Paul A. Quinness.

— Aug 1928 —

Lucy was laid to rest at the Northfield Conference Centre (U.S.A.) in the burial place of the Moody family, on (Father's Birthday) August 11th 1907. (He was in Sydney at the time) Dr Campbell Morgan, with the Moody family & many others were at the funeral. She died at the age of only 42.

1865 — 1907

To the Ever Dear Memory of

LUCY EVANGELINE GUINNESS KUMM.

Her Life Story.

By Her Father,

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

June, 1907.

FIRST EDITION, July, 1907.
Second Impression, October, 1907.

LUCY GUINNESS KUMM,
WITH HER TWO SONS, WILHELM AND KARL.

Lucy Guinness Kumm,

Her . . Life Story.

By her Father,

H. Grattan Guinness, D.D.

With extracts
from her writings.

LONDON:
MORGAN & SCOTT, OFFICE OF "The Christian,"
12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION,
HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, E.

Contents.

Lucy Guinness Rumm.

Part I.

Her Life Story.

WE called her Lucy—from *lux, lumière*, light—hoping that GOD would make her a light to those in darkness; and Evangeline, angel, or messenger of good tidings, desiring that such she might become. From the first she was a delicate child, not a blooming rose, but a pale flower; not a hardy, vigorous plant, but frail like a clinging woodbine that hangs its blossom on a supporting bough. And yet she proved in riper days to possess a spirit of independence along with that clinging affection which seemed to me to be her leading feature. When a tiny child there was no place she loved better than her father's arms, and to him the delicacy of her frame and sensitiveness of her mind were no mystery, for trials which had preceded her birth in July, 1865, seemed their explanation. Quick in apprehension she made rapid progress with her teachers, and showed herself possessed of artistic and poetic taste, and a special love for music. She never could sing as

she wished, for her voice lacked range and power; but her playing of Mendelssohn's and Chopin's compositions and other classical pieces, which even as a young girl she mastered, was characterized by unusual brilliancy of execution, delicacy of touch, and depth of feeling. One wonders whether these gifts survive the great change which departure to a higher sphere has wrought? Her mother, though so gifted in many respects, had not been musical, but her father was descended on his mother's side from a family of musicians, the Cramers of Mannheim, among whom J. B. Cramer was a composer of some eighty sonatas, and of popular exercises in pianoforte music still widely in use.

From her childhood, Lucy was

A Lover of Nature;

to muse by the river's bank, to wander in the woods, to roam over the moors with no company save the plover and the lark, to watch the changing aspect of sky and plain, to observe the forms and colours of plants, and the small perfections and hidden beauties in the works of GOD, and to recognize them as indications of His mind, these things were her delight. The voice of the ocean, the majesty of mountains, the solemn glory of the stars hanging in their abiding beauty over a world of change, and witnessing to existence beyond the narrow range of terrestrial experience, had for her a fascinating power. The awe and ecstasy they created even in the spirit of the child were deeper than words could express. And yet she possessed a genius for the use of appropriate language, a discriminating touch on the rich instrument of speech which qualified her to be the writer she became. To make her subject live, to put

into words the soul of her meaning, came naturally to her. She did not aim at eloquence, or affect the perfection of a classic style, but wrote clearly and simply, with fulness, feeling, and power. I had hoped that fuller scope would be granted for the use of this rare and precious gift; that when the claims which pressed on the mother of young children and the editor of missionary periodicals were relaxed by the hand of time, she would find the opportunity she longed for to write with her father a work which should be the joint expression of both their minds, and the subject of the work was often talked of between them, and often referred to in her letters, even to the last she ever wrote. But this was not to be; her facile pen was never to help him as her mother's had done in earlier years. They are together now, mother and daughter, where nobler labours await the gifts which GOD has bestowed.

Lucy was early

Converted to God.

As a flower opens to the light of the sun so her mind opened in childhood to divine truth. When a little girl she lay on one occasion on a bed of sickness, suffering from an illness which threatened to prove fatal. I was occupied in a distant town holding evangelistic services, and well do I remember the agony of prayer on her behalf that she might be spared, and raised up to become a useful servant of the LORD. Those prayers were richly answered. At a later date, when residing with my family in the city of Bath, I used to hold little prayer meetings with the children in which they took part, and the sweet and simple child hymns we sang on those occasions still linger in my memory. Among them the hymn:

"JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His Bosom,
What have we to fear?"

was a favourite.

"Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
They that have My Spirit,
These, saith He, are Mine."

As parents we never made religion a burden to our children, but sought to present it in an attractive form, so as insensibly to win their tender sensitive hearts to the SAVIOUR, and our joy was great when we saw indications that our efforts were not in vain. And we endeavoured to make home bright and happy, never withholding from the children innocent and healthful pleasures.

Lucy studied for a while with her sister at a school in Paris, and at the age of seventeen began those journeys which led her steps to many lands, and gave her a wide acquaintance with the world. Under the generous care of Mrs. Henry Reed of Launceston she went with her brother, now a missionary in China, to Australia and Tasmania, and remained for two and a half years in the Colonies, studying at an excellent school in Melbourne, where she also received much kindness from her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Warren. When starting on her voyage to Australia I remember giving her, as the most precious parting word I could think of, the LORD'S promise, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*" The words are very emphatic in the Greek for there are five "nevers" in the sentence. Looking back now over her finished course I can see how this precious promise was abundantly fulfilled in her experience.

LUCY GUINNESS, WITH HER TWO LITTLE SISTERS, PHŒBE AND AGNES,
BOTH OF WHOM DIED IN A SINGLE DAY.

On returning to England she resided with us in London, where we had established our Missionary College in a neighbourhood whose only attraction was the sphere it afforded for evangelistic and philanthropic work. Here she became interested in the condition of factory girls, so numerous in East London. In order to become thoroughly acquainted with their ways and needs, accompanied by a Christian servant in the family, both attired as factory hands, she worked for a time in one of the East End factories, living in lodgings among the lowest and most degraded characters, and subsequently embodied her impressions in a thrilling little book entitled

"Only a Factory Girl,"

which stirred many hearts to sympathy, and led to the establishment of a home for these girls under the devoted care of Miss Meredith Brown, the daughter of Professor Brown, of Aberdeen. A photograph of Lucy in the dress of a factory girl lies before me while I write, the broad-brimmed hat with its usual feather, the coarse jacket with the sleeves tucked up to the elbow, and the apron tied round the waist, completely concealing her identity.

Her residence with us at Harley House brought Lucy much into contact with missionaries and mission work, and so awakened her interest in the evangelization of the world that when her mother was no longer able to edit our missionary periodical, "Regions Beyond," Lucy became its editor, and devoted herself to this service for nine or ten years. During most of this time she used as her study and office a large room in Harley Cottage, with a pleasant view of the garden at the back of the house. Every available spot in her room was

occupied by missionary books, works on travel, maps and diagrams, and her office desk filled with letters from missionaries in many lands.

As Editor,

she patiently, perseveringly studied and wrote, her soul going forth more and more to tribes and nations destitute of the knowledge of GOD; compassion for their state inspiring her to plead their cause with those who possess the knowledge of salvation, urging that the possession was *a trust* involving the duty to take or send the Gospel to every creature; the view that the apostle Paul expresses in the words "I am *a debtor* to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." And with graphic pen she portrayed the state and need of the neglected heathen, illustrating her articles with the best pictures procurable. The volumes of "Regions Beyond" which she edited are to-day an eloquent witness to these disinterested labours, for her services were unsalaried.

In every article in those volumes, and in all the arrangement of matter and illustration, the eye can trace the skill of her hand, and the earnestness of her spirit. In the year 1890 she accompanied me in a journey to America, and leaving me to fulfil my engagements travelled far and wide through the United States, visiting and speaking on behalf of missions at Women's Colleges, and founding many new Branches of the Student Volunteer Movement. In this way hundreds of clever, educated Christian girls were deeply impressed with the needs of the heathen, with results which only eternity can fully disclose.

THE GARDEN AT HARLEY HOUSE, SHOWING HARLEY COTTAGE TO THE LEFT, WITH THE WINDOW OF THE STUDY USED BY LUCY GUINNESS.

On returning to England she began the production of a series of larger works on the principal mission fields of the world. She edited her sister's "Letters from the Far East," illustrating that widely-read volume which has done so much to direct attention to the evangelization of the millions of China. In 1894 she edited and largely wrote a work entitled "South America,

"The Neglected Continent."

The first part of this book, by Mr. E. C. Millard, gives an account of a mission tour by the Rev. G. C. Grubb, embracing several cities on the eastern side of the continent; while the second and longer part contributed by Lucy's pen contains a comprehensive review of the spiritual needs of South America, with statistical and descriptive information as to missionary operations in that land. While I write, this attractive, illustrated little volume of one hundred and eighty pages lies before me, the first seventy pages occupied with a graphic sketch of Mr. Grubb's journey to Buenos Aires, Rosario, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco; while the last one hundred and ten pages present an historical survey of South America's thirty-seven millions of people, and a summary of missionary enterprise among them, showing how little is being done to meet their needs. Every page is crowded with facts, or bright with diagrams and illustrations, the whole presenting an artistic and panoramic view of the state of that continent. Since that book was written we have started and supported as an institute missionary work in Peru and the Argentine, while Mr. James Fanstone, formerly a student at Harley House, has carried on an effective mission in Brazil. Lucy's brother,

Dr. Harry Guinness, has paid two missionary visits to South America, and is now with his eldest daughter on a third journey to that continent to found an industrial mission among the Incas of Peru.

1897 Three years after the publication of her work on South America, Lucy accompanied me on

A Missionary Tour

to India, visiting Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Benares and other centres of population. The results of her observation and studies of the people and country were subsequently embodied in an attractive volume entitled "Across India at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century," which was published in 1898 by the Religious Tract Society, meeting with an immediate and large circulation. As I glance over it, the descriptions and illustrations recall most vividly the scenes we witnessed together, and the impressions they produced. The heathen temples, hoary with age, and degraded by the darkest forms of idolatry, in which we stood side by side, the crowded streets of Poona, the barren plateau of the Deccan, the sweltering plain of Madras with its luxuriant vegetation, the dark-skinned, turbaned natives thronging the bazaars, the dusty roads, the crowded railway trains, the lively mission schools, the quiet, roomy churches, the airy private dwellings with their extensive compounds, pass like a panorama before the mental eye. Once more I look on the brown waters of the Hoogly, on the noble buildings and vast extent of Calcutta, the second city of the British Empire, on the luxuriant and populous plain of Bengal, on the mighty flood of the Ganges, and the towering heights of the Himalayas. Again we seem to stand side

by side on the wooded brow of Darjeeling, 7,000 feet above the plain of Bengal, and to view from that spot mountains four times that height, Kinchinjanga, and the faint, far-off outline of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, and to see the transfiguration of their snowy altitudes, from the crimson glow of their first appearance at break of day, to their golden and then silver hue, before they vanish from vision in the rising mists. And round us flutter the prayer rags, suspended from tree to tree, and the droning of Buddhist prayers in dusty wayside pagodas falls on the ear. Again we stand at Benares, that ancient centre of gross idolatry, with its eight hundred temples on the banks of the Ganges, or row up the river for miles witnessing the superstitious worship of congregated thousands seeking to wash away their sins in its turbid flood. The profound impression which the sight of these things produced on her sensitive mind is reflected by her book

"Across India,"

and remains, now that she is gone, to deepen our interest in a country which more than any other has a claim on England's help. At the close of the volume special attention is drawn to Behar in the north of India, with a population of twenty millions, "the most neglected Indian mission field." Largely as a result of this appeal our own Mission in Behar was subsequently established, which has already begun to bear precious fruit, and promises a rich harvest in the future. I love to connect that visit to India and its record by her gifted hand with the foundation of this Mission, and to realize that her pleading of India's cause was not in vain.

In addition to these larger works several smaller ones on missionary subjects were produced by her busy pen from time to time; among which may be mentioned "The Marathon of To-day," "Which House?" "Found Wanting," "Lost Lives," "The Way to the Western Paradise," "An Indian Dream," and "To Help to Heal." This last booklet pleads the cause of the heathen population on the banks of

The Congo,

and its tributaries above Stanley Falls, where the Congo river bears the name of the Lualaba, the Nyangwe region in which Livingstone witnessed the unspeakable horrors of the slave trade, and *where as yet no messenger of the Gospel has gone.* The thrilling appeal contained in that little book has met thus far with no practical response, and remains as the voice of one departed to direct some devoted worker in the future "to help and to heal" what Livingstone called "the open sore of the world."

When her beloved mother, after a long life of service in the cause of Missions, closed by several years of suffering, was called home, Lucy wrote a brief account of her life story, under the title "Enter Thou," or the call to enter into "the joy" of her LORD. Deeply touching is that narrative of a devoted life spent for the noblest objects. The influence of that mother's example in moulding the character and career of her daughter it would be difficult to estimate. In their world-wide sympathies they were both alike, and in the able use of the pen to plead the cause of the millions of heathendom.

THE LATE MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

Needing a change of scene after her mother's death, I took Lucy to Egypt, where we visited various missions, ascending the Nile as far as the first cataract. The colossal ruins of Karnak, the rock-hewn tombs of the kings, the temples of Thebes and Philæ, the statues of Memnon and other remains of the ancient world interested her profoundly. To sit under the waving palms by the broad peaceful flood of

The Nile,

breathing the pure air from the desert, and watching the mighty movement of the river rolling in fulness from far-off mountains and lakes in the heart of Africa to the land of the Pharaohs and the Pyramids, was her delight, and filled her with a sense of rest after the labours and trials of previous years.

