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Mrs. Geraldine Taylor.

MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR

Her Web of Time

by

JOY GUINNESS

Foreword by

AMY CARMICHAEL

CHINA INLAND MISSION

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With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye, the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

A. R. COUSIN

Foreword

WELCOME to another C.I.M. book.

It would take far more space than should be given to a Foreword to tell what the C.I.M. books have been to the Dohnavur Fellowship. From the little booklets and yearly reports to the big books which all lovers of the Mission have read and re-read, they have been seeds of light to us.

There was one which reached us just when it could be most helpful. It was *Guinness of Honan*—the life of the father of this very Joy who has given us this beautiful book.

For it is a beautiful book. It deepens as it goes on, like a river flowing to the sea.

In these shallow days, it is kindling to read of those to whom the word "compromise" was unknown, to whom obedience to their Sovereign Lord meant everything, and who felt nothing too much to give if only the other sheep of the Good Shepherd might be found and brought Home.

And in these days of turmoil and talk it is restful to read something which has peace at its heart.

The story is about two servants of the Master who lived only for the things which are the Lord Jesus Christ's. They were undistracted by anything else. It was costly service that was asked of them, but they were the Chosen Sowers whose sowing was to mean fruit unto Life Eternal for the people for whose sake they had given their all.

And now about this lovely book. What can I say except the Lord bless it, and I know He will. It has been read to me as I was able to hear it, chapter by chapter, sometimes with gaps of many days between, a dull and trying way to read a book, but it was never dull or trying. It never lost its hold. As it was read to me I seemed to see the beloved Geraldine, with the husband who was so worthy of her, moving quietly, steadfastly, through all the changeful scenes of life—peaceful everywhere.

The Dohnavur Fellowship owes much to the C.I.M. I have

Mrs. Howard Taylor

often wished that we were worthy to be one of its small relations. But the books which so uplift us, humble us too, till we wonder, as we read of what men and women of God have gone through in China, whether we are missionaries at all. And yet India has her cup of tribulation for all who follow, even though faintly and afar, the Star which has led the C.I.M. from the beginning.

God bless this dear book. May it go all over the world with its message of utter surrender, and sacrificial love, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

AMY CARMICHAEL.

DOHNAVUR, SOUTH INDIA.

Introductory

YEARS ago, a lady was hurrying with a New York crowd at the peak of the midday rush hour towards one of the toll bridges. She became gradually aware of something unusual about the figure of a woman in front of her which drew her attention and awakened her curiosity. As they reached the traffic control officer who was taking the toll fares, she watched while a little scene was enacted which was photographed on her memory for life.

Her unknown companion paused a moment, and there seemed to be a brief calm in the vortex of New York; then she looked up at the entirely unemotional American policeman and said with an engaging smile: "I am so sorry, but I have left my purse at home and I must cross this bridge, as I am due to take a meeting in half an hour. May I come back and pay you to-morrow?"

The tone of the voice and the influence of the personality worked. In telling the incident, the American lady said: "The extraordinary thing was that I believed her, and, what is more, the policeman believed her." She was allowed to pass the toll bridge, and the lady following her decided on a sudden impulse to follow her still further. She went to the meeting to hear her speak, and the impression made upon her that day influenced her whole after-life.

The Englishwoman, for her voice betrayed her as such, was Mary Geraldine Taylor, whose life story this book attempts to tell.

The incident is typical of her: that she had forgotten her purse, that she should pause a moment to confess the negligence to her Lord and ask His help, that she expected her fellow mortals to meet her with understanding and confidence, and that they responded to her trustfulness and believed her word. It is typical of her life too, that out of an apparently so trifling thing, a stream of grace flowed into another life.

Because her life had this quality of permanent, personal influence, the leaders of the China Inland Mission wished to have a record made which would allow her to go on speaking, though she has been cut off from a public ministry for many years through the limitations of old age.

It seemed best to let her tell as much of the story as she could remember herself, and after it had been decided that the writing should be entrusted to me, I went from Sweden to spend fifteen memorable days at her bedside, listening while she recalled and clothed in words the experiences of a lifetime.

At first she had recoiled from the thought. It is one thing to have been an epistle written with the Spirit of the living God upon tables that are hearts of flesh; it is another to have that epistle faultily written with ink to be known and read of all men. When she received the letter saying I was coming, she answered, "What can I say? Perhaps the best thing will be to tell you the word that has come to me from the Lord and greatly comforted me. It was the last verse in *Daily Light* yesterday morning: 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.' To say that your letter was a surprise to me would indeed scarcely express my feelings. Such a possibility had never once entered my thoughts, and I hardly know now what to say about it. At first I felt that I could not consent; it filled me with astonishment that the Mission should desire it. On quieter reflection, however, I have come to a wider point of view and to desire only the Lord's will in the matter."

But ten days passed between the writing of that letter and my arrival and the willingness was sorely tested. It was not until I was actually there that a word came that made the task of telling not only possible, but a delight. Once again it was a verse in *Daily Light* for the day (November 25th): "I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." The effort to remember stimulated her. With a clarity of vision purchased at the price of much patience and some pain, she saw things in a truer perspective than she had done before. She had glimpses of the pattern and the meaning. She realized that He who had drawn her in her earliest childhood had made something of her

human life with all its weakness and its falterings, and she greatly rejoiced.

If she had not told the story with something of the touch of an artist, it would not have been she, and I fully realize that I shall at times give a version of events I never knew, tinted by the idealism which so strongly characterized her own writings. I do it unhesitatingly. Why should not the book about her be like her? There are beautiful things, things very nearly ideal, and she instinctively found that side of life, and gloried in it.

In *The Chinese Recorder*, years ago, a reviewer of a book by Aunt Geraldine, in referring to the criticism so often raised that she made things which were in reality prosaic sound far too beautiful, quoted the well-known story of two friends looking at a Turner picture. One of them objected:

“But I never see a sky like that.”

And the other answered:

“Ah, but don't you wish you could?”

Undoubtedly, Aunt Geraldine made some things sound unbelievably good, and we don't see them like that, but perhaps the fact that she did may make a few of us not only wish that we could, but believe that we may. There are other facts than the things present, other and far greater ones, and it is her prayer and mine that some who read the record of God's ways in her life may experience the uplift that comes of being more sure of God than of anything else in the universe.

I

Earthly Fathers We All Had

“ . . . dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.”

GEORGE ELIOT

THAT we are what our fathers were is one of the stern facts of human life. The fruit of to-day has its roots in yesterday. It has been so from the beginning. Our form and features are cast in the moulds of those whose seed we are. The little idiosyncrasies we may have thought peculiar to ourselves have lived, perhaps generations ago, in some great-great-grandparent. The very lift of the head, the tricks of our hands and feet, the twists and turns of our minds by which our friends know us and for which they love us and laugh at us, have characterized others long before we were born.

But this is not all. There are incalculable elements in the making of men and women. The natural habits and impulses of our souls and bodies may be checked, curbed, trained, transformed. If we could see it, we should watch with fascination the hidden drama strangely and secretly enacted in the soul of every life that reaches maturity; and it is the glimpses of that inner growth through conflict which give colour and meaning to the outward and visible history.

And there is one fact more. Into the life that is brought within the sphere of action of the greatest drama of all, the Redemption, there has come that which will not merely intensify the inner conflict, but will change it, so that some of the forces that once seemed good now range themselves traitorously in enemy ranks. The moulding element, now as before, is the will; but it is infused

now with supernatural strength, directed to a new goal, capable of bearing greater strain, of reaching higher and of falling lower. As we enter upon this new heritage by the implanting of God's Seed, it is God which worketh in us to will and to work, for His good pleasure; but we must choose that He shall do it. It never ceases to be true that "each soul doth tend its own immortal flame."

Howbeit, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. It is something of the working out of these things we shall attempt to trace in the life that is portrayed in the pages that follow, in so far as a life can be portrayed by such as only know in part.

What then were the human life streams that converged in Geraldine Guinness' life?

Her father was the son of an Irish officer who has been described as "an ardent soldier and a most skilful horseman." He had entered the Army at the age of fifteen, and went to India the following year, where he fought in the Mahratta Campaign. It was in India he was converted. He married, late in life, a widow who was half Irish, half German. Writing of his mother, their son, Henry Grattan Guinness said: "When I think of what my mother was in the days of my youth, the figure that comes before me is that of a gifted woman constantly occupied with Christian activities, visiting the sick, gathering children into ragged schools, working for the reclamation of fallen women, reasoning with Jews, conversing with persons she met, teaching and ministering to her own family, cultivating their taste for the study of nature, writing letters to her friends, singing, painting, repeating poetry or charming by the range of her conversation."

Of his father, who died when he was only fourteen, he preserved a single vivid recollection: "One incident stands out clearly in my memory. It is that of reading to my father at his request on a Sunday evening, the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of the Apocalypse; the light of the street-lamp shining in the quiet room where we sat together, and the solemn, beautiful imagery of the chapter relating to the New Jerusalem seeming to shed over the scene a purer and loftier light. Though but a

child at the time, I think I entered more or less into my father's profound admiration for the passage, and felt with him the vibration of the soul attuned to eternal realities."

At ten years of age Henry Grattan Guinness was ill for a while, and his half-sister Rebecca sat beside him in the darkened room speaking to him softly of spiritual things. The sensitive boy was touched by the "pure elevation" in her face, and the loveliness of Jesus Christ drew him. He began to pray and to read the poetic passages of the Bible on his knees. He was a lover of dreams and books and solitary wanderings, always finding things he must share with others, both in Nature and literature; and even as a schoolboy he felt the constraint to testify to what he had found of spiritual truth.

After his father's death, the Light of Life, to whom he had responded with boyish enthusiasm, was dimmed, clouded, and then eclipsed. He fell "into evil company and evil ways." At seventeen he went to sea as a midshipman, living with the Captain and working with the crew. When the vessel was short-handed through desertion, he had sometimes to stand at the wheel for hours together. He learned to know the jerk and strain as the ship leaned to leeward before a stiff breeze, and "the exaltation of battling single-handed with the top-gallant sail when sent aloft to furl it before the rising storm."

Then came a new phase. He was taken with an impulse to emigrate, and spent a year on an Irish farm preparing for the life he dreamed of in the colonies.

And then—a change again. His younger brother Robert had also gone to sea as a midshipman, and out on the ocean he had been led to know the Lord by the Christian chief mate of the vessel. After a sixteen months' voyage, he arrived home at two o'clock one morning, and took his family by surprise. There was no other bed for him than a share of Henry's, who was at home at the time, and that night the younger brother did not sleep till he had told the things Christ had done for him. Henry lay awake thinking, long after Robert's voice had ceased speaking, and his sister said of him that from that night he was "a changed man."

But the change had not given him a new vision of the purpose

of life. Captain Peek, the man who had won Robert for Christ, was planning a long voyage again, and the two brothers, now one in heart, decided to go with him. It was a more than ordinarily godless and blaspheming crew among whom they found themselves, and before they had been many days out of port, as they were passing Yarmouth in the evening light, its church steeple silhouetted against the sunset sky, Henry began to wish for quieter surroundings in which he could commune with God. His wish was granted sooner than he expected. When the vessel put in to Hartlepool he was so ill that they had to set him ashore, and he went home to Cheltenham. A few weeks of care restored him, and once again he turned his thoughts to farming and went back to Ireland, this time to County Tipperary. He found that though he was far removed from all the temptations of town life, he was not less self-centred than before.

"I was out shooting one day when in leaping a ditch, gun in hand, I sprained my ankle. I limped home, put up the gun, and never took it down again. For some days I lay on a couch and thought on my ways. An overwhelming sense of their evil and folly came over me. Once more I sought Him in penitence and prayer." When he was able to walk again he went to the woods, and it was while he prayed there that he was born of the Spirit—that mystical experience no words can convey. The poet in him did attempt to describe that hour in many words, but were they all quoted here, and more added, they could not tell the reality. The passage closes: "It was the marriage of the soul, the union of the creature in appropriating and self-yielding love with Him, who is uncreated, eternal love."

The immediate result of this crisis was a sense of the spiritual needs of those around him. He began to testify to all he met, and to visit the homes of the Irish peasants, bound by the superstitions of the Roman Catholic religion in its grosser forms, to preach to them Jesus Christ. He was opposed, persecuted and publicly denounced by the priests, he had sink-water thrown over him, was threatened with violence and even with death, but in it all he had the peace of God and a burning zeal for souls.

Mrs. Howard Taylor

It was at this time that the desire to be a missionary sprang up in his heart. He read the life of Captain Gardiner, and resolved to go to South America. He was an experienced sailor and knew something of carpentry and boat-building, and, in order to fit himself further, he took lessons in shoemaking. He wrote home to his mother of these thoughts, and just a month after his twentieth birthday her reply came, suggesting that he should study for the ministry. When he had prayed over the proposal, he decided to take her advice, and while he waited to be admitted to New College, London, spent the time in evangelistic work in Cheltenham.

He entered college life with a healthy dread of what he saw as the damping effect of academic learning on evangelistic zeal:

"With many tears I besought God on the night of my admission, as I walked along the crowded streets of the great city, that He would keep me from backsliding and growing cold about divine things." In order to balance the deadening influence which he foresaw might be the outcome of the study of systematic theology, he gave himself to an intensive study of the life and sermons of George Whitefield, and took every opportunity of distributing tracts and of preaching in the open air. His zeal in preaching and the earnest efforts he made for the salvation of souls hindered his studies, and he never completed his second year. Though he was called to the pastorate of Moorfield Tabernacle, he chose the pathway of the evangelist, and for the next five years he was a preacher of the Gospel. The fields were ripe, and his was a great reaping. Everywhere he was welcomed. In England, Wales, Ireland and America thousands flocked to hear his impassioned and dramatic pleading with men to repent and believe. He was one of the heralds of the great revival of 1859.

And now we are within three years of his daughter Geraldine's birth, and must go back and trace the guiding Hand in her mother's story. It is a very different one, for she was to be her husband's helpmeet.

Her father, too, was a soldier. Edward Marlborough Fitzgerald had incurred the displeasure of his parents as a very young man

by marrying a girl who was not considered his social equal and who was a Roman Catholic. He broke with his family when he married her, and when the marriage proved an unhappy one, he broke with his wife too. He did not care deeply about these things, and proudly determined to carve out his own career. He travelled much, rose to the rank of major in the Army, and established his reputation as a literary man by becoming the editor of one paper and leader-writer of another. Years had almost effaced the memory of his first marriage when he sought the hand of Admiral Stopford's daughter, Mabel. Difficulties were raised—naturally enough—but they were overcome, and the home they made together was, for a time, a happy one. Five children were born to them, one son and four daughters, who had bright memories all their lives of the lovely young mother, the tender, gifted father, and the home with a garden sloping down to the Thames.

When the eldest child was only ten, and the youngest a baby in arms, sorrow came. Their mother sickened with a slow but fatal disease. Her husband took her to Scotland in the hope of helping her recovery, but after a few lingering months she left him a heart-broken widower. He sent for the children, who were staying with friends on a farm in Kent, to the sad, dark Glasgow house, and it was not very long before a second wave of sorrow broke over the desolate man. His little Gerald, his only son, died.

The four little sisters were sent to stay with a motherly friend in the country, and their father tried for a time to concentrate on the literary work by which he supported them; but he knew no source of help, and after a struggle to go on that weakened steadily, he made his last decision, planned a trip abroad, and went out of this world "by the forbidden door."

Who would now provide for the four little orphaned sisters? Their father's proud independence had cut them off from his own relations, but their Father in heaven had a plan for them, and it is not hard to trace the thread of His guidance through the mazes of headstrong folly and weak despair that deprived them of their earthly father and of his kin.

"In a London city office Arthur West, actuary, sat at his desk with the morning paper in his hand—a quiet, grave man with all the outward marks of his religious persuasion easily recognizable, for he belonged to the Society of Friends. While he sat reading with sympathetic interest an announcement of the sudden death of a gentleman who left four motherless little girls unprovided for, the door opened and a tall man came hastily in with an open letter in his hand.

"I cannot understand this, West. What do you think it means?"

"Arthur West took the letter, which was dated from a Channel steamer and contained a few words of farewell. The writer mentioned his concern for the children he was leaving, for whose needs he would soon be unable to provide.

"'Before this reaches you,' the letter closed, 'I shall be out of reach of any answer.'

"The Quaker looked up gravely at his friend and quietly put into his hand the morning paper.

"That evening in his home at Stamford Hill, he told the story to his wife. They lived alone; no child had come to brighten their home, and Mary West's heart had often longed for the sound of little feet in the quiet rooms and garden. She heard the news in silence, but before her husband left for the office next day, she laid her hand on his arm.

"My dear, I have been thinking that thee and I perhaps might help to care for those fatherless little ones.'

"I had thought of the same thing myself from the first moment,' he answered. 'God bless thee for thy loving heart.'

"So it was settled.

"Mrs. West put on her Quaker bonnet and went round to call on two or three friends well known in Tottenham Meeting, and before long homes had been found for each of the four little girls in the quiet Quaker world. Eight-year-old Fanny came to Arthur and Mary West."

Fanny spent twenty years in this home, and it was in the Quaker-meeting house that she entered into assurance of salvation and a deepening knowledge of the Lord. The Brethren influence was strong among them at that time, and found in

her receptive mind fit soil for the strong spiritual truths. Fanny's fiery Irish enthusiasm was firmly and wisely trained into steady endeavour. She studied at home, and when they later moved to Bath, she had a private school for young ladies by means of which she was able to earn £200 a year. By that time Mr. West had retired from business, broken in health, and when financial troubles came upon him, he found great comfort in the strong young daughter, who nursed him tenderly through his illnesses. Despite all Fanny's efforts to cheer him, the distress of his mind increased, and a terrible day came when, for the second time, a man whom she called Father passed from this life by the "forbidden door." Fanny Fitzgerald had cause to know that God only was her Rock, and that her expectation could only be in Him.

And now we have reached 1860 again, but these two have not yet met. Their children must often have heard the story of how the meeting came about, for they loved to tell it. Three of them recorded it in writing.

After five years of uninterrupted evangelism, young Grattan Guinness was in need of a holiday, and was planning to go to Norway. Fanny Fitzgerald was at the same time eagerly looking forward to a promised journey to Paris as the companion of a lady of their acquaintance. To each of them came the disappointment of plans falling through, and both of them went that summer with their families to Ilfracombe. Five years older than he, plainly dressed in semi-Quaker style, pale, worn by sad experience, hard work and narrow means, yet conscious of the unusual powers of her mind and the stability of her spiritual experience, Fanny was surprised, when he was pointed out to her by an enthusiastic younger sister, to find that the much-talked-of preacher was "a mere youth." After a casual glance, she turned away. The next Sunday she heard him preach, and was afterwards introduced to him. The poet in him found the true woman in her, but the thought never crossed her mind. She had set herself to please God by faithfully and willingly doing her daily duty in her own restricted world. Yet after the touch in Ilfracombe things stirred in her that were new and

strange. She found herself longing to serve in a wider sphere, to do more for the Lord.

And then his letter came. He asked her, quiet Fanny Fitzgerald, to become his wife. He made no secret of what the life would cost, but within a few days she was writing to him:

“It is a life worth living, worth suffering for, a life worth resigning all else for. . . . I thank God most unfeignedly for the honour put upon me thus to be a helper in the Gospel. . . . Were it to cost a hundredfold more than in all probability it will, I would not resign the prospect or exchange it for the brightest lot earth could offer.”

So within three months of their first meeting, Fanny Fitzgerald became the wife of the preacher, Grattan Guinness, who himself married her in the Quaker way in the meeting-house in Bath.

They sailed at once for America, where she accompanied him in his campaigns, taking part in public speaking (a very daring step for a woman in those days), and sharing in every way in the life of her husband. On the first anniversary of their wedding day, their eldest son, Harry, was born in Canada.

All these things had come to pass before the birth of Mary Geraldine Guinness, and had some share in making her what she was. There were the Irish warmth and enthusiasm, the German seriousness and thoroughness, the soldier tradition that could dare and do, the literary and poetic strain, the weaknesses and waverings of impressionable natures that were easily moved, yet when once held by a dominating aim, held fast in their turn. She found in herself things to treat with firm discipline, things that gave cause for repeated repentances, things needing continual renewal—but of these we shall speak again.

.

The year immediately preceding her birth had been one of peculiar difficulty in her father's life. The popular young preacher was not so popular as he had been. Even before he had met Fanny he had been in touch with the Brethren, and after his marriage her connection with them had strengthened the fellowship he had found among those true saints, for those were the

great days of the Brethren movement. Converse with them had persuaded him on many issues, and a change had come over him that was distinctly felt by one-time friends, and of which they disapproved. He wore the stigma of sectarianism, though it was quite foreign to his thoughts, and doors that had been widely welcoming were now closed to him. In Philadelphia only three of the thirty churches in which he had ministered earlier had received him on his last visit. He was unsettled in mind. He knew he could not all his life continue to preach what eager listeners clamoured for: the simple Gospel. Deeper study of the Scriptures, and a deepening need in his own heart, laid on him the necessity of proclaiming the whole counsel of God.

Worn with seven years of continual public ministry and with inward strivings after light and understanding, wearied with the chill of criticism after the enthusiastic approbation that had met him in his early years as a preacher, he was broken in health and failing in courage when with his wife and their little six-month-old son he landed in England on a raw January day. At this critical time a generous friend made it possible to leave little Harry in an English nursery, and for him and his wife to take a four months' trip to the Near East. After travelling unhurriedly through ancient and sacred scenes, which though new to them were strangely familiar to these two who had lived so much in the Bible, they returned to England, and settled for a time at Waterloo, near Liverpool. It was there, on Christmas Day, 1862, that Geraldine was born. She used to think that the quiet months her parents had spent in hallowed places had in some way left their mark upon her and accounted for the cast of her mind with its natural reverence for spiritual things. Whether that be the case or no, she came into the world surrounded by the prayers of both father and mother, truly and tenderly loved and cared for from her very first breath.

II

And the Child . . . Grew

"One cloud remains, that by thy birth
Thou enterest a ruined earth,
My little One.

"But thou shalt find with sweet surprise,
Earth but a pathway to the skies,
My little One.

"Such is our trust, for, Lord, we give
Thy gift to Thee! O then receive
Our little One.

"Receive her Lord and let her be
Thine own to all eternity—
Thy little One."

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS

THEY did not call her Geraldine at first, but Minnie, and the little name fits better as one looks at the earliest portrait: Minnie, not yet three, sitting on a straight-backed chair, set too far back on it for her little legs to hang over, a voluminous pink frock with five deep tucks in it and tiny puff sleeves caught back with broad blue ribbons, her hair, demurely parted in the middle, curling round her head, and wondering, solemn child-eyes gazing into the camera.

They were living in Dublin at the time the picture was taken, for there was no particular house that Minnie called home until she was eleven years old. Home was where Mother was and Mother was (as far as possible) where Father was, and Father—constrained by the inward certainty of being called and guided of God—moved at that bidding which is liable to seem unaccountable to all but those who know.

Soon after she was three, her father came home one day from taking meetings in Liverpool and told them that he had met a man of God who had been a great blessing to him, a China missionary called Hudson Taylor, whom he had asked to come

and stay with them in Dublin for a few days. The students who came four times a week to their house in Baggot Street to read theology with her father were quite excited over this visit, and as one of them, Tom Barnardo, was her very special friend, Minnie felt excited too.

She was asleep in bed the night he came, and did not know how much the things he said had meant to Tom Barnardo or to John McCarthy, Charles and Edward Fishe and the others, but she did know, when she saw Mr. Taylor the next day, that she was not disappointed in the visitor. He was very kind and gentle, and he told them he had four little children at home, of whom the three youngest were just the same ages as Harry, Minnie, and baby Lucy. Minnie felt so safe and happy as she sat on his knee that she quite forgot to be shy. He talked to her about the Lord Jesus in just the way she always wished people would, so that you felt how near He is and how much He loves us all. Did her angel smile, I wonder, as the large-eyed, round-cheeked little girl of three, with her brown hair neatly brushed and curled, looked solemnly up into the face of the man whose life story she would write one day? Or perhaps even angels don't see forty years into the future.

Mr. Taylor went away, but the things he had said to her father and mother burned in their hearts like a slow fire. They could not forget: a million a month, *a million a month* in China, were dying without having had a chance of knowing that Christ had died for their sins—"Redeemed, and they know it not!"

Just as he had been moved ten years earlier to go to South America as a missionary, Grattan Guinness was deeply stirred now, and felt that he must offer his services for China. Mr. Taylor was preparing to sail in the early autumn of that year, 1866, with the *Lammermuir* party,¹ so a letter was sent laying before him the proposal that the whole Guinness family should join him. In his reply, Mr. Taylor advised against their going. Mr. Guinness was thirty years of age and his wife five years older, so that there was little likelihood of their being able to learn the language sufficiently well to be as useful in China as

¹ The first members of the C.I.M. who sailed in the *Lammermuir*.

Mrs. Howard Taylor

they were at home. But he asked them to meet him at Saint Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Berger's hospitable home, to talk over the contribution they might make to the interests of the Kingdom on the home side. So to Saint Hill they all went that summer, and found Mr. and Mrs. Taylor there with Gracie, Herbert, Howard and the baby.

Early one morning, nurse took all the children downstairs and left them for a moment in the hall, telling them to stay there till she came back to take them out into the garden before breakfast. The sunshine on the lawn and flowers looked lovely through the wide open doors. Why wait for nurse? Little Minnie, seized with the desire to go at once all by herself, dashed out on to the broad porch and down the stone steps, but in her haste she tripped and fell, cutting her little arm quite seriously; she bore the scar all her life. After the fright had subsided, while the arm was being bandaged, her heart was full of a guilty consciousness of disobedience, which was not diminished by the shocked silence in which Herbert and Howard regarded her. She didn't mind Harry, he knew all about her little vagaries, and she didn't mind Gracie very much either; she was seven, almost grown-up and therefore understanding—but those two little ~~fair~~ boys, looking so good in their long pinafores! Still, one gets over things, and the little boys did not distress her for very long, because they went to China with the Lammermuir party, though Minnie and her family did not go.

The next photograph of her shows Minnie aged nearly four, grown to be quite a little lady standing in self-conscious dignity in front of an old-fashioned chair with a background of draperies. She looks grave, but photography is a serious matter, and poor little Minnie's white dress is heavily trimmed with black crêpe, because a baby sister has gone to live with the Lord Jesus—strange concession to convention in such a mother! On the back of this photo her father has written: "I hear this little pet singing in the next room: Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. Psa. 107:41-43." So she began her lifelong *Excelsior* right early.

Her mother has recorded a conversation that she overheard one day which is revealing of the child's mind. Minnie and

Harry were playing together, talking as children of four and five would do, when suddenly, after a reflective pause, Harry's voice is heard asking with unwonted gravity:

"Minnie, are you afraid to die?"

"Oh no, I'm not afraid to die."

"But Minnie, you're a naughty girl often."

"Yes; but you know there's a verse in the Bible that says, 'He that believeth shall not be afraid, even in dark tunnels.'"

So Minnie was, by her own confession, naughty often, but she had, even at that age, the assurance of a faith grounded on the spirit if not on the letter of Scripture.

The family left Dublin, and for a time Mr. Guinness took meetings all over England while his wife made a home for the children in Bath. It was the first time since their marriage that they had had a home of their own, and when their youngest child was taken from them in infancy, the parents saw in her death a rebuke for having settled down for the sake of their family. The little ones who had gone through their early ailments in boarding houses or the homes of other people were healthy and strong; only the one born in their own home had died. When they buried their baby, the word came: "Arise, let us be going." And they arose and went.

They lived for a time in Paris, where Mr. Guinness worked with twenty-eight French pastors. They held seven hundred meetings that first winter in their five mission halls, and gave away more than half a million tracts. Harry and Minnie could soon talk French as easily as English, and they began going to school.

While they were living in Paris Minnie's father paid a visit to Spain, and she loved to hear about the things he was seeing when his letters came to her mother. She never forgot the one that told of a place near Madrid where they were making a new road, and where they had cut through the top of a hill and found it was all ashes. Grattan Guinness had stood in the passage cut by their spades and seen the belt of blackened bones, rusty nails, human hair and other remains of the hundreds of "heretics" who had been burned on the Quemadero at the time of the

Spanish Inquisition. When he came back to Paris her father showed her a little heap of that grey dust, and read a poem he had written while he was in Madrid. Minnie did not really understand, but she was thrilled by her father's deep emotion and his sonorous voice. She always felt the things he felt.

