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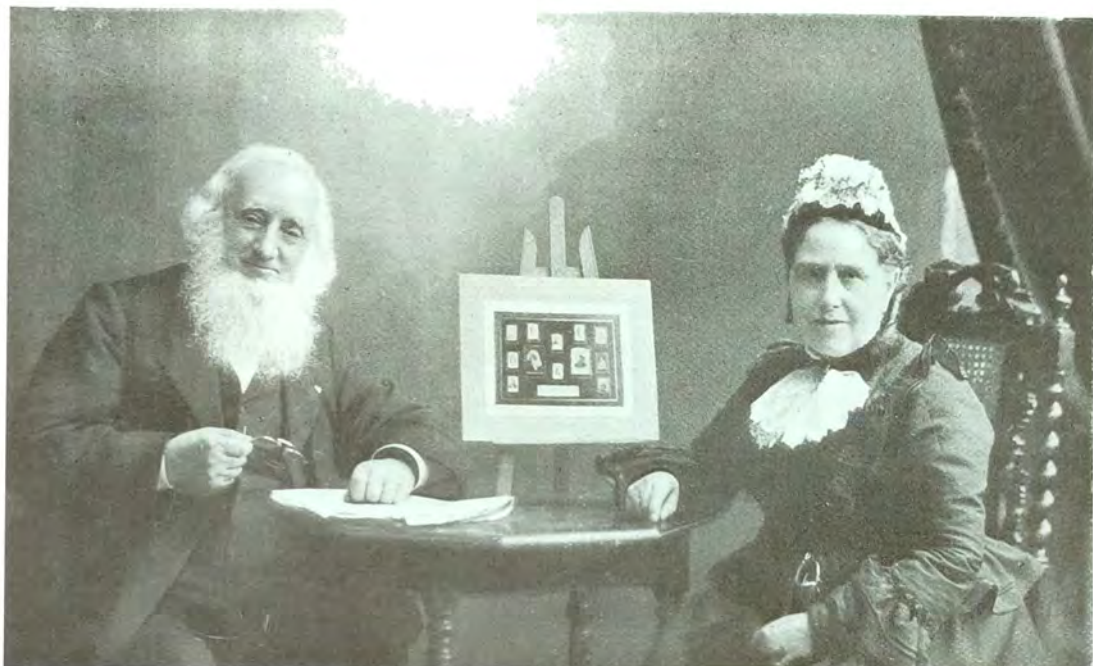
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HEIRS TOGETHER



Photograph by

HEIRS TOGETHER.

Britton.

The Father and Mother, with a group of family portraits between them. Photograph taken on the Mother's seventieth birthday. Father aged seventy-six.

Frontispiece.

HEIRS TOGETHER

OF

THE GRACE OF LIFE

BENJAMIN BROOMHALL

AMELIA HUDSON BROOMHALL

BY THEIR SON

MARSHALL BROOMHALL, M.A.

WITH PREFACE BY

THE RIGHT REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE

BISHOP OF DURHAM

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CHINA INLAND MISSION

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Dear Lord, 'tis finished ! and now he
That copyed it, presents it Thee.
'Twas Thine first, and to Thee returns,
From Thee it shined, though here it burns ;
If the Sun rise on Rocks, is't right,
To call it their inherent light ?
No, nor can I say, this is mine,
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all Thine.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1654.

PREFACE

BY BISHOP HANDLEY C. G. MOULE

I HAVE just completed the perusal of the proof-sheets of "Heirs Together." As I came to the end, with the impression of the beautiful final paragraphs upon me, I said involuntarily to myself, "May this book be very widely read."

It was the utterance of my whole heart. From chapter to chapter I have been led on with a sustained and growing sense of the rich and permanent value of this record, rather let me call it this life-breathing picture, of two Christian souls, each in itself a noble study, alike in nature and in grace, and, as God joined them together, a pure and steady double star in the constellations of faith.

The conception and arrangement of the work is admirable. There is enough of date and narrative

to give the necessary sense of progress and sequence. But the writer's loving skill has spent itself above all on the presentation of character, as character shone out in this or that period of life, or relation of life, or exercise of grace in the varied fields of duty traversed by this true Christian and Christiana, as they were suffered (unlike the wedded saints of the great Allegory) to journey so long *together* to the City of God.

I have seldom read so fair a picture as "Heirs Together" presents of the noble simplicity and wisdom, the serious cheerfulness, the blending of high ideals with tender affections, which marked the old godly home-life, with its beautiful parental examples shining over it all; the old life, but not the obsolete life, so I thankfully affirm. For there are young homes to-day which can show the like scene still, and there will be to the end. I think "Heirs Together" will help to multiply and to develop them.

As the pages lead us on, and show us the Father in his grand course of prayer-inspired and indomitable activity, and the Mother in her unwearied activities of loving and prevailing prayer, the inspiration of the

record reaches a very high level indeed. It calls aloud to the reader, with a call as winning as it is grave, likewise to live indeed for God and for man, for home and for the world, in Christ.

To myself it is a moving recollection that I was permitted, though only in a very minor measure, to work with Mr. Broomhall in the anti-opium campaign, inspired already as I was in antagonism to the abominable traffic by the missionary experience of my dear brothers, each, through his half-century, devoted to China. Correspondence, and very occasional intercourse, with Mr. Broomhall in those years won for him my profound respect and my Christian affection. And now I seem to discover my friend over again in this intimate picture of him, and to realise better than ever what it was to me to have been touched by such a life, however slightly, in my own.

The story of his solemn joy, on his dying bed, over the tidings of the tardy triumph of "national righteousness," is a precious possession for all Christian workers for good.

I am tempted to write on. But I will not risk keeping the reader from the book any longer. May

the Lord of truth and grace use it largely to His own glory. For indeed He is "glorified," not least, "in His saints, and admired," not least, "in them that believe" and love.

HANDLEY DUNELM.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

No attempt has been made in these pages to tell the full story of the lives of my Father and Mother, but merely to give some insight into their personal characters, and to reveal in part the secret of their fruitful ministry. The desire has been not to speak of their gifts but rather of God's gifts in them.

Grateful acknowledgement is made of Bishop Handley Moule's kindness in writing a foreword ; a kindness warmly appreciated not only by the author but by all the family.

The illustrations are the kind gift of my Uncles Edwin and James Broomhall, in loving memory of their eldest brother. But for this generosity all but the frontispiece would have been omitted, for war prices have made publications in these days almost prohibitive.

May He, Who alone can bless and make a blessing, grant that this brief and all too imperfect record may, in some measure, serve to perpetuate the helpful influence of the lives recorded.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
July 17, 1918.

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THE GRACE OF LIFE

If joy be the wine of life, health is the pure element out of which God makes much of it.—*Wayfarer's Notebook*.

Sweet draught of living water from the spring
Of life abounding, bubbling cool and bright,
Each crystal bead filled with celestial light,
How art thou blest ! Now lips that thirsted sing ;
And thought, that faintly crept, will find its wing ;
Eyes dim with travel now receive their sight !
O well of life, let me drink deep ! Delight
Now fills my heart and breathes through everything.
Some say life's cup holds keener joy than thine,
O cup of health, glad gift of life's one Lord :
First fill the pitchers festal days afford
Full at the fountain of this life divine,
That when the Heavenly Master gives the word,
The Christ Himself may make the water wine.

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE GRACE OF LIFE

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.
—JESUS CHRIST.

AMONG Wesley's hymns, which were highly esteemed by my parents, there is one, a birthday hymn, which admirably expresses their attitude towards life. Its opening verse is as follows :

Away with our fears !
The glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born !
From Jehovah I came,
For His glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

It was in this spirit they regarded their own lives, and the lives of the children God gave them. Life was no melancholy gift to be endured, but a rich endowment to be enjoyed. It was indeed the guarantee of every other good, for life was more than meat, and the body than raiment. Though it was ever regarded as a serious business, it was an inheritance to be welcomed. Did any father, worthy of the name, ever bestow upon his child a gift which was not to be prized ? Life, therefore, as God meant it, was considered a grace, a good gift to be used to the full with a glad and thankful heart.

And they early learned the secret of true living, namely, fellowship with God. If life was indeed God's good gift there was no need to repress the right enjoyment of it. Life is so broad and comprehensive that the New Testament in portraying it employs no less than three different words, the noblest of which, as Archbishop Trench tells us, is always related to holiness. This word expresses, to quote his *New Testament Synonyms*, "all of the highest and best that the saints possess in God."

Free from anything approaching that which was morbid or sanctimonious, my Father and Mother were lovers of life and nature, and of all that was true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. They were both endowed with healthy and sanctified minds, and remembered that the first promise to those who overcome is a right to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Where their lives may appear to some as over severe it was only because they had found higher and nobler pleasures. It was not the result of the repression of God-given instincts. As flowers exhibit purer and brighter colours in the higher altitudes than are to be found in the lowlands, so their lives were adorned with greater beauty through dwelling in the things which were highest.

Though not spared anxieties and trials, their lives were wonderfully fruitful and privileged. Long life was granted to both, together with a large measure of good health, both being spared for more than eighty years; and, with the exception of my Father's deafness, both maintained the full use of all their faculties right up to the end. For more

than fifty years they were permitted to strengthen one another's hands as man and wife. They had a family of ten children, four sons and six daughters—all of whom survive them—and they were enriched by the love and esteem of a wide circle of friends, many of whom had been welcome guests to their hearts and home.

When my Father died seven years ago, the preparation of a short life-story was urged and contemplated, but through a combination of circumstances this was not then undertaken. With the Home-call of my Mother last Easter, the preparation of a small volume treating of both lives together was made more easy. They were so truly "Heirs together of the grace of life," that it was not possible to contemplate their lives apart. They were inseparably one in life and heart.

But while they were one in all that concerned the things most vital, they were by no means the echo the one of the other. With Christ and His claims as the centre of their affections they were the complement and corrective of each other. Each had the limits of his or her particular virtues, which limits were wonderfully supplied by the other. My Father was sanguine, determined, and imperturbable, and these gifts helped to make him the successful champion of the apparently hopeless anti-opium cause. My Mother, on the other hand, was, without unworthy anxiety, careful and prayerfully vigilant, providing for those things which might otherwise have been neglected. Ever beforehand, she preferred to start for any appointment half an hour before it was necessary, while her partner in life

worked up to the last moment and sometimes beyond it. While he possessed a broad, calm, and well-balanced judgement, she was endowed with the quick despatch of a good business woman. Thus they supplemented and perfected the one the other :

In the couple's very souls
You saw the adequate half with half to match,
Each having and each lacking somewhat, both
Making a whole that had all and lacked nought.



Photograph by

THE OLD HOME AT BRADLEY.

Harry Broomhall.

To face page 7.

THE YOUNG MAN

Thy fishes breathe but where Thy waters roll ;
Thy birds fly but within Thy airy sea ;
My soul breathes only in Thy infinite soul ;
I breathe, I think, I love, I live but Thee.
Oh breathe, oh think, O Love, live into me ;
Unworthy is my life till all divine,
Till Thou see in me only what is Thine.

Then shall I breathe in sweetest sharing, then
Think in harmonious consort with my kin ;
Then shall I love well all my Father's men,
Feel one with theirs the life my heart within.
Oh brothers ! sisters holy ! hearts divine !
Then I shall be all yours, and nothing mine—
To every human heart a mother-twin.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE YOUNG MAN

So, the earth has gained by one man more,
And the gain of earth must be Heaven's gain too ;
And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
When the autumn comes : which I mean to do
One day, as I said before.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BENJAMIN BROOMHALL, the eldest of a family of seven sons and one daughter, was born at Bradley, Staffordshire, on August 15, 1829, his father being a well-to-do and much-respected farmer and cattle-dealer. The foundations of his strong physical constitution were established by the healthy open-air life of the farm and by plenty of horse exercise, he being in those early days a good rider.

His education was in the main entrusted to the local Grammar School, although for a time he attended the school at Church Eaton, and no higher testimony can be borne to the village schoolmaster than the letter which he gave to his pupil when the latter was leaving for business. It is impossible that such a teacher should not have left his mark upon his scholar, and as a tribute to this worthy man, who was an honour to his profession, and, as revealing some of the influences which helped to mould my Father's youth, we cannot refrain from quoting,

though in a necessarily condensed form, part of this noble letter :

TO BENJAMIN BROOMHALL

DEDICATED AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT FROM
HIS SCHOOLMASTER CORNELIUS BRIDGETT

DEAR BENJAMIN,

I. I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter. You know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit ; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend ; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature and the dictates of your own reason ; since the Word of God, and the advice of heaven, lie in your hands. . . .

II. Whatever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure ; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon Religion as your best business. . . .

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of Psalms. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs ; and to perfect your direction in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles ; you will find the best of rules and the best of examples there. . . .

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions ; as a neighbour influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness ; and let the poor have a certain share in your yearly profits. . . .

V. In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult Him in everything that concerns you. View Him as the author of all your blessings and all your hopes, as

your best friend and your eternal portion. Meditate on Him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in Him, and a daily surrender of yourself to Him, till you feel that you love Him most entirely, that you serve Him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VI. Make prayer a pleasure and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If you live in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the Church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God or Godliness. . . .

VII. Remember that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road from heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. 'Tis a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest. . . .

VIII. . . . In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies ; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in those serene regions. Live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

IX. Ever carry about with you such a sense of uncertainty of everything in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow which you can do conveniently to-day. . . .

X. Keep this for my sake. Read it over once a month, till it is wrought into your very soul and temper. Walk by these rules, and the estate of kingdoms may be entrusted into your hands. . . .

FAREWELL

BRADLEY SCHOOL,
May 14th, 1844.

The spiritual influences which God employed in bringing my Father to Himself were many. At home he had the priceless gift of a good Mother, a woman of a beautiful spirit whose presence was a benediction. But there was in the home a godly woman known by the name of Bessie (Elizabeth Haines), who was a greater spiritual force than even the mother. She was noted throughout the surrounding country both for her good dairy work—her butter being said to fetch a penny a pound more than any other—and for her gifts as a preacher among the Primitive Methodists.

Bessie was devotedly attached to all the children, and they on their part were equally devoted to her. Among other things this devotion took the form of a friendly rivalry on the part of the boys in the home as to who should be allowed to drive her in their Father's gig to and from her preaching appointments. Benjamin, being the eldest boy, doubtless in his early years frequently gained this much-coveted privilege. On these journeys Bessie would freely speak to the lads about spiritual things, and not infrequently she rehearsed her sermon or her address. Unable to read herself, the Mother of the family used to read to her from Matthew Henry's Bible, with which she thus became quite familiar. To the boys and their sister this good woman became as a second mother, and exercised a lasting and blessed influence upon their lives. I well remember how the tears welled up in my Father's eyes when on his death-bed a photograph of Bessie, borrowed from his brother Edwin, was shown him. Dear kind motherly soul, with her almost parent's pride, she

reminds us of another such of whom Wordsworth wrote :

The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature. While my heart
Can beat never will I forget thy name.

Childless, yet by the stranger to thy blood
Honoured with little less than filial love.

His Father, Charles Broomhall, was eminently a just man with a strong sense of rectitude, willing rather to lose money than to drive a hard bargain, swearing to his own hurt and changing not. Though it gave some annoyance to neighbouring farmers, he insisted upon paying his farm-hands more than the customary wage, since he regarded that as less than a living pittance. It was from him that his son inherited his stern love of righteousness and kindly feeling for the welfare of others.

Charles Broomhall was a regular attendant at the village church, being on terms of special intimacy with the vicar, with whom he exchanged books, but at the same time he was a local preacher among the Primitive Methodists. The erection of the village chapel in 1839 was, in fact, mainly owing to his enterprise and energy, for he not only gave the site and £100 towards the building expenses, but he also collected the other necessary funds. This zeal and earnestness appears unhappily to have waned, a fact which caused my Father no little sorrow in subsequent years, and explains some of the letters which will be quoted later. This grief is reflected in a letter full of reminiscences of the early days, which my Father wrote to his brother Edwin, ten

years his junior, shortly after their Father's death in 1892 :

Dear Father has at length been called away. . . . My earliest recollections are of Father's strictness and diligence in things spiritual. I and Anne and Charles had much more care than the younger children. I remember you being born. At that time I went daily to Church Eaton school, and I well remember how we used to write the figure nine with a long tail ; this is somehow always associated in my mind with the date of your birth. Those were days of prosperity with Father.

What a number of people we had about the house—what a number of horses and cattle of all kinds. I remember at one time our having six or seven riding horses. Father's business seemed to make Bradley a busy place.

During these early years my Father regularly attended the church in the morning, being in the choir ; but as there was no evening church service, and the preachers in the village chapel were entertained at his Father's board, he accompanied them to the Primitive Methodist service. In after life when he came home for holidays he often preached in this village chapel, always securing a full house. None the less, when he left home for the first time to become an apprentice in Barnsley at the age of a little less than fifteen years, he appears to have lacked assurance of salvation.

At Barnsley he attended St. George's Church and was confirmed there. The vicar was a godly man, and the confirmation classes were a time of blessing, but the lad was still uncertain as to his acceptance with God. The story of his entry into the fuller light at the age of seventeen is best told in his own

words in a letter written from London on January 23, 1858, to his future wife :

I feel this evening that I should like to have a few words with you. Many thoughts have passed through my mind to-day, which if you were here I would tell you about ; as you are not I am glad to be able to refer to some of them in this way, and I am further glad to have one to whom I can with so much confidence name the secret regrets and purposes of my heart. You can and will, I know, sympathise with me and pray for me, and aid me all you can in all that is right and good. How much I need divine help I cannot tell you ; I never felt it more sensibly than I do now.

I cannot bear to look back upon the past, the recollection of my unfaithfulness and unfruitfulness almost overwhelms me. What would I not give if I could blot it out and live it over again. This I cannot do, it remains for me to seek pardon, and oh ! what cause for thankfulness that I can do this, that pardon may be obtained and grace to live henceforth to Him who loved me and gave Himself for me. It is eleven years this night since I decided to serve God. For some months my heart had been much softened by the strivings of the Spirit, but the moment of decision did not come until Mr. Roberts announced for his text on the first Sunday of the New Year, when about to preach to the young, " How long halt ye," etc. The bare announcement of the text seemed enough. I don't remember a word of the sermon, but I know I went home most wretched. Mr. Till came, I remember, into my bedroom, and judging, I suppose, what was going on, asked if I was tired of serving Baal. This he did, it afterwards appeared, without knowing what Mr. Roberts had been preaching about. The next Sunday he took me to class. I often call that meeting to mind, it was in one of the small vestrys of Pitt Street Wesleyan Chapel. My excellent friend, John Rollin, spoke to me, but I could not reply. When

he closed the meeting with prayer he did not forget me, but prayed "bless this young man," and then followed other petitions on my behalf. My heart was ready to burst with emotion. I shall never forget that moment, the recollection affects me now. The most solemn thought, however, is that these eleven years have all returned to God not only with the record of what I have done, but as you remark, of what I have left undone. This is the most painful consideration to my mind.

I believe this is the greatest source of danger to us, let us seek for grace to enable us to do all we can to honour God. Let us seek to do something every day. In the morning let us enquire what we can do, in the evening again enquire what we have done. We are, or rather I am, living too much for myself and this world. Eternal things are too much set aside, and in thought of business or something else, I do not dwell as I ought upon things unseen and eternal.

It was in the class-meeting mentioned in this letter that he found that Christian fellowship which as a young man he felt he specially needed, and, though the vicar reasoned with him against the step, he adhered to his decision to unite himself henceforth with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. None the less, to the end of his days he had a lasting sense of his indebtedness to the Established Church, and, with catholic sympathies, he ever rejoiced that among his choicest friends were men and women of all denominations. On his desk in after life could always be found the representative papers of all sections of the Christian Church.

