

MARGARET KING'S VISION



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BY

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Hudson Taylor's Spiritual Secret, etc.*



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TO THE CHINESE FRIENDS
AND FELLOW-WORKERS
WHOM MARGARET KING LOVED
WITH SO GREAT A LOVE.

FOREWORD

THIS book has been written, not in the quiet of a study at home but amid the turmoil of a busy Chinese city. Above the chapel in which classes and meetings are going on morning, afternoon and evening, there are rooms that overlook the expanse of gray roofs on every side and the encompassing hills beyond the city wall. Down in the streets and courts below the tide of life surges, always full, always changing—such crowded markets and overflowing homes; such throngs of country people coming in to buy and sell; such flocks of boys and girls going to school or college; such gay and sad processions, weddings, funerals, soldiers with military bands, and sometimes shackled prisoners led out to execution! Amid the reality of it all, the sights and sounds and feeling of life in a great heathen city, these pages have been penned, and far more remains unsaid than has been told about things as they are today in China.

One outstanding impression of the new China around us may be captured as relating especially to the subject of this book, an impression received from the moment of landing in Shanghai and only deepened by visits to other cities and a stay of several months in this far inland province. China has blossomed out since we were here ten years ago, something like the countryside in spring. The

emancipation of youth, especially of its young womanhood, seems to have added a new element to the population. There is something gay and interesting about everyday life that was lacking before. Young girls in their brightly colored gowns, walking or running easily on natural feet, their bobbed hair framing bright faces with shining eyes—eyes that seem to see everything—impart a suggestion of the charm of field flowers. There they are, waving in the grass, dancing in the sunshine, spreading an atmosphere of gaiety over the scene. This aspect of the new social order may be superficial, so are the flowers. But one feels their charm none the less.

Of course many of the girls, especially in coastal cities, are too emancipated, bold, forward, and far from attractive in dress and manner. But there are others, in schools and homes and going about their business, charming, educated young women, who give the same brightness to social life that well-behaved girls do at home. And they seem just as free. The young couple you meet in the train, for example, manifestly bride and bridegroom, are immediately interesting and call forth smiles, for "all the world loves a lover." How different from the old-time sullenness and silence, when a well-bred girl would not be seen speaking to her husband! A cloud seems to have rolled away and a glint of natural sunshine brightens daily intercourse.

Then there is the surprise of the capacity and efficiency of many of these moderns. One of the most attractive girls the writer ever met, in any part of the world, was the principal of a large school in an inland city. She looked about eighteen and was not much more, modest, intelligent and really beautiful, with the shy grace of a child and all the charm of a woman. And she is the competent head of a school of three hundred children, from kindergarten age

up to the sixth grade. Trained in a Christian home, the daughter of a pastor, she represents the new womanhood of China in one of its most helpful aspects.

Winning such girls to Christ and preparing them for His service was work in which Margaret King was eminently successful. She was fitted for it by a bright, attractive personality, by thorough training at home, by her mastery of the Chinese language, and by a life of ever-deepening devotion to the Lord Himself. The emancipation of women had hardly commenced when she first came to this land; but when the Youth Movement began and Chinese girls traveled as far in a single decade as their sisters of the West in two previous centuries, Margaret King saw its significance and realized that tremendous forces were being liberated for use in the service of God. An evangelist above all, first, last and always, she combined with her regular work frequent visits to schools and colleges and was much used of God in meeting the needs of young women in all stages of spiritual experience. Her love for girls was a talent which she used to the full, and many are the leaders of Christian life in China today who rise up and call her blessed.

But we must let this life tell its own story, the story of one woman's preparation and how she embraced the opportunity of forwarding the evangelization of China through its own saved and consecrated womanhood.

M. GERALDINE TAYLOR

Kunming,
Yunnan, China.

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*“The old words still their power keep;
Cry them again, yes cry, and cry,
The human heart shall give reply;
There are in earth and heaven above
No mightier words than Faith and Love.”*

CHAPTER

I

GROWING UP

IT was an interesting relationship which existed between the bright young girl in her teens and the dignified Scotch grandmother with whom she lived in Montreal. Margaret King was about eight years old when her mother, Mrs. Yuile's only daughter, spared her to brighten the home from which the children had all been married. Mrs. Yuile, though elderly, was companionable to the growing girl and splendidly in touch with life. She delighted in travel and kept up her reading, being no less in touch than her granddaughter with international relations and current events. They read and discussed together, made frequent journeys to Europe and were the center of an interesting circle of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Yuile was Scotch through and through. As Margaret Rattray she had lived her early life in Helensburgh on the Clyde, frequently visiting her mother's relatives in a beautiful home overlooking the city and hills of Perth. Her marriage with William Pollock Yuile, a Glasgow merchant, took her to that busy city. On account of their children, they were attracted in later years to Canada. There the sons prospered in business and the

daughter met and married a fellow-countryman, James King, from near Kelso on the Tweed.

The King family had come to Canada shortly before the Yuiles, facing the hardships of a six weeks' voyage by sailing ship. They too brought grit and gumption to bear upon their new surroundings. From their maternal grandfather, a shepherd at the foot of the Cheviots and a man of outstanding Christian character, the King boys had inherited practical ability, while to James, the youngest, had come "much of the tenderness of Mary Scott his mother." His capacity for love and friendship was unusual. From a widowed sister he took over a large flour mill in Ontario, caring for her and the business, to which he added shipping grain and hay to the Great Lakes. Singularly happy in his marriage to Christina Yuile, he had three sons and four daughters, of whom Margaret was the eldest.

It may have been absence from the home circle for months at a time that endeared Margaret in a special way to her immediate family. She was bright and full of fun, with the capacity for loving which was her father's outstanding characteristic. Her brothers and sisters hailed her visits home with delight.

"I could write a whole chapter," said one of them, "about her marvelous influence on all of us younger children and how we loved and adored her."

To her parents she was more than a daughter.

"Father was absolutely devoted to her," continued the same sister. "He called her 'Dawtie,' the endearing Scotch abbreviation, and that was how we all came to give her the pet name of Dottie."

Through her northern ancestry Margaret inherited pioneering qualities which made her a natural leader,

while her grandmother's strict upbringing developed all that was practical. From the days when she attended Mrs. Lay's preparatory school in Montreal to her graduation as gold medalist from Bute House, she worked hard and steadily. Every morning she was up early, to go over her lessons with her grandmother before breakfast. The lady at the head of Bute House, a private school of high standing, had the reputation of being a disciplinarian, "terribly strict and cross," the girls may have termed it. At any rate, after Margaret had received the highest prize the school could award, her elation was somewhat cooled by the remark with which it was accompanied, "I wish you had deserved it better."

Home joys in the long vacation, however, made up for school "discipline." From their town house in Sarnia the family loved to escape to a simple country life. Mr. King had bought a property on Lake Huron while the children were quite young, and it was a joyful release to get away from the city to their own sweep of silent shore and the homelike cottage which took them all in, including special friends and cronies. The boys had the attic as their domain, where they could do as they pleased and keep their various collections and fishing tackle. The girls helped Mother, whose hands were always full, or took their books and work to the edge of the lake, only a hundred yards away. Oh, that glorious sandy beach—the bathing, the boating, the joy of running barefoot or basking in the sun, the beauty of the oceanlike expanse of water and the woods close at hand!

Grandmother's room was always ready for her in the strangely elastic cottage. Often she would be away for part of the summer, but Margaret was sure to be there till school reopened, helping Mother. So hungry were the

young people that Mrs. King declared she had to bake a whole barrel of flour weekly to satisfy them. In addition to her own large party, there were the McKenzies not far away—nine boys and girls who were their constant companions, adding to the cheerful commotion. But Mother was “just Mother!” the life and soul of all that was going on; nothing seemed to disturb her sweet serenity.

“Mother never seemed any older than Margaret,” the youngest sister recalled. “She was always like a girl among us, sharing everything. She had a sunny, even disposition. She was tall and beautiful, with dark brown hair and eyes and a lovely complexion. Father used to say that none of her daughters was as good-looking!”

Every day Mr. King drove in the five miles to Sarnia, and on Sundays the whole family set out early to be in time for the morning service. It was at Sarnia that Margaret joined the church soon after her eighteenth birthday, taking her first Communion with her father among the elders.

This happy girlhood was followed by wider education and culture. Mrs. Yuile wanted her granddaughter to travel, so the Montreal home was shut up and they went off together for a year abroad. Art and music and serious reading occupied them in Paris, Geneva and Rome. They traveled without program or hurry, planning as they went for the things that interested them most. On one long stay in Rome they found a pleasant companion in a young English lady who came to board at the same *pension*. She seemed to enjoy the things they enjoyed, and being familiar with several languages was a real acquisition. They had long talks on religious subjects, and gradually it appeared that this new friend was a Roman Catholic. One day something about her dress confirmed Margaret in an uncomfort-

able suspicion.

“Are you a Sister—a nun?” she asked unexpectedly.

The girl did not want to answer, but finally the truth came out. She was from a convent, and had been sent on purpose to win Margaret to the Roman faith. That was her work, to try to get hold of American and English girls.

“But I could never win you!” she said regretfully. “You are too much of a Scotch Presbyterian.”

She disappeared from the *pension* the same day.

At home, Margaret had many friends of her own age. Good old Montreal families filled the pews at Erskine Church, and the position her uncles occupied, both there and in the city, brought her in contact with interesting people. Mrs. Yuile enjoyed Margaret’s sociability. When they returned from trips abroad she liked her granddaughter to entertain, and lovely Paris gowns made the old home quite gay. Yet Margaret’s interest in religious matters was deep and real. She enjoyed dancing, but loved her work in the Sunday school no less. An impression of her in those days is still vivid to one of her class of girls, who were greatly devoted to their attractive teacher.

“At the age of twelve I hero-worshipped your sister, and if memory holds a picture of her in a long seal coat, with diamonds on beautiful white hands, you will have to realize that she was a fairy godmother to my child mentality. To me, she seemed the embodiment of love. Her face was always alight, and her great personal magnetism drew me to want to follow her to China.”

For into this life, so young and bright, came a great change. At the invitation of Mr. Henry W. Frost, Mr. D. L. Moody and others, the leader of the China Inland Mission was induced to visit North America. Mr. Hudson

Taylor had just lived through the most strenuous year of his always strenuous life. A hundred new missionaries had been given him that year (1887). In answer to prayer, and without any appeal for financial help their needs had been supplied. Mr. Taylor's plea was for a full response to the constraining love of Christ, a response in surrendered lives for His service at home and abroad. A remarkable spiritual movement was the result, specially in the universities of England and Scotland. The faith principles of the Mission had been brought into prominence, and Christian hearts were deeply stirred. Mr. Moody wanted the large summer gatherings at Northfield to hear the story, and leaders of the conference at Niagara-on-the-Lake were equally urgent. So he came—the little man whose certainty of God was so great—and his experiences, simply told, proved more compelling than had been anticipated. Mr. Taylor was on his way to China, little thinking that this passing visit to the United States and Canada was to call forth such practical interest. For he left Vancouver with a party of fourteen new workers for the Inland Mission, backed by a North American council and secretary. It was all very unexpected, but God was working and the results continue to this day.

When Mr. Taylor with his fellow-traveler, Mr. Henry W. Frost, reached Montreal, it was to find prepared hearts. They were entertained by Mr. David Yuile, one of Margaret's uncles, who showed them every kindness and himself received much spiritual help through their visit. But it was to Mrs. Yuile and Margaret that the most transforming influences came. For these two, though in very different ways, faced the claims of Christ as never before, and saw the joy and power of a life fully surrendered to His indwelling.

Like many other young people, Margaret carried beneath her bright exterior, an unspoken longing for something more satisfying than life had yet brought. Her studies and friendships, and even her Christian experience, left a still empty place in her heart that only love could fill, a more than human love. To the quiet missionary from China, Christ was a living, bright reality. When he spoke of the Master's promise, "he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," he was speaking from experience. It had been the greatest discovery of his life to find that in those words the Master meant exactly what He said: that "shall" means *shall*; that "never" means *never*; and "thirst" means *thirst*. It was easy to see that in his heart there were no unsatisfied longings. "*Shall never thirst*"? Yes, he was drawing on the fullness of Christ in such a way that his daily, hourly needs, and the needs of the great work that had grown up around him, were all met. No collections were taken at his meetings; no request for financial help ever crossed his lips. Yet he was responsible, humanly speaking, for hundreds of fellow-workers in China, dear to him as his own children. Their difficulties and dangers concerned him deeply; their joys and sorrows he continually shared. But his peace was unbroken, his rest of heart in God complete.

And the secret of this life of faith, he said, was just the secret of the branches in the vine. Did they want to bear fruit? Then they must depend wholly on the vine for nourishment and strength. They must be abiding in the vine, in full, unhindered union, glad of the husbandman's careful pruning, to remove superfluous growth and all that would hinder. And he spoke with joy of the assurance of the believer who is thus abiding in Christ—"All that the

vine can ever be to its branch, that my Lord is to me."

Then there were others connected with the Mission whose coming to Montreal brought blessing: Mr. F. A. Steven, then on its home staff; Mr. John McCarthy, many years in China; and a young missionary about to be married to one of his sons, Miss Lily Webb, now Mrs. Frank McCarthy. Through all these, impressions were strengthened and faith encouraged to go forward, whatever full surrender to the claims of Christ might mean.

Attracted to Europe by the Paris Exhibition of 1889, Mrs. Yuile and Margaret took the opportunity of attending the Keswick Convention, in the north of England. That great gathering for the deepening of spiritual life was to them a revelation. The possibility of daily victory, through faith in Christ, became real to them in a new way, and the sense of responsibility to live wholly for Him.

"When your sister was about twenty-two," recalls an old school friend, "I was in Colorado, and I distinctly remember several people writing me that Margaret King seemed not to care for social gaieties any more, but was earnestly and seriously interested in missions."

As girls together they had enjoyed card parties and dancing, but when this friend returned to Montreal she was "much impressed with Margaret's changed views of life." There was the same bright, loving spirit, but a new purpose possessed her, and a new power.

In the great city, as Margaret was beginning to find, a mission field lay at her door, calling for all she had to give. She had long been active in the work of the Erskine Church, visiting the homes of her Sunday school scholars and contributing to the warm spiritual atmosphere of the Christian Endeavor group. But now her heart was opened to needs beyond her own circle. In Griffentown, the poor

Irish quarter, the Salvation Army and several missions were doing a good work, though sadly in need of helpers. There she found neglected children to care for; mothers whose burdens she could lighten; and young girls tempted and straying, whom she could befriend. When Mr. Hudson Taylor was once asked what is the supreme qualification for missionary work, he replied with conviction, "a supreme love for the Lord Jesus Christ." To this he would have added, as only second in importance, a supreme faith in the saving power of the gospel. The deeper love had already come to this young heart, and in grappling with the realities of sin and sorrow, she was to find the deeper certainty.

At night with Salvation Army officers, she often watched for young girls on the street, or followed them into drinking and dancing saloons, to get them away from bad companions. The tall slight figure, quietly dressed, and the bright face shining with love became familiar to many whom she was able to lead to the Sheltering Home of the Army and better still to the sheltering arms of the Saviour. In this work she was greatly helped by another woman of her own type. Dr. Susan Dougall was a physician of reputation, daughter of the founder and sister of the editor of the Montreal "Witness." Though finely equipped for practice with degrees from Edinburgh, New York and Quebec, she realized that apart from spiritual uplift bodily healing was of passing value. Seeking a more direct and permanent way of helping those in need, she gave herself to personal ministry in the homes of Griffentown, caring for the sick but above all making Christ real to them.

Soon after Margaret began to work at the Welcome Hall Mission, of which Dr. Susan was a director, they came across a man who had drifted into Montreal in the utmost

degradation and misery. Only a few years before he had been a member of the House of Representatives in Wyoming, a prosperous business man and respected citizen. Drink and drugs gripped him. In five years he made and squandered seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Think of it," he said himself, "I had frequently traveled in the *de luxe* cars of a railway whose magnates were my personal friends—and finally I rode into Montreal on one of those same trains, not in sumptuous style, but hidden away under the trucks, a forlorn and dirty hobo."

In wretchedness and rags, he was falling lower and lower, until one day Dr. Susan met him and in her gracious way induced him to come to the Welcome Hall.

"There," he continued, "I heard the gospel of God's grace. I believed it and cried out for salvation. Just as I was, I came to Christ, and was then and there delivered from the devil's chains."

To Margaret King, who knew him soon after his conversion, the change in the life of this man was an inspiration. She watched his growth in grace and worked with him for years in the Welcome Hall Mission, of which he became superintendent. Throughout Griffentown his name was a household word, and hundreds of men and women brought to Christ through his labors witnessed to the living power of the Saviour he never ceased to uplift. To know David Fraser, Dr. Susan and many others in Griffentown, was to have evidence that could not be gainsaid as to the saving power of the grace of God.

Amid such certainties, Margaret King was moving with increasing assurance born of her own experience as well as that of others. No joy, she found, was equal to the joy of leading a soul to Christ. She became an effective

speaker, not emotional but deeply earnest. In that crowded quarter near the docks were many foreigners, including Chinese from Canton. These specially attracted her interest. She joined forces with a Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, missionaries from China who were working among them, and was no little help in their meetings. But more and more it was to the fallen and friendless girls of the city that her heart went out, and young though she was she had no fear in facing suffering and danger to save them.

CHAPTER

II

LEAVING ALL

FROM the noisy streets of Griffentown to the quiet life of home was no little change day by day, but Margaret was never more herself than in her own family. Her grandmother took the keenest interest in all that she was doing, and they grew together more and more as years went on. Mrs. Yuile, in her own way, was distinctly a force in the Christian life of Montreal. She knew the truth of the saying, "Working days may be over, but praying days go on." Margaret was her housekeeper and managed the social duties necessary, but they shared the hidden life of prayer that made their contacts helpful to visitors and friends. Their "At Home" days brought many opportunities, and Margaret found herself increasingly taken up with callers and correspondents seeking spiritual help. She had friends among all classes, rich as well as poor, including Jewish and Unitarian friends whom she was seeking to win to Christ. Cultured people found her interesting. Entirely free from self-consciousness, she was as much at home discussing European politics with a Princeton professor of international law, a cousin's husband, as with her people in Griffentown. But always and everywhere there

was a quiet witness about her life that told for the Master.

Meanwhile the brothers and sisters in Sarnia had a large share of her love and prayers. Margaret was their ideal. She had a happy way of getting on with young people, a loving appreciative way that made them want to win her approval.

"Your hair does look so nice just after you have done it!" she would say to Tina, who was something of a romp—and Tina's hair was much more often in order.

Indeed, "Dottie says so" came to be a family expression, continued long after she had gone to China. Amid all the fun of holidays together, there were opportunities for quiet talks which she made the most of, and one by one two brothers and two sisters were definitely brought to the Lord through her influence. It was little wonder that they looked upon her as a second mother, and that her heart was bound up in them in a special way.

There was little that was effusive about the affection that united the family, but it was deep and practical. Mrs. Yuile's sons, for example, busy men as they were, were so thoughtful of their mother that there never was a day when they were in Montreal that they did not come to see her.

"You need not lock up yet," she would say to Margaret, even when the hour was late. "Your Uncle William (or David) has not been in to see me."

And the uncle was sure to come.

This devotion made it all the harder for Margaret, who next to Mrs. Yuile seemed the center of the family, to face the thought of separation, the first break in such a circle. Prayer was her only resource as the sense of call to China became stronger and stronger, and from a written list filling a blank page or two in her Bible, one can gather the reality of her prayer life at this time. Sunday was the day

given to intercession for her family especially, but all the other days of the week had their full share of people and causes that were on her heart.

Her own church with its activities has a prominent place in the list; other churches also are mentioned and several hospitals in which she visited. The Bible-women of the city are prayed for, and the officers and Homes of the Salvation Army. The names of friends, many friends, appear, and there is a petition for blessing on letters to those at a distance. Visitors are remembered on Mrs. Yuile's "At Home" day, and the Chinese of the city, as well as student movements and missions in many parts of the world. But most frequently occurring are petitions for her poor people in Griffentown and for the girls she looked upon as her special charge.

True prayer, like true faith, is apt to lead to practical results. As the suffering of these girls pressed more and more heavily on Margaret's heart, she longed to be able to do more than sympathize. In their times of special need, she wanted to be able to nurse them and care for the little infants who came unwanted into the world. At first there seemed no way by which she could obtain medical training, for she would not think of leaving her grandmother to go in for a hospital course. But the problem was solved by their family physician, who was medical superintendent of the best maternity hospital in the city. Through his influence, Margaret was permitted to take the course given to their own nurses as she was able, attending only by day until fully qualified. She learned also, in Dr. Cameron's private surgery, the use of the remedies most in demand in every-day practice. For work in China this knowledge would be valuable, and it gave her larger opportunities in Griffentown. For now she was able to interpret the love of

Christ in a new way, and many a young mother in the hour of her greatest need felt the touch of His tenderness. Far better than diamonds on white fingers were the marks of service on those capable hands. And there were scars on the heart as well, for Margaret met suffering and danger in the rescue of her girls. She would follow them, alone and unprotected if need be, into houses where they were little better than slaves, and face those who stood between them and freedom.

“Once she told me,” wrote a life-long friend, “of the kind of scenes she had to face—terrible scenes in some of those locked houses. One ‘keeper’ refused to let her in to rescue a girl who had appealed for help. But Margaret got in that night and took the girl. Such courage! not her own.”

“If one could only find those girls now,” wrote another, “one would hear some wonderful stories of loving patience and the power of prayer, for Margaret would never let them go.

“One instance stands out in my memory. She had asked me to join her that evening, and when I did so she said: ‘I want you to go down with me to the Salvation Army Shelter. I am going to take a girl there tonight. You will walk on one side of her and I on the other—and hold on. We must get her there, but if she sees some of her so-called friends, she may try to slip away.’ So down we went and got the girl to a place of safety.

“Then there were girls in jail whom she visited. She would find out when they were to be liberated, and would be there to get them before they could be snatched away in a cab to places where they would be more difficult to reach. Though Margaret never stopped at going even to those houses, insisting with quiet dignity upon seeing her girl,

if one had gone back, and patiently trying to get her out again. It was a difficult business to find employment for those who wished to live a new life, but she would take endless trouble to help them and usually managed it somehow."

A saving sense of humor was often a help in difficult situations. Called on one occasion to a desperate case, Margaret found such poverty in the house that there was not even a basin for necessary uses. In extremity, the young doctor turned to her and said:

"Well, Miss King, it will have to be either your hat or mine!"

"Then certainly it will be yours first, Doctor," came the smiling reply. And the tension was relieved.

It was her wonderful capacity for loving that gave Margaret King her power in the lives of a class peculiarly difficult to reach. She somehow made a girl feel that there was something about her that she just *loved*, and at once there was hope of better things. For the love was not in words but in deeds. It went down to bed-rock and stopped at nothing. The names of the girls on her prayer list suggest the travail of soul over each one, the sorrow over their falls and tempers, the joy in their gradual or swift redemption from drunkenness and sin. For not a few gave her joy, and even those who were disappointing returned her affection with interest. "*My Miss King*" was her name on many lips, and when the time drew near for her departure for China, the outburst of grief was overwhelming.

And it was not only her friends in Griffentown who felt that Margaret King could ill be spared from Montreal. Seven years of devoted home missionary work had given her a place all her own. Could it be right to leave such opportunities? And then—her Grandmother? The decision



MARGARET KING AND HER GRANDMOTHER,
MRS. W. P. YULE

was not easy. But to Margaret herself it was a question, simply, of obedience. The One who has a right to command had said, "Go." People in China needed the message of redeeming love at least as much as people in Canada. The glad tidings would still be made known in Montreal if she left for the far East, and Bibles would still be at hand for all who wanted them. "Go," to her direct, practical nature, did not mean stay at home, or send somebody else. She was young, strong and free. The Master's call was ever in her heart. How could she face the reproach from His lips of love and divine authority, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

To those who knew her best it was no cause for surprise when Miss King offered for service with the China Inland Mission. Much of spiritual blessing had come into her life through that channel, and the more she knew of the work the more she was attracted to its principles. Mr. Henry W. Frost, the North American Director, and Mrs. Frost were among her most valued friends. She loved to stay with them at the Mission headquarters, which was put down on her prayer list as "my Toronto home."

One of her early visits to that center had been for the purpose of discovering whether the Mission really lived up to its profession in the matter of never going into debt or making known its financial needs, except to God in prayer. Its principles might be scriptural, but were they carried out in practice? And did faith like that really work in every-day life? The way in which her questions received an unexpected answer is told as Mrs. Frost recalls it.

It had come to be four o'clock and the darkness of the Canadian winter afternoon had already set in.

"I haven't been to market yet," I said in passing, with a little laugh.

"That's rather poor housekeeping," Miss King thought, as she told me afterwards, remembering that her grandmother always marketed early on Saturday, so that the delivery boys would not need to work late at night and have an excuse for not going to church on Sunday morning.

Just then we heard a faint rustle at the door and looked up to see two dear, little Scotch ladies coming into the living room. Aberdonians, they were, strong in faith, shrewd in common sense and exquisite in good breeding and fine feeling. They made us a delightful call. Finally, as they rose to go, one of them put her hand into a reticule she was carrying, and said, half apologetically,

"I have a woman who brings me new-laid eggs once a week, Mrs. Frost, and I thought that some one in the Home might be glad of a few."

With this she drew out four eggs from her little bag. But that was not all. Turning her back on the others in the room, she put into my hand a small wad of dollar bills, saying in a low tone,

"I meant to bring this next week, but somehow I felt guided to come over with it this afternoon, and could not get away from the impression."

I thanked her gratefully and affectionately, but said nothing of our need. Then, as the front door closed on our visitors, I turned to Miss King and said,

"Now I can go to market! I had no money before."

This incident was a revelation to that well-to-do Montreal girl. She knew then, beyond doubting, that the Lord was with the Mission and was caring for it.

Though Miss King was and always remained a true Presbyterian, the width of her sympathies made her approve the interdenominational character of the Mission. She rejoiced, too, in its spiritual standards and evangelistic methods, and that as a self-supporting missionary she would be no burden on its funds. The sympathy of her own church was with her in the step she was taking, and one of the most impressive services ever held at Erskine was the June Communion when, with hundreds of members

present, she was commended to the care and grace of God. The memory of that hour is preserved in the following minute:

The Session desires to place on record the deep joy felt by it when it became known that one of the most active members of this congregation, Miss Margaret King, had offered herself as a missionary to China, and was going out under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. In connection with this, the Communion Service in June took the form of a farewell service, when addresses were given by several members of the congregation, and Miss King was presented by the pastor with a Chinese Bible as a mark of esteem and love.

That June Communion brings thoughts of the last summer that Margaret spent with her family in the old home. Some months previously she had arranged for her sister Christina to come to Montreal to continue her studies. The young girl was looking forward to being with the sister to whom she was devoted, and did not at first realize that there would be an empty place to fill at her grandmother's side. Then her grief was poignant, only equaled by the grief of other girls in Griffentown who felt that they were losing their best friend.

But those months together were not without their compensations, for Christina learned to know her sister as never before. Together they studied for the younger girl's college entrance examination, and went over all the ways in which she could be helpful to her grandmother. They had happy times in the Bible class that met week by week in Margaret's sitting room, a group of educated girls of college age. They went to the hospitals and mission halls in which Margaret worked, and the homes of many of her patients and friends in Griffentown. Above all they prayed together, and never could Christina forget those prayers.

"Margaret prayed about everything, the simplest things

as well as the greatest," she recalled. "She seemed to know the Lord so well! Nothing was too small to bring to Him. Our hearts were very full in those days. It seemed the only comfort, to talk to the Lord about everything."

That summer we had a great and unexpected joy. Father asked Margaret what she would like for our last weeks together.

"Could you possibly get the Lake House?" she questioned.

It had been sold years before, but to us it was still home. So Father rented the dear old place for the season and we had a great family reunion. None of the brothers or sisters had married at that time, so it was like the old summers.

The days before leaving Montreal had been hard to live through. The girls to whom Margaret meant so much kept coming up to say good-bye. Dozens of them came—and how they wept and clung to her and would not go away!

"You are our only friend," they said, over and over again.

"Are you really going to leave us?" They could not be comforted.

Afterwards, at the Lake, Margaret seemed so tired that I asked about it, and she said it was the experience of those days. She had not realized how much these girls depended upon her and loved her, and almost questioned whether she was right in leaving them.