When she was six, her little brother, Gershom Whitfield, was born, and not quite a year later, when they were staying at the Château de Foicy, Phœbe came, so the delighted Minnie had two babies. She loved to watch them being bathed when she came in from playing with Harry and Lucy in the evenings.

It was while they were living in Paris that her mother told her one day that a lady called Miss Blatchley was coming from China, bringing with her three of the children they had met at Saint Hill. When they came they stayed a few days in Paris, and Minnie's mother fitted them out with fine little French suits. Minnie thought Howard looked nice in his new suit, much nicer than when she had seen him in a long pinafore four years earlier.

Not very long afterwards they had to leave France because of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and they went to live in Ireland again. While they were there, Agnes, their youngest sister was born, so it was a large family that moved over to Bath when Minnie was nine years old: Harry, Minnie, Lucy, Gershom, Phœbe and Agnes. Their mother's friend, Mrs. Geraldine Denning, used to come and see them when they lived in Bath, and took a great interest in Minnie. She was tall, vivacious and very charming, and Minnie loved to sit and listen while she told her mother about the missions she was holding, for Mrs. Denning was one of the great evangelists of England then. She was always beautifully dressed, and she bought lovely new frocks for Minnie and Lucy.

It was in Bath their mother had an accident which changed the whole course of their lives. She broke her leg badly in two places, and owing to a surgeon's mistake it kept her on her couch for a long time. This meant that their father, who up to then had been away taking missions almost continually, was obliged to stay at home. He used to take Harry, Minnie and Lucy to his

study every evening for prayers. Lucy would sit on his knee and Harry and Minnie one on each of the arms of his chair, and they would sing together. Her father had such a wonderful voice that it made her want to sing, though, of course, Harry and Lucy sang far more beautifully. When Father was singing you forgot about that and just joined in. Their favourite hymn was "Jesus is our Shepherd," and Minnie used sometimes to wonder about the verse:

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

Minnie asked her father one day how anyone could know if they had the secret sign. It was very comforting when he explained that if you had it you loved the Lord and everybody else, and you wanted everyone to know and love God. Minnie knew that she did. After the singing and their talk together, they all knelt down round their father's big chair and prayed, they all prayed.

Because their mother's fractured leg took so long to heal, their father had time to write a book before she was well again. It was called *The Approaching End of the Age*. He used to talk to them about it, and tell them that people whose thoughts are big enough to look at human history as a whole knew that it wouldn't be very long before the Lord Jesus came back. "He may not come in my lifetime," he would say, "but I believe He may come in yours." Minnie used to wonder what it will be like when He comes.

Their mother often read aloud to them, all sorts of books, and one that Minnie specially liked was *Yesterday, To-day and For Ever*, by Bickersteth. She loved to be with her parents, but she enjoyed the nursery too. Of course, Harry teased his sisters sometimes, but never unkindly, and, looking back on her childhood eighty years later, she who had once been little Minnie could say: "Love reigned in our home. Life seemed free and generous. All the changes didn't matter, there was home and happiness everywhere as long as we were together."

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III

Do This, and He Doeth It

“There need be no bewilderment
To one who goes where he is sent;
The trackless plain by night and day
Is set with signs, lest he should stray.”

AMY CARMICHAEL

FOR eight years the thought of opening an institute for the training of young men for the mission field kept recurring to Mr. and Mrs. Guinness. They prayed over it, weighed it and laid it aside. Especially to Fanny Guinness it seemed clear that her husband's calling was to evangelism, and he had spent the years in constant travelling and preaching.

But there was, all the time, the pull of the great world beyond. He must do something. Ever since his meeting with Hudson Taylor, he had taken every opportunity to plead the claims of the millions who had never heard the Name of the Lord Jesus, and after his years of work in France and his visit to Spain, his heart was no less concerned about those countries of which it can be said that the light that is in them is darkness, and how great is that darkness.

Those who heard him responded. Many came forward after his meetings who were willing, yes, eager, to go, but few of them had had the educational advantages considered essential by the established missionary societies, or the means of gaining them. Because of this the vision grew more insistent. Someone must make it possible for these young men, with their burning hearts and willing minds, to reach the fields where they were so greatly needed.

The long period in Bath, while Fanny Guinness was held on her couch and her husband was forced to stay at home, became the turning point. He had spent the months in study, prayer and writing. The first draft of the manuscript of *The Approaching End of the Age* was completed, and the urgency in his spirit was

intolerable. His studies had led him to believe with an assurance few can have shared, that within a century He who had promised to come quickly would come. He had left a commission. All nations were to hear, every creature was to know that He had died for their sins and risen again, and that He Himself would return to this earth to establish the Kingdom of peace and righteousness. It was not enough to be fulfilling preaching engagements in England; he must have some more vital share in the fulfilling of that great commission.

To Fanny such decisions were harder than to him. She knew what they involved in ways that never entered his thoughts. Fourteen years later she wrote to her eldest son: "I have learned by experience that the call of God varies as we pass through life. What is a duty at one time becomes a folly, if not a sin, at another. For Elijah to have lingered in the wilderness by the brook Kedron, though God had sent him there, when he ought to appear before Ahab and Israel, would have been a terrible mistake. Our times are in His hands, and it is useless to say, such and such shall be my career through life. Not without many a painful and disappointing exercise of heart did I learn this lesson! The blessed Master has every right to say to His servant, 'Go here,' or 'Go there'; 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' and He says it in many ways.

"Dear Father's early experiences were your present ones, and even more marked. Then came a change, and for many years his work was that of a teacher rather than a preacher—and then came the Institute."

In the report of the fourth year of the work of the Institute, looking back to the decision they had made in Bath before setting out on this new venture, she wrote: "Let those who have a strong, deep, abiding desire towards any special form of service to Christ, take it as presumptive proof that God intended them to do that work and that if in humility, faith and dependence they undertake it, He will prosper them in it." This clarity of conviction and the strength to bear the responsibility that was to be hers had come of that "painful exercise of heart." Grattan Guinness was a man of vision, and had become a man of learning.

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He could inspire and teach, he could move men, but he had little understanding of the labour that makes the vision possible. God made provision for what he lacked, first in his wife, and later in his elder son and younger daughter.

In the autumn of 1872 they took a small house at Clapton. Their first student, Joshua Chowriappah, was a gifted young Indian who wanted above all things to fit himself to preach Christ to his own people. So they took him into their own home to teach him the way of God more perfectly, and he went with Mr. Guinness on all his preaching tours that autumn. Other students soon followed, and the Institute at 29 Stepney Green was opened. A large number of young men applied for training, and about one-fourth of them were accepted for the full course. They kept the standard high. "Cumberers of the ground are even more to be dreaded on the mission field than at home. If a man lack humility and compassion, tact, tenderness and versatility of mind, he will not make much way among the heathen."

They had deliberately chosen East London, despite the outcry of many wise friends. Fanny Guinness wrote of this: "We have been amused at times at the hesitation with which some of our friends have treated an invitation to Bow. 'Is it not a—*a very disagreeable neighbourhood?*' 'Do you find it *tolerably healthy?*' 'How do your dear children stand the close atmosphere?', etc., etc. We are in honour bound to justify our ancient and respectable suburb from such insinuations. True, its noise is trying, its dirt and dust disagreeable, and its atmosphere anything but invigorating. . . . But when we recall the lot of missionary friends in the narrow lanes and streets of undrained Chinese cities, unable to secure in their comfortless dwellings even privacy from rude and curious crowds, we feel that we have good reason to be content with such things as we have. . . . We would sooner live in the broad, cheerful, airy Bow Road than in many a dull, confined and built-up West End square.

"But it was not on account of its attractions that we selected the East End of London as the place for our Missionary Training Home, but on account of its necessities. As we pen these lines at

midnight, sounds are reminding us that there are multitudes around us whose highest enjoyments are found in the lowest sensual indulgences." It was because the East End was a mission field, vast and needy, that they had chosen to settle there. It was fitter training for other fields, vaster and needier beyond comparison than most other parts of England would have been.

And the children? The Father who had chosen this work for their parents had not forgotten their needs, and He let all things work together for their good.

IV

And the Child . . . Grew On

"The Man who was Lord of fate,
Born in an ox's stall,
Was great because He was much too great
To care about greatness at all.

"You long to be great; you try,
You feel yourself smaller still:
In the name of God let ambition die;
Let Him make you what He will."

GEORGE MACDONALD

BEFORE they moved to Harley House in Bow, something happened in the little house in Clapton. All his life Howard Taylor rejoiced in the telling of that artless little story. He was sent with a letter from his father to Mr. Guinness, and, proud to be entrusted with the errand (he was only eleven), he found his way from Mildmay to Clapton and rang the doorbell of the house. He had to wait some time, and when the door was finally opened, it was not by the servant he had expected to see, but by a little girl of eleven with her hair in two plaits. The children looked at each other for a moment, and then Howard explained his errand, and Minnie asked him to come in.

Was that all? Yes, and yet it settled something for Howard for always. Long afterwards Minnie said of that day, "He often told me that he fell in love with me then and there, and he never thought of anybody else from that time. Of course, we were only children, but he noticed me, his eyes were opened to see something, it was a crisis in his life."

And Minnie? No, she didn't notice him in that way. From that time he was just an extra brother. He went to Harry's school, and how they laughed when Harry told them what happened on the first day of term! Howard was called Fred in those days. He was slight, fair and blue-eyed, and the boys in

his class promised themselves a good lark with the soft-looking little new boy. When lessons were over they gathered eagerly round him.

"What's your Papa?"

"A missionary."

"What's your name?"

"Lazarus."

"Have you any sisters?"

"Yes, two: Martha and Mary."

These replies in a plaintive little voice were greeted with growing glee by the delighted boys. Just then Harry's class was dismissed, and he came bounding out on to the playground.

"Hullo, Fred!" he called.

"Fred? There's no Fred here. This is Lazarus."

Harry shouted with laughter and went off with Fred, leaving a discomfited crew who never again tried ragging Fred Taylor. He always kept the second place in his form, though he might easily have been top, because, with true Chinese reverence for an older brother, he regarded the first place as Bertie's. He deliberately kept his marks a little lower than his brother's, but if a third boy threatened to outdo him, he would go above him at once. A Taylor must be top of the class; it was a family tradition.

He had given his heart to the Lord at the age of four, and he never swerved. His was a simple faith that held on in untroubled serenity for eighty years. And he was brave, unselfish and thoughtful of others, even as a little boy. He cannot have been more than six years old when there were terrible riots in the place in which they were living in China. The children were being handed out of a back window, the youngest first, while the mob howled and battered at the door below. When Fred's turn came, he pushed an older, very timid child forward and said, "Let him go first; he's so frightened." Such was the boy, Harry's chum, who in the holidays was as much at home at Harley House as Harry himself.

While they lived at Clapton, Minnie and Lucy went to Mrs.

Pennefather's school,¹ and after they settled in Harley House they had lessons at home. Their schoolroom was at the top of the house and looked out on Bow Road, and they shared a bedroom with a window towards the garden at the back. What a joy that garden was after Clapton! They counted that five times round was a mile, and one day in the holidays, Bertie, Fred and Harry set out to run fifty miles round and round the garden in one day. When Harry had done forty-eight his mother had to stop him, but the Taylor boys did the fifty, and the girls and the little ones were admiring and vociferous spectators all day.

There were few "don'ts" in that house. Perhaps it was the freedom at home that made Minnie feel so self-conscious and painfully shy after she and Lucy began having lessons with Florence and Maud Charlesworth at Limehouse Rectory. Limehouse Church was a fine old building with a garden round it enclosed in a high brick wall, and the Rectory stood within the enclosure, an island of quiet beauty in the heart of a crowded part of London. Florrie Charlesworth, afterwards Mrs. Florence Barclay, the authoress, was very little older than Minnie, and Maud, who later became Mrs. Ballington Booth,² was the same age as Lucy. Florence and Harry were both musical. There was a beautiful piano in the dining-room at Harley House, and they rarely had a meal without Harry jumping up to enliven it with a musical accompaniment. Florence used to get up charades and games of all sorts and make them all join in, but somehow Minnie grew more and more reserved, shy, solitary. She felt so different.

It is somewhat revealing to read what Mrs. Ballington Booth

¹ Perhaps there are some readers who are as vague about Mrs. Pennefather as the writer. When I said, "Mrs. Pennefather was something to do with Mildmay, wasn't she?" Aunt Geraldine answered in shocked tones, "Oh, don't you know, Mrs. Pennefather *was* Mildmay!" The Mildmay Centre was founded by her husband, the Rev. William Pennefather, who became Rector of St. Jude's, Mildmay, in 1859. He held annual conferences in a large hall, which he built, which anticipated the Keswick Movement; and also opened a training home for mission workers and deaconesses.

² Daughter-in-law of the founder of the Salvation Army, who, with her husband, founded the Volunteers of America.

recalled of those days. In writing of Minnie she says: "She was some years older than I, and it was Lucy who was my special friend; and, of course, I knew Harry well. Minnie, being older, had different interests from ours, and at the time when Lucy and I were still giddy, playful young girls, she was already an earnest, thoughtful Christian worker. All I can remember of her is that she was a very sweet and quiet person, for naturally, being some years older, she did not make an intimate of me." Harry was older than Minnie, but, "of course, I knew Harry well." Minnie was not four years older than Maud and Lucy, but she was "earnest and thoughtful, a sweet quiet person."

She herself felt only dull and stupid, except when she was in the nursery with the little ones. All the others were so gay, so gifted, so musical. She began to wonder morbidly what the reason could be, and came to the conclusion that she must be an adopted child. When the uncertainty about it became unbearable, she went and asked her mother where she had come from, and it took that mother a long time to convince her that she was truly bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Yet it wasn't hard to believe it when she was with her father and mother, she was always quite at rest with them. She felt that she understood the things they lived for and shared them.

It was a stirring time in East London. Dr. Barnardo had purchased the "Edinburgh Castle," a Limehouse public house, and converted it into a mission hall that seated 1,500 people. Harry, Minnie and Lucy were baptized there on August 29th, 1873. One of the Harley students, a young Frenchman, Ruben Saillens, wrote home to his fiancée, "Yesterday a baptismal service was held at the 'Edinburgh Castle.' The hall was filled, and I have never seen an audience more deeply stirred by religious emotion. The ages of the twenty-one who were baptized ranged from seven to seventy-seven. Mr. Guinness himself baptized his three eldest children. He did it in so touching a way, speaking to them with such tenderness and depth of meaning, in tones so vibrant yet so calm, that there were few present who were not moved to tears." Minnie never forgot that day; it was to her a very definite and joyous confession of Christ. "Edinburgh Castle"

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was the scene of steady revival work; such men as Harry Moorhouse and Richard Weaver held meetings there every night for months together, and there was seldom a night without some lives won for the Lord. Dr. Barnardo, who lived just opposite Harley House, would bring his preachers in for a meal quite frequently, and as the Institute and Mission became more widely known, visitors were a daily delight. Those mealtimes were memorable, the most interesting times of the day always, whether there were visitors or not. Their mother's animation and conversational gifts, their father's genial spirit and high thinking, all the interesting people who came and went, always sent the children to table with pleasurable expectation, and they would look across at each other in silent admiration as they watched and listened.

Richard Weaver and his wife were "rough diamonds" but great evangelists, not least Mrs. Weaver; and Harry Moorhouse, who had been a professional pickpocket until he was converted in the Irish revival, was a great hero with the children. They knew that their father loved him, which in itself was reason enough to love him too, and they had heard this man Christ had reclaimed preaching the Gospel of God's holy love and grace till they loved him for what God had done in him. Their father had told them of how he and several others were riding with him once on an Irish jaunting car. They had asked him about his old pickpocket days, and could hardly believe the things he told them. He had said, laughingly, "Well, look to your pockets, gentlemen." At the end of the ride Harry Moorhouse was in possession of the contents of every pocket among them, and not one of them knew when or how it had been done.

Dr. Barnardo himself was a much-loved friend, and Minnie specially was interested in his work, and became an ardent collector for the children's homes. One winter she and Lucy collected £50. Dr. Barnardo's own children were small then, and Stuart a bright and naughty little boy, "just the kind of son you would expect Dr. Barnardo to have," as someone remarked. One day, while a meal was in progress, he had been punished,

and was eating bread and water in the corner. In a pause of the conversation a quiet voice was heard saying, "I thank Thee, Lord, for spreading my table in the presence of my enemies."

George Holland was doing his ragged-school work in White-chapel, and the quiet man of God made a lasting impression on the children by his godliness and loving spirit. Charrington's Great Assembly Hall was within easy walking distance, and so was Miss McPherson's receiving home for destitute children, through which she helped hundreds of children to good homes in other parts of England.

Almost opposite Harley House was Archibald G. Brown's home. He was pastor of the East London Tabernacle, which, though it seated well above two thousand, was always packed. The Guinness family were members there, and were always in their pew at the front of the gallery just over the clock. From their seats they could see the whole congregation, and it was an inspiring sight, as Mr. Brown's was an inspiring ministry. There was no formality about all these movements; their leaders were young men and women, full of zeal and enthusiasm.

But while Minnie was deeply and seriously interested in all this, and while she was doing lessons with the beloved Miss Gardiner and trying not to feel out of it with the lively companions of her own age who came there in the holidays, her heart was bound up most of all with the little ones in the nursery. Her mother was increasingly absorbed in the work of the Institute and the Mission, and later especially in the Congo Mission, so it was Minnie who looked after the children's clothes, Minnie who bathed them and put them to bed, it was to Minnie that they went with all their little concerns, and they loved her almost as if she had been their mother.

As time went on and Minnie passed her fifteenth birthday, Miss Gardiner began to feel that she was not giving her what she really needed, and she proposed that she should be sent to school. It was a dreadful thought. She was tall, and felt almost grown-up; she was the centre of the schoolroom at home, part and parcel of the whole life around—her parents' wide interests, the Institute, the Mission, the Tabernacle, Dr. Barnardo's work

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—how could they even think of sending her to an ordinary boarding-school? But it was settled, and she had to go.

It was a good Christian school in Weston-super-Mare, where they were prepared to do everything they could to make her feel happy. They gave her a room of her own in the Headmistress's private house, but she simply couldn't bear it. The longing for her little ones at home was a constant anguish, and she wept night and day. After six weeks of this bitter homesickness, she became really ill, and her mother had to come and fetch her back to East London. She was too worn with weeping and longing to feel very much that she had made a failure of her brief school life; she was simply filled with relief at her escape from all the torture of heart it had been to be separated from her own. She was mature in manner and in the depth of her heart's affections, but her intellect was as yet unawakened, and she was backward at her lessons in some subjects. She had read Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*, but she couldn't spell. She felt too deeply to allow of much thought, and it was this sensibility that made her incapable of taking a reasonable view of school life. To her it was simply impossible to live away from those with whom she was bound up in the bundle of life. Slowly she learned to do it, and though partings were never easy to her, she could, eight years later, sincerely "count it all joy" when she left all her nearest for the sake of her Lord.

V

Her First Avowed Intent

“Come, and the great transition
Now is past!
Never again the child-life,
Only the pain and joy life—
More of the first than the last.

“Come! am I glad or sorry?
Wait and see,
Wait for God’s silent moulding
Wait for His full unfolding—
Wait for the days to be.”

F. R. HAVERGAL
(slightly altered)

MINNIE slipped back into home duties with deep content. Nobody said anything about Weston; it was too painful an episode to touch upon yet.

Whenever he was at home on a Saturday evening, her father’s study door was shut, and they all knew what it meant. Wherever he was, Grattan Guinness spent a part of Saturday evening in prayer for his children. It was after one of those hushed hours when he came out of the study with an indescribable radiance on his face, that he called Minnie to him.

“Minnie, I’ve been wondering whether you have a motto for your life yet?”

“A motto, Father?”

“Yes, darling, something that will keep before you the reason why you are here in the world, and help you to see clearly, at moments when you have to choose between two claims that seem equally important, so that you choose the highest.”

“No, Father, I don’t think I have any special motto to help me do that.”

“Wouldn’t you like to take my motto as yours, then?”

“Oh, yes, Father; I would. What is it?”

“It was when I was reading in the First Epistle to the

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Corinthians, years ago, that the Lord gave it to me. Shall we read the passage together?"

He turned to the end of the tenth chapter, and said, "Now you read those last three verses to me."

And slowly and reverently she read: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Give no occasion of stumbling, either to Jews, or to Greeks, or to the church of God: even as I also please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of the many, that they may be saved."

Minnie looked up and saw in his eyes a tender, holy ambition for her life. She felt a great longing to be what her father hoped she would be.

"What is the motto, Father?" she asked.

"It is the content of those three verses in one sentence, and it has meant much to me. I think it will mean much to you too, darling. It is just this: *Live for the glory of God and the good of the many.*"

Then he told her something of how the motto had been his guiding star in times of perplexity, of how it had ruled out of count things that were quite legitimate in themselves, but that must not find room in his life. Minnie's whole soul was eager response. Just so she too would live—for the glory of God. He went on to speak of the good of the many, "that they might be saved," and showed how it narrowed the pathway on earth in one sense. There must be the one goal in regard to the lives we touch, that God's will may be done in them, no lesser good may be the object we serve. And it must mean the many. Our hearts are too easily content with the few, those we love naturally. Minnie caught a glimpse of her own failure now. She had not cared enough for the many; had only cared at all because the few she loved cared so much.

"Yes, Father, I'd like to have your motto for my motto."

They knelt in prayer together, and he commended his little daughter to the One who is faithful, and who having begun will perfect His work.

Minnie ran upstairs and surprised Lucy, who was already in

bed, by pulling her bed out from the wall and creeping down behind it to write something on the wallpaper just level with her pillow.

"Whatever are you doing, Minnie?" Lucy asked.

"I'm writing my motto where I shall see it first thing every morning," came the glad answer.

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One day soon afterwards Minnie was invited out for the day by some friends.

"Oh, must I go, Mother?" were her first words when the letter was read aloud.

"Well, darling, there is no 'must' about an invitation, but they are friends of ours, and they want to show you kindness. What do you think yourself?"

Minnie thought for a moment. She didn't want to go. She couldn't bear to be away from Gershom, Phœbe and Agnes. She hated to think of Henriette the French nurse putting them to bed instead of her. She wanted to stay at home to live for the few; but she wouldn't—she would go. It was not hard after all, and there was the joy of coming home in time to say good night to her babies.

One day her father went to Torquay for meetings, and took Gershom with him, as he had been invited to stay with a cousin for a week. The whole family saw them off, and the two little sisters waved merrily to their smiling, blue-eyed brother. Within a week of that parting Phœbe and Agnes had been carried away to the nursery of Paradise. They had sickened with diphtheria, and after some days of pain and distress, they both died on the same day. Their mother and Minnie caught the disease too, though in a milder form, and were not able to be with them. Mrs. Guinness' fellow worker, Miss Haffner, who helped with all the clerical work of their Mission, was looking after Agnes, and when the child asked her if she thought she was going to die, she could only say that she did not know, but that if she did she would go to be with the Lord Jesus. "And you do love Him, don't you?" she questioned. The little girl of seven answered:

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"I've often wondered whether I did or not, but now I am sure I do." When the call came for her, the Saviour's name was on her lips.

It is not difficult to understand how this bereavement overwhelmed Minnie. She did not see until long afterwards that her Father in heaven was helping her, through this first deep sorrow, towards the fulfilment of her motto. By allowing her to pass through the pain of losing those two in whom her heart so fully rested and rejoiced, He carved out in her life a channel through which His love could flow to many who needed Him and who needed her to tell them of Him.

She had no heart for her motto those first weeks, and she said in speaking of this grief, "I cried myself to sleep every night for months after they went away." She was only sixteen, but she had mothered them, as it seemed to her, always; and just because she was not their mother, she had not been strengthened by the pain and joy of maternity, and losing them seemed more than she could bear. She never attempted to be young again. The shadow of death cast a gloom over her spirit that made her aware of the accumulated sorrows of East London for the first time. Lucy and Gershom were both sent away to school, her parents were absorbed in the work of the Institute and Mission, and she spent hours alone with her sad thoughts. This morbid brooding affected her health, and she began to complain of her back. She was ordered to spend part of each day resting on a spinal board, and as she lay there on the couch between the windows in the empty schoolroom that was filled with so many memories, feeling the ache in her back and the pain at her heart, she wondered: Is life all pain? If so, she would far rather not live. She did not feel brave. "O God, let me die too; let me come to them since they can never come back to me."

It is well for us that the God with whom we have to do is the God of patience and comfort.

VI

Gentle in the Midst of You

“Although to-day He prunes my twigs with pain,
Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my root;
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again
And clothe myself with fruit.”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THERE is no better way to find help in sorrow than to set aside one's own grief in order to help others. Minnie very soon began to work with Mrs. Cole, the Bible-woman of the Institute Mission in Bow and Bromley. She was a true soul-winner, and it was through her influence that Minnie began to do soul-winning work. A really fine preacher, with a wisdom and tact in dealing with the East-Enders born of long experience, she was an ideal teacher for the shy girl. She gave Minnie confidence and made her feel as if she was bearing the responsibility for the women's meetings and girls' classes, while she really carried it all herself. Her young disciple, speaking of it long afterwards, said, "I learned everything from her about practical work, she spoke to hearts, and—she loved me." All her life she thrived when she knew she was loved. A book could be written on the work Minnie and Mrs. Cole did together with the other helpers who joined them later, but this chapter must suffice to tell of it, and perhaps one close-up picture may do better than an attempt to tell everything in a small space.

Matilda was fourteen years old when she first saw her beloved Miss Guinness. She was working at Bryant and May's large match factory in Bow, and, through a friend, heard of the night school for factory girls in Devons Row. More than sixty-five years after, Matilda still remembered her first evening at the night school.

Ordinarily, the evening began with a cup of tea and some bread and butter, which cost a penny, after which they settled down

at desks to learn to write. The girl who sat next to Matilda knew how to write already, and her proximity prevented the application which might have led to success. Matilda did not learn. There were presumably others with a greater thirst for the elements of education, but Matilda at least got little more out of the first part of the evening than a good time. "After that," she would tell you, "it was all Scripture and praying, and then Miss Guinness went into the back room to talk to anyone who wished to see her." Matilda didn't. "It was the first time I heard about God; before that I'd only heard of Him to swear by" is another of her revealing remarks.

One day Matilda came to school with a black eye. Despite her efforts to keep it hidden, Miss Guinness noticed it, and when she was saying good night at the door, the dreaded question came:

"Why, what's the matter, Matilda?"

"I knocked it," was the non-committal reply.

"It's a lie, Miss Guinness," another girl broke in. "Her father done it."

That led to a talk, and Matilda reluctantly gave some details about her home life that supplied her friends with food for thought.

There was a Bible Class on Sundays which Matilda attended, but even there she was one of the problems. One Sunday they were reading a verse each of the passage that was to be taught, and poor Matilda, who couldn't read, was very disturbed and consequently disturbing. She played about with her Bible, carried on a series of winks and gestures, and finally succeeded in being passed over. This called forth a firm: "Close your Bible, Matilda." She did, but was sore about it; it wasn't her fault that she couldn't read.

"After the Bible Class she used to take us round the garden, the ones that had been obstreperous specially, and talk to us and get us a bit civilized. Then she picked us a buttonhole each before we went home. Well, that Sunday all the other girls went downstairs to go home, but she missed me. I thought I would get away while she wasn't looking, but when I got out on to

the street she was waiting for me. She took me round the garden, and I said, 'Well, you know, Miss Guinness, that I can't read.' She hadn't thought of that, and before I went away she kissed me, so I knew she was sorry she had forgotten and asked me to read.

"D'you know, Miss Joy, your auntie was the first one who ever kissed me? It was after the class one day when I was saying good night to go home. She suddenly leaned forward to kiss me and I didn't know what she was going to do, so I shrank back. 'Why do you draw yourself away, Matilda?' she said. 'I thought you were going to hit me or something,' I said; 'that's what I'm used to.'

"I got converted while she was speaking on the platform one night. I burst out crying, and one of the teachers took me into the back room to see her afterwards. I'd always liked going to the night school, but after that I liked more to go and hear *her*.

"One day she spoke to me after the class.

" 'Matilda, would you like to be a servant?'

" 'What, me a servant? I couldn't, Miss Guinness. Nobody would have me, and I don't know how to begin.'

" 'Well, but would you like to go away somewhere and learn to be a servant?'

More talk followed, and then the teacher said:

"Ask your mother if you may go down to the country and learn to be a servant."

"I'll ask her if you like, miss, but I could tell you now what she'll answer; still, I'll ask her, and let you know."

Two nights later her teacher was waiting for Matilda with a smile of welcome: "Well, Matilda, what did your mother say?"