From the time of his conversion to the end of his days the ruling passion of his life was the salvation and moral welfare of mankind, and he began his helpful ministry among his own people. The

following extracts from letters written, when he was only nineteen years of age, to his Father, reveal the earnestness and the strength of his convictions. As the eldest son in the family he was specially concerned for his younger brothers, as well as troubled by his Father's spiritual decline. Truly in this case the boy was the father of the man.

BARNSELY, *April 11, 1848.*

DEAR FATHER—I venture to write these few lines on the subject of family prayer, and to enquire if you have commenced it regularly or not. If you have you no doubt have found the benefit of it, and the numerous pleasures that arise from it. If not, when will you begin? Is it possible to be a Christian, and a Methodist too, a follower of Jesus, and not have family prayer? I believe if many were to be told that there was a Methodist, a class leader and a local preacher with a family, without family prayer they would hardly believe it. Oh, it is an omission of a great duty. It is enjoined in Scripture and by reason. . . .

Dear Father, your position in society requires that you should not only be decidedly pious yourself but that you should set an example to your numerous observers by having family religion carefully and strictly attended to. It is important that it should be attended to or what will the children think? Even they will not be slow to notice it. Only fix an hour and do not please Satan by deferring it till to-morrow. Begin at once. If not morning and night, at least at night. There is Mother and Bessie when you are away or cannot attend. Do think about it.

In another letter written at about the same date at a quarter to one in the morning he writes :

It is now very late, but while I am writing I want to say something more. . . .

With regard to the cold condition of the Church, amid all the preaching of the Gospel, when do you hear of conversions taking place? When was there one at Bradley? And now, Father, shall the cause of Christ suffer without an effort on the part of Christians, without an effort on your part? You know that when you attend the class at Bradley it is better attended. You are looked up to, and if you are warm so are the people. If not, neither are a number of the members. Oh, when you see your exertion so successful is it not ample reward? Is it not sufficient proof that you ought to attend diligently to it? . . . There is another thing in which I used to understand you were useful and acceptable. I mean preaching. I know that God has given you abilities to serve and glorify Him in this work far greater than to many. O Father, the Church calls you, the present condition of Christianity calls you, God calls you, and perishing souls falling into hell call you to this work of love. At your peril you refuse. God has given you talents to serve Him, and an account will be required how they have been employed, and if in saving souls from death and hell, how great your reward will be when numbers at the great Day shall praise God that ever you were born. O, then, gird on your sword, put on your shield, and make the kingdom of Satan tremble. Only commence and all hell will shake at the truth being proclaimed earnestly and faithfully. With love to all,
Your affectionate son.

These and other letters written to his home reveal the same earnest desire for the truest welfare of his loved ones. And yet he was not unduly independent of his parents' wishes. When subsequently, in London, he received a call to become secretary of a West End branch of the Y.M.C.A.—his gifts of personal influence and zeal for the good of his fellow-men being recognised—he submitted

the whole proposal to the guidance of his Father and Mother, being anxious to take no step without their blessing. The position was not accepted.

As the eldest son he took the keenest interest in the highest good of his younger brothers. One of these, who has himself been a blessing to many, writes: "My brother was a God-fearing man from his youth. I remember little talks with him about good things more than seventy years ago, when as a little fellow I longed to grasp the truth of God's love to me as an individual. His influence over my life has been great."

There are many other evidences of his activities in Christian work, such as visiting the sick and even in corresponding—one of his greatest gifts—with persons needing spiritual counsel. Within a year of his conversion he had begun to preach in the Barnsley circuit, and lying before me, as I write, are the authorisations, signed by the Wesleyan superintendent minister, permitting him to occupy the pulpit.

From Barnsley he removed to Bradford, but the fame of the great Exeter Hall lectures soon drew him to the great metropolis of London, where he spent the greater part of his life. Here he evidenced the same zeal in Christian work in connection with the Y.M.C.A. and his own church, and the same high courage in moral questions, his first situation in London being sacrificed rather than make false representations. While irresistibly drawn to public gatherings and to intercourse with prominent men, he resolutely employed all his limited spare time in study and self-improvement. Diaries and letters

show how systematically he sought to discipline himself and enlarge his mind and knowledge of the world. His removal to London had synchronised with a time of serious controversy within the Methodist Church. For some time, therefore, he refrained from siding with either party. "I learned," he wrote to his future wife, "to be to a great extent satisfied with the company of books." But other letters prove that he was by no means a recluse. He was ever a lover of men and books. Only a month before he wrote the letter saying he was learning to be satisfied with books, he records his engagements for one week as follows :

Monday—A meeting of young men at Marlborough Street, with reference to the motion in the House of Commons for the opening of the Crystal Palace and the British Museum on Sunday. This is preliminary to a large meeting in Exeter Hall.

Tuesday—I purpose hearing Dr. Candlish deliver his lecture at Exeter Hall on "Conscience and the Bible."

Wednesday—A public meeting at Hind Street.

Thursday—Devotional meeting at Marlborough Street, which I make it a matter of conscience to attend.

Friday—Class.

Saturday—A large meeting in Exeter Hall.

To-morrow, *Sunday*—I shall play truant. Doctors Guthrie and Candlish from Edinburgh, two of the ablest preachers in Scotland, are announced to preach within a few minutes' walk from here, and I intend to hear them.

But we have spoken of his correspondence with his future wife, and that makes it necessary to go back once again to Barnsley where he first met her.



From an Oil Painting by

Mrs. Hardey.

AMELIA HUDSON TAYLOR.

Aged ten years. The artist was her Mother's sister.

To face page 21.

THE MAIDEN

The type of perfect womanhood
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death withstood.

LONGFELLOW.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise :
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart intwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MAIDEN

On she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by His voice, . . .
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON.

IN a neat leather-bound book lying before me, there is a short autobiography by my sainted Mother in her own dear handwriting. The opening pages, telling of her birth and early days, are a model of penmanship, for they were written in the fulness of her womanhood in August 1869, just a month before the birth of her seventh child. The last entry, however, which gives evidences of the trembling hand of advancing years, records the gracious act of a loving friend (Mrs. Hind Smith, now in glory), in placing her country bungalow at the family's disposal for a time of rest after the Home-call of my dear Father.

In the preface to this little book she writes : " It has at various times been suggested to my mind to write a short account of my life, for I know not how long God may spare me to you, and if He should see good to call me Home before you reach maturity, or even those years when you could understand the

way the Lord has led me, perhaps some record of my life would be both interesting and profitable to you." From this precious volume, dedicated thus: "To my dear children," we hope to quote a few passages occasionally, but the greater part is too sacred for the public eye. Of the godly home at Barnsley where she was born, so much has been told in *Hudson Taylor in Early Years*,¹ that we shall not repeat that story here, but content ourselves with the briefest record.

Amelia Hudson Taylor was born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, on September 20, 1835, some three years after her brother, James Hudson Taylor. As with her brother, she was the child of many prayers and the recipient of those mercies which God shows to them that love Him and keep His commandments. From her Mother she inherited a sweet and loving disposition, with great powers of sympathy. With these qualities were blended some of those hidden fires which burned within the leonine temperament of her Father, who was, to quote her own words, "a man of no common order, a deep thinker, a clear reasoner, with keen perceptions of truth. . . . I am indebted to him for a correct view of the doctrines of the Gospel, and for that strong faith in God which I am thankful to say I do possess."

High-spirited, yet shy and retiring by nature, the vehemence of the Father became the driving power of her life, and gave a balance to her otherwise too sensitive spirit. Above all, love predominated, united with a sanity of judgement which kept it

¹ *Hudson Taylor in Early Years*, by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott, 7s. 6d. net.

from anything approaching mere sentimentality, and there was an energy and strength of conviction, ever held in wonderful control, which could break forth, not in anger, but in righteous indignation did circumstances demand.

As a child she was educated at home by her Mother until she was fourteen years of age, and how sound that education was her children perceived when they came to manhood and womanhood. No mispronunciation of a word or error in grammar escaped her accurate ear, and if she challenged any of us on some question of English, she was invariably found to be correct. During these fourteen years at home the strongest bond of affection was formed between herself and her brother Hudson, and when she left to attend her Aunt Hodson's boarding-school at Barton-on-Humber, the separation of brother and sister was keenly felt.

This separation must have given added zest to the holidays of 1851, when, with her fondly loved brother, she visited the great Exhibition in London, and was introduced to some of the friends connected with the Chinese Evangelisation Society, under which her brother was subsequently to sail for China. One can imagine the delight with which, as a young girl, she celebrated her sixteenth birthday, with her brother, in the capital, by dining in a restaurant where they invested in a pineapple—a rare luxury in those days—in honour of the occasion.

But bright schoolgirl as she was, she knew the more serious side of life, for her brother's proposed missionary career gave solemnity even to their pleasures, and ere she was seventeen years of age

she was to enter upon more responsible duties herself. For early in 1852, her uncle, Joseph Hudson, her mother's brother, who was incumbent of Dodworth near Barnsley, suddenly lost his wife, and he, in his loneliness and sorrow, turned instinctively to his niece who was just then leaving school, for that help and comfort which she could render to him and his motherless babes. And so to Dodworth she went, and there for five years she lived as youthful mistress of the vicarage, obtaining an experience in the duties of the home and of Christian work which was to prove invaluable to her in later life. And it was from Dodworth that she wrote her first letter to her future husband, a letter which will be quoted subsequently, consenting to that correspondence which led up to her marriage.

Nurtured in the fear of the Lord, she never knew a time when she did not belong to Him. From a child she knew the Holy Scriptures which were able to make her wise unto salvation, and largely through her and her Mother's prayers, though she cannot have been more than thirteen years of age, her brother Hudson was brought to Christ. Hudson Taylor himself in *A Retrospect* wrote :

Now let me tell you how God answered the prayers of my mother and of my beloved sister, now Mrs. Broomhall, for my conversion. . . . Some time after I took up a note-book exactly like my own, and thinking it was mine, opened it. The lines that caught my eye were an entry in the little diary belonging to my sister to the effect that she would give herself daily to prayer until God had answered in the conversion of her brother. One month later the Lord was pleased to turn me from darkness to light.

The affection between this brother and sister was of no common order, as the following quotation from a letter written by the brother in China reveals :

You are indeed my Amelia, Amelia *Hudson*, and I feel more than a brother's love for you, and if I could would exercise more than a father's care over you, but I cannot. He to Whom I daily and hourly commend you, can and will. . . . No words can tell the intense fervency of my love to thee, my sister. I love you more than life—whether it is right or wrong I know not. I long for your growth in grace and advancement in holiness more than for my own, not that I do not long to be more like my adorable Redeemer. I can believe from my own feelings what Paul meant when he said he could wish himself accursed for Israel's sake. And though this is such an awful thing, I dare not think of it, I feel that if you might enjoy the greater I could be satisfied with the less, even of spiritual blessing ; but thanks be to God there is enough for all.

The place he had in her heart, even after her own marriage, is made clear by the following few words taken from her little autobiography :

My brother Hudson returned from China in the autumn of that year, 1860, bringing his wife Maria, and their first child, Gracie. I had been everything to my brother when he went to China, but when he came home I was no longer first in his affections. His wife took that place, and I felt it keenly, though I had a husband. Dear Maria, however, soon endeared herself to us all, for she was no ordinary woman but a saint in whom was no guile.

But though new affections had entered each life, the old bonds remained unbroken and the love as rich as ever. Even before her marriage, when

writing to her future husband with reference to her brother Hudson she had said :

Bless him, he says he is thankful I am his sister, and yet he has often wished I was not, that I might be his never-to-be-parted companion. It is all right, however, and perhaps I may some day be a companion for you both.

Little could they have realised how that desire was a forecast of the future.

But it is time we examined more closely the spirit in which my Father and Mother entered into the most sacred relationship in life. As has been said already, this is no life, but rather a sketch of two beautiful characters, and we are now to see them as lovers both before and after marriage.



From an Oil Painting by

Mrs. Hardey.

BENJAMIN BROOMHALL.

Aged thirty-three years. Three years after marriage.

To face page 29.

THE LOVERS

He meets, by heavenly chance express,
The destined maid ; some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE LOVERS

The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

As an active and earnest local preacher among the Methodists in Barnsley, Benjamin Broomhall was soon brought into touch with James Taylor, the father of his future wife. James Taylor was a vigorous and eloquent lay preacher, as well as no mean theologian and philosopher, who regularly opened his home to the local preachers for the discussion of theological questions and for conversation on the work of God. Through this introduction into the family a warm friendship soon sprang up between Hudson Taylor, the son, and Benjamin Broomhall; and this friendship continued subsequently in London where the one was engaged in his medical studies and the other in business.

Even after Hudson Taylor sailed for China the closest touch was maintained by correspondence, and the letters from China were exchanged between the home in Barnsley and the young business man

in London. It is easy to see how sympathy and friendship were to ripen through this channel into the closest and most sacred bond of all. The love which drew my Father and Mother together grew around the absent brother, and this was doubtless God's preparation for their co-operation in the work of the China Inland Mission in days to come.

Early in January 1856, Benjamin Broomhall wrote to James Taylor asking for permission to open a correspondence with his daughter. Though the letter was modest and dignified in tone, it was confident in spirit, for he closed by saying: "I now leave this to you and Mrs. Taylor, and calmly await your reply, feeling its importance but without perturbation of mind." For the answer to this letter he was kept in a somewhat cruel suspense, for it was only after a delay of nearly a week that James Taylor, with the old-time courtesy, replied:

MY DEAR SIR—As I have been unusually busy, and as you express such perfect composure arising from your full confidence in the leading of Divine Providence, I have not answered your letter sooner.

The letter, however, was worth waiting for, for although there follows some sage counsel based upon his own "observation and experience," it concludes with the all-important sentence: "Having the highest opinion of your moral character and Christian deportment, I cannot but accede to your request."

The mother, who had been written to in more affectionate and intimate terms, was cordiality itself in her reply: "When but slightly acquainted with you," she wrote, "I felt interested in you; but

when, after parting with my precious boy, I received such marked and sincere sympathy and affection, I should not have had a woman's heart had not a responsive chord been touched in my bosom. Should the closer tie by which you seek to bind yourself to our family be consummated, I may say in return for your own candour that I know of no one whom I could so cordially receive in that endearing relation." And so the door into Paradise was opened, for he already knew that his affections were not altogether unreciprocated. The correspondence which followed—a sacred legacy from my Mother—is a revelation of sanctified affection, and now that both have passed beyond the veil we may perhaps be permitted to give some glimpses into this beautiful exchange of letters, the object of this book being to reveal character and the secret of their subsequently happy home.

The spirit in which the correspondence opened is revealed by the following extracts. In giving consent to an exchange of letters my Mother wrote in January 1856: "I desire to do that which will be best not only for time but for eternity. My Heavenly Father has hitherto been the guide of my youth. He is still the same unchangeable Friend, and will never forsake me while I trust in Him." And in the letter which acknowledged this permission my Father replied: "I confidently hope that this correspondence may not only have the effect of uniting us more closely to each other, but that it also may have the result of uniting us more closely to our Saviour, and of strengthening our desire to love, to serve, and honour Him."

In the extracts which follow there will be no attempt to follow the order in which letters were exchanged, but rather by the grouping of excerpts from the letters of first one and then the other, to allow the reader to see something of the hearts and minds of these two friends. All along a close correspondence with the brother in China was being maintained by both parties, and the lonely missionary was doing what he could to draw them both to service in that distant land. The engagement had at first been somewhat of a disappointment to him, for he had hoped for his sister's companionship himself, but now he longs that they should come together. To those letters, however, we cannot do more than make this brief reference. To begin to quote them would draw us outside the scope of this small volume. They are full of beauty and of that yearning zeal for the advancement of God's Kingdom in China which ever characterised his correspondence.

In one of my Father's earliest love-letters the following passage occurs :

I give Hudson credit for moving depths of feeling in my heart which before I had not been conscious of. . . . Yes, remember, Hudson Taylor's sister. Whose sister must you have been to have had a more truly noble brother, or one of relationship to whom I should be more proud? I do not know. I know you are thankful on this account. Be more so, and pray that I with you may be more like him.

A few months later, in reply to a letter which had referred to the trials of missionary work in China, he wrote :

I will remember in my prayers—would that they were more earnest—your dear brother. He will be sustained, fear not. I am indeed thankful that I know him and that I have for him a regard which words will not readily express.

But interest did not centre in the brother only, but also in the great cause of which his work was part, and to one who was so devoted to his books it was but natural that missionary literature should specially appeal. And so, writing in the autumn of the same year, he says :

The whole of the evening my mind has been under an influence unusually solemn and sweet. At tea I was affected almost to tears while reading a little about Dr. Judson. What an excellent man he was, so full of faith and zeal. When asked by a friend, "Do you think the prospects bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen?" his prompt reply was, "As bright as the promises of God." Just before starting to our meeting to-night, as I had a few minutes to spare, but too few to begin writing, I looked into the Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, which had been sent during my absence. It concludes with a very earnest appeal for men: "The labourers are lamentably few," they say, "the great need of the day is missionaries, missionaries." This, with what I had before read and my own prayers meantime, in which, while seeking guidance, I again offered myself and you to the service of God in whatever way He might appoint, has caused my mind to be more influenced that way than it has been for some time.

I have mentioned Dr. Judson, and I can scarcely forbear copying the lines written for him by his devoted wife. I have often thought of them, and felt thankful that though my sphere of Christian labour would be a very much humbler one, I had the prospect of having

for my wife one who in a similar spirit would comfort and encourage me. The lines were written, as you may remember, by Mrs. Judson when afflicted, and expecting to leave her husband alone in the mission field with very little prospect of ever rejoining him.

Then follow the lines referred to, of which we will only quote two verses :

We part from this green islet, Love,
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, Love,
Oh when to meet again ?

Yet my spirit clings to thine, Love,
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we'll hold communion sweet,
O'er the dark and distant sea.

I have hurriedly written these verses, but I hope you will be able to read them. To my mind they are exquisitely beautiful, and the name of the woman who could record such sentiments of deep and hallowed love is worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance.

In 1857 his devotion to the missionary cause found its expression in his taking part in a missionary meeting. He writes as follows :

On Friday a valedictory meeting will be held in the Centenary Hall on the departure of a number of missionaries. Mr. King is one. I intend to be present. On Sunday evening I have to preach. On Wednesday next I have promised Mr. Williams to attend their missionary meeting. He is to preside, and has requested me to attend and speak to the young. Mr. Rattenbury, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Boyce, late president of the Australian Conference, are to be there. I am pleased with the prospect of being permitted to say a few words for the missionary cause, and I hope I shall not be frightened if called upon.

Of another missionary meeting, held about the same time, he writes :

I heard it announced on Sunday last that there would be a meeting to-night at the Centenary Hall to welcome back several missionary brethren who have just arrived. I am very glad I have been. It was a meeting I shall not soon forget. . . . In the name of the meeting the Chairman put forth his hand to welcome them. The missionaries rose, and each received a hearty shake by the hand. The other ministers upon the platform, and other persons present, also rose. It was a touching scene. The missionaries, and some of the ministers near them, wept. William Arthur was much affected. One who had been absent twenty years in South Africa spoke ; also Mr. Calvert from Fiji. One or two others then addressed the meeting, and William Arthur concluded with a most solemn and beautiful prayer. As he prayed, " Baptize some present for this work," I could scarcely repress my emotion. Oh, it is a noble work, there is no work in the world that can be compared with it. If I were assured that I was qualified for it, both spiritually and physically, it would go a long way to settle the question in my mind.