Many houses had sprung up in the woods around our cottage, and a number of young people were there for the summer. It is a happy memory that Margaret was able to have a Bible class for our girl friends. We met in our dining-tent on Sunday evenings round the long table, each with her Bible, and Margaret took Ephesians with us. The girls were deeply interested. They too loved her dearly, and the meetings were continued until she left for China from the Lake.

We all tried to be glad about it, through our tears. I went back to Montreal with Grandmother. Many a time, after that, I found her kneeling alone at midnight, and felt sure that she was praying for Margaret. Grandmother knew the comfort of the love of Christ. It was only the surrender of her life to Him that made the sacrifice possible.

CHAPTER

III

A NEW BEGINNING

IT was the same Canadian girl, but how different she looked in her Chinese dress, after landing in Shanghai! The well-tailored gowns were laid aside, and from head to foot she appeared as much like a Chinese of the teacher class as possible. Smooth dark hair and brown eyes harmonized well with this costume, so that from the first she made a good impression on the women. Happily too she had a love of study and a special facility in acquiring languages. True, Chinese presented unusual difficulties, but she met them with courage, thankful for the *entourage* of the language school.

For Margaret King was now one of thirty or more students under the care of Miss M. Murray in a far-famed city on the Grand Canal. Long ago, the Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, had ruled as a Mandarin of the highest class in Yangchow, and had carried tidings of its wealth and greatness back to his home under the shadow of St. Mark's. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor had been the first Protestant missionaries to obtain a residence within its walls, and had passed through terrible experiences in a riot that almost cost the lives of their whole party, including children. But

peaceful relations had been established through the intervention of Viceroy Tseng Kwo-fan, and the nearness of Yangchow to the coast (then about two days from Shanghai) made it suitable as a center for the women workers of the Mission in their early months of language study.

Full of interest were the first impressions of the city, seen from a covered sedan-chair passing rapidly through its streets. Fine shops with long vistas of hanging signs, richly gilded; tempting displays of jewelry, silks, and clothing of all descriptions; crowded markets; a seemingly endless maze of narrow, tortuous lanes; the creak of the wheelbarrow laden with passengers; the rhythmic shout of coolies carrying burdens; the cries of pedlars and chair-bearers making their way through the moving throng; tea shops and food stalls, steaming in readiness for the coming meal; busy craftsmen plying various trades, surrounded with paper lanterns or umbrellas, idols, large and small, carved furniture, beautiful brass work or ponderous coffins; children playing in open spaces; women at their doorways, sewing, washing, or just looking on; handsome entrances to great houses; crowded huts of beggars, forlorn and wretched; temples and official buildings with their fine approaches; and everywhere—people, people, people!

A smallish door in a blank wall was reached at length, and it was a relief to pass within to the welcome and quietness of a Christian home. But a busy home it proved to be, with callers and meetings, Chinese teachers coming and going, and missionary students occupying every available corner. On Sundays it offered an even more animated scene, for then the Christians from the city and neighborhood came in and meetings seemed to follow one another all day long. Ladies in rich silks, country women in blue cotton, young folk and children of all ages mingled in the

services, for which the men's side of the chapel was also filled. In contrast with the bright faces and happy, if not harmonious, singing of the Christians was the gloom of the neighboring temple with its ten thousand idols, and the low monotonous note of its dirgelike bell. Often at night its tolling would waken thoughts of the passing souls from that great city—passing into the dreaded Unknown, “separate from Christ . . . having no hope and without God” in life and death. Three hundred thousand people in Yangchow, and in the country round about it no fewer than ten millions—no wonder Margaret King was thankful even in her loneliest hours that she was there, in the midst of such opportunities and need.*

For there were lonely hours. In spite of the bright companionship of the language school and Miss Murray's helpful sympathy, there were hours of overwhelming longing for loved ones far away. And Margaret King had sacrificed more than home ties, more than Christian fellowships in coming to China. She had sacrificed her heart's affections—the love, indeed, of a lifetime—that she might give to Christ and His service an undivided loyalty. In the days of her girlhood, before Christ had full possession of her heart, the friendship had been formed which came to mean so much. But it was a friendship in which Christ had no part, and when this became plain to her it meant the breaking of two hearts. All through the years at home the hope had still been cherished, on one side, that those ties might be renewed; but with her call to China, Margaret's decision became unalterable. Still the love was there, though none of her family circle knew how real it was. “I have had a cross to bear,” said one of the Christian leaders of our

*For beside the group at the language school, there were only two or three other Protestant missionaries in the whole district.

time, "I have had a cross to bear, and it has made me the man I am." So bravely borne was the secret sorrow of Margaret King's life that very few even knew of its existence; but who shall say how large a part it had in making her influence what it was? "To have suffered much is to have learned many languages. It brings the power to understand and to make oneself understood of other hearts."

On the front page of her Bible, Margaret had written before coming to China two of her favorite passages of Scripture. The first was I John 1:7, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"; and the second, given her in the pain of all the partings, was Mark 8:35, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." She believed in the literal fulfillment of the promise, "*a hundredfold more, now in this time,*" and she lived to prove it, as she loved to testify.

In the language school that winter, in addition to Miss Murray there was another whose friendship was to enrich Margaret's whole life in China. Beautiful in character as in person and with five years' experience as a missionary, Miss E. S. Clough was an ideal teacher for the new arrivals. She was still quite young and yet so strong and true that they could go to her for counsel in any difficulty. "There is not a weak spot in her," was the comment of one who knew her well, yet there was a tenderness of heart, as Margaret found, that often surprised even her closest friends. It sprang from the deep, rare fellowship in the Lord Himself that made her prayers a revelation and a blessing.

Long before these two realized how rich a gift had come to them in each other, Margaret had found a Chinese friend

in one of the serving-women in the language school whose help became invaluable. Though in a lowly position, Mrs. Sie was a woman of remarkable character. From the first she was attracted to Miss King, noticing her diligence in study; and very soon they began to go out together when calls came for medical service. For those were days when opium suicides were very common, and no qualified doctor had yet come to the city or district. Margaret's medical knowledge, limited though it was, proved of great value, and early brought her in touch with life as it really is in homes both rich and poor.

Living in one of the fine houses in the city was a lady of distinguished family, the widow of a salt commissioner, with whom Margaret became intimate in this way. Mrs. Fang's position would have kept her from ever coming in contact with missionaries, but for a suffering illness and the fame of "the foreign doctor." At her earnest request, Margaret went to see her medically, not without misgivings; but the apprehensions of the lady were far greater. As she told Mrs. Sie afterwards, she was so afraid of meeting the foreigner that, when they were announced, she was almost ready to jump out of the window. The treatment was successful, by the blessing of God, and Mrs. Fang's gratitude was very real. She became a true believer, and up to the time of her death, five years later, was Miss King's devoted friend.

"Your own people are far away," she said to the young missionary one day. "I want to be your Chinese mother. I want you to feel that this is your home."

A home indeed she made it by her loving care. Margaret would go and stay with her for days at a time. A guest room was always ready, and there were at least twenty servants to anticipate every want. But it was Mrs. Fang's

motherly sympathy that was the attraction. No detail of Margaret's life, as far as she knew it, escaped her attention. That she should ride in hired chairs for example, when she had to go about the city, was quite contrary to the lady's ideas of propriety. So one day a nice new sedan appeared in the courtyard, a present to the young missionary.

"You must promise me to use this chair when you go out," her friend insisted. "It is not seemly that you should be seen in public conveyances."

Her dress too was a matter of concern, and her Chinese "mother" took charge of her wardrobe in practical fashion. Wadded and fur-lined clothes to keep her warm in winter were provided, and better garments than Margaret would have bought for herself were Mrs. Fang's choice and gift. She trained her also in matters of etiquette and even exceeded Mrs. Sie in her persevering help with the language. The proper thing to say and do under all circumstances was drilled into her by these friends, who delighted in her response and appreciation.

For the young missionary proved worthy of such friends. She not only returned their affection, she reciprocated their courtesy. As years went on, her mastery of the language was not greater than her understanding of the Chinese point of view. Though naturally quick and apt to be impatient at what seemed like waste of time, she would sit with Chinese guests for hours and never wound their feelings by seeming to hasten their departure. Servants were devoted to her and would stay with her many years, though she required a good deal of them in the way of cleanliness and order. She had learned from her Chinese "mother" the art of ruling with friendliness. The love she had poured out on people at home, she poured out now on

the Chinese, and she was with them so much that she had no difficulty in understanding Dan Crawford's assertion that he had "a black heart."

"I think I have an oriental heart," she would say. "I know just what he means."

It was perhaps these developing characteristics, as well as her rapid progress with the language, that led to Miss King's detention in Yangchow when the students of her year moved on to their inland stations. She became a member of Miss Murray's staff, and her gift for influencing young people came into exercise again. She helped the girls with their Chinese outfits as well as with their studies, and passed on a good deal that she was learning from her Yangchow friends. Not content with the women's course of study prescribed by the Mission, she took all the six examinations required of the men, keeping up meanwhile her medical work and occasional evangelistic journeys with Mrs. Sie. Of the latter she wrote:

I wish you knew our dear Mrs. Sie, the Bible-woman. Not that she knows the meaning of the word "Bible-woman." She is just in the position of a servant, getting less than two dollars a month, out of which she provides her food and other necessaries. She is over forty years of age and one of the holiest people I ever knew. I wish I served the Lord with the singleness of purpose with which she does. She gives more than a tenth to the Lord, month by month, and never misses an opportunity to witness for Him. She is a most faithful servant besides, and such a clever woman! We have many a laugh together on our trips out. I wish China had many such Christians. She literally takes everything to the Lord in prayer.

God is opening doors in some of the wealthy homes in this city [she had written previously]. Women abound in these large households, wives very many, for families do not divide when the sons marry. Often the father will have three or four wives and the sons one each at least. These with sisters, daughters, and numerous servants make a large collection of women, when one

has a chance to tell the gospel. Today I have been in a very fine house—such grandeur I have never seen before in any part of the world. The owner's income from his land alone is said to be five hundred dollars a day. Everywhere there were signs of idolatry; incense burning in every court. Pray for these ladies who heard the Word of Life today . . . and do pray for me, that God may lead me to prepared hearts. I feel so deeply that there *are* prepared hearts here in China. Ask the Lord to keep me walking "in the Spirit," that I may be "led by the Spirit" to such people.

Two weeks ago I was at a sad opium case. It was an elderly woman who had quarreled with her daughter-in-law. Oh, what a scene! Two of her sons were kneeling on the ground, begging her to take the medicine. Her daughter was shouting reproaches at the poor, scared young wife, whose husband, in loud tones, was telling the crowd in the packed room that he had had nothing to do with the matter. After a long struggle the medicine was got down and the woman's life saved.

Yesterday, I was nearly all day in one of the villages such numbers of which surround the city. We took a wheelbarrow because of Yang Nai-nai's small feet, but I walked after we left the city. It was a beautiful day and, for China, a good road. Just as we reached the country a woman joined us carrying a load of fruit in baskets, hanging from a pole across her shoulder, and all the way along we talked of Jesus. She had never heard before and listened well, but it was all so strange and new! We went to our village and had a long day's preaching. Many women crowded into the house, making it difficult to get a quiet hearing. We often comfort ourselves with the word, "She hath done what she could."

Meanwhile, the inner life was deepening; it could not but be so in daily, intimate contact with Miss Murray. A great love had grown up between these two who had much in common. Young enough to be fully in touch with the students, Miss Murray was far beyond them in spiritual experience. Like Margaret in her Scotch ancestry and training, she too had left a home of affluence to become a self-supporting member of the China Inland Mission. Yet

no one could be more humble, more self-sacrificing, more truly one with the people round them. Wearing Chinese dress like the students, Miss Murray shared their life in every particular. Nothing that she had was her own if others needed it. When the accommodation of the Home was overtaxed, as it often was with the arrival of new parties, her room would take in an extra bed or two, small though it was. Her lamp was the first alight in the morning, for the quiet hour before breakfast which meant a fresh anointing for each new day. With the charge at times of as many as sixty girls, in their initial experiences in China, she was as practical in the care of their health as of their spiritual well-being. Day and night she lived for them, enriched by the love of the women of the Mission all over the land, most of whom had passed through her hands.

Miss Murray's teaching was peculiarly real and practical, as one who worked with her recalls.

The story of Joseph was a theme she often returned to: *God the one Circumstance in Life*. Deal with God. Wait for God. When you get away to your stations and something goes wrong, do not write off at once to Shanghai. Just go to God about it. Talk little, but pray much.

Another favorite passage with her was, "The Lord direct your heart into the love of God and the patience of Christ."

"Now that will do for China," she would say. "If you have the *love* of God and the *patience* of Christ, that will do for China."

It was characteristic that, when troubles arose, she never spoke of changing the circumstances, but of proving God in them. "If I do not win the victory here, I shall win it nowhere."

Yet Miss Murray thoroughly enjoyed the humorous side of things and was full of mother wit. A poker had been broken in the Home one day. It was found under the stove in that condition. The servant in charge of the fires declared that he knew nothing about it. Further inquiries

were made, and he went to the cook for advice.

"Say that you did it," counseled the latter. "That will satisfy everybody and be the end of the matter!"

So the "confession" was made and the culprit none too hardly dealt with. Shortly afterwards, however, Margaret King returned from Shanghai and took an early opportunity of saying to Miss Murray:

"I am so sorry I had not time to tell you before leaving that I had carelessly broken the poker."

"*You* broke the poker!" exclaimed her distressed hearer, thinking of the reproof she had administered to the wrong person.

Then the funny side of it all appealed to them, and they had to laugh over the complication before proceeding to put matters right.

"Miss Murray was splendidly fair and just," is another of Miss Cole's recollections.*

On one occasion, years ago, I made a mistake in dealing with one of the household. Miss Murray could not rest until I had told the woman that I was wrong and had asked forgiveness. That servant is with us still, one of our valued helpers.

Miss Murray never shielded one person at the expense of another. She was so direct and faithful! She saw clearly the failings of those under her care, but never in a critical spirit. She was true through and through, yet the very embodiment of love. She would impress upon the girls in the language school not to blame others or circumstances when they were at fault, but just to blame themselves.

You come down late for breakfast. Do not say, "My clock was slow," or make other excuses. Just be true. Blame yourself. Say, "I am sorry to be late," and be more watchful next time.

Hers was the spirit that follows hard after God; the

*The late Miss Florence Cole, quoted above, who after working with Miss Murray for many years, succeeded her as head of the language school.

spirit that could not be satisfied with less than He is able and longing to give.

Give me courage to win souls [was her daily petition].

Make me an overcomer.

Help me to keep first things first.

May I have no thought or plans except from Thee.

May I not fail Thee today, Lord.

May I in all my ways acknowledge Thee.

Take away a critical spirit.

Fill me with praise.

Make the love of God and the saving of souls the ruling passion of my life.

Could there be a truer picture of what that life really was, through the grace of God?

Little wonder that the influence of such a leader kept the spiritual standard high in the language school and was a revelation even to Margaret King. It prepared her for the fiery test that was to come at the end of four years in Yangchow, when the Boxer madness swept the land, resulting in the tragedies of 1900. Of the hundred and seventeen missionaries whose lives were sacrificed that year, fifty-eight were members of the China Inland Mission. In the school of her friend Miss Newton, whom Margaret had visited in a northern province, every girl laid down her life at the hands of infuriated Boxers, rather than deny Christ. And the same thing would have happened in Yangchow, but that God in His mercy intervened.

In the Imperial Palace at Peking a strong remonstrance was being made with the misguided Empress Dowager, who was bent on the destruction of the Foreign Legations and all they represented. Two of her highest officials, regardless of personal danger, memorialized the Throne over and over again, urging a saner course of action.

"These are brave men," observed the Empress. "I never cared much for Hsü, but Yuan behaved well in 1898, and warned me about Kang Yü-wei and his plottings. Be that as it may, however, they have no business to worry me with their persistent and querulous questions. . . . Desiring to deal leniently with the memorialists, I command that my censure be communicated to them, and that they take heed to refrain in future from troubling my ears with their petulant complainings."

A few days later, the Empress in her infatuation sent forth a decree to be posted in every city in China, commanding that all foreigners should be put to death without mercy. Had that decree gone out as it was, every missionary in the interior would have been sacrificed. It did go out, but strange to say the word "slay" was altered to "protect." Every foreigner was to be protected, by order of the Throne!

When the Empress discovered this, and that it was Hsü and Yuan who had dared to do it, "her face," onlookers said, "was divine in its wrath."

"Their limbs should be torn asunder," she cried. "Let them at once be decapitated!"

"I die innocent," Yuan said, just before the sword of the executioner did its work. "In years to come my name will be remembered with gratitude."

Then turning to Hsü he added, "We shall meet anon at the Yellow Springs. To die is only to come home."

Yangchow had not escaped the fury of the Boxers. At the time this tragedy was being enacted in Peking, the little company of missionaries in that southern city was in utmost peril. The students were dispersed for the summer and Miss Murray was in Shanghai. Two other homes of the Mission were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and

Miss Alice Henry, but Margaret King was alone in the premises of the language school, alone with her friend Mrs. Sie. From her country home, Mrs. Sie's relatives came frequently to get her away.

"For one of your own you might risk your life," they urged, "but who would die for *a dog*?"

But love for the Lord and for Margaret held her firm.

In a mansion near at hand lived a lady whose children the missionaries had cared for medically, and who felt that she owed them a debt of gratitude. With this neighbor, Mrs. Sie arranged a plan of action. If the mission house were attacked, she would give shelter to the foreigners. A ladder was kept in readiness to scale the intervening wall. Dollars were sewn up in their clothing, and blue cotton cloths prepared to tie over their heads, if escape proved necessary.

The fateful night came. Mr. Andrew, the missionary-in-charge, was preaching in the chapel downstairs, while Margaret, Mrs. Andrew and Mrs. Sie were praying above. Outside, the crowds were clamoring for their lives. At last they managed with the help of friends to get the doors shut, but at daylight the Boxers were coming, coming to kill them. Excitement was intense. But before morning a change had taken place. The Imperial proclamation had arrived from Peking. Posted up in prominent places it said, "*Protect the foreigners*"; not "kill" but "protect"! It came just in time.

At home, a year later, Margaret wrote in her journal: "Thinking much of this time last year. '*Abide ye in my love*'—what a safe abiding place one had there, in those dark days! Dwelling in grateful memory on the kindness of Yangchow friends. How good God was through them!"

CHAPTER

IV

JOY AND PAIN

LEAVING home the second time was even more of a trial to Margaret King than the first separation had been. The loneliness of heart was so great that, as she noted in her journal, "no moment did the cloud seem to lift" for the first week after parting from her loved ones.

"But today all is sunshine," she could write on arriving in Shanghai. "To be here again seems a joy too great for this poor heart." And on the following day: "To waken up and know that I am really in China—oh, the bliss of it!"

Joy and pain were strangely mingled during the next few years. With a competent knowledge of the language, in good health and eager to be at work, the young missionary had to learn the lesson that comes in so many ways—that the corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die, if it is to bring forth "much fruit." To her, the new opportunity after the Boxer troubles for making known the gospel seemed the great, the urgent thing. The country was open as never before, people were friendly and there was more to be done than the few Christian witnesses could possibly accomplish. No other mission had yet come to Yangchow, and she and Miss Alice Henry, with one com-

panion at the South Gate, were the only women set apart for evangelistic work.* But the Master had a work to do in her own heart before she could be the instrument He wanted to use. Trial was permitted and trial that touched her in the tenderest spot. As sorrow followed sorrow, and life was bereft of its best treasures, her soul took hold on God, and she entered in a new and deeper way into the experience which had strengthened her to return to China—"leaning on the arm of my *most* Beloved One."

But first there were happy days in work that was after her own heart. Margaret King was a great lover of children, and her special friend, Miss Clough, was now in charge of a school for girls started by Miss C. Murray, an older sister of the beloved head of the language school. To the two friends it was no small satisfaction when Margaret was appointed to be Miss Clough's companion, living in the school but carrying on her own evangelistic work. There were about twenty girls under their care, children of Christians, one of whom they practically inherited with the school. Having lost both parents, little Jean had been a special charge of Miss C. Murray's, and soon became dear to them as an adopted child.

Chinese children were no less attractive to Margaret than little ones at home, and she understood them just as well. She loved to play with them in her spare time, and their little joys and sorrows were almost as real to her as to themselves. Jean remembered well in later years this loving sympathy:

"Miss King used to play with us so naturally, as one of ourselves. She was indeed able to weep with those who

*Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Bryan of the Southern Baptist Mission, with Mr. Pierce and Miss Minor, afterwards Mrs. Pierce, came to live in Yangchow in September, 1901. They had opened a street chapel there some years previously. The American Episcopal Mission followed in 1908.

wept and rejoice with those who rejoiced. If a church member lost a child, it was as if her own child had died. It was so with rich and poor alike, as if the joy or pain were in her own body."

This characteristic made it specially hard for Margaret to bear the sights and sounds of suffering so common in a heathen city. With the tolling of the temple bell at night would often mingle the groans of some poor beggar, perhaps a mother with an infant, wandering shelterless, or lying on the stones of the muddy street. The miserable hovels of these poor creatures were to be found in hundreds, within and without the city wall, and always sent a pang to her heart. For there was little she could do to help. To give food or money openly would have brought such numbers that the giver would have been overwhelmed. Sometimes, in quiet ways, suffering could be relieved, specially through medical work, for some were thankful to have their sores and diseases attended to, even if it lessened their chances of exciting pity. No doctor or hospital was yet within reach. No provision was to be found in that city of more than a quarter of a million inhabitants for the sick or blind, the insane or destitute. All such sufferers were at large on the streets, getting a living as best they could. Margaret rarely went out without seeing things that hurt unspeakably, and often the cry would go up from her heart, "O Lord, how long?" Her one comfort was to know that, back of everything, it is God Himself who suffers most, and that Christ Jesus came into the world not only to save sinners but "to make an end of sin" and forever "to destroy the works of the devil."

It was the suffering of children, naturally, that affected her most. Writing to a friend at home whose young daughter was interested in the school, Miss King said:

There are several little girls I wish Marjory would pray for. One is a leper and another has an incurable skin disease. Her mother beats her fearfully, because she can get no one to buy her. She is afraid to kill her outright, and the child does not die. We can help so little, not because we have not the means, but because if we helped one our whole time and strength would be taken up with such cases.

Sometimes, however, there was an opportunity to rescue a little sufferer—as when Mrs. Sie came one day to say that a mother near by was about to do away with an unwanted baby girl. With a quick prayer for guidance, Margaret went round at once to the poor home.

“I have come to congratulate you,” she said to the surprised woman. “I hear that you have a new baby. I should so like to see it.”

But the baby was not there. All that they could learn was that the father had taken it to the grandmother’s.

“Do get him to bring it back,” Margaret persisted. “Isn’t it a little girl? I want so much to see her.”

Wondering whether the baby could be of more value than she had supposed, the mother finally brought it.

“Oh, what a dear little thing!” the visitor exclaimed, taking it in her arms. “Now you have other children. I should like to take this little girl for my own. I will let you keep her and feed her for the present, but later on she shall come into our school and I will give her my name.”

Margaret’s loving spirit won the whole family. One of the sons grew up to be a fine Christian man, and was useful as a semi-doctor. The little sister was very happy in the school, but she was not strong and while still in her teens went to be with the Lord she loved.

A friend who meant much to the young missionaries at this time was a Chinese lady who was living with them.

Though a woman of good position, this Mrs. Si had been brought to poverty by the vices of her opium-smoking son. Neither she nor his young wife could stay with him and the girl had taken the position of cook in the school, to be near her mother-in-law. The latter, though engaged in household tasks, proved a valuable adviser to Miss Clough and Miss King. Indeed she almost took the place of Margaret's Chinese "mother," who had died during her absence on furlough, and continued the training in Chinese thought and ways which gave Margaret much poise and confidence in intercourse with people of the upper classes.

Having Mrs. Sie with them was also a great advantage, and it would be hard to say whether she or Margaret rejoiced more in resuming their former relations. Mrs. Sie was on fire for souls, and being in the position of a servant had the more liberty in preaching, as everybody knew she was not paid to do that work. And a most effective preacher she proved, earnest, eloquent, and filled with the constraining love of Christ. She and Margaret had many times of Bible study and prayer together, and Mrs. Sie was always ready for visiting in the city or evangelistic trips to country places. If friends at home could realize what it means to a young missionary to have such a companion, there would surely be more prayer that many women (and men also) called of God and fitted for the work may be raised up. But it takes a missionary of like caliber to appreciate and develop such a worker.

So well matched were these two that Mrs. Sie longed to have Margaret spend more time in her own family home, the village where she had a little property. This the young missionary was nothing loath to do. They had

been out there together several times, and there were a few interested inquirers; but no inn was to be found near at hand, and the farmhouse was small and overcrowded. To meet this situation Mrs. Sie set her wits to work, and by and by she contrived to build a "prophet's chamber." This room, added on to her own house, had to be dry and comfortable, so she put in a board floor to make it worthy of the friend she loved. There happy hours were spent between trips to the towns and villages of that populous countryside. Mrs. Sie loved to gather in her neighbors at night for a little service, and Margaret, though often tired, rejoiced in the privilege of feeding such hungry souls.

Many a trip they took together on the canals, passing from one busy market to another. Margaret was a lover of nature. She would say that she thought she must have gypsy blood, so great was her enjoyment of the out-of-doors. To her, China was beautiful, even in that level, agricultural region. The sun shining on the water and the sound of wind and stream were a keen delight, and she was never lonely with Mrs. Sie as her companion.

At home in the school, her friendship with Miss Clough was deepening. They seemed made to work together, Miss Clough rather supplying the element of law and Miss King that of grace. To each other they gave the richest of all gifts, a perfect mutual understanding as well as love. This in itself made the atmosphere of the school uplifting, and Miss Clough's strength of character maintained a high degree of efficiency. Margaret with her sympathetic spirit was able to supplement this influence. She too had been brought up strictly and appreciated the value of discipline, but Chinese children need loving as much as any others, and a little mothering occasionally did the older girls no harm.

In the city, the medical work continued to bring many openings. Margaret was often called to opium cases, would-be suicides, and her fame was great as one who saved life. She rarely, if ever, lost a case, one reason being that Mrs. Sie would go round first to see if there was hope. And it was wonderful what cures were effected by simple means used with much prayer. On one occasion they were called to a mansion where the chief lady had been badly burned. The accident had happened several days previously, and the condition of the sufferer was desperate. So nauseating was the odor from the neglected burns that Mrs. Sie could not stay in the room, and Margaret had to run out repeatedly while doing the dressings. But the lady recovered, and the missionaries had no warmer friend for years afterwards than this Mrs. Li.

“Little Sister” was the name affectionately used for Miss King by quite a few of these wealthy women. She responded to their friendliness and lost no opportunity of living and preaching Christ among them, but, as in Montreal, it was to the poor and suffering she was drawn in a special way. No beggar was too dirty, no country woman too dull to claim her personal attention. She believed in preaching, both to Christians and outsiders, preaching that explained and impressed the Word of God. But she knew the value also of patient personal work, teaching little groups or single individuals, going over and over the same thing—a verse of a hymn or a helpful text—till it was impressed on mind and heart. It was this personal work that gave her such influence with the poorer Christians and enabled her to understand their point of view. Could she ever forget the pathos with which an old beggar woman said one day, when she was telling her about the joys of heaven, where they “hunger no more neither thirst

any more," "Oh, *then* I shall have enough to eat!" or the lesson that she learned in the home of one who had suffered from demon possession? This woman had been wonderfully saved through faith in Christ, but her body was worn out with years of restless misery. That day when Margaret went to see her and found her lying on a wretched pallet, her heart cried out inwardly:

"Oh, that I could give her my own bed!"

Feeling something of her sympathy, Mrs. An looked up and smiled.

"Do not be sorry for me, King Kiao-si," she said. "I walked the streets, as you know, day and night. The devil would not let me rest. But now I have such peace! And the Lord is with me all the time. So *any* bed is comfortable."

Later on, when medical workers of the Baptist Mission came to the city, it was a comfort to be able to send suffering people to the hospital, defraying their expenses. Miss King's cases were always welcome, for they were sure to be needy and the registrar was her personal friend.