"She said just what I knew she would, miss; she said, 'You can go to hell if you like. I don't care.'"

"Well, you tell her that's just where we don't want you to go," came the ready reply.

So Matilda and two friends were sent to a lady in the country who had a lovely home and a large heart, and

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who trained rough diamonds from London to be useful domestics.

Once, for a few happy months between two other situations, Matilda lived at Harley House and helped, and spent the summer at Cliff, in Derbyshire. She never forgot Mrs. Grattan Guinness. "She was so fair and just always."

Cliff—it was a name to conjure with to all the young people who went there for the summer in those early days when it was the "country branch of the East End Training Institute." Throughout the rest of the year it was filled with students who were given the opportunity of gaining experience in farming, carpentry, or work at the forge, as well as their regular hours of study and the evangelistic work in the many villages of the neighbourhood. But in summer the students scattered to help in Gospel missions, tent evangelism or work among seamen of the North Sea fleet, and the college was transformed into an attractive holiday home.

It was at Cliff, during the year some Australian friends were with them, that they changed Minnie's name to Geraldine. After she was seventeen, it was always her work to go down to Cliff to get things ready for the guests. Under her direction, the classrooms became dining- and drawing-rooms, with ample space for the fifty or sixty visitors. Year after year the same families came, all paying their share towards household expenses, and the young people grew up in a joyous companionship that glowed in their memories throughout life. To the parents, aunts, uncles and other seniors, "Cliff was their Galilee—a refuge from close, crowded, noisy, dusty, enormous London."

As the years passed, Geraldine lived more apart. She had the duties if not the position of a hostess, and the gnawing problem of pain she continually faced in her work among the London poor had made her too serious to be able to share the abandonment of irrepressible youthfulness. She loved riding, but by choice rode alone. Howard, who was a great favourite with everybody, not least among the servants, usually managed with the help of the maids to know in which direction she had ridden

away, and he would often meet her "accidentally" as she was riding home again.

There were others besides Howard who offered her their hearts' allegiance. She was only eighteen when a friend, whom she sincerely loved, asked her to be his wife. He was twenty-six, a good man and a true Christian, who later had a Harley Street practice, but she knew she was called to another life altogether. It was while she was reading his letter that her father came into the room and said:

"My child, in this as in every other question in life, let me give you one great guiding principle. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Without another word, he left the room, and in the light of that guiding principle, though it cost her many tears, the letter was answered.

There were others besides, and though there was never any question about her answer after that first time, giving pain to another was a real trial to her sensitive nature.

Lucy was at school in Paris at that time, and in order to take Geraldine's mind off these troubles, which at nineteen can be very absorbing, her parents sent her to join her sister for a couple of months. When she reached the fine six-story house on the Boulevard Malesherbes, her sister came running to meet her in a Parisian dress, so vivacious and charming, so very French, that Geraldine felt her almost a stranger. Colonel Dreyfus lived on the ground floor of the same house, and his two sisters had lessons with the girls of Miss Ellerby's school on the top floor. Geraldine did not share their studies—they were all about Lucy's age—but she went out every day to see Paris with one of the governesses.

On Sundays she went to hear M. Bersier preach. Her mind was deeply exercised about the problem of evil, and his sermons made a profound impression on her, particularly one on the parable of the tares, in which he dealt with the moral government of God. Somehow there was comfort in the very putting of the question: "*D'où vient ce livraie?*" God has a way of answering

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questions with other questions, "out of strange strife, Thy peace is strangely wrought." Strangely, yes, but not suddenly, and years were to pass before she knew the peace that passeth understanding. She thought she knew it then, as most of us do when we have had the vision, the foretaste, but there is a vast difference between vision and reality.

VII

Clay in the Potter's Hands

"... before living he'd learn to live—
No end to learning:
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
Use for our earning."

ROBERT BROWNING

AFTER the summer holidays at Cliff in 1883, Lucy and Gershom were sent to Tasmania with the Reed family, while Geraldine went to Scotland with her mother, who was doing what would now be called deputation work for the Congo Mission.

The Congo field had for some years loomed large on the schoolroom horizon at Harley House. Geraldine was familiar with the reports of appalling darkness, and had shared the enthusiasm roused at home as news came of growing opportunities for missionary service. She had been thrilled by the steady stream of volunteers for the field, and had wept over the letters telling of lives laid down. It was natural that her dreams of a life lived for the Lord Jesus Christ should follow the familiar direction, but always she was sobered and saddened by a consciousness of unfitness. As her interest in the work at home gradually deepened, she grew content not to go, to live as her parents had done to win souls in England, and help others to win them in Africa, China, India. More and more she entered into her mother's problems, and shared her prayers for the work. Not the least of these burdens was the supply of the financial needs of the mission. In writing of that side of life, Mrs. Guinness said:

"Monetary cares are certainly not for the present joyous, but grievous. We do greatly dislike them. Sometimes, regretting the amount of time and thought, energy, attention and prayer which it has been needful to devote to the question of ways and means, we have wondered why the blessed Master we serve, who could so easily do it, did not send in adequate and regular supplies.

Deuteronomy 8 solves the problem, no doubt: 'He humbled thee and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna . . . that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone. . . .' We need to have faith strengthened by exercise, and made practical by the pressure of urgent necessity."

A couple of years later, her faith having been exercised a little more, she writes in another tone: "As to our mode of raising funds. We rely mainly on prayer to God, but believing that prayer and effort are not antagonistic, we use means to make our undertaking and its requirements known to fellow Christians who we think likely to sympathize in it. We do not expect God to do for us, by a miracle, that which we can do for ourselves—give information of the nature and needs of our work; but we do entirely trust Him to do that which we cannot do—open the hearts of His people to sustain it. . . . Money matters may be, must be, a means of grace to those who have no banker but their Father in Heaven and no great need of money but for their Master's work. We have found them so."

Mrs. Grattan Guinness' reports of the financial side of the work, written in the 'seventies and 'eighties, make fascinating reading to-day, because she wrote them with the charm of perfect frankness and simplicity, keeping back nothing but the names of the donors. It is no wonder that her daughter, though later she became a member of the China Inland Mission, and was loyal to its principles with regard to supplies, interpreted them to a certain extent in the light of her mother's conviction as to the harmony of faith and works, and always felt full sympathy with societies where the leaders have liberty to make their needs known to their friends. All her life the example of her parents remained as a shining light in her thoughts, and there is no doubt that the strongest human influence upon her came from them.

Another formative experience of that year was the Moody mission in East London. A large iron hall to seat 10,000 people was erected on an open site near the East London Tabernacle. The floor was of earth covered with sawdust, and the seats were of the simplest; but the acoustics were excellent, and night after

night the speaker and his fellow workers looked out over a sea of expectant faces. Geraldine and a companion who was preparing for service on the Congo went regularly as personal workers, and she never forgot the joy of watching hundreds respond to the offer of the gift of God's free grace. People were drawn to London from all over the British Isles to attend these meetings, and many visitors found their way to Harley House. Geraldine had taken over the reins of household affairs, in order to set her mother free for the demands which the Congo Mission made on her time and thoughts. It was she who opened the mails, and attended to part of the correspondence; and when a pastor was to be engaged for Berger Hall, it was Geraldine who interviewed the candidates.

Besides the manifold duties that fell to her as her mother's fellow worker, she had two new companions in the schoolroom at the top of the house who added much to her daily interests—her cousin Edith Fooks, and little eleven-year-old Leila Dennison.

An elderly bachelor friend of the family had written to Mrs. Guinness, asking her advice in an embarrassing situation. A friend of his had recently died, leaving an only child, and had charged him to see that she was suitably educated. Mrs. Guinness, seeing at once that it would be good for Geraldine, wrote offering to adopt her. So little Leila came. Geraldine was taking lessons in dressmaking at the time, and she told, years afterwards, of the pleasure of making a dress and cape of soft electric blue for the beautiful little girl. She had the entire care of the child, and while she sat sewing, Leila did her lessons, an arrangement which was eminently satisfactory to them both.

By this time Harry Guinness and Howard Taylor were studying medicine at the London Hospital. Harry was a gifted preacher even then, and he always spent his week-ends in evangelistic work at one of the halls. Gradually he gathered a few converted men for a Sunday Bible Class. As his responsibilities grew more numerous, he found he had not time to lead the class himself, and he asked Geraldine to undertake it. She had been working for three years among girls and women; but she shrank from the thought of a class for men, and though Harry persistently

asked her, she consistently refused. One Sunday Harry was unavoidably prevented at the last moment from taking the class, and Geraldine realized that she must fill the gap. There were only half a dozen middle-aged working men that afternoon, but both to them and to her it was such a memorable hour that from that day she became their regular class leader, and within six months the class had reached a membership of one hundred.

Finding that numbers of them could not read, she offered to teach them, and in that way the Men's Night School at Berger Hall came into being. One of the men who knew her in those days remembers it still:

"She was like an angel. I can see her now, standing on the platform at Berger Hall with her white handkerchief on the rostrum. She would talk and talk. It was all Gospel, no tit-bits. Sometimes there were roughs who tried to spoil the meeting, and some of us would have to show a little muscular Christianity. Some of the men became missionaries, and two became ministers. Sometimes old Dr. Grattan came to preach at Berger Hall.¹ I don't like long sermons, but you could sit and listen to him for over an hour and not know it was dinner-time. The whole Guinness family were our spiritual parents, but Miss Geraldine belonged to us; we all loved her and revered her."

In all this work her cousin, Edith Fooks, shared. She had come to stay at Harley House when her mother died. Edith was three years younger than Geraldine, only seventeen when she came, but intellectually she was more developed than her cousin, and brought a world of new interests into her life. It was Edith who took the advanced class in the Men's Night School. She taught them Latin, logic and mathematics, among other things. Geraldine's special share in the Night School work was the "drunks." Any man who was so tipsy that he disturbed a class was taken out to her in a back room. Howard had supplied her with some medicine which effectually sobered them when administered in strong coffee. She often had six or eight men to look after, and though she was a little frightened, they did not know it, and not one of them was ever rude to her. Many of

¹ They called him that to distinguish him from "Young Dr. Harry."

them not only signed the pledge, but learned to trust the Saviour, and quite a number were helped to begin life afresh in Canada.

With so much regular activity in the night schools and other meetings, the two girls found that their evenings were in danger of being entirely absorbed in activities outside the home, and at Edith's suggestion they determined to keep one evening a week free. They wore the deaconess uniform as a rule, but on that evening they changed their dresses, and "felt different." Edith Fooks' influence on Geraldine was strong, and left its mark upon her. She was an independent thinker and wide reader, and led her cousin into new and fascinating fields. They were devoted to each other, and for the first time Geraldine experienced the joy of a real companionship, the friendship of one with whom she was one in heart and mind. When after five years of almost daily sharing of life's deeps and shallows they were parted, Edith's letters show a little of what those years had held. She writes of books they had read together, lectures they had attended, pictures they had seen, problems through which they had wrestled with all the seriousness of youth, and always she writes of what Geraldine's friendship meant to her. The fact that extracts from these letters were carefully kept for sixty years and have survived repeated destroyings of personal papers, is proof enough of what she meant to Geraldine. She stimulated and encouraged her, and first and last she loved her.

In one letter she says: "I am sure that when God limits the modes of expressions to comparatively few, as He has with you, He makes the remaining ones proportionately, more than proportionately, adequate." Geraldine is still, evidently, painfully conscious of her own lack of gifts, she is not yet delivered from the snare of comparing herself with those about her who were exceptionally rich in "modes of expression." The letter of comfort goes on to speak of the wonderful time when all limitations will be forgotten, and quotes: "When Earth breaks up, and Heaven expands, how will the change strike you and me—in the house not made with hands?" They had learned to love the Brownings, and Edith refers to Robert Browning in her letters as "our Friend." Later, when Geraldine became a biographer,

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Browning's dedication of *Sordello* was surely in her mind as she wrote *The Growth of a Soul*, ". . . my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study." It has been said of Browning's art, that "not action but character, and not character formed but in the forming" was the staple of it.

Geraldine looked up to Edith as to one who had taught her many things and opened her eyes to books and art and music, and yet in reading the pages of these old letters it is clear that Edith turned more and more to Geraldine for strength and inspiration. If Geraldine's gifts were fewer, she had, in the course of the five years of their friendship and united service, entered into a heart-oneness with the Giver of every good gift which made her a helper of others always.

VIII

And the Word of the Lord Came

"'Tis but a vision, Lord, I do not mean
That thus I am, or have one moment been—
'Tis but a picture hung upon my wall
To measure dull contentment therewithal,

A vision true of what one day shall be
When Thou hast had Thy very will with me."

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE spiritual experience with which this chapter opens cannot be better told than in Geraldine's own words.

Think of her sitting up in bed, wrapped in shawls, on a chilly December morning of 1947. The window is open despite the frost, for she loves the fresh air of the out-of-doors. She has been looking up asking for guidance to tell aright how the Lord spoke to her sixty-four years earlier, and now she turns to me as I sit waiting, pen in hand, and with a radiant smile and a quick change of tone from the rapt solemnity of worship to the firm brightness of secure human companionship, she says:

"In the summer of 1884, after my twenty-first birthday, I reached my most sacred milestone in the past. It was a July evening at Cliff. I was sitting in the bow window of the drawing-room. It was a beautiful room overlooking the Derwent and the hills stretching away beyond. As you sat at that window the river flowed towards you. The sun was going down over the valley. I was alone, and I was reading the third chapter of Philippians. I cannot tell what happened, even now I don't know. It was a revelation of the Lord in connection with the tenth verse: 'That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings. . . .' The whole passage was illuminated to me in a wonderful way. I have never spoken of it. It meant in every sense a changed life for me. From that moment it became the ardent desire of my soul to know Him.

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To know the power came first, but also the longing to know Him in the fellowship of His sufferings. The sacred ambition never lessened, it grew. It became like a guiding star to me and controlled everything. The heavens were opened, and life was different afterwards.

"It was wonderful that first evening, it was simply the Word, nothing else, but lighted up by the Holy Spirit so that it shone, oh, shone. I remember it as vividly at this moment as if it had only just happened. I was alone for a long time. The sunset faded over the beautiful valley, but the Sun had risen on me."

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So the great transforming miracle had come in her life, she had heard the voice of the Lord, the dominant chord had been struck. There was no conversion, her face had been turned towards Him always, but there was a new atmosphere, new light, new affinities. She did not understand at the time that it was so. Life went on outwardly very much as before, but gradually the inner call so to live as to know both the power and the pain of fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ drove her into changed relationships. In the margin of an old Bible, at John 10:14, "I know mine own, and mine own know me," she wrote, "July, 1884." The realization that He knew her altogether dawned with a healing touch on her sensitive soul, and the prayer that she might know Him was daily in her heart. And He who gave the prayer, gave the answer, as He never fails to do, though we seldom recognize His response to our asking until He has patiently taught us to understand His ways.

After the hour of vision came months of the testing that is needed to make the vision a personal possession. Life was arduous. The incentive to spend and be spent was stronger than before, the desire to see souls brought into the fullness of their heritage, deeper. The measure of work that had been done, and that had rejoiced her earlier, seemed as nothing. She saw only what was not yet done. She saw the tragedy, the hopelessness, the apparent meaninglessness of the suffering and sorrow all round her. Sixty girls came

And the Word of the Lord Came

to her evening classes, but what of the thousands who did not come? A hundred men listened eagerly to the message she endeavoured earnestly to proclaim, but what of the millions who had never heard, could never hear? What of those who might hear if they would, but who cared nothing for it all?

The enemy of souls drew up his forces in an attempt to overcome the great new light that had shone into her mind. The cold shadow of his sinister hosts fell across her heart, and her courage wavered. She strained every nerve to serve to the uttermost, until her health was affected. She had an acute pain between her shoulders, and those who watched her grew anxious. They sent for a specialist, and she was ordered to wear appliances to strengthen the spine, and to rest for some hours every day. The treatment was unavailing, and finally she was sent away to Redhill to spend six weeks out of London. It was while she was there that her father wrote to her the letter which was published in booklet form in the autumn of 1947, *A Father's Letter*. The letter casts much light on her condition of mind and body at the time, which a few abbreviated extracts are enough to show:

“How has this mental exercise and bitterness come about? The cause is easy to trace. You love and you sorrow. It is always thus. You love in Jesus Christ these outcasts, these poor prodigals, these heathen at home and abroad, this lost world. You are sensitive, first as a woman, then as a Christian. Your heart is drawn out to these people, you work for them, are blessed, your heart is filled with joy, the joy of love, the joy of winning souls. . . . You have been brought face to face with sorrow, poverty, pain, death, miseries of many kinds. You see the world full of them. The problem presses upon your thoughts, it is too much for weary nerves and heart seen thus. For how do you see it? You see it disconnected with the two elements which alone can explain it in any degree: first the element of sin, of moral evil; and second, the element of redemption, of moral good, triumphing over moral and physical evil. . . . You have looked into the miserable brick kilns of Egypt and seen the sorrows of Israel

Mrs. Howard Taylor

there. You have hardly heard the voice which says: 'I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them.' You gaze on the captives under the lash and say, 'Alas, what is God doing?' My child, the place you stand on is holy ground. Put off your shoes; worship the 'I am' and see what He will do. Patience, wait! He is the Eternal, His work cannot be finished in an hour. 'The night is far spent,' even now 'the day is at hand.' Paradise restored, God all in all.

"Lie low, quiet the heart. He is better than we are—infinately—and alone is wise and alone is good. . . . Turn away from the patch of darkness close beside you to the blue breadth of azure stainlessness above and the star-written pages of the light-filled universe.

"Now one word more. Don't think too much about these great themes. You are not well, the body is weak and nerves tired. Change the theme. Give the brain rest, give it sleep. . . . Go out, let the influences of Nature refresh your tired physical frame. Let sunshine and breezes, singing of birds, flowers and springtime do their work. Let friendship do its work. Forget yourself and the mind shall gain energy and the body health while the heart rests in Him who rests in His own for evermore.

"May He bless and strengthen you, my child, and this sorrow work sweet fruits in days to come.

"Ever your loving father,

"H. GRATTAN GUINNESS."

She wrote on the envelope: "Father—to go with me wherever I go." She had it with her for over sixty years, and it made a great difference. She was beginning to know Him, the Redeemer, in His sufferings.

A year later, the conviction grew upon her that if she was to be of real help to the factory girls among whom she was working, she must understand them better. They came willingly enough to the classes, they were grateful, even responsive, but except with a very few, she seemed to get no further than that. How could she learn to know their life? In those days it was impossible to visit a factory; the only way to see one was to

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work in one. Gradually the purpose formed in her mind to spend a week or two as a factory hand in several different factories, doing the work the girls did, dressing like them, and as far as possible living under similar conditions, so that she would see them at work and in their leisure hours, and feel the atmosphere of the slums, not from a safe distance, as she did at Harley House, but from within.

A pioneer for social reform had at that time published a pamphlet entitled *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*. Geraldine read it, and his description of the conditions in a slum quarter of South London wrung her heart. Then the thought came: she would go and live there, in the very street he named, Colliers' Rents, a turning out of Long Lane, just south of London Bridge. It would have been impossible to preserve her incognito in East London, where she was so well known, and she felt that the pamphlet had come just in time to guide her choice of a neighbourhood. Her parents were at Cliff, and she did not think it was necessary to consult them. There was an urgency in her spirit that made it essential for her to bear the responsibility alone. Annie Reed, soon to become Mrs. Harry Guinness, was at Harley House at the time, and to her free Australian mind it was a very natural and sensible thing to do. She encouraged Geraldine, and gave her a good deal of practical advice and help. The kitchen maid at Harley House, Sarah, had herself once been a factory girl, one of the roughest and wildest of them. They took her into their confidence, and consulted her as to suitable clothing, and how best to obtain it. The plan seemed anything but natural to her, but after she had grasped the incredible proposal she immediately volunteered to go with Geraldine, and her offer was gratefully accepted. It was Sarah who procured the garments they needed—from a pawn shop—and it was Sarah who was commissioned to go down to Colliers' Rents and hire a furnished room. She returned triumphant; the room contained a bed, a table and a chair.

Factory hours in 1886 were from seven in the morning to seven in the evening, so in order to have time to become used to their surroundings, they decided to move down there on

a Saturday night and have Sunday quietly in the neighbourhood before beginning work on the Monday. As that Saturday wore on, a sense of dread grew upon Geraldine, but a strong conviction that it was right nerved her to face the ordeal. Factory girls in those days had a fashion of their own, almost a uniform, and were easily recognized. They wore a skirt flounced up to the waist, a white apron and woollen cross-over, and a hat with large and gaudy feathers. When Geraldine went up to the schoolroom to put on the strange rough clothes, she felt it was a serious step she was taking, a venture into the unknown. Keeping the unspeakable hat until it was really necessary, she slipped a fur cloak over the other garments and ran down to the hall, where Annie's twinkling eyes met her serious ones, and was laughingly ushered into the pony chaise in which she was to be driven to London Bridge. Sarah was to meet her there under a lamp by the church. When they reached the bridge, Annie slowed down, and with a hurried, rather desperate "Goodbye," Geraldine dropped the fur cloak on the seat, and stepped out on to the pavement. Annie speeded her pony, and soon swung out of sight. It was dusk, in October, and Saturday night in Long Lane. She found Sarah, and they went together through what seemed like pandemonium: stalls, barrows, yelling costermongers, flaring lamps outside public houses, pungent hot fish shops and—what she shrank from most—the unwonted familiarity of contact with uncouth, unkempt humanity, coarse and half tipsy. Colliers' Rents with its comparative quiet was a relief, until they found the door of their lodging locked and the landlady not forthcoming. A neighbour volunteered the information that she had just gone round to the "public," but would be back directly. They waited. When Mrs. Tester appeared, after what seemed a long time, she was a disreputable-looking woman, considerably the worse for drink, but kind nevertheless. She showed them in, and they climbed the ladder to the room upstairs. It was a shock to Geraldine to think that she was to live there. The poorest homes she had seen in East London compared favourably with it, and the dirt defied even Sarah's brave efforts; it was too deep to be dealt with in one cleaning.

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The first night held a series of alarming events. They heard people beating each other, till they trembled so in their bed that it shook under them. Far on into the night they heard drunken brawls, and once a whole lodging-house of seventy men was involved in a fight just outside their house. Not half an hour after that had subsided, a window down the street was thrown up, and a woman's voice screamed, "Murder! Murder!" They rushed to look out, and saw the police come and take her away. Not until dawn cast a sobering spell over the drab streets did the people drop off to sleep and quiet reign, a quiet punctuated by Mrs. Tester's heavy, drunken snores downstairs. Sleep was impossible. Geraldine rose early to pray and to think. She did not realize that Colliers' Rents was a fairly respectable street except on Saturday night, and was sorely tempted to beat a retreat at once, but there was the sense of urgency, of commitment to a task. She thought then that her whole future was to be spent for the poor of East London, and she felt that the step she was taking was essential as equipment for the work. Before breakfast she had decided to go through with it.

It was Sunday, but a factory girl, dressed as a factory girl, could not attend a "respectable" place of worship in those days when England, as well as India, had a caste system, though a far less rigid, cruel and intricate one. They spent the morning walking the streets, looking for a mission hall. When they found one, morning service was over, but it was cheering to know that they would be welcomed there in the evening.

On Monday they began work at the match factory. Geraldine had recently come to London from Cliff, so Sarah introduced her as a mate from the country, and explained her silence, not untruthfully, as being due to the strangeness of the life and her shyness.

It is not necessary to tell the details of the two weeks spent in Colliers' Rents, though it is a story with a fascination of its own. The first week was one of labour, weariness and tension. Geraldine was haunted by the dread of discovery, which would have meant being mobbed by the strong, rough girls who used to strip to the waist and settle their disputes with their fists, just as

their pals the costermongers did. Her refined senses were hourly offended by the wretched conditions in which she lived and worked, and her heart was sore for the girls who were her companions. Sarah and she spent their evenings on the streets, learning to know the haunts and ways of the girls she longed to help. Their united earnings at the end of the week amounted to four shillings and fourpence-halfpenny, of which Geraldine had earned two and three-halfpence. It had been a slack week, and they did piece work. In a good week it was possible to earn eight shillings.

During the second week Geraldine was ill, and at the end of a fortnight she knew that she would not be able to go on to the other factories, as she had intended. She had confided in the City Missionary of the hall they had attended, and he and his wife showed her great kindness and remained her lifelong friends. They strongly advised her to go home at once, and she allowed them to send a message to Annie to come and fetch her.

What was the good of it? Much, every way. Two years later her sister Lucy wrote a booklet with the title, *Only a Factory Girl*, which stirred up wide interest and resulted in the founding of the "Shaftesbury Institute"—a practical enough outcome of the two weeks' experience. And Geraldine learned much. She could never again be shocked at the rough ways and coarse tastes of the girls in her classes; rather, she wondered at the innate courtesy which sometimes blossomed among them. She met them in a readier companionship, a closer sympathy, which seem natural to us now, but which were an unusual manifestation then of the love of God shed abroad in a human heart. Her service among them gained by her taste of the life they lived. But deeper than all this was the gain in her own soul. If, when the sense of inward compulsion to sit where they sat, live as they lived had come upon her, she had not obeyed, she would have found it ten times harder to go, when the constraining love drew her to harder places and far more sunken conditions. The fact that she had not drawn back from the wearing of the factory girls' dress made it a simple step, eighteen months later, to put on Chinese dress, though she had no thought of that at the time. He who

was teaching her to know Him led her by degrees, for His love is very patient, very kind.

Her health was poor all that winter, and in the spring of 1887 she was once again nearing a breakdown. She had become widely known through the articles about her work in *Regions Beyond*, and people far and near were taking an interest in her classes for factory girls. Gifts began to come in which made it possible to enlarge the work, but this involved heavier burdens. After fifteen years at Harley House, her parents had handed over the leadership to their son Harry and his wife, and had settled at Cliff with Lucy and Leila. Geraldine and her cousin, Edith Fooks, stayed on at Harley House, and were deeply absorbed in their work. They were out every evening except Saturday, and Geraldine suffered increasingly with the pain in her back. At last Howard insisted on her seeing a specialist. This time he brought one of the best surgeons at the London Hospital to see her. Mr. Anderson advised her to make a complete break for a time from the life that was absorbing her and sapping her strength. Mrs. Reed, of Tasmania, Harry Guinness' mother-in-law, had come over with her whole family for her daughter's wedding, and had settled in a large house in Hampstead. She was going away for the summer, and when she heard of the doctor's orders, she offered Geraldine the use of her home for six weeks. The servants would be there, and she could follow the doctor's prescription to the letter. They were a strange six weeks which she spent in complete seclusion, with every comfort; a nurse from the London Hospital to give her massage, and a staff of servants to wait upon her. Mary Reed was the only member of the family who had not gone away, as her work kept her in London, and she used to play the piano in the drawing-room downstairs every evening. Geraldine heard her music, but did not see her once all the time she was there. The only person who came to see her was Mr. Anderson. He was a wise Scotsman from Aberdeen, and he talked to her solemnly day after day, explaining that if she did not conquer the pain it would ruin her whole life. Steadily and insistently he taught her the dignity and importance of self-control. The doctor who had treated her

earlier and who had put her on a spinal board, had made her feel sorry for herself. Mr. Anderson roused her from self-pity, and made her see that she might become a self-made invalid. It was a bitter struggle and a humbling one, and it meant that when the family returned after six weeks, and she went back to Harley House, she had the battle before her. She was better, but did not feel at all well; it meant a fight, but she was armed for it.

Almost immediately after she came home from Hampstead to Bow Road another sore trial came to her. All who loved Geraldine had wondered what the trouble might be that was making her ill, and their thoughts were many and various. One who thought much and grieved deeply was Howard, for he loved her with simplicity and loyalty. His aunt, Mrs. Broomhall, sensing his burden, spoke to him and suggested that Geraldine was distressed in mind because he had not declared his love. He himself did not feel that the time had come, for she was broken in health and unlike herself; but, trusting the womanly wisdom of the aunt he revered, he determined to ask her to be his wife.

It was a lovely June day when he found her alone in the familiar dining-room at Harley House, and in simple words told her of the love he had borne her since he first saw her as a boy. But Geraldine "had no special interest in him then," and she said him nay. The idea of marrying was alien to her thoughts at the time. She and Edith had dreamed of a life of service among the poor which "excluded both the poetry of romance and the prose of the married estate." But she was fond of Howard, and it grieved her to see him go away heart-broken. They all loved him as a brother, and her parents, her mother especially, delighted in the bright intelligence with which he entered into all their interests. But what was that to him now that Geraldine did not care for him, and had even said that she intended never to marry at all?