The question as to his duty had been seriously exercising him, for under date of October 1856 he had written as follows, concerning a conversation he had had with a warm and valued friend :

He speaks very decidedly against my going to the mission field ; he says he does not think that is my work. I have, according to his account, I know not what qualifications for work of another kind, which, he points out, is work dependent upon personal intercourse, etc., while I have not the qualifications required in the missionary. He does not speak out very plainly—I wish he would say out and out what he thinks. The

long and short of what he does say seems to be that in dealing with individuals I have great influence, but in dealing with a large number, little or none. I do not fully see the force of his argument, for he is constantly urging me to speak in our meetings. . . . I had quite made up my mind not to say anything to him or anybody else, except you, and perhaps one or two of our own immediate friends, about this subject. My wish is now to seek direction from God and to think less of what any one may say. Let us pray much, and we shall be led aright. The best course is the one adopted by the Psalmist, "My soul waiteth only upon God."

Though the cloud did not lift, his interest did not abate, and the hope that he might in some way be permitted to serve the cause of foreign missions at home slowly took command of his thoughts. In January 1858 he wrote :

I hope we shall ever feel interested in missions both at home and abroad, and seek so far as we may be able to help them. How much I should like to be able to support a missionary ! As we are not going ourselves we must do something towards sending others. I ought to read and pray about this more than I do. In my dreams (but I hope they are not dreams, though I call them so) of the future, I think how nicely we may do these things together. Oh for the happy home which even my dull fancy could describe !

But that happy home became more than a dream. There are many hundreds who have been welcome guests there who can bear that testimony, and others who know the nature of his subsequent ministry will recognise in the following extract, from a letter dated August 1858, the same man who, nearly seventeen years later, became the secretary of the China Inland Mission :

I did not tell you that the other night when riding in an omnibus a gentleman put out his hand and cordially asked me how I was. Who should it be but Mr. —, the young man who recently married the Countess of —. I at once changed my seat, and for the rest of the journey we had a very pleasant chat. He got out when I did, and walked with me some distance. . . . The Countess contributes, I believe, thousands a year to support Missions, but chiefly in India. I think I shall send him Hudson's first letter to me—he might show it to her ladyship, and she might possibly have her sympathy excited towards China. I think we, you, my dear, and myself, must regard China with peculiar interest, and make ourselves fully acquainted with the country and all missionary operations in it. The day may come when I might be able to use any special knowledge of that country with advantage to the cause. It is all very well to regard with deep interest mission work in general, but we need on our committees men who know, as well as men can know who have not been in the work, the nature of missionaries' difficulties, etc. We are not going, but our sympathy, our interest, our efforts, must be all the more earnest to aid in the ways we may. There is a large field here. I have sometimes felt encouraged with the thought that in all probability you will be more useful here than if you had gone to China.

It is now time to turn and reverently contemplate the thoughts and emotions which were stirring the heart of Hudson Taylor's sister to its deepest depths. We have already seen how strong was the love between herself and the brother for whose conversion she had prayed, and whose confidante she had long been, and with whom she would gladly have been associated. Now we shall see how this love, and her growing devotion towards the one who was to

be the partner of her life, appeared to be coming into conflict ; and yet, in the providence of God, this love of sister and of wife was to be an all-important link and preparation for days to come. Above all it will be seen how these human affections were shot through and through with love to God and lost humanity. Little could she, or any other in those early days, have discerned the field of service in which she was to serve a common cause both as devoted wife and mother, and as equally devoted sister. But looking backwards we are now able clearly to see the guiding hand of God, and recognise the wisdom of a trustful obedience and joyful acceptance of God's will.

“ It seems to me,” she wrote, “ there is little on earth worth living for if we are not seeking the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. I have felt of late more than ever how empty as well as transitory every earthly pleasure is if not sanctified by God's blessing. The Lord has been teaching me my entire dependence upon Him. Nothing prospers if I neglect to ask the Lord's blessing. It is pleasant to trust in Him, for then we know that whether our desires are granted or denied it is of the Lord and for the best.”

The question as to what work God was qualifying her future husband for exercised her mind, and she wrote :

On looking at your library — said that you were designed for the ministry and would not be happy in business. Do you really think so yourself? If so, do not go into business for my sake nor hurry matters for fear I should have to wait. I would rather wait half a dozen years than that you should get out of your place on my account. Father thinks he ought to have

been a minister, but he was engaged to mother and did not like the idea of waiting the necessary time ; but that would have been far better than being wrong all his life. Now we should learn by the experience of others ; let us wait on the Lord, and He will in due time open your way somehow.

And so they waited upon God for guidance while Hudson Taylor on his part in China wrote urgently that they both should join him in the field. Concerning this long-cherished ambition of her brother's, she, when writing, quotes an extract from one of his letters to her :

Again he writes, " For the last ten years I have hoped to have you with me in China ; now you have disappointed me, you know not how much. This week this thought has sometimes come over me with such force that I have felt almost heartbroken. I do so much want a companion, some one to love, always to be with me. Pray that God may choose and give me a suitable companion."

He wishes me to thank you for William Arthur's *Tongue of Fire*, which you kindly sent him, and which he hopes may reach him in due time.

Referring to another letter addressed by Hudson Taylor to his future brother-in-law, she writes :

From what you say I presume Hudson refers to your going out to him. Am I right ? Should I like to go ? I can scarcely tell you. I fear my love to souls is not so strong as it ought to be. On Sunday evening, while the preacher was pressing home the duty and privilege of labouring for Christ, I felt a desire to go, and thought I should in this letter point out the desirableness of leaving all and following Christ wherever He may lead us. At this moment the true desire of my heart is to know the will of God. Yet if I felt sure that His

will was for us to go I should rather shrink from it. You know my great tie—I need scarcely say it is my Mother. I know God would give me grace to bear so heavy a trial, but it is for her I feel. It would appear almost cruel to leave her, for though sustaining grace might be given the separation would be none the less felt.

I should much like to go for some reasons, but I must pray more about it. I do not think I am good enough for a missionary; people think me good because I have a tolerably good temper, but oh! could they see my heart as He does “Who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of the children of men,” they would look upon me in a very different light. I am painfully conscious of my want of important qualifications essential in a missionary’s wife. May the Lord guide us aright. If we make up our minds to go we must prepare ourselves for a life of hardship and privation. We could bear this if we were quite sure we were in the proper place, doing what the Lord would have us. I have counted the cost. Most likely one of us would be left alone; we cannot hope both to go together whether here or abroad, and sad and empty would that heart be that is left behind though for a little while. Still, what is a life compared to eternity.

Though ready to go, and prepared for all necessary sacrifices, it was clear to her that she, having pledged her affections to the one who had wooed her, must seek her guidance through him. With unabated love for the distant brother, the line of her duty and call was clear, and so she wrote :

Poor boy, he has had many and severe trials to pass through. I think if any one will have a bright crown and stand near the Throne he will. I sometimes wish our lot might be to dwell near him, but evidently this is not the Lord’s will. If He does not lead you there

He does not lead me : " Where thou goest I will go, where thou stayest, I will stay ; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

Within a fortnight she writes again :

I want to mention the subject of China, but can say little about it that has not previously been said. Every time China is mentioned, it brings the thought, ought we to go ? If we are not to go, why cannot we settle it ? Is the Society under which we should go a drawback ? Let it be so no longer ; let us go as servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust in Him for support and protection. You may say, it is very well to write and talk about trusting in God, but acting it out would be more difficult. . . .

Oh, Benjamin, when I dwell on the probability of going, my heart gets too full. " Tears will unbidden start." We should then be all to each other. Earthly friends left far behind.

When the tidings came that Hudson Taylor had severed his connection with the China Evangelisation Society, it would not have been surprising had there been signs of anxiety concerning the temporal welfare of one who at that time was not only surrounded by actual danger, but was thus cut off from any guaranteed source of supplies. But the same faith which characterised the brother in China is also seen in the sister's correspondence at home, as the following extract from a letter dated September 29, 1857, will show :

You will be glad to learn that we have at last received letters from dear Hudson. You will be a little taken by surprise as well as ourselves, though you will not wonder at a step he has taken—given up his connection with the China Evangelisation Society. They only sent him

aid when they had it to spare, and therefore they may do the same now if disposed. I feel glad he has cast himself entirely on the Lord ; there is no doubt as to his wants being supplied. " His bread shall be given, his water shall be sure. They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." I feel every morning I have to ask for daily bread for him, but I have not to ask in doubt as to whether my request shall be granted. No ! His promises are sure. Not one jot or tittle of His Word shall fall to the ground. I send you his note though it contains but little ; still there is pleasure in seeing the handwriting of those we love, and in reading for ourselves what they have written.

In another letter, written a little later, she says :

Week after week passes by and brings us nearer eternity, but how little does it find us advanced in holiness and preparedness for our future Home ? Nothing unholy or impure can find admittance there. Then let us seek to be washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood and kept unblamable and irreprovable in His sight. Yesterday was to me a happy Sabbath. In the morning I was abundantly blessed. I felt, as it were, overshadowed by the Almighty, and for some moments felt His immediate presence. I believe I was the subject of some one's prayers, either yours or Hudson's. May God abundantly reward you both.

In the evening, too, I enjoyed much communion with God, and again devoted myself to His service as He should see good to appoint, either in the common duties of life or a more extended field. I scarcely know whether I should tell you, and yet I cannot help it. China is ever sounding in my ears. Oh, China, poor, poor China ; pray much for China. Sometimes I am tempted to think nothing of these impressions and put them on one side, for it is suggested how much more comfortable a happy home in England would be where we might see our friends occasionally. But God will guide us.

We have committed ourselves to Him, and He will not leave us in doubt or darkness long if we are willing to act as He shall appoint.

Not a few of the letters written during 1857 and 1858 show traces of grave anxiety for the beloved brother in China. The affair of the lorch *Arrow* at Canton, which led to Britain's second opium war with China, occasioned many weeks and months of long and weary suspense. And when the news came that Ningpo had been taken by the rebels, and that the merchants had been obliged to seek protection on board H.M.S. *Surprise*, my Mother wrote :

Hudson is uppermost in our minds just now ; no letter mail after mail. Mother and Father are quite miserable about it. Father won't hear a word of comfort from any of us. Mother bears it quietly, but an observant eye marks the anxiety preying upon her. Since I began this letter, Mother has been in the room. I think she came to try and comfort herself with talking to me about him, and looking over his letters. She would have left me when she found I was writing, but I would not let her.

With another letter, written during the same year, we must bring this chapter to a close. It reads as follows :

We have all been flat the last day or two, thinking of our dear far-distant Hudson. Mother has seemed quite poorly all day. This morning I saw something was the matter, and put my arms round her neck and asked what it was. It was not what I feared, but she said she felt burdened, pressed down, and had never had an opportunity to give vent to her feelings since receiving Hudson's letter. Beside his being so ill, he has sent an order for a few household matters, likely to be wanted if he gets married, which he hopes to do early this year.

How these things are to be got and sent off is known to Him who knows all things ; but not clear to us yet. If we ever live to be united and you are willing, Mother will turn this department over to us, I mean sending things out to him sometimes. Of course he pays for them, but there is a good deal of trouble in collecting them and seeing after the shipping, insurance, etc. . . .

Mother has just put into my hand your kind letter. I think it has done her good, she seems more cheerful. O my dear Benjamin, I do thank God that He has supplied the place of dear Hudson as far as possible by one equally loving and affectionate. It is kind of you to say anything you do for us is a pleasure. I can truthfully say we are grateful, and I am sure Hudson will be, and what you have done for one of the Lord's children you have done for Christ. . . .

Yesterday I was thinking they must enjoy a high state of grace who can "rejoice in tribulation." We may bear it patiently and submissively, knowing that what the Lord permits is right and good, but 'tis far more than this to rejoice and glory in tribulation.

I believe it is already Sunday morning. I began late, feeling unwilling to retire without a word with you. I hope the coming Sabbath may be a blessing to us all ; even now I feel a foretaste. What a blessed Sabbath that will be which we shall presently spend in our Father's House on high—

My Father's House on high,
Home of my soul, how dear ;
At times to faith's illumined eye
Thy golden gates appear.

How inexpressibly sweet is the thought of Jesus as my Saviour, my Friend, my Jesus. We are His, bought with His life. What can harm us? We may have difficulties, we shall have sorrows, but leaning on the bosom of our Beloved, we have strength for every conflict, and grace for every need.

MORE LOVE LETTERS

My letters ! all dead paper, mute and white !
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands, which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said, he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend ; this, fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,
Yet I wept for it ! this, . . . the paper's light . . .
Said, *Dear, I love thee* ; and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed.
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last ! ”

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

MORE LOVE LETTERS

I found your note. How very kind
To leave it there ! I cannot tell
How pleased I was, or how you find
Words to express your thoughts so well.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BUT foreign missions was not the only topic on which these lovers corresponded. Questions concerning the right attitude of the Christian to life and conduct were sometimes discussed, and a few extracts on these themes will help to throw light upon their characters. The discipline of the homes from which they had come was strict, though associated with much love and solicitude. Fiction my Father had not been allowed to read as a boy, and it is doubtful if he ever read any in his life. Even Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* had to be devoured in quiet retirement.

The same views in the main obtained in the home at Barnsley. Some of the letters which passed between mother and daughter while the latter was at boarding-school still survive, and a sentence such as the following bears its own testimony to the well-balanced views of life which prevailed :

Be watchful and prayerful that you may maintain

your intercourse with God ; attend to your Bible, and be cheerful without lightness ; serious without sadness.

Two years after the date of this motherly letter the daughter wrote definitely to ask advice on the subject of mirthfulness, and received another and fuller reply. Anxious to keep the right balance, she raises the same question years later when writing to her future husband. Her letter is as follows :

Benjamin, do you think it wrong for me to sing very merry and comic songs ? One or two have come in my way lately, and I don't feel quite easy about them. I want to avoid the two extremes,—not to shut out all merriment and yet not to exhibit too much of the spirit of the world. Write me soon, love, and please tell me what you think. I was singing a good many last night. John and Thomas know several funny things, which I must play for them. Well, when I went to the quiet of my own room, I had some doubts about the right and wrong of it, and determined to ask you.

This letter is unfortunately undated, and no specific reply appears among the correspondence which has been preserved. The following remarks, however, contained in two letters dated 1856 and 1857 respectively, indicate the high and somewhat severe principles which guided my father in his early life. A ticket for a concert had been offered him by Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt) herself for her farewell concert before leaving England. Concerning this he writes :

I should have dearly liked to hear her sing, but there were some sacred pieces to be sung, and I have a very decided objection to anything of that kind in concerts or oratorios. A few years since I should have been

willing to give half-a-guinea to hear her, and should have thought myself half cracked to have refused a ticket, especially when her own gift, but I did so, and though I may never have an opportunity to hear such a gifted singer, I shall not regret. I am sorry there is such a rage for oratorios; more so, that Christians attend them. I think it very wrong—it may appear very narrow-minded, but I will send you a little pamphlet I have, and I will venture to say that you will agree with me and never attend one again. Last night there was one on a grand scale in the Surrey Gardens new Music Hall; a thousand performers—the hall will hold ten thousand persons. There is a very eulogistic account in this day's *Times*. The enthusiasm was at its height when these performers (among whom were many of the principal opera singers) sang "Worthy the Lamb." One's heart sickens.

The other letter apparently refers to some marriage festivities :

Great grace is needed by the most devoted Christians to keep their souls staid upon God amid the novelty and excitement of such occasions. Keep your mind above these things so that while you take your part your soul may not be injured by them. It has a chastening influence upon our hearts when we remember at the marriage of friends that soon we shall all be where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage." I would not damp for one moment the joy which should be felt at such times, but only guard against the dissipating influence.

I intend to send you a copy of the Covenant Engagement.¹ Join me in spirit on Sunday in solemnly renewing this with God. And oh, let us try to live through the week and through the year in its spirit.

¹ A peculiarly beautiful and solemn form of Covenant with God used by the Methodist Church on the first Sunday in the year.

At another time the question of total abstinence is mentioned, and my Mother evidently desired to know what her future husband thought her attitude should be if a toast were proposed at table. In answer to this question he writes :

You love the souls of your fellow-creatures and are willing to go even to China to benefit them—and I know what that love will suggest when you think over this question. What opium is doing in China intoxicating drink is doing here. It cannot be rude to decline the challenge you may receive to take wine. If a nobleman challenged by a lady at the table of our beloved Queen is expressly permitted to decline, surely — or — will not be so rude or ignorant as to press unduly a lady who declines the challenge of a gentleman.

The available letters are so many, and the subjects discussed so varied, that it is only possible to make a selection which may serve to illustrate spiritual and intellectual aspirations and some of the Christian activities which were being undertaken. So without further words of introduction a few extracts are appended in chronological order, each extract being allowed to tell its own story. The first are from my Father's pen :

November 19, 1856.—I can promise you an abundant supply of books for your own use some day. I have managed to get together some really good works, and I do hope that whatever my lot may be I may have a little time for reading. The world is full of books not worth reading, and while we are reading some of these we are losing the time we might spend with some of the most gifted minds of our race. And whoever offers you books not really *well worth* reading, I think you will do wisely if you decline the loan. You will usually have

something in hand which you want to get through, and which in most cases would be a very sufficient reason. . . .

The friend offering a book may believe it to be a choice production, but it must be borne in mind that we judge of books as of everything else, relatively,—and that which is in the judgment of one, very superior, in the judgment of another is trash. We find this the case in our own experience, books which ten or twelve years ago I might have called first-rate, I should now consider a disgrace to have in my library, not that there was anything wrong in them, but that when compared with others they are not worth giving away. . . . I am determined to spend the little time I have for reading in reading the very best works I can get hold of.

As for novels, we should be moderate, and not denounce the whole lot ; here and there there may be one worth reading, perhaps one in a thousand.

November 26, 1856.—Here I have been trying for the last seven or eight years to teach others, and up to the present knowing next to nothing myself. I really am ashamed as I find from time to time how little I know. . . .

I am resolved to be, God helping me, a useful man and an intelligent man, and nearly every book, if not every book, I have bought for some time, has been bought because I have considered it to have a direct bearing upon this purpose. I have been much encouraged to-day by the conviction that if I seek from God guidance and aid in my efforts to learn, I shall receive His help.

November 27, 1857.—I must give every minute I can get this week to the preparation of my lecture, which is to be upon "The Bible : its history and influence." I hope I shall make an interesting and instructive thing of it. The week following I shall be worse off ; pray that I may be helped to prepare for the pulpit. It is a large congregation for me, and I have to get up a new subject. I have had it in my mind some time, but it is not yet anything more than a few notes. I very

much wish to be able to get it sufficiently prepared to use it with profit to the people. "Not willing that any should perish." Glorious truth, I want to show this.

March 4.—I must trespass upon your indulgence to-night. You will perhaps allow me to do so when I say that we have this evening held the Annual Meeting of our Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. I need not detail particulars—you can easily guess how it is that I find it too late for writing.

You will be glad to hear that we have had a good meeting. It was held in the Hanover Square Room, which accommodates upwards of a thousand. The room was well filled. Much prayer had been made that a special blessing might be given to this meeting, and it has not been made in vain. All was very good, but nothing remarkable until Baptist Noel, who spoke last, rose. He began in a manner which rivetted the attention of his hearers, and proceeded with great power to appeal to "the careless." This was given to him for the subject of his address.

As he drew near the conclusion of his speech, it seemed that all the prayers offered for a blessing upon our meeting were being answered. While the silent prayer ascended that God would bless, one could not but feel and almost exclaim, "He is blessing." Such a torrent of earnest, faithful, loving appeal I do not remember—it seemed as though he would take every careless young man in his arms, and bear him into the very arms of his Saviour, into all the joys of heaven. And yet in the midst of such affectionate appeals his warnings were terrible.