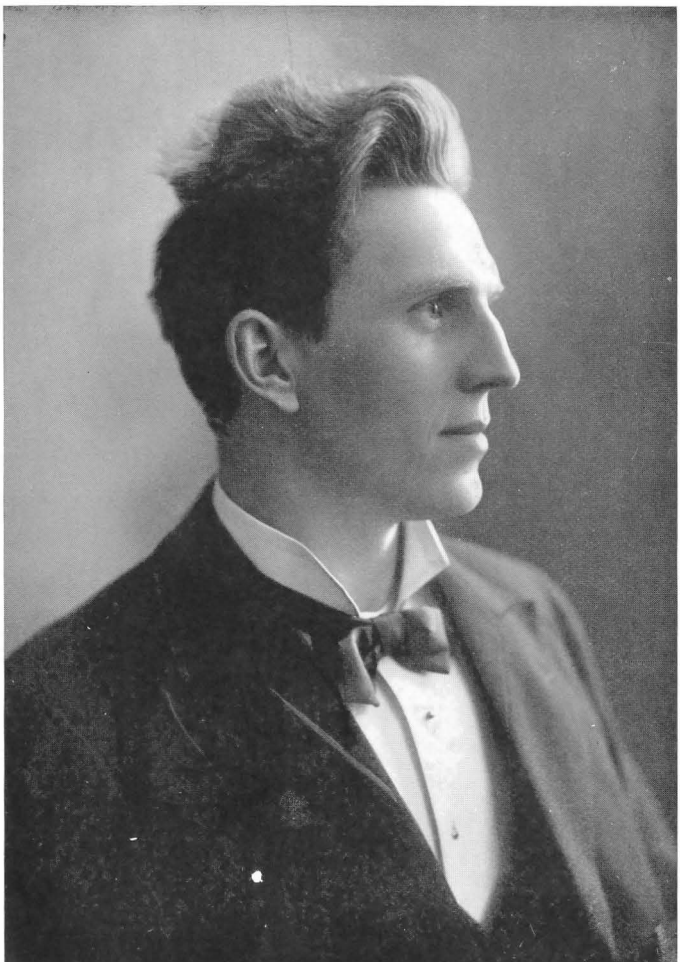
We subsequently travelled together through Palestine, spending seven weeks in Jerusalem, and visiting Joppa, Jericho, the Jordan, Sychar, Samaria, Nazareth, Tiberias, the Lake of Galilee, the Plain of Esdraelon, and the Bay of Acre, spending a week on the summit of Mount Carmel, with its views of Hermon, Lebanon, and the sea. Delightful times they were, and their memory is fragrant as the flowers of that land. Lucy rode on this journey a fleet Arab horse and enjoyed many a gallop on the open plain of Esdraelon, on the breezy heights of Carmel, or on the level sands of the Bay of Acre. But most of our riding in Palestine was on stony roads, or rough mountain paths. Twice we were benighted on our journey, having on one occasion to feel our way in total darkness along the dry bed of a torrent for what seemed an interminable distance; and on another occasion being abandoned by our driver at night in the open country, and surrounded by wild

Bedouin, as we supposed, and driven off at their will at midnight we knew not whither, for we could not speak a word of their language, nor they of ours. To our great relief they proved to be men who had been sent from Nazareth to extricate us from our difficulties.

One scene is specially impressed on my mind. It was

At Jerusalem.

Desiring to find the true site of Calvary, and rejecting the supposed Holy Sepulchre with its superstitions as occupying a position too far within the walls of the city, we resolved to walk round Jerusalem, and seek for the site ourselves. By mutual agreement Lucy went round the walls in one direction, and I in the opposite. After some hours' exploration we met on the north side of the city, outside the walls, not far from the Damascus gate. Lucy having reached the spot before me was standing on the summit of a low hill with a steep declivity towards the city, and a gentle slope to the valley beyond. As I approached she said: "Father, this is it." "Surely, this is the spot," was my reply. We learned afterwards that General Gordon, and others, had fixed on this as the true site of the crucifixion. There is a quiet garden close by with an empty sepulchre hewn in the rock, which many think may have been the sepulchre of CHRIST. There Lucy loved to sit and meditate. No spot in Palestine had equal interest for us, save one on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, just above the village of Bethany, from which in all probability the Ascension took place. From that spot we loved to look down on the Jordan valley lying far beneath, and the blue mountains of Moab beyond it, as the last scene



DR. H. KARL W. KUMM.

which met the SAVIOUR'S eyes before His ascent; and from that spot we loved to look up to the heaven to which He has gone, as the disciples did when a cloud received Him out of their sight. Never, I think, did we feel so near heaven as when standing there. And now she too has ascended, and entered the scene towards which we then directed our gaze, leaving her fellow pilgrim behind her—for a while.

While travelling in Palestine with Lucy I had the privilege of addressing many meetings in schools and churches, a work in which she took the deepest interest, helping to evangelize where opportunity occurred. She wrote a series of letters graphically describing our tour which were afterwards published in America by her friend, Mrs. Ballington Booth, of New York, formerly Maud Charlesworth, the intimate companion of Lucy's early days.

A second visit to Egypt led to the closing section of Lucy's life.

Dr. Karl Kumm

had accompanied us on our former journey to the oasis of Fayoom in the desert, not far from Cairo, and an attachment had sprung up between this young German missionary and my daughter. On the later occasion we met at Assuan, seven hundred miles up the Nile, Dr. Kumm coming in from an evangelistic tour among the Arabs of the Sahara to visit us there. During our stay at Assuan the condition of the Bishareen of the neighbouring desert, and of the Nubians, whose country begins at the first cataract and stretches five hundred miles up the Nile, attracted our attention. Dr. Kumm collected from the Bishareen a vocabulary of the principal words in their language, and I secured the services

of a Christian Copt to teach in a school, and of Ali Hissein, a Nubian, who had been trained in our College to evangelize the Nubians. We gathered a number of

The wild Bishareen

into a building we hired for a school, and began a work which subsequently grew into the Sudan Mission. Ten years before I had myself been deeply interested in the needs of the Sudanese, and had lectured on the subject in the United States, and published a little mission paper called "The Sudan." As a result of this tentative effort more than twenty secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association in Kansas and Nebraska volunteered to go as missionaries to the Sudan, and a number of these went to Sierra Leone, and established in the course of years a chain of stations extending from that spot to the upper waters of the Niger. The missionaries suffered at first severely from fever; several died, but with a diminished staff of workers the Mission which had become associated with the work of Dr. Simpson, of New York, continues to the present day. The Sudan is a vast country, extending from the Niger river to the Nile, and finding ourselves face to face with its neglected people, we were led to begin in the above-mentioned way this new mission among them.

It was on this occasion that I gave my consent to my daughter's marriage with Dr. Kumm. As a token of this consent their hands were joined above the clasped hands of two of the Bishareen, on January 11th, 1900. They were married on February 3rd, at Cairo, in the American Mission Church, tastefully prepared for the occasion, and also, as the law

required, at the German Consulate. From this time onward to her death Lucy gave herself heart and soul to the evangelization of

The Sudan,

first in its eastern or Nile section, and secondly in its western section approached by the Niger. The mission we began at Assuan has now for several years been carried on, through Dr. Kumm's initiative, by friends in Germany, with Wiesbaden as headquarters. During the establishment of this work my daughter and Dr. Kumm resided for a time in that land, where their first child was born. Impelled by their desire to advance the mission to the interior of the Sudan, they subsequently resolved to attempt to enter the country by the Niger. My familiarity with the climatic dangers of the Congo made me dread the Niger, which bore at that time a still more unfavourable character, but the annexation of the Hausa country with its sixteen millions of people by the English Government, and the coincident opening up of the country, encouraged us to face the risks attendant on the establishment of a mission on the Benue branch of the Niger, six hundred miles above its mouth.

To trace the founding and progress of the mission would require a more extended article than the present. To Lucy and her husband the evangelization of the Sudan was "the most pressing mission question of the hour." Here was a country stretching across North Africa from the Niger to the Nile, two millions of square miles in area, comprising Kordofan, Darfur, Wadai, Kanem, Bagirmi, Adamawa, Bornu, and

Hausaland, countries equalling those of Europe in magnitude, with a population of over

Fifty Millions,

and only half a dozen mission stations on its borders; a country where none of the Nonconformist Churches of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, are doing any missionary work whatever, although the Governments of Great Britain and Germany, which control more than half its area, are favourable to the establishment of Christian missions among the heathen portion of the population. The Mohammedans are rapidly absorbing the pagan populations of the Sudan into Islam, and threaten soon to engulf the whole region in the anti-Christianism of their creed. The door for the entrance of Christian Missions is open still. Large heathen tribes in the Hausa region are longing for the advent of Christian missionaries. How can we longer refuse to respond to such a call? So felt Lucy and her husband, and fixing their residence with me at Cliff House in Derbyshire, where their second child was born, they itinerated the three kingdoms, founding branches of the Mission in many of its principal cities. Lucy made bold to visit in person a number of the most influential Christian ministers in the land, and formed English, Scotch, and Irish councils of the Mission, in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, numbering among their members five and twenty leading men in the various denominations. They also sought and found some devoted Christian workers willing to go forth as missionaries to the Sudan, and raised the funds requisite to send them out. Dr. Kumm, who was already acquainted with Arabic, went to Tripoli to study the Hausa tongue among the Sudanese settled there. He

CLIFF COLLEGE, DERBYSHIRE,
THE HOME OF LUCY GUINNESS FOR MANY YEARS.

subsequently led forth the first party of missionaries, and planted the Mission in a comparatively healthy region at Wase, in the upper Benue district of Northern Nigeria. Two other parties of missionaries have since been sent out from England to reinforce the Mission, and others from America, and accounts of the progress of the work are published periodically in

"The Lightbearer,"

the organ of the Mission.

The strain on the founders of the Mission was very great; so much had to be done, so many journeys to be made, so many meetings to be held, so much correspondence to be got through, and so much financial and other responsibility to be faced and borne, and Lucy's health, never strong, suffered severely, and threatened at times total collapse. Her letters to me during this period which extended over several years, bear touching evidence to the fact. But she held on, fighting against pain and weakness to the last, inspired by the promise of success, "In the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not My people, there shall it be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living GOD." Articles, reports, pamphlets on the Mission issued from her pen, and a larger work was in contemplation for which material was gathered, "something adequate to the unspeakable needs of the Sudan," which she wished to write at Northfield, in what proved to be the last weeks of her life. What actually did occupy her in those closing weeks was the writing of a work entitled "Our Slave State," pleading the cause of the cruelly oppressed natives of the Congo. She had long been acquainted through our own Congo Mission with the condition of these people, but her

attention was then especially directed to their appalling sufferings by the perusal of the literature of the Congo Reform Association in Boston, and in those

Closing weeks

she worked night and day to produce a book depicting their state and pleading their cause with all the force and earnestness of which she was capable. Its burning pages, blotted with her tears, were the last she ever wrote.

On glancing over this brief narrative of Lucy's life I deeply feel its inadequacy to represent her as she really was, and is, for I cannot look upon her as dead, but only as departed. What have I written about her? I have told where she went, and what she did, what books she wrote, what missions she laboured for, and otherwise related the chief facts of her *outward* life, which might be called the *body* of her life, but what of its *soul?* I have said something of her gifts and accomplishments, but they were not herself. There was a soul animating all she did and said. How can I represent it? It was the soul of a child, of a woman, of a poet, of a musician, of a traveller, of an author, of a missionary, a soul full of tenderness, love, fire. It was a soul in touch with GOD, a soul which *embraced the world*, sorrowed over its sorrows, burned for its wrongs, and sacrificed itself for its salvation. Can such a soul die? It is immortal, imperishable.

How can I represent *that soul? Not by such words as these.* Her own books, the articles and letters that she wrote remain as its truest reflection. The following letter, her last to me, gives some glimpses into her mind and heart; reflects her love of nature, the simplicity of her tastes, her tender

affection for her children, her faith in GOD, her devotion to His service, her delight in His Word, her missionary purposes, her consciousness of the fleeting character of earthly occupations, and her desire to finish the work GOD had given her to do.

"EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

"*July* 11*th*, 1906.

"MY OWN BELOVED FATHER,

"In the midst of a beautiful forest, with fir trees, birches and sycamores stretching around us on three sides, and a beautiful view of the distant country, below our hillside, reaching away in front, we are living in a pretty little cottage or bungalow.

"As I write the boys are playing steam-engine, puffing, running and calling to each other as they make evolutions round and round the house. They tremendously enjoy the simple, wild life here.

"Our cottage has only one sitting-room and three bedrooms, besides kitchen and bath-room, just a tiny spot of a place one storey high, which gives on a wide verandah, and then straight out into the woods and hillside.

"We are at Northfield Highlands, close to the Auditorium, but out of sight and hearing of visitors and meetings. Unless we care to go down the hill, five minutes' walk to a large hall, we need not see anything of crowds or conference meetings, and feel quite out of the world.

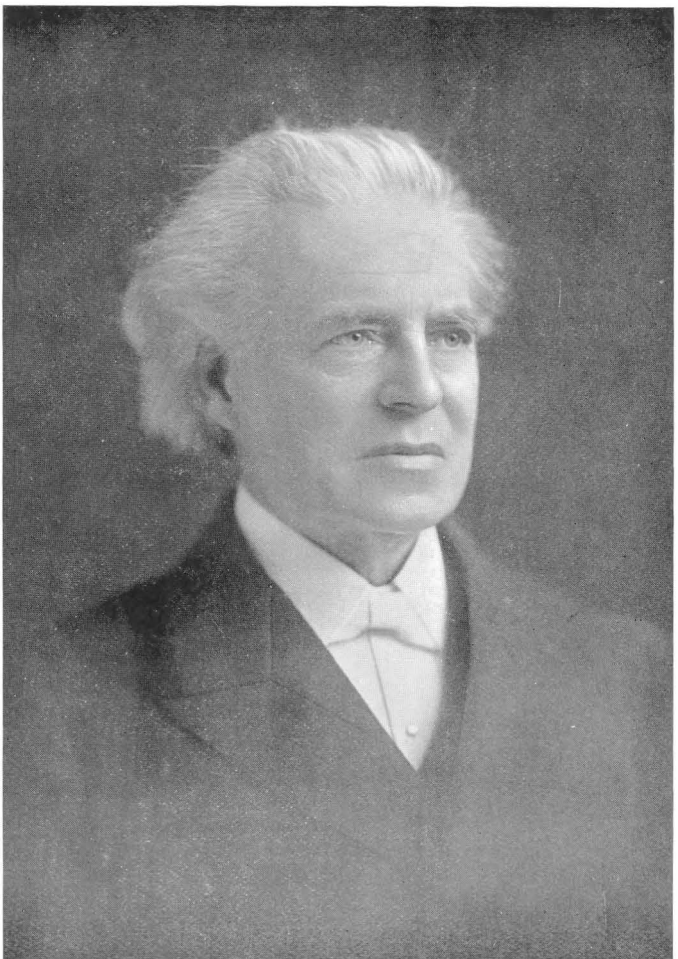
"How I wish you were here to see our cosy corner and enjoy its beauty with us.