This woman, strange to say, had been a Buddhist nun before her conversion. Devoted to religious practices, she used to go round gathering money for her temple. On one occasion she found herself in a country place that looked promising. There were homes of well-to-do landowners and farmers in the district, and she made up her mind to stay there until she had collected two or three hundred dollars. But the people would not give. She went from house to house and used all her inducements, but to no purpose.

Angered at last, she gave it out that she would starve herself to death in the penurious village, to bring down the anger of the gods upon them. And she did starve for

many days. Still the sum she demanded was not forthcoming. But the people of the place put her in an inn, when she was too ill to go on her way. And to that inn came some travelers for a night's lodging, including one of the workers connected with the hospital. This lady heard of the strange nun and went to see her. She told her the way of salvation, and finding she could read, left tracts and gospels with her. Much impressed the suffering woman said:

"I have been serving Buddha all these years, and what good has it done me? All that I get is this sickness. If the Lord Jesus can heal me today, I will believe in and follow Him."

That very night the fever left her and she knew that she was healed. From that time she believed. Returning to Yangchow, she left the nunnery and began at once to witness for Christ. Some time later, she became registrar at the hospital. Everybody had to have a numbered ticket, on coming to the dispensary. She attended to this and preached the gospel daily. Earnest and convincing as a speaker, she won many to faith in Christ, and would come right across the city to help Miss King in special services.

Very real were the conversions that rejoiced Margaret and her colleague in those early days and when they moved from their first location to join Miss Alice Henry at the South Gate. The district was populous and neglected, and Miss Henry was developing evangelistic work among the pilgrims to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy. Every summer hundreds of thousands of worshipers flocked to that famous shrine, many of them kneeling and knocking their foreheads on the ground between every few paces, in fulfillment of a vow made in a time of sickness or trouble. This annual festival brought crowds of visitors

to the Mission house and offered unique opportunities for reaching women from great distances. When Miss Henry's companion left Yangchow to be married, it was felt desirable that the ladies in the school should join her, rather than take some one from work in the interior. All three had themselves desired to go inland and had offered for pioneer service. But Yangchow needed the gospel as much as any part of the interior, and in proportion to its population was almost as neglected. So they stayed on, a like-minded trio, in their love to the Lord and devotion to the work of school and church.

"It is a great joy to be here with Alice Henry," * Margaret wrote in her journal that summer. "How can I thank the Lord enough for my dear fellow-workers?" And after a long day's visiting: "Our little home seems so bright and clean to come back to!"

But it was a home into which their neighbors were welcomed at all times. It did need watchfulness to keep free from the undesirable, small visitors they might bring with them! But that very real trial did not deter the young missionaries from coming close to those they longed to save. You cannot love people at arm's length, or at any rate cannot make them feel your love. It was not so that the Lord Jesus moved among the multitudes. It is not so, today, that souls are won.

It was beautiful autumn weather when Margaret set out for a country district never before visited with the gospel. She was anxiously awaiting news from home as to her father's health, for both he and her sister Christina had

*Miss Alice Henry, now Mrs. J. Macfarlane, the present head of the language school in Yangchow.

been far from well. Traveling by houseboat with Mrs. Sie and stopping at all the villages, they were reaching many who had never heard the name of Jesus. To Margaret there was no joy so great as that of being His messenger to those who, but for her coming, might never, never know of a Saviour's love.

But who was that calling them by name across the river? Had a messenger come after them with letters? Let Margaret's journal tell the rest.

I felt a little alarmed at first, but Mrs. Sie said: "That is my brother's voice. He has come to spend Sunday with us."

I was reassured for the moment, but when Pao-shi came across to us he said: "Miss Clough is in a village a mile or two from here. She has come to bring you important news."

Then I knew something dreadful had happened to bring her away from home in my absence. Pao-shi went to tell her where he had found us. I stood on the bank of the little stream, straining my eyes to catch the first glimpse of her. In what seemed hours she came. Her face as she crossed the ferry told me the worst.

"Is it Father or Tina?" I called—for none of those around us could understand.

"He is with the Lord, darling," she answered.

I sat down on the bank where I was. Presently she came and helped me up. Mrs. Sie led the way to the boat, weeping. Emmie and I followed, and alone for almost the only moment that day she told me all she knew. Oh, how dark the world looked! Everything seemed changed . . . Even Mrs. Sie could but little enter into my grief, never having known such a father's love, such an always-to-be-trusted, never-failing love.

It was Sunday, and the people crowded round them. Looking into their faces telling of lives without Christ, without hope, the wonderful contrast stole over that sorrowing heart—"Father is with Jesus"; and she went on giving them the message of salvation.

Another Sunday has come [she wrote in Yangchow a week later]. It is night; the busy day is over. I have been walking up and down in the moonlight in our courtyard, thinking of them all at home. Such a pang comes to my heart as I think of moonlight falling on Father's grave.

Bravely she went on with her work all that winter, but in spring letters came from her mother that called her home. Her grandmother was ill and Margaret was sorely needed. To nurse the dear patient back to health was the task of the summer, and a happy one it proved. Margaret's bright presence was just what was needed. She did not seem like a returned missionary, people said! But China was calling—calling her back.

Have been at home eight months [she wrote at the end of February, 1904]. So hard to leave all my dear ones again! But His work needs me. I just dropped everything to come away.

She left in April, thankful that her mother and grandmother were well, and was back at the South Gate in time to take her share in the work of those busy, spring days. The school was growing, and they were full of plans for new buildings which were sorely needed. Work was pressing on all hands, and Margaret felt that she had done right in returning at the earliest possible moment, until, like a bolt from the blue, another unexpected blow fell.

It was only the second day of May.

A cablegram from home this morning [the journal continued] saying that Mother is very ill. A great fear fills my heart, an awful longing to be with her—a pain that is physical. Why did I leave her!

May 4, my darling Mother is with the Lord. It all seems like a dreadful dream. My heart and flesh fail. Lord, *Thou* art the strength of my heart.

May 26, how can we go on living without our Mother? Much in prayer as to the future. Shall I go home to Grandmother, or

shall I remain in China? God knows, I have no choice of my own. To leave China would be a sorrow too deep for words. To think of Grandmother at home is an ever-present pain.

Teach me Thy way, O Lord.

The youngest sister's poor health decided the matter, for Mrs. Yuile was far from well and there seemed no one able to care for her. After only six months in China, Margaret was on her way home again, hoping that it would not be for long. Little did she imagine that four years were to elapse before she would be free to return to her loved work. At times it looked as though she would be kept permanently at home. Her sister's serious illness for many months, left her an invalid and necessitated a long convalescence in California. But before they went West, the grandmother to whom they were both devoted had taken a longer, better journey.

How thankful Margaret was to be at her side all those last months! Companionship denied them, for Jesus' sake, was restored just when it was needed most, and long partings had but deepened their joy in being together. Patient and unselfish still, Mrs. Yuile was thinking only of others. The last words on her lips, the last they heard her utter, were a prayer for her grandchildren, for "William's boys and David's girls." So passed that brave, true spirit, compassed to the end, the great beginning rather, with Margaret's love and care.

CHAPTER

V

REVIVAL AND REVOLUTION

NO home of her own behind her now, Margaret King returned to China and to the richest period of her life work. Home was Yangchow henceforward, and of the twenty-two years that remained before her task was laid down, no fewer than nineteen were spent among the people of her adoption.

Much had happened during her absence from China. The Dowager Empress, Tsi Hsi, was still, as she had been for more than forty-five years, the power behind the throne. Two successive Emperors, her son and nephew, three and four years old respectively at the time of their accession, had been under her control as Regent, and though Kwang Hsü, the latter, had ruled independently for a few years, his sympathy with the Reform Party had brought down upon him her condign displeasure. Deprived of power, the young Emperor had witnessed the reversal of all his plans for modernizing Chinese education and institutions. Reaction triumphed, resulting in the Boxer outbreak two years later, which plunged the nation into war with all the leading foreign powers. Through fire and sword, Tsi Hsi had learned her lesson. She had even become a con-

vert to the Reform program, and no longer tried to stem the tide of modern progress. But it was too late to save the fortunes of the Manchu dynasty. The revolutionary doctrines of Sun Yat-sen were rapidly gaining ground. The sudden death of Kwang Hsü in October, 1908, and the promotion of his infant nephew to the throne, left the Dowager Empress still at the helm of State. But death overtook her at that crisis—strange to say, the very day after the Emperor died—and the government of the country passed into the hands of a Regent wholly unable to cope with the situation.

It was to this period of unrest that Margaret King returned, reaching China only five weeks before the death of the Emperor and Dowager Empress. The Revolution had practically begun, and yet, as with Niagara nearing its mighty leap, the surface of things seemed fairly untroubled.

Changes great and many had taken place since Miss King's first coming to Yangchow. The victory of Japan over Russia (1904), following upon a period of alarming aggression on the part of foreign powers, had convinced China that in immediate and adequate reforms lay her only hope. For the first time since the days of Confucius, her people had begun to look forward instead of backward. Students were crowding to missionary colleges where English and science were taught. The demand for translations of educational and scientific works was enormous. The establishment of public schools throughout the Empire was proceeding as rapidly as possible, many temples and monasteries being requisitioned for the purpose. Newspapers in the language of everyday life were beginning to exert a far-reaching influence. Railways were lessening the difficulties of travel in some directions, and

the development of trade was bringing even the far interior in touch with foreigners whether for good or ill. Changes were coming, too, in dress and manners, including amazing freedom of social intercourse between men and women; but this was chiefly at the Treaty Ports, and Miss King was glad to get back to the more conservative atmosphere of Yangchow.

The welcome that awaited her was a happy experience, welcome from friends and fellow-workers, church members, schoolgirls and even children on the streets. The language school had been transferred to larger premises, but Miss M. Murray was still in charge, to the blessing of ever-increasing numbers of young missionaries. Miss Clough had moved from the South Gate and was completing the buildings which had long been needed for the forty or more Chinese girls under her care. For the school had grown and had made a place for itself in the esteem of Yangchow people. Government Schools for girls were being opened, but none of them had the reputation for scholarship and discipline of the Christian school at Pehhohsia.

It was a satisfaction to Miss King as well as Miss Clough that their new property adjoined the enlarged premises of the language school. A door in the dividing wall made the two places like one, and they were able to see much of Miss Murray, whose interest in the school was almost as great as their own. Though Miss King was engaged as before in evangelistic work, visiting with Mrs. Sie in the city and country and carrying on women's meetings, she was more than ever thankful for her close connection with the school. The need for trained, efficient women for positions of usefulness in the church as well as in Christian homes was one she felt increasingly. Such women

are not developed in a day. Character is built up slowly, and Christian influence is the outcome of growth in grace. China was clamoring for education, overlooking, too often, the fact that education means much more than knowledge, mere head knowledge. It implies mental and moral training, habits of self-control, and the development of personality at its best. And it goes without saying that for the development of Christian character there must be spiritual influences as well.

These were the convictions that influenced Miss King and Miss Clough in making rather unusual arrangements in connection with the school. Two new buildings were being put up, providing simple classrooms and dormitories for older and younger girls. It would have been easy to add a dwelling-house for the foreign staff, for Miss King was not without means. But the two friends were agreed as to their objective, the building up of all-round Christian character, and felt that the more closely they could live in touch with their pupils the better would that aim be realized. So no foreign or even Chinese house was planned for the missionaries. They had a good-sized study in which they took their meals, adjoining the Chinese guest hall, but for the rest they lived in the midst of their young people. Miss Clough had a bedroom in the larger building, next to the chief dormitory, and Miss King added a chamber for herself in the other schoolhouse, opening out of the room in which the younger children slept. No mission funds were used in any of this work. From beginning to end it was a lesson in faith, for the schoolgirls knew that their teachers looked to the Lord for all that was needed and often joined them in thanksgiving for answered prayer.

It is revealing to stand, today, in the only little place

Margaret King ever built for her own use. Retirement was evidently not her object, for to gain access to it one had to climb a steep stairway from a schoolroom below to the dormitory for younger girls. At one end of the double row of beds, a door opened into a narrow slip of a room with a tiny fireplace and a built-in cupboard. The one redeeming feature was a wide veranda all along the south side, large enough to be used as a sleeping porch. It overlooked a little courtyard and the trees and garden of the language school.

Here then in the cold of winter and the heat of summer Margaret made her home, save for brief furloughs, for the next thirteen years. In all weathers she had to cross the courtyard to reach Miss Clough's bedroom, their dining room and guest hall, or the classrooms of the school. Outside her own door, twenty or more little girls were always at hand, asleep or awake. It was well that she loved young people, for it was impossible to escape their cheerful racket. They watched every movement and knew all that went on, as children do in every Chinese home. They saw the considerate way in which their missionary friends behaved to one another and the place given in their lives to prayer and daily Bible study. They saw their diligence and faithfulness, something of their self-sacrifice and the reality of Christ in them, their reason for joy and calm. These things made an ineffaceable impression, and were recalled long after, with the love and understanding life had brought. It was the most effective of all teaching, that of personal contact and example.

Miss Clough and Miss King took it in turns to lead morning prayers in the school, a bright half-hour with plenty of singing. The daily curriculum with Chinese teachers included all the elementary as well as primary

subjects, up to the standard of the high school. Physical training and needlework received careful attention, and the health of the girls was well looked after. Every day began and ended with twenty minutes of silence, which secured an opportunity for private reading and prayer, and there was no talking afterwards in the dormitories as they went to bed. Then on winter evenings, Margaret would cross the snowy courtyard and slip up to Miss Clough's room, where they had cozy times together by the fireside, talking over the problems of their work. They had girls from many provinces, some even from Kansu in the far northwest. They had pupils who were difficult to deal with as well as others full of promise, and some before whom lay lives of special usefulness; and to these girls the revival when it came brought transforming blessing.

It was soon after Margaret's return in 1908 that the conference was arranged for by Dr. Jonathan Goforth which drew hundreds of Christians to Changteh in the province of Honan. Dr. Goforth was to give an account of the wonders he had seen in recent revivals in Korea, Manchuria and other places, and many hearts were hungry for like blessing. A tent had been prepared to seat a thousand, and its accommodation was taxed to the utmost. Among those who came from long distances were Mr. James Orr, Miss King and Mrs. Sie from Yangchow, all of the China Inland Mission, and one of its leaders from the neighboring province of Anhwei, named Hsieh Mengtseh. He was a stranger to most of them, but Miss King's friendliness soon drew the little group together and prepared the way for mutual helpfulness.

As the meetings of the conference went on the power deepened, until, as none present will ever forget, there was

a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Like a breath from above, the power of God swept over that great company, and day after day hundreds were praying, weeping, and confessing their sins one to another and to the Lord. To Margaret King it was a revelation of what the Lord could do in her own heart and in the experience of Chinese Christians. But it was not in that memorable meeting that Hsieh Meng-tseh received the fulness for which he longed.

Anxious that none of her friends should leave the conference unsatisfied, Miss King invited the Inland Mission group to join her in a quiet place for waiting upon God. Hsieh Meng-tseh was the last to pray, and when he tried to do so, words would not come. He struggled to speak, but could not. The pent-up longing of his heart seemed choked back and could find no utterance.

"O Lord," he cried in distress, "how great is the power of the devil!"

"It was as if a stopper had burst from a bottle," he recalled. Some great hindrance was swept away and the Holy Spirit took full possession of his heart.

"It was my Pentecost," he said twenty-five years later. And he went home carrying the fire.

From that day to this he has lived as a man determined to pay his debt to the gospel. Taking no salary from the Mission, he has traveled on foot, wearing sandals and the plainest of cotton garments, many thousands of miles throughout fifteen provinces, everywhere declaring the saving grace of God. At first his missions were accompanied by remarkable demonstrations of spiritual power. There would be weeping and confession of sin, followed by great joy in the Lord. But to his distress, there seemed in many cases to be little abiding result. He did not find those who had such experiences necessarily going on to

lives of greater Christlikeness and devotion. This troubled him and he prayed much about it. Why did they not go on with the Lord? After two or three years he came to see that the appeal to conscience and emotions was not the best way.

"They have no root," the Lord seemed to say. "You stir them deeply, but they have too little truth [literally, doctrine] to fall back upon. Open the Word to them; feed them with its teachings, and leave it to the Spirit to convict them of sin as need arises."

Working on those lines, the results though less spectacular have been more permanent. In his missions Pastor Hsieh is wont to say:

"Now, I have given you the truth. If you obey it and find that it brings blessing to your lives, I want to hear from you *in a year's time*—not in two or three weeks, remember!"

And he does hear from many, and sends a yearly letter to hundreds of places where there are those who have been blessed through his ministry.

But to come back to Margaret King—she too went home from that conference rejoicing in the fulness of the Holy Spirit as never before. Those nearest to her soon felt that something had happened. One Sunday evening after her return, the school was gathered informally in the study to hear about the conference. All over the floor as well as on every available seat, they were grouped around their friend as she told of her experiences. And the hearts of many of those girls were hungry. Of truth and teaching they had had not a little. Now they were face to face with a new reality. And there too the Holy Spirit worked in power. Jean was converted that night, and all the older girls who were not yet decided Christians. A revival began

from that meeting which lifted the spiritual life of the whole school to a new level. So real was the work that writing to a friend in Canada some months later Miss King could say:

Seven of our schoolgirls united with the church last Sunday, which is a great joy to us all. They are so sweet and earnest about trying to win others. They have their own prayer meeting, quite their own idea, and their prayers often bring tears to my eyes. Three of the older ones begin to teach this week in the school. Miss Clough hopes to leave them in charge when she goes on furlough, with a little supervision from me.

And in their new responsibilities these girls did so well that the missionaries could wish for no better teachers. They were working at a great problem—how to help China to help herself in the highest and best of ways. Day by day they saw in their own school the power for good that young Chinese girls could exercise, once their lives were moulded and controlled by Christ Himself. This made Miss King the more willing to accept invitations that began to come from the schools of other missions to conduct evangelistic services, though it meant breaking in upon her Yangchow work.

We were the praying army behind her [said one of her own girls, recalling the interest with which they followed such missions]. When Miss King came back she would tell us everything, the difficulties and disappointments as well as the encouragements, and she often had to report definite conversions—as many as sixty to eighty in some of the larger schools.

It was to the prayers of these fellow-workers, as well as of the group in the language school close by that Margaret King attributed the blessing that attended missions of this kind to which she was increasingly called. Meanwhile she did not neglect the work in Yangchow which was her special responsibility. Both in the city and country

she had endless opportunities among the women. If the power of the Holy Spirit was becoming more real to her in her own experience, so also was the power of the enemy in the lives of the non-Christians about her. In Yangchow, as in other parts of China, there was much demon possession. The sufferings of those afflicted in this way differed very much in different cases, but were always dreadful. Profoundly as Miss King felt for them, she was not quick to undertake to help such people. She knew something of the conflict involved, if there was to be real deliverance, and had to be very sure of the Lord's leading before she dared to challenge the enemy.

One of the cases she was used to help has already been referred to—the woman in her poor little hovel who was so full of joy in the Lord that “any bed was comfortable”! She had been distressed for years by demons who would give her no rest. Strange as it may seem to those who do not know heathenism, she would be harassed in all kinds of ways, and even thrown out of bed when she tried to sleep. Restlessness so possessed her that day and night she would rush out and wander up and down, anywhere. Her friends could not control her, and this went on until she was known in many parts of Yangchow as the demon-possessed woman who walked the streets. Neither doctor nor medicine brought any relief. She was not insane. Mentally and physically she was like other people, but tormented by a power other than herself from which she sought in vain to escape.

It was not until she heard the name of Jesus that any hope of deliverance came. In her miserable, disheveled condition, she was brought to Miss King's meetings. There she drank in the gospel, the truth which makes men free. The prayers of the Christians surrounded her. Tremblingly

at first, her faith laid hold on Christ—just the cry of an anguished heart, “Lord, save me; save me!” But the power of the enemy was broken. Haunting fear gave place to the peace that passes all understanding. The change was wonderful; and there was never any return of her former misery. In poverty and weakness of body, for she was worn out physically, she was always bright and uncomplaining. So great was her joy in the Lord that there seemed at times to be an actual radiance about her, until she passed into the glory of His immediate presence.

Sometimes it was only through fasting as well as prayer that such sufferers could be relieved. A Mrs. Chang was a case in point. For years she had given herself over to the spirits who spoke through her, until she was completely under their control. She was very violent at times—would jump and throw herself about, and beat herself and any one within reach. Sometimes the demons would not let her sleep or eat. She suffered from pains all over her body, yet had no illness. And the people round her said that, though she might be starving, the demons would not let her die.

It was not easy to face a woman so formidable with the simple message of deliverance through faith in Christ. But her Christian neighbor, old Mrs. Chu, could not rest until the attempt was made. With other believers she went to the house and prayed with this Mrs. Chang. They found her willing to listen. The way had been prepared by prayer, and the woman said they might come again. Gradually she improved and they brought her to the chapel at Pishikai. But there seemed some hindrance in the way of her perfect recovery. Conscious of determined satanic resistance, Miss King gave herself to fasting as well as prayer, claiming the power of the cross of Christ.

And this prevailed. But it was not until every vestige of idolatry had been removed from her home that Mrs. Chang was fully set at liberty. Even then the demons attempted to return once or twice, but as soon as she was taken to Mrs. Chu's place, where the Christians prayed for her, there was again deliverance. Gradually her faith was strengthened, and to the day of her death she was kept in the peace that truly passes understanding.

Her husband too became a Christian, seeing the change in her life. Even now, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, he is full of joy in the Lord, a real witness to those about him. He lives alone and is very poor. The Christians help him all they can, and when he cannot sleep, the neighbors hear him at midnight talking happily with his wonderful Saviour and Friend.

Amid not a little to encourage, there were also disappointing experiences in the Yangchow work. Indeed, Miss King never had the joy of seeing as much spiritual fruit there as from her outside missions. But she learned to trust the Lord about results; and sometimes, where she had sown in tears, she would reap long afterwards in joy. This was especially the case with a family that moved away from the neighborhood, only the father having come to faith in Christ. Miss King had done all she could to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, and she did not cease to pray for them long after they had otherwise passed out of her life. What was her joy, years later, to find them in a distant city bearing a bright witness for the Lord! No fewer than eight members of the family had been converted, and they were real missionaries in that neglected place. The little group of converts gathered about them has since grown into a flourishing church, so it is a story without an end, for the Word of God cannot

return unto Him void.

The winter of 1910-1911 brought a break in Margaret King's always strenuous labors, for she was laid aside with inflammation of the lungs and her life almost despaired of. This led to her spending the following summer at Kuling, a mountain resort in mid-China which she had never before visited. There, new friendships were formed which were greatly to widen her sphere of usefulness. Unconsciously to herself, she contributed not a little to the social and spiritual life around her, winning the confidence of experienced leaders of other missions, as well as her own.

Remarkably enough, that was the summer when Dr. W. W. White of New York came to China for the first time and was one of the speakers at the Kuling Conference. His reputation as a Bible teacher had preceded him, and the time was ripe for the special message he had to bring. The Seminary of which Dr. White was both founder and president received only young people of college education, and aimed at giving them a comprehensive course of study in the Bible itself. Dr. White could see, even then, that a new day was dawning for the church in China, a day in which educated women as well as men would be needed as teachers of the Word of God. There were seminaries in existence in which men could receive training for such work, but there was not one of a corresponding standing for women. The need at that time had hardly made itself felt, for women of higher education were still few and far between. Dr. White's urgency in the matter, however, awakened serious consideration, and Margaret King was one of those most interested. Her own work being definitely evangelistic, she was not able to assume direct responsibility, but she was warmly in sympathy with

those who did so, led by Miss Esther Butler of the Friends' Mission.

And then, before the close of the year, the crisis came which was to liberate the youth of China for new and undreamed-of developments. The long-impending revolution swept all before it. After a brief but terrible two months, the great cities in the Yangtze valley were all in the hands of the Republican army. On January the first, 1912, Dr. Sun Yat-sen was inaugurated, amid the booming of cannon, as the provisional President of the Republic. The sway of the Manchus was at an end. "There was a new atmosphere throughout the country," a Chinese historian records, and "the stage was set for the wholesale modernization of China."

CHAPTER

VI

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

THE "Youth Movement" in China is now world-famous for its achievements, but it is not generally realized that there is a Christian Youth Movement in this land of even greater significance than that which turned the old conservatism upside down. Spiritual forces are at work as well as educative and political. Students are devoting themselves with a new national feeling to patriotic ends, but young people filled with the love of Christ are surpassing them in sacrificial service. It was for this Youth Movement that Margaret King was ready through years of discipline and preparation.

It is a startling fact that in China today there are fully *a hundred million* young people of school age, not including children under six years old. In the cities one sees them everywhere—boys and girls out early with their books, flocking to the temples and other public buildings that have been turned into schools; young men wearing military uniforms, wending their way to college or university; and groups of girls in their teens, very modern, with unbound feet, bobbed hair and the blue, tight-fitting gown open at the sides that students favor. When they troop out

at recess, or go home for meals, the school precincts are gay as Highland woods in spring, carpeted with bluebells. They are just as attractive and interesting, these young people, as boys and girls at home, and far more eager for education. Yet few comparatively of the hundred millions between six and twenty years of age can go to school, for the simple reason that all the schools in China at present barely accommodate ten millions. In conversation recently with the Educational Commissioner for one of the central provinces, he substantiated these facts and told the writer that, while the government is aiming at compulsory education for all classes, it would need one million more teachers than they have at present for the primary schools alone.

This is a splendid body of young people one has to visualize in thinking of the Youth Movement in China today, half of them of high school or college age, though scarcely ten per cent of high school graduates go on to the university. What are these young people thinking about? What are they doing and dreaming, amid the kaleidoscopic changes in the social order of which they form so vital a part? The student body among them is awake, critical, progressive, alive to world-wide issues and stirred with a new, passionate patriotism, not always wisely directed. Though comparatively few in number, they are conscious of their power as leaders of public opinion and the New Thought of the day.

When the Republic was first established, largely through the leadership and sacrifice of men and women students, it was expected that the new form of government would prove a cure for all the ills from which China was suffering. It did not take long to dispel that illusion. Since then, misrule, internal strife and banditry have continuously

sapped the life of the nation. The culture and ethics of the past have been too largely abandoned, and the solidarity of the family, always the stronghold of Confucian China, is rapidly disintegrating. Communism is laying waste large parts of the country, and the social and economic condition of the people is acknowledged to be much worse than it was under the old regime. Yet "the idea of democracy and faith in it have been growing instead of declining."¹ The spirit of nationalism is stronger than ever, inculcated in every government school and college throughout the land, the passion to make China a really free, united and independent nation.

But New Thought is the hope of the Youth Movement today, rather than militarism.

The philosophy of life of the Chinese people must be modernized. First, all Chinese ideas and ideals must be subjected to a thorough-going critical review. Second, all schools of thought of the Western world should be made familiar to the Chinese nation. Thus it is hoped that a new Chinese mind will emerge in the place of the old.²

This new Chinese mind is to be scientific above all.

Science takes nothing for granted. It insists on facts and evidences. It is critical in handling traditions and beliefs.³

And this is the attitude of the student class increasingly, all over China. The amazing literary revolution, which has simplified the written language, is part of this New Thought Movement and facilitates the discussion of problems and the ventilation of ideas. The old classical style

¹See, *China Today Through Chinese Eyes*, p. 52. A symposium, published by the Student Christian Movement.

²See, *As it Looks to Young China*, p. 16: edited by William Hung, Professor of History, Yenching University, Peiping.

³See, *China Today Through Chinese Eyes*, p. 25.

of composition (Wen-li) is now almost as obsolete in China as the use of Latin in Europe for the purposes of everyday life. The Chinese man of culture writes as he speaks (Peh-hua), with the result that modern books and periodicals pour from the press and flood the country with a new literature scientific, democratic and too often destructive in its trend. Young China is reading, thinking, discussing, criticizing age-long traditions, and trying to assimilate not only new ideas but the differing new ideas from many schools of thought.

No wonder that, as a Chinese professor of philosophy tells us, "Young men and women . . . seem to be besieged by life problems of all sorts, and not a few of them have become rather downhearted, or even definitely hold pessimistic views of life."¹

For there is, through all the striving and confusion of thought, a real spiritual quest, Dr. T. T. Lew assures us. The emphasis upon science, democracy and nationalism may be more evident, but it is not more profound than this search for the deeper meanings of life.