There can be no doubt but that some, I hope many, souls will be converted through that speech. Oh for such zeal and love in the service of Christ. I covet it more than all the wealth of this world. Pray that I may in some measure receive it.

January 7, 1858.—Lately I have been much struck with the fact that in some way or other the path through

life of nearly every one is beset with disappointment, trial, and suffering. No matter what the Christian experience or the social position, all suffer in the same way.

We shall have disappointment, losses, bereavements, anxiety, if not on our own account, yet on the account of others. We must not be disheartened, we have abundant promises to sustain us, and we need not fear, as in all we may have to pass through we shall be strengthened by the hope within us of future glory. We must try more and more to set our affections upon things above; if we are spared long on earth and permitted to enjoy all that we now hope for, yet must we look onward for the perfect and eternal.

I propose myself to make the Life of Christ my special study this year. If I can do this, I feel sure I shall find at the close of the year the blessedness of the study to be far beyond the cursory and irregular reading of the Gospels.

August 15, 1858.—After Chapel a walk of survey through some parts where sin abounds. I think I have found a field in which I ought to labour in some way. It is a long narrow street of small houses, which seems very densely populated. I should not wonder if it contains pretty near a thousand souls. Samuel, who was with me, thought it rather unsafe to venture down it by night. There is no thoroughfare.

One word now upon that which caused me to take up my pen, before I lay it down to rest. This day has filled my mind with serious thoughts. It is, as *you* will remember, though few others have done, my birthday. Yes, twenty-nine years are gone. Oh, if I could recall them, what would I not give. When I think of what I am and what I have done, I do feel that few can have such cause for humiliation as I have. "All that thou mightest have been—all that thou mightest have done," are words of bitter reproach and condemnation. I hope that I may have grace given me to enable me to do differently.

August 1858.—I do sincerely hope and pray that I may be a useful man. I shrink from the thought of business so far requiring my time and strength as to leave no opportunity to do something in the way of direct effort. This will trouble me sadly if it proves so. If I can see that I am made an instrument of good here, it will prevent feelings of regret arising that I have not taken another course altogether. I trust it will prove that I am in my right place. I am glad to know that already in the way of business I have cheered and comforted some severely tried ones.

December 15, 1858.—On Saturday evening I took tea at Mr. William Arthur's house, on the occasion of the first meeting of the trustees, etc., belonging to the new chapel. Mr. Punshon, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Budgett, and others, making about twenty, were there.

Mr. Macdonald, while we were at tea, asked me in the hearing of all present, if I was aware that it was the dying request and hope of Mr. Goodfellow that I would take his Sunday Afternoon Class. Mr. Arthur said he hoped I should have no hesitation in complying.

I told him I must defer giving a positive reply. The question has been before me for some weeks, but never officially before; my only cause of hesitation has been this, if I took that class it would compel me to give up my attendance at the meetings of young men on a Sunday.

I have, however, decided to take the class. I hope my decision is right; I feel sorry to give up the other, but I think that perhaps on the whole this may prove more useful. Mr. Punshon told me that he had fixed me for secretary for the Branch Missionary Society, which he hoped to see organised soon. I made no words about this, but told him plainly it was just the thing I should like.

I have also been appointed member of the Sunday School Committee. I hear that I had the honour to be proposed by Mr. Arthur and seconded by Mr. Budgett;

this is probably a mere accident, as they might propose my name among others. So you see I am becoming more identified with Methodism; already a trustee, leader, missionary secretary, etc.

January 4, 1859.—Let us trust Him and Him only. I hope you have entered upon this year fully purposing to be the Lord's, to serve Him with all your soul and strength. May He bless you abundantly and cause you to be to me a blessing continually.

Mr. Corderoy has just sent me the account he has had printed of his late wife, whom I knew very well. It is a beautiful Memorial, written by Mr. Edward Corderoy. Here is an extract. "For nearly thirty years," says her sorrowing husband, "she was the joy of my heart and home, rendering by her Christian deportment, all about her happy. As a wife she was exemplary, and all I could desire," etc. What a beautiful testimony, every word of it felt I do not doubt. She met in his class, and I was often pleased with the tender affection manifested when he spoke to her. Oh that we may be as united, as zealous, as happy in each other's love as they were. May we not be! Let us look to Jesus continually. His smile and presence will be the best guarantee of our mutual love.

Before drawing this chapter of quotations to a close, a few extracts selected from my Mother's letters must also be given, though in this case, some being undated, it is not always possible to preserve the chronological order :

I think our love is more like a quiet little river than a dashing boisterous sea, it runs along almost imperceptibly, but the current is there for all that; only try to stop it by putting a dam across its course, and you will soon see its power; 'twill gather and accumulate its strength until it either bursts its bonds or runs over them. Now, I fancy we are something like this, while

all goes smoothly there is no need for a great demonstration, but only let some one try to stop us, and they will presently see what metal we are made of. The old saying has still some truth in it: "Still waters run deep."

July 6, 1857.—It was very nice for you to speak to Dr. Livingstone. He must be a noble fellow, and in days to come I daresay you will have pleasure in thinking of even so short an acquaintance.

1857.—Yesterday morning was a cold, snowy morning, and Mother feared I should have an uncomfortable walk; but I never enjoyed it more. I drew my cloak tightly around me, my umbrella close in front, and talked with my God by the way. In the first place I thought I would try and think of the many mercies I enjoy:—The many favourable circumstances attending my birth in a Christian land, and of pious parents:—A Mother whom I almost adore, and whose memory will ever be precious:—A Father to whom I shall always be indebted:—A brother whom I am proud to call my own, who was brought to God partly through my prayers, and a sister who is affectionate and kind:—Then in answer to my prayers, the love of one who is, I believe, a sincere follower of Jesus, and who will help me to walk in the narrow path.

1857.—I have lately been trying to crucify self, and please and benefit those around me, but sometimes I have found it difficult, and particularly where I have not met with the gratitude which might reasonably have been expected.

1857.—Oh! this body of sin, what a delightful thing it will be when we are delivered from its power. How often we deprive ourselves of much spiritual blessing by giving way to our natural inclination. When we would do good evil is present with us. I often am amazed at the goodness of God to me; I know it is all for the sake of Jesus that He blesses me and gives me to feel His presence when I have forgotten and neglected

Him so much. I feel so happy when I can go and tell Jesus everything, and lately I have had great liberty in doing so, and yet my heart is so deceitful. I am sometimes tempted to give up my hour alone because something else seems to come in the way, while at the same time I know how precious that hour spent with Jesus would be. Pray much for me, my dearest one, that all self-righteousness may be rooted out, and my conscience be very tender.

Feb. 1, 1858.—"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." If prosperity is granted, the Lord will not be forgotten by you, I am sure; and all His promises are yea and amen to them that believe. Trust in Him at all times, my dear Benjamin, and though your faith may be tried, nay, is almost sure to be, still trust in the Lord, and you shall never be confounded. We must daily ask God's blessing on the labours of the day, and when you cannot walk by sight, try to do so by faith.

July 21, 1858.—As I said to you this morning, I may sometimes be too sanguine, but His love and tender care have been so manifest towards me through the few short years I have lived, that my confidence in Him is strong. I do not boast, for it is His gift, and He could at any moment withhold the comfort this assurance gives me. But I rather rejoice, for my natural disposition would be timid and doubting if it were not for this constant faith I have in my kind, long-suffering God.

No date.—Whatever anxiety I have, it is always a comfort to me to feel God is my Father, and will only permit what is for my good. O my dear Benjamin, the Lord has been very gracious to me of late; at the throne of grace I have felt I had the ear of my Father and that my prayers were not only heard but answered. Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, but faith is the gift of God, and we have nothing of which to boast.

I do hope some good will be done by our visiting.

I have now six persons on my list ; the minds of three of them are very dark, but the Gospel can pierce the darkness, and oh, that God may send if it be but one ray of light.

No date.—We both feel that religion is the principal thing, and if we don't shine so brightly in this world as we should like, we must endeavour to stand high in the next.



Photograph by

Turner.

THE FAMILY COMPLETE.

Taken in 1877 or 1878. "One Family we dwell in Him."

To face page 61.

THE MOTHER

Bless'd the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought !
Thrice happy they that wander not lifelong
Beyond near succour of the household faith,
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines !
Their steps find patience in familiar paths,
Printed with hope by loved feet gone before.

Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MOTHER

Happy he
With such a Mother ! faith in womanhood
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

TENNYSON.

THE series of beautiful letters of which portions have been given ceased early in 1859, for on February 10 of that year the lovers were married. One of the last letters, only written by my Father five days before the wedding, contains the following surprising statement : " I went this morning to see the consulting physician of the S—— Insurance Company. He says he cannot pass me ! " A doctor's certificate, however, cannot quench love, and more than fifty-two years of wedded life, a family of ten children all still living, and an arduous career, have justified the lovers in going forward. Could they not say with Browning :

Our times are in His Hand
Who saith, " A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half, trust God, see all, nor be afraid ! "

For some ten years their home was in Bayswater, where seven children were born. Of this home all that the writer remembers is not very romantic, for

the only incident that lives in his memory is that of cutting his head open when trying to slide in new shoes, and the subsequent visit of the doctor. He can see the doctor still, warming some adhesive plaster round the hot teapot.

The next home was in Surrey, where about five years were spent. Here the three youngest children were born. The memories of this place are much more pleasant—the lovely garden with its fir tree, up which the writer often sat vainly endeavouring to drop salt upon the tail of some elusive bird below ; the long walks in the country with the governess, Miss Wilkin, to whom we owe so much ; the country chapel, and the carrying of a hot dinner to some sick person on Sundays : these things stand out among many other memories which are a perpetual benediction.

In the summer of 1875, when the youngest child in the family was only three months old, the home was moved again, this time to Pyrland Road, that my Father might assist in the home work of the China Inland Mission ; and for more than forty years 2 Pyrland Road remained the family centre, and will ever be looked back upon as the old home. To that home came many hundreds of candidates for China ; there the beloved and honoured parents celebrated their golden wedding, and there the Father died. The house to-day stands empty, for the widowed Mother moved to Barnet only six months before her Home-call, but the rooms are peopled still, and ever will be, with many sacred associations.

The neighbourhood has greatly changed since the

family first came to North London. Then Pyrland Road was only partly built. Then it was possible to jump out of the back windows and be almost in open country, but to-day the fields are far away though green memories abide. The restricted garden, with its swing, its horizontal and parallel bars, saw many a lively game, and many a fire balloon was sent off from that spot to float sometimes over London, with its blazing cargo. Many a foolish escapade on the roof and races up and down the builders' ladders are remembered, for, while a loving discipline was maintained, a generous liberty was afforded to our youthful spirits.

When our cousins came to live with us—for when Mrs. Hudson Taylor went to China my Mother offered to take care of her children—we were a happy rollicking family of seventeen. This was one part of my Mother's "bit" for China: "If Jenny is called to go," she said, "then I am called to take the children," and so she did. People thought we were a school, and no wonder, and school had its place in the home beside. It was my Mother's practice to sit with us when home lessons had to be done. For an hour in the evening silence was commanded, while she sat knitting to see that the injunction was obeyed. And when the candidates came, not by ones but by tens, what a party we were to sit down to table. Some of the privacies of home were lost, and not always willingly by us youngsters, but what a harvest of blessing and what an enrichment of friends have been gained thereby. One of these friends, at home after nearly thirty years in China, has just written to say: "I can never forget how

lovingly she mothered me before going to China. She seemed to understand, as few did, the lonely heart of the Scotch lassie away from home and friends for the first time. In the midst of her busy active life she had always time to comfort and help. Her kind welcome back, when furlough came, did one's heart good. She did not forget any of us."

But we must not wander on, but come back to those sweet and strong personages who ruled the home with a loving authority. And in the home, since the mother counts most—and the writer, himself a father, gladly acknowledges this—she shall have first place in this chapter; and since the father's word is final he shall have the last word as his prerogative!

We turn once again then to that little autobiography of my Mother's, dedicated to her children, and a passage from the opening pages will reveal better than any words of mine what manner of Mother she was. The introductory message with its priceless counsels was written in August 1869, just a month before the birth of her seventh child. One portion of it reads as follows:

I cannot tell you how much I love you, nor how ardently I long for grace and wisdom to bring you up in the fear of the Lord. I often painfully feel my lack of those qualities which seem so essential to the right training of children, and almost wonder that God should have given me so many when my insufficiency is so great. My comfort is this, He knows best and He can supply my lack.

My chief desire is that you may grow up to be real followers of Christ, not mere professors of Him, not content with so much as shall give you a name and a

place with His people ; but such union with Him as shall make you daily to abide in Him, to realise Him as ever present with you, as interested in all the minute concerns of your life.

My dear children, take Him for your Friend, your Counsellor, your Guide. Tell Him all your hopes, your fears, your sorrows ; be assured that He is interested in all that concerns you. He says : " The hairs of your head are all numbered." Not a sparrow can fall to the ground without His notice, and you are of more value than many sparrows.

In conclusion let me say to you that if you would be truly happy you must set apart some portion of each day for reading God's Word and prayer. It must be a time when other duties do not press upon you, that you may feel at leisure to hold communion with God and your own soul. The early morning is the best, and if you can get half an hour in an evening besides, do so. Just in proportion to the time you devote to these exercises, will be your growth in grace, your power to resist temptation, and your peace of mind amid the trials and perplexities you are sure to meet with in life.

That God may lead you early in life to consecrate yourselves to His service is the constant and earnest prayer of your affectionate mother.

Such were the desires and yearnings of the Mother's heart, and each time the words are read they reveal fresh wisdom and grace. But they were not aspirations only. Eminently sane and practical, recognising and caring for the bodily and intellectual needs of her children, she travailed even more in birth for their spiritual welfare. As Augustine said of his mother : " I cannot express the affection she bare me, and with how much more vehement anguish she was now in labour of me in the spirit

than at her child-bearing in the flesh"; so can we say of our dear Mother.

How she sought to combine example with precept is best illustrated by quoting some few lines from a small booklet she wrote anonymously for the sake of other mothers. This booklet was originally published under the title of *How God Helped Me Train My Children*, but was subsequently reprinted, after long being out of print, under a much less appropriate designation.¹ The following is one passage :

Accustom yourself quite early to put his little hands together and audibly pray : " Lord Jesus, bless my little boy, and teach him to be good." And oh, young mother, early " let him see thee talking to thy God," as Martin Tupper says in his incomparable *Proverbial Philosophy*.

Let me refer to my own experience. I made it a rule to take my children one at a time into my room ; and having been careful to see that they were comfortably seated—for how can any one, least of all a child, be quiet unless comfortable?—I would say, " I am going to talk to Jesus," and then, before my child, would pour out my soul to Him. Oh, how precious are the memories of little pinafores lifted to wipe my eyes, for the tears often flow when in real communion with God ; or the sound of sweet little voices saying, " Don't cry, Mother."

Many times Mother had to say, " Lord, I am very weak and ignorant. I want to teach my children to love Thee, but I do not know how. Lord, teach me." Or, if I had been impatient in their presence, I would not hesitate to ask God, before them, to forgive me and make me more patient in the future. Every little detail

¹ *Homely Hints to Young Mothers*, by a Mother of Ten. Morgan and Scott, 2d.

was taken to God, and many secret cares thus entered into their knowledge, and they learned "to carry everything to God in prayer." Distinctly do I remember one who used to pull my dress, and say, "Mother, let us go and talk to Jesus."

The memory of those days is a constant benediction. How they affected one member of the family even as a child may perhaps be recorded as typical of others. When only seven years of age the one referred to was for some reason or other sleeping on a couch in his Mother's room. Lying in bed ere he fell asleep, an overwhelming sense of God's love came upon him, until the young heart melted into tears. What was the immediate cause is now forgotten, but those sacred seasons of prayer referred to above, as well as those when as a family we gathered around our Mother's knee to sing and read and pray together, were doing their work. An extract from a letter she wrote to her husband on Good Friday, 1876, will explain :

This afternoon I had a very nice service with the children. I thought that being the day for the commemoration of Christ's death it would be nice to have a Communion service for the children, for are we not to train them up in the way they should go? Well, we sang one or two of Sankey's hymns, read verse by verse Isaiah liii., and had prayer. I prayed, then called on — (aged nine), and — (aged ten), and oh, it would have done your heart good to hear that dear child pour out her heart in prayer. I think she must have prayed ten minutes, and so comprehensively—then a few words from each of the others. After this we took the bread, each one repeating after taking it, "I take this in remembrance that Christ died for me, and am thankful";

then the cup in the same manner. God blessed us all very much in this service, and dear Father was not forgotten.

How she laboured in prayer for her children, pleading the promises of God, such as: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee"; "The promise is to you and to your children"; or, "I will pour out My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring." Prayer with her was a power. She knew how to prevail with God, and only that Day will reveal what her ministry of prayer has been, not in the family life only, but in that which concerns the larger family of God.

But there was nothing sanctimonious about her religion, nothing that repelled the child. How truly sanity was combined with sanctity can be seen by the following passage from the same little booklet:

The nursery should be one of the brightest rooms in the house. It should, if possible, have a south aspect; for children, like plants, need light and sunshine. Is not the nursery more important than the drawing-room; yet does not the drawing-room commonly take the preference? It should be where the mother can be in and out continually, to keep her eye on her children and on those whose influence is felt there. Great care is necessary in choosing the nurse or helper, as children easily imitate, and vulgarities once acquired are seldom forgotten.

The furniture in the nursery should be such as does not necessitate the constant, "Don't do this, don't do that." Such rebukes are trying to a child's spirit, and produce irritability. None the less when he is in other rooms he should be taught to behave properly.

All that concerned her children, were they young in years or older in life, was taken to her heart, and to quote her own words once again :

Do you want to make the children love you ? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their nature ? Then sympathise with them always. When they come to show you some new treasure, never make light of it. Never say, " I cannot be troubled," when the hard knot won't be untied, and when two and two obstinately refuse to make four on their little slates. Knots and little difficulties are only the precursors of larger thoughts and deeper trials, which the parents may one day plead in vain to share.

It would be easy to continue such quotations, but that must not be. One incident, as vivid in the writer's mind as though it were but yesterday, may perhaps be permitted to illustrate many. Something real or imaginary had happened in the dead of night to frighten the writer ; terrified, he fled to his Mother's room, to find his Father away and his Mother alone. So real was the terror that words of comfort brought no relief, so instead of reproof the loving Mother not only locked the door but dragged the heavy chest of drawers across the room and barricaded it. This added sense of security slowly appeased the fears and calm was restored. It was an act which reveals the Mother and was in keeping with her own words : " Never make light of a child's trouble or ridicule him." She was intensely human, gifted with the power of feeling what another felt, and possessing in consequence an instinct as to what best to do to meet the occasion.

As a young mother, when she was feeling the

burden of motherhood, she definitely told the Lord she would accept the burden if He would make her children soldiers of Jesus Christ, and from that pledge she never withdrew. There were those who thought partings had lost their poignancy because she had said farewell so often, but the mother's heart never found it anything but intensely painful. The writer well remembers the day he left for China. As the Mother sought to come to the hall for the last embrace—for she dared not face the docks—she sank upon the stairs and there the parting took place, her own silver fruit-knife in its leather case being drawn from her pocket and thrust into his hand, as the only convenient thing to add to her other many offerings; and yet she rejoiced, for nothing gave her greater joy than giving up for Christ, or to see her children walking in the truth.

