But," the chairman said with manifest surprise, "this is a meeting for edification!"

Yes, Mr. Taylor said, he knew, but surely it could not be unedifying to the Lord's people to consider whether they were bound to obey His last command or not, and to let themselves feel some compassion for the starving multitudes of heathendom who had no chance of tasting the Bread of Life. Very earnestly he pleaded for the time.

After some time for consideration, the answer was sent that next morning at the principal session of the conference Mr. Taylor would have twenty minutes to speak of the needs of China. How much it cost the young missionary to address that great gathering will never, probably, be known. He rose at four in the morning and wrestled with God in prayer for the grace and the power to rightly bring before His people the overwhelming needs of China. And thus from the presence of God he went to that great assembly of His people. As he stood before

them, that great, surprised, expectant audience, his courage failed. He had not a word to say. There was One, however, to Whom he could speak with freedom of the great need that He only knew sufficiently.

“Let us pray,” he said, and five minutes of the precious time was spent in fervent, definite prayer to God for the hundreds of millions of lost souls, souls for whom Christ has died, in that greatest of all heathen countries. When he finished, his nervousness was gone. He was conscious only of God, of His presence and His help.

Then followed a quarter of an hour of vivid description and of burning appeal for the people of China. The audience was hushed and solemnized and deeply interested, and those who were present at that gathering thirty-seven years ago say they can never forget the impression which was left upon their minds.

From Perth Mr. Taylor went to Liverpool, and from there, in company with Mr. Grattan Guinness, the orator-evangelist of Dublin, visited Ireland. After holding missionary meetings at Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Belfast and other places, Mr. Taylor returned to England. And in the same year he was present at the great Mildmay Conference, presided over by that saintly Episcopal clergyman, William Pennefather.

As a result of these and other meetings not only was sympathy obtained, lasting and prayerful sympathy,

but men and women offered themselves for the work. Applications were received from over forty volunteers. The most suitable of these, fifteen or sixteen in number, were selected and invited to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, to commence work on the language and enjoy a time of fellowship in Bible study, Mr. Taylor having meanwhile the best of opportunities for deciding as to their fitness for the work. The small home in the east end of London, chosen for its proximity to the London Hospital and for its location among the poor, was of course no longer sufficient. They moved, when the first candidates arrived, to a larger house in Coborn Street, one of the many turnings out of Bow Road, that main artery of East London. Soon this also became too small. They prayed about the matter, and there and then the next door neighbor vacated his house, and they obtained immediate possession. Day by day at noon the whole company met for united prayer about China and its needs, and about the launching of the Mission, and every Saturday afternoon a similar meeting was held to which friends were invited.

Thus, in Bible study and work upon the language, the time passed rapidly, until by Christmas a party of approved workers were ready and in training. But the funds were not forthcoming. This, however, did not discourage them. They determined, on the last day of the old year, to have a special time of fasting and prayer about funds and other yet more important matters. And so much blessing resulted to the mem-



FRONT PAGE OF THE OLD "OCCASIONAL PAPER."

bers of the little company that the practice of fasting and prayer on New Year's eve became a custom in the China Inland Mission, and it has been ever since, both at home and on the field.

It seemed desirable now to commence the publication of an "Occasional Paper" which, three or four times a year, might set forth some account of the work for and in China. In the preliminary number, drawn up in January, 1866, Mr. Taylor mentioned that a party of workers were in training to go out, and would probably sail in May if the way were clear, and that the expense for passage and outfit would probably be from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds sterling. The manuscript was ready for the printer on the sixth of February.

As soon as this was out of hand, they felt the time had come to commence waiting regularly on God about this important and immediate need of funds. Daily at the mid-day meeting, the little company united in asking the Lord of the harvest to provide what was needed.

Thus February passed. Owing to a fire at the printer's it was not until the twelfth of March that the pamphlet was received, just a month and six days from the completion of the manuscript. As soon as the paper came it occurred to Mr. Taylor that before this statement about the work was put into circulation they should add up the accounts and see what had already come to hand. From January 1st to February 6th, one month and six days, the equiv-

alent of eight hundred and fifty dollars (\$850) had been received. How much had come in during the next equal period of daily prayer for funds? It was found that nine thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars (\$9,850) had been contributed. It need hardly be added that this was a great encouragement to faith, and confirmed their determination to look to God for everything.

But an unusual difficulty now occurred to them. Here was the first "Occasional Paper" with a reference to a probable expenditure of seven to ten thousand dollars for passages and outfits, and now already the entire need was met. It remained simply to add a colored insert saying that the Lord had graciously supplied all that was needed, through His servants. Mr. Taylor was reminded of the dilemma of Moses when the people brought too much for the building of the tabernacle, and had to send out a proclamation that they should cease giving. I wonder, thought he, if the Lord's people laid less emphasis on finance, and more on the spiritual side of work for God, whether such difficulties as this of Moses might not occur more frequently.

It may be mentioned that during the next month and six days, March 12th to April 18th, there came in only two thousand six hundred dollars (\$2,600), abundant for present needs at home and in China. In China, because that prayer of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor as they were leaving China, for five laborers for the growing Ning-po work, had not been forgotten by

those who prayed nor unanswered by the God Who heard. The five workers had been on the field some time, and had recently been reinforced by the first three members of the C. I. M., Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Stott.

With regard to Mr. Stott, there had been some difficulty in Mr. Taylor's mind about his going to China, on account of the fact that, while his health was good, he had lost one leg through an accident. The needs of the country, however, were deeply laid upon his heart. And when Mr. Taylor, at their first interview, asked how it would fare with him in a riot, how he would be able to escape if his life were in danger at some new station, Mr. Stott replied that he had not thought of running away. When Mr. Taylor pressed the question as to how he would get on among such an unfriendly people he expressed the conviction that in the war of God "the lame shall take the prey." In all other respects Mr. Stott's case was perfectly clear, so, of course, he was accepted.

It will not be supposed that during these early days of planning and preparing, the more serious difficulties were forgotten. As they presented themselves they were simply made matters of prayer. Would the country prove to be *open*? Would the workers be able to go and to work inland? And if they were able, would there be sufficient safety to life to make the work reasonably practicable? And how, if the workers did succeed and opened stations in the far interior, would it be possible to transmit

funds to these isolated outposts? All these and many other serious problems faced them, but over against all they placed the great answer—God. He Who openeth and no man shutteth would surely go before them. Not only would they not be sent warring at their own charges, but the Captain of salvation would Himself be with them, to Whom all power and “all authority hath been given in heaven” with our Father “and on earth” with men, and He would prosper them in all the varied difficulties and embarrassments they went to face for Him.

At this time, March, 1865, the number of missionaries in China had dwindled down to ninety-one, about one man to four millions. But, of course, in the interior the need was limitless, for among its hundreds of millions there was not a single missionary. No wonder these new recruits felt they must go, whatever hindered.

The party now in readiness consisted of sixteen workers, including Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, returning with their little children (of whom the writer was one), besides Miss Bausam, who was to join Dr. and Mrs. Lord, of the American Baptist Union, and the children’s nurse. The next thing to pray for was suitable accommodation for the journey, not an easy thing to find in those days for a party of twenty-two.

About that time Mr. Taylor went to Totteridge, a village not far from London, for a lecture on China, which he had promised to give with the understanding that no collection should be taken. He spoke as

usual of the needs of the country, the deplorable needs that he had seen and felt, and also of the new effort to meet those needs, very earnestly asking prayer for the workers so soon to sail for China. The audience was deeply moved. The chairman, Mr. Puget, in closing the meeting urged that there ought to be a collection, and hoped that as the suggestion came from himself and not from the speaker, Mr. Taylor would not refuse what seemed the unanimous wish of the audience. Mr. Taylor, however, rose and said that he would very much prefer that the printed announcement of the meeting be adhered to and no collection taken. If any who were present wished to help forward God's work in China, after prayerful consideration they could send what they wished to any of the existing missionary societies that had workers in China, or it could be sent to the China Inland Mission; but what he desired just then was that each one should leave the meeting burdened with a sense of the need of China and the duty of the Lord's people to meet that need.

When they reached home Mr. Puget told his guest he felt a mistake had been made in refusing to that interested audience an opportunity to share in the good work. Mr. Taylor ventured to differ; he thought that too often the benefit of such a meeting was lost through people easing their consciences by giving what was convenient at the moment and then going away and forgetting the need and the claim upon their sympathy and prayers.

Next morning his kind host came down late and looked weary. He had had a bad night. The awful picture of those ignorant, neglected multitudes going out into the night of eternity without hope, without Christ, kept coming back to him in all its awful significance. He had spent much of the night in prayer. After breakfast he asked Mr. Taylor to his study, gave him several little contributions that had been left with him the night before, and then handed Mr. Taylor an envelope saying, "I believe you were right. If there had been a collection I should have put in probably a five-pound note, but now after prayer I feel that God would have me give you this." In the envelope was a check for five hundred pounds. This little incident was a great encouragement to Mr. Taylor.

He went straight from there to the shipping agents, whose letter had reached him that very morning at breakfast, and finding the accommodation of the sailing vessel "Lammermuir" ample and convenient, paid the check on account. Thus, in His own exceeding abundant measure, the Lord provided for all the needs of the work. They had prayed for from seven to ten thousand dollars, and the Lord in answer had sent them considerably over fifteen thousand. He knew better than they how much would be needed.

One other thing remained to settle. Who, when all the workers were out in China, would "hold the ropes" at home? Who would receive and forward subscriptions and answer correspondence, and who

would interview and accept suitable candidates that might offer for the work? These double responsibilities of representative and treasurer Mr. Berger very cordially undertook. All then was ready.

The effort to meet the need was a small one, truly, and the workers had not even the certain prospect of a home when they arrived in China. But weak though they were, the Almighty God was with them. "I can do all things" they could say with Paul (lit. "I have strength to do all things") "in Christ Which strengtheneth me." So, trusting in him, they started out on their difficult and untried way.

The voyage was not uneventful. No one of the party that sailed on the "Lammermuir" will ever forget it, that is certain, not even the children: two of whom are members of the C. I. M. to-day, the other two are living with Him Who best loves little children and Who took them from China to be educated, perfected, under His own immediate care.

Before the ship left the London docks the missionaries were commended to God by a little circle of friends and well-wishers who saw them off. They said good-bye to England with the confident expectation that the good hand of God would be upon them, and that they would have plenty of opportunities for service on the way. Had they not very definitely asked God to gather a crew to whom He would bless their message?

The voyage was necessarily long. The Suez Canal was not yet opened, and sailing round the Cape of

Good Hope could not but occupy several months. All went serenely, however. Captain Bell and his officers were as kind as kind could be, and in studying the language and in fellowship over the Word and in prayer the days sped delightfully.

In a letter home from Java Mr. Taylor writes of the delightful voyage they were having, very little rough weather, favorable winds and, even in the tropics, cool, delightful days and restful nights. Already, by the blessing of God on meetings held each Sunday, and often on weekday evenings as well, no less than twenty men had been brought to the Lord. The ship's company, including the captain and officers, were only thirty-four in all, so that with three who were Christians before, only eleven remained to be prayed for and won if possible.

It was hardly to be expected, however, that such a company of earnest soul seekers would be allowed to reach China without any serious obstacle. Soon after leaving Java, in the China Sea, they met with two terrific hurricanes, typhoons (great winds) the Cantonese call them. Booms, spars and masts, one after another, and part of the gunwale and deck gear, went overboard, and when, after laboring all through the first, and enjoying a brief season of comparative quiet, the second came on, the crew lost all hope of bringing the leaking wreck to port. Mr. Taylor, however, confident that God had work for them to do in China, encouraged the crew, and the whole party, ladies as well as men, helped day and night at the pumps.

Thus at last, by God's great mercy, the poor old "Lammermuir," that had so nearly gone to pieces, was towed safe home into Shanghai harbor.

It is not hard to imagine the feelings of relief and thankfulness with which the weary, sea-battered party arrived at their desired haven. In spite of all the malice of the Enemy, the prince of the "power of the air," they had reached the land to which their lives were given!

Where they would go, what they would do, they could not tell. They had no certainty but One. He Who had called them was with them, and all was well.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST FOUR YEARS.

“A few months’ time” was the limit set by critics for the duration of the Mission. “Madmen, lunatics!” said a Shanghai newspaper in a facetious article, “Why do not their people keep them at home in an asylum, where they would be harmless to themselves and the community?” But such prophecies and such questions need but one answer—time.

Probably these comments of those who saw nothing in the new departure but vagary were a tonic, a stimulant even, to these adventurers who, in obedience to a divine command, had launched out into the deep on the sea of faith.

For they needed encouragement. And this may have helped them, casting them back on Him who never fails. Can we picture their position?

It was not a strong, or a wise, or a confident party that found themselves moored in the Shanghai harbor that thirtieth of September, 1866. Yet strong they were in the strength of Him Who was with them; wise they were in that which is wisdom indeed, and confident they were that God would not forsake them. Like many another missionary pioneer, they did not know what to do first, or even where they would live. It was very evident that they were “not

wanted," not even welcome, in China, and as time passed this would become increasingly evident. But oh, how they were needed! That at least they knew, and they thanked God: for many mercies thus far and deliverance from a stormy grave; for a great need realized and for the opportunity to meet it—their "call" to missionary service—they thanked God and strengthened their hearts in Him.

Not only did they need a temporary shelter for themselves, but where should they store all their baggage, their printing presses and type, their medical and surgical armamentarium, and all the private belongings of the party?

It is easy to say that they prayed, and God answered. But it meant a good deal when God's answer came, when that very day of their arrival Mr. Taylor received a cordial invitation from an old friend and well-wisher, Mr. W. Gamble, an invitation and a welcome to the whole party, with storage room for all their belongings.

How heartily, in their thanksgiving, they asked God to reward Mr. Gamble.* And how gladly they exchanged their narrow cabins for the ample space and generous hospitality of his warehouse and his home.

Here at once they set about preparing for their further journey, for Hang-chau was to be the first headquarters of the Mission. Their baggage had to

*Missionary in charge of the American Presbyterian Mission Press.

be opened and examined, after the last stage of the voyage, and their things divided and repacked, so that they might take with them as little as possible at first.

A busy and a very cheerful scene that warehouse presented, scattered over with opened trunks and packing cases, and in one part a regular laundry, presided over by the ladies, disposing of the washing of those four long months at sea.

Then again, to procure Chinese clothing for so large a party was no small business, for they were all going to travel and to work in native dress, and many were the merry remarks that were passed as one after another donned the strange, loose and, to the uninitiated, clumsy garb, and as the men, for the Master's sake, with uncomplaining fortitude, had their heads shaved *a la Chinois*. Passports also had to be obtained and names registered at the consulate, while delightful visits with older missionaries made a profitable variation from the soberer duties of the day.

Busy they were indeed, and full of hope, though faced with nothing but uncertainty, because of the gracious assurance in all their hearts, "He that sent me is with me."

While all this was going on, Mr. Taylor, at the first available moment, left for a brief visit to Ning-po to see his old friends in the native church, whom he loved with all the strong affection of a "father in the Lord," and to confer with the seven missionaries who up till now had been the entire staff of the Mission in China. There went with him Miss Bau-

sam, to join Dr. and Mrs. Lord, of the A. B. M. U., and Miss Rose, who was shortly afterward married to Mr. Meadows,* the missionary in charge at Ning-po. Mr. Taylor's visit was most encouraging. Not only were the workers delighted to welcome him in China and to hear detailed news about the reinforcements, but the formal yet very affectionate salutations of the little company of Chinese Christians were to him especially refreshing. In spite of a season of severe testing through the T'ai-p'ing rebellion, which had devastated the city in '61 and '62, the little church had grown considerably, and Mr. Meadows was full of expectation for the future. Not only had the church at Ning-po grown and prospered but three new stations had been opened at important centers within easy distance.

Of these new stations the most important was Shao-hing, one of the most interesting cities in China. From its situation on many canals and its political prestige it has been aptly termed the Venice of China, and many of the most influential men in China are proud to be its citizens. For the post of private secretary to all the high officials, not only in every province but in every city of the empire, is invariably supplied by alumni of Shao-hing, who protect themselves against competition by simply ignoring all letters, documents and despatches which come from other hands. By this simple yet drastic expedient all this important and remunerative work is kept in the

*Mr. Meadows' first wife had died in 1863.

one fraternity. It is easy to see the strategic necessity for opening work in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, who had arrived in China in February, 1866, were already located here.

On returning to Shanghai Mr. Taylor took with him two or three experienced native Christians, as teachers for the new arrivals.

Meanwhile the preparations at Shanghai were nearly finished, and not many days after Mr. Taylor's return boats were hired for the journey to Hang-chau. On October 20th the whole party, after a very grateful farewell to Mr. Gamble, took possession of their Chinese houseboats. Before leaving the harbor they pulled alongside the good old "Lammermuir," now nearly ready for sea again, to say good-bye to the ship's company and Captain Bell. Here they were greatly touched by an unexpected proof of sympathy and affection, a gift of more than one hundred and twenty dollars for the work from the officers and crew, no names being given. It was the men's own proposal, a generous token of gratitude and love. None of the party will ever forget the kind words and hearty handshakes of the men, many of whom were in tears, nor the loud, long cheers that rang out from the rigging as the little procession of native houseboats started on its way.

Hang-chau, for which they were destined, is one of the oldest as well as one of the most beautiful cities in China. Situated far up the estuary of the picturesque, limpid Ts'ien-t'ang, this capital of the Cheh-

kiang province had been chosen to be the center of the Mission. Easy of access from Shanghai, with five hundred thousand inhabitants, and scarcely a Christian among them, the metropolis of twenty million people, it was just the basis they needed for the work, a basis of operations from which, please God, should be opened gradually, first in this province and later in less accessible regions, many a center for the diffusion of the Light.

Hang-chau moreover was already open. Great care would, of course, be needed, coming with so large a party, not to arouse the animosity of the educated classes, always averse to foreigners. Still there would be every prospect of a peaceable location for the present, until such time as progress with the language and acquaintance with the people should make it safe to scatter to other places needier still.

For already three missionaries were stationed here, with their families. During the early sixties work had been interrupted for two or three years by the T'ai-p'ing rebels, who left the proud old city pitifully devastated. Now they were overthrown, through the gallant and godly "Chinese Gordon," and peace was reëstablished. But the ruined city, reopened to the Gospel in '64 by the saintly and now venerable Bishop Moule, would be long ere it regained its former magnificence or lost the traces of the quasi-Christian, but more than semi-heathen, T'ai-p'ing warriors.

From Shanghai it was only nine days' journey to

the southwest, across a fertile and populous plain that probably at no very remote period formed a delta of the Yang-tse. Nine days' journey, that is if they wished and were able to travel steadily at an average of twenty miles a day, which, as things go in China, is speedy progress. But this they did not wish.

While Hang-chau was their main objective, they hoped it might prove possible to station some of the party in one or more of the many cities dotted over the plain they crossed, in none of which at that time were missionaries settled.

During this journey they became initiated into some of the mysteries of Chinese life. Already dressed in Chinese costume they now made their first acquaintance with chopsticks, and a very amusing introduction it was. Before long, however, they found themselves making good progress with these strange substitutes for knife and fork.

Their surroundings, moreover, were now strictly Chinese, and so was their rate of travel. Some days they did not make any progress at all. The wind, perhaps, was contrary. Other days, when the wind was all right, the boatmen had business and needed to delay. Then, perhaps, the missionaries wished to stop at Kia-hing or some other important city, but the boatmen were impatient, and were with difficulty persuaded to wait while Mr. Taylor hunted for a house.

After the novelty wore off they discovered that the boats were crowded—close quarters for a protracted

journey, such as this was proving. The daily routine of delays and inconveniences was not entirely mitigated by the many employments that kept them occupied; study of the language, conference and prayer, and occasional talks from Mr. and Mrs. Taylor as to the ways and the customs of the people. In addition to their slow progress, before they reached Hang-chau the weather was becoming cold, and for the children and the less robust adults, especially on damp and rainy days, the draughty boats were scarcely safe. The boatmen, too, were growing eager to return home for the winter, and the native servants, less able than the missionaries to put up with hardship, began to talk of leaving.

Glad indeed they were when at last in the distance they sighted the great city of Hang-chau. Here, however, another difficulty awaited them. Repeated efforts at renting premises, by the way, had all proved unsuccessful. Seeing that a home for the winter was essential, at any rate for some of the party, very earnest prayers went up to God that He would prosper His servants in this matter. And so, at last, they arrived at the suburbs of Hang-chau. Here a series of locks barred the way, and the boats that had been their home for five weeks could go no further. Leaving his large party unobserved outside the city Mr. Taylor went on ahead, with prayer in his heart and on his lips, to see what could be done to secure accommodation.

Calling first on one of the missionaries, he found a

surprise awaiting him. The Rev. Mr. Kreyer was away at Shanghai to be married, and had left a message that if Mr. Taylor's large party arrived before his return he hoped they would make use of his house, while seeking a home of their own. It was still five or six days before Mr. and Mrs. Kreyer were expected, and with a heart full of thankfulness to God and to His servant Mr. Taylor returned to the expectant party on the boats.

Next day, Friday, November 28th, the sixteen adults and four children, with their native companions, were transferred to smaller boats in which they entered the city unobserved, and made their way to within a block or two of Mr. Kreyer's home, at the foot of the beautiful City Hill. As gloaming deepened into dusk the boats came to a standstill. The few business houses they had passed were already closed, and the large party filed quietly along one or two silent streets to their temporary quarters, which they reached without attracting attention.

It was not long before they were all comfortably settled in, and the queer bundles of native bedding unrolled—the men in one part of the house and the women in another, and greatly they enjoyed the relief of more convenient and roomy quarters. Here all joined again in thanksgiving to God for this gracious provision and asked with renewed confidence that He would speedily provide a more permanent home, for their kind host would be returning the following Wednesday with his bride.

On Saturday morning, after further waiting on God, Mr. Taylor went out with a native helper to see what could be done towards obtaining a house, and his spirits rose almost to bubbling over when he found that the first place they were taken to see was exactly what was needed. It may be that the substantial, comfortable landlord, or the keen, shrewd middleman read something of this in Mr. Taylor's face. Whether that were so or not, the price demanded was exorbitant. With courteous adieux Mr. Taylor and the Chinese teacher bowed themselves away, saying that they were sorry to have troubled the owner, but the price was entirely beyond them. The rest of the day passed all too soon in fruitless searching. Sunday came opportunely, not only giving time for spiritual refreshment, but also conveying the impression to landlord and middleman that Mr. Taylor was not in any particular hurry, nor so eager as he seemed. On Monday they started again and still met with poor success. Neither Mr. Taylor nor his companion thought of returning to the first place they had seen, but now Mahomet came to the mountain, since the mountain did not come to Mahomet! The landlord and middleman, fearing that they might lose their customer, sought out Mr. Taylor, and that put an entirely new face on affairs. Even so, it was no easy matter, and the whole of Tuesday was spent in leisurely and closely calculated bargaining. At last the landlord came to terms, a deed of rental was drawn up and the earnest money paid, to use the

Chinese idiom "the pen being dropped, the bargain was concluded."

All now united in thanksgiving, as earnestly as they had prayed before. Preparations were complete by Tuesday evening. Early on Wednesday morning, the day the Kreyers were to return, long before the city was awake, they moved over to the new premises on the Sin-k'ai Lung, and gratefully took possession of their first Chinese home. The great city went on as usual, little imagining how large a party of foreigners had taken up residence among them.

At once, without delaying a day to put the house in order, steady work was commenced on the language. The "quiet hour" was carefully observed, of private prayer and meditation, and daily all joined in talking over some portion of the Word, and in glad, thankful waiting upon God for guidance as to the present and future of the work.

The premises, naturally, were in the ordinary condition of unoccupied houses. Not only was there need of cleaning, but also of repairs. As soon as they were in full swing of work, but not before, these household duties occupied their leisure, and it was not long before the whole place began to bear a decidedly more Christian aspect. The men had a staircase to themselves and a quarter of the house exclusively their own, which would commend itself to any visitors who might have the courage to pay a call. A chapel was fitted up, and places found for the printing press and the few medical and surgical sup-

plies that Mr. Taylor had brought on from Shanghai. A guest hall for men and another for women were also furnished, that no one might call without being hospitably entertained.

It was not long before some of the new missionaries had made sufficient progress with the language to be understood, for the four months of the outward journey, the stay in Shanghai and the long boat trip had all been utilized in study. For some weeks several native families remained in the roomy house, while they sought, leisurely in point of fact, for other quarters. With these near neighbors, of course, they were careful to cultivate acquaintance, and Miss Faulding soon persuaded them to take her visiting at the home of their relations. Indeed, before long, one of these interested women openly confessed faith in Jesus Christ, and became a valuable coadjutor in the women's work. Thus, in at least one convert and in not a few friends and acquaintances, their patience with their fellow-lodgers blossomed and bore fruit.

Missionary work had begun. With much real, hearty effort the time passed rapidly. And day by day Mrs. Taylor's motherly concern for her large household, her uninterrupted walk with God, and her wisdom and good judgment endeared her, increasingly, to all.

Christmas soon came, and was kept with rejoicing and thanksgiving. New Year's eve—as it had been at home a year before, so now in the heart of a heathen city—was spent in prayer and fasting. Look-

ing back they acknowledged with great thankfulness God's good hand in many matters; and looking forward, they waited very earnestly on Him to prosper each step of the establishment of the Mission on the field.

* * * * *

Very abundantly were the prayers with which the old year closed, answered, in 1867. January had not passed before they had the joy of opening another station at the neighboring city of Siao-shan. At first, though a promising opening was found in this city, they were unable to go forward on account of shortness of funds, so, of course, they applied to God for the money.

This came in a remarkable and most unexpected way. Among their visitors at the new home in Hang-chau had been a more than usually intelligent Chinaman, who told them he came from Singapore. There, of course, he had been accustomed to foreigners, but not to such foreigners—dressed in purely native costume, living and eating and acting with all the refinement and courtesy of Chinamen. He did not know what to make of it. After one or two cordial visits he came no more. The reason of this proved to be he had returned to Shanghai. There he told a friend, a foreigner, of the missionaries at Hang-chau, to whom he had been so greatly drawn. His friend was interested and tried to find a representative of the China Inland Mission in Shanghai.

Failing in this, he handed a donation of sixty odd dollars to an acquaintance of Mr. Gamble's, through whom it was now forwarded to Mr. Taylor. With it came a message to cheer the hearts of the workers, to the effect that he did not know how sufficiently to admire their devotion and self-renunciation. "He could not imitate it, but he could appreciate it." Happy to tell, this Singapore Chinaman was savingly converted about this time in the home of the hospitable Mr. Gamble himself.

Thus the Lord met the need at Siao-shan, and the premises in question were rented; three of the new missionaries taking up residence at once. Before the end of the year at this new station—a year of many vicissitudes, and indeed serious trouble for a time—three or four converts filled their hearts with thanksgiving.

It need hardly be said that with all the responsibilities of six stations, most of them newly opened, and of seven older missionaries besides his own party, Mr. Taylor was very fully occupied, and sometimes he was confronted with questions of no little gravity. In all these matters, however, he shared his burdens with the ever-present Friend, Who cares and understands.

On a visit to the older stations Mr. Taylor found much cause for praise. At Ning-po there were already sixty-four in membership, and others waiting to be received. At Shao-hing also, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were making good progress and were

greatly encouraged in the work. Yes, there was plenty to thank God for, both now and in the outlook.

Among the early visitors at Shao-hing was one who especially interested Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Ning was a scholarly man of good family; he did not wish to have anything to do with the foreigners' religion, but there were things in their scientific booklets which did interest him greatly and he called to gain further information. This Mr. Stevenson gladly gave, and then sought to lead the conversation into another channel.

"Have you among your foreign books one called the New Testament?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Ning, "I have. But I must confess it does not interest me. It has no logical beginning, no consecutive argument running through it, nor any peroration at the close. I can make nothing of it."

"Well," Mr. Stevenson replied, "I am not surprised at that. Do you know if you *could* understand that book it would not be worth the paper it is printed on."

"I do not exactly understand you," said Mr. Ning with courtesy, for he was nothing if not a scholar, and being often reminded of his attainments by his friends he knew how to value his literary reputation.

Mr. Stevenson explained, "That book is the book of the Living God. Coming from Him its teachings are deeper than any man can comprehend unaided.

But if you pray to God for His Spirit to enable you to understand, you will find it a new book and one of absorbing interest and profit."

"Well," said Mr. Ning, "if that is not the strangest thing I ever heard! Do you expect me to believe the Heavenly Grandfather has leisure to attend to the prayers of a common man like me? Why, I could not get an audience with the Governor of the province, however much I tried, not to mention the Emperor. How much less with the Supreme Ruler of the Universe!"

Mr. Stevenson smiled. "I see you are good at arguing, my friend; but arguing does not alter facts. You notice the kettle on the fire? One might argue that fire and water are opposing elements; that, moreover, they are separated by the iron of the kettle. How can the fire and water mingle? But while the argument goes forward the lid begins to lift and puffs of steam to issue from the spout. Before the argument is concluded the water is boiling, and I am ready to make you a cup of tea."

"You also are good at argument!" replied Mr. Ning, amused.

"Try it, my friend. Ask God this evening to give you His Spirit that you may be able to understand His Book, of which you can make nothing."

Again Mr. Ning smiled. "That you must tell to the ignorant, sir, if you wish to be believed. It is no use trying to teach such doctrines to educated men." And then, with many an expression of

gratitude for the information given and for the courtesy extended, Mr. Ning took his leave.

During supper he mused, as he looked across at his treasured books. "That was a strange notion of the foreigner's! How can he possibly think an educated man would accept a theory like that? I will not give the matter another thought." But when he had finished his supper an irresistible longing came over him just to glance at the Book. Mr. Stevenson was praying.

"I will just look at it," he thought, and taking the New Testament down he opened it, with the words "Oh God, if there be a God, enlighten my mind by Thy Spirit, that I may be able to understand this book." And he began to read. And he continued to read. The hours flew until it was nearly midnight. His wife wondered that he did not come to rest.

"I have something important on hand just now," he said. "Do not wait for me. I will come later." And he read on till the small hours of the morning.

Next evening, the day's duties over, he again took down the once despised New Testament and became absorbed in its wonderful story. Again he read half the night. And before long the proud Confucianist was a confessed believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Wife," he said one morning—he had been wanting to speak for days but had lacked the courage, for she belonged to a haughty and aristocratic family—"Wife, I have something I should like to say to you this evening, when the children are in bed." He put

off the difficult moment as long as he could, and when the time arrived his wife had to come to the rescue, as a woman often does.

“Didn’t you want to speak to me this evening?”

“Why, yes,” he said, “come into my study.” And there they sat, he on the left side, and she sat on the right, the lower, as in wifely duty bound.

“Well,” she asked, again coming to his help, “what is it that you want to say to me?”

“It is this,” he replied, with a good deal of inward trepidation, “do you know I have discovered that there is a true God after all.”

“Have you?” she said. “Why that is good news! You remember the time when those terrible T’ai-p’ing rebels captured our city and broke into our home? I was alone, and hid in the wardrobe and tried to pray; but who should I pray to? The T’ai-p’ings were stronger than the gods, for they destroyed them everywhere. So I prayed to the Heavenly Grandfather that He would take pity on me, a poor defenceless woman, and not let me fall into the hands of those ruthless ruffians. With noisy steps they went through the house. They rushed into the room. They went all over, opening boxes and searching in every corner, and then suddenly went off without touching the wardrobe. I have often wondered whether after all there is not a Living God, who heard my prayer and pitied me. Do tell me all about it.”

Before long Mrs. Ning was as earnest a believer

as her husband. Having won his wife, Mr. Ning went on to his neighbors, and the more he spoke of his new found Friend the fuller of gladness and blessing his heart became. Until one day, speaking on the street with a neighbor, a little knot of interested strangers stood to listen, and before he knew it Mr. Ning was holding his first open-air meeting! In this he enjoyed great liberty, and realized that he was getting an unexpected opportunity of serving his new Lord and Master.

The fact that Mr. Ning, the talented B.A., was actually preaching the "foreign devils' religion" on the street became a public scandal. The chief magistrate of the city called informally to remonstrate with the scholar, and after a short preliminary conversation, said, "If you must believe this foreign faith, why do so, but do not bring disgrace upon your name by forgetting yourself in this fashion! Whatever is it that makes you tell everybody you meet about these things?"

"The fact is," Mr. Ning replied, "I am so full of the good news that I cannot keep it in! I *must* tell what the Lord Jesus has done for me; what gladness He has put into my life, and how He has washed away my sins and given me hope of endless happiness in Heaven." And from that beginning he preached Jesus Christ to the magistrate, who was glad at the earliest possible moment to beat a dignified retreat!

Meeting next day the chancellor of the university, the magistrate drew his attention to the extra-

ordinary behavior of his "disciple." "I will call upon him," the proud chancellor replied, with confidence, "and persuade him of his folly. The very idea of a follower of Confucius falling in with these new-fangled notions of the foreign immigrants!" Before long he also had heard the Gospel story.

Needless to say that the work went forward and grew under Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson's care with such earnest and able fellow-workers as Mr. and Mrs. Ning.

All being now in working order at Hang-chau Mr. Taylor, on his return, opened a dispensary, which rapidly became very popular among the poorer people, and frequently attracted well-to-do members of the community who heard of wonderful cures performed. This medical work was the means of disarming prejudice and gaining sympathy and confidence. Its chief end, of course, was spiritual, and that was attained in no small degree. The average daily attendance at this dispensary was two hundred, which meant, of course, an immense amount of work for Mr. Taylor and his native assistants.

One afternoon in this month of February, 1867, while Mr. Taylor was engaged in a preliminary service for the patients, imagine his delight and surprise to see walk right into the waiting-room strangers from England, reinforcements for the work. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy and their children, and Miss McLean had just arrived from Shanghai. Mr.

Taylor rejoiced to see them, as they saw by a glance at his face, but there was a room full of patients who must be seen that afternoon, especially as next day was Sunday, when none but urgent cases could be seen. Glad indeed were the new arrivals to see such signs of progress, and very heartily they wrote home of their unceremonious welcome and of the "large number of benighted heathen listening attentively to the story of the Cross; of the wonderful smile on the face of some poor creature conscious of sight being gradually restored, or the gladness of the palsied man as he felt his limbs regaining strength."

Before many moments Mr. McCarthy was busily engaged in mixing medicines and helping in various ways. How glad they were to see the work so prosperous. Next day, Sunday, the chapel was crowded. "Mr. Taylor, mounted on a chair in order to be better heard, explained the nature of our meeting and of our worship—that there is no visible form to bow to, no incense, no silver paper, no candles, but the great invisible God Himself is present, noticing all we do and say and think.

"Then after singing a hymn and engaging in prayer, when all the people rose as requested and stood very still, a portion of the Gospel story was chosen, which Mr. Taylor explained and illustrated, bringing each point home to *them*."

The following Sunday also "the chapel was crowded both morning and evening, and the people

were not only quiet and attentive but apparently very interested."

As the months went on there soon arose the "happy necessity of holding a meeting" for inquirers, and ere long the first six converts were received into the church amid general rejoicing.

Shortly after this the first serious blow fell on the Mission. A devoted and greatly beloved brother, Mr. Sell, was called Home from Ning-po. He had been much used of God on the "Lammermuir" in winning souls, and great hopes were entertained for his usefulness in China.

In addition to the daily sewing meeting held by Mrs. Taylor, regular house-to-house visitation was carried on by the ladies. "In many houses, in every direction," wrote Mr. Taylor, "our sisters have free access to the women. * * * In its actual influence upon the people at large I am strongly inclined to consider this the most powerful agency we have."

"It is such a joy to be so welcome," wrote Miss Faulding. "I have only to go out and pass along the street and houses are open to me. Truly God is giving this people an ear to hear."

The adoption of native dress was found a real help in gaining access to the people, as many of the home letters testify. Only one brief extract from Mrs. Taylor's pen need be quoted: "Notwithstanding much that is said to the contrary, I am satisfied that our Chinese dress gives us a decided advantage. It brings us nearer to the people, whom above all things

we desire to *reach*, not to hold at a distance. Before leaving England I had some misgivings about ladies wearing the Chinese dress, on this ground, that the Chinese despise their own women while they respect foreigners. Would they treat us with the same deference, and should we have as much weight with them were we to change our dress. I have found no reason for retaining this misgiving. On the contrary, I am satisfied that force of character, education and Christian principle give us an influence with the natives of both sexes which neither wearing our own dress could impart, nor adopting the Chinese could take away. For myself I have been treated with quite as much respect in the latter as in the former."

"No mightier power," Mr. Taylor wrote, "has been entrusted to us than that of the true sympathy which identifies itself with those whom it seeks to benefit and carries captive the *heart*. And to get close access to the hearts of the people is our great aim; to win their confidence and love our daily object. To effect this we seek, as far as possible, to meet them in costume, in language, in manners. And to us this course is not only advantageous, it is indispensable. No lady in foreign dress could visit here as our sisters do in the native costume. And, moreover, we conceive that in this we are following the example of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who became all things to all men that he might gain the more. And further, that we are treading in the footsteps of Him Who to save men became a man; Who

to minister especially to the lost sheep of the house of Israel was made one under the law—made one in all points not sinful, with the objects of His ministry.”

Now came the anniversary of the sailing of the “Lammermuir” from England, the first birthday of the little Mission. In a brief letter to Mr. Berger, Mr. Hudson Taylor writes of the first year of service: “Burdens such as I have never before sustained, responsibilities such as I have not heretofore incurred and sorrows compared with which past sorrows have been light, have entered into my experience during this year. But I trust that I have learned, in some measure, the blessed truth :

“‘Sufficient is His arm alone,
And our defense is sure.’

“I have long felt that our Mission has a baptism to be baptized with. It may not yet be past. It may be heavier than we can foresee. But if by His grace *we* are kept faithful, in the end all will be well. May the Lord sustain and strengthen you, dear brother, in your department of this service; such is our daily prayer.”

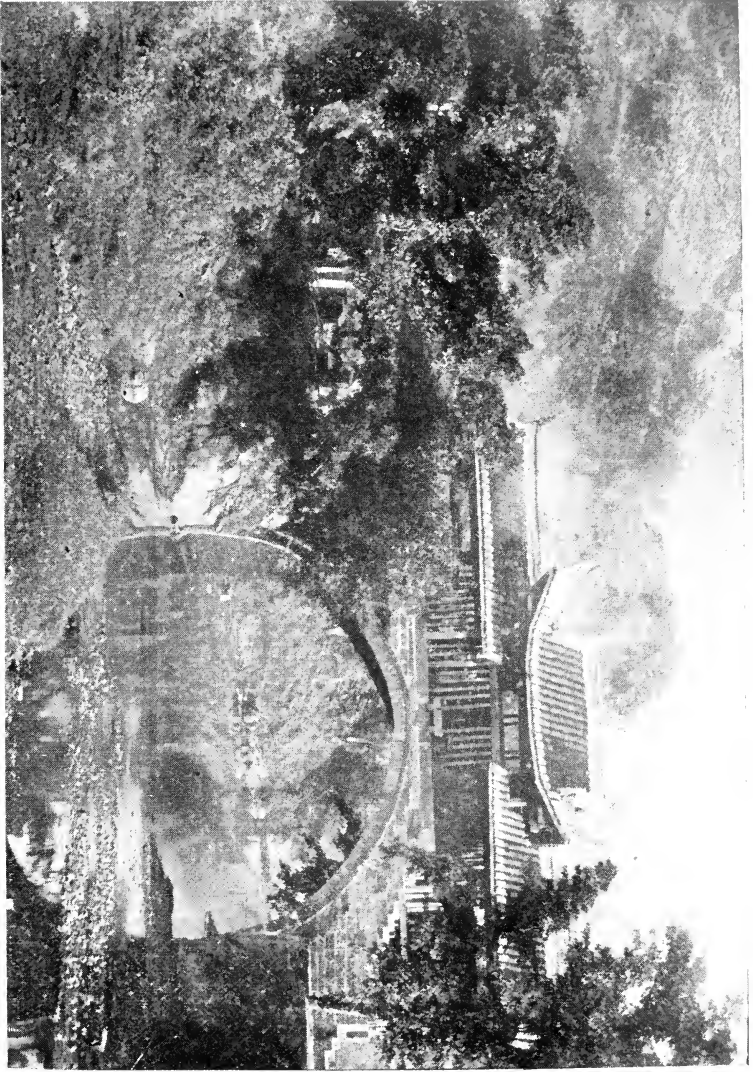
Toward the latter part of the following month of June Mr. Taylor started on an evangelistic tour with the double purpose of preaching the Gospel and of locating, if possible, Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Duncan at two principal cities up the lovely, rapid Ts’ien-t’ang river. Scores of thousands of miles have been traveled since by the members of the China Inland

Mission on similar preaching journeys, but this was the first. Mr. Tsiu, a native evangelist of spirit and devotion, went with them, and two Christian servants. They embarked in the afternoon of a long, hot summer day. "Our fellow passengers we found some lying and some sitting about, others eating or smoking, and almost all chatting, the foreigners in *their* dress forming the staple subject of conversation." As soon as they had weighed anchor they took their "supper in truly primitive style, and commended ourselves to the care of our Heavenly Father, and then settled down for the night, enjoying the beautiful moonlight and the cool, favorable breeze—and no mosquitoes!"

"Toward morning we awaked to find that the wind had fallen and five or six of the boatmen were towing with long ropes. Having refreshed ourselves with the usual Chinese wash in hot water, * * * we had morning prayers together, the music of the well-known hymn 'There is a Happy Land' resounding through the boat and attracting the attention of the passengers. Mr. Taylor having asked the Lord's blessing, selected a portion of Scripture and took the opportunity of preaching the Gospel, many of those present listening attentively and evidently understanding what was said."

After two days of travel in this and another boat they were delayed at Dong-li, in the midst of magnificent scenery, for several days, till the flooded river should be less turbulent. Of course they availed

"IN THE MIDST OF MAGNIFICENT SCENERY."



themselves of the delay to preach the Gospel in the tea shops of the city. And many an attentive audience they gained.

Now continuing their journey up the beautiful Chih-li gorge, they seized each opportunity of delivering their message in towns and villages, in some of which they were treated with much courtesy.

At one place it was necessary to replenish their stock of provisions. A strange procession they made on their return. "First came Mr. Duncan, his shaven crown protected by a white straw hat of considerable dimensions, covering head and shoulders as well; in one hand a palm leaf fan and in the other a live cock which he had secured for dinner. Next came Mr. Taylor with other purchases under his arms, and in the same headgear; followed by myself, with a thousand cash, change of a dollar, slung around my neck. Our gowns had once been white, but alas, a week's wear and traveling had changed their color considerably. We were glad to get back to the boat, and were soon refreshed by hot tea and bathing our faces in hot water."

At the prefectural city or "Fu" of Yen-chau a place was rented, and Mr. McCarthy remained with a native helper. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan continued their journey up river as far as Lan-k'i, an important and prosperous commercial center, but notoriously wicked. As they tracked up the stream Mr. Taylor wrote home of their experiences, and added:

“I trust that during this year we shall be able to commence several new stations. Mr. Meadows is going with Mr. Jackson into another of the unoccupied Fu cities of this province, after which I hope to go with him into the adjoining province to see how the land lies. It is now the twenty-third day since we left Hang-chau and nearly ten days since we had any tidings. Absence from so large a family, old and young, at this time of year, and with whooping-cough in the house, casts one much on the Lord, but this, after all, is a position of both peace and safety.”

At Lan-k'i, always full of visitors on business, house accommodation was hard to find. But a Ning-po man, residing in the town, delighted at hearing his own dialect spoken fluently by a foreigner, helped them. And of the lodging thus obtained Mr. Taylor wrote next day, as he journeyed down the river: “I left Mr. Duncan in what *we* consider comfortable lodgings for a traveler—that is to say, there is a roof over his head, more or less leaky of course, but still a roof; a floor under his feet, and not a floor only, but rich accumulations of dirt in addition, which might only be partially removed by continued exertions. There is also a window-shutter at one side of the house, if no window; and being so well supplied in this respect it would be very uncalled-for censure were we to complain of the absence of both door and window at the other end of the room; the more so that in the event of rain beating in beyond endurance it is easy to nail up a few pieces of matting, which lie folded together

awaiting such an emergency. The room labors under the slight disadvantage of lacking a chimney, as our poor eyes well know when the worthy old cook prepares our meals. In this respect, however, it is only like every other room of the kind in this place, and I may add in all other places here. As to its furniture, it contained five bedsteads for Mr. Duncan and myself, Mr. Tsiu and our two servants. (We have two with us because when separated we each need one.) These bedsteads are made of two bamboo trestles—value, three-pence the pair—and unplanned deal planks or a bamboo frame resting upon them. On these, being inclined to make them as comfortable as possible, we placed our railway-rugs for softness, covering them with mats for coolness' sake. This, with a pillow and mosquito curtains, completes our bedding. Besides these articles for the night we boast a table, a stool, and a plank supported by two trestles instead of a form. And I must not forget to mention that, not satisfied with the above supply of furniture, Mr. Duncan has gone to the lavish expenditure of six-pence, and purchased himself a chair. I think I have now enumerated most of the contents of the room—the stove is carried in and out as occasion requires—and yet I fear that you will be able to form but a poor idea of our position after all. The Lord has prospered us in enabling us to get a native teacher, and Mr. Duncan is hard at work with him. It is his intention to go out each afternoon to the temples and tea shops to sell portions of Scripture

and tracts and to talk to the people," which required not a little courage after so few months in the country; but courage was a virtue which Duncan did not lack!

Traveling down the Ts'ien-t'ang by passenger boat Mr. Taylor had many opportunities by the way, and one evening preached to his neighbors till he was tired. "After a short prayer, I concluded; but no one moved away. They seemed to want to hear more of this new story. I commenced again, and after talking for a long while, again ceased. Still no one moved. A few leading questions were asked, and once more I spoke to them at length."

At Hang-chau it was encouraging to find the work progressing steadily, and the native Christians showing an increasing desire to spread the Gospel themselves. Already the little church numbered eighteen members, besides fourteen applicants for baptism. Wang, the young man who had accompanied Mr. Taylor to England, was now ordained as pastor, and three deacons were appointed at the same time. To that church, which continued to grow steadily, if slowly at times (until, when the writer was there eight years ago, there were more than two hundred members), Mr. Wang ministered with great acceptance and blessing until his last illness, only a year or two ago. He was not only an earnest and indefatigable worker, but a truly consecrated man. He did not accept a salary, but lived like his colleagues, the missionaries, in simple dependence upon God.

That his needs were amply met—largely apart from the Mission—is evidenced by the following little incident: About the year 1894 Mr. Wang came up to Shanghai for conference with Mr. Taylor about a matter that had long been on his heart. Living always with scrupulous economy, which is a great recommendation of the Gospel among a poverty-stricken people like the Chinese, Mr. Wang had been able to save, during twenty-seven years, a sum of a thousand Mexican dollars. His son-in-law, Mr. Ren, who had been for years co-pastor to the Hang-chau Church, had a considerable family, and Mr. Wang had asked him to accept this money and use it to complete the education of his children.

“No,” said Ren, “the Lord has always amply supplied our needs. I had far rather this money should be used in a way that I know will give you still greater pleasure, in opening up to the Gospel fresh parts of our needy country.” So Mr. Wang had brought the thousand dollars to Mr. Taylor, and closeted alone with him handed it over. We can imagine the feelings with which Mr. Taylor accepted this generous donation!

But the great heat of that first summer told on the health of some of the band of workers. In the height of the summer Mr. and Mrs. Taylor took a little party for a few days’ rest among the mountains, in a temple where they rented rooms. They reached their destination too late on Saturday night to go ashore, and therefore spent Sunday on their boats.

In the cool of the evening they went for a walk, and "on the way my eldest child, only eight years old, saw for the first time a man making an idol. The sight grieved her to the heart. She looked into my face and said, 'Oh, papa, that man does not know Jesus. He would never make an ugly idol if he did! Do tell him about Jesus.' I had not so much faith, as to the result of the message, as my dear child, but I stopped and told the man the story of God's great love. Then we went on. After we had gone a little way we sat down under the trees, and I said to my dear child, seeing that her heart was burdened, 'What shall we sing, Gracie, dear?' She said, 'Let us have "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."' We sang a hymn and then I said to her, 'Will you pray first?' She did so, and I never heard such a prayer as she offered. She had seen the man making an idol. Her heart was full, and she prayed to God on his behalf. The dear child went on and on, pleading that God would have mercy on the poor Chinese, and would strengthen her papa to preach to them. I was never so moved. My heart was bowed before God. Words fail me to describe it.

"Next morning I was summoned to see a sick missionary at a distance, and had to leave my loved ones. When I came back my dear child was ill and unconscious, and she never recognized me again. Those prayers for the poor Chinese were almost the last words I heard her speak."

Writing at this time, Mr. Taylor said: "It was no

vain nor unintelligent act when, knowing this land, its people and climate, I laid my precious wife and children, with myself, on the altar of consecration for this service. And He Whom we have been seeking to serve . . . has not left us now.

“Beloved brother, the Lord has taken our sweet little Gracie to blossom in the purer atmosphere of His own presence. Our hearts bleed, but

“ ‘Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Jesus doeth all things well.’ ”

“When all was over,” writes Miss Bowyer, “it was truly wonderful to see the calmness with which preparations were made for returning to Hang-chau, and at midnight, three hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Blatchley and Mr. Williamson started with their precious charge, no one suspecting what they carried.

“We all followed next day.”

And so our Gracie obeyed the old, sweet invitation: “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” May God give us like childlike faith and like keen perception of the degradation of idolatry, and of the heathen’s need of Jesus Christ.

* * * * *

About five days’ journey due south from Ning-po, well up the estuary of another mountain stream, stands the handsome old city of T’ai-chau, center of the prefecture of that name.

It was the height of summer when Mr. Meadows,

senior member of the Mission (next to Mr. Taylor), and Mr. Jackson set out from Ning-po on the long-proposed attempt to open T'ai-chau to the Gospel. Many prayers had gone up for their success, and it was with hearts full of hope that the two missionaries started on their way. A day by boat brought them to Fung-hua, the second oldest station. Here they found Mr. and Mrs. Crombie working steadily in peace and safety. Four more days overland brought them, as the sun was setting, to their destination, which they found to be a large and well-built city, surrounded on almost every side by hills. Here, without any great difficulty, they succeeded in renting a house, in which Jackson remained with a native helper, entertaining day after day large numbers of curious and interested visitors. As usual, there was opposition at first, but prayer was answered, and soon all was quiet and peaceful. Mr. Jackson, however, was very glad of a visit, a few weeks later, from Mr. Taylor, who found him living just like a Chinaman, and through his constant intercourse with the people, making rapid progress with the language. Not long after Mr. Taylor's return, Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell came to join Mr. Jackson at T'ai-chau, where he remained without further serious trouble until 1870, when he went south to Wen-chau, the next prefectural city, to help Mr. Stott in the rapidly-growing work at that center.