"Karl sails to-morrow from New York. He has been here about three months now, and as you know, persuaded us to come

across to join him. He is leaving now in order to speak at Keswick and may return in August, though I do not think he will, for his heart's desire is to get back to Africa this autumn, and, if the way but opens, to cross the great Sudan. At present I scarcely think things are clear for that big undertaking, but I should not be surprised to hear at any moment that the needed means had come to enable him to go. He has had it on his heart so long that I think he is intended, perhaps, for that journey. Do pray with us that he may be kept and guided all the time. I think it would take three years, but he says it might be done in two years or rather less. He would like to go in by the Niger and come out by the Uganda Railway, having crossed from the Niger to the Nile.

"Our time over here has been most interesting, and his work very useful, I think, the attention of the leaders of the churches having been called to the Sudan as never before. The Mission has been organized; a house rented and furnished at Germantown for headquarters, two travelling secretaries secured, for America and Canada, half a dozen good men found, tested and accepted by the Council, and a number of friends so interested that they have promised to support the men who are going out. This is a good beginning, for which the LORD be praised, but how much it might be multiplied—a thousandfold more.

"Just now we are having summer holidays—at least in a kind of fashion. I have a great deal of writing on hand, as usual, and our capital nurse, Alice, is busy with the house, but the chicks are having holidays and we take what rest we can. This is an ideal place for resting. No callers come; society does not exist, and the world's noises are only audible



H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

in the singing of birds, and occasional twitter of squirrels, which abound in these delicious woods.

"Karl sails in the steamship *Majestic*, White Star Line, and will, I hope, see all our people on the other side in England. We just missed Geraldine (the children and I) as she arrived in England a day or so after we left. I do not know when we shall be back again.

"Nothing is decided yet, and we *may* cross this summer but I fancy we are more likely to stay a while in the States. If Karl should go to Africa, it doesn't matter much where we are in the meantime, and I think I should like to be in the States for a change after the long work in England.

"The LORD has been very good to us since we came across. The little ones have been in perfect health right through the voyage and ever since. We stayed first with the Hodges of Germantown, then went to Judge and Mrs. Penrose who mothered the boys, and all of us in fact, with the greatest affection. Judge Penrose was devoted to them, and always first thing when he came home from Court every evening, used to go and look for them, often bringing them little gifts and toys of all sorts. He seemed to love them as much as if they were his own. Dear Mrs. Penrose did too. They stayed there about five weeks. They had been asked to Boston and up here to Northfield to stay with the Mabies; but Karl did not want them to travel, so they kept quiet in Germantown while we were going about to Clifton Springs, and Boston, and elsewhere, for meetings on the Sudan. At last he consented to their coming, and they moved down to Northfield, straight to this delicious little place among the woods, where they are twice as happy as the day is long.

"I am feeling very much better since I came across, though the voyage was dreadful. Nurse and I both suffered shockingly, but are picking up again now, though very glad of a rest.

"Since we went to Boston, I have written a little book on the Congo horrors. I came across the Congo Reform Association leaders in Boston and was greatly struck by their publications. The subject laid hold of me and I could not rest until one had done what one could—a little pamphlet of about one hundred pages—and I am just finishing it now. I do hope it will be of some use and am sending it off to England as well as to the Congo people here for advice and criticism.

"Karl, meanwhile, has been writing a Sudan manuscript—several chapters that he wants to make up into book form, and I have to work at that next (D.V.). That will come out, too, I hope, so our summer days are busy.

"And you, meanwhile? I think of you so much in the far, far-off places. You all will be having a summer holiday and will probably be in beautiful surroundings. How long it is since we were together, and how long will it be before we meet again?

"I have heard to-day of the death of Budgett Meakin, and have been so much impressed with the brevity of life and shortness of our chance of service. He was not much older than Harry, and was right in the midst of work. He was taken ill at a meeting and died the next day. What from I do not know. We saw his nice wife and fine little son the other day in England. It is sad to think of them alone, and makes one realize deeply how very short the time may be before we too must finish and lay aside life's tasks for evermore.

Oh, how one longs to work in such a way as to use to the very utmost the precious opportunities we have of serving here. Surely He, Who at the end of His course said, 'I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do,' He Who lives in us, will enable us by His Spirit, if we are faithful, to finish also what He intends for us.

"Ever your own child,

"LUCY."

Her Last Days.

For a month she wrote, her soul burning with grief and indignation for the wrongs perpetrated against the natives of the Congo. She had pleaded the cause of the neglected continent of South America, of the peoples of India, and of the millions of the Sudan, but even their cause gave place in the last weeks of her life to the cause of the Congo people. To her sister she wrote: "I am anguished for these people." Under the influence of these feelings she produced "a story, brief, vivid, heart-rending, followed by the most tremendous arraignment of the man who is responsible for such an appalling state of affairs. It is the strongest thing in some ways that has ever been written on the subject, or ever will be, now that her pen is laid aside." So writes her sister Geraldine, and adds: "The nurse, Alice Thompson, who was with them at Northfield, told me many things about those last weeks and days, and about her eagerness to finish this last MS. She suffered much pain, more than her letters had led us to suppose. In spite of all, however, she toiled on, giving her life really, actually, for this work. The doctors urged an operation two weeks or more before the end, wanted her to go to the hospital

and be properly cared for. No—no—she could not write there. She must finish this, then she would let them do the best they could for her. Alas, too late! Day and night she toiled on, her heart bleeding, her soul fired with indignation, white heat of righteous anger that was, may we not say, divine? And she did accomplish it. It seems to me almost incredible. Near the end of June it was not begun, and by the beginning of August it was finished. A month, just one month or five weeks at Northfield sufficed. And during that month she parted from Karl, not knowing whether years might not elapse before they could meet again. She bore all the pain and weakness, the sufferings at times truly terrible of that last illness, for all the time from very soon after Karl left she was more or less ill, and towards the end it was struggle against mortal pain. . . . . In spite of this, she worked on, kept to herself as far as possible all the sorrow and pain, poured out her very soul for others—those she so longed to help—and finished in five weeks this burning, heart-rending, wonderful plea for the oppressed.

"The inner life, the heart story of those last weeks is not hidden from us, thank GOD. It is almost too sacred to touch upon. Among her letters and papers brought back the other day is a little poem, the last she ever wrote—a few faint, trembling lines—dotted down on a single sheet that is lying before me now, oh Father dear, so unutterably touching. Then there is her Bible, plainly showing the vision and compass of her last studies in the precious Word; and lastly, there are her letters written during that time at Northfield. Precious letters, ending with the words she dictated to the dear little ones when she could no longer write.

BEECH COTTAGE, NORTHFIELD, U.S.A.

"From the nurse I learned most of the following particulars:—Karl left her on the 2nd of July. She was up at five that morning preparing his things for the journey. At that time she seemed better than usual, and he hoped the quiet summer would strengthen her still further. From the day he left she simply devoted herself to her book.

"July 8th, she had a terrible attack of pain in the night. A doctor was sent for next day who urged an operation. She was working hard at her MS. all this time.

"July 22nd. She spoke in the great Auditorium wonderfully. The dear Mabies brought her home in their carriage. They were so kind to her all the time.

"July 27th. A second doctor was called who urged her to go into the hospital for proper care. But she had not finished her writing, and felt moreover that it was not necessary.

"August 2nd. A large party of friends came to call. She gave them all afternoon tea on the verandah, and sat talking to dear Dr. Mabie a long, long time.

"August 3rd. A crisis in her illness.

"August 4th–6th. She had finished her book and said to Alice, the nurse, 'Now they can do what they like. It is done.'

"August 8th. The first operation was performed by two doctors. On Friday the 10th, she seemed better, and on Saturday morning was 'bright and happy.' On Saturday evening the 11th, a second operation was performed, and she never fully returned to consciousness. At midnight, or early Sunday morning, she fell asleep. Her last words before she became unconscious were: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' This she repeated twice."

The following letter from Dr. Mabie of Boston relates to the memorial service, and the interment of the precious remains.

"BOSTON, *September 15th*, 1906.

"MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOR,

"It so occurred that 'Missionary Day' in the August Conference was the very day in which your dear one lay silent in the Beech Cottage. A memorial service was held at seven o'clock in the evening, in the great Auditorium, at which Dr. Campbell Morgan and I briefly spoke. In my own remarks, I dwelt upon the more personal relations in which I had been brought into touch with various members of her family, and what that family stood for in the world of missions, and of the large and efficient part your dear sister had taken in editorial and other practical labours—commending the great missionary enterprises of the day; and of her absolutely fearless and radiant crossing of the river when she reached it. Her first question to the surgeons, capable and strong men in their line, and to all about her before she would allow a thing to be done, being—'Do you belong to the LORD?' Dr. Morgan spoke more especially upon the spiritual import of such a life, and its ultimate triumph.

"The next morning at 10 o'clock, we had a brief service at the cottage, in which Dr. Torrey read the Scriptures, and Dr. Morgan offered prayer, and I had general oversight, and directed the service and the escort of the precious casket down the hillside through the trees on the winding path to the hearse which awaited us on the roadside. The bearers of the casket were my son Harry, the Moody brothers and cousin, Mr. Kurtzhalz, Mr. Hill (a Harley House man), Mr. Witte, who had once visited Harley House (a former missionary), and one

other, a neighbour. We provided flowers which were very lovely and abundant, Mrs. Will Moody sending a beautiful tribute in this line. The rest of us provided another floral tribute. As we wended our way down to the hearse, it came to me as remarkable that Dr. Morgan of London, Dr. Torrey, so recently in Australia where her father now is, and I, a long-time friend of the family, Secretary of the Union and resident in Northfield, that we three should have been there to head that little procession. Was it not a foreseen element in the combined providences that led to the conclusion of your dear sister's life just when and where it was concluded? At all events, so it seemed to me.

"And thus we made our way in carriages down to the receiving vault opposite to the railway station, and deposited the precious casket to await the arrival of the stricken husband. When ten days later Dr. Kumm arrived, we had, just at sunset, the simple service of the interment which was under my direction. Dr. Kumm will have told you of the rest.

"Now that the precious body is laid away in a portion of the special family lot of the Moody's in the village cemetery at Northfield, we trust that you and all the family will feel that, if she must have been taken away in any place remote from her own dear England, it was as well that it was at Northfield, which has now come to stand for so many and so world-wide Christian and Missionary and spiritual undertakings.

"So far as I know she certainly expressed no regret that it should be exactly as it was, and you may depend that those of us whose abode is near Northfield, and who knew and loved her, and loved you all, will always feel that we have a larger part in Northfield than ever, because Lucy Guinness Kumm's remains are there.

"I cannot tell you how desolate even our home has seemed to us through all these weeks since. It really seems as if one of my own dear daughters had been taken; as if a part of my own life had gone with the decease of this dear one. You know she was in my home as a girl for days together, when your father and I co-operated in the Minneapolis Institute. She was present at our anniversaries in Chicago, when I was chosen secretary, and has followed every step of my course since then with so deep an interest, and has so often written me kind and loving words with respect to my great responsibility. She and you all have been a part of my best life. Your beloved father has been to me, in the great ideals which animate me, an inspiring influence. Your own testimony to CHRIST in mission work has again and again inspired and helped me. Your brother Harry has indeed been a brother to me. And as to your own dear mother, I scarcely ever knew another woman so strong, so clear-sighted, so divinely illumined, so forceful in her purpose respecting the advancement of CHRIST'S kingdom in the earth.

"So I feel that my tears have fitly mingled with yours who yet remain, while I also cherish by faith the assurance of the great triumph to which both your beloved mother and sister have passed.

"I think I ought to add that just before your sister took to her bed for the final illness, I heard her one Sunday afternoon speak at the Auditorium in connection with the Women's Interdenominational Conference. Her plea was for the Sudan, and she spoke but a few moments; but although I had heard her in previous years, and knew her gifts in that line, this particular address delighted and astonished me beyond

LUCY GUINNESS, WITH HER SISTER, GERALDINE,
NOW MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR.

measure: it was so entirely *sui generis*, based upon the Biblical passage—'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' It moved on with dramatic and telling power, as she portrayed to us with the aid of a map beside her, the great Sudan, and CHRIST knocking at the door of His Church to find who of His people were willing to go and give the Gospel to that long-neglected land. It was a marvellous address, and will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it. She spoke also once besides, at a Round Top Service, in the early evening—an address which I did not hear, but which those who did hear it, say was on the same high plane, and of the same sort of power.

"Very fraternally your friend and brother in the Gospel,

"HENRY C. MABIE."

The Legacy of her Soul.

Lucy wrote with her dying hand *her will*. She had little in the way of earthly possessions to leave to others. Her journals, her books, her watch, her Bible, the sonnets she had written expressing the feelings of a mother towards her children, and a small sum of money—"enough for the journey home"—she leaves in her will to her husband and children. She leaves to her eldest boy, Helmy, her big Bible, and to her youngest child, "little Karl," her father's Bible with notes by his hand, "a Book that will give him messages from Father and from GOD." She asks that when old enough he may learn by heart the prophetic passages in Dan. ii., vii., and ix.; 1 Thes. iv. (the rapture), and ii. Thes. 2. "And I want him," she says, "to study Revelation, and the LORD'S closing prophecies of the three Gospels. If he will do that for Mother's sake, when he

is fifteen to sixteen, he will understand afterwards why I wanted him to do so much. When he is old enough I should like him to know that all the time before he was born, every day, I think, for five months, but in general all the time, I had one prayer, one longing, one hunger—that he should continue Father's prophetic studies and research, and in the later days when he lives where he may perhaps see the restored Jewish state, in those unutterable days, he may understand and tell. He is only four now, but I see, I know he is a seer, a thinker. He will look more into the heart of things; will live, I hope, in those days, and he must understand. I wish he could have access to Father's library when he is old enough to hunger for it, to need to know what it contains.

"Helmy, my angel boy—he does seem that to me, with just an angel's heart, sympathy and devotion—will want to help the suffering, and put wrongs right. He is more called to that I think; perhaps to be a medical man. But that I do not know. Perhaps rather a preacher. Possibly both. I should like that. I must not write more. I am very restful, very happy in GOD. How wonderfully good He has been to us—the boys—how can I thank Him? My husband, GOD'S gift, blessed and beloved beyond words; and then you (her sister), Father, Harry, Annie, Gershom, and darling Janie, whom I have never seen. My love, my heart to all of them, *and to my sons—my soul.*

"Good night, dear heart,

"Without fear, yours,

"LUCY."