It may be that some who read these lines may be disposed to attribute more than is due to the natural gifts my Mother possessed, and minimise the part that grace played in her life. It may be well, therefore, to look at the other side, and see how she herself measured her natural qualifications. Many and many a time she has told us in later life how earnestly she pleaded the promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him," when she felt overwhelmed with her insufficiency as a Mother. In a diary she kept, apart from her autobiography, there is a beautiful reference to this subject under date of October 13, 1865, when her family consisted of four children, the youngest a babe in arms and the eldest only a

little more than four years old. The passage quoted will show how she found time, though a young and busy Mother, to undertake work in the Church without neglect of home :

The last week or two I have been very happy. I have determined by God's help no longer to live for myself but to spend my life in doing good and making happy all those who come within my reach. About four months ago the class in which I have been meeting, which until lately had been led by Mrs. William Arthur, was given into my care. I took it with much fear and trembling, feeling myself quite incompetent for the task, but now after a little trial I feel encouraged to go on. God helps me from time to time ; I feel it is not my work but His. I only desire to be an instrument, and I pray that He may make me very useful in His Church, but ever keep me humble and conscious of my dependence upon Him for everything.

Of late I have been sorely tried by feeling my want of management with the children ; I have prayed sincerely for God's help and wisdom to guide me in this matter, and I feel sure He will so long as I depend upon Him. I think while they are still very young I can best accomplish my purpose by gaining their love ; for this I must often sacrifice my own ease and comfort. I have begun to have prayer with them immediately after tea : this will establish a habit from which I trust they will profit in years to come.

The words, " I must often sacrifice my own ease and comfort," reveal the secret of her success, not only as a Mother but as a succourer of many. And yet she never took any pride to herself for any measure of success God gave her. To the end of her life she frequently mourned her imperfections before God. In a letter written to her second daughter

in 1898, when all her children were grown up and four were already in the Mission field, she wrote :

It is very welcome to my heart just now to receive such appreciative words from my children as those I received from you on Monday, the 19th inst., the day before my birthday. I have felt rather depressed lately, contrasting myself with some clever women, and also because of some of the mistakes I have made through yielding to the shrinking of my natural disposition and the fear of men. I know it is a kind of pride that makes me shrink from more intellectual people. . . .

Then I feel some of you have suffered in your education. We ought to have done better, and yet I remember how difficult it was to pay the school bills. Well the Lord has been very good in the way He has prospered most of you in spite of all my mistakes.

I remained home on Sunday morning and had a quiet time of communion with the Lord, and He showed me the infinite value of the blood of Christ to cover all my sin and imperfection : " How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without blemish unto God, cleanse your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." Read hymn 128, specially the verse :

And *wrap* me in Thy crimson vest,
And tell me all Thy name.

One can believe in the past being forgiven, and yet one is sorry for misused opportunities gone for ever.

For those who have not the old edition of Wesley's hymns handy we quote two or three verses of the hymn to which she refers, for next to her Bible that book fed and gave expression to her spiritual life. These hymns often supplied the words she needed when she was pouring out her heart before God in praise and prayer :

Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
And live, and die below,
That I may now perceive Thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?

Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb ;
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,
And tell me all Thy name.

Other letters of a somewhat similar nature could be quoted, but one short extract from another letter written in 1899 to the same daughter as the one quoted above must suffice :

I am not given to vanity, or I fear your flattering words would spoil me completely. Whatever of good has come through me has been of the Lord making me His channel, and I praise Him for what He has graciously done through a poor weak instrument. When a clever musician brings melody out of a very inferior instrument you put it down to *his* skill, and I can say :

“ O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be ! ”

I thank God for all He has been to me and for all He has done for me and mine. No praise is due to me. I thank Him for accepting my children for His service and for using them, one in one place and one in another.

No opportunity of service was allowed to pass, if possible, unredeemed. She was just as anxious for the salvation and blessing of those who served in the home as for any others, and the following

sentence from the letter just quoted will illustrate this :

Perhaps A—— may send you a letter she has recently received from ——. It was very gratifying to us, for you remember what a heathen she was when she came to us. Now she seems to know what is right, and I trust she may be amongst the saved ones at last. We have just engaged a young girl, only fifteen, but she will grow older, and, I hope, learn the way of salvation.

What she was as a wife during these years of motherhood, only he who has passed beyond the veil fully knows, but one letter written to her husband when she was away from home at Brighton, a few months before the birth of her fifth child, is preserved to give some glimpse of her as a God-given helpmeet :

BRIGHTON,
February 18, 1866.

MY DEAR BENJAMIN—I did not write to you yesterday, and therefore spend a few moments with you this evening as I am not going to Chapel. Lizzie and I went to Dorset Gardens this morning and enjoyed the service, but it is too far to think of going again. A Mr. Kenyon from Worthing preached, and gave us a very tidy sermon from, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed."

I have thought much, dearest, of the words in your letter received this morning (Sunday), "I am weary." Well you may be, my precious one, with the daily strain that has been kept up the last eight years, and all in one direction. May we not bring this burden and lay it at the feet of Him Who has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you

rest." He might in answer to our united prayer take it away, or if not, He would give greater physical and spiritual strength to carry it with.

There have been times when I too have carried this burden, when it has been the constant subject of my thoughts, but it makes me so utterly wretched that I can do nothing but cast it on Him Who has said that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, and that we are of more value than many sparrows. You think I don't feel this daily care so much as you, but dearest, I never forget it, and often do I ask our Heavenly Father to provide for your need, and above all to teach you to manage that we may be spared unnecessary complications; and teach me to manage with all proper economy in the house; and if He sees that neither of us can do things quite in the saving way some would, to give to us according to our need the supply of daily wants.

I think, dearest, God's providential dealings have been working in me lately the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I do feel that my confidence in God is strong, and my conviction of His love to His creatures so clear that sometimes I think I could say, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee." I hope there is not in this any presumptuous feeling, but rather the trust of a child upon its Father. This firm trust in the love of God is an anchor to the soul when tossed by the waves of life's tempestuous sea, and sometimes exercised by the reasonings of one's own heart. If we do our best, of which our consciences speak the truth, let us not yield to these reasonings, but rather pray more for the wisdom which is profitable to direct even in the affairs of life. I never pray for God's blessing on our worldly prospects without feeling that God is on our side and will not suffer any real evil to befall us. I cannot say I always feel assured prosperity will be our portion, though sometimes I feel we have but to wait and work, and all will be well.

And her confidence in God was not misplaced. If any one ever learned both to wait on God and work at the appointed task it was she, and she proved time and time again, throughout a long life full of heavy responsibilities, the faithfulness of her covenant-keeping Heavenly Father.

There was something buoyant in her faith. She knew in a large measure what it was to be more than a conqueror through Him that loved her. We are tempted to wonder whether to-day we experience the same robust faith in God that our fathers and mothers enjoyed. It has been pointed out, for instance, that in the present edition of Wesley's hymn book there are only twenty-two hymns "For Believers rejoicing," as against seventy-six in the previous edition; while there are thirty hymns for "Believers suffering" as against nine in the edition formerly used. This may be a mere accident, but the fact is worth consideration. No theory can be built upon a few facts, and generalisations are frequently inaccurate, but we cannot err in coveting that strong confidence and joy in God which characterised many of the saints of old. These elements were certainly conspicuous in my Mother's Christian experience.



Photograph by

THE FAMILIAR CORNER AT PYRLAND ROAD.

A corner of the Study taken in 1902.

Hudson Broomhall.

To face page 79.

THE FATHER

I will build thee an house.

Now therefore, let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant, that it may continue for ever before Thee : for Thou, O Lord God, hast spoken it : and with Thy blessing let the house of Thy servant be blessed for ever.

2 Samuel vii. 27, 29.

Bring hither trowel, carving-tool and knife ;
Finish the stonework, plane the seasoned wood !
Let all the work be perfect ; sound and good ;
These two will build a house up—man and wife—
Its rooms made musical with joyous strife
Of children's voices, and sweet hardihood
Of laughter where each faithful friend has stood
The brunt of time. While on their future life,
Wistful, she gazes, he is fain to prove
Her dream's foundations, marking the commands
Of the great Architect, that when all's done,
Dug in the Rock and built of purest love,
They may possess a house not made with hands,
Eternal in the heavens, for ever one.

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE FATHER

Whole-hearted is my worship of the man
From whom my earthly history began.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THOUGH naturally in the early years our Father had not so much to do with us as Mother, we learned to know him as the true head of the home. His strong sense of justice and his judicial mind enabled him equitably to adjudicate in any disputes among ourselves as children. With Mother the first one who gained her sympathy generally secured her support, but this was not so with Father. His decision we knew would be strictly impartial no matter who first gained his ear, and this was of no small importance to children with their keen sense of justice. With him any misrepresentation, any untruthfulness, anything unfair, was sure to be lovingly but sternly rebuked and possibly severely punished.

And yet he had a large and responsive nature, with tears not far from the surface when his emotions were aroused. He could hardly read a noble passage of literature—and how he enjoyed reading to us—without his voice choking and his eyes becoming moistened. His sympathies were quick and real,

and the sufferings of humanity deeply stirred him, and this, with his strong sense of justice, made him the passionate denouncer of the iniquitous opium traffic and the fearless advocate of national righteousness. I can see him now reading aloud to his assembled family, or denouncing at table the apathy and indifference of the Government in regard to some moral evil, or enjoying to his heart's content the singing of Wesley's hymns. How he loved that book! Every Sunday evening after supper the family, visitors and servants included, would gather together for an hour and more to sing hymn after hymn, the singing being interspersed with extracts from the last book he had been reading.

Books were his hobby, and they were always being smuggled into the house, until every landing was full of bookcases, and in consequence of the warning of an architect one heavy bookcase had to be removed from his study as its weight was endangering the floor. When anything was said about his weakness for books, his eyes would twinkle, and he would assure the party concerned that if he or she only knew how many temptations he had resisted they would rather praise his virtue than condemn his one indulgence.

Throughout life he was a total abstainer, his pledge, signed when he was eighteen years of age, being in the writer's possession, and he had always an abnormal hatred of tobacco. Such a thing as smoking in the house would never have been tolerated even on the part of his closest friend, and we boys knew too well that any transgression in this direction would be regarded almost as an unpardon-

able sin. There lies before me now a letter addressed by my Father from Switzerland to one of my brothers in regard to smoking. He says :

Abhor the practice. Not for a thousand pounds would I see you a smoker. It is a dirty, expensive, and unhealthy habit. I know that some good men smoke, and I am sorry they do, for their example is not good. Never think of smoking for a moment. Many young men spend in smoking as much as, if saved for a year or two, would pay the expenses of a holiday in this beautiful country. I should like you to see Switzerland some day ; you can have no idea of what this country is unless you see it.

Perhaps his economies in this direction encouraged him in his book-buying. With current literature, apart from fiction, he was wonderfully acquainted, and every paper or magazine containing any article which might subsequently become useful he jealously retained. He loved to accumulate material and was always loth to destroy letters and papers, and in consequence had a room specially fitted up with shelves for the storing of these. The time came when it was not always easy even to open the door of this treasure store, but with a wonderful local memory he nearly always knew where to lay his hands on what he wanted. The position of every book in his shelves, the exact spot on the page where some choice passage occurred, were clearly printed on his memory, and directions were easily given to any member of the family to bring what was wanted.

He was a wide reader rather than an exact scholar. Apart from the blue books and papers

accumulated for his anti-opium crusade, there was little in his library to indicate any subjects upon which his reading had concentrated. Much that would be regarded as essential by many in a library was not to be found in his. There were comparatively few of the classics of Greece and Rome, only few of the poets, and certainly no works of fiction, but the lives of great men, commentaries, sermons, and lectures—all the Exeter Hall lectures being kept—and all of Cowper's work, both prose and verse, were among his prized possessions. Books on India, and especially on China, on missions, and Christian enterprises generally had a large place, while in works of reference he was particularly well at home.

His reading was often in unexpected quarters, and one of the most marked features of his mind was his almost intuitive way of knowing where to find what he wanted. The influential value of papers and the names and views of their respective editors he seemed to acquire by a journalistic instinct. He was particularly susceptible to good editing, and the artistic get-up and good printing of a book he likened to an orator as compared with a poor speaker.

He was a quick reader, and in later life, when deafness shut him off from the treasuries of conversation, he enriched himself the more from the wealth of the printed page. He had peculiar powers in scanning a book and getting at its heart, and this, with that literary flair—which is a gift rather than an acquisition—and his localised memory, was of great value to him.

When deafness had made attendance at the

House of God less profitable than before, he always fed his soul on the finest of the wheat at home, through the printed messages of Spurgeon, Dale, Liddon, Maclaren, Jowett, and others. So devoted was he to Spurgeon's sermons that he always gave the outgoing missionaries two or three copies for every Sunday of the voyage, and he was once humorously accused of trying to make the missionaries Baptists when he was himself a Methodist.

Nothing pleased him more as a Father than to put books in the way of his children, and, though we did not always see in the volumes lent what he said was there, his enthusiasm and his love for the beautiful in literature had its unconscious effect. Though, as we have said, he read little or no fiction, he never forbade it. The effect of his example upon different members of the family certainly varied, and in the writer's case there was a strange inconsistency. In an affectionate emulation of his Father's example, he, to his subsequent regret, never opened Scott or Dickens until he was twenty-one years of age, and yet as a schoolboy he had devoured all of Jules Verne's and Ballantyne's works, and revelled in the *Arabian Nights Dreams*, often reading them well into the night and even into the early hours of the morning. The *Boys' Own Paper* and *Girls' Own Paper* too, with their thrilling stories of adventure and battle, etc., were bought for us by our Father himself from the time they were first issued, and in spite of his own views on the oratorios as mentioned, full liberty was allowed the children. Many and many a time has the writer enjoyed these in the Albert Hall with the full knowledge of his

parents, and it is probable that my Father's views on some of these points relaxed as life advanced ; that is, at any rate, the impression of some of the family. He was too broad-minded to be intolerant in the unessentials, though he had strictly disciplined himself.

As a Father he took great pride in any successes which came to his children, though, through his absorption in work, he generally left the details as to schools and kindred matters to Mother. On holidays he was a great companion. How he revelled in Nature and its beauties, and especially in the fact that it was God's handiwork! He always had an eye for the beautiful, and could seldom look upon the lovely scenes of Nature without deep emotion. Concerning the things which were pure, lovely, and of good report, he certainly fulfilled the apostolic injunction to think on these things. Though he had no training in art he was an artist by temperament, and this sometimes disqualified him for the hard matter-of-fact things of daily life.

Of his powers as a correspondent we shall have something to say in another chapter, but few children have had a better letter-writer than our Father was to us. It was my joy, with two of my sisters, to accompany him in a long tour in Switzerland just before I left for China in 1890. One year later he visited Switzerland again, hoping the change would benefit his health. One of the letters that he wrote on this second occasion lies before me now. It is dated "Hotel D'Angleterre, Davos Platz, August 27, 1891," and is ten quarto sheets in length. As this chapter is designed to

show him as a Father it is not possible to do better than quote the opening paragraph of this epistle. It is as follows :

The heading of this letter will show where I am, and perhaps for the moment cause you to wish you were here also. I, too, could wish you here, and your dear sisters—how much I have missed my last year's companions it would not be easy to say. By way of compensation I have the photos of all three before me on the table of my bedroom where I am now writing. I have also dear Mother, and all the other dear ones of the home circle. It is a comfort to have them ; but it has its drawbacks, for as I look at one and another I find my eyes filling inconveniently. There are three of you, a cabinet, a carte, and in our group. There are three of Gertie, three of Hudson, two of Lillie, two of Mary, four of Edith, two of Alice, one each of Noel, Annie, and Bennie, and two of Mother. Is not that a gallery ? all with one exception in two folding cases. Where is there a richer man, or one who has more to be thankful for ?

Then follows a delightful disquisition descriptive of his enjoyments in that magnificent country. As the closing paragraph reveals his attitude towards an affliction which clung to him from this time to the end of his life, the affliction of deafness, which was nobly and bravely borne, it may well be included here :

In coming to this beautiful land again it has been in the hope that as I benefited so much through my last visit, I may again derive help for future work ; and though not very sanguine, I have hoped that in some measure it might benefit my hearing, which about three months ago suddenly and seriously changed for the worse. I am thankful that I have been kept very

restful about this—I am not insensible to the immense deprivation it will be should it continue, but I have had such a conviction that if it should not get better it will mean blessing in some way or other that I do not now see. There is great truth in these lines :

Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies :
Afflictions from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Such letters as these were not carelessly written, though they were only communications within the circle of the family. As I write, I have before me the draft of another letter written to one of my brothers, then sixteen years of age, and although I have not seen the original and have never spoken to my brother about it, as it further illustrates the subject of this chapter, it may well be quoted. This latter is also dated from Switzerland, September 1891 :

In this wonderful country I do not spend all my time in looking at the great mountains and lovely valleys, and the varied and charming scenery. There are other pictures that I delight to look at, rows of them are before me on my table. They are not pictures of snow scenes or of great rugged rocks or of beautiful waterfalls, but to me they are far more beautiful and interesting than all the grand scenery of this lovely land.

I wonder if you can guess what these pictures are. Well, one of them is your own fair face, and as I look at it I wonder what in the future my boy will be. Will his father and mother have as much cause to be proud of him as of any of his brothers and sisters? Will their youngest son be as great a joy to them as their eldest daughter? or will he yield to the temptations that beset the path of youth and fill their hearts with sorrow and shame?

Many a boy with a fair beginning has yielded to the temptations of sinners and has brought the grey hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. Will that fair-faced boy be one of these, or will he cause his father and mother whenever they think of him to thank God for such a son? As I look upon that bright face I cherish the hope that he whose it is may be all that fond parents could wish, and I pray God to keep him and bless him and make him a blessing. . . . But dear —, to be all that a loving Father and Mother wish you to be you must, as — so nicely put it in his letter to you, be “an out-and-out Christian”; this will make your path in life honourable and blessed. Difficulties and trials and temptations may come, but to the one whose heart is fixed there will be given grace and strength to overcome and to realise the joy of a holy and happy life.

Then follows counsel in regard to study and character, and in a footnote, added to the draft thirteen years later, the Father joyfully records, “The son to whom the above letter was written fulfilled the hopes of his Father, and is now a medical missionary in China.”

There was a warmth about his style as well as a dignity, for he never let “love forget his majesty” when writing to his own. It was rather his practice to :

Let love make home a gracious Court;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.

Let the following suffice to illustrate the genial

and loving manner in which he wrote to his daughters. He was evidently acknowledging a birthday gift of a cushion for his afternoon naps, given him by four of his girls. He writes :

My warm thanks to you for your ever welcome and very kind letters. Who has such girls as I have? Blessings on them all day by day, till the birthdays of earth are swallowed up in the greater blessings of a joyful eternity. For everybody's share in the useful present, many thanks; wrapped round by loving hands it ought to be very easy to "sink in blissful dreams away." Anyhow, it won't be your faults if you all are not in my thoughts "oft as I lay me down to sleep."

And he loved that his children should know and sympathetically enter into all his varied activities. To enable them to do this he wrote not infrequently at great length about the things which were occupying his time and attention. One letter, addressed to his second daughter and dated 1899, runs to seven sheets, written on all four sides, giving details of what he had been doing to combat the issue of Sunday newspapers. It tells of a protest he had drawn up, and for which he had secured the signatures of the Archbishop of Canterbury and many other influential men in Church and State, which protest he had then sent to twelve hundred editors, to all members of parliament, and to about six hundred officials of the Free Church Councils throughout the country. This zeal of his provoked some of the churches into activity, and for the time being at least the project of the Sunday papers fell through.

There are one or two sentences in this letter

which so truly portray his manner of work that they especially deserve to be quoted. He never courted publicity, though he rejoiced in public usefulness.

