By Love Compelled

The Call of The China Inland Mission

"The Love of Christ constraineth us."

"Because Love is the Fountain,
I discern the Stream as Love."

"THE China Inland Mission is not a Church, nor a section of the general Church, but a voluntary union of members of various denominations agreeing to band themselves together to obey the Saviour's last command in respect to China; holding in common the same fundamental truth, accepting the Directorship rule of the Mission, and receiving where needful, such ministration as God may make possible from its funds."

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THE CALL OF
THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

By

MARSHALL BROOMHALL

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Foreword

BY THE GENERAL DIRECTOR

THE China Inland Mission, since its inception, has published a number of books emphasising the subjects of "Faith," and "the Faithfulness of God," but this new volume, entitled *By Love Compelled*, is the first, so far as I am aware, in which Love rings out from every page with a marvellously clear note. Has not this love been the true motive power through the years? Notwithstanding all the sore trials and difficulties with which the Mission has been confronted, the constraining love of Christ has enabled His servants to continue in the proclamation of His glorious Gospel. Unquestionably His love is the secret of all effective service.

Love to God and love to men filled the heart of the Founder of the Mission with a deep longing desire for the souls of the dying millions of China. Let us pray that this love may ever continue to inspire the Mission in the task committed to its care—the Evangelization of Inland China. May it also bind together its members from various lands and from many branches of the Christian Church. And may it ever encourage our fellow-labourers in the home-lands, that great, loving company of earnest and devoted men and women who, for various reasons cannot go to China, but who can and do minister in numberless ways to the furtherance of the work on the Field.

After a long and intimate acquaintance with the work of

the Mission throughout the length and breadth of China, I welcome the opportunity of commending this little volume as a true and graphic story of what has been accomplished and suffered for the evangelization of that great country. The writing of the book, I am sure, has been in itself a labour of love to its author. He is widely known, has a unique knowledge of the Mission's records, and has used them with faithfulness, with literary skill and spiritual discernment. The Lord Who has guided the mind and pen of His servant will not fail to answer his prayer and mine, that the message which this book contains may reach the hearts of many and encourage them in their devotion to our Lord Who loved us and loosed us from our sins by His blood.

GEORGE W. GIBB.

Contents

Author's Preface

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in his Discourses, has told us that "the general idea constitutes real excellence. All smaller things, however excellent in their way, are to be sacrificed without mercy to the greater." This has been our aim. In this short sketch of the China Inland Mission, the writer has sought to give a living picture of the work and of the field. Details have been sacrificed without mercy. Personal names and Chinese place-names have been omitted, unless absolutely essential to the story. The letter has been subordinated to the spirit. Why Love has been taken as the motif of the little book, the first chapter will suffice to explain.

This little volume is a sketch rather than a chronicle. Such facts as have been related have been selected as typical of others which have had to be omitted. Though necessarily incomplete, we trust that this miniature will be found a true interpretation of the whole.

Three years ago the Chinese Post Office adopted a change of many Chinese place-names, to conform to republican standards. As this little volume covers the story of seventy years, it has been thought best to retain the old and familiar names.

For those who desire fuller details, an occasional footnote will direct the reader to other sources of information.

M.B.

"WHAT is the beginning? Love. What the course? Love still.
What the goal? The goal is Love on the happy hill.
Is there nothing then but Love? search we sky or earth?
There is nothing out of Love hath perpetual worth:
All things flag, but only Love; all things fail or flee;
There is nothing left but Love worthy you and me."

Christina Rossetti.

An Outlet for Love

"NOT many months after my conversion," wrote Hudson Taylor, "having a leisure afternoon I retired to my own chamber to spend it largely in communion with God. Well do I remember that occasion. How in the gladness of my heart I poured out my soul before God; and again and again confessed my grateful love to Him who had done everything for me—who had saved me when I had given up all hope and even desire for salvation—I besought Him to give me some work to do for Him, as an outlet for love and gratitude; some self-denying service, no matter what it might be, however trying or however trivial; something with which He would be pleased, and that I might do for Him who had done so much for me."

Though he was but a youth, the presence of God became unutterably real and blessed. "I remember," he wrote in later years, "stretching myself on the ground, and lying there silent before Him with unspeakable awe and unspeakable joy."

"Never shall I forget the feeling that came over me then. Words can never describe it. I felt that I was in the very presence of God, entering into a covenant with the Almighty. I felt as though I wished to withdraw my promise, but could not. Something seemed to say: 'Your prayer is answered, your conditions are accepted.' And from that time the conviction has never left me that I was called to China."

Out of this overwhelming sense of God's love, and out of his desire for an outlet for his own love and gratitude, the China Inland Mission had its conception and birth.

But that was not all. Love to God is inseparable from

love to man, and Hudson Taylor's heart was filled with a passionate desire for the good of China. "That land is ever in my thoughts," he wrote to his sister. "Poor neglected China! Scarcely anyone cares about it. And that immense country, containing nearly a fourth of the human race, is left in ignorance and darkness." The spiritual need and claims of China became the burden of his life. "Oh Mother!" he wrote, "I cannot tell you, I cannot describe how I long to be a missionary to carry the Glad Tidings to poor, perishing sinners; to spend and to be spent for Him who died for me. I feel as if I could give up everything, every idol, however dear. . . . Do we not deserve, by our worldly-mindedness, our indolence, our apathy, our ingratitude and disobedience to the Divine command, 'Go teach all nations,' do we not deserve to experience little of the love of God and the peace of Christianity?"

In the same letter to his Mother he suggests that his Father should go to China, and he offers to work as a slave and live cheaply so as to send him money. He proposes that he should come and manage his father's business to further this end, for the needs of China were like a fire in his bones.

"Oh! let us look with compassion on this multitude," he cries. "God has been merciful to us; let us be like Him. The cry comes, 'Help us, Help us!' Will no man care for their souls?" And then in an agony of mind he confesses to his mother: "I feel as if I could not live if something is not done for China."

The China Inland Mission is sometimes called a Faith Mission and so it is, but love came first. It was begotten of love, love to God and love to man. "One thing, and one thing only," wrote Hudson Taylor, "will carry men through all, and make and keep them successful; the love of Christ constraining and sustaining them is the only power. Not our love to Christ, nor, perhaps, even Christ's love to us personally; rather His love to poor

ruined sinners in us. Many waters will not quench that love, nor the floods drown it. Pray that this love may be in us, who are already in the field, and in all those who join us. This love will not be put into any one by a journey to China; if it is not there before, a change from a more to a less favourable sphere of labour is not likely to produce or develop it."

It was this flame of sacred love that had been kindled in his heart, and there it burned with an inextinguishable blaze. It is this that justifies the title of this little book. Love was the impulse, the spring and sustaining power of his life. Faith to remove mountains without love is nothing. Hudson Taylor himself summed it all up in the opening sentence of the Mission's first official document. "The China Inland Mission," he wrote, "was formed under a deep sense of China's pressing need, and with an earnest desire, constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming, to obey His command to preach the Gospel to every creature."

By love compelled Hudson Taylor sailed for China on September 19, 1853, under the Chinese Evangelization Society, and this was nearly twelve years before the formation of the present Mission. There were many lessons to be learned before he could become the leader of others. Even of Jesus Christ we read, "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." If that was true of the Master, how much more necessary is it for the disciple! As Josephine Butler once wrote: "In order to produce a movement of a vital spiritual nature someone must suffer, someone must go through sore travail of soul before a living movement, outwardly visible, can be born."

For about three years and nine months Hudson Taylor continued to labour under the auspices of the Chinese Evangelization Society, but in June, 1857, he severed his

connection with that organization. In the same month as he had landed in Shanghai the Crimea war broke out. A financial crisis followed in Europe and America. In 1857 almost every Bank in the United States stopped payment. Without establishing a connection, it is significant that at this very time the Chinese Evangelization Society fell into debt, and as Hudson Taylor felt that this was dishonouring to God, he retired from the Society and cast himself directly upon God for the supply of all his temporal needs.

"I could not think that God was poor," he wrote, "that He was short of resources, or unwilling to supply any need of whatever work was His. . . . To borrow money implied, to my mind, a contradiction of Scripture—a confession that God had withheld some good thing, and a determination to get for ourselves what He had not given. Could that which was wrong for one Christian to do, be right for an association of Christians?" Therefore to satisfy his conscientious scruples, he resigned from the Society, and out of this experience grew the faith policy of the China Inland Mission.

In the years that followed he learned, in a new way, to prove God's power and willingness to answer prayer. And this was not in finance alone, but in the varied needs and unforeseen emergencies of life. Here is one of his early testimonies on such matters.

"The writer has seen God, in answer to prayer, quell the raging of the storm, alter the direction of the wind, and give rain in the midst of a prolonged drought. He has seen Him, in answer to prayer, stay the angry passions and murderous intentions of violent men, and bring the machinations of His people's foes to nought. He has seen Him, in answer to prayer, raise the dying from the bed of death, when all human aid was vain; he has seen Him preserve from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the destruction that wasteth at noonday. For more than eight and a half years, he has proved the faithful-

ness of God in supplying the pecuniary means for his own temporal wants, and for the need of the work he has been engaged in."

This is a striking testimony, and the experiences which justified it were part of his preparation for leadership. What might have seemed a hazardous experiment to those who had not thus proved God, did not appear unreasonable to the one who had done so. The path of obedience had increased his faith, and experience had given him a larger knowledge of the character and faithfulness of God. Love had been the impelling force, while faith and knowledge followed after.

In a little booklet of Recollections written by Hudson Taylor's mother, shortly after he had sailed from Liverpool in 1853, some of the mother's words will illustrate our theme.

"Then came my moment of trial," she wrote,—"the farewell blessing, the parting embrace. . . . 'Dear Mother,' he said, 'do not weep. It is but for a little while and we shall meet again. Think of the glorious object I have in leaving you. It is not for wealth or fame, but to try to bring the poor Chinese to the knowledge of Jesus. . . .'

"As the vessel was receding he was obliged to return (to the ship), and we lost sight of him for a moment. He had run to his cabin, and hastily writing in pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket Bible, 'The love of God which passeth knowledge. J. H. T.' he came back and threw it to me on the pier."

That supreme moment revealed the master passion of his life. It was the love of God that passeth knowledge. It was that which enabled the Mother to give him up. "I am thankful," he wrote to his mother, "that you do not wish to recall the offering you made of me to the Lord. If I do not know the intensity of a mother's love, I feel so much the strength of a son's love, a brother's love, of love to friends and brethren in the Lord, that the thought

of leaving *all* seems like tearing away part of one's very self. But praise God, I know something of a Saviour's love, though but little yet. He is to me a satisfying portion, and I can truly say :

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, love and power,
And Thee my only portion make
My shield and Tower.

Hudson Taylor was a man of faith, but he was a man in whom love had the pre-eminence. " O Sovereign Lord, Thou Lover of men's souls," wrote the author of *The Wisdom of Solomon.* Hudson Taylor was one in whose heart the love of God had been shed abroad, and by love compelled he founded the China Inland Mission. Though he would have been the last to claim it, he was one in whom the Apostle John's amazing word found illustration, —" Whoso keepeth His word, in him verily hath the love of God been perfected." The China Inland Mission was " an outlet for love."

Love Finds a Way

IF ever the burden of China's need lay heavily on any man's heart it did on Hudson Taylor's. "The deep thunder of its want and woe" cried out within him. Its appeal and its urgency intensified with the passing years. "I feel as if I could not live if something is not done for China," was what he wrote to his mother when he was a youth in his teens. He was only twenty-one when he sailed for the land he loved. And close contact with the Chinese people only increased his sense of their need.

Hudson Taylor's early years in China were full of trial. The horrors of the Taiping rebellion entered into his soul. Perplexities and misunderstandings almost overwhelmed him. "Few can realize," he wrote, "how distressing to so young and untried a worker these difficulties seemed, or the intense loneliness of a pioneer." Life was a stern school and there were some hard and painful lessons to be learned.

Invalided home in 1860 he entered into a new period of preparation. Debarred from service on the field, he laboured at the revision of the Ningpo New Testament, and learned to pray with a new fervour for the land of his adoption. Two things happened. While in China the pressure of local demands had obscured the claims of the wider field, but at home, with a map of the whole Empire ever before him, he had a wider vision which profoundly affected his future. In the few centres in which he had laboured he had recognized the radical nature of the need, but now he realized its vast extent.

But while he was increasingly feeling the measure of the need, the intensive study of God's Word, for the purposes of revising the Ningpo version, fulfilled another and

unexpected end. "Without those months of feeding and feasting on the Word of God," he wrote, "I should have been quite unprepared to form, on its present basis, a Mission like the China Inland Mission. I saw that the Apostolic plan was not to raise ways and means, but to go and do the work, trusting the sure word, which had said: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

It was at this time that he began to write a little volume entitled *China: its spiritual need and claims.* This was not a large book, being only about 130 pages in extent, but it was, in Milton's phrase, "the precious life blood of a master spirit." It was vital in every way. It was full of information, yet it pulsed with life and feeling. It was a *cri de coeur.* There were facts revealing unutterable need and they came white-hot from the writer's soul. These facts he sought by plain statement, by argument and by appeal to impress upon the hearts and consciences of the readers. And all through the little book, like a refrain, the following solemn words of Scripture were repeated again and again. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain: if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

This little book was more than a year in preparation, for during the writing of it Hudson Taylor passed through one of the most momentous crises of his life. The story has often been told, but it must be repeated in brief, for it directly concerns the birth of the Mission.

Though sorely burdened with China's need, he strenuously sought to avoid the founding of a new organization. Existing missionary societies were visited and urged to consider the claims of Inland China. But their hands were full, their funds were short, and Inland China was considered closed. There was no relief that way. The

burden increased, but he resolutely resisted all thoughts of an independent work demanding his own personal leadership. It was true that he had encouraged five workers to go forth for work in the province of Chekiang, but to attempt anything for the whole Empire was another proposition. The subject now became a crucial and cardinal controversy between his soul and God.

He knew that if he prayed for workers they would be given. He had no doubt that, in answer to prayer, the funds would be supplied, but he was staggered at the new and great responsibilities involved. Like Moses he cried: "Oh, Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send." "Who am I that I should go?" But as he resisted the Call of God, a sense of blood-guiltiness took possession of him. From the pressure on his soul he had no rest day or night.

"For two or three months," he wrote, "the conflict was intense. I scarcely slept night or day more than an hour at a time, and feared I should lose my reason. Yet I did not give in."

Mr. George Pearse, an old and honoured friend, seeing his strained condition, but without divining the reason, invited him to visit Brighton for his health. It was there, out on the sands of the seashore, that the crisis was met and conquered. The story must be told in his own words.

"On Sunday, June 25th, 1865, unable to bear the sight of a congregation of a thousand or more Christian people rejoicing in their own security, while millions were perishing for lack of knowledge, I wandered out on the sands alone, in great spiritual agony, and there the Lord conquered my unbelief, and I surrendered myself for this service. I told Him that all the responsibility as to issues and consequences must rest with Him, that as His servant, it was mine to obey and follow Him—His to direct, to care for, and to guide me and those who might labour with me."

His Bible was in his hand, and in the portion for that day were the words of Job:

" Oh that my words were now written !
Oh that they were inscribed in a book !
That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock for ever ! "

It was a remarkable passage to come in that day's reading. There and then he wrote his own prayer upon the margin of that Bible, above the words of Job, and there they can be read to-day. This is what he wrote :

"*Prayed for twenty-four willing, skilful labourers at Brighton, June* 25, 1865."

The number twenty-four was so as to allow two persons for each of the eleven provinces which were without a single Protestant missionary, and two for Mongolia. The conflict was ended and peace and gladness filled his soul.

Two days later Hudson Taylor opened a Bank account in London in the name of the China Inland Mission. This was the first time the name of the new organization appeared and the sum with which the account was opened was £10 ! The amount is startling in its insignificance. Ten Pounds with which to found a Mission ! But, as George Macdonald, the well-known poet, who knew nothing about the China Inland Mission, wrote in another connection, " It is all the same to God whether we begin with ten pounds or a thousand."*

* See *Hudson Taylor : the man who believed God.* Hodder & Stoughton 2s.

Love's Adventure

WITHIN less than twelve months from that memorable day at Brighton, Hudson Taylor had sailed for China with a party, including himself, of eighteen adults and four children. This was, up to that date, the largest missionary company that had ever sailed for the foreign field, and what is equally significant, the company contained no fewer than nine single women. What is almost equally startling is the fact that their destination was Inland China. On all counts it was a great and striking undertaking, whether the size, the constitution, or the destination of the party be considered. Further, there was no wealthy Church or organization behind the bold enterprize. There was no human guarantee of income, nothing indeed except the promises of God. However viewed, it was a great adventure, but "the noble love of Jesus spurs us on to do great things. Love complains not of impossibility, because it thinks that it may and can do all things." Let us briefly trace some of the steps leading up to this move.

When Hudson Taylor had come to a decision, as he did at Brighton, he was not the man to hesitate in taking action. At meetings and conventions and in other ways the intended venture of faith was made known. In a short time more than forty candidates offered themselves, and from among these the band was selected. Already nine workers had sailed for China, and more than one hundred converts had been baptised. With the sailing of the *Lammermuir* party on May 26, 1866, the little Mission launched out into the deep. At such a time it was right and necessary that some simple arrangements and regulations should be made.

Among Hudson Taylor's tried and trusted friends was

Mr. W. T. Berger of East Grinstead, a prosperous merchant. He kindly undertook to be responsible for the Home end of the work, to receive, acknowledge and forward any freewill offerings, and to interview and accept candidates for the field.

The more important of the conditions governing the work at that stage were the following: The Mission was to be evangelical and interdenominational in character. There were to be no collections or authorized appeals for funds. All workers were to wear Chinese dress, and were to conform, as far as possible, to the social conditions of the people among whom they dwelt.

It is difficult in retrospect to realize what this undertaking meant to those engaged in it. Such a departure was a daring adventure. There was no precedent for it, and it was only natural that disaster should be prophesied by some. One good friend, a sympathetic and experienced Minister, said to Hudson Taylor: "You are making a great mistake in going to China with no organization behind you. We live in a busy world, and you will all be forgotten, and the Mission won't live seven years." It was a natural prediction, and, if the Lord had not been on the side of His servants, that is what probably would have happened. But Hudson Taylor believed the work was of God, and that God was the author of eternal salvation to them that obey Him. He summed up his position in these few words:

"There is a living God.

"He has spoken in the Bible.

"He means what He says, and will do all that He has promised."

But daring as Hudson Taylor was, he was not presumptuous. He never moved before he was convinced he knew God's mind, and even then he realized the vital importance of waiting unceasingly upon God. The last day of the old year, 1865, was set apart as a day for prayer and fasting—a custom which still continues.

"We have concluded," he wrote to his friends, "to set

apart Saturday next for devotional exercises. We have now arrived at a very momentous stage of our work. . . . We have undertaken to work in the interior of China, looking to the Lord for help of all kinds. This we can only do in His strength, and if we are to be much used by Him, we must live very near Him. We propose, therefore, to seek the Lord, both in private and unitedly, by prayer and fasting."

Early in the new year, 1866, the first official organ of the new Mission appeared. It was entitled *Occasional Papers*. In the first issue Hudson Taylor stated that he hoped to sail in May with a party of workers and that the estimated cost of passages and outfits would be from £1,500 to £2,000. Owing to a fire at the printing works there were about five weeks of unexpected delay in the delivery of this first number, and during this interval £1,974 had been received. It became necessary to include an inset in the little magazine stating that the desired sum had already been received in answer to prayer. "Truly," wrote Hudson Taylor, "there is a LIVING GOD, and He is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer."

This experience was no small encouragement, and there was more to follow. Early in May Hudson Taylor was invited to speak on China at the village of Whetstone, his host, Colonel Puget, living in the beautiful neighbourhood of Totteridge. Though it had been arranged that there should be no collection, Colonel Puget, towards the end of the meeting, rose and urged that an offertory be permitted. As Hudson Taylor felt that this would be a departure from the principle he had been led to adopt, he withheld his consent.