The following last message to her children was taken down from her dictation :—

"NORTHFIELD,

"*Saturday evening*, 6.30,

"*August 11th*, 1906.

"I am leaving you, darlings. I am waiting for you with JESUS—waiting till you come. Don't be lonely, darlings. You will come. It is only a little while. I want you to be brave.

"I want you to have Auntie Geraldine for your Mamma. She has no little boys or girls, but she is waiting for you. She will be your Mamma—only very, very much better than I have been. Ask Papa to let her be your Mamma—for a little time at least.

"And now—you both belong to Him. *He will safely lead us home.* Good-bye, darlings—heart's darlings. *I am waiting for you—There.*"

* * *

And her legacy to them, what was it? "*To my sons, my soul.*" O love unutterable, that gives as its last and greatest gift, itself. O Spirit of JESUS, this is Thine. Heaven is not Thy greatest gift. Not even life eternal is that. It was the gift of Thyself; the gift not only of Thy life, but of Thy Spirit, Thy mind, Thy soul. For risen from the dead, Thou didst *breathe* on Thy disciples, and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," Thy breath, Thy very mind, and heart, and soul.

And is it not thus in a real and most blessed sense with His people? Did not the mantle of Elijah, and with it a double portion of his spirit, descend upon Elisha? They sang in the American Civil War about one of the martyrs who fell in the struggle for the emancipation of the enslaved, while

his body lies low in the dust "*his soul goes marching on.*" Who can arrest such a movement of the Spirit? It can inspire thousands, and lead them to victory.

The Look Beyond.

The following is an extract from a letter written the year before her death by the beloved departed one. Its occasion was the sudden death of a brother of one of her friends. The words may well be a message to us now from the writer's transfigured spirit:—

"This earth's experiences are only part of an infinite story and plan. The part we see broken off so suddenly is assuredly not the end. If we could but stand for a moment on the other side, and see things from the point of view that is hidden from us, I suppose the dreadfulness of such experiences would vanish away. We should see how, for the soul that belongs to JESUS CHRIST, passing from one sphere to the other is but a brief moment in a continuous history, and that by whichever gate we go it doesn't matter (perhaps the more swiftly and unexpectedly the better), seeing we enter on the true life in a brighter and more blessed home. I often think of that word of the LORD, 'In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you,' as opening to us such a vast world of blessing. 'If it were *not* so I would have told you.' If there had not been greater gifts than we can understand, larger realms of eternal being, more beautiful and varied homes than our hearts can conceive—'if it were *not* so, I would have told you.' He could not tell us all that is. We cannot understand what GOD has laid up for His own. But if there

had not been a measureless reward waiting He would have told the lack. He did not speak of such a lack because it was not there. I suppose if we could stand where your brother stands now, we should long to get back to the little span of time, to work more earnestly than ever for the Kingdom of our LORD. But we are here now. He gives us the chance still. Oh, to use it to the utmost."

* * *

What after all was the secret of Lucy's spiritual life and usefulness? *The last sentence in the last letter she ever wrote me* answers that question. "I get such comfort daily from the Word. *How our life is there.*"

The tree of her life had long been planted by "the rivers of water," the refreshing streams of the Word of GOD. Doubtless the influence of example, and of her missionary surroundings had a profound effect upon her, above all, her mother's devotion to the cause of GOD in the world. But this was not *the source* of her spiritual life and fruitfulness. GOD Himself was the source; and His Word the sustenance of her soul. Is it not written that we live "not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of GOD." On that Word of GOD she meditated for years, and more especially towards the close of her life. Her Bible, filled with notes, indicating her careful, ceaseless study of its contents, is a witness to this. I have often been delighted by the care and thoroughness of her analysis of the teachings of Scripture. And she studied the Bible as a whole, not merely selected portions of the Word. There was a certain independence too about her method. She did not live on second-hand ideas about spiritual things, but investigated the truth for herself,

treasuring every advance in understanding as a basis for further progress. She drew no little strength and refreshment from the word of prophecy and the view it gives as to the past and future of the world was to her what the over-arching heavens are to the earth, the sphere and circumference surrounding her on every side. In the last weeks of her life, the Song of Solomon, which had never meant much to her, became "a pathway of light from her lonely room, from the green woods of Northfield, up, up, to the very heart and house of GOD." For there she saw the KING Himself wooing the soul He was about to lead through the brief dark valley into eternal light. And thus she departed.

"*Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?*"

Who is this that in the last hour of mortal weakness rose above the stress and storm of life, and conquering pain and parting with all she loved on earth, entered "without fear" that dark valley which borders the wilderness, and trod its unknown and perilous way "leaning upon her beloved?" This is that child of love and devotion who had learned to say of the Word of GOD from her earliest years:

"Our Life is there."

Lucy Guinness Rumm.

Part 2.

Extracts From Her Writings.

Sea Fragment.

Coming Home from India.

Swirl of the crested prow wave,
  Beat of the sea gull's wing,
Blue where the sky bends bright and high,
  Blue where the waters sing!

Flash of a golden sun-path
  Dropped on a shoreless sea,
Where the wind sweeps wide on the heaving tide
  And the great ship travels free.

Far in the East behind us,
  Wrapped in a golden haze—
Land of the sun, whose day is done,
  How may I tell thy praise?

The Pillar of Cloud.

Thou whom I wait for, and have never seen,
Thou whom perchance on earth I may not see,
Questionest thou, too, whether GOD doth mean
Hunger and hope our only lot to be?
Or if we ever, standing face to face,
Shall know our expectation was not vain;
Know, as with wond'ring awe His plan we trace,
Rapture the end and recompense of pain.

So do we stand as ancient Israel stood,
The sea before us and the foe behind;
Forced to advance into the 'whelming flood,
Trusting the Unseen Hand the waves to bind;
Led through the darkness by His staff and rod,
A cloud before us, and within it—GOD.

Heaven's Messenger.

Where lowering storm clouds, low and leaden loom,
The spanning rainbow flings its fairy light,
Steadfast and calm, ethereal and bright,
A heaven's messenger amid the gloom;
While, o'er the western hills the skies assume,
Under the dimly falling shades of night,
A sudden flame and quivering delight—
Soul of the sunset, springing from the tomb.

So, my Beloved, do I pray to prove,
Through every hour and need of earthly life,
So do I long to shine across the strife,
Trouble to lighten, darkness to remove;
Till thou shalt feel the synonym for "wife,"
Shadowless light, and never-failing love.

"Comfort of Love."

"The God of all comfort." . . . "God that comforteth."

To comfort thee! To comfort thee at last,
Till thou forget all pain in perfect rest,
Hid in the quiet haven of my breast,
Shut by soft arms away from every blast;
To love thee till thou feel thy life-long past
A vanished dream; till thou shalt stand confessed
Beyond all thought, and hope, and praying, blessed—
This is my heart's desire, the prayer I cast
Constant before GOD'S throne.
Then sudden-born
A thought springs up within my soul and cries
Whence are these longings? Whence these sympathies?
Doth GOD Himself feel thus? And will He scorn
To rest till He hath dried all weeping eyes,
Till He hath comforted the last that mourn?

Motherhood.

Useless to try to speak the hidden word,
None but the eyes God openeth can see.
Useless to say "This music is for thee,
Listen"—to one whose ears have never heard;
Singeth so trancing sweet the summer bird,
Flasheth the sunrise over land and sea,
Bloometh the maiden's fair virginity,
Who, blind and deaf, hath felt his pulses stirred?

Waketh my Darling in his dainty nest,
Stretcheth sweet arms in innocent appeal,
Plaintively urgeth nature's suit and quest,
Weepeth small tears—and shall a Mother feel?

Useless to say to one who never knew
"This is Love's loveliest." But the word is true.

"All the Firstborn are Mine."

Thou claimest all the firstborn for Thine own.
What joy is mine in this! My longing prayer
Is thus fulfilled for the sweet child I bear,
Constant, by day and night, before Thy throne.
Not ours the priceless treasure, but a loan,
Of Thy possession, lent for love and care.
"God's firstling is the Lord's," Thou dost declare,
"Holy unto the Lord."
O rainbow, thrown
Athwart earth's storms, I hail thy heaven's word,
Changeless and sure, amid time's transient dream.
"All the firstborn are MINE—I AM the LORD,"
O little child—how 'ere the future seem,
Th' Eternal GOD is thine, in life or death;
The Everlasting Arms are underneath.

"Thou and Thy House."

"Thou and thy house." The words fell in the dark,
On a fear-stricken, trembling, seeking soul.
"Believe on the Lord CHRIST and be made whole,
"Thou and thy house." "Come all into the Ark."
Four words. Upon their fulness I embark
As on an ocean, certain of my goal—
Launched on Thy promise; trusting Thy control,
Father of every Fatherhood!
And hark,
The far-off footfall of my flying fears,
Like storm clouds sweeping from an azure sky!
Weakness and trembling that on GOD rely
Find calm assurance for all future years.
E'en now my dearest enter at Thy door;
My best belov'd are Thine for evermore.

Wait Patiently for Him.

Ps. 37. 3—7.

Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him,
Though thou art weary and the way is long.
Patience is only praise in pseudonym,
His love shall turn thy sighing into song.
Transform thy tears into a triumph-hymn.
Commit thy way to Him Whose love is strong
As death; and then, amid the shadows dim,
Trust in the Lord, do good, and spite of wrong
Delight thyself in GOD: And thou shalt find
That thou art fed and given room to dwell,
And that thy Father's goodness hath designed
To bring thy way to pass so strangely well;
As e'en to grant that secret of thy mind,
The heart's desire, which only thou canst tell.

"'Tis I, be not afraid."

When all the haunting shadows of the night
Come thronging round me with a sudden sweep,
Whisp'ring and echoing the fears I keep
By faith, and hope, and prayer, hidden from sight;
When white-lipped Doubt suggests that my delight
Is a delusion, and my faith a leap
Into the dark, and that the years will reap
In pain and trouble what has seemed so right;
And when the floods encompass me about,
And the sweet vision of my LORD doth fade
In the blind darkness, and the words He said
Seem lost; I feel once more His hand stretched out;
Once more He speaks "'Tis I, be not afraid;
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?"

God-Sight.

(1.)

As he who slept and thought he lay alone,
A wanderer in a wilderness of fear,
His couch was rocky ground, his pillow stone,
Slept sick at heart, and knew not GOD was near;
So have I laid me down in lonely grief
Amid a dark and solitary land,
Nor knew that THOU wert there for my relief,
And that my heart was hidden in Thy hand.

And as he waked to find a vision fair,
Bethel and angels to his darkness given
By starry stairways reaching Love's abode;
So I who feared—whereas the Lord was there—
Awake to find my need the gate of heaven,
And this "none other than the house of GOD."

God-Sight.

(2.)

For if in darkness I am near Thy side,
And in my weakness strengthened by Thy grace,
If everlasting arms of comfort hide
Me and my doubts and fears in their embrace;
If Thou art mine so truly that Thy heart
Suffers with every pain I have to bear;
If my defence is ever where Thou art,
And Thou in everytime art everywhere;

Then is my heaven in my wilderness
My comfort constant thro' the wildest night.
Darkness is dear that manifests Thy light,
And need, that moves Omnipotence to bless.
So stands my triumph in my worst distress,
Since there Thy beauty dawneth on my sight.

"In due Season."

Give me the patience Thou alone canst give,
Grant me to learn Thy secret of content.
I want no gift but what Thy hand hath sent,
No life but what Thou callest me to live.
Teach me to wait. My hasty heart forgive,
Forbid that its impatience should prevent
The perfecting of Thy divine intent.
Beat out my chaff, for ever, in Thy sieve!

Thine is the Kingdom. Who and what are we?
Thine is the glory; Thine alone the power—
Thine, then, be all our being—every hour,
Each breath, each heartbeat, grant us constancy
Till proved worthy of Thy greatest dower—
Till "in due season" satisfied by Thee.

His Way.*

Oh Lord, we do not understand
As yet the fulness of Thy ways,
But, pilgrims to Immanuel's land,
At every step we'd sing Thy praise.

The path is sometimes lost to sight,
But Faith in darkness still can see;
We know Thy choice is ever right,
We gladly leave the choice to Thee.

We bless Thee for all trial past,
For trial taught us faith in Thee;
We bless Thee for our present need
And every trial yet to be.

We know Thy loveliest gifts are sent
Sometimes by messengers of pain;
Not only sun, Thy harvests need,
But also frost, and snow, and rain.

If most, in times of greatest need
Our longing prayer is fully heard,
Then would we claim Thine answer now
And stay our fainting hearts on GOD

To do Thy will is our desire,
To serve Thy kingdom our intent;
What matter desert, flood, or fire,
If we but walk where JESUS went?

*This hymn goes to the tune of Mary Morrison, by Maud V. White.

The Search Light of Posterity.

AS long as there are babies in the world the age of miracles will never cease.

All mothers surely know this.

To look at that dainty, breathing, moving creature lying in its curtained cot with its own energy and volition, its own world and life, its private joys and sorrows, pains and satisfaction—to look at it and think that a few months ago it had no existence and that to you and another its presence on earth is due, is to realize yourself in the presence of a miracle compared to which all but one other pale.

For this to which you have given birth is a life which will *go on*. How far? How long? And whither? Bearing what in its train? And with what consequences?

Before such questions as these who can stand?

But there is one more question even more overwhelming, a question every parent must face. It is the question, "Why does my child go thither? What in my past impels him either to rise or fall?"

Have you ever met that question, put not by your own spirit, not by any written or spoken word of GOD or man, but coming direct to you—clear as the cry of your babe, solemn as a voice from the dead—put by the innocent eyes of your new-born child?

* * *

He lay in my arms—so white, so small, so unutterably sweet. Only three weeks old, and a day or two; my firstborn, my wee boy. I was feeding him, and wondering for the thousandth

time at his manifold perfections, at the exquisitely finished workmanship of his tiny hands and chiselled features, at every line, every shade of colour, every detail of form, from the shell-pink of his finger nails, to the coral-tinted Cupid's bow of his upper lip.

He was looking here and there as babies do, with the uncertain vagrant glance of early infancy, when suddenly he turned his large blue eyes on me—collectedly, continuously, calmly.