I think I must aim more and more at influencing leading men from the quiet of my room. This is just a private bit for you. But I see clearly that as in the past, yet more perhaps in the future, much may be done without my being seen in the matter at all.

This is a true description. The most beautiful tribute that was paid to his memory at the time of his death, by one who had seen both the inside and outside of his activities, began :

So much influence has seldom been combined with so little prominence as in the life of Benjamin Broomhall.

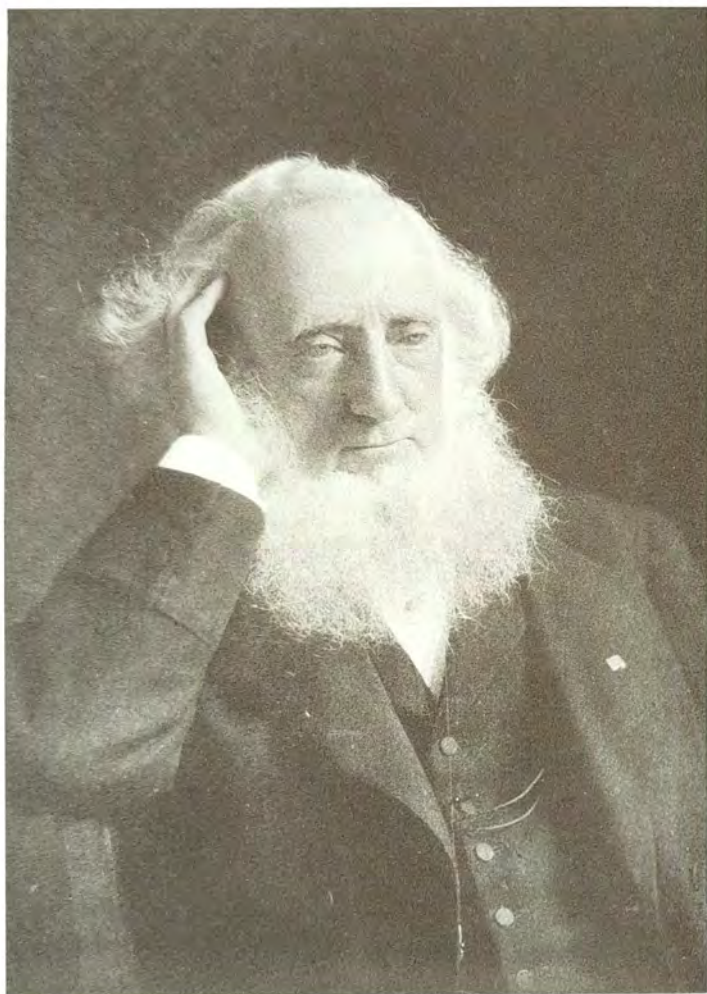
He was a believer in the truth expressed by Captain Scott : " It is the work done that counts, not the praise that follows."

Another illustration of this quiet unobtrusive work is revealed in another letter lying before us. It reads :

I have had to do with getting a valuable pamphlet, " The Claims of Rome," into the hands of Methodist local preachers of *all* the Methodist sections, and am now as rich in plans as perhaps any man in England, for I have nearly all the plans of the Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive, Methodist Free Church, and Bible Christians—about 1800 circuits altogether. If ever I get time I should like to buy a good large scale atlas of the counties of England and mark all the places connected with these circuits, but I fear that job will have to wait. But oh ! if the forty thousand local preachers were men on fire to save souls what blessed

results would attend their labours! But I am going on—I only began to write a scrap and not to tell you a lot about my work, though nobody will be more interested to know something about it than my much-loved L——.

But these letters almost belong to the following chapter, where an imperfect glimpse is given of the active side of my Father's life. He loved, however, that his children should be kept *au courant* with all that he did, and for many years his youngest daughter was his right-hand helper in all his activities.



Photograph by

BENJAMIN BROOMHALL.

When about seventy years of age.

Elliot and Fry.

To face page 93.

THE MAN OF ACTION

Fear God and work hard.—LIVINGSTONE.

Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God,
Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-field,
In work obscure done honestly, or vote
For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
Wrought for good's sake.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days,
For this we honour him, that he could know
How sweet the service and how free.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MAN OF ACTION

The crown of *Righteousness* ! That word always strikes me more than anything else in the Bible. Strange that not happiness, not rest, not forgiveness, not glory, should have been the thought of that glorious man's mind, when at the eve of the last and greatest of his labours ; all desires so swallowed up in the one great craving after *righteousness* that at the end of all his struggles it was mightier within him than ever, mightier even than the desire of peace.—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

AN acute observer of men, qualified by training and position to judge, wrote thus of my Father shortly after his death : " No more alert and discerning observer of the trend of things, the perils and potentialities of things in the contemporary religious world, was to be found than Benjamin Broomhall. He was for a generation or more like a man on some secluded watch-tower looking out upon the religious life of our time in the mirror of its literature and its press, and where remonstrance or encouragement seemed to be called for he had the gift of the effective word, the helpful suggestion, that brought him into touch in the course of the years with a large number of England's leading men." These few words pointedly describe the man, but it would need a longer chapter than is at our disposal to give any adequate idea of the energy, the determination, and

the unflagging ardour with which he prosecuted his labours.

Business was not my Father's forte ; his heart was in the larger affairs of life, and it was not until he became associated with the China Inland Mission, and later on with the anti-opium cause, that he found the true sphere for his activities. His earliest letters to my Mother before their marriage reveal his innate leaning towards the claims of humanity. Subjects such as the nation's attitude towards the Lord's Day, towards the opium wars, the anti-slavery movement, etc., are dealt with in this correspondence, and the following extracts must suffice to show how early the fire burned in regard to these things.

“ What do you think of this Chinese war question ? ” he writes in March 1857. “ Hudson would probably like to see the papers containing the debates. I think Sir John Bowring wrong in the course he took, and fear that consequences most painful, if not disastrous, will follow. What does your father think about it ? ”

In a letter written a week later dealing with the same subject, he writes :

I met our three ministers the other day at tea with the local preachers. They seemed all against Lord John Russell's course, but I stoutly maintained that he was right. Of course some of them think me cracked a bit, but I enjoy the fun.

In another letter, written during the following month, he says :

I am glad you have mentioned the anti-slavery movement. What we can do is very little compared

with the great work which is to be accomplished before slavery is abolished, but if we can help one poor soul into freedom and liberty, we shall not have laboured in vain. What a mountain of misery is crushing hundreds of fellow-creatures with like feelings as ourselves. May God undertake for them, men can do but little.

How much this cause pressed upon him is shown by another letter in which he writes :

If you saw me now writing quietly you would little dream how very busy I am. My hands are almost too full. I sometimes wish I was not secretary to the Anti-Slavery Association. It involves more work than any one would suppose. Just now I have many sick people on my list, seven in all (there were eight, but one died last week). It does not seem many, but it requires time to see them once or twice a week. Sometimes I wish I was strong like other people, but this is wrong ; I must be thankful for the health I do enjoy.

As life advanced, his strength and labours seemed to increase together. Few can realise how strenuously he applied himself. Unperturbed in spirit, never hasting and never resting, he continued at his desk regularly until midnight and sometimes beyond. When he joined the China Inland Mission in 1875, nine years after the sailing of the *Lammermuir* party, the membership of the Mission was only 38. When he retired from the secretariat in 1895 the membership had risen to 630. During these years of rapid growth he put an amount of energy into his service which few men could have physically endured. The towns and cities of Great Britain were systematically visited, and his great powers of persuasion and personal influence, combined with his organising

gifts, secured openings practically everywhere. He did not know what it was to be daunted, and even if his first approach was not welcomed, there were few people whose friendship was worth gaining that he could not secure sooner or later.

Accompanied by one or two missionaries, his plan was to hold a meeting in a certain centre, and next morning when his colleagues went forward to the next place he would hasten off to some other town, arrange for another meeting some days or weeks ahead, and then rejoin his colleagues in time for the evening engagement. All the necessary correspondence and printing arrangements were accomplished either in the train or late at night. In this way, for weeks on end, meetings were held almost every evening, and arrangements made next morning for more to follow. That such a programme could be successfully carried through was only possible with one possessing great powers of endurance and gifts of organisation.

The value of this work to the Mission in those early days was inestimable. One who has been closely associated with the Mission for more than forty years wrote as follows :

We were just emerging from a position of contempt and derision when he joined the work, and his labours and wide and wise advocacy did a great deal towards clearing away misunderstandings and ignorance. His presence was a benediction. No one who saw him on a platform could help feeling that it must be a good cause that had him in it. Then again, his knowledge of the home churches and his intimacy with so many leaders was of great value.

This is all true. He was a maker of friends wherever he went, and his intimate knowledge of men and affairs enabled him to get into friendly touch with influential people everywhere.

One of his greatest gifts was the gift of letter-writing. The mere mechanical exercise was to him a pleasure. He handled a pen or pencil as an artist would his brush or a musician his instrument. He was never more at home than with a pen or pencil in his hand. He never learned the art of dictation, and to the end of his life he carried on a wide and voluminous correspondence with his own hand and in his own characteristic and elegant handwriting. Donations to the Mission were not acknowledged as a mere official duty, but with a letter which was sure to increase the interest of the recipient, if it did not secure his or her warm personal friendship. By this means he bound many friends to him with hoops of steel. It mattered little whether the gifts were large or small, for, while fully aware of the wisdom needed in correspondence with those able to give their larger gifts, it was not infrequently the case that the humble gift of the orphan or widow called forth his best powers as a correspondent.

His large and sympathetic heart was deeply moved by the self-sacrificing gifts of the poor. The writer has in his possession a large Letts' *Diary* in which his Father kept extracts from these donors' letters. On one page are extracts from four correspondents sending gifts of fourpence, sixpence, sevenpence, and a shilling. There are extracts from letters of widows, children, working men, working men's wives, miners, as well as people in more

wealthy stations in life. While these all bear witness to the grace of God in the hearts of these obscure and unknown children of God, the love which collected and preserved these extracts, fragrant with the odour of Mary's ointment, was also learned from Him who of old sat over against the treasury. If it were possible to recall the letters sent in acknowledgement of these loving gifts, they would reveal as nothing else could the true heart of the writer.

While he thus gained the love of hundreds of humble correspondents, he was not less gifted with a power to inspire men of influence and wealth with confidence in the Mission's judgement and work. From one private breakfast gathering of eight wealthy men, at which he read some extracts from the letters of a poor widow sending her small donations to the Mission, he returned with gifts aggregating no less than £2500 towards the work of God in China.

It would take too much space adequately to illustrate the beauty of his letters, which not infrequently extended to two, three, and even four sheets of paper written on all four sides. Extracts from two, both addressed to Dr. Kate Bushnell, for whom, with Mrs. Andrew, he found the means to visit India in the interests of social purity, must suffice :

MY DEAR FRIEND—How shall I convince you that you cannot add to my burden by anything you may wish me to do. It sweetens life to have such commissions as you and dear Mrs. Andrew can ask me to undertake. . . .

A year later he wrote, describing how he with

his wife and two of his daughters were staying at a little village, Crantock, about two miles from Newquay :

Crantock is a place where if you want to spend a halfpenny for a newspaper or other literature of any sort you cannot do it, so I had to get papers sent to me from home. But I had a box full of books—to tell the whole truth more than one box full—to provide a library for us all. Among the books I hoped to read I brought a big volume of essays by J. W——. From a purely literary point of view this book was interesting—the essays on Coleridge, Maurice, Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Carlyle, Ruskin, etc., showed a most intimate knowledge of all these men had written—but alas ! nearly all this was to weaken respect for the Scriptures of Truth. I did not come upon a single sentence of moral inspiration. The writer did not do justice to Ruskin in this respect. Ruskin's mother made him read the Bible every day, and he tells how he felt the drudgery of the 119th Psalm, but how that Psalm came to be his enthusiastic delight. Miss W—— does not tell us this, but seems rather surprised that he did not dislike the Bible altogether after his mother's relentless training. When I want spiritual consolation, Miss W——'s book must stand on a top shelf, that is if it were mine, but this copy I had out of the library.

She has some fine sentences. Agnosticism, she tells us, is Doubt turning its back on Faith and leaning to Denial, and her own writing leans that way.

Another book we had was on Susannah Wesley, the mother of John Wesley ; this contained a good number of her letters, and what letters they were ! Judged by any standard—literary or Christian—they are strikingly beautiful and noble.

But another book, as much in contrast with J. W—— as glorious sunshine is with the blackness of night, was the *Life of Gipsy Smith*, by himself—a single page of

this was worth more than a barrowful of J. W——'s. We laughed and cried over the Gipsy's pages. I had read part of it before—but had never gone through it from the first page to the last until now. I don't wonder that 67,000 copies have been sold. It is a book to thrill you through and through. Have you read it? If not, say so, and you shall have a copy to read and to make everybody else read as far as you can.

In this easy and refreshing style his pen would wander on until his letters became an inspiration and blessing to many. When hard work with a gracious manner are combined, what may not a man accomplish? "I have almost begun to look to your letters for spiritual comfort and counsel in most things that I undertake," wrote the Rev. S. Chadwick, now President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference (1918). "I have been horribly depressed," wrote C. S. Spurgeon in 1888, "and like David at Ziklag have had to encourage myself in the Lord. Oh how good He is! I had died if He had not succoured me. Peace be to you and thanks for your good word. My brother, you have refreshed me. God bless you." Such samples could be multiplied.

His energies during the outgoing to China of the Cambridge Band and of "the Hundred" were almost boundless. "I can never forget," wrote Dr. Eugene Stock, "the astonishing energy and practical wisdom with which he directed the burst of missionary zeal that accompanied the going forth of the Cambridge Seven, as they were called, in 1885. The handsome volume he then brought out, entitled *The Evangelisation of the World*; was in my judgement

China Inland Mission.

2, 4 & 6, Pyrland Road, Milebury

London, Oct 26th 1886

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty;

Madam,

Permit me very humbly to ask your Majesty's acceptance of the accompanying volume, "A Missionary Band".

It contains a record of some deeply interesting particulars concerning a band of young men, two of whom resigned their commissions in your Majesty's Army in order to devote their lives to the work of Christian Missions in China, another of them was one of the foremost gentlemen Cricketers of England, while another was one year stroke-man of the Cambridge boat in the University Boat Race.

The second part of the book sets forth in the words of many distinguished men (not a few of them among the brightest ornaments of your Majesty's reign) the supreme importance of the work of making the Gospel known in heathen and Mohammedan lands; and of all the bright pages in the history of the period covered by your Majesty's reign, there can be none brighter, or which will afford more solid satisfaction to the

Your Majesty's most faithful
subject, and devoted servant

B. Brownwell

quite a masterpiece of editing, and I do not doubt that its circulation gave great impetus to the missionary cause." This book (first called *A Missionary Band*) had a wide and useful circulation. Copies were sent, through the munificence of Sir George Williams, to every Y.M.C.A. in the kingdom, and a copy was graciously accepted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself.

But we must pass on to speak of his other work for China in connection with the anti-opium cause. Before doing so we cannot omit to quote part of the Minute passed by the British Council of the China Inland Mission on the occasion of his retirement from the post of General Secretary :

The Council wish to record by special minute the high estimation in which they have ever held him, and their sense of the great loss that the Mission must suffer by his retirement. Few probably are aware of the immense amount of labour accomplished by Mr. Broomhall in past days, when he was assisting Mr. Taylor in the early and rapid development of the Mission, and when he was, almost single-handed, doing the work now divided amongst several ; and they feel that no words of theirs can adequately express all that the Mission owes to his untiring energy and unbounded labours. And they cannot but recall how for years it was the privilege of candidates for China to be welcomed into the happy home circle at No. 2 Pyrland Road, where, in Mr. and Mrs. Broomhall, a great many of our members now labouring in China found a second father and mother.

Though my Father was in the sixty-sixth year of his age when he retired from the Mission, he took in hand a task that might have daunted a far younger man. It is even probable that his last years were

his best years of service for China ; for who shall measure the benefit, to the countless millions of that country, gained by the abolition of the opium traffic ? As there is danger lest a son be charged with exaggeration, extracts from a few of his letters to one of his many warm friends written during this anti-opium campaign shall, after a few introductory remarks, be allowed to speak for themselves.

As early as 1882 he had published a volume entitled *The Truth about Opium-smoking*, and in 1888, in consequence of the unwillingness of the Executive Committee of the National Conference of Missions of that year to take any action in regard to the opium traffic, Dr. J. L. Maxwell and he founded The Christian Union, with *National Righteousness* as its official organ. With freedom from the responsibilities of the Home department of a great Mission, he was able now to concentrate himself upon what was to many almost a forlorn hope. There was, however, nothing hopeless to him. He would not know discouragement. Sanguine and resolute by nature, he determined that the Government should be moved in spite of all its apathy and the vested interests of the trade. With a mind fertile with ideas, leaflets and pamphlets were struck off. The press was circularised and valuable information was put into the hands of all members of both Houses of Parliament.

The very name of the official organ of the Christian Union, *National Righteousness*, with its headline, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," was in itself a challenge to the Christian mind. These words of Scripture

were as fire within his bones, and with his peculiar gift for incisive and tactful titles he secured for this magazine a wide and useful mission. He trembled lest the judgements of God might fall upon his beloved country because of the wrong she had done to China, and quoted with deep feeling the solemn words of Abraham Lincoln concerning the Civil War in America : " If God wills that it (the war) continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that ' the judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

Verily fearing that such a judgement might fall upon his country, he never relaxed his efforts, but by public meetings, private breakfast gatherings for members of Parliament, by resolutions and deputations to the Government, and by personal interviews and private correspondence, he sought to arouse the conscience of Great Britain. But now we must give a few of the promised extracts which will reveal his energy and spirit :

I am very sorry to say that Cromwells are sadly scarce in these days. Even such mild reformers as you and I are counted extreme and rabid, etc. With the state of public opinion so lethargic as it is we must strive to lead as we may be able, not yielding, however, our convictions in the least. . . .

Both you and I need to avoid making ourselves red rags when nothing is to be gained. One element in the

wide and powerful influence of William Arthur [his beautiful of a Christian gentleman] was, it has been said, "because he was able to possess a mind that could maintain its coolness and balance in the midst of sharp contention." I fear I failed in this last Wednesday when objecting to proposals made, but happily I was successful. Forgive all this—you will not suppose I wish to tone down anything; we must be as pungent as we can. . . .

We have no need to go cap in hand humbly to Ministers, whether Mr. — or any other official. We must demand, and press our demand. In the midst of difficulties arising from the lack of courageous leaders and lukewarm friends, we may hope much from the Day of Prayer. Dr. Maxwell is delighted about this. . . .

I have just received your postcard. Let me thank you for it right heartily. It is a real word of cheer. In the goodness of God I have been saved through many years from yielding to discouragement for five minutes, and yet there are times when one feels weary and tired. . . .

Day by day in this work encouragement and discouragement are strangely blended. In God's goodness I personally never feel discouraged, though greatly grieved and saddened often enough. I am greatly hoping, if spared, to do more during the next three months to arouse more interest than I have ever done before in the same time. We have a good balance in hand to draw upon, but not enough to do all I want to do. Even a quarter of a million copies of Dr. Moule's speech is little more than a drop in the bucket to arouse England. . . .

I believe that I have had a plan of work given to me that will tax time and strength to the full. To invite

co-operation might be to ruin this, for my personal acquaintance with public men is considerable, and many of them have confidence enough in my judgement to do what I ask them. My friend, Mr. M——, once said, "I give you *carte blanche*—you can put my name to anything you like," this sort of confidence is a great help, but brings much responsibility. . . .