Shortly after T'ai-chau was opened, George Duncan, having returned from Lan-k'i, turned his face

northward and visited the two capitals of Kiang-su, Su-chau and Nankin, at the latter of which he was, if possible, to settle. He was much impressed on this journey with the great cities he found without a witness for the Master, and especially with Su-chau itself, famous all over the empire for its magnificence, and linked with Hang-chau by general consent as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

"Above is T'ien-t'ang (heaven),
Below are Su Hang" (these two cities).

His journey up the Grand Canal past this important city brought him in due course to Chin-kiang, now one of the best known cities on the Yang-tse, but at that time without a missionary. From here he turned westward up the Yang-tse, traveling still by native boat, until he reached Nankin, the old metropolis of the empire.

For ten years Nankin had been the capital of the short-lived T'ai-p'ing dynasty, and Mr. Duncan found its immense area, averaging twelve miles across, largely in ruins, and a population at that time of not more than half a million. But already the indomitable energy of its inhabitants was making itself felt. The city was rapidly regaining its former prestige and position.

No missionary had ever been established here, and Mr. Duncan naturally expected difficulty in commencing work. To his surprise he was cordially welcomed by the officials, who, after a long and

friendly interview, invited him to stay to dinner, which for courtesy's sake he thought it wise to accept. Later on he discovered that while he was being so hospitably entertained messengers were going around to every inn in the city, promising the landlords all sorts of punishment if they dared receive the foreign devil. But many prayers were going up, and about sundown he found himself at the old "drum-tower," the ancient fire-alarm of the city. This was not a regular hostelry, and had been overlooked by the hospitable mandarins.

The old priest was friendly and for a consideration willingly permitted the tall, fair stranger to remain in one of the upper rooms, on condition that he left at sunrise and did not return until after sundown.

As it was mid-autumn this was no great trial to a man of Duncan's physique and force of character. The days he spent where he could, preaching the Gospel and selling tracts, or engaging in conversation with all who would listen, getting his meals in the tea shops and restaurants of the city.

After awhile, finding Duncan a harmless sort of man, the authorities ceased to pay him much attention, and he succeeded, before winter had commenced, in renting half of a small dwelling house. The entire premises consisted of one room with an attic over it, each being about twenty feet by twelve. The house was divided, fairly, into two strips twenty feet by six. The upper half room was Mr. Duncan's bedroom, and the lower was chapel and guest-hall.

Against each wall a long form was ranged, and at the far end of the room a table and a chair for the preacher completed the furnishings downstairs. Being separated from his landlord's family by so light a partition, and the lady of the house being a woman of spirit and considerable vigor of speech, Mr. Duncan had ample opportunities of hearing the vernacular, including many expressions in which he was sufficiently initiated not to use in preaching. Here on rainy days he preached the Gospel to all who could crowd into the guest-room, and when the weather was fine the tea shops, the temples and the vacant spaces of the city were his favorite resorts. Some would come to hear the Gospel; to others the Gospel must be taken.

Thus, rapidly, the weeks passed, and the exchequer began to run low. Mr. Taylor made repeated attempts to send money, and Mr. Duncan at Nankin tried to find out some method by which it could be transnitted, but all without avail. Mr. Taylor became seriously concerned, lest Brother Duncan should really be in need. He knew his heroic build, physical and mental, and was certain that he would not leave the city if by any possible means he could continue to hold out. Many a time Mr. Taylor would rise in the night, unable to sleep, and very remarkably the Lord heard and answered prayer. Trained from childhood in economy, the Scotchman made the money go as far as ever it would, but one day his cook said:

"Teacher, we have had our breakfast, but there is nothing for supper and all the money is gone. What shall we do?"

Mr. Duncan smiled at the man's eagerness and said: "My good fellow, I will tell you what we shall do. We will trust in the Lord and do good: so shall we dwell in the land, and verily we shall be fed." And he turned to go, tracts and Scriptures in hand, for his day's work in the city. But just as he was leaving, the cook added:

"I have something I want to say before you go. I have five dollars of my wages saved, and I want you to accept it for use in the work."

George Duncan looked at him keenly. "You know I may not accept a loan. If this is merely that under another name, I must decline it; but if you wish to give it to God, from God your reward will surely come, but not from me. Even if I receive a remittance to-morrow, I shall not return your money."

"No," said the man, "I understand that, but I, too, believe in the Lord Jesus, and I want to have a share in this good work for Him. Do accept it."

So the need was met for the time, and very carefully that five dollars was expended. A morning came, however, when the cook came again with the question: "What shall we do? Now my wages are gone, and neither of us have anything left at all!"

"What shall we do?" Mr. Duncan replied. "We shall obey God's command to trust in the Lord and

do good; so shall we dwell in the land, and verily we shall be fed." And again he went about the King's business with a heart at rest.

A few days before this Mr. Rudland returned to Hang-chau for conference with Mr. Taylor about further extension of the work. Mr. Taylor listened to all he had to say and then replied:

"These things can wait. George Duncan, I am afraid, must be entirely without supplies at Nankin, and every effort that we have made to send him money has been fruitless. Will you go and take him a roll of dollars?"

"Why, certainly, with pleasure," Mr. Rudland replied. And they knelt down together to ask God's blessing on the journey, which, under ordinary circumstances, takes ten days or a fortnight. A Nankin boatman was found, reasonable terms were arrived at after the inevitable bargaining, and with great satisfaction Mr. Taylor saw his friend start with a fair wind. The wind continued so favorable that the boatmen said, with surprise: "Your God must surely be the God of the winds, for whichever way the Grand Canal turns, the wind is still with us." A good text for Rudland!

In a surprisingly short time Su-chau was reached and left behind, but half way between there and Chin-kiang they came to an unexpected standstill. The banks were burst, and the canal was dry.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Rudland to the boatman.

"What shall we do?" replied the captain, "why, wait till they repair the canal."

"And when will that be?"

"Who knows?" said the boatman. "Perhaps a month, or perhaps three. Whenever the mandarins have leisure."

"This will never do," thought Mr. Rudland. "Is there no other way from here to Nankin?"

"No, no other way," the man replied.

But this did not satisfy the foreigner, and going into the city near which they were stranded he learned that there was no regular road, but one could go by footpaths between fields of rice, and by so doing he could save two or three days on the journey.

"Praise the Lord for the burst canal!" he thought. "Surely Brother Duncan must be getting very low, and the Lord is caring for him."

He hired a donkey, and in two days' time was standing at Mr. Duncan's door. Great was the delight of the cook on recognizing Mr. Rudland. For once in his life his Chinese politeness forsook him, and the first words that escaped him were, "Have you brought any money?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rudland, "here it is."

"The visitor was, of course, made welcome, and before long the cook went marketing. When Mr. Duncan returned the evening meal was ready, and the cook stationed at the front door awaiting him. Far down the street he saw him, head and shoulders above the crowd, and he could wait no longer. Run-

ning as hard as he could he was soon with Mr. Duncan, and as soon as he regained his breath sufficiently, still panting,

“It is all right, sir!” he said with a beaming face, “it is all right! The money has come, and supper is ready and waiting!”

Putting his hand on the cook’s shoulder, Mr. Duncan replied: “Didn’t I tell you so? It is always all right to trust in the Lord and do good; so shall we dwell in the land, and verily we shall be fed.”

We can imagine how hearty was the greeting between the two missionaries, and how pleasantly the little visit wore away for both.

Brief though Mr. Duncan’s ministry had been at Lan-k’i, it had not been without fruit. Five years later a man arrived at one of the Hang-chau out-stations, wishing to hear more of the glad tidings he had learned to love, and to understand in part, from the lips of a tall, thin foreigner who spent one summer at his city. All this time he had worshiped only the one true God, “Who had sent His son to die on the Cross for the sins of men.” He had now come to learn more, and to join the church.

Mr. Duncan’s health had given way before this time, but not until he had done much good work at Nankin and elsewhere, as we shall see later. In 1872 he had to return to England, where he passed away, not long after, from rapid phthisis. Mr. Tsiu, his faithful colleague, also ended his course about the

same time, and it was a great joy to both of them to know of one, at least, who had come to know the Lord through their stay at Lan-k'i.

One more station was opened this year. Mr. Stott, who had been working at Ning-po up to this time, now felt ready for more strenuous service, and paid a refreshing little visit to Mr. Taylor and the others at headquarters, the outcome of which was that he started, near the end of November, for the city of Wen-chau, the center of a prefecture, the southernmost in the province, with a population of certainly not less than a million souls, and entirely unevangelized.

On the way he passed through T'ai-chau, and as all was peaceful and satisfactory, Mr. Jackson left the work for a brief change, and went on overland across the picturesque mountainous country to Wen-chau, which is delightfully situated on the southern bank of its river, and connected with a populous hinterland by numerous waterways. It was not without difficulty that accommodations were obtained, and then only at an inn. Mr. Jackson soon returned, leaving his friend in possession. Mr. Stott soon fell in love with his new field of service, and described Wen-chau as the most perfect and the most beautiful city he had seen, thus far, in China. "The rebels did not get into it, so it is preserved and uninjured and is probably a specimen of what Chinese cities used to be before the rebellion, but the idolatry is appalling." Repeated attempts were made to obtain more settled

and suitable accommodation than the inn afforded, both before Mr. Jackson left and after. Again and again, however, the attempt was foiled by a policeman.

This man did his level best to stir up trouble. Three or four hundred of the baser sort were gathered together on one occasion, but Mr. Stott held his ground and quietly faced the crowd. After a while, having done but little damage, the people went away. He himself was practically uninjured. Nothing daunted, Mr. Stott soon repaired the more serious damages, and put up a notice on the door that he was about to open a free school. He engaged a teacher, and a solitary pupil appeared on the day school opened. Gradually, however, more and more came, but their studies were often interrupted by threatened difficulty.

“For several months,” Mr. Stott writes, “I was scarcely ever out of trouble,” and he was at the unusual disadvantage of being unable either to speak or understand the strange dialect of Wen-chau.

The first inquirers proved to be hypocrites. Not so, however, an unhappy little boy, an orphan of fifteen years who was one of the earliest pupils in the school. The entire right side of his body had been partly paralyzed from birth. In every way he seemed a most unlikely case, but under Mr. Stott’s assiduous care and the teacher’s persevering instructions, he made steady progress, his intelligence increasing surprisingly as time went on. This lad, before long,

became an earnest inquirer, and after a time of probation was admitted to the church. His consistent Christian life, and quiet, modest demeanor won their way with all. He became, moreover, quite an attractive preacher, and several years later he could hold the attention of several hundred people by the hour. We can imagine Mr. Stott's feelings as he sat and listened, picturing again the pitiful little face of the ragged, palsied lad, and comparing it with the open, intelligent countenance of the speaker.

"As I listened," he says, "to his soft, musical, yet manly, voice setting forth Jesus Christ and salvation through Him, and pleading with all, old and young, to believe in His name for the forgiveness of sins and for life eternal, it was conclusive evidence to me of the truth and power of God's Word. May the glory be ascribed to Him to Whom alone it is due."

Settled work had been done, as we have seen, in six new cities this year, four of which remained open at the close of the year and have never since been closed. The little Mission had not only doubled the number of its stations, but had made its first inroad into a neighboring province.

The old year closed, as usual, in fasting and waiting upon God.

* * * * *

Entering now upon 1868, much prayer went up that God would graciously grant not only that they might open up more cities in Cheh-kiang, in which they were now well established, but also that "during

this year some decided steps might be taken toward the accomplishment of our cherished purpose—taking the Gospel into some of the wholly unoccupied provinces,” nor were these desires disappointed.

In January, Mr. Crombie, who it will be remembered had opened Fung-hua, succeeded in renting premises and commencing work in the city of Ning-hai, half way between his old station and T'ai-chau. Mr. Meadows, accompanied by Mr. Cordon, also, at the beginning of the year, followed Mr. Duncan's steps as far as the city of Su-chau. A station here was of great importance, both on account of the size and influence of the city and because it was just half-way from Hang-chau to the Yang-tse.

Work was now sufficiently advanced in Hang-chau, and the new workers sufficiently at home in the language, for Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to think of undertaking a forward movement themselves. Starting by boat up the Grand Canal, they took with them three ladies to join Mr. Cordon, his wife and the Misses McLean, as well as their own party, including their secretary, Miss Blatchley, the children and the nurse. Having left the three ladies at Su-chau, Mr. Taylor's party continued their journey, and about the end of May reached the great city of Chin-kiang, strategically situated at the juncture of the Grand Canal and the Yang-tse, but entirely without the Gospel. A suitable house was found, after a laborious search, and attempts were made to secure it, which dragged out their weary length for nearly a month.

Here it was proposed to set up the Mission printing presses under Mr. Rudland's superintendence, and to locate the headquarters of the Mission, for a time, at least.

A letter was now sent to Hang-chau, asking Mr. and Mrs. Rudland to come on with the presses and their personal belongings. Through the interference of the native officials, however, the landlord refused point blank to allow them to take possession of the house they had rented, and throughout the city, in business house and tea room, the foreigners' discomfiture was the jest of the people.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their family had gone on to Yang-chau, a day's journey to the north, up the Grand Canal. This remarkable engineering feat, cut some hundred years ago, reaches all the way from Hang-chau to Peking, and until the introduction of foreign-built steamers, the canal was one of the main arteries for the trade and taxes of the empire, the latter being forwarded half in silver and half in rice.

Though the accommodation secured at Yang-chau was only an inn, it was an exceptionally comfortable one. The travelers were very thankful, at this hot season of the year, to end their long boat journey. Earnestly they prayed to God that He would give them a permanent footing in this large and flourishing city.

This was not to be, however, without their passing through very serious trials, and nearly losing their

lives in a riot; an experience terrible, indeed, to the missionary party, but one from which many an invaluable lesson was learned, to prove of great service later, as the Mission's field of operations gradually expanded west and north and south.

This riot at Yang-chau is of special significance, with the circumstances which led up to it and followed, as an illustration of the constant danger and difficulty of pioneer work in China, as well as for the helpful warnings it suggested for future use.

A month passed at the inn, a midsummer month be it remembered, before Mr. Taylor was able to secure more permanent premises, and very glad they all were to move into their own home toward the latter part of July. But, unfortunately, a series of troubles now commenced which culminated ere long in the riot. To understand fully the special difficulties at Yang-chau, it is necessary to pause a moment to glance at the city and its people.

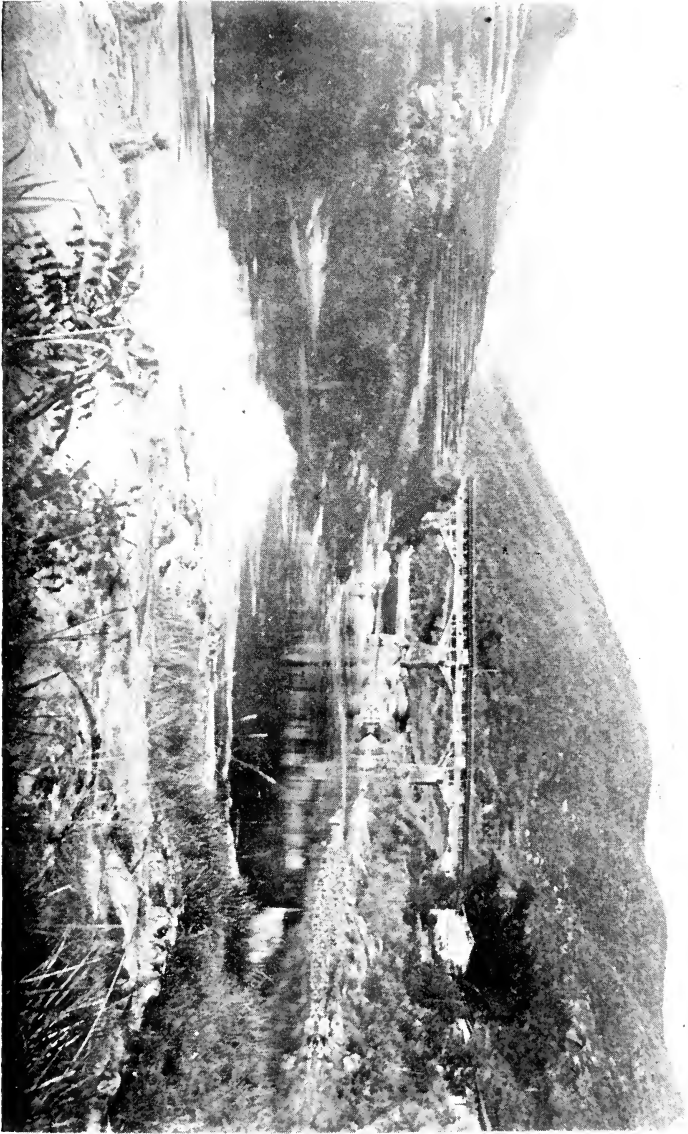
Probably no place hitherto entered was prouder of itself—of its antiquity, its noble families, its traditions—than this city of Yang-chau. It consisted really of two cities in one, old and new, or east and west, separated by a substantial wall, and governed each by its own mayor, or rather county magistrate, under one prefect or Fu, who controlled not only the entire city, but twenty other neighboring towns as well.

The rebuff at Chin-kiang was particularly unfavorable to obtaining a peaceful settlement in this older

and aristocratic city. Though fifteen miles is almost a day's journey, such welcome news spreads apace even in China, and first the merchants and officials, then the scholarly classes, and finally everybody, knew all about the humiliation of the foreigners.

On first taking up residence in the new house, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were a little inconvenienced by the curiosity of crowding neighbors, but *they* soon became more or less friendly. Then an unfortunate occurrence in the city brought about fresh trouble. Up till this time not only had there been no Protestant missionaries in this city, but even the Catholics had failed to obtain a settlement. They were preparing the way, however, and had already a foundling hospital under the charge of an unscrupulous native helper, who was pocketing the money and starving the infants. So many of these died that serious rumors began to spread abroad as to the foreigners' cannibalistic proclivities. Just at this juncture another of the unfortunate children died. The now thoroughly-frightened employé attempted to bury the body outside the city wall by stealth. He was caught in the act by the crowd, tried to save himself by saying he was employed by foreigners, and for days, as a result, Mr. Taylor's home was besieged by an angry mob, who were with difficulty persuaded that we had nothing to do with the foundling hospital, or with the work it represented.

Hardly was this trouble over when two foreigners arrived from Chin-kiang on Saturday, August 22d,



A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCENE IN SOUTH CHINA.

to visit the city and see something of its ancient temples and public buildings. Already the party at Yang-chau had been considerably, though very cautiously augmented by several members of the Mission who had come to consult with Mr. Taylor about various details of the work. The open arrival of these two additional foreigners seemed to be the match that kindled the imminent conflagration. All Saturday afternoon the Mission premises were in a state of siege, and soon were broken into. Keeping perfectly cool and patient, and reasoning with the rioters, Mr. Taylor was able gradually to persuade them to retire, and the broken doors were barricaded as far as possible against their return.

As night drew on, however, and the busy day was finished in the city, the crowd rapidly augmented and became more and more ungovernable, until at last it was manifest that it was impossible to control them any longer. Messages had been repeatedly sent to the officials, but nothing had been done. The only remaining hope was for Mr. Taylor to go to the Yamen himself, and possibly by God's blessing their lives might thus be saved. After briefly but very earnestly committing his dear ones and fellow-missionaries to the Lord, he and Mr. Duncan managed to evade the rioters by leaving the premises through a neighbor's house. They were soon seen, however, and followed by a yelling crowd. The darkness helped them, and through Mr. Taylor's intimate knowledge of the city they were able to take certain

byways that at once lessened the distance and enabled them better to escape the angry mob.*

As they neared the magistrate's office the mob caught up with them again, and bruised with stones and faint with running, they fell against the Yamen's doors just as they were being closed in their faces to keep out the tumultuous crowd. Happily, just at this moment, the people surged upon them and burst open the gates before they were barred, or they would surely have been torn to pieces on the spot. They rushed through into the middle courtyard crying out loudly "Kiu ming! Kiu ming!" (Save life), a cry which mandarins are obliged to attend to at any hour of the day or night, especially if, at the same time, the large alarm drum is beaten by the petitioners. This drum, accordingly, is usually enclosed in a cage and carefully guarded against being touched.

After waiting for a time which seemed interminable, at last they were permitted to see the prefect.

"How is it that you have created all this uproar?" he asked. "And what do you do with the babies, and how many have you bought?"

As soon as possible Mr. Taylor told the magistrate quietly but firmly that the real reason of the rioting was the neglect of his subordinates to quell disorder in its early stages, of which they were informed, and

*There was very little doubt that in this case, as in so many other similar instances, the mob was being encouraged by the organized action of the scholars of the city, who very possibly had privately notified the officials of their intention, and obtained a promise from them to remain neutral as long as they could.

asked him now to save the lives of the foreigners if, indeed, they were not killed already, and afterwards make any investigations he might think well.

“Yes, yes,” he replied; “first save life and afterwards investigate.”

Mr. Taylor and his friend were then told that the only chance of quieting the people was for themselves to remain in the Yamen, while steps were being taken to rescue the others and disperse the crowds. This he set about promptly. But we can imagine the distress of two hours' suspense before the prefect returned. The disturbance had been quelled, he told them, and several of the ringleaders arrested, and the foreign gentlemen could return. Chairs and an escort were provided.

When they reached the premises they found them largely in ruins, with the wreckage that remained of their belongings scattered around on every hand. But of those so dear to them they saw nothing, and it was some time before they learned of their whereabouts, in neighboring houses, where at no little risk they had been received and kept in hiding.

It would avail nothing to tell of the sufferings of the others, nor the details of the wonderful way in which, though battered and bruised, and some of them seriously injured, their lives had been preserved in the midst of ten or twenty thousand enraged and reckless rioters. The whole party returned to their devastated home, which was protected now by soldiers.

After a short night's rest the weary and exhausted sufferers soon discovered that the night guard of soldiers had retired and were not replaced. Again the crowds collected, and it seemed as though the experiences of yesterday were about to be repeated. Mr. Taylor again faced the crowds, and by quiet reasoning persuaded them that they were there with their families and friends for the good of the people only, and with no sinister designs. By this means the premises were at length nearly cleared. Taking advantage of this lull, he again proceeded to the prefect's, with an aching heart, and reached the Yamen safely. Here further delays were threatened. "The prefect had not risen, had not bathed, had not breakfasted. I sent a message that I did not wish for an interview, but that riotous proceedings had again commenced and that there was no one to suppress the mob."

The district magistrate was sent for, would soon be there, and would accompany Mr. Taylor to the house. It seemed a long, long time before he came. He then said that he had been first to the house and dispersed the mob, and had then come to the Yamen. He now requested Mr. Taylor to write a very mild letter to the prefect, calling the trouble not a riot but merely a disturbance, lest the people should become more incensed than ever. Finding it absolutely impossible to refuse this unreasonable request, Mr. Taylor promised to write the letter. "In this way," the magistrate said, "we may restore peace before

night, and you will not be under the necessity of leaving the city."

Meanwhile Mr. Duncan and Mr. Rudland took their stand at the front of the house, and succeeded in keeping the rioters in check until the magistrate arrived. After dispersing the crowd, the soldiers had the loot, what little remained, to themselves. Later in the day, the magistrate told Mr. Taylor, after insisting on and obtaining a second letter milder than the first, that his men were unable to keep the people in order, and that the only safe way would be to hire boats and retire for the present to Chin-kiang.

"When you have gone we will gradually quiet the people, and when it is safe invite you to return."

Boats were engaged, and next morning they all set out under escort to Chin-kiang. On the way they were met by a party of friends who had heard of their danger and kindly came to their relief, headed by the acting consul. After seeing the disabled condition of the missionaries they went on to Yang-chau, visited the ruined remains of home and property, and then returned.

Among the party was the French consul at Chin-kiang, who kindly welcomed the whole company into his handsome new consulate. In the midst of it all, however, the hearts of the children were kept in peace, partly through the calmness of the missionaries and partly through child-like confidence in the protection of Jesus Himself.

The kind action of the British consul, it may be

added, was entirely on his own initiative, as were the subsequent proceedings which were taken by the authorities. No request was made to the foreign representatives for protection in the first instance, or for justice later on.

Among the lessons learned from this terrible experience may be mentioned:

The desirability of first of all paying repeated preliminary visits to an important city, both to accustom the people to the presence of foreigners and to ascertain the probability of obtaining a peaceable settlement.

Secondly, not to take much luggage to a newly-opened station; for there is no doubt the rioters hoped to obtain valuable plunder, on account of the number of packages brought, including the press and medical supplies.

And, thirdly, for only two or three people to attempt to settle in a newly-opened city; and also not to attempt, at the same time, two neighboring cities, for failure in the one necessarily imperils the other.

Costly though this experience was, Mr. Taylor and his colleagues have often felt that it was worth all its cost. Mr. Taylor could not help feeling afterwards as he pondered what had happened, that a closer study of God's Word might have prevented this experience. "There is no command to open mission stations in the Word of God, and there is no precedent to be found there. The command is to go into all the world, and preach: . . . and the examples

recorded of the earliest missionaries might have led us from the first to give itineration a greater prominence than we did." And while stations become necessary, both as a basis for itinerations which could not be continued without them, and in other ways, "it is surely a great mistake to make location our first aim, instead of keeping it in a strictly subordinate position as an auxiliary."

It was August the 22d when the riot occurred, and by November we find the missionaries again safely reinstated at Yang-chau, under the protection of the mayors of the city. In the meanwhile, Mr. Taylor, accompanied by another worker, had evangelized northward up the canal as far as Ts'ing-kiang-p'u, a hundred miles or four days beyond Yang-chau. Four large towns and twenty-five cities of some importance were visited on this journey, all of which were entirely without the Gospel. "May God soon clear our way," Mr. Taylor wrote, and prayed, "to return to Yang-chau, and to open up new stations further inland also." Not only was Yang-chau reoccupied that autumn, but the important city of Ts'ing-kiang-p'u was also opened a few months later, a house being obtained by the indefatigable George Duncan, who through God's blessing and his previous experience was enabled to enter upon residence in peace. When, later on, he returned to Nankin, he was replaced by Mr. Reid, one of the worst sufferers at the Yang-chau riot, and the work was greatly owned and prospered of the Lord. For the present, therefore, Yang-chau

remained headquarters, as well as the home of Mr. Taylor's family.

This account of the Yang-chau troubles would not be complete without digressing a moment to follow some of the ring-leaders, whom the magistrates either did not dare or did not care to punish. The prefect, whose inactivity was practically and, perhaps, directly the cause of the riot, and who was so loth to interfere, within twelve months "fell into the hands of banditti on his way to Peking. He and his son both lost their lives; all his property was pillaged, and his wives and one or two of his children had to beg their way along the latter part of the journey.

"The district magistrate at a later period also fell into trouble. The whole family of the literary man Koh, who was one of the chief inciters of the people, has become impoverished. The man who attempted to murder Mr. Rudland, and who was the leader of the ruffians that broke into our house, has not only himself been punished by the authorities, but his family, on account of their misdeeds . . . have become infamous in the eyes of the Chinese."

These facts became so well known in the city that an attempt to create still more serious trouble in 1871, by a military mandarin, was entirely unavailing. The people would have nothing to do with the business. "God can yet say to a people, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm,' and not infrequently He does."

The Yang-tse river, now so well known from its

new political significance, rising among the eternal snows of Thibet, runs from west to east across China, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, of which one may roughly say that South China (including a large part of the valley of the Yang-tse) eats rice, and North China, wheat.

After three thousand miles this mighty river empties itself into the sea by a wide double channel through the province of Kiang-su, of which Shanghai has long been the commercial center. To this province and the one immediately to the south, Cheh-kiang, the young Mission was still limited at the end of 1868. But not so their desires, which were steadily set on the regions beyond.

Christmas Day, indeed, had been spent by the now experienced Mr. Meadows and his friend, Mr. Williamson, at Nankin, in the home of George Duncan and his bride. And New Year's eve found them well on the way up river to Gan-king, capital of one of the eleven unoccupied provinces, to commence work in which, the China Inland Mission had been formed.

No province had suffered more severely in the T'ai-p'ing rebellion than this province of An-huei, and it had long been a burden on the heart of Mr. Taylor. Probably thirty out of its forty millions had perished through war and famine and plague, "all uncared for, unsought, untaught, unsaved."

The generous immigration schemes of the paternal government had probably added not fewer than ten

millions to the province, which thus numbered now, approximately, twenty million inhabitants. To Ganking, then, Meadows and Williamson were on the way.

They did not expect their task to be a sinecure. Nor was it. Profiting by the past, they lived on their boat for a time, paying daily visits to the city. When they did try to obtain a house, it proved a long and wearisome affair. After many unsuccessful attempts, their evangelistic work going on uninterruptedly the while, they had to content themselves with rooms in a rough hotel near the west gate of the city; and this was all they could obtain for months.

Never before had they met such utter indifference. No one seemed curious or interested about the strangers themselves; no one seemed to care to hear their message, and still less was any one willing to rent a house to the "foreign dogs."

One day, almost in despair, Mr. Meadows wished they "could find some scoundrel who feared nobody but wanted money, and would be willing to rent a house." Shortly after he ran down to visit his family. No sooner was he gone, than an aged man called to see Mr. Williamson and offered to rent his premises.

"I am an old man," he said, "and am afraid of no one. Neither mandarins nor scholars will interfere with me." (One of the officials told the missionaries, some months later, that this man was about the worst character in the city. "He feared neither gods nor men.")

The old man went on to say that he was building premises that would be in every way satisfactory, but had run short of money, and would need a year's rent in advance to complete the house. With due care and caution, deeds were drawn up by trustworthy middlemen, the year's rent paid over, and at last there was prospect of a settled home. When Mr. Meadows returned he brought his family with him, hoping to enter into residence at once, in which he was disappointed for several weeks. At the end, however, they got safely into their new and very welcome home.

They remained in peace for three months, through the summer, but with the autumn came the annual literary examinations, during which the city is crowded with students, and with business men who come from all the neighboring towns and country to share in the profits of the busiest season in the year. This was obviously a grand opportunity to stir up trouble; and trouble the scholars did stir up, indeed. Another riot occurred, in which many of the features of the Yang-chau experience were repeated. Their home was completely wrecked, and all their belongings either stolen or destroyed.

Early in the day, as trouble was threatened and the city placarded with hostile exhortations, Mr. Meadows and his colleague had called upon the tao-t'ai, who was nominally responsible for the foreigners' safety. During their absence a furious mob gathered and broke into the house; but Mrs. Meadows

and the children, after many vicissitudes, succeeded in reaching the Yamen safely by God's gracious protection, and through the courageous devotion of a faithful native servant.

When the riot was over they had to leave the city for a time, a boat being provided by the Yamen to take them to Kiu-kiang. They suffered from the cold a good deal by the way, for they had nothing with them except the scanty bedding furnished by the authorities, not even soap or towels, or even a comb, still less any books. They were thankful, however, to be alive and safe. Five days' journey brought them to Kiu-kiang, where they were kindly received by the few foreign residents, and a free passage was obtained by steamer down the river.

The native authorities promptly investigated the riot, punished the student ringleaders, and put out a very satisfactory proclamation, after which the missionaries were invited to return. The brethren did so, and some weeks later, not without some trepidation, and not a little courage, also, and confidence in God, Mrs. Meadows took the children back. Difficult as the work proved at Gan-king, the two missionaries were not without encouragement. Five or six converts were received into fellowship before it became necessary, on account of failing health and other claims, for them to go down to the coast. George Duncan took on the work, as an out-station, from Nankin, and about this time took the first missionary itineration in the province of An-huei.

For fifteen years the China Inland Mission continued to be the only workers in this province.

But not this province only was opened in 1869. A new missionary had joined the China Inland Mission, who for seven years had been praying for unevangelized Kiang-si.* Mr. Cardwell, on his first arrival in China, was stationed at T'ai-chau. Here, however, after three months' study of the language, his health gave way so seriously that it was feared he might have to return to England.

"Never," he said, "after seven years' prayer for this work."

He tried Kiu-kiang, on the Yang-tse, the commercial center of Kiang-si, and it suited his health to perfection. He steadily regained strength, and before long we find him taking extensive evangelistic journeys, the first in the province on which his heart had been set so long.

Thus ended the first four years of the China Inland Mission. In January, 1866, when the first Occasional Paper was prepared for the press, its work was limited to Ning-po, with four missionaries engaged in the work, and three others on the way, beside Mr. and Mrs. Taylor at home.

Now, at the beginning of 1870, there were thirty-three missionaries, in thirteen stations with eight out-

*The first worker to settle in this province was the Rev. Dr. Hart, a distinguished "Southern Methodist," who commenced work in Kiu-kiang shortly after the China Inland Mission was formed.

stations, working in two of the old provinces and in two of the eleven unoccupied provinces for which prayer had been asked and obtained, at the time of the formation of the Mission.

Then there were fifty or sixty converts at Ning-po. Now there were one hundred and sixty members, connected with a dozen churches, besides some hundreds of inquirers waiting to be received.

In gauging the importance of these facts it will be remembered that the early stages of missionary work are always slow, and that a single convert from heathenism is very real cause for thankfulness; also, that work in the pioneer stage is always far less productive in numerical results than it is later.

Moreover, much of the new missionaries' time had necessarily been spent in learning the language, in becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, in striving to obtain settlement in difficult but strategic places, and in gradually, though slowly, obtaining access not only to homes but hearts.

During all this time Mr. Berger continued to carry the onerous responsibilities of correspondence, and of candidates, and the management of funds at home. Again and again his faith had been tested. Several times the balance in hand was "as low as £20; yet, to the praise of God's grace, I may say, it has never been necessary to send money to China without my being able to do so, and even the full amount that I desired."

During these years over seventy thousand dollars

had been received, without any request for money, through the Lord's stewards, who wished to share in what they felt to be His work.

"Thus tenderly," wrote Mr. Berger, "is He teaching us to put our trust in Him."

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEXT SIX YEARS.

To the minds of many, as we have seen, the China Inland Mission was foredoomed to failure. It had now, however, passed the stage of an experiment; the thing worked. And had it not thereby, if it was really letting in the Light, proved its right to be?

To the inner circle of its members and its friends this, and something more, was proved. They had known, to begin with, that when the Lord said "all these things shall be added," He intended to fulfill His promise. They knew now that God had set the seal of His approval on the work, as they had hoped He would, and that meant everything. The new methods of finance, of selection of men, the ways of working among the people, and the prayer basis of it all, had been put to the trial, and had stood the test, and deepened faith and confidence in God was the result.

And that being so, the young Mission being "strengthened, settled, stablished" of God, and knowing it, God was about to temper the proven steel by fire. The year 1870 was the darkest and the hardest, until 1900, that the Mission ever knew. Every station, most of them young stations, be it remembered,

was in peril. Funds were low. And personal sorrow came on not a few, heaviest of all on Mr. Hudson Taylor.

In that year took place the terrible massacre of Tien-tsin, in which the Roman Catholic cathedral and the French consulate were demolished and twenty Europeans, priests and nuns, cruelly butchered in cold blood. The news of this spread rapidly, growing as it went, transmitted through the Yamens, by which all outside news still reaches the interior. The whole of China became in a ferment. It seemed for a time as though missionary work must cease, so serious was the trouble.

From the new inland stations the ladies were withdrawn, the men remaining at their posts. About this time the viceroy at Nankin was murdered, a strong man, just the one needed at that crisis. Writing of this, Mr. Duncan adds, "Is it not strange that the viceroy, who had so many soldiers continually on guard, should thus be laid low by the assassin's hand, while we, who seem so helpless and exposed, are preserved in safety? Truly, the angel of the Lord encampeth about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

Strangely enough, it was along the Yang-tse mainly that these troubles and rumors were the worst. It seems probable that the diversion of the carrying trade, which used to bring goods and tribute and rice from South China to Peking, either overland or by the Grand Canal, to steamers, had a good deal to do with

the feeling at these river ports. At Gan-king the utter lack of interest in the foreigners and their teachings was changed to strong and manifest dislike. Special troubles, moreover, enhanced the danger there, especially extensive floods from the overflowing of the Yang-tse, which, of course, destroying crops for a wide area, left the poor farm people without the means of subsistence for the coming winter.

Still further up the river, at Kiu-kiang, Mr. Cardwell also was in danger. The city was placarded with notices that on the 28th day of the month all the foreigners would be killed.

Meanwhile, fearing foreign reprisal, large numbers of soldiers were massed at Tien-tsin, at Nankin and Gan-king, and other points on the Yang-tse were being fortified.

By the overruling of God, however, all these troubles passed, and by New Year, 1871, the threatenings of war and evil rumors had blown away. The strain, however, upon Mr. Taylor and his colleagues had been severe.

As already mentioned, personal sorrow had come to several members of the Mission at this time. Early in the year 1870, Mr. Taylor's third son, little Samuel, the baby of the "Lammermuir," became suddenly worse; he had been ailing all the winter. "On February 4th," Mr. Taylor wrote, "the tender Shepherd came to us, seeking this little lamb."

It had already been decided that the children, except the youngest, should go home to England. Miss

Blatchley kindly volunteered to take them, and on the 23d of March they started. It was a sore parting for Mrs. Taylor, herself far from strong.

Hurrying back to Chin-kiang, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor found Mrs. Judd apparently dying. Every means was tried, and weary days and nights were passed in watching. United prayer was also made, and was heard, for the turning came, and the patient recovered.

At the commencement of the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Rudland lost a little one. Mrs. Taylor wrote at once, with her unvarying sympathy, to comfort the sorrowing parents.

The very next month Mrs. Taylor herself was stricken with cholera. This was July 5th. Two days later little Noel was born, but within a fortnight he also was called home. Three days later, the early dawn showed clearly the shadow of death on Mrs. Taylor's face. "She awoke rejoicing in the Lord, and gave me a bright smile," writes Mr. Taylor. "I said, 'My darling, do you know that you are dying?'"

"She answered, with a look of surprise, 'Can it be so? I feel no pain, only very weary.'"

"My precious wife thought of my being left alone at this time of trial, having no companion like herself with whom I had so long been wont to bring every difficulty to the Throne of Grace. She said, 'I am so sorry,' and then paused, as if half correcting herself for venturing to feel sorry.

“You are not sorry to go to be with Jesus?” I responded.

“Never shall I forget the smile she gave me, as, looking right into my eyes, she said, ‘Oh no! it is not that. You know, dearest, that for ten years past there has not been a cloud between my soul and my Saviour. I cannot be sorry to go to Him. But I grieve to leave you alone at this time. Perhaps I ought not to be sorry, though, for He will be with you, and will supply all your need.’

* * * * *

“On July 23d this beloved one also slept in Jesus. I scarcely knew whether she or I was the more blessed, so real, so constant, so satisfying was His presence, so deep my delight in the consciousness that His will was being done, that that will, which was utterly crushing me, was good, was wise, was best.

“The next two months were months of personal sickness and prostration, and my beloved youngest child, the only one remaining with me, was brought very near the grave. But God in tender pity spared him.”

The year, however, was not without encouragements. “He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.” It being necessary for the ladies to be withdrawn from Yang-chau, as well as from the other advanced stations, a quiet work was commenced at Chin-kiang, a work which had been much on Mr. Taylor’s heart.

For this new venture, the establishment of a school

for girls, and *a special work for women, carried on by sisters only*, more ample accommodation was needed than it was possible to secure, for Chin-kiang had been so seriously damaged by the T'ai-p'ings that there were scarcely houses enough for the requirements of the natives, the trade of the port having largely recovered meanwhile. Evidently the premises would have to be built. Mr. Taylor did not feel it right, however, to appropriate the money from the slender exchequer of the Mission. If he had had enough money of his own, he would gladly have used it in this way. His own needs, both in China and at home, had been met for years independently of the Mission. But the small surplus that he had in hand had already been needed for the home-going of the children. "I had not long been asking God about this matter when there reached me, from a relative of my own, a minister of the Gospel in England, a gift of a hundred pounds, with the request that I would take it for my own private use, and not consider it as a contribution to the Mission."

Never before had so large a sum been put into his hands for his own use. But God knew. An excellent site was secured and after weeks of careful negotiation the deed of purchase was signed, stamped with the Yamen seal, and registered. The ground was leveled and prepared with the remainder of the money. At this juncture another letter arrived from home with another gift of a hundred pounds, also for himself. Some furniture and other articles no

longer needed by Mr. Taylor were sold, and thus the balance of the money for the buildings was obtained. Admirably situated, opposite the delightfully breezy hills that form one of the chief attractions of Chin-kiang, the new school-house was all that was desired. And before the heat of the summer began, Miss Bowyer and Miss Desgraz commenced this new work among the women and children of that populous city and neighborhood.

During 1871, moreover, peace being reëstablished, Mr. Cardwell was able to leave Kiu-kiang and to commence extensive itinerations throughout his province. During that year and the next, more than a hundred towns, cities and villages were visited, and upwards of fifteen thousand portions of Scripture and tracts put into circulation in districts which had never before heard the message of salvation.

In the next province, An-huei, Mr. Duncan, not content with his double charge of Nankin and Gan-king, undertook extensive itinerations in company with Mr. Harvey. It was in the autumn of 1871 that these two missionaries carried the good tidings for the first time to the populous port Wuhu, a city of special importance from the fact that all the salt of the province—salt is a government monopoly in China—has to be obtained either from this town or from another two hundred miles to the north. Not a few other important cities heard the Gospel message for the first time through this journey of Duncan and Harvey.

At the same time, itinerations were being made in the two older provinces. It was a great cheer, of course, to the missionaries, that it was possible to travel again without danger. Indeed, this year of 1871 was the first in which extensive evangelistic journeys, in the regions beyond, were attempted by members of the Mission. The reestablishment of friendly relations with their neighbors in most, if not all, the stations of the Mission was another great cause for thanksgiving. But most cheering of all was the way in which the native church at Hang-chau began to lay hold of the *privilege* of missionary service. This movement, moreover, sprang directly out of the troubles of the year before.

The Christians had seen that their foreign friends were really cast upon God for protection and preservation during that trying time, just as they themselves needed to be, in their times of difficulty and persecution. About this time one of the native helpers, a convert of the early Ning-po days, returned from his out-station to confer with Mr. McCarthy, who was still in charge of the Hang-chau work.

This Mr. Lo had had a checkered experience. Nearly blind and much run down, he had come for medical help to Mr. Taylor soon after his first arrival at Ning-po. Not only was his sight restored, but through the kindness of the missionaries he came to understand something of the love of God. He was among the first of many who at that time learned to

read the Romanized colloquial.* Some time after, when Mr. Taylor took charge of Dr. Parker's hospital, young Lo was one of the little group of native Christians who so willingly lent a hand, and his happy shining face did as much as his earnest words to persuade the patients to believe. For some years the young convert stood well, but during the terrible times of the T'ai-p'ing rebellion his faith failed. He went back, and strange to say, health and sight both failed again.

Hearing, later, that Mr. Taylor had returned to China and had commenced medical work at Hang-chau, the sick man trudged wearily the long dusty road, and arrived in a pitiful condition. The same kindly welcome impressed him, and the same means were used and blessed to his physical and spiritual restoration. Again he started on the study of the Testament and studied thoroughly. He would confine his attention to one book, until he nearly knew it by heart, before he went on to another, so that what he knew, he *knew*, though he often remained surprisingly ignorant of elementary truths in other parts of the Bible. For a time he was employed in household service, but his zeal and consistent life suggested that he be allowed a wider sphere for his

*It is interesting to know that every one of those early students, who mastered the Ning-po Testament, came to know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. This reminiscence of the result of Bible study in the local dialect, Romanized, is exactly paralleled by the recent experience of Pilkington and his colleagues in Uganda.

obvious gifts. First, as a colporteur, he sold tracts and Scriptures, and soon he was doing the work of an evangelist among the border towns of Cheh-kiang and An-huei.

It was in 1871 that Lo came to confer with Mr. McCarthy, expecting to return to his out-station after a few days' visit. It so happened that at this time Mr. McCarthy was in difficulty; his funds were nearly spent. Indeed, so obvious was the state of the exchequer that one of the church members, knowing Mr. McCarthy would not accept a loan, pawned his own clothes, and brought the handsome sum of twenty dollars as a contribution to the work. Lo was not slow to grasp the situation, and feeling that money and men from abroad must necessarily be inadequate to the immense needs which he was beginning to realize, thought and prayed, until a bright idea occurred to him. With Mr. McCarthy's cordial approval he suggested to the little church that they should start a home missionary society. He reminded them that all the privileges they enjoyed, all that made their lives happier and their future infinitely more blessed than their neighbors', they owed to missionaries and to their obedience to our Lord's command. And very earnestly he urged that they, too, should do something to spread the good news they had thus received. He suggested that, month by month, each church member should give as God had prospered him, and that as soon as they had sufficient they should select and send forth their own repre-

sentatives to preach the Gospel in the neighboring towns. Five thousand cash was raised at once (then equal to five gold dollars) enough to keep a worker and pay his traveling expenses for a month, and a bright young fellow, named Chang Ling-iong, was selected for the service, which the church entered upon with all the heartiness that Lo and the missionaries could desire.

This man Chang, trained in that early pioneer effort of the native church at Hang-chau, remains to this day in the work of the ministry. He is the pastor of one of the most successful stations in Kiang-si.

At Ning-po, the first station of the Mission, the work was now under the charge of a native pastor, Mr. McCarthy paying occasional visits from Hang-chau. The Ning-po pastor was a man named Tsiu,* who had been another of the early converts at Ning-po. At Hang-chau also the native pastor, Wang, was rendering the most invaluable help, as were several of the more active members of the native missionary society.

Among the women, Miss Faulding continued to work with much acceptance, and to this day the name and memory of "Miss Fu" is cherished in many a mother's heart.

By midsummer, 1871, less than five years from the commencement of this Hang-chau work, the little

*Pronounce dzew, rhyming with dew.

church had grown to more than fifty members, and steady work was established in four out-stations, ministered to from week to week by the members of the church.

One of Mr. McCarthy's most important duties all this time had been the training of these native helpers, many of whom worked at their own expense; and from this little band of fellow-laborers, as well as from the boys in Miss Faulding's school, not a few of the present valued pastors and evangelists have come.

Native helpers used to go with Mr. McCarthy to the tea shops, where they would take turns with him in speaking to the crowds that gathered round the foreigner. Any who could be trusted were sent further afield to the out-stations and regions beyond, while others were kept with Mr. McCarthy, for a time of Bible study, to learn the truths they would afterwards teach their neighbors.

In the early records of the Mission there are many references to the boys' and girls' schools under Miss Faulding's supervision. Many of the pupils became staunch Christians and earnest workers.

In a letter home we read: "Several have now committed to memory the whole New Testament, with the exception of two of the Gospels.

"The children are all so glad to be here. They look upon it more in the light of a happy home than a school, and I like it to be so." No wonder the pupils turned out well!

Hang-chau was not, however, a very healthy city, and her labors early and late, at home and abroad, began to tell upon Miss Faulding's health. In 1871 she was ordered home and took the journey with Mr. and Mrs. Meadows.

Not long after, Mr. Hudson Taylor, whose health had been failing for some time was obliged to return to England. Happily, however, the journey restored him, and at the commencement of the winter he was united in marriage to Miss Faulding. They settled in North London, near the well-known Mildway Conference Hall, at first in lodgings, and then at 6 Pyrland road, which, with the neighboring houses, continued to be the home center of the Mission for many years. During this visit home two important changes came in the work.

All these years the entire home department of the Mission had been lovingly and ably carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Berger. They were advanced in years, however, and as the work and the responsibility steadily increased, it became more than they could manage. Very reluctantly, they felt compelled to resign. In doing so, Mr. Berger wrote a loving letter to Mr. Taylor, assuring him of his continued interest in the work. A few lines may be quoted:

"Failing health on the part of myself and my dear wife, combined with other increasing claims, unmistakably indicate the necessity for this step. Our sympathies with the work are as warm as ever. . . .

"My relation with dear Mr. Taylor has been one

of unbroken and harmonious fellowship, to which I shall ever look back with feelings of satisfaction and gratitude."

The work laid down by Mr. and Mrs. Berger, Mr. Taylor undertook. For a time he bore it single-handed, but he was home on furlough and needed rest. A very kind letter came to him about this time from two warm personal friends, Mr. John Challice and Mr. William Hall, reminding Mr. Taylor of the advice of Jethro, "The thing thou doest is not good, thou wilt surely wear away," and offering to render very gladly any help they could. This raised a new question in Mr. Taylor's mind. He had often been helped in China by counsel with the more experienced workers. Why should not a little circle of friends at home, who were agreed in earnest desire for China's enlightenment, and who cordially approved of the main principles of the work, be permanently associated as an advisory council? As a result, after much prayer, such a council was invited. And from this time forward, the "London Council" has been one of the mainstays of the China Inland Mission. One of the original members, Mr. Challice, became the Treasurer, and Mr. R. H. Hill the Honorary Secretary, and one of the members of the Mission, Mr. Henry Soltau, became Assistant Secretary.

Within a year, in the fall of 1872, we find Mr. Taylor returning to China, leaving the entire home department of the work to the new council, and it was easy to understand his gratitude to God and to

His servants who had thus undertaken this most important ministry.

It need hardly be said that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor received a very cordial welcome in China. On arrival there they proceeded to Hang-chau, and noted, with great satisfaction and thanksgiving, the changes six years had wrought, from the time they settled there, in 1866. Then Ning-po and three neighboring cities were manned by seven workers. Now sixteen stations in four provinces were occupied by thirty missionaries.

New Year's eve was spent, as usual, in fasting and waiting upon God, praying especially that the new year, 1873, might be one of definite progress toward the interior, those nine inland provinces that were still without a messenger for Christ. The progress they prayed for, undeterred by the fact that 1872 had been a year of financial straitness, was granted graciously. The number of stations and out-stations was nearly doubled, eleven new stations and out-stations being opened within the year. But they were all located in four provinces, in which the work had been established for some time. Among the new stations was Shanghai, which has ever since been the business center of the Mission, an obviously necessary arrangement which could be no longer overlooked. Funds continued low, however. The matter was therefore brought before the Lord again at the close of 1873, and, unknown to them, the answer, both in men and money, was already on the way.

For some time the Council in London had been wishing to send out reinforcements, and two, indeed, had gone; but at the close of the year they were much cast on God for more men and larger means. He sent both.

In the previous year, 1872, Dr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness had commenced, in the east end of London, that training institution for missionaries which has since become so widely known, and from which over a thousand missionaries have gone forth into almost every missionary country in the world. Two of the very first to leave this consecrated home were Henry Taylor and Frederick Baller, who offered themselves for China. They were heartily recommended by Dr. Guinness, and were accepted with all confidence for the forward movement which was so much on the hearts of all.