One does not find any single outspoken paper which sets forth the spiritual quest as one of the important elements of the National Culture Movement. Yet any one who will read carefully the writings published on the various subjects discussed . . . or who has a wide acquaintance and intimate relation with the youth of China today . . . can not but see that underlying all the different points of view and of emphasis there are unmistakably clear evidences of a spiritual quest, inarticulate but strong and persistent, which finds its way into every discussion.²

As to what New Thought has to offer young people

¹See, *China Today Through Chinese Eyes*, p. 30. Article on "Intellectual Movements," by P. C. Hsu, Professor of Philosophy, Yenching University, Peiping.

²Ibid. p. 56. Article on "Culture and Christian Education," by Dr. Timothy T. Lew, Yenching University, Peiping.

“besieged by life problems” Dr. Lew continues:

The movement has not yet definitely furnished any vital message which is needed. There the failure is greatest. In fact, destructive forces go side by side with the germs of life which are so abundant in the movement.

And for the masses of the people, who look to the student class for leadership, he apprehends as more than probable “an environment in which a surging populace wander as lost sheep, with their moral bridges completely burned behind them, straying into a spiritual desert, longing for the nourishment of soul which they do not find.”

No wonder his cry and that of all thoughtful Christian people in China today is for “leaders greater than any we have thus far seen,” and for “a new religious education” in our colleges that shall be “aggressively and truly Christian.”

The clearest demand today [writes another Christian thinker], is for a new leadership among Chinese Christians, which can transcend the times, in thought and life, and can truly lead. Every demand is a test; every test is a weighing of our faith and conduct in the eternal balances of God. China needs spiritual uplift today more urgently than ever, and therefore offers to those who have faith unprecedented opportunities.*

It was this very need, foreseen and deeply felt, that called the little group of prayerful men and women at Kuling to waiting upon God. Their reaction to the growing Youth Movement around them was one of faith and vision. They saw the opportunity opening before young Chinese Christians, the opportunity of the ages as far as this great land is concerned, and the responsibility for spiritual as well as intellectual preparation. There were

*See, *China Today Through Chinese Eyes*, p. 49. Article on “Present-day Religious Thought and Life in China,” by Professor T. C. Chao of Yenching, sometime Dean of Soochow University.

seminaries offering theological courses, for men especially, but there was no Bible college for women of education, where they could prepare themselves by thorough study of the Word itself to be messengers of a full gospel to the new womanhood of China.

It was in Nanking, soon after the establishment of the Republic, that a beginning was made by Miss Esther Butler, founder and leader of the American Friends' Mission, Mrs. Frank Price (Southern Presbyterian), Miss Mary Culler White (Southern Methodist), and Miss E. C. Shaw (Northern Methodist), who consented to live in the school and undertake a large part of the teaching. It was a union effort from the beginning, only it took some time for the Home Boards to catch the vision of their representatives on the field.

And so it came to pass that for a few years the new undertaking, important though it was, was carried on under serious difficulties. The college was the first of its type and students were slow in coming. To find suitable premises and secure a resident faculty representing the co-operating missions were serious problems. Miss E. C. Shaw, the first principal, had to go home on furlough, leaving a vacancy which was hard to fill. At considerable cost to her own mission, Miss Mary Culler White was spared to take her place, and gave herself with characteristic enthusiasm to the interests of the school. Talking with Miss Butler one day, Miss White unfolded a plan for strengthening the teaching staff by inviting outside people, not necessarily belonging to the co-operating missions, to come for two or three weeks at a time to give special courses of lectures. By their experience in varied forms of work they could enrich the curriculum and make up for the lack of resident teachers.

"Margaret King could do that for us," Miss Butler replied thoughtfully.

I had met Miss King at summer conferences [Miss White recalls], a striking figure anywhere, calm, resolute, capable and Christ-filled, but she did not belong to any of the co-operating missions and I had not thought of her as one who could or would come and get under the problems of our Bible School. But Esther Butler had foresight and insight. She knew her Margaret King. So she proposed her name to the committee, and Margaret King came.

First it was for a lecture course only, but what lectures they were!—*intelligible*, for was not the correct use of Chinese one of the passions of Miss King's life; *practical*, for was she not an itinerant missionary with twenty years of experience; *exegetical and theological*, for was she not a Canadian Presbyterian, with the roots of her Bible knowledge extending far back into the kirks where her forebears had worshiped; *fundamental*, for did she not invariably go to the bottom of her subject and dig out the foundation truths which affect Christian faith and character? And lastly, if not chiefly, were they not *inspirational*? For to Miss King the giving of lectures, or a course in Bible study, meant nothing, if the students were not thereby drawn closer to God and filled with a passion to live and witness for Him.

If the members of the board and faculty became enthusiastic about her, what shall be said of Miss King's own reaction to the school and student body? Only a small beginning had been made, but among the fifteen or twenty students were young women of fine caliber and training, who opened her eyes to a new vision of the service that such lives might render, if fully consecrated to Christ. Moreover, in their Chinese teacher, Miss Li An-yih,* she saw a new type of cultured, Spirit-filled Christian woman—

*After teaching in the Nanking Bible College for seven or eight years, Miss Li returned to Hangchow to found a Bible school of her own, which she is still carrying on as an independent faith work. She has now forty or more students in residence, to whom she is giving an invaluable training for Christian work of many kinds.

hood. She was prepared by long experience to appreciate the far-reaching possibilities of the agency she saw before her. What could not these young women and others like them do for the millions of their less favored sisters? Here was an answer to the crying need of China's homes and children, the need so long burned in upon her soul. Emancipated from the bondage of the old conventional life, able to command respect because of their education, taught in the Word of God and filled with constraining love for souls, what evangelists and Bible teachers such young people might become in this new day of opportunity!

Yet to Margaret King had come a previous call, and even to take the leadership in so important a movement she could not turn aside from the direct evangelization which was her life work. Returning from a mission in the great city of Soochow, she wrote to her sister in January, 1914:

Please pray about the evangelistic meetings we are to have here at the Chinese New Year. There are sure to be crowds of people. If only we could get them to believe!

This week again the Bible School group have been urging me to go to Nanking for that work. They ask me to consider taking it up for one year Of course, I cannot possibly leave the work here, however important the other may be. I would only leave Yangchow to go to some more needy place to tell the gospel. You know my motto—"Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." I feel for the friends in Nanking. Each of the committee wrote me a letter. But they have far too high an idea of my ability. I could not do nearly all they think me capable of.

And again six months later:

The committee, representing every mission and all China, want me to become principal of the Nanking Bible School. I am praying about it. I consider it a great honor to be asked. It is a most

important work, but whether it is my work or not, I do not yet know. Students come from all over China and one could influence many. I gave the Commencement address there this year, you know, and it was my Chinese tongue, I fear, that caught the brethren. I wish they had chosen me for some other reason! I may be mistaken, but the Chinese pastors told the committee that that was why they voted for me. The call is unanimous.

But the more she prayed about it the more Miss King felt that she must keep herself free for direct evangelism. She could not turn away from the calls that came to her on all hands. Yet she managed to take no small share in the Bible School work. She joined the board of control in 1916 and though never a member of the faculty she continued to give courses of lectures and inspirational talks once or twice a year. All the wealth of her experience and personality was poured out for these young women whose appreciation was unbounded. Not in vain had she lived in closest contact with Chinese girls for years.

Miss King has a beautiful way with the students [wrote one of her fellow-workers in Nanking]. She was approachable and sympathetic and really had their point of view about everything. She knew their little ways and sayings, so that they felt she was one of themselves rather than a foreigner, and could go to her about any matter that was on their hearts. She would spend hours every day in personal interviews, one after another.

Then, in addition to Bible courses, Miss King gave practical talks on the best way of doing personal work: how to approach and win country women; how to observe customs and manners so as to give no offense; how to make contacts, get into homes and by one's deportment commend the gospel. Her talks were just what the students needed and were always spiritually helpful. She was wonderfully at home in the Chinese Bible, and showed them how to use it as "the sword of the Spirit" for every class of hearers.

Among that early group of students were the two daughters of His Excellency, Yuan Chang, one of the high offi-

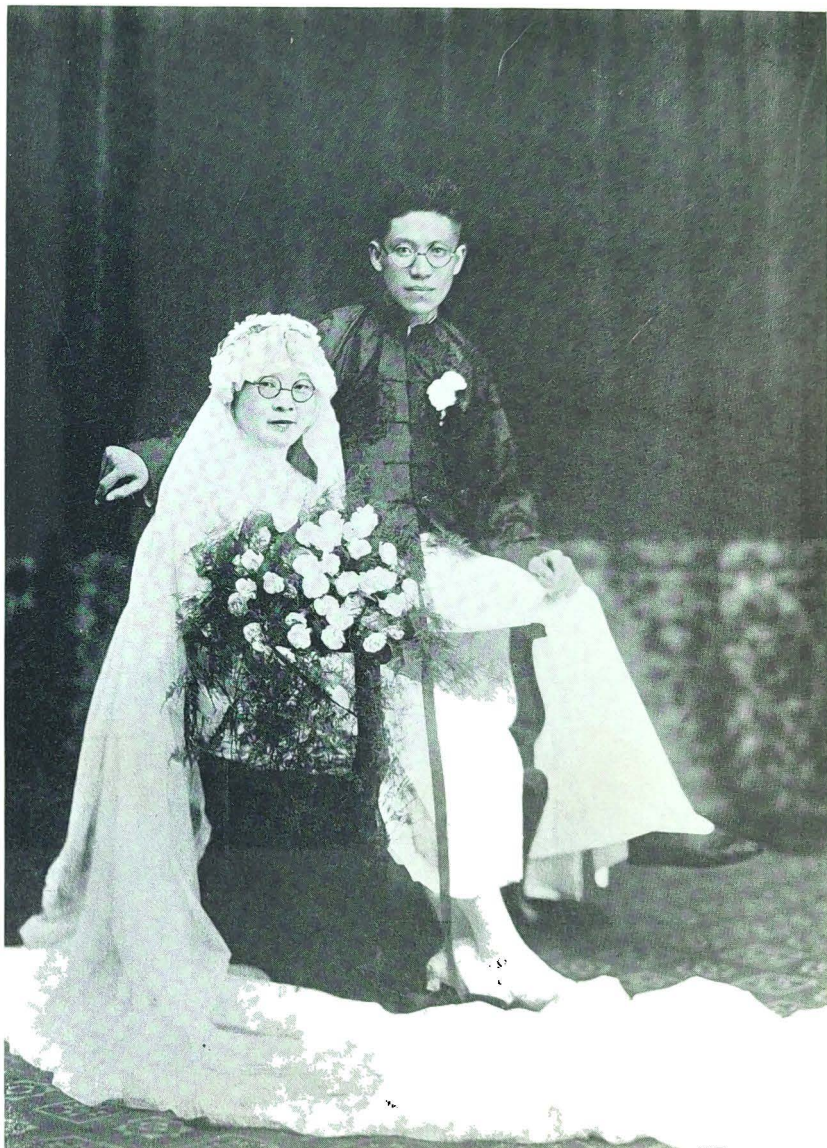
cialists who gave his life in 1900 that the decree of the Dowager Empress to exterminate all foreigners might not be put into execution.* After his tragic death, the family had to flee from Peking in disguise, to escape the wrath of Ts'i Hsi. Enduring great hardships, they managed to make their way to Sungkiang near Shanghai, where they made a home for their widowed mother. Before long the girls heard of a school where they could learn English, and though it was under missionary auspices determined to attend it, to secure the education which with their fallen fortunes they could obtain in no other way.

And there, in the Christian school, they found much more than culture and modern learning. They found Christ, to the joy and transforming of their lives. After leaving school, both sisters took further studies in Nanking at the Bible College. They became deeply attached to Miss King, whose previous intercourse with Chinese of the upper classes enabled her to appreciate and help them. The friendship thus formed only deepened with the years, and these ladies, both now married, still love and revere Margaret King's memory.

Another graduate of the school in whom she was especially interested was Miss Dziao Wei-chen, who has since become one of the most spiritual and helpful of Chinese Bible teachers. For twenty years she has been a leader in the Christian Youth Movement, helping young women into active service for Christ.

At first [she wrote recently], I knew very few young women willing to sacrifice themselves for Christ's sake. Therefore I prayed to God to raise up many such to do His service. In these days there is a great change. God is moving the hearts of

*See chapter III, page 33.



MR. AND MRS. KONG

The bride is a daughter of His Excellency Yuan Chang. The photograph is inscribed: "To my foster-mother, Miss Margaret King, reverently presented by her daughter, I-fen."

many young women to win souls for Him. Most of their home people do not want them to do the Lord's work, but the love of Christ constrains them, so that they have to struggle and even to leave their homes and relatives. I have a great feeling for these young women who love God. As they grow old, they will have neither home nor relatives to depend on. God has put this upon my heart, and for years I prayed God to prepare a place where they may rest their souls and bodies. This prayer God answered last year (1932). He gave me a great piece of land and some houses. I hope to organize two preaching bands among those who come to this place of spiritual refreshing, one to help non-Christians, and the other for Christians, to do revival work Nowadays so many people hunger and thirst for righteousness.

Only those who knew China in the old days, not so long ago, can appreciate how amazing is the change that has thrown open such doors of service to young women, and how great the grace of God which has raised up Chinese Christians of the faith and vision of Dziao Wei-chen. "Regarding funds," she says, "we have no promised help coming from place or person, but look to God alone."

CHAPTER

VII

IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL

WHEN the World War began, Margaret King was up in the mountains for the hottest part of summer. She had purchased a shady bungalow, very small and inconvenient, but which, with her genius for home-making, she transformed into a restful retreat shared with Miss Clough and their daughter, Jean. The position was central, and the two friends lived so much out of themselves, in the interests of others, that the little place became a rendezvous for much of the best life of the Kuling community. That summer (1914) the anxiety was terrible about loved ones far away. Letters were slow in coming. There were German, Russian and Japanese visitors at Kuling, as well as English and American, and many had relatives at the front. Miss King's youngest sister, Christina, was visiting Europe at the time with her husband, Mr. George Irving, and it was none too easy to return to America.

Between Margaret and this sister, who was sixteen years her junior, so deep an attachment existed that they were almost like mother and daughter. They wrote to each other once if not twice every week, and it is from some of these

letters, kindly placed at the writer's disposal, that the most intimate glimpses are obtained of Miss King's later years in China.

On the third of August, the very day before England came into the war, she wrote from Kuling:

Your letter from Lucerne came yesterday. I am wondering how far this war scare will affect your plans. I am sure you will wish that you were back in America. We are anxious here too It all seems so dreadful that two nations, nominally Christian, should fight each other There was much prayer in church yesterday for the German missionary societies. This war will soon affect their funds. There are many German missionaries here. In a station not far away there are two German and two Russian ladies. It will be hard for feeling not to creep in, I fancy.

We are having special meetings this week for the Chinese around us. I have charge of the women's part of it. I don't know why I get these things to do, except that other people want rest, and I should go to the meetings anyway.

Though absent from Yangchow for a few weeks, Miss King was keeping in touch with the work, and there were mysteries there too that burdened her heart. How often it is hard to understand the power that the enemy is allowed to exercise in the lives of young converts as well as in their surroundings!

We had letters from Mrs. Sie's home today. One of the inquirers there is dying, will be dead now I expect. She has never been well since she forsook idol worship. I feel that we must get the victory, in our Lord's name, over this kind of thing in Chiao-su. It happens in every case—just that kind of thing.

Still no rain has fallen. We shall have another famine, Mrs. Sie writes. In Yangchow they took the rain god out in procession and gave him a feast (which, of course, they ate themselves), and only two hours later torrents of rain fell, although for a month there had been none.

When this reaches you, I shall be back in Yangchow. Pray for

me, darling. Some of us are longing to be more spiritually fruitful this year. We are reading John 15:1-17 every day, and specially praying for "fruit." It is wonderful how that chapter grows on one, as one reads it again and again.

In spite of the long drawn-out tragedy of the war and China's participation in it, Margaret King was enabled to continue her wide-spread evangelistic work. She kept up frequent visits to Mrs. Sie's home and district, especially to a place called Saopeh, where she had a school for young girls. Two letters in the fall of 1914 are so brightly written that one loses sight of the weariness and privations involved in such work:

Can you imagine my excitement when, on Saturday night, your letter posted at Quebec came in? I am so glad to have it, for I had no idea whether you had really left Europe or not

I came up here (to Saopeh) five days ago. I wonder whether I told you of a Christian young man I met in Nanking last year who has many relatives living in the country near this place? He planned a visit home to tell them the gospel, as they had never heard, and called in at Yangchow to ask us to go with him. We have been out in his district the last few days and have had a great variety of experiences. In some places they were so afraid of us that we were asked to leave, greatly to the chagrin of the young man; in others, we had a splendid time; and everywhere many, many have heard the gospel who never heard before.

We so long for decisions! Many in Saopeh say that they believe and are very friendly with us. Many, too, attend the Sunday meetings. But for some reason or other they are all afraid "to make a break" as they put it

She is concerned in this letter over the business anxieties coming to her brother William on account of the war—the brother to whom she was nearest in spiritual things and who managed all her financial affairs.

I am so sorry Willie has been ill. I fear he is worrying over business. It is a good deal of responsibility for him, at such a

time; but oh, there will be many others so much worse off!

My fountain pen is leaking all over, so excuse blots! It is dinner time. We are expecting Mrs. Sie. Would you like to know what we are going to have for dinner? Pork and arrowroot, rice, cabbage, and afterwards a cup of tea. I shall eat a big meal, so don't pity me! Mrs. Hwang and I go back to Yangchow this afternoon.

Later.

Here we are on the boat. Mrs. Sie came in just before we left, and we sat there talking with her until we heard the boat *kiao*—whistle, I mean. I wish you could have seen us run! Fortunately it was not far. We jumped on just as the boat was starting. Mrs. Hwang, as usual, was laughing, and made such violent efforts to put her skirt on, in our hurry, that I too could hardly run for laughing

Much love, darling little sister. I wish we were nearer in these dreadful days. It looks dark before us, but for the day star that rises in our hearts, the hope of His appearing. It is time for us to "lift up [our] heads."

Calls from distant places took her far afield for missions, as her gifts as an evangelist became known outside the Mission to which she belonged. Nearing Wuhu on the Yangtze, she wrote from the steamer that same autumn:

The rain is just pouring down. I have on my good suit, so I hope they will send a chair to meet me. I got into a sort of panic in the night, in case the Anhwei people should not understand me. This is such a dreadful country for different ways of saying things. However, I must trust to the Holy Spirit to make our message plain Mrs. Hwang said yesterday, pointing to the setting sun, "The time is like that," and quoted "the night cometh when no man can work." Pray for us missionaries, darling, that more and more we may give ourselves to preaching the gospel. Nothing else is important now, but that all who can may hear.

Miss King was on her way to the city of Luchowfu, at the time, and her next letter told of the answer to her cry for help with the language.

We had our first meeting yesterday afternoon. I spoke in fear and trembling. I was so afraid that the people would not understand—but they did! Everybody said,

“Oh, she is from Yangchow!”

I spoke from the question, “What wilt thou that I should do for thee?”

This morning I have a meeting for the Christian women by themselves. I am going to take Romans 9:1-5, “*great heaviness.*”

1. Paul’s anxiety for souls. For whom? His own countrymen, good people, many of them, but who had not Jesus.

2. What makes *you* sad? Is it your own personal sorrows, or is it because people are not saved?

3. “Made a curse.” Paul said he even wished he could be. The Lord Jesus *really was* “made a curse” for us.

A month later, Miss King was taking part in an important campaign in Nanking, leading preparatory meetings among the women. It was a great opportunity. Five hundred teachers, Bible-women and older schoolgirls from all over adjacent provinces were gathered for the meetings. It was at this time that she met a young lady to whom she was greatly attracted, a Miss Christiana Tsai, daughter of an official in high position, who was acting as interpreter for Miss Ruth Paxson.

I had very busy days in Nanking, meetings all the time. My, I wish Ruth Paxson could speak Chinese! She is perfectly fine Dr. Tsao gave a big feast last night. Dr. Mary Stone was there, also Miss Christiana Tsai and several grand Chinese ladies. I was the only foreigner. Dr. Tsao is a Chinese lady doing a lovely work, and such an earnest Christian. You would be surprised at the keenness of some of these women.

Up at 4 a. m. to catch the train on her return journey to Yangchow, Miss King was suffering from the wintry weather. “It is bitterly cold and looks like snow,” she wrote. Yet, a little later, she was traveling to Saoph again, to spend the Chinese New Year with Mrs. Sie and the few Christians.

I am sitting on the little Saopeh steamer, waiting for it to start. I pass a good deal of time this way, the boats are so irregular. They start when they are full; if not full, they wait and wait.

Mrs. Sie has failed a good deal and seems quite old now. Next year will bring her sixtieth birthday One present I hear she is to have may seem strange to you, though quite natural to us, that is her grave clothes. She has asked that they may be white instead of red, the usual thing. She wants to wear the heavenly color she says, for everyone will wonder and ask why, and then we shall have a good opportunity to tell them about heaven.

Kwei-ing [Mrs. Sie's daughter] has her "big birthday," her twentieth, on the last day of the year, so Emmie Clough and I are going partly for that. It is the great event of a girl's life. When she is ten, it is too early for a big celebration; when she is thirty, she is away from her mother's home.

The people around me are making such a noise—farewells mostly. It has been a very severe winter and today is bitterly cold, but spring is coming. The suffering among the poor is dreadful. One of our Christian women living in the country died this week. Our preacher went and found her so happy. In her weakness she kept repeating Scripture texts that she loved. Her family were impressed and consented not to have the usual idolatrous ceremonies

Now the boat is starting, with such an outburst of cursing from the crew! Really the language is awful. How they can bring themselves to say the words they do about each other's ancestors, I do not know.

The following day was Sunday, and in the schoolhouse at Saopeh Miss King was busy, between meetings, with visits from the mothers of her little pupils. It seemed wise to consult them about the curriculum, for there was a good deal of dissatisfaction, it appeared, because the girls were being taught arithmetic! Miss King's companion, Miss Sang, was a great help, a lovely young woman who had been educated in the Yangchow school, and who could reassure the Saopeh mothers that she was none the worse for having studied arithmetic and other foreign subjects.

Back in Yangchow for a special mission at the Chinese New Year, Margaret wrote of "a fine lot of women coming to the meetings day by day" and of "some decisions for the Lord."

I am tired tonight, but the meetings are quiet and it is not so hard as speaking to crowds in the country I have such a lovely place to sleep, outside on my gallery.

That little veranda, added to the strip of a bedroom opening out of one of the dormitories, was indeed a refuge. Miss King had written of it before—"a cool, quiet place, facing south. The east end is enclosed, and I have what we call *liu-tsü* (hanging screens), made of layers of bamboo which keep out the rain but let in the air. These are generally rolled up, but if it rains I can let them down." A delightful plan, on paper, but it did not always work so well. That busy week of the Chinese New Year, the writer had to add:

I am a little amused at the last sentence I wrote yesterday. I went to bed on the gallery, and in the night a fearful storm of wind arose, a regular Santa Anna [Californian windstorm]. The shades that usually keep out sun and rain blew almost to pieces and banged against my bed so that I hardly slept at all.

But the letter continues:

We had a big crowded meeting today, rather less quiet than yesterday and not so many stayed to the after-meeting. It was a little too long, I think, which is a mistake in any meeting. You know I like short ones We have such a helpful little prayer, printed on red paper, for people to take home with them, the chorus of that hymn, "O make me clean." We sing it at every meeting

The war news is so terrible! I wonder if it will stop this year [1915]? Emmie has such sad letters from England.

A year later Miss Clough had to go home on furlough.

She was detained in England for more than two years, and still the terrible conflict went on. This separation was not easy for the devoted friends, but the school in Yangchow did not suffer. It was carried on by a younger missionary who brought a new and inspiring element into Margaret King's life for, in addition to being bright and spiritually devoted, Miss Bertha Lajus was Russian of the most attractive cultured type. The association proved mutually congenial, adding one more to Margaret's inner circle of whom her sisters heard so much that Mrs. Irving would say with a smile,

"Oh, Dottie, all your geese are swans!"

"Well now, what about Emmie?" would be the prompt reply, after Miss Clough had visited America.

"Oh, of course, *she* is perfect," Mrs. Irving had to grant, for she too had fallen in love with her.

"And what about Bertha—isn't *she* a swan?"

This also was readily conceded, when Miss Lajus had been Mrs. Irving's guest.

"Well, so many of my friends are like that," Margaret would exclaim triumphantly, her own warm heart investing them with added grace.

And this was true of her Chinese friends as well as missionary fellow-workers. She saw the good in everybody, and her appreciation helped to bring it out. But it was in her presentation of the glad tidings, most of all, that this loving spirit made itself felt. In the fall of 1915, just before setting out on a series of meetings in two provinces, she wrote to her sister, Mrs. Irving:

I want to give to every soul I meet, "not the gospel of God only," but my own life also. Pray for me that I may really do this. Sometimes I am selfish and long for a quiet life, to be a little more alone or away from the crowd; but I expect I would

not be happy. I heard Mr. Robert Speer exhort the missionaries in N—— to get out among the people. I would not know what to do if I had to live in a foreign settlement, far away from the people.

A glimpse into some of their sorrows is given in the same letter, when one of their young helpers had to leave the school to be married to a man who was not a Christian, to whom she had been engaged in childhood. The trial was all the greater because she was Mrs. Sie's daughter, and the mother was almost distracted with grief over the death of her only son.

Well, our dear Kwei-ing is gone and is married now to that man. The Lord did not interfere and work a miracle to save her, as she expected, so He must have some other purpose in view. Yesterday the house was like a funeral—but I can't write about it. It is the deepest sorrow we have ever had in our work here, for we feel we have not only lost Kwei-ing but Mrs. Sie too Kwei-ing taught all the music in the school, and there is no one else who can do it. One thing her husband has bought her is a lovely new big organ. She plays beautifully. He seemed to try to please her.

Big meetings were going on in a neighboring province, a little later, when a deluge of rain stopped them for two or three days, but not before several women had definitely decided for Christ. Miss King had been speaking on "happiness," the favorite word in China and the supreme quest of the people:

They have a saying written up everywhere on strips of red paper, "May the five kinds of happiness descend on us." So I took these five happinesses—which are food, land, riches, children, good luck—and tried to show the five abiding happinesses we have through the gospel: a father, a Saviour, a middleman, a friend, an ancestral home in heaven. The women listened—at one moment in fits of laughter at my Chinese proverbs, at another almost in tears. When some one less interested tried to get one woman to go out, she said:

"You go, and let me alone! I want to hear this."

Many stayed afterwards for the inquiry meetings, only we have so few to help. There are not many Christians here, and though the missionary in charge loves the people and is sweet with them, her Chinese words are so lame that I can hardly help translating for her. Why people are content to stammer along with a language they will always have to use, I cannot see.

Next day.

Now we are going back to Wuhu, at least, I think we are. We have been sitting here on the launch for two hours. We were told that it would start at 9 a. m., so came early. Now it is almost noon, and there seems no interest in getting away.

A long day's journey from Yangchow there was a city Margaret King loved to visit, both on account of her affection for the missionaries and because of the spiritual character of their work. Yet the first time she went there she encountered unexpected difficulties. Knowing that the meetings would be important, she took with her one of her most valued helpers, a girl of good family who had grown up with Miss Clough in the school and had been definitely won to Christ in one of Miss King's missions. This girl, young, educated and on fire for Christ, was one of the new class of workers they were so eager to see raised up. Of their experiences on this journey, Miss King wrote:

Yesterday morning we left Saopeh at 7 a. m., arriving here about ten o'clock at night by small launch. Miss Sang came with me. She is young to take out like this, but she is such a soul winner, and speaks the language of this place. Her home is only fifty miles away, but quite inaccessible from here.

No one came to meet us last night. You can little imagine our position, amid shouting coolies in the pitch dark, and tired to death with such a long day on a crowded boat . . . Fortunately there was a Christian man there who offered to take us to the Mission house. We knew no more where it was than you would. We stumbled along in the dark, without lanterns, this gentleman looking after our coolies, and when we reached the house found our host just coming to meet us.

Although Miss Sang was expected, no room had been prepared for her.

It was suggested that she should sleep in the hall, outside my bedroom. Think of it! I said she could sleep with me, which she did. Today I will find her a home with a Chinese lady of my acquaintance But do not misunderstand, these are lovely missionaries and have been wanting us to come here for years Dr.— was off this morning before breakfast to meet some men in a tea shop, to talk with them about the gospel, and Mrs.— teaches her children every morning and goes out among the women every afternoon The work is very new.