Geraldine went to Cliff to join the family, and while she was away Edith received a proposal of marriage which Mrs. Guinness regarded as eminently suitable. She too said "No," and when her aunt heard that she, like Geraldine, had foresworn the estate of matrimony, she acted with the drastic swiftness which looked

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sometimes very like dictatorship. Julius Rorhbach, who had been one of the tutors at Cliff, was working in a mission in Berlin, and had written telling of his need of help. Edith was sent to Berlin, where she would be of use and learn a saner outlook on life. Geraldine went to Ireland to build up her strength in her uncle's rectory at Rathdrum.

It was the closing of a long chapter of her life, the five years during which she and Edith had worked together in East London. Things were all different in a few months. Harry and Annie filled her place at Harley House. They were young, strong, gifted and devoted. She was not needed there. Leila was growing up and taking a daughter's place to her mother. Lucy had undertaken all the editorial work. Edith had gone to Berlin. Geraldine wrote in her private album of thoughts gleaned in reading or through letters Elizabeth Browning's lines:

“To me fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song,
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than they.

“I will have hopes that cannot fade
For flowers the valley yields!
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent, dewy fields!
My spirit and my God shall be
My seaward hill, my boundless sea.”

Those who would learn to know the Lord must learn to walk with Him alone. Hearts must be weaned from rest in human fellowship if they are to know true fellowship with Him. It was these lessons she was slowly spelling out, willingly, though painfully at times, and finding as she learned them the secret joy of having so wonderful a Teacher.

IX

She Heard His Word

“Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver:
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!”

ROBERT BROWNING

THERE was about Rathdrum Rectory the atmosphere of peace and dignity which some houses possess where good men have sincerely sought knowledge and insight into holy themes. The quiet of the place calmed Geraldine's spirit. After a few weeks, the whole family moved to Courtown Harbour for the holiday month. The fresh sea air, congenial companionships and the daily rides on the miles of firm sandy beach combined to restore the balance of health to her whole being.

It was natural that she thought much and wondered what all the changes meant which had resulted in her being—apparently—supplanted by others in each of the special niches she had regarded as her own. It is hard not to be needed, and she had to admit to herself that none of those whom she had loved and served needed her any longer. Her thoughts went back to the evening at Cliff three years before, when the profound certainty of being called for some definite purpose had filled her for the first time. Did the Lord need her? No, not in that sense, for it is never true to say that He cannot do without us, but He had called her to a life of fellowship with Himself, He had use for her. Day by day she prayed for guidance, to know what He would have her to do.

One morning early, she was sitting down by the sea with her Bible. There was a glow in the east, and she was watching the sun rise out of the waters. While she sat there waiting, another light broke on her with an unmistakable certainty: *she was to go to China*. The sun rose, silently, mightily, and everything was

illuminated, day had dawned. Just as surely that other light revealed the way before her. There could never be any question again. With the simplicity of one who has been waiting for orders and has received them, she rose to obey. She wrote to her parents that day.

It so happened that her father was leaving to take meetings in Ireland soon after the letter reached Cliff, and he was able to come to Courtown Harbour and talk it over with her. Her mother wrote immediately, giving a ready consent. In the letter she told Geraldine that she and her husband had prayed together that their children might leave all and follow the Lord to the far places of the earth. They had been unable to go themselves, but they had lived for the fulfilling of the great commission: "Go . . . into all the world."

Yet it was a costly giving, not least to her father. She had been very near to him always. There was the intuitive sympathy of kindred minds. He spent a couple of days with her at Courtown Harbour; days of communion and prayer, and early in the morning of the day he left her to keep his engagements in Dublin, he handed her a sheet of paper on which he had written two verses with the title: *Parting*.

"I give thee up to God, His hands shall keep
My Geraldine—
With watchful love, whether we wake or sleep.
How near He will be, since in Him we live!
He gave us JESUS, what will He not give
Geraldine?"

"I give thee up to God, He will return
My Geraldine.
When the morn breaketh and the stars that burn
Through the long night have vanished in the glow
Of His great sunrise, then our hearts shall know
Companionship denied them here below,
Geraldine.

"H. G. G.
"Courtown Harbour, 1887."

So there was no obstacle; she could go forward. The next step seemed to her to be a course in nursing. She had had seven years' experience of classes and meetings and touch with needy souls; but she felt she lacked knowledge of how to help suffering bodies.

She went to Dublin, and was accepted as a junior probationer at the Adelaide Hospital. Immediately there was the satisfaction of having found a niche again, lives that needed her, work for which she seemed to have a natural gift. One patient dying of tuberculosis was left entirely to her care. Medically nothing more could be done, and the nurses had not time to give the patient all the personal attention she needed. Geraldine poured out upon the dying girl the wealth of loving solicitude that the past months' experiences had confined within her. She was able to be of great help to her patient spiritually, death lost its sting, she even rejoiced to be going Home. One day a visitor called to see her, and as she watched Geraldine do some little service she remarked: "You have a very kind nurse." "She's not a nurse," was the unexpected reply; and then she added slowly: "She's an angel of God come to help me through." Geraldine turned away to control her tears, and to pray that she might always be enabled to minister to others as His heavenly messengers do. She was with her patient when she died, and thanked God for the privilege of having spent just those weeks at the hospital, for she was only six weeks there.

Mr. Hudson Taylor was travelling all over the United Kingdom during that year, 1887, appealing for a hundred new workers in one year, and having personal interviews with the majority of the six hundred who responded to the challenge of China's nine unoccupied provinces. In September he came to Dublin, and his hostess, Mrs. Smiley, who had followed all Geraldine's plans, arranged for her to have a talk with him. It was an unforgettable hour. He was filled with the great vision, and the Lord's wonderful answer to the bold request he and his colleagues had made the year before for a hundred missionaries in one year. He told her about it, and of how the parties were going out. Some of them were already in China, some on the

way, and the last parties would sail before the end of the year. He was perfectly assured there would be the hundred. Then they spoke of her plans. He advised her to break off the nursing course at once, and go forward as soon as possible. The urgency of China's spiritual need was too great for her to spend time in further training. Had not the Lord trained her? He would continue to teach her as she went.

Looking back, we see the wisdom of this advice. Her work was not to be medical; but one wonders how he knew. Probably he did not. How often we attribute to the Lord's servants a wisdom which is in no sense theirs, but His. Hudson Taylor was a man who was humble enough to say with Anna Waring, "I would be treated as a child, and guided where I go," so he was guided and, through him, hundreds of others received guidance. Geraldine had a natural tendency to settle, to cling to places where she was loved and needed. She felt more than content with her lot at the Adelaide Hospital. The training field might easily have become a field of service in which she would be tempted to remain. As it was, she took Mr. Taylor's advice, and before the end of October she was in London, preparing to leave for China in January of the following year.

Farewells—they are never easy, and should sometimes not be said. They can use up emotional energy which would be better stored for other purposes. Yet sometimes they are an abiding enrichment. We should be greatly the poorer without the record of Paul's farewell to his Ephesian fellow workers at Miletus. There were both tears and embraces, but that parting is characterized by a dominating purpose which kept the sorrowing hearts from every vestige of weakening sentiment. At Tyre, too, they wept, and Paul rebuked them. "What do ye weeping and breaking my heart?" Why do you let your too-anxious love weaken my courage, hinder my great passion? And they ceased.

Missionary farewells—we have grown used to them, but in 1888 it was not so. For several years previously there had been a rising tide of spiritual enthusiasm with regard to China. The appeal for seventy new workers within three years, 1882-4, had been an inspiring evidence that a God-given request is met by

God's response. *The Cambridge Seven*¹ had stirred the universities, and had roused many students to face their responsibility for the regions beyond. Their farewell meeting in 1885 was so impressive that most of those who were there never forgot it. Before the wave of fervour had subsided which their going had caused, there came the almost startling appeal for a hundred new workers in the China Inland Mission in one year, 1887.

Remembering these things, we read with a fuller understanding the accounts of the farewell meeting held in the Exeter Hall three days before Geraldine sailed for China. Her sister Lucy wrote in *Regions Beyond*:

"The 23rd of January, 1888, is a date not soon to be forgotten. We believe many hundreds will remember it for long years to come. A great gathering assembled in the vast hall, thousands were there, and numbers could not get in for want of even standing room. Many of God's honoured servants gathered on the platform, representatives of all phases of Christian life and work. . . . Suddenly the great organ pealed forth and the vast congregation rose, while from thousands of thrilling hearts and voices the grand old hymn went up:

"Thou whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's ray
Sheds not its glorious day
Let there be light!"

"It was very wonderful. We felt that we were speaking to God. All the pain of parting, the strain of the last few days . . . vanished in a great blinding light. . . . We knew as we sang that God would answer prayer."

¹ This group was composed of the Captain of the Cambridge Cricket Eleven, C. T. Studd, the stroke of the Cambridge Eight, Stanley Smith, Lord Radstock's nephew, Montagu Beauchamp, two officers in the British Army, one of the Dragoon Guards and one of the Artillery, and two other Cambridge graduates. The sailing for China of such a group of men was a unique event in those days.

There were several distinguished speakers that evening, among them Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Haffenden of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mr. V. Farwell of Chicago, Reginald Radcliffe, Archibald G. Brown and Geraldine's own father.

Dr. Barnardo made a personal reference to his long acquaintance with the outgoing missionary in his address:

"I do not want to say too much about our sister, because she is here, and I fear I should grieve her, but I have known her for so long that I feel as if I were a very old friend, and have the privileges of one. I think I have known her ever since she was a mere babe in arms, an infant of a span long, and I have watched with deepest interest the way the Lord has led her and her devotedness and gracious service in the vineyard, and I am sure that whatever God may have in store for her, and this none of us can know, He will be greatly glorified in her present purpose to devote herself to foreign missionary labour."

Reporting Mr. Reginald Radcliffe's address, Lucy Guinness wrote: "His speech was described in *The Christian* as 'an impassioned plea for unreserved surrender to the will of God on the part of Christians.' It was this, and it was more than this. It was a soul-searching test of the reality of spiritual life. . . . He did not say to us, 'Be missionaries!' but he did say to us, 'Be Christ's!'"

The report then gives some "fragments" of Mr. Grattan Guinness' address: "This gathering is one of the saddest and the gladdest at which I have ever been present. It is one thing to send out other people's children, but quite another to send out your own. We have had the privilege of helping over five hundred missionaries to reach the foreign field, and we are now about to part with this beloved one, not as a great act of self-denial on her part or on ours, but as a free love-offering to the Master.

"We look from the million-peopled city to the million-peopled empire in heathen darkness, and, for Christ's sake, very gladly do we send her forth.

"Is it a hard service, this giving of oneself? Friends, never hard if we are Christians—Christ's—if we believe in God."

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The first part of Geraldine's address that evening is an echo of Ugo Bassi's words in the hospital:

“Here and here alone
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer, which is our appointment here.”

Her mind must have been dwelling on the words that had been her commission three years earlier: “That I may know Him, . . . and the fellowship of His sufferings.” After speaking briefly of the guidance given only three months earlier, and of her decision to go to China, she told how as a child she had attended missionary farewells, and had heard the missionaries say that they were glad to go. She had often thought that they were exaggerating a little, and that there must have been greater pain in parting from their loved ones than they confessed. “But now I know that such words are wholly true. Talk of sacrifice, this is no sacrifice! There is no such word to the Christian.” (She was, perhaps unconsciously, quoting Livingstone.) “Count it all joy—all joy! We do. . . . Weak we may be, but filled with the Holy Spirit we can do anything. Pray for us, we shall need your prayers. We are going to labour that is not light, nor easily laid aside when workers grow weary. We are going to what may often be loneliness, yet we shall never be alone. Has He not said to us, ‘I will never leave thee’? Thus we count it all joy, even most perfect joy, knowing that ‘under His shadow we shall live among the heathen.’”

By way of contrast with the extracts from *Regions Beyond* of 1888, the following recollection of the meeting written in 1947 has its peculiar interest:

“*Their Name liveth for Ever*

"To a missionary meeting at the old Exeter Hall in the Strand, there was taken by their father a little girl of thirteen, with two of her elder sisters. A large evening public meeting was very exciting; everybody seemed to know everybody, and there was a lot of waving of hymn sheets among them. In the course of the meeting the Chairman stood up and announced a hymn:

"'Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost. . . .'

"How could people sing so happily about it? Why must millions be for ever lost? The little girl felt like crying.

"Then Geraldine Guinness—as she then was—stood up to speak. So young and beautiful, she was dressed in black; the long, close-fitting gown looked lovely on her, and a little black bonnet surmounted her broad brow, with parted, waving hair. Her voice was calm, but so musical that one listened to every word. She did not speak of millions being for ever lost, but of a world that God loved so much that He gave His very best—His very self, to redeem it. She was going to China to tell the people of God's great love.

"When that little thirteen-year-old girl went to bed that night she prayed: '*Please God, make me like Geraldine, and if ever I have a little girl I will name her Geraldine.*'

"Eleven years later, she, Ruth Hurditch, was on the same Exeter Hall platform with six other C.M.S. missionaries. She was destined for Uganda, then an almost unknown land, to which she gave fifteen years of her life.

"In May, 1907, there appeared in *The Times* the following announcement: FISHER—on March 29, 1907, at Hoima, Uganda, to Ruth (*née* Hurditch), a daughter (Geraldine Mary).

"Geraldine Mary Fisher went back to Uganda as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in 1935."

There had been other farewells, gatherings that were less impressive outwardly, but where there was a depth of loving devotion behind the "God speed thee!" which would never

Mrs. Howard Taylor

fade in Geraldine's memory. The men of her Bible Class, the factory girls, the Mothers' Meetings, the fellow workers in the halls in East London where she had lavishly spent herself, they all gathered to say "Goodbye," and there were the ones and twos who waited to speak haltingly to her of what she had been to them, and of how they would never forget. There was the tall, grey-headed hawker who stood outside Berger Hall in the rain, and who found no words to say what he would: "I can't say no more, Miss, but—God bless you," and, taking her hands in his toil-hardened ones, he bent down and kissed them reverently, sobbing as he did so.

Then on the last morning, there was the hardest goodbye of all. They were all gathered at home "round the Book of God that had thus drawn the family about Itself every day since first the parents met." The father's deep voice reads aloud, "Shall I lift up mine eyes unto the hills? From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. . . ."

They went together to the docks, and found many gathered there. Her friends from the factories and workshops were standing in little groups in the cold wind. Slowly the ship drew away, and from the shore "the hearty voices of fifty students, joined by factory lasses and Night School men and the little crowd of Berger Hall workers, and even by some of the dockyard men, sang hymn after hymn. Finally, the words that floated across the water were:

'Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him Lord of All!' "

X

All's Clear Now, All's Clear

"And I want no unripe things back again.
Love ever fresher, lovelier than of old—
How should it want its more exchanged for much?
Love will not backward sigh, but forward strain
On in the tale still telling, never told."

GEORGE MACDONALD

THEY were leaving Naples; it was evening, and Geraldine was standing alone on deck. She had a bunch of home letters in her hand, which had brought love from her dear ones in England, and not only that, but a sense of their communion with her in her going. The family shared it with one heart and one mind. She was praying for strength to be wholehearted in giving her life to the Lord, when she heard the sailors pulling up the anchor and a voice call out: "The chain's short now, sir." The Captain's answer came promptly: "Heave right up!" They did so, and as the ship began to move, the sailor called again: "All's clear now, sir, all's clear."

Geraldine stood still, praying. When the lights of Naples had dwindled from stars to points, and finally disappeared from view, she was filled with a humble, thankful consciousness: "All's clear now, all's clear."

Truly she had been given more for her much. The actual going brought an element of vigour and courage into life and a youthfulness which she had never had before. She enjoyed the sea, the sights and interests of new places and people. She was thrilled as the coast of Africa lay black on the horizon beyond the silver of moonlit waters, and tells how the names that had long been familiar rose in her memory with new power to inspire: Moffat, Livingstone, Gordon, Coillard, Hannington. She entered enthusiastically into life on board, and parts of her letters are quite nautical, showing how well she had learned to know the men of the crew. All the letters from the journey breathe an

atmosphere of cheerfulness. She began a new phase of life altogether, when by the severance of all familiar ties she obeyed her Lord's command. She had now that assurance of being guided which gives poise and zest to every day.

She discovered that several on board knew who she was, though she had never seen them before, and she wrote home: "How watchful one has to be on a ship like this. From the very first I was astonished at the way in which I seem to be known. One morning, while the first-class passengers were at breakfast, I was sitting reading on the quarter-deck, when a voice said at my side, 'What a nice farewell meeting you had at Exeter Hall the other day! I have been reading about it.' I looked round and saw an elderly-looking quartermaster smiling down upon me. . . . Soon after that I spoke to one of the engineers, and, to my surprise, he answered me by name. When I asked him how he knew me, he said, 'Oh, I heard before coming on board that you were to sail with us, and I have been looking out for you.' You can imagine how careful it has made me to seek by His grace to walk in wisdom, and give none occasion of stumbling. The words have been much with me: 'Watch thou in all things,' and the rest of the wonderful passage."

She spent much time with her Bible on the voyage, and several passages are marked with the dates of those first weeks at sea. Three that she has connected with each other are: Song of Songs 1:4; Jeremiah 2:2; and Revelation 2:4. "Draw me, we will *run after thee*." "I remember concerning thee . . . the love of thine espousals; how thou *wentest after me* in the wilderness." ". . . Thou *didst leave thy first love*." She realized that she was experiencing the early glow of personal devotion, and prayed that her Lord might never have to draw her in vain, that she might ever go after Him, never leave her first love. Looking back over her life now, sixty years later, we see that the prayer of those weeks was answered, there was no decline in her heart's desire: "that I may know Him."

One little incident of the journey she did not tell in her letters home. It made an impression on her at the time, and she remembered it vividly afterwards, when its significance became clear.

When they went ashore at Naples, they drove to Puzzola, the Puteoli of Paul's days. In one of the famous houses there was a visitors' book in which they were asked to sign their names. They asked Geraldine to write first, and as she put her pen to the page she found that the last name that had been written there was a familiar one: F. Howard Taylor. He had been on a holiday that winter, invited by Mr. Berger to the Riviera, and had evidently visited Puzzola, and no other had signed the visitors' book after him until she came.

The missionary party arranged Gospel meetings on board, and Geraldine took an active part in them. She spoke at the meetings, and had many talks with her fellow passengers and with members of the crew. Several were influenced by the messages, and at least one young man on his way to a post in the Civil Service was converted. At Hongkong most of the first-class passengers left the ship for other steamers, and some of them came to say goodbye to the missionaries. Geraldine spoke a few words to one of them about the Lord being the Light of Life; and as he grasped her hand he said earnestly: "Thank you very much for showing that shining light."

One of the most memorable moments on the voyage came at Penang. She tells it with such eagerness that we almost feel the quickening of her heartbeats.¹

"It is wonderful! We are inundated with Chinese. Our second-class fore-castle deck is simply covered with them, and I am escaped away here to tell you! They have all come on deck as passengers, and we hear that at Singapore we shall have a large addition to their numbers. Our small deck space will be crowded with them. I cannot think where they will lie at night, much less move about by day.

"Real Chinese they are, with shaven heads, long pig-tails and yellow skins—so strange! They chatter away to one another, and look kind and friendly, smiling at us—and we do want to love them from the first.

¹ This and all subsequent extracts from her journal are slightly abbreviated. In order not to break up the text, hiatus marks are omitted, save where they are necessary.

"At present one feels rather taken aback, their advent was so wholly unexpected. I went quietly up after dinner to see if it was too hot to take my writing on deck, and, lo, forty Chinese, all established—household goods, women, babies, bedding, pipes, boxes, bundles and all—everywhere! My first introduction to the people of our adoption.

"After watching them for some time with mingled feelings, I went over and leaned upon the railings at the ship's side to pray that the love of God might be shed abroad in my heart *now*. When I turned again, one of these poor fellows near me was watching me intently with a bright face. I felt as I looked at him that it is indeed a privilege to be allowed to become unto the Chinese a Chinese, cost what it may, if by any means we may win some. Pray for us that we may enter fully into the spirit of the Master, whose heart was touched—moved with compassion for all the ignorant and sinful, the weary and heavily laden, no matter how unattractive."

After leaving Hongkong, the thought that the next port would be Shanghai, and that she would go ashore in China, filled her mind. "It is a vast empire, this China. And now, in a day or two, our feet shall stand upon its shore—to us unknown. It is to me a very solemn moment this, one that I feel I want to spend alone with God in prayer. What does it bring, this great Unknown? What does it mean for us, for many, our introduction now? What fruit will it bear in days and years to come? He knows, He knows. To Him there is no dim uncertainty, only a clear path of shining light. May He prepare our hearts that we may by His grace be ready for the way as it is in His goodness ready for us."

The China Inland Mission Home in Shanghai was full to overflowing, and the new workers of the party with which Geraldine had come were sent to the language school at Yangchow at once. The one event of the day in Shanghai was putting on Chinese dress. "It was a serious and sacred exchange to me, to some it was an amusing procedure, but to me it was a sacrament." They changed their dress in the evening, and it was a relief that it was dark the first time they went out on the streets in the strange



H. Grattan Guinness in 1886.



Minnie, aged fifteen, with her mother, Harry, Lucy, Agnes, Gershom, and Phœbe.

garb. Mr. Stevenson escorted them to the boat on the Yangtze, and Geraldine felt that the tall, dignified figure was "a protective presence."

Always, wherever she was, Geraldine seems to have been writing. This comes from the river steamer: "Picture to yourself your missionary, dressed in the full costume of this extraordinary land, surrounded by an eager, interested group of Chinese, sitting in the stern of a river steamer out on the broad waters of the Yangtze. Yes, we are really in China now, though not yet quite Chinese as we long and hope to be. As we sit here on deck busily writing, we are invaded by a succession of visits from our fellow passengers, who are overcome with astonishment at the marvellous spectacle we seem to present. Quite a number of them are standing round me, gazing intently at the rapidly growing characters on the page, with loud expressions of amazement. Our friends seem to be making funny remarks to themselves. How they laugh and shrug their shoulders. They seem quite friendly, these men. I wonder, do they guess that, sitting so quietly here, we are writing about *them*?"

The language school at Yangchow was crowded, and until a party left for the inland provinces and vacated beds for them, Geraldine and her companions had to sleep on tables. The last parties of *the Hundred* were still there, and one of Geraldine's first experiences was to stand at the bedside of one of them who, after only five weeks in China, was called into the Master's presence. "The night of our arrival I was privileged to see her, and never shall I forget her radiant face, nor the blessing straight from God wherewith she blessed me. I can never be thankful enough for having met her passing spirit on its homeward way, though only for a moment."

Parties left for distant parts of China after only a few months of language study, though always under escort of a senior worker, some on journeys which would take two, three, or even five months. It moved Geraldine deeply to see them go, and she longed for her turn. While she was in Yangchow, she entered into the work there and wrote long, detailed accounts of it all, till we hear with her the wailing of beggars, the sound of

the great gong of the temple across the street with its ten thousand idols, or the singing of hymns in the little chapel where heathen women listened to the Gospel, some of them for the first time. Sometimes she went visiting in the homes, and the sorrows and sufferings of the women tore at her heart. She tells of the young girl, only fourteen, who had been bought at the age of six to become the bride of one of the sons of the household, and who, in desperation, had taken opium to end her life. The missionaries had been sent for to save her, not because she was loved, but because losing her meant the expense of buying another wife for the son. After some time Geraldine and her companion were able to calm her, and make her take the medicine. "At intervals the pitiful tale is told. All is not right evidently. She is not married yet, poor child, poor child. With fear and horror she hides her face as she catches sight of one of the men looking in through the doorway. No help, no hope, no protector, the despairing droop of the young head as she lies quiet now reveals much that words cannot tell. They are awful-looking, these men."

Back in her room again, Geraldine is overwhelmed with the horrors and cruelties of heathendom. "Oh, God—China, China, the whole vast empire, million-peopled—all its suffering, sinning, anguished hearts, its women, its little children, the long years of darkness, the few to bring them to light. . . . Heart, heart, be still, 'there is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven.' Remember. Go back to Calvary, Calvary! God Himself suffers most. The Cross—its awful yet tender light falls upon the darkest pages of earth's history, and only therein can they be read aright. . . . Our little span of life, what can it accomplish? Thank God, it may be lived—all of it—in sympathy with Him, He using us just as He will, and when, and where. I never thought it could be half as blessed as it is. I would not be anywhere else for the world."

The language school proved a hard test. Geraldine had never known regular school work, and had not formed habits of study. She had for years been a teacher of others, admired and reverently loved. She had always, more or less, been one by herself; now she was one of twenty others; and looking at the

record dispassionately at a distance of sixty years, it seems as if she failed this test, but the One who judges and He alone fully understands. She wept much at this school as she had done ten years before at Weston-super-Mare. There was ample cause for tears. Seeing, hearing, touching the pain of the heathen world was a very different thing from reading about it. Her eyes began to trouble her. She had inherited a constitutional defect, and much weeping had no doubt brought on acute aggravation, so that she could not study. She felt that if only she were out among the people, she could learn; so after only four weeks in Yangchow Miss Murray let her go to a mission station, and take part in the work as best she could, and learn Chinese from the Chinese.

That is why we find her on April 27th, 1888, "all alone in our pleasant boat, lying off a little town on the grand Imperial Canal of China . . . all the others are on shore giving the message of life we came to bring. I could not join them in going, because someone was needed on board here with our things. Just now I have had two visitors, a peasant woman and her young daughter. I have been trying to talk to them, but I know so few words. They are content, however, to watch me write, and are leaning over the table, gazing at the mysterious performance."

Her companions were her cousin, Mary Reed, who had travelled out in her party; Lottie McFarlane, who had been in China three years; Maggie Mackee, who also spoke the language; and a Chinese Christian called Sansa as escort. The trip up the canal to Tsingkiangpu took them ten days because they travelled as evangelists, and stopped as often as they could persuade the boatman to do so to preach and to sell tracts and Gospels. And always Geraldine was writing. By this time she knew that extracts from her letters were appearing month by month in *Regions Beyond*, and it is noticeable that they have lost some of the spontaneity of the earlier ones. She is conscious of the wider circle of readers. Without knowing it, she had begun what was to be her life-work: making the needs of China and the work of the China Inland Mission known to the Christians of more privileged lands.

Mrs. Howard Taylor

On a Sunday evening, two days after leaving Yangchow, the journal record is: "It has been a wonderful day. Tired now, but blessed in heart, we go to rest. At daybreak to-morrow (D.V.) we shall be on our way, leaving all these dear souls behind us as sheep having no shepherd. To Him we commend them. As far as we can tell, no missionary has ever been among them before, but to-day at least five hundred must have heard the glad tidings in the sixteen houses we visited. The Gospels and tracts, now in their hands, remain. Thy Word cannot return to Thee void. To Thee, blessed Master, we commend these precious souls."

Sometimes they walked on the bank, and stopped to speak with the people they met, while the boat moved slowly up the canal. "How the people run from every quarter, and with what eager attention they listen! Oh, wonderful opportunities! How is it that there are not hundreds of voices to 'tell it out among the heathen that His name is Love'—hundreds instead of so few? Such wide openings there are here, such ready hearts, waiting for the glad tidings: waiting—waiting, and lo, there is no man to carry them the message of life!"

There are letters where she gives a glimpse of the inner life: "We are learning, day by day, that life must be simply a doing of one thing, a following hard after God, in heart for oneself, and in life for the souls of the perishing around us. There is only time, only strength, for the one thing, to learn of Him and to make Him known."

When she wrote these words they were already settled at Tsingkiangpu. They arrived there in the afternoon, and that evening she wrote: "The Lord has met us here, and has blessed us. It is because He is so near, I think, that this place seems homelike and already dear to us."

Settling into their own station had some of the charm and gay little passes of a picnic, but the realization of why they were there was never far away, and they began slowly to be able to talk. "The Lord is giving us some measure of success with the language. We have been at work now three weeks, and on Sunday last a few words I was enabled to say in visiting

were actually understood by the dear women to whom they were addressed. Imagine my joy! Oh the joy of studying this language, difficult as it is, and feeling that every day is bringing one near the profound gladness of being able to proclaim freely the unsearchable riches of Christ.”

XI

The Regions Beyond

Even with so soft a surge and an increasing
Drunk of the sand and thwarted of the clod,
Stilled and astir and checked and never-ceasing
Spreadeth the great wave of the grace of God."