With unspeakable interest and yearning I watched his study of my face, wondering how it looked to him ; thinking how often he would see it bending over him ; how he would come to know it, recognize it, love it ; how to him my poor features would be that heaven's index—GOD grant that heaven's light—his mother's face.

He had often looked at me before, but never so intently. Now he not only looked but seemed to see. There was no flash of intelligence in his gaze but a steady apprehension that gave one the sense of being criticized that you sometimes get when at a chance gathering or casual encounter you become aware of a stranger's eyes fixed upon you, deliberately examining and summing you up.

I felt that he was studying me, making up his mind about me, forming his opinion of my worth.

Those deep and earnest child eyes, calm, unflinching, grave, seemed full of the most solemn criticism.

No such gaze have I met before, penetrating, convincing, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,"—they looked me through and through.

"Who are you?" they seemed to say.

"What right had you to bring me?"

"Have you been holy, noble and strong?"

"Have you ever dared to sin?"

"If I am unholy, ignoble, is it you who have made me so?"

All this lay in that voiceless scrutiny. And more. Its main thought seemed, "What do I think of you? What is your worth in my estimate? Are you worthy? Have you been?"

I felt judged in that moment as I never recollect feeling judged before in my life. It was almost as if one stood before the great White Throne. The silence of eternity seemed round us. He made no sound, no movement, spoke no word. In his deep eyes there lay no gleam of recognition, no touch of sympathy, no hint of love. It was the cold calm scrutiny of an impartial judgment, unalterable, absolutely just.

Men talk of powerful preachers of sermons that convict, convince, reveal to souls their sin, their need of renovation. I have heard many sermons—hundreds, thousands—never one of such power as was contained in that minute's silent look. Never one that so arraigned the past before the bar and judgment of the future; never one that made me long more to be good.

All the unutterable love I bear him seemed small dust in his balance. It was not of emotion that his eyes spoke but of action. Not of present service, of past deed.

I felt that as he weighed me now, so would he in the coming years; as coldly and as calmly, estimating my worth.

Absolutely unbiased, uninfluenced by passion, focusing the search light of posterity on the record of my life, he seemed to

grasp the whole of it, the whole of me. And I knew by his decision must my honour stand or fall.

We feel GOD understands us, that He knows all our weakness, how we strove and bore, how earnestly we laboured, how hard things used to be. How little we succeeded we feel He understands and that he sympathizes with us in our failures, knowing our frame, remembering that we are dust. But coming generations have no pity. For the taint in their blood, the inherited weakness, inborn failure, hereditary bent to sin: for this they will not compassionate us. Unsparingly, unhesitatingly, rightly will they condemn.

With what unutterable gratitude will they bless us for the struggle and labour that made self-control and holiness easier to them. With what measure will they mete if they must judge. And when they find they love prayer and delight in the Bible; when they find their nature drives them to seek GOD; when they discover in themselves an absence of the angers and ill tempers which they see degrading others, their thankfulness to us will surely be but second to their thankfulness to GOD.

They will know assuredly who handed down to them the priceless possession of rest, love and vision—the calm content of a spirit at inward peace with GOD and satisfied with all He gives—a bliss in nature's silences, voices and boundless beauty—an eye that sees beyond the shreds of time and the small vexations of imperfect visible existence—a heart that knows the secret of living above circumstances in the presence and communion of GOD.

Only a Factory Girl.

IT is nearly midnight.

A damp, drizzling rain, falling chillily, is making the black mud of the pavements blacker and more slippery than ever. Surely there are no factory girls about the streets of the West End at this hour! Covering our white aprons that we may be less observed;—with damp clothes, bare hands, muddy, wet feet, and a general sensation of hopeless dilapidation, we tramp, umbrellaless, through the rain,—for our investigations are not yet complete.

The roads are getting darker. Shops are shutting up by degrees, and the costermongers are clearing away their stuff. The fitful glare of their almost burnt-out lamps falls on the strange and miserable scene. The narrow streets are full of refuse of every description: rags and bones, piles of decayed vegetables, bits of paper and scraps of food, bunches of straw, oyster-shells, rotten eggs, fish bones, etc., shot off the costermongers' barrows, are scattered heterogeneously in the mud. The strong exhalations of the steaming fish-shops almost overpower you as you walk along. Nobody seems to think of going to bed yet awhile. The theatres have just shut up, turning their occupants on to the streets—or, rather, into the public-houses. For at the close of the entertainments both actors and audience seek the nearest gin-palace, to discuss the play and to drink. Here, coming along round a dark corner, we meet a well-dressed woman. She is middle-aged, and decent in appearance, but staggering from side to side—quite drunk.

A little further on we come upon another who has evidently fallen a stage lower. Her clothes are shabby and torn; her face—bloated and red—tells its own tale. She is dancing about with a drunken man, to the music of a nigger minstrel band. Little children and young folks are looking on, laughing rudely at the pitiful spectacle of degraded womanhood. Then the music stops, and the minstrels themselves turn into the public-house, followed by the crowd.

How easily the well-used doors swing to and fro, giving us glimpses of the scene inside! Never more attractive than on such a night as this, the gin-palaces are very full just now. Hardly daring to enter their rowdy precincts ourselves, we pass from one to another, glancing in, unnoticed, in quest of factory girls. One rough working lad, thinking we were in quest of a friend, put his head out of the doorway and said in a kindly voice, "'E ain't 'ere, old gal! 'E's gorn home, 'e is." And seeing we still hesitated, he added "Never you mind *'im*, 'e ain't a-comin' back 'ere agen to-night. You jest come into the warm, ole gal, you an' yer mate!" We went "into the warm," and had not to look far to discover the objects of our search. Numbers of these young factory girls were there, some of them with quite pretty faces, half stupid with drink, and wholly unable to take care of themselves, hearing the vilest language, and surrounded by degrading and shameful sights. We have often wondered at the language and uncontrollable wildness of factory girls. After to-night's experience, we shall never wonder again, but rather marvel that, seeing their lives are such, and that such places are open to them nightly, they should ever be content to come to our evening classes and sit and sew and spell!

Out in the darkness again, in the same mud, and cold, and rain, and midnight, we follow a couple of girls (who look pretty much like ourselves) some distance down the street. Presently they fall in with a group of lads who are fencing and "larking" about in a low archway. The girls join in the affray, and then they all pass down the street together, shouting boisterous music-hall choruses as they go. The fitful gleam of the street lamps falls on the wretched and tumble-down tenements where these lads and lasses live. Is it any wonder, remembering the small, unwholesome, crowded rooms where they sleep at night, herded together in squalor and poverty, that these young people prefer the rainy, midnight darkness to their "homes"? None of them seem to entertain any idea of going to bed at present.

We turn from the main roadway into the network of narrow side streets. Most of the doors are shut here, but the inhabitants are not yet asleep. House after house we pass, from which come sounds of shouting and swearing and loud altercation. We stand and listen on a doorstep. The man is evidently drunk inside, and a woman in much the same condition is scolding him at the top of her piercing voice. Over the way, at an open door, another quarrel is going on. Half-a-dozen girls are standing about the steps watching a woman who, bare-headed and half clad, is crying in the rain.

* * *

What shall we say? How shall we draw the picture? How can we bring home to your hearts the sense of dumb pity and almost hopelessness that fills one in such a scene?

No one takes any notice of us as we stand here, under a black archway, listening. No one takes any notice of us as,

LUCY GUINNESS,
AS "ONLY A FACTORY GIRL."

weary and footsore with our long night's search, we pass through the narrow courts and alleys.

No one cares that we stand wet through and cold, with the chill rain beating on our bare hands and shabby clothing, at the entrance of an evil looking lane. Our companions are standing here too: other girls dressed as we are: unwilling, as we are—though for very different reasons—to go home.

We stand close to them. We listen to their talk. We notice them with lads no older than themselves, and with young men, at the street corners, here, in the darkness and midnight. *They* are not those unhappy girls whom a holy world casts out! They, and we are "respectable." Yet we are here, at this hour, alone!

Oh, friends, let us speak to you as if we were one with these girls! We will put ourselves in their place and *be* factory girls for the time.

Yes! No one cares that we stand here alone in the midnight! Our mothers do not come out to seek us. Very possibly they are drunk. If we stayed away all night, what would they care? Our friends—well, our friends are here with us. They seem no more anxious to go to their homes than we. They are here with us; some of them half tipsy, and wholly inclined to sin.—If we listen to *their* suggestions, we shall never go home again——!

Pardon, gentle reader! We did not mean to shock you. We only want to tell you of things as they ARE. We are only speaking to you the common everyday truth of a factory girl's life.

This is how we live, we factory girls!

In this atmosphere we move and have our being! What can lift us out of it? Who will say to us, "Give me thine hand,

and let me help thee rise" ? Sometimes—we have heard that sometimes—gentle ladies—a few of them—come together to talk about our need, so that perhaps they care ? Who knows ? What comes of it ? An evening class in a small room, perhaps, to which a few of us can go if we like ;—a summer treat in the fair, far-away "country" giving a handful of us a glimpse of GOD'S wee daisies and pure sky. Only—nothing more ! nothing *lasting !* no *relief !* No real help to make us different from what we are !

All the day long, all the year round, from early morning, standing ten hours a-day, with weary feet and aching limbs, we work in the din of the busy factory. Often hungry—*so* hungry—even for a bit of bread ! Often tired ; always ill-clad ; always poor ; always tempted to sin ; always unreasoning, ignorant, outcast, and despised, for no fault of our own, but that we were born to it—never at peace, and never satisfied ; intensely affectionate, yet unloved, except by those who would injure us ; unloved by those who could aid us if they would. *This* is how we live ! Since all the world is against us, turning against the world, and doing our best to be rowdy and wild and rough ;—borrowing fine clothes with the little money we earn, and wearing them proudly to go out with our chaps ;—swearing—fighting—shouting in the street—dancing the can-can, and getting dead drunk on every Bank holiday ;—

Thousands of us live that way !

"Only a factory girl" people say when they see us misbehave.

"Only a factory girl," and they pass on.

"*Only a factory girl*" ?—But that means *Something !*

Sometimes—once a year or so—we look up at the stars. They make us think of what we hear tell of heaven. . . .

Not much chance of our getting *there* at this rate? . . . Besides, who cares whether we get there or not? . . . Somebody made those stars, though, and teacher used to say, "*He* careth for you."

Does He?

* * *

Does He,—Christian women? *Does* He care for them? Can He have compassion on them that are out of the way? Does *He* trouble, think you, about these factory girls?

CHRIST! *Dost Thou* CARE?

* * *

"Then shall the King answer and say unto them, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. *Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to ME.*'"

From "Only a Factory Girl," published 1886.

"Mountains of God."

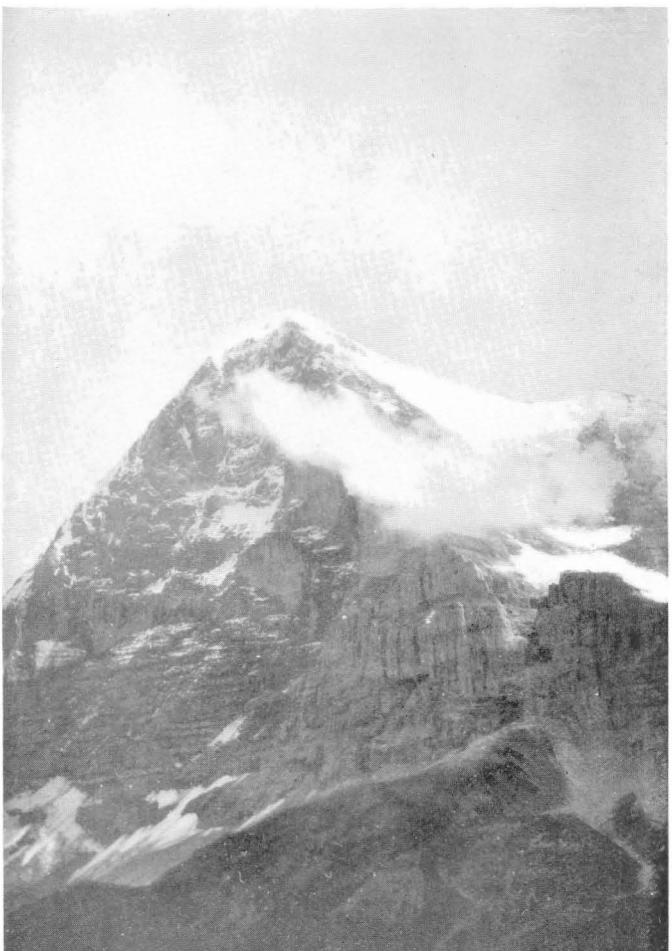
Two voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice ;
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !

WORDSWORTH.

FAR from the noise and hurrying of the city, the bustle of our streets, rush of railways, thronging thoroughfares, congested slums, and whirl of business ; far from the ceaseless activities of society and fashion, science, art, and learning, trade and commerce, religion, legislation, and politics ; "far from the madding crowd," and the perpetual motion of the million-peopled modern metropolis, stand the Alps in their simplicity and grandeur, so beautiful and stainless that they seem to belong to another world than ours.

GOD has His school of solitude. Some of His secrets are only learnt from the stupendous silences of nature—the black abyss of midnight with its electric stars, the solemn majesty of mountain summits.

Stand here on this rock platform, 10,000 feet above sea-level. Dim cloudland, miles away, blots out the rushing glacier-torrent, and the spired villages nestling among their pine-woods in the valley. On every side are ranged the ancient mountains, covered from peak to base with everlasting snow, standing as they have stood since time began, round their ice-floored amphitheatre—white giants, mighty preachers of unseen realities. Have they not a message for us, a demonstration of the infinite—wholly impossible to express in human language, yet grasped by human souls ?



A Mountain Summit.

Silent, majestic, immense, they stand there; illimitable, stainless blue behind them; seas, sweeping slopes, piled masses, and square-split splendours of shining white before. You turn from the near northern monarch, Piz Palu, to the brilliant Piz Bernina and the huge lustrous dome of the Morteratsch beyond—following the black rock ramparts, walls and ridges, and the rough-hewn craters, whose wilderness *débris* of centuries of avalanches lies sheeted in snow-shrouds. Rifted peaks and jagged tooth-projections bite the blue. Straight as an arrow, along the keen knife-edge *arrêt*, the light lies like a thread of gleaming silver.