"You made a great mistake," said his host to him at supper. Hudson Taylor explained his position, and his desire not to appear as a rival to other societies. The matter was dropped, but at breakfast the following morning Colonel Puget confessed that had there been a collection he had intended to give £5, but that he had been so exercised

during the night that he wished to give £500. This was on Thursday, the 3rd of May, and on Hudson Taylor's plate was a letter from a shipping firm offering him all the accommodation on the *Lammermuir* which was to sail later in the same month. This cheque for £500, and this offer of the entire cabin space on this vessel, shortly to sail for Shanghai, was too striking a coincidence to be forgotten. The party to sail had grown since the issue of the magazine mentioned above, and the expenses had correspondingly increased. Here indeed was a Gideon's fleece.

With the cheque in his pocket Hudson Taylor went straight to the docks to inspect the ship, and being satisfied with its accommodation he paid over the cheque of £500 on account. Thus was this momentous step ratified by God.

Saturday, May 26, 1866, dawned at last, and the *Lammermuir* party sailed for their distant field of labour. It was a memorable day in the history of the Mission, and its anniversary has ever since been set aside as a day of prayer and fasting. While, as already mentioned, nine workers had preceded it, the going forth of this large company had something of finality in it. It was like the burning of their boats behind them.

For four months this valiant band was at sea. They had launched out into the deep, venturing their all upon God. Apart from Mr. and Mrs. Berger and a few praying friends at home, they had cut themselves adrift from the old country. And they went out not knowing whither they went, for China was a hostile land and they had no assured base there to welcome them. They had forsaken all, they were venturing all, yet they were unafraid. The fate of the whole Mission was in that little barque, and how nearly she was lost the following extracts from one of Hudson Taylor's letters will show.

"The jibs and stay-sails gave way early this morning (September 22). So fearful was the sea that the men refused to go out and secure them. . . . Soon after this

the lee upper bulwarks, began to give way, and before long all this side was overboard. Next the jib-boom and flying jib-boom gave way, followed immediately by the foretop and top-gallant masts and the maintop-gallant mast. They hung by the wire shrouds, swinging about most fearfully, owing to the heavy rolling of the ship.

" The appearance of things was now truly terrific. . . . Prayer to God was our only resource. The sailors, paralysed, gave up work. The probability seemed that our hours, if not minutes, were numbered. I kissed the dear children, and with the young men of our party went out and set to work, hoping to encourage the others. Commending ourselves to God, we began to secure the floating things and cut away the wreckage. This stimulated some of the crew to help us."

The full story of those terrific days cannot be epitomised. The ship was labouring heavily and taking in water. All hands, women included, had to assist at the pumps. In the mercy of God the little company weathered the storm, though it was a sorely battered and dismantled vessel that was towed into Shanghai waters on Sunday morning, the last day of September. This experience was typical of much in the history of the Mission. The answer of death has stared the Mission in the face many a time, in order that it might trust in the living God who raiseth the dead.

Love Laughs at Rough Places

SHANGHAI, the desired haven, had been reached, but it was the beginning and not the end of difficulties. The storms at sea had been surmounted, but new antagonisms loomed ahead. Such an enterprize did not commend itself to the foreign community in Shanghai, and the coming of such a party could not be hid. That anyone should contemplate the taking of single women up country, and that they should conform to Chinese dress and manners of life, was repugnant to many and aroused much indignation and strong criticism. " Hudson Taylor must be mad and should be put under restraint," was said by some. But painful as such comments were, there were sterner problems to be faced. To find a home for such a band, all new and inexperienced workers, was a delicate and formidable undertaking.

A foretaste of God's provision was experienced in Shanghai. The expensive accommodation of a foreign hotel, even if it could have been secured, was out of the question, but Mr. Gamble of the American Presbyterian Mission, an old friend of Hudson Taylor's early days in China, placed an empty warehouse, as well as his own bachelor quarters, at their disposal. The *Lammermuir* had been no modern, luxury liner, and after the rough time at sea in a sailing ship, a safe warehouse was almost like a bed of clover. It was God's provision and something for which to give thanks.

Hangchow, the capital of Chekiang, was selected as a desired base, and after a delay of nearly three weeks, during which time Hudson Taylor had been studying the situation, the party set off by boat for this famous city described by Marco Polo many centuries before. Any kind of reception

was possible, anything from a riot to an official interdict, so that circumspection was essential. To cut a long story short, the city was reached on Friday, November 27, 1866, and was entered by water unobserved at dusk. The premises secured could hardly be called inviting, but they were entered with grateful rejoicing, for love makes rough places smooth.

"There is a deficiency in the wall of my own bedroom six feet by nine, closed with a sheet," wrote Hudson Taylor, and then added facetiously, as was his wont, "so that the ventilation is decidedly free!" But such discomforts in presence of spiritual destitution were as dust in the balance.

The spirit in which the future was faced cannot be better revealed than by recalling the watchword chosen for the coming year. On the last day of 1866, the day of prayer and fasting, the prayer of Jabez was made their petition. It reads, "Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me and that Thou wouldest keep me from the evil, that it may not grieve me!" No more beautiful prayer could have been chosen, and the prayer was answered. Before the new year had closed, the borders of the little Mission had been enlarged to eight stations, the most remote being twenty-four days apart. Again, during the following year, 1868, the headquarters of the Mission were moved from Hangchow to the ancient city of Yangchow, situated some distance up the Yangtse river.

At this point it should be stated that the operations of the Mission were, from its outset, both systematic and methodical. The charge of aimless wanderings was, in the early years, directed against the Mission as it was against Livingstone in Africa. "A few, I understand," wrote Livingstone, "have styled my efforts as 'wanderings.' The very word contains a lie, coiled like a serpent in its bosom." In Hudson Taylor's case a careful study of the map of China and of St. Paul's journeys had led him to a

definite course of action. His aim was to occupy the strategic centres, first the provincial capitals, then the chief prefectures, and then the smaller towns and villages. With the chief cities occupied there was less likelihood of opposition from subordinate officials. Had the reverse method been attempted, the smaller officials would have resisted what their superiors had not countenanced.

Let us, at this stage, make a brief survey of the position. After spending eighteen months around Ningpo, Mr. Stott visited the city of Taichow and thence, in company with Mr. Jackson, proceeded to Wenchow, the most southerly city in the province. This city of temples, situated on an arm of the sea, had been untouched by the Taiping rebels. For three months Mr. Stott and his companion could gain no better foothold than an inn, until a house was offered by a poverty-stricken opium smoker. Even from this home Mr. Stott would have been ejected had not his weakness been his strength. He was a cripple, having lost one leg as a boy. As a candidate for the mission field this physical limitation was suggested to him as a disqualification, but, nothing daunted, he replied that he thought the Scriptures said, "the lame shall take the prey!" In his case this proved literally true, for his crippled state disarmed suspicion.

For twenty-three years George Stott was spared to build up a Church in Wenchow. For nearly two years he dwelt alone, never seeing another European face, and suffering much from opposition and from trials of faith. For three weeks, on one occasion, he was without a dollar in the house. To withdraw would have been fatal, but impossible as it appeared his needs were locally supplied. The story is too long to record here, but the following testimony will reveal George Stott's spirit.

"My tongue would fail to tell you the joy I had with God during those days. I shall remember, I think, as long as life or reason remains, how I sat sometimes for two hours together upon the floor of my bedroom and lifted

up my heart to my God, and sometimes I felt almost like stretching out my hands to embrace my dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I had some of the nearest approaches to God during those twenty or twenty-one days that I ever experienced in my life, and God kept me in perfect peace. I think I never doubted that help would come."

It was during those testing days that he received a letter to say that his bride was on the sea and nearing China's shores. "I dare say many would think," he wrote, "that it was not a very bright prospect to get married on. Well, I found God faithful, for before she arrived I was delivered out of that trouble." For many years after his death in 1889, Mrs. Stott continued to labour in the same city.

From Wenchow, in the extreme south of Chekiang, let us pass to Nanking, the capital of Kiangsu and now the seat of China's Government. Two months before George Stott had entered Wenchow, George Duncan had arrived at the gates of China's ancient capital. The city had lost much of its former splendour, for as the headquarters of the Taiping rebellion it had been overthrown by Gordon and had suffered the inevitable devastations of war. But its renown remained and the authorities were determined to keep the hated foreigner out. Secret orders had been sent to every householder and to all inn-keepers not to entertain the stranger. But George Duncan, an imperturbable Scot, was not to be daunted.

In the centre of the city stood, and still stands, the Drum Tower with a small temple on its flat roof. From its summit the whole city can be surveyed, and its drum was used to sound the alarm in case of fire. The priest in charge of the Temple was not unfriendly to the foreigner, for had he not, like himself, left home and people to spread religious truth? Thus it came to pass that George Duncan slept in the Drum Tower Temple at night, and preached the Gospel in the city by day. Just a month after his entry into the city he succeeded in renting a portion of two

rooms, one upstairs for a bedroom, and a strip, only six feet wide, below, which he opened as a street chapel.

Now George Duncan had given Hudson Taylor the name of a local Bank in Nanking to which money might be sent. But that Bank had no branch in Hangchow and every effort to transmit money failed. The inevitable happened. Despite every possible economy, George Duncan's funds became exhausted. His servant offered to lend him money, but Duncan would not borrow. His faithful servant then gave him all that he possessed. In due course that was spent and yet relief had not arrived. At this stage Duncan's colporteur gave him his last ten dollars. Hudson Taylor, three hundred miles away, divined that things must be going hard with the sturdy pioneer and dispatched a fellow-worker to take funds to Nanking with all speed. When, at length, relief arrived, George Duncan had spent the last dollar and there was no provision left for another day. Encouraged by this timely relief George Duncan continued to labour in Nanking until his return to England some five years later. His desire to return to the field was not realized, for he died at home in 1873. He will, however, be remembered as the first Protestant missionary to reside in China's present Capital and ancient Metropolis under former dynasties.

Love Suffers

IT is easy to sing, " Like a mighty army moves the Church of God," but the words do not represent the facts. The truth is that a few brave and defenceless pioneers dare to advance into hostile territory and establish lonely outposts. The weakness of the advance-guard and the formidable forces opposed to them stand in striking contrast. The disparity is so great that a superstitious people are naturally suspicious. Unable to believe in disinterested love, the motives for such a proceeding are suspect. It is easy therefore for anti-foreign officials and hostile scholars to fan the flames of fear and hate.

In justice to China it must be acknowledged that there was much in the early intercourse of the West with the East to awaken resentment. It is only necessary to read the records of the Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch adventurers, not to speak of the nations that followed them, to find an explanation. And we have only to recall the suspicions that were rife among ourselves a few centuries ago, to understand the fictions and fabrications that gained credence in China. Stories telling of the kidnapping of children, of the extracting of eyes and hearts for the making of medicine were published and believed. And the Roman Catholic practice of extreme unction, and other customs, gave support to these beliefs. And when behind all there are the spiritual hosts of darkness, the missionaries' task of proclaiming a new and strange doctrine is beset with superhuman difficulties.

In those early days few cities were opened to the Gospel without a riot or some serious disturbance. A record of these would fill a volume. All we can do, in the space at our disposal, is to illustrate the serious nature of these

painful ordeals by a brief reference to one occasion. Within twelve months of the arrival of the *Lammermuir* party at Hangchow there had been two riots at least, one at Siaoshan and another at Huchow. It is easy to read this bare statement, but it was another thing to pass through the experiences. In the following year of 1868 there was the famous riot at Yangchow of which we must write more fully. There was another riot in 1869, this time at Anking, and in 1870 there was the terrible massacre at Tientsin when more than twenty foreigners, mostly French, and some thirty or forty Chinese converts were killed. That we may enter somewhat into the atmosphere of those days, let us look more closely at two of the outstanding events.

Leaving Hangchow in May, 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, accompanied by a few workers, proceeded by boat along the Grand Canal to Chinkiang on the Yangtse, whence they pressed on to the famous city of Yangchow. This place was reached on June 1, and after prolonged negotiations, during which time some thirty houses were inspected, possession of one of these was secured on July 20. This was, of course, the season of great heat so trying to Europeans. Unfortunately, owing to unforeseen opposition at Chinkiang, some of the workers settled there came on to Yangchow, thus increasing the number of foreigners present in a new centre.

For the first fortnight the excessive curiosity of the people was troublesome but not dangerous. Then, owing to a rebuff given to the British Consul at Chinkiang, and the organized hostility of the scholars, the situation became alarming. Handbills were circulated throughout the city containing the foulest charges. These were followed by posters stating that children had been eaten and the eyes of the dying removed. A still more vile accusation was placarded up on Sunday, August 16.

All possible steps were taken to disabuse the minds of the people. The inspection of the premises was invited, while the Prefect was warned of the impending danger.

On Saturday, August 22, the storm burst. It had been stated that twenty-four children had disappeared, with the result that the Mission house was besieged by an angry mob. Despite notification the Prefect remained inactive. To tell the full story is impossible. Under cover of darkness Hudson Taylor and George Duncan managed to reach the Yamen. For nearly three hours they were kept in acute suspense waiting on an evasive and exasperating official. Meanwhile the Mission premises had been fired from outside. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Blatchley had to jump from the upper storey, and both received injuries in so doing. Mr. Reid, while trying to break the ladies' fall, was struck in the eye with a brickbat and nearly blinded for life. Only the tardy action of the officials saved the lives of the company.

This terrible riot received undesired notoriety. The British authorities in China, having long been aggravated by other insults, were determined upon making this a test case, and a naval force was sent up the Yangtse. The result was an anti-missionary article in *The Times* and a debate in Parliament in which Foreign Missions were attacked. Much against the Mission's desire this riot became a *cause célèbre*.

The spirit in which this terrible experience was suffered may best be shown by two brief quotations. Mrs. Hudson Taylor wrote home as follows :—

"I shall count our physical sufferings light and our mental anxieties, severe though they were, well repaid, if they may work out for the further opening up of the country to us for the spread of our Master's Kingdom."

And Hudson Taylor, writing to friends at home a fortnight after the great ordeal, said :

"We are not disappointed, we are not daunted. We expected to meet with difficulties, but we counted on God's help and protection ; and so far from being disheartened, we take courage from the goodness of God to us in our extreme peril ; and from the very opposition of

Satan are the more determined to continue the conflict."

No one would imagine from the reading of those brave words that the riot had coincided with the first anniversary of the death of their eldest and beloved daughter Gracie, or that their other children had been with them.

Despite these trying times the work of God did not halt. Two new provinces, Anhwei and Kiangsi, were entered during the following year and settled work established. But the atmosphere was electric and presaged another storm. Even the Viceroy at Nanking was assassinated. Deep and widespread alarms shook the very foundations of Chinese society. It is impossible to describe the anger and fury of the people. Suspicion was strong against the Roman Catholics, and at Nanking serious trouble was only averted by the Viceroy's inspection of the Roman Catholic buildings. At Tientsin similar excitement arose, and in June, 1870, the mob was let loose.

First the French Consul was killed, then the French Cathedral was set on fire. For three hours murder, arson and plunder followed. The victims were the French Consul and his Chancellor, ten Sisters of Mercy, two Priests, four other French men and women, and three Russians mistaken for French. The bodies of the slain were mutilated. In addition, four British and American Chapels were plundered and damaged.

As the news of these atrocities only reached Europe several days after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, the French Government was helpless. Their incapacity, and their humiliation before Prussia, were regarded by the Chinese as proof of their guilt and of Heaven's displeasure.

Beset from without, the Mission was also assailed from within. Mrs. Hudson Taylor died a few weeks after the massacre just mentioned, and during the following year failing health and other causes compelled Hudson Taylor to leave the field and visit the home country. But though

faint the workers still pursued. When Hudson Taylor sailed for England there were thirteen central stations, on an average of one hundred miles apart. The prayer of Jabez for enlargement had indeed been answered, for the little Mission was then only six years old.

Love Undaunted

THOUGH sorely bereaved, though seriously crippled by a fall, though saddened by the death of valued helpers, though funds were low, Hudson Taylor was undaunted. "Love carries a burden without being burdened." The faithfulness of God and the ever-fresh supplies of grace were living realities. If the trials were acute, God's aid was adequate. The difficulties loomed up like mountains, but faith laughs at impossibilities and cries: "It shall be done."

"Why are ye so fearful?" Christ asked His disciples in a storm. It seems a strange question when the boat was nigh unto sinking, but faith looks beyond the obvious. "I feel no anxiety," wrote Hudson Taylor, "though for a month past I have not had a dollar in hand for the general purposes of the Mission." Believing that it was possible through Christ to do all things, he considered not his weakness, but crippled on his couch as he was, he sent forth an Appeal for Eighteen workers for the nine unoccupied provinces. There were more than two hundred Roman Catholic priests in those provinces, but not a single Protestant representative. So, nothing daunted and nothing doubting, he dared to attempt the seemingly hopeless task. He saw no scriptural justification for merely trying, for he believed that what was commanded must be possible. Sixty candidates responded to the Appeal, from which number eighteen were chosen and sent forth.

Suddenly at this juncture Mr. A. R. Margary, a British Consular officer, was murdered in West China, with every appearance of connivance by the Chinese authorities. For eighteen months the Chinese Government evaded the

issue, until the British Minister at Peking hauled down his flag and left the Capital. War seemed imminent, but at the last moment H.E. Li Hung-chang followed Sir Thomas Wade to the coast, where the Chefoo Convention was signed on September 18, 1876. By this Agreement freedom to travel in the interior was fully recognized.

The Appeal for the Eighteen was justified. The men were already on the field and waiting for the open door. Without delay the opportunity was seized and widespread itinerations began. From every point of view the move was vindicated. The Convention, instead of becoming a dead letter, was established by immediate use. All of the nine unoccupied provinces were entered, valuable information was secured, and settled work was established in several of them. To follow these journeys in detail is not possible, but reference must be made to two outstanding events. Mr. John McCarthy travelled on foot right across China, being the first non-official traveller in modern times to cross the country from east to west. During the more than seven months he was upon the road he was never once asked for his passport, nor did he at any time have to appeal to any official for help.

The journeys of James Cameron were even more remarkable. Not inaptly, he may be called the Livingstone of China. Travelling always on foot, he traversed seventeen of the eighteen provinces, and also journeyed extensively in Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, Burma and the island of Hainan. He was a tough Scotsman with an extraordinary capacity and willingness to endure hardship. In a little more than three years from the issue of the Appeal, these early pioneers had travelled some thirty thousand miles, and that at a time when a day's journey seldom exceeded thirty miles.

All of these journeys had a definite object, namely to establish localized work, but at the same time they had a valuable evangelistic purpose. Scriptures and tracts were left in countless centres to bear their witness. One direct

result was the establishment of twelve workers in four provinces.

It was not long before women also ventured forth in similar pioneer work. Being less open to suspicion than men, they were, in some cases, able to go where men could not. Some of them crossed the hostile province of Hunan, and later, in the Spring of 1886, the Kwangsin river district was set apart as a special sphere for women's work. It may be doubted whether in any other mission field such a unique adventure can be seen. All of the stations on the Kwangsin river were manned by women only.

No province manifested a hostility to be compared with Hunan. That province, peopled by a fine race, evinced an inveterate hatred of the foreigner. It is no exaggeration to say that its closed gates were literally stormed by prayer and patient effort. In 1875 Mr. C. H. Judd visited the province and faced much peril, but Adam Dorward became its pioneer *par excellence*. For eight years, from 1880 to 1888, when he died from dysentery, he traversed the province from end to end time and time again. There were few cities he did not enter, though he was frequently stoned and roughly handled. All this time, with the exception of a few days, he had no place he could call his own, for like the Son of Man he had not where to lay his head. "I long to be alone with God and have a time of quiet," he once wrote home. But such expressions were seldom made by him. Once he did succeed in renting a house, but the mob almost immediately broke in and threatened to destroy the property. Only consideration for the landlord constrained him to retire. "I would rather have died than yield," was what he wrote, "but I could not feel justified in causing another to suffer—perhaps more than I should." Adam Dorward, as a candidate, had offered for Tibet as the hardest field he knew, but Hunan in those days was a not less perilous sphere. He died not having received the promises, but having greeted them from afar.