About this time, also, Mr. and Mrs. Judd, whose brief furlough was over, were handed a considerable sum of money for new workers and new work. Other remarkable answers to prayer continued to encourage the faith of Mr. Taylor and his fellow-missionaries. One of these, received early in December, 1873, said: "In two months' time I hope to place in the hands of your council of arrangement the sum of eight hundred pounds for the further expansion of the inland China work. Please remember—for fresh provinces."

"Need I say," Mr. Taylor adds, "that when a copy

of this letter reached me in China it caused my heart to sing for joy?"

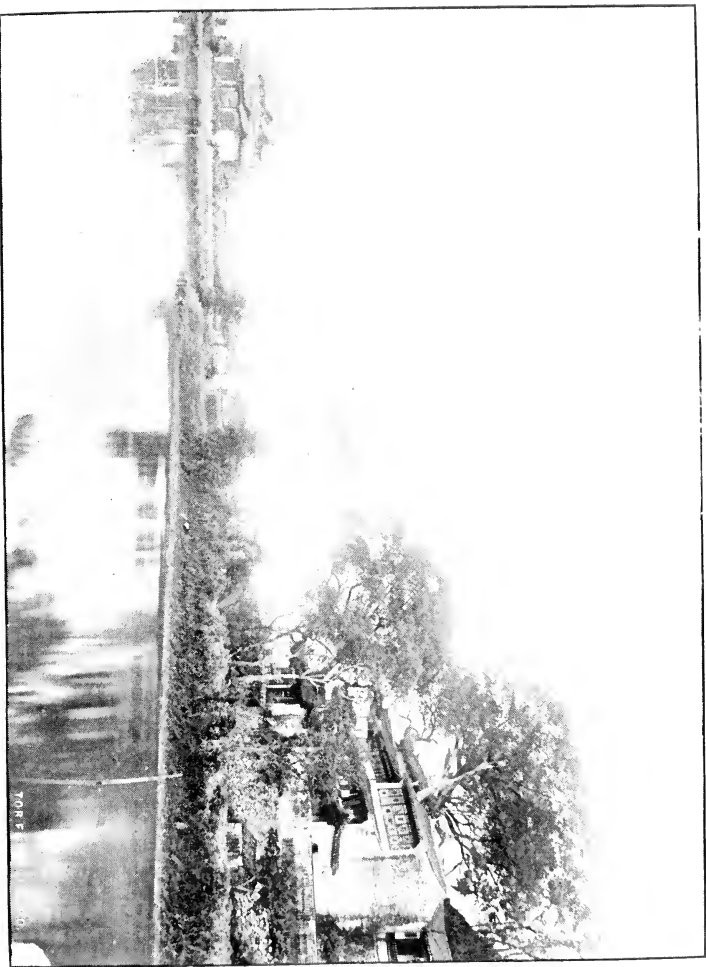
Mr. and Mrs. Judd went forward to Wu-ch'ang, the capital of Hu-peh, and there established what they trusted would become the basis for the new western work of the China Inland Mission. Not long after, another sum of three thousand pounds was given for work in western China by donors who wished their names withheld.

As is well known, Wu-ch'ang is the chief governing city of central China, and is situated at the head of the more navigable lower Yang-tse, just opposite Han-kow, that great commercial metropolis to and from which large ocean-going steamers carry merchandise. In these two cities and the adjacent Han-yang, three cities in one, there is a total population of not less than two millions.

Wu-ch'ang is not merely the capital of Hu-peh and residence of the governor, but also the seat of the viceroy of Hu-peh and Hu-nan.

Time fails to tell of the rapid development during these years of the churches in the older stations, except in the briefest possible manner.

Wen-chau, the southernmost station in Cheh-kiang, which was opened, it will be remembered, in 1867, proved an exceptionally difficult place. But the thing that tells in China is hard work and keeping at it. George Stott, and from 1870 onwards Mrs. Stott, were the right kind of people for that post. Mr. Stott had said, in Scotland, "I had not thought of running



TEMPLE AT WEN-CHOW.

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away," and he was put to the test. The city was placarded, the mob gathered, burst into the house, and asked him why he did not go. "We have come to turn you out," they said. "Why don't you run away?"

Mr. Stott looked them squarely in the faces, courageous because he knew the Lord was with him, and had sent him to Wen-chau. "Run away!" he said. "How in the world do you expect a man with one leg to run away?"

The crowd began to smile. A Chinese crowd is generally won if it can be made to laugh. It proved so in this case.

They said, "He is harmless, let him alone," and left.

Mr. Stott is no longer with us. On Easter Sunday, 1889, he was called to his reward.

"This is what we live for," he wrote in one of his letters home, "what we pray and hope for—to lead souls to Christ. If we fail in this, our lives are a failure; if successful here, then our lives are a success. We want to lay up riches for eternity and to put jewels in the Saviour's crown."

Once, in the early days, Mr. Stott was for three weeks entirely without money. A merchant, with whom he had done business, called upon him.

"Mr. Stott, how is it that you have not been in to order rice of late? Yours must be nearly finished."

"The rice is almost come to an end," he answered, "but I cannot order more just now."

"Why not?" queried his friend, insistently.

"Well, if you must know, simply because I have no money to pay for it."

Soon after the man sent, as a gift, two coolie loads of rice and three thousand cash (about three dollars gold). When this was finished, the same kind friend again supplied the need.

"I certainly had some of the nearest approaches to God during those twenty-one days that I have ever experienced," wrote Mr. Stott.

Among the early converts was a priest, a Buddhist priest. "A very unlikely inquirer," thought the native assistant when first they met; but he treated him courteously, and the priest came again.

"I want to buy some more books," he said gravely. "I, too, believe in Christ."

And so it proved. Abandoning his profession and his living in the idol temple, he became a private citizen, as the Chinese express it, supporting himself on a farm in his native place.

Reference has already been made to Mr. Stott's boys' school which proved of immense help, like that at Hang-chau, in training Christians for the future work.

About the time to which we have now come, 1874, an out-station was opened at P'ing-yang (locally pronounced Bing-yac). Rapidly the work has grown there since. It is now a large and flourishing independent station. At the present time (1902) there is scarcely a station of the China Inland Mission

which gives more cause for thankfulness to God than this district of Wen-chau. Quite a number of unpaid helpers are regularly engaged every Sunday in many of the surrounding towns and villages. The church members number over a thousand, including the whole district, with a number of inquirers on probation, waiting for admission to the church.

Mrs. Stott's work among the women of that station has been most encouraging, though during the first seven years but one woman had come to know the Lord. Perseverance carried her through, until she was able to say of three of the believers, the outcome of cottage meetings of only twos and threes, "They were the finest Christian women I have known anywhere, a perfect joy to me."

Before we turn from this interesting station, one other little incident, a sample of many similar wild stories circulated against the missionaries, must be told: One Sunday afternoon Mr. Stott was preaching to a considerable audience, and had occasion to look once or twice at his watch. One of the men asked his neighbor anxiously:

"What is that?"

"That? Don't you know what that is? It is a hocus-pocus instrument by which he can tell just how many people are being deceived by his foolish talk."

But nothing discouraged George Stott. He kept right on; and now, though he is gone, his work still prospers.

Next, to the north, is the important city of T'ai-chau, now one of the most important missionary stations in China, one in which converts have been admitted to fellowship, literally, by hundreds. Mr. and Mrs. Rudland have been in charge of the work since 1870, when there was a promising little church of six or seven members, until now the membership in that district numbers well over two thousand. Many interesting stories of that delightful station might be told if space permitted. One brief incident must suffice.

One of the most valuable helpers at that center was a man named Yi-chun. He was seated in the street chapel one day, not exactly casting the net for fish, but rather angling. A man came in, bought several books, and seemed interested.

"You were not, then, always a sing-Yie-su-gonying?" (Believer-in-Jesus.)

"No," answered Yi-chun, naming the religious order to which he once belonged.

"Strange! I am also an unworthy member of that sect," exclaimed the guest.

And Yi-chun gave him the reasons why he had abandoned his old faith for the new, and told of the peace he now enjoyed in believing.

"This is just what I want," the other man replied. And before long he, too, was an out-and-out believer, working earnestly among his neighbors in the country. Several of these believed and came into the city to learn more perfectly the way of life. At last a

deputation came, begging for a teacher to go and live among them.

"We will provide a chapel," they said, "and a preacher's house." In fact, a house had already been bought and was now placed at the disposal of the Mission. Yi-chun visited this place, Dien-tsi, which soon became an important center of aggressive work. It is now an active, energetic church.

One important out-station from T'ai-chau was opened by Mr. Taylor himself, or, perhaps, rather was opened at the time of his visit. This was the important city of T'ai-p'ing, where from the first the work proved promising. One of the new members there was called away from home, and before his return his wife was taken seriously ill. A native doctor had been consulted, and had ordered idol worship, which was just in full swing when the husband returned.

"Take these things away," he said indignantly. "Stop the ceremony at once. I will not have such folly in my house."

Curses and abuse were showered upon him, but he cared for none of these things.

"I will pray to the true God, who can and will restore my wife." And He did. The impression thus produced resulted in no small increase of interest in that district.

Writing comparatively recently of this work in Cheh-kiang, Mr. Meadows for many years superintendent of the province, concludes:

“The growth of the converts is most healthy. The number and efficiency of our unpaid pastors and teachers never increased more rapidly. The progress of the schools was never so encouraging, and evangelistic work never of greater extent in Cheh-kiang than it has been this year.”

Three or four days' journey to the north of T'ai-chau stands the city of Fung-hua, the first station opened from Ning-po in the early sixties. Here, also, one of the first native workers was a convert of the early days when Mr. Taylor and Mr. Jones were associated in the Ning-po work. His name was Fong. He, too, with Wang, of Hang-chau, was one of the volunteer helpers in the hospital in 1859. Young Fong had been a basket maker, and strolled into the chapel one day with some companions to hear the strange new doctrine. From the first, his interest in what he heard could not be hid.

“You will soon be eating the foreign devils' religion,” his neighbors warned him, but to no purpose. Before long he took a bold stand as a believer, and at once went to his employer to ask a favor. He wanted to be allowed to work so hard that he would do seven days' work in six, and then to keep the Sabbath. His employer, seeing an advantage, said:

“Well, yes; but you would lose a day's wages.”

Fong knew this, and also that he would lose a day's rice and would have to spend Saturday's wages in buying Sunday's food. It meant two-sevenths of his wages; but the bargain was made, and kept, for

a time. One day the basket maker was sent for by some wealthy customers. He waited in the outer hall until the ladies, in their shimmering silks and satins, came out to see him. They explained what they wanted: a kind of basket to hold incense.

“Fei neng keo” (I cannot), Fong replied, and explained that he was now a Christian, and not only did not believe in idols, but would have nothing to do with their worship.

The astonishment and curiosity of the ladies were considerably aroused, and they listened for a while, as the young believer preached with all his heart the glad tidings of salvation.

“Strange infatuation!” they said to themselves, and tripped lightly away on their tiny feet.

An artisan whom Fong had not noticed, a man who had been employed in painting the handsome wood-work, came forward and said:

“What was that you were saying to the ladies? I heard it, but it was so good I want to hear it all again.”

Very gladly did the basket maker repeat the good, glad story, so new to him. The painter’s name was Wang Lae-djun, and he became an earnest, whole-hearted believer from the first. He worked among his fellow-countrymen, became a native assistant in the hospital, and in course of time was ordained pastor of the little Hang-chau church.

But Fong’s trials were not over. When the busy

season came around, his master wanted him to work Sundays.

"But we agreed," the man began to reply.

"Never mind what we agreed. I have a great deal of work on hand, and if you will not come to-morrow you need not come again at all. You are dismissed."

This was a heavy blow, but Fong knew whom he had believed, and he set to work to serve Him with all his heart. After a happy Sunday he tried to obtain work on Monday morning. But no one would have him. He found that his master had gone around to the whole "hang" or guild of basket makers, and had obtained a promise that if his man applied for work on Monday they would decline his services. So Fong improved his leisure by preaching in the tea shops. An old man listened with marked interest. They got into conversation, and finally Fong brought him to the "Gospel Hall" to Mr. Taylor.

"The devil has prevented my getting work to-day because I would not work on Sunday, so I have been working for Jesus instead, and here is a man I have won for Him." And Fong introduced Wang, of Ho-si.

"If I can't get work to-morrow, I shall try to win another soul for the Master." But he did get work. The first man he applied to was only too glad to engage him, for he knew he was dependable and a good worker.

"I promised your old master I would not take you

on if you came on Monday, but I said nothing about Tuesday!"

So Fong was back at work. Meanwhile, and for a good many days to come, Mr. Taylor was occupied with old Wang, of Ho-si. He had a strange tale to tell. Some months before, he said, he had been lying at the point of death, when a voice called. Too weak to walk unaided, he rose from his bed, and steadying himself by the walls and furniture, crept around to the door and opened it, but there was no one there. A little later the same voice called his name, and again with difficulty he made his way to the door. Still there was no one, and when a third time the same call came, he covered his head and trembled, thinking it must surely be the angel of death! The voice, however, went on quietly to direct him to make an infusion of a well-known herb, which would certainly cure him. Then he was to go into the city, where he would hear a new doctrine which he must believe. His people came home and prepared the medicine; he speedily recovered, and came into the city, cutting grass for a living and selling it where he could. Some months passed, and one day, his grass sold, he went into a tea shop to rest. Here he met Fong, and heard the "new religion," which he was convinced was the one he had been told to believe.

Wang became an earnest and most indefatigable evangelist in his own district of Ho-si, where a bright little church sprang up, an out-station of Fung-hua.

Within a radius of ten miles from that old farmer's home, Mr. Taylor tells, there was scarcely an adult who had not heard the Gospel from his lips!

At Ning-hai, another Fung-hua out-station, Mr. and Mrs. Crombie were greatly encouraged by the steady growth of the church, and by the keen interest the Christians took in the work of God elsewhere. On one occasion, when Mr. Taylor was visiting the district, they made many inquiries about the work at other stations, about which they were evidently well informed, and then said:

"How are Mr. Mu and Mr. Sang getting on? Have you any recent news of them?"

"Who can Mr. Mu and Mr. Sang be?" thought Mr. Taylor. "We have no workers of those names."

But they had heard something of Moody and Sankey, and were delighted to hear the further news Mr. Taylor gave them.

"Ah," said one, "the opium traffic will soon be stopped if so many people are being converted in England."

Would to God that there were more prospect of that hope being realized.

* * * * *

The establishment of a new center at Wu-ch'ang, to be the basis of a forward movement into the more remote interior, is the more remarkable, from the fact that this was a time of exceptional difficulty in the matter of funds.

It required the utmost economy to carry on the

work and keep expenses down to five hundred dollars a week, for, including native helpers, there were more than a hundred workers, besides missionaries' children, and the children in the schools another seventy. There were fifty houses to keep in repair, and rent to pay for most. There were the expenses of traveling between the stations and of evangelistic tours, besides the inevitable and costly furlough for invalid workers.

As a matter of fact, the first half of this year, 1874, was probably one of as great difficulty in this respect as has ever come to the Mission. It may be an encouragement to faith to give some details. During the first three months of the year, instead of the income averaging five hundred dollars a week, it was only about half that sum; but, happily, though funds had been low the previous year also, as we have already seen, there had been a little improvement toward the close, which left small balances on hand at most of the stations. But for this, the workers could not possibly have managed. But this also was of the Lord's arranging. At the end of the first quarter, naturally, funds were low at all the stations, and the balances in hand on January 1st were reduced to near the vanishing point. On the first of April there were but twenty-five dollars in the general exchequer. On the 7th of April Mr. Taylor reached Shanghai from a journey, hoping to find considerable remittances from home.

It may be mentioned that at this time the return

to England of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and their family was an imperative necessity. Mrs. Stevenson's life depended upon it; but there were no funds available. Several of the workers united in prayer, and gifts began to come in one after another from various members of the Mission. One sent a hundred dollars; another, a little later, two hundred; a third, two hundred and twenty; three sent ten dollars, and another fifty. Other small gifts provided for the necessary expenditure by the way, and thus, with an empty exchequer, this grave need was met.

Letters to the home council are, of course, very rarely published, but part of a letter from Mr. Taylor will give, better than anything else, perhaps, an insight into the affairs of the Mission.

“After proving God's faithfulness for many years, I can testify that times of want have ever been times of special blessing, or have led to them. Never has the work entailed more real trial, or so much exercise of faith, as recently. The sickness of our beloved sister, Miss Blatchley, the needs of my dear children, the state of our Mission funds, the changes required to allow of some going home, of others coming out, and of the further extension of the work, and many other things not easily expressed in writing, would be crushing anxieties if *we* were to bear them. But the Lord bears us, and them too, and makes our hearts so very glad in Himself alone—not in Himself *plus* a bank balance—that I have never known greater freedom from anxiety and care.

“The other week, when I reached Shanghai (on April 7th), we were in great and immediate need . . . I cast the burden on the Lord. Next morning, when awaking, He gave me the word—“I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them,” and before 6 A. M. I was as sure that help was at hand as when, at noon, I received a letter containing more than £300. Now our need is again great and urgent, but God is greater and more near, and all will be well. Oh! the joy of knowing the *living* God! I am but His agent.”

In various ways “the most urgent necessities of May were met, leaving us all the promises of God to meet the expenses of June, and nothing else besides.

“I asked urgent prayer of some of the brethren for £500 to cover the manifest and unavoidable outlay of that month. Perhaps never in the history of the Mission have we all been so low together.

“From the Hon. Secretaries at home I received during the month a sum of over £500, and in China, in ways I cannot now detail, \$290.75 besides.”

During this time of financial difficulty Mr. Taylor's heart was often cheered by hearty and encouraging words from his fellow-missionaries, which it would take too long to quote in detail.

One brief letter, acknowledging a remittance received on the 16th of June, says: “My last cash was spent yesterday morning, and I was waiting on our Heavenly Father to-day for money.”

Another acknowledgment adds, "For the first time I was unable to send for the usual supply of rice for my school children, but neither they nor we have lacked one single meal."

From another station word was received that on June 12th, when the remittance came, they had not a single dollar left. "How gracious of the Lord," they added, "to hear our united cry!"

* * * * *

All this was severe testing, of course, but God makes no mistakes. A still more serious difficulty presented itself just at this time in the serious illness of Miss Blatchley.

From the fall of 1872, when Mr. Taylor left for China, till the early summer of 1874, she had been practical factotum for the Mission at home. It is difficult now to realize how important her life had become to the Mission. In those earlier days there were no clerks, no office, no editorial secretary. No one but Miss Blatchley. And she was just the one. Talented, spiritual, deeply consecrated, and full of love to the Lord and to His service, Miss Blatchley seemed indispensable to the work, and now she was seriously and increasingly prostrated.

There was no one to fill the gap, so Mr. Taylor himself hurriedly returned from China. As long as possible Miss Blatchley worked on, carrying the heavy correspondence, receiving and acknowledging donations, welcoming and encouraging candidates,

editing the "Occasional Paper," addressing wrappers and sending it out—all those thousand and one things that devolve upon the home department of a Mission.

The writer and his brothers and sister will never forget the debt which they, personally, owe to this kind friend, who had mothered them during the long absence of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in China, in addition to all her other duties. It was with great satisfaction that she looked forward to the speedy return of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

"They will be here in a few weeks," she said, and thanked God.

But before they could arrive, on the 25th of July, Miss Blatchley received her home call, and was welcomed to her reward by the Master she loved and served so well.

The friends of the Mission at home, and especially the council and secretaries, who had done all they could to lighten Miss Blatchley's load, very gladly welcomed home Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor. But trouble came upon trouble. Mr. Taylor himself had had a serious fall on a Yang-tse river steamer shortly before leaving China, and the symptoms of concussion of the spine developed, as they frequently do, more markedly as the months went by. Braced up, as usual, by the voyage, Mr. Taylor was able to hold on for a few weeks, but the many responsibilities at home did not facilitate recuperation, and before long we find him a complete invalid, partially paralyzed, and wholly unable to leave his couch. What would

become of the Mission now? Funds had long been low, the devoted Miss Blatchley was gone, and now Mr. Taylor himself was a helpless invalid, unable even to put pen to paper!

Ten or twenty letters would come daily, and all the varied responsibilities of the home branch of the work. About this time Mrs. Taylor also was laid aside for awhile. Things looked black, indeed, for the China Inland Mission.

But are not such crises the very times when the Lord delights to cheer His servants by gracious and refreshing answers to prayer?

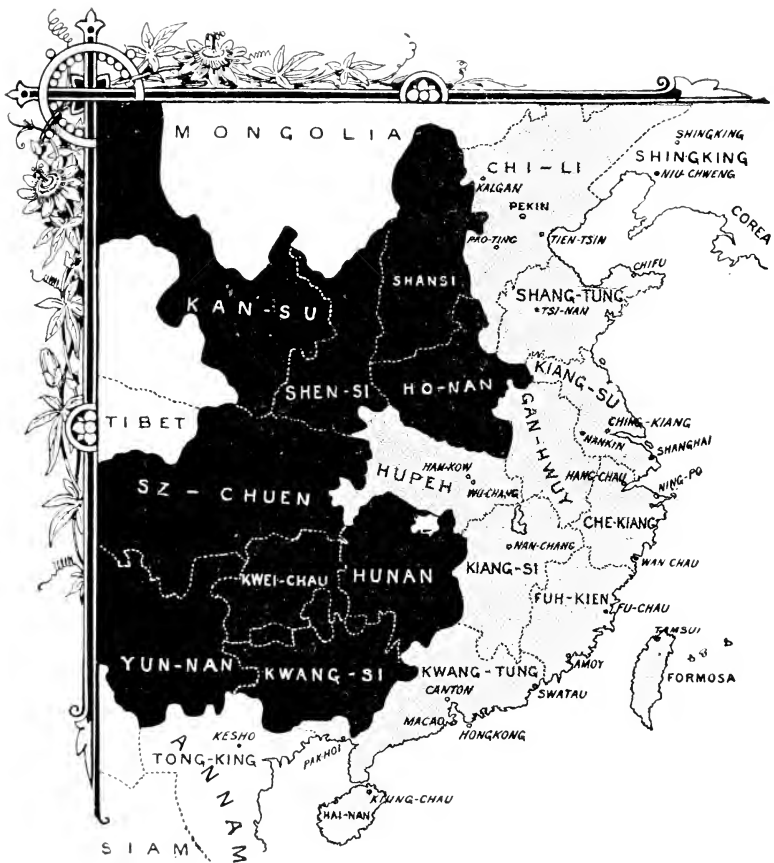
A friend would call on Mr. Taylor. "Can I help you by writing an hour or two this morning?" he would ask.

"Yes, indeed," was the grateful reply. "See what a number of letters have come in!"

If this kind friend could not stay long enough to finish, some one else would be sure to call in later in the day.

"One of the happiest times of my life," Mr. Hudson Taylor wrote later, "was that period of enforced inactivity, when I could do nothing but rejoice in the Lord and wait patiently on Him, and see Him every day meeting all our needs; and never, before or since that time, was my correspondence so well kept in hand and answered up to date."

God had surely a purpose in thus caring for the needs of the little Mission. Two hundred millions in inland China were still beyond the reach of the



"THE NINE STILL UNOCCUPIED PROVINCES."

Gospel. He had much work yet for the China Inland Mission to do.

And so, as the months flew by, not only correspondence was answered in Mr. Taylor's room, important consultations took place, and prayer meetings were held. And, equally important, Mr. Taylor himself had time those long nights to ponder and pray over China's needs. The outcome was that, toward the end of the year, it was urgently laid on his heart that the Mission, short of funds though it had been, and deeply tried in other ways, ought to go definitely forward. A short article was prepared, and published in several of the leading religious papers, asking prayer that eighteen young men should be raised up to go, two and two, into the nine still unoccupied provinces of China.

A bold request, indeed! Even if they were given, would they be able to go inland? But this and many other questions were answered by remembering the command of the Master to give the Gospel to every creature in every land.

"I have the fullest hope," wrote Mr. Hudson Taylor about this time, "that God will enable us during this new year, 1875, to commence work in at least two or three of these unoccupied provinces.

"The difficulties, it is true, can scarcely be exaggerated, but 'the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.' Will not our friends join us in asking for such men, and such only, as do know their God, to go to these teeming millions?"

This hope and prayer, with which the old year ended, was remarkably fulfilled in 1875. In the spring of the year J. W. Stevenson and Henry Soltau volunteered for, and went to work in, the far west, on the Burmese frontier. The former had for years been thinking and praying about this step and the possibility of reaching the people of western China by the shorter and easier route through Burmah.

About a month later Henry Taylor and Chang, a native Christian, started out on a first visit to Ho-nan, the central province in the northern half of China. And in the early summer Mr. Judd left Wu-ch'ang for a pioneer journey into Hu-nan, immediately southwest; and thus, for the first time, the Gospel was taken to these two most bitterly anti-foreign provinces in China.

A few details about these three journeys—to Burmah, to Ho-nan and to Hu-nan—will not be without interest.

Stevenson and Soltau started for Burmah about March, 1875. On their arrival they found it impossible to proceed to Bhamo, on the Chinese frontier, their prospective destination. At that time upper Burmah was still an independent kingdom, under the sway of a despotic Prince, whose relations with the Indian government were anything but friendly.

They at once entered upon work, however, among both Chinese and Burmese, at Rangoon and Moul-

mein, as well as holding evangelistic meetings for the English-speaking residents. And in the fall the way opened for them to go on to Mandalay, the capital of upper Burmah, where they hoped to obtain an audience with the King. An experienced missionary, Mr. Rose, of the Baptist Board, kindly accompanied them, and on their arrival at the capital a petition in Burmese, expressing their purpose and desires, was handed in, to be presented to his Majesty. Their prayers on the journey up the Irrawaddy were answered, and they were granted an audience without delay. On their arrival at the palace they were conducted to the council chamber, a lofty wooden room with a handsome painted roof. Nearly the whole length of one side of the room was a raised platform, covered by a handsome Brussels carpet. In the center of this was a crimson velvet rug, beautifully embroidered, a crimson cushion and a pair of elegant binoculars.

“We crouched upon the floor some distance from the platform. Near us were a dozen or more men with swords, laid in gilded sheaths, on the floor.”

Before long the King “entered the room by a massive carved and gilded door, walked to the center of the platform, and lay down on the velvet rug, resting his arm on the crimson cushion. His attendants came in by the side door, and prostrated themselves.” So did the ministers.

“We could not have been more than eighteen or

twenty feet from him, but he took up his binoculars and leisurely surveyed us for some time."

After a short conversation he made us all promise that we would write to our different countries, and ask that a teacher might be sent to live in Mandalay, undertaking himself to support him and give him house and schools.

"Up there in Bhamo, among those wild people, it is unsafe. They are not to be trusted, but if things are unfavorable, come back, and I will receive you."

"Will you graciously grant us some land at Bhamo?"

"Yes, the ministers shall arrange all that for you."

"To our surprise, three handsome little betel boxes and three Burmese bags, containing one hundred rupees each, were brought on wooden trays and laid before us. We thanked the King for these presents, and said how unlooked for was this kindness. He seemed pleased by our surprise and gratification. 'When you go among those wild people, act with caution and prudence,' he said, as he rose to leave."

The next day an official document was handed them, containing instructions to the governor of Bhamo that they were to be permitted to have any site they pleased for their mission work. And so, rejoicingly, they went on their way.

The governor proved troublesome, and instead of the land selected, gave them an unhealthy and inconvenient site. There was nothing to be done, however; so they made it a matter of earnest prayer that

the Lord would either change the governor's heart, or at least prevent him from hindering the work. About this time he was suddenly removed from office, and his successor proved most friendly, and gave the land they had selected.

In addition to their evangelistic work, the two missionaries did what they could, medically, to relieve the sufferings of the people. Serious epidemics of "fever, small-pox and measles" carried off hundreds. Though neither was a physician, the fame of their medical work spread so rapidly that before long they not only had friends among the Burmese and Chinese residents, but also among the wild hill tribes, the Shans and Kah-chens of the border country, and even further over, into the Chinese province of Yun-nan itself.

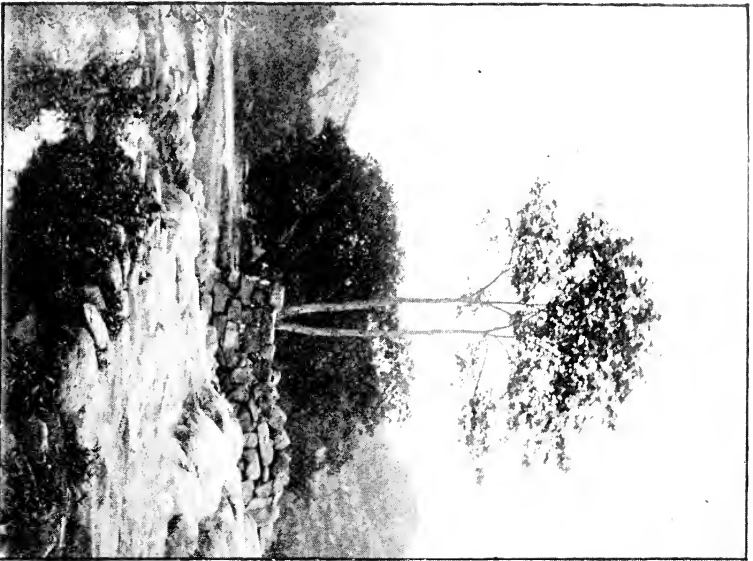
Very gladly they welcomed reinforcements at the beginning of 1876, the more so that one of them, Dr. Harvey, was a medical man. In the fall of this year one of the hill chieftains sent an urgent letter to the missionaries, requesting them to visit a sick relative. He sent a pony and an escort of servants, and made grateful reference to kindness that he himself had received at Bhamo some time before. Wondering whether at last the opportunity had come to enter the needy province of Yun-nan, preparations were speedily made for the journey. Just as they were about to start, alas, the British consul wrote that he had strict orders not to permit their leaving the city.

"The circumstances are peculiar, however," he added. "You are specially invited, and are going to take medicine and visit a sick person. If, therefore, you will give me a written document, signed, guaranteeing that you will not cross over into China, I will allow you to go."

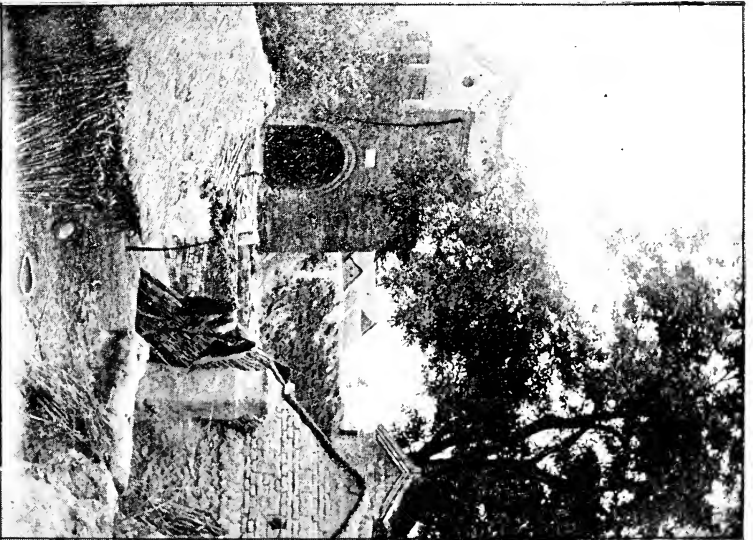
We can easily imagine their disappointment. "Though we have been thus hindered, the Word of the Lord is not bound; and, thank God, an entrance to Yun-nan has been made by means of the printed page. Chinamen from the east come to Bhamo in crowds, and they have freely taken back the Scriptures."

Six weeks were spent in the mountaineer's home, and they were everywhere treated with great hospitality and kindness. Indeed, the people begged them to remain for good and teach them the Gospel. But they could not stay. It was very tantalizing to be so near to China. A descent of two or three hours would have brought them to Yun-nan. From where they stood one day, they looked out over "the noble plain of Long-ch'uan, studded with trees and well watered," but their way was barred.

A month after these pioneers had left for Burmah, in April, 1875, Henry Taylor and his companion, Chang, started from Han-kow northward on the first missionary tour in Ho-nan. They visited a number of important towns and cities, and met with not a few who seemed truly interested, especially at Ru-ning Fu were they cordially received. They put up at an



ON THE WAY TO HONAN: THE ROCKY, BARREN ROAD!



ENTRANCE OF EAST SUBURB OF RU-NING FU.

inn outside the gates of the city, and among those who repeatedly visited the missionaries were four, of whose conversion they had good hope, especially an old vegetarian, who had been seeking for years such truth as they had preached, which satisfied, he said, the deep longings of his soul.

Pointing to his idols, the old man said: "These I have held to and worshipped because I had nothing better. Now I have found Jesus, and I let them go. This doctrine I know to be a true one. My conscience tells me it is."

Very glad, indeed, he was to hear that the missionaries hoped to return in the fall.

"Do come and open a house in our city," he urged. There are many here who, like me, are seeking the true light."

When the missionaries returned, in the autumn, old Hu was gone. He was with the Saviour he had welcomed so eagerly. How thankful the missionaries were they had come when they did!

Of the four about whom they had been hopeful, in the spring, one had gone elsewhere; two, Mu and T'ang, remained, and there seemed no doubt of their conversion. They wished to be baptized, but Henry Taylor, expecting soon to come again, thought it wiser for them to wait and learn more before being received into the church.

On this journey they made some stay at Chau-*kiak'eo* (*Jo-ja-ko*), which is now the principal station in the province, but then had never heard the Gospel.

This being the most populous center between Han-kow and Peking, they stayed for eight days before going further north to the provincial capital, K'ai-fung. The capital was then, as now, strongly anti-foreign, owing to serious trouble with the Roman Catholics some years before. This city of K'ai-fung has a special interest from being the home of a little colony of about a hundred and fifty Jews, who have lived there for centuries, and who had been visited two years before by three Europeans from Peking. The visitors had been obliged to beat a hasty retreat, and even the inn where they had stayed was razed to the ground.

From here they journeyed west to Ho-nan Fu, passing over rough, poor country infested with robbers, but by God's protection they were kept in peace. (Of course, like all other members of the China Inland Mission, they traveled without arms.)

In the spring of the following year, Henry Taylor made a third visit to Ho-nan, this time accompanied by George Clarke. At Ru-ning they were joyfully welcomed by the inquirers Mu and T'ang, whom, in a stream outside the city, they now baptized, the first in this populous province. They had both been working among their neighbors, and about thirty showed an interest in the Gospel. On this visit they succeeded, as they thought, in opening a station, renting premises in a city about fifteen miles from Ru-ning. But they were not able to stay, for after six happy weeks, in which all went well, the scholars stirred up

trouble, a riot ensued, and the missionaries had to leave.

The third pioneer visitation of 1875 was shorter—that of Mr. Judd to Hu-nan. He and two native Christians hired a boat and left Wu-ch'ang in the early summer. After nine days' journey up the river they reached Yoh-chau, the chief port of Hu-nan. With great thanksgiving to God they commenced work in this place. Mr. Judd, being dark, was not readily distinguished as a foreigner. They rented, without difficulty, a little house, and preached the Gospel in different parts of the city, which overlooks the vast expanse of the T'ong-t'ing lake to its south and west. But, as so often in pioneer work, all went well at first; but no sooner had premises been obtained, and settled work commenced, than the ruling classes began to stir up mischief. Matters went from bad to worse, till, very reluctantly, under the escort of a war junk, Mr. Judd and his companions left the city and returned to Wu-ch'ang.

Just about the time of this first visit to Hu-nan, an important step was taken at Mr. Taylor's suggestion. Up to this time, all information about the work had been published in an "Occasional Paper," which came out about quarterly. Now, beginning with July, 1875, the plain little octavo was replaced by an illustrated monthly, *China's Millions*, with which most of the friends of the Mission are now familiar.

Thus, in 1875, were the prayers that went up from

that sick-room in December, 1874, fully and graciously answered. Moreover, sixteen of the eighteen missionaries prayed for were given before the close of 1875, and five others followed in the spring of 1876, making twenty-one in all.

Thus ended the first decade of the China Inland Mission.

In May, 1876, on the anniversary of the sailing of the "Lammermuir," the first annual meeting was held at the Mildmay Conference Hall. A large audience joined in thanking God for what had been accomplished, and in prayer for greater things in the future.

Only ten years earlier there were but a hundred missionaries in China altogether; eleven provinces were entirely without the Truth, and in Cheh-kiang and Kiang-su, in which the young Mission was to commence its work, there were only two stations in the one, Ning-po and Hang-chau, and one, Shanghai, in the other. Now there were settled stations in five provinces, two of which were among the unoccupied eleven; sixty missionaries and missionaries' wives were out in China in the China Inland Mission alone, working in fifty-two stations and out-stations. And already the work had been commenced in two of the remoter provinces, in Ho-nan and Hu-nan, the hardest provinces in China, as well as on the borders of Yun-nan, in the far southwest.

A quarter of a million dollars had been contributed, mostly in small sums, and another eighteen

thousand dollars was on hand, waiting to be used in new work in the western provinces.

Little wonder that it was an enthusiastic anniversary! And no wonder, as they sought to picture the hundreds of millions of perishing souls, many of them so willing to welcome the Gospel; no wonder that a feeling of deep solemnity hushed the audience, and that mighty and earnest prayers went up for the future, especially for the opening of the West.

We shall see how blessedly those prayers prevailed.

CHAPTER X.

HOW GOD OPENED THE FAR INTERIOR.

Now that the petition for eighteen workers was answered, and more than answered; now that so much prayer was going up steadily for the opening of western China, Mr. Taylor felt convinced that the time had come for the pioneers to go inland. With this conviction he returned to China, to bid them God-speed and encourage their hearts as they started. His steamer calling, as usual, at Hong-kong, Mr. Taylor went ashore, and we can understand the eagerness with which he inquired: "What are the prospects of our workers going in?"

"The prospects were never darker," was the reply. A British official had been murdered, with official connivance at least, in the west of China, near Burmah, and negotiations had dragged out their weary length for eighteen months. And they had failed. Sir Thomas Wade had left Peking, and war seemed inevitable. "But prayer," wrote Mr. Taylor, "had not failed."

God had given the eighteen missionaries—just the very men for the work. They were now all in China, had learned the language, and were ready to go forward. What could be the meaning of it all? Very earnestly Mr. Taylor waited on God, during the three

remaining days of the voyage, that He would do what seemed impossible, and open the gates of the West. And while His servant was praying, God was working out the answer.

On arrival in Shanghai, what was his joy to learn that China's most capable statesman, Li Hung-chang, had been sent to negotiate with Sir Thomas Wade; they had met at Chefoo, and had come to terms! Never was a more memorable treaty concluded with China than the "Chefoo Convention," one clause of which was that foreigners were to be permitted to travel freely in every part of the empire, and that proclamations to that effect were to be posted in every one of the thousand and more governing cities. Thus, to God's glory, fast-closed inland China was opened at last!

* * * * *

Before the treaty was signed, on September 13th, two of the pioneers were already on the way to the far northwest. Frederick Baller and George King started at the close of the long, hot summer, in the month of August, for the province of Shen-si (at the capital of which, Si-an, the Dowager Empress and the unhappy Emperor of China held their court during the recent occupation of Peking by foreign forces). A native of Shen-si, whom they met at Han-kow in Dr. Griffith John's church, told them there was a good water-way as far as Fan-ch'eng (440 miles up the Han river), and from thence two or three much-traveled roads to Si-an. So a small house-boat was

hired, and the missionaries departed, commended to God for the work.

A fortnight's journey, sailing or tracking, brought them to Fan-ch'eng: and at this busy port, and at the important city on the opposite side of the river, the Gospel was preached for the first time. But they could only stay three days. From here they hired another boat to Hsing-an Fu, the first prefecture in Shen-si. But this stage of the journey proved troublesome and expensive; for, being autumn, it was the time of the yearly examinations; many students were traveling, and the native authorities deemed it necessary to give them an escort, which proved an expensive luxury. The city of Hsing-an was another four hundred miles northwest.

It was not only a troublesome journey, but dangerous, also, for the river here flows swiftly among glorious mountains, with every here and there a rapid, over which boats have to be laboriously towed by gangs of men. At Yun-yang Fu, the last prefecture in Hu-peh (of which province Wu-ch'ang is the capital and Han-kow the commercial center), the missionaries were much encouraged. They not only obtained a very favorable and friendly hearing, but were also able to sell a large number of books. Four soldiers were sent by the local mandarin to protect them, and to explain to the people that the foreigners were there not to cut off people's pigtails, but to sell foreign books! Three days further, and they arrived in Shen-si.

The first Sunday in this province was spent in a quiet county town, where considerable audiences heard the Gospel message. A week later, Sunday was spent at Hsing-an itself, where large gatherings heard the Glad Tidings for the first time for many centuries. "As I pointed out the superiority," wrote Mr. Baller, "of the living Christ over sages long since passed away, the thought seemed to strike them as new and strange."

Encouraging as was their reception, they were obliged to cut short their visit to Shen-si; for funds were running low on account of the unforeseen expenses of the journey. Gladly were they welcomed back with the good news they brought, and very thankfully they now heard of the signing of the Chefoo Convention, which opened fully the vast interior to the Gospel.

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First among the pioneers to start after the signing of the treaty were the brethren James and Turner, who were commended to God at Chin-kiang, in October, 1876, to go north on a visit to Shan-si, so sadly notable since as the arena of the sufferings and martyrdoms of 1900.

As far as Nankin the missionaries traveled by river and then overland, across populous An-huei, in which many traces of the T'ai-p'ing rebels were still apparent. Up to this time the two brethren at Gan-king were still the only settled workers in this province. After a fortnight's journey, their hearts were dis-

tressed in the north of the province at "the hundreds of people, all miserably clad and looking starved and wretched, proceeding south because of the scarcity of food." For the great famine of 1877 to 1879 was already commencing in North China, though the worst was not yet.

From Poh-chau, an important commercial center in the north of the province, they traveled on two hundred miles by cart, and any one who has never traveled by a Chinese cart cannot imagine what this means! Heavy, springless vehicles, with two massive hob-nailed wheels, these mule carts rumble laboriously over unmade and unkept roads. They are found in most parts of North China, and will cover, it is true, twenty or even thirty miles a day if the weather is good; but the uninitiated suffer! The passenger, slung about, as first one wheel and then the other drops into a rut, holds on for dear life, to avoid serious injury. Indeed, when Mrs. Bird Bishop, the traveler, took her first journey in a "Pekin cart" she arrived at the end of the first day with a fractured collar-bone! James and Turner were being initiated.

They now came to the province of Ho-nan, and crossed the Yellow river, not far from K'ai-fung, the capital; but it was a month's journey altogether before they arrived in Shan-si. They were the first missionaries to enter the province; and remained for several weeks, itinerating among the cities of the southern prefectures. They were greatly encour-



MR. ROBERT POWELL TRAVELLING BY BARROW IN HONAN.



MULE CARTS AND ESCORT, IN TROUBLOUS TIMES.

aged by their reception, gained valuable information about the province and its needs, preached to interested audiences, and had good sales for their books. Their last Sunday was spent at P'ing-yang Fu, equally important as a governing and commercial center, and then, their funds running low, they made their way southward across mountainous western Ho-nan—a cold, barren route to take in winter! On Christmas day they entered Hu-peh, on their way to Fan-ch'eng. From there they took boat down to Han-kow, arriving early in January, 1877. They had traveled seventeen hundred miles through four provinces since they started.

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The same month that these brethren started for Shan-si, Messrs. Easton and Parker set out on the long journey to Kan-suh, in the far northwest. For two-thirds of their journey they were accompanied by Messrs. King and Budd, who were to pay a second visit to Shen-si. And before the end of the year two other couples were well on the way to the west and southwest—to the provinces of Si-ch'uan and Kuei-chau.

The four travelers to Shen-si and Kan-suh started, as usual, up the Han river by boat, keeping to the river as far as Lao-ho-k'eo, a city some two or three days beyond Fan-ch'eng. Here they took to the road, and for another fortnight traveled in a north-westerly direction over rough, mountainous roads, through sparsely peopled country, to Si-an, the

Shen-si capital. Here they were glad to rest for awhile, commencing, however, their evangelistic work at once. This city, one of the best built and best preserved in China, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Wei, one of the major tributaries of the Yellow river. It stands near the center of a populous plain, then very fertile and flourishing, but now almost covered with opium and sadly impoverished. This was to be the sphere of King and Budd for the present: while Easton and Parker started westward on their further journey to Kan-suh.

"We have resolved," wrote Mr. King at this time, "to make our journey a season of special waiting on the Lord, for more likeness to Himself, more practical holiness, and more brotherly love." On the last Sunday before they separated they went out into the country, and on a quiet mountain-side overlooking the fertile plain, read together Spurgeon's sermon, "Predestined to be Conformed to the Image of His Son." "Blessed hope," Mr. Easton writes. "I pray that we may indeed be conformed to Him in holiness and zeal. . . . May we, too, be about our Father's business, and eventually see much blessing amongst these cities."

More than twenty years have passed, and Mr. Easton still continues at work in the northwest. Hundreds of souls have been gathered in, and many churches have been founded where then there was not a single believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Snow was on the ground when Easton and Parker started

for Kan-suh. They had a good time at the first city they reached, both preaching and selling books. But a Mohammedan happened to buy a small tract on "The Prodigal Son." Before long, however, it was returned. "I am a follower of the Prophet. I do not want a picture with pigs in it!"

City after city they passed, meeting with a very friendly reception. Over the high Lung range of mountains and across the wide alluvial plain they journeyed until they came to Lan-chau, the provincial capital, on the banks of the Yellow river. Here they were thankful to find comfortable inns, and received numbers of visitors, as well as obtaining good sales for their books. The Catholics were well established here, but no Protestant had ever before visited Kan-suh! From the capital the travelers turned southward, visiting, among other places, the important city of Ts'in-chau, in which the principal church in this difficult province is to be found to-day. They now turned their faces eastward, and, reëntering Shen-si, took the road to Han-chong, the principal commercial center of the province. In this city and district there have since been, thank God, over five hundred men and women admitted to the Church. From here they rapidly descended the river, and were soon back at Han-kow and Chin-kiang. Here they met King and Budd, who, after weeks of itineration in the more important cities on the Si-an plain, had arrived a few days before them.

* * * * *

The next missionaries to travel to the far interior were Nicoll and Cameron, who went up the river at the close of 1876 as far as I-chang, on their way to the central western province of Si-ch'uan.

During the last days of the old year two other pioneers, Messrs. Judd and Brounton, went up river to Wu-ch'ang, and on January 2nd, 1877, they set out for needy Kuei-chau in the southwest, a province with abundant mineral wealth and also, sad to say, with large crops of opium, through which its inhabitants were even then being rapidly demoralized. It was cold work traveling up river that January in draughty house-boats, but this is among the least of the troubles of a pioneer missionary in China, and was easy to put up with! A week on the Yang-tse brought them to Yoh-chau, at the mouth of the largest lake in China, the T'ong-t'ing; this they then crossed, a distance of seventy miles, to the mouth of the Yuen river, up which they continued their journey steadily onward across northern Hu-nan for three long, icy weeks.

Notorious as the Hu-nanese are for their hostility to foreigners, these early travelers in native dress met with quite a friendly reception, being cared for by the officials and receiving an attentive hearing from the people.

Much of the kindness shown to these missionary pioneers was doubtless due to the Chefoo Convention. Again and again when the missionaries arrived in some remote city, they were welcomed by the officials

and not infrequently detained to lunch, while the Yamen employés were busy all over the city posting up the belated proclamations, lest the foreigners should report to the proper authorities their neglect to publish them! Not so, however, in Hu-nan. "The people are so anti-foreign here," the officials explained, "it would not be wise or safe to put up these proclamations," and nowhere in Hu-nan were they to be found.

A beautiful river it was up which they traveled, and the boatmen were deeply interested in the story of the Crucifixion. One old lady they met received very gladly the strange new Gospel message. "It is really very kind of you to come so far," she exclaimed, "to tell these good things. Our people do not know. They go continually to the temples, burn incense and give rice and presents to the gods, and in the end what becomes of it all?"

They were a superstitious people also, which often indicates a natural craving, unsatisfied and hence distorted, for religious light. Strong, resolute, determined, it may be that the Hu-nanese will yet make some of the noblest Christians in China.

Early in February, Judd and Broumton reached the borders of Kuei-chau. Here at the head of navigation they left the river, hired sedan chairs, and commenced a twelve days' journey over lonely mountain roads to the capital. As is usual in China, the mountainous regions were sparsely populated, and frequently they put up at night at a lonely cottage

by the wayside. At one of these their host, a hardy mountaineer, showed deep interest in the message he heard from their lips. "He became deeply interested in the Gospel," wrote Mr. Judd. "I trust we may meet him in glory."

After a week of this overland travel the missionaries arrived at Chen-yuen, a notoriously anti-foreign city. Three years before, at this city, Mr. Margary (the British official who was murdered near the Burman border) met with serious difficulty. His boat was dragged ashore and burned by the people!

It may be interesting to mention in this connection that Mr. Margary's bereaved mother and other relatives prayed that his death might result in the opening up of western China to the Gospel. And so it did. For it was the negotiations at Peking about this murder that ended in the signing of the treaty of Chefoo!

Judd and Brounnton waited on God very earnestly as they drew near to this place. Their passports were examined on their arrival; but, while the people seemed surprised to see the foreigners, there were no signs whatever of unfriendly feeling. Much of the route they had to travel had been desolated by a recent rebellion of the Miao-tse, a tribe of aborigines, who have no idols and who have since shown a remarkable readiness to receive the Gospel. Fine, sturdy, independent hill tribesmen they are!

About the middle of February they climbed the last steep pass, and a magnificent view rewarded

them. The sun was shining on the fair plain, which stretched out before them—away to the distant mountains; and the city of Kuei-yang itself was right before them, with its temples, its towers and its luxuriant trees. In this city they met a remarkable man, one of the most interesting men in China, “General” Mesney. An enterprising traveler, he had given valuable help to the government of the province in suppressing the recent rebellion (just referred to), and was rewarded for his services by being raised to official rank and receiving considerable gifts of property. He was quite delighted to see the foreigners, and very cordially welcomed them to his home. For ten days they were his guests, meeting with considerable numbers of the local mandarins, who were thus brought within sound of the Gospel. But for Mr. Mesney’s help, the missionaries might have been unable to obtain a house, for trade was good and premises were scarce. Happily, he himself had a house, which he kindly placed at their disposal. Here Mr. Brounton remained, the solitary Christian worker among four or five millions of people in that province, while Mr. Judd, after a short rest, or rather change of labor, returned to his own station, Wu-ch’ang. Prevented from returning by Hu-nan, he turned his steps northward to Chung-king, the commercial metropolis of Si-ch’uan. Here again, as at Kuei-chau, the Roman Catholics were established in force: but no Protestant missionaries had ever resided in either province! From here, going down river toward I-chang, the

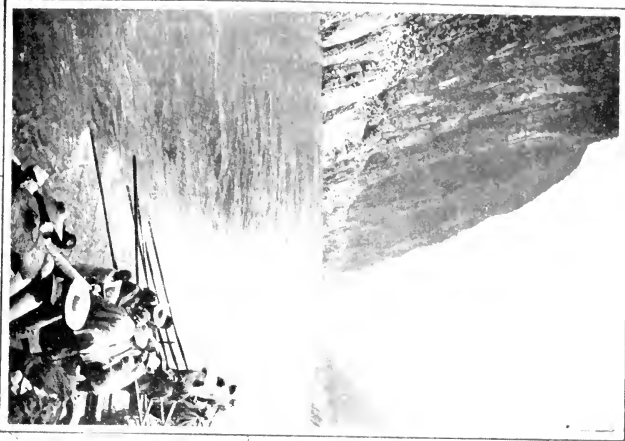
missionary was in double danger from the rapids and from pirates, by whom he was taken prisoner and for some hours was in jeopardy of his life; but in answer to prayer he was set free.