Oh, the long shadows—dim, tender, exquisite—that melt and change and vanish, here grey and yonder blue—the very blue of the far skies behind them—shooting in streaks along ice-precipices, or lying softly, shadows within shadows, on the rounded shoulders of massed-up glacier snows!

With a dull rumble, as of distant thunder, an avalanche—a snow-mist like a cloud of sweeping steam—rushes down the white upper-world, from shadow into sunshine, to a precipice edge and over—lost! . . . A half-minute's mountain-wraith. Then silence. A broken track behind it, the roadway that it took, and all is past.

Crevasses are hidden in the snow-slope here beside you. White and unbroken snow lies on the surface. Below the ice-axe plunges into unfathomable depths.

The stillness is intense. The very air seems frozen. As far as eye can reach there is no trace of life, except the starlike *edelweiss* glinting here and there among rock-boulders. Solemnity and silence press in and close around you.

This amphitheatre of everlasting snow—a lonely, ancient

world above the world, timeless, uninhabitable, untrodden, unpossessed—overflows with unutterable glory. You stand in the presence of a majesty and power wholly transcending language.

Up the white stairway of these scintillating summits thought climbs to their CREATOR. Indescribable, divine, they stand there, eloquent of Him and of humanity's nothingness. "Who are you then?" they say. "What does it matter? What does anything, any pain, any need matter? There is . . . there is GOD! There is ETERNITY, IMMENSITY, INFINITUDE."

You seem in the presence of the Great White Throne. The ANCIENT of DAYS is here. Far below—oh, how far!—lies the world with its bustle and crowding, its grime and poverty. Earthly ambitions, strifes, and cares sink strangely in this PRESENCE. Statesmen and conquerors seem puny, struggling atoms. All men, all nations narrow into insignificance, while the Silent Voices of the mountains ring clear and ever clearer.

Oh, to stay here listening, learning, growing up to understand the message of their magic loveliness! Deep into your soul it sinks, never to be forgotten. "There is ETERNAL HOLINESS. There is a changeless POWER and stainless PURITY, far above the sorrow and sinning of the world. These are the real things, these alone the real things. GOD . . . GOD! . . . He has room . . . He has time. . . . He has means. . . . He has purposes. . . . And He has need of *thee*."

From "The Marathon of To-day," published 1894.

Ant-Heroes.

NATURE most exquisitely pictures lives sacrificed to save. An eminent naturalist tells us that in the course of his woodland rambles he came to "a little stream in a wood, straight down to the edge of which a long string of ants were steadily making their way. When they got to the edge of the water they came to a sudden halt. The forces behind pressed forward, the ranks in front stood still, and the crowd grew dense and surging. The brook was flowing down-hill, and far too rapidly to be crossed in the usual way, and for a time all seemed to be at a nonplus. But before long a plan was devised, and at once carried out. Hooking themselves together, each to each, apparently by their feet, they formed a long chain, which was carried by the current obliquely across to the other shore, and so, by degrees, almost all landed in safety, the chain being dragged in as the last of the troop reached *terra firma*, after the rest of the great body had marched over the floating bridge of their comrades. A few of the leaders were knocked about by the tiny waves, and not a few were drowned; but these, like true patriots, seemed to give up their lives with willing ardour, and whenever any links of the chain were washed away, some brave travellers at once filled up the gap, and the transit went on across the living pontoon.

"On another occasion," he continues, "a long train of larger ants came, in their march, to a little shallow brook of greater width, and then the difficulty was solved pretty much in the same way, but at the loss of a much greater number. In this

case, after a short consultation, a plan was resolved on, and at once put into practice. A double or treble row of ants marched deliberately into the water, and made their way as far as they could on or under the surface of the water, after and over whom followed a second and a third row, until a firm and compact layer was formed up to the opposite shore, and over the bodies of their dead and drowned companions the whole army marched until all had crossed. Hundreds of tiny creatures thus gave up their lives for the good of the nation, to carry out a plan on which all must have been consulted, and which all must have so far understood that each one was ready to do his part in it."

"In Surinam," says M. Merian, "when the larger ants wish to emigrate, they make a living bridge in this fashion: one fixes himself on to a piece of wood, or bough of a tree, by means of his mandibles; a second hooks himself on to the first, a third to the second, and so on, until a long chain is formed, and blows about with the wind, or on the surface of the water, until by good fortune it touches the opposite shore, where it is at once made fast, the bridge is built, and the whole army cross over to the new land."

Not only in the ant-world is there need of a living bridge across which myriads may escape engulfing ruin and enter a new land. The same Mind that taught insect-instinct self-devotion taught the Galilean fishers long ago. The heart that leads ant-heroes to lay down their atom lives laid down its own—"*My flesh . . . for the life of the world.*"

Do we possess this devotion? Is it not too true that, as a friend of the Salvation Army writes, if the Evangelist Luke were describing modern instead of primitive Christianity, he would have to vary the phraseology of Acts iv. 32-35 somewhat as follows:—

"And the multitude of them that professed were of hard heart and stony soul, and every one said that all the things which he possessed were his own; and they had all things in the fashion. And with great power gave they witness to the attractions of this world and the love of gold, and great selfishness was upon them all. And there were many among them that lacked love, for as many as were possessors of land bought more, and sometimes gave a small part thereof for the public good; so their names were heralded in the newspapers, and distribution of praise was made to every one according as he desired."

Is it not true that most of us know little of the dying that alone can bring forth fruit? Instead of always "bearing about in the body the putting to death of the LORD JESUS, that the life also of JESUS might be manifest in our body," do we not rather carry with us a flourishing self-interest, which manifests our own desires and aims more plainly by far than those of JESUS CHRIST?

What do the earthly paradises mean with which so many Christians surround themselves—the rich furniture, luxurious appointments, and new fashionable modern *suites?* How is it that *articles de vertu,* accumulations of plate, ornaments and jewellery, costly dress, expensive establishments are found among us, while thousands are destitute, ill-clad, and half-starved in our great cities? Why are missionary societies hindered for lack of money from sending out their waiting candidates, while "if our Gospel be veiled, it is veiled *to them that are perishing*"?

Never shall I forget in a West London drawing-room—where the brilliant night illumination fell on ladies in *décolleté* velvets and handsome evening dress, who had driven for the most part in their own carriages, and thrown off opera cloaks

and the richest furs as they arrived to attend a Bible reading—never shall I forget looking round on the assembly, on the flashing diamonds, the richly-enamelled walls, the valuable pictures, china, and magnificent appointments of the house, and then, while a vision of East London's courts and alleys, with their hunger, dirt, drink, rags, and sin, swept like a bitter wave across my heart, hearing the hymn-lines given out by our host—

> "*Oh, how will recompense His smile*
> *The sufferings of this little while!*"

The radiant scintillation of heavy diamond rings seen at missionary meetings; the "two thousand dollar choirs" in American city churches; the flood of wealth squandered in ecclesiastical decoration, flowers, painted windows, architecture, and music; the greater flood of wealth devoted to personal luxuries and amusements by professing Christians—do these things look as if we had obeyed the law, "Seek ye first the kingdom of GOD"? Do they look as if we knew much of the *Via sacra Via dolorosa*, where CHRIST'S *lux vitæ* shines?

"You know," said a Church member in the Western States to me, after a missionary meeting, "we have home needs to attend to! And doesn't the Bible say, '*Remember number one*'?" The general smile that greeted this quotation showed the speaker he was wrong somewhere, and he hastily corrected himself—"Oh no, I didn't mean that! I referred to the text where it says, '*Charity begins at home.*'"

But that text also would be hard to find.

We have not, perhaps, spent much in luxuries, not having much to spend, but is our spirit different from that of Israel, that let GOD'S house lie waste while each man cared for his

own ? Well may the old cry ring to us across two past millenniums—"*Is it time for you, oh ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and my house to lie waste?*" We are too much as Israel was. Our aims have been too self-centred, our lives too much our own. We have given to the LORD, but in view of redemption, of eternity, and of the perishing, have we given in due proportion ? Has our mind been that of JESUS who "emptied Himself"? Has our thought been as His thought—"all the world" ?

"He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of *the whole world.*"

"GOD so loved *the world* . . . that *the world* through Him might be saved."

"Reconciling *the world* unto Himself."

"Behold the Lamb of GOD, which taketh away the sin of *the world.*"

"My flesh . . . for the life of *the world.*"

Oh to be universalists in the Divine sense, that the world through us might be saved !

From "Lost Lives," published 1892.

"I will seek that which was Lost."

"I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick . . . . I Myself will feed My sheep, and will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord . . . . They shall be no more consumed with hunger."—Ezek. xxxiv. 16, 15, 29.

"I will give you shepherds according to Mine own heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."—Jer. iii. 15.

"I do send thee unto them."—Ezek. ii. 4.

WE were sitting in the study at Harley House, drawing up the monthly prayer-roll of our Missionary Union. We had come to South America.

"Three days are by far too much to give South America," proclaimed the general verdict.

"Remember how large it is," ventured a special pleader.

"Hardly any population," replied the chairman of committee.

"Thirty-seven millions seem a good many? Besides, how dark they are!"

"Well, we might give them one day; the need is very great," the general verdict granted.

"But it is so large! Why not one day for the northern States and the Guianas, one day for the four great republics of the west, and one for the south and Brazil?"

"*No* one will understand these names," was the emphatic answer. "'Venezuela'! But where is Venezuela? And 'Bolivia'! Who knows anything about it? '*English Guiana, French Guiana, Dutch Guiana*'! You will frighten folk away."

HARLEY HOUSE, BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.

So the resolution passed. South America was cut down to one day, its lands and needs included in the abbreviation "Brazil, etc."

The scene was typical. It was the modern missionary world in miniature. Half a century ago Allen Gardiner wrote with a heavy heart: "While efforts to spread Christianity in other parts of the world are carried on with vigour, all animation dies when South America is but hinted at. Collective voices seem to say with a soft murmur, 'It is the natural inheritance of Pope and pagan—let it alone.'"

* * *

It was probably natural that amid the urgent claims of heathendom, newly opened to evangelistic effort, our century of missions should have overlooked this sphere. Absorbed by the needs of Africa, India, China, and other pagan lands, we have thought of South America as at least nominally Christian, and have said, "Let us go first to the most needy." But this has been a mistake, arising in great part from ignorance. Increasing acquaintance with this continent has taught us that its people are as needy as any in heathendom. True, they have Roman Catholicism; monks in grey and black and brown walk the streets of their cities, and crosses and churches abound; but, as a recent writer says, the religion preached and practised is "only idolatry cloaked—and very little cloaked—under a few Christian names and phrases."

"Rome does hold up CHRIST? Yes, but what CHRIST does Rome hold up? A helpless infant in a mother's arms, a helpless man hanging dead upon a Cross, a wafer in a priest's hand. An unattainable CHRIST, except as brought by priest and mother; not a living, risen, present SAVIOUR of men."

Test this religion by its fruits. Does it set free from sin? Only the pure in heart see GOD, and whatever Romanism has done for the 37,000,000 of South America it has not made them *this*. How can it, since it keeps from them the truth which sanctifies?

* * *

"When we are asked," writes Mr. Milne, "the reason for the existing difference between Anglo-Saxon and Latin America, our explanation is, that it is not, as most are ready to affirm, a matter of race, but one of principle. With the Bible in their hands, and because of the Bible, the English immigrants passed over to America to found the most powerful States of the world. In these States we have the pledge and proof of what Latin America might and would have been, had the foundation been laid the same. . . .

"The calcined ashes and half-burnt masses of hair of her noblest sons, who, with the Bible in their hands, and because of the Bible, laid down their lives at the stake on the Quemadero de la Cruz, testify that Spain herself could have supplied the men. Had *they* been allowed to escape and lay the foundation of South America, instead of hordes of adventurers with insatiable thirst for gold and rapine, how vastly different would have been its condition to-day!

"What has South America not lost?"

But the Book is not lost! We hold it in our hands. And its power for South America is the same as for us.

"Often," writes Señor Penzotti from Peru, "when weary with the work of the day, canvassing the mining districts or saltpetre works with a bundle of Bibles, and holding services at night, my heart has been rejoiced in the midst of the fatigue to see that GOD so prospered the work. . . . At Taltal I met a man who had been truly converted by a simple reading of a New Testament dug from the ruins of a house which had been destroyed by a tidal wave."

Do we not owe this Book to South America? Millions there can read, and have but little literature to satisfy their

newly-wakened craving for mental food. Should we not circulate the Scriptures among them far and wide ?

Few lands challenge Christendom to-day with such imperative appeal as this neglected continent. Is there no meaning in the fact that He Who has commanded us to " preach the Gospel to every creature," has during our own day thrown down the papal domination that closed South America to missions a few years back ? We watch His hand in providence opening heathen countries, and we rise with joyful confidence to obey the great commission, as one by one India, Japan, China, Central Africa, and even hermit Korea and Thibet, are for the first time in the history of the world placed within our reach. Shall we not recognize the same Hand doing the same work here ? Shall we not rise from ages of neglect to exercise the same love, prayers and labour for this land as for those ? Who overthrew the Popish rule of Spain in Paraguay in 1811, in Venezuela and Ecuador in 1830, in Colombia in 1819, in Chili a year before, and Peru three years later, in the Argentine in 1853, Uruguay 1825, and Bolivia in 1880 ? Who overturned the papal régime of Portugal in Brazil in 1822 ? Who led to the proclamation of religious liberty at the same dates in eight out of these ten republics, and to the recent disestablishment of Romanism in Brazil ? Is there no purpose behind the providence that has hidden some of the richest mineral wealth of the world in these republics, and is opening them up, in our own day, by over 50,000 miles of telegraph lines, and by railways that extend in Brazil already 6,657 miles, in the Argentine 8,023 miles, and 1,127 miles in Peru alone ?

The treaty of 1861, between the latter country and Brazil, arranged that full liberty of communication should be granted

through the whole course of the Amazon; steamers now ply regularly between the Atlantic and the base of the Andes (within 220 miles of Callao, on the Pacific), thus giving access to the eastern half of the three great republics of Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru.* The heart of the continent, and its remotest regions, are to-day within reach and freely open.