As a medical man Hudson Taylor realized the advantages of medical work. In the early days of the Mission considerable dispensary work was undertaken by experienced but unqualified workers. Some of these men, like Harvey and Douthwaite, came home later and took their medical degrees, but it was not until Harold Schofield went out in 1880 that medical work can be said to have been definitely established by the Mission. Harold Schofield's career was short, but exceptionally brilliant. As a student he had taken £1,400 in scholarships and he had over forty certificates of honours. After his death a little slip of paper was found among these diplomas on which he had written: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." Such was Harold Schofield. Having served in medical work during the wars between Russia and Turkey and during the conflict between Turkey and Servia, he was ready for pioneer medical service in China at a time when an elaborate equipment was impossible and even inadvisable. His actual service in the field did not much exceed three years, but his example and his story animated others to follow in his footsteps. He died from typhus fever, contracted from a patient admitted by the gate-keeper into a private room without the doctor's knowledge. Like Henry Martyn, Bishop Hannington and others, his short life bore abundant fruit.

Two far-reaching developments fall within the period of Dr. Schofield's three years in China. One of these was the establishment of a School for missionaries' children at Chefoo. This is a story in itself, which cannot be told here. With funds supplied, mainly by special gifts, extensive premises have been erected at Chefoo which permit of the children of missionaries being educated in China, without half the globe separating them from their parents. Here hundreds of boys and girls have secured their Oxford examination certificates, or exemption from the London matriculation. The family problem is one of the most poignant of the missionary's life, and what these

schools have done towards solving it can never be told.

The other event was the sending of an Appeal for Seventy new workers. The decision to do this was made at a missionary conference at Wuchang in November, 1881, but it was not issued until it had been signed by nearly every member of the Mission. The Appeal was published early in 1883, and by the end of 1884, when the Mission was twenty years old, the Seventy, and more, were upon the field. One beautiful incident in connection with this forward movement was the anonymous gift of £4,000 from one family, in the Christian names of the father, mother and five children. "A beautiful instance this," wrote Hudson Taylor, "of a loving father who seeks that each of his family may have treasure in heaven."

Love's Enthusiasm

FOR the greater part of the first two decades the work had been carried on quietly and without any great publicity, but in the twentieth year of the Mission's history there came an extraordinary outburst of missionary enthusiasm. It was a direct and fitting sequel to Messrs. Moody and Sankey's second Mission in Great Britain. Not only were the masses moved by the two evangelists, but the Universities of England and Scotland also. The spiritual uplift at Cambridge found expression in the startling announcement that C. T. Studd, the Captain of the Cricket Eleven, and Stanley Smith, the Stroke of the 'Varsity Eight, were going forth as missionaries to China. But this was not all.

The actual formation of the well-known Cambridge Band extended over the greater part of a year. There was D. E. Hoste, an officer in the Royal Artillery; Stanley P. Smith, Stroke of the Cambridge Eight; C. T. Studd, Captain of the University Eleven and a prominent member of the All-England Cricket Team; Montagu Beauchamp, nephew of Lord Radstock and stroke of one of the Cambridge Trial Eights; W. W. Cassels, curate at All Saints, Lambeth; Cecil Polhill-Turner, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards or Queen's Bays; and Arthur Polhill-Turner, a post-graduate student at Ridley Hall. "The influence of such a band of men going forth to China as missionaries was irresistible," wrote Dr. Eugene Stock, of the Church Missionary Society. "No such event had occurred before," he added, "and no event of the century had done so much to arouse the minds of Christian men to the tremendous claims of the Field, and the nobility of the missionary vocation."

The effect throughout the country, and especially in University centres was electric. It is impossible to exaggerate the enthusiasm evoked. Farewell meetings were held in numerous places, as well as in the University towns in England and Scotland. Opposition and criticism were disarmed and professors and students were sometimes seen in tears together. At one meeting sixty persons professed conversion. No description can convey to those not present the fervour of those gatherings. The normal circulation of *China's Millions* rose from twelve to fifty thousand for a brief period. Fifteen thousand copies of a volume entitled *The Missionary Band* were sold immediately, and a copy was graciously accepted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The tide of blessing continued to rise at home and abroad. From a gathering held in Peking an Appeal was sent forth, by a company of senior missionaries, asking for united prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Blessing followed a series of Conferences in Shansi, where Hudson Taylor had gone with some of the party. On this occasion Pastor Hsi was set apart as a Superintendent Pastor, while other Chinese were appointed to various offices.

It was during this time of uplift that faith aspired to the idea of a hundred new workers. Mr. J. W. Stevenson wrote from Shansi to Mrs. Hudson Taylor as follows: "The blessing into which we have been brought through Christ will never be exhausted. It is now flowing fuller and deeper every day. We are greatly encouraged out here and are definitely asking and receiving by faith blessing for this hungry and thirsty land. We are fully expecting at least one hundred fresh labourers to arrive in China in 1887."

But enthusiasm was not allowed to run riot. In the autumn of that year, 1886, the first meetings of the China Council of the Mission met to organize and consolidate the work. These meetings were preceded by a prolonged

period of prayer and fasting, and a few days after the close of the session a cable was sent home by Hudson Taylor saying: "Join us in prayer for a hundred new missionaries in 1887."

This was a tremendous request for a Mission only twenty-two years old. It entailed rapid expansion and corresponding developments at home and abroad. It also called for a rapid rise in the Mission's income. It taxed the resources of the Home Department, for about six hundred candidates applied, and it imposed heavy burdens on the administration on the field. The hundred new workers sailed during the year 1887, and the income rose from £22,000 to £33,700, and that without any appeal. Eleven contributions alone supplied no less than £10,000, and thus little extra strain was imposed upon the financial department at home.

So confident was Hudson Taylor that God would answer prayer that at the Annual Meetings in London on May 26, 1887, he said: "We have been led to pray for one hundred new workers this year. We have the sure word, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' Resting on this promise, it would not have added to our confidence one whit, if, when we began to pray in November, my brother-in-law, Mr. Broomhall, had sent me a printed list of one hundred accepted candidates. We had been spending some days in fasting and prayer for guidance and blessing before the thought was first suggested to our mind. We began the matter aright—with God—and we are quite sure we shall end aright."

There is something arresting about such confidence, and this expectation was abundantly fulfilled. And God gave His exceeding and abundant answer. In the autumn of the very year in which the members of The Hundred were sailing, Mr. Henry W. Frost, a young American, came over to England to invite Hudson Taylor to visit his country. The burden of China's need had been

heavily laid upon his heart. Hudson Taylor's mind was at that time definitely set against any international development of the work, but in consequence of this and other invitations, one being from Mr. D. L. Moody, he promised to visit North America on his way back to China. This he did in the summer of 1888. At Northfield, at Niagara, and at Chicago he spoke with power, and great blessing attended his ministry. The result, unexpected and undesired at the time, was that money was contributed for the sending out of a North American contingent.

Hudson Taylor's first reaction is revealed by the following words. "I had not the remotest idea of our visit to America affecting the China Inland Mission thus. . . . I was much concerned—I might almost use the word frightened—at the thought." It soon became clear, however, that God was working. The issue was that Hudson Taylor sailed from Vancouver on October 5, 1888, with what might well be called "The American *Lammermuir* Party," a company of six men and eight women. More followed, and the organization of a North American Department of the Mission soon became a necessity.

This was the beginning of a new departure. Hitherto the Mission had been interdenominational. Henceforth it was to be international. At that time "The evangelization of the world in this generation," was becoming a world-wide watchword. In October, 1889, Hudson Taylor issued a leaflet entitled *To Every Creature*. In a simple and straightforward manner he asked: "How are we going to treat the Lord Jesus Christ in regard to this command?" Hudson Taylor had been appointed to preach the opening sermon of the General Missionary Conference in Shanghai in the following May, and he took this theme for his subject, though actually preaching from another text. The original leaflet met with a great response. Invitations to visit various European countries came to him and in November, 1889, he crossed over to the Continent. Like

Joseph, a fruitful bough, " his branches ran over the wall." Whatsoever he did seemed to prosper. Associate Missions, and other organizations, were formed wherever he went, and the Mission became, unsought, an international body.

This wave of enthusiasm now swept out to Australasia and workers offered there for the Mission. Recognizing that God was leading and that he must follow, Hudson Taylor approved by cable the formation of a local Council in Melbourne, and in June, 1890, he visited Australia, accompanied by Montagu Beauchamp. In November of the same year he returned to China with the first Australasian contingent. Such enlargement was not the result of man-made organizations, but the fruit of Divine blessing. It was growth not construction. Life more abundant was manifesting itself.

Those years were years of remarkable expansion. One hundred new workers had sailed from Great Britain in 1887. During the five months from October 18, 1890, to March 21, 1891, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-six new recruits were welcomed in Shanghai from many countries. And just when needed new premises had been erected as Headquarters in Shanghai to welcome them, the entire cost of which, land and buildings included, had been the gift of a member of the Mission.

The Mission was now nearly five hundred strong. But trial had attended the progress. There had been sickness, there had been riots, there had been sorrow and disappointment. When all appeared outwardly smooth sailing, the needful ballast was not wanting. But there was widespread blessing. During those years many members of the Mission entered into a new and fuller experience of the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit. So much was this the case that the meetings of the China Council were actually suspended from business in favour of devotional gatherings. Here is part of the Minutes of April 16, 1892 : " Instead of meeting for conference, the China Council united with the

members of the Mission in Shanghai in seeking for themselves, for the whole Mission in China, and for the Home Councils, the filling of the Spirit." Was it surprising that God blessed His servants?

Love, Strong as Death

TOWARDS the close of the nineteenth century events in the Far East rapidly rose to a climax. Three times during the century China had been at war with Foreign Western Powers, namely in 1840, 1860 and in 1884. After each of these conflicts China had relapsed into her complacent ways. She was now to be stabbed wide awake, first by her neighbour Japan, and then by foreign aggression on a new scale. These things were profoundly to affect missionary operations. They were to usher in a fiery trial, but love is strong even unto death.

The conflict between China and Japan opened at sea on July 25, 1894. The first blow was the sinking of the Chinese transport *Kaoshing* by the Japanese Navy. (The writer had escorted a party of new workers from Shanghai to Tientsin by this very vessel on its last preceding voyage.) This conflict, so humiliating to China, had serious repercussion up country, directly affecting missionary operations.

The Treaty of Shimonoseki, which closed the war, had hardly been signed before riots and massacres broke out in various parts of China. In the West the rioting spread from city to city, compelling most of the workers in Szechwan to vacate their stations. In the East, in the province of Chekiang, serious persecutions broke out, many Chinese Christians having all their possessions destroyed while others were driven from their homes. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the terrible massacre of missionaries in the province of Fukien. Then, far away in the north-west, a Moslem rebellion broke out, resulting in the loss of countless lives and the virtual imprisonment for nine months of three members of the Mission, and a little child, in one of the besieged cities. These mis-

sionaries, with a very limited equipment, were able to treat eleven hundred wounded persons and nine hundred cases of diphtheria during the siege. It was a practical demonstration of the Gospel.

Undiscouraged by these anxieties Hudson Taylor still looked for larger reinforcements. The increased number of baptisms, and the growing circulation of the Scriptures, proved that the Word of God was not bound. There were other evidences of blessing. W. W. Cassels, one of the Cambridge Seven, had been consecrated as the first Bishop in Western China,* and Miss Jacobson, with a trusted Chinese helper, had gained an entrance into Hunan. Mr. and Mrs. Webb had also commenced work among the Black Miao in Kweichow.

Encouraged by a lull in the national troubles, Hudson Taylor planned another forward movement, and the munificent legacy of Mr. J. T. Morton, payable over a period of ten or more years, appeared to be God's confirmation. An Appeal for workers was sent forth, and it is significant that in his appeal for prayer Hudson Taylor wrote as follows:

"If the Spirit of God worked mightily, we may be quite sure that the spirit of evil will also be active. Pray that God will prevent the breaking up of the Empire, and not allow mission work here to be hindered as it has been in Tahiti, Madagascar, parts of Africa and elsewhere."

Such fears were not without foundation. The perennial antipathy of the Chinese to foreigners had been sorely provoked by foreign aggression. Germany had seized Kiaochow in 1897, Russia had taken Port Arthur in 1898, England had entrenched herself in Wei-hai-wei, over against Port Arthur, and France had established herself at Kwang-chow-wan, while other Powers were clamant for a share of the spoil. It was small wonder that China was alarmed.

While these signs of foreign designs upon the country

* See *W. W. Cassels. First Bishop of Western China.* C.I.M. & R.T.S.

were causing dismay, the revolutionary motives of certain reformers, who had captured the Emperor's ear, excited new fears. The conservative spirit of China felt itself assailed from within as well as from without. The masterful Empress-Dowager seized the reins of government, imprisoned the youthful Emperor, and then sent forth a series of inflammatory edicts. "The various Powers," she wrote, "cast upon us looks of tiger-like ferocity, hustling each other in their endeavours to be the first to seize upon our innermost territory."

With such a determined and passionate woman in command, with famine as an evidence of Heaven's displeasure, the fiercest resentment of the multitude was soon fanned into a flame. The Patriotic Volunteers, more commonly known as Boxers, speedily sprang into prominence, with dire results. That any foreign residents in the interior escaped was a fine testimony to the humanity of some of China's best statesmen. These men had dared to disobey the Empress-Dowager's orders. But the loss of life and the sufferings of others make a painful story. In not a few cases those who escaped suffered more than those who were slain. In all 135 missionaries, with 53 children, were put to death, and of this number 79 were connected with the China Inland Mission, 58 being adults and 21 children. Of the total of 188, just over 100 were British, 56 were Swedish and 32 were Americans.

By far the greater number of those who were killed were resident in the northern province of Shansi. Here the persecutions broke with unexampled fury, for the Manchu Governor was something of a modern Herod. He was present at the massacre of about fifty foreigners, and possibly participated in the slaughter. Some of the missionaries who escaped travelled a thousand miles on foot through burning heat and through hostile territory. That any lived to tell the tale was little short of a miracle. Several children had to be buried by the wayside, and those

who struggled through to safety did so in a starving and almost naked condition.

The literature of those days must be read to appreciate the terrible nature of those experiences, and to breathe something of the Christlike spirit of the martyrs and the sufferers. "I am filled with comfort, I am exceedingly joyful in all our tribulations," wrote one who was actually slain by the Boxers. "We rejoice that we are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ," wrote another shortly before his death. Letters recovered after that terrible ordeal reveal the spirit of those who died for Christ and China. "I cannot imagine the Saviour's welcome," wrote one. "Oh, that will compensate for all these days of suspense," she continued. "Dear ones, live near to God, and cling less closely to earth." Love did not fail, nor was it drowned by the waters of tribulation.

No one will ever know how many Chinese Christians were faithful unto death. Nor is there any record of those who suffered the loss of all things for Christ's sake. It was one of the most searching persecutions that the Church of Christ has been called upon to face, and the work of reconstruction was by no means easy. In a special Minute of the China Council of the Mission the following words were used:

"These solemn events so far from discouraging us may be an incentive to more strenuous efforts by prayer and consecrated labour, both on the part of the home churches and of the workers on the field, for the evangelization of this needy land."

On the eve of this time of tribulation Hudson Taylor's health gave way, and this crushing trial broke his heart and thwarted recovery. To be unable to succour those in trouble was a sore trial. Being unable to resume control, he appointed Dixon Edward Hoste, one of the Cambridge Seven, as his successor. It was a heart-rending time in which to accept such grave responsibilities. Not only was the work disorganized, but many momentous

and delicate problems had to be faced. What, for instance, was to be the Mission's attitude towards compensation, if this were offered, for the Mission would never claim it? What advice was to be given to the Chinese Christians concerning indemnity if offered by their own Government? Many had lost their bread-winner, and others had been robbed and ruined and maimed. They were natives of China and not foreigners, so their problem differed.

After prolonged and careful consideration the Mission decided not only to enter no claim against the Chinese Government, but to refrain from accepting compensation even if offered. One factor leading to this decision was the brutality shown by some of the foreign troops during the occupation of North China. The Mission desired to dissociate itself from all such conduct. With regard to the Chinese Christians it was felt that this was a matter between the Chinese Authorities and their own subjects. But the problems connected with the working out of these principles were by no means easy. Some of the Chinese Christians who had bravely suffered adversity, failed before the temptations connected with compensation. To be perfectly honest in their assessments, to take no advantage from this turn of fortune was not always easy. The number of those who failed was few, but the experience proved that adversity is less perilous than prosperity.

In regard to the Mission's losses, it was decided that these should be estimated, and that a specification should be presented to the Chinese Authorities together with a declaration that all claims were waived. The impression made by this procedure was most striking. Proclamations were posted up in all the cities where there had been losses, and the following is an extract from these official documents.

"The China Inland Mission requests the Governor to issue a proclamation, to be hung up in each of the Church buildings for the erection of which no indemnity

has been asked, stating that the Mission, in rebuilding these Churches with its own funds, aims in so doing to fulfil the command of the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, that all men should love their neighbours as themselves. . . . JESUS in His instructions inculcates forbearance and forgiveness, and all desire for revenge is discouraged. Mr. Hoste is able to carry out these principles to the full."

This proclamation posted up throughout the centres where persecution had raged not long before, and in some cases where the missionaries had been killed, was an object lesson more mighty than years of preaching. The name of Jesus, and the words, "The Saviour of the World," which appear above in capitals, were exalted into the upper margin of the proclamations—for the Chinese write from top to bottom—to give them a place of honour, after the Chinese custom. As a means of making the spirit of Jesus Christ known, this action was worth far more than any amount of compensation.

Love's Reward

THE Boxer crisis which darkened the close of the Nineteenth Century also marked the end of an epoch in China's history. The opening years of the new century witnessed many startling developments leading rapidly up to the modern situation.

In 1901 the Trans-Siberian Railway was opened, thus linking up East and West more closely. At the same time Russia began to establish herself in Manchuria. In February, 1904, the same year in which the Peking to Hankow railway was completed, the epoch-making war between Russia and Japan commenced. This was a titanic struggle ushering in a new era between Europe and Asia. "Its immediate and tangible results, and its probable and possible consequences," wrote *The Times*, "are without parallel in the records of mankind." This was a strong statement to make, but subsequent events have proved its prescience and truth.

In China a new ferment began to manifest itself. The time-honoured Examination system of China was abolished in 1905. Chinese students flocked to Japan in their thousands. A rapid growth in area and importance of the ports began. The Foreign Concession at Tientsin increased from 510 acres to 3,860 acres in four years. Japanese residents in Shanghai multiplied three times within five years. Foreign trade advanced with equal rapidity. Colleges for Western learning sprang up in nearly all of the provincial capitals. The ancient Examination Hall in Peking was transformed into a Naval College, and the Peking University purchased three thousand acres for enlargement. Such were some of the signs of a new day. Revolution and the overthrow of the Manchu

dynasty were soon to follow, but that story must be deferred for the moment.

Lockhart, in his Life of Napoleon, has said that " Such hurricanes of passion as the French Revolution—such sweeping scourges of mankind as Napoleon, are not permitted but as the avengers of great evils and the harbingers of great good." It was so with China. An earthquake was necessary to break down the ancient walls and barriers of that conservative country, but a turbulent period, during which good and evil were to struggle for the mastery, was almost inevitable. But life is better than stagnation and death.