Later she was able to add:

We had such a busy week. Some nights I was so tired I could not sleep. Oh, we had a lovely time! crowds to hear, and we believe many decided for the Lord Jesus. This, time alone can prove, but there was wonderful interest shown. Of course, darling, it is due mostly to the work of these devoted missionaries, who are untiring in their love to the Lord and zeal for souls.

And they, no doubt, equally appreciated the devoted evangelist who was glad to have her Chinese fellow-worker share her room. At Saopeh they had another unexpected experience on their way home.

We arrived here at midnight, and Miss Sang and I were glad the moon was shining. I called coolies, and was arranging about our things, when I noticed an elderly gentleman standing close by. We were bundled up in Chinese dress, as it was bitterly cold.

"Take my things to the hall," I heard this gentleman say, using the expression we use for the gospel hall. Then turning to me, he said politely,

"Excuse me, but are you a foreigner or Chinese?"

I smiled and said, "The moonlight is not very bright, or you would see that I am a foreigner."

"Well," he replied, "you certainly talk just like one of us."

I answered with a polite phrase, and asked if he was a Christian.

"I am a holy father," he said (Roman Catholic), adding as he left us, "My, I wish *our* foreigners would learn Chinese like that!"

I had a letter from Emmie Clough last night. She is lonely, when I am so far away. She so loves me to be at home, yet is glad about the work I am doing! It is hard work, darling. I am quite hoarse and tired out today. But I will have a rest at home. And I have such a home to go to—nothing but love! How good the Lord is to us.

A year later she was writing from a houseboat on the Grand Canal:

December 12, 1916.

I have been four days at Hweicheng, having special meetings with the Southern Presbyterian friends. The journey was hard, but we have had good meetings, and the missionaries are fine . . . Winter is not the best time for this sort of work, but I hate to give it up. So many women seemed to believe in Hweicheng . . . Everything was splendidly planned—it makes such a difference in evangelistic missions!

My hands are so cold I can hardly hold the pen. Yet I do want to start a letter to you, for when we get into the big meetings at Tsingkiangpu I shall not have time to write much. Miss Sang and I are trying to keep warm under an eiderdown. She is so happy over our meetings! She is a great help to me and is getting more so. If only she had not to marry it would be so fine, but of course she will. Now it is dark and I can't see any longer. I am glad we have our lantern tonight.

Next day.

Miss Sang and I have just been over to look at the chapel where our meetings are to be. We found seats prepared for only one hundred. Miss Sang insisted that we fill every corner and get in at least twice that number.

Later.

It was a good thing we did, for every corner was filled. Then we shut the doors. The interest was intense . . . After I had spoken for forty minutes, Miss Sang gave her experience. The Lord was with us in power; we felt His presence. Darling, it seems almost too sacred to tell. Some were in tears. Many, we trust, believed unto salvation.

CHAPTER

VIII

CHINESE FRIENDS

AMONG the schoolgirls in Yangchow at this time was one who was developing into a life of rare beauty and usefulness. Katie had come to school with none too good a record. "You may have trouble with her," wrote the missionaries with whom she had been living. But Miss King understood the girl from the first, and in quiet, practical ways let her feel her sympathy. Katie's heart was won. Her Christian life deepened wonderfully, and she became a power for good in the school.

"The Lord gave me a kind of heart," she said recently in her limited English, "a kind of heart to love the Bible. If I did not get up early in the morning to read it, I seemed to have lost some good thing. From that time it went deeper and deeper, as if some one said to me, day by day:

"Everything here is for you. See this is for you, that is for you—for *you!*"

"The Bible became to me then so dear, so precious! Every morning I got up early, long before the bell rang—got up quietly, and went out into the big garden where there was a cave. There I could read and pray alone. I *had* to be alone with God, and was glad when I found the

cave.* Other girls loved the Bible too, but not in that same way. I wanted only the Bible, only the Bible! My heart would stick just there, not moving to any other thing till the bell rang. I read straight on every day, the old Testament and the New Testament. And from the Bible I learned to know Him, my Lord, to have my heart near to Him. I learned to pray and to keep near the Lord in my heart all day long.”

Such a life could not but tell in the school. Katie graduated after three years and remained on as a teacher. Through her influence the whole life of the school was made much better and happier, and a second real revival came in which quite a number of girls were definitely converted. There were ninety pupils in the school by that time, so that the classrooms and dormitories were crowded. But the Christian girls were really consistent in their humble, loving spirit, often under provocation. They were learning to live a hidden life, drawing its strength from above. Miss Lajus would often find Katie kneeling at her bedside, long after lights had been put out. She was the means of starting praying bands all through the school, little groups that met each day to pray about their studies and the members of their families at home, as well as their own spiritual needs. There was a joy and eagerness about the girls, both in work and play, that was very noticeable, and if any trouble arose a few words from Katie would put matters right.

It was a real sorrow when Mrs. Sie's home troubles and advancing years led to her retirement from the work she had long loved. Margaret King missed her at every turn, and felt that no one could ever take her place. But even

*The garden of the language school under Miss Murray's care.

then the Lord was working, in answer to prayer, preparing another friend who was to be as helpful in later years as Mrs. Sie had been from the beginning. The last place, perhaps, in which one would look for such a fellow-worker would be the wealthy, dissipated home in which this gracious Chinese lady had lived and suffered.

As a child, she had been brought up by a very strict stepmother, and had never known what it was to be loved. The home was a stately one of the old, conservative order. The family entertained lavishly, gambling and feasting often going on far into the night. But the little girls, with their tiny, bound feet, had to stand waiting upon their parents or grandparents until the latter were pleased to retire. Then they accompanied them to their rooms and waited, still standing, until their elders were in bed and needed no more attention. Terrible as was the agony, often, of their tortured feet, they were not allowed to sit down. Nor would they have dared to make any complaint.

As she grew up, the young girl was often sad. There was no hope, no interest in her life. She wanted to become a nun, to escape from it all, but found to her distress that she was engaged to be married. Her feelings, however, had nothing to do with the matter, and when only fourteen she was sent as a bride to another official home and married to a man she had never seen. Custom did not allow them to speak to each other. Indeed, as Mrs. Kueh herself told the writer, she never said a single word to her husband until after their first child was born. If she happened to be in any room but their own when he came in, she had to go out at once.

The mother-in-law was a woman of terrible temper. Once when she was seriously ill, the young wife, knowing what was expected of her, took a pair of scissors and cut

a large piece of flesh out of her arm, boiled it and gave the liquid to her mother-in-law to drink.* The patient recovered, but was as unreasonable as ever. She would refuse to eat for days together, just to distress the family. Her daughter-in-law, who was considered responsible, would serve her in every way. She would kneel up on the bed and offer the food she had carefully prepared, only to be met with abuse and curses.

Worse still, her husband was utterly immoral, and her children sickened and died one by one. Six out of eight she lost, after long illnesses. Suffering in health and with a breaking heart, it was hard to see the great hall alight night after night, for singing girls and drinking parties. Then he brought home a second wife, a young woman of bad character. This was almost more than Mrs. Kueh could endure, but there was no redress. Finally her own married daughter, whom she dearly loved, died unexpectedly. Mrs. Kueh, knowing nothing of her illness, went to see the girl and found her lying dead. She fainted from the shock and was many hours unconscious. Her last hope of happiness had gone.

The son who grew up was nothing but a grief to her, and when her husband died, Mrs. Kueh left the family home and went back to her grandmother. She spent her days in gambling, to forget the past, but at night it all came over her and she would weep for hours. To turn her thoughts a little, her grandmother, who was an ardent Buddhist, brought her one day to Pishikai to see the foreigners. It happened to be Sunday, and they went into a class for inquirers where, for the first time they heard of a Saviour's love. Mrs. Kueh was arrested, and nothing

*The writer saw the scar, and it was two or three inches long.

could keep her away from the meetings. She came every Sunday, finding more and more comfort in the gospel. But wanting to be very sure that Jesus was indeed the living God, she determined to ask for a sign. She prayed that her son, who was out of work, might find employment within the next ten days—and then waited, watching for the answer. On the sixth day the young man obtained a good position, though one that took him away from home. Then his mother *knew*, and from that time she fearlessly joined herself with the Christians. It was not easy, week by week, to walk to the services on her tiny feet. She had never before been out alone in the streets, and at first did not know the way. But the Lord helped her. Faith grew, and her joy in Him was so great that she seemed to be carried as on wings.

But her troubles were not over; indeed along new lines, they were just beginning. Only, in all that followed, she had the joy of feeling that her sufferings were for Christ's sake. Her grandmother and home people persecuted her bitterly and her husband's relatives were enraged. Her son, when he heard that his mother had "eaten the foreign religion" and was disgracing the family, swore that he would sew her up in a mat and throw her into the canal. This may seem absurd, but according to "the three obediences" of that day a woman was first under the law of her father, then of her husband and lastly of her son, so that the young man's attitude could not be lightly regarded. His mother knew that he might try to carry out his threat, especially if she ventured to be baptized, and that the approval of the clan would be with him. But she held on in faith, and openly joined the church, strengthened by the prayers of her new friends at Pishikai.

About that time, the son contracted scarlet fever and

had a bad abscess in the neck. Mrs. Kueh went to see him and found him very ill.

“God is punishing you,” she said, “for reviling your mother.”

All that night she stayed up, praying for him, and her prayers were answered. For before morning her son saw a great light. Somebody in white came to him and told him to take off the black medications and plaster with which the abscess was smothered, and that he would recover. He did so, and the following day the abscess broke and he was relieved. After that he did not oppose his mother any more for being a Christian; indeed he himself gave up idolatry, but he was none the less a danger and trouble to her in other ways.

For he was a confirmed opium smoker and always in need of money. His wife also was wasteful and violent in temper. The two together blackmailed the poor mother for money, whether she had it or not, knowing that her missionary friends were not without resources. By that time Mrs. Kueh had come to live with Miss King and Miss Lajus, and was a most valued fellow-worker. But how they dreaded to hear the loud angry voices of this son and his wife! They would come to the house and even attack and beat Mrs. Kueh unless she gave them all the money they demanded. Once the son brought a dreadful knife and was going to kill his mother. Miss King managed to get her away, and after that placed her in an outstation where she could work in greater safety. Needless to say, there was much prayer for her deliverance. Mrs. Kueh herself fasted every Sunday morning, as well as prayed for the conversion of her son. But the trouble went on for years. Miss King, whose love for her, Mrs. Kueh said, was “more than a mother’s”, often joined her in interces-

sion, though she did not live to see the wonderful answer. But when the writer visited Yangchow recently, Mrs. Kueh was there, waiting outside the city with a deputation of Christians to welcome her arrival. After greetings and introductions, the first thing the dear lady said was:

"I do want to tell you—*my son has been born again!*"

Her heart was so full of joy that she could not keep it in.

"Here he is," she continued, turning to a tall, nice-looking man, "and he is truly born again!"

He looked it, and his life is proving it by the grace of God.

Among all the girls who passed through the Yangchow school, none was more joy to the missionaries in charge than Jean Kong, Miss Clough's adopted daughter. Margaret King was "Auntie" to her, as long as Miss Clough lived, and never were love and care more wisely lavished or abundantly repaid. The danger that always lurks in such a relationship was prayerfully counteracted by the self-control the missionaries exercised, never spoiling the girl, and by the discipline maintained throughout the school. Jean grew up to be their most dependable helper, a favorite teacher in the school until she married, and an even dearer daughter after she had children of her own.

And there were others to whom Miss King was almost a mother, including Christian leaders whose names are known today far beyond the confines of China. Leland Wang was one of these, the young naval officer from a wealthy family in Foochow, whose marriage to a Christian girl proved to be the turning point in his life. When he heard of her conversion he was greatly annoyed, but felt that after they were married he would soon laugh her out of religious notions. Night and morning, however, she

continued to pray and read her Bible, and though he ridiculed her and was unkind and angry she always kept sweet, until he wondered what the power could be.

Secretly he took her Bible and read it, read just where she left her marker day by day. And he found her lovely to live with, more so than any one he had ever known. The life and the Book together did a deep work in his heart. Before long he too was converted, and began to proclaim the Saviour he had found.

This led to his leaving the navy and to much opposition from his father and family who would give him no financial help. But his young wife stood bravely by him in a life and work of faith. Wherever there were openings, he would go and preach the gospel, trusting the Lord for temporal supplies.

We heard of him in Chinkiang [Miss Lajus recalls] and invited him to Yangchow for meetings. He was behind time in arriving, and Miss King was not favorably impressed. She was herself the soul of punctuality—never late, never! So she did not expect much from this Mr. Wang Tsai. But when he came, three days late, she soon changed her mind. He stayed about a week, preaching every day. The place was crowded out and there was much blessing through the meetings. He seemed never out of his Bible. He had already read the Old Testament through seven times and the New Testament twice as often. He was up before six every morning, to get quiet time for feeding upon the Word of God. "*No Bible, no breakfast*" was his daily rule.

Young and boyish, always happy and with such smiling eyes, there was even then a depth about his love for Christ and zeal for the salvation of souls that greatly appealed to Margaret King. He was an evangelist after her own heart. Writing in December, 1922, she said of this visit:

Mr. Wang Tsai's meetings in Yangchow have been wonderful. How I wish that you and George could see him! Only twenty-five

years of age, converted five years, never having heard the gospel up to that time, now he is on fire for the Lord, burning out for Him whom he so loves. He knows the Bible well, and constantly quotes Scripture in English or Chinese. Though from a wealthy family, he has no means of his own and is trusting the Lord for daily bread. He goes about everywhere just preaching the gospel.

Many were converted while he was in Yangchow, old, hardened sinners actually crying over their sins. There he stood, beseeching men to be reconciled to God. Burning words, tender words, poured from his lips. He seemed to love us [missionaries] too. He had never seen a foreigner in Chinese dress till he saw me, and he was so pleased that he began at once to call me "Mother!" Pray for him. He is going to burn out, unless he takes more care. On the streets, everywhere, he speaks to men about their souls.

Not only then but afterwards Miss King was a great help to Leland Wang, for he came repeatedly to Yangchow and she would lend him books and read and pray with him as a mother indeed. He valued her experience and reality in spiritual things.

Another Chinese leader of wide influence gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to Margaret King at this time. Shortly before Leland Wang's first visit, this Mr. Cheng Ki-kwei had come to Yangchow hoping for help in a great task upon which he had embarked. In his early life as a preacher he had keenly felt his need of more knowledge of the Word of God. The missionaries with whom he was working introduced him to the Schofield Bible Course, and he determined to learn enough English to master it, for it was not then translated. This required years of toil and patience, but was so rewarding that he longed to make the Course available for the rank and file of Chinese Christians. To translate the whole ten volumes was a formidable undertaking, but Cheng Ki-kwei had made a good beginning before he came to Yangchow, and there, during the six years of his association with Miss

King and Miss Lajus, he practically completed the task.

His life at Pishikai during those years was as great a blessing as his preaching, though that was unusually spiritual and helpful. It was his custom, Miss Lajus tells us, to rise early for quiet waiting upon God.

I have never seen any other Chinese so humble and prayerful. He used to say that he would be *ashamed* for the sun to rise and find him in bed. It found him on his knees. Then he would take at family prayers, every morning, thoughts that had come to him from the Word that day. And it was always a living message.

To this eager, growing spirit Margaret King was an ideal fellow-worker, and now that Mr. Cheng is at Changsha, carrying on the extensive correspondence department of the Bible Institute under Dr. Keller's leadership, he loves to recall the formative years when he received through his Yangchow "Mother" so much of help and inspiration.

By this time Miss King had been obliged to move from the school which had been her home for so many years. Miss Clough had returned from furlough in 1918, the year the armistice was signed, and for a time the old, happy relationship had been resumed. But she was in poor health and needed a younger colleague. Miss Lajus stayed on to help, both in the school and city work, until Miss Doris Todman came to China, an English girl with college education, just suited to be Miss Clough's assistant and successor. The accommodation in the school was insufficient for them all, so that a new arrangement had to be made.

The former premises of the language school, not far away, were still largely unoccupied. The chapel was there, and so were the women's guest halls in which much of Miss King's work was carried on. Her tastes were simple,

and up-stairs, overlooking the narrow street, were the rooms Miss Murray and the missionary students had long used, sacred with the memory of those early days. So it was there, at Pishikai, that Margaret King made her second and last home in China, with Bertha Lajus as her fellow-worker. There Mrs. Kueh came to live with them, and a separate wing could be given to Chinese friends and visitors. It was characteristic of Margaret King that she loved the verses of a contemporary with their homely refrain, "Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 Where the race of men go by,
 The men who are good and the men who are bad,
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Nor hurl the cynic's ban;
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with the strife,
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
 Both parts of an infinite plan;
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Around her stretched the homes of the great city in which she had loved and toiled for more than twenty years. Her name had become a household word in Yangchow, and there was no more familiar figure on its streets than *O-men-tih King Kiao-si* in her Chinese dress, "Our Miss King." Rich and poor alike knew her to be their friend, and her home was just as open to Chinese visitors as it

had ever been. Three rooms above the guest halls, opening on a south veranda with a small garden below, formed the larger part of its accommodation. They had besides a tiny spare room and a kitchen and wee dining room on the same up-stairs landing, the latter having been at one time Mr. Hudson Taylor's office. The sitting room was simply furnished but homelike, with its open fireplace and carpeted floor. There they could be cozy in winter, when Margaret was at home from her missions and Bertha Lajus from country itinerations. But alone or together they loved to have their Chinese friends with them, whether young or old, rich or poor. It was an open life, very much in touch with the people, a life of which it might truly have been said, "Ye know . . . after what manner I have been with you at all seasons."

One of their first foreign guests at Pishikai was a Montreal friend who had married a missionary in Honan. As a girl she had been a member of Miss King's Bible class, and had helped her in her work in Griffentown. It was a great reunion when Mrs. Percy Leslie was able to visit Margaret in Yangchow and make the acquaintance of many of her Chinese friends.

That week was a very full one [she wrote]. Margaret took us everywhere. We went in rickshaws through the city and did some shopping. We visited Dr. Taylor's hospital. We called at the other missions and of course saw the schools. But what we enjoyed most was just seeing Margaret carry on as she always did when at home, which was never for long at a time. The door was always open for people to drop in. The women's reception room was down-stairs, just off the street, and there from morning till night some one was hearing of the Saviour's love.

An undated letter of about this time gives something of the inner feeling of it all. To her sister, Mrs. Irving, Margaret wrote:

One great piece of work we all attend to is that of minding our two doors. The men's and women's street doors are mostly open, and some one has to be on the lookout for visitors. Whenever they are shut, some one must be on hand to listen. I am always concerned lest visitors should come to hear the gospel and we should not catch their knock or call at the door.

Later.

My pen is empty, so goodnight, darling. I have been out all day and have come home with a burdened heart—so many to hear the message of redeeming love and so few to make it known!

CHAPTER

IX

ABOVE THE FIRMAMENT

MARGARET KING's devotion to her family did not lessen as years went by, and she keenly felt the loss of two relatives who meant much to her, one in her immediate family circle and the other at a distance. Both were strong men and successful in their undertakings, men of the world in a sense, yet men of God and men of prayer.

In the background of her life, Dr. John King of Winnipeg loomed large. He was her father's elder brother, one of the stalwarts for the truth in the early days of Presbyterianism in Canada. As founder and president of Manitoba College he exercised a far-reaching influence. Margaret made the most of her opportunities for visiting this uncle on her journeys to and from China, and profited by his wisdom, experience and clarity of vision. The social contacts of Dr. King's home were always delightful, continued in later years through his daughter who married the Rev. Charles Gordon (Ralph Connor of literary fame) and had a family of brilliant and lovable children.

In the foreground of Margaret's life was the brother with whom she had most to do, Mr. William Yuile King, who generously charged himself with her financial affairs

in Canada. He was an untold strength and comfort to his sister, among many others, and the love between them was so unusual that Mr. King would even take the five days' journey from Montreal to Vancouver to welcome her return on furlough or to see her off for China. It was a wonderful experience for them both when, with his young wife, Mr. King visited China and Margaret acted as their escort for several weeks, traveling with them in Honan and other provinces. This visit and the impressions made by the sister's missionary life had much to do with the step that startled their social circle a little later, when Mr. King gave up his prosperous business career and, with his wife's full consent, sacrificed their beautiful residence in Montreal to come into the home department of the China Inland Mission. For years they devoted themselves to the interests of the work, Mr. King filling the posts of treasurer and secretary, first in Toronto and then in Philadelphia, while Mrs. King ably discharged the duties of hostess and house-mother. It was joyful if arduous service, and to Margaret the closer fellowship was precious.

It was no little sorrow therefore to lose this beloved brother, when he had been only seven years in the Mission. In the fulness of his manhood, at forty-eight years of age, he was called to pass, almost in a moment, into the presence of the Lord. His characteristic attitude, expressed in one of his favorite hymns, was that of loving, loyal obedience to the will of God:

Lower still lower, down at the Cross,
All the world's treasure counting but dross;
Down at Thy feet blessed Saviour we fall,
Lower still lower, Christ all in all.

Characteristic also of the young widow was the spirit that brought her to China as a missionary, less than a year

after the desolation of her life on the human side. In the language school at Yangchow she found comfort in living for others, and when serious illness overtook Margaret, in 1925, and her life hung in the balance, Mrs. King was one of those most constantly at her side. To her sisters at home Margaret wrote early in February of that year:

It was on Christmas Day I was taken ill. It seems impossible to believe that January is all gone, the month in which I had planned to do so much! But it has been the Lord's will for me Catherine [Mrs. King] has been so dear! I felt as never before how much she loved me. She wanted me to have everything. She thinks I am so important! It was most touching—she cooked for me and stayed here at night, but of course I did not know that. They tell me I distressed Bertha [Miss Lajus] by saying, when the fever was high, "If it were not for Mary and Christina I should so like to go home to heaven; but they would be so sad!"

Now I am getting stronger and will soon be quite myself We are still having endless callers for the Chinese New Year. It is barely time for luncheon, but already we have had visits from six ladies, and of course they have all had to have refreshments Bertha looks a wreck. I trust she will go home before long, if only for six months.

It was well that Margaret King's power of recovery was as rapid as her illnesses were severe, for she was repeatedly laid aside with bad attacks of pneumonia. Constant journeys and speaking involved much expenditure of strength, and in some of her letters at this time she begins to speak of "growing old." Terrible was the strain of the increasing unrest in China, and sometimes she was even glad that her beloved friend, Emmie Clough, had passed on to her reward. In 1924 her home-call had come, after years of failing health, and the school had passed into the care of her young colleague, Doris Todman. Something of the anxiety of those days comes out in the letter quoted above, in which Margaret continued:

Can you imagine the burden Bertha carried all the month I was ill, with a school full of girls and young women, when any day or night the city might have been looted, and with terrible things happening in all the near-by cities? In addition, I, who always advise about the numerous matters that come up and share the burden in prayer, was so ill that I could not even be told about the panic in the city. They used to wonder what they would do with me if they all had to run.

Do you remember [she added in a postscript] that beautiful poem of Miss Havergal's—how does it begin? All the time I was ill, one line was with me:

“O precious blood! Lord, let it rest on me.”

So, as the suffering abounded, the consolation also abounded. The days were certainly growing darker in China; but above the stormy firmament there was still the vision Ezekiel saw—a throne and “the appearance of a man upon it . . . the likeness of the glory of the Lord.”

Early in the summer after her illness, Margaret wrote to Mrs. Irving:

My thoughts are constantly with you, these strange days. How sad we all are! If only I could come to you, my dear home-ones, for a little while. “The night is dark, and I am far from home.” I wonder what you are seeing in the papers. So many lies are published, especially in the Chinese press. May God forgive them for stirring up all this strife; and the end is not yet. There was a fearful riot in Chinkiang on Saturday [half a day's journey from Yangchow]. All the foreign women are on the steamers in the middle of the Yangtze River. We have no plans and can do nothing.

Our school is still in session, though all the others are closed. I miss Bertha so! [Miss Lajus had gone on furlough]. The Orrs are on the other side of the city, and none of us dares venture much upon the streets. I make myself go over to the school every day. It is too lonely for Doris if I don't. Poor little girl, it is hard for her! She is very brave. Just like an English girl, she says nothing but does her work like a brick. I am alone here at Pishikai. They all want me to go to them, but I just couldn't show fear before my Chinese friends. Don't be anxious about me; I am perfectly happy. The Lord is near and precious. “It is

the way the Master went; should not the servant tread it still?"

For China had fallen upon evil days and disorders of all kinds were growing worse and worse. But to go back a little, to the period following the termination of the Great War. China had been deeply disappointed in the outcome of the Versailles Peace Conference. Instead of regaining Shantung as she had expected, the interests of Germany in that province were transferred to Japan, which was already in possession of Kiaochow. The anti-Japanese movement among students in Peking led, in May, 1919, to the first student strike, which was signally successful. Realizing their power as never before, students began to organize all over the country, first in a nation-wide boycott of Japanese goods and then for other political ends. "Nationalism" became the watchword, and such slogans as "Down with Imperialism," "Down with Capitalism," and "Revision of Unequal Treaties" were everywhere heard. The government was by this time so weak that it had almost ceased to function; banditry was rife in many parts of the country, and the power in the hands of the military governors was used chiefly for their own ends. The student class alone seemed to stand for the public good.

Since the Student Movement [wrote a Chinese leader] the people have awakened as if from a dream, realizing that the old ways are no longer suitable to the new conditions, and they all look to the new ways which come with youth.

New magazines flooding the country set forth these new ways in the language of everyday life, and informed the people as to political happenings, as many as four hundred new periodicals appearing in the five years from 1915-1920.* Unfortunately the Student Union, organized in

*See, *The Renaissance*, Vol. II., No. 4. May, 1920.

1919, came under the control of a group of radicals who led the way in defying school discipline, refusing hard work and making it almost impossible for more peaceably disposed individuals to carry on their studies. Student strikes were the order of the day. In 1922 alone, the public press reported one hundred and six such strikes, and there were many more that were not reported. A strongly anti-religious movement also was started by student groups, attacking Confucianism first, then other cults, and most bitterly of all the Christian faith. "All existing religions are corrupt," was their attitude.

The world has passed through the religious stage of its development and has entered upon the scientific stage. Religion is no longer needed; in fact, in the West, it is already a dead issue.*

The movement came to a head in the summer of 1922, when the following manifesto was issued by the Anti-Christian Student Federation:

The sins of religion are too numerous to mention. Speaking of its moral side, we find that it teaches men obedience, which is the moral code of slaves. Speaking of its intellectual side, we find that it propagates superstitions which hinder the search for truth. Speaking of its material side, we find that it asks its believers to despise temporal things and to dream about the kingdom of heaven and hell, which would end in the destruction of human life. Its teachings are absolutely valueless, while its evils are incalculable

Of all religions, Christianity, we feel, is the most detestable. One sin of which Christianity is guilty and which particularly makes our hair rise on end, is its collusion with militarism and capitalism. The influence of Christianity is growing stronger day by day, and when this force becomes more triumphant, the methods of capitalism will be more drastic. Christianity is the public enemy of mankind, just as imperialism and capitalism are,

*Statements made at a mass meeting in the National University of Peking, April 9, 1922. See *The Youth Movement in China*, by C. T. Wang, Ph.D. p. 202.

since they have one thing in common, to exploit weak countries If no effort is made to exterminate this evil, it is impossible to foretell what its dangers will be in future.*

It will readily be understood that such a manifesto going out all over China, with the backing of the student class, aroused both fear and animosity. National feeling was deeply stirred against all representatives of Christianity, and it needed only a spark to light a conflagration. Chinese Christians, meanwhile, became more and more sensitive as to the control of foreign missionaries in church affairs. The time had manifestly come for such responsibilities to be taken over by Chinese leaders as far as possible. Happy the missionary under this fire of criticism who, like Margaret King, had always pursued such a policy, working with and through Chinese friends, rather than regarding them as "agents" or subordinates.

Matters were in this condition when, in May, 1925, an incident occurred in Shanghai which roused antiforeign feeling all over China to a white heat. Had the facts been as they were represented, the storm of indignation would have been justified; as it was, the report served the purpose of those who desired to make trouble. Many missionaries were obliged to leave their stations, called down to the coast by consular authorities. Yangchow being near the scene of excitement was specially affected, and for the time being all foreigners had to vacate the city. Parting from the Christians, at a time of so much danger to them as well as their missionary friends, was no little trial to Miss King.