At I-chang Mr. Judd hoped to find Messrs. Cameron and Nicoll; but alas! their house was in ruins and the workers had gone. Like many of the river ports, it is a turbulent place: and a serious riot had arisen on the arrival of a small consular staff to open the new treaty port.

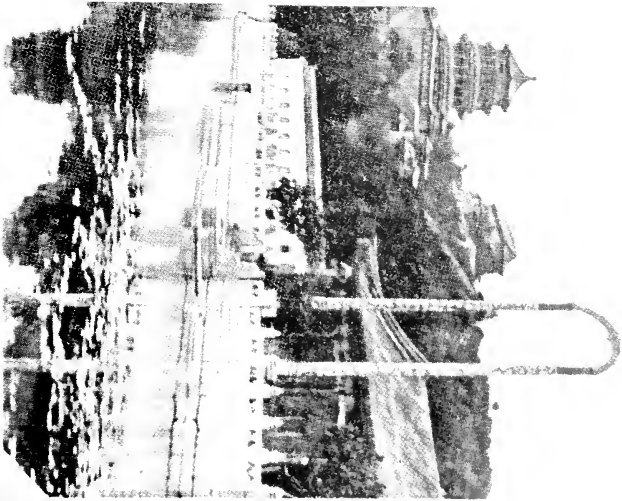
A few more days down river and Mr. Judd reached home about the end of March. Mr. Broun ton remained on at Kuei-yang alone until mid-summer, when reinforcements joined him. Messrs. George Clarke, Edward Fishe and Landale had been appointed to go west. Landale remained with Broun ton, while Clarke and Fishe went southward into unevangelized Kuang-si. Here they learned that there was a population of five millions, but that Roman Catholic attempts to obtain a settlement had always proved unsuccessful. To try and sell books in that province was hopeless, they were told, or to seek to influence the people in any way for good.

"Notwithstanding," wrote Mr. Clarke, "we started, trusting in God."

It took twelve days' hard traveling over the Nanling mountains to bring them to the border of Kuang-si, which they reached in the middle of July. At the first city, Kin-yuen, mindful of what they had been told, they decided to be cautious. After speak-



COMING DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE YANG-TSE.



IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE GROUNDS.

ing boldly in a cheery voice to the people for a few moments, they offered their books for sale, wondering what success they would have. Eagerly they were bought up, much to their surprise. For more than six weeks the missionaries traveled extensively, visiting many important cities in this province where, they had been told, the people were unfriendly and would not buy books! "The people *would* have books," George Clarke wrote, "and this eagerness to buy was general."

On their return the travelers were gladly welcomed home by Brounton and Landale at Kuei-yang, and as there were only two bedrooms, Landale and Brounton decided to go away for a short missionary tour while their colleagues rested.

They had not been long gone, however, before a messenger called them back. They returned immediately to find George Clarke in high fever in one room, and his companion, Edward Fishe, unconscious and dying in the other. All night long they watched beside him, but early next morning, the 6th of September, 1877, he fell asleep; and, all unknowing, at Wu-ch'ang a widow with two children was praying for the father who had been called away to rest.

* * * * *

Another of the western pioneers was John McCarthy, of Hang-chau, and latterly of Gan-king. He had cherished a desire to cross China into Burmah for many years, to test the feasibility of traveling and working in the far interior; but the idea was "foolish

and impossible," he was told: and he had worked on in the east. He had been home to England in 1875 for the shortest possible furlough, only a few weeks, and had returned with two of the pioneer volunteers, the fifteenth and sixteenth of the eighteen, in the fall. The proposal was, as soon as the brethren could speak Chinese, for him to escort them inland; but in the absence of Mr. Taylor heavy, responsible duties fell upon the experienced missionary, and when the time came the pioneers went inland without his help.

Immediately on the signing of the Chefoo Convention, as we have seen, two had gone to Shan-si, two to Shen-si and two to Kan-suh, while Taylor and Clarke were already in Ho-nan. Shortly after, two went west toward Si-ch'uan and two southwest to Kuei-chau; followed in the early spring by two more for Kuang-si. Besides these, on the Burman frontier Stevenson and Soltau were already working amongst the Yun-nanese, and had already been reinforced by Dr. and Mrs. Harvey and Mr. Adams.

On Mr. Taylor's return, however, Mr. McCarthy was set free, and undertook the journey that had been so long upon his heart. Speaking with an earnest native Christian about the matter, Mr. McCarthy was delighted to hear him volunteer to accompany him, but first forewarned him of the dangers of the journey. "If you, a foreigner, can risk it for Jesus' sake and for my people, surely I, a native of the country, may well risk it, too!"

Often on that long journey Mr. McCarthy was

thankful for his friend and fellow-worker's aid. It was about the end of January, 1877, when they strated up river for Han-kow and I-chang. Thence up the magnificent gorges of the Yang-tse, several weeks' journey by native boat, they continued westward to the borders of Si-ch'uan. The first large city they came to in this populous and fertile province—the largest in China—they left the river and continued overland twenty-five days' journey *on foot* to Chung-king, the commercial capital. Trade they found to be brisk, the country densely populated and the people very friendly. At one place in this stage of the journey, the city of Kuang-an, they made a considerable stoppage. They found there a man whom they had previously met at Gan-king, and he proved not only very friendly, but very hospitable. One after another of his large clan entertained them, and the travelers greatly enjoyed the rest and the quiet after their continued travel.

“Does it ever rain in your honorable country?” they would gravely inquire; “and does rain come down as it does in China?”

“Have you any mountains and valleys, so far away?”

“Does the sun shine on you as on us? And is it the same sun?”

Kind and patient answers to these trivial questions removed misapprehension and gained confidence, winning an entrance for the Master's message to darkened minds and hearts.

"In that one district of Si-ch'uan," wrote Mr. McCarthy, "in a circle with a diameter of only forty miles, I might easily have spent four to six months, had time allowed, simply in going about from one place to another, as I received invitations. Many were the pressing calls I was obliged to refuse, and in none of the houses to which I went would the people take anything from me. They did not want my money. They received me freely as a friend, and in every case were glad to have the books and tracts left with them, and to hear the Gospel from my lips."

At Chung-king, Mr. McCarthy made another, though shorter, stay, and impressed by its size and importance, rented a house, which was occupied later by Cameron and Nicoll, who, it will be remembered, were designated for Si-ch'uan. From here they turned southward to Kuei-yang, still walking. Profiting by previous experience, Mr. McCarthy made it a rule to stop at the first available inn wherever he arrived. By so doing, he was often able to get a wash and his supper before he was surrounded by friendly visitors, and thus avoided a good deal of crowding, which might have inconvenienced and, possibly, endangered him, and was fresh and ready to entertain them when callers came.

In five days they entered the Kuei-chau province, and as they traveled across it they were much impressed and saddened by the prevalence of opium smoking. Ten or twelve days after crossing the

border they reached Kuei-yang, where they were heartily welcomed by Broumton and Landale. After a short and very refreshing rest, they started on their journey again toward Yun-nan Fu, the capital of the province of the same name. Risky as it was to attempt to cross Yun-nan, had not Mr. McCarthy been praying for the province for many years, and were not the people just as needy there as in every other part of China? Prayerful, but determined, McCarthy journeyed onward. It was July when he entered Yun-nan, in which no Protestant missionary had ever set foot before. As he was entering the capital, he was stopped and his business demanded. Friendly explanations and the gift of a few tracts by the Chinese fellow-worker, Yang Ts'uen-ling (whose story, by the way, is well worth reading), smoothed matters over, and they entered the city in peace. For a few days they remained, working quietly; but for prudence' sake, not much in public, and then continued westward toward the second city of the province, Ta-li. The road lay over magnificent mountains and along beautiful valleys, and the travelers' hearts were refreshed. Wonderfully the Lord had prospered them; might they not safely commend themselves to His good keeping for the perilous remainder of the way?

Speaking of the various travelers they met, officials, merchants, rich and poor: "We associated," Mr. McCarthy writes, "with all sorts and conditions of men, and with but two exceptions never received

a cross word from any one the whole journey through. The Chefoo Convention has already effected great good in Yun-nan." It was recognized everywhere that foreigners had a right to travel. The only wonder seemed to be that a foreign consul had not yet been sent to Ta-li Fu "to open a foreign store."

The country was poor, the men degraded, and the women many of them engaged in arduous manual labor, considered in other parts of the country as only suitable for men. Goitre, moreover, was found to be very prevalent in the valleys and among the mountains; ague was common, and the people were grateful for such medicines as Mr. McCarthy was able to give away.

From Ta-li Fu, still westward, they traveled on, crossing higher mountains and finding the roads increasingly rough. Ten days further on they came to Momein, where they rested for several days, preaching the Gospel and making friends. They learned that the Bhamo medical mission was known and valued in those parts. Three days from Momein Mr. McCarthy reached the city where Margary had been murdered two years before. The local mandarin was cordial, spoke of the medical work at Bhamo, promised protection while they remained in the city, and warned them not to attempt to cross the borderland without engaging the services of a mountain chief.

"Traveling simply as you are, you need apprehend no difficulty, except from the wild tribes on the Kah-

chen hills," Mr. McCarthy was frequently told. They engaged a mountain chief accordingly, and everywhere met with not only cordiality, but even generous hospitality. For several days they traveled amongst these mountain tribes, and Mr. McCarthy's heart was much drawn to them. He proposed to stay longer with them on his return.

It was the end of August when at last he descended to Bhamo, and right heartily were he and his companion welcomed by Messrs. Soltau and Adams. They found it hard to believe that Mr. McCarthy had indeed walked across China. With great joy they united in giving thanks to God for His remarkable journeying mercies. But the British resident at Bhamo absolutely forbade Mr. McCarthy from attempting to return.

"I believed it was God who had brought me safely through China, and if God had wanted me to return that way, neither the Viceroy of India nor any other power could have prevented it. I took the message as from Him, and so could not trouble about it."

Mr. McCarthy spent six months at Bhamo, and then returned to England with a blessed story to tell of the goodness of God vouchsafed to him; and, far more important, that—Western China was open. A great impression was made at home by the story of what Mr. McCarthy had done and heard and seen.

* * * * *

The Shan-si pioneers had to return, as we have seen, for supplies. A brief rest at Wu-ch'ang, a fare-

well prayer meeting with Mr. McCarthy ere he started on his long journey across China, and away they started again—this time for a longer visit.

Up the Han they sailed to Fan-ch'eng—suffering shipwreck, and in danger from pirates, by the way; thence they continued by cart, over the rough and often dangerous mountain roads of West Ho-nan, for several weeks. And so they reached Shan-si. The early wheat here was the first sign of spring that met their eyes, and the fruit trees were already in blossom. Their second visit to Shan-si began with all the fresh beauty of the new year. This was in the lowlands, in the valley of the Yellow river, but it was soon passed, and they ascended into bare and desolate regions where the famine was already felt.

“At most places where we stopped for refreshment we had a large crowd around us, watching each mouthful, and holding out their empty basins in mute appeal.”

For three hundred miles they traveled through many important cities to the capital, T'ai-yuan. Here they engaged a teacher, that they might more quickly acquire the local dialect; and most of the next two months were given to evangelistic work in the city and surrounding country. Pitiful were the experiences of those long, dry months! “Night and day,” wrote Mr. Turner, “incessant prayer was made for rain—the people crying aloud to their gods, for that which alone could save from death.”

So it continued through the summer, and when

autumn came, with no break in the drought, whole families committed suicide, rather than face the hardships of the coming winter. The terrible heat of that long summer, unmitigated by the usual summer rains, and the still more terrible consciousness of the suffering all around them, began to tell on the health of the workers, and both were stricken down with famine fever in the fall. James narrowly escaped with his life, and it was evident that he would have to come to the coast, and Turner must go with him to nurse him by the way.

Very loth, indeed, they were to leave the province at this time, where they were the only Protestant workers, and where death was working such havoc amongst the starving population. Two months' journey southwards, by cart, to Fan-ch'eng was a serious matter in early winter, for the sick man and his friend; but they suffered most of all from the condition of the people among whom they passed.

"The scenes witnessed upon this journey," wrote Mr. Turner from Han-kow, "have left an indelible impression of horror upon my mind. It is difficult to conceive a country in a worse condition. Many of the trees are destitute of bark, long since stripped off and eaten. The poor are literally starving. In the early morning, as we passed, we saw the victims of the preceding night lying dead and stiff where they fell. On the open road men were writhing in the agonies of death; no one pitied them; no one cared—for the sight of death had long since become

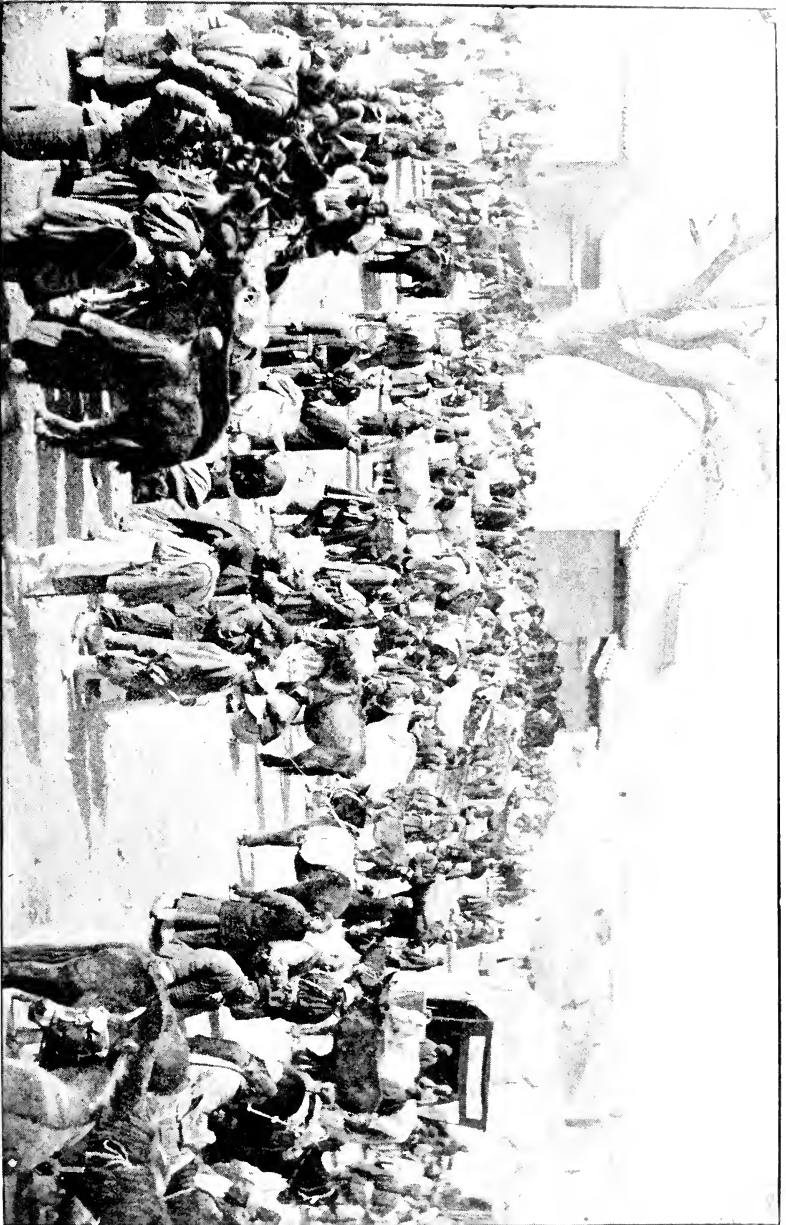
common. Hundreds of corpses were lying on the roads; we saw them . . .”

About this time, the English consul at T'ien-tsin wrote, “The aspect of affairs was simply terrible. The autumn crop over the whole of Shan-si and the greater portion of Chih-li and Shen-si had failed; no rain had fallen, and the heavens were pitilessly blue.” The English Famine Relief Funds sent to China over \$150,000, and the Missionary Societies \$55,000, of which the larger half was given through the China Inland Mission.

As soon as it was possible, Turner returned to Shan-si, entering this time from T'ien-tsin, the port of Peking, with the Rev. David Hill, the beloved leader of the English Wesleyan Mission. They and an American missionary, the Rev. A. Whiting, went inland in the spring of 1878, and were warmly welcomed by the officials of Shan-si, who were already doing all they could to alleviate the suffering, and gladly helped the missionaries in their arduous service.

Many at home had given largely to this noble relief work, on hearing of the terrible sufferings of the famine-stricken people; but Mr. Whiting gave his life, for within three weeks he caught the famine fever, and before the end of April had gone to his reward.

The work of distribution was commenced at the capital, T'ai-yuan, and from there Messrs. David Hill and Turner gradually worked their way southward



HORSE MARKET IN T. A. 1/1/1.

as far as P'ing-yang Fu, where they were cordially welcomed by the prefect and his subordinate mandarins, who rendered them every help in their power. Here they soon came across traces of the work that had been done in the previous visits to the province.

About midsummer Turner again went north and joined Mr. Timothy Richard, of the English Baptist Mission, who for eight months had been steadily working away at famine relief in and around T'ai-yuan, winning golden opinions from rich and poor, perhaps especially the former. He seems to have a special faculty for making friends with mandarins.

In the early fall Timothy Richard returned to his own work in the province of Shan-tung, leaving Turner single-handed at T'ai-yuan. Hard work it was, even harder on the spirits than on the physical frame, for the sufferings of the famine-stricken people can scarcely be imagined, much less described.

The first really cool weather after the long, hot summer, brought its own dangers with it, as, indeed, it usually does in China. Turner caught a chill and soon developed dysentery. In spite of this, urged by the terrible suffering around, he continued his work as long as possible; but there was a limit. At last he had to send a brief note to David Hill, down south at P'ing-yang Fu, telling him of his condition; and he could do no more, expecting soon to see his Master's face.

David Hill, on receiving the message, came with all speed, had a good journey and arrived within a

fortnight. The very sight of him did Turner good. And his loving ministrations soon resulted in a cure. Soon after they rejoiced to welcome Mrs. Hudson Taylor and two other lady missionaries, who had traveled to Shan-si under the experienced escort of Mr. Baller.

“The Chinese officials,” wrote the British consul, “now treat the missionaries with the most marked cordiality, and assist them in every way in their power. As for the people, they have at last opened their houses. . . . The advent of the foreigner is now hailed with delight. . . . This distribution of funds by the brave and judicious men engaged in the work will do more to open China than a dozen wars.”

Were it not for the opium traffic, forced upon China in spite of every protest, that country would long ago have flung its doors wide open, not only to the missionary who first wins their esteem, but also to his compatriots, bringing the material benefits of Western civilization. Generous as were the gifts that came to China during these terrible years of famine, twice every week (on an average) was England repaid, through the opium revenue, for the entire sum of this famine relief!

Very gratefully, however — forgetting all the wrongs of the past and the present — did the high officials acknowledge this timely help and the generous, self-denying way in which it was administered.

Probably in no part of the empire is the deplorable

effect of the opium trade more terribly manifest than in this very province of Shan-si. Humanly speaking, no victim of intemperance is more hopeless than the confirmed opium-smoker. And yet, in recent years, in this province alone, hundreds, if not thousands, of opium-smokers have been saved, doubly rescued, from the dominance of the opium habit and from the power of the Enemy, by the higher power of our Lord Jesus Christ. But I anticipate.

* * * * *

Of all the pioneer journeys that followed the Chefoo Convention, none was more remarkable than that made into eastern Thibet, nor among the eighteen brethren who were prayed for in 1875, and went far afield in 1876 and 1877, was there a more remarkable man than James Cameron. Tall, powerful Scot, he was a man of character, of determination and of faith. Starting west with George Nicoll in the fall of 1876, both of them designated for the province of Si-ch'uan, they were detained for a time at I-chang, where they opened a station. From this point, already a thousand miles up the Yang-tse, after a serious riot, already mentioned, they continued their journey westward to Chung-king, Si-ch'uan. Here they rented premises, the first Protestant station in that large and populous province.

But Cameron was a born pioneer. Even during the comparatively brief stay at I-chang he had sown the Good Seed in the principal centers between that

city and the borders of Hu-nan. And after a short stay at Chung-king, the two brethren, accompanied now by Mr. Leaman, of the American Presbyterian Board, started westward again for the capital of the province, Ch'eng-tu, a twenty days' journey across rich, fertile country, during which they enjoyed many opportunities of preaching the Gospel. At Ch'eng-tu they stayed nine days, gaining attentive hearings and selling large numbers of Scriptures and tracts.

It was mid-autumn when they continued their journey. First west to the limit of the beautiful, well-watered plain, and then due south, a fortnight's journey in all, to Ya-chau, the commercial entrance to Chinese Thibet. Through this city immense quantities of brick tea are yearly imported into the land of eternal snows, Thibet.

From this point onward their journey became more difficult. The roads were steadily rising to higher altitudes, and the country became more and more barren and inhospitable every stage they went. After another week of this arduous traveling, Mr. Nicoll could go no farther. Repeated attacks of ague had quite prostrated him, and it would have been folly to proceed. Mr. Leaman volunteered to accompany him back to Chung-king, and early in October Cameron only remained to continue the journey. "I miss my companions much," he wrote, "but shall soon get accustomed to being alone." Happy for him that he had proved the truth of "Lo, I am with you always!"

He traveled light!! His money he carried in little irregular lumps of silver, sewn into an inner garment, and his baggage consisted of little more than the indispensable bedding and a change or two of clothes.

A week later he reached the interesting little town of Ta-t sien-lu. This place attracted Mr. Cameron's attention as being the first foreign-looking place he had come to. It has its own lamasery, from which the Thibetans, who form quite half the population, are governed. For these places are not only monasteries—containing hundreds and sometimes thousands of lamas—and temples, but also the residence of the ruling lama, the head official of the neighborhood.

Ahead, then, was Thibet. It was unlikely that he would have access to Thibet proper. But Chinese Thibet, included nominally in the Si-ch'uan province, was open to him. Governed by lamas instead of mandarins, and only partially subject to the court of Peking, its people, pure Thibetans, are yet much more ready for dealings with the outside world than the population of Inner Thibet, perhaps through the influence of the migratory population along the banks of the great rivers, which here intersect the country, one of them being the main stream of the Yang-tse.

From Ta-t sien-lu onward the road ran mostly at a great altitude, seldom descending lower than twelve thousand feet. It was lonely and little traveled, moreover, and any kind of accommodation—any kind

would do for Cameron—was hard to obtain. The first night after leaving the little border town,* Cameron saw what he must expect for the remainder of his journey through this upland country. It was a miserable little inn he had come to, the best there was; no bed was to be had, nothing but a little straw on the rough ground. The only thing homely about it was a smoky fire of green wood. Still, he was thankful for that!

Here, too, he had his first experience of "Tsan-pa," the staple food of Thibet, which consists of a mixture of well-boiled tea, salt, butter and parched wheaten flour. This is stirred by each member of the community in his own basin, and without further preparation the Tsan-pa is ready to eat, the hand doing duty for a spoon.

Their landlord gave them, moreover, alarming accounts of the difficulties and dangers that lay ahead. Indeed, it was not without considerable difficulty that Cameron's coolie was persuaded to continue. He saw, however, that the foreigner had no fear, and realized that this was due to his faith in God, for, of course, he had no arms.

"Dangers there are," he wrote, "but God will bring us through." Up they continued next day, away above the snow line, into the intensest cold, for October was now well advanced. They saw, as they went, something of the semi-nomadic Man-tse, as these

*Chinese women are not allowed further west than Ta-t sien-lu.

Outer Thibetans are called by their Chinese neighbors. Dressed in a long, rough sheepskin tunic to the knees, with a colored girdle and long woolen boots, and with long, black, matted hair, the people presented a striking, if somewhat barbarous picture. As to their unkempt hair, "some are wiser," wrote Mr. Cameron, who noticed everything, "and cut it off." It is said they wash at New Year time, but it seems improbable that they do so at any other season of the year.

Next night they had some difficulty in obtaining a lodging at all. The people evidently wanted to make a "good thing" out of them, which was more than the Scotchman could stand. Prayer prevailed, and they were admitted. As they entered, a huge dog leaped at them, but was happily kept back by a powerful young woman, who held on to him with all her might. A Chinaman came in with them, and, nothing loth, joined them at a cup of hot tea — delicious and refreshing by reason of being hot, if for no other reason. But Cameron and his man had no basins, which provoked a smile all round. They were accommodated, however, by the family, surprised at such unprepared travelers.

Supper consisted of bread and eggs, which they had brought with them. After begging for and obtaining an egg, the Chinaman retired. On his departure the fun began. "I wanted to learn a few words of the (Thibetan) language, and my blunders afforded entertainment; it does not seem to be diffi-

cult. . . . Very soon we were on quite friendly terms, only we could not converse much. We were invited to eat Tsan-pa. . . . Supper over, our sitting-room became the common bedroom, the women taking one side and we another. They only strewed a few skins on the floor, the garments they wore during the day doing duty as bed covers." Arising early next morning, they gave their good host the equivalent of eight cents, at which unexpected liberality he was greatly delighted.

One of their hardest days was Saturday, on which they had to cross a "huge snow-clad mountain." It was bitterly cold, the keen wind piercing to their bones. How glad they were, toward evening, to be descending on the farther side!

As they hurried along, they were surprised and delighted to hear a friendly Chinese voice, and soon found themselves comfortably ensconced in a little roadside hut. And very grateful they were for the hospitality, after the long, hard week of traveling; and greatly they enjoyed a good, square meal of tea, bread and soup containing meat! Here they decided to stay over Sunday; and well it was they did.

For on Monday they had a still more difficult time. They had started early and traveled hard; but as evening drew on they came to a lonely house, and, warned by the appearance of the people, determined to go on. It was on and up. Twilight deepened into darkness; but, happily, the moon rose to light them on their way. Before they reached the highest point

they were nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea. Glad indeed they were to reach the summit, for the poor coolie, disheartened and exhausted, had nearly given in.

It was a rough descent that followed, and when at last they reached the valley it was late, and no one dared to let them in. Prayer again conquered, and just as they had determined to pass the night under the eaves of a temple, the door was opened; they were invited in, and soon were seated by a beautiful warm fire, with hot tea before them. "The people of the house told us that we must have walked fifty-six miles since morning."

Next day a twenty-four mile walk brought them to Li-tang, a little town of five thousand people, chiefly interesting as being one of the highest cities in the world. The only noteworthy building was the great lamasery, which contained three thousand priests. Lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, haughty, tyrannical, and grossly immoral, these lamas naturally dread the influence of Christian teaching. "If the people believe your doctrines," they say, "we shall soon be without our rice." The poor people have to pay tithes four times a year, and two-thirds of the land is said to belong to these Buddhist priests.

Still westward the travelers continued another week's journey to Ba-tang, traveling steadily up and down hill, seldom below the snow line. What a week's journey it was!

The first night it was a pitiful place they came to,

but they were glad enough to have shelter. It was pleasant, too, to be staying with a friendly Chinaman, with whom Mr. Cameron could speak of the Glad News which he longed to give the people. "We had no fire, and not feeling well, I had to lie down with a burning skin, at the same time almost shivering with cold." Fever, one naturally surmises. But, "Up early, and away, before the sun shone over the mountains," the journal continues.

This stage of their journey was the worst, the highest and the coldest they had had. It came to an end, however, and one day they found themselves at an altitude of fifteen thousand six hundred feet, looking down on the city of Ba-tang, seven thousand feet below. This important border town is on the far side of the Yang-tse (here narrowed to two hundred yards in width) and quite near the boundary of Inner Thibet.

There were, however, no inns. Many inquiries were made by private citizens as to their respectability, and after standing to answer questions again and again, they were denied admission. "At last a woman took pity on us, and led us to a resting place—not a very good one, but we were thankful for it. 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'" Gratefully they took their supper, and lay down to rest.

"Sleep I could not. . . . At last I struck a light, and, to my dismay, found my Ba-tang bed almost as bad as those that had caused me many a restless night further east. My foes gave me no peace. There

was nothing for it but just to heave a sigh and lie down."

At Ba-tang he spent four days. High mountains surrounded them, running up to as much as twenty-two thousand feet, but down in the valley it was mild and refreshing. The Chinese mandarin was cordial, but concerned to know whether Mr. Cameron intended to attempt Thibet. "No? Ah, that is excellent. The lamas are determined in their opposition to foreigners crossing the border; in fact, it cannot be done."

This, then, was the end of their journey. From here they turned south, a ten days' stage still among a Thibetan population, as far as A-ten-tse, on the border of Yun-nan. On the third day he reached and stood on the actual frontier, between Thibet proper and Chinese Thibet. He looked across at the lonely homes of the Thibetans. "As I gazed," he writes, "I wondered when the messengers of Jesus would have free access there. *It will be open some day.*"

It was the middle of November before they descended from the mountains to the compact little flat-roofed settlement of A-ten-tse. Narrow streets, in a very unsanitary condition, did not add to its attractions. But there was an inn, and a small room was vacant, for which they were more than thankful.

Surely, God had timed their arrival at this place, for poor Cameron that night was stricken down with a severe attack of remittent fever, and for more than

a fortnight lay, weak and helpless, more than once thinking the end was near. His heart, however, was in perfect peace. What could be better than to be found by the Master in the forefront of the battle? One thing only troubled him. What was to become of his unused silver? Not that there would have been very much of it, at this stage of his journey, one would suppose. "See, what a trouble it is to be rich!" he writes.

But far away, continually, prayer was ascending for the lonely traveler. It was heard, and answered. The fever abated, and on the third of December he continued his journey southward, towards Ta-li, one of the principal cities of Yun-nan. He did not start, however, before he had had the satisfaction of fully preaching Christ to all who could understand him, rich and poor, in the remote border town.

From here onward, happily, the traveling was easier. High, barren, snow-clad uplands were gradually exchanged for low, broad valleys, fertile and inhabited, and the dangers and hardships of Outer Thibet were left behind.

Very beautiful Ta-li looked, at the southern end of its long, wide lake, and surrounded by a populous, highly cultivated valley. The place was thoroughly open, he found, for Christian work, numerous and attentive audiences hearing the Gospel from his lips in all parts of the city. Moreover, a well-established work was already under way, in charge of a Roman Catholic bishop and two priests.

“When will Protestant missionaries be laboring in these regions?” Cameron wrote, with a sigh, ere he left the city. After spending Christmas in Ta-li, he continued his journey, following now in the steps of McCarthy, towards Bhamo, on the Burman frontier. A week’s journey brought him to the important city of Yung-chang, where again he found a ready hearing for the Gospel.

The next stage, to Momien, was more difficult, for banditti had been committing serious depredations, and trade was at a standstill. A military expedition had just returned, after beheading seventeen of the marauders. Otherwise it might not have been practicable to continue the journey towards Manwyne, the last city in China. At this place they were entertained by a kindly old lady, who could not say enough of the missionaries in Bhamo. Her son had been lying at death’s door, unconscious, in the delirium of high fever, at a lonely place among the Kah-chen hills; but when the mother had arrived she found two missionaries in charge, doing all that could be done, and her son well on the way to complete recovery. “How can I express my gratitude,” she asked, “to the strangers who had saved his life?” They proved to be none other than Stevenson and Soltau, of the China Inland Mission.

After spending three days at Mauwyne, working among the Chinese, Kah-chens and Shans that thronged its busy streets, Cameron continued his journey up into the border highlands, under the

escort of a mountain chief, sometimes having to sleep in the open, sometimes meeting with cordial hospitality, and finding many opportunities for preaching by the way, until at last his road descended into the valley of the Irrawaddy.

Here, at Bhamo, he made a short stay with Messrs. Soltau and Adams, and then, being forbidden by the British Resident to return, descended the river, took steamer to Canton, and so reëntered China.

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Within two years from the signing of the Chefoo Convention, in September, 1876, the pioneer workers of the China Inland Mission had traveled in every part of the country, more than thirty thousand miles. A little map was published in May, 1878, giving a vivid impression of the widespread itinerations of these early years. It is not easy, as one looks at the little map, to realize how much of real hardship, of faith, of courage and persistent effort it represents.

Many have been the happy results of those early journeyings. Never before had the country been so open. The new treaty had more force, while it was still new, than it would have later, and in every part of the country the workers were welcomed by the mandarins and, therefore, by the people.

An immense amount of Christian literature was put into circulation. Friendly impressions were produced by the quiet, unostentatious travelers, and it was well for the people of the remoter provinces that their first contact with Western civilization should be

through these earnest, loving, considerate missionaries, who came in the dress of the people, and brought them nothing but good news and love. Cameron alone, within six years, had visited every province in China but one, and immense numbers of people must have heard the Gospel for the first time from his lips and received it from his hands.

This, however, after all, was but the scaffolding for future building. Permanent location in these remote districts soon followed, and itineration had shown where a peaceable entrance could most likely be obtained. The missionaries bore in mind, of course, the settled principle to enter first the larger and more important cities. This plan was modified, however, by the duty—"If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, live peaceably with all men."

Commencing with extensive evangelization, moreover, was the plan on which our Lord Himself and the early Apostles worked. When asked to stay where an opening had been won, our Lord replied: "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there, also; for therefore am I sent." And the early disciples, who themselves received the last command to "go into all the world," carried out their instructions literally, and "went everywhere, preaching the Word."

History has proved that this method paid in those early days. Modern history proves that this same method pays among the heathen of to-day. It is much easier to obtain a residence in a city where

the missionary has visited repeatedly before and does not come as a stranger. It is much easier, also, in this way to avoid serious mistakes in locating.

The Gospel preached is the same incorruptible seed as of old. It does not perish. Here and there it lies dormant for years, but in every part of the country prepared souls are found, ready to receive it in the good soil of honest hearts. "What is the seed?" Mr. Taylor asks, writing of this work. "The seed is the *preached* Gospel, the proclaimed Good News of something which the heathen, *as they are*, can appreciate. . . . Talk theory to the heathen, and they are generally unmoved. . . . But, as experience proves, tell your audience that you have an infallible help for every opium smoker, for every drunkard, for every gambler—a Saviour, who has never once failed to save immediately any soul that really trusted Him, both from the power of sin and from its eternal consequences, and you will soon see that the Gospel is good news to your hearers; that it can command attention, and will accomplish the mightiest changes.

"But so to preach Christ, we must ourselves be filled with the Spirit; be abiding in Christ; be conscious of the fullness and power of His great salvation."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST WOMEN TO GO INLAND.

Thus we have traced the steps by which God answered prayer and opened the gates of the west, and the stages by which province after province was entered by these missionary pioneers. All glory to God, Who worketh for them that wait for Him.

The story of the opening of the far interior would be incomplete, however, without telling of the brave women who were the first to enter these western and northern and southern provinces. For if the two years from the autumn of 1876 to the summer of 1878 were remarkable for those early journeyings, the next three years, from the middle of 1878 to the end of 1881, were equally notable for the courageous entrance of women missionaries into the newly opened field.

The first to go in were Mrs. Hudson Taylor and two single ladies—Miss Horne and Miss Crickmay—to the northern province of Shan-si.

But before following those who went, a prior question will occur to some: Why did they go at all, so far from civilization and comfort and safety? It goes without saying—Not at the mere dictate of fancy or impulse. Two *facts* compelled them. Jesus commands it: "Preach the Gospel," He says, "to every

creature." And clearly "every creature" in "all the world" includes the two or three hundred millions of inland China — includes the women as well as the men. This decided them; this and the women's need.

Unwelcome when born, untaught in childhood, unloved in womanhood and unhonored in old age, the women of China need the Gospel of the love of God and all it brings as much, surely, as any women in the world! It would seem almost as if Christianity did more for the women than for the men, especially in a country like China, were it not that man gains equally, of course, by all that uplifts woman.

Every fourth woman in the world is a China-woman, and more than three-fourths of these were utterly beyond all hope of enlightenment if their Christian sisters stayed at the coast. A Christless life must culminate in a Christless death, unless Christ's women, for His sake and theirs, would give them the Gospel. The love of Christ constrained them. And the unspeakable need of the women called almost as clearly as the still, small voice commanded.

So they went.

Mrs. Taylor's going was especially difficult. Christmas, 1877, had been a time of great rejoicing, for it brought home Mr. Hudson Taylor, after a separation of a year and more from wife and children.

But the new year of 1878 was still young when a great opportunity arose in China. The famine in the

north had become terrible beyond all precedent. Six millions were on the verge of starvation by January, 1878 (and more than that number, probably not less than nine millions, perished before it was over). Missionaries had embraced the opportunity of showing the practical side of our Christian faith, and had gone into the famine-swept regions, rank with death and scourged with famine fever, that most contagious of diseases, at the risk of life, with famine relief. Native authorities welcomed them cordially, and thus their safety from violence and their welcome by the masses were assured. It was the greatest opportunity of the century.

Among the famine sufferers, the lot of the children was especially pitiful, as indeed that of the weak and helpless invariably is among heathen peoples. Hundreds of them were dying every day; hundreds more were being sold into slavery, to go south into lives of misery and shame. Surely something must be done for them. Prayer confirmed this impression, and in the spring of 1878, only two or three short months after their reunion, Mr. Hudson Taylor suggested to Mrs. Taylor that perhaps she ought to go. None of the experienced workers in China could be spared from their posts. If she did not go, who could?

Such a suggestion could neither be declined nor accepted in a hurry. It involved leaving the children, and separation again so soon for husband and wife. What it cost to make the suggestion Mrs. Tay-

lor full well knew. Could it be her duty? One thing was sure. If God wished it, He could provide for the children. Would He? At first it seemed not, but further prayer removed this obstacle completely. *Still* some thought it wrong. So they put God to the test. Mrs. Taylor asked the Lord one day to send her the money for her outfit, and to give her also £50 for a special purpose—just that, neither more nor less. If He gave her a sign, and did both, surely her way would be clear.

That very day a visitor called to see her and inquired was she really going. On hearing that she expected to go, he handed her a check for the outfit, for that and nothing else—exactly the sum allotted to outgoing missionaries for that purpose. But that was only half her prayer. Yes; but three days later came a check for £50, with express permission to use it for the purpose desired. Is not God more ready to answer than we to pray?

More than this, God gave Mrs. Taylor a third encouragement. The proposed orphanage and other work in Shan-si would involve expense. "If you for Christ's sake can separate," wrote a donor, "I cannot give less than this." And he inclosed a check for a thousand pounds sterling (\$5,000), which he could ill spare from his business. And his generous gift and kind words came the very day Mrs. Taylor was to sail for China, while they were holding a farewell communion service. What a loving Father we have!

The provision for her fellow-travelers, the others

of the outgoing party, was scarcely less remarkable; and on May 2nd they started, full of confidence and expectation, if some of them with aching hearts. They reached China at the beginning of summer, and as soon as it was safe to travel, in the early autumn, cordial letters came from Shan-si inviting Mrs. Taylor to come at once, and all necessary arrangements would be made for her. This she did, and was accompanied by Miss Horne and Miss Crickmay, both of whom had been in China long enough to learn the language. An experienced escort was provided for them in the person of Mr. Baller, and September, 1878, found them on the way.

After a sad journey through desolated towns and cities, with scarcely a child and no babies to be seen, they reached T'ai-yuan in safety, on October 24th. "With what grateful hearts to God," wrote Mr. Taylor when the news reached him, "do we record the safe arrival of our first party of missionary *sisters* at the capital of one of the nine hitherto unevangelized provinces!"

Not long after their arrival, Mr. James returned with his bride, and a little later, Mr. Timothy Richard came back with his wife. Work was immediately commenced among the women of the city, many visits being paid to their homes and sewing classes being started as a means of giving relief to the destitute women. At the same time, premises were secured for an orphanage, and a number of little orphan girls received into its loving shelter.

There was more difficulty, however, than had been expected in gathering children for the home, for the sad reason that there were very few children to gather. Most of the little girls had either died of starvation, or had been sold to the Southerners, who came north with bags of money on their evil errand during the early part of the famine. During the whole of Mrs. Taylor's stay she saw only one little baby in T'ai-yuan! In such ways as these, the confidence of the people was soon won, and many homes were opened to them all over the city.

It is not easy, perhaps, to realize what those months of work in that famine-stricken district involved for Mrs. Taylor; but she never regretted the sacrifice, and years afterwards she had the joy of seeing four of those children, who had been left at home in the care of others, fellow-laborers with her in China. To children, as well as adults, example speaks louder than precept.

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In the following spring, the way opening for Mr. Taylor to return to China, he was joined at the coast by Mrs. Taylor, the women's work at T'ai-yuan being carried on by her companions.

In the summer, Mr. Taylor was very seriously ill, his life being despaired of for a time. A visit, however, to Chefoo, then little known as a health resort, was used of God to his restoration. Mr. Taylor was, moreover, so impressed with the value of the place

as a health resort, with its invigorating climate, that this visit resulted, later on, in the establishment of a China Inland Mission Sanitarium and a school for missionaries' children. The latter has grown steadily ever since, and can now accommodate two hundred and fifty children.

It is easy to understand what a benefit the Sanitarium has been to sick and convalescent missionaries, who would otherwise have had to take the long and expensive journey home, or, if that were impracticable from their condition, might have died for lack of just such means of recuperation. It is equally easy to see what a blessing the schools have been, enabling the children to be educated without leaving China, and at a minimum expense. The education given has been thorough, the boys and girls being prepared for college or university in America or England. As far as room permitted, the children of other missionaries and of merchants and other residents have been made welcome. The Preparatory School takes children from six or seven to ten, and the Boys' and Girls' Schools keep them until they are seventeen or eighteen years of age.

As soon as Mr. Taylor was sufficiently restored to health, he and Mrs. Taylor went down to the Yang-tse valley again and did all in their power to facilitate the lady workers' going inland, either with their husbands or, if single, under the care of suitable and experienced escorts.

The next of our lady missionaries to go inland was

the bride of George King, who had come down to the coast from the far northwest, and they were now returning, with mingled joy and concern at the thought of the future and the work that lay before them. From Han-kow, the Chicago of mid-China, they started inland, up the great Han river, on their three or four months' journey toward Shen-si and Kan-suh, the field of Mr. King's former journeyings. Considerable care had to be taken on this trip up river, for the people had been somewhat excited by the advent of the men missionaries from time to time during the previous two or three years, and it was very important to avoid unfriendly rumors traveling up the river before them to increase the difficulty of obtaining a home at the journey's end.

On the way an amusing incident occurred, the significance of which did not appear at the time, but was duly appreciated later. It happened one day that, the wind being contrary, the crew were out on the tow-path. They came in as usual at noon for the mid-day meal, and naturally, their appetites were hearty. As soon as dinner was over, they started out to track again, but before long one of the men was seized with violent pains and came on board the boat doubled up with agony. "Ah-yah! Ah-yah!" he cried, "I am going to die!"—so severe was the pain. Mr. King came out of the little cabin to learn what was the matter, and soon discovered that the patient was suffering from what seemed to be violent indigestion. Among the wedding presents had been,

conveniently, a little homœopathic medicine chest, containing also Ruddock's "Vade Mecum." This he consulted; the remedy was nux vomica. One or two drops of this tincture were forthwith administered to the suffering coolie, and in a very short time the pain vanished, the bitter medicine acting like a charm. Needless to say, not only the patient, but the whole boat's crew, were greatly delighted. If that man had died upon their hands, the whole trip would have been unlucky, and his spirit would have continued to haunt the boat for no one knows how long: and there he was sitting up, quite well, and smiling!

The little incident was soon forgotten by Mr. and Mrs. King; but not so by the coolies, who on the tow-path met continually their friends and acquaintances, and gave them a graphic account of the astonishing incident. Far and fast the good news spread, not diminishing as it went, until they reached the great city of Han-chong, after three months' traveling, the fame of Mr. King as a doctor was fairly well recognized!

The autumn was past. It was now November, and the weather was getting quite severely cold. Mr. King felt it would be well to end their journey at this point, if possible, at any rate, for the winter. At first, there was, as usual, great difficulty in renting premises, but a mandarin, who had known Mr. King before, and who was particularly glad to welcome him as a doctor, lent his aid at this juncture, and difficulties vanished. A comfortable house was se-

cured, with a large guest-room that would seat a couple of hundred people; just the very thing for their work. The "doctor" had crowds of men visitors and patients, and Mrs. King was kept just as busy with the scores of women who crowded to the "inner" rooms. In the spring they were able to report an attendance of about a hundred at public worship, many of them women; and they added, "Mr. King already has had the joy of baptizing one man, the first-fruits of Shen-si."

Thus woman's work was commenced in the second of the nine unevangelized provinces of the interior; work which has gone on increasing ever since, and has resulted in the conversion of considerable numbers of women, who have thus formed the early members of the Church of Christ in that far northwestern province.

Sad to tell, little more than a year later, Mrs. King succumbed to the climate and the arduous duties of her overwhelming work. In May, 1881, she passed away with typhoid fever, leaving a little son but five months old. She gave her life for the women, and was the first missionary woman to be laid to rest in the far interior.

Twelve months before her home call, happily, Mrs. King had the joy of welcoming reinforcements. A middle-aged lady, who had gone to China at her own expense four years before, Miss Elizabeth Wilson, of Kendal, volunteered to take that long journey up the Han. Her offer was accepted. She and Miss

Faussett, now Mrs. Samuel Clarke, of Kuei-yang, started on their journey in February, 1880, and three months later arrived safely in Han-chong—the first ladies to travel alone into distant parts of the empire. Two native Christians went with them as servants, but they neither had, nor desired, any other escort than these and the unseen Fellow-traveler, to whose protection they had been lovingly commended, and who brought them safely on their way. To these ladies Mrs. King left the work among the women at Han-chong.

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While Mr. and Mrs. George King were still on their way up the Han, two other brides started westward to work among the women in Si-ch'uan and Kuei-chau.

For in mid-autumn, 1879, two other pioneer evangelists had been married in the beautiful cathedral at Shanghai. And in October, Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll and Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke started together on their long and perilous journey. By steamer they went up the Yang-tse to Han-kow, by native house-boat many stages farther to I-chang; and thence, by Si-ch'uan junk, they traveled up the rapids towards Chung-king. These junks, at once strong and light, are especially built for the "rapid" region, which commences a short distance above I-chang and reaches upward almost as far as Uan-hsien, forming, with the magnificent mountains that flank the

river on either side, the natural frontier of the fertile province of Si-ch'uan. Up the rapids the boat has to be towed by a gang of coolies, fifty or a hundred strong. They attach themselves to a stout hawser (of plaited bamboo-withes) which is securely fastened to the junk, and then proceed to haul the boat, inch by inch, up the surging river, being often bent double with the strain on the narrow tow-path. The path itself, in many places, is a piece of engineering, and has been blasted out of the side of precipitous rocks, which rise a thousand or two thousand feet from the river.

Thus they traveled westward, all November and December, till nearly Christmas. One day, when they had nearly passed the dangerous region, their boat struck suddenly on a submerged rock and rapidly began to fill. "All ashore," was the cry. The sinking boat was quickly brought to the bank, and as rapidly as possible passengers and crew unloaded it. Not only all the lives, but all their property was saved: the only serious damage being to a large consignment of Scriptures, but even they were not unsalable. These and their other belongings they now proceeded to dry on shore, while the boatmen labored to make their little vessel water-tight.

Thus Christmas passed happily enough, the grateful little party working by day unpacking and re-packing, and sleeping by night as best they could, with no better protection from wind and rain than their umbrellas!

At length, on December 29th, the boat was ready. They reëmbarked, none the worse for their trying experience. Again slowly they tracked up the stream, but before they had made much progress the rope broke, the mast snapped and with all the violence of the foaming stream they were plunged down the river at the mercy of the waves. Boatmen and passengers strained every nerve at the oars, and at last they brought up at the side of the river, at the very spot where they had spent the Christmas week.

This decided them to finish the journey by a safer route. A servant was sent ahead for sedan chairs, and in them they traveled overland the remaining stages of the journey to Chung-king. This great commercial emporium of the west was to be the home of the Nicolls. Here, accordingly, they made themselves at home, warmly greeted by Riley and Samuel Clarke. Very soon the forlorn-looking bachelor quarters took on a very different appearance. In a few days Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll had settled into their Chinese home. Here, also, Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke "rested" for a week: a week busy with crowds of women visitors, who came to call and to satisfy their curiosity about the women foreigners. They came in such numbers that one or two hundred a day was the ordinary number in the inner premises. (Later, during the two or three weeks' holiday which comes each New Year, not infrequently as many as five hundred would come in a day!) Thankful indeed were the workers

for this new field of service, and for the wide-open door to the hearts and homes of the people. But thankful as were the missionaries for this splendid opportunity, it is needless to say that Mrs. Nicoll frequently felt the strain to be almost more than she could bear. Indeed, sometimes she would faint right away in the midst of her visitors, who appreciated none the less the kindness of the worker who was spending and being spent for them. One friend she had in particular, a dear old motherly lady, who would insist sometimes upon her coming and spending the day in her home. Early morning would find the old lady's sedan chair at the door, and as soon as the missionary arrived she would take her into a quiet room, having dismissed the children and younger women, and quietly fan her to sleep, while she herself kept guard. As soon as her loved visitor was quietly resting, she would steal away on her tiny feet to prepare a sumptuous dinner, as tempting as she knew how to provide. At other times, the kind old lady would cook some specially delicious dish and send it round to the Mission House to tempt the appetite of her weary friend.

Thus, isolated from all her own friends and fellow-country women, Mrs. Nicoll was cheered by love and gratitude from the people amongst whom she had come to live. No wonder the work at times was taxing; she was the only woman missionary amongst the forty or sixty millions of that largest of the provinces!

It is easy to understand how much Mrs. Nicoll felt the parting when, a week after their arrival, the time came for Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke to continue their journey southward to the capital of Kuei-chau. The double wedding at Shanghai, the long journey together up river, with its vicissitudes and hardships, had knit their hearts together. But now they must part. Together she and Mrs. Clarke knelt in prayer and commended one another to the love and to the companionship of the Friend who is closer than a sister.