If there was a peril for Christian work, it came from the strong reaction in favour of the foreigner. For long years Hunan had successfully resisted the entrance of the Gospel. Now, in 1901, Dr. Keller, an American member of the Mission, was enabled to rent premises in Changsha the capital, and to commence a work which has been greatly blessed ever since. As a medical man Dr. Keller gained favour from high and low, and as a leader in wide-spread evangelism, his work has been singularly owned. By a system which has devoted a portion of each day to Bible study, and the remainder to house to house visitation, including special efforts to reach the pilgrims who visit the local shrines, he has trained and equipped numerous bands of men, under Chinese leaders, for aggressive evangelism combined with regular Bible instruction.

Not many months after the opening of Changsha, the Mission secured entry into Kaifeng, the Capital of Honan. This was the last provincial capital to be opened to the Gospel. A real work of grace had commenced there some time before, through the courageous labours of a Chinese Christian, but with the coming of Mr. Robert Powell and Dr. Whitfield Guinness a new stage was reached. The far-reaching influence of the medical work was almost beyond belief. It touched the whole of the province. From far and near the blind and the lame came to be

helped and healed, and many of these carried back with them into the remotest towns and villages the story of salvation. Dr. Guinness was a strong believer in making the Hospital an evangelizing agency.

Mass movements now began to manifest themselves throughout the length and breadth of China. The problem now was how to deal with these movements so as to foster what was of God, without encouraging what was inspired by unworthy motives. The collapse of the Boxer campaign, and the evident might of the Western Powers, revolutionized Chinese thinking, and the desire to be on the winning side moved multitudes. It was a day of opportunity demanding wisdom and discretion.

In many centres the missionaries were greatly exercised by the offer of buildings as chapels. Invitations arrived from all sides. Men crowded into the preaching halls. Bishop Cassels stated that in his diocese the central stations had multiplied three-fold and the outstations ten-fold in seven years, while opportunities increased by the hundred-fold. On all hands the cry was that prospects were "as never before." Where it was possible to handle these movements aright permanent blessing resulted, but where experienced missionaries were wanting they lapsed or deteriorated.

Following or accompanying these mass movements, there was a time of revival among the established churches. A great spiritual awakening in Korea spread to Manchuria and from thence to China. Dr. Goforth, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, was greatly used in the initial stages. Chinese leaders, like Mr. Wang Chih-t'ai, were widely prospered. Mr. Albert Lutley, superintendent of the Mission's work in Shansi, caught the flame and travelled far and wide in the interests of revival. Substantial signs of a new life were seen in many places, backsliders were restored, quarrels were composed, sins were confessed, stolen property was restored, while the general spiritual tone of the Churches was raised.

During these times of revival there were frequently signs of deep emotion. At times the whole congregation would fall upon its knees, while waves of spontaneous prayer, of confession and weeping, would sweep over the assembled company. Pastors confessed their sins to their flock, those who were estranged were openly reconciled, children confessed to their parents, and even parents to their children. Prodigals returned to their parents' feet, criminals, who had resisted torture in the Chinese law-courts, voluntarily acknowledged their wrongdoing. Those who had thought the Chinese stolid and unemotional were amazed at the unexpected scenes.

In one station in Kansu the sense of the Divine presence was so overpowering that heathen gentry were seen to prostrate themselves on the floor, and some who had openly opposed the Gospel stood up and confessed faith in Christ. In some stations a great spirit of liberality was poured out and women and girls stripped themselves of their ornaments to place them in the offertory. On all hands the Churches were stirred to a more aggressive witness for Christ. Though the emotional manifestations passed away, there were permanent results from this soul-moving revival. Worldliness within the Church was checked, a sense of strain was removed, and the standard of personal holiness of life was definitely raised.

One particularly moving feature of this time of blessing was the turning to God of tens of thousands of the despised aborigines in south-west China. There are millions of these people, divided into countless tribes, the majority of them retaining their own languages and their distinctive dress. Despised by the Chinese, they are simple unsophisticated children of the hills, and sometimes of the deep depressions, or river ravines, of the mountainous regions adjoining Burma. Few of these tribes have any written language. The story of this movement is one of the romances of modern missions.

Samuel Clarke and others very early had their interest

awakened towards these tribes, Mr. Clarke writing a book about them, a book containing a limited study of several dialects. It was not, however, until James R. Adam settled in south-west China that the great movement among these people began. Up to the time of the Boxer crisis visitors from some two hundred and fifty villages had been in touch with the missionary. Shortly after the Crisis of 1900 the first twenty converts were baptised. It should, however, be recorded that three Miao were received into the Church as early as 1884. Again in 1898 Mr. W. S. Fleming and a Black Miao Evangelist P'an were both murdered at Panghai, when labouring among that branch of the Miao family. But what may be called a new beginning came in 1903 and was on this wise.

A small company of the Great Flowery Miao were met by James Adam when they were returning faint and weary from a boar hunt. He was then staying at a small place called Tenten, and he invited these hungry men to partake of refreshments, giving them, among other things, some of his foreign-baked bread. In this he showed love unto strangers and entertained angels unawares. This deed of kindness opened the hearts of these despised hillsmen. The tidings spread far and wide, with the result that hundreds and thousands of these simple folk came for instruction.

Finding that some of them had come from centres nearer to one of the stations of the Bible Christians (now united with the Methodists), he gave them an introduction to Samuel Pollard. Similar crowds thronged that mission station. The problem now was how to handle such an opportunity. These simple hill-folk were not accustomed to the hygienic conditions essential to a settled establishment, and a real danger arose as they literally swarmed a limited compound. Unaccustomed to privacy, they invaded kitchen, sitting-room, bedroom and every available space. They squatted and slept in the courtyard, with little or no regard to sanitary or healthful conditions.

The mission quarters were not suited for such multitudes.

The enthusiasm spread from tribe to tribe, from the Miao to the Lisu, from them to the Laka, and then to the Kopu, and still it continued to spread. Wholly illiterate, they revealed a passion to read, but books were unknown among most of them. The burden of translating the Scriptures was thrown upon the overburdened missionary, and in most cases a new script had to be devised, or adapted, so as to reduce their language to writing. As a people they love singing, being much more musical than the Chinese. Soon the hills began to resound with their songs of praise. Their libraries, as these became possible, were limited to some portion of the Scriptures and a small and inadequate hymn-book. The avidity with which they seized upon the books, when a consignment arrived from the coast, was something which had to be seen to be appreciated. Arriving in loads on pack-animals, the volumes vanished like snow before a tropical sun, amid the greatest excitement.

The work among these tribes has illustrated the word that the poor have the Gospel preached to them. In their hundreds and thousands they have been pressing into the Kingdom. The only limits to this work of grace, humanly speaking, have been determined by the paucity of missionaries available, and this work has, of course, demanded a mastery of the tribal tongues as well as of the Chinese language.

Love's Opportunity

FOR forty-six years the work of the Mission in China had been carried on while the Manchu dynasty was in power. Despite certain limitations, the Manchus had upheld respect for authority. The control of Peking extended to the bounds of the Empire. Though the foreigner was despised and sometimes hated, his life and property were normally safe and his prestige was high. Despite occasional outbursts of mob violence, from local riots to the Boxer madness, the Mission had been able to extend its labours with increasing prosperity and blessing.

But side by side with the revivals mentioned in the preceding chapter, there had been political developments leading up to a revolution, and the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, which had been in power for more than two hundred and fifty years. On November 14, 1908, the imprisoned Emperor Kwang Hsü died. The renowned Dowager Empress died the next day, but not before she had proclaimed Pu Yi (the present Emperor in Manchuria), a child of three, as successor to the throne. The sudden and almost simultaneous decease of the Emperor and Dowager Empress not unnaturally gave rise to grave suspicions. But had Kwang Hsü been spared, it is doubtful if the upheaval could have been long delayed. Of the fifteen highest posts in the Empire only five were held by Chinese, and of the eleven offices next in succession only three were held by natives of China. When the strong hand of the Dowager Empress had been removed by death, there was little to hinder the Revolution for which the subject race had been labouring at home and abroad.

In October, 1911, the Revolution broke out somewhat

prematurely. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was still in Europe, but he hastened back to China without delay. (The writer happened to travel by the same steamer.) The country was ready, its plans were ripe, and the overthrow of the Manchus was swift and successful. The actual loss of life was much less than might have been expected. The Boy Emperor abdicated and the Manchu Dynasty, established in China in 1644, was brought to a close.

It is not our intention to follow in detail the progress of political events, though they vitally affected the Missionary story. Brief and essential references only will be made. It has been asserted by a student of history, "that violent and sudden changes, in the structure of social and political order, have never occurred, without inflicting utter misery upon at least one generation." This has certainly been true of China, for to-day, twenty-five years later, China is still the victim of widespread disorders. Under a succession of Presidents the country has endured period after period of civil strife and chaotic conditions. An abortive attempt to re-establish the Monarchy provoked a rift between North and South, and though the Republic has been officially recognized by the Powers since 1913, the country has been the sphere of contending war-lords, of unscrupulous brigandage, and of violent companies of armed but disbanded and desperate soldiers. Outrage and unmitigated cruelty have become a normal experience.

Yet amid these growing disorders and increasing perils the preaching of the Gospel has continued. The noteworthy fact is that unusual blessing attended the labours of the Mission. The very sorrows of the people seemed to prepare many for the comforting message of the Gospel. The day of disorder has been Love's opportunity. Pride has given way to humility, self-satisfaction has bowed to a sense of need. For a time the prestige of the missionary never stood higher. With the inauguration of the Republic came a tremendous desire to learn from the West,

and to adopt Western ways. And the willingness of the missionary to face danger, and to endure hardness, did something to remove inveterate suspicions.

As a type of the perils which beset the work at this time, the following extract from one worker's report will suffice. "This has been a most tragic year (1913) for us, as our workers and stations have been in one constant condition of peril from robbers. Seven times have our outstations been plundered; four times have robbers been quartered on our premises; nineteen times have workers been held up and more or less robbed by highwaymen; twice have workers been condemned to be shot, but the Lord delivered them; one worker was indeed shot and still lies in a precarious condition; two of the Christians have been killed; three times have Christians been seized and held for ransom; seven times have their homes been wholly or partially destroyed; five times has the Lord interposed to deliver their homes from fire, when on each occasion nearly the whole village was burned; eleven times have their homes been wholly or partially plundered."

This was not an exceptional report. There is a painful monotony in the record of violence of those days. One province only, the province of Shansi under a strong and enlightened Governor, escaped the widespread and almost universal turmoil. There was great cause for thankfulness that the loss of life among the missionary body was not greater than it was. Since Messrs. Bruce and Lowis had been killed in Hunan in 1902, more than twenty-five years elapsed with only six lives lost by violence. These were Mrs. Beckman and Mr. Vatne, with three children, in October 1911, during the revolution, and Miss Christine Villadsen in 1918. Considering the conditions that prevailed this was remarkable.

One extraordinary feature—and it lasted until the entrance of communism from Russia—was the prestige of the missionary and his consequent ability to help and comfort the people. Amid almost incredible disorders he enjoyed

immunity and was able to act as intermediary and peacemaker. Time after time he interposed to save a city or to obtain generous terms from the besieging army.

In some areas every town and village became a law unto itself. Governors rose and fell in the space of a few weeks or months. Rival armies terrorized the land. Cities were besieged and looted. Travelling became dangerous and slaughter was all too common. In Sian, for instance, six hundred people were killed within the city and their bodies left unburied for many days. It was at such a time that Bishop Cassels wrote:

"Never in my experience of thirty years have missionaries had so much influence with the officials, people and even brigand chiefs, as during the past months. Again and again they have been called in to act as peacemakers or go-betweens. They have secured protection for ousted officials and for defenceless women and children; they have obtained from brigands more moderate terms for the cities they have captured; they have even secured safe passage for Government troops through districts held by powerful brigand bands. Speaking generally, and remembering that there are exceptions, the progress of our work has not been much hindered by the great unrest, where the missionaries have gained influence through the part they have been allowed to play. It may be hoped that the upheaval will turn out rather for the furtherance of the Gospel."

Love Tested

IN less than three years after the outbreak of the Revolution in China, the world war broke out in Europe. This inevitably subjected the Mission to some of the most fundamental and crucial tests possible. There was the problem of finance. How was an organization which had no wealthy Church behind it to survive this tremendous ordeal? Again the Mission was an international body. How was it to avoid disruption when the world was being rent in twain by the most powerful of divisive passions? There were more than one hundred German workers associated with the Mission. Was it conceivable that the international status of the organization could continue when national feeling and racial bitterness was so acute?

From the first the Mission had been interdenominational, and in the *Lammermuir* party there had been representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland and Switzerland. With the passage of years, as we have seen, members or associates from many countries joined the work. All associates from the continent of Europe were supported by funds contributed in their own countries, but on the field the work was one. When the war broke out there were workers from the following lands: England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the United States of America, Finland, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily and India. In a remarkable manner the Mission was demonstrating the possibility of co-operation, and even union both interdenominationally and internationally. The bond of love in Christ was a real thing. Could it survive the clash and

cataclysm of war? It was a stern and vital test. Was love stronger than hate? Were the claims of Christ greater than those of country? As the months ran on into years, and the bitterness and the strain intensified, it seemed as though it was more than flesh and blood could bear. But grace and love conquered. Without any sacrifice of patriotism, the supernational nature of Christian fellowship triumphed. The Mission came through the war without break or division. The strain on both sides was intense, and not least on the part of those whose countries were defeated. It was a conclusive answer to the Apostle Paul's great question: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" If the bond with Him remained, then the fellowship of His children would survive anguish and peril and sword. And it did. Love was tested and it did not fail.

In this matter there was a fiercer battle being fought than was visible at the seat of war. It was the battle of the Christlike temper against the blind forces of wrath and hatred. Without victory in that spiritual realm, Christianity would have to acknowledge defeat. As one powerful writer wrote at the time: "It is of vastly more importance that we win this battle than yonder long-drawn-out battle on the Aisne." Thank God it was won on both sides. A German Pastor wrote, from Switzerland to the Mission in London, sending a donation of £4, and saying in his letter: "It is a sweet privilege to be able to send you a contribution for the needs of the Mission with which the Lord has entrusted you. . . . I see no open door now to cross once more the Channel, and to greet my beloved ones in England. But if national sympathies and interests stand presently like a separating wall between Germany and England, the Believer, the Child of God, of one side as well as the other, feels drawn to closer fellowship in the faith."

At the same time gifts were received by the office in London from friends in England, to assist any needy

German workers. One such friend wrote: "My sister and I want to send a special gift for the German associates of your Mission. We feel it important in these terrible days to strive against the evil spirits that seek to sow malice and revenge in our hearts." Another wrote: "I am very glad to send the enclosed towards the salaries of our German missionaries, and thus show that we are all one in Christ Jesus." Another, sending a gift for the same purpose, wrote: "Praise God, there is a tie of love which all the wrongs and cruelties of war cannot break."

If China had been wholly outside the area affected by the war it might have been easier than it was. With the fall of Kiaochow before Japanese arms, and China's own entrance into the conflict, the sword pierced into the very heart of the mission field. At one time the removal of German missionaries from their stations was contemplated by the authorities, but this humiliation was happily avoided, and, with the permission of the British Minister in China, the Mission was allowed to be a channel for financial assistance when all communications between German workers and their homeland had been cut. Twenty years have passed since those sad days, and thank God, the international bond within the Mission remains unbroken.

The other great problem was financial. Here is one testimony from the Superintendent of the Liebenzell Associate Mission. "Though we were cut off from our homeland for months through the war, yet we were not cut off from our Heavenly Father. More than ever before, the children of God learned to pray for their daily bread, and amply God has answered. He opened new springs even from among the Chinese and especially at Christmas time. One gift from a Chinese gentleman, a Christian, amounted to a hundred dollars."

The courage and tenacity of the German associates of the Mission was beyond praise, for, as is well known, their financial difficulties did not diminish with the cessation

of the war, but rather increased. Yet financial stringency has never driven them from their posts.

Speaking for the Mission as a whole, the proofs of God's faithfulness were beyond what had been asked or thought. It was a time when foundations were sorely tested, and had the faith basis of the Mission been at fault nothing could have saved the work. As we shall revert to this subject later, we will limit our remarks here to the actual years of war. Expressed in gold, the total income of the Mission from all sources for 1914 was £82,326 or G.$411,633. By 1918 the total income had risen to £123,229 or G.$599,716, and during every intervening year there had been a steady rise.

It would be misleading if nothing further were said. The price of silver had during the same period risen from approximately 2 shillings and 4 pence to 4 shillings and 8 pence, so that the value of the gold, in terms of silver—the currency of China—had diminished by just one half. Though many economies had to be made, the remarkable rise of the Mission's income, in terms of gold, during those terrible years was nothing less than astonishing. If the Lord had not been on our side, then the war would indeed have swallowed us up.

Love Amid Distress

"THOU hast enlarged me when I was in distress." Thus wrote the Psalmist in his day, and the China Inland Mission during the war was able to take up the same song. Revolution in China and war in Europe, though they tested love, had not hindered the progress of God's Kingdom. In 1915, the second year of the war, and the date of the Mission's jubilee, there was a record number of baptisms. It was a striking fact that the baptisms of that one year exceeded the aggregate of the first twenty-five years of the Mission's history. The total received into the Church from the commencement had now risen to fifty thousand.

It deserves to be said that the policy of the Mission had never been shaped to secure a large number of converts in a short time. That end might have been attained by intensive culture of a small area at the beginning. On the contrary, the aim, from the first, had been to evangelize the unreached districts. It was only natural therefore that, during the early years, the visible results were few. With the consolidation of the work the widely scattered Churches began to grow.

Another point also must be emphasised. The Mission was interdenominational not undenominational. Workers with denominational preferences were grouped together into recognized fields, but fellowship between these remained unimpaired. Eastern Szechwan, for instance, had been set apart as a sphere for Church of England workers, and Bishop Cassels, one of the Cambridge Seven, was Bishop over the members of the C.M.S. and C.I.M. It is interesting to note that Christmas Day had become a red-letter day in his life. He had entered the city of

Paoning on Christmas Day, 1886. The first church to be opened in that city was consecrated on Christmas Day, 1893. Again the Pro-cathedral in that city was consecrated at Christmas, 1914, a few months after the outbreak of the great war. At that date it had become the centre of a diocese with more than one hundred stations and out-stations.

For the dedication of the Pro-cathedral Bishop Roots had been invited to come from Hankow to preach a series of sermons, and to assist at the ordinations which were then to take place. A few extracts from Bishop Roots' account of his visit will be interesting as the opinion of a distinguished visitor.

"The most impressive thing to me in Szechwan," wrote Bishop Roots, "was the sterling character of the missionaries and their work. . . . The C.I.M. workers, who are for the most part (in this area) members of the Church of England, enter into the work of the diocese with the same whole-heartedness as the C.M.S. workers, and this illustrates in a conspicuous manner the principles of the C.I.M. in their interdenominational aspect.

"I cannot refrain from giving testimony to the splendid work done by the C.I.M. as it came under my observation. On the ten days' journey from the banks of the Yangtse river overland to Paoning, I stopped every night but two at a regular station of the C.I.M. I was entertained at five stations on this stretch, at only one of which was there a man in residence. Ladies held the post, and their courage, perseverance and ability are beyond praise. . . . They have been compelled to be largely self-dependent, and have continued their labours without cessation, despite the isolation and the interval of many days' journey from foreign help in time of need. Their faithful labours have guided several mass-movements."

As a complete survey of the field is impossible in so small a volume as this, a few selections may be made. In the far north-west lay the New Dominion, or Chinese

Turkestan. The first member of the Mission to enter this remote region was George Parker in 1888, when he travelled as far as Kuldja. It was not until 1905 that settled work was established in this region of Central Asia. The pioneer in this case was George Hunter. For nearly ten years he laboured alone, visited once or twice by representatives of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In 1914 Percy Mather,* who has recently died, joined him in this lonely post. Premises were secured at Urumchi, the Capital, and widespread itinerations throughout that extensive and inhospitable region, with its mixed population of Chinese, Tibetans, Mongols, Manchus, Turkis and other peoples, have been made. In recent times other workers have entered this field, the well-known Trio, the Misses French, Cable and Francesca French, among them.† So distant and so inaccessible is Chinese Turkestan, that for a time it was hardly possible to secure the delivery of Scriptures from the coast. The many languages spoken have added to this difficulty, and in some cases the workers have resorted to the laborious method of using the cyclostyle locally.