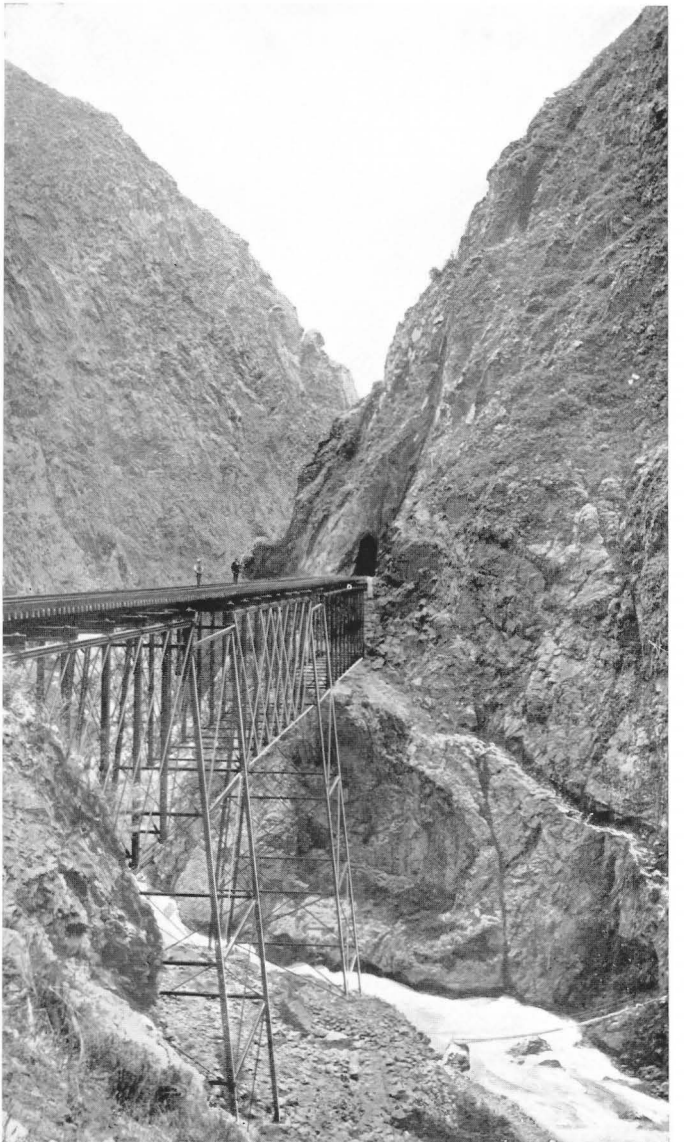
Possibly a few years back we might have been excused for leaving South America unreached: the continent was closed to Christian effort. To-day a change has come, that calls for change in us. Are we prepared to meet the summons of the hour?

We owe these long-forgotten souls the tidings of the Gospel. Our LORD commands that His Word be given "to every creature" here. GOD'S love warrants it. CHRIST'S death demands it. The HOLY SPIRIT is here to enable us for it. A lost world pleads for it. And we, by our own redemption, are debtors to obey.

* * *

As these pages go to press, the glory of Easter sunshine floods the cities, towns, and hamlets of our island home. Millions are rejoicing in its radiance, young and old, learned and unlettered, upright and erring alike. And among them tens of thousands, conscious of Easter's meaning, Easter's resurrection power, rejoice yet more in the LORD of Easter Day, of whose glory this outward sunshine, even with all its splendour, is but a faint and fleeting symbol. Thousands are echoing the song of the first Easter—"*The Lord is risen*

*Means of communication throughout South America have been extended since this was written, and religious liberty granted to all the Republics except Peru, making the next sentence still more forcible.—ED.



THE CHAUPICHACA BRIDGE ON THE OROYA RAILWAY, PERU.

indeed!"—realizing the joy, the deliverance and salvation that His resurrection has brought.

In the south-western world beyond the blue Atlantic, Easter sunshine falls more brightly than in our island home. But how few there know the thrilling strength and gladness of the first Easter greeting—how few have caught even an echo of the tidings, "The LORD is *risen indeed!*" While our land rings with hallelujahs from souls set free from sin, thirty-seven million men and women in South America stand sin-bound in the shadow that covered Calvary. For them it is still "the sixth hour." Gloom of the wrath of GOD against transgression still darkens all their earth. No news has ever reached them that in that Calvary shadow the sins of the whole world were lost. If their eyes seek the SAVIOUR, they either seek in vain, or see dimly a dead CHRIST in the darkness. And in their last extremity appealing—helpless, ruined—"*Lord, remember me!*" the only answer that meets them is the prospect of the leaping lash of Purgatory's fierce fires and lingering pain. The pitiful and tender "*with Me in Paradise,*" is for them still unuttered. And JESUS' "*It is finished*"—the final triumph-peal of an achieved Redemption—is as if it had not been.

Yet over South America GOD breathes an Easter blessing. For South America's salvation JESUS rose. He will yet fulfil His promise—"*I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and strengthen that which was sick. . . . I Myself will feed My sheep, and will cause them to lie down . . . they shall no more be consumed with hunger.*"

"CHRIST is risen! He is risen!
He hath left the rocky prison,
And the white-robed angels glimmer 'mid the cerements of His grave;
He hath smitten with His thunder
Every gate of brass asunder;
He hath burst the iron fetters—irresistible to save."

But how? How does He do it?

Through human hearts and hands.

*When the disciples parting from Him, looked up to ask, "LORD, wilt Thou at this time restore the Kingdom? Wilt Thou complete Thy triumph and subdue Thy enemies?" He for reply looked down, and laid the work on them and their successors to all time. "Ye shall receive power . . . ye shall be My witnesses unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Still, in view of the whole world's need, does He repeat that sentence. Still does He lay on us that charge.

"LORD, wilt Thou save the world? Wilt Thou assert Thine authority and bring the nations to Thyself?"

What is the answer—the answer for all the ages?

JESUS bent over them and said, "VE."

* * *

For when 1,800 years ago He promised to "seek that which was lost," He meant that He would seek them through us,—meant that His Spirit should move us to help them.

Has He yet helped South America through you?

From "South America, the Neglected Continent," published in 1894.

---

*See "THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST, IS IT OURS?" by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce, pp. 16, 17.

The Opium Curse and Conflict.

This article was first published in 1894, and some paragraphs have been necessarily omitted as quite out of date. Nevertheless, the Chinese still groan beneath the shame and suffering caused by the Opium trade, and although its Government has resolved to suppress the practice of Opium-smoking within ten years, England has not yet come effectively to China's aid in this matter, and continues to derive a revenue of about £3,000,000 from a traffic which is ruining millions in the East. Every effort ought to be made to strengthen the British Government to give practical effect to the resolution passed in the House of Commons in May, 1906 :—

> "That this House re-affirms its conviction that the Indo-Chinese Opium trade is morally indefensible, and requests His Majesty's Government to take such steps as may be necessary for bringing it to a speedy close."

Until these steps are taken, the force of this appeal is not spent.—ED.

WHAT of the Slaves of Opium? How many in life's battle have gone down before that foe?

Only GOD who looks from His calm heaven upon this wheeling globe, its western half bound by the drink crave, and its east by the opium curse—only He who has loved and is saving its lost souls through CHRIST JESUS, and through us, knows the abyss that lies behind that question and its answer.

He sees the poppy poison, whose use, except for medicinal purposes,* is prohibited by common consent in every Christian

* Pharmacy Act, 1868. It is unlawful in the United Kingdom to sell opium unless it be labelled "poison," and marked with the address of the seller. The name and address of the buyer is to be registered with the name and quantity of poison sold, and the purpose for which it is wanted. The purchaser is to sign register, penalties from £5 to £10 being imposed for neglecting any of these details. In the Pharmacy Act, Opium appears in the same schedule with arsenic, prussic acid, strychnine, and chloroform. No English chemist will sell it without a doctor's order.

country, scattered by "Christian" England in the heathen East. He sees it doing in China, as Mr. Hudson Taylor has said, "more harm in one week than all the good the missionaries are doing in a year"; sees the wrecked homes and ruined victims, the women and young girls sold to lives of agony and shame for its sake, and kept in bondage through its slavery. He knows each one among the scores of thousands who year by year in China free themselves through opium suicide from the unendurable bondage of heathenism's sufferings, tenfold intensified by this curse. He sees the vice beginning to take root in our Indian Empire, the dingy hidden "dens," sickly with poison fumes, crowded by men and women in all stages of opium stupor, young and old lying together in the obscure semi-darkness, some emaciated by the habit almost to skeletons, and even little children insensible among them, drugged in these human shambles.† He sees the great provinces of China . . . . . GOD sees them all covered from end to end with the black blight of opium. He hears their people execrate the CHRIST of the poison-bringing foreigners, and call the seductive drug "*Jesus-Opium.*" And the nation's

† "In the centre of the room, which had no windows, and was very dark, was a small charcoal fire, which cast a lurid light on the faces of the men and women lying in a circle like pigs in a sty. . . . I went from room to room, and counted 117 persons, of both sexes, on the ground floor alone, in various stages of Opium stupor. Green hands could get drunk for a penny, or less, but by degrees more Opium is needed, and the callous keeper of this hideous den showed us men who 180 drops of thick Opium, mixed with tobacco, hardly sufficed to intoxicate. . . . I have been in East End gin palaces, I have seen men in various stages of delirium tremens, I have visited many idiot and lunatic asylums, but I have never seen such horrible destruction of GOD'S image in the face of man as I saw in the Government Opium dens of Lucknow."—W. S. CAINE, M.P.

bitter wail expressed by a Chinese scholar—"I don't know if there be a heaven, but I know that there is a hell, for China has been a hell ever since you brought the opium to us"—that cry goes up to Him.

All this GOD sees to-day, as fifty years ago He was witness of the wars that make our country infamous to all time, wars by which we forced the fetters of opium slavery upon a helpless heathen race, and at the bombardment of Canton, riddled with British shells the narrow, crowded streets of the Chinese city, till the gutters ran with blood. In the moral world He sees our opium trade involving an equally awful war, a silent but terribly effectual bombardment, a successful assailment of virtue in countless human lives. And as China's poor defences fell before our cannon's fire, the moral bulwarks of her people—their cold and powerless Confucianist maxims, their vows and earnest resolutions—utterly useless in such a fight, go down broken and disabled, while through the breach we pour a flood of iniquity.

* * *

And GOD looks further and deeper. He sees the Chinese Churches, whose members have just risen from blank heathenism into a dawning vision of the free and stainless life that JESUS gives His own, knowing, as we cannot, the secret vice of opium, exclude without exception from the LORD'S table those who take, sell, or grow the drug. He sees the opium refuges and the long, awful struggle of victims trying to break free, their "watering eyes, aching bones, and insatiable craving, clenched fists and writhing agony," too often wholly vain. In the inexorable grasp of a habit, which many a time, even after such fight as this, forces the ex-slave back again

to the old shameful sin, they are alienated from His heart of love, and wander in moral midnight, "drawn unto death."

* * *

All this—all this, GOD sees.

Stroke after stroke has fallen of His great judgments:—The INDIAN MUTINY* costing £38,000,000, and sufferings untold, besides increasing our army expenditure by £6,000,000 a year;† the AFGHAN WAR by which an added burden of £8,000,000 was inflicted on the Indian Treasury,‡ and in which the whole of our troops, numbering 4,000 fighting men, with 12,000 camp followers, were annihilated, only one man escaping to tell such a story of shame and suffering as no British messenger had ever told before. Is there no awful JUSTICE behind the lack of temperance reform in our own country?§

*Concerning the Indian Mutiny, Mr. Mander in his very valuable pamphlet, "Our Opium Trade with China," said:—"It may surprise your readers to learn that the great Indian Mutiny was really due to this very traffic." Startling as this statement may be, it rests on no less authority than that of Sir Henry Lawrence; who, in a letter to Lord Canning, attributed the discontent which led to the mutiny not to greased cartridges, but to the General Service Enlistment Oath, which was administered to the Bengal army.

"This 'General Service Order' disgusted and alarmed them, because crossing the sea involved a breach of caste. It was issued by Lord Canning, because he wanted troops for China to serve in the 'Lorcha Arrow' war, which sprang directly from the Opium traffic."

† See Lord Auckland's finance minute, *National Righteousness*, July, 1892. Our first opium war with China and the war with Afghanistan took place at the same time, 1838—41.—See *Ibid.*, p. 20.

‡ The army expenditure, which before the Mutiny had not exceeded £12,000,000, has since averaged over £18,000,000, and has up to the present time swallowed up every shilling of our opium revenue.

§ Why is it that in England we are so far behind the States in this respect? Great Britain and the Netherlands, the most drunken countries in the world, both traffic in opium with Eastern Asia. How

Is there no judgment to be traced in the financial crises that during the last few years have swept from us more than £50,000,000*† sterling of our hoarded national wealth as silently and completely as if some unseen hand had taken it away before our eyes ?

England is very busy, piling into her treasuries year by year over three million pounds of opium revenue—the very price of blood—justifying herself by the burglar's argument that if we don't ruin China someone else will, or she will ruin herself.

GOD sees, and He keeps silence.

Meeting all this He watches the earnest efforts of the little group who have prayed and wept and toiled, and appealed and exposed chicanery, and who have been rewarded by seeing the enemy shift his position when one defence had fallen. Through that weak handful, almost overwhelmed, GOD knows His SPIRIT working, and knows that in their labour is the strength of the Eternal, and that it cannot fail. Beyond toil and ridicule He sees the ultimate achievement, when, by the life and love and omnipotence of CHRIST JESUS, in spite of an inert public and multitudinous misrepresentations, in spite of pro-opium commissions, parliamentary majorities,

---

can a righteous Providence put such a priceless blessing as that of temperance reform into our right hand, while with our left we are spreading a worse form of intemperance among the heathen ?

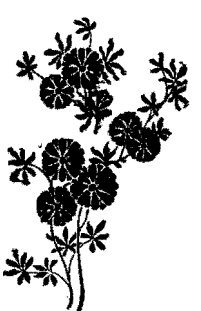
*† Let readers call to mind the BARING financial disaster, the LIBERATOR and other BUILDING SOCIETIES' failure, the DOCKS' STRIKE and consequent disturbance to our Trade and Shipping interests, the AUSTRALIAN BANKS' failure, and above all the recent COAL STRIKE, when 600,000 men were out of work for six or seven weeks continuously, and they will see that this estimate instead of being overstated is very much below the mark.

and Indian Government reforms, this iniquity will be for ever swept away.