She spoke of taking a trip to Japan, as the hot season had already begun [wrote Miss Todman who was with her]. But no! She could not bring herself to go so far from her beloved friends

*See *The Youth Movement in China*, p. 187.

in Yangchow, when they were in trouble and might need her. Her sadness at this enforced separation was very manifest, though we went only to Shanghai. One Sunday morning the mail brought a copy of *The Sunday School Times*. Miss King opened it and read the following verses by an unknown author:

“Today, my Father, I cannot go
 Whither I would:
 Then grant that where Thou would'st
 May be my place;
 And in Thy grace such love extend
 That I shall know, at eventide,
 It is the place I sought, but could not comprehend.

“Today, my Father, I cannot do
 The work I love:
 Oh, give me then to labor
 At Thy side,
 In fields untried. So shape the task
 That I shall know, at eventide,
 It is the work I loved, but knew not how to ask.”

The poem found an echo in her heart. It just “touched the spot,” and as she prayed its prayer her Father prepared a beautiful answer.

We were staying at the time in Miss Ruth Paxson's home on the Avenue Petain. She had kindly lent it to us during her absence for the Peitaiho Conference. That Sunday morning her serving-woman came to Miss King:

“Would you like to go with me today?” she asked. “I can take you to a little Jesus Hall you may never have heard of.”

Miss King was delighted but would not let me go too, thinking one foreigner would be enough. And oh, her joy on her return! I shall never forget it.

She had been led as if by accident, but actually in answer to the prayer of the poem, to a little company of true believers, all Chinese with no foreign leader, people very much in earnest, preaching the Word and “breaking bread” together. They gave her the warmest welcome and invited her to come again. So she found the sphere of service appointed by her Father. He shaped the task, and that evening, as she read again the words which had become so full of meaning, she knew it was indeed the work she loved “but knew not how to ask.”

It was dreadful in those days to walk on the Bund (the Shanghai water-front) and see the river full of warships, and to hear of the whole city of Yangchow being in an uproar. It had been necessary to leave almost at an hour's notice, and though Miss King was eager to return the consular authorities would not hear of such a step. The unpaid soldiery were in revolt and there was no knowing what might happen. So the experience of that Sunday in Shanghai was specially comforting.

It did my heart good [Margaret wrote] with all the sadness and sin outside and all the bitterness against Christianity. Here was the real thing. The Ningpo brother who preached never mentioned politics or anything but the gospel. They asked me to speak, and I was glad to do so, for I had gathered from the talk of the people that they did not fully understand the Ningpo pastor. I spoke a good while and it seemed to encourage them. Many of the audience were from our district, and when I asked if they understood my words they just shouted,

“Go on! Go on! We understand.”

I was a little afraid that my speaking might attract a crowd and that the police might object. But no such thing happened. The crowd gathered, but was quite friendly. I came home praising God for all His love through His children.

Very cheering also were visits to the Door of Hope and other opportunities of service in Shanghai which this unwelcome detention afforded. Like Rutherford in his prison days in Aberdeen, Margaret King could say:

I have seen the white side of Christ's cross; how lovely hath He been to His oppressed servant! I find that my Lord hath overgilded that black tree, and hath perfumed it, and oiled it with joy and consolation. Whoso looketh to the white side of Christ's cross, and can take it up handsomely, with faith and courage, shall find it such a burden as sails are to a ship or wings to a bird.

Nothing could have been more joy to Miss King than to be used during those sad days in Shanghai in the very

work that had meant so much to her in girlhood. But she was to find darker tragedies than she had ever known in Montreal and more wonderful evidences, too, of the saving power of Christ. Her first visit to the Shanghai rescue home had been some years previously, when many of the young women had been led to saving faith through her ministry. It was January weather then, "snowing and blowing," but the warmth of her welcome and the joy of seeing the grace of God transforming such broken lives was a rich reward. To her sister, Mrs. Irving, she wrote:

How I wish you could see these girls for yourself, a hundred and eighty of them, every one with a terrible past, but many now washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. The Christians among them are wonderful. In all my experience of schools in China, I have never seen such bright Christians, nor such fine personal workers

The reason Miss Abercrombie asked me to have special meetings just now is that they have a number of new girls who are from Yangchow. I wish you could have seen their faces when I began to speak. Oh darling! some cried, some laughed, and all leaned forward to listen. When I gave an invitation to those who wanted to come to Jesus and be saved, they just crowded up the aisle to me. I felt as if my heart would break. Patiently, all the rest of the day, I dealt with one and another, hearing their stories. And on and on it went for five days, until last night, as I was worn out, Miss Abercrombie sent them away from my door.

And oh, what stories! The awful beatings, the dislocated fingers, when they have been hung up for hours by their thumbs! While I was there, two Yangchow girls were brought in. One said she had only been in the business two weeks; was cheated into coming to Shanghai to get work. She just would not consent, so her owner beat her black and blue. No part of her body was unbruised. She managed to run away. Tomorrow her case will be tried in court. Each case has to be officially handed over to the Door of Hope

I hated to leave this morning. If only I could tell you about some of the Christian girls, and these dear ladies who are doing such a self-sacrificing work. They have a nice little hospital

. . . . Many of the girls have tuberculosis. I spoke to each one and prayed with the dying. I don't think I was ever so thankful to have a Yangchow tongue

Please share this letter with Mary. I want you both to pray for the girls who came to Jesus, over seventy of them. Some know very little, but they want Him I think they have truly turned their faces heavenward. Oh, the precious blood of Christ! It does cleanse from all sin. I taught them the chorus of, "In tenderness he sought me, weary and sick with sin."

Oh, the love that sought me!

Oh, the blood that bought me!

Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold;

Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

And now, in her banishment to Shanghai, Margaret King was to find that her cross gave her wings, for once more she was privileged to win many of the Door of Hope girls to the Saviour. The ladies invited her to stay with them, as they again had a group of Yangchow girls.

I had three meetings yesterday [Miss King wrote]. I meant to have only one, but so many girls were longing for help. All the morning they came for personal talks, with such sad, sad stories.

Yesterday, one little girl of thirteen died after two years in the home. She came in with a terrible disease, and has just lingered on, sometimes better, sometimes worse. But she died a beautiful Christian. You will be glad to know that, owing to the fight these ladies put up to rescue the child, her owner was deported.

Jesus saves these girls so wonderfully! Some are now teachers and trained nurses, but wherever you meet them, they have a special serious, almost sad look. I just cried last night, thinking over their stories I don't know which are the more heart moving, the saved ones so bright, well educated and beautiful (for most of these girls are good-looking) or the new ones so sad. Last evening thirty more confessed Christ. Do pray for them. One is a girl who ran away a month ago, but came back; another was taken by brigands and almost destroyed body and soul; but love can do wonderful things. I wish you were here to

love them with me What a blessing that we can tell them of One who cleanses "from all sin!" Darling, what should we do with these broken bodies and sin-filled minds if we had not our precious gospel of Jesus' blood, which cleanses memory, imagination, heart and life? . . . "Just as I am"—how wonderful this gospel is!

The troubles were long continued, for back in Yangchow some months later Miss King was writing to the same dear sister: "How I would love to sleep in your spare room for a few nights and feel no fear of man!" But God was manifestly working and overruling the distressing situation for good. More Scriptures and Christian books were being sold than ever before. People were stirred to inquire what the trouble was all about. Indeed through all the period of this anti-religious movement (1922-25) the Mission Book Room in Shanghai could hardly keep pace with the demand for Bibles and Testaments. And even among the bitterly prejudiced student class there were wonderful opportunities for Christian testimony.

Hard put to it to control its students, one large educational institution in an inland city turned to the Nanking Bible School for help. The missionary principal in charge was much concerned over the restless, defiant spirit of the girls. They were of high school age, and would leave their classes and go out in student processions on the streets, talking against Japan and "Imperialism." They became so unruly that, almost in desperation, the principal wrote to Nanking asking whether the Bible School had a graduate who could come to her help. She felt that a Christian teacher nearer to themselves in age might be a help.

Miss Brittain had no one at the time to send; but one of the alumnae had just returned to the Bible School for much-needed rest who was of all people most suited to

meet the need. Belonging to a high official family Miss Peace Wang was young, educated and attractive, and had suffered much for her faith in Christ. She had a wonderful story to tell and could hold a student audience riveted for hours. And Miss Wang was willing to go, though fully realizing the difficulty of the situation. Accompanied by a servant she took the three or four days' journey to Changsha, but found on arrival that Mrs. Lingle had not ventured to say that she was coming for a mission. She had merely mentioned to the students that Miss Wang was to be in the city and had consented to speak to them.

The first meeting was encouraging. In spite of themselves, the students were captivated. But when the visitor appeared again the following day they turned their backs on the platform, talked, read books and made it evident that they were determined not to listen. Feeling it keenly, Miss Wang continued to lead the chapel service for a day or two, giving herself meanwhile to prayer and fasting. She fully realized that only the power of God could conquer such opposition, and her heart went out to the splendid company of girls to whom she was sure He had sent her. She then asked Mrs. Lingle to let the meetings be voluntary, even if it meant only a small attendance. This was arranged, and the first evening after the change only six or eight students appeared.

Quietly Miss Wang prayed on, believing that God was working. And so it proved, for there were hungry hearts among those who had seemed so indifferent. Attendance increased from day to day, until there was no room to seat the girls who crowded into those meetings. They had discovered that their visitor was real, as well as strangely attractive; that she possessed a joy and power of which they knew nothing. A deep work of God began through-

out the school, and Miss Wang was occupied with interviews morning, noon and night. It was not with intellectual difficulties that the students were troubled. They came with burdened hearts, asking only how to be saved. Peace with God and power to conquer sin were what they wanted, and what they found through faith in Christ. About a hundred and fifty girls testified to definite conversion at that time. The whole student body was changed, and for eighteen months after Miss Wang had left, the joy and blessing continued.

For her place was taken by one well fitted to carry on the work. On her graduation from Nanking, Miss Caroline Ho came to Changsha as a Bible teacher, welcomed by students and faculty alike. In addition to her regular work, Miss Ho held voluntary meetings for the deepening of spiritual life, attended by more than a hundred of the girls. She was scarcely more than a girl herself, but knew the Lord in a way that made her very helpful to others.

And then came the terrible days of 1927, when the Southern troops took Changsha and the city was given over to pillage and slaughter. Tremendous pressure was put upon the students of this mission school to join the Communist agitators. A couple of years before, they had been leaders in such propaganda, but now they stood out as Christians in more than name. Much enraged, the student leaders began to threaten. The day was fixed when they would kill that *lao po-po* (old woman) who was daring to teach the Bible in the school and any of the students who would not give up the foreign religion. They had heard of Caroline Ho, and because of her influence in the school concluded that she must be elderly. The danger was great, and the missionaries having already been obliged to leave Changsha, the Chinese faculty decided to disband the

students and seek a place of safety.

But Caroline Ho was far from home. For her there seemed no way of escape; and she was unwilling to leave the little group of girls, also from a distance, who like herself had no refuge. Much in prayer for guidance, her attention was directed to the words: "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." She thought of the quietness of Christ in the presence of His enemies, and felt encouraged to wait and take her stand for Him, whatever happened. The few remaining students gathered round her for prayer.

"If the Communists come," was their decision, "and make you walk the streets wearing a fool's hat, we will go with you. Did not the Lord Jesus walk Jerusalem streets for us, bearing a cross? Gladly will we do this for Him, to show how much we love Him."

Yes, above the stormy firmament there is still a throne, and "the appearance of a man upon it," bearing the marks of Calvary amid "the likeness of the glory of the Lord."

The Communists did come, bent on murder. But somehow they did not find that little group whose refuge was in God. The school buildings seemed deserted, and eager for loot the crowd swept on elsewhere. Those young women are standing true today, in various parts of the province of Hunan. When the worst was over, they gathered the juniors together again and reopened the school, carrying on until the missionaries returned. During vacations, they would accompany Caroline Ho preaching the gospel in homes and villages, wherever they were invited. It is wonderful what young women with suitable leadership can do for Christ in China today. And the Nanking Bible School was supplying just such leadership.

CHAPTER

X

UNFAILING SPRINGS

THROUGH all the busy years, Margaret King had kept her first love for the Nanking Bible School and those engaged in its growing work. As a member of the board of control she never failed to attend its sittings, and her visits to Nanking, often made at a heavy cost physically, were more than rewarded by the response of the students to her spiritual ministry. Had she been a full member of the faculty, she could not have had more influence with them, nor could her interest in the school have been more sustained and practical.

As the students increased in number the need for a suitable plant had, naturally, made itself felt, and the answers to prayer had been wonderful as land and buildings were provided. Among the co-opted members of the board, Miss Ruth Paxson had done much to enlarge the circle of its friends and supporters, while Margaret King, in connection with her frequent missions, had been enabled to attract many young women to its student body. In the fall of 1921, ten years only from its inception, the school opened in its own premises, with a six-acre plot of land, a beautiful administration building and chapel, a faculty residence

and a well-equipped dormitory. The board was planning large things, for already they could see that the school was meeting a widely felt need. Two courses of study were offered, one for college alumnae and one for high school graduates. The Bible itself was the chief study throughout the curriculum. It was the Word of God that the students wanted; to know it, to understand it, to be able to teach it. They realized that in that living Word, which is "quick and powerful," revealing not only the heart's need but the One who can fully meet it, lies the full and final answer to China's spiritual quest.

It was wonderful to Margaret King to see, as time went on, over a hundred young women from no fewer than sixteen provinces delighting in the courses of the Bible School, bright educated girls, whose lives were in most cases truly consecrated to the service of Christ. That she herself had been largely instrumental in bringing it about she hardly realized, but others saw it and thanked God for such an advocate and exponent of the purposes of the school.

When she was invited, as she frequently was [wrote Miss Mary Culler White], to some high school or college to conduct a mission, Miss King invariably told her hearers that there was now work which young women could do in the field of evangelism, and also that there was a place in which they could be adequately trained. Soon there began to appear in the student body young women who had dedicated their lives in some meeting or mission led by Miss King. The number grew with the years, and one day in 1926, when walking through the school with her, I was astonished to see how many Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and girls of other communions came running to greet this China Inland missionary. Evidently it was she who had helped them into the surrendered life and directed them into the Bible School.

In the great city of Nanking there were other groups also in which Margaret King was interested. Large schools

belonging to different missions were open to her, and her heart went out to the inspiring audiences of hundreds of girls, full of life and promise, who hung upon her words. Leaving Nanking one winter day she wrote to her sister, Mrs. George Irving:

Here I am, going home from a mission in a wonderful high school. I am sitting in the train, too early of course (!) waiting for it to start. We have had lovely meetings. God richly blessed. All day, between times, and far into the night, I was dealing with anxious souls. How they clung to me! God has given me a special love for girls, darling, mostly because all my life I have had one of my own.¹

Your letter telling of George's decision to stay on in the Y. M. C. A. reached me here. I cannot tell you how happy this has made me. It is a real answer to my prayers.² . . . I am tired out today, with all this personal work. I suppose George has a great deal of it too, in schools. My girls just stood in rows, waiting their turn. I had to leave as many as forty, without seeing them. Of course I know it is partly my Chinese tongue. One girl said to me yesterday,

"You understand us. When I spoke to Miss — she asked me four times what I said. And it was hard work to say it even once."

Of course it must be hard to confess some sin or weakness four times to be understood.

Darling, this is glorious work and, best of all, it is for Jesus. This makes up for the separations, the days of travel and nights when one is too tired to sleep. Let George have this great joy [referring to his frequent absences from home]. I am praying for him today in Wilmington. How did he get on at Syracuse University, and before that in Worcester?

People of very different social and religious circles felt the attraction of this loving spirit. There was nothing critical about Miss King's attitude, though she was as staunch for the truth as her Covenanter forebears had been.

¹Mrs. Irving, who was sixteen years her junior, had always had in Margaret a second mother.

²The Rev. George Irving had declined a college presidency to stay on in the evangelistic department of the Y. M. C. A., of which he is still the director, engaged in definitely soul-saving work.

Among her special friends in Nanking was the gracious Chinese lady who a little later became president of the board of control of the Bible School.

Brought up in a home of luxury, admired for her beauty and charm and made much of by many brothers, the change was great when Miss Christiana Tsai became a Christian.¹ Everything was done that could be thought of to turn her from her faith. Her elder brothers even held a sort of judicial trial, arraigning her before the bar of family indignation in a terrifying way. But the suffering little sister was sustained by a love and power of which they knew nothing. Bravely she confessed the Saviour to whom her heart was irrevocably given. The storm spent itself at last, and so lovely was the life of this young girl at home that eventually she had the joy of winning her mother to Christ, and almost all the family, which included twenty-three brothers and sisters.

Working with Miss Mary Leaman of the Presbyterian Mission in Nanking, Miss Tsai became widely known as a Christian leader of spirituality and power. Several of the early students in the Bible School had been converted through her influence, and as fellow-members of the board of control she and Margaret King were brought into congenial fellowship.²

Then there was a choice group of Chinese Christians

¹The *Tao-tai*, her father (a high Chinese official), was the son of the Viceroy of Canton. He died while Christiana was still quite young, making it his last charge to his sons that there should be no extravagant display at his funeral and that they should never accept a bribe. A sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, however, was spent over his obsequies.

²Prayer is asked for the full recovery of Miss Christiana Tsai, who has been laid aside for some years by a suffering illness. Her faith in Christ shines brightly through the trial, and with her friend Miss Leaman she is deeply interested in preparing a new version of the Bible for the illiterate (to secure a Bible-reading church) in which every character has its tone and sound beside it in the phonetic script.

known for their connection with the *Ling Kwang Pao*, a pioneer magazine in the realm of deeper spiritual truth and experience. Pastor Kao of the Friends' Mission was the leader among them, the editor of the paper and a man of Christlike influence and character. Living next door to the Bible School, he used to come in daily to take morning prayers and classes, and the students loved him as a father. His preaching meant much to Margaret King, who lost no opportunity of attending the quiet church in which his ministry was exercised. It was a joy to sit and listen to his helpful scriptural discourses, and all the more so because of her love and admiration for him personally. All the *Ling Kwang Pao* group were her valued friends, men and women who contributed articles to that remarkable paper which anticipated the day she longed to see, when spiritual leadership in the Chinese church would come more and more from its own sons and daughters.

It was in the sessions of the Continuation Committee in Shanghai that Miss King had first met most of these leaders. From the early days of that committee, following the Edinburgh Conference of 1910, Miss King had been one of its strongest representatives in the department of evangelism. Both in its deliberations and those of the National Christian Council which succeeded it, she was one of the few women to make an important contribution in this connection. Miss King always spoke in Chinese at the sessions, and her appropriate use of the language as well as her zeal and experience in evangelistic work made a deep impression. Indeed, through the openings which came to her as a result of these contacts, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, with a well-informed observer, that she was for years "the best-known missionary in central China."

But it was up at Kuling, the hill resort where Miss King had her summer cottage, that the wealth of her loving nature was most in evidence. For there she was more free for social intercourse than amid the absorbing claims of her regular evangelistic work. Many of the missionaries she had met during the year would gather at Kuling for the hottest weeks of summer, and Margaret King seemed to be everybody's friend. No wonder the modest bungalow in the heart of the settlement, though hidden in trees and greenery, was a rendezvous to which people turned by common consent. Even the *ahmas* and other servants employed by visitors came to look upon Miss King as their special missionary.

"Out of ten of us," one of them said with a smile, "King Kiao-si knows ten!"

She conducted helpful meetings for them twice a week all through the season, keeping closely in touch with the Chinese side of life in the community. From their point of view, the simplicity of her surroundings was surprising.

"Surely King Kiao-si must be very poor," said the cook in the Friends' mission house, just above the cottage.

"What makes you think so?" inquired Miss Esther Butler with surprise.

"Why, she lives in such a little place and has only one woman to serve her."

But, if she was poor, it was "as making many rich."

This was specially true of the newly arrived missionaries representing various societies, of whom many came to the hills for the summer, as the language school at Nanking was not far away. To the young women among them, whether married or single, Margaret was a friend indeed. With what understanding she entered into their first experiences! discouragement over the language, strange-

ness and perhaps disappointment in their new surroundings, the homesickness of some, the temperamental difficulties of others, and the heart hunger for deeper spiritual blessing. When she was asked to conduct a Bible class specially for these young people, Miss King could not but consent. It was to be just a little circle for those who wanted spiritual fellowship, but soon the numbers exceeded all expectation, and the personal interviews that grew out of it seemed endless. To her sister, Mrs. Irving, Margaret wrote one August day:

I think I told you that I had to give one of the addresses at the Women's Conference here in Kuling. Well, so many young women came to see me as a result that some one proposed that I should have a Bible class for them weekly, just for "new missionaries." I expected only a small group, but forty-two have joined. This, with the work that grows out of it, and my regular Chinese class, keeps me pretty busy. But I love it all! . . . Today I have been at a committee meeting to arrange for a Chinese young women's conference.

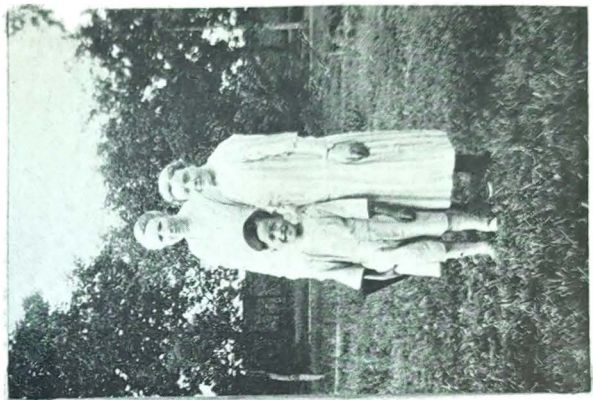
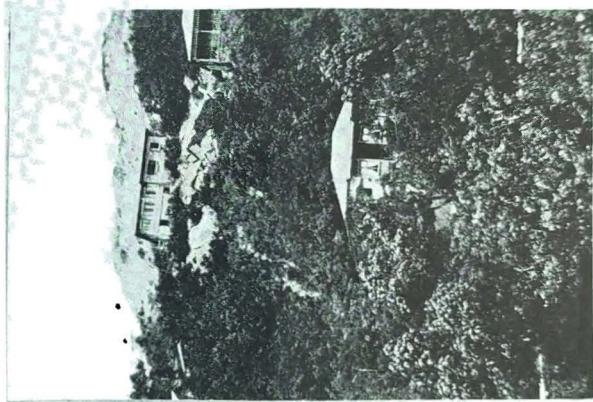
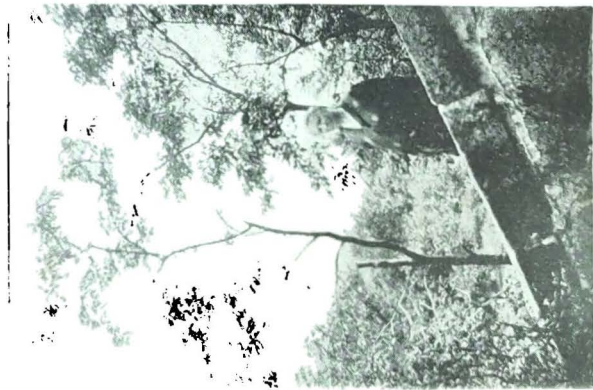
Those meetings, too, attracted visitors, students, teachers and conference speakers, to the little bungalow where Chinese friends were always welcome. How one woman could pour out so much love and sympathy, when she herself was often weary and needing the quiet and refreshment others found among the hills, is a mystery. Perhaps her secret was that of the pitcher at the fountain, into which the fresh, cool water continually poured:

"I cannot hold much; but I can overflow a great deal."

One of the few entries in her journal throws light on this side of Margaret King's experiences:

His word to me today is a sure word, "In you a fountain; out of you rivers." Lord, to Thee I come for this. "He that believeth," Thou hast said. Help Thou my unbelief.*

*Connecting the promises of John 4:14 and 7:38.



KULING MOUNTAIN RESORT

1. Margaret King. 2. The cottage among the trees. 3. Miss King (behind), Miss Lajus and Peter.

The heart cry of another devoted shepherd of men might well have been hers:

Give me, my God, I pray,
Out of myself to flee;
To hide my life in Thee,
And there abide always.

Hid in the Christ who died,
My life in Thine outpoured;
Hid in the living Lord,
Oh, thou my soul, abide.

Nothing less than such abiding could have accounted for the unending spring of blessing in Margaret King's life and its abundant overflow to others.

Our bungalow seemed always full of guests [Jean recalled], and my "Mother" had this grace: she had words for them all.* She would pray with those who needed help, and gave much love to the Chinese students. Even at Kuling she had little rest. Everybody seemed to know "King Kiao-si of Yangchow."

Not only at Kuling were Margaret King's life and words inspiring to young missionaries. It was on one of her visits to the capital that the informal gathering was held of which Miss Eva Smawley tells in a letter just received.

Miss King was making a visit to the Nanking Bible School for a series of meetings, and with others I was invited to the faculty home to meet her. All the guests were new missionaries, and never can I forget the way she spoke to us. She used the words from Titus, "Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Adorn, *adorn* the doctrine!

It was November and already cold, but one girl, just out from home, was all in white. That afforded Miss King a good opportunity to tell us how to dress and how not to dress in China. And she went on from one practical point to another, showing us how all these things have a direct bearing upon our work as missionaries. But her chief emphasis was upon the language. How she

*After Miss Clough's death, in 1924, Miss King became "Mother" to their adopted daughter, Jean Kong.

did appeal to us never to be content with just a little knowledge of Chinese, but to get it in such a way as to be able really to "adorn the doctrine" in our speech! It was a high ideal. In our dress, our conduct, our words we were to "adorn the doctrine" of our Saviour, at all times and in all things. Knowing Miss King, you will realize how she would speak on such a subject and how impressed we were by her life, as well as her words.

Students in the language school of her own Mission recall similar impressions from talks Miss King sometimes gave in Yangchow. Unconsciously she was always imparting something of her own spirit to the young missionaries with whom she was in contact in that city, and many recall to this day the earnestness with which she would plead for the impartation of one's very best, a part of oneself so to speak, with the gospel.

She was quite as much help to me as Miss Murray [is the remembrance of one who loved to run around to Pishikai, to see Miss King]. The outer casing was wearing thin in those days. I can never forget the light shining through as she said to me before I left for Honan:

"Remember always, 'Willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but *also our own souls*, because ye were dear unto us.' That is the preaching that wins."

CHAPTER

XI

FORWARD MOVEMENTS

TO so ardent and loving a spirit as Margaret King, the troubles of 1927 were peculiarly distressing, and it was not possible to see at first that they would lead to important advance. Known as the year of evacuation, it was the period when British and American missionaries were recalled from the interior of China by their consuls, and obliged to concentrate for months together at the treaty ports. Troubles, also, were not wanting in the Nanking Bible School, which caused Miss King much concern. It was not from the student body, nor from the faculty and Chinese members of the board that criticism was heard of the strongly evangelical spirit of the school. They loved the Word of God and wanted only the essential things in the curriculum. But there were those who stressed "religious education" and desired a wider range of studies to be introduced.

For a time these differences of opinion were inoperative through the Communist reign of terror in Nanking, after its capture in 1927 by southern troops. The Bible School had to be closed and the students dispersed, and it was eighteen months before they could reassemble. One of

the buildings was burned and others were looted and largely destroyed, while the foreign community was with difficulty saved from massacre.

Margaret King was on furlough at the time [wrote Miss Mary Culler White], but when she heard what had happened she returned to China as soon as possible. Her own station had been looted, but it was not that fact that recalled her.

"There were many personal and family reasons that would have kept me in America," she said, "but I could not feel happy about the Bible School. It was this that brought me back."

The school was reopened in January, 1929, but it became perfectly evident to those who had eyes to see that a union institution, subject as all of them are to changes in the personnel of the board, could not be expected to remain on a strongly conservative theological basis. The final blow came early in the year, when nearly all the co-operating missions passed resolutions asking for a radical reduction in the number of co-opted members, who at that time formed half the board. That this would lead to other and more serious changes the co-opted members could not doubt.