While the war was being waged in Europe, rivalry and strife were the lot of China. A strong reaction followed the overthrow of the Manchus. An attempt to restore the Monarchy failed, and this defeat was followed by a long period distracted by rival war-lords. Religiously there was a revival of idolatry, and of the worship of Confucius. The Revolution had been accompanied by slogans such as these : No religion, No family, No Government, Freedom, Equality, and Unrestrained Love. President Yuan Shih-kai endeavoured to stem the tide and in his inaugural address reminded the people that " No nation can stand, save upon the eternal verities which

* *The Making of a Pioneer* by Misses Cable and F. French. Hodder & Stoughton.

† See *Something Happened.* Hodder & Stoughton.

underlie right and wrong." But all his attempts to re-establish the Monarchy, the official worship of Confucius, and of Heaven failed.

Disorder was let loose. Wild and lawless spirits sprang into power. One such, known as "White Wolf," became a terrible scourge. In Kansu tens of thousands of persons were ruthlessly slain, and innumerable towns and villages were sacked by his marauding bands. Province after province suffered in like manner. Just when an Advisory Council was being formed in Anhwei for the control of Church matters, White Wolf appeared and practically wiped out the city of Liuanchow, the Mission premises included. Thousands of people fled into the country, ten families connected with the Church were stripped of all their possessions, and some were slain. Yet amid these and other distresses the work continued, and there were wide open doors, especially for service among the needy and troubled people.

The routine of evangelistic work, of teaching in the schools, of instruction in the Bible Training Institutes are subjects which do not lend themselves to brief description. The punctilious duties of a Hospital must be seen to be appreciated. But though the conventional and commonplace may not be picturesque, they are the groundwork of all other activities. On faithful station work are built special efforts. Steady plowing and careful sowing must precede the glad days of harvest.

Among the special efforts which characterised this and subsequent periods, have been Missions for Women. In the early days of the Mission's history these would have been impossible. (There was a time in which the Chinese Government attempted to introduce legislation to prohibit women's work.) In this department of service Miss Jessie Gregg and others have been greatly blessed. It demands special preparation, for sleeping accommodation has frequently to be provided. Then when the time draws near the cavalcade of visitors approach the Mission com-

pound. There are carts with their crowded passengers, trains of donkeys with their women riders, while others may arrive by barrow or chair. The courtyards are turned into camps with their field-like cooking arrangements.

In come the women from all quarters, dear old grey-haired grannies, mothers with babies, gaily dressed young women. The campaign begins. From morning till evening, meeting follows meeting, the addresses being illustrated with diagrams, pictures and sometimes demonstrations. Eye-gate is of the highest importance for such occasions. Seasons of rich blessing have frequently accompanied these efforts. The power of God has fallen upon the company, and waves of conviction have swept over the audiences. Sometimes by ones and twos the women have risen to confess their sins, or to accept Christ as Saviour. Sometimes the numbers have risen to twenty, or forty or even a hundred at a time. This type of service has continued for many years now. In the Spring of 1915, for instance, Miss Gregg travelled 2,820 miles and visited 26 stations in two provinces, holding four days missions in each centre. In this campaign 533 women and girls gave in their names as converts or enquirers. Sowers and reapers have rejoiced together.

Turning to another field we find great blessing accompanying the work among the tribes in south-west China. If a visitor had started from the Capital of Yunnan, he could have travelled northwards for fourteen days until he reached the city of Chaotung, then he could have turned eastward and journeyed for several days into the neighbouring province of Kweichow, then south-west for another nine days of hard travelling, until he reached the city of Anshun, and all through this journey he could have spent each night in a Christian home, and even amid a Christian tribal community. Yet throughout the whole of that region twenty years earlier the name of Jesus had never been heard.

The work of grace among these humble tribes is one of

the great romances of Missions. Its beginnings have already been recorded. At the time of which we write there were 100,000 of these people under the influence of the Gospel. There were one hundred villages of Lisu, with 1,200 families professing faith in Christ. Among the Laka there were 600 families taking a similar stand. Among the Kopu and Nosu there were 1,300 families professing faith in Jesus Christ, and they had 26 chapels, one of which could accommodate 1,300 people. Among the Miao there were more than a thousand who had been baptised, not to speak of a countless number of catechumens.

Upon this great and blessed work a severe and searching trial was to fall at this time. Monday, August 9, 1915, had been a glad and busy day, for a large conference of these tribesfolk was being held prior to James Adam's leaving for furlough. Thomas Windsor had undertaken to look after the work during his absence, but as he was indisposed, Mr. Adam, at half-past nine in the evening, went to the hospital to ask Dr. Fish to visit the patient. Dr. Fish responded, and later returned to the hospital for some medicine, where he was detained by tropical rain. Later he visited Thomas Windsor again, and after leaving him some comforts for the night, he conversed for a few minutes with James Adam and then returned home. Within fifteen minutes James Adam was lying dead upon the floor of his own home. A sudden flash of lightning had struck the house, damaged the wall, smashed the mirror in Thomas Windsor's room, and felled James Adam, who had been standing at the foot of the stairs with a lantern in his hand.

It was a terrible blow to all concerned. Death by lightning was believed by the tribes to be a sign of heaven's displeasure. Adam's tragic death thus came as a great trial of faith. A day or two later Thomas Windsor died, and just over a month later Samuel Pollard, the spiritual father of many hundreds of these simple men of the hills, also died of typhoid fever contracted when

nursing a fellow missionary. And to this tale of trials must be added the sad fact that G. E. Metcalf, another pioneer among the tribes, was critically ill in a London hospital. It was a time of sore and grievous trial. But love endureth all things, and the faith of these people and the confidence of the workers remained unshaken. Sifted as wheat by many and searching afflictions, their faith and love remained firm.

Love Undismayed

THE war in Europe was dragging on to its exhausting and protracted close, while the disorders in China were going from bad to worse. Furloughs, even for weary workers, had become impossible, for the high seas were unsafe, and stern economies had to be practised. In China the central Government failed to function, and deeds of violence rapidly multiplied. Fierce hostilities had broken out between North and South, serious fighting persisted in many provinces, brigandage was rife, and countless millions of law-abiding citizens lived in fear and terror. Floods, plague and devastating earthquakes added their horrors to the situation, but the workers still remained at their posts. In Europe the cry was: "No victory without more sacrifice." The same held true upon the mission field.

It was a time when deeds spoke louder than words, when life proclaimed the Gospel more than speech. Here is what one worker wrote from Szechwan. "It will be a long time ere I forget the whizz of those dreadful shells. (The city had been bombarded for thirty-eight hours.) The refugees came in with their faces pinched with terror; our compound was full of frightened women and children. Sleep seemed to go at such times, but I must be brave, for yesterday after my women's meeting they said: 'Only let us come to you and we can bear it.' Dear trustful souls, they little know what lies behind a smiling face!"

Preaching peace by action had its reward, for the same writer was able to add later: "Many of the women are now interested in the Gospel, and some of them burned their idols."

Another worker, living under somewhat similar con-

ditions, wrote: "The people are very disturbed and are expecting all sorts of trouble, but the Christians are growing in grace and learning to trust God in these times. We thank God for some of these devout souls who really put God first in their lives."

On the Tibetan border the station of Tatsienlu was besieged by lawless bands and the Mission premises were destroyed by fire. But this did not arrest aggressive work in those wild Tibetan marches. Huston Edgar, a born pioneer (he has just died), was on the road for nine months of the year, travelling 3,373 miles on foot on mountain roads and 1,500 miles on horseback, selling Scriptures and preaching the Gospel. The hardships and the perils and the loneliness of those travels cannot be exaggerated. Old copies of the Gospels were sometimes found in isolated homesteads and on unfrequented roads. Though the Chinese reverence the printed page, it was found that many Tibetans thought more of their script than even the Chinese.

Work for the blind was another form of service which appealed to some. It is estimated that there are about one million blind persons in China, and a school for blind girls had been opened in Changsha by the Liebenzell associate mission. Three different systems of Braille were being used in China, but Miss Susie Garland, an Australian member of the Mission, adapted two of these into a Union method which the British and Foreign Bible Society adopted. Miss Garland has told us of her long meditation over the problems involved. Sometimes for days together she saw no light, but inspired by the beauty of the dandelion seed-globes, she felt that if God bestowed such care upon so common a flower, He would surely help her to perfect a system for the million blind in China. "Often when hot and weary with thumping holes in the tough paper," she wrote, "the wondrous beauty of some long-familiar passage would break over me afresh, and the prayer would go up: 'Lord give them understanding of Thy truth.'"

Throughout those bitter years in Europe and in China the Gospel continued to win its widening way. Representatives of all classes acknowledged Christ's sway. There were demon-possessed men and women, religious devotees, "vegetarians," merchants engaged in idolatrous businesses, military men, children in the schools, debased and despised aborigines, and proud and cultured Confucian scholars. Converts were gathered from every rank in life.

And every method was an evangelistic agency. Dr. Whitfield Guinness,* writing from the Hospital in Kaifeng, said: "I am just back from preaching at the Hospital Chapel. I wish you could have seen the response at the end—so many with glad faces and raised hands determined to trust Jesus. The Day will declare how really they have responded to the love of God in Christ. Military men, officers, police, business men, scholars from the Government schools, farmers from the country—from all ranks they are turning to God. Over seventy men this Spring, apart from the women in their department, have been brought in through the work of the Hospital. Praise God and be glad! From poor old China they are coming to Christ."

And such work, like fruit, had the seed within itself and spread. Among the Chinese assistants in the Hospital was a Mr. Ho. When he had qualified, he started medical work elsewhere, and as Dr. Ho he opened a Hospital in Chowkiakow, another station of the Mission. As a Christian man he sought to work for God. He became an honorary Pastor of the local Church, and at a later period suffered serious persecution and even torture because of his faith in Jesus Christ. He was literally tried and tested by fire.

From the central province of Honan, where Dr. Ho lived, we pass in thought to the far north-west. During

* See *Life of Whitfield Guinness*. C.I.M. & R.T.S.

1916 the deadly and much dreaded pneumonic plague broke out in the province of Kansu. With the approval and support of the provincial authorities, Dr. Robert Parry grappled with this dire menace, and, with God's blessing, he was successful in stamping it out in its early stages.

At about the same time the medical staff at Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, moved into the new Borden Memorial Hospital. William Borden, a young American millionaire,* had dedicated his life to God for work among the Moslems of China. During a period of preparatory study at Cairo, under Dr. Zwemer, he contracted cerebral meningitis and died. Part of his fortune he left to the China Inland Mission, and with a portion of this the Borden Memorial Hospital was built. The patients who flock to this place of mercy include the timid hill-folk, wild Moslems, strange Tibetans, dusty sheepskin-clad Chinese, sleek city merchants and the proud scholar.

Though the Mission has ever been an evangelistic agency, one of its great ambitions, as stated in its *Principles and Practice*, has been to build up a self-supporting Church. An outstanding illustration of success in this direction was seen in the autumn of 1916. In that month there was combined at Hangchow the joint celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the *Lammermuir* party in that city, and the fortieth anniversary of Pastor Ren's connection with the local Church. When Hudson Taylor had reached Hangchow with the first large band of workers, his eldest son Herbert was one of the number, then a lad of seven or eight years old. On the occasion of this celebration he conducted the Communion service as a veteran worker.

The story of Pastor Ren is one of the romances of missionary work in China.† Born in 1852, he was converted through the labours of one of the Mission's pioneers. He was baptised in 1869 and was ordained to the Ministry in 1876. As a lad he was captured more than once by the

* See *Life of William Borden*. C.I.M. & R.T.S.
† See *Autobiography of Pastor Ren*. C.I.M. & R.T.S.

Taiping rebels and had some marvellous deliverances. As a pioneer preacher he travelled extensively in East China, and had literally known what it was to be in peril of rivers, in peril of robbers, and in peril from his own countrymen.

On one occasion, spending the night in a hired house, he awoke to find himself bricked in. An object of hatred, jealousy and scorn, he suffered many things for the Gospel. He was spared to see a prosperous Church, self-supporting and self propagating, with many village churches around. So much did he come to be respected that British and Chinese officials sought his advice after the Boxer troubles. At the time of the celebration mentioned above, delegates came from all parts of the province, as well as representatives from other Societies. When Pastor Ren died, not before he had written his autobiography, he was mourned by a large company of his spiritual children. The work that he established still stands and increases.

Pastor Ren was a noble representative of a great host of others who have been soundly converted to Christ, though their names have not been widely known. Here, for instance, is a glimpse into the life of one who, as a contemporary of Pastor Ren, was witnessing for Christ in China, but not as a minister of the Gospel. The man we refer to was a converted Colonel. Colonel Chao, when visiting the city of Paotowchen in Shansi, donated two hundred taels towards the building of a new chapel. Wherever he went he publicly witnessed for his Master. When being feted in Peking, after his victories over the Mongols, he was asked by a Tatar General: "How much silver have you amassed as loot during your victorious campaign?" In reply he drew forth from his pocket a copy of the New Testament and said: "This is what I have gained."

Many thousands have heard the Gospel from the lips of Colonel Chao. He had the joy of seeing his wife baptised at the Mission's station at Tatung, as well as others who

have given heed to his words. And he is but one among the many loyal followers of Christ to be found in the army in China.

"How long shall the land mourn?" asked the prophet Jeremiah in a fit of depression. The answer came: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and though in a land of peace thou art secure, yet how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" This is a suitable word for the day of which we write. The years of war, and the chronic disorders of China, were a testing time. Humanly speaking, it seemed impossible for the work to continue, yet it was proved that all things were possible to those who believed. Finance alone was no small problem. That cannot be dealt with fully here, for the difficult days extended far beyond the war period, indeed the most acute stage was not reached until after the war was over. A partial statement, however, must be made.

During 1916 the loss on exchange alone was more than 25 per cent. as compared with 1915. In hard cash the actual loss on the money transmitted to China was £17,408. This was trying enough, but year by year this trial was to be intensified. At the same time the Morton legacy, a source of income, which at one time provided as much as 30 per cent. of the Mission's expenditure in China, came to an end. From this legacy a total sum of more than £160,000 was received over a period of fifteen years. Fifteen years were long enough for it to become almost an established item of income, and its cessation at any time would have been felt. But when it terminated during the testing years of war, it was an added test of faith. But in the good providence of God supplies came from other sources.

A brief quotation from an address given by the Mission's Treasurer in China is well worth quoting on this subject. "I remember," he said, "I used to sit in my office and reflect that this £12,500 a year would not go on for very long, and I often wondered what would happen when it

ceased. . . . I believe it can be honestly said, to the glory of God, that although the *receipt* of that money made an immense difference to the Mission, and led to considerable expansion, it is true to say that the *cessation* of it has hardly been perceived, and has not resulted in any contraction of the work."

This is a remarkable testimony. How God helped has been told elsewhere. Despite the war and despite the loss on exchange, and despite the cessation of the Morton legacy, the gold income of the Mission during those difficult years reached its highest point, up to that period, in the history of the Mission. But, it must be recorded, that though the income in gold rose, the loss on exchange was so heavy, that the silver available in the field decreased. Consequently it was a time of trial and of straitness, but no work was stayed for lack of funds.

To give some small idea of the loss to the Mission by the increased cost of silver, it may be said that the cost of that white metal rose over 102 per cent. between 1915 and 1918. In other words £1,000 in 1918 realized less in Chinese currency than £500 did in 1915. The total loss on exchange in 1918, as compared with 1915, was approximately a quarter of a million ounces of silver, or, expressed in gold currency, nearly £55,000. More difficult days were to follow, for two years later silver was 50 per cent. more expensive than in 1918.

It would be superfluous to stress the fact that such conditions entailed substantial hardship. But the very trials emphasised the glorious truth that God did provide for His own work, even in days when silver was at famine prices. The subject is so extraordinary that it deserves a few more words. In 1915 £1,000 realized 8,590 Chinese ounces of silver. In 1920 £1,000 realized only 3,122 Chinese ounces of silver. What was God's answer to this problem? Let the reader take note. In 1915 God sent the Mission £87,000, but in 1920, the year of expensive silver, £184,000. And this happened during the years

of war and the subsequent years of difficulty. Such an experience gave added value to the familiar words : " The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord."*

But there was a greater cause for thanksgiving than even this manifestation of God's provision. During those dreadful years of war, 25,000 persons publicly confessed their faith in Christ by baptism. Those years of trial had been spiritually fruitful. In other words, during the five years 1914 to 1918 inclusive, there were more baptisms than during the first forty years of the Mission's history. Love had not been undismayed for naught.

* See *Our Seal: The Witness of the C.I.M.* C.I.M & R.T.S.

Love's Courage

THE days which followed the war were stern indeed. In some ways they were more testing than the actual years of strife. There was intense disappointment and dissatisfaction in China over the Treaty of Versailles. China had declared war against Germany in August, 1917, and entertained great expectations therefrom. The Paris decision to allow Japan to retain Kiaochow was a bolt from the blue. It was an immediate cause of bitterness. Despite the great struggle between South and North China, the sense of injustice infuriated both parties. China refused to sign the Treaty of Peace. Unprecedented mass movements began among China's students. A rising spirit which resented all foreign dictation became manifest. Russia seized her opportunity, and through M. Joffe, her Envoy in Peking, she represented herself as the champion of liberty for Asia. Not unnaturally she gained the ear of the students.

New forces were at work everywhere. China had one and a half million men under arms. Half her budget was apportioned for military purposes. The brutality of the soldiers and of the brigands baffles description. Sentences such as the following occurred in many a report of that day. "Not a house was left unburned; not a man, woman or child who had failed to flee was left alive." Many of the details are too horrible to reproduce. A widespread recultivation of the poppy commenced, and China thus sacrificed one of the finest moral achievements of modern history almost at a stroke.

Famine, on a scale sufficient to stagger the imagination, visited the land. Twelve missionaries were set apart for relief work. An earthquake, which made many thousands

of square miles of country comparable with a vast battlefield, shook the continent. The estimates of the killed varied from 100,000 to a million. Vast landslides blocking up rivers, and imperilling the lives and homes of multitudes demanded immediate attention. The story of the actions taken to grapple with this catastrophe would fill a volume.

Such were some of the conditions amidst which the work was carried on. Speaking of Szechwan alone, Bishop Cassels said that there were 120,000 well-armed brigands in that one province, looting and pillaging at will. Yet he was able to add: "Notwithstanding these difficulties—perhaps I might almost say because of them—the doors are wide open, wider than ever before. Our classes are more largely attended; our Churches are fuller; our schools are more crowded; it is more possible to get into touch with officials and gentry, and with the educated people."

But those stern days demanded no little courage and love. For a time, in some places at least, the foreigner was respected, but his prestige was rapidly waning in consequence of Bolshevik propaganda. In some cases missionaries were let down over the city walls to act as intermediaries between contending armies. Even women workers faced robber bands to intercede for Christians taken captive. Love showed her courage. Here is one illustration:

"We were surrounded by brigands again and again," wrote Miss Pemberton. "Among the captives were several of our Christian men, so I had the pleasure (!) of going with our Evangelist to ask them to set our people free. We hurried after them for a mile and then some of the brigands noticed that we were following them and waited for us. They were very polite and let our Christians return."

On another occasion these brigands took the Pastor and his two sons prisoners. Again Miss Pemberton went forth to the rescue. "I knew I must go quickly if I was to be of any service to them," she wrote. "So calling a

Christian woman who was standing by to come with me, I went down the market to the Pastor's house, praying as I went for guidance and help."