Have you had a copy of J. R——'s book? It is a valuable book, but largely facts without fire, not open to the charge of fanaticism such as falls to your lot and mine. In trying to write impartially for the sake of some it is not easy to restrain one's indignation, but really I am almost ashamed of trying to write impartially. It seems to me to be something of a crime to restrain indignation in such a cause. . . .

I am preparing a paper which I trust may be prospered to bring a good measure of help. I propose to circulate a quarter of a million of the Bishop's speech and 20,000 of Holcombe's book. This we could do and send some other publications for £1500, a small sum considering the possibilities and the good this circulation might do. . . .

Personal influence is a gracious gift—it brings a sympathy and confidence of great value in such a warfare as ours. . . .

What we need, Japan or no Japan, is to be set on fire with the resolution to compel our Government to suppress our part in the opium curse. This is where we fail. We are ready to catch at straws instead of stirring up ourselves to more determined action, and if I take any part in the Conference this would be my line, but my defective hearing prevents me catching all that is said. . . .

I am every day acknowledging shillings, and I am grateful for them and for the prayers they often represent. But if men of means were only stirred it should be no great thing for £10,000 to be given. . . .

I am prepared to throw up all other work that may hinder my work for the overthrow of this dreadful trade, and with the help of one of my daughters will gladly labour on in hope, and in faith, that God will be with us in the conflict. . . .

The Christian Union, I am glad to say, has no constitution. In the beginning we said, "Members to subscribe one shilling yearly and to do what they can by prayer and personal effort to deliver our beloved country from this national sin." We have never added to that, so we are in no danger of being strangled by our own constitution.

When the "Alliance of Honour" was formed, our dear secretaries had an elaborate constitution with as many "shall be's" as an Act of Parliament. They were rather shocked by my advice, which was to the effect to put the constitution in a safe, lock it up, lose the key, and forget all about it. It was their own baby, and I had some difficulty in getting them to cut off arms and legs, but I think they are not sorry now. . . .

If I could send a letter such as Meyer's and Kelly's to all the Baptist, Congregational, and Wesleyan ministers, who alone number 6607, the postage would come to £27 : 10s. Other Free Church ministers would make 3000 more. All this means money and some work. If men of means knew the issues at stake we should not lack for a few pounds, nor for £10,000. Great Britain's future is more affected by righteous action in this matter than the people of this country know. . . .

Our postage for the last four months has not been far short of £60, and as you know this means much printing and no little labour. If I had been receiving a thousand pounds a year I could not have done more ; it has absorbed time and thought and work from morning to night.

I have been going carefully over again and again this last White Paper. It is a distressing publication ; I can hardly speak or think of it without indignation. I wish I could put on paper an adequate condemnation of it. Pray that I may be guided. While I am spared and have health and strength I will give the Government no rest. . . .

I have reprinted in better style and in eight pages Dr. Caldecott's words, and to-day have posted a copy to all members of Parliament. Pray that this may have good results. It may startle some and secure for us some reproaches, but the talk about ten years is intolerable, and should be snuffed out by something of a different type. . . .

There is only one thing in connection with my anti-opium work about which I am in danger of being discouraged. It is that of being supposed to wish to thrust myself or the Christian Union to the front. This is just what I do not wish to do, and I do not care at all who does the work if only it is done, and I care nothing how humble my place in the conflict may be. . . .

This is all quiet unseen work, but I think that by the blessing of God this kind of work through the years has done much to account for the change in public feeling. We must labour on. . . .

I have been very very busy. If you saw what I had turned out and sent away you would wonder wherever I had put so much in the house, and now my trouble is to know where to put what is left. . . .

I have to-day been writing a letter in reference to the great meeting in the Albert Hall on the 31st of this month on China. The Committee of Arrangement have objected to a resolution on the opium question. In writing to the secretary I have said that if the opium question is not given a distinct place in this meeting it would be better, in the interest of Missions in China, to have no meeting at all. W. T——, who opposed the opium question being brought into the Missionary Conference of 1888, now objects to a resolution in the forthcoming meeting. It is amazing—I cannot understand it. Regard this as private. I hope that some change may yet be made. . . .

And thank God it was.

Of Zachary Macaulay and the slave trade it was said that it was his immutable conviction that God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil: "During forty successive years he was ever burdened with the thought. It was the subject of his visions by day and of his dreams by night. To give them reality he laboured as men labour for the honours of a profession or for the subsistence of their children." It is only necessary to substitute the anti-opium cause and my Father's name and the words would be equally applicable. And yet he seemed to find time for much wide reading, for assisting innumerable projects. He had ever a heart at leisure from itself to listen to another's tale and to lift another's burden. Always busy yet never hurried, he was calmest when most pressed. His error, if error it may be called, lay in undertaking more than he could possibly accomplish, since he lacked in some respects the power to delegate work to others, though he was specially

gifted in provoking them to undertake the same cause. His inability to delegate work was evidently in consequence of his own high standards, for he could not endure what appeared to him a second best, yet this is sometimes all that our human limitations permit. How his strenuous life impressed others is best told in their own words :

Dr. Meyer wrote : " I am amazed at your constant energy. You and Dr. Paton are never wearied in inspiring and prompting the rest of us to good works."

The Rev. J. Sharp, of the Bible Society, wrote : " You are like the unjust judge's irrepressible client. I see you won't give me any peace till I sign, so here goes."

The Rev. H. W. Webb Peplow in one of his letters said : " I thank you much for your letter and the kind trouble you have taken to keep me informed. I hardly know any one who so heartily works in the cause that he is outwardly devoted to. It seems to me to be the very marrow of your life, and I cannot but say, ' May God bless you in your toil.' "

Joshua Rowntree also wrote : " How I envy from afar your power of achievement. If days are given you in the land of Beulah you might write down your receipt for effective work for those coming after."

Dr. Eugene Stock addresses him : " I quite think you are the man to influence the big men. There is a knack in these things, and you have it."

Mr. J. E. Mathieson, who liberally supported the anti-opium cause with financial help, wrote :

I have not personally known any one in any of the great conflicts of our time so indefatigable or so in-

genious or so persevering as you have shown yourself to be, and I am quite sure the Lord will abundantly bless you for the faith and love and hope you have evinced in this warfare. I wish I could entertain the hope of the opium curse being swept away in my lifetime ; I trust it may be in yours.

Dr. J. L. Maxwell, my Father's valued colleague throughout the anti-opium struggle, in an article written after my Father's death, entitled, " Benjamin Broomhall : his Place in the Anti-opium Fight," wrote as follows :

One cannot look back over the wisely guided work of these twenty-three years of The Christian Union without recognising the wisdom and the prescience of the man whom God raised up for this special service. There have been many other workers, and we thank God for them all, men in and out of Parliament who have done, on their own lines, splendid service to the cause, but the man who set himself to reach and inform and arouse the Christian Church of this country, and who did not rest till he had seen it throbbing to a very large extent with his own sense of the unspeakable evil of the traffic, and eager like himself for its abolition, is the man whom coming generations will honour as the leader who discovered the secret of victory.

And he was permitted to live to see from afar the end of the accursed trade, but of that we shall speak later. His labours had brought him into touch with men of every class, from the humble artisan to the secretary of state. It was the writer's privilege to accompany his Father to a private interview which Lord Morley—then Mr. Morley and Secretary of State for India—kindly granted him. The scene still lives. The eminent statesman at

his desk, with a large map of India on an easel opposite, and my Father, with his right hand to his best ear, eager to catch any remark, pleading with impassioned words for justice to China, and assuring his influential listener that generations yet unborn would bless his name if he undertook their cause. That he did so is well known, for it is to Lord Morley, with his love of righteousness, more than to any other statesman that the nation owes the removal of this blot on its escutcheon.

Though the anti-opium cause was one of the central passions of my Father's life, it by no means monopolised his interests and activities. He was the willing helper of all who applied to him for counsel and assistance, and they were not few, and numerous projects and schemes were at one time or another conceived within his active brain, the plans for which, sketched sometimes with considerable detail, are still among his papers. With a desk often snowed up with correspondence and manuscripts, he could place his writing-pad on top and become absorbed in the duty of the moment as though it alone had claim upon his attention. But let any one enter, however, into conversation with him, and it would not be long ere the claim of the anti-opium cause would assert itself. What the downfall of Carthage was to Cato, the destruction of this trade was to him. It was his *delenda est Carthago*.



Photograph by

AMELIA HUDSON BROOMHALL.

Britton.

Aged seventy-six, some months after her husband's death.

To face page 115.

THE WOMAN OF PRAYER

Be with me, Lord. Keep me beyond all prayers ;
For more than all my prayers my need of Thee,
And Thou beyond all need, all unknown cares ;
What the heart's dear imagination dares,
Thou dost transcend in measureless majesty.
All prayers in one—my God, be unto me,
Thy own eternal Self, absolutely.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The sight of the cross, God's mighty interference for man, is the death-blow to Fatalism, which but for it, under one or another form, reigns over all the sons of Adam. And I venture to repeat once more, that no one truly prays who does not pray in the freedom of Christ's life, and work, and death. I venture also to state that the measure of faith in His merits and sacrifice will be found to be the measure of prayer in the case of any individual or of any Church.

The Christian's prayer is a supernatural intercourse founded upon a supernatural work ; it is built upon Christ's express command, and linked for ever with His explicit promise, " Ask in My name and ye shall receive " ; it is based upon faith in His meritorious work ; it is never so strong as when it seeks to join to His great sacrifice the chief oblation of the Christian covenant, the offering up of the human will, *the freedom of which is a costly present made by God to man*, that the son of His adoption might have something of his own to offer.—DORA GREENWELL.

THE WOMAN OF PRAYER

Can prayer make things that are not to be as though they were? Are events, in short, brought about through prayer that would not otherwise take place? Yes, a thousand times, yes! To believe anything short of this is to take the soul out of every text that refers to prayer, is to do away the force of every scriptural illustration that bears upon it—to believe anything short of this is to believe that God has placed a mighty engine in the hands of His creature, *but one that will not work.*—DORA GREENWELL.

IN speaking of my Father as a man of action, there is no suggestion that he undervalued prayer. The Christian Union, which he, with Dr. Maxwell, founded, was officially described in the first issue of *National Righteousness* as “a Union, as its name implies, of Christian men and women who believe in the power of prayer and prayerful effort.” Nor in speaking of my Mother as a woman of prayer would we imply that she failed in action. With the one the public activities through the press and platform were more obvious, while with the other the life of prayer so dominated her many ministries as to become the outstanding feature.

One secret of my Mother’s prayer life was that she began early to learn to pray. He who desires proficiency in any art can only attain to it by continual exercise therein, and this is especially the

case with prayer, the highest of all exercises. She also early learned that prayer was not an easy way of seeking blessings, either for herself or others. It does not promise exemption from trial or service, but often the very reverse. Her prayers for her brother, and for China, meant, as she realised, the giving up of loved ones ; in fact, the consecration and yielding of anything that God might show was necessary that the prayers offered might be answered. Prayer on any other basis is hypocrisy. Prayer employed merely as a means of escaping or shirking pain or responsibility is not after the scriptural pattern. It assumes that he who prays is willing to give—give his all that his desires may be fulfilled. Looked at in this light prayer is man's most solemn act.

How as a child of thirteen she prayed three times a day for her brother's conversion, entering her resolve in her little diary, has already been told. And how she laboured for her sister's conversion some of her love-letters to her future husband reveal. Three letters at least remain to show how earnestly she prayed for this. Though only one gives the full date with its year, there is little doubt but that all were written early in 1857 when my Mother was twenty-one years of age. One extract from the first of these letters reads as follows :

I trust you pray for Louisa sometimes. I think the Spirit is striving with her. Yesterday I was reading the chapter on Answers to Prayer in Bickersteth's Treatise—some of it was so good I read it aloud to her. She immediately said, " If that is true it is a sin Christians don't pray more for other people," and a few other

remarks which led me to think she would like to say, "Why don't you pray and believe for me?" This is what I do daily, and I doubt not the answer will come, though for some reason it is delayed. You, my dear Benjamin, have been the subject of many prayers lately. I have been haunted by a fear lest the anxiety consequent upon a change (marriage) should divert you from such close communion with God, as it is your privilege to enjoy. Oh, let not anything interfere with your closet duties. Have you any specific time for private reading and meditation? If you have, will you tell me when, that I may pray for you? This is a plain question to ask you, but I hope you can tell me. I often find very trivial excuses sufficient to keep me from punctuality in this duty, and perhaps it is the same with you, for the flesh is often weak, though the spirit is willing. If we seek first the Kingdom of God all other things will be added.

The next letter is evidently an answer to the reply she received. It reads :

I am glad you pray for Louisa, and hope you will continue to do so. The answer must come, though for a season it is delayed. "Whatsoever two or three of you shall agree to ask as touching my kingdom." Last night Louisa said to me all at once, "Amelia, do you think there really is any efficacy in prayer?" "Certainly," I replied. "Well," she continued, "there are Mother and Father, Hudson, Mr. Broomhall and yourself all praying for me, and yet you cannot get me converted. You cannot have much faith, or else it is all nonsense that you can have what you ask for." Little more was said, but I felt this a sharp rebuke. I have asked often and earnestly for her conversion, yet I have not been so importunate as I ought to be. She is aware we pray for her, and we must be in great earnest that she may be obliged to confess. The fervent effectual prayers of God's people do prevail with God.

That she did continue with greater earnestness and that she was enabled to lay hold on God for the answer is proved by the following short extract :

I have got an answer to my prayer for Louisa's conversion, not visibly, but by faith I realise the answer. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

And the visible answer followed ere long, her sister ultimately becoming a Wesleyan minister's wife.

Another letter, written also when she was twenty-one years of age, deals with the same topic of prayer, and reveals her desire to wield with power this mighty weapon which prevails with God :

Yesterday I spent a very happy day, we had a good preacher from Sheffield. In the afternoon I read *The Victory Won*, a nice little memoir by Miss Marsh, authoress of *Hedley Vicars*, then went to see the old man I took you to see. I cannot make anything of him, he seems built up in his own righteousness, and it is impossible to reach him. Oh that God would soften his heart and show him some of its corruptness, but God will not compel any to be saved. Sometimes I think I ought to be more earnest in prayer, but when I thus resolve, the body can only bear a certain amount, and we may, often do, become thoroughly exhausted even with the exercise of the mind in prayer. Now the point is, ought we to stop here, or like Jacob to wrestle until we obtain the answer? Sometimes it is given us to believe that those for whom we pray shall be saved, and we are enabled to give thanks as though they were already changed, and their salvation registered in heaven, for to God the future is as the present, and though the result is not yet seen, it is as sure as though it were. Faith is the substance of things hoped for.

I fear I have not expressed myself very clearly, but I hope you will see what I mean. Well, I say that though we may by faith receive the answer to some of our prayers, yet this is not always the case. Ought we to wrestle until we obtain it notwithstanding apparent exhaustion? Oh for faith at once to take hold on God.

Thus schooling herself from childhood in the spirit and practice of prayer, prayer for her own loved ones and others, for her missionary brother in his lonely lot for God in China, prayer for guidance for her future whether as a missionary abroad or at home, she had learned how to pray for her children when God gave her the sacred hopes of motherhood. In the little book, already referred to, she wrote for other mothers, doubtless from the fulness of her own experience :

In the training of children we have God on our side if we are desirous that they may "glorify Him and enjoy Him for ever." As soon, therefore, expectant mother, as you know that another life is to be given you, pray that that life may be His from its earliest breathings. Remember that your thoughts and actions are making impressions that will influence another soul throughout Eternity. Do not yield to indolence because of *malaise* ; but brace yourself up to effort for the sake of your child, and pray much for his salvation, and that God may train him, though you are the feeble instrument. Let us be like Hannah, who could say, "For this child I prayed."

The writer of these lines remembers one day being much burdened with the sense of responsibility in bringing up her children, and how, feeling her own insufficiency, she went to the Lord to cast her burden upon Him and seek the fulfilment of the promise : "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who

giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him," when to her was given that sweet promise: "They shall be Mine, in that day when I make up My jewels."

As Christian parents, we have a right to claim the promises of God's Word: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee"; and, "The generation of the upright shall be blessed." But if the promises of God are to be fulfilled, they must be claimed and received by faith; for how many soever be the promises of God, they are all "unto the glory of God through us."

In an earlier chapter we have quoted that precious passage where she tells of her practice of taking her children with her when she poured out her soul to God. And the Lord answered her and blessed her, and upon one ever memorable occasion gave her a vision that powerfully influenced the rest of her life. Many are willing to believe that God appeared of old to His servants in visions of the night, but for some reason or other they are slow to believe He may do so to-day. Whatever the experience was, which shall be recorded in my Mother's own words, there is no question but that the power of it remained with her to the end. The event is recorded in the little autobiography as follows:

When Alice was about three weeks old, in a dream I had a wonderful vision of Christ. I dreamt I was walking through a stubble-field from which the corn had been removed. Along the side of this field was a lane, and at the bottom a tall granary. A very high wagon was close up to the granary, and from one of the upper openings they were forking out sheaves of wheat into the wagon. This appeared strange to me, for I thought the wheat should be going in and not coming

out. I said to my husband, who was standing by, "What are they doing?" he replied, "They are going to separate the wheat from the chaff." Immediately there was thunder and lightning, and looking behind to follow the streaks of light I saw a beautiful white billowy cloud, out of which I could dimly discern a figure slowly emerging into greater clearness, and oh! the rapture of that moment, it was my Saviour.

Then it seemed there was a group of my children, but all grown up, and catching my husband's hand and Harriet's also [cook in the family for more than forty years], for she was there, I said, "Then they that are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet Him in the air." We appeared to rise from the ground, when I awoke singing :

Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like His shall shine,
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !

I have never lost the memory of that Face, nor the influence of beholding it. Even at this distance of time [written many years after] it brings tears to my eyes and warms my heart. I have sometimes asked that it might be repeated. The thought of that Face brings heaven nearer, makes it more real, and robs death of its sting.

From this time onward she lived as seeing Him who is invisible, and she conversed in prayer as with an unseen but ever present friend. Yet prayer was more than a sweet communion. She knew how to travail in soul, and humbly cry when travailing for others, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." Great as was her joy in prayer, and it became instinctive, she regarded it as a duty. Her first thoughts were towards God. Never was

a journey undertaken, or a member of the family—or for the matter of that, any friend—welcomed home from China, without the first act being to fall on her knees with her loved ones around her and engage in prayer and praise. Hers was

The deep religion of a faithful heart,
A holy awe for holy things.

As will have been gathered from her words of counsel to her children, she believed in definite and appointed seasons for prayer, as well as in the ejaculatory or instinctive intercessions. Through many years, though household duties pressed, she regularly attended and frequently led the Mission's mid-day meeting for China. This was regarded, not as an extra of service when time permitted, but as the most important part of her ministry. Though few lived to find more joy and comfort in communion with God, prayer ever remained a duty to be fulfilled even when the flesh was weak and circumstances were inconvenient. On the last Sunday of her life, though feeling indisposed, she retired to her room saying she must not neglect the duty of prayer.

Prayer was with her a power, and she knew, through long experience of it, how to prevail and how to agonise. This last word is used advisedly. She knew, in her measure, what the words spoken of her Lord signified: "And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly." Since the war began the writer one day found her in a condition of great mental and physical exhaustion, barely able to speak for emotion and distress of soul. By some spiritual instinct she had been deeply impressed

that something—what she did not know—had happened to one she dearly loved, and for whose salvation she had travailed much in prayer. He was at the Front in France, still unconverted. In an agony of soul she prayed until relief of spirit was granted, and news subsequently received proved that at that time, as near as could be ascertained, the one for whom she prayed had been in great peril, being, in fact, buried by a shell and saved as by a miracle. At such times as these, and she acknowledged that they were comparatively few in her long experience, she seemed to know what it was to wrestle with the spiritual hosts of wickedness.