F. W. H. MEYERS

FROM her earliest childhood Geraldine had been imbued with a sense of the urgency of reaching out to the regions beyond, and it was her ambition to preach the Gospel to those to whom no tidings had come. Tsingkiangpu was better in this respect than Yangchow, but, even so, it was a station. Missionaries had lived there, it had a little church, men and women who could witness if they would. Anyone who felt the desire to know the new doctrine could go to the Gospel Hall, and hear. There was no rest in her spirit; she wanted to fulfil the Master's commission literally and at once. It was the impatience of inexperience, but the patient Lord, who teaches His servants while they do their service, overruled and guided and blessed step by step. The four missionaries again divided their forces. Two stayed behind, and Geraldine, with Lottie McFarlane and Sansa, pressed on further afield. A Chinese Christian from Antung arranged for them to stay on a farm near his home. It was a journey of only twenty-five miles, but it took them ten hours by wheelbarrow. Looking back on the day, Geraldine records that she does so "with amazement and thankfulness that after all it was so endurable and even pleasant at times. It is now late," she continues, "and we have retired for the night; I am sitting up in bed, and writing on my knee by the light of the lamp perched on my neighbour's recumbent figure." She goes on to give details of the day's travel, of the crowds everywhere that had gathered to see the strange party, of sick people she had treated with simple remedies, of the heat of midday, and the loveliness of the morning and evening, and of their arrival: "We are met by the gentle daughter

of the house. She and her mother and the daughter-in-law with her little baby on her arm lead us into the guest room of the house. How kind they are, but so quiet and subdued and seemingly afraid of us.

"In the silence that follows our being seated, I look round with an almost failing heart. Can it really be here we have come to stay? The room looks profoundly dreary. It is high and large, some fifteen feet by twenty, and dirty, oh, so dirty.

"But now the silence is broken by my companion's timely suggestion that we should be glad to go to our room if it is quite convenient. Our timid hostess leads the way to one of the two apartments partitioned off from this central room. She raises the old blue cotton curtain, and ushers us into what seems a perfectly dark place, where nothing makes itself manifest but an odour of evil description." She describes the furnishings in detail, and the bed "of very questionable appearance," which later proved to be inhabited by no small multitude. At the head of their bed was the retiring place for all the women of the household; hence the stench which made the air of the room fetid. They suffered from nausea with its accompanying symptoms that first night, and most nights, but they never thought of retreat. All the first evening they were silently watched by the women and children of the house. Lottie made valiant efforts at conversation, but met with no response, and finally lapsed into silence too. They ate their supper under this speechless scrutiny, read their chapter together, and knelt and prayed, and all the while the steady eyes followed their every movement. They prepared to retire for the night, and even got into bed, but were still watched. At last, "We beg them to put out the candle, which they kindly do, and then, as far as we can tell, retire in the darkness."

The next day Lottie was "very poorly," and Geraldine "far from well," and, to their dismay, they discovered that they were not wanted. The elder brother of the family had said that he would not have them there. After praying for guidance, they went out for the day, visiting in nearby homes. The days were filled with various experiences and plans to move to other

places, but in the end the brother relented, and not only said they might stay, but even offered them the use of a barn for meetings.

"We are beginning to see many advantages in remaining here. The people are coming to us better (attracted partly, I think, by my little medicine case!), and now that all fear of us seems to have vanished, we are treated quite like members of this large family, and taken into their midst without reserve, so that we have a capital opportunity of getting at the heart of this style of Chinese life. Having no household cares or responsibilities, we are free to give all our time and strength to work and study, and can go or come as we like, remaining a night or two in any hamlet or town to which we may be invited, always knowing that our things are in safe keeping during our absence."

The China Inland Mission keeps two days of the year as days of prayer and fasting, the last day of December and the twenty-sixth of May, Lammermuir Day.¹ On the twenty-second anniversary of Lammermuir Day, Geraldine was up early and went alone to the barn to pray. As she poured out her heart to the Lord, she was led into an act of rededication. She prayed for willingness to go all lengths for God. Again she reached forward in spirit to the regions beyond, to a life of still greater privation, sacrifice, devotion. "Lord, Tibet—the closed land, where none may go, may I not go? I will go anywhere, do anything, give everything for Thy sake." There was a silence round the Lord and her, and then, as is His wont when our professions run away with us and our promises outstrip our possibilities, He checked her. In that intimate way of speaking, which those who love Him know, He made her realize that there was a reservation in her obedience: she was not willing to marry Howard Taylor.

There was a revulsion of feeling, a sudden sobering. No; she would not do that. She had known love once, the purely natural love of a sensitive, romantic young heart. She had put it aside for His sake. And since then, she had fallen in love with her own

¹ The anniversary of the sailing of the first party of missionaries of the C.I.M. in 1866 on the sailing-ship *Lammermuir*, a voyage which took over four months.

ideal of a devoted life. She would go alone with her Lord. He and He only should have the treasure of her heart and soul. And now—did *He* ask her to do this? She felt strangely humbled.

Perhaps someone protests: "No; it could not have been the Lord's voice she heard. He would never have asked her to marry one she did not love." Her answer to that objection was: "Ah, He knew so much better than I. He knew it was just what I should have chosen if I could have known all." And she is right. It is so with everything we misunderstand at the time. Could we see the end, could we know the whole, we should leap to do His bidding. Geraldine had been sincere when she said, "I will do anything for Thy sake," and she told Him now, "Lord, I leave it in Thy hand, make it all right again." But it was not easy, and there were times in the two years which elapsed before she and Howard met when she doubted the experience of that day and wondered if she had imagined it all.

But, chiefly, she forgot it. There was much to absorb her; for every day was full of events, opportunities of learning, of serving and interceding. She and her companions went out to homes and villages, and everywhere there were the friendly, curious crowds, questioning, watching, smiling, touching them, pressing upon them at all times of the day, and reluctantly tearing themselves away at night. Geraldine did an astonishing amount of medical work, considering her very limited experience, and sometimes treated cases which qualified doctors might have hesitated to touch in those days. She had small confidence in her drugs, but great trust in the Lord. She prayed, and He often healed, and the people believed in their ignorant way. Lottie McFarlane and Sansa did most of the preaching, and everywhere they sold Gospels and tracts. It was steady sowing of the seed. They slept in many unsavoury places where Keatings' was the comfort of their bodies, and the joy of serving the Lord the strength of their souls.

It was because of the heat that Mr. McCarthy, the superintendent of the province, sent them word to leave Antung for Yangchow. They left very unwillingly, but when they experienced real heat in the comparative comfort of the Yangchow mission

home, Geraldine knew he had been right; she could not have stayed on at the farm. Even in Yangchow it was a little overwhelming: "The heat is, of course, rather against us—just like one continuous Turkish bath, the temperature in the shade in the coolest part of the house being 104° to 106°. I have changed my things five times to-day already, but as I write now I am soaking. After our dear Chinese home in Antung, everything here seems so luxurious. We have *water* to drink (think of it!) and a little milk sometimes, and feel ourselves rich in comforts."

A month later they were on board a Chinese river steamer bound for the Poyang Lake, and Geraldine spent all her time in conversation with Chinese fellow passengers. Some of them could not believe it was such a short time since she arrived in China. They took her into their confidence, and called her to join them at a picnic tea on deck; "They insisted on my getting up to sit beside them on their little bit of carpet, which I gladly did. Next came tea, of course politely offered, and I was nothing loath to accept, but what was my surprise when the elder woman handed me the large teapot bodily, and, seeing my momentary hesitation, went on to put the spout to my lips. This was Chinese tea in Chinese fashion indeed! But they seemed so pleased when I drank it, and took the teapot myself to facilitate the process, that I really enjoyed it, in spite of the consciousness that we were being watched by at least a hundred curious eyes. I found afterwards that amongst the onlookers were not only Mary and Miss Ord, but also Mr. McCarthy and a gentleman with whom he was engaged in conversation, who turned out to be no less a personage than the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, a cousin of the Czar. It was funny! At the time I did not know we were watched by such distinguished eyes, and if I had, it would have made no manner of difference. How could it, to those who act in the immediate presence of the King of kings?"

The next five months she spent in Kiangsi, studying Chinese and—writing home. She wrote now of the needs of this province with its ninety-nine walled cities without a missionary, accessible, yet unreached. She had a remarkable grasp of the possibilities and of the tactics of missions from the very first. On the way to

China she sent home accounts of the missionary activity in all the ports they visited which were not only clear, but comprehensive, and show a historical knowledge and a spiritual insight which were largely assimilated from others, but which show how intelligently she had listened to them. It was a good school for the work that was waiting.

Meanwhile, Howard had joined the C.I.M. For eleven years he had been at the London Hospital. He had been House Surgeon under Sir Frederick Treves, and House Physician under Sir Andrew Clarke. Through all the years he had had China in view; and though men whose opinion he valued highly tried to dissuade him, telling him he might reach the top of his profession, and become one of the foremost surgeons in England, he would not let this "good" turn him from the best.

As an item of "Current News" in *Regions Beyond* for September, 1888, we find the following notice:

"Dr. Howard Taylor, M.B.Lond., F.R.C.S., has been assisting his father, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, in his present lecturing tour in the United States and in Canada. We heartily congratulate both father and son on the entrance of the latter on that co-operation in the China Inland Mission for which he has been so long and so thoroughly preparing, and to which he so unhesitatingly devotes the superior talents, high qualifications and bright young energies which would easily raise him to eminence and fortune at home. We have known and loved him through childhood and youth, and watched his development with almost parental solicitude, for his father's sake. It is no easy thing for a young man to become a worthy son of such a father! But the prayers offered in China have been answered in England, in this as in many other matters, and we have good ground to anticipate for Dr. Howard Taylor a career as useful as that of his father. May God sanctify him wholly—body, soul and spirit—for the sacred service which now lies before him!"

It was strange for Geraldine to be reading that paragraph on the shores of the Poyang Lake. So he was coming. What was it going to mean? She had told him she would never marry, and he had accepted her final answer. In her private journal, reserved

Mrs. Howard Taylor

for helpful thoughts or extracts which had bearing on her inner life, she wrote:

“Whate’er my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just,
Howe’er He orders now my cause
I will be still and trust.
He is my God
Though dark the road
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Therefore to Him I leave it all”

and Anna Warner’s lines:

“Being perplexed, I say,
Lord, make it right,
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness is light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much:
My trembling hand may shake,
My skill-less hand may break,
Thine can make no mistake,
Lord, make it right!”

In December she was appointed to a station in Honan. Honan was a familiar name to all Harley people. Some of the earliest pioneer itinerations in the province had been made by Harley men, and for years Geraldine had joined in prayer for them and the Lord’s work there. It was with joy that she now set forth for further service in places which were verily “regions beyond.”

XII

Goeth Forth and Weepeth

“If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
‘Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.’”

J. M. NEALE

THE words of the old hymn do not tell everything about following the Lord, but they tell much, for there are times, years perhaps, when following Him means sowing and weeping. Geraldine's first year in Honan was that.

She travelled up the Han River by houseboat with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, Hudson Taylor's eldest son and his wife, their little boy Howard, and Miss Waldie. They were out on the river on Christmas Eve, the eve of her own birthday, and she wrote:

“And now it is Christmas Eve. I can hardly believe it. How strangely unlike all other Christmas Eves one has ever known! We here on our travelling boat home are moored for the night beneath a high mud bank in a lonely spot, quite out of sight and sound of the dwellings of other men. Not a light is to be seen, not a sound without, save two or three other boats anchored with us under the quiet stars. On the dark, swift waters of this great river, rocked by its flowing tide, cut off, in the very heart of this vast land, from all contact with the world outside us, beyond the reach of letters and Christmas greetings, many hundreds of miles from any others of our own race or language, it seems strange indeed to think of this as Christmas Eve.”

Just before midnight that same night she wrote: “Glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people, *all people*. When the dear Saviour with His parting words bade us bear that message round the whole globe, did He, I wonder, look forward and see all that obedience to His command would mean? Did He foresee our lonely Chinese junk moored to a sandy bank where deserted

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fishing nets lie out in the night air—Christmas Eve at midnight, the first birthday somebody has ever spent away from home and mother? Perhaps He did. At any rate, He knows now. . . .

“I have been thinking much lately over His wonderful ways of spreading salvation. We find it very helpful in the midst of the little details, many of them trying, that make up much of our life out here, to remember that all our experiences are part of His wonderful way of spreading salvation, and, therefore, glorious. He might have chosen so many ways and used such different messengers, but He has chosen this, and ours is the privilege of carrying out His blessed purpose.”

The night passed, and the sun rose on Christmas Day. “A bright cold morning succeeded the grey, frosty dawn. We all met at breakfast, and made good cheer over our simple meal of porridge, dry bread and tea. Prayers followed, and the grand old hymn, ‘Crown Him Lord of all.’” Later in the day they gathered again for Christmas dinner, chopsticks in hand, and after singing,

“Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,”

they partook of “rice, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, tea and bread. We have salt too, and sugar and condensed milk, so what more can we desire?” And so with prayer and Bible study, and times of teaching the men on board, the day passed.

A couple of days later they reached the town from which they were to travel over land to Shekitien. It was a six days’ journey and, for many reasons, a difficult one. No foreign women had ever before been in that region, and they had a baby with them. It was bitterly cold, the roads were very bad, they were inexperienced, and neither Geraldine nor Miss Waldie knew much Chinese. Snow had fallen, and the winds swept over the desolate fields with penetrating keenness, making the hours when they were being carried by chair one long endurance, and the halt at an inn a welcome break. But the inns were poor, sometimes thoroughly bad and even terrifying. Late one afternoon they reached a town on the border between Hupeh and Honan. They were well received at the inn, but before long it

was noised abroad that a party of foreigners had come, including three women with unbound feet, and a baby. Crowds of men assembled and insisted on seeing them. Mr. Taylor did his best to appease them, but they pressed into the inn yard in their hundreds. The landlord, terrified by the mob, and fearing that his inn would be torn down, told his guests that they must leave at once. They packed up their things, and tried to reach their chairs in the courtyard, but it was impossible to pass through the crowd. They stood there defenceless, surrounded by a compact mass of hostile, evil, curious men. For fifteen minutes they were exposed to the leering gaze of hundreds of eyes and the vile examination of scores of hands feeling them to ascertain if these strange beings really were women, and not men in disguise, as their feet implied.

Of the next night Geraldine wrote: "In that inn they only made room for us at all by turning out a flock of goats from the shed they were accustomed to share with any beasts of burden that might come by that way; and even then, after we were established in their place, we had to extend hospitality to a travelling donkey of cheerful disposition, who, sharing this apartment with us, made the night musical more than once with his prolonged attempts at song. One's heart could not but rejoice in thinking of Him who, born in a stable, was cradled in a manger. What a privilege to follow in His footsteps, even though so feebly, so far off!"

So they reached their station, and were for days the butt of the rough and curious crowds which thronged the narrow courtyards of the mission premises from morning to night. For two months none of the ladies went out on the streets; they were "shut up within four walls, with no outlook and nothing to be seen but a little strip of sky." At last Geraldine felt she must go out. The men crowded in to inspect them, but it was not respectable for the women to come, and if they were to reach the women, they must go to them in their homes. There was one brave, capable Chinese woman who was willing to go with her, and she ventured abroad. Over and over again she was mobbed in the streets by men who wanted to see her feet, and at times

she was carried past the gate, first up the street, and then down it several times when she was trying to reach home after some hours of visiting, her feet lifted from the ground by the surging wave of human beings pressing upon her. But her faithful attendant managed to keep at her side, and they always reached home in the end, to feel the relief of those same four walls and strip of sky that had seemed like a prison.

After a time Geraldine began to treat patients, and before long she was constantly called to sick-beds and death-beds. On these occasions the families would send an escort for her, and progress was easier, but even so there were trials: "The house was at some distance and the day was hot," she wrote of one such call. "When we got into the streets we found the dust inches deep. Of course, crowds followed in our wake, and before we reached the house we had quite a procession. What clouds of dust the dear wee children made! We were almost choked and blinded. The crowds that follow us everywhere form one of the trials of Chinese life in the interior; never, never to be able to get out for five minutes without a hundred eyes following every movement. Many hundreds followed us to-day, but not thousands as at first." There was another side to it all. She wrote of that: "Not long ago I was out with one of our women in a new part of the city, and had a large audience twice over in an open space among the houses. They listen with wonderful attention, and one is able to put the simplest Gospel before them with some clearness, but beyond that it is difficult at present. My heart is here. I *love* the people. I love and long for the *women*, and they are full of promise. Praise the Lord!"

That a woman should go about as Geraldine was doing constituted the greatest breach of Chinese etiquette, and there was only one conclusion to be drawn from her conduct. But she wrote home: "Even the hard things the men say and the suspicion of the poor women—the unkindest and the most painful of the remarks that are made—scarcely amount to a real cross."

But continual exposure to things of this nature wears and wearies, and frustrated attempts to study the language tend to



Geraldine Guinness just before sailing for China, 1888.



With her sister Lucy in Switzerland when they were working on
The Story of the China Inland Mission in 1893.

discouragement. She tells of a typical day which began at six with Chinese prayers, followed at 7.30 by English prayers and breakfast. "The first thing on coming down again to my own abode is a woebegone case of mumps, and then, when the little sufferer is somewhat comforted, the Wednesday morning class with the children. This over—a succession of patients, and, in the intervals, broken attempts at study. Sometimes under these circumstances one is apt to get a little discouraged about progress with the language, but it is all of the Lord's ordering, and so *best*."

As time goes on, she became more and more conscious of the conflict with the powers of darkness: "I know you pray for us. We need your prayers. It is sometimes awfully hard out here—everything seems dead against spiritual life, and Satan's power is appalling. We dwell where Satan's seat is.

"This morning I was sent for to a large house on the east side of the town. A little baby three months old was very ill with dropsy. I would have tried to help it, but they had been using the 'needle,' and the poor wee lamb was past all hope. Hundreds of punctures had been made. These dreadful needles are sometimes very long, and used red-hot. Unspeakable things happen here. I do not think one could ever tell half of what one comes to know here in China.

"So it is a weary worker who writes to you to-day, and one who feels more inclined to lay down her tired head on your tender heart than to pen an interesting letter. And yet the soul is not tired—at least, though tired, it is strengthened. Oh, it is a wonderful thing to be a Christian.

"The time for the Missionary Conference at Shanghai is drawing near now, and I am so thankful. These last two years have been to me in some senses years of silence, and I have felt at times a longing to speak and to have an opportunity of asking a thousand and one questions that rise in my mind and wait for an answer. Now at the conference we shall have such an opportunity, and I *shall* enjoy it. I feel almost as if, in a sense, I were coming to life again after a long internment somewhere. I am more than thankful to be going down, it is a refreshment even

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to look forward to it, and to meet dear Mr. Hudson Taylor again will be a delight to us all!

“His scheme of trying to evangelize every family in China before the century closes interests and moves me profoundly, and I heartily sympathize. The attempt would be a movement in the right direction, but how little can those who have not lived in the interior of China, visited in the homes of the people, and passed from place to place among them imagine what a life of constant itineration would cost those privileged to adopt it. It is easy to speak of ‘a thousand men and women giving themselves entirely to itineration in China, evangelists who shall have no settled homes, but pass on, constantly preaching the Gospel, from place to place,’ but who can estimate the cost of doing it? The ‘roughing it’ that would be involved would be extreme.”

When she wrote that letter, she knew a little of what such a life costs. When Hudson Taylor’s appeal to evangelize the whole of China before the end of the century was launched, with its great watchword, *To every creature*, Geraldine had faced it with characteristic courage. The programme was for each of the thousand evangelists to reach fifty homes a day, and Mr. Hudson Taylor computed that if this were done, they would have reached two hundred and fifty million souls within three years. Living as she did within touch of hundreds of homes, the question naturally arose: Is it really possible? She writes:

“Dr. Pierson’s words often come to my mind in this connection; they were to this effect: ‘. . . If God will show me anything that I can do for the salvation of the world, that I have not yet attempted, by His grace I will do it at once.’ It is a great problem—the problem of the nineteenth as of the first century—how best, how most surely and most quickly, to carry the Gospel of Jesus to *every creature*. To me in days gone by this used to seem a simple question, but now, on the field, in the midst of all its perplexities, it no longer looks so easy, and the answer is slow in coming. But it has an answer, for Christ commands not impossibilities. Many thoughts have been in my mind, pondered over, wept over, prayed over, and the outcome seemed to be: ‘Go and try! Test your plans and theories. Study

the problem in actual momentary contact with its difficulties, pray in the midst of its perplexities.' ”

Geraldine had set out with her Chinese woman, Mrs. Ma, and a Christian barrowman, Wu, to do itinerant evangelism on foot for a month. On the first day they walked about nine miles, and stopped at the villages they passed to sell books and preach to the people. At every town or large village crowds of men surrounded them, and were so rude and noisy that it was impossible to teach the few women who were brave enough to gather. Most of the women they saw were frightened and shocked at the spectacle of a foreign woman travelling in this way, followed by hundreds of rough men. Respectable homes refused them shelter; they were too far off the beaten track for there to be any inns, and towards evening the question of where they were going to spend the night was a pressing test of faith. At last at one place a kindly woman, who had watched them for some time, stepped forward and said: “I see you are good. Come with me; I will receive you.” She had only one room and only one bed, but they were grateful for any refuge.

Early the next morning a crowd had collected, and Wu came to say that, to prevent a riot, Geraldine must come out and show herself to them. She followed him out to the temple square. The crowd closed around them; she was lifted off her feet and carried along, and very roughly handled. Mrs. Ma was terrified, and their hostess of the previous night very alarmed and relieved to see them go. Wu suggested that Geraldine should address the concourse from the temple steps, but they were all men, and she realized she could not do that. She tried to walk on, and gradually her party managed to reach the outskirts of the town; the curiosity of some having abated, their escort thinned as they left the town behind them.

After four days of such experiences, they were invited to stay in the only wealthy home of a small country town. The family was a feudal clan, with endless ramifications of kinship, and formed the most influential element in the whole neighbourhood. They spent a week there, and found that they were able to reach the women in a very different way now that they had

acquired a respectable reputation. As guests of the great family, they were accepted. Women came in increasing numbers and from some distance, to sit in the room which had been set at their disposal for meetings. They had the advantage of knowing where they would spend the night, and were saved the weariness of the long tramps over bad roads.

All the men of the family with whom they lodged were opium addicts. Their host, who had married at fifteen and become an opium smoker at seventeen, was, at twenty-seven, idle, weak-willed and physically a wreck. It made Geraldine burn with shame to see on every hand the fruit of England's opium wars on China. From the first she gave herself unstintingly in her efforts to save opium suicides, and to help the slaves of the drug to break off the habit.

A week in this Chinese manor house made her thankful that her work as an evangelist kept her among the poor. They were often rough and unmannerly, but usually free and sincere, and sometimes they seemed to be genuine seekers after truth. Her first impression of the fine ladies was that with all their polished ways their words were full of flattery, that they were bound by convention, were superficial, and hard to reach with a spiritual message. Yet even there love broke down barriers, and before she left she had found the way to some hearts.

When the week had passed, Geraldine was set on going farther. Her Chinese fellow workers did not advise it, reminding her of the hardships of the first four days, the mobs, the difficulty of finding lodging, and the all but impossibility of reaching the women she longed to touch. She reminded them of the thousands they might reach with the Gospel, souls that had as great a right to know the message of redemption in Christ Jesus as they, and who would never hear if they did not go to them. With simple and beautiful devotion they yielded, and together they pledged themselves in prayer to suffer whatever they must suffer for the Gospel's sake. Geraldine herself had never longed more intensely for the security and comparative comfort of the mission station than she did then. Her eyes were particularly bad, she was foot-sore, very tired and a little discouraged; and yet, deeper than

her shrinking, was the dominant urge: she was a debtor to the unreached thousands, she must go on.

As they rose from their knees, a messenger arrived from Shekitien. The letter he brought said that one of the ladies had been summoned to Shanghai at once, and that since Geraldine was due to go down for the Conference in a couple of months' time, and greatly needed treatment for her eyes, it seemed advisable for her to go immediately as Miss Crewdson's travelling companion. It was a sudden reversal of their plans, but an inner assurance came with it that it was right and best so. They travelled back to Shekitien by cart, a wearisome day's journey, but far easier than walking had been. Geraldine was able to keep her offending feet out of sight as she and Mrs. Ma sat cross-legged on the open cart, and they were unmolested. Several of the women they had met a week or more earlier greeted them with warmth, and their hearts were a little cheered.

And so the year in Honan drew to an end. As Geraldine looked back she realized that in all the sorrows there had been joy, though the sorrows had been very deep. She had learned much. She remembered a day of terrible revelations, when her heart had sickened at the accounts of horrible ways of sinning, and her soul had been scorched as she thought of innocent little lives cruelly sinned against. These were things she could never tell. She had learned too, slowly and painfully, that even an Englishwoman, and one called to evangelism, must in China allow Chinese standards of propriety to limit her liberty. In her zeal she had rushed into wrong ways, and she began to see that it was well she had been checked now.

But looking back over the year, the memory of one episode flooded her with agonizing pain whenever she thought of it. They had been preparing to receive a second little one in the family on the mission station. It was not easy in the cramped quarters, with little privacy and few comforts, but a trained nurse had come from a neighbouring station, and all had gone well. A baby girl was born, strong and healthy, and there was great rejoicing. But Mrs. Herbert Taylor did not gain strength satisfactorily, and they had to nurse her as well as do everything

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for the baby and little Howard; and so to relieve Miss Crewdson, Geraldine had taken her share of these extra duties. After a time the baby sickened with dysentery, and it was then that Geraldine made a terrible mistake. She had prepared a dose of medicine for baby, which Nurse Crewdson administered, but she had taken the wrong bottle, and very soon the little one lost consciousness and died.

The shock had been overwhelming. After months of expectation and the last days of tension, there had been the joy of the little one's coming, and then—by *her* mistake—the newly given life had fled. They could have no funeral there among the heathen, where a dead baby girl counted for less than nothing. The sorrowing father carried his little daughter's tiny human frame out at night, and buried her somewhere in Honan.

Geraldine was stricken in heart. She wept for days and nights, the more as she saw the beautiful, patient trust with which the parents bore the trial. She wrote to Mr. Hudson Taylor in England, telling him exactly what had occurred, and asked him as a medical man whether the death might have been due to the disease, and not to the medicine. Mr. Taylor, perhaps not without intention, asked Howard to answer the letter, for he was a qualified man, and could speak authoritatively. That led to correspondence between Howard and Geraldine and an altogether new intimacy. The fact that no other knew of her sorrow over this thing strengthened the bond between them. His letters were wise, helpful, comforting. She realized that not only had she found again the friend she had sent away two years earlier, but that she found him to be far more her friend than she had known he could be. There was rest in his steadfastness, and calm in his sanity. It seemed very wonderful that her prayer that the Lord would make things right between them should be finding its answer through the most painful of all her experiences of that first year in Honan. The enemy had overreached himself, and God had overruled. Manifold temptations had driven her to the Source of all strength, trials to the God of all comfort, failures and mistakes, to the One who makes all things work together for good. She had known "many a sorrow, many

a labour, many a tear," but looking back upon them at the end of the year, she could still "count it all joy."

That joy is real now in this time, and will one day be exceeding and full of glory. To the one who "goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed" there comes an assurance by faith that he "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And the Lord of the harvest, in His loving-kindness, sometimes gives His sowers a foretaste of the reapers' gladness. Twenty years after Geraldine had left Shekitien, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Weller, then newly married, were appointed to work there. Mrs. Weller tells of one of her earliest experiences:

"Walking through the chapel one weekday, I found a bent old woman sitting on one of the side benches, leaning on her stick. As I went over to greet her, she lifted herself up to look at me; such a sweet, wizened old face it was.

"'You don't know me,' she said. 'I haven't been here for twenty years, and that was the only time I've been. It was just here in this place I sat, and I saw a young foreign woman like you; her name was Gin.¹ She hadn't been here long, and couldn't speak many of our words, but she taught me two verses about Jesus.' Then she repeated the first two verses of 'Jesus loves me.' I had never realized how much there was in those two verses. 'That's all I know,' she continued, 'but my daughter and I say it to Jesus every night, and we worship Him and pray to Him about everything. We've had no idols in our home since that day.'

"Sitting beside her, I told her 'more about Jesus,' but somehow I felt she could have taught me better. Very soon she had to leave. The carts from her distant village were waiting to start, and she hobbled off. I have never seen her since. It is thirty-five years ago, and she must have seen her Saviour face to face by now. How she will greet the one who was His first messenger to her one day!"