The temper of the men on this occasion was more bitter than before. Those who were guarding the Pastor's house were rough and rude, but she soon found that the Pastor was not there. All alone, for her woman was not allowed to accompany her, she went in the direction she thought the band had gone. When she found the brigands and their captives, she interceded for the Pastor, only to be roughly rebuffed. Reminding the men of what she had done for their wounded, they became more polite, but refused to release the captives.

The story is too long to tell in detail. She returned alone and the little church went to prayer. In due time the answer came. First the sons were released and then at length the Pastor. The brigands had demanded a ransom, but the Pastor said, that if he gave money he would never be able to preach the free Gospel again. He would give his life for the Gospel, but not money for his life.

But times changed. The days soon came when the foreigner was no longer to be respected. He was becoming a special prize. In 1920 Messrs. Gowman and Metcalf were captured and carried off by brigands in Yunnan. From this time onward the word 'Brigand' occurs with increasing frequency in the Index of the Mission's publications. Mr. and Mrs. H. Parker were captured in 1921. During 1922 a similar painful experience befell Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor in Yunnan, and Mrs. and Miss Söderstrom and Mr. Ledgard in Honan. These distressing trials became a sorrowful item in the missionary records. No Mission was exempt. Captivities varied from a few hours to months and even into years. One member of the Mission, Henry Ferguson, died in captivity, the time and place of his death never being known. The toll of hardship and suffering from captivity will never

be told. The Roman Catholics report that they had 334 workers taken captive in twenty-two years. There are not, so far as we know, any comprehensive figures for Protestant Missions. The sufferings of the Chinese Christians far exceed what the missionaries have endured.

The Apostle Paul spoke of "standing in jeopardy every hour." These words describe the position of many a missionary. J. Huston Edgar, to whom we have already referred, in an interview concerning his work on the Tibetan border, spoke as follows: "I am a missionary first and foremost, and have no time or desire for mountaineering. My interest is primarily in men, and not in making exploratory journeys amid snow and ice."

"Have you ever been in a tight corner?" asked his interviewer. "Rather," was Mr. Edgar's reply. "For example: in an unknown principality I was selling books, when a prince shut me up in a tower with a raving lunatic, who was unchained, hoping thus to get rid of me. Fortunately, instead of attacking me the lunatic smashed the door and broke away, and I was liberated the following day. Then again, when in another anti-foreign principality, floods came, for which I was supposed, in some way, to be responsible, and the Lamas incited the people to attack me. They trooped along the road in pursuit, but were held up by a broken bridge, while I escaped by climbing over a mountain. On another occasion, when in a notorious robber region, I was surrounded by armed bands, but for some mysterious reason, when I arose to face them, they suddenly decamped."

On another occasion, Mr. Edgar's temerity saved the situation. Suddenly finding himself surrounded by armed brigands, he took the wind out of their sails by offering to sell them Scriptures! So taken aback were they by the suggestion, that they actually paid him for the books instead of fleecing him.

But while those were stern days, they were fruitful times also. Let the city of Kwangchow, in Honan, be

an example. In this city in 1900 an Italian member of the Mission, Mr. A. Argento, was beaten and left for dead. Paraffin oil had been poured over him and he had been set on fire. He did not die, but lived to resume his labours in the city. Argento's sufferings were not in vain, for a great work of grace followed. The writer of this book visited this neighbourhood not long after the great war. There were thirty-three village chapels, all self-supporting. There were tens of thousands under instruction as enquirers, and a great spirit of expectation prevailed. At a time of great trouble, the Christians gathered together, at two o'clock in the morning, for a whole month, outside the city gate, to pray for deliverance. Their prayers were heard and answered. Within six years two thousand candidates for baptism were examined, and of this number all but two testified that their interest in the Gospel had arisen through contact with fellow Chinese Christians.

The days of which we write were a time of widespread opportunity, in spite of many adversaries. The baptisms rose to over six thousand a year, being 6,500 in 1919. There were sixty thousand under instruction for baptism. In twenty-one stations the catechumens exceeded five hundred each. In nine centres there were more than a thousand. In three stations the figures exceeded two thousand, and in one place the candidates for baptism were four thousand. At another centre there were 8,350 tribes-folk seeking instruction in the things of God. Nor was this all, for in ninety-one stations the number of enquirers ranged from one hundred to five hundred. Such facts rejoiced the hearts of the missionaries and made it feel worth while to endure hardship and to face dangers. But the work taxed body and spirit to the uttermost, especially when sickness depleted the staff.

Fresh openings were presenting themselves on many hands. At this period the first fruits from among the Chung-kia tribes were gathered in, while in another area there were 1,200 families of the Lisu who had destroyed

their idols and had commenced to study the way of life. New ground was also being broken in many places, entailing much hard spade work. One worker in Shensi wrote of 196 hamlets and villages being systematically evangelized, and more than six thousand homes being visited. What such work meant a short extract from Mr. Mann's report from Kansu shows. "It was arduous work," he wrote. "One day we climbed eight times to get to seven villages, and a few barley sugar-drops were all we had to eat. We visited and preached in 127 villages and sold 400 Gospels and gave away several thousand tracts."

Among the many tokens of encouragement which the workers received at this time, the generous sympathy of the officials may be mentioned. In Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, the Governor and other officials gave two thousand taels towards the proposed Middle School, the Governor sending his own son to the Mission's Higher Elementary Department. In Kaifeng, the capital of Honan, the Governor's wife, on two occasions, gave generous gifts to the Women's Hospital.

We have already referred to the financial difficulties in the previous chapter. A few words more may not inappropriately be added here, for this was the time when the problem of exchange was at its height. The income of the Mission in gold had risen, but the price of silver was almost fabulous. Perhaps the simplest way of conveying to many British readers what it meant is to say that it was as though the Mission in China could only obtain three Half-crowns for the Pound instead of eight. For a short period it was only possible to get two Half-crowns for the Pound. But God's deliverance was most striking. During the month of December, 1919, when silver cost approximately ten shillings an ounce, the Mission received in Great Britain alone the sum of £10,949, a very unusual income for one month. It seemed like throwing gold into a yawning chasm to send out that amount of

gold to China when silver was at such a price, but it was God's provision for a time of need.

The crisis of silver brought many an old business house in China and elsewhere to grief, but though all the Mission's work was in a silver-using country, God brought His servants through. During the ten years 1915 to 1924, the Mission's total income exceeded £1,400,000 which was only £578,000 less than the aggregate of the previous fifty years. Those were stern days, but days of overwhelming mercy and of great fruitfulness.

Love Unfeigned

BY a striking coincidence just when the Mission was celebrating its Diamond Jubilee at home, a storm of the fiercest fury broke out in China. For some time the tide of anti-foreign feeling had been rising, and mighty forces were at work to overwhelm all foreigners, missionary and merchant alike. Latent hatred for the stranger had long slumbered in China. A new force from without was now to lash it into fury. There had been a Communist party in China before the revolution in Russia and this party allied itself with the Third International in 1921, as an offset to the Washington Conference of the same year.

A time had come when the servants of God could only commend themselves by love unfeigned, " by glory and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true." In the year 1922 two great Christian Assemblies were held in China. There was the National Christian Conference in Shanghai, when practically all Missions united in fellowship. There was also the World's Christian Students' Conference, which met in a Chinese College just outside Peking. These two great occasions seem to have been regarded as a challenge by the Communist and Anti-Christian forces, for they marked the onset of one of the bitterest attacks upon Christianity that the world has known. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the fury and the ability with which the assault was pressed. The Boxer persecutions were largely the work of mobs, but this campaign was the work of the intelligentzia.

Writing in the same year as these Conferences met in China, the *Shanghai Municipal Gazette* drew attention to the

dark shadows all around, as evidenced by the numerous organizations with titles such as the following: "The Iron and Blood Society, The Iron and Dare to Die Society, Traitors Extermination Army, Nihilists' Confederation, Righteous National Salvation Society, Bombers of the Righteous Army," etc. These are only a selection from a multitude of similar titles.

The absence of a strong central authority gave such organizations their opportunity. A prominent official said that China resembled a ship in a storm with the passengers all fighting each other for personal advantage. A Government report stated that the authority of the Central Government had shrunk to that of a mere municipality. The year of the two conferences mentioned, saw two Presidents, a new Parliament, and six different Cabinets. And yet China's standing army was then the largest in the world, but not more than one-tenth of it was controlled by the Government.

The sorrows and the trials of the people cannot be described. They were harried and harassed by extortionate soldiers and lawless brigands. Cities were sacked by the score. Thousands of Chinese were held to ransom, and the missionary body did not escape. During 1922 more than a dozen missionaries were taken captive, three were shot and many robbed. During 1923 China was without a President for four months, and almost without a Government. Foreign ships were fired on and several were looted by pirates. In two cases the Captains were killed and the officers held to ransom. During 1923 approximately one hundred foreigners were captured by bandits. The famous Blue Express was intentionally derailed, and thirty-five foreign passengers, as well as many Chinese, were taken captive.

The story of those days is a veritable tale of woe. Pages could be filled with the lawless deeds of the troops and bandits alike. Trade was ruined, agriculture was neglected, the inns were destroyed, the cities were sacked and the roads

ruined. As one illustration it may be mentioned that Paoning was bombarded twice, once for twelve days and later for ten days.

Amid all these disorders there was an intensive campaign against Christianity. Anti-Christian literature simply poured out from the press. Mass meetings and great demonstrations were organized everywhere. Behind all this subtle propaganda there were many able scholars. Their aim was to poison the minds of the people against Christianity. Truth was so mixed with error that even the elect were led astray. Many of the Christians were deceived. Christianity was confused with politics, Evangelism with Imperialism. The history of Spain and her alliance with the Vatican, the story of the Inquisition and the Papal Bull which gave Spain and Portugal power over the East and West, and many other historical facts were so twisted and manipulated that history was made to witness against the truth. The real Message of Christ was exchanged for a fable with a semblance of justification.

A careful analysis of ninety-seven pamphlets revealed that thirty-six were directed against Christian education, thirty-four against Christianity generally, eleven against Christians, five against the Church, five against missionaries, two against Christian literature, three against Christ Jesus Himself, and one against the Bible. Truth was so distorted or so mixed with untruth, that to deceive the people was simple, but to enlighten them by no means easy. Yet amid all this campaign of lies the missionaries carried on, seeking by love unfeigned, and by the word of truth to commend themselves and their message.

It was at such a time that the Misses French and Cable, the well-known Trio, left their old and well-established station in Shansi for the hardships of the unknown and uninviting regions of the Gobi Desert and Central Asia. It was a long and arduous journey from central Shansi to those regions beyond, but Miss Cable wrote: "It has been worth every bump of the road, every hour of cold,

every day of weariness, to see the eagerness with which some have listened to the Gospel and come to ask questions concerning this Eternal Life. We hope to have opportunities for preaching and teaching such as anyone might covet, and thank God for every such opening." And this venture was only one of several which were being made at that unpropitious period to meet the needs of the unevangelized areas. The workers were ready to sow beside all waters, and not unduly to study the clouds.

And times of blessing and even of revival were granted. On the Kwangsin River many hundreds testified to their acceptance of Jesus Christ. "I have never seen the city of Iyang so stirred by the preaching of the Gospel," wrote Miss McKenzie. "The city was moved by the story of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is true that Mr. Lack has a wonderful way of holding his audience, but only the power of the Holy Ghost could move the people of Iyang to raise their hands, to stand up, to walk forward and stay to a second meeting. This stand was taken by 133 men and 30 women."

In Nanchang, the capital of the Province, the new chapel was filled, in spite of the most unsuitable weather. Nearly one thousand persons signified their intention of abandoning idolatry and of serving the living and true God. These are but two illustrations from many.

Undeterred by the storm without, the Bible Schools opened their doors. Short-term Bible Schools were arranged at many centres. In the Hospitals it was just the same. A great work of grace started among the patients. Here, for instance, is the fragment of one story concerning one of the out-patients of the Lanchow Hospital.

In one of the most beautiful and most wealthy homes in the city, a home richly furnished with valuable vases and ornaments, and cared for by servants in livery, there lay a young man, in the prime of life and yet in great pain. In the same room there sat a figure of Buddha with incense burning before it. The young man was an able scholar,

holding the most prized of China's scholastic distinctions, the degree of the Hanlin Academy. Even opium would not relieve his agony. A simple operation, done in his home, restored him to health and ease. He thus became the missionary's friend for life, and the way was opened for commending to him man's greatest Friend, the Good Physician.

A thousand miles away, in south-west China, Dr. E. S. Fish, assisted by Dr. D. V. Rees, had a hospital filled with wounded soldiers. This hospital had been built for work among the Tribes, but when the troops took possession of the city, the wounded filled all the beds and covered all the floors. Many of these men were most seriously wounded and were frightened almost beyond control. It was a hectic time and not without its perils, as the following extract from one of Dr. Fish's letters reveals.

" Quite without discipline, the Chinese soldier lives by brow-beating. He does not hesitate to draw his weapons and to use them. One of the unhappy men drew his sword on me one evening in the hospital compound. It looked like death for a moment, but God had other plans, for certainly no human agent could have saved me. The officer, a few feet away, did not dare to intervene."

Good work was done among these ill-disciplined men. One of the officers testified that the conduct on the drill ground had changed from cursing and blows to right speaking and true dealing.

Another development deserving mention was the opening of premises for work among the Tibetans at Siningfu. Here Mr. Learner established a Hostel for Tibetan visitors. " Tibet," he wrote, " has in the past been known as the Great Closed Land. It is no longer so. The doors are open. As I go in and out among these people, never do I hear a hard word, never a curse. They are willing to receive the Gospel. Are we willing to enter this door ? " Not long after the opening of this Tibetan Hostel, Mr.

Learner had the joy of receiving the first convert from among these people. This man had been scourged for forsaking Lamaism, as well as imprisoned and chained to the floor.

Throughout all this period the anti-Christian spirit prevailed. The Chinese press urged that Christmas Day should be appointed a National Anti-Christian Festival. Placards were pasted up which read: "Arise! Perceive your enemy. Down with Christianity! While the Christian face is all smiles, his tongue is a sword. Their words are like honey, but they are subtle poison." In Nanking the students destroyed all the Christian books in the College library. In Canton the students arranged anti-Christian carnivals and atheistic meetings. Tragic events were desired and schemed for. The pent-up feelings of China's rage against foreigners became vocal, and in no measured terms she presented her challenge.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen had died in 1925, but not before he had published his famous book *The Three Principles*, and not before he had established Sino-Russian co-operation. The harvest followed. The greater part of Canton, a city of great wealth, was burnt to the ground and thirty-eight of the masters and students of the Canton Christian College were seized and carried off.

Early in the summer of 1925 serious riots broke out in Shanghai. The students sought to rush the Police station and capture the arms stored there. In their extremity the Police fired on the students, killing twenty-one of them and wounding sixty-five others. This was like a match to gunpowder. The whole country blazed with indignation and rioting spread to other centres. All attempts at a settlement failed.

At Canton the situation was extremely perilous. The Foreign Concession was fired on, and while the Foreign Powers protested at Peking, the Canton Government demanded the surrender of the Concession and the payment of an indemnity. Behind these events were professional

provocateurs engendering bitterness and fanning the flame of hatred. A blaze of anger swept the country like a prairie fire. It was a time of the greatest strain for all, demanding the utmost forbearance. The tension between the missionary and the Chinese Christians was acute, for misunderstandings were in the air. Tact and forbearance were demanded by all. The only attitude possible to the missionary was to be ready to be despised and rejected of men, like his Master. This seemed to be the chief lesson of that terrible time.

And humility had its reward. Testimonies came from many stations speaking of a joyous devotion in the midst of it all. Those days of adversity were fruitful in the things of the spirit. God's people were able to rejoice in the midst of afflictions. Sir Robert Stopford, who commanded one of the ships under Nelson, wrote: "We are half starved and otherwise inconvenienced by being so long out of port, but our reward is that we are with Nelson." A greater than Nelson was with His servants in China, and many experienced the reality of the great promise of their Master, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."

Love Pressed on Every Side

THERE is something stimulating about climbing the Hill of Difficulty, but it needs more grace to go down into the Valley of Humiliation. That is what all missionaries were called upon to do at this time. It was love's ordeal. The tide of bitterness was at its height all over China.

The situation was exceedingly complex. While the missionaries were willing to stoop to conquer, the official representatives of the Foreign Powers were not prepared to bow before the storm. China would gladly have swept every foreigner into the sea, but vast interests and grave responsibilities put the Foreign Powers on the defensive.

The much-to-be-regretted shootings at Shanghai and Canton have already been mentioned. Other deplorable events were to follow. In September, 1926, certain British ships, with their officers and crew, had been seized by a Chinese General at Wanhsien, a river port on the upper reaches of the Yangtse. In an attempt to release these officers, the British Navy came into collision with Chinese troops. This is not the place to discuss the relative responsibility for what followed. The issue was that lives were lost on both sides, and the British bombarded the city inflicting heavy casualties on the Chinese. The British had 8 killed and 15 wounded, but the Chinese losses were much heavier, namely 260 soldiers killed and wounded, with about 100 civilians killed and 140 wounded.

Such an incident was serious at any time, but at this juncture it was welcome grist to the propagandists' mill. Such an event contained just those elements which were well calculated to inflame public opinion and passion. Its reaction upon the missionary situation was inevitable,

especially as Wanhsien was a mission station. It was not long before a document, issued by the Cleanse the Shame Society, was delivered to members of the China Inland Mission. Part of that document read as follows:

"This imposing and illustrious mart of Wanhsien has suffered fire and slaughter at the barbarous hands of your honourable nationals." Then after referring to the iniquitous Opium wars, the subjugation of India and other countries, it proceeds: "We have banded under solemn oath to resist this thing to the death. We have decided to sever all relations with you. There are many inconveniences associated with your residence here, and it behoves us to invite you, within ten days, to gather up your belongings and get out!"

For workers served with such a notice the situation was peculiarly perplexing, besides being painful and perilous. At other stations the developments took a different turn. At Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, the Chinese Church declared its independence of the foreigner. The inaugural meeting of this emancipated Church was held on Christmas Day in the old buildings, the Governor of the city being present and taking part. One of the missionaries, as a matter of courtesy, was asked to speak, but the local paper, the *Daily Proletarian*, satirized his remarks as being part of the Imperialists' clever tricks. Love was being tried and tested in the valley of humiliation.

Such were some of the conditions under which the work was carried on during 1926. But the situation was becoming more and more difficult, if not almost impossible. Soviet influence was rapidly on the increase. Some months before the bombardment of Wanhsien, General Feng, the well-known Christian General, had gone to Moscow to study the Soviet theory. There was a University in that city designed for the instruction of Chinese students. No means had been overlooked in the desire to further revolution in China.

Borodin and his Russian helpers were busy at Canton,

preparing for an advance North, and early in the same year the advance began. With the country well indoctrinated by propaganda, the Southern Army swept North from the Pearl River to the Yangtse Valley in the short space of nine months. Changsha, the capital of Hunan, fell in July, 1926, Hankow yielded in September, and Wuchang was stormed in October. Early in January, 1927, the mob rushed the British concession at Hankow and the British Naval detachment was withdrawn to prevent bloodshed. There is little doubt but that an occasion of offence was sought, but the restraint of the British blue-jackets denied them this.

On March 21 the Southern Army entered the native city of Shanghai. Nanking, the Southern Capital, was captured by the Southern forces on March 24, and the forces of disorder were let loose. Three Foreign Consulates were sacked, the British Consul was wounded, a British doctor killed, as well as other foreigners. Many were grievously and shamefully maltreated, women included. The instigators doubtless desired to provoke the whole country to rise. The British and American warships were compelled to intervene, and the foreigners were rescued by naval detachments screened by a barrage of gun-fire. The Cantonese leaders were summoned on board the British gunboat and warned by the British and American Commanders that unless all foreigners were safely handed over, Nanking would be regarded as a war area. It was under such circumstances that the Foreign Ministers and Consular authorities decided to recall the majority of the foreigners from the interior, no matter whether they were merchants or missionaries.