Fortunately, all who composed this group were of one mind regarding the kind of Bible school that was needed in China. As they waited upon God in prayer about the matter, it was laid upon them that they should take the lead in establishing an independent Bible school, to be conducted on faith lines, a school that could be safeguarded as to its doctrinal basis. So it came about that by mutual agreement there was a separation in the board of control in Nanking, the co-opted members coming out to form a new school, to be called the Bible Seminary for Women.

In work of this kind, Margaret King was easily a leader, for had she not had thirty years' experience as a member of a faith mission? And strong faith was required, for that little group had *nothing*, not even a place in view which they could rent.

Those were days in which the vision of the Throne was needed, above the stormy firmament. All over China, missionary work was being carried on amid unparalleled danger and distress. The massacres of the Boxer year had been "inspired by superstition and ignorance and by fear of foreign powers. Many of the more intelligent officials

resisted the mad fury. But in 1927 there was intelligence behind the whole movement. . . . Emissaries from Moscow joined hands with powerful forces in China to poison the minds of the people against the foreigner and against Christianity with which he was associated. It was something more ominous and more portentous than a passing madness. The one had been a fierce storm, the other was a rising tide which threatened to be overwhelming and resistless." *

When, after the attack upon Nanking, British and American nationals were recalled from the interior, the crisis may be better imagined than described. Hundreds of members of the Inland Mission to which Miss King belonged were forced to leave their work, their homes and Chinese friends, and take the perilous journey to the coast, with no provision for their needs in the overcrowded settlements, the Mission premises in Shanghai and other treaty ports being wholly inadequate for such an emergency. Party after party, brought through many dangers, had to render heavy accounts for traveling expenses which could not have been foreseen. And yet, every account was paid in full as soon as it was presented; every party of refugees was provided with quarters as if they had been expected; lives were wonderfully protected and all real needs met, because there is indeed "a throne above the firmament," and One who reigns untroubled by the wrath of man. In the annual report of the Mission two years later it was possible to write:

The determined attempt to destroy the Christian church in China has failed, and we as a Mission have been led to adopt an aggressive policy . . . and are preparing for a great advance.

*See, *Our Seal*, p. 51, by Marshall Broomhall, M.A., published by the China Inland Mission.

For those days of seeming failure and collapse brought the Mission to its knees in united waiting upon God. A pessimistic outlook was general, and many said that the day of missionary opportunity in China was over. Some lost faith in the power of the gospel and left the field. But as the members of the Mission which had suffered most sought to know the will of God for the future,

They gradually realized [as one of their number wrote at the time] that they had been called away from their stations and immediate surroundings in order that they might see the whole work in truer perspective, and understand more clearly God's purpose concerning the evangelization of this great land. They also became conscious that God was calling them to a new venture of faith, through the adoption of a definite forward policy throughout the whole Mission.*

Very encouraging during those dark days was the way in which the One upon the throne cared for the financial needs of the work, which were even greater than usual, while the income was largely diminished. Many donors, feeling that little could be done in China, found other channels for their missionary giving, and the situation was serious indeed when the income of the Mission fell off by thousands and tens of thousands of dollars. But the faithfulness of God did not fail. Surely His hand was over the exchange of gold into silver currency at that time, for the money remitted from the home lands realized more and more silver in China as the months went by. The exchange, which is always fluctuating, went so steadily in favor of the Mission funds that the greatly reduced income was amply compensated for, and all needs were met without any appeal to man or overdraft at the bank.

The outcome of it all was twofold: a definite policy of

*Rev. Albert Lutley, in *The Bible for China*, November, 1931.

advance in China and a definite appeal for reinforcements from home. After a careful survey it was found that at least two hundred more missionaries would be needed if the Inland Mission was at all adequately to occupy its vast field. Prayer begun in China for the two hundred to be given within the next two years was taken up at home, and soon encircled the globe with united intercession. For the need was urgent. Faith expected the reopening of the closed doors throughout the interior, and could not claim less than provision for advance along the lines of God's providential working. A thrill of new life was felt throughout the world-wide fellowship of the Mission as this step of faith became known, and many were encouraged to pray for a new day of blessing in China, in spite of all that made it seem impossible.*

Those were wonderful days, also, in connection with the Bible Seminary which had been launched on faith lines. Margaret King with other members of the board and faculty of the original school formed the inner circle of those who had faith and vision for a new thing to the glory of God. More deeply than ever they felt the need of a training school for Christian women which should be above all spiritual, stressing not so much higher education as definitely soul-saving and soul-sanctifying work. Almost all the students had elected to remain with them and there were many new applicants, but they had neither funds nor premises and were utterly cast upon God.

Four months' search in the crowded settlements of Shanghai, to which the school had been moved on account of renewed fighting in Nanking, only proved how hopeless

*How abundantly those prayers were answered is manifest today; for the Two Hundred were given in the expected time (1929-31), and far more believers have been baptized since then, in connection with the China Inland Mission, than in any similar period in its history.

it was, humanly speaking, to find a location. All parts of Shanghai were visited and many properties considered but none that was at all suitable could be had on lease or for rent, and to purchase was out of the question. Meanwhile, all unknown to them, God was working.

Out in a quiet suburb, three miles from the heart of Shanghai, a well-known evangelist and Bible teacher had made her home. Speaking of her spiritual ministry, other Chinese Christians said: "America has given us only one Miss Paxson, and China has only one Dora Yü." At Kiangwan she had opened a Home of Rest, a place for prayer especially, but affording also regular Bible teaching.

"If ever there was a need," she wrote, "for God's children to come apart to receive divine power and instruction, in order to combat the powers of darkness, it is now."

Miss Dora Yü had spent eight years as a medical missionary in Korea, for she was a fully trained doctor, and many more in Bible teaching, both before and after her visits to Europe and America, but now she was feeling called with a new urgency to directly evangelistic work. With openings for missions in many provinces, she felt that this was the service to which her later years must be given. But who was to carry on the work at Kiangwan?

And this was just the time when the little group responsible for the new Bible seminary were standing at Wit's End Corner. Their search for premises seemed hopeless. By a solemn act of faith at their first board meeting (March, 1930) they had committed to God all the financial care of the work, realizing that He was leading them to put their trust in Him alone, with no promise of help from man. And now summer had come, students were applying for the fall term, and though there had been many tokens of blessing in other ways, prayer for a suitable location

was still unanswered. At that same March meeting, Margaret King had been elected Vice-Chairman of the board, with Mrs. S. H. Tsao as Chairman. Miss Paxson and Miss Culler White were associated with them, as well as Miss Mary Parmenter and Miss Ruth Brittain, members of the faculty, and other friends. Together they quietly held on in faith and prayer, assured that God would work for them in His own time and way.

And then, at the end of July, they received an offer which exceeded their hopes. Miss Dora Yü, who had also been praying over the situation, felt it to be the Lord's way of setting her free for whole-time evangelistic work. She was ready to lease her commodious premises at Kiangwan to the Seminary, and before autumn it was thankfully transferred to this home of many helpful associations. The term opened with fifty-three students from seven provinces, the senior class carrying over without a break the spirit and ideals of the original school.

At the conclusion of the first quarter, several days were set apart for quiet waiting upon God.

The Lord Himself met with us [wrote Miss Brittain, Dean of the student body]. His presence was so real that it seemed as if one might reach out a hand and touch Him, as He passed up and down our little chapel, revealing Himself in love to the hearts bowed before Him. Sin was confessed and put away. Many for the first time recognized the power of the self-life, and came to see God's provision for deliverance and victory in the cross of Christ. Some who had been nominal Christians for years were truly born again. Many, who had not already done so, consecrated their lives wholly to God. Our hearts are full of praise and adoration for this gracious work of God's Spirit in our midst. . . .

But even before that, prayer had been wonderfully answered with regard to a permanent home for the school.

At a special meeting of the executive in October, at which Margaret King was present, feeling had been in favor of purchasing Miss Dora Yü's property, if it could be obtained at a price they might hope to afford. The committee was to meet again before the close of the year, and decided to make it a matter of special prayer, meanwhile, that the Lord's mind might be made very plain. Great was the joy when, only two weeks later, Miss Dora Yü, quite unexpectedly, handed over the deeds of the whole property as a gift of love to the Bible Seminary.

CHAPTER

XII

FULL SHEAVES

FULL of thankfulness for this wonderful provision, the founders of the Bible Seminary were to find that Miss Dora Yü's gift brought to them more than land and buildings. For the place was dear to many as their spiritual home, a center from which streams of blessing had long flowed to thirsting hearts. This heritage meant much to the Seminary, which was thus introduced to a representative group of Chinese Christians, prepared by their own love for the Word of God to appreciate its aims and methods. It meant also a real faith-backing, and this was needed, for the school was entirely dependent on the Lord for temporal supplies, and had determined, in obedience to His injunction, never to go into debt.

But the property given by Miss Yü was not large enough for our needs [Miss Brittain wrote some months later], so we were obliged to erect further buildings and to purchase more land. A special gift for a faculty residence made it possible to move from the camp beds on the veranda, in front of our studies, into a proper home, just as the cold of winter set in. A music building containing six practice rooms was also provided. Then, in answer to definite prayer, the owners of property on the west and south consented to sell. And the very day we learned that the lot on the

south was obtainable, a sum of money was received which was sufficient to buy that land and a splendid piece beyond, and to enclose all with a bamboo fence.

But these were later developments, when the beloved vice-president of the board had finished her course with joy. How little Margaret King or any of those about her realized that the end was so near! She was still in the prime of life, engrossed as ever in evangelistic work, and renewing her youth, indeed, in the delightful family of Jean and her Christian husband, David Ching. Their eldest child, Peter, was almost an adopted son to Margaret King. He lived with her at Yangchow, to attend Miss Doris Todman's school, and Miss King's home correspondence is full of his sayings and doings, showing how large a place he filled in her heart. What she was outwardly, at this time, can be seen from a letter written by a fellow-worker to Miss Lajus, after her great bereavement.

I am always so glad of the few weeks I spent with you and Margaret at Kuling in 1929. Margaret seemed to me to have come to her zenith then—so matured! She was over sixty, but in no way gave one a sense of weakness or of going down-hill. On the contrary, she seemed so fully alive with the "*this one thing I do*" motive power that she impressed me as never before. That, of course, was characteristic of her whole life; but there seemed to be a deepening of it, with an added humility, and such a gracious, loving spirit behind it.

But it is her own letters of the last year or two that reveal most fully the unchanged and ever-deepening purpose of that life. At the Chinese New Year, 1929, Miss King was holding special meetings in Yangchow, and wrote to her sister, Mrs. George Irving, of six women, all well known to her, who had publicly declared their decision to accept and follow Christ.

We had a good time yesterday afternoon, and a still better at night, when crowds of men came and sat through a two hours' meeting. Is it not wonderful, after all the propaganda against the Lord and His people? Such awful things have been said against Him and against us! And still, men seek Jesus, and come where a full gospel of His precious, cleansing blood is preached.

As one of our evangelists said lately: "It is no use to exhort people to be good and give up certain vices. What they want is a power that will save them from their sins, and to know what to do about former guilt."

Pray for these men and women.

Love to George. I am following his meetings with prayer. Tell him to make the way of salvation plain. What men need is not to join a church, but to be joined to the Lord Jesus by the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

It was at increasing cost to herself, physically, that Margaret King's work was carried on. Traveling to Sungkiang for a mission, just before the above was written, she was caught in one of the blizzards that had to be faced every winter.

Here I am, storm-stayed [she wrote from the China Inland Mission Home in Shanghai]. Yesterday Miss Shaw and I left Nanking in the midst of a fall of snow. I was already a day late for my meeting, so was rather desperate. It really would have been better to have stayed in Nanking, for when we got to the train the storm so increased that the engine could not get up steam, and there was no heat in the cars. . . . We were five hours late in reaching Shanghai, and the train for Sungkiang had left, so we took a taxi and came here in fierce wind and rain. Never was I so glad to get into a China Inland Mission home! Of course they did not expect me, but they soon had a hot drink ready and hot water bottles in my bed. . . . The poor Sungkiang conference will be wondering where I am. I have to ask the Lord to give me peace.

The visit to Shanghai was not lost time, for an informal meeting of the executive committee of the Bible Seminary was held in Miss King's room, and next day she was braving the elements again to reach Sungkiang.

Tell George [she had written in that Shanghai letter] that I am glad he has not to travel in cold trains or on wheelbarrows in the depth of winter!

Sungkiang was a city of a hundred thousand people, and the conference was an important gathering for Bible study, connected with the Southern Presbyterians. Many of the students she had known at Nanking were working as Bible-women in this mission, and Miss King was one of their most welcome speakers. Never was she more in her element than in sharing the work and strengthening the hands of these young Chinese leaders.

And they were often faced with difficult situations. After Miss King had spoken at one of these conferences about the paralytic whom four of his friends had brought to the Lord for healing, a Christian woman came to her in distress about her sister who had been demon possessed for many years.

Pouring out the story, she questioned, could not the Lord heal her? He had restored the paralytic; would not Miss King help her to bring this other sufferer in faith to Him?

A little later, to their surprise, the sister for whom they were praying appeared on the scene, having come unexpectedly to attend the Bible conference.

"Do let us pray with her now," urged the Christian woman, "and trust the Lord to save her here today."

Miss King consented, but, realizing the seriousness of the case, arranged for others to be praying while they talked with the sister. She knew from experience the reality of demon power.

At first the possessed woman seemed hardly to listen. But she was quiet, which was encouraging, for when attacks came on it was dangerous to be near her. That day she was heavy and stupid; but after they had talked for

some time she consented to kneel down for prayer.

"Sister," pleaded the Christian woman, "will you not receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour?"

As she hesitated, they explained more fully.

"I take the Lord Jesus," she said at length, "I take the Lord Jesus now to be my Saviour. I trust His blood to cleanse and deliver me."

At once there was a change. Light broke! and she got up from her knees another woman. As she was badly nauseated at first, they had to support her; but her face shone with a wonderful brightness.

"Oh," she said, "I feel so light in my heart! A great burden seems gone."

And gone it was. That woman with a clouded mind, after more than twenty years of demon possession, was a new creature in Christ Jesus. She was full of joy. Dimly at first, but afterwards more clearly, she saw the way of salvation, and the following summer she was baptized, having learned to read a good deal in the interval.

Traveling in winter was dangerous as well as difficult, for delicacy of the lungs exposed Miss King increasingly to bronchitis and pneumonia, but her joy in seeing souls saved and Christians led out in work for the Lord more than made up for the cost.

Yesterday we had a great crowd of women [she wrote on returning to Yangchow from Sungkiang] and a great many men at night. I was so tired I just fell into bed! I did not preach yesterday, but to manage such a crowd, as chairman, was not easy. Then the after-meeting went on a long time.

Miss Chang, a young lady from the Bible School was our speaker. She took as her text, "I am come that they might have life." . . . After all, Christina, that puts the gospel of our Lord quite by itself, as a religion, for He gives life; not only reformation, but *new life*.

In spite of much unrest through civil war and the con-

stant movement of troops, Miss King was able to keep her engagements for missions all through the year, 1929. It was a help, sometimes, to have a day or two on one of the passenger steamers on the Yangtze, "so clean and comfortable," as she wrote, and where, in charge of British officers, there was "nothing to be afraid of."

Certainly China is in a terrible state. Yangchow is full of soldiers who prey upon the people. Rice is a dreadful price, and fear and sorrow are everywhere.

One comfort was that, contrary to all expectations, they were able to keep the girls' school open and to carry on the spiritual side of that work. But it really seemed a miracle. When the fine school of the Episcopal Mission, with its three or four hundred boys, was closed with a high hand, Miss King wrote that they quite expected their turn would come next.

One day a group of men arrived to inspect the school.

"Do you teach the Bible?" they asked.

"We do," was the reply.

"In how many classes?"

"In every class."

"How many days a week?"

"Every day."

"Have you Sun Yat Sen's picture up for worship?"

"No, we worship only the one true God."

Several other questions followed, the answers to which were all unsatisfactory from their point of view.

They left us with threats as to what would happen. But in Summit [Mrs. Irving's home in the States] and in many other places, God's children were praying for us, and we heard no more from the school authorities. Today, June 30, we close at the regular time for the holidays. Please pray that we may be able to open in September, and that God will bless and save the students.

Another bright spot in this time of trial was the progress made by a poor, demon-possessed girl who had been saved a year previously. At that time Miss King had written:

Two days ago, a woman sent for Mrs. Kueh, or any of our church members, to come and help her daughter, a girl of sixteen, who has been troubled by an evil spirit for three months. She had tried everything the priests could do first, of course. Mrs. Kueh went with Mrs. Kao to the woman's home, where they found the girl crouching in a dark corner, naked and making strange noises. They spoke kindly to her, but she paid no attention. They then knelt in prayer, and she seemed to listen. The mother said she had spent nearly all she had on idolatry, in behalf of this girl.

The first day, the girl could not open her eyes or stand up, though, after they had prayed, she was willing to put on some clothing. Yesterday, she walked all the way here to a meeting, and prayed with us herself. We believe that the demon has left her.

As her eyes were in a shocking condition, Miss King sent her to a hospital in Chinkiang, and now, a year later, found her "the sweetest, loveliest little Christian girl," doing useful work in the wards. The hospital was sorry to lose her when, some time later, she was happily married.

Many, also, were the changed lives through the missions, as that year passed on. It was not always easy to present a full gospel in places where modernism was gaining ground. Yet Margaret King was invited to such schools and did not hesitate to make the most of her opportunity.

This morning I addressed the school here [she wrote from one large city]. It was hard: Sun Yat Sen's picture up over the altar, and a real antforeign feeling among the girls. God is speaking here, however. Last week one of the students drowned herself in the rain-water cistern, so unhappy that she did not want to live any longer. And six months ago, the Chinese principal of the school became the fourth concubine of a rich General—a girl whom the school ladies had received when a baby, educated and sent to America. Then she went off with this man!

I am taking as my subject today the sixth chapter of Judges. Why are we defeated before our enemies? The Lord said to Gideon, "Destroy the altar that is in thy father's house," and "build an altar unto the Lord"—destroy and build.

Happier conditions prevailed in Wuhu, where Miss King conducted a series of meetings specially for preachers and Bible-women. She wrote of crowded gatherings and many staying behind for private talk and prayer. Sunday was a very busy day.

I spoke in union meetings in the big Methodist Episcopal Church, morning and afternoon [she wrote], and some, I believe, were turned from darkness to light. I had one special answer to prayer. That interesting college girl I met on the journey up river is teaching here in a Government school. She came to my first meeting, bringing another teacher. That teacher brought two lovely students, both of whom have today decided for the Lord.

I had my last meeting yesterday [she was writing a week later]. All day long Chinese friends were coming to see me. Imagine my joy when a Mrs. Hsiao walked in with five women who had been in the meetings the day before, but had not decided. She brought them, as she said, for me to exhort them. Finally they all yielded to the Lord. We knelt down, they with their heads bowed right down to the floor, as they bow before their idols, and each one prayed. I will add their names below, so that you can pray for them. There are just such opportunities everywhere.

Today I am going to the girls' school to speak. I asked the Chinese principal and her foreign colleague, "Do you teach the Bible?" They hesitated, then said, "Oh, now, we have religious education." But the Chinese principal added, "I used to study the Bible when I was small, and I am glad I did." So I urged her to let her pupils have the same opportunity.

I am preparing to speak to them about the rich young ruler (Mark 10: 17). He was religious, he was educated, he was in a high position, he had wealth and virtue and polite manners. But he knew that in spite of all this he did *not* have eternal life. "One thing thou lackest," the Lord Jesus said. And it was the "one thing needful."

With all this ceaseless activity on her own part, Margaret King loved team work. She was true at all times to her vision—that of the first preachers of the gospel: "The same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." Never was she happier than in seeing

her fellow-workers used of God, especially the young women she had helped to train and inspire.

One of these with whom Miss King found the fullest fellowship was Miss Nyi, a graduate of the Nanking Bible School, and now a member of the faculty at Kiangwan. She was at this time working in a city on the Grand Canal, north of Soochow, where she had been the means of leading not a few people to Christ. There were no foreign missionaries in Ihsing, and Miss King gladly embraced an opportunity of going there in the fall of 1929, at Miss Nyi's urgent invitation.

Here I am in this out-of-the-way place [she wrote, after hours of patience on a crowded launch]. Quite a company of Christians were on the wharf to meet me, some of whom I had known at Saopeh. . . . I am thankful to say that they have all grown in grace through the ministry of our dear Miss Nyi, who is just full of the blessing of the Lord. Ever since she came here it has been her desire to get me to Ihsing for special meetings. The church is entirely managed by the Chinese, and mostly by Miss Nyi, who greatly helps the young pastor in spiritual things.

How happy we are to be together! There are no foreigners in this city. We live in a big Chinese house with stone floors, which would be cold in winter but are all right in this September weather. We have two meetings a day and lots of personal work. It is difficult for me to understand the local dialect, although the people here all understand my Mandarin.

Pray for several young men who are deeply interested, and for a deaf boy who has not learned to talk much since he was five years old. He is an only son, but his mother hates him because he is completely deaf. It is through our books that he has come to know the Lord. I am sure that he will learn to talk, he has improved so much in a month. He is very clever and has the sweetest disposition. Two girls from rich families in the city are now earnest Christians. We hope that the families may yet be won, but in the meantime the girls are suffering much persecution.

Sometimes it is hard to live through these days [she added, speaking of the general unrest]. There is a strong antiforeign feeling everywhere, but we go on preaching the old gospel, and

we see souls turning to the Lord for salvation. . . . Love to George. Let us stick to our wonderful message. It is all we have to give to a poor lost world.

Truly it was the love of Christ that constrained them, and that love sustained as well, when the fight was hard and long for some precious soul. One such experience in Ihsing not only set the joy bells ringing in heaven and in the missionaries' hearts, but sent a thrill of wonder through the heathen city. For the woman who was rescued from the depths of sin and misery was well known and quite a byword in the place.

She belonged to a good family and had been well off, but through opium smoking had come down to abject poverty. But that was not all. Her temper was so violent and her tongue so abusive that she had alienated her family and friends. Even her son and his wife had to give her up to her own evil ways, and no one dared cross the threshold of the wretched hovel she called home.

Miss Nyi, in her visiting, had heard of this woman, and her heart was drawn out in pity and in prayer. She would try to see her, for surely the love of God and the saving power of Christ were equal to even such a hopeless case. But her first efforts were unsuccessful. It was only by degrees, as she bore in patience the flood of abuse and vile language that drove every one else away, that she could get an opportunity for any friendly act or word.

The misery of the woman was beyond description. She was too ill by this time to leave her bed, a wretched pallet, which was the only object in the room except a coffin—a big heavy coffin, which contained the body of her husband. Everything else had been sold for opium. She was only kept alive by the food her son brought her, and her sole companion was the dead man who was un-

moved by her constant cry for opium, more opium!

Deep into the heart of the young Chinese missionary went the grief and shame of it all. She could not rest without making every effort for the salvation of this woman, and as she prayed for her, day by day, wonderful promises from the Word of God came to strengthen faith. But the real test faced her, and Miss King also, when they saw that the only hope lay in a practical manifestation of the love of God. What could they do to convince the poor, forsaken creature that there really was hope for her in the Saviour of whom, until then, she had never heard? There was one way; but the decision to take it was not easily made.

What, bring that woman in all her filth and degradation to their own home and care for her day and night! Before the whole city, for everybody knew her, dare they undertake a case so desperate? What if she could not be cured? What if she died on their hands? The woman had relatives, though for more than twenty years she had been an outcast. If anything went wrong, great trouble might result.

“But the Lord gave me several precious promises,” Miss Nyi said simply, in telling the story. “With Miss King’s approval, I went to get the woman. Her body was like an old house, ready to fall. Nothing was left to her, save her opium pipe and that dreadful coffin.”

And then the Lord began to work. The woman, contrary to all expectations, was willing to be moved. Not without difficulty, she was brought to the mission house, cleansed, clothed, and put into a decent room. And then the terrible struggle with the opium craving began. The first four days were very anxious. Miss King gave what medical help she could, and the Christians were praying for the patient, day

and night. But her sufferings were so great that at length Miss Nyi volunteered to send for a little opium.

"No," was the feeble answer. "No, I would rather die in the Lord's hands."

More than a week had gone by before deliverance came, and Miss Nyi was thrilled to hear her patient say, as if speaking to herself:

"I believe that the Lord Jesus will save me *tao-ti* [to the uttermost]."

After that all went well. They kept their guest for about a month, rejoicing in the wonderful change that came over her. Her black past was all gone. She was as happy as a child, and is so to this day, always witnessing for the Lord. Her son and daughter-in-law came to express their gratitude. They brought new clothing for their mother and took her home to live with them. It was a wonderful testimony to the power of Christ in the city where she had been, as they said, "more like a demon than a human being."

To Margaret King, the strain of those days was more than made up for by the joy of finding in her fellow-worker the faith and devotion for such an undertaking. "Spirit-filled hearts," under whatever name, "are always tender. They see men through the tears of a divine compassion."

CHAPTER

XIII

THE LAST CHRISTMAS

WINTER weather made the little sitting room at Pishikai all the more cozy, with its easy chairs drawn up near the open fire. At her desk, Margaret King sat writing. She was thinking of some one far away, an American girl who had come out among the Two Hundred, and was at her station in the distant province of Yunnan. Perhaps it was her first Christmas away from home.

"I was wondering whether you were not lonely this morning," ran the letter. "When I first came to China, I was very lonely, and once told my mother something about it. I want to tell you what Mother wrote back to me. She said, 'Live to love, and you will never be lonely. Live in the lives of others, those around you. How they need love! You will never be lonely if you live to love and love to live.' And I have found it true."

But for this attitude, the habit of a lifetime, Margaret King would have been lonely herself that winter, for she had parted from her dearest friend and fellow-worker, Miss Bertha Lajus, in the interests of the Bible Seminary. A competent teacher was needed to strengthen the faculty, and it became evident that Miss Lajus was the very one for

the post. The parting was not easy, but there was no hesitation, only it meant a year and more of comparative solitude for Margaret King, who more than most people valued and needed congenial companionship.

Perhaps it was this that aged her a good deal, that last year. Jean noticed it and so did Katie, who had come back to teach in the school, and who, with little Peter, was a daily comfort. To him, especially, Margaret's heart went out with the love of a mother. Children were not only a joy to her, they were a necessity. For thirteen years the only place she could call her own had been that little bedroom opening out of the children's dormitory in Miss Clough's school, so that she was with them day and night and the loving care she had lavished upon Jean extended now to her family. To Margaret King they were not adopted merely, they were her own people. Of one visit to Chinkingang, in the summer of this year, she had written:

Here we are in this sweet little home. Jean and David have moved into the schoolhouse . . . and she had two lovely rooms and an excellent dinner all ready for us. Peter and Aimei just threw themselves into our arms. Jean has borrowed an ice box and bought a quantity of ice to please us; so we are all to have ice cream! . . . David is a great gardener. He has the most beautiful grapes, and is happy that they are ready for us to enjoy. . . .

Last night we all sat out on the lawn and watched the sun set over the mountains. Then Jean went in to the piano and softly played some hymns which we sang. Jean can make even an old instrument sound sweetly, and the children sing so well. Then I told them a story about a shepherd who counted his sheep and found one missing, and all that he did and suffered on the hills to find just that one little sheep. They love that story. Then David led in prayer and we all went in, so happy to be together.

In spite of intense heat that spring and summer (1930)

Miss King had held mission after mission in schools to which she was urgently invited. Civil war and its attendant unrest made traveling difficult. Her heart was wrung with the sufferings of the poor, and of thousands of wounded soldiers. But her faith knew no wavering in the message of the power of the suffering, dying, risen Saviour to meet China's need and assuage her griefs. Early in the year three lady associates of the China Inland Mission had laid down their lives for Christ in the Communist-ridden province of Kiangsi, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Porteous, two of the Mission's best workers, were still in the hands of bandits when she wrote from a city in that very province:

Last night some fifteen girls [students] went into the inquiry room after my meeting and seemed so earnest. All day long, from 8 a. m., they have been crowding to see me, seeking blessing in a most humble way. Many of them are Christians who in this harassed province, in the dreadful days since 1927, have lost out in their spiritual life. You, in Summit, are praying, and God is answering your prayers. . . . All about us are most hungry souls.

In another letter she told of a woman of outstanding personality who had yielded to the claims of Christ.