¹ Geraldine's Chinese name.

XIII

Wisely Enkindled

“Gentle and faithful, tyrannous and tender,
Ye that have known Him, is He sweet to know?
Softly He touches, for the reed is slender,
Wisely enkindles, for the flame is low.”

F. W. H. MEYERS

THE journey to Shanghai gave an opportunity to continue the itinerant evangelism which was so much in Geraldine's thoughts. At every place where they stopped, she and Anna Crewdson spoke to the women, and they met with a few who seemed to apprehend the message and receive it. But going down-river there were hours of swift unhindered progress, and Geraldine rejoiced in the quiet for reading, meditation, prayer, and—writing. In less than three weeks they reached Shanghai, and, to Geraldine's surprise and a little to her confusion, it was Howard Taylor who met them when they went ashore from the river steamer. He had arrived from England two days before. His delight at seeing her was undisguised, and his thoughtful concern for her almost embarrassing, though not unwelcome. She had been very independent for the past two years or more, always taking the initiative, always being the strong one of the team. She was a little weary with being brave. Some of the fellow missionaries with whom she had worked had been cautious almost to timidity, and the fear lest she be drawn into over-carefulness for her own safety had been one element of the unwise boldness she had shown. She had sometimes been afraid, and had often shed tears, but she had tried to hide those things. Now that Howard naturally assumed his old brotherly command, she let him do so. He saw at once that the condition of her eyes could be relieved; and he prescribed for her, and the treatment, though simple, proved effectual.

Howard spent only one week in Shanghai before he went to the language school in Anking, but as he was the only doctor

on the Yangtze, he was often called to the coast, and he invariably made a point of examining his eye patient when he came to Shanghai.

Geraldine's letters, which had begun to appear in *Regions Beyond* in March, 1888, even before she reached China, had met with a very enthusiastic reception from the readers of the paper, and Lucy Guinness, then the editor, conceived the idea of publishing them in book form before Geraldine had been a year on the field. Without telling Geraldine, she edited and illustrated the letters and published an edition of five thousand copies under the title, *In the Far East*. The book met with immediate popularity; the first edition was sold out within five months, and a second edition was printed before the year closed. Within three weeks of its first publication, one reader wrote to say that she had been so deeply stirred while reading it that she had given her life for missionary service in China.

One who knew Geraldine in those days wrote recently: "Geraldine's first book, *In the Far East*, I think I might say was only for a time surpassed in popularity and in wide influence by Mr. Glover's *A Thousand Miles of Miracle*. I remember, not long ago, the book was mentioned among a group of missionaries up country, and practically everyone present was eager to assert that it was the book through which the call to the mission field came or was strengthened."

The book was translated into French and Swedish, and not a few readers in Switzerland and Scandinavia have borne similar testimony to its influence on their lives. In 1901 it appeared in a third and enlarged edition with an Introduction by Hudson Taylor, in which he said of it that it is a "photograph of the spiritual experience of a devoted worker . . ." and "its graphic descriptions bring the reader into the very presence of the Chinese—to their homes and even to their hearts."

It was the personal element in the book which appealed to most readers. Although it was perhaps hardly accurate to say of the letters, what Lucy Guinness wrote in her Preface to the first edition, that they were "written in the simple, familiar style that one would naturally use to one's home people," yet they

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were written for the readers of *Regions Beyond*, a wide circle, but a circle of friends who had followed Geraldine's work for some years, and upon whose sympathies she could count as readily as if they had been (as in a sense they were) her "home people."

There can be little doubt that the publication of those early letters, and their success in the field of missionary literature, prompted Mr. Hudson Taylor to ask Geraldine to write for the China Inland Mission, and eventually led to her whole life being spent in literary work for the Mission rather than in evangelistic service in China. Wherever she went she was a missionary—a seeker after the lost—but she accepted it as her calling to make her contribution to the evangelization of China largely through her pen.

Very soon after her arrival in Shanghai she undertook to help Mr. Taylor to collect and classify material for the writing of the history of the China Inland Mission. Shanghai was all astir just then. Missionaries and mission leaders from all over China were gathering for the great conference held in May, 1890. Geraldine was full of enthusiastic interest, and she made the most of the unique opportunities the gathering provided for having personal interviews with men and women who could tell her facts and experiences of missionary work in many parts of the vast field.

Early in May, just before the Conference was due to open, Howard came to Shanghai for a brief visit before going on a journey to Honan, where his medical assistance was urgently needed by his sister, Mrs. Coulthard. It was then he again asked Geraldine to become his wife. Ever since her experience in the barn at Antung, she had at times thought of this hour. She had prayed about it, even asked for it, and yet dreaded it. She had told the Lord she would answer "Yes" if He brought it about. She could not do otherwise now. Howard was exultant, and cabled the news home to Cliff. His parents and hers were unreservedly glad; but to Geraldine there was no exuberant joy. She shrank from the comments and congratulations, and asked that, in view of the Conference, which made their personal concerns of such small importance, it might be kept secret for a

time. The fact that Howard was due to leave for Honan the next day made it the easier to comply with her wish. Duty called him to his sister's bedside, and although he would have enjoyed the Conference as much as any, and although it meant parting from his betrothed as soon as he had won her, he went willingly. It was a difficult journey, and he had been only two months in China, but he travelled without an escort. Such things were typical of Howard Taylor—courage and obedience with cheerfulness. And now, once again, he was faced by a long test which called for true chivalry and courtesy of heart. He had hardly left her before Geraldine was assailed by doubts as to whether she could become his wife. She loved him as she always had done, as a brother, but it seemed to her that she did not love him as a wife should. There are probably few positions Satan so fiercely assaults as the union in marriage of two who, by becoming one, will do great damage to his kingdom of darkness. He attacked now, and the first letter Howard received from Geraldine was one in which she asked him that their engagement might be in abeyance until she was more fully assured that it was God's way for her. She asked him not to write to her as a lover, but simply as he had done before, as a friend. Missionary engagements in China, especially in those days, involved the observance of Chinese propriety. There could be no intimacy in public, and no one would know that there was none between them in private. With generous patience, Howard consented, and for nearly four years they were engaged yet not engaged. To Geraldine this was a relief. The years were filled with work which interested and absorbed her, and, though she never admitted it to herself, there was a profound restfulness in the unchanging faithfulness of his love. She never doubted him; she only doubted herself. Howard had unusual powers of self-control. All through those four years he refused to allow his thoughts to dwell on Geraldine except for the allotted time once a week when he wrote to her. He put himself under this discipline for the Gospel's sake, and the Lord honoured his sacrifice, and used him in the Gospel.

After the Conference in Shanghai, Mr. Hudson Taylor sent

Geraldine to Chekiang and Kiangsi in order that she might see the work in the earliest stations of the C.I.M. She visited Ningpo and Hangchow, and wrote home describing the first house in which the *Lammermuir* party had lived; her visit to Bishop Moule; her joy when she saw a Christian church with a Chinese leader, her grief when she visited one of China's most famous temples, with five hundred idols, all life-size or larger than life. From Hangchow she went to the Kwangsin River, and saw all the stations which were worked by women missionaries. She was filled with enthusiasm over this particular field, and in several of her books she wrote with special warmth and appreciation of the work there. Miss Katie Mackintosh, of Yushan, with whom she stayed for some time, remained her ideal woman missionary, and she was always glad when she could tell of the way she had lived and worked among the Chinese. By the end of the year she was back in Shanghai, armed with many notebooks full of facts, stories and word pictures, and she settled down to write *The Story of the China Inland Mission*.

The home in Shanghai was in every sense the centre of the whole Mission, and life there was fascinating. Geraldine had the room next to Mr. Stevenson's¹ at the far end of the veranda, and she delighted in the intervals of converse with the men of experience and understanding who bore the burden of leadership, as much as in the personal touch with all the missionaries who passed through the home. In the two years after she left Honan, Geraldine came into contact with almost every member of the Mission, and she collected material which she used in many of her books in later years. But it was not only the members of the C.I.M. she met in Shanghai. Many of the Lord's messengers came to them that year, and there was a distinctly felt increase in spiritual hunger and also of spiritual power. The Misses Newcombe, of the C.M.S., came up from Foochow on a visit, and were to Geraldine a living testimony of the life that is "not I but Christ." Later in the year Mr. and Mrs. Heywood Horsburgh, also of the C.M.S., passed through a deep personal sorrow in Shanghai which became to her a revelation of the

¹ For many years the Deputy China Director of the C.I.M.

love of God shed abroad in human hearts. She grew more and more conscious of unrest in her own heart. She had been entrusted with work which set her somewhat apart; she was treated by Mr. Taylor as a daughter and a trusted co-worker; and on all hands she met with the deference which her dignity almost always drew from those around her, and yet she was assailed by inward uncertainty, a disturbing sense of unreality. At last she faced it frankly. She told herself that she was hungering for an experience she did not know, a fullness she had never possessed, power to win souls, power to conquer sin. Looking back over her life in China, she realized that all the time the Lord had been seeking to humble her. Her natural buoyancy had strained itself to the utmost to keep her above the waters of open self-abasement, but now she was reaching the limits of resistance, she must soon go under, or find the rock which is "no longer I, but Christ."

She grew conscious of failure. Perhaps there is not a little of personal experience behind her passage on crowding and lack of privacy in *Sirs, Be of Good Cheer*: "We never knew how irritable we could be till this came upon us. . . . It is a painful discovery when we are awakened to see that much that has seemed so cross-grained and trying in others may be due to our own lack of understanding and love. We may have thought ourselves easy to get on with, more patient and considerate than most. But we find that our patience has limits, our love is soon exhausted."

In the paragraph following, she tells of "a young missionary." It is herself. She had been doing pioneering work in China, and had been through experiences which had left her disillusioned with herself and others. The Chinese around her she had no difficulty in loving. Her heart had always gone out to them with a sympathy and understanding that made her work a joy and privilege. She had rather prided herself on this, but one day that source of comfort too was shattered. She was passing through one of the crowded streets of Shanghai in a rickshaw. Overstrained and despondent spiritually, she suddenly became aware of the degradation around her. How dirty and repulsive many of the people looked! A terrible shrinking came over her. It was

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a moment of crisis, almost of despair, for she realized that such an attitude would make true missionary work impossible. How much may be lived through in a few minutes, and with no outward sign! Quietly the words came as if spoken beside her: "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." The rickshaw went on down the dirty, noisy street, but to her had come a great deliverance. Heaven seemed opened, and waves of love, not her own, were flooding her heart. Gladly would she have sat down with the women on their doorsteps, and taken the children in her arms, if only she could make them know and feel that God loved them.

A testimony, given in 1894 at the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, contains the following: "When I went out to China it was with real consecration to God, and real desire to live for Him only, but out there in China I came to see that there was a great lack in my life. I was often out of touch with the Lord Jesus, often weary, hungry and longing for blessing. From the very first day I landed in China, God began to show me my need by humbling me in the dust. He brought me in contact with other lives that were what I wanted to be. At last I came down to Shanghai, and there began some meetings amongst sailors on board a British man-of-war. I longed to see these men brought to Christ, but God did not use me to the conversion of one." In order to make the record more complete, a passage from *The Growth of a Work of God* may be inserted here: "Praying in anguish no one suspected for light and help, it was the last Sunday before Christmas when a word was spoken that, under God, brought deliverance and made all things new. After the evangelistic service in the C.I.M. Hall, an entire stranger—a Christian seaman—came up to me and said earnestly: 'Are you filled with the Holy Ghost?'"

"Filled with the Holy Ghost? I remembered no more of the conversation, but that question burned deeper and deeper into my heart. This, then, was the explanation of all the inward failure, the sorrow that seemed unavailing, the purpose that came to nothing. God had made a provision, given a Gift that

I had never definitely accepted. I knew that the Holy Spirit must be in my life in a certain sense, for 'if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His,' and yet, just as certainly, I knew that I was not filled with the Spirit, and was experiencing little of His power.

"The Word of God was full, now I came to study the subject, of the personality and power of the Holy Spirit. Why had I never seen it? And there stood out in Galatians 3:13, 14 the words: 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, having been made a curse for us . . . that we might receive the promise of the Spirit *through faith.*'"

We return to her testimony:

"The next day two men from the man-of-war came to speak about their souls; they wanted to find Christ. About three hours that Sunday afternoon I was with them, pointing them to Jesus, and in everything I said to them I saw something for myself. I said: 'You must open your heart, and receive Jesus Christ. He can do all that you need. You won't understand it just at first, but He will reveal Himself to you by degrees. Don't wait for feelings, don't wait to be any better, don't be kept back for fear you couldn't keep it up, as you say; don't be kept back by fear of the result. Just take Him, as you are, and let Him come into your heart and do all the rest.' It was a hard struggle with both those men, and in their difficulties I saw my own life reflected. I saw that I needed to give my life to the Holy Spirit of God and let Him come in all His grace and fullness, and make my life what it ought to be. The first feeling was doubt about the result. How far might I have to go? When the two men said the same to me about receiving the Lord Jesus, I said, 'Don't mind that. He will give you strength for whatever you need.' Talking to them made everything clear to me. Those two men gave their hearts to Christ that day, and the next morning—I shall never forget it—I gave my life to the Spirit of God. Carefully I went through some passages in the Scripture on the subject, and I saw first of all that God gives the Holy Spirit to those that obey Him, and then that we must ask and seek. 'For this I will be enquired of, saith the Lord,' 'Ye have not, because ye ask not.' Then one

more thing: we must believe and accept, 'that we may receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.' No feelings came to me that day, but I knew there had been a definite transaction with God, and by faith I claimed from Him that He would, by Christ, work out in my life all that He wanted to see there. I asked God that day to give me His seal upon the thing. It was my birthday that week, Christmas Day, and I asked for a birthday gift from the God of souls. I knew that only the power of the Spirit could save a soul. I asked God to give me souls every day that week. Before the following Monday I had seen sixteen men and women brought to God."

On the Monday morning, which she spent alone in her room meditating especially on the passages in Galatians referring to the Spirit, yielding herself to Him, by faith receiving Him, and asking for the sign of some soul saved each day that week, Geraldine was so absorbed in her communion with the Lord that she forgot the dinner bell. One with whom she had before had little affinity was sent to call her. The knock came at the door, and a voice which sounded reproachful and impatient said: "Whatever are you doing, Geraldine? We have all begun dinner. Aren't you coming?"

At once she rose and opened the door, and the One with whom she had been holding converse all the morning whispered: "Tell her." She was a little startled. Tell just *her*? But she knew His voice, and obeyed instantly. She said quite simply as she went with her down the stairs to the dining-room: "I have been receiving the Holy Spirit by faith." With the confession came a flood of joyous assurance.

On the compound in Shanghai a young missionary lay dying. Mr. Hudson Taylor went to see her daily, and prayed much that the fear and distress that were overwhelming her spirit might be taken away. One day when he went in, he noticed a glow of triumph in the face that had been marked before by an extremity of weakness. Geraldine had been to see her earlier in the day.

"She told me about the Holy Spirit," whispered the one who had so dreaded the dark valley, "and it was just what I needed."

There was about Geraldine after that experience something of what Myers has wonderfully expressed in two verses of his poem, *St. Paul*:

“Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are:

“Ay, amid all men bear himself thereafter
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes?”

Those who lived near her saw something of the solemn, sweet surprise in her earnest eyes. But she was not like St. Paul. She never knew the unutterable agony of conviction of sin, she was never commissioned with the message of deliverance from the slavery of the old man. She hungered deeply, and she found the Bread of life. She thirsted bitterly for two years, and she found the fountain, and out of her flowed, as He promised, “rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believed on Him were to receive.”

XIV

Rivers Flowing

"Father of spirits, this my sov'reign plea
I bring again and yet again to Thee,

"Fulfil me now with love that I may know
A daily inflow, daily overflow."

AMY CARMICHAEL

IN a leather bound notebook, kept from November, 1891, to April, 1892, Geraldine has recorded certain lists of names. The first list contains the names of thirty-eight men from H.M.S. *Caroline*. They are entered under the heading, "Found the Saviour," and beside each name is the date when that transforming moment came. There are two names on December 21st, D. Mander and W. B. Barrett. To those two Geraldine owed as much in the wonderful guidance of God as they did to her.

After the list of conversions she has entered another list, noting to which mess each man belonged. She thought of them in their daily life. Then follows a third record. It is called "Prayer List," and shows that she was teaching them to pray for others. It reads:

"Austen took F. Loader
 J. W. Dimond
Mitchelmore took W. Whistler
 G. Salter," etc.

In another part of the notebook she has four names of Chinese friends who had been converted in January, 1892, and the names of all the servants and helpers on the compound in Shanghai have been entered in both character and romanized lettering.

The book contains other lists of names, and was evidently used for prayer at that time and perhaps for some time afterwards. Wherever there is new life, there is new prayer.

Early in March, 1892, a cable reached Shanghai, telling Geraldine that her mother had had a stroke, and asking her to

come home, if possible. Mr. Hudson Taylor immediately consented to her going, partly because it would be an advantage to her to finish the writing of *The Story of the China Inland Mission* in England, where she would have expert advice on final details.

The C.I.M. has a rule that missionaries may not marry until they have been two years in China. Howard Taylor had been out just two years, and normally they should have been married that spring. Mr. Hudson Taylor suggested that they should have the wedding before Geraldine left; but her mind was occupied with her mother, and she had no heart for it just then. Instead of coming down to the coast to be married, as everyone had expected he would, Howard came down to part with Geraldine for another two years. He never forgot the sympathy and understanding his father showed him as they went home together after they had seen Geraldine off.

It was an interesting voyage. There was only one other missionary on board, but Geraldine became acquainted with many of her fellow passengers, and their names are entered in the notebook.

From Marseilles she travelled across France, and in Paris she called on one of her father's earliest students, Dr. Reuben Saillens. His eldest daughter still remembers the occasion:

"I met her when she came home from her first period in China. With her regular features, and her brown hair combed back from the forehead, she made a great impression on the young girl I was then, and I would have liked to go with her to China, but God had other plans for me."

On April 25th her brother Whitfield met her at Dover. He was then a medical student at the London Hospital, twenty-three years old that day. Geraldine was filled with joy and pride in the brother who had grown to be a man in the four years during which she had been away. They found a compartment to themselves on the train, and on the way up to London Geraldine told him of the blessing in Shanghai. The memory of that journey never faded from his mind; Geraldine seemed to him to radiate the beauty of holiness.

The day after she arrived in London there were two letters by

the morning post, both from strangers. The first one was from a girl who had been reading *In the Far East*, who said that she could not offer for missionary service herself, but that she felt constrained to make it possible for someone else to go, and wished to send £100 a year to support a missionary in China. The second letter was from the daughter of a clergyman in Wales, who was a teacher. She too had read *In the Far East*, and it had brought her into assurance of salvation. Now she felt it was the Lord's will for her to go to China as a missionary.

Geraldine took the two letters to her room, and having given thanks for them, she prayed for the writers. As she prayed she suddenly saw how they fitted each other, and after committing the matter to the Lord, she posted the teacher's letter to the girl who wished to support a missionary, and the letter offering £100 a year to the manse in Wales. There was a Hand that guided and a Heart that planned, and to Geraldine the experience came as the Lord's own seal on her literary work for the mission.

She found her mother paralysed and helpless; but she was growing stronger and was able to sit in a chair and read. She was being lovingly cared for by her adopted daughter, Leila, and Geraldine was free to work on *The Story of the China Inland Mission*. She spent most of that year in London, and some who met her then give us glimpses of her.

She went, of course, to Berger Hall, and the factory girls gathered round with their old warmth and loyalty. Matilda remembers it still. They asked her about Dr. Taylor, whom she was going to marry, and she told them about him, and how good he was, adding: "You would love him." The irrepressible Matilda responded, "You'd be jealous if we did!" and telling of it, commented, "But you couldn't make her laugh, she didn't even smile, not so's you could see it." It was not a smiling matter to Geraldine.

Mr. David Smith recalls: "When I left for China, I went to Harley House to say 'goodbye.' Miss Guinness came down the stairs—a tall, graceful figure—holding a book in her hand. It was the first copy of *The Story of the China Inland Mission*, just received from the publisher. She graciously took her pen and wrote my

name in it, and gave it to me as a parting gift. I still have that cherished copy.”

There was something about her life that left an ineffaceable impression on those she touched. When she had finished the writing of the first volume of the book, she went to Wales with her father for a short holiday. He was experiencing the same hunger for holiness and the fullness of the Spirit as she had had a year earlier, and together they spoke of the way the Lord had taught her. What the fellowship of those days meant to him appears in some letters he wrote afterwards:

“MOFFAT, DUMFRIESSHIRE,

“Dec. 12, 1892.

“GERALDINE,—He is come. He fills my heart. I will say no more.

“Precious Child,

“Your loving Father,

“H. G. G.”

“CARLISLE,

“Dec. 16, 1892.

“It is all true, my darling child! Such a week since last Saturday night at Moffat. It was in answer to *prayer*, and just *by believing*. Ah! You understand. I do not need to remind you of our conversations in Wales. You know how I longed then for more grace—and have so many years. And then at Cliff—through Marshall’s¹ help—I came to see that Christ is our Sanctification—all the treasure in Him. It was a revelation! Still, there was a link wanting, *the simple solemn act of faith*. (I receive *Thee as this for me*.) But it came, and what blessing since. I do not care to talk about it. Just overflowing joy and a new sense of power—very real—making itself unmistakable in inward victories.

“I will say no more. The Lord bless and keep you, all the while, close to Him, ‘between the shoulders.’ Benjamin’s blessing, yes, and Joseph’s too be yours, the branch running over the wall. . . .

“H. G. G.”

¹ Marshall on *Sanctification*, long out of print, is a classic on that theme.

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And this, written four years later:

"I have been with our students more of late, giving lectures and having readings and prayer meetings. To-day we had a profitable reading on the passages in Acts on the Holy Spirit, and such a blessed prayer meeting after—so real—with a few of the men who came for special prayer. We did go into the King's presence. What words can speak that experience? I think of our prayers in Wales and talks there, you remember, and trust the salvation of souls came out of that, for we had special missions all around Cliff which were the means of leading many souls to Christ. When our eyes are opened to get a glimpse of His real glory and love, how blind we feel ourselves to have been, and how blind the best knowledge short of the purely spiritual seems."

There was one who has since served and suffered for fifty-five years in front-line spiritual warfare, but who was a young recruit then. Geraldine wrote her a note one day. It reads thus:

"Love and deepest sympathy, my dear ——, and many thanks for your precious, helpful words yesterday.

"A little question, darling—

"'Can ye?' Mark 10:38.

"'Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?'

"And be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?

"*Can God?* Ps. 78:19.

"'Ye shall indeed.' . . .

"'For *with God* all things are possible.'

"'Now is my soul troubled: and what shall I say?'

"'Father, save me . . . Father, glorify Thy name.'

"'For this cause came I unto this hour.' John 12:24-8.

"*Mildmay. Sept. 27th 1892.*

"GERALDINE."

Why did she write that note? The one to whom she wrote explains: "The C.I.M. had accepted me and I was buying my outfit with Miss Soltau's help, and all seemed to be going well, but underneath all was not well. I didn't know how to bear the grief that I was giving to my loved ones. . . . I think your Aunt

Geraldine must have known something of this, for one day the little note I have enclosed came to me, and I shall never forget the comfort it was.

"I have kept it all these years, but I am sending it to you now, just to show you how that beloved Geraldine helped a younger girl in need . . . it shows her as she was then, deeply loving and dear. I don't think an older girl could have helped a younger girl more. There was no weakening, that was what helped so much. There was just the steadfast look towards Gethsemane and Calvary."

In the Preface to the first volume of *The Story of the China Inland Mission*, Geraldine wrote:

"This is my first book, and must bear many traces of the 'prentice hand. The request from Mr. Hudson Taylor that led to its being undertaken came to me with a strong sense of God's call, bringing also a certainty of His enablement. Nothing less than this could have induced me to accept the task, relinquishing for it at least twelve months of missionary service in the heart of Inland China."

After explaining the purpose of the book, and thanking those who had helped her with it, she concludes:

"And now, in committing it to Him of whose unchanging faithfulness it is but one among many records, I do so with a very grateful sense of all that this story has been to me. Personally, I have not been able to touch these facts—in which God lives—without finding blessing. . . ."

There is in the book the note of urgency, of one speaking who *must* speak. And there is the vital touch. The things she tells are to her "facts in which God lives," and she made them live to many others. Most of the material used in this volume was later embodied in the *Life* of Hudson Taylor, but at the time this first book appeared, it made new and stirring reading. It moved more hearts than anyone knew. A Baptist minister in America, Dr. John H. Strong, writes: "In my early ministry in New Britain, Connecticut, nearly fifty years ago, *The Story of the China Inland Mission* in two volumes fell into my eager

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hands, and along with George Müller's *Life* became a source of inspiration next to the Bible."

Geraldine was hindered in her work on the second volume by illness, and in order to regain strength and to work more undisturbedly, she and her sister Lucy spent some weeks in Switzerland. In the Prefatory Note, after mentioning how many had helped her in preparing the book, she makes special reference to "my own beloved sister—the Editor of *Regions Beyond*—who has given weeks of ungrudging toil to this volume, and whose able and practised pen has not a little brightened and enriched its pages."

The appeal of the book is often to the emotions, and many have shed tears over such pages as those describing the death-bed of Mrs. George Clark, but the book is not a romance; it is a history. It has been superseded now. China is different to-day, and the missionary appeal has altered. The Christian public is more fully informed, missionary literature has increased and multiplied exceedingly in the fifty years since this volume was published. We speak in plainer terms to-day, we grow impatient with the wordiness of the pathetic passages, but do we feel as deeply? Do we care as much now? It were well if our hearts could be so kindled that they burned with the same flame as sent the pioneers to live and die for Christ Jesus amidst labours and privations we can never know. We too are members of the Church of God which He has purchased with His own blood.

When her work on the book was finished, it was settled that Geraldine should return to China. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor invited her to travel with them via America as their wedding gift to her. She accepted the present, and before they sailed the date of the wedding was fixed. Her hesitation had evidently gone. When she became certain that she should marry, she does not now remember. Outwardly the engagement had been recognized all the time, and that in itself was enough to make it impossible to do other than go forward. The more than fifty years of married life that followed were an increasing evidence that their union was of the Lord, and surely it was He who made it plain to Geraldine—perhaps in the period of illness she

had gone through while she was at home, and which would have allowed her leisure for thought and to listen to His mind about her future.

At the Farewell Meeting in Exeter Hall on February 2nd, 1894, when Geraldine had expressed her gratitude to God for His guidance and help since she last had stood there six years earlier, she said: "Another cause for gratitude which I would like to mention here is that *The Story of the China Inland Mission* is now completed. The first five hundred copies of the second volume were delivered last night from the press, and we have them here in this Hall. I want to thank God in your presence for the privilege of having been allowed to write that story, and to ask you to pray that God's blessing may rest upon it." The writing of the book had loomed largest on her horizon; what was waiting in China she had allowed to wait, but now, as she left, she knew the next step. We never need know more.

The trip to America was full of interesting experiences. It was her first touch with the great new country where she was to spend so many years of her life. Travelling as she did with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, she had the best possible introduction to the American churches, and she took part in all the meetings at which they spoke as they journeyed across the continent. The most memorable occasion was the Sunday morning Consecration Service of the Student Volunteer Convention at Detroit. A prominent speaker had been prevented from coming, and Geraldine was asked to take his place. She spent much of the night before the meeting in prayer, and as she spoke there was a stillness and power that was felt by every one present. It was at that meeting that she illustrated her message with the personal testimony quoted in the previous chapter. She closed with a direct appeal to the young men and women gathered there: "Don't go away without having some definite transaction with Jesus Christ. He is fullness, He is enough. . . . We have been talking about blessing to the world; it must begin in your own hearts. My heart yearns over you all. But our love and longing towards you is nothing compared with that which He feels: 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?'"

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As she sat down, John R. Mott, who was leading the meeting, rose and said:

“Let us pray for this fullness of the Spirit, and let us remember those three conditions. It may mean that some of us will hasten to the field very soon, though we may have thought we could not. It will mean that all of us will speak to more people about Jesus Christ during the next seven days than we have ever done before. ‘The Holy Spirit whom God hath given to them that obey Him.’ If we have complied with that condition, and are doing it now, shall we not ask [for the Holy Spirit,] and shall it be an idle asking? God forbid! The last four days amount to nothing compared with these next ten or fifteen minutes, if our asking is real and not only real asking, but real claiming. Lord, help us to pray! Let us spend the entire time now in silent prayer.”