The loss of life at this time, and the destruction of treasure throughout the country, was beyond measure. And the sufferings of the people cannot be told. One Red riot in Canton resulted in the ruin of property estimated at two million Pounds sterling. The sacrifice of life was terrible.

This call to withdraw workers from the interior was an expensive matter. It cost the China Inland Mission several lives and a sum of not less than £70,000, including the destruction of the property left vacant. Many would have preferred to have remained at their stations, for the perils of the road seemed greater than staying where they were at least known. It is of course impossible to know what might have happened had they elected to stay where they were.

Dr. Whitfield Guinness was at the time ill with typhus fever. A long and weary journey of hundreds of miles under such conditions was not lightly undertaken. It was a terrible experience for the patient and a harrowing trial to his devoted wife. The best conveyance obtainable was a baggage truck on the railway. Though he lived to reach Peking, and though all that medical skill could do was done for him at the Union Medical Hospital, the end of his devoted earthly career came in Easter week, four days after his arrival in Peking.

Another worker who lost his life upon the road was Dr. George King. Acting under Consular instructions a company of thirty-eight missionaries and twelve children, gathered from many stations, set out from Lanchow city to travel by raft down the Yellow river. There were eight rafts, each raft being floated by one hundred inflated sheep skins. The navigation of the gorges and whirlpools on such a craft was a highly sensational experience, an experience made more tragic by falling into the hands of brigands.

These men of violence demanded a sum of 70 dollars for each raft, and when some demur was made they raised their guns to cut short the argument. However a compromise of 30 dollars a raft was finally agreed upon. After this somewhat terrifying experience, the raftsmen insisted on travelling by night. The result was the stranding of the rafts on sandbanks, all eight rafts being in difficulties at the same time, though unknown to one another. It was in

this way that Dr. King lost his life. He had been up all night dealing with the situation. On the following morning he was several hours in the water endeavouring to free the rafts. When all but one of these unwieldy crafts had been set free, he was swept off his feet in deep and swift water. The current, troubled by many treacherous eddies, was running at about ten miles an hour. Though Dr. King was a powerful swimmer, he disappeared from sight when about thirty yards from the bank and was never seen again. Dr. King was in the prime of his manhood. It was a staggering loss to the party, and especially to his wife who was among the number.

While this was happening in the north of China, other perils were besetting another party in the far south-west. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Slichter, with their two children John and Ruth, accompanied by Miss M. I. Craig, set out from their station of Anshun in Kweichow, with the hope of reaching the coast via Yunnan. John was a lad of six years and little Ruth a girl of three. This band of workers fell into the hands of robbers. One of these men fired at Mrs. Slichter, who was holding Ruth in her arms. The bullet struck the child in the head and tore an ugly gash in the mother's wrist. Another robber stabbed Mr. Slichter in the back, piercing his heart and killing him instantly. He fell without a word, and little Ruth died fifteen minutes later.

For those who died the speedy death was merciful, but for the two helpless women, and for little John, the experience was poignant indeed. The anguish of bereavement under such circumstances was terrible enough, but there was also the agonizing suspense which followed. After the dead and the living had been robbed, the brigands attacked their escort. And no words can describe what it cost the living to perform the last offices for the dead under the ruthless gaze of these heartless robbers.

This harrowing experience took place during Holy Week, and the memory of Good Friday, of Gethsemane,

and Calvary, and of Easter Sunday were real and exceedingly precious to those suffering servants of their crucified and risen Master. After two or three weeks of grief, of anxiety and suspense, weeks which felt like months, these two women and little John obtained their freedom.

Other parties pursued their journeys to the coast, some being on the road for weeks and some for months. From Szechwan the workers were sent down river by the naval authorities. They had no option. They were put on board, and the bills for their passages were presented to the Mission by the shipping companies in Shanghai. Every demand was met when made. Others had to engage their own transport, and pay whatever the Chinese demanded, reasonable or exorbitant. There was no alternative and the demands were frequently extortionate. The carters, muleteers and boatmen demanded what they liked and there was no appeal against their terms. The foreigners' extremity was their opportunity.

This was a time of deep humiliation, a time when the missionary was as the offscouring of the earth. The powers of darkness were let loose, and nothing seemed exempt from their fury. At Luchow, in Szechwan, the Hudson Taylor Schools had for years been doing a good work for the west and south-west of China. Here the work of destruction was absolute. Not only were the buildings looted, they were razed to the dust. The tiles and bricks were sold, and even the foundation stones were removed.

There seemed no limit to the fury of the people. The Women's Training Home at Yangchow was wrecked, the library destroyed, the trees cut down, the flooring torn up and everything movable taken away. There had been no local bitterness, but the soldiers had been inflamed to do this. Similar stories could be told of scores of other places. There was hardly a station along the Kwangsin River which did not suffer. Hospitals were not spared. The graves of the dead, and even the tombs of the martyrs were not exempt. The damage done to mission property,

though by no means small, was not to be compared to the spiritual values involved. It was a day when the workers were called upon to know the fellowship of Christ in His sufferings. It was love pressed on every side.

But the adversary over-reached himself. The intoxicated Third International attempted to dictate to the Chinese authorities. This resulted in a break with the Soviet party, and in the expulsion of the Russian officers. From that time on the Chinese Government sought to rid the country of Soviet control. A large measure of success in this campaign followed, but it has not yet obtained complete success.

In another direction the wrath of man was to praise God, for the removal of the missionary compelled the Chinese leaders to take the lead. In a new way the Chinese Church was thrown upon God. Nor was this all, as will be seen later.

Love's Ordeal

WE have looked briefly at love pressed on every side, as seen from the stations inland. It is now necessary to look at the same situation as seen from Headquarters in Shanghai. Here Love's ordeal had a somewhat different complexion. It came as a great emergency.

In the early days of the Mission a generous friend said to Hudson Taylor, that he would like to place a sum of money at his disposal as a reserve, in case of emergency. It was only to be drawn upon in a time of stress and refunded when the strain had passed. Hudson Taylor felt that the obligation to pay back encroached upon his principle of No Debt. He therefore replied, after thanking the kind friend : " God has no emergencies, and it would be wrong to accept money on the supposition of being able to refund it."

We have reached one of the greatest emergencies ever experienced by the Mission, and we shall see how it was met. The Boxer crisis of 1900 and the Great War of 1914 to 1918 were serious emergencies. So was the call to evacuate in 1927. Each crisis would have wrecked the Mission, if the work had not been of God. No human foundations would have sufficed before such storms.

April 3, 1927 was a day long to be remembered by the Mission's executive in Shanghai. The terrible events which had happened in March at Nanking, as recorded in the previous chapter, resulted in instructions being received by the Authorities of the Mission in Shanghai to recall the missionaries to the coast. It is comparatively easy to give such an order, but what it entailed was best understood by those who, at Shanghai, had to transmit those instructions to the hundreds of mission stations inland. We have

already seen what it meant to some. Quite apart from the perils of travel, or the dangers to the young Churches deserted, would the workers have money for such an emergency? But on the other hand, if they remained at their stations would it be possible to send supplies? Already some had had to pay 20 per cent. to get a Shanghai draft cashed. Soon it might be impossible.

At the time of which we write there were 1,185 missionaries connected with the Mission. Of this number approximately three hundred decided that it was best for them to remain at their stations and face the consequences. Of this number some were living at or near the coast, at such places as Shanghai, Chefoo, Tientsin and Hankow. But there were 213 residing at 70 inland stations, who, for various reasons, resolved to stay where they were. Allowing for those on furlough, it means that roughly 800 workers had to travel to the coast, and that accommodation had to be found for this invasion. To find accommodation and to provide for the travelling expenses of such a number was something of an emergency. It was no small ordeal, for when the recall was made there was only about £50 in the Mission's exchequer, not enough to bring two workers from Kansu to Shanghai.

The International Settlement of Shanghai is a strictly limited area, and it is always densely populated. Rents were high and sometimes exorbitant. Further, many wealthy Chinese flee to such a haven in times of trouble, and are prepared to pay anything for shelter. To them it is a matter of life or death, of saving or losing their all. To find accommodation for eight hundred refugees was therefore no small problem, quite apart from the financial aspects of the question. And the China Inland Mission was not the only Mission involved. Thousands of foreigners, merchants and missionaries, had to concentrate in Shanghai or in some other coast port.

To cut a long story short, no fewer than fourteen emergency homes were required by the Mission. One of

these was lent, rent free and furnished, by a kind friend going home on furlough. To find the others, one member of the Mission, a man specially qualified for the task, was set aside to organize search parties to scour the city for possible premises, and to work out the numerous details involved by such an influx. In answer to prayer and in response to diligent search, the needed premises were found. In most cases they were just empty buildings and needed to be furnished.

The up-country worker is accustomed to hardships, but beds and tables were at least essential. The sale-rooms and second-hand shops of Shanghai were eagerly searched for the needed equipment. Some who had the requisite knowledge wired the houses for electric light, erected stoves, and generally helped to make the premises habitable. Women workers, clad in overalls, sallied forth with mops and pails to clean what were, in some cases, filthy dwellings. Housekeepers were discovered, all, of course, from the ranks of the refugees themselves. All gifts were pooled and placed at the disposal of the community. But when everything had been done to avoid expense, the inevitable outlay was considerable.

It was estimated that the furnishing of each home cost roughly £80—not an extravagant sum. The total rent bill for the thirteen houses was approximately £1,700 a year. In a word, the sudden and unexpected demands upon the Treasury of the Mission occasioned by the call to evacuate cost about £13,000. The damage to property was somewhere about £50,000. These and other emergency demands made a very heavy and quite extraordinary demand for which the Mission had no reserves. Yet, in the good providence of God, all these demands were met as made, and no one was kept waiting for his money.

As the Mission's policy does not permit appeals to be made for funds, be they ordinary or cases of emergency, the reader may be interested to know how these urgent and unexpected demands were supplied. To condense a

long story into a few words, it may be stated that one generous donor in America, who had placed a substantial sum of money at the Mission's disposal for some specified buildings, cabled to say that the money might be used for any emergency demands. Then another considerable sum became available from a legacy left by another friend in America. Thirdly, in the mercy of God, the exchange turned in a marked manner in the Mission's favour. Had the exchange of 1920 been operative in 1927, the cost to the Mission would have multiplied four times in gold. In 1920 the Mexican dollar cost more than 7 shillings. In 1927 it had fallen to 1s. 8d.

In 1920 the crisis was the high cost of silver. In 1927 the emergency involved abnormal outlay. In the mercy of God these two critical experiences did not occur together. Silver was cheap when the demand was greatest. Each emergency had been met by the good Hand of God. "Whoso is wise will give heed to these things; and they shall consider the loving-kindnesses of the Lord."

Love's Reply

THE year 1927, as we have seen, was a critical period in China missions. It has been ascertained that of the eight thousand missionaries in the field when the year opened, five thousand had left the country before the close of the year, many of them never to return. These figures refer to all societies. A new period in the history of the Chinese Church had dawned. Henceforth the missionary must decrease and Chinese leadership increase.

Of the missionaries connected with the China Inland Mission, only about three hundred were able to remain at their stations, while approximately eight hundred had withdrawn to the coast. It was a searching time for the Chinese Christians and for the Church. Some failed, but many triumphed and came out stronger from the furnace of affliction. To the world it seemed a failure, as the following fragment of a conversation overheard on shipboard will show.

A passenger to a Shanghai resident: "You have had pretty hard times in Shanghai lately. What has been the cause?" The Shanghai resident: "Missionaries, of course. Their work has got a proper wash-out." When challenged by the China Director of the Mission, who overheard the conversation, and asked the Shanghai resident where he had obtained his information, the only answer was: "Oh, I have heard that statement repeatedly!" Such is hearsay! What were the facts? First, that the Chinese Church, though deprived of foreign leaders, had taken up the burden and borne it heroically. Not a few were slain. Many were tortured and suffered the loss of all things. Some died of their injuries. The faith and love and courage of the Chinese Christians were tested severely.

It must be admitted that at home, in spite of fervent language about taking up the Cross, this call has lost much of its original meaning to-day to many. In China the Cross was a great reality. One Chinese minister when preaching to his people said: "Formerly when you were asked what it meant to be a Christian, you replied, 'We Christians do not worship idols.' Yes," he continued, "but that difference will soon disappear. Idols will go. You will have to find a more positive definition if you're going to keep the name at all." He was right. To be a Christian when Bolshevism was sweeping the country was often a matter of life or death. To give in brief any idea of the sufferings of those years is almost impossible.

The Red armies slaughtered hundreds of thousands, if not millions of people. There was a lust for blood. The tale of anguish baffles description. Millions were ruined and countless numbers slain. The mind is staggered by the ruthless horrors and by the maddening brutalities. Determined efforts were made to sweep away every vestige of Christianity. The conditions in many parts of the country were appalling. It was estimated that in the province of Kiangsi alone 150,000 persons were murdered, and one and a half million refugees driven to other provinces. It was in this province the Soviets established their central government.

In Shanghai, the Foreign Concessions and the native city included, 36,000 corpses, of which 34,000 were children, were picked up during 1930. In the same area there was an average of five suicides a day throughout the whole year. Wherever possible the Red armies destroyed all title deeds and distributed the property to the people. All landmarks were removed. When they seized the city of Kian they massacred two thousand persons and carried off five thousand for ransom.

If the walls of Jerusalem were built in troublous times, the establishment of the Church in China had to be carried on under similar circumstances. This was not the time

to desert the battle. The worse the times the more the Gospel was needed. The withdrawal to the coast was an opportunity to study the situation and to consider what ought to be done. All societies were compelled to face a new problem and to review their plans.

While the missionaries were at the coast, Mr. Hoste, the General Director, issued a statement entitled: "Remarks upon the future work of the Mission." Conferences were held in China wherever the missionaries had congregated. Mr. Gibb visited the Home countries to confer with the workers on furlough, and with the Home administrations. The issue was that a Forward Movement was determined upon. This was love's reply and not retreat. The evacuations had thrust increased responsibility upon the Chinese Church. That was something to thank God for and to encourage. Henceforth leadership in the Church was to be left with the Chinese. The missionary was to be an assistant when needed, but he was now more free for an aggressive programme in unevangelized areas. And out of all this came the Call for Two Hundred new workers in two years. This was to be part of the whole Forward Movement, and was love's answer to the bitterness which had compelled temporary retirement.

This enterprize was no romantic crusade lightly undertaken. The serious nature of such a crusade was fully recognized. A careful survey of the whole field had shown that one hundred and ninety-nine new workers were needed if the Mission was to fulfil its obligations in its recognized spheres of service. So the Appeal for the Two Hundred was sent forth.* This Appeal was issued under date of March 15, 1929, and in a letter of the same date Mr. Hoste wrote: "It will involve, perhaps, the most tremendous conflict which we have yet had as a Mission, and every part of it will need to be, as it were, steeped in

* See *The Two Hundred.* C.I.M. & R.T.S.

prayer." At home and in the field it was recognized that any such advance must be preceded by much preparation of heart. To use a term employed during the Great War, " the internal front," was to be the secret of success without. How great was to be the conflict subsequent years proved.

Though the response to the Appeal was at first somewhat disappointing, a total of two hundred and three actually sailed within the time specified. The last party left London on the last day of 1931. This was a remarkable result, but it was only the beginning and not the end of the forward movement.

For some time it had been on the heart of Brigadier-General G. B. Mackenzie that a movement for the securing of Prayer Partners for the workers at the front was imperative. This development actually came into being in the same year as the Call for the Two Hundred went forth. With the cordial approval of the Mission authorities, General Mackenzie undertook the founding of this Prayer Union Companionship. Its purpose was to associate twelve or more intercessors with any missionary who would undertake to supply regular information concerning his or her work, for these Prayer Companions at home. In the first announcement of this new development the General wrote as follows :

" In prayer the China Inland Mission was conceived. Through prayer it is sustained. God, Who heareth prayer, has blessed it indeed and enlarged its coast. Every increase in number, in sphere, in opportunity, has been to it a call for more prayer. Never in the history of the Mission has prayer been more needed than now." How sorely prayer was needed the conflict soon proved.

Brigandage was rife, mission premises were held by soldiers, a Moslem rebellion raged in the north-west, an appalling famine held North China in its grip. The Government in some parts liberated its prisoners as they could not feed them. Yet five million tons of wheat had been taken from the stricken areas, where there were

four million people in acute distress, to feed the soldiers elsewhere. The deaths were estimated at two millions. The American Red Cross refused to intervene because of the unpardonable way in which the army was robbing the people of their bread.

With famine fever abroad the missionary body were in peril. Ten workers in one province were down with typhus fever in 1929 and of this number five died. Seven others were incapacitated through other diseases. Of the year 1930, one worker wrote : " No words can describe the awful conditions that have existed here throughout the year." Another said : " We have never been through such a period of testing." A few items, chosen almost at random, will serve as illustrations.

In Kian the mission premises were occupied by the military. The Girls' School and Church Vestry were used as stables. The Men's Chapel was full of machine guns, and the Church was used as a parade ground and for the worship of Sun Yat-sen. The city of Fukow, in Honan, was bombed by aeroplanes for days, forty bombs being dropped in one day. Miss Jessie Brook and others had to sleep in a dug-out. The premises were struck, and shrapnel found in a pillow and wadded coverlet which had only just been left. Chenchow, in the same province, was attacked several times. Nearly every city in the south of Shansi was in a state of panic. In Kansu four stations were thoroughly looted. In Kiangsi thirty-seven out of the eighty-one counties were under the control of the Reds, while thirty-eight others were infested with brigands. Twenty out of the thirty-two stations in this province were looted. And so the record of sorrows could go on, but this will suffice. It seemed almost a miracle that the missionaries could hold on, still more that they should plan advance.

But the destruction of property was not all. Many a bright Christian sealed his or her testimony with blood. And not a few of the missionaries laid down their lives

also. Mr. R. E. Blomdahl, of the Swedish Alliance, associated with the C.I.M. was murdered by bandits in Shansi during 1929. In the same year Mr. D. F. Pike, when escorting two young workers in Kweichow, was captured by brigands and never seen again. There is reason to believe that he was murdered during September. Love's answer to this tragedy was seen when his daughter subsequently offered to go out as one of the Two Hundred. In February, 1930, three Finnish associates of the Mission, the Misses Cajander, Ingman and Hedengren, were captured when travelling by boat on the Kan river in Kiangsi and put to death. Two, at least, were first shot and then thrown into the river, but the other was reported to have died from exhaustion.

The China Inland Mission was not alone in these sufferings. In the same year two lady workers, the Misses Nettleton and Harrison, of the Church Missionary Society, perished at the hands of the communists in Fukien.

Not a few other members of the Mission fell into the hands of these violent men, but were delivered. During 1929 and 1930, Mr. Cecil Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Seipel, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Porteous and Miss Gemmell had this painful experience. But though half of the sufferings and trials have not been told, we must pass to another aspect lest it should appear as though work were impossible.

Amid all these chaotic conditions work had been continued. During the three years 1929 to 1931 inclusive, more than fifteen thousand persons had confessed their faith in Christ by baptism in Churches connected with the Mission. Such men were not rice Christians. There was too much at stake for men to confess Christ in those days unless their faith was real. And another remarkable fact was that every year not less than ten million Scriptures had been bought by the Chinese ; Bibles, New Testaments and Portions.* In one year the figure was eleven and a half

* See *The Bible in China.* C.I.M. & R.T.S.

million. And all this good work was going forward amidst the bitterest opposition and calumny. In the same month that the three Finnish ladies were murdered in Kiangsi, namely February, 1930, the local authorities in Tientsin actually seized all the posted copies of the *Peking and Tientsin Times* because the editor had protested against the slander that the missionaries were engaged in the arms and drug traffic! In the same month five Roman Catholic priests and three Sisters were murdered in South China, one of these being Bishop Verseglia who had been twenty-five years in the country.