Sedan chairs were hired, and away started Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke for a four weeks' journey to the south. By the good hand of God upon them, their difficult but quiet journey came safely to an end: and very warmly were they welcomed on their arrival at Kuei-yang by Mr. Brounton. Here for a while Mrs. Clarke was the only worker amongst the women of that province, a large proportion of whom, alas! had become victims during recent years of the terrible opium habit.

Not long, however, after the arrival at Kuei-yang of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, two other ladies started out to join them. Mr. and Mrs. William McCarthy, on their arrival in China about a year before, had been designated for Kuei-chau. The mid-summer heat of mid-China proved too much for Mr. McCarthy, however, and after a brief illness he passed away with heat-apoplexy, beloved already and regretted by his fellow-workers. "His brief career has been a

blessing to us all," said one. "I am a better man for having known him, though for so short a time."

Thus early in her missionary life Mrs. McCarthy was left a widow. "We were going west together, and, God willing, I still will go," she determined. She volunteered and went. Miss Kidd and Mrs. McCarthy left Wu-ch'ang in February, 1880. To avoid the dangers and perils of the journey up the rapids of the Yang-tse, it was decided to travel by the more direct route across Hu-nan.

They traveled under the escort of Mr. Baller, and were the first women to evangelize amongst the women of Hu-nan. This province had long been known, with that of Ho-nan farther north, as the most anti-foreign in China. And yet the Lord so prospered these pioneer women that they traveled in perfect safety, preaching to and visiting the women all along the way. "I like these Hu-nan women so much," wrote Miss Kidd. "They have been very kind, and most willing to receive us and to listen to our message. 'Why do you not stay to teach us?' they would ask at some places. 'Why do you go on to Kuei-chau? We, too, are longing to hear.' We were much struck all along our river journey through Hu-nan by the well-to-do appearance of the people and the remarkable beauty of the scenery."

We can easily imagine what a welcome awaited the travelers when, having left their boat, a ten days' ride in chairs across the mountains brought them to Kuei-yang.

A few months later a little son arrived to cheer the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, but the first winter proved too much for the little one, and before Christmas his little place was empty. "The Lord gave; the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"—felt the stricken parents: and as they waited on God about the matter, the conviction formed and grew in their hearts that God had set them free to go still farther afield to the women of the unreached province beyond. Satisfied that this impression was of God, they wrote to Mr. Hudson Taylor, volunteering to work in the far southwestern province of Yun-nan.

And now occurred one of those remarkable coincidences that so often happen in connection with prayer. On the Burman frontier of China, just beyond Yun-nan, two members of the China Inland Mission had been laboring. Four years previously they had gone to Bhamo, in upper Burmah, hoping by that route to enter western China. Their way had been barred from an unexpected quarter. The British authorities notified them that the journey across the mountains, among the wild Kah-chens and Shans, was too dangerous to be attempted; especially under the existing treaty relationship with China. Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau settled, therefore, in Bhamo, laboring not only amongst the Chinese merchants, but among the Burmese, the mountaineers and the Europeans in this cosmopolitan city.

After long years of waiting, the way opened at last.

An abandoned trade route was reopened, and the second caravan from Burmah into China counted among its number these patient travelers from the west. No serious vicissitudes befell them, and before 1880 ended they arrived safely at Ta-li, the second city of Yun-nan. On the last night of the old year, Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau had a watch-night meeting together, and prayed most earnestly for workers to come and labor, not only for the men, but for the women also. Little did they dream that before their petition was registered on high, the answer was already being prepared, six weeks' journey away, in Kuei-yang.

But this was not all. The missionaries from Burmah traveled on across China, taking the northern route through Si-ch'uan. At Chong-king they met a man who owned a house in Ta-li and was willing to rent to them. The matter was referred to Mr. Taylor, who immediately closed with the offer. The deed of rental was duly forwarded to the Clarkes at Kuei-yang by the hand of the brother who came to succeed Mr. Clarke.

Thus it came about that in the spring of 1881 Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke traveled westward to the province of Yun-nan, leaving their old home and the little grave, no doubt, with aching hearts, but longing to bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ to the people of Yun-nan, and praying that their sorrow might be the means of bringing joy to many hearts. Before mid-summer they had reached Ta-li.

Their new home was delightfully situated, overlooking the city wall and enjoying a magnificent panorama of the high mountains and the lake. Unhappily, there were tenants already in possession, and they apparently considered that possession was nine points of the law, and they refused to move! Great difficulty was caused, moreover, by the unfriendliness of the Roman Catholics, who hindered Mr. Clarke in every possible way, especially by spreading rumors which kept alive and intensified the people's habitual suspicion. Continued prayer was answered, however, and just before it became necessary to move from their first house, the short lease of six months expiring, one of the *literati* befriended them and rented them a house of his own, in which they were happily settled before Christmas.

The new place was a great improvement on the old. Far more trying to the missionaries than mere personal considerations was the terrible wickedness of the people. It seemed to them that they had come to stay in a modern Sodom or Gomorrah.

Next month a second station was opened in this province, at the capital, Yun-nan. From this point their nearest neighbors, Mr. Andrew and Mr. Eason, visited them six months later. What a joy it must have been to welcome fellow-workers at that lonely, distant post! After a very refreshing time of fellowship together, it was decided that the two younger brethren should remain at Ta-li for a time, exchanging places with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, who went, re-

gardless of inconvenience and danger, to occupy the new station at the capital.

But at Yun-nan nobody would have anything to do with them. Their landlord wanted them to leave, and no one else would let them have a house. The Catholics were cordially hated at this center; and for a long time the people were unable to believe that Mr. Clarke was any different from the Romanists. Mrs. Clarke had no visitors, nor could she secure a servant, but had to do everything for herself, even down to making her shoes. At this juncture a bright idea occurred to her, and she began distributing many-colored picture text-cards among the children of the neighborhood, who soon became friendly, and then began to bring their mothers. This led the way to calls in return, and so the ice was broken. Meanwhile, Mr. Clarke was making good progress amongst the men, preaching in different parts of the city, and selling tracts and Scriptures.

Very glad, indeed, they were, however, after about a year at the capital, to return to their own station, Ta-li, where the beautiful mountain and lake scenery reminded Mrs. Clarke of her own loved home among the Alps of Switzerland. Toward the end of the summer in this year, 1883, another little son was born to the Clarkes, very, very welcome at their distant, lonely home. Happily, Mrs. Clarke and the little one did well; but about this time, Mr. Clarke was greatly disturbed by a vivid dream which came to him twice, to the effect that his wife and himself

were to be parted from each other. Before Mrs. Clarke's convalescence was complete, a turn for the worse took place: and after some days of suffering, on the 7th of October, she passed peacefully home.

During the last hours, Mr. Clarke told her something of what those years of happiness had meant to him, and how keenly he had appreciated the courage and devotion which had never flagged, in the face of such journeyings and such difficulties as she had met, year after year, so bravely. "No, do not flatter me," she whispered. "I am the least of all Christians. I feel that I have done less than any woman in the Mission."

"Take care of my little son," she said to the Chinese nurse. And when the sun sank low that quiet Sunday evening, flooding the room with golden light, the weary, patient, loyal spirit rested in the arms of Him she loved so well.

A letter, with inclosures, came for her next day from the far-off homeland; and in her lonely grave, outside the south gate of the city, she was laid to rest by loving hands, with fair Swiss flowers upon her breast.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, other lady workers had been entering the newly-opened provinces, two more of which were opened to woman's work in the year 1881, besides the reinforcements who went up to Kuei-yang.

In the month of January, 1881, the courageous Miss Wilson, whom we have followed up the Han

to Han-chong, traveled on with Mr. and Mrs. George Parker to the remote province of Kan-suh, in the far northwest. Here they commenced work among the women of Ts'in-chau; work which has continued ever since. (Now, 1902, Ts'in-chau is the most successful station in this difficult province.) This was in January.

In December of the same year, Mr. Henry Hunt and his bride went up to the province of Ho-nan, and settled in the important prefectural city of Ru-ning. They were not able, however, to stay very long; for evil rumors were circulated about them, which grew and became so serious that it was necessary, early in the following year, to retrace their steps to Han-kow.

About midsummer of the year 1881, also, Mr. Broumton and his wife (formerly Mrs. William McCarthy) returned to the capital of Kuei-chau, taking with them Miss Charlotte Kerr, and traveling again across Hu-nan, where, as before, they had many opportunities of preaching to the women.

Thus, then, in little more than three years, from October, 1878, to December, 1881, lady workers had settled in six of the newly-opened provinces, and had traveled and evangelized in two others, Ho-nan and Hu-nan.

Woman's work in the far interior was no longer in the experimental stage. It had proved practicable: and from this time onward, work among the women went forward, in every part of the country, *pari passu* with work among the men.

It is difficult now, when the work is so well established in every part of the country, to realize how much courage, how much real heroism and devotion it required to take these long journeys, and to settle in the hostile, heathen citadels of the far interior.

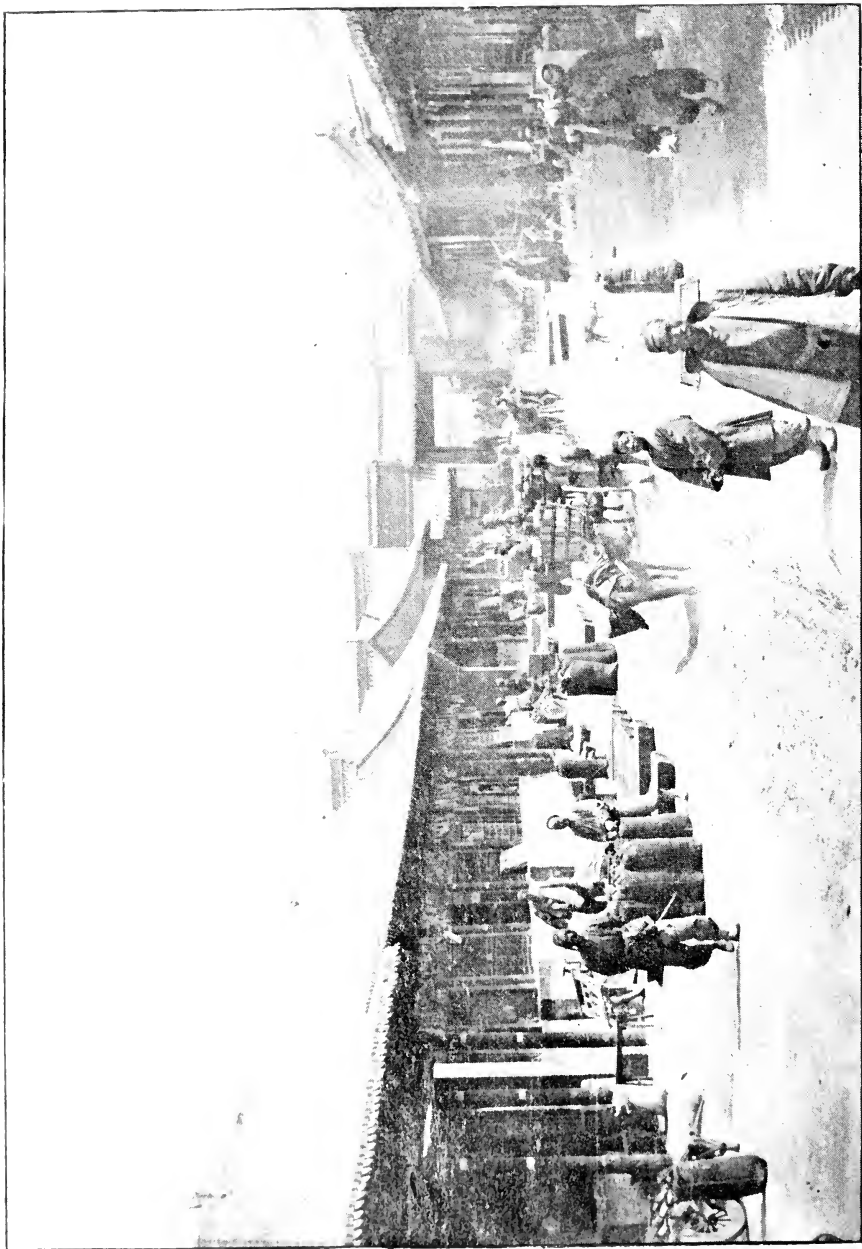
CHAPTER XII.

AN IDEAL MISSIONARY.

MEANWHILE, there had arrived in China a new missionary and his wife, for whose coming the Mission and the cause will forever be richer.

Dr. Harold Schofield was a man of the rarest gifts—equally talented and devoted to the Lord Jesus. During his medical curriculum at Oxford, in London, and on the continent, he had achieved the highest success, winning in scholarships alone more than seven thousand dollars: a list of his degrees fills several lines of type. He himself was greater than his degrees. And he counted it gain to forsake all and follow Jesus. Urgently pressed by many to stay at home and make the most of his brilliant opportunities, he felt he could not, he *must* go where the need was greatest.

The China Inland Mission had his sympathy; its one aim evangelization, its one means to everything prayer, were entirely to his mind. He was heartily accepted by the Council; and in May, 1880, at the age of twenty-nine, he and his bride—entirely one with him in heart and in spirit—sailed for China. They reached Shanghai at the end of June, and after a brief stay went on to Chefoo for the summer to conserve strength while they worked at the language.



TYPICAL MAIN STREET IN A NORTH CHINA CITY.

The newly-opened doors in the far interior, the blessed opportunities for work among the women, and the courage and devotion of those early pioneers, both men and women, were cause to them for rejoicing and thanksgiving. They rejoiced in the good hand of God upon the work, and felt not a little encouraged at the outset. The difficulties, the urgent need for more workers, and the shortness of funds did not distress them. They *knew* the Lord would provide what was needed for the advancement of His own great ends.

After four months' study at the language, the time came to go inland; and they set out for the central northern province of Shan-si, in which the extensive famine relief work had resulted in exceptional opportunities. Their destination, T'ai-yuan, the capital, is one of the most important cities in North China. To reach it, they crossed a lofty range of mountains, from which one descends gradually to the plateau, three thousand feet above the sea, near the northern end of which the city stands, an admirable vantage point for widespread influence.

In this center they soon commenced their twofold work; Dr. Schofield being the only medical man in a province larger than England, with a population of, perhaps, ten million souls. His heart's desire had been to labor where the need was greatest. Surely, it was gratified!

Dr. and Mrs. Schofield naturally felt, and were not alone in feeling, the need for more workers.

Especially during the closing months of this year, 1880, prayer was going up throughout the Mission for reinforcements, and also for more means to carry on the work.

His old friends would perhaps have been amused to see the doctor in his blue cotton gown and short black, wide-sleeved overcoat, with his black satin shoes, his shaven head and plaited queue: but the man had found his sphere. Dr. Schofield was entirely satisfied with his field and with his opportunity. "To me it seems unutterably sad," he wrote, "that now, more than eighteen hundred years after the ascending Saviour gave His great commission to 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' there should be hundreds of millions in this vast empire who have never so much as heard of Christ!

"When I was preparing to come to China . . . some of my best friends tried to dissuade me, on the plea that there was so much to be done at home. How much I wish that they, and all who use this argument, could live here for awhile, and see and feel the need for themselves. They would then be disposed to ask, not whether I had a special call to go to China, but whether they have any special call to remain in England."

The doctor's principal difficulty during the year 1881 was to obtain sufficient time for the study of the language, in addition to his medical and evangelistic duties. Happily, his exceptional gifts stood him in good stead, and he made rapid progress; at

the same time carrying on, with characteristic enthusiasm, his double service. In addition to the work of dispensary and hospital, which might well have absorbed his time, Dr. Schofield made opportunities for preaching the Gospel throughout the city, in street, temple and teashop, wherever a hearing could be gained.

“Did I tell you,” one wrote of him, “what a capital street preacher Dr. Schofield is becoming? I often envy him the power. He reiterates a truth until some one takes it up and translates it into the local dialect, which is very different from the mandarin.”

“We are very happy,” he wrote himself one day, “and I feel more thankful every day for the privilege of being permitted to labor for the Lord where the need is so great.”

The doctor wisely limited his indoor work as much as possible the first year, treating only about fifty in-patients, but thirty times as many out-patients. The following year, however, with a greatly improved grasp of the language, the doctor was able to attempt much more, and both in- and out-patients were doubled. The opportunities for work in the surrounding country and neighboring towns, which the medical work created, emphasized the need of reinforcements, for which Dr. Schofield daily prayed, especially during 1882.

One of his patients, a blind man, laboriously made his way fifty miles to the capital. It took him half a month. First one eye and then the other was

operated on for cataract, and with restored vision and a thankful heart the man returned, reaching home in two or three days. It was the keenest pleasure to the doctor to be able to relieve so much suffering, and to bring the Gospel to bear for the first time upon so many lives.

During this second year, 1882, thirty cases of suicide came under treatment. Of these, twenty-seven were by opium, a drug which has cursed Shan-si perhaps as much as any province in China. It is a common saying among the people that "eleven men out of every ten" habitually use the drug. "Another year's experience," the doctor wrote, "deepens my conviction that opium smoking is a terrible curse, physically, socially, and morally."

The work soon outgrew the original premises. And an ever-widening circle of influence and of friends cheered the hearts of the workers. A little son and daughter, also, came to perfect the happiness of their home.

"The good doctor" the people called him. He was equally beloved and trusted by missionaries and people. During the summer of 1883 the doctor gave much time to prayer, pleading particularly for reinforcements and for greater blessing on the work. One petition, that was often on his lips, was that God would touch the hearts of *young university men*, and cultured and gifted women, and call them out into this needy field, where there was such ample scope for the largest and most varied gifts. He

prayed for them. And he felt, and trusted God that they would come. And they did.

Just at the height of the long, hot summer, a patient was brought to see the doctor, suffering from virulent diphtheria. Reluctantly the doctor declined to keep him in the hospital, for the sake of the other patients. Somehow or other the man eluded the gatekeeper, and hid, and remained all night, in a room on a partly unoccupied courtyard. In the morning the doctor was called to see him, and found him dead. A few days later, the doctor himself was seriously unwell; and before long the temperature ran up high, and grave symptoms supervened. Everything that could be done under the circumstances was done. His constitution was good: he was young and vigorous. "God grant," they cried, "that he may pull through!"

The beloved physician's own prayer, day by day, was for patience and that the will of God might be done. For a long, terrible week the high fever continued, and on the last day of July it began to run still higher, to 106 degrees, 107 degrees, 108 degrees, and in the small hours of next morning he fell asleep.

"Has the good doctor gone?" the people said. "Alas, alas!" Loving farewell he sent to Mr. Taylor and the Council . . . "Tell them these three years in China have been far the happiest of my life."

It may be that through the story of his life and

its crowning years of service in Shan-si the Lord will touch the heart of some other gifted young physician, calling him, or her, to turn from the pursuit of earth's emoluments and laurels, to win "a crown of glory that fadeth not away" in the service of the Master, in a land that has no doctors, and from which has been held back the knowledge of salvation for nineteen hundred years. Such will regret it as little as did the devoted Harold Schofield.

Of all men in China, no one is so welcome and so readily received, even among those inclined to be hostile, as the missionary-doctor. He has the blessed privilege of following, closely, the footsteps of Him who went everywhere, "preaching the Gospel and healing the sick." In China, to-day (1902), there is but one medical missionary to each two millions of people.

And no work is more remunerative in winning souls. The late Dr. McKenzie, of Tien-tsin, operated "upon the eyes of two girls in one family, and gave them sight, and then the mother was operated on successfully. She had never seen her children, and her delight and gratitude knew no bounds." As the result, all three were converted, the father also, and many others, and a successful church of a hundred or more is now to be found in their village.

Christ commands it. Pity demands it. And experience has proved its use.

CHAPTER XIII.

"OTHER SEVENTY ALSO."

As we have seen, about the time that Dr. and Mrs. Schofield went inland to commence their medical mission in Shan-si, much prayer went up to God for reinforcements, and for more abundant funds. For a time it almost seemed as if no answer came. Far from losing heart, however, a spirit of intercession seemed to rest upon the missionaries, and still more earnest prayer ascended the following fall. A special meeting was called at Wu-ch'ang, central China, for the purpose of waiting upon God. As many members of the Mission as practicable were invited for several days of prayer and conference.

At that time about a hundred members of the Mission were working in seventy stations and out-stations. Laborers, women as well as men, had settled in the far interior, but there was yet very much land to be possessed; and open doors, never open before, were inviting the Church to obey her Lord's last command and evangelize the nations.

It was a strange contrast at Wu-ch'ang—that immense heathen city, the seat of the viceroy of the two central provinces, Hu-peh and Hu-nan, with its busy life, its commerce, its gayety, its idol worship and all its misery and degradation on the one hand:

and that company of men and women, few and unknown, with no strength or might whatever but the strength which comes from knowing God! There they gathered, and prayed, and took counsel together before the Lord. What would He have them to do?

Through His blessing every effort of the Mission thus far had been crowned with success. The work of unordained missionaries and of lady evangelists had been sealed with approval and blessing from the King of kings. Souls had been won and churches founded in many scattered centers through the country; but what had been done was as nothing to the work that remained. What were six hundred Protestant missionaries, all told, including the little band of a hundred or more in the China Inland Mission, to four hundred millions of proud, superstitious, bigoted heathen? Surely the Lord was purposing to do greater things than these! Very earnestly they asked the Lord, "What wouldst Thou have us to do?"

The needs of each province and of each station were considered in detail: two were urgently needed here to reinforce a work that had been specially prospered; four were needed there in a distant province to open two new stations; a married couple were required to relieve two workers who had grown weary through the climate and the multitudes of sin-sick souls that crowded round to listen. One by one the opportunities and openings were carefully considered; and the conclusions arrived at, after much prayer and waiting upon God, were recorded by the secretary.

When they added up the long list, it appeared that seventy new workers were urgently needed.

But what could they do? For some years funds had been low and suitable missionary candidates few and far between. Certainly there were difficulties, probably more than immediately appeared; but two things were certain: one, that they had been earnestly waiting on God for guidance with reference to His work entrusted to them; and the other, that they had felt unanimously guided of Him to desire these reinforcements. They had asked God to make His will clear, to show them what to pray for; and if they had been guided of Him, as they believed, they might with all confidence pray for the seventy workers needed, assured that He Who had prompted the prayer would also grant the petition. It would not be possible, however, with their present equipment—with the then existing premises and staff—to receive and train and escort to their various stations so large a number at once. They prayed, therefore, with this in mind, that the Lord would graciously send the seventy within three years—1882, 1883, 1884. Funds were short, applicants were few, but God Almighty, the hearer and answerer of prayer, was with them, and on November 25, 1881, they spread out their list and their petition before the Lord with one mind and one heart.

An appeal was then drawn up and forwarded to each member of the Mission for prayerful consideration, and, if they cordially approved, for signature.

After referring to the terrible needs of China, so well known on the field, and to the awful famine in the north in which so many had perished for lack of the earthly bread, it went on to say: "Provinces in China compare in area with kingdoms in Europe. . . . One province has no missionary, another has only one, an unmarried man; in each of two other provinces only one missionary and his wife are resident, and none are sufficiently supplied with laborers. Can we leave matters thus without incurring the sin of bloodguiltiness?"

It then went on to invite the Church of God at home to join in "fervent, effectual prayer" for more workers for every Society, of the Old World or New, which was working in China; and for the China Inland Mission forty-two men and twenty-eight women to continue and enlarge the work.

"We are not anxious as to means for sending them forth or sustaining them. He has told us to look at the birds and the flowers, and to take no thought for these things. . . . But we are concerned that only men and women called of God, fully consecrated . . . should come out to join us." Seventy-seven members of the Mission joined in this appeal, which was sent home for publication in *China's Millions* and other suitable papers.

It was not long before the answer began to come. Early next year the first party of the seventy arrived, and slowly others followed. Funds, however, continued to be short, and toward the end of this year

1882 a good many in the homeland began to be troubled about the whole matter, wondering whether the time had really come for such advance. Was the thing of God, after all?

Hearing of this feeling, a little group of workers at Chefoo joined Mr. Taylor about the end of January or beginning of February, in special prayer. “We knew,” said Mr. Taylor, “that our Father loves to please His children. What father does not? And we asked Him lovingly to please us, as well as encourage the timid ones, by leading one of His wealthy stewards to make room for a large blessing *for himself and his family* by giving liberally for this special object.” Of this little private meeting at Chefoo no record was kept and no word sent home: or, if any, it was telegraphed home by way of the central station before the throne of God.

On February 2nd there was sent in, without any name, about fifteen thousand dollars for this purpose. It was sent with these details written under the text beginning, “Ask of Me and I shall give thee:”

Father	£1,000
Mother	1,000
Mary	200
Rosie	200
Bertie	200
Amy	200
Henry	200
	<hr/>
	£3,000

“Notice how liberally God had fulfilled our prayer and led His servant to make room for a large blessing for himself and his family. Never before had a donation been received and acknowledged in this way. A beautiful instance of a loving father who seeks that his children shall have treasure in heaven!”

Gift after gift of funds came in, and far more important, “willing, skillful workers” offered, were tested and selected and sent forth to the field. “We had prayed in faith,” wrote Mr. Taylor, “and made our boast in God. When the time elapsed, were we put to shame? Nay, verily!” This, and more also, God did for us. “Exceeding abundantly, above all that ye ask,” is His way of answering believing prayer. During the three years, 1882-84, seventy-six workers arrived in China, and yet others were accepted, whose outgoing was delayed on account of the Franco-Chinese War.

Not only were the workers sent; but they were the very kind of workers that had been asked. Among them were three medical men and not a few others who have become prominent members of the Mission. The last party included Miss Murray and her sister, who have rendered such invaluable service in the Training Home at Yang-chau, and several of the leaders in a new venture of faith among the women of China.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW SPHERE FOR WOMAN.

THUS far, woman's work in China had been considerably restricted. In every sphere of service it is important to consider the prejudices of the people; and in the Orient every young woman is married, almost without exception; and women under forty, except among the poorest classes, are seldom, if ever, seen outside their husbands' homes. The people in the interior seldom travel far, with the exception of the relatively small classes of road coolies, merchants and mandarins; and among those who do travel, only the officials usually take their ladies with them.

If the coming, then, of the missionaries' wives seems strange, how much stranger must be the arrival of young unmarried women! The fact is, the whole system of Christianity is strange and novel in China. The conduct of the missionaries, all of them, in coming so far from home, with no tangible object (as it seems to many), provokes surprise. But it is only a nine days' wonder, after all, and there are no people more ready and more accustomed to acknowledge unaccountable facts than the Chinese.

The early years of the Mission's history had proved that single ladies could do a blessed work among the

women, from which the hands of married women were partly hindered by the claims of home and family. Moreover, women in China have a position which it is not very easy for a foreigner to understand. Being the weaker, they too often go to the wall, as in every heathen country in the world; and where they have no strong relatives to defend them, the younger women especially often suffer unspeakably. And yet, woman has a place and a power in China which is not accorded her in any other non-Christian land. In the first place, the very seclusion of the women in their homes, among the great majority of the people, is a protection; a protection, the need for which it is hardly possible to estimate away from heathen surroundings. Then, again, *the mother of a family*, especially the mother of sons, will be the object of worship after death to the children, equally with their father. And while she lives she is respected, and consulted about many things that concern the home. Indeed, in many cases where the wife shows any degree of ability, the affairs of the household are left largely to her control. Thus are developed characteristics of self-reliance and of power which would command respect in any land.

When, then, into the homes of the people young missionary women enter, with hearts full of love, the bearers of tidings of incredible gladness and comfort to these isolated lives, their kindness, their helpfulness, their manifest sincerity soon win a place in the esteem of the community.

In the spring of 1886, Mr. Taylor, accompanied by Miss Murray, her sister, and one or two others, took a memorable journey through two provinces. Starting from Hang-chau, they journeyed across the Cheh-kiang province, over the mountains into Kiang-si, and down the Kuang-sin river to Kiu-kiang, a populous port on the Yang-tse.

Before we trace their journey, let us look back a decade; for work had been started among those mountains and along the Kuang-sin river, in a deeply interesting way. In 1875, Dr. and Mrs. Douthwaite commenced a medical mission in the city of Kiu-chau, Cheh-kiang, at the foot of the mountains. Its fame soon spread abroad: and from near and far the patients came, hearing, of course, the Gospel from the doctor and his assistants.

That same year, in the neighboring city of Kin-hwa, Dr. Douthwaite met a remarkable man: a captain in the army during the T'ai-p'ing rebellion, he had become a Buddhist devotee, and for years had been preaching the tenets of a reformed Buddhist sect. Traveling extensively, and taking neither money nor provisions for the way, this man had preached his "new religion," and hundreds, and indeed, thousands had joined the ranks. Earnest, gentlemanly, fearless, his influence was felt wherever he went. In him Dr. Douthwaite found at once an eager listener, and soon a true believer. Next year the man applied for baptism, saying: "I believe what you tell me of the God of Heaven is true, and that all my

preaching for twenty years has been in vain. I have led hundreds on the wrong road, and now I want to lead them in the way of Truth. Let me go out to preach. I ask no wages. I want no money. I only seek to serve the Lord Jesus."

The doctor bade him Godspeed, and sent him out into Kiang-si. Two weeks later he returned with a jovial looking farmer, named Liang, who exclaimed, as he met the missionary, "I have been seeking the Truth for forty years, and only now have found it—found it through you."

He wanted to be baptized at once. Delay and further teaching were advised, as usual, but the old man would take no denial. He was old. Who knew? He might never be able to come again. "No, teacher," he said, "I am ready. I believe everything you say, and there is no reason why I should not be baptized." "I did not see any reason myself," wrote Dr. Douthwaite, "so I baptized him, and he went home rejoicing in his new-found Friend." Ere long he returned with six or seven neighbors, who had given up idolatry, and accepted Christ through his means; and later, nine others were brought in through them.

Little companies of Christians were gathered in this way through the work of Captain Yu. He carried his own bed, as many do in China, and preached the Gospel wherever he could gain a hearing. One day a young farmer, walking with him toward Yuh-shan, kindly offered to carry the old man's bundle for

a spell. In return, the old Christian told him the Glad Tidings and gave him a New Testament, urging him to read it. "Young Tung went home some twenty miles to Ta-yang, fully convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and straightway began to preach himself. When I visited him there, nine months later, I found that every man and woman in the village had heard the Gospel, and for thirty miles around many of the peasants had also been reached."

The young man's brother was about to be married, and both his family and the bride's desired a Christian wedding. Dr. Douthwaite accordingly married them—the first Christian wedding in that province, probably. Next year Dr. Douthwaite had the joy of baptizing fifteen in that village.

Thus the good work was started around the upper waters of the Kuang-sin river, and continued to grow during the years which followed, a chapel being rented meanwhile in one of the suburbs of Yuh-shan, to which a resident native missionary was duly appointed. By the year 1885 there were fifty converts connected with this little church, but still no foreign worker.

Before this time, Dr. and Mrs. Douthwaite had been transferred to the increasingly important center at Chefoo, where the medical work and his wise judgment and true spirituality made him a power for good. Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson took charge of the Kiu-chau work in 1885, and they were joined in the fall by two of the last party of the seventy,

Miss Mackintosh and Miss Gibson. Here the ladies continued their study of the language, having been out less than a year; and spent half their time, as is the custom in the Mission, in the native work, visiting the homes of the women and carrying on a school for the girls.

After some months of study and work, Miss Gibson was feeling considerably wearied and not very well, and was recommended to go away for a week's rest to the beautiful out-station of Ch'ang-shan, among the mountains.

She went, and was welcomed by a dozen native Christians, all men, who were delighted that their station should have a visit from a lady missionary; for they, poor fellows, had been having an exceptionally difficult time. Not a single woman had been converted, and if they attempted to pray in their own homes, their wives made so much fun and so much noise that prayer was utterly impossible. Realizing that seasons of prayer were indispensable to their Christian life, the men took counsel together, and hired a little place where they could be alone with God, and might meet for worship on Sundays. They had argued with their wives; they had used every means they could think of to win them to the Saviour, but without avail. The women would have "none of their nonsense."

As soon as it became known that Miss Gibson had arrived, curiosity, a leading characteristic of most Chinese women, got the better of hostility, and they

came to pay their respects to the solitary foreigner. No detail of Miss Gibson's appearance or dress escaped their scrutiny. After all the curious questions were answered, Miss Gibson of course improved the occasion by telling them of One they ought to know, One Who had brought a message of comfort and peace and joy, which should gladden the hearts of women all over the world. Tenderly and lovingly she preached to them Jesus.

It sounded strangely different, this story which their husbands had told them in fragments, but which now a sister told them so gently and with such manifest sympathy and kindness. Their hearts went out to the lonely worker and they did their best to make her feel at home. "You will not be lonely," they said. "We will take care that you shall not be lonely as long as you stay with us."

And they did. Evening came on and still her visitors remained. She talked with them as long as she had strength, and then suggested that perhaps it was time for them to go home. But no; their husbands knew where they were, and would not be anxious. It was all right. They were in no hurry. And finally Miss Gibson had to retire from sheer exhaustion with them still in her room, and laughingly said, as she blew out the light: "Now you cannot see me any more. You had better go home and come again tomorrow, when I will tell you more about Jesus, the Friend of all who need Him." And laughing, they went away.

Early next morning they came, sure enough. Day after day Miss Gibson was kept busy from morning till night preaching the Gospel to the women of Ch'ang-shan. She was sent there for change and rest. Change she certainly had: but the only rest she obtained was the heart rest of knowing that these women were now receiving, and many of them gladly receiving, the good tidings of eternal life.

When Mr. Taylor and his party, after crossing Cheh-kiang, reached this district, they were joined at Kiu-chau by Miss Mackintosh and Miss Gibson. After a brief stay, the journey was continued, and the first out-station they came to was this Ch'ang-shan.

Here the Christians gathered around Mr. Taylor. (It was some weeks after Miss Gibson's visit.) And there gathered an equal number of women and of men. On previous visits men only had welcomed the missionary: now they and their wives seemed equally eager to greet him! "If," said the men to Mr. Taylor, "the visit of a woman missionary among us for a single week can bring about such a change as this, what would not result if we had such a missionary all to ourselves!"

They wanted Mr. Taylor to assign them a worker at once. This was more than he could promise. Such a thing had never been heard of as single ladies going alone to take charge of a station in China. Finding that Mr. Taylor could not promise them a worker right away, still they pleaded, "Well, will you

pray?" and Mr. Taylor gave them his word that he would.

Farther on, over the border, the party of missionaries found the little church at Yuh-shan in a very feeble and unsatisfactory condition. Still farther, as they traveled down the Kuang-sin river, they found a little group of inquirers none of whom had been baptized, and nothing whatever had been done for the women. At the city of Ih-yang their hearts went out to the crowds of people without the Light, and they prayed God to open a station there. Still lower, at Kwei-k'i, they were present at the baptism of the first convert, but here also nothing had been attempted for the women. Here and there were little companies of Christians, but they were as sheep without a shepherd; and millions of souls all around were still waiting for the Tidings which had been their birth-right for many centuries.

There were no men available to take up this work. There were a few women. Miss Gibson had been prospered of the Lord during her visit at Ch'ang-shan; why should not similar and longer visits of lady workers be equally blessed in winning souls? After much thought and prayer, it was determined to make the experiment. And very earnestly were these brave pioneers commended to the safe-keeping of Him Who never slumbers nor sleeps. Native pastors, trained and ready for the work, were sent out with them. Miss Mackintosh was appointed to work at and around Yuh-shan, and three other ladies also

went forward to this work—Miss Webb and Miss Gray to the lower reaches of the river, and Miss Byron to Ch'ang-shan.

It must have been a touching sight to see these four workers starting out from Kiu-kiang on a little native houseboat on their untried way. Brave hearts and full of faith they must have had to do it!

Very conspicuously did the blessing of God rest upon the labors of these women and others who followed. Mr. Hudson Taylor has often said that, to his mind, no station in the Mission is more entirely satisfactory than one of the "ladies' stations" that were opened the next few years along the Kuang-sin river.

The work was carried on by lady evangelists and native pastors, and by that very fact the Christian men were all the more developed. What the women missionaries could not and would not do, they must. More than in most stations the strength of the native churches was developed and a blessed work of God went forward through that region. The work at Kwei-k'i has grown until now the parent station is surrounded by twenty or more daughter churches in neighboring villages and towns, vigorous out-stations worked almost entirely by unpaid native helpers. And most of the chapels have been provided by the native Christians unaided.

This matter of an efficient native agency has long been recognized as the central problem in the evangelization of the great heathen nations. And in this

way, somewhat unexpectedly, it received one of its solutions.

It was mid-summer, 1886, when these four ladies started across the Po-yang lake and up the Kuang-sin river to their new sphere of service. For some months Miss Mackintosh worked in the district around Yuh-shan, traveling and visiting the homes of the Christians and preaching the Gospel to the women wherever she went, while native helpers worked among the men; and it was not until January of the following year, 1887, that she obtained a settled home in Yuh-shan.

Two or three months later, in the spring, Miss Gibson was stationed at Ho-k'eo, and Mr. Hudson Taylor's daughter, Miss M. H. Taylor, settled at Kwei-k'i. Miss Webb and Miss Gray, on their first arrival, also lived chiefly in boats and traveled widely. What difficulties they had to face! What crowds gathered round them! "Are they really women?" was a question often asked. Mute with terror, one villager vanished into her house on seeing them, and returned with an old woman, wild-eyed and rake in hand, to meet any possible attack.

Often friendly women would escort them from house to house as they went about their blessed business, saying eagerly as they introduced them to fresh groups of listeners, "Tell them too. Tell them too." "They always listen so anxiously," Miss Webb says, "to know if the good news is really for them." Difficulties there were indeed, many

and great, but the Lord was with the workers. And He conquers all.

A worker from another part of China, visiting the station at Yuh-shan some two or three years later, wrote enthusiastically of the work, and was greatly refreshed in spirit by her fellowship with the Christians, who now numbered more than a hundred—every one of them intimately known by the frail but indefatigable Miss Mackintosh. The visitor was greatly pleased, also, with the perfect sympathy which evidently existed between the missionary and the pastor, Mr. Chang.

“I never do anything without consulting him,” she said, “and the consequence is that he is equally open with me, and we share all the burdens together. The people are aware of this. They know he tells me everything and that I always seek his advice, whatever the question may be.”

New converts were added to the churches, and new circles entered year by year; and the work has continued to grow ever since. That chain of women's stations has long passed the stage of experiment, and now, not only in Kiang-si, but in many other provinces, are to be found settled stations under the care of lady workers, assisted by native pastors, who take the lead in all the meetings of the church, while the sisters labor and pray continually for the blessing of God on the pastors, on their wives and on the work. Periodical visits are paid to all these stations by the Superintendent of the province, and to his judgment

all questions of difficulty are referred. Within the last two or three years a married missionary has been located at one of the principal Kuang-sin stations.

Is there any country in the world with a greater field for consecrated women, or a greater need, than China?

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO PRAYER.

As we have seen, the years 1882, 1883 and 1884 witnessed the answer to definite united prayer in the outgoing of more than seventy workers in the China Inland Mission, and that, in addition to those who went, there were others accepted but kept back for a season by the Franco-Chinese War.

Among the latter were seven young men, whose departure for China attracted more than usual interest. This was called forth, not so much by the work they went to do, as by the men that went to do it. The two leaders were widely known throughout the British Isles as men of physical prowess: Stanley Smith having been the stroke oar of the Cambridge eight, and Charles Studd not only the captain cricketer of the Cambridge eleven, but also, perhaps, the finest gentleman bowler in the world. Five of the seven, including these, were graduates of Cambridge, and the remaining two were officers in crack regiments, the "Royal Artillery" and "Dragoon Guards." Their outgoing naturally attracted attention, especially that of young university students, to whom the names of Stanley Smith and Charlie Studd were as household words.

But for those who knew them, they had another

and a greater attraction. They were men of spiritual power, and relied upon the guidance and the blessing of the Holy Spirit in all they said and did, and their renunciation of home and the brilliant prospects around them, to go and "bury themselves" in the heart of China, among an uncultured, unsympathetic and, indeed, hostile heathen people, was but part of the whole—an entire personal devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, which led them to desire, above all things, to do His will, and to gratify the longings of His heart.

Their farewell meeting in London crowded one of its largest halls: and one who was present wrote, after referring to the athletic and other records of the men, "It was a sight to stir the heart, and a striking testimony to *the power of the uplifted Christ* to draw to Himself, not the weak, the emotional and the illiterate only, but all that is noblest in strength and finest in culture.

"As we stood among that vast audience, we could not but be struck by the intense earnestness, the enthusiasm for Jesus Christ, and the overflowing happiness of these outgoing missionaries. It is no unworthy prospect, surely, no mean ambition which has called forth all that is best and deepest in these young and consecrated lives."

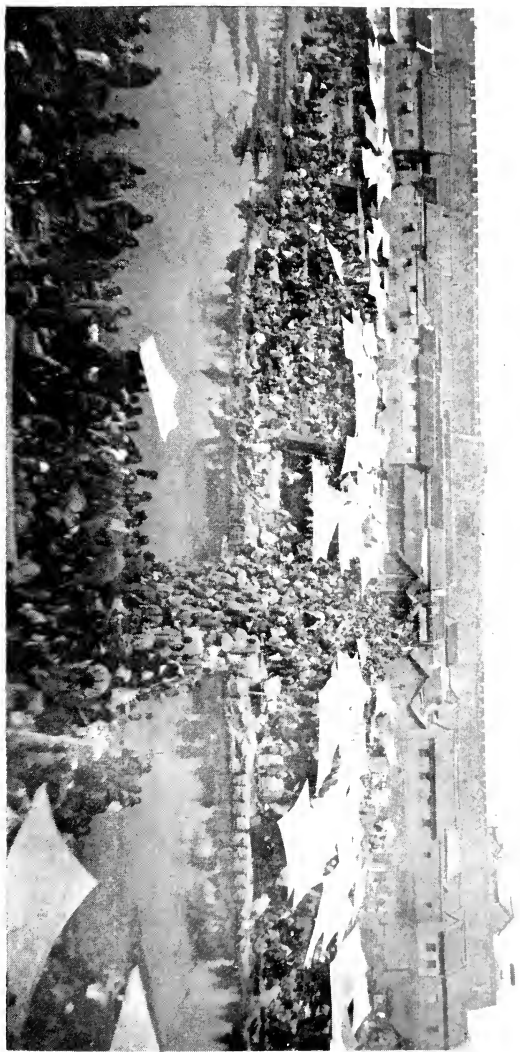
And the purpose and the consecration which were read in their faces, and breathed through their words that evening, have lived and borne fruit in the years that have followed. For all of them are still engaged

in missionary service. One, under urgent medical necessity, has changed his field, at any rate for a time. The other six remain to-day valued members of the China Inland Mission; one, Lieutenant Hoste, being the Acting General Director during Mr. Taylor's comparative ill-health; another having been consecrated Bishop of Western China by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and superintending not only a considerable number of the Episcopal members of the China Inland Mission, but also their fellow-workers of the Church Missionary Society, who are laboring in this inland diocese.

"We do not go to that far field," said Stanley Smith that evening, "to tell of doctrines merely, but of a living, present Christ. . . . From the Cross of Calvary the face of Jesus still cries, 'I thirst.'"

"Ah, that divine thirst! It has not yet been quenched; it has hardly begun to be quenched. He thirsts for the Chinese, Africans, Hindus, South Americans. Are there none here who would fain quench His thirst?"

"David thirsted for the waters of Bethlehem, and three of his followers broke through the ranks of the enemy, and, at the risk of their lives, brought him this water. Shall not this Mightier than David have His thirst quenched to-night? Shall not the Man of Sorrows have His great heart rejoiced by men and women offering themselves for the work of spreading the glorious Gospel? Christ yearns over this earth. *What are we going to do?*"



MARKET IN NORTH CHINA.

“And now a last word. . . . To each He comes with tender love, and pointing to the wounds in His pierced side, He asks, ‘Lovest thou me?’

“‘Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee,’ What is the test of love? ‘Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.’

“‘What, Master, do You command?’ ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’”

A year and a half before, a lonely worker was kneeling, away in the heart of North China, pouring out his soul to God in prayer. His wife passing across the open courtyard, heard the burden of his prayer—that God would call forth reinforcements, especially men of the highest gifts and attainments, young men from British universities.

This prayer was constantly upon the lips and in the heart of Dr. Harold Schofield during the last months of his life at T'ai-yuan. Before that same year, 1883, ended, Stanley Smith had written to Mr. Hudson Taylor, volunteering for missionary service in China, and a few months later the others followed. Who can doubt that this “Cambridge Band” was God’s answer to His servant’s prayer?

During the journey to China, both on the steamer and at the ports of call, these missionaries were used of God in winning souls; and also after their arrival in China, among the English-speaking residents at Shanghai, Peking and elsewhere.

But not only thus did God set His seal upon His servants. Before they left home, they visited the principal universities of England and Scotland, and were the means in God's hands of bringing about a great revival, both of Christian life and of missionary interest, especially at Edinburgh.

Dr. Moxey, of Edinburgh, wrote, shortly after the party sailed for China, "The event that has precipitated the shower of blessing that has fallen in our midst, is the visit of the two young Christian evangelists from Cambridge, who are now on their way to preach Christ to the Chinese. Students, like other young men, are apt to regard professedly religious men of their own age as wanting in manliness, unfit for the river or the cricket field, and only good for psalm-singing and pulling long faces; but the big, muscular hands and the long arms of the ex-captain of the Cambridge eight, stretched out in pleading, while he eloquently told the old story of redeeming love, capsized their theories."

At Oxford and Cambridge also a great impression was made. From the latter a delegation of forty students was sent up to the farewell meeting at Exeter Hall in London, to which reference has already been made. Their spokesman said at that meeting: "Since I have been in this hall it has been said to me, 'What a pity that such men should be going abroad. We want them here at home. Those who have distinguished themselves as they have, could win young men to Christ, and do a work that others,

less known, cannot accomplish.' And he went on to add: 'I hope it will be for the best.'

"Now, sirs, I do not hope it. I thank God that I *know* it is for the best. I know what their going out has done for me. I know what it has done for Cambridge. . . . We had meetings in room after room night by night at Cambridge, and at one over forty men stood up and gave themselves to missionary work."

A correspondent of the *Record*, writing of the farewell meeting which had been held at Cambridge, at which large numbers of students were present, wondered, as he sat in that meeting, what it could be in the China Inland Mission which had attracted to it such men as these. "My main reasons, after all, reduced themselves to one: the uncompromising spirituality and unworldliness of the program of the Mission responded to by hearts that have laid all at the Lord's feet."

On February 5th, 1885, Stanley Smith and Charles Studd and their companions sailed for China, followed by the kind wishes and prayers of perhaps a larger number of Christian students in England and Scotland than had ever before taken interest in outgoing missionary workers.

On their arrival in China their heads were shaved, as usual, the Chinese dress donned, borrowed queues attached to their red-buttoned Chinese skull caps (until their own hair should grow), and the study of the language was entered upon in earnest. Three

went west, up the great Yang-tse river; and four went north to the province in which Dr. Schofield had labored and prayed and died.

The unusual friendliness of the people, due, as we have seen, to the famine relief work a few years before, and due at the capital to the medical work of the indefatigable Dr. Schofield, made this appointment a wise one, and gave exceptional opportunities to the newcomers.

At the time of their arrival, in addition to the two stations of the China Inland Mission—T'ai-yuan in the center of the province, and P'ing-yang in the south—the American Board had recently commenced work at T'ai-ku, forty miles from the capital. But three stations among ten millions of people, and they as willing and ready to receive the Gospel as any in China. One is reminded of the children of Israel and of their first arrival in the promised land. God had begun to give it, but they were so slow to "go in and possess." When will the Church enter upon its heritage and claim the promise given to its Master: "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession"?

In the south of the province at the time of the arrival of these missionaries, signs of coming blessing were abundantly apparent, especially in and around the city of P'ing-yang. Six years before, the Rev. David Hill had been engaged in famine relief in that district, and had come in contact with a man

of remarkable gifts, but a slave to opium, and a moral and physical wreck in consequence.

Mr. Hill had offered a prize of fifty ounces of silver to the man who would write the best essay on certain Christian subjects, the necessary books being supplied gratuitously. At the same time three lesser prizes were offered for the second, third and fourth essays, in order of merit. This opium habitué, a gentleman farmer of the name of Hsi, and a distinguished scholar, not only carried off the first prize, but also, by essays which he had written for personal friends, had won for them, it transpired afterwards, the second and third prizes!

David Hill made a point of seeing the successful scholar, and gradually, by kindness and courtesy, disarmed his prejudice, encouraged him to study the Scriptures further, and ere long had the joy of seeing him turn wholeheartedly to the Lord.

No sooner was Hsi converted than he began to work. He was a man who could do nothing by halves. From his lips his aged mother and the other members of his family heard the Gospel; and, still more important, saw the Truth manifested in his consistent life. Working sometimes with David Hill in the city, sometimes at home among his fellow-villagers, and in other places as opportunity offered, Mr. Hsi left no doubt as to the reality of his having turned to God.

David Hill did not make a long stay in the province. As soon as the famine began to pass away he

returned to his own sphere of service in and around Han-kow. After he left, the work at P'ing-yang was carried on for a time by Mr. Turner, and two years later by Mr. Samuel Drake. As soon as it was practicable to organize the little church, Mr. Hsi was ordained an elder with the entire approval of the Christians, among whom he had already proven himself a leader.

During the years 1882 to 1885, Mr. and Mrs. Drake conducted the work at P'ing-yang with much wisdom, developing the natural gifts of the members, and encouraging them to take a large part in the work. The church grew slowly, and in 1884 still numbered but fifty adults, for great caution was exercised in admitting new members in order that the church might be pure, and therefore strong. No one was admitted to fellowship until he had proved his faith by a year of consistent living.

There were, in addition, a considerable number of recognized inquirers, men and women who, having abandoned idolatry, were regularly attending public worship, either in the city or in their villages, in twenty of which, even at this early date, little gatherings of believers met week by week. There were, by this time, not less than three hundred regular attendants at the various Sunday services.

When Mr. Hsi was converted he saw clearly, at once, that the opium pipe must go. To so confirmed an opium smoker this involved terrible suffering, suffering so severe that it nearly cost his life. But

he determined, with his usual decision of character, that he would die rather than go back to the habit: for even the heathen condemn it, smokers included. After two or three weeks of intolerable suffering his pains were in an instant entirely removed, as he believed, in answer to prayer and by the direct operation in his "mortal body" of God the Holy Ghost.

From the first, therefore, Mr. Hsi felt the keenest sympathy with those who had become enslaved by this degrading and enervating habit, and did all he could to help them. As he studied the Word of God, he tried with all his heart to carry it out in daily life, and wherever he went he strengthened the hands of the Christians, shepherded and cared for inquirers and converts. And from time to time he established opium refuges in important centers, where anti-narcotic pills were used which he himself compounded. Indeed, in making out the prescription for these, he believed he was very definitely guided in answer to special prayer. But though this refuge work became an increasingly important branch of his life-work, wherever he went, and whatever he did, his principal object was to preach the Gospel to all he could reach.