After a period of prayer, Mr. Mott “requested those who wanted a definite and enlarged blessing, a fullness that they had not hitherto known, to rise. As seen from the platform, every one in the audience seemed to rise.”

As they stood there in the presence of God, Geraldine stepped forward and said: “May I give you one word from Robert Wilder in India? He says: ‘He that saveth his time from prayer shall lose it. He that loseth his time for communion with God shall find it in blessing.’”

XV

Together

"It is delightful to go one way
When two have chosen to walk together,
Their gladsome days will be twice as gay,
They'll halve their sorrows in stormy weather,
O, yes, 'tis pleasure,
Rich human treasure,
Whose only measure
Is hearts' true love."

N. F. GRUNDTVIG

IN Geraldine's Bible there is a note in the margin opposite Ecclesiastes 3:13, 14, and three phrases of the verses are underlined: ". . . *the gift of God . . . it shall be for ever. . . . God hath done it.*" The note, evidently quoted from a friend's letter, is: "Two whom God hath chosen to walk together before Him.' Shanghai, May 8, 1890. 'Elnathan.'" The date is the date of their engagement day and Elnathan means *God the Giver*. She had meant to take her union with Howard as God's gift from that day, but the test of doubt had overwhelmed her. Now, when she reached her wedding-day, on April 24th, 1894, there was no cloud whatever, she knew it was God who had done it, and that it was His gift for ever. The date of her wedding-day is marked in the margin of Psalm 35:27: "The Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant."

That day was one of the happiest in Geraldine's life. Not every bride can step into the wide home of her husband's love with such perfect assurance that all is well and will be well. She had proved him long. It was seven years since he had first asked her to marry him, and twenty years, so he said, since he fell in love with her. Her parents loved him, and his loved her. She felt very safe, and she was old enough to value that beyond the thrill of a romantic marriage.

They were married in the Cathedral in Shanghai just a week after she arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor from

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America. The place was beautiful with flowers, and as she walked up the red-carpeted aisle on Mr. Stevenson's arm, the flute notes on the organ spoke to her: *O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thine heart's desire.* She knew what it meant. Howard had told her that the Lord had met his need with those words six years before, when she had gone to China. Yes, he had waited patiently, and now he was taking her as the Lord's own gift to him. It made her heart restful to think of it, and she felt at leisure from herself to enter into the joy and the red-letter-day atmosphere all around her. They were in Chinese dress. Geraldine wore pale grey (white is mourning in China), and her two bridesmaids were dressed in mauve silk gowns, and had flowers in their hair; one of them was Hanna Davies, the Welsh teacher whom she had met two years earlier. Bishop Cassels married them, and a large gathering of friends was present, for many had come to Shanghai to meet Mr. Hudson Taylor, who was expecting to be back in England for the Keswick Convention, and had only a few weeks in which to confer with the leaders on the field.

Geraldine had spent the morning alone, meditating on Ephesians 5:21-33. The note about "two whom God hath chosen to walk together before Him" is written there too. She has underlined two words: *Wives, submit . . .*, and in the last verse, *reverence*. "Let the wife see that she reverence her husband." Those who knew them intimately know that there were times when her submission did not come quite at once, but looking at their married life as a whole, she did wonderfully live out the things of which the Lord spoke with her that morning.

Her life was surrounded by love and prayer. Early in the morning she received a tiny note written in Mrs. Hudson Taylor's hand:

"I expect you are glad to have this morning alone with the Lord, so I have not come over. I was awake long in the night thinking of and praying for you both. So glad of this fine day and of the telegram Howard tells us of.

"I send you Isaiah 12:2-6 with a mother's deep love. I will

come over before we start for church, or earlier if you would like.

“Father and Howard and I have had a little united prayer. So much love, darling,

“MOTHER.”

The telegram was from home; they too were thinking of her and praying.

That night they set out on their wedding trip by houseboat, up the Grand Canal to Hangchow, and from there to Soochow. Loving hands had made the “cabin” of the houseboat as dear a little home as it could be. The boards were draped with red cloth, to make it more attractive and more private—there were cracks in the woodwork which partitioned their section from the boatmen’s. A lamp had been lit, and a lovely little tea set—a wedding present—was arranged on the table. It was like entering a toy home, and Geraldine loved it. That night the boat lay moored among the junks of the canal, and the darkness and the stars spoke to her as they always did. Then followed three weeks full of interest. They visited the missionaries in the places they passed, and walked along the banks of the canal together in the lovely spring weather.

Extracts from her journal were published in *China’s Millions* that year. A few abbreviated passages give the atmosphere:

“All things—including the brightest—must come to an end some time. Even a wedding journey cannot last for ever! So we reflected as, most reluctantly, we drew near to Shanghai in the early dawn of Monday, 14th of May.

“We had been married just three weeks, and our little houseboat had grown very homelike during the days of that happy pilgrimage through the summer land. ‘Above is heaven; below, Soochow and Hangchow’: so runs the Chinese proverb. And certainly our experience as we visited these places during those days of sunshine had to a large extent justified it.

“But now the everyday must be faced again, and our horizon widened to include a great deal more than the lovely flower-strewn banks of the Grand Canal.

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“Could we be really sorry? No, not when we thought of the work that awaited us and of the shortness of the time it may be ours to toil and suffer for the Lord.”

Before we leave their honeymoon, it is interesting to read a letter written years later by Howard to a nephew on the eve of his wedding:

“One little suggestion, born of experience. Brides and grooms commonly see too much of one another during the honeymoon. It sounds preposterous beforehand. It is very disillusioning at the time. The best advice to give a newly married man is, ‘Leave her alone for a few hours every day, especially before and after breakfast.’ Have some duty or engagement or exercise or study that claims you, and leave her free from the new claims lest they become burdensome. Even a fiddlestring must be relaxed between whiles!”

Had he practised it, perhaps, taking his exercise on shore while she had the “cabin” to herself, or sitting down for a time among the boatmen in their part of the houseboat? It would have been like him.

They expected to spend a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor in Shanghai before they returned to Honan, where Howard had been working while Geraldine had been away. To their amazement, and a little to their dismay, they found that Mr. Taylor had gone to Hankow with the intention of taking a long overland journey through Honan to Shansi, to deal with a very critical situation which had arisen and was threatening to result in fifty workers having to leave the field. He had given up the thought of laying the claims of China before the Keswick Convention for this more urgent need. With Mr. Stevenson’s consent, Howard and Geraldine followed the Hudson Taylors to Hankow, intending to try to dissuade them from attempting the journey, or failing that, to go with them. It was then that Mr. Taylor said a word that has been an inspiration to many:

“It may cost you your life, dear father,” they had said to him.

“Yes; but we *ought* to lay down our lives for the brethren.”

"After this," as Geraldine herself wrote, "there was nothing more to be said."

They set out, a party of five: Mr. Hudson Taylor with his wife, son, daughter-in-law, and son-in-law, Mr. Coulthard, who knew the route and went with them as escort. It appealed to the Chinese to see this family party, and the daughter-in-law was not the least interesting member of the group. They were much amazed at the loving relationship between her and her mother-in-law, and some women were overheard one day wondering when they quarrelled, as they were never seen doing it. They came to the conclusion that they must do that at night!

Their destination was Sian, the most important city in northern China next to Peking. "To reach its massive walls, we should have to travel due north into the heart of Honan, then turning westward across the mountainous borderland into Shensi, skirting the banks of the Yellow River, until we emerged upon the populous plain on which the city stands. . . . In all we expected to visit twenty or more stations in five provinces."

The first stage of this journey was made by boat, and in the evening Geraldine wrote: "Who would have thought it possible? Such a transformation scene! Here we are, Howard and I, on board our second little boat, settled in for the night, as cosy and comfortable as can be. In the very middle of the boat, under the bamboo matting, we have rigged up a screen, dividing off a tiny space about four feet square. From the end of the matting we have stretched a rug tent-wise to the deck, and under the shelter thus afforded, our bedding is spread and our other belongings comfortably disposed. A hooded candle-lamp burns brightly in the corner, and there is plenty of water within easy reach to fill our basins. Best of all, we have perfect privacy, for though there are five or six men on board with us, none of them can understand a word we say. I only hope that dear Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Coulthard are as comfortable in the other boat. It is certainly larger than this, but then they have not Howard to arrange it for them! A very amusing picnic supper we have just had over in their boat. The wind was high, and we could not light a candle. But in the

semi-darkness we made a capital meal from the good things Mrs. Hudson Broomhall so abundantly provided before we left Hankow. Never was a cup of tea more refreshing!"

Two days later she wrote: "It is just one month to-day since we were married. Praise the Lord! How good He has been to us through all, answering prayer and giving us fullest blessing!"

That night they reached an inn:

"'Is *this* the room in which we are to spend the night?' was my involuntary exclamation.

"'Yes,' poor Father answered; 'and the question is whether its inhabitants are to be counted by hundreds or thousands!'

"Certainly it was a filthy place. However, we made the best of it, and prepared our evening meal. A little later, while glancing with somewhat gloomy feelings around the unattractive spot, from unswept floor to windowless mud walls and dark tiled roof, I saw a sight that made my heart beat quick with joy. Up there amongst those grimy rafters one loosened tile had slipped out of its place leaving a small square hole that framed a tiny bit of dark blue sky. And in the very midst of it hung one glorious, shining star—some splendid planet, radiant, calm, and, oh, so comforting—speaking of other worlds than ours, of other scenes than these. I looked until my heart thanked God and was lifted up and strengthened."

A few days later the diary record is:

"When we halted to-day beside a river, a very nice old man came up, and Howard asked his honourable name.

"'My unworthy name is Tai,' he responded.

"'Ah, the very same as ours!'

"'Is the teacher also named Tai? Why, we are of one family!'

"And an interesting conversation ensued. Howard told him briefly, but clearly, about the love of God and Jesus the Saviour. He understood well and listened earnestly, but presently with a little laugh, sadly, incredulously, he said:

"'That cannot be; that cannot be.'

"The barrowmen were ready to go on, and we had to say 'Goodbye.' To the last the old man stood in the middle of the

roadway looking after us, and I still seem to hear him say: 'No, no, that cannot be!'

"We prayed together earnestly that someone else might come to tell him more. But he is old, his hair is grey, his figure bent and stooping. Who will come to him before he goes away?"

Towards evening that day the jolting became almost unbearable, and yet "the beauty of the surroundings made up for a great deal. At last we came to one hill so steep that we could not let the men take us over. The others were some way behind, and Howard and I got out to walk together. It was almost the first time we had done such a thing, and many eyes were upon us. But we put a brave face on the matter, and greatly enjoyed our climb. Above us rose the summit of the hill, covered with some fragrant shrub that filled the air with sweetness. We could not resist the pleasure of a scramble, and over the mountain grass and sweet green things we made our way with great delight to the top.

"Down below our barrowmen were slowly making their way round the hill. Quite a number of others were resting on the road close at hand, and we were the observed of all observers! Oh, China, China! We could not stand near together, or sit down side by side and enjoy the beauty and stillness. Very stiffly and properly, we had to make our way down the hill again, at a little distance apart. Was there ever such a country for a wedding tour? But, 'Never mind,' we say; 'it is for Jesus' sake.' "

A day or two later, at seven o'clock in the morning, she wrote on the barrow: "Out on the road again. The day is cloudy so that we are spared intense heat, but, oh, the dust! We are covered with it from head to foot, and it seems to get into one's throat and eyes and nostrils and into the pores of the skin in a most penetrating way. The clean handkerchief I brought out this morning is already quite brown and soiled, and our garments look as though we had wandered for years in the wilderness."

Later that same day they entered Honan. "Now we are waiting while our barrowmen drink Hot-water-bewitched at the first little tea-house in Honan. Howard and Mr. Coulthard are

sitting at one of the small tables outside the door, eating rice turnovers with coarse brown sugar. Dear Father and Mother are resting in their barrow just in front of mine, and I am writing here upon my lap, holding a basin of cooling tea the while.

"Thus after long journeyings in many changeful scenes, God brings one back to the loved home of earlier years. So much has happened since I left this province for the coast four years and four months ago. My journeyings since then have taken me all round the world, *The Story of the China Inland Mission* has been written, and I come back now, blessed beyond words, married, and side by side with my husband.

"He comes for me! We leave the barrows far behind, and together, thus, re-enter our loved Honan."

Later, 6 p.m.

"I am sitting on a tiny stool in front of Father's barrow, having come to congratulate him upon his first entrance into this province. Mother is standing just beside us, and behind her, a kind-looking man leaning over my barrow is taking us all in.

"'Can he be less than eighty?' he says in an undertone, looking at Father's grey beard and venerable aspect.

"'What age should you think he is?' asks Howard, who has just come up.

"The stranger guesses any figure between seventy-five and eighty-five. At last he is told that Father's years are few, only sixty-two.

"Our attention is now called to some cold rice-balls and brown sugar that Howard brought for us. We were hungry enough and tried our best, but I really could not get on with mine; it was too dry and sticky. So the landlord was called to bring some more sugar, and came over wondering at the extravagance of foreigners who could afford *two* cash worth of sugar (the fifth part of a farthing) to one rice-ball! Very gingerly he took up a small pinch and sprinkled it over my plate.

"Oh, Howard,' I said, 'what dirty fingers! How can I eat it now?'

"'Don't tell him they are dirty,' was the cheerful response;

'no doubt he thinks they are cleaner than most people's and quite fit for use as sugar tongs.'

"Upon this we looked up to see what his fingers really were like, and found him busily engaged in—licking them!"

It was this unfailing cheerfulness under all circumstances which made his father give Howard Taylor the nickname, *The Lifeboat*, because, he said, "Howard is unsinkable."

After eleven days on the road, they had covered two hundred and eighty miles, "and they have been days of hard, laborious travelling from before sunrise in the morning until dusk, twelve to fifteen hours a day. On all this journey we have passed no mission station, seen no Christian, found no one witnessing to the love of Jesus. It is eighteen hundred years since He said: 'To every creature.' Brother, sister, why are you not there?"

A week or more later they were held up by rain and floods, and their progress completely barred: "This is indeed a moment of misery," runs the journal. "We are sitting waiting in our carts in this filthy inn yard, while the rain pours steadily down and the carters are obdurate. For several nights the inns have been bad and we have slept but little. Last night I scarcely slept at all; lively company prevented. Outside in the courtyard half a dozen fierce mules were fighting and neighing all night long, making a weird, distressing noise, and within—oh, the vermin! There being only one room, Mother and I occupied it, Father, Howard and Mr. Coulthard sleeping in the carts outside. Fancy dear Father sleeping in a cart in the rain. It is hard to feel that we count it all joy, though indeed in our hearts we do for His dear sake."

At this point there was a break of more than two weeks in the journal. She explains it: "There was so much to see and describe, all interesting and new, the by-roads over the mountains were so atrociously bad, the travelling so laborious, and the physical frame so weary when night came on, that I quite lost heart about writing."

It was not only those things that made her lose heart about writing. The arduous mode of travel, the continual jolting over rutty roads, had been the cause of her losing her first hope of

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motherhood. That might-have-been, with another later, were among the things which it was not easy to count as "all joy" and she only learned to do it "for the Lord Jesus' sake." Those early experiences gave her a deep understanding when others passed through similar waves of sorrow. Thirty years later she wrote to two who had expected the joy of parenthood, and had been called upon to let their hopes be buried with their little stillborn child:

"My tears flow with yours. Oh, if only I could be with you to-day to try and tell you of our love and sympathy. With you one just looks up to Him with utmost trust and love. We *do* know that His will is best. And, beloved friends, all that He *permits* is as much from Him as all that He directly sends. I praise Him for the grace He gives you and for all His purposes of love in this sore grief and loss. But, let us not admit the thought of loss, no, not for a moment. 'The gifts and calling of God are without repentance.' He called you to be a father, a mother; He gave you a precious little daughter. This can never be gone back upon. You *are* parents; the little one is yours for ever. He is keeping her for you, far more perfectly and safely than you could have kept her. And He will give her back to you when Jesus comes. Your lives are permanently enriched by all this, and your usefulness for the work. The Lord has wanted this—it is part of the fruit, 'more fruit' that He has planned for your lives. How much richer and deeper now is the love with which He can love through you, the sympathy into which He can bring you with His own heart and the hearts of others.

"Words are poor. We will just hold one another's hands in love that needs no expression, and 'be silent unto the Lord.' 'My soul is with me as a weaned child.' How dearly He must love you to have trusted you with this sorrow, and to have put Himself to the grief of giving you pain. For the little life He has taken, though only to restore, may He give you many, many precious lives in His eternal kingdom.

"I am sure one lesson He is teaching you now is the yearning of His heart over His little ones. Each new-born soul—imperfect as they may seem to others—each one is His, born into His

family, entrusted to us to care for for a little while, eternally dear to the heart of God. He has emptied your hands, and freed them to care for the lambs of His flock. Your little lamb is His care."

Was that prayer she prayed for them the prayer of her own heart as she faced the last part of the long journey after that poignant disappointment, the prayer that there might be souls for her hire? Soon afterwards, in a village which seemed to be just a group of inns, she met an elderly woman, frightened and unattractive in every way. She tried to speak to her, but she was dull, and her only ray of interest was centred in Geraldine's shoes and the wonder of a pair of stockings without a seam up the front. Later, they discovered that she was the only woman in the whole village. "My heart was drawn to her. I felt we *must* make her understand, knowing that the Spirit of God could use ever so little knowledge to the salvation of the soul. Patiently and gently, slowly and with often repetition, we told her the story of Jesus, and I was praying in my heart all the while. At last she seemed to grasp the idea that Jesus had done something for *her*. She looked wistfully from one to the other of us, and then gently the Truth seemed to slip into her heart. She understood, that was all, when a few minutes earlier all had been dark. If ever any heathen woman received the Gospel message on first hearing, this one dark, sad old soul, as far as we could tell, received it to-day.

"And now it is twilight, and she has gone back to her dark little house to prepare the evening meal. Dear old friend—to Him, who alone is sufficient for the needs of any soul, I commit thee. God keep thee and bring thee to me some day again, when Jesus shall have gathered all His people home."

XVI

In Journeyings

"To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, for God is there."

MADAME GUYON

IT was now August, and Geraldine had been travelling since the middle of February. She had crossed the Atlantic, visited many centres in North America, crossed the Pacific, been married a week after landing in Shanghai, spent a leisurely three weeks with Howard on the Grand Canal, and then travelled up the Yangtse to Hankow, and from there by houseboat, wheelbarrow and cart through Hupeh, Honan, and Shensi to Shansi. Everywhere she was at home. She and Howard had few possessions with them, but with the little they had they made a corner of cheer in the most depressing circumstances. They were to do it all through life.

Mr. Hudson Taylor's mission in Sian, Shensi, had been entirely successful, and the week of conference with twenty workers who had gathered there to meet him had been memorable for its spiritual fellowship and fruitfulness. The journey back to the coast took them into Shansi, where the heat grew more and more oppressive. On the journey between Sian and Yüncheng the temperature in the carts was 140°, and for two days after their arrival at the centre of the Swedish Mission in China they wondered whether Mr. Taylor would indeed be called upon to lay down his life for the brethren in a literal sense. Howard Taylor was thankful then that he and Geraldine had undertaken the journey, for he realized that without the treatment he was able to give, his father could not have lived through the heat and hardships of the road.

From Yüncheng they travelled to Pingyang, and Geraldine tells of the last stages of that journey in the introductory chapter

of *One of China's Scholars*. We quote, again with abridgement:

"It is midnight, but instead of resting peacefully beneath a friendly roof, we are out under the open sky, camping in the desolate courtyard of a wayside inn.

"Eight weeks ago we left the coast on a mission tour with Father, and ever since have been travelling steadily inland, across five of the most populous provinces of this empire. Such a journey at midsummer is no easy undertaking. . . . We have known the weariness of toiling hour after hour over dusty roads in blazing sunlight, the suffocation of sandstorms in the deep loess gullies, the turmoil of the midday halt, when, with a temperature of 110° in the shade, we tried to make some sort of meal, hemmed in by excited crowds.

"Forced at last by overpowering heat to abandon our midday marches, we have taken now to travelling by night instead. So here we are at midnight, making the indispensable halt that usually comes at noon. Half an hour ago we entered this sleeping town, and drew up at the closed doors of the principal inn. Apparently there is no guest-room available, nor any supper to be had. The carters have found a sleepy coolie, who is boiling water for tea, and we cheer up at the prospect. We grope about for our food baskets in the dark. Now the waiter brings a smoky lamp to illuminate our proceedings—just a thread of pith burning in a saucer of oil. Beside us in their cart, Father and Mother are resting, thankful no doubt, after nine hours of endurance, that the rough jolting has ceased for a while. The carters are already sound asleep, lying on the ground, which serves us for a table as we sit down between the carts to take our midnight meal. The moon has set, but her light still spreads through the cool air. Around us stand the dark buildings of the inn, above the sky is glorious with stars. Our lamp flickering dimly on the ground shows the rough cart wheels, a sooty tea kettle, a few coarse earthenware cups and plates, the hungry mules feeding noisily beside us, and my husband's face as he bends toward the light, reading one of David's psalms.

"To most people, I imagine, there would be little to attract in our present surroundings; yet how glad we are to be here!

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For years we have desired to visit this northern province, and now that we are actually within its borders, our hearts beat high with anticipation. Just beyond us lie the mission stations and homes of the native Christians, from which far-reaching influences have gone forth. These towns and villages among the mountains have been the scene of a remarkable work of the Spirit of God. We have heard of it and have been cheered by it, and now we have come to see for ourselves the wonderful things God has wrought.

“Not far from where we are to-night, at the foot of the mountains, stands a village to which our thoughts turn with special interest. There in the terrible famine-time lived a gentleman and a scholar whose social position gave him distinction, while his great force of character, natural ability, violent temper and reckless daring made him a power to be propitiated and feared. He entertained the most cordial hatred and contempt for foreigners, and was also a victim to the opium habit. But upon this man God laid His hand, arresting him in the midst of his downward career with mighty saving power. Known to us as Pastor Hsi, he has now for many years poured forth his life in service for others.

“Daily, as we near the mountain ranges across the plain, our hearts warm with expectation at the thought of meeting face to face this beloved brother in Christ, whose work we have followed with sympathy and prayer. He knows that we are coming and will doubtless try to meet us at the earliest opportunity.

“Once more it is midnight, but now we are nearing our destination, the city of Pingyang, which we ought to reach early to-morrow morning. Out in the open country, flooded with moonlight, we are jolting slowly over impossible roads, our sleepy mules making their own pace, well aware that the carters are nodding, whip in hand. Here and there a wayside shrine casts long shadows, or the road runs into the darkness of some tall-growing crop, offering convenient cover for wolves and brigands. Sitting wakeful in the cart, one cannot but be conscious

how often both are met with on these northern roads near the mountains. But we are safe and free from fear, for we are not alone.

"Thus through the cool hours we travel on thinking of the meeting of the morrow, and by slow degrees meditation merges into slumber.

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"Is it a dream? The cart is at a standstill in the middle of the road. Two men are engaged in animated conversation with the driver. My husband wakes up, and we listen. Are they belated travellers seeking help? Are they highwaymen? Or are they—yes, they must be friends, we recognize a familiar voice as the taller of the two says in English:

"Is this Mr. Hudson Taylor's party?"

"While explanations and cordial greetings are being exchanged, I look across at the second figure standing quietly in the shadow of an arch. Who can it be? A moment later Mr. Hoste explains, as, turning to his companion, he says:

"'Pastor Hsi, allow me to introduce you to Dr. Howard Taylor.'

"Immediately my husband is off the cart, bowing low in Chinese fashion to the courteous stranger. With eager interest, I watch the scene, and note the dignified bearing, quiet tones and spare upright figure of the man we have travelled so far to meet. How unexpected and yet characteristic that he and Mr. Hoste should come miles along the forsaken road at midnight, just for the pleasure of welcoming dear Father at the earliest opportunity.

"Now the rest of the party come up. What surprise and cordial greetings! Together we continue our journey to the nearest inn, Mr. Hoste riding with Father and Pastor Hsi on our cart."

"From the first moment we were drawn to him in real affection, impressed by his gentleness and quiet strength. When, after weeks spent in his company at his own home and elsewhere, the parting had to come at last, it seemed as though we could not

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let him go. We felt like children parting from a father, while with many tears we held his hands and tried to say 'Goodbye.' All differences of race and training were forgotten in that sacred hour, as he prayed for us and blessed us, weeping. How deep a debt of gratitude we owed him. His soul had met and strengthened ours upon life's journey. His tender love and sympathy had blessed us and his zeal inspired. His prayers had been a revelation. The presence and power of the Holy Spirit in his life had filled us with wonder and new hope. To such friendship there can be no end."

It was at Pingyang that Howard and Geraldine helped Mr. Hoste to propose to Miss Gertie Broomhall, always a difficult thing to accomplish in a country where—in those days—a man could not with propriety even look at a woman, much less address her.

There was no need for a long engagement, for he had waited for her for eleven years, and had been nine years in China, so they joined Mr. Hudson Taylor's party on their journey to the coast in order to be married in Tientsin.

From Taiyuan, the capital of Shansi, to Paoting in Hopei they travelled by mule-litter, and while crossing a river in flood they met with an adventure which might have ended in tragedy, were it not that "neither vague nor mystical are our friends angelical," as Amy Carmichael has said. The angels were active that day.

A mule-litter of the type they used is an oblong box fastened to two poles, with square holes at either end for entry and exit, and smaller squares cut out of the sides for windows. Two mules carry the shafts, which are fitted to a strap and laid across their shoulders, but not fastened to them, so that the animals can escape easily in case of accident. The passengers, who sit knee to knee inside the box, travel at their own risk.

Geraldine and Gertie were sharing a litter, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor followed in another, and the three younger men rode mules. When they reached the river, usually fordable, the muleteers waded out into the water, which rose first to the knees and then to the bodies of the animals. At last the litter containing

the two ladies began to float, and the mules, being out of their depth, struggled away from their burden. The water rose steadily inside the litter in which they sat entrapped, and they realized that they were gradually sinking. They kept very still, as they soon noticed that any effort to escape would fill the litter with water the more quickly. Mr. Hoste and Howard saw their danger and struggled through the river to reach them. Mr. Hoste arrived first, his face tense and white with emotion. He reached in through the doorway, lifted his fiancée out, and carried her ashore, her slight figure being no heavy burden. Things had gone too far for Howard to be able to do the same for Geraldine, but the muleteers came up in the nick of time, and carried the litter ashore. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were brought safely over, very wet, though they had not been as near drowning as had Geraldine and her companion. Deeply thankful, they dried themselves as best they could, and went on their way.

It was after more than four months on the road that they reached the coast at Tientsin, during which they had "eaten bitterness," as the Chinese say, with courage and grace. They had proclaimed the message of salvation to many by the way. They had seen vast areas of China, and learned more of her people and their ways, and they had had fellowship with Chinese Christians and foreign missionaries in a number of distant stations. As they now turned their faces towards their own field in Honan, it was with an increased knowledge and insight which necessarily involved them in a widening and deepening life of intercession.

They saw Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor safely to Shanghai, and, having given away most of their wedding presents, or left them in the Mission Headquarters to be used for any need which might arise, Geraldine and Howard set out for the province which they both regarded as peculiarly their own field.

One incident which had occurred early in the journey, in the south of Honan, had made a profound impression upon Geraldine, and she often told of it later when speaking of China's spiritual need.

It was midday, and the barrows had been wheeled into the inn courtyard of a country town. Howard and Mr. Coulthard set about preparing their meal, while Geraldine and Mrs. Hudson Taylor went into the inner courtyard, hoping to find some women who would listen to their message. Very quickly several women gathered round them, asking the usual questions as to their age, their nationality and the object of their journey. The answers given made an unusual stir among the listeners, which was explained when they said that they too were religious women, and that all the women of their community belonged to an organized order of religious worshippers. The fact that religious women from the West had come to them with a message from God made a deep impression, and they sent out to gather more of the members of their society to listen to the teaching. About eighty women pressed into the courtyard, and Geraldine realized that it was a unique opportunity. She spoke to them earnestly and simply, telling of a holy God, a sinful race, the coming of the Redeemer, His death and Resurrection, and of salvation by faith in Him. After a while she noticed that there was a disturbance, and that someone was sent as on an urgent quest. She paused, and they told her that they had sent to fetch the leader of their society. "She can read," they said, "and she must hear your words."