For that day He is waiting. For the hastening of that day He looks on—you and me.

O fellow travellers across the plain of life, listen at this midnight to the great cry of China and Eastern Asia—of nearly half the population of the world affected or threatened by this curse! Look up through the solemn darkness where in the infinite vault of heaven GOD'S white stars are preaching to us the realities of that Eternity in which we all shall stand before the Bar of the Supreme Commission. Do you not hear Him asking even now as He will then, "Wast thou among those who endeavoured to let those oppressed go free? In this battle didst thou fulfil thy part?"

From "The Marathon of To-day," published in 1894.



India.

(1) In Bombay.

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue and staring—
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear one o'er the field path, who is past all hope or caring,
To the ghât below the curling wreaths of smoke.
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother lowly—
Call on Rama, he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
With our hymn books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid good Christian men rejoice!

Kipling.

INDIA, India, India! How one falls in love with it! The busy, bright folk—every varied sort and kind; dignified and dirty, richly clad and naked, servile and proud, conjurer and devotee; brilliantly dressed ladies, and gruesome naked beggars protruding deformed limbs,—impossible to count them, describe them, write them down; inevitable to wonder at and love them all!

We have only just landed. Fleeing the hotel I have found my way down to the beach, and am sitting scribbling to you with the grey incoming tide of Back Bay before me, a few last sunset clouds hanging over the Indian Ocean, and the green heights of Malabar Hill opposite across the water, grey in the fast falling twilight. Parsee priests, venerable in long white flowing garments, and Romanists in black gowns, and all manner of Bombay people, in all manner of costumes, from the habits of the *Mem Sahibs* cantering along the sandy beach, to the scant inches of apron worn by minute brown bairns, pass across this oriental scene, under the evening star, hung far above like a lamp in the cloudless blue.

I am writing now by moonlight. The flame-line along the

sea horizon is slowly dying out. The four-faced handsome clock-tower has just struck six, and the great city behind me, ending another hot December day, begins to feel the benediction of the soft, warm evening wind, stealing down the *Maidan*, as they call this sea-front with its grassy links. Stars come out one by one, strange stars that look on India—on the 800,000 of Bombay, lying here rife just now with the plague, and on the 300,000,000 of the Empire, stretching away, away . . . the Empire which, a single land under a single Queen, comprises one-fifteenth of the area of the habitable globe and one-fifth of the human race.

Oh, how unutterable it is! These people! These multitudes of people! One begins faintly to realize what missionary work must mean; missionary work, that singular undertaking, which is either the most astoundingly impudent and foolish and hopeless thing in the world, or else the sublimest service which human hands can touch. Think of it for a moment. An hour's steam run from this beach would bring you to the great cave-temple of Elephanta, hewn out 1,000 years ago, and haunted by the memory of centuries of Hindu worship :—

"As the travellers enter its gloomy depths, the desolate silence wraps them round with a heavy, irresistible oppression. So dreary are the shadowy spaces, so hopeless the massive rock-hewn columns, so daunting the immovable weight of the darkly impending roof, that the visitors can hardly rouse themselves to find out what manner of place they are in. . . . With eyes growing used to the darkness they gaze awhile in silence; till the immovable expression of the colossal countenances"—the figures and histories of the Hindu gods carved—"above them seems to cast a spell on their vague imaginings, and to carry away their minds as captives into a mythic region of ancient fable where the light is more dim, the shadows are more confused than even in the gloomy depths of this abysmal rock-hewn temple."

Those ancient Hindu fables and the philosophies connected with them have ruled this immense empire for 3,000 years, and to-day rule in India over 200,000,000 minds. Is not the programme of Christianity that lies behind foreign missions astounding? To attack and overthrow the faith thus enshrined for ages, the hoary faith that is the creed of four out of every seven of the inhabitants of the British Empire; that Hinduism which "terrifies the sinner by its long list of interdictions and punishments—'commit not this or that offence, lest you suffer the torments of awful hells; lest you be born again in some lower condition; kill not, lest you become a dog; steal not, lest you become a rat; restrain your worst appetites and passions, lest you become an impure devil or malignant devil in your next state of existence:'" to substitute for fears like these the love made known by JESUS, is it not sublime service, an end worth living for?

* * *

Last night on the hotel verandah we saw a native funeral pass, such a strange picture—warm Indian darkness shrouding the wide boulevard and tropical trees, white electric light flinging heavy shadows on the motley dresses of the passers-by; and then the sudden break of a little group hurrying forward, singing as they bear their heavy burden on their shoulders down the road. The dead is wrapped in a simple cloth—no attempt at a coffin, only a gaily-coloured shroud—and goes, accompanied by a strange monotonous song, rather a cry than a song, "Ram is true! Ram is true! Ram the great is true!" to the burning ghâts by the sea.

We passed them the other evening. Driving along the sea front we came to a long wall, where at a half-open gate a lurid

flare of red light struck out across the road. Great fires were burning inside, and wondering what it could be, we stopped to look. It was the burning ghât of the Hindus; a large space, I should think, of several acres, with people standing close along the wall (mourners come to see the last of their loved ones), and in the centre an extraordinary vision—great piles of wood alight and flaming against the black night sky, weird, unclad figures moving darkly among them, heaping up fuel, stirring the fires, and shouting at their work. In each pyre a corpse was being consumed. We stood there for a moment, and then passed out into the quiet darkness under the stars.

"*Rama is true! Rama is true*"! It echoes across India in every Hindu dirge. With a falsehood ringing round them our brothers pass away. What thousands are being carried to these ghâts during the plague! What thousands will be carried there during the next few months! How many of these thousands have died as they have lived, "without hope, without GOD!"

(2) BETWEEN FOUR HEATHENDOMS.

Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?—HAGGAI.

Under "the roof of the world," amid its tossing land-storm, caught and fixed in mighty hills and valleys, I am sitting on the summit of Observatory Hill, with Darjeeling's pretty scattered homes at my feet.

It is early morning, fresh and cold. The market place is waking, the medley of its noises comes drifting up with the hammering of house-builders near by. The busy mountain people are already at their tasks—women and little children carrying, like the men, heavy loads of stone, wood, grain, and

THE KINCHINJANGA RANGE FROM DARJEELING.

what not, up the steep hill paths—patient toiling beasts of burden who, with their high cheek bones, narrow dark eyes, yellow skin, lank hair hanging in long plaits, and short, thick-set figures, remind one irresistibly of China.

North of us a sea of cloud covers the whole of Sikkim, and beyond and above rise the everlasting snows, half hidden by a shifting delicate cloud veil ; visible, then vanishing, till the grey screen breaks again and the majesty of Kinchinjanga flashes through, across fifty miles of country, as if it were close by.

Here on the hill-top lies a lonely tomb, the grave of some Buddhist devotee, who sought the mountains to escape the world. But what arrests one's thought is not the rough white shrine later generations have made of his resting place, not the picturesque little town at our feet, not even the wonder of the mountains ; it is the mute plea of hundreds of little paper prayer flags hanging in festoons from tree to tree, the thought that this fluttering silent appeal to the Unseen rises from countless hill-tops stretching away, away—north throughout beautiful Sikkim hidden below this sea of mist, away beyond the shining wall of the Himalayas, past lonely Buddhist monasteries among the mountains, past villages and heathen shrines and scattered hamlets, on into Thibet and across that lonely tableland of 652,000 square miles, as large as Austria, Hungary, Germany, and France, and with seven million souls.

It is as if a blinded nation were reaching out helpless hands. The silence of these tokens of the heart's profoundest need seems a pathetic cry.

The sun is rising in the east over Bhotan. How many hill-tops there are crowned by just such prayer rags, millions of pointed bits of blue, red, green, and yellow, put up to please

malignant spirits, millions of small white pennants with prayers printed on them in Chinese character. Think of that Bhotan country, lying there close beside us, wholly unentered for CHRIST.

West we look towards Nepal, veiled, too, in the shrouding mist, but lying there—houses, towns, three million mountain people—Nepal, that lovely valley at the foot of the Himalayas—Nepal, still unentered by the gospel.

When we are far away from here, busy, forgetting, working, sleeping, this mute appeal is going up to the unanswering sky. Always these silent Buddhist graves are here among the mountains, records of lives spent in this darkness, and gone beyond our reach.

Below us to the right, in the rough Bhotia village, stands a little Buddhist temple, a common looking native house, its single shabby inside room decked round with paintings black with age and unintelligible, its three tawdry idols hidden behind a glass, and half invisible in the darkness, its shelves of Buddhist Scriptures thick with dust, its prayer-wheels slowly grinding round "*Om mam padmi hum.*"

Again in thought we stand upon the threshold watching the lined, dull, hopeless face of the priest as with a sweep of his hand he sets a row of prayer-wheels, each about a foot in height, spinning like teetotums. In the entry stands a heavy chest-like wheel, six or eight feet high, with two iron projections, which ring a bell each time it turns. The pleasant old wheel-turner sets it in motion with an indifferent face, chanting as it slowly revolves. We glance into the dark interior, and back at the monotonous grinding of the great wheel with its bell, and the sing-song mechanical functions of the priest. A sense of the

poverty and blindness of the faith these represent comes over us, and we think what it means that just such temples are the only houses of prayer to be found throughout Thibet, Bhotan, and Nepal.

Back to the mind come suddenly the words we read this morning, "His feet shall stand . . . upon the Mount of Olives . . . and it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them east . . . half of them west."

His feet? Do they stand in our lives? Do they send forth living waters, east and west? Have those rivers of blessing come, through us, here?

Never, never.

But do the feet of CHRIST then really stand, really walk in our lives? What were those feet? How did they walk? . . . Oh, that life without earthly claim or possessions, that poured-out, emptied life, spent and spent out for all the world! Is it indeed in us?

* * *

The morning sun falls brightly on Darjeeling hill-tops, lighting up the charred embers of sacred fires long ago burnt out; lighting up the bent poles with their swaying festoons, the fallen prayer-rags decaying on the ground among dead leaves and rubbish. A quiet wind stirs them, softly, silently. Our time has gone. We must go down the hill and leave this lonely summit—down to the bazaar so thronged this Sunday morning by Nepalese, Thibetans, Lepchas, hardy mountaineers mingling in a picturesque throng with men from the plains, Hindus, and Europeans.

Works by the late LUCY GUINNESS KUMM.

Across India at the Dawn of the 20th Century

"A most useful and instructive volume, beautifully illustrated. Primarily, it is a sketch of a three months' visit to some of the principal cities of the Indian Empire, and as such is full of vigour and interest. But it has a far more reaching interest than a merely pleasant recital of a traveller's experiences; as a handbook of facts and figures from a missionary standpoint, it is unique and invaluable. Miss Guinness has a happy style of writing, but never has she done better work than this. It is forceful, bright and entertaining; yet, withal, solemn in the earnestness of its purpose and the pathos of its appeal. It will repay careful reading, and is one of the best Christmas gift-books we have seen."—*The Christian.*

Beautifully illustrated with 270 Pictures, 24 Diagrams and 7 Maps.
256 pages.

Price—In Ornamental Paper Boards, Cloth Back, **3/6**, Post Free.
In Handsome Cloth Binding, **5/-**, Post Free.

An Indian Dream.

A Missionary Study of India.

Besides giving, in 42 pages of illustrated letterpress and in a coloured Map, a REVIEW OF THE WHOLE POPULATION OF INDIA, compared (according to Presidencies, Provinces, etc.) with the chief countries in Christendom, summarizes the last 300 years of Indian history, both from the secular and missionary standpoint, and presents in a single picture, nearly 14 feet in length, a diagrammatic view of the average Indian Missionary Parish. The book contains 38 pictures and diagrams; one comparing the average British Parish—1,000 persons—with the district of each missionary in India—155,000. Never before has an attempt been made to produce so large a missionary picture in book form, or to print a comparison of this kind on so realistic a scale.

Price **1/6** Post Free.

In the Far East.

Letters from GERALDINE GUINNESS (Mrs. Howard Taylor).
Edited by HER SISTER.

New Edition. 18th Thousand.

Recast, additional matter, and freshly illustrated with modern blocks. With Collotype Portrait, 80 illustrations, and large Map of China, 19-in. x 17-in., brought up to date. In elegant Cloth Binding.

Post Free, **3s. 6d.**

REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.—"The best account of the first experiences of China to a traveller and missionary I have ever met with. Altogether beside their value for deep piety."

THE CHRISTIAN.—"Deeply interesting—a very attractive volume."

CHURCH MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER.—"Charmingly got up—altogether most attractive."

"Enter Thou."

Pages from the Life Story of the . .
late Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

By HER DAUGHTER.

Fully illustrated with Portraits, Maps, etc., and facsimile of a page from Livingstone's last journal.

Price **6d.**, Post Free.

"This lovely tribute . . . will delight every reader. No one should miss this fascinating and inspiring missionary romance."—*Our Own Gazette.*

"The story is a wonderful record of work accomplished."—*The Friend.*

"It will touch chords of loving sympathy all over the world."—*The Christian.*

R. B. M. U. Publication Department,
Harley House, Bow, London, E.

THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.

(Incorporated 1903.)

Founder and Director:
THE REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D., F.R.A.S.

Hon. Directors:
THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.,
THE REV. GEORGE HANSON, M.A., D.D.,
THE REV. R. WRIGHT HAY,
GEORGE E. MORGAN, ESQ., M.A.,
THE REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.,
SIR ANDREW WINGATE, K.C.I.E.

Hon. Treasurer: THEODORE HOWARD, ESQ.
Hon. Secretary: MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.
Hon. Deputy Treasurer: J. CHRISTIE REID, ESQ.
Acting Director: H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, M.D., F.R.G.S.

IN addition to maintaining three MISSIONARY TRAINING COLLEGES in East London, from which OVER TWELVE HUNDRED MEN AND WOMEN have been sent forth, the Regions Beyond Missionary Union is responsible for four spheres of work in the Foreign Field: THE CONGO BALOLO MISSION in Central Africa; THE PERU AND ARGENTINE MISSIONS in South America; and THE BEHAR MISSION in North India. The work is international and entirely unsectarian: its former students are identified with about forty missionary societies. Its annual expenditure amounts to £24,000, and the entire enterprise is carried forward in dependence upon God, and by means of the freewill offerings of His people.

Central Offices: Harley House, Bow, London, E.