Such were the days when the Forward Movement was launched. The times were not inviting, but as Thomas à Kempis says: "Love complains not of impossibilities, because it thinks that it may and can do all things. It is equal, therefore, to anything; and it performs and bringeth many things to pass, where he that loves not faints and fails." With the recital of a few things that love attempted as her reply, we must conclude this chapter.

The last party of the Two Hundred reached Shanghai on February 1, 1932 to find the Settlement being bombarded by the Japanese. In God's wonderful providence the Mission had moved into its new premises only a few months before. The old premises, occupied for forty years, were in the area of fighting and would have been untenable. Two of the party who arrived that day, were later in the year to be members of a party who were to undertake one of the most romantic journeys made by any company in China. In September, six of the Two Hundred, under the escort of Mr. George Hunter, set off in two Ford trucks to traverse Mongolia and the Gobi desert towards their distant sphere of labour in Chinese Turkestan. It was an historic trek, beset with many difficulties and perils and marked by many mercies. Sometimes the cars sank to their axles in the soft gypsum. Petrol was sometimes used at the rate of a gallon a mile, and a gradient of one in four had to be negotiated. When they had reached

Etsingol, the half-way mark, they realized that their petrol would not hold out. Yet here, in this utterly unexpected place, they were able to secure ten five-gallon tanks of petrol belonging to the Sven Hedin Expedition. With full hearts they sang "How good is the God we adore" when Urumchi, the capital of Chinese Turkestan was reached.

This advance into Central Asia was only one of the directions in which the Forward movement pressed. Perilous journeys were undertaken into many new regions. Mr. and Mrs. Bazire, for instance, struck out into the north-west of Szechwan, from which base expeditions into unfrequented regions only approachable along perilous footpaths, were made to reach the tribal regions. Again Dr. Jeffrey and Mr. Amos made a long tour in the wild Kinchwan region on the Tibetan border. The Bishop of one of the Lamaseries having given them a special passport, they were able to engage in medical and evangelistic work for three months in this wild and little known region. Space forbids us to follow the new activities of these years. It must suffice to say that during 1932 fourteen new centres were opened and during 1933 no less than nineteen cities in nine provinces were occupied as new mission stations. The Forward Movement had become a reality, and the number of baptisms for the last five years has been nearly thirty-five thousand.

Love at All Costs

IN what was, at one time, feared to be Mr. S. C. Frencham's last letter—he had been captured by the communists—he wrote: "We long for a deeper spiritual experience that will enable us to triumph over all, and to press forward with the Gospel message at all costs." Preaching the Gospel in China has been a costly undertaking. The Message itself was God's costly gift. In China tens of thousands of lives had been dedicated to the great task of making Christ known. An innumerable number had given health and life in that glorious service. It was a work to be done at all costs, but it was more than a work, it was a love to be manifest at all costs.

No half measure will ever do to make Christ known. This was becoming increasing manifest. The late Dr. Harold Williams, one of the greatest authorities on Russia, wrote of Bolshevism as follows: "Bolshevism admits of no compromise. Either you are for it, or you are against it. Hate is its principle. It is a revolt against the soul of man." Bolshevism had found its way to China, and against such an evil there was only one answer, the answer of love at all costs.

The Red menace during recent years has been unabated. Few provinces have escaped. It has been a terror to the people and to the missionaries. A few sentences selected almost at random from various writers, representing different parts of China, will suffice to reveal the conditions under which the work was carried on. "It is impossible to estimate the number of people ruthlessly killed during the seven weeks of Red occupation," writes one. "In a mulberry grove, adjoining the mission compound, were found thirty-six pits into which hundreds of dead bodies have been thrown. We were horrified to see a similar

pit in our back garden." Another worker speaks of seeing "five huge buttressed mounds in which hundreds of victims of communist lust for slaughter have been buried." "The whole city is in a panic," writes another. "I shall never forget the roads—crowds and crowds trudging along carrying their bedding and household goods on their backs—some women carrying their aged mothers and young children. Wounded soldiers hobbling along as best they could, for hundreds of them had been left in the military hospitals to the mercy of the Reds." "A terrible air of depression still hangs over the city, even two months after the Reds have left," adds another.

These scattered statements from different writers will more than suffice. But the work was maintained, yet the magnitude of the disturbances may be measured by a few figures. In the month of March, 1935, there were 95 missionaries absent from 45 stations in 5 provinces. And no sooner was one area settled when disturbances began elsewhere. The bands of Red armies, scattered by the Government's action in Kiangsi, were wandering here and there carrying destruction wherever they went. The damage to mission property, the disorganization of the work, the loss of personal belongings, and the serious hardships to the workers themselves defy description. But from the general we must pass to deal with certain definite cases of persecution and death.

In May 1932 a Communist Army captured Mr. H. S. Ferguson, who had been in China for thirty-seven years. At the time of his capture he was engaged in the merciful work of Flood relief. In spite of the passionate appeals of the people he was assisting, he was carried off and never heard of again. There is reason to believe that he was murdered after several months of captivity.

In July of the same year Mr. G. D. N. Törnvall, when travelling in Shensi, in company with two other foreigners, was murdered and his companions also. In this case the motive appears to have been robbery.

On February 4, 1935, the communists entered into south-west Shensi, from the neighbouring province, and captured Mr. and Mrs. Frencham who were opening up a new centre. Deeply anxious days followed. In spite of brave efforts to secure news, no tidings could be obtained. As Mrs. Frencham was looking forward to the birth of her first child, the situation was peculiarly painful. In March it was reported they had both been killed, and the silence seemed to confirm this opinion. Relatives at home even proposed a Memorial service. But in the mercy of God the hearts of these ruthless men seem to have been touched. "Getting an opportunity to interview the head man," wrote Mr. Frencham later, "I made my wife's condition a plea that he should release her to press for ransom, and two days after this we were told that we could go!" They were actually given some money, and an escort for the first part of the journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frencham arrived at Hanchung on the evening of March 25, and on April 24 their looked-for firstborn babe was given them, to be named Grace Joy in memory of God's great goodness towards them. Concerning their terrible experience in the hands of these men—and they were separated—Mrs. Frencham wrote: "The first two days were the most painful, and I would have gladly welcomed death, as I stood ready three times to be shot. . . . For the first two weeks I felt certain death awaited us sooner or later; there seemed no human hope of anything else." But though the answer of death was in their hearts the unexpected happened and they were spared.

Two or three months before this painful experience, two other workers had been captured by communists in central China. On December 9, 1934 the city of Tsingteh, in Anhwei, had fallen into the hands of one of the Red Armies. This city had been recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stam from America, and they were rejoicing in their firstborn child, then three months old. They

were a gifted couple. John Stam was a fine specimen of manhood, standing six feet two, and every inch a man. Betty Stam was a gifted American graduate with a unique gift of expression, as her poems show. Full of grace and charm they followed in the footsteps of Him Who spake as never man spake, and suffered for their Lord. The first part of this great tragedy can be told in John Stam's own words, in the last two letters he ever wrote.

TSINGTEH, AN.,
December 6th, 1934.

"CHINA INLAND MISSION,
"SHANGHAI.

"Dear Brethren,

"My wife, baby and myself are to-day in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

"All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God for peace in our hearts and for a meal to-night. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude, courage and peace of heart. He is able—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

"Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the ever-persistent rumours really became alarming, so that we could not prepare to leave in time. We were just too late.

"The Lord bless and guide you—and as for us—may God be glorified whether by life or death.

"In Him,

"JOHN C. STAM."

MIAO SHEO, AN.,
December 7th, 1934.

"CHINA INLAND MISSION.

"Dear Brethren,

"We are in the hands of the Communists here, being taken from Tsingteh when they passed through yesterday. I tried to persuade them to let my wife and baby go back

from Tsingteh with a letter to you, but they wouldn't let her, and so we both made the trip to Miao Sheo to-day, my wife travelling part of the way on a horse.

"They want $20,000 before they will free us, which we have told them we are sure will not be paid. Famine relief money, and our personal money and effects are all in their hands.

"God give you wisdom in what to do, and give us grace and fortitude. He is able.

"Yours in Him,

"JOHN C. STAM."

Twelve miles separated the two places from which these two letters were written. These miles had been traversed with John Stam carrying his little child, and with Betty Stam riding an animal. The communists had discussed slaying the babe at once to save trouble, but a Chinese pleaded for her life and it was spared, but in so doing he had sacrificed his own. "It's your life for hers," was the ruthless reply, and he was cut down on the spot.

The two letters are eloquent of the spirit and courage of these two workers. Overnight John was bound to the frame of a bed, while Betty was left with her child for the last night. On a little hill outside the village of Miaosheo, John and Betty Stam laid down their lives for the Master they loved. John was beheaded first and his wife after. By a wondrous providence little Helen Priscilla was spared, and after the murderous band had left, she was cared for by kindly Chinese women and safely taken to the coast.*

Not long before his death, John Stam had sent his father in America, a poem which had been written concerning another missionary who had been slain in the midst of his labours. By a striking coincidence this reached America just as John and his wife were called upon to die for Christ. One verse of the poem read as follows:

* See *The Triumph of John and Betty Stam.* R.T.S.

Afraid? Of What?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

Unafraid they did baptize with their blood that lonely spot, and we do not doubt but that their sorrows will be fruitful.

While these things were happening in Central China, away in the south-west other missionaries were suffering in another manner. Mr. and Mrs. Bosshardt had been attending a conference at Anshun, and had been much blessed. On their way back to their station they fell into the hands of a Red Army on October 1. The next day this same Army took the city of Kiuchow and captured Mr. and Mrs. Hayman with their two children and Miss Emblen. As the Red Army was moving northwards in rapid flight, the commanding officers decided to release the two wives and two children, but they claimed a ransom of $100,000 for each person, and they declared that they would hold the other members of the party as hostages until the whole sum of $700,000 had been paid.

After a little more than a week of forced marches, marches which commenced at dawn and lasted till midnight, Miss Emblen fell from exhaustion. Her feet were badly blistered and her shoes and stockings were worn through. The next day she still struggled on, but as she failed to reach the appointed stage she was left behind by her guard who said: "This foreign devil can't walk. Let her go." Happily Mr. Bosshardt's cook had not deserted her, and together they ultimately reached a place of safety. It was a merciful deliverance, for the two men were in for a long and painful period of captivity.

For the first twenty-six days Messrs. Bosshardt and Hayman were compelled to keep pace with the Red Army, an army composed of young men who often marched some forty miles a day in mountainous country. The Chinese

prisoners who fell behind paid the penalty of being beheaded. More than once the two missionaries fell exhausted and once one of them felt the cold edge of a sword drawn across his throat.

On the 17th of December, after two and a half months of captivity, they tried to escape. They eluded their captors, but only daring to travel by night they lost their way. A reward of $500 was offered for their capture, and after two nights and two days of hardship they were betrayed by some young farmers and were taken back to the army. After being struck in the face they were bound hand and foot, their hands behind their backs, and were then cast into separate prisons among a number of so-called criminals. On Christmas eve a written sentence of judgment was issued against them. This was a remarkable document. It stated that they were spies of the Imperialistic British Government and that they were doping the people with religion. Their sentences were as follows:

"R. A. Bosshardt. By means of Christianity he has deceived the masses of China and secretly acted as a military spy for the Imperialistic troops. . . . Realizing that the prisoner does not understand the Soviet law we specially award a lenient sentence: from the day of capture to suffer imprisonment for one year and six months, and in addition a fine of $100,000 besides the previous fine of $300,000.

"A. Hayman. He used the Christian religion to deceive the masses of China and secretly acted as a spy. . . . He dared with R. A. Bosshardt to escape and should suffer the extreme penalty. In consideration of the fact that the prisoner does not understand the Soviet laws, we specially award a lenient sentence of one year's imprisonment and a fine of $50,000 in addition to the previous fine, making a total of $450,000. (This sum covers wife and children.)

To tell the full story of their captivity is not possible here. One Sunday in August, 1935, they were both stripped and beaten. In the evening they were able with

some salt from their food, dissolved in tea, to wash one another's stripes. The Reds threatened to have them beaten every day unless money was paid, but this threat was not carried out. Every Sunday, unless they were actually on the march, they sang the *Te Deum*, and in other ways they continued to show their faith and confidence in God. Mr. Hermann Becker and several Chinese Christians dared great things to try and secure their release.

On Monday, November 18, Mr. Hayman was set free. He was now a sick man and this may have had something to do with his release. The two men had hoped to be freed together, but that was not to be. The last words Mr. Bosshardt said as they were parted were: "Pray that I may recklessly preach Christ." Mr. Hayman at this time had been in captivity for 413 days.

Five months later, on Easter Sunday, 1936, Mr. Bosshardt found himself also a free man. A certificate of release had been handed to him on the previous evening, and the Red Army marched away at midnight. Though suffering from slight pleurisy and heart trouble he entered the capital of Yunnan on Easter Monday to be rapturously welcomed by his fellow-missionaries. His captivity had lasted 560 days, or a little over eighteen months.

We may never know in this life all that these captivities and deaths have wrought. They certainly have called forth much prayer throughout the whole world, and we doubt not that the Lord's word to His early disciples came true for these later servants of His: "It shall turn to you for a testimony." The Reds and others had not only heard the Gospel, but they had seen it lived out before them. If their theory is Hate, they have seen that the Christ-like theory is Love and Love at all costs. "Of all Christ is, of all He saith, Love is the Key."

Knit Together in Love

IN bringing this little volume to a close it seems well to add a few words concerning the spirit in which the China Inland Mission has been built up and bound together. For the first thirty-five years Hudson Taylor was both Founder and General Director. For the second thirty-five years Dixon E. Hoste held the office of General Director. This is a remarkable record for seventy years. Last year (1935), on the retirement of Mr. Hoste, George W. Gibb, who had been forty-one years in the field, was appointed as his successor. Under the leadership of these men, with God's blessing, the work has been built up. At the time of writing there are 1,359 missionaries, of which number 923 are members and 436 associates connected with fourteen Associated Missions, mostly on the Continent of Europe.

Without entering into details concerning the organization of the Mission, we desire to say a few words about the spirit which has made such an interdenominational and international organization possible. There is no better phrase than the Apostle's word, it has been " knit together in love."

" The China Inland Mission," wrote Hudson Taylor, " is not a Church, nor a section of the general Church, but a voluntary union of members of various denominations agreeing to band themselves together to obey the Saviour's last command in respect to China; holding in common the same fundamental truth, accepting the Directorship rule of the Mission, and receiving where needful, such ministration as God may make possible from its funds."

Though the Mission has its established Principles and Practice, its constitution is not irrevocable in detail.

"If the living God is among us," wrote the Founder, "we shall be able to adapt arrangements to circumstances as they arise. If the Directors and Members of the Councils are godly and wise men, walking in the spirit of unity and love, they will not lack Divine guidance in important matters, and at critical times; but should another spirit ever prevail, no rules could save the Mission, nor would it be worth saving. The China Inland Mission must be a living body in fellowship with God, or it will be of no use, and cannot continue."

Shortly after the Founder's mantle had fallen upon his successor, Mr. D. E. Hoste, in one of his first public utterances spoke as follows:

"Of course, one's relation to this work is a different one from that held by Mr. Taylor. That goes without saying. In a certain sense the Mission grew out of him. We all know how departments grew up, and how the Lord gave and added men able to take charge of them. Will you pray that we may be kept walking in love, and subjecting ourselves the one to the other in the fear of Christ?

"Do pray for us, that the Lord may make us to increase and abound in love one toward the other. Work like this will only hold together in the atmosphere of love. That was how it grew. . . . It was what he (Hudson Taylor) was by God's grace; it was his love and it was his devotion, his sympathy and his gentleness. It truly was that he was amongst us as one who served."

"His was, in fact, true spiritual leadership. We know there is something which may be called the devil's caricature of spiritual leadership. It is that a man in some kind of official position demands that you will surrender your reason and conscience to him. In other words he obliterates your individuality. That is what we call "popery," and I suppose we have all got a little Vatican in our hearts, if we have the chance."

"What, on the other hand, is spiritual ministry? It is that, if you see me to be wrong, you are able by prayer,

by spiritual power, by tact, by love, and by forbearance and patience, to enlighten my reason and conscience, and thus cause me gladly to turn from my mistaken course to the right one. It is just as much a matter of spiritual power to do that for your brother and fellow-worker, as it is to convert the sinner from the error of his way. The whole thing is spiritual, and that is what we want in trying to help our brethren. The first words of the apostle, you will remember, in describing an overseer are, 'Not self-willed.'"

These few words will suffice to indicate the spirit which has animated the necessary organization of the work. From the youngest to the oldest the aim has been to be bound together "in the closest bond of loving, confidential and personal sympathy, as well as of official relationship." No other bond could have held such a composite body together for more than seventy years.

A few words may be added concerning the practical matter of finance. No collections or solicitation of funds has been allowed or authorized, yet in answer to prayer, God has provided that which has been necessary. A total of over Five and a half Million Pounds have been sent in from the beginning of the work. In the administration of this money there has been equality of treatment to all members of the Mission. This has been a fundamental principle, and one that has an important bearing on the spiritual and temporal interests of the work. "The fact that the Mission is a corporate whole," wrote Hudson Taylor many years ago, "and that we have community of interest, has tended to unite and assist us in prayer the one for the other; therefore, anything on our part that puts one on a different footing from another is to be avoided."

It may further be added that the voluntary basis of support has meant that all donors are freewill givers, cheerful givers because the love of God has been shed abroad in their hearts, and because they rejoice to have fellowship with the Mission in its work in China. By

love compelled the Mission was begotten. By love it has been maintained and knit together. As to the future, we can sing with Paul Gerhardt:

Still let Thy love point out the way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

THE END

CHINA INLAND MISSION

HOME CENTRES

Europe

ENGLAND— London, N. 16, *Newington Green.*
SCOTLAND— Glasgow, W. 2, 16 *Belmont Street.*
Edinburgh, 19, *Mayfield Gardens.*
SWITZERLAND— St. Chrischona, *near Basel.*

North America

CANADA— Toronto, 5, Ont., 150 *St. George Street.*
Vancouver, B.C., 1646 *Eleventh Ave. W.*
UNITED STATES— Philadelphia, Pa., 235-237 *W. School Lane, Germantown.*
Chicago, Ill., 1234 *Elmdale Avenue.*
Los Angeles, Calif., 238 *South Avenue* 51.

Australasia

AUSTRALIA— Melbourne, 64 *Elizabeth Street.*
Sydney, *Woodstock Chambers,* 88 *Pitt St.*
Adelaide, *Torrens Park,* 12 *Fife Avenue.*
NEW ZEALAND— Dunedin, 26 *Dowling Street.*
Auckland, 8 *Charlton Avenue, Mt. Eden.*

ASSOCIATE MISSIONS

Europe

SWEDEN— Stockholm, *Swedish Mission in China,* 55 *Drottninggatan.*
Alingsas, *Swedish Holiness Union, Trädgardsgatan* 21.
Jönköping, *Swedish Alliance Mission.*
NORWAY— Oslo, *Norwegian Mission in China, Möller Gt.* 20.
Oslo, *Norwegian Alliance Mission* (*Det. Norske Missionsforbund*), *Bernt Ankersgate* 4III.
GERMANY— Barmen, *Alliance China Mission, Seifenstrasse* 5.
Liebenzell, Württemberg, *Liebenzeller Mission.*
Rostock, *German Women's Missionary Union* (*Deutscher Frauen Missions Bund*), *Lloydsstrasse* 7.
Miechowitz, Oberschlesien, *Friedenshort Deaconess Mission.*
Marburg a. d. Lahn, *Vandsburger Mission, Moltkestrasse* 25.
FINLAND— Ekenäs, *Free Mission Society* (*Fria Missionförbundets Expedition*).
DENMARK— Aalborg, *Danish Missionary Union, Urbansgade* 50.

North America

UNITED STATES— Chicago, Ill., *Scandinavian Alliance Mission,* 2839 *McLean Avenue.*
Kingsburg, Calif., *Swedish Mission in China, Mr. Ole Alen, Sec.,* R. *A. Box* 295.