Early in 1885, Mr. and Mrs. Drake, being in serious need of change, had to leave the promising young church for a time, whereby Mr. Hsi's gifts of leadership were still further exercised. This was the condition of things when Stanley Smith, Montagu Beauchamp, D. E. Hoste and W. W. Cassels were appointed to this center. Their journey from the pro-

vincial capital southward was taken in the month of June, when the wheat and barley harvests were nearly ready for the reaper, and the young Indian corn and the tall-growing sorghum were already well in evidence. Here and there, also, were brilliant patches of poppy, that remarkable plant so beautiful in summer and so gaunt and hideous in the fall: apt parable of its own delicious exhilaration and the blasting, withering results!

As they neared the city of P'ing-yang, just the day before they would arrive, a Chinaman accosted Stanley Smith, who was walking in front, and gave him a hearty English handshake, much to his surprise. (The Chinese method of salutation is to place the half-closed fists together, hidden by long sleeves, and slowly swing them upwards to the forehead, at the same time slightly bowing.) Surely, this must be someone acquainted with foreigners, and from his manner and his smile presumably a Christian. "Ye-su-tih-men-t'u?" asked Mr. Smith in broken Chinese. "Are you a Christian?" The reply being affirmative, they soon felt at home with one another.

A little later, as they were passing the end of a valley, the Christian turned his head in that direction and said, "All the people living up there are abandoning their idols. I am not surprised to see you," he added. "How is that?" was the reply. "Because I have been praying for missionaries to come." They were invited to take dinner at his home, and there met five or six other Christians, with

whom they had a delightful little time: the newcomers greatly enjoying the fellowship and praise and prayer, although, of course, understanding comparatively little, as yet, of the local dialect.

At P'ing-yang they soon settled in. Each missionary had a room to himself. Mr. Baller and Mr. Key, who had come with them, occupied an adjoining courtyard, in which also were the dining-room and kitchen; and a third courtyard was occupied by the native evangelist and his family. How gladly the new missionaries were welcomed by the earnest little church! Of course, a large part of the time was devoted to the language at first, but much time also was given to the work. And within eight months the work had been so extended that the four brethren were separated in four important cities, with P'ing-yang as the center.

A year later a visit, long promised and most welcome, was paid to these workers by Mr. Hudson Taylor. The missionaries, new and old, went up to T'ai-yuan; and there they had a most delightful season of refreshing, the story of which is told in an admirable little book, "Days of Blessing," by Montagu Beauchamp. This is a little work of permanent interest for the insight it gives into a most successful branch of mission work in China.

From here Mr. Taylor went south with the returning brethren, and important conferences were held at Hung-tung and at P'ing-yang. Deeply interesting and most impressive services were held at both these

places; and Mr. Hsi, from being elder, was promoted to the position of superintending pastor of P'ing-yang and the neighboring stations. Other native pastors, and elders, and deacons were also appointed, none of whom received salary, although some of them were helped occasionally when necessity arose. Others, on the contrary, gave largely of their own means, Pastor Hsi among the number.

From here Mr. Taylor traveled on still further inland, past the capital of the neighboring province of Shen-si, nearly a month's journey, to Han-chong; no easy journey at the height of a Chinese summer! And from there he returned by boat to Han-kow.

The conferences at P'ing-yang and elsewhere not only manifested the high spiritual tone of the native churches, but gave them fresh impetus. As a result, they were introduced as annual or semi-annual reunions for the scattered members. And on these occasions large collections were usually taken to forward the interests of the work, which became thus, to a large extent, self-supporting, especially in the country stations.

At the commencement of his Christian life, Mr. Hsi had fasted and prayed much for the conversion of his mother and his wife, as well as for other members of the family. After some months of patient teaching and earnest prayer he had the joy of seeing them both come out boldly on the Lord's side; and at the time which we have now reached, Pastor Hsi had a valuable, sympathetic fellow-worker in his

wife, a woman of more than usual gifts and devotion.

About this time Mrs. Hsi expressed surprise one morning at family prayers that her husband kept on praying for Hoh-chau, and yet seemed to do nothing to open work in that important city. Mr. Hsi's reply was that he longed to open it, but that all available funds were already in use: what else could he do but wait on God about the matter?

Would that many home Christians, who cannot go to the foreign field, and who may be unable to do much, personally, to forward the work abroad, felt equally burdened to accomplish by prayer what they cannot do in other ways. God's work among the heathen would show the difference if they did! *Probably nothing in the world could so help forward the work of Missions as earnest acceptance of this manifest Christian duty by the Church at home.*

Next morning at family prayers, as the pastor rose from his knees, having prayed as usual for Hoh-chau, Mrs. Hsi stepped up to the table and laid on the open Bible a neat little parcel in a handkerchief. Interested and surprised, Pastor Hsi opened the package and saw to his amazement—all Mrs. Hsi's gold and silver rings and ornaments and hairpins. He looked up questioningly at his wife, and she replied, "I can do without these. Let Hoh-chau have the Gospel."

Tears came to the good man's eyes. His loving, generous heart was touched, for he knew how much the sacrifice of all her jewelry involved, but in the

same spirit as she gave, he reverently folded them up on the open Book, and accepted them for the work of God at Hoh-chau. A station was opened and work commenced, which has steadily grown and increased ever since. This station, opened by a woman, was put in charge of two Norwegian sisters in the year 1886, through whose prayerful supervision and earnest consecrated influence the little church grew steadily.

So remarkably did the work prosper in this district that during the conferences in the spring of 1887 no fewer than two hundred and sixteen were baptized at one station, Hung-tung, besides some tens of others in neighboring cities. That conference was a time which will never be forgotten; and wonderful were the testimonies of many of the native Christians. Pastor Hsi's remarkable gifts, both as a speaker of rare spirituality and insight and as a leader among men, came into marked evidence at this impressive gathering.

It is possible, however, that a mistake was made in baptizing so many without the usual year of probation. As a result a certain percentage (rather more than 25 per cent.) of this number backslid within six years and were lost to the Church. It is a matter, however, for thankfulness to God, that over 70 per cent. maintained a good profession. Further experiences at that and the surrounding centers brought the workers back to the usual custom of the Mission of keeping the new converts as "inquirers" or cate-

chumens for a year or more, until there could be no longer any uncertainty as to the reality and thoroughness of their conversion.

In spite of the difficulties that grew out of this mistake, the work continued to go forward throughout the district, and in four years (between 1886 and 1890) six hundred believers had been received into the Church. When Dr. Schofield died, in the summer of 1883, there were but two churches, with perhaps fifty members in all, in the province. Ten years later there were over a thousand Christians being cared for by more than seventy missionaries, with seventeen stations and a considerable number of out-stations in their charge.

From that time until now the work has continued to increase at such a steady and encouraging rate that it seems little wonder that the great Enemy of souls sought to eradicate the Christian Church in that province, two or three years ago, through the Boxer uprising.

Terribly though the Church suffered during that awful time, the work continues and is being prospered of God. Nearly a hundred members of the China Inland Mission churches laid down their lives, and very many others suffered beyond the power of words to tell; but God has brought them through. The Church, if smaller, is stronger and purer for the fiery trial which God has permitted, and many of the native Christians equalled in heroism their foreign missionary brethren and sisters, and have left behind

an object lesson of self-surrender and unshaken faith which will assuredly not fail of its results in the years that are to come.

Will not the reader make it a matter of earnest prayer to God that where the martyr-seed of the Church has thus been sown, a blessed, commensurate harvest may yet be reaped to the glory of the Lord?

CHAPTER XVI.

“ASK WHAT YE WILL.”

BUT to return: not only in Shan-si, but in other parts of the empire, also, the work was being so prospered of God that the need for reinforcements was becoming serious. Since the prayer for the seventy, at the close of 1881, the Mission had already doubled its membership by 1886. From about a hundred missionaries it had increased to fully two hundred, and the work in the interior had been correspondingly extended.

The Mission had grown, moreover, out of being practically a large family of workers, with Mr. Taylor its father, into a company of workers and a work too large for any one man to superintend alone. After much prayer, accordingly, several of the older workers, who had shown not only whole-hearted devotion to the work and to the Master, but had also evinced a talent for leadership, were selected and appointed by Mr. Taylor “Provincial Superintendents,” having in charge the care of a province, or, occasionally, more than one.

Moreover, the exigencies of the work demanded that Mr. Taylor should spend part of the time at home, and during his absence it was increasingly important that some one should act as his deputy in China. For this central post the Rev. J. W. Steven-

son was selected. Mr. Stevenson, it may be remembered, was one of the earliest members of the Mission, and went out early in 1866, before the "Lammermuir" party. Since that time, twenty years of service in China and Upper Burmah had proved his fitness for the post. Full of wisdom and of faith, and greatly refreshed and blessed during a recent furlough, Mr. Taylor had no hesitation in asking him to undertake the onerous duties of Deputy Director on the field.

The new Superintendents and Director met with Mr. Taylor at Gan-king, two days' journey up the Yang-tse, for prayer and conference in November, 1886. Eight days they spent—fasting till sundown each alternate day—in waiting upon the Lord, and conferring together about many important questions, especially the need for reinforcements.

For urgent letters had been received that year from many stations, asking for brethren and sisters, either to strengthen the staff at strategic centers, or to take the place of workers needing furlough, or to enter open doors in yet unoccupied cities. After much prayer and consideration, the new Deputy Director suggested: "Shall we not pray for immediate reinforcements—a hundred new workers during the coming year?" Such a suggestion, made so earnestly, toward the close of the season of fasting and prayer, could not be taken lightly. It was prayerfully considered. And after some conference it was unanimously accepted. Never before had

there been such opportunities; never before had there been so great and urgent need for reinforcements, if existing work were not to suffer and if doors now open were not to close unentered. The unanimity of the brethren was complete, and with great joy they commenced at once to pray for a hundred new workers in 1887.

Difficulties, of course, had suggested themselves. For one thing, a period of abundance financially had been followed during the last year or two by some degree of financial straitness. The membership had increased without a corresponding increase in the income. What would happen if two hundred members increased to three hundred in a single year? "I presume our Master knows," said Mr. Taylor, "that this forward step is impossible without a corresponding increase of funds." A calculation was made. The income had stood at about a hundred thousand dollars a year for some time, and if a hundred new workers were to be accepted and sent out and maintained, in the following year, an additional fifty thousand would be needed.

Another practical difficulty was suggested by a former Secretary. The correspondence at home was heavy. And since collections are never taken, contributions both large and small are sent in through the mail. If fifty thousand dollars were received in gifts averaging a dollar, fifty thousand replies would have to be written to the letters of the donors, and fifty thousand receipts made out. "Enough to kill

the overworked brethren at home," someone suggested.

"I expect the Lord knows that also," said Mr. Taylor, with a smile. "Shall we not ask the Lord to incline some of His wealthier stewards to send in the extra money in *large sums*, that it may not be necessary to write so many letters?" A triple petition, therefore, was presented to God: for a hundred workers within the year, for fifty thousand dollars extra income, and that the additional money might come in large gifts, that the workers at home might not be overtaxed.

When the conference was over, "Pity we could not all gather together again," said one, "for a thanksgiving meeting when the hundred are in China, to praise the Lord for the men and women and the money He had sent." Mr. Taylor suggested, "Why not to-night?" And so, that very evening, they all united in thanksgiving and praise to God for the answer they felt assured He would grant to their petition. Full of confident hope in God, the workers separated, and thus ended the first meeting of the "China Council" of the Mission.

When Mr. Taylor reached Shanghai a few days later, an old and beloved missionary acquaintance met him and said: "Well, Mr. Taylor, I am greatly interested to hear that you are praying for a hundred new workers next year. You will not get *a hundred*, you know, but you will get many more than you otherwise would!"

"Well, dear brother," was the reply, "I am not a prophet, but I believe you will see the last of the hundred arrive in China in due course."

Having now decided to wait upon the Lord thus definitely for reinforcements, the matter was laid before the members of the Mission, and as many as approved were invited to join in earnest and definite waiting upon God for the hundred new workers within the coming year.

If this prayer were to be answered, however, as the leaders of the Mission had no doubt it would be, preparation must be made to receive the newcomers. Both for the brethren and for the sisters training homes would be needed. In such numbers they could no longer be scattered through the Mission. It would be impracticable either to escort them inland or to receive them at the scattered stations so rapidly. Accordingly, two easily accessible cities were selected for the Homes, and Miss Marianne Murray was asked to be the ladies' principal at Yang-chau, while Mr. and Mrs. Baller accepted the supervision of the Men's Home at Gan-king.*

*Mr. Baller, in the meantime, commenced the preparation of a series of invaluable text-books of the language, with the assistance of a fellow-missionary and several scholarly Chinese. A curriculum also was decided upon, which should embrace the ordinary Classics, with which every missionary ought to be familiar, as well as the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," a book of Christian evidences, and a certain number of standard Gospel tracts. This thorough curriculum is compulsory, and rightly so. The best work cannot be done in illiterate Chinese.

Word was sent home to England, of course. And there the Home Council, encouraged by the previous answer to prayer for the seventy, gladly united in waiting upon God. Soon after New Year, 1887, Mr. Taylor started home to assist in the work of selecting and equipping the missionaries.

By the time he reached England, in February, thirty candidates had already been accepted, and about fifteen thousand dollars was already in hand for passages and outfits, enough for at least fifty workers. Beyond a mention in *China's Millions*, the monthly organ of the Mission, that such prayer was being offered, and a request that friends who felt able would unite in the prayer, no steps whatever had been taken to obtain this money: no steps but the one great step of faith. No friend of the Mission had been asked to give a cent. The Hearer and Answerer of prayer had heard, and this was the beginning of His answer.

Mr. Taylor, it is needless to say, was greatly cheered. Thirty-one were sent out in the spring, and sixty-nine followed in the fall and early winter. "We began the matter aright—with God," said Mr. Taylor at the annual meeting in May, "and we are quite sure that we shall end all right. It is a great joy to know that thirty-one of the hundred are already in China."

"We always accept a suitable volunteer whether we have funds in hand or not. Then we very often say, 'Now, dear friend, your first work will be to

join us in praying for the money to send you to China.' " He always goes, and that without considerable delay. "Depend upon it, God's work done in God's way will never lack God's supplies." Thus God answered definite, believing prayer.

The veteran missionary referred to above lived to see the last party of the hundred arrive in China. A few days later he finished his course with joy, and was called to his reward.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXTENSION; OR, THE GUIDING HAND OF GOD.

THUS far we have traced the history of the Mission in some detail, through its first twenty-one years, and have watched its growth from small and limited beginnings until it came to be, in numbers and sphere of work, one of the important agencies for the evangelization of China.

By the end of the year 1887, as we have seen, its membership was about three hundred, and its workers were scattered—few and far between, it is true—over a large part of the “eighteen provinces,” including most of those which had been entirely unevangelized, and were indeed untouched at the time of the formation of the Mission.

From its majority onward it will only be necessary to follow the work more generally, tracing the main developments which have taken place during the fifteen years from then till now, September, 1902.

Toward the end of 1887, an earnest young American evangelist came over to London to see Mr. Taylor. For some time he had taken a deep interest in the China Inland Mission, and the thought had come to him, “Why should not the China Inland Mission draw workers from America, as well as from England?” He made it the subject of prayer for

some time; and finally, strongly impressed that the thought was of God, came to England to talk it over with Mr. Hudson Taylor.

Mr. Taylor listened intently, and was deeply interested in his new friend and his manifest conviction, but he could not see his way clear to accede to the proposal. "The Lord has given me no light about it," was his reply. Shortly after, another visitor called to see Mr. Taylor, bringing a very hearty invitation from Mr. D. L. Moody to take part in the important summer Conference for college students, to be held in June, at Northfield, Massachusetts.

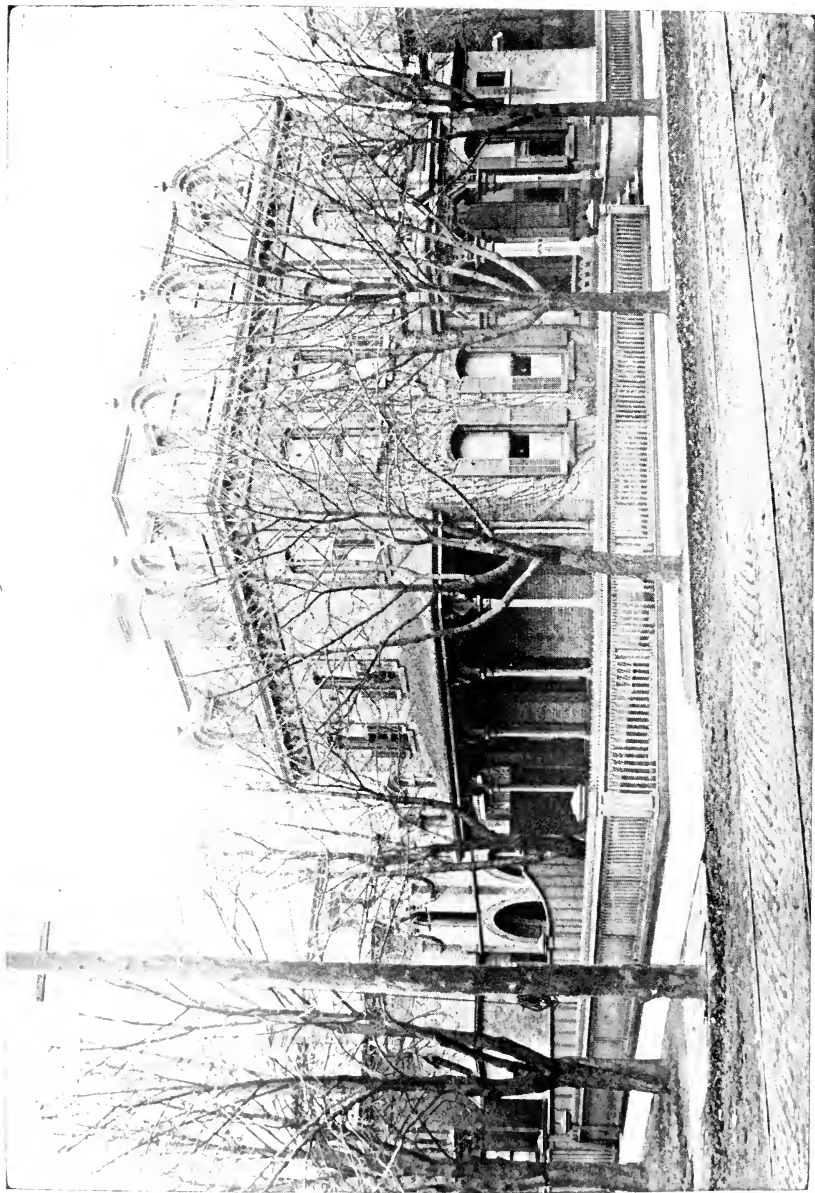
About the same time, moreover, a letter came from the Secretary of the Niagara Conference, inviting Mr. Taylor to take part in that meeting in July. After prayerful consideration, these two invitations, to Northfield and Niagara, were accepted; and about the middle of June, 1888, Mr. Taylor crossed to America, accompanied by his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Radcliffe, and his second son, Dr. Howard Taylor. Mr. Taylor was returning to China, and expected to spend a couple of months en route in the United States and Canada.

Both at Northfield and Niagara Mr. Taylor met with much kindness and sympathy, Mr. Moody himself, at the former Conference, becoming quite enthusiastic over Mr. Taylor's Bible lessons and talks about the work in China. At one of the missionary meetings, the beloved evangelist insisted that they must take up a collection for the work. Knowing

Mr. Taylor's unwillingness to make any appeal for funds, he said: "This collection, every one will understand, is not taken up by Mr. Taylor, but by me; if you all feel as I do, you want to show some practical expression of sympathy in the work of the China Inland Mission." Mr. Taylor's courteous but firm remonstrance proved unavailing; the collection was taken, and at the close of the meeting Mr. Moody, in the name of the audience, insisted upon giving it to Mr. Taylor. But Mr. Taylor, while expressing his deep thankfulness, persisted in refusing it. Mr. Moody afterwards used the money for the cause of Missions in China, but just how he did so Mr. Taylor never knew.

At the Niagara Conference, also, Mr. Taylor spoke repeatedly, both from the Word and about the work. And after six or eight very happy days at Niagara, he went to the home of Mr. H. W. Frost at Attica, near Buffalo, for a day's rest. While there he heard with no little surprise that funds had been contributed by the friends at Niagara, sufficient to support eight workers in the Mission for a year.

"Why, here is a dilemma," thought Mr. Taylor. "Here is money for workers, but no workers to use the money! Perhaps the Lord is going to give us workers from America after all." And as he made it a matter of prayer the conviction deepened, and he began to pray for workers to use the money thus provided. One after another offered: among them being Miss Edith Lucas, a sweet singer of Israel, who had



C. I. M. HOME AND OFFICE, TORONTO.

been one of Mr. Moody's helpers at Northfield, and Miss Susie Parker, of whom we shall hear more directly.

Thus, prayer for workers was answered, suitable men and women coming forward for the work. But the difficulty was that as candidate after candidate was accepted, their personal friends, or churches, or fellow-workers claimed the privilege of their support: and the money already contributed still remained unused. At last, however, the number was made up, and after twelve weeks' of meetings and interviews in the United States and Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sailed for China with fourteen missionaries; the first, with one exception, to join the China Inland Mission from this side of the Atlantic.

This proved, as Mr. Frost expected, to be but the beginning of greater things. Ere long, a Council was appointed for North America, Mr. Frost and several members belonging to the United States and the rest to Canada; most of the Canadian members residing at Toronto, which became, ere long, the North American headquarters of the Mission. Quite recently the work has been divided more conveniently between Toronto and Philadelphia.

From the time of Mr. Taylor's visit onward the work has steadily grown, until there are now about a hundred and twenty members of the Mission who have gone out from America. The wonderful story of the way in which the work on this continent has grown and prospered and been provided for—not-

withstanding many difficulties, including not a little hardship at times, and many occasions when it was necessary very earnestly to wait on God for funds—has been written in some detail by Mr. H. W. Frost, the American Director, and to that account, which will shortly be published, D. V., the reader is invited to look for further information about this increasingly important department of the work.

If all this work has cost much to Mr. Frost and those associated with him in the conduct of the work, and to those who have gone out to lonely posts in far-off China, it has involved not less, perhaps more, true devotion to the Lord Jesus on the part of many a father and mother who have given their child to Him for China. Of this, one instance may not be out of place.

At one of the farewell meetings of Mr. Taylor's first party, Miss Susie Parker's father, a devoted Christian worker, was present. Mr. Taylor, knowing something of his strong and loving spirit and whole-hearted devotion, asked him if he would not say a word. This, with some reluctance, he did.

"Dear friends," he said, "you know what my dear Susie has been to me. In the home she has never given us cause for regret or an anxious moment, and in the mission work in which I am engaged she has for some years been my invaluable helper." And, speaking evidently under deep emotion, and with tears standing in his eyes, he added, "I don't know how I shall get on in the work, I don't know how I

shall live without her; but the Lord Jesus has called my daughter to China, and I have nothing too precious for my Jesus."

So she went.

During her first year in China, Miss Parker worked hard at the language, praying meanwhile much for her teacher, whom she had the joy of bringing to the Lord before she had been many months in the country. Others, also, were brought in through her life, her prayers and her message. Everyone loved her, fellow-missionaries and natives alike. But during her second year she was seized with a violent attack of fever, was lovingly nursed by fellow-missionaries, but was unable to rally, and went home to be with Christ.

As soon as Mr. Taylor heard of it, his first thought was of her father, whose whole life seemed bound up in his child. With deep sympathy, and as tenderly as possible, Mr. Taylor wrote and told him the sad news. In reply he received a characteristic letter: "The Lord Jesus wanted my daughter for China. You know what it cost, but I gave her gladly. I could not withhold her from Him. And now He has called Susie to be with Himself. All I can say is, it is well; I would not keep her back from Him. I have nothing too precious for my Jesus."

The first American party were very gladly welcomed in China. Sad news, however, awaited Mr. Taylor on his arrival. Two most valued missionaries had passed away: the one, Adam Dorward, who had

been striving heroically for years in the face of sickness and danger and riot, to obtain a foothold in hostile Hu-nan; and the other, Herbert Norris, the boys' headmaster at Chefoo. The latter, moreover, had died of hydrophobia, from the bite of a mad dog, received while protecting the boys. A few days later came the news of the death of Mr. Sayers, and soon after, that Miss Barrett also was dying. This was sad news, indeed, for Mr. Taylor. Stricken in spirit, he wrote: "Soon after we learned of the sickness and removal of some of our leading native helpers, of trials in the way of persecution, and of defection too. Then the daughter of beloved Mr. Stevenson, my co-worker, was taken seriously ill. Mr. Eason, also, who had just returned from furlough, took typhoid fever, and a second and a third in the house developed it at the same time and were brought low. We could not understand the Lord's dealings, but we knew it was our Father's hand, and felt that perhaps He was giving us these sorrows lest we be lifted up by the blessings of the year, which had been very great. . . . The spiritual tone of the Mission is higher than ever before."

During the year in which this American party reached China, in spite of much to discourage, thirteen new stations were opened in different parts of the country, and nearly five hundred converts were added to the Lord. In Ho-nan, moreover, a considerable amount of relief work had been undertaken in a large district which had been inundated by the Yel-



C. I. M. HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON.

low river, with the result of diminishing decidedly the bitter hostility of the Ho-nanese.

Some of the native Christians, moreover, had given great encouragement, standing faithful under persecution, preaching boldly to their neighbors, and even opening out-stations unaided in places never visited by foreigners.

* * * * *

This was in 1888: in the spring of the following year Mr. Taylor had to return to England. And ere long a large new house was obtained near the old headquarters in London, Inglesby House, which was much needed as a home for receiving and testing young men who offered for the work. At the same time two houses, equally near, were secured as a Ladies' Training Home, of which a gifted and experienced worker, Miss Soltau, became Superintendent. At this time, also, a Ladies' Council was formed, of which Miss Soltau was the Secretary. In the fall of the same year an Auxiliary Council was formed in Scotland, to test and report upon candidates who applied from north of the Tweed.

The month of November Mr. and Mrs. Taylor spent in Scandinavia, accompanied by Dr. Howard Taylor—Pastor Holmgren, who had long been interested in the Mission, making all the arrangements with much kindness and ability, and acting as interpreter.

The heartiest possible welcome was accorded Mr. Taylor in Sweden and Norway and Denmark, and

that by all classes. Even the Queen Sophia herself, a most spiritual and consecrated Christian, invited Mr. Taylor to a private audience on one of the five days spent in Stockholm. A large number of meetings were held in twenty-four different centers, and especially among the more evangelical Christians interest was deepened in missionary work. Already we had received one or two workers from Sweden. These, from now onwards, were reënforced by others, who were formed into a branch of the China Inland Mission, called the "Swedish Mission in China," with Pastor Holmgren as its Secretary and several godly and distinguished gentlemen as the Home Council. Their workers were drawn principally from cultured circles, most of the men having had a thorough university training. And the funds for the work have, from the first, been entirely separate. (In this particular it has been unlike the North American branch of the Mission, which has been financially, as well as in every other respect, an integral part of the Mission.

In the following year, 1890, a similar branch of the work arose in Germany, with its headquarters at Barmen, in the Rhineland, and was called the "German Alliance Mission." Three workers joined the Mission also from the Free Church of Finland during the next three years.

All this time the heart of Mr. Taylor was greatly burdened about the unreached millions of China. And in October, 1889, during a brief season of rest

at the seaside at Hastings, England, he wrote a little paper on the words of Christ, "To every creature."

He had pondered and prayed over these words. Did the Lord really mean what He said? He was convinced He did. "Were the government of England," he wrote, "to determine upon the conquest of a distant country, they would think it a small matter to land ten thousand troops on any part of the world's circumference.

"If, in addition to the workers now in the field, one thousand whole-hearted evangelists . . . were set free, and kept free, for this especial work, they might reach the whole number of China's millions before the end of 1895; and this, allowing two years for the study of the language and preparation for the work." Mr. Taylor then went on to give figures in proof. "Shall an undertaking which a thousand men and women might accomplish in three years of steady work, after two years of preparation, be thought chimerical and beyond the resources of the Church of Christ?"

A few months later, in May, 1890, the second General Missionary Conference in China gathered at Shanghai, including representatives of all the principal Missionary Boards. Toward the close of the Conference they drew up a very striking appeal. With intense earnestness they asked the home churches to provide a thousand workers for China during the next five years. "We make this appeal," they wrote, "on behalf of three hundred millions of

unevangelized heathen. We make it with all the earnestness of our whole hearts, as men overwhelmed with the magnitude and responsibility of the work.”

In the beginning of the next year, 1891, the Scandinavian Christians of the United States equipped and sent out a party of fifty missionaries as a partial response to this double appeal. To them reference will be made again later.

Meanwhile, the work of the China Inland Mission was steadily increasing. Commodious premises had been built for the headquarters in Shanghai, the generous gift of one of its members, who provided both land and funds for building. The new Home was opened and dedicated shortly before this General Conference. And during the meeting the new premises were crowded, spacious though they were, with missionaries, most of them belonging to the China Inland Mission. Next spring it was crowded again with the fifty Scandinavian workers, in addition to the regular staff in Shanghai and such members of the Mission as happened to be there, coming or going. In the matter of this beautiful Home, God's provision was, as always, in good time.

About the time of this Conference there arrived in China a young Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. C. Parsons, the first of many members to join the Mission from Australia. Shortly before his sailing for China the Lord had laid it upon his heart and that of three prominent ministers—Episcopal, Presbyterian and Baptist—that Australia ought to do some-

thing for the evangelization of her near neighbors in China.

As a result of their conversation together, an earnest invitation was sent to Mr. Hudson Taylor, giving their names and those of others interested, and earnestly urging him to pay a visit to Australia. Meanwhile, Miss Mary Reed, whose health had given way in China, held a series of drawing-room and other meetings in Melbourne and elsewhere, which were largely attended, and a very deep interest was awakened in the hearts of many.

About midsummer, 1890, Mr. Taylor was free to go. He arrived in July, and spent four months in Australia, holding meetings in the principal colonies. Blessing to many of the churches resulted, and a still deeper interest in China and its unevangelized millions: many agreeing to unite in prayer with Mr. Taylor for *a hundred workers from Australasia*.

Nine years later, in 1899, in response to many cordial invitations, Mr. Taylor paid them a second visit. On his arrival in Brisbane he was met by the news that the last of the hundred had crossed him on the way. Thus, before he could reach Australia the second time, the prayer of many had been answered to the letter.

In 1890, a Council was formed in Melbourne, with corresponding members in adjacent colonies: and later, Auxiliary Councils were started in Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, and at Auckland and Dunedin, in New Zealand, by whose means interest was main-

tained and workers selected and sent forth. For the support of these workers funds have been provided almost entirely from Australasia: though occasionally it has been necessary to supplement them from the General Fund.

Thus, by God's blessing, the work has steadily expanded.

PART III.

CONCLUSION: RECENT YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

A MEMORABLE JOURNEY.

By the blessing of God, the recent history of the Mission has been characterized by steady growth in numbers and regular extension on the field. To this an intermission occurred, of course, during the time of the "Boxer" uprising. In 1892 its membership consisted of about four hundred and seventy men and women. Now, at the end of 1902, there are about eight hundred. And, besides this net increase of three hundred and thirty, we must remember one hundred and twenty who, during this decade, have been called to their reward, including sixty-one who entered into rest through the fiery portal of martyrdom.

This would give a total of four hundred and fifty new members in the last ten years: or, more correctly, allowing for those who for various reasons, including failure of health, have not been able to continue in the work, about five hundred. How much this addition has involved of devotion to the Lord Jesus, and of sacrifice on the part of parents and friends, of donors, and of the missionaries themselves, the last day alone will reveal.

It may not be out of place to mention here that the mortality among the members of the Mission

from natural causes has been at a very low rate, many years as low as ten per thousand, or lower. And when the sub-tropical climate, and the people's utter disregard of sanitation, are borne in mind, with all the other adverse surroundings of missionary life in the interior, it will be seen that this low death-rate is indeed a cause for profound gratitude to God.

Shortly before this last decade commenced, in the year 1891, a missionary movement arose among the Scandinavian churches of America. Evangelist Fransen, a man full of spiritual power, was the means used to bring about the revival. He visited the churches, preached clearly and definitely on the obvious duty of obedience to the Lord's command to evangelize the nations, and called forth the fifty missionaries, to whom reference has already been made. The same year they went out to China in two parties of thirty-five and fifteen, being supported by the churches to which they belonged.

Within a few hours of their landing, bright sunny-faced men and women, they were arrayed in Chinese costume, and soon they were hard at work on the "Primer" under Mr. Baller's able and genial tuition! Not long after they went inland, the majority to North China. Most of them settled eventually on the Si-an plain in Shen-si, or on the borders of Mongolia in North Shan-si.

Two and a half years from that first memorable arrival—thirty-five strong, guitars in hand, and almost unannounced—Mr. Hudson Taylor paid a wel-

come visit to them, and to other missionaries in the northern provinces, to confer about important questions of method, and to strengthen their hands in the work.

At the time when this visitation was decided upon, the writer and his bride were away on a houseboat in Cheh-kiang, visiting two of the oldest centers of the Mission. On their return to Shanghai, after three weeks' absence, what was their surprise to learn that during this brief interval Mr. Taylor had considered, decided and started on this journey.

But to take such a journey—of four months, in the summer—at Mr. Taylor's age was, to say the least of it, perilous! The same day bride and groom started up river for Han-kow, hoping to overtake Mr. Taylor. How they prayed that he might still be there when they arrived! And he was. Every argument was tried to dissuade him from that journey. Anyone who knows the hardship and physical danger involved by such a tour, all through the summer, will realize how much there was to say in favor of at least postponing the trip. But to the Director of the Mission the line of duty was clear. "We *ought* to lay down our lives for the brethren." And that settled the question.

Then, might his son and daughter go with him, and do what they could to lighten the load of responsibility in meetings, and to help by the way? This request being granted, on May 22nd, 1894, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, their son-in-law, Mr. J. J.

Coulthard, and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor started on that long inland journey.

Native boats took them a day's trip across the swampy country behind Han-kow, always flooded in summer from the melting of Thibetan snows, and then a two weeks' barrow ride completed the first stage of the journey, to the heart of Ho-nan.

Happily, those wheelbarrows were large and commodious "sociables," intended for two: which was a great satisfaction to several members of the party. A coolie in front pulls by two handles, with a stout canvas strap across his shoulders to steady the weight, and another coolie, with similar strap and handles, pushes behind. A strong wheel in the center supports the machine and throws up dust in the faces of the travelers—who ride backward, side by side—blinding, suffocating, almost burying the victims! The road is just a rough foot-track, not made, but simply worn by barrow wheels and coolies' feet. In spite of a total absence of springs, and the rugged and often rocky road; in spite of the long hours, from 4 A. M. till 7 or 8 P. M., these wheelbarrows are not nearly so uncomfortable as might be supposed, especially under certain circumstances and when well padded with Chinese bedding.

A few days were now spent in Cheo-kia-k'eo, the oldest station in Ho-nan. The native Christians naturally were greatly delighted to welcome Mr. Hudson Taylor on this, his first, visit to the province. In addition to the public welcome of the church,

many individual acts of kindness and sympathy will long be remembered. Dear old Mr. Ch'en prepared with his own hands some delicious, savory hashes, native concoctions of mutton and pork, sufficiently salt to keep; one special jar, being entirely free from pepper or spices, for the private consumption of Mr. Taylor himself! Many a time, on the road, were the travelers thankful for his thoughtful provision.

One of the Christians at this station came to his pastor, some months later, saying, "I am deeply grieved to hear of Mr. Taylor's delicate health, and I have just been transacting an important matter with the Lord. I want you to know about it, as my pastor, in case anything should happen suddenly to me. I am not an old man yet, might have, perhaps, ten years more to live; but my life is of no consequence, and I have asked the Lord to take these years and add them on to dear Mr. Taylor's life." It was quietly said, with evident sincerity, out of a loving and grateful heart.

On the cart journey from here to Si-an, the capital of Shen-si, which occupied three weeks, the travelers were delayed among the mountains by heavy rains. As soon as the rivers had sufficiently subsided, they continued the journey, and had a most providential escape from serious accident. The carts came to a ford and were just making ready to go down into the river, when another vehicle came up behind and, rudely hurrying past, plunged into the stream. The

carters were indignant at this affront, contrary to all the usages of the road, and were angry to the swearing point. They were easily pacified, however, by the reminder that the first cart to cross would take the measure of the river and gauge the current for the rest.

Down into the rushing stream the heavy springless wagon plunged, drawn by two substantial mules driven tandem. Higher and higher up the wheels the water crept, eddying around the spokes and rim and soon about the axle. Still it rose, until it nearly flooded the cart, the driver meanwhile directing his animals by voice and by whip, for they use no reins. On the cart struggled through the surging stream, until at last it began to rise out of the water on a sand bank in the middle. They were half way across. And there they stood, on dry ground, to rest the panting animals.

We stood waiting.

After a brief interval, down they went on the farther side into the stream. Again the rushing waters swirled around the wheels and body of the wagon. Still they traveled laboriously on, until they began to draw near to the farther shore. Just then the water became deeper, too deep for the cart to hold steady. It was swept over on one side. Then the wheels were up in the air and the poor mules out of sight. They were carried a long way down the river, and thrown up on the further bank. Strange to say, no one was seriously the worse for the duck-

ing, not even the sick man who was lying in the bottom of the cart! Surely, the Lord must have heard our prayers for them. Fifty ounces of silver were lost and some thousands of cash, but nothing else of much consequence. We went some miles further up the river and crossed by ferry.

At Si-an a busy week of conference followed, which would have been a time of unmixed happiness, as it was of blessing, had it not been for the knowledge that Mrs. Botham was lying at the point of death, four stages to the west. How much her life meant to the party gathered there we must pause a moment to recall.

Seven years before, Mr. and Mrs. Botham had gone up to work on the Si-an plain. Previous to their arrival all efforts to open a station had been in vain. So their plan of campaign was as follows: They would visit a city, put up at an inn and stay for two or three days, or as long as all was quiet and friendly, preaching the Gospel and selling tracts and Scriptures. As soon as they began to be persecuted, according to the Lord's injunction, they fled to another city. But they fled in a circle! And in this way, visiting fifteen or twenty cities, they made a circuit of the plain. How much discomfort and sacrifice this all involved can be imagined. They were the right kind of pioneers.

"Never in my life have I been more happy," wrote Botham, "than when traveling thus on this plain, with my wife on one donkey and all our worldly pos-

sessions on another." After years of patient effort, they at last succeeded in opening Feng-siang, a perfectual city. Other pioneers had joined them meanwhile, including Messrs. Bland and Redfern, kindred spirits with themselves; and in May, 1892, their long labors were crowned with success. "In one month houses were rented in five places," including the capital, Si-an. Public suspicion had been allayed by these repeated visits on which no harm, but only good was done. One after another fresh stations were opened, until the most important cities on the plain were occupied. The Swedish brethren had a large share in opening these stations.

The opening of Si-an was specially interesting. Holman, one of the fifty, an earnest, spiritually-minded fellow, put up at an inn, and set to work quietly, preaching the Gospel and making friends. About this time another foreigner who came to the city asked Holman: "Was it not a mistake for him to come to *that* city? The people needed to be caught with guile. If we taught them astronomy, and mathematics and science, we might gradually interest them and bring in more important things." . . . But Holman, undiscouraged, referred the question to the Lord. He went on with his work, and ere long, by God's blessing, he had secured a house.

Some of the leading citizens heard of it, and came with a rabble to turn him out. Holman received them as befitted gentlemen, and after the usual formalities, took up his guitar and sang to them some

of the sweet songs of the Kingdom. They were delighted at his courtesy and cordiality, and completely won. So the first station in that ancient capital of the empire was opened, and kept open by the hand of God.

On the arrival of Mr. Taylor's party at Si-an, on Tuesday evening, June 26th, they were informed of the critical condition of Mrs. Botham. Immediately it was made the subject of earnest prayer to God. He was reminded how precious her life was to them, and to the cause; and united request was made that she might be spared and restored to health. Dr. Howard Taylor went across to Feng-siang: and was prospered by the way, accomplishing the four thirty-mile stages in three days. But the Lord Himself had been there first, and when the doctor arrived Mrs. Botham was already well!

On the Tuesday evening, at the time when united prayer began to be made at Si-an, hope was well nigh gone. For seventy-two hours Mrs. Botham had been unable to sleep, the fever continuing high; and muttering delirium, that beginning of the end, was supervening. But that evening the patient fell into a quiet slumber, rested peacefully all night, and awoke in the morning with a sigh of relief: "Oh, I do feel so much better!" The fever was gone, the restlessness had passed away, and Mrs. Botham made uninterrupted convalescence.

Dr. Howard Taylor spent a delightful Sunday with the Bothams and returned to join the party.

They, meanwhile, had concluded the Conference, in which twenty missionaries took part, and started for Yuin-ch'eng, in South Shan-si, the center of a large salt-producing district, and also of the government monopoly for its sale over the extensive area. This influential city is important also in the China Inland Mission, as being the headquarters of its older Scandinavian branch—the "Swedish Mission in China," with which we are already acquainted.

The heat was sultry and very oppressive on that week's journey from Si-an, often as high as 120 degrees in the carts! And when Mr. Taylor arrived, about noon on July 17th, he was seriously ill in consequence. A long drought made the heat unusually trying on these dusty roads. Dr. Howard Taylor was now only half a day behind, and just as he reached the city that evening rain began to fall, and soon fell heavily, an answer to many prayers. By the blessing of God, the medical treatment adopted was soon successful, and after a day or two of rest, Mr. Taylor had a time of conference with about twenty members of the "Swedish Mission" at this station.

The next point on the tour was P'ing-yang, the principal governing center in southern Shan-si. This section of the journey and several that followed were taken by night, to avoid the heat. Rather more than half way to P'ing-yang, a brief stay was made at K'uh-wu, an important station under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay, two lovely and very suc-

cessful missionaries, who, sad to say, were martyred in 1900.

About midnight, on one stage of this section, the sleeping travelers were awakened by their carts suddenly stopping and by voices in the darkness. Rousing themselves, they saw two tall figures by the roadside. The voice of one was surely that of Mr. Hoste? So it proved. And his companion was none other than Pastor Hsi, that blessed man of God, who was so greatly used among his fellow-countrymen in this and neighboring provinces, and whose life-story in two volumes is just being completed.* They had come out a good many miles from P'ing-yang to greet and welcome Mr. Hudson Taylor and his companions.

The conference which followed at P'ing-yang was a time of great refreshment, and was marked by three rather remarkable answers to prayer, which greatly encouraged the hearts of the thirty-five workers who were present.

A visit to Pastor Hsi's home followed. The good man did everything in his power, lavishing money and affection in the endeavor to express his gratitude to Mr. Taylor for what he had done for his country and for himself. It was a memorable visit in a godly and cultured home—the center of all the opium refuge work carried on by Pastor Hsi at forty-five sta-

*"One of China's Scholars" and "One of China's Christians," by Mrs. Howard Taylor. The latter is almost ready for publication, and may be ordered from the offices of the Mission at Philadelphia or Toronto.

tions in no less than five different provinces—an aggressive Native Missionary Society, with a one-man directorate.

At P'ing-yang Miss Broomhall and Mr. Hoste, who had recently become engaged, joined the party. Brief visits were paid at Hung-tung, Mr. Hoste's own station, and at Hoh-chau, where the work was under the charge of lady missionaries, very appropriately, since the station had been opened some years before, as we have seen, by the devotion of Mrs. Hsi.

Midway between these two cities was the out-station of Chao-ch'eng, now a full station under the charge of Ernest Taylor, Mr. Taylor's youngest son. Here, dear old Elder Song was in charge, and a large courtyard, full of bright and happy faces, were gathered to welcome Mr. Taylor. Realizing that the opium refuge had been the starting point of the work, Mr. Song was asked: "Have any of these happy, hearty-looking Christians ever been opium smokers?" He looked up with some surprise. "I don't quite understand you." The question was repeated. "Why," he said, "they were all of them opium smokers, every one." And there they were, two hundred hearty, sunshiny men, attesting more eloquently than words the power of Jesus Christ to save, even when all other hope is gone.

Several more stations were passed on the way north to T'ai-yuan, the capital of Shan-si, where more meetings followed, in the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards.

From here eastward, the journey to the coast was made by "mule litters" as far as Pao-ting Fu, the capital of Chih-li. This method of travel was certainly novel. A long Saratoga trunk, or something closely resembling one, has a hole cut out on either side, half a yard square for the "door" and a foot square for the window. This lightly-constructed box is firmly attached to two long poles on which it is carried, sedan-chair fashion, by two hardy mules. How does one get in?—the passenger wonders. After a while he learns to get in backwards, limbs and head last, like a hermit-crab, and to take his seat at one end on a couple of short planks. Facing him at the other end, his fellow-traveler will be seated, their knees almost touching. Bedding does duty for cushions, and baggage goes under the seats.

It will not be supposed that the litter is fastened to the mules in any way. Saddles from which a spike stands up, are thrown across their shoulders, a stout leather strap, with a hole for the spike, goes across the saddle, and by this strap the ends of the poles are carried. After the passengers are seated, the whole concern is lifted by four or six men on to the backs of the mules. The saddles, however, are merely laid across the backs of the animals, and have no girths, or anything that might impede their falling off if the animals stumble. The litter simply rolls over, and the mules are usually none the worse. The hapless passengers do the best they can, but are not taken into account in this arrangement!

At this stage of the journey a delightful visit was paid at Sheo-yang, high up among the mountains, with Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Pigott—noble, devoted missionaries—who were among those beheaded six years later at T'ai-yuan.

From Pao-ting Fu to T'ien-tsin, the port of Peking, the last three days of the journey were by house-boat, the cool restfulness of which was greatly appreciated, after the hot overland travel. They arrived at T'ien-tsin early in September, and a day or two later a very interesting event took place at the British consulate! Miss Broomhall and Mr. Hoste were united in marriage. Shortly afterwards they returned to Shan-si.

From T'ien-tsin, after a brief visit to Shanghai, Mr. Taylor again went inland on a shorter journey, accompanied by Mr. Russell. And Mr. Coulthard and the Howard Taylors returned to their sphere of service in the province of Ho-nan.

CHAPTER II.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE last decade of the work has been full of vicissitudes. It opened with tokens of divine approval and blessing, and at its close there is much cause for encouragement. We shall tell of the latter in the concluding chapters. A few details of the former may be given here.

The year 1892 had been one of unprecedented success, judged by numerical results. This was so, notwithstanding an unusually low exchequer. During the previous three years the funds from England, the largest source of income, had been steadily diminishing, in all by 15 per cent. This was in part compensated for by a more favorable rate of exchange, consequent on a fall in the price of silver; and in part by increasing gifts from America and Australia, as well as from friends in China itself.

It had been a year, also, of much sickness: eight out of five hundred having laid down their lives, which, though still low, was considerably above the usual percentage. In spite of these things, and two serious riots (one of them in the far west, on the borders of Thibet), more were added to the Church than in any previous year. There was much cause for prayer. There was still more reason for praise.

The first of the last ten years, 1893, by God's blessing, was still more successful. In this year eight hundred and twenty-one were added to the Church, in connection with the China Inland Mission, as compared with six hundred and ninety-three the year before. And this encouraging improvement has not only been maintained, but considerably increased in more recent years. In addition to this number received into the Church, there were fully a thousand more inquirers upon the rolls at the end of 1893, waiting for admission, than there had been four years before.

This steady advance in numerical results is, of course, easy to explain, and is what one should expect. Pioneer work, as we have seen, is *necessarily* slow, and consists largely in laying foundations upon which the superstructure of organized churches may be erected later. The foundations had now been laid. The right time for building up had come at last, thank God!

A large proportion of the baptisms, for the same reason, were at the older stations, the highest number being in the province of Cheh-kiang, where the work of the China Inland Mission commenced. Next to this statistically came Shan-si in the north, and then Kiang-si in the south. The work in eastern Sich'uan under Mr. Cassels (now Bishop of western China) had also been much owned of God.

The old church at Hang-chow, Cheh-kiang, under Pastor Wang, and his son-in-law, Pastor Ren, to

gether with the branch churches in neighboring towns, had now become practically self-supporting. And they were getting along so well under a native ministry (with occasional foreign supervision) that the Mission was greatly encouraged in its efforts to develop self-sustaining and self-extending churches. This must, of course, be the ultimate aim of all missionary work, as well as its principal hope for rapid increase. At T'ai-chau, in the fall of 1893, after a hundred had been baptized, three hundred inquirers still remained on the rolls.

Even in hard, opium-besotted Kan-suh, the work was beginning to be more hopeful.

This brings us to 1894, the year of Mr. Taylor's long journey through the northern provinces. There was a slight diminution in the total number admitted to the Church. But this did not discourage the workers, as it might have done, for the diminution was more than accounted for at the one station of T'ai-chau, where bitter persecution temporarily checked the work. With this one exception the steady increase was maintained. Strange to say, the total income this year was 8 per cent. less still than the year before! But by the gracious over-ruling Providence of God, this was again compensated for by further improvement in the rate of exchange.

By this time another of the older stations had become self-supporting, as far as the native part of the work was concerned, eighty Mexican dollars being

provided by the church for the Chinese pastor's salary, besides a number of lesser contributions.

With few exceptions the whole work was encouraging. The reason may, perhaps, be found in the following words, from a letter written at this time by Mr. Taylor: "Never was there a stronger bond of unity and love in the Mission; never before were so many qualified for aggressive service."

An epoch-marking event occurred at the close of 1894. November 12th was the sixtieth birthday of the Dowager Empress, who has since become so well known. In preparation for this anniversary, the Christian women of China had contributed between one and two thousand dollars, with which was produced a remarkable book: an edition of a single copy of the New Testament, in classical Chinese.* The book was elegantly printed in large clear type, with an ornate gold border around each page. It was bound in solid silver, elegantly chased with graceful sprays of bamboo. A gold plate, in the center of the design, bore the characters "Holy Classic of Salvation," and on the other face of the binding, a similar plate bore the name of the Empress, with a few words of congratulation. The book was enclosed in a handsome silver casket, lined with old gold plush, and this was encased in an elegantly carved teak-wood box. It was presented to the

*A second edition was printed afterward from the same type, with a less costly border, and handsomely bound in leather, in memory of the occasion.

Empress with due ceremony, by the British and American ambassadors.