Throughout the history of the Mission there was no improvement, development, or special difficulty, of which she was cognisant, but she set herself to pray a way through. As she had with a sister's love interceded for her pioneer brother in China when he first went forth alone, so she interceded for the work of God as it grew. When Hunan, year after year, held out as the citadel of unevangelised China, she, in the spirit of the Christian soldier, laid siege to it with prayer, and when prayer seemed not to prevail she gathered others with her that by definite periods of fasting and prayer the resisting forces of evil might be overcome. Though she stayed by the staff at home and never saw China in the flesh, her part will surely be as those who went down to the battle itself.

Such prayer is not learned in a day. As friendship is "a life to be lived habitually, persistently, and its results are cumulative with years, so prayer,"

it has been said, " is a cumulative life of fellowship with God."

We turn again to the little autobiography, which towards its close becomes more of a diary, and we find under date of September 19, 1909, the eve of her seventy-fourth birthday, the following record :

Sunday evening, 19th, I had a time of prayer in my bedroom, praying for each one of my dear children, bringing their special needs before the Lord. I pleaded the promises of God that seemed suited to them, so far as I knew them, and had the quiet assurance that my prayers were heard and would be answered.

Some of the promises pleaded with God are appended to this note. They are the following :

" Of Benjamin (the name of her husband and youngest son) he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him " (Deut. xxxiii. 12).

" Every Valley shall be exalted " (Is. xl. 4).

" I will work, and who shall let it ? " (Is. xliii. 13).

" Behold, I will do a new thing " (Is. xliii. 19).

" I will pour My spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring " (Is. xlv. 3).

" I will go before thee and make the rugged places plain " (Is. xlv. 2).

" How long will this people despise me," etc. (Numbers xiv. 11).

This entry reveals my Mother's common practice of pleading the promises of God. The little book then goes on to relate how on the following day, her birthday, many tokens of love and affection were showered upon her, her husband's gift and greeting being first mentioned. One gift became so linked with her prayer of the evening before, and

with the prayers of her remaining life that we quote that part which refers to it :

On going to breakfast I found my plate surrounded with small yellow chrysanthemums. . . . On my chair was a large framed picture in brown paper—an enlarged photo? but of whom? These were questions that rushed through my mind. Quickly unwrapping it I beheld a beautiful text painted by Annie and framed in green at Mary's expense—their joint present : " He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him." It was like God's voice confirming the promises of the previous evening and of that morning, and I was quite overcome. It is now hung up in my bedroom and speaks of God's faithfulness to answer prayer, and as I ask Him from time to time to bless my dear ones, the answer is there before my eyes, " He will."

There is the temptation in a book of this nature to keep to generalities, lest the more private matters of life should be revealed to some " imperfect sympathy." As the little book, however, has been written for the glory of God and to help the faith and life of others, we quote one passage from the autobiography in illustration of many, to show how temporal as well as spiritual matters were taken to God in prayer. My Father was, though then well over eighty years of age, strenuously labouring in an honorary capacity in connection with the anti-opium crusade, and his home, where open house was largely kept, was still the centre of much hospitality. With a limited income the pressure of material things was very real at times, and these temporal things were as a matter of course taken to God. Writing on April 17, 1910, just a little more than one year before my Father's death, my Mother says :

I have been reading a little in Gordon's *Quiet Talks on Prayer*. I find it helpful, but I am not able to keep on praying for very long as G—— says D—— does. I once spent two hours with him in prayer at Sheringham, and was greatly impressed by it.

Since I wrote on my birthday I have had a very gracious answer to prayer. We were being financially tried, although we were economising as best we could. I heard of a friend, already well off, who had received a large fortune from the death of a relative. He is aged, and I asked the Lord to put my husband into his mind to remember him in his will. God's answer was like Himself. The friend wrote a kind letter and sent Father a cheque for double the amount I asked for. We praised God together, and I told Father of my prayer.

The last reference to prayer my Mother made to me was less than four days before her death. Though we did not realise she was so near her end she had had two or three bad nights with practically no sleep. Propped up in bed, and unable to lie down through pressure on the heart, she said, "I have prayed that I might sleep, but I have had no assurance of an answer." Then, laying her hand over her heart, she added: "God generally gives me assurance here." But God, "hearing the main point of her desire," as Augustine said of his Mother's prayers, answered in this case with some better thing, for only four days later she fell asleep in Jesus, to awake in His Presence.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET

We come unto our fathers' God ;
Their Rock is our salvation ;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation ;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
Their song to us descendeth ;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth ;
His song in them, in us, is one ;
We raise it high, we send it on,
The song that never endeth.

Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour ;
Unbroken be the golden chain ;
Keep on the song for ever ;
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

T. H. GILL.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET

O Father, Thou art my eternity,
Not on the clasp of consciousness—on Thee
My life depends ; and I can well afford
All to forget, so Thou remember, Lord.
In Thee I rest ; in sleep Thou dost me fold ;
In Thee I labour ; still in Thee, grow old ;
And dying, shall I not in Thee, my Life, be bold ?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

ON February 10, 1909, my Father and Mother celebrated their golden wedding. Fifty years of married life had had their joys, but their sorrows and trials too. Nevertheless, the generous tokens of love and affection which were showered upon them both, on this occasion, proved how rich they were in that which constitutes the true wealth of life. The home itself was in part redecorated by the sons and daughters : " My room," writes my Mother, in her little journal, " was beautified with a plain green paper and a pretty landscape frieze. It is a continual joy to me." New carpets and other home comforts came from dear and intimate friends ; while three purses of yellow plush and crimson leather with their golden contents, and a generous cheque from the members of my Mother's class at the Church, proved how rich they were in that which

money cannot buy. It was a beautiful touch of the glory which gilded the evening of their long and arduous lives.

Both were in wonderful health, my Father being in his eightieth year and my Mother in her seventy-fourth, with no real sign of failing vigour. There were still many months of useful service ahead. Nearly two years later, on Christmas Day, 1910, however, my Mother wrote in her journal, "Is this our last Christmas on earth? We know not, but thank God, fear of death has gone." The surmise was correct; it was the last Christmas of the unbroken family.

In the preceding August my Father had fulfilled a long-cherished desire to visit once again the scenes of his boyhood. His youngest brother James kindly drove him over all the old familiar ground. "All was done that could be done to make my Bradley visit pleasant," wrote my Father from Haigh Hall near Barnsley—his brother's home—to his youngest daughter. "I am glad to have been," he adds, "and all the more so as I never expect to see Bradley again. James has been kindness itself."

In another letter giving details of his Bradley visit, he wrote :

I have just come in from a drive over roads, some of which I have not seen for nearly sixty years. The country is lovely—fields and trees truly beautiful. . . . My views of things at Bradley have changed; the cottages of my boyhood have nearly all disappeared. John can remember forty-seven that no longer exist, but the people of the village and round about are for

the most part much better off. Even the small farmers are making money, and so is every one who has a little land. The larger farmers are all making money.

I went into the old church yesterday. The gallery in which we used to have an array of bassoons, clarionets, and an enormous fiddle—and in which I was in the choir—have all been swept away, but the Church has been made very comfortable.

There was something almost premonitory in this visit to the place of his birth, and when I met him at Haigh Hall, after he had enjoyed some long drives across Cannock Chase, which was wild and grand with its miles of heather in full bloom, I noticed how much more heavily my Father slept than was his wont, especially during his afternoon nap. There was, however, the same interest in the bookstalls on our journey home to London, and the same determination to carry on the anti-opium campaign as before; indeed, the last issue of *National Righteousness* on which his name appeared as editor was dated April 1911, and his death took place during the following month of May.

Before this number of *National Righteousness* was published, however, he had begun to show serious signs of failing health. There was a dragging of one foot and the loss of power on one side which rapidly got worse till movement became difficult and finally impossible. For the last few weeks of life he lay helpless and almost speechless, yet in this painful state he was permitted to see the triumph of the cause in which he had laboured so long and strenuously.

In *The Times* of April 18 and 19 appeared two

long articles from the pen of Dr. Morrison, the well-known *Times* correspondent in Peking. In the first of these articles he pointed out that the resolutions passed at the Edinburgh Conference—which I think I am right in saying would not have been submitted to the Conference but for my Father's pressure—the Day of Humiliation and Prayer arranged for on October 24, 1910, and the resolutions passed by the Chinese National Assembly, had made it practically impossible for the British Government to continue the abolition of the trade by the gradual process of an annual 10 per cent reduction. In the issue of *The Times* for April 19 Dr. Morrison gave the substance of the new agreement and summed it up with the following words :

The agreement means the extinction of the opium trade within at least two years, or even earlier.¹

As soon as my attention was drawn to the articles and the leader in *The Times*, I procured copies and went to the bedside of my Father. How I wish I could picture that scene of deep and yet triumphant emotion. As soon as he awoke from sleep, with a copy of *The Times* in my hand I slowly read to him the summary quoted above. At first I feared he had not apprehended its purport and said, "Do you understand?" He nodded assent, and then with his customary caution said, "What paper?" I told him the article was from Dr. Morrison, and that the leader was in *The Times*, drawing my finger at

¹ It was on May 7, 1913, that the British Government announced, "We are in the satisfactory position of saying that the (opium) traffic is dead."

the same time down the columns of the paper to show him what prominence had been given to the subject.

He was deeply moved, and though his weakness had been such that many times throughout the day he had failed to communicate his wishes, the power of articulate speech being almost gone, he signed his desire to be raised and to have something to moisten his lips. This was lovingly and carefully done, and then the old warrior, who had fought so long in this good cause, gathered up his strength and said with an effort, "A great victory. Thank God I have lived to see it."

It was a time when the hearts of all present were broken, and yet when all rejoiced in the triumph God had allowed His servant to see. He slowly mentioned the names of one or two friends who had been special helpers in this good cause, and to whom he desired copies of *The Times* to be sent—"With my love"—and concerning the members of the Christian Union, who had so nobly supported him, he added, "Express my thanks to them and my hope that they will do their part still." This was indeed a fitting *nunc dimittis*, though he lingered for more than another month ere finally freed on the Monday of Ascension week, May 29, 1911, from the failing tabernacle of the flesh.

Thus closed the active ministry of one of God's true noblemen. He died as he had lived, a loving, patient, thoughtful man. During his last days nothing but words of kindness to those who ministered to him and concerning those absent from him passed his lips, and when speech had

practically failed he said, "When I lift my first finger that means 'Thank you'"; and one of his last acts, when speech had failed, was an effort to write the words, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

For nearly seven years my Mother survived my Father's Home-going. Her bereavement, deeply felt, was nobly borne. Her one ambition for what remained of life is best expressed in the words of one of Wesley's hymns :

My remnant of days
I spend in His praise
Who died the whole world to redeem :
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.

She still continued, though dependent upon her bath-chair, to attend regularly the House of God, and, until her serious illness in 1917 made it impossible, she conducted her weekly class in her own home. With the same devotion to duty, a devotion which had become a joy, she joined in the Saturday prayer meeting for China held at Newington Green.

She was as alert as ever, perhaps even more so, in her desire to minister to others as her strength allowed. With one of her birthday gifts she purchased canvas and silks or lustrine, hoping to be spared, as she records in her little journal, "to make some keepsakes for each" of her grandchildren. It was a great joy to her to be able to open her home to three of her granddaughters whose parents were in China. Life would hardly have been worth

I was trying to say

that Jesus the

Infant himself was in

MY FATHER'S DYING TESTIMONY

"I was trying to say 'Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'"

living if she could not have done something for God and for the children God had given her, and the same large mother's heart which had taken in her brother's children, embraced the larger family even as before.

When in the autumn of 1915, though she was in her eightieth year, a missionary on the eve of departure for China asked for her prayers—and her prayers were sought by all who knew her—that his son, a lad of seventeen just entering business, might find a godly home in London, she not only prayed but offered, with the help of her youngest daughter who managed the home, to mother the lad herself. And so Douglas Brock came to Pyrland Road almost as an adopted grandson (for his father had been one of the candidates to stay under our roof in years gone by) to be loved and cared for, until last year, having reached military age, he was called up as so many of our boys have been for national service. How lovingly she followed his career and how earnestly she prayed for him, and only to-day as I write comes the sad and belated news that this dear boy laid down his life for his country and for freedom on March 21, the day of the great German offensive, only ten days before my Mother's own call to glory. This was but one of many instances of her love for Christ and her zeal in buying up the opportunities of service. Her home was ever open to those whom she could serve,

. . . and no one came

But he was welcome ; no one went away

But that it seemed she loved him.

A few days after Christmas 1916, when all the

members of the family in London had spent some time in the old home, she was taken seriously ill, and for nearly six months was confined to her room. During this time of prolonged weakness she lived very near the borderland of Heaven. Her thoughts were ever of the Better Country and of her loved ones on that and this side of the narrow stream of death. After one long bout of fever she kept on singing :

All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh :
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is :
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His !

Barely strong enough to pray herself, she loved to be prayed with during those weary weeks in bed, and one of my most sacred memories is the times of prayer by her bedside in the evening when the day's work was done, and the loving nurses, my sisters, had gone down to supper. The Word of God was literally more to her than her necessary food, and any fresh and helpful rendering, by Moffat or Weymouth or others, of an old and familiar passage was a sweet morsel for reflection in the hours to come. The Scriptures she had read so assiduously for so many years came freely to her memory, and one verse is particularly associated in my mind with that time of her physical weakness as she, with tears in her eyes, prayed : " Now also when I am old and greyheaded, O God, forsake me not ; until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come."

From this prolonged illness she made a wonderful

and unexpected recovery, but it looked as if she would never be able to walk again ; nor would it have been had she been a less determined and adventurous soul. Though it frequently gave her great pain she determined to walk if it were possible, and so, leaning on a chair which she pushed before her, she began as a child again to stagger a yard or two at a time. The old home, with its five stories and long flights of stairs, was impossible, unless the dear Mother was to remain a prisoner for life, and so for this reason, and to get farther away from possible air raids, after more than forty years, the old home, with all its holy and blessed associations, was left for a new home in Barnet. Here she had a French window opening from her bedroom into the garden, and as for stairs, they need never be thought of again.

During the upheaval of removal she spent two months in the writer's home, and a cherished memory they are. There she became more of a beloved personality to my dear children than she had been before, and they to her. How she won their hearts, and how wonderfully she entered into all their youthful delights ! They and we saw, too, how towards the end of her life there was a return to the simple and elemental, not elementary, truths by which we live. Listening to the children singing from their much-loved Sunday School hymn-book, she asked my youngest child to copy out one of the hymns that she might use it as a prayer. She knew that at the most she could not be far from the other country, and so she made her prayer in the beautiful words of this hymn :

There is a city bright ;
Closed are its gates to sin ;
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

Saviour, I come to Thee ;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
From all that grieveth Thee,—

Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

How she enjoyed and rejoiced in the new home when she reached it, situated only a few doors from where her only sister lived. She was never weary of thanking God for it. She had learned the secret of a happy thankful heart. I never remember hearing her utter one grumble over anything. She always saw something to praise God for even in trial. Loving hands had laboured to make the new place as homelike as possible and worthy of the Mother and Grandmother ; for daughters and granddaughters and a son-in-law made this their labour of love. But she must see it all ; so one day she made herself climb the one flight of stairs that she might explore the rooms above. She believed that where there was a will there was a way, and try at least she would, sometimes to the consternation of her loved ones. Within three days of her death she said to the doctor, " Doctor, I'm getting

too stout; when I'm better I must take more exercise." It was this will to conquer that carried her through many a difficulty in life.

Memory loves to linger over those last days, but we must press on. For many years the hope of the Lord's return had been a power in her life, and she followed with great interest the progress of events in Palestine, the deliverance of Jerusalem from the oppression of the Turks—for which her father had daily prayed—and she was reading with keen delight Canon Hay Aitken's book, *The Romance of Christian Experience*. Even a new work on China, *The Fulfilment of a Dream*, which my wife and I gave her at Christmas, could not induce her to put aside the Canon's book, which, with its stories of divine grace, stirred her heart to constant praise and thanksgiving.

Palm Sunday, March 24, 1918, was an unusually beautiful day in an otherwise cold spring, and in the afternoon, after her customary rest, she walked into the garden on my arm and sat there for some time in the warm and balmy air. In her characteristic way she expressed her joy in the works of God and the signs of coming spring, and said how she looked forward to enjoying the garden in the summer. After tea, she with three of her children, one granddaughter, and her only sister, sat round the table and sang some hymns, two of these being Miss Havergal's—

Master, speak, Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master! let it now be heard.

I am listening, LORD, for Thee ;
What hast Thou to say to me ?

Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me ;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

and then with Bishop Wordsworth's grand hymn of praise we closed—

O Lord of Heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be,
How shall we show our love to Thee
Who givest all ?

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

Though we little knew it at the time, this was the last hymn she was to sing on earth. And the last time she appears to have opened her *Daily Light*—an interleaved copy used as a Birthday-book—was Monday, March 25, the birthday of one of her granddaughters, to whom she did not forget to send a gift of money and lent-lilies. The elastic band still remains around the pages at that date, and the opening text—so appropriate for all that that week was to mean—was “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” The messages of the whole page, in fact, could hardly have been more timely if they had been specially chosen. On the following Thursday, after three or four bad nights, she had a stroke and began rapidly to sink. On Saturday evening at

nine she fell asleep, and early on Easter Sunday morning, just as the sky was breaking into glory, she ceased to breathe. It was the triumphant end of a triumphant life. Easter Day, with its story of the Resurrection, was the day of all days she would have chosen for the close of her earthly ministry and the beginning of the heavenly.

As her loved ones gathered with chastened yet thankful hearts around the breakfast table, the youngest daughter, who for years had lived with and for her Mother, placed the Mother's well-worn Bible beside me, and there on the fly-leaf I read the following lines, written against the day of her Home Call :

I am leaving, I am leaving
For the country of my King ;
Let not words of grief be spoken,
Let not loving hearts be broken,
Rather let the joy-bells ring ;
For earth's wintry life is changing
Into everlasting Spring.

In the last days no strange hand ministered to her. It was permitted to three of the daughters and the youngest daughter of the eldest son to minister to the loved one in the hours of weakness ; and in the carrying of the coffin to the grave it was the honour of three of her sons, with one son-in-law, one nephew—her beloved brother's son—who had been to her as a son, and the youngest son of her eldest daughter, to bear the sacred burden to its last resting-place ; while another son-in-law officiated at the grave. And so, to quote Augustine again, though we feel " the fresh wounds wrought through

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the sudden wrench of that sweet and dear custom of living together," we bless God for such a Mother. We magnify not her but the grace of God in her, and rejoice that our loss is her infinite gain. Her children, yea, and her children's children, rise up and call her blessed.

We have entitled this chapter "The Golden Sunset." But was it such to my Mother and Father? Was it not rather the Sunrise? One of my children asked me only a few days ago, "Father, if you did not know the points of the compass could you distinguish between the setting and the rising sun?" Is it not, after all, only a matter of standpoint? What is west to us is east to our brethren across the seas. And standing as we do on earth, while we only saw the sunset as these loved ones fell asleep, when they awoke in glory was it not to find the Lord their Everlasting Light and the days of their mourning ended? There—

His servants shall do Him service ;
And they shall see His face ;
And His name shall be on their foreheads,
And there shall be night no more ;
And they need no light of lamp,
Neither light of sun ;
For the Lord God shall give them light:
And they shall reign for ever and ever.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

Founder—The late Rev. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S.

General Director—D. E. HOSTE.

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