Do pray for her in your Summit circle [she wrote to Mrs. Irving]. She is married, and is a graduate of Peking University, but one of those led astray by modern teaching and science "falsely so called." She came to the feet of Jesus like a little child, confessing her sin. By eight o'clock this morning she was here with me again, so humble and sweet. She is the principal of a government high school in this city, and is sure to have a hard time. But today she is so happy, having found her Saviour.

As if she realized that time was short, Margaret King was seeking to buy up the opportunities that came to her. She even decided not to go up to Kuling that summer, but to stay on the hills near Jean, that she might be helpful to

her and the Christians of the neighborhood, among whom she had many friends. In spite of intense heat, for the temperature hardly fell below 98°, in their bedrooms, even at night, she was about the King's business.

Yesterday I took a meeting at the big school near here [she wrote in one July letter]. The audience was a mixed multitude—schoolgirls, who could not return home because of the war, doctors, students and nurses from the hospital, etc.—but all listened with their eyes fixed on me and many of them with such hungry faces.

Oh, Christina, many of the young people who have been turned aside by teaching that is false and faith-destroying are really hungry for the truth, and longing to be saved! We had hardly finished dinner, yesterday, before two schoolgirls came to the house to see me. . . . All over China there are such young women, proud and antiforeign, it may be, outwardly, but with a deep, inward sense of need. Many who might help them seem able only to speak of culture and morality. . . . We have the one message—the message for sinners Jesus came to save.

Serious illness overtook Miss King that summer, and a letter from Shanghai in October tells of her enjoyment of a much-needed change, if not rest. She loved to be at the headquarters of the Mission, and had lost none of her devotion to the fellowship to which she belonged.

“Be careful how you start her talking about the China Inland Mission,” her sister would say with a smile. “I never knew any one so enthusiastic over any work in my life. She loves every stick and stone of the Mission and will talk of it by the hour.”

So it was a joy to find herself in the well-known, well-loved compound, where a number of her friends were working and others staying on their way to or from the interior. Her calmness and dignity were noticed at this time, and the quietness of her whole bearing, telling of a life in constant fellowship with God. Yet she was so natural!

I am having lots of good times here, visiting with old friends [she wrote to Mrs. Irving]. So many are in from the far away places; some whom I have not seen for years. How I wish that you could know some of these lovely C. I. M. friends of mine! . . .

Yesterday the Australian party of girls arrived, beautiful girls, so young and so pretty! Among them is a Miss Pike. You know about Mr. Douglas Pike who was killed by bandits in Kweichow. He was last seen, bound with ropes in a market place, preaching the gospel. His death was the call to this dear daughter, a trained nurse, to come to China. How glad her mother will be to see her! . . .

A party of young men arrived two days ago, fine Canadians and Americans. We cannot be hopeless about the younger generation when we see such people coming to China at a time like this, and to a work like ours in which hardship and trial surely await them.

This same joy must have filled her heart a few weeks later, when she stood among the students of the Bible Seminary near Shanghai. It was December then, and she had come down from Yangchow at real risk to herself to attend a meeting of the board of control. Faculty and student body were still glowing with the spiritual blessing given in a recent time of quiet waiting upon God, and gratitude for the wonderful gift of Miss Dora Yü's premises was fresh in their hearts. Miss King had the pleasure of opening the new home, just completed, for the missionary staff, and of meeting all the Chinese and other members of the board and executive.

I introduced her as the "Mother" of our school [recalls Miss Brittain], and told of what she had done for it, and you should have seen the joy of the students at having her among them. She was wearing a long Chinese gown, as she often did in cold weather, and it became her well. She spoke to the students every day of her visit.

It was at this board meeting that the deeds of the property were actually received, confirming Miss Dora Yü's

gift.* Nor was this the only token for good. The board had plans before them for a much-needed administration building, to afford classroom accommodation for a hundred students. They were pressed beyond measure for room, and many applications were being received for the following year, so that the building seemed very necessary. Yet Miss King, as vice-president, and her fellow-board members did not dare to go forward if it meant running into debt. So there was special prayer about the matter, and much thankfulness when, before the session closed, a gift of twelve hundred dollars was received from a distant Chinese city, as a seal of God's approval on the plans they had in view.

But best of all were the good times, spiritually, that Margaret King had with the students morning by morning. Her subject was the First Epistle of Peter, and to many of those young hearts was unfolded, by the Spirit of God Himself, the privilege of sharing in "the sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow." It was her last ministry to the group she so deeply loved, and to whom, in a sense, she was handing on her life work. But how little any of them thought that they would not see her again.

Due in Yangchow for special meetings before the close of the year, Miss King bade farewell to her Shanghai friends and set out to face once more the storms and snows of winter. Jean's heart was often anxious about her "Mother," as she took these trying journeys without a thought of self. But it was good to be back in Yangchow again, and to find a large attendance at the Bible school arranged for by her friends of the Episcopal Mission. She spoke daily in the devotional meetings, and the Bishop him-

*Not many months later, this devoted servant of God was called to her reward.

self wrote afterwards expressing his thankfulness and that of his missionary colleagues for her ministry. Other friends spoke of her "wise counsel, sympathetic understanding and loyal friendship, as a missionary among missionaries," and of "that rare gift, ability to prove the heart."

"I have seen her turn hearts inside out, as it were," wrote Mrs. White of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, "and move her hearers to tears, even when conversion did not at once follow. '*O ling-huen-tih niang,*' one of our women called her in grateful love, 'the mother of my spirit.'"

Christmas was near at hand, and amid her preparations Margaret found time to write loving letters home, full of interesting details. The soldiers in the temples close by were specially trying, "making such a noise," as she said, "that I can hardly think or write." Yet the work was going forward. A hundred and forty children in the Sunday school at Pishikai meant fresh contacts in many homes, and Mrs. Kueh was out in the country following up a fresh opening.

But the evenings were solitary, when Margaret was alone and the day's work was done. Letters and photographs of loved ones were beside her, as she rested sometimes by the little fire. Passing feet in the street outside, and the sonorous tolling of the temple bell came on the still, night air. Chinese friends were her comfort, and especially Katie Chang (married now) who came over every day from the school with the love of a daughter. It was a comfort to have her back after a five years' absence from Yangchow. For Katie had been recalled to Chekiang by her missionary guardians and had grown in grace and knowledge of the Lord through trials unusually prolonged and severe.

She and her young husband had suffered much at the

hands of Communists. On the very day of their wedding, all the foreigners had been obliged to leave Lanchi for the coast, and the young couple left in charge of the premises had to face a serious situation. For the Communists at once took possession of everything. Katie managed to move some of the missionaries' belongings to the little home of her mother-in-law on the same compound, and soon had to take refuge there herself. But even those small quarters they were not allowed to retain. The Communists insisted on turning them out entirely, and it seemed impossible to find another place in the overcrowded city.

Lanchi is at any time a very wicked river port, and given over to Communism the situation was desperate. Some of the Christians, of whom there were several hundreds, went round in bands in the pouring rain to help the Changs to find a place where they could live. But their search was unsuccessful, until one band came upon a single room, small and dark, that might afford them shelter. It was in a bad neighborhood, and when Katie went to see it she found that it had no window, only a hole for ventilation into the kitchen shed of the neighboring house, through which came the smoke and smell of cooking. But there was no help for it, no other place was to be had. So into that prison of a room, infested with vermin, the young couple had to move with the mother-in-law and two younger sons. Happily most of them were Christians, or the crowded life of the next eight months would have been insufferable. Gambling, quarreling, fighting and worse went on around them day and night, and the language to which they had to listen was awful, such as Katie had never heard.

But with a heart full of the love of Christ, she went out, young as she was, to try to help the distressed and suffering. She managed to find a supply of tracts and took them

to all parts of the city, reaching places never visited when the regular work of the station was going on. Soon the parents of some of her former scholars came to her. Would she not reopen the school? There were so many boys and girls who wanted to come back to their Christian teacher! But the problem was, *where?* They could not go to the Mission compound. Their school buildings were the headquarters of Communists. All they could do was to pray, pray for a room, for pupils and for money to begin, if the Lord wanted them to undertake it.

Just then, a large barnlike place, above their room and other premises, was unexpectedly vacated. How gladly would they have moved up there themselves! But perhaps this was the place the Lord was giving them for the school? A group of boys with books came hanging round the door.

"What do you want?" they were asked.

"We want to come to school. Do let us."

Katie took down their names. Soon there were over sixty. This encouraged them to trust the Lord about the rent, and the school was begun. Single-handed, Katie managed her crowded classes, until a young educated lady came asking for lessons in English.

"You come to me for help," said the little bride, "but it is I who need help from you. Look at this school! I have no salary and cannot offer you any. But you can teach, and here is work to be done for the Lord."

The girl was moved to undertake it. She was a Christian and an excellent teacher, and the school prospered greatly.

Meanwhile there was another group of older boys meeting regularly to study the Bible. They too had come to Katie asking for English lessons. This was before she opened the school. Her heart was burdened at the time

on account of the condition of the church, for under Communist terrorism it was getting cold and scattered. She went to the preacher about it, but he did not see what could be done. Katie had no resource but prayer. Her husband was not as bright then, spiritually, as he is now, and she was only a girl of twenty-one. Living in that miserable, crowded room, it was impossible to get quiet.

"Lord, help me to go on," she cried, "to go on with Thee!"

She did not want to undertake the English lessons, but the lads came again and again.

"See," said her mother-in-law, "how they need your help!"

"Will you agree," Katie asked them, "to study the English Bible and to open our classes with prayer?"

They were eager to do this, so the work commenced, the young teacher little thinking that this was the way the Lord was taking of answering her prayer for revival and blessing for the church. For He began to work among that little group. Their progress in English was rapid, and soon they were deeply interested in the Scriptures. One or two who had been Christians were revived and several others converted. Then Katie told them about her burden of heart for the church.

"If any of you want to join me in prayer about it, come at 6:30 a. m. and we will keep the Morning Watch."

That early hour of prayer meant so much to her own life that she wanted them to discover its soul-recreating power. It was not easy to rise early enough to be in the schoolroom every morning at 6:30, but Katie did it, and six or eight of her students came regularly. They commenced with a quiet time first, each with his Bible, then they prayed together over the condition of the church and

of the unsaved around them. Every morning for several months they waited thus upon God, and then one night after the English lesson one of the boys said:

“Is there nothing more that we can do to help the church? Could we not gather the young people and have a sort of Christian Endeavor meeting?”

Feeling that they were being led in the matter they set to work. The young people responded, and before long there was a warm, praying group at the heart of things. Then the older folk were stirred. These boys and girls were full of love to the Lord. They got up early to keep the Morning Watch. They talked and prayed together “over all the corners of the church,” as Katie put it. The old pastor was moved.

“We drop back,” he said, “because of our difficulties. These young people make me ashamed. We had better get up early too, and pray.”

Many did this, and quite unexpectedly a Chinese Christian visited the city who was able to conduct a series of helpful meetings. Surely the Lord had sent him in answer to the young peoples’ prayers. It rained heavily for three days of the mission, but the church was crowded and the Lord gave wonderful blessing. Many backsliders were restored, and there were definite conversions that filled Katie and her praying band with joy.

One who was saved at this time was a Mr. Loh, “a young, grand gentlemen,” Katie said, “but a terrible gambler. All the city knew him. He could speak English and had much education, but his life was openly wicked and he had recently gambled away two thousand dollars.” Through one of her pupils, the little daughter of this man, Katie was introduced to the family and faithfully put the gospel before him. He came to the meetings and was truly

converted. The change was wonderful, for he made public confession of his sins and was manifestly living a new life.

All this was a great joy to Margaret King, as she heard it from Katie's own lips that winter. For the girl had been very ill with typhoid fever, and her husband was thankful, at last, to get her back to Yangchow where there were missionaries to love and care for her. Miss King welcomed the young couple, and Katie took up part-time teaching in the school, but they both felt called to give their lives to work in some neglected field, where no one was witnessing for Christ. This, of course, interested Margaret King deeply, especially as they asked no salary, being prepared to trust God for all that they and their children needed. They believed the definite promise from our Lord's own lips, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things [including food and clothing] shall be added unto you." The answer to their prayers for guidance came through Miss King, for one of the last things she did was to obtain permission from the Mission executive in Shanghai for Mr. and Mrs. Chang to occupy a place in the Yangchow district where for ten years there had been no worker, and where today they are the center of a new group of believers.

After this came Christmas with its glad reunions. For Miss Lajus returned for the vacation, and Jean and David came from Chinkiang with Peter's sister and younger brothers. Whether Miss King herself was more Canadian or Chinese she could hardly tell, the members of that little family were so like her own children and grandchildren. It was a happy week-end, with friends from the language school and all the Chinese Christians. But it left Miss King strangely weary, more so than she could understand.

“Katie dear,” she said when they were alone again, “I pray for you, that the Lord may use you—all you *young* people.”

Tired out at last, and alone at eventide:

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

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The great change came so swiftly that there is little more to tell. A sharp attack of pneumonia followed a day or two of weariness. Miss Lajus was telegraphed for, and came home to find the familiar rooms empty. Mrs. Ancell, their devoted doctor-friend,* had taken the patient to her own beautiful home, where there was more quiet and room for the nurses from the language school who were tending her with all possible care. It had been hard to leave Mrs. Kueh and other Chinese friends whom she loved so well, but she hoped soon to be with them again. Her mind was busy all the time, thinking of others.

“Dear little Christina!” she said repeatedly; and once, “tell her I am better.”

She recognized Jean and Katie, when they were allowed to see her.

“My heart is happy and peaceful,” she said, “tell the church members from me that all is peace, perfect peace and joy.”

There was no pain, only weakness and difficulty in

*Of the American Episcopal Mission.

breathing, but the heart was giving out.

"Am I dying?" she whispered one morning to Bertha Lajus. "Tell me the truth. I must know."

What could her sorrowing friend say but that, much as they longed to keep her, the Lord seemed to be taking her home?

There was a moment's silence.

"I should like to do more for Him down here," she said with difficulty. "My service has been so poor and little."

Reminded of the atoning blood which covers all our unworthiness, she responded again and again, "the precious blood of Jesus."

Soon after, she looked up with her own sweet smile:

"*O yuen-i*" [I am willing], was all she said, but it meant perfect acceptance of His will as best.

Her face often lit up that day with a beautiful radiance. She seemed to be seeing something beyond mortal sight. Asked what it was, she whispered,

"Heaven! Heaven!"

The Chinese Christians were beside themselves with grief, and even on the streets the people cried:

"Our King Kiao-si cannot die! Surely she cannot die!"

The last morning, after only a week's illness, she awoke to consciousness.

"Where am I?" she said wonderingly.

When the answer was, "Here with us," there seemed a look of regret, just for a moment.

Then her eyes closed again—and she was satisfied, fully and forever satisfied in the immediate presence of the Lord.

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And now in the school she loved, the little room with the south veranda, opening out of the children's dormitory, is kept as a place of prayer.

CHAPTER

XIV

THE VISION REMAINS

MARGARET KING rests in the quiet "God's Acre" at Chinkiang, beside the mighty river she so often crossed; rests where her beloved friends, Miss Clough and Mr. Hudson Taylor, with many others, await the resurrection morning. But the vision remains, and the work she loved goes on. Even since her removal there have been new developments, along the line of her convictions, which are full of hope for the future.

For God is doing a new thing in China in these days. How Margaret King would have rejoiced to see it! He is calling out and using in His service an increasing number of China's own sons and daughters. Not men only but women, and young women, are consecrating their lives to making known the gospel.

"It is coming!" said the Chinese president of the board of control at Kiangwan, who dearly loved Margaret King and shared her vision. "Now it is coming! Some of our students begin to feel the call of God to be evangelists; not school-teachers or Bible-women only, in the old sense, but real evangelists; and when we get such preachers, they are going to be *very good*."

New arrangements have had to be made in connection with the Seminary, to meet the demand for such speakers. Miss Nyi, Miss Mary Chen, Miss Caroline Ho, and other members of the faculty, have had to be set free for a good deal of extension work. Their meetings are mainly for women and girls, but cannot always be limited as they might wish.

Mary Chen, for example, found herself not long ago in a position which was wholly unexpected. Far up the Yangtze, she was conducting united meetings for the deepening of spiritual life among the women of a number of churches. So marked was the blessing received that the pastors of the churches asked that she stay on and speak to the men too, especially Christian workers. After praying about it, Miss Chen could not refuse. She felt it to be a call from God, and looked to Him for enablement. In fear and trembling she went to the meetings, but the Lord was with her, and as she saw the spiritual hunger in the faces of many of those preachers she thanked God for the message He had given her from His Word. The meetings were continued for two weeks, leaders of many churches being revived and spiritually recommissioned.

Last year, in a seaboard city, Miss Chen was one of the speakers at a conference attended by hundreds of fisher folk. She was there specially for the women, but their joy in the Word was so great, as it was opened up to them day by day, that the men wanted to share the feast of good things. The result was that this young Bible teacher had to speak twice a day to audiences of five or six hundred, and was so besieged between times by people coming for prayer and spiritual help that she had to have a doorkeeper, in order to obtain needed rest. These people, who came in families, were paying for their food and putting up with

all kinds of discomfort in the overcrowded premises, but they stayed on for two weeks, richly rewarded by the blessing they received.

New and many are the openings for Christian women in China today, provided they have a message, a living, transforming message. It is for this that hearts are hungering in every walk of life. But some situations call for women of academic as well as spiritual preparation.

Such was the teachers' institute, for example, at which Miss Caroline Ho was to lead the devotional meetings, a year or two ago. She was somewhat taken aback, on arriving in a southern city, to find that the delegates were not only university graduates, but men and women of Western education. They were, for the most part, heads of schools and colleges, and hers was to be the only distinctively religious element in the discussions. Little wonder that this young woman, though herself an M.A. of an American college, felt like running away from such a situation. But as she cried to the Lord for guidance, strength was given, and she was filled with the joy of His conscious presence. It was of Him she spoke at every session, suiting her messages day by day to the subject under consideration. Deep interest was awakened and, though many difficult questions were asked, she was given wisdom and tact in answering. One young principal of a boys' school was converted during the conference, and others saw Christ in a new way through the quiet testimony of the speaker's life.

Among the students of the Seminary also the missionary spirit is deepening. Miss Parmenter writes of a recent graduate from Manchuria who has gone to the far west of China, two or three weeks' journey by train and steamer from her home, to help in opening up an unreached district, and tells of others who are ready to meet loneliness

and danger in pioneering work for Christ's sake. Thus the Seminary is realizing the hopes with which it was founded. After its baptism of fire in 1931, it has been brought out into new and larger usefulness. The beautiful building Margaret King had helped to plan, and which had been opened free of debt just a year after her home-going, was completely demolished in the sudden attack of a neighboring power which devastated Shanghai and left the Kiangwan district in ruins. But as Miss Brittain wrote on coming back from the scene of desolation, which seemed to express that hatred of the devil for the school and the Word of God, yes, and for Him to whom that Word bears witness:

A sense of unutterable peace and comfort filled our hearts in the thought that our little school was somehow being made a partaker in the sufferings of Christ. There flashed across our minds a picture of the Cross, that supreme expression of the devil's hatred for the Son of God. Then, instantly came the reminder that after the cross came *resurrection*, and with this a deep assurance that we were not looking on the end of this school of God's own planting, but that a new and glorious life was yet to be.

And that faith has been fully justified. The school has indeed risen from the dead. Its main building is restored exactly as it was, and free of debt; the student body has increased in numbers; the class of that memorable year (1931), which stood so steadfastly with the faculty in faith and prayer, has gone out now to eleven provinces to work with twenty different missions, and the classes of today have more than ever of the missionary spirit.

And in similar ways the hand of God is to be seen working very widely for the evangelization of China by her own sons and daughters. What a thrill it was to hear of a recent gift of forty thousand dollars (Mexican) from a Chinese



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1933, KIANGWAN BIBLE SEMINARY
Going to eleven provinces in China as messengers of the Prince of Peace.

Christian in Shanghai, to establish a Bible school for young business people in that city, and that its evening classes are already attended by hundreds! How one's eyes were opened by the proceedings of a missionary conference, lasting for seven days, entirely managed by Chinese women, whose ability and enthusiasm would be a revelation to even missionary-hearted people at home! From the ideal chairman and officers down to the youngest delegate, all the members of the conference were Chinese. Foreigners were only there by invitation, and it was manifest that Margaret King, one of their favorite speakers, still held a first place in their hearts. The women raise from two to three thousand dollars annually for missionary work, their chief interest being their own mission field, a populous but neglected city and country near the island of Tsungming.

There were many interesting people in the conference, able Chinese speakers and specialists in various departments of social service. The writer's notebook contains pages of description of leaders representing all kinds of auxiliaries, from the city church to the rural outstation. Five thousand Christian women and children belong to the society, and there were beautifully dressed ladies, charming young students and warm-hearted country women of all ages taking part in the meetings. But the woman who impressed one most was the quiet little missionary in her plain cotton gown who carries on the work of their pioneer station.

Nothing to look at, but a wonderful speaker, this woman, still young, deeply moved one's heart. Worn and tanned with exposure to all weathers, pointing out on the map her many journeys, pleading for deeper consecration, and moving her hearers to tears as well as laughter by the simple recital of her missionary experiences, what a lover of the

Cross this little woman is, by the grace of God! And she was a graduate of the Nanking Bible School and a special friend of Margaret King's. Truly, the vision remains!

Still more heart-moving was a visit to the Children's Refuge connected with the Door of Hope, in which Margaret King had won so many to Christ. Little children saved from dens of infamy are growing up there in an atmosphere of Christian love, and what shall be said of the prayer ministry through which, in spite of their secluded life, they actually embrace the whole wide world?

It was about six years ago that a new sort of missionary society was organized among these shut-in children and young girls, to afford an outlet for their love and gratitude to the Lord Jesus Christ. Saved themselves, many of them longed to help in saving others. Yet what could they do that would really count? And then, the thought came to one of the missionaries in charge that no child of God is shut out from a ministry of intercession. Gradually she interested the girls in work for Christ in many lands, and their hearts were so drawn out in prayer that an Intercessory Missionary Society had to be formed, to conserve and increase the results. For the prayers of these children are very definite, and offered in such simple faith that they receive wonderful answers.

This Intercessory Society is now in touch with no fewer than a hundred different countries, by correspondence with missionaries in whose work they take a definite and intelligent part. It is wonderful to hear these girls and children pray as they do week by week in their missionary meeting. With the map of the world before them, they listen to reports and missionary letters, or to speakers from far fields, and then pour out their hearts with the utmost freedom and longing for the blessing of God upon the work. Different

little groups or "families" take up different parts of the world, so that no country may be forgotten, and often places and needs that have not been mentioned are laid upon some young heart. In their own way, even the little ones have a real burden of prayer at times. Of one child of only seven, Miss Moennich writes:

The needs of Albania, strange to say, seemed to have appealed to her, though we had no connections there.

"O Jesus," she prayed, "have mercy on the people of Albania. There are many there who do not know Thy love and power. Save their souls, O Lord, and help 'Auntie' that she may soon find some missionaries there, that we may learn about their work and be able to pray better."

Two days later, I received a copy of the *Missionary Review*, and the first thing I opened upon was a report of work in Albania, giving the names of two missionaries. I wrote immediately, and we have been in correspondence ever since, to the joy of our girls, who now have definite subjects for prayer and praise.

And China is not forgotten. The intercessions of these young girls cover all the needs of which they know. By prayer they are working in its crowded cities, in schools and hospitals, out on the far Tibetan uplands, in neglected Mongolia and Central Asia, and very specially among the tribes of the great Southwest. So the vision expands.

Time would fail to tell of the preaching bands that go out to country districts, even bands of women, the last few years. No fewer than eighty-five per cent of the entire population of China is to be found in villages, so that much patient, plodding work is necessary to reach the women. The men go more often to the cities, but the women and children must be sought out in their homes. Margaret King used to love this village work, and did much of it in the Yangchow district. How she would have rejoiced to have had the help of one of these efficient bands!

For several years past, the students of one large Bible school have been working in this way during the summer months. Invited to a given district, they make their center in some country town or village, living in any suitable home that is open to them. Sometimes their room may have no window, their beds may be just loose boards, the house will have no chimney, and they may have to endure not clouds of smoke only, but dirt and smells and vermin. They may have to use water from a slimy pond, and to put up with lack of privacy, day and night. One band working under such conditions had some anxiety about a girl who had recently joined them. She seemed unable to endure the hardness and rough food that fell to their lot. Weeping floods of tears, at times, she said she could not go on, the conditions were impossible! They did all they could to help her, and quietly continued their work.

"These people have to live this life," said a fellow-student gently. "We come to bring them the gospel, and we must be willing to do as the Lord Jesus did. He became poor for us."

Daily they were reading the Bible together, for the bands have regular hours for study and preaching, house to house visiting and prayer. The grace of God worked in the heart of this girl, so that there was real victory. For two and a half months she bore the "impossible" conditions, and came back with the band, well and happy, rejoicing that she had been privileged to suffer something for Christ's sake.

Much more might be said about the part women are already taking in rural evangelism. More than three hundred million people, in China, living in villages or country towns, can be reached only in some such way. And country folk are not what they were. They are waking up to

the new order of things. They want to learn to read, and are not untouched by the widespread revival of religious interest. The crying need is for trained women workers who are willing to endure hardness for Christ's sake.

There is no need for the spiritual depression which has taken hold of many missionaries [writes one who is familiar with the work of such bands]. Far and wide, doors are still open for spreading the gospel. Many souls are being saved . . . and mighty prevailing prayer should go up that God's Spirit may take hold of this great people.

The work of the well-known Bethel Bands has been wonderfully used of God. Originated and directed by a Chinese woman of professional standing, Dr. Mary Stone, the many-sided activities of "Bethel" itself, and of the bands, bear testimony to the capacity of Chinese Christians, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to express in new and effective ways their love for souls and devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. From a northern city, a missionary writes:

A group of young Christian men, called the Bethel Band, came to Chefoo last March [1933]. They held meetings which were largely attended, and Chefoo has been a different place ever since. About forty bands of Christians have been formed to witness for the Lord. Once a week these bands all unite for prayer, and several times a week they meet separately for Bible study. Once a month, they hold a united meeting, to report the results of their work and to rejoice together. The young men of these forty bands are fine; but the young women exceed them in numbers, and are doing in China what young women never did before.

"What young women never did before:" so the vision of yesterday becomes the reality of today.

And how shall this new order of things be developed? How shall these movements be safeguarded and made increasingly fruitful in spiritual results? To us, as to the

children in the Refuge in Shanghai, there is one way open, that of intercessory prayer. As a well-known authority has said: "There is no doubt but that the early church won its victories through informal missionaries." Can China ever really be evangelized in any other way?

The writer was surprised recently when a high educational authority (Chinese) told her that to supply primary education for all the children of school age would require one million more teachers than China can at present command. One million more teachers for the children only! Then how many preachers, men and women, would be needed to reach the whole population with the gospel, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you"? They cannot all be missionaries from the West, or even agents of missionary societies, Chinese or foreign. They cannot wait for salaries, like government school teachers. They must be thrust forth by the Spirit of God Himself, as were the first heralds of the gospel, voluntary, self-supporting or faith-sustained workers, such as those who then "turned the world upside down."

China is disillusioned, depressed, hungry at heart today. A letter received by one of our China Inland missionaries lately had passed through several post offices, as well as the hands of the censor. It had been opened and the text pasted on the back of the envelope had been noticed, for beside it some unknown hand had written in character, with a wistfulness that could be felt:

"Is your Jesus religion able to save China?"

In many places that same wistfulness may be observed, merchants and others who used to be proudly indifferent, now leaning forward, eager to hear what is being said in open-air meeting or quiet conversation. What a challenge: what an opportunity!

In such a day as this, shall we not concentrate prayer upon the most urgent aspect of our task—the need for many more trained, devoted, spiritually equipped Chinese Christians, to take up in different ways the great work yet to be done?

We have prayed for foreign missionaries in the past, and God has given them. Today the need is even greater for Chinese workers in every part of the field. God will do something new and wonderful for China if we unite thus in unwearied, believing prayer. And let us pray also that we may be worthy, by His grace, of the colleagues He will raise up.

Call unto me and I will answer thee, and will shew thee great things and difficult, which thou knowest not.

Shall we not make Margaret King's simple, far-reaching prayer our own: "Lord, by the sight of Calvary, we know how Thou dost feel about even one lost soul. Lord, show me the value of all these souls in China."