A few days later the Emperor sent an eunuch to the American Bible Society's depot, to purchase for his own use both Old and New Testaments. And it is related that, day by day, a chapter was copied for him from the Gospels by a scribe, it being unusual for a Chinese Emperor to read *printed* books (which ordinary mortals read): and obscure passages were explained to his Majesty by a native Christian, whose attendance was commanded for the purpose. May God grant that the truths that thus obtained access, not merely to the palace, but to the mind of the Emperor himself, may yet bring forth fruit in his life, to the great blessing of the country.

The year which followed was memorable in more respects than one. When it began, the war with Japan, declared while Mr. Taylor and his fellow-travelers were returning to the coast, was at its height. The suzerainty of Korea, it will be remembered, was the bone of contention. And peace was not secured until the middle of April, 1895; peace, with its most humiliating terms for China.

In the same month of April, the Mohammedans of the far northwest, taking advantage of the pre-occupation of the government, as they have often done in the past, broke out in rebellion. And as a result, the lives of the Kan-suh missionaries were in jeopardy for many months. To the great credit of China be it recalled that all through the Japanese

war the lives and property of foreigners had been most carefully safeguarded throughout the country. But now the scanty imperial soldiery were being worsted by the rebels. The Chinese Mohammedans, always unruly, in times of civil war are the most blood-thirsty savages. It was a time of peril, indeed. The worst trouble centered at and around Si-ning, not far from the Thibetan border.

In this city were stationed Mr. and Mrs. Ridley with their little baby girl, and Mr. Hall. "What shall we do?" they cried to God, when the revolt began. On the one hand was the utter ruthlessness of the fierce and fanatical Moslems, and the imminent peril to themselves and the sweet little babe; on the other hand was the work. Difficult it had been all along. Should they leave the little beginnings of a church? Or should they stand by it, and do what they could, medically and surgically, for the wounded soldiers and the often terribly burned and injured civilians who fled into the city?

After much prayer they determined to stay, and so graciously were their hearts kept in peace that during the seven long months that followed, amid all the blood-curdling horrors of such barbarous warfare, only *once* did their hearts fail them—though, of course, it was a time of terrible strain—and that was when a poor little infant was brought to them from a neighboring village, horribly gashed by the swords of the vandals. Mrs. Ridley, whose training as a nurse made her surgeon-in-chief, might well

recoil from such a sight. After attending to the pitiful little patient, Mrs. Ridley went alone, and cried to God as if her heart would break.

God heard; and comforted the mother's heart with peace, and with the *assurance* that He would protect both the little one and themselves. For seven long months they were besieged, cut off from communication with the outside world: and day by day, and night after night savage onslaughts were made, with the awful prospect of the rebel soldiers breaking through into the city. During all this time it was impossible, of course, to send them money; or rather, the money that was sent could not be forwarded. How would God meet their need?

A mandarin called to thank them, one day, for all they were doing for the wounded soldiers, of whom many hundreds had been treated, and he was surprised to notice his host preparing tea for himself. Wondering whether this could possibly be the foreigner's compliment to his official guest, he inquired, "Why do you not let your servant make the tea?" Mr. Ridley had to confess that he had no servant. "Why, that is too bad," said the official. "I will send at once four of my body-guard to serve you." Mr. Ridley thanked him, and declined. "But you must have servants," he said, with evident astonishment. "People like you are not accustomed to wait upon yourselves: and it is a disgrace to our city that you should be without help when you are spending all your time and strength upon others! I will send

you four soldiers at once." There was nothing for it, then, but to explain: that, being cut off from supplies, they could not afford to keep servants. And thus the official discovered how low the exchequer had run. He promptly ordered a load of wheat and a supply of fuel, and sent several of his own men to grind the grain. In this and in other ways all their needs were met during that trying time: and they were able to minister to over two thousand surgical and medical patients, including a large number of cases of diphtheria.

At last the siege was raised, the rebellion put down, and the severely tested workers relieved from the strain. Not till two or three years later, however, would they leave that station for furlough. And in the interval they found, very naturally, the entire attitude of the people changed. Such help, rendered at such a cost, could not but make a profound impression upon the ruling classes and the people.

This was the second serious trouble in 1895. The third threatened to be even more perilous. At the end of May a serious riot occurred at Ch'eng-tu, the capital of Si-ch'uan. Several causes contributed to bring it about. The widespread anti-foreign feeling of the people was at the root of it. The indifference, or, more probably, the open sympathy of the then viceroy encouraged it, and the scholarly classes, as usual, organized the disturbance behind the scenes.

The death of a woman operated on in one of the Mission hospitals seems to have been the spark that

ignited the gunpowder. But the mine was laid and in readiness beforehand. From Ch'eng-tu the rioting spread to Kia-ting and other neighboring cities: and continued spreading until, within ten days, it had reached Pao-ning, Bishop Cassels' center, at the other end of the province. It seemed for a time as if every station in Si-ch'uan would be closed. But in the midst of all this trouble it was decreed, "Thus far and no farther." Not one life was lost, and at many of the stations the missionaries were able to remain, either in hiding at the Yamen or under protection at the Mission premises. Sixty-five, however, had to leave the province, and it was several months before all the work could be resumed.

The fourth sad event of the year 1895 occurred on the first of August. On that day, at Ku-ch'eng, in Fuh-kien, South China, the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart and their child and seven other missionaries were suddenly surrounded and murdered by vegetarian fanatics. They were most devoted workers, members of the English Episcopal Mission. This terrible catastrophe shot a pang of horror through the heart of Christendom, and the noble spirit in which it was borne by the relatives of the martyrs and their fellow-workers—in the Church Missionary Society and the Church of England Zenana Mission—will not be quickly forgotten. It should be added that, both in this province and in Si-ch'uan, the government did all it could to make amends.

Moreover, at the close of the war with Japan the

Emperor of China, for the first time in the history of the country, took personal cognizance of services rendered by individual missionaries, conferring upon eleven medical missionaries the high distinction of the Order of the Double Dragon, with its jeweled insignia. In addition to this imperial recognition, medical services to wounded soldiers and civilians were also formally acknowledged, in various ways, by local mandarins.

In this year, also, was completed the period of five years, from the Shanghai Missionary Convention of 1890, within which the Conference asked for a thousand men to reinforce the work in China. This appeal, translated by many into the language of prayer, God heard as well as the home churches. But God often disposes otherwise than we propose. They asked for a thousand. He sent more, by a hundred and fifty-three. They asked for men. He sent, through forty-five Societies, both men and women—four hundred and eighty-one men, one hundred and sixty-seven missionary wives and five hundred and five single ladies. And thus He met the need as He saw best. Not that it was met completely: very far from that! Even now, at the end of 1902, there is still very much "land to be possessed." But as many went out, probably, as could be satisfactorily trained and located within five years. For this readiness to give at home, and to go, all glory be ascribed to God.

CHAPTER III.

BLESSEDLY UNEVENTFUL YEARS.

BLESSEDLY uneventful were the years which immediately followed troublous 1895; uneventful, save in that chief event for which all missionary work exists—the salvation of souls. Unhampered by serious difficulties without, or by grave troubles within, the work of all Missions in China, and the China Inland Mission among them, went forward in a way to rejoice the heart.

Missions to the heathen serve many subsidiary ends: civilizing, educating, uplifting the down-trodden, emancipating woman, and bringing medical and surgical aid to countless sufferers. All these are things we cannot but be thankful for, we who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who “went about doing good.”

But the one supreme blessing of Salvation, which it is their privilege to bring, immeasurably outweighs all else: involving, as it does, deliverance in the future from eternal perdition, involving the present redemption of wrecked and miserable lives, involving happiness instead of cruelty, love and loveliness instead of hatred and hatefulness: this one all-inclusive blessing so far outweighs all others that without accomplishing this, no missionary’s heart can

ever be satisfied; his work, judged by the highest standard, is in vain, and he knows it.

This, moreover, was the object set before us in our general marching orders: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And "he that believeth . . . shall be saved." Those at home who give and send, and those on the field who go and sacrifice, and all who pray, work together therefore to this one supreme end. And who can estimate the value of *one lost soul* reclaimed for Jesus Christ? Well may God Himself rejoice over each individual salvation!

Missionary work involves, necessarily, great sacrifices, but are they not sacrifices for ends incomparably greater? And neither supporter at home, nor worker on the field—no, nor God Himself—will ever regret the price paid for the redemption of lost men and women.

Hard though 1895 had been, especially in the west, the hearts of the workers were cheered by abundant ingathering in many of the stations. "This is what we live for." The bad year became a good year, through the blessing of the Lord. Spite of all there was to hinder, as we have seen, in the east and west, in the northwest and northeast, a larger number of converts were baptized than ever before; eight hundred and forty-seven being added to the Church.

In the year of peace which followed, 1896, this improvement was maintained, and much more than

maintained: for twelve hundred and sixty-two were baptized, and at the close of the year a larger number of applicants for church fellowship were on the rolls than ever before. Growth, thank God, steady growth, is the rule of the Kingdom; and the history of the Church in China has been no exception to the rule.

It was not only the *number* added that was encouraging. Mrs. Bird Bishop, after extensive journeyings in the far interior, spoke of the transformations which she herself had seen, not only in the lives, but in the very appearance of the Christians. She has often said that in China her camera knew the difference between a Christian and a heathen. There is a light in the Christians' faces and an earnestness of demeanor, which tell of an inner spring of happiness and restfulness that is never found apart from Christ. This distinguished traveler also remarks that, so far as her observation had gone, the little churches are pure and the members unmistakably converted. Mrs. Bishop was especially impressed with the value and success of medical missionary work, not only as a direct evangelistic agency of the highest value, but also as a means of disarming prejudice and suspicion, and of conquering the many superstitions which bar the progress of the Truth.

Mr. Hudson Taylor, speaking this year at the London Annual Meeting, drew attention to the striking change in attitude which he and many others had noticed recently. There was not, of course, eager-

ness to hear the Gospel; one would hardly expect to find that among heathen, who do not even know there is a Gospel! But there was a willingness to listen, a more respectful bearing and much more readiness to receive the message when it began to be understood.

These encouraging features of the work in 1896, after the war with Japan and the many riots and other troubles of the preceding year, were just what was prayed for and expected. Times of great blessing are usually preceded by special onslaughts of the Enemy. It is important to remember at such times of trial, indeed, at all times, that he cannot go one inch beyond the permission he obtains from the King of kings; and that there can be no such thing as defeat to the cause of Jesus Christ. All things shall be put in subjection under His feet.

And now, at last, the time had come for the "key of David" to unlock the entrance to the province of Hu-nan. It was to a woman that God gave the honor of being the first missionary to settle in that province. Miss Jacobson, a Norwegian associate of long experience, with rare courage and devotion, undertook to do her best.

She went, with suitable native helpers, and passed the border, where a posse of soldiers were detailed to intercept her, in the garb of a peasant, apron, shoes and all; the soldiers taking little notice of the countrywoman and her servants. She commenced work very quietly in a country village: afterwards moving, as the way opened, into a neighboring city. Several

other stations, with resident missionaries, have been opened since, including the capital of the province, but this work in the Ch'a-ling district was the first.

Some years previously a member of the Mission, having been very roughly handled in this province, reported to Mr. Taylor with a radiant face: "Those Hu-nanese are worth working for; there is such energy about them, and such vigor; we *must* have them on the Lord's side!"

One more encouraging fact must be mentioned. The work under Bishop Cassels continued to steadily expand, in answer to special and united prayer. The Bishop, during the first year after his consecration by the Archbishop of Canterbury, traveled in visiting the various centers in his diocese, considerably over three thousand miles: and had the satisfaction of baptizing forty-seven new members, as well as confirming one hundred and sixty Christians.

It was one of the Christians from Pao-ning, the headquarters of this Episcopal branch of the Mission, who so heroically undertook, some time before, a public flogging at Sung-p'an, near the Thibetan border. By this expedient of substituting the native Christian, the mandarin, who was in imminent peril himself, was able to deliver Mr. and Mrs. Polhill Turner from the fury of the populace, who believed the serious drought to be due to the presence of the foreigners and the anger of the gods. When this man came home to his own church he had not a word to say about his beating, and, indeed, when lovingly asked

about it, only said: "Oh, that is of no consequence; Jesus bore much more than that for me."

During these years the membership of the Mission was steadily increasing; from 1894 to 1897, inclusive, there was an annual addition of over seventy new workers, nearly three hundred in all. Over against this must be placed those who had laid down their lives in the work, about eight or ten each year. And, of course, there were other losses from failing health and other reasons. But after allowing for these, there was a large increase in the membership.

There was not, however, a corresponding increase in the funds. In 1896, for instance, the income was \$215,000, only \$400 more than the year before. It need hardly be said that this involved great care on the part of the Financial Secretaries in China to avoid hardship to the workers. By great economy, however, and by postponing repairs and other movable expenditures, the usual average remittances to the workers were maintained.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention here an impression that exists in certain quarters, that the members or associates of the China Inland Mission are frequently reduced to great straits for want of money; an impression which, happily, is not borne out by facts. During one of the hardest years the Mission ever had, the year 1900, Mr. Hudson Taylor found that it had only been necessary to reduce the remittance to individual missionaries by two and a half per cent., a practically unappreciable dim-

intution of the ordinary average income. It is not without good reason that the members of the Mission make their boast in the Lord, that He is faithful that promised! To Him be all the glory!

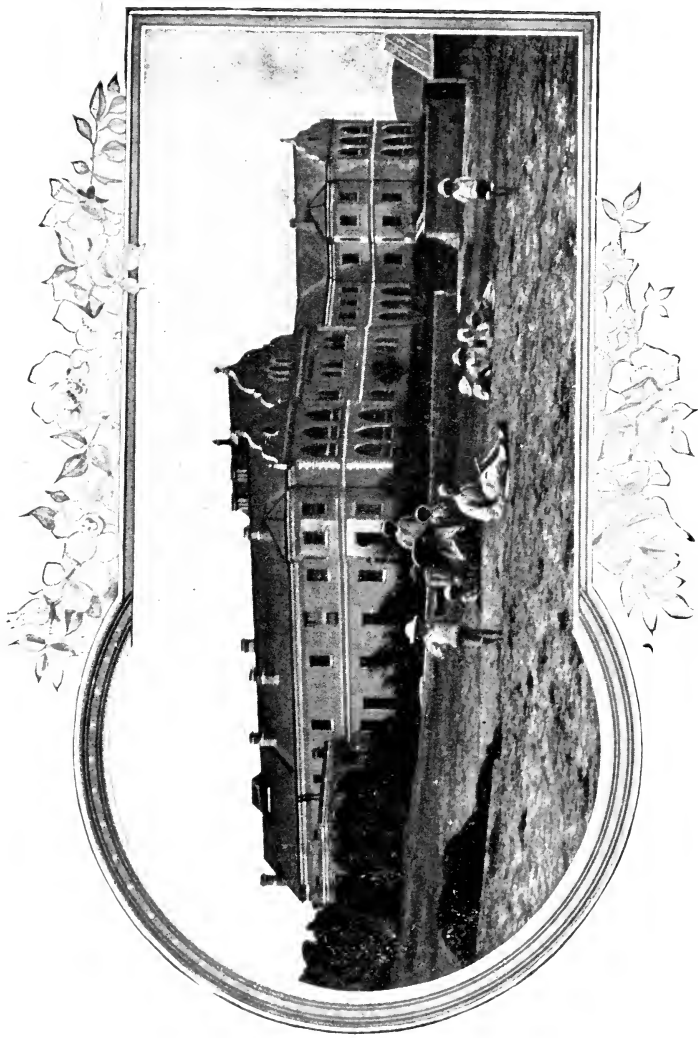
1897 was a still more blessed year than 1896. Many souls were born into the Kingdom, and in the China Inland Mission alone we had the joy of receiving into the Church 1,325 believers. All of these had been on probation for several months at least, and in many cases for a year or more. The importance of keeping the churches pure, of avoiding the baneful influence of false brethren, can scarcely be over-estimated. In addition to these, of course, many inquirers were enrolled, as desirous to join the Church; a still larger number than before.

As we have seen already, seventy new members joined the Mission in 1897, bringing the membership to 744. The native helpers also, paid or self-supporting, were increased by a hundred, from rather more than 500 to 600. Forty-one new stations and out-stations were opened in various parts of the country. In the province of Hu-nan, so long closed against the Gospel, another more important station was opened at Chang-teh. And the Rev. George Hunter, who took a much-needed furlough this year, left behind a little native church in the northwest corner of this province.

Yet another advance on the field cheered the hearts of many, both in China and at home. The prayers of years, for the far southwest, began to have an

answer. So long ago as 1865, much prayer went up to God that He would make it possible to enter one great district of the then untouched field of inland China from the southwest, by way of Burmah. Ten years later, the work in China itself being well established, two missionaries were dispatched to the Burmese frontier. They were met, as we have seen, by serious obstacles. They obtained, through the good hand of God upon them, an audience of King Mindano at Mandalay, and were given a site at Bhamo (after further delay), which was all that could be desired in the interests of the work. The center thus opened became a regular station of the Mission, in which a many-sided work was carried on among Chinese residents and traders, among the Burmese and hill-tribesmen, and among the English soldiers on garrison duty.

Twenty-two more long years had passed, however, before it became possible to regularly use this entrance to the province of Yun-nan. During this period, at long intervals, missionaries had crossed the frontier in both directions. Now at last the British authorities had conquered the difficulties with the Kah-chens and other mountaineers and, far more serious, with the Chinese government, and a regular trade route was opened, with a British consulate at the first Chinese city across the border: a city best known to foreigners by its Burmese name, Momien, but in Chinese, T'eng-ueh Chau. Here two missionaries were stationed: and settled work was com-



C. I. M. BOYS' SCHOOL AT CHEFOO.

menced among its peaceable citizens. For prayer, thus answered after many days, much praise went up to God.

In this year extensive improvements and enlargements at the Chefoo Schools were completed. The new Boys' School, airy, convenient and healthy, could accommodate one hundred and twenty pupils. The enlarged Girls' School could comfortably receive eighty, and the Preparatory School another fifty, making a total accommodation of about two hundred and fifty. This was, it need hardly be said, a greatly appreciated addition to these schools for missionaries' children.

In the year 1897, also, a most interesting departure was taken by the native missionary association in Shan-si. Opium refuge work having been so greatly prospered in the northern provinces, the brethren now sent forth two native missionaries to carry on a similar work, nearly a thousand miles away, in the difficult province of Hu-nan. They went to the station opened by Miss Jacobson in the previous year. Needless to say, the prayers of Chinese and foreigners went with them.

As an illustration of one of the many vicissitudes of travel, and of the ever-present help of God, the following instance which happened about this time will not be without interest. Mr. Karlsson, one of the Swedish-American pioneers on the Si-an plain, was out on a five months' evangelistic tour. Five Chinamen accompanied him, and in addition to preaching the Gospel they sold Scriptures and tracts wherever they went. He sat one evening on the k'ang (the warm brick bed which is common in that part of China) as he preached the Gospel, having removed the shoes from his weary feet before commencing. He preached on till dark, and then discovered that his shoes had disappeared.

What could be done? There were none to be had in

the village, and the journey was to be continued in the morning. The missionary and his companions united in prayer, asking earnestly that the thief might return the shoes. They then had supper and retired. "Early in the morning some one outside pushed my shoes through the paper window and said, 'Here are your shoes; stop your praying, for I am afraid of your God.'" They had a little praise meeting before continuing the journey.

Before we pass from 1897, it will not be without interest to compare it with ten years before. At the beginning of 1887 there were about 225 members of the Mission, now there were more than three times as many—744. Then there were 1,650 communicants in the churches, most of which were young; now there were 7,147. Then there were 117 native helpers, now 605. Then there were 14 schools for native children, with 200 scholars; now there were 114 schools, with 1,600 scholars, mostly the children of Christian parents, girls as well as boys. And the necessity of these will be apparent when we remember that the worship of Confucius is compulsory at all the ordinary schools, and that the heathen have no schools for girls.

The Lord, who was thus steadily increasing the work of the Mission, now graciously brought about, through many of his stewards, a decided increase of the General Fund, from which most of its members are supported; an increase, as compared with the year before, of \$25,000, or about 15 per cent., which fully provided for the year's increase of workers. For this gracious answer to prayer, it need hardly be said, much grateful praise went up to God!

* * * * *

Mr. Hudson Taylor arrived in China, for the tenth time, early in January, 1898, being accompanied by Mrs. Taylor, Miss Hanbury (who now became principal of the Girls' School at Chefoo) and Miss Soltau. At Mr. Taylor's request, Miss Soltau had come out

for a year's visit, with a very definite object in view. Before referring to this, a thought which was forming in Mr. Taylor's mind at this time, a most important plan for the more thorough evangelization of China, must be mentioned.

As in India, so in China, nine-tenths of the population are on the soil, and are dependent directly upon the products of agriculture for a subsistence. These are still, and of necessity, very largely outside the pale of missionary influence. For it is strategically right that missionary work should commence in the cities, as we have seen.

But the time had now come, Mr. Taylor felt, when the villages and hamlets, the rural nine-tenths of the people ought to hear the message of salvation. With this end in view, a plan was drawn up, in the year 1898, for a definite Forward Movement to these largely unreached masses. The proposal was to send missionaries, two and two, two natives and two foreigners, to work on a definite system through all the villages and hamlets and country towns in a given district, with the aim in view of literally preaching the Gospel, as far as possible, to every creature. To accomplish this, it would be necessary to divide the field into workable districts.

To this end, a commencement was made with the province of Kiang-si. With the exception of two sections, in which rural evangelization was already in progress, the province was divided into five evangelistic districts, of an average area half as large

again as Massachusetts, and with an average population of four millions.

In order to man these districts effectively, earnest, united prayer was requested for twenty evangelists, men of strong physique, of courage, and of faith in the power of the Gospel. Prayer was also asked for twenty native Christians of suitable gifts for this ministry, and for wisdom and good success in establishing, in each of these districts, a center which should be the headquarters and home of four evangelists, and from which they would "go out into the highways and hedges and constrain them to come in."

Those who offered for this work went out to China under a definite agreement not to settle down or marry for five years, but to give themselves wholly to this service. Three-fourths of their time, after the first year, would be given to systematic visitation through the district, the other quarter being devoted to spiritual refreshment and continued study of the language by the foreigners, and to a regular course of Bible study by the natives.

It can easily be demonstrated that a thousand such evangelists could reach with the Gospel the men, women and children of China, within three, or at the outside, five years. Surely it was high time to set about a work so promising, so unspeakably needed, and so calculated to bring about a large increase in the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ!

This Forward Movement, for which special funds were available, was inaugurated in 1898, and was

entered upon in the Kiang-si province during the next two years: one of the first workers to join it being Mr. Taylor's youngest son, Ernest Taylor.

The Boxer catastrophe, so sadly reducing the number of missionaries available for existing work, has temporarily interfered with the prosecution of this new plan of campaign. If, however, our Lord's return is not yet, it is hoped that this definite effort toward fulfilling His last wish may be used to hasten His coming, Who has said that "this Gospel . . . shall be preached in the whole world *for a testimony* unto all the nations, and then shall the end come."

For such a forward movement to be effective, as effective as it might, it was obviously necessary that much prayer should ascend to God for a widespread outpouring of the Holy Spirit in China. Such Pentecostal blessings have usually, perhaps always in the history of the Church, been preceded by times of definite waiting upon God. Pentecost begins with the praying disciples, and overflows to unconverted multitudes.

That this blessing might begin with the missionaries, the members of the Mission were invited to very definite agreed prayer. For the same reason Miss Soltau went out to China. And a few months later a deputation from Keswick, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Inwood, went out with the definite purpose of aiding, as God might prosper them, in this direction.

Miss Soltau herself was an English lady who had

been for many years a partial invalid, but had been graciously restored in answer to prayer and with a view to definite service. Her visit to China was greatly blessed of God. First of all on arrival in Shanghai she had some remarkable meetings there. Then at the Ladies' Training Home at Yang-chau she was yet more blessedly used of God: while at the Men's Home at Gan-king, Mr. Stevenson, who was present, believed that every student in the Home received a fresh enduement of the Holy Spirit. Much blessing was granted also on a visit to the "ladies' stations" in Kiang-si. And later, at Nankin, members of many Missions were astonished, not only at the grace but also at the physical endurance given to this frail servant of the Lord, for from morning to night was one long sequence of meetings and interviews, day after day. After a year of arduous labor, Miss Soltau returned home, followed by the gratitude of many to whom she had been made a blessing. The Rev. Charles Inwood's visit was also a means of great refreshment to many, both in the China Inland Mission and other Societies.

During this same year, 1898, the China Inland Mission Prayer Union, which had been a valued auxiliary in North America for five years, was launched in England, and became an integral part of the Mission as a whole. This Union is an organized form of that heart union in prayer, which has existed among the friends of the Mission, and has been so largely honored of God from the beginning. Its members,

while bound by no pledge, give some time each day to prayer for the extension of God's Kingdom in China, for all its missionaries, and in particular for the workers, native and foreign, of the China Inland Mission. The members of this Union are rendering a profoundly important service, and with the increasing circle of regular subscribers, form an inner circle of "laborers together" for China, upon whom the success of the work in large measure depends.

The year 1898 will long be memorable in the history of China as the Year of Reform. During the summer, within the short space of three months, the young Emperor—whose progressive sympathies and earnest consideration of the problems of his country entitle him to its lasting gratitude—promulgated no less than ninety edicts, most of which were distinctively "reform" edicts, and which, taken together, would have done much to lift China out of the old ruts, and place her in a strong position before the world.

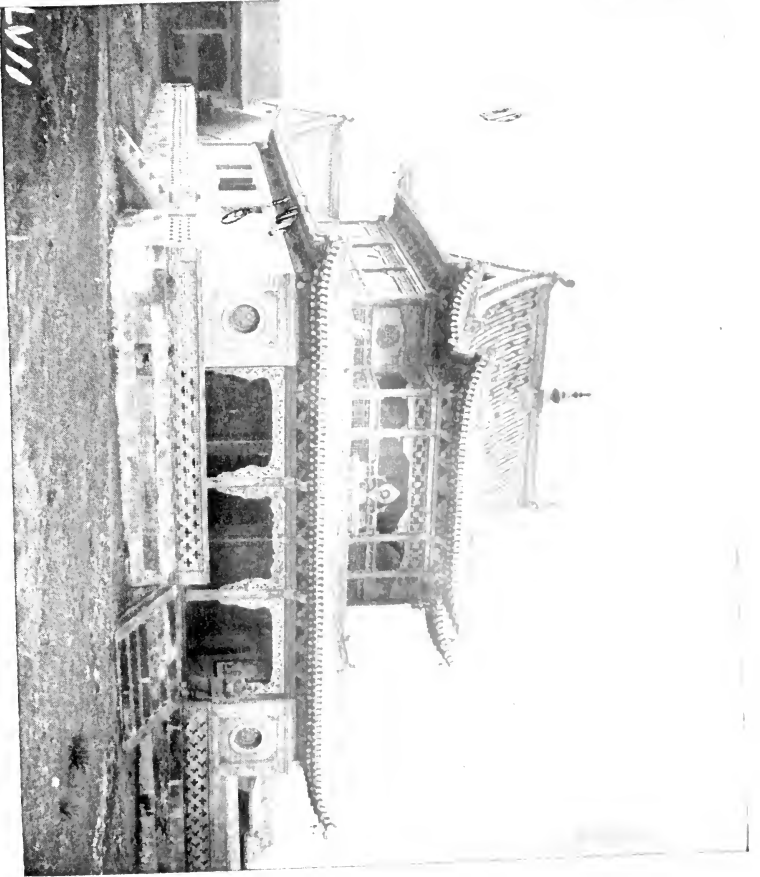
It is true that the inertia of China is very great, and it may be that the Emperor Kwang-su was going too fast for his people in his attempt to introduce the civilization of the West. At any rate, so thought the former Queen Regent, the Dowager Empress, but the strange thing was that the people at large seemed content, and many of the most intelligent more than content, at what was so rapidly transpiring. This was so, even when, toward the end of the series, that astounding proclamation went forth

that the idol temples of the country were to be closed (with the sole exception of those to Confucius and the god of war, which are used for state functions), were to be emptied of their images, and were to be reopened as schools and colleges of Western learning!

This was, perhaps, the most remarkable imperial proclamation since the days of Nebuchadnezzar. And still more remarkable, and still more encouraging, was the way the people took it. The news was soon telegraphed to the government offices all over the empire, and before the Shanghai and the T'ien-tsin newspapers could bring exact information to foreigners in the interior, the natives, Christians and heathen alike, were eagerly discussing this astonishing decree.

Church members at T'ai-kang, a month's journey from the coast, gathered round the writer, asking: "Can it be true?" How he wished it might be, but it seemed too good! Not long after, the papers came with the news: and profound thanksgiving ascended to God, from this and many other stations, as the news spread across the empire.

Of course this change of policy brought about an immense change in the scholarly classes. From the missionaries alone, in most cases, could they obtain authoritative information, as to what *was* the "Western learning," and how books could be obtained on mathematics, geography, astronomy, and the history of the world.



TEMPLE IN SHANSI.

At the same time, also, of course, their haughty contemptuous attitude was entirely changed to one of equality and even cordiality toward the foreigner. This was valuable primarily as giving a golden opportunity of reaching, with the Gospel, many who had hitherto held aloof. Secondly, it was of great value because the masses of the people always instinctively follow, very naturally, their leaders, and this would result in greater personal safety and much more freedom from petty annoyance.

It was not to be expected, however, that the great Enemy of God, and of mankind, would permit this terrific blow to be hurled at idolatry from the throne, without straining every nerve to ward it off. He succeeded, too, for the time, and did so by causing the downfall of the Emperor before the Dowager Empress: who has ever since been the actual, and to a certain extent even the nominal ruler of the country. Space fails to tell the details of the story. Suffice it to say that this *coup d'état* resulted in the abrogation of all these progressive edicts, including that doing away with the old-fashioned literary essay as the principal element of the civil service examination of candidates for official positions and emoluments. It resulted in the decapitation of some of the most enlightened and progressive statesmen of the country, and the flight of others. It seemed as though the hopes of China were being put back by decades at a stroke.

Happily, however, after this policy had culminated

in the terrible Boxer cataclysm, more enlightened counsel again prevailed at Peking. "Western learning" is now again ascendant, and is becoming a part of the civil service curriculum throughout the empire. Once more there seems good hope, if the empire can hold together, of rapid progress being made during the next few years.

But to return: from the missionary point of view the most important event of the year 1898 was the opening up of additional stations in the province of Hu-nan, for which so many thousands of prayers had gone up to God. Three new stations were opened by the China Inland Mission, one or more by the Christian Alliance; the London Mission also considerably extended its work, mainly by native agents under foreign supervision, and converts came to be numbered by scores, in this province which had so long held out against the entrance of the Truth.

Seventy-one new missionaries were sent out within the year, bringing up the total to about eight hundred. The death rate was mercifully low, only 9.9 per thousand. And the General Fund was again increased at the same rate as the membership, as in the previous year; in addition to which there was a further increase of over \$50,000 for special purposes, which permitted many much-needed repairs to be effected, besides considerable extension of the work.

There was a slight diminution in the number of baptisms, explained by a serious rebellion in western China and grave troubles in other districts, which

considerably hampered the work in these localities. It was comforting to find, moreover, that the decrease, slight as it was, was wholly accounted for in the one province of Cheh-kiang, most of the other provinces showing a decided improvement.

It had long been a cause for profound gratitude to God that, through all these years of the Mission's history, not one life had been lost by accident, on land or sea, and that *not one* member or associate had been called upon to win a martyr's crown. That this was the answer to definite prayer no one doubted. And praise and thanksgiving often went up to God on this account from members and friends of the Mission.

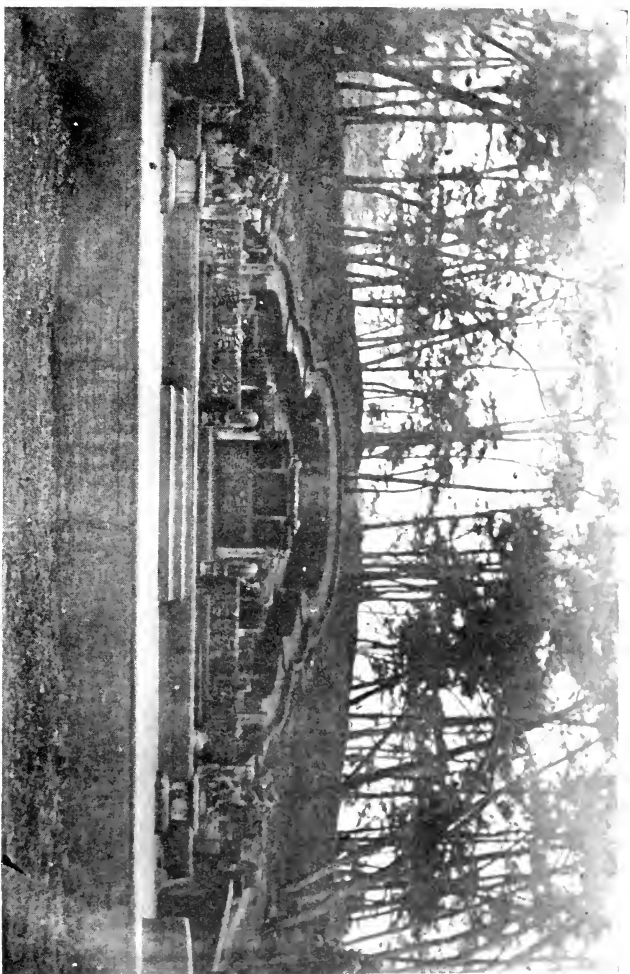
Now, at last, an exception occurred. Away in the west a missionary was working alone among the Aborigines at P'ang-hai, in the province of Kuei-chau. A plot was made against his life, one of the chief instigators of which was a small military mandarin. It became advisable to leave the station, which the missionary did, with a native evangelist and teacher. They traveled thirteen miles toward the capital of the province, lunched at a wayside village, and shortly afterwards the native evangelist (himself a native of the Miao tribe of Aborigines) was set upon by three men with swords and quickly killed. Mr. Fleming, who might have easily escaped upon his mule, leaped from the animal, in the hope of persuading the men to cease attacking the evangelist, and in a few minutes had paid with his life for the

attempt to save his brother. The teacher fled by circuitous paths, and brought the sad news to Kuei-yang.

An official and soldiers were dispatched with Mr. Adam, who went immediately to make arrangements for the funeral. The bodies had meanwhile been placed in coffins and were under the care of an official guard. A piece of land was given at P'ang-hai by the Chinese authorities for the purpose, and with due ceremony the two martyrs were reverently buried at the station for which their lives had been given. Thirty or more Miao inquirers were present at the funeral, and gave all the help they could. And it is solemnly encouraging to learn that a wide and effectual door for the preaching of the Gospel was opened in that region as the sequel to this sad event.

Within about a year from Mr. Fleming's death there were remarkable evidences of a revival in the district around P'ang-hai, which can be satisfactorily accounted for in no other way than as a gracious operation of the Holy Spirit in answer to much prayer, called forth by the martyrdom of Mr. Fleming and his colleague.

Within twelve months Mr. Waters, of Kuei-yang, sent home an interesting account of a visitation in that district, which was published *in extenso* in *China's Millions*, from which we can only now quote the brief concluding paragraph: "I do not know the exact number of those who desire their names to be enrolled as inquirers, but there must be



THE ANCESTRAL BURYING-PLACE.

over two hundred. In the villages I visited, I went into many houses, and all traces of idolatry had disappeared, their place being taken by texts of Scriptures, Gospel tracts, and Christian calendars." Verily, God can make the wrath of man to praise Him!

May the Lord grant that the recent terrible troubles in China may likewise result, as indeed they are already resulting, in greatly increased facilities for preaching the Gospel. And may a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in answer to the earnest prayer of many, bring about a large ingathering of souls in the not distant future.

In many respects, 1899 was a year of gratifying progress. The work of the Mission was carried on satisfactorily throughout the country; the number of baptisms was slightly larger than the year before; there was also an addition of forty-seven new members to the Mission; and while the hearts of the workers were saddened by the loss of eleven of their number, this was, after all, only at the rate of $13\frac{1}{2}$ per thousand.

The income this year was somewhat less than the year before. But 1898 was most exceptional in this respect, as we have seen, showing the total increase on the year before of \$80,000. The income of 1899 was half-way between the two, less by \$40,000 than that of 1898, but more by \$40,000 than that of 1897. There was, therefore, no hardship involved for any of the workers, and the only noticeable result was that certain aggressive steps, certain enlargements

of the work and improvements of Mission premises, which would otherwise have been undertaken, were necessarily postponed. While the leaders of the Mission were conscious of this restraint, it did not cause them any anxiety. The Lord makes no mistakes. Little did they divine the reason which prompted the Great Treasurer to dictate, in this way, a policy of consolidation rather than expansion. It was all made clear enough next year! For a while all went well outwardly. But signs were not wanting in certain parts of China, especially in the northeastern provinces, that below the surface forces were at work which threatened the gravest peril.

In the province of Shan-tung, especially in the wild western mountainous region toward Ho-nan, there had been in existence for upward of a hundred years, a society now notorious, but then little known. Its hidden purpose, like that of many other secret societies in China, had been to liberate the people from the present semi-foreign Manchu dynasty, and to seat once more on the throne a Chinaman as the "Son of Heaven," "the Vicar of the Supreme Ruler on the earth." This society had been firmly held in check by the authorities, and had done no harm to speak of, at any rate not sufficient for its fame to spread.

The astonishing German reprisal for the murder of two Catholic missionaries in this province, which included the seizure of the prosperous port of Kiaochau and the territory for miles around, and the con-

cession of mining and railroad monopolies throughout the province, besides the building of memorial chapels and monuments where the double murder had taken place, and the indemnification of the missionaries' relatives, so outraged the sense of justice of the governor and of every intelligent official in the province that the usual animosity against foreigners was as a furnace seven times heated. This one can easily understand, when to radical hatred is added fierce indignation at outrageous wrong. The consequence might well be serious.

Russia, moreover, in addition to her steady encroachment in Manchuria, now seized Port Arthur and a large tract of adjacent country, besides giving evidence of a covetous eye toward Korea, the independence of which had been guaranteed, mainly through Russian influence, at the close of China's disastrous war with Japan.

"To maintain the balance of power" in the East, England demanded the cession of a strip of the mainland overlooking the island of Hong-kong, as well as a long lease of Wei-hai-wei, the northern port which had just been evacuated by the Japanese, their war indemnity having been paid in full. And only a few years before, it will be remembered, France had seized the large and fertile province of Ton-kin, to the south of China proper.

For all these national outrages China could see, very naturally, neither rhyme nor reason; neither could any one else. It was enough to stir the bitterest

animosity that can be stirred in any people's national consciousness, especially when taken in conjunction with the long-standing injustice, the unmitigated iniquity of the opium traffic; than which, probably, no greater national crime has ever been committed in the history of the world. For, a hundred years ago China was practically free from the vice of opium smoking, and now all classes of its people are being degraded, steadily and increasingly, by the use of what is still called the "foreign drug." This, as every one knows, was forced upon them by British conquerors, in spite of every protest, in spite of every appeal to reason, to pity, and to righteousness. Well may the Chinese hate the foreigner; the only wonder is that they do not hate him more!

In the year 1899 Italy followed up the various acts of rapacity which have already been mentioned, by asking for a naval station at San-mun bay, some distance south of Shanghai. "Even a worm will turn:" and the indignant government of China turned at this last affront, and definitely refused. Their attitude was firm, and their position was right; and Italy had sufficient moral rectitude to accept the refusal.

But an unexpected outcome resulted. Certain advisers of the government felt: We have only to oppose all this reckless aggression, and our territory will remain our own. "China for the Chinese," was their position; one with which every right-minded man must surely sympathize. And the counsels of

these courageous, if misguided, advisers prevailed. But the rest of that story must be told in the following chapter. From this time forward trouble began to brew.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOXER CRISIS.

THE year 1899 ended ominously. In the month of November the Dowager Empress issued an edict which fanned the smouldering embers of resentment. After reference to the grave difficulties under which the empire was laboring, the edict continued, only too truly, "The various powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other in their endeavors to be first to seize upon our territories. They think that China, having neither money nor troops, would never venture to go to war. They fail to understand, however, that there are certain things to which this empire can never consent.

"Should any official find himself so hard pressed that nothing but war would settle matters, he is expected to set himself, resolutely, to work out his duty to this end. . . . Under such circumstances there is no possible chance of . . . immediate negotiation. Never should the word 'peace' fall from the lips of our high officials, nor should it even for a moment rest within their hearts. With such a country as ours, with her vast area, her immense resources, and hundreds of millions of inhabitants, what indeed is there to fear from the invader? Let no one think of making peace, but let each seek to preserve

his ancestral home and graves from destruction and spoliation at the ruthless hand of the invader.”

The effect of such an incendiary proclamation—with so much truth behind it—going throughout the empire and posted in large characters in each city, could not but be tremendous. And the last day of the old year brought sad warning of the coming storm in the death of the Rev. S. P. Brooks, of the S. P. G., in the boundary country between Shan-tung and Chih-li.

Before continuing the dark story of the troubles in China, it will perhaps be well to leave the regular historical sequence for a moment to recall one or two occasions whereby the hearts of many were prepared of God for what would follow.

The last week of April, 1900, witnessed the greatest missionary gathering that the world has ever seen. Representatives of all the principal Missionary Societies, Directors, Secretaries, Board-men, Councillors, and 800 missionaries of over 100 Societies, gathered together on the 23rd of April, in the great and hospitable city of New York.

The Conference was greeted and welcomed at its opening session by the President of the United States and the Governor of the “Empire” State. Between four and five thousand people crowded the Carnegie Music Hall, beside two simultaneous overflow meetings, with an attendance of two or three thousand each. And these multitudes gathered day by day for a week and a half to hear of the progress and consider

the problems of world-wide evangelization. The Conference closed on the 1st of May, with a farewell address from an ex-President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison. The whole city was stirred. The news of the meetings was telegraphed all over the continent, and indeed through Christendom. And the great heart of the Church universal "thanked God" for the results which the nineteenth century had witnessed, "and took courage" for the days to come, little thinking what dark days would supervene in the immediate future.

It is hardly possible to doubt that the Providence of God timed this great gathering—for which such an array of incontrovertible facts had been brought together, as to the progress of the cause of Christ throughout the world.

For the members and friends of the China Inland Mission, the Annual Meetings held in London four weeks later were also profoundly encouraging in many ways; and especially, perhaps, by reason of one significant incident which occurred on May 29th.

For a day or two previously, thirty or forty members on furlough gathered three times a day for special prayer. At one of these meetings, Mr. Sloan, the Secretary, mentioned the matter of funds, which he felt perfectly free to do, as no one else was present. "For three months," he said, "our receipts have been considerably below the average, and have fallen short of our usual income by £5,000. Of course, we are not in debt; we never do go into debt, as

you know; but I grieve to think of the embarrassment that may result on the field to many branches of the work. Happily, the personal needs of all the missionaries have been provided for, but in order that the work may go on unimpeded, I should be glad if we might all unite in agreed prayer to God, that He will graciously *make up the deficiency.*"

Prayer followed, and praise—one worker, after thanking the Lord for all His gracious provision for the work during thirty-five years, went on to praise Him for the coming answer to the petition for £5,000.

Next day, just before the great evening meeting, the other Secretary, Mr. Wood, recognized in the rear of the hall a warm friend and regular contributor from the north of England. After shaking hands with him, and asking him if he had come three hundred miles on purpose to be present, which proved to be the case, Mr. Wood invited him to take a seat on the platform, where he would hear better. This he declined, on account of the necessity of catching a return train after the meeting. And then he handed Mr. Wood an envelope, saying that from the published list of donations in *China's Millions* he had noticed that for three months the receipts had been considerably below par, and added that he felt the Lord had laid it on his heart to "make up the deficiency." The envelope contained a check for £5,000, and was signed and dated the day before, the very day on which such earnest and expectant prayer went up to

God, three hundred miles away, for just that sum. The grateful conviction—the Lord is with us—came to the scattered members of the Mission, as they heard of this gracious provision of the Lord.

January, 1900, was but five days old, when the now infamous “father of the Boxers,” Yu-hsien, was summoned to Peking, and superseded as governor of Shan-tung by an enlightened and honorable statesman, the present Viceroy Yuan Wei-t’ing (better known among foreigners by his less dignified given name of Yuan Shi-k’ai), whose personal friendship has been both a pleasure and a help to the writer.

So far, good. For Yu-hsien, who had been rapidly promoted a year or so previously from being prefect of Ts’ao-chau to the governorship of Shan-tung, had encouraged and fostered the feeble society of “Boxers” until it had become a very formidable organization. Now, however, he was at Peking, nominally under the imperial displeasure.

Only two months later, after lavish expenditure of money at the capital, Yu-hsien was appointed governor of Shan-si, in spite of the fact that he had been degraded so shortly before for acknowledged complicity in the grave troubles in Shan-tung, which culminated in the murder of Mr. Brooks.

Remonstrance at this extraordinary appointment was of no avail. The new governor was accompanied, or preceded, to T’ai-yuan the capital of Shan-si,

by companies of Boxers, who drilled in their military arts and initiated into their occult practices, numberless men and boys throughout this and neighboring provinces. Thus, through the northeast of China, the Boxer peril grew.

Within a few weeks of this time the storm clouds began to burst. Yu-hsien was appointed governor of Shan-si on the 15th of March; on the 14th day a leading Christian, Elder Si, was fiercely attacked and stabbed by the Boxers. This man Si, a greatly beloved member of the Church at Hung-tung, was a man of a beautiful spirit, and had been unanimously elected four years previously as the successor to the lamented Pastor Hsi, as superintendent of the opium work and native missionary society in North China, to which reference has been made.

Dr. Millar Wilson, reckless of the risk to his own life, went immediately to do what he could for the elder, and as a result his life was saved. The shock, however, seriously affected his health, followed as it was by months of terrible sufferings and privations. And after about a year, this worthy, faithful follower of the Master went to his reward.

It was natural that he should be the first to suffer. Was he not the leader of the most important native missionary movement in North China, at once more exposed to the fury of the Boxers in his country home, and less under the protection of the authorities than the missionaries? Malice and cowardice equally pointed him out as the first butt of the Boxer

fury. This, however, was but the beginning of troubles. Nine days later the home of Pastor Hsi's widow was attacked and this courageous and devoted lady severely beaten. This was before any of the missionaries in Shan-si had suffered violence.

In considering the events that follow, we shall bear in mind, of course, that for all this exhibition of antipathy, there were great and sufficient *national* reasons. There were, in addition, several important local causes. The diversion of the carrying trade—an immense industry in a country like China—from the old channels, by land, canal, and river, to foreign-built and foreign-officered steamships, has already been referred to as a cause of discontent to many among the laboring classes. The building now of railroads, involving the survey of tracks across homesteads and farms, and, worst of all, ancestral burying places, aggravated by the rapacity of the native officials, through whom was and is transacted the business of acquiring the necessary land, called forth wide-spread and often bitter resentment.

These operations would surely interfere with and perhaps ruin the Feng-shui—the geomantic influences that make for weal or woe. Of this there was ample proof, to those whose minds were already made up, by the long-continued drought and famine. Even the telegraph wires and poles, now found in every province, were serious disturbers of the peace!

Moreover, in the year 1899, the long struggle of the Roman Catholic priests for political power and



ENGAGED IN THE CARRYING TRADE.



HARROWING A RICE FIELD WITH A WATER BUFFALO.

prestige came to a climax, we cannot say to a successful issue, when, as the result of long-continued pressure from the French ambassador and others, an imperial decree was promulgated conferring official status upon every Catholic priest in the country, and very high official status at that. For bishops rank with viceroys, archdeacons with great provincial mandarins, and the ordinary clergymen with prefects and other local magnates.

It was all they had desired and agitated for for years. At last they had gained the day. And with it they had gained also an added hatred throughout the empire. For the interference of the Roman Catholic priests, in civil and legal matters at the native law courts, is one of the greatest of all the grievances which the Chinese complain of, and writhe under, at the hands of foreigners. Again and again during the troubles which followed the lives of Protestant missionaries were saved by their being able to prove that they were not Catholic, but Protestant, workers.

And, probably, the last and culminating cause of trouble was the open proposal to "partition the empire" among the "Powers" of the West. Anyone can see that, groaning under such wrongs and grievances, serious trouble might well not only be feared, but be expected.

As will long be remembered, May ended with the representatives of foreign Powers and a number of

missionaries beleaguered in Peking. On the last day of the month some hundreds of foreign soldiers and marines arrived to protect the legations, and from that time onward communication with the coast was cut off by the destruction of the Peking-T'ien-tsin Railway. It is needless here to describe the six weeks of siege which followed: six weeks during which the diplomatic representatives of the Western world and the missionaries were brought into contact under exceptionally trying circumstances. The opinion formed from that association will be gathered from the following letter from United States Minister Conger:

"PEKING, August 16th, 1900.

"THE BESIEGED AMERICAN MISSIONARIES: To one and all of you, so providentially saved from certain massacre:

"I beg, in this hour of our deliverance, to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of our diplomatic corps—the sincere appreciation of, and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you and the native Christians under you have rendered toward our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning, and the uncomplaining execution of work by the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible.

"By your courteous consideration of me, and your continued patience under most trying occasions, I have been most deeply touched, and for it all I thank you most heartily.

"I hope and believe that somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and danger will bear rich fruit in the material and spiritual welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and works.

"Assuring you of my personal respect and gratitude,
very sincerely yours,

"E. H. CONGER."

The first members of the China Inland Mission to lay down their lives were thirteen Swedish missionaries in the far north of Shan-si. They were martyred on or about the 29th of June. Previously to this two more members of the English Episcopal S. P. G. were murdered in the south of Chih-li; and on the 27th of the same month a member of the Sheo-yang Mission laid down her life at T'ai-yuan. On the last day of the same sad month, Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell, of the China Inland Mission, were murdered at a station three days south of the Shan-si capital.

For full and authentic details concerning these and other workers, and their triumphant death, the reader is referred to the profoundly interesting history, "Martyred Missionaries,"* which not only contains a record of the grace and courage given to these martyrs before and in the hour of death, but also contains thrilling accounts of how scores of other missionaries were delivered, as by a miracle, from countless dangers and perils and hardships, and finally, by the good hand of God were brought down to the coast and to peace.

Mr. Moody was once asked, after one of his great and successful meetings: "Have you grace to be a martyr?" "No," he replied, "I have not. But if God wanted me to be one, He would give me a martyr's grace." That this was indeed so with those

*"Martyred Missionaries" may be ordered from the offices of the Mission. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

who were called to lay down their lives at this time there can be little doubt. The last letters of the martyrs are among the most touching things that have ever been written, some of them especially. Space will only admit of quoting three out of many other similar letters that might be adduced.

On the 28th of June, after the legations had been besieged for four weeks, and the missionaries further inland had come through weeks of gravest anxiety and peril, Miss Edith Searell wrote to a fellow-missionary in a neighboring station: "A mighty fortress is our God: and in Him we are safe for time and for eternity. Shall we murmur if we have less of time than we expected? The less of time the more of heaven." Two days later she was with the Lord. When this Miss Searell was leaving home (New Zealand) for China in 1895, just before the steamer sailed, she said to a friend: "There is nothing I would count a greater honor than to wear a martyr's crown."

Mr. and Mrs. Peat were old and valued workers of the Mission. When hiding among the hills prior to their martyrdom Mr. Peat wrote to his loved ones at home: "The soldiers are just on us. . . . We shall soon be with Christ, which is very far better for us. We can only now be sorry for you who are left behind, and our dear native Christians. Good-bye. We rejoice that we are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ."

At the same time Miss May Nathan was in hiding

with two other missionaries not very far away from Mr. and Mrs. Peat. In her last long letter to her mother she says: "Who will be the next? Perhaps we shall. . . . Darling mother, don't be anxious, whatever news you may hear of me. It will seem useless in the eyes of the world to come out here for a year, to be just getting on with the language, then to be cut off. Many will say, 'Why did she go? Wasted life.' Darling, *no*. Trust:—God does His very best, and never makes mistakes. . . . We are glad to suffer with Jesus. . . . Death is but the gate of life; we shall see His face, and darling mother, I'll wait and long for you there."

The worst time of all was that long, hot, terrible mid-summer month of July. On its first day the Deputy Director in China, Mr. William Cooper, universally beloved throughout the Mission, was murdered at Pao-ting Fu, Chih-li, with Mr. Bagnall and his wife and child.

About this time was promulgated that cruelest of all the decrees of the Dowager Empress, the infamous secret edict:

"Yang-ren pi shah,
T'ui huei ki shah."

"All foreigners must be killed;
Though fleeing homeward, kill them."

After this, of course, rioting became general in the provinces nearest to the capital. Happily, how-

ever, the resolute stand taken by the two Yang-tse Viceroy, their Excellencies Chang Chih-tung and Liu K'un-yi, prevented the spread of this sanguinary persecution throughout the empire; indeed, prevented it in three-fourths of China, with the sole exception of a disturbed district in the southern province of Cheh-kiang. Here the provincial judge prevailed upon the governor to forward to Kiu-chau the above-mentioned "secret edict," delaying until too late the friendly agreement entered into by the Yang-tse viceroys with the foreign Powers, which was to the effect that, come what may, they would afford adequate protection to foreigners and native Christians alike.

The most terrible occurrence of all this deplorable time was on the afternoon of July 9th, at T'ai-yuan, where the governor of Shan-si beheaded twenty-five Protestant missionaries, nine children and eleven Roman Catholic priests. The suspense and anxiety and hardships through which they had come lasted for several weeks, but it is comforting to know that the end was brief, and that none of the adults showed any signs of fear, some of the children merely covering their faces with their hands. After beheading these missionaries, the governor reported this action to Peking, and there and then claimed the prize-money—sixty ounces of silver each—for the foreigners, most of whom he had invited into his Yamen *for protection*.

Among the missionaries' children who thus laid

down their lives on July 9th, were the two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater, of the American Board, who themselves, five weeks later, were martyred near Fen-chau Fu. One of Mrs. Atwater's last letters (written after two months of suspense) refers to the death of her step-daughters with the rest of the missionary company at T'ai-yuan, and continues, "I am preparing for the end very quietly and calmly. *The Lord is wonderfully near*, and He will not fail me. I was very restless and excited *while there seemed a chance of life*, but God has taken away that feeling, and now I just pray for grace to meet the terrible end bravely. The pain will soon be over; and oh, the sweetness of the welcome above! My little baby will go with me. I think God will give it to me in heaven. . . . I cannot imagine the Saviour's welcome. That will compensate for all these days of suspense. . . . I do not regret coming to China, but I am sorry I have done so little. My married life, two precious years, has been so very full of happiness. We will die together, my dear husband and I."

About the same time as the T'ai-yuan tragedy, rioting commenced in the province of Ho-nan, immediately to the south. But here, as by a miracle, every life was spared, and although the missionaries escaped as best they could, and had to suffer many perils and privations, they all at last, in answer to many prayers, came safely to the coast. Wonderful, indeed, was the escape of Mr. and Mrs. Conway and

their little infant, with Dr. Whitfield Guinness and Miss Watson, from Shae-k'i-tien.

The Mission premises were wrecked when the rioting began, and were soon entirely destroyed. For fifteen long days the four missionaries and the month-old baby were in hiding in the homes mostly of heathen friends and neighbors, through whose generous aid they finally succeeded in escaping. During these two awful weeks they were being pursued by mandarins, soldiers, and rioters that they might kill them, in obedience to the imperial edict. After almost incredible escapes they at last got clear away in carts. Some miles below the town they were transferred to a boat, and so came safely down, by the Han river, to Han-kow.

Of all these long and terrible journeys, the most eventful, probably, was that of Mr. Saunders, his family and fellow-missionaries, who traveled for seven long weeks through Shan-si, Ho-nan, and Hu-peh. Two days south of T'ai-yuan is the important banking center of P'ing-yao, where Mr. Saunders had been stationed for many years. Toward the end of June this station was rioted and looted. The missionaries escaped safely to the Yamen; but finding that it would be impossible for the officials to protect them there, they left next morning at day-break, under official escort, for T'ai-yuan. When within seven miles of that city they were met, providentially, by a native Christian, who told them of the rioting in the city, that Miss Coombs had already

been killed, and that the rest were surrounded by thousands of people in the home of the Rev. G. B. Farthing, of the English Baptist Mission.

Seeing that it was certain death to proceed, they turned southward. Another week's journey, paying blackmail repeatedly, brought them to Lu-ch'eng, where they found Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper and other missionaries. These heard now for the first time authentic reports of what was going on at the capital, and so, through the soldier escort, did the people of the district.

After the briefest possible delay they all started out together, eight missionaries and six children, and the account of the next week's travel is one of the cruelest things on record. During that week one of his company was beaten to death, all of the party were for two days without food and water, save grass and the dirty puddles by the roadside. They were robbed of everything they possessed, being left for part of the time with only one garment apiece, bare-headed, bare-shouldered, and barefooted, under that almost tropical summer sun: yet not one of them suffered from sunstroke. They were reminded of the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day." But as a result of those eight days of hardship and privation, of cruel beatings and persecutions, another missionary, Miss Huston, died a month later from a wound in the head, and Mrs. Ernest Cooper followed her within a week.

As soon as they passed beyond the jurisdiction of

Governor Yu-hsien, things became a little better. But even then they were forwarded across Ho-nan, from city to city, as common criminals, and suffered severely from the hardships of such traveling by day, and from being crowded together in filthy prisons by night. At K'ioh-shan, which for a short time, years before, had been a station of the Mission, they received some kindness; and at Sin-yang (the present limit, 1902, of the railroad that is rapidly being pushed northward from Han-kow) they were very kindly treated by the mandarin.

No sooner had they reached the province of Hu-peh than they, and some other missionaries who had joined them at Sin-yang, were treated with every possible kindness, owing to the friendly attitude of his Excellency Chang Chih-tung. And after seven long weeks and a journey of 900 miles, much of it on foot, they at last reached safely the Mission Home at Han-kow.

A hundred miles north of this city, Mrs. Cooper could go no farther. Her life had been beautiful: and in death her faith was strong, and her love for the people unabated after all that had transpired. There was just one regret on her mind, beside the natural pain of leaving husband and children, and this was—that she could not return to Shan-si, which she so ardently desired, that she might tell the people more of the love of Jesus for them.

It is not necessary here to give further details of this period. But it is only right to say that certain

grievous statements about lady missionaries, which appeared in many of the daily papers at the time, were absolutely untrue.* The facts which have been given above are examples, in briefest outline, of what did actually happen; permitted of God in wisdom, we cannot doubt, and in love, for some sufficient reason. We may safely look to Him to vindicate Himself in due season. Of this there will be more to say later.

One other case may, perhaps, be mentioned—the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Green and Miss Gregg, of Hwai-lu, in the province of Chih-li. These missionaries, after fleeing to the mountains and remaining in hiding for some weeks, at length fell into the hands of the Boxers. (The whole story is most touchingly told, without a trace of unkindly feeling toward their persecutors, in “Martyred Missionaries” and in the booklet, “In Death’s Oft,” by Mr. Green.) For three months they remained in the hands of the Boxers, suffering many hardships and privations, and hurried from one place to another. On seven successive occasions the Boxers determined to put them to death. But their time was not yet: each time it was prevented, until at length their captors said, “These people live a charmed life; we cannot kill them: we had better let them go.”

On one occasion they were taken from the city, where they had been imprisoned for some time, down the river. Their guard had secret orders from the

*See *China's Millions* for February, 1901. Article by B. Broomhall, on page 18 (London Edition).

mandarin to put them to death in a lonely spot by the river, that no blame might fall on the city or on him. As they floated down the stream the callous soldiers sharpened their swords before the eyes of their victims. Remonstrance was useless. The boat was brought to anchor and they were told to go ashore. Mr. Green, carrying baby John in his arms, left the boat first, in order to help the ladies ashore, and little five-year-old Vera and the ladies followed. When they reached the bank Mr. Green turned and gave the captain of the boat a bow in Chinese style, saying as he did so, "Thank you, sir." Little Vera then crossed her hands, and making the captain a charming bow (like a little Chinese lady), repeated her father's words, and said, "Thank you, sir." All this was too much for the burly captain. He turned to his men, and said, "Look here, men, we cannot kill these people; we had better leave them alone." And he sprang on his boat, called off his followers, and again they were saved! At last God raised up a friend, in a Chinaman, who, after secretly conveying a message of sympathy to them announcing his plan and good wishes, went down to T'ien-tsin and brought a rescue party, by whom, at last, they were escorted to the coast.

This was, of course, far on in the autumn. One other party still remained in Shan-si, under official protection, after many weeks of hiding among the hills. During the winter they came down to Hankow under suitable escort, arriving early in 1901.

Such is a brief outline of the sufferings of the missionaries. It has not been possible to say much about the similar experiences of the native Christians, which have not only endeared them to the hearts of their missionary brethren, but have raised them high in the esteem of the Christian world.

Their old contemptuous nickname of "rice Christians" (mercenary pretenders), is now seldom, if ever, heard at the treaty ports. Nearly three hundred Protestant church members were killed in the province of Shan-si. In Chih-li and Shan-tung many more were massacred, refusing to recant; refusing, even though it was explained to them as a purely nominal recantation. No, they would not deny their Lord and Saviour. Cruelties, like those of the Inquisition, were tried in vain. Others were hunted away from their homes; they hid in dens and caves of the earth; they were "destitute, afflicted, tormented," "of whom the world was not worthy," and in many, many cases they were faithful unto death.

Some there were, of course, who recanted under the double strain of those awful times, and of kindly official persuasion. Little wonder that some failed and fell! Surely, under similar circumstances—if such were possible—it would have been much the same in a Christian country. And since missionary operations have been resumed, bitter has been the sorrow and repentance expressed by many of those who recanted.

As to the sufferings of beloved friends at home,

it is needless, perhaps, to say much in this place. God knows: and God will not forget the anguish they suffered for His sake. Mr. Hudson Taylor, who was in Switzerland slowly convalescing after serious overwork, suffered all that terrible summer as poignantly as any one out of China. So keen was his anguish of heart for his dear friends in the field that for some time he could not sleep, he could not eat, he could hardly think or even pray. His condition became so serious that it was necessary to withhold the cablegrams and other news until he was able to recover a little and hear in outline the remainder of the long, sad tale. When it was all over, and the escaped workers were at last safely at the coast, he repeatedly expressed the wish that he might return to China, if it were only to weep with those who had come through so much for Jesus' sake.

Mr. Taylor did not have that privilege, and still (at seventy-one years of age) has to spend most of the time in Switzerland. His general health is in large measure restored, in answer to many prayers, and he still continues to exercise a general directorate over the work. All matters of detail are left in other hands, but grave problems affecting the policy and well-being of the Mission as a whole, are regularly referred to him. Of course, many such problems have arisen in connection with the work of reconstruction, which is now nearing completion, at the end of 1902.

CHAPTER V.

REORGANIZATION.

BEFORE the work of reconstruction could be commenced, there was necessarily an interval during which large numbers of missionaries were gathered at the coast. Many naturally availed themselves of the opportunity for furlough—both those whose health had been seriously injured by the anxiety and troubles in the north, and those whose vacation was due, or nearly due, in point of time or health. A much larger number, however, remained at Shanghai, where there were gathered during the winter of 1900, in the China Inland Mission alone, several hundred missionaries. The opportunity, it need hardly be said, was improved for conference and study of the Word, and for very earnest prayer, especially that God would work all these things together for the furtherance of the Gospel. Special meetings were held, addressed among others, by Mr. Henry Frost and Mr. Walter Sloan, who went out to China on purpose, and thus the time was not lost.

It was well from another point of view that there should be this interval for waiting upon God, for the problem of reorganization which had now to be faced, was one of the gravest and most complex which had ever come before the leaders of the Mission.

There were, perhaps, five principal elements in

this problem. First of all, as concerned the Church itself, what should be said and what should be done in the case of those who had denied their faith in Christ, and thus, by their own act, severed their connection with the Church? Due weight, of course, would be given to the terrible stress which had driven some of the Christians to this expedient. Nothing would be gained, however, in the future of the work by overlooking the gravity of the step thus taken. On the other hand, there was the precedent, the authoritative precedent, of the restoration of Peter. That would, of course, largely rule the course to be taken by the returning missionaries.

Secondly, came the allied questions of official indemnification for the losses of the Mission and the compensation which was due to the native Christians, many of whom had lost their all and were without the means of commencing life afresh. As to the former, there was uncertainty for a time. The government of the country had taken action, deliberately, which resulted in the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of Mission property. For this they were obviously responsible, both morally and legally; and while it has been a rule in the China Inland Mission never to *claim* indemnification, it might yet be right to accept it under these circumstances, both in view of the past and the future.

This important question was under consideration for some months. But when the facts began to transpire of the shameful and outrageous con-

duct of soldiers representing Russia and various so-called Christian countries, this decided the question. Mr. Hudson Taylor felt that money wrung from the Chinese in such a way as this (we purposely draw a veil over the revolting details), could not help forward the work of God. The Lord does not need to use, to accomplish the end He has in view—the evangelization of the world—money stained with ruthless outrage and the murder of civilians in cold blood! War is bad enough but this was surely detestable. Under these circumstances Mr. Taylor cabled to China, and afterwards wrote in more detail, that, as a Mission, we would accept no indemnification either for life or property.

The question of the native Christians, however, was different. Their near neighbors had been enriched by their spoliation, under sanction of the central and the local authorities. In common equity, in view of their deplorable present condition, and in view of the hopelessness of their future, it was absolutely necessary that something should be done for them. And we may anticipate here that the line of action taken was to carefully audit the estimates, encouraging the Christians to manifest a generous and forgiving spirit, and rather to underestimate their actual losses. In many cases their claims were as low as fifty per cent. of their actual losses. Mr. Orr-Ewing, for instance, wrote from one section of Shan-si that he could not conscientiously have asked the Christians to accept so little as they claimed and received.

Thirdly, there was a consideration of peculiar significance in a country like China—the missionaries' loss of "face." They had been publicly insulted and put to shame before the people by the authorities. Unless they were publicly and officially reinstated in the respect of their neighbors they would continue to be at the mercy of every ill-disposed person, and would be subject to insult and attack, both at home in their stations, and, still more, abroad when traveling. The importance of this factor will be easily understood by all who are acquainted with the Oriental and his way of viewing things. All that is up is up because it ought to be, and that which is down is down by its own demerits. This is the general impression in China, and it is easy to understand the gravity of the situation from this point of view.

These three aspects of the problem refer primarily to the past, the deplorable past. The other two have reference mainly to the future.

One of these was a new danger. Would the pendulum of public opinion swing over to the opposite extreme? When the native Christians were recouped for their losses and restored to their homes; when the missionaries were reinstated in their rights as men and as law-abiding residents, might there not be a danger of people seeking to join the Church from unworthy motives? What the authorities give out goes in China: just as what the papers say goes at home, for most, and with equal reason. When the local mandarins and gentry combine to welcome

back the missionaries, and to express their sorrow for the past (which, indeed, many of them deplored deeply at the time), there might be a revulsion of feeling that would itself constitute a fresh danger to the Church by inclining many to seek admission without understanding the Truth or undergoing any change of heart. Proclamations favorable to Christianity and affording protection to church members might be misconstrued as a sort of general invitation to join the now ascendant cause!

This new incentive would especially appeal to people engaged in lawsuits, who constitute a considerable proportion of the population. In many cases they would imagine that they could obtain a "pull" over their opponents by connecting themselves with the Christians. For this impression has gained a firm hold in many parts of China, owing to the invariable custom of the Roman Catholic priests of claiming temporal authority over their converts, and the right to interfere on their behalf in legal proceedings. As is well known, the attitude of the Roman Catholics in this matter has brought down upon them the cordial hatred of their neighbors in many provinces. There would need then, for this reason, to be the greatest possible caution in enrolling new inquirers, and afterwards in admitting them to membership.

Fifthly and lastly, the question arises of the methods to be adopted in connection with the native church. How best shall the capacities of native lead-

ers be developed, and the churches made strong and aggressive? In the past they had relied too much on foreign workers and on foreign funds. The importance of developing self-supporting and self-propagating churches throughout the country is increasingly felt among the missionary community. The contrast in 1900 between certain churches which stood fast and firm, scarcely losing a member and not intermitting once their regular Sunday worship, and others which more or less completely succumbed under similar surroundings, has greatly emphasized the significance of this point.

And in this connection one or two other important details may be referred to. Mr. Hudson Taylor has drawn attention to the fact that one thing probably more than any other tends to develop a strong native Church, and that is the regular and loyal observance of the Lord's day. "Those churches," he said years ago, "where Sabbath observance has been faithfully taught and systematically cultivated, would stand fast and continue to prosper even if the missionaries were withdrawn; but in every case that I have had the opportunity of observing, where the Christians have been allowed to be lax in this respect, the Church has been weak and would in all probability dwindle or disappear if the foreigners were to leave." The writer's limited experience entirely corroborates this impression. Obedience to the will of God in this particular seems to be indispensable, if He is to establish any given work. And this the Word clearly teaches. The cause may go forward more slowly at first, owing to the grave difficulties that surround its faithful observance in a heathen land like China, but it grows more rapidly in the long run, and much more surely and strongly.

The absence of *material inducements* to attend services or join the Church is perhaps an equally important factor

in gaining the same slow but sure beginning, followed by strong and steady growth. Where food is provided *by the missionaries* on Sunday for those who attend the services, "that they may be able to stay for the afternoon meetings," and where tradesmen know that by joining the Church they can secure the foreigners' custom, a weak and most discouraging Church invariably, or almost invariably, results. "Loaves and fishes Christians" are worse than none at all. The practical importance of these two points is sufficient apology for reference to them at this time.

These five principal considerations, and many others also, occupied the time and thoughts, and had a large place in the prayers of the Directors and the members of the China Council, and have largely decided the procedure of the individual missionaries in returning to their work.

CHAPTER VI.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THERE is a possibility that the terrible happenings of 1900 may convey a wrong impression. It is natural that the conclusion should suggest itself that the Chinese are a fierce and cruel people, whereas the fact is exactly the reverse. Under ordinary circumstances they are peaceable and hospitable, and quick to recognize true worth when it appeals to them in a form they can appreciate. Of course, they are heathen, and if the statement of the Holy Ghost be true, that "the whole world lieth in the Wicked One" (believers only excepted), we may not judge of them by Christian standards.

To show how far they are from being sanguinary, the two following facts may be adduced. In the first thirty-three years of the China Inland Mission, including the inauguration of the work throughout the interior, with all the special risks of pioneering in new districts, not one life was lost by violence. And secondly, in the province of Shan-si itself, until 1900, there had never been a single riot from any cause during all the twenty-four years of service since the first China Inland Mission workers visited the province. Indeed, even then, to the credit of Shan-si be it remembered, the dastardly work was mostly done by "Boxers," "people of a strange, uncouth speech," from the province of Shan-tung, the

“heavenly soldiers,” as they were euphemistically called by the terrorized people.

Before passing from this aspect of the question, it is right, also, to refer to the great kindness shown to many missionaries by Chinese officials, high and low, even at the worst period of the Boxer crisis. At no little peril the viceroys of the Yang-tse provinces suppressed the imperial proclamations commanding the extirpation of foreigners and native Christians, and published, on their own responsibility, counter-proclamations, protecting the life and property of both! But for their commanding influence in the country, and the fact that the sequel proved them in the right, they would doubtless have paid for their generous audacity with their lives.

At the same time Tuan Fang, the acting governor of Shen-si, treated the missionaries of the northwest with the greatest consideration and kindness, saving the lives of ninety, and going beyond the limits of his own territory in affording them protection. In addition to supplying them bountifully with traveling expenses, he refunded money which had been seized by robbers, and even went so far as to give personal presents to several who specially won his admiration and regard.

These are outstanding instances. Many more could be adduced, if space permitted, of similar kindness from local officials, some of whom lost valuable posts in consequence, posts which it had cost large sums of money to secure.

The actual work of reopening the stations was necessarily gradual. Before the last refugee had left Shan-si, work was already resumed in some stations in the more accessible provinces. Several, for instance, were reëntered in Cheh-kiang and Kiang-si before the close of the disastrous year. Even Chung-king, in the West, was reported quiet and peaceable by Mr. James, of our Si-ch'uan staff, and reopened in December. Glad, indeed, were the Christians to welcome him back!

During the spring the province of Kiang-si was pronounced safe for lady workers by the British consul-general, and by the end of April work was resumed in the principal ladies' stations there. About the same time the ladies' stations on the Grand Canal were reopened. Great was the joy of the native Christians in both of these districts at the return of the workers, who were shown great courtesy and respect by the local mandarins.

In May, work was resumed by the men in the far northwest, but it was several months before it was advisable for ladies to return, on account of the presence of the court at Si-an.

During the same month of May, Mr. Andrew Wright revisited the scenes of martyrdom in Che-kiang, and reported the people quiet and friendly. But one of the most encouraging events of this period was the opening, in the early summer, of the capital of Hu-nan, so long the most anti-foreign province in the empire, by Dr. Keller, of the China Inland Mis-

sion. It is interesting to know that the "foreign office" at the city of Ch'ang-sha rendered the doctor every possible assistance in securing a suitable house, the mandarin in charge entertaining him meanwhile with generous hospitality.

About the same time, either before or after, a visit was paid to this city by the distinguished missionary veteran, Dr. Griffith John, of the London Mission. He was cordially welcomed by the governor, who even lent his own private steam launch to take him to an out-station further up the river, and to bring him back all the way to Han-kow! Not long after this same official sent Dr. John a very friendly letter and his photograph.

Later in the summer work was recommenced in the southwest; in Yun-nan under the experienced leadership of the Rev. John McCarthy, and in Kuei-chau with Mr. Charles T. Fische as Superintendent.

But the most important, as well as the most onerous work of reconstruction was in Shan-si, and this was undertaken by eight missionaries, four belonging to other Boards, and four members of the China Inland Mission, including Mr. D. E. Hoste, its Acting General Director. They arrived at the capital of Shan-si on July 9th, exactly a year from the sad day of carnage in that city. But to this visit, and the official reception, and the public funeral of the martyrs which followed, reference will be made later.

In the fall of the year work was resumed in the

difficult province of Ho-nan. And before the end of 1901, the last of the missionaries to the interior had left Shanghai, and work was resumed in most of the stations. Permission had even been given for lady missionaries to return to work in the five great provinces of the west, though not yet in Shan-si. Indeed, it was not until the fall of 1902 that it was deemed advisable for single ladies to return to that province. One of these, who had been home for a short furlough after the experiences of 1900, feared that her mother might be distressed at the thought of her return. "No, indeed, my darling," said the noble mother, "if the native Christians have been willing to suffer so much for you, the least you can do is to return to help and comfort them, now that peace is reëstablished. I am glad that you should return to serve the Lord Jesus there."

But Ch'ang-sha in Hu-nan was not the only provincial capital to be opened after the troubles, and as the direct result of the crisis. Ch'ang-sha was opened, as we have seen, in the summer of 1901; and in the following winter Mr. Powell, of the China Inland Mission, deeming it wise to take advantage of the political reaction, endeavored to open K'ai-fung, the capital of Ho-nan in North China. He had repeatedly visited the city before, with no apparent result: but now, after considerable difficulty and no little prayer, succeeded in renting premises. Thereupon he was visited every day for a week by mandarins, and warned of the unfriendliness of the city, and

of its undesirability from the point of view of health (it is very damp owing to the saline soil); one official, especially, bringing forth fresh arguments each day to persuade the courageous missionary to retire.

All persuasion failing, this "foreign office" mandarin said: "Well, if you must stay, I will do all in my power, of course, to protect you." "And will you protect my landlord?" inquired Powell, who had had some experience. Hesitating a moment, and realizing that this also was his duty, he said, "Yes, I will." "Then everything is peaceably settled," replied the missionary, somewhat to the amusement and surprise of the disappointed official.

Two other important cities were opened about this time, in different parts of China. One of them, Yen-chau Fu, in Cheh-kiang, was the direct result of the martyrdoms in the neighboring district: it had been the only unoccupied Fu (or prefectural city) in the province. The other, Kuang-sin Fu, in Kiang-si, the chief city on the Kuang-sin river, was opened by lady missionaries in February, 1902.

A very important feature of this reconstruction period was the public memorial service held at each place that had been rendered sacred by martyr blood. The first of these was solemnized at Pao-ting Fu, within one hundred miles of Peking, on March 23d and 24th, 1901, and the last not until eighteen months later (after long negotiation) at Kiu-chau in Cheh-kiang.

The most important of the whole series was that

held at T'ai-yuan, in July, 1901, where so many precious lives had been laid down the year before. This, the first of the memorial services in Shan-si, may be taken as an example of what occurred, with minor modifications, at each center.

Before the arrival at T'ai-yuan of the returning missionaries, when they were yet thirty miles from the city, they were welcomed by a company of cavalry, in charge of a military mandarin, who, after welcoming the missionaries in the name of the governor, inquired at what time he might expect them at the capital. Ten miles from the city a larger and more imposing company, the governor's bodyguard, with banners and trumpets, was added to their escort. At the south gate an immense crowd was gathered. Here a large pavilion had been erected; a herald greeted them "in the name of the Emperor," and leading mandarins and city magnates gave them a formal and cordial welcome. After a light luncheon, presided over by an English-speaking mandarin, they entered the city and were conducted to a handsome official residence, which had been prepared for their use. Here again they were welcomed by high officials and leading citizens. After partaking of a feast which was awaiting them, return visits were paid that day and the next, July 9th and 10th. But of course, the most touching welcome was from the native Christians, the joy on whose seamed and scarred faces touched the missionaries to the heart. A suitable cemetery had already been secured and

walled in at a beautiful situation, on a hillside overlooking the city and the plain. Here the remains of the missionaries and children had been interred, each grave being marked by a pedestal surmounted by a cross, in appropriate recognition of the cause in which they fell.

After all the arrangements were complete, on July 18th, a memorial service was held, attended by most of the principal dignitaries, on the very spot where the martyrs were beheaded. Then the procession started, headed by the mandarins, for whom the way was cleared by outrunners beating gongs; next came the funeral wreaths presented by the officials and gentry, two hundred foot soldiers and fifty cavalry; then the foreigners, in four-bearer chairs of state, and native Christians, followed by nineteen large red satin banners inscribed with the names of the martyrs in gold; then more Christians, and last of all, another small company of soldiers. The slow, solemn procession took three hours to reach the new cemetery. Here a laudatory address in memoriam, by the governor, was read by a mandarin; a salaam was made by the officials before the graves, and then followed a Christian service, led by Mr. Hoste.

It was a sad day for the missionaries, but one for which they and the native Christians were profoundly thankful as they looked forward to the future.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRESENT CONDITION.

MISSIONARY operations have now been resumed all over China, very few of the stations remaining closed at the end of 1902. As to the present condition of the work, the following facts will aid in forming an opinion:

As early as April, 1901, it was possible to report at the home headquarters: "From the missionary point of view, the position of affairs in China is, we think, steadily improving. A considerable number of our missionaries have returned to their stations and more are returning. . . . The native Christians are delighted to have our brethren back. In some places . . . the welcome to the returning missionaries was overwhelmingly joyful.

"A cheery feature in the condition of things, as regards the Church in China, is, that during the enforced absence of the missionaries the work has not sustained so serious a check as might naturally have been expected, excepting, of course, in the province of Shan-si. . . . The native Christians have themselves been carrying on the work, and we hear that in some places not only has there been no backward movement, but on the contrary the tendency has been to go forward."

Of course, during the Boxer troubles, a large number of missionaries had gone home on furlough. Their work was at a standstill and many of them urgently needed rest, and it was important that as soon as work could be resumed the missionaries should be fresh and ready for strenuous service.

Within a year of the "Reign of Terror" we read that "tranquillity is being restored throughout China." The leaders of the Mission in China cabled home accordingly for the missionaries on furlough to return.

By this time, mid-summer, 1901, the premises in Shanghai, which had been so crowded in the winter, had resumed their normal condition. (The additional temporary homes which had to be rented in the fall of 1900, had all been closed, of course, for months.) And from far and near the returning missionaries were sending in encouraging tidings of the churches. The local mandarins had officially welcomed them on their return, always with courtesy and in most cases with marked cordiality. Indeed, in many places they were accorded quite an ovation!

The following extracts, taken from a large number of similar reports, will be of interest as throwing light on the condition of things during the six, nine, or twelve months of the missionaries' absence:

Taking them in the order in which work was resumed, we hear from Cheh-kiang: "In the midst of all the trouble last year, Pastor Ren had many applications for baptism. In July he baptized four, in September three, and at the end of the year six. All of these came into the Church

ready for, and in fact expecting, persecution. Thank God for such a work!" This was at Hang-chau.

From Kiang-si Mr. William Taylor, of Kih-an, reported: "All the Christians, though persecuted and threatened, remained faithful." At Kwei-k'i, in the same province: "The Christians are very bright, with few exceptions." This is the most important and the most successful of the chain of ladies' stations on the Kuang-sin river. "At Yuh-shan, another very encouraging ladies' station, on our arrival, we found to our surprise that the house had been cleaned and put in order. . . . The spirit of love and unity among the four native Christians who were in responsibility during our absence is beautiful. They have been of one mind and heart all the time. . . . It is so clear that the Lord has given them a love for souls and a burning desire to do His work that they never had before."

In the next province west, Hu-nan, we hear from the comparatively new station of Ch'en-chau, from Mr. Bruce (since martyred): "Everything seems to be running smoothly here. The Sabbath services continue to be well attended. Among others whose interest in spiritual things seems to be deepening I might mention Mr. Liu, a school-teacher."

From Si-ch'uan, still farther west, Mr. James had been able to telegraph as early as December, 1900, that the native Christians at Chung-king had been greatly rejoiced at the commencing return of their missionary friends. Two or three months later, from the capital, Ch'en-tu, we hear: "The natives did not know of my coming, and it was a welcome surprise that morning when I walked in. Each one vied with the other in showing their joy over my return. The converts had all stood firm and loyal to their profession, and now they are less liable to fall away than before."

From the central province of An-huei we read: "On arrival here the service was going on in the chapel. Liu of Siang-hsien was leading. There was great joy on seeing us. The Christians were all present. The people seemed

friendly." This was at Chen-yang-kuan. From Ning-kuoh, in the same province, we read: "The Christians have, on the whole, done well."

Most of the above reports were sent in during the first three months of 1901. A little later we hear from one of the far northwestern provinces: "The meetings have been kept up very well, and many new inquirers have been added. Two have been allured by the 'golden pill' to join the Roman Catholics." (Han-chong.)

About this time it became practicable to resume work in the distracted province of Shan-tung, where the Boxer movement had its inception. The governor of this province had sought to help the native Christians in 1900, so far as he dared, by suggesting a "purely nominal" recantation, which was to be made by some leading member on behalf of each church. In this way he had hoped to avoid the difficulty of dealing with individuals, some of whom might refuse to recant. This enlightened statesman, Yuan Shi-k'ai, now did all he could to make amends for the deplorable past, and issued a proclamation so favorable to Christianity that it has often been spoken of as the "Magna Charta of Protestant Missions in Shan-tung."

When at last, in the summer of 1901, it was possible for missionaries to return to Shan-si, not only was it a pathetic experience to be on the spot where so many foreign and native Christians had suffered and fallen, but it was sad also by reason of the many who, under terrible pressure, had recanted. Happily, the leaders of the Church were the first to recognize the gravity of the mistake they had made, and with deep humiliation and tears to make confession of their sin to God. After a time of conference and prayer with the most prominent pastors and elders, Mr. Hoste appointed a committee of native Christians—men conspicuous for their piety, trustworthiness, and sound common sense—to prepare an estimate of losses at each station, with a view to compensation; the whole work being under the oversight and superintendence of duly appointed leaders. Although, as we have seen, not a few in this province had accepted the tokens of recantation, most of them, it was

found, had not really gone back, but were still true to the Lord in purpose and in life. For this, heartfelt thanksgiving went up to God.

In the autumn of 1901 work was resumed in Ho-nan, and the following reports, which had been previously sent in by leading church members, proved to be correct. In spite of very bitter persecution, "only one woman had gone back" at Siang-hsien. "We were enabled to meet together for worship just as usual and to keep the Sabbath. Although a few of the women were timid, after a little exhortation they took courage. The mandarin had issued an order that all Christians should enter their names, saying that they were willing to recant, and he would protect them. Not one of the members, however, was willing to do so; they sought to serve the Lord with greater earnestness than ever. For this we do praise God!" (Ch'en-chau.) "They met regularly on the Sabbath day to worship God." (T'ang-li, Ch'en-chau out-station.) "We have been enabled to meet together in Ko Lao-siang's house every Sunday since you left, to worship God." Another letter says that shortly after the missionaries had left, the city was in an uproar, noisy crowds clamoring for the lives of the Christians; but, it being Sunday, they met in this brother's house for public worship, and expounded the Scriptures, united in prayer and "sang the praises of God with a loud voice, and were not afraid." (T'ai-kang).

Much more of a similar nature might easily be added, but this will suffice to show that through a time of unparalleled trial and persecution the native Church, as a whole, had stood firm. A few tares had been weeded out here and there: but by far the greater part had proved to be "the good seed of the Kingdom." The churches, slightly diminished in numbers, had been greatly strengthened in purity. Even in Shan-si the most prominent of all the native

Christians, Elder Hsü, stated: "Thank the Lord, the Church of God is in the most hopeful condition, and there are signs of great interest and prosperity. Wherever we preach, the people are willing to listen to the Gospel: and what is better still, numbers have given up idolatry and are worshiping God. There are, moreover, signs of advance in the Church also." He goes on to give details of the generous gifts of the Christians toward rebuilding the churches. All had given a tenth, and some even a fifth of their compensation, which had been based on very moderate estimates. "Best of all, there are some who are serving the Lord with intense earnestness. *Praise the Lord, the sufferings of 1900 have been a great blessing to the Church.* The good are truly like gold that has been refined in the fire, while the worthlessness of the bad has become manifest. . . . 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' is certainly true!"

One more statement must be added to complete this brief review of the conditions on the field. On November 20th, 1901, Bishop Cassels, of the West China Episcopal Diocese, wrote to the Mission headquarters as follows: "There is a great movement towards Christianity spreading over this district, and there are many open doors. Scores of idols have been destroyed; hundreds of taels have been given toward preparing churches to meet in, and large numbers of Bibles have been bought; and now the people are begging me to send preachers to teach

them. The matter is urgent. There is no time to be lost. The flood tide is just coming in. . . . If we seem to turn a deaf ear to the present appeals for help, the people's hearts will harden, and they will grow careless again. . . . We must strike while the iron is hot.

"I have just returned from a forty-five days' journey into eleven different counties, covering about 1,000 miles. In twenty or thirty places I have met with companies of people, numbering from a little handful up to one or two hundred, who desired to enter the Church, and who have in some places been most importunate in their entreaties that I would send them missionaries. My native catechist was almost forcibly detained in several places, so anxious were the people to have a preacher.

"Is it not a sad picture? Churches prepared, people with Bibles in their hands, ready to be taught, and glad to kneel in prayer to God. (Oh, what a contrast with past years!) And yet no one to go and preach to them!"

Assurances have since been received that the above is largely true of the remainder of Si-ch'uan; and, indeed, with minor modifications, it describes the condition of things in many parts of the empire.

If the present condition of affairs in China means anything, it surely means—that the time is come for the Church of God to GO FORWARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OUTLOOK.

ARE there any data available by which an estimate may be formed as to the possible future of China from the Christian point of view? Anything approaching a mathematical certainty is, of course, out of the question, but there are several facts that may help in forming an opinion.

First and foremost of these is the steady progress which has been made in the work. During the last quarter of the old century there was a regular increase in the Protestant Church in China at the rate of ten or twelve per cent. every year. And this resulted in a Christian community, at the close of the nineteenth century, of a quarter of a million,* including church members, applicants for fellowship and children of believers. It is easy to see that, if this progress is maintained, the first quarter of the twentieth century will see a marked change come over the face of China, and there are many reasons for hoping that this ratio will not only be maintained but increased. Be that as it may, a simple calculation will show that at the *old* rate of progress (doubling each eight years, as it did during the last

*See also Warneck, quoted in appendix to "Martyred Missionaries," on page 323, footnote.

quarter of a century), in twenty-four years from now the Protestant community will number two millions. God grant that it may! That would be one in two hundred of the entire population, instead of about one in twelve thousand, as it was just twenty-five years ago. And yet some people say that Christianity is not overtaking heathenism!

Hand in hand with christianization will, of course, go education and material progress. A Christian community of two millions, including many of the most enlightened and most highly educated and thoughtful people in the country, would obviously go far toward forming the public opinion.

Of course there is a prior question. Will the present dispensation run on another five and twenty years? And this no man can say. But if our Lord should return sooner than some of His people expect, what could please Him better than to find His disciples earnestly working for and accomplishing the evangelization of China? For a Christian community of two millions would not only mean that that number had been brought into the Fold, but also that the remaining one hundred and ninety-nine of each two hundred would also have heard, or at least have had a chance of hearing, of the Way of Life as it is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Seeing then that a literal compliance with the desire of our Saviour Friend is so easily within the limits of practical missionary politics, why should not

the Church of Christ unite, earnestly and determinedly, to cause Him to "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?"

We are His. We live to serve Him. The very reason of our existence is that we may "glorify Him" now "and enjoy Him forever." Since this is what He bids us do, and what is actually being accomplished before our eyes, ought we not all of us to take some share in the uplifting of this most populous and most potent of the heathen races of the earth?

There are other indications, also, which point in the same direction. The present attitude of the government is not comparable with anything that has been witnessed in the past. The uniform courtesy and friendliness of mandarins all over the empire (with rare exceptions) proves, beyond a doubt, that this is the accepted policy of the government. There never has been such an opportunity before.

The war indemnity tax is, of course, an adverse element in the problem. Decimated by the foreign forces in the northeast and by the Mohammedan rebellion in the northwest, desolated by famine throughout the northern provinces, and at the best of times one of the poorest of all civilized peoples—necessarily so on account of the density of the population—this indemnity is pressing, and will press, much more heavily than is realized by the Western world. And this burden is greatly increased by the rapacity of the native officials through whose hands

the taxes have to pass. Even in ordinary times the normal land tax for governmental purposes presses heavily enough. But the interest on three hundred million dollars, together with a sinking fund of one fortieth of the principal, will be a heavy burden, indeed, and one that will be apt to create unrest and discontent among the people. That this is a very serious element of the question cannot be denied. The government understands, however, that there is nothing to do but to pay, and will probably do all in its power to maintain friendly relations.

Another grave element in the situation is the extravagant compensation demanded by the Roman Catholics all over the empire. And more serious still is their settled policy of claiming temporal power and civil authority over their adherents. This is constantly bringing them into collision with the native officials, who cannot but resent such continued interference with the process of the law.

Judged from the human standpoint, it is greatly to be regretted that two of China's most enlightened statesmen should have passed away at this juncture. On November 7th, 1901, His Excellency Li Hung-chang, for many years the prime minister of China, died, and within a year he was followed by the enlightened viceroy of Nankin, His Excellency Liu K'un-i. In them China lost two of her safest and wisest advisers, and the Foreign Powers the assistance of two diplomats who knew, better than most of their countrymen, the value of peace and the ruinous

costliness of war. Happily they are succeeded by two men equally alive to the gravity of the present situation, and the necessity of maintaining amicable relations with the West. Their Excellencies Chang Chih-tung and Yuan Shi-k'ai, may be trusted to do all in their power to avoid further trouble.

Among many other signs of the enlightened and progressive policy that has now been adopted by China may be mentioned the following:

Among the articles of the Peace Protocol, signed at Peking on September 6th, 1901, is one promising that the Chinese government will post in every county town in the empire, edicts: (*a*) Prohibiting perpetually membership in an anti-foreign society, under pain of death; (*b*) enumerating the punishments inflicted by the government on princes, officials, and others (including the death sentence on ex-Governor Yu-hsien); (*c*) suppressing examinations for five years in all towns where foreigners have been ill-treated or killed; (*d*) declaring provincial and local officials responsible in the event of further trouble.

In the spring of 1901 the highest officials in China, viceroys and governors, were commanded to report on the Emperor's reform edicts of 1898. They agreed to recommend, among others, the following improvements: (*a*) Princes and nobles should study abroad; (*b*) students of good family must study abroad before becoming officials; (*c*) all the examinations need to be thoroughly revised; (*d*) more schools and colleges are required; (*e*) the Imperial Post should be extended over the whole empire; (*f*) the silver dollar should be made the universal legal tender. (These should be adopted immediately; mining laws, etc., should follow.)

So recently as September 5th, 1902, a commercial treaty was signed with England, among the articles of which are: (*a*) China will protect British trade-marks; (*b*) will permit removal of obstructions to navigation on upper Yang-tse

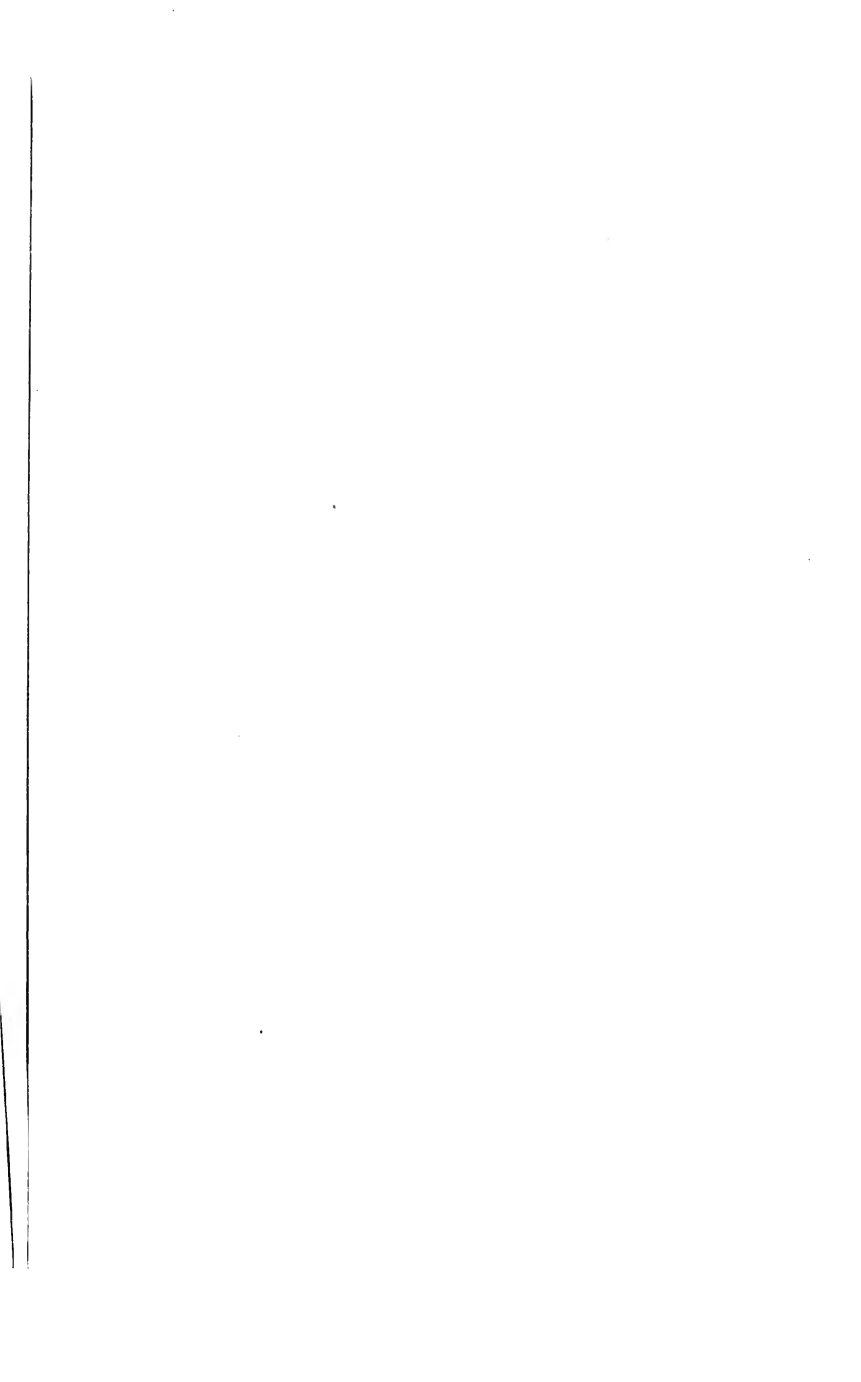
(above I-chang); (c) will provide a uniform national currency; (d) will abolish li-kin (a most galling inter-state customs tax); (e) will energetically amend existing rules for inland navigation; (f) desires to reform her judicial system in accordance with that of Western nations.

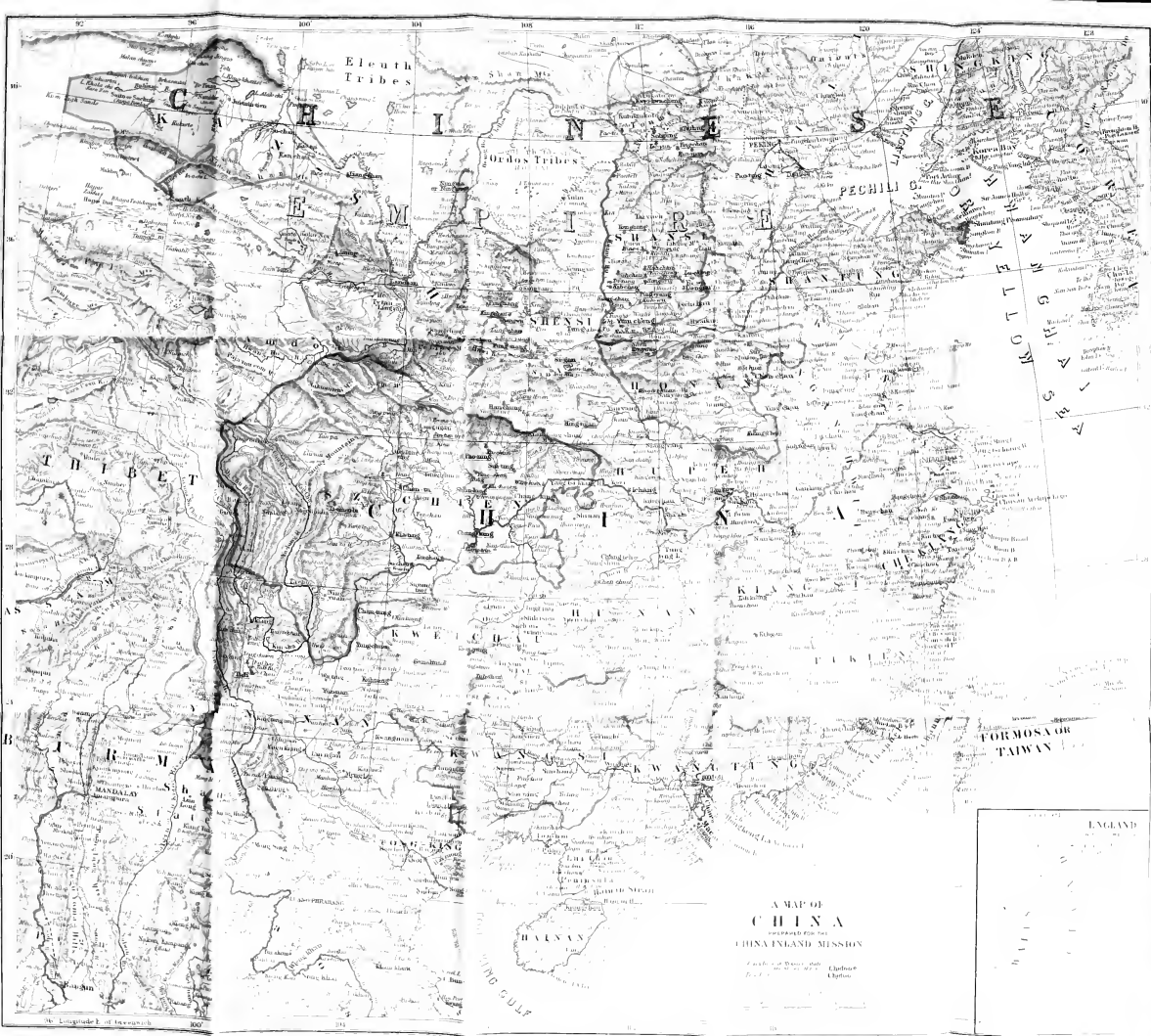
In addition to the above may be mentioned the Anglo-Japanese treaty, which was concluded on January 30th, 1902, and which should go far to maintain peace in the Orient, backed up strongly, as it is, by the community of interest of the United States. For the principal end in view in the agreement is the maintenance of (a) the integrity of the Chinese Empire, and (b) an "open door" to the commerce of the world.

These things being so—the country being more open for evangelization than ever before, the government and officials being more conciliatory and earnestly desirous for progress and reform, and being for the most part as friendly toward Protestant missionaries as one could reasonably expect, and the people being so ready to listen to the "new teaching" of Christianity, including the scholarly classes hitherto so inaccessible—it is surely incumbent upon all who love the Lord Jesus Christ to do what they can to improve the present priceless opportunity while it lasts.

To be as practical as possible, it is suggested that the reader should set aside, without delay, a convenient time, either longer or shorter, to wait upon God, asking, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

earnestly expecting guidance and determined to obey it. For the Harvest Home is drawing near, when he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together in the presence of our Lord. This blessed service is not, as we have seen, without result: nor will it be, assuredly, without commensurate reward.





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