What manner of woman would the leader of their religious society be? She imagined her elderly, bigoted, hard. Perhaps her coming would break up the gathering, and close the door that had been open for one short hour. She set herself to use to the full the time left her. Taking the hand of a woman sitting at her feet, she went over five short sentences which she often taught Chinese women, pointing to her fingers one by one and repeating the lesson over and over again. Other women began to chant the words in chorus, pointing to their own fingers in turn:

Thumb: "There is only one true God."

Forefinger: "The true God loves us."

Middle finger: "The true God can forgive sin."

Ring finger: "The true God keeps us in peace."

Little finger: "The true God leads us at last to heaven."

The younger women learned the phrases quickly, and their retentive memories, untrammelled by Western logic and deductive thinking, held them with astonishing permanency. When they knew the sentences by heart, Geraldine explained them one by one; they made a basis for presenting the Gospel.

She was absorbed in her message, held irresistibly by the intent listening of the heathen women who were hearing of Christ Jesus for the first time, when the crowd parted and several voices called: "Here she is!" Their leader had come.

Geraldine rose to meet her, and saw a figure she would never again forget. She was young, tall, eager. She moved slowly on her bound feet, but her hands were outstretched to the stranger and her sad eyes were questioning. "They have been telling me," she said, "now you tell me all about it." There were none of the usual oriental preliminaries, no conventions at all, simply a heart prepared. As Geraldine looked at her she loved her, and realizing that she had only a short time, she gave herself wholly to this one soul. The young Chinese woman sat at her feet, and seemed to draw forth the message rather than merely to listen to it. They were minutes to remember to the end of time.

The call came that they must go, the barrowmen were ready, and they must make the stage for the day.

"But you aren't going, surely you aren't going away?" There was fear in the voice.

Geraldine explained. She and her husband were accompanying their aged parents on an important journey that would cover months; they could not stop at any places on the way. "Here are the books," she added. "You will read it here, the message from the God of heaven who loves us."

"But there must be a mistake," the younger woman pleaded. "Has the God of heaven sent you to us with this important message, and is there not time for you to stay a moon or two moons to teach us the way? How shall we find the way?"

The barrowmen were growing impatient; Howard called her to come, and she knew they must go, but it was heartbreaking. Holding the young Chinese woman's hand in hers, she drew her with her towards the outer courtyard, and explained to her that

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the Lord Jesus never goes away, told her to pray to Him, to trust in Him. They stopped a moment, and with a new brightness in her face, the Chinese woman said:

“Elder sister, tell me one thing. You will come back, you will come back soon?”

Geraldine thought of the thousands of towns and villages in that vast land. It was more than a week’s journey to the nearest missionary. At last she said:

“Little sister, I will come back if I possibly can, but I cannot say when it will be.”

Tears filled her eyes, and answering tears stood in the dark ones anxiously scanning her face:

“Oh, elder sister, are we only to hear this once?”

Weeping, Geraldine climbed on to the barrow, and as it jolted away she looked back and saw the slim figure of that seeker after Truth standing motionless on the street gazing fixedly after her. She never saw her again.

Geraldine wept and wept. Mr. Hudson Taylor tried to comfort her, but nothing could heal the heartache. Four years later Mr. Argento began missionary work in Kwangchow, quite near the little town where the woman belonging to the religious society lived, and the witness of the Kwangchow Church was for many years exceptional in power, in purity and fervour. “So she would have heard again,” Geraldine would say; “surely she would have heard again.”

Yes, verily, for who can care as the Lord Himself? We grieve for the woman, because she was only to hear the Gospel for one brief half-hour, we grieve for the missionary who must pass on, her heart torn and her soul burdened. Do we grieve with Him, who sweated blood in the agony of Gethsemane and from whose riven side flowed blood mingled with water? Is any sorrow like unto His sorrow? He purchased a whole world, and left a commission to His followers: Go, teach, make disciples, and lo, I am with you. Yet those who know very seldom go, few attempt to teach, few pay the price of making disciples. When we can weep *with Him*, we shall obey Him, and He will be with us all the days.

XVII

In Labours

“What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave the tending of the vines,
For all the heat o’ the day, till it declines.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.”

E. B. BROWNING

THE providential working of God in the lives of His servants is ever “with mercy and with judgment.” There is the blending of tenderness with sternness, of delight with discipline, which slowly but surely produces a character that glorifies His grace.

The early years of Geraldine’s married life were an example of this. There was great peace and restfulness in being able to lean on Howard’s strength, for, with all her independence of mind, she was essentially a woman; but there was also the constraint of subjection to his ideal, which she knew was entirely admirable, but which was largely foreign to her nature. He was reasonable, methodical, meticulous. She was emotional, impulsive, erratic. He was a steady and efficient worker; she had her moments of inspiration and her periods of incapacity. Generalities always mislead; each of them had blendings of other qualities, but these were the dominant trends of their nature. Having once recognized the wisdom of God’s choice for her, Geraldine so trusted Him that she very willingly subjected herself to the discipline her marriage involved, and having done it, she found that “a life of self-renouncing love is one of liberty.” It was the vine branch being pruned and bound to the trellis-work, but it led to fruitfulness and the joy of knowing that the purpose of the Husbandman was being fulfilled. It need hardly be added that the restriction and the benefit worked in them both, making them ultimately in a very marked degree as one in function and in purpose as the two wings of a bird.

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The first evidence of the new order in Geraldine's life is the fact that as soon as they had settled into one of the two houses owned by the China Inland Mission in the town of Chowkiakow, she set herself to do regular language study.

Chowkiakow was one of the three oldest mission stations in Honan. It was an important trading centre at the junction of two rivers in the east of the province. Henry Taylor, the first pioneer missionary to itinerate in Honan, had spent a week there in 1875 and had met with friendliness and a willing hearing. The town had been occupied by resident missionaries since 1884, so that the people were accustomed to see foreigners, and no longer thronged around them with the consuming curiosity that had made the crowds at Shekitien so great a strain and weariness. Other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Shearer, had charge of the station, so that while Howard gave himself to medical evangelism, Geraldine was free to study with her Chinese teacher, and to work among the women, who very soon found in her a friend after their hearts.

For three years before his marriage Howard Taylor had been the only qualified medical missionary in the province. One doctor among thirty-five millions, in an area as large as England and Wales, with no hospital, no asylum, no institution of any kind for the relief of pain and disease. It is little wonder that his days were busy ones or that his fame should have travelled far afield.

One day a call had come to him from Chenchow, an ancient city with exclusive traditions, dating back to the days of Confucius and far beyond. It came from Yuan Shi-kai, who was then the Minister of Finance at the Imperial Court in Peking, a man who was later to become the most influential statesman of the last decade of the Empire, and after 1912 the first President of the Republic.

Yuan Shi-kai's mother was lying very ill in the family home in Chenchow, and her son had come down from Peking to look after her. None of the remedies which the Chinese physicians had recommended had been of any avail, and when he heard of the English doctor who was living at Chowkiakow, he sent

a special messenger with a cart and mules to request his attendance.

It was a fine cart drawn by fast mules, and when he reached his destination Howard was received by His Excellency in proper Chinese style, and was shown all the honour due to an official of high rank. Chinese courtesy required that the guest should never be left alone, and as Howard's vocabulary was very limited at the time, the experience was a strain that he never forgot. When it was past midnight, and he was weary beyond endurance, he asked to be allowed to go to bed, but even at night a servant was left to keep him company in the sumptuous apartment into which his host led him.

For three days he was entertained in this magnificence, and Yuan Shi-kai grew more and more interested in his guest. There proved to be no hope of healing the patient, who was in the advanced stages of cancer, but the considerateness with which Howard relieved her sufferings, and the deference he showed for her exalted years, won the favour of her son, and he gave much good advice with regard to Howard's mission in Honan.

There were a hundred and nine prefectural cities in the province, and as yet not one of them had allowed a foreigner to settle within its walls. Howard was anxious to gain an entrance into Chenchow, and he asked Yuan Shi-kai what would be the best way to attempt it. Yuan advised him to break through the barriers of prejudice gradually; instead of trying to hire premises, thereby rousing the opposition of the scholars, he suggested that Howard should make periodical visits to the city of a few days at a time.

For some time Howard had acted on this advice. Accompanied by a Chinese Christian, he had stayed for a few days each month at an inn just within the gates of the city and done medical work while his companion sold books and tracts, and together they had preached to whomsoever would listen to them. Before the presence of the unwelcome foreigner had had time to rouse the resentment of the *literati* sufficiently to cause them to take steps to eject him, he used to depart. In this way Howard had won the confidence and friendship of a number whom he had helped

medically, his reputation had spread, and his arrival grew to be an event which caused quite a stir. The sick and suffering from many districts gathered at the inn at which he stayed, and he began to hope that the time would soon come when he could attempt to settle in Chenchow.

His marriage and the long journey with his parents had made a break of many months in his visits, and he was cheered by the welcome which he received when he went back again. And now they were two to pray for an entry into those closed gates; they would be two to occupy the first premises he hoped to rent in the city.

In an address given at Harley House five years later, Geraldine told a little of how it came about:

“Since I last stood in this hall, my husband and I have had the privilege of opening two important cities in China to the Gospel. We and our fellow worker, Mr. Ford, who went out from this college, were the first to live and preach Christ in those places, two of the chief governing cities of Honan. One of them, the city of Chenchow, was for a time the scene of painful experiences in the life of the great teacher, Confucius. Two thousand five hundred years ago he visited Chenchow to propound his doctrines, but was met by violent opposition and persecution, narrowly escaping with his life. In that remote past Chenchow was already an important centre of culture and learning, and there it still stands on the plain of Honan, capital of a populous and important district.

“It was the medical work that was used at last to win an entrance for the Gospel into that city, and even with all the help thus afforded conditions were far from easy. Four years of patient effort were required before we could obtain the poorest kind of little place in which to live. The house they gave us was just a small cart-inn, old and dirty, four rooms all told, with walls and floors of dried mud and a dilapidated roof of thatch leaking all over. The paper windows were heavily barred, and not made to open, and the little bit of courtyard was enclosed with high walls all round that shut out everything except the sky. Altogether it was very like a prison, and so shabby and dirty that it

would hardly have been used for a stable at home. But poor as it was, how we rejoiced to obtain it! It was privilege, opportunity, everything to us; the answer to many prayers; the chance we had so longed for to live and preach the Gospel in that proud Confucian city. I think the authorities had an idea, when they let us rent that house, that we should find it impossible to live there long, and that in that way they might soon be rid of us. But if so, they were indeed mistaken. How little it matters to us where we live, or what we have to put up with, as long as souls are saved and men and women grow up into Christ in all things! And that was what happened in our little house from the very first, thank God! Within the first six weeks quite a group of men and women had been led into the light, more than a dozen of whom were afterwards baptized, becoming members of the little church, which has gone on growing and developing ever since. Storms of persecution, of course, came upon us. Our lives were often in danger, and the city was placarded more than once with announcements of the day on which we were to be massacred. But in all this we could rejoice because souls were being saved."

Geraldine had experienced a moment of triumph on the day Howard came back from a period of itineration with the news that the Lord had granted them the answer to their prayers, and had caused the authorities to allow him to rent a small house in Chenchow. As they knelt together to thank Him for His intervention on their behalf, the sense of a solemn obligation grew upon her. The door was open at last; now they must go in. The Chinese woman who had served her ever since she came to Honan with Howard consented to go with her. She was a simple soul, and had very little understanding of what the step would involve. As they sat on the cart together on the way to Chenchow, and Geraldine tried to explain to her that she might be exposed to rioting and other dangers, fear took hold of her, and if there had been any means of turning back she would have gone home again.

When the city came in sight, they drew the curtains of the cart closely across the windows. It was the first time a foreign

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woman had entered one of the prefectural cities of Honan. Their cart passed unobserved through the wide entrance into the courtyard of the one-time inn. Geraldine and Mrs. Wang slipped into the passage-way leading to the back courtyard, and Geraldine looked about her with great interest. Howard came up behind her, and with his irrepressible cheerfulness he said, "Isn't it beautiful?" He had told her before they left Chowkiakow of how the dirty mud floors had been dug out, and new earth brought in from the country, and how the walls had been covered with new mud plaster and the windows freshly papered. His delight in telling of these preparations had filled her with rosy anticipation.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he stood there asking her.

"Yes, it's beautiful to be here," she answered softly, but she could find no beauty in the place itself.

She went into the largest of the three rooms opening off the inner courtyard. It had been one of the sleeping-rooms of the inn. A bed stood in each of the four corners, old Chinese wooden frames, with reeds and matting laid over them, standing as they had stood for nobody knew how long, and used by generations of travelling Chinese. A square wooden table against the wall opposite the door completed the furnishings. The other two rooms were smaller, and they also contained beds, nothing else. One of the side rooms was for Mrs. Wang. Howard and Geraldine occupied the other, and the larger room was kept as a chapel for the women, while the room opening on to the front courtyard served as the men's guest-hall and street chapel.

And now, once again, they faced the ordeal of exposure to the curious crowds. From dawn to dusk, day after day, the people came in hundreds, but only the women penetrated to the back courtyard. Geraldine settled down to teach them, beginning the very first evening, as she had done so often, with the five short sentences. For several weeks she never left the little mud yard, and some of those who came to learn were really interested.

A fine Chinese Christian from Chowkiakow had joined them,

and held a more or less non-stop evangelistic meeting in the street chapel at the front, while Howard treated patients. Geraldine assisted him on the three days a week when he saw women patients, as many as from sixty to eighty in an afternoon sometimes, and on the days when he treated men she helped Mrs. Wang to teach the women.

There was another city where Howard had used similar tactics to gain an entry, the city of Taikang. He succeeded at last in renting a room there too, and after some weeks in Chenchow he and Geraldine left their Chinese fellow workers to hold the fort while they occupied the new position. It was a day's journey to Taikang, which was also a city with resident officials. Their quarters there were very different from the little house in Chenchow; they formed part of an old mansion which had belonged to a high official. Only one member of this distinguished house was left alive, an old lady of an independent, masterful spirit. She had taken it into her head to receive the foreign doctor and his wife, and nothing could make her change her mind. She herself lived in the main building, a two-storied brick house with massive walls, very large courtyards and rooms round it. Built across the middle of the whole courtyard was a fine guest-hall. It was this room she had agreed to let them occupy. They screened off a portion of it as their bedroom, and used the other part as a living-room and guest-hall for their Chinese callers. There was a garden in front of their room containing fine old trees, and beyond that again there were other courtyards. The whole was enclosed with high walls. The old lady later moved out of her house into one of the other courtyards, and gave them the use of the main building.

After three weeks in Taikang they returned to Chenchow, and on August 18th, 1895, Geraldine wrote from there: "How much we have to praise God for, for His goodness to us here during our three weeks' absence at Taikang; truly He has been working. When we left there were many earnest enquirers, now there are twelve or fifteen definite applicants for baptism; four or five dear women have broken off vegetarian vows of many years' standing, and quite a number have put away their idols.

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It would indeed rejoice your heart to see the love and brightness, earnestness and joy, of many of these dear people. The testimony the Lord has used amongst the women has been that of dear Mrs. Wang, the woman I have had ever since we came out last autumn, and whom we left behind when we went to Taikang. There seems to be a remarkable spirit of hearing. . . . God is beginning to bless. We feel the call to up and sanctify ourselves and seek greater things than these. . . . In many ways He is strengthening as well as testing things."

Whenever their presence in one of the cities seemed to be proving too violent an irritant upon their opposers, they moved to the other until the tumult had quieted, and in this way they worked both the stations with the help of their Chinese fellow workers and of Mr. Henry Ford. But the cart journeys, no less than the work in the stations themselves, were often a test of physical endurance and of moral courage. It is of one of those days on the road that Geraldine wrote in an article entitled, *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*:

"It has often been a joy in China to cheer the dear Christian women, who frequently have much to suffer, with assurance from the Word of God in keeping with the spirit of the chorus, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' I have found them specially responsive to Hebrews 13:5, 6, with its five great negatives in the Greek—'I will never leave thee, no, never forsake thee.' Often have I seen the light of comfort and new hope break over their faces as they have repeated with me the Spirit-breathed response: 'So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear. What can man do unto me?"' At such moments, one can well understand the joyous impulse of Spurgeon in choosing as the title for a sermon on this passage, just the words: 'Never, Never, Never, Never, Never!'

"And such assurance is sorely needed in China in these days, when so many are suffering from flood, famine and other horrors. It was in connection with our own experiences in flooded country that we proved for ourselves, as never before, the reality behind the familiar words, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

“The flood was due to a break in the embankment of the Yellow River, at quite a distance from where we were. News travelled slowly. The waters had not reached our city, and we did not know how they were rising in the district until we had to take a journey. I was suffering from malaria at the time, and a long day in the rough springless cart drawn by mules was not easy to face. But we found the road so much worse than usual, on account of mud and water everywhere, that we realized that we must be prepared for trying experiences. And so it proved. The roads over that great Honan plain were mere dirt-tracks, anyway, repaired from time to time by throwing up mud from the ploughed land on either side to fill the larger holes and gaps. In this way the ditches that bordered the road had grown larger and deeper, until in some places they held enough water to submerge cart and occupants as well as mules, that might be unfortunate enough to fall into them. When a carter could see his way this, of course, would not happen, but when road and ditches and surrounding fields were all under water at the same time, it required a practised driver, and one who knew the district very well, to keep on the track.

“This was the case that day, and it was perhaps natural that one’s feverishness did not abate as we jogged along, hour after hour, for more and more of the towns and hamlets we passed were invaded by water, and the road was covered most of the time. But the carter was, happily, an optimist.

“‘All will be all right,’ he kept saying, ‘when we reach that village on the ridge yonder. Beyond that the road will be clear of water.’

“So we hoped for the best, and eagerly urged our way to the clump of trees that marked the said village. Bravely the mules struggled up the slippery incline, splashing through mud inches deep as we gained the highest part of the ridge. Beyond the trees a great stretch of plain lay before us, and—as far as eye could see—it was one vast expanse of water.

“For the moment my heart was daunted.

“‘Oh,’ I exclaimed in distress, ‘we cannot possibly . . .’

“But there was nothing for it but to go on. The village,

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already flooded in part, was almost deserted. There was no inn and no shelter to be had. Even a boat could not be found. Our driver was only too eager then to lighten the cart. How to keep his mules on the road and how to urge them through the remaining half-day's journey even he did not know. But the few frightened people kept to it that there was no boat to be had, and the setting sun warned us to lose no time if we wanted to reach the city before nightfall.

"So, on we went—the water rising round the cart as we left the ridge to cross the plain. Saying little to my husband, though conscious of the help of his prayers, I looked out over the lake-like expanse, and held my breath as the carter felt his way with a long pole to keep out of unseen ditches. Could one endure it, hour after hour, as the sun slowly set? The nervous distress increased by fever, was becoming almost unbearable when—I do not know what happened, but I seemed to hear the sound of singing, soft and sweet:

“ ‘Hark, ’tis the voice of angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the crystal sea.’

“Yes, and the singing went on in my own heart:

“ ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o’ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.’

“The mules were splashing through the water. The carter's shouts rang out as loud and insistent as before, but everything was changed for me. In unspeakable rest and joy of heart, I leaned back upon the Presence which was far more real than the distressful surroundings. ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus.’ Never before had that assurance been so precious, so sustaining. I could have happily gone on as we were to the end of the journey.

“But, what was that call behind us? A cry—a boatman's cry!

The carter stopped. We all looked back. And there, from somewhere a boat was actually coming, ready to take us, as the boatman shouted, all the way to the city. It seemed so wonderful, right in the midst of the flood, to transfer ourselves and our belongings to the friendly craft, lightening the cart, so that the mules, even when swimming, could get through in safety. How one realized as night closed in, for we reached the city in the dark, the comfort and upholding of those everlasting arms, 'Safe, in the arms of Jesus,' how blessedly real it is!"

Mr. Henry Ford, who had been associated with Howard and Geraldine in the work of opening the two new stations in 1895, was an old Harley student, and, looking back on those early days, he writes:

"I can remember when she arrived in Honan as Mrs. Howard Taylor, and how thrilled I was at the prospect of being associated with her and Dr. Howard in the opening up of the work at Chenchow and Taikang, and how much I appreciated the fellowship I had with them for the four years we lived together. How much those years meant to me as a young missionary it would be difficult to say. Often after my wife and I had been left to carry on the work after they had to return to England, the words, 'What can the man do that cometh after the king?' came to our minds."

After the old lady who had rented them a room in her house at Taikang had moved out of her own part of the house in order to make more room for the missionaries, two young workers joined them. One was Miss Ruth Brook; the other, Miss Mary Hodgson, soon became Mrs. Henry Ford. She too remembers those early days, and Mr. Ford's letter continues:

"Mrs. Ford wishes me to add on her behalf that her memory of Mrs. Taylor is of her being keen to encourage the younger missionaries and push them forward into the work of talking with the crowds of women who constantly gathered to see the foreigners. She was like an elder sister.

"She remembers how one day a Buddhist nun came with a band of her followers to annoy the preachers. As dusk drew on,

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the room became quite dark. Mrs. Taylor requested that a lamp be brought in, and then spoke on the darkness of the human heart, and of how Jesus came to be the Light of the world and so dispel the darkness. Instead of creating a disturbance, the Buddhist women listened enthralled."

So the months passed, and gradually men and women from these two ancient cities were won for the Lord and became living witnesses of the grace and power of God. They were not won without labour and tears, but the joy was greater than the pain as they saw grace much more abounding where sin had abounded before.

XVIII

In Honan . . . in Christ

"Hearts I have won of sister or of brother
Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
Lo, every heart awaiteth me, another
Friend in the blameless family of God."

F. W. H. MEYERS

GERALDINE felt especially attracted to the Honanese. She said of them that they differed from the Southerners just as the Scotsman differs from the Englishman. With his fine physique and independent mind, the average Honanese is industrious, peaceable and friendly. In those days most men and all women were illiterate, but not therefore necessarily ignorant. Geraldine often found among the women who gathered round her those who were capable of independent thought, and the natural sympathy of her heart was drawn out to them in their problems and perplexities.

But if she had always a true affection for the Honanese, it was in a far deeper sense that she loved those among them who had become her brothers and sisters in Christ. It was a peculiar joy to her in later years to tell the friends of the Mission in the home countries of those other friends of hers, whose spiritual birth and growth had filled her thoughts and her prayers for the four years during which she and Howard worked in Honan. Some of them had been delivered from such bonds of Satan as we seldom see in countries where Christ has been preached for centuries. She tells of one such:

"One of our earliest friends in Chenchow has been much used in spreading a knowledge of the truth. It was one day when my husband was seeing patients in the men's guest-hall that this young fellow came in. He was a country farmer, a big, powerful, well-built fellow, but worn and emaciated, with a wild, haunted look in his eyes, disordered dress and strange, excited manner. My husband, after a very few questions, felt sure as to the nature

of his case. He was literally possessed by evil spirits, and he knew it. For months he had been in that condition, and was sinking into depths of degradation. Night and day he could get no rest. He could not work or sleep. Strange perversity characterized him; he would pick up the vilest refuse in the street, and keep it for food. Restless, haunted, miserable, it was as though some nightmare was always upon him, overshadowing him with terror and oppression. At times paroxysms came on, of fearful violence, in which he was possessed of superhuman strength, and when these passed away he was left in a state of exhaustion. He saw and knew the spirits that were haunting him, and he sometimes heard their voices urging him to end his miserable life by suicide.

"After listening to all he had to say, my husband answered sadly and impressively: 'My poor fellow, there is no medicine in the world that can do you any good.'

"'Ah, sir, that was what I feared,' responded the young man. 'I have been to many of the local doctors, and they all say they can do nothing for me. I only thought that perhaps you, being a foreigner, might have some skill that could relieve me.'

"'No,' my husband said again; 'I can do nothing for you.' Then, seeing that the poor fellow had quite taken that in, he added slowly, 'But I have a Friend who can make you perfectly well.'

"'What, sir, a friend? Where is he? Would he take my case?'

"'Certainly He would. And He is here; there is no reason why you should not be perfectly cured before you leave this house to-day. Just come with me into this inner room.'

"Full of eagerness, the man followed my husband into a tiny room partitioned off the guest-hall and used for visitors. A dear old Chinese gentleman, an earnest Christian and a great friend of my husband's, was staying with us at the time, and to him the doctor handed over his new patient, with a brief explanation, while he went back to others who were waiting.

"Dear old Mr. Chen was in his element. There was nothing he loved better than to tell of the Lord Jesus. With deep interest, the young man listened, and soon it was evident that he was one whose heart the Lord was opening to receive the truth.

“‘Sir,’ he said, after hours of conversation, ‘all that you tell me I believe. I intend henceforward to follow the teachings of Jesus, and I will now go home and take down my false gods. Do you think, sir, that the Lord Jesus would save me from the power of these evil spirits that are wearing out my life?’

“‘Of course He will, here and now,’ responded the old man gladly. ‘Let us kneel down together and ask Him before you leave the room.’

“So they knelt in prayer, and Mr. Chen, in the name of Jesus Christ, commanded the devils to come out of him and return no more. I cannot explain the mystery; I only know that the young man came out of the little inner room that day a new creature in Christ Jesus. His face was bright and calm, he was rejoicing in a peace and gladness he had never known before. He went home to his little village, took down his idols and burned them, swept out the house and cleaned it thoroughly, and from that day to this has gone on in a bright, useful, Christian career. His father, mother, wife, brother and other relations have become Christians, and he has gone all round that district preaching Christ.”

One whom Geraldine specially loved they called “our beggar lady.” She was old, over seventy, and she wandered in off the street one day, and sat down in the guest-hall with her beggar basket on her arm. She listened to the Bible-woman who was preaching, and was strangely moved by the message. Turning to one of the younger missionaries, she said:

“It is strange that you did not come to tell us this before.”

When the meeting was over they left her with the Bible-woman, and after some time they saw them kneeling together, praying in the name of the Lord Jesus. She went home, but later in the evening she slipped in again:

“Tell me His name,” she said anxiously; “I have forgotten His name, and I can’t pray to Him unless I know.” So they told her.

She came often, and always before entering into conversation she would go away to a corner of the guest-hall to pray to the Lord Jesus; she had no other place where she could kneel in peace

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to pray. There was a beautiful nobility about her. She never begged from them, and they never gave her so much as a crust. She was no longer a beggar when she entered the Gospel Hall, but a believer, a member of the family. When she learned that they kept one day in seven as the Lord's Day, she determined not to beg on Sundays, but to ask the Lord to see to it that she was given enough on Saturday for the needs of two days, and she would tell them with triumphant radiance how He had heard her prayers.

The little home behind the street chapel was a place of refuge to many, not only to human beings, but even to poor dumb creatures. One day a little dog slunk into the courtyard and, having looked round, curled up in a sunny corner and went to sleep. After that he came every day. He was a nervous, cowering little creature at first, but gradually his tail came out from between his legs, and after some time he would run in wagging his tail, which was curled right over his back. The change in him was a joy to Geraldine, and she grew very fond of him. Then one day he crept quietly in, in a desperate plight; some boys had poured boiling water over him. Shivering and moaning, he set off for the only place he had known where there was peace and security, and there in his own sunny corner he lay down to die. Geraldine shed tears over the little friend whose confidence and faithfulness had often cheered her heart.

Things like that do count to one who is living in a confined little courtyard, with all the strident sounds of heathen homes pressing incessantly upon a sensitive mind. To one who is painfully aware of the anger in a nearby cursing voice, or of the agony of a poor animal squealing itself to death in a torture of slowness, there is consolation in being able to express a little of the lovingkindness of the Creator and in meeting with a ray of response from one of His little creatures which has found out the joy of being loved.

There was much room in Geraldine's heart. She told in a letter to *Regions Beyond* dated February, 1897, of some few of the many whom she had received into her love. She wrote from Chenchow:

“We have come over here for the Chinese New Year, a time of great temptation and difficulty to the native Christians, when it is important for us to be with them and we make a point of having a really nice, bright time. This Chinese festival is the chief time for family reunions, and there is much gaiety, more or less associated with devil worship. Those who by their connection with the Gospel have cut themselves off from their former manner of life are apt to feel the deprivation at such seasons, so we do our best to give them a good time, and they much appreciate it.

“All the year round we have to be most particular not to give anything to the Christians or enquirers that could lead them to attach themselves to us. But now at the Chinese New Year we feel at liberty to conform to the native custom and provide cakes and sweetmeats for the benefit of our guests.

“The last day of the Chinese year is the great climax of idol worship and religious rites. Every family puts up new gods with more or less ceremony; in all the homes incense is burning and crackers are fired off. I had sent our Bible-woman and servant out to visit the homes of the Christians living near, to see whether all seemed right with them and to remind them that we expect them to-morrow. Great was our joy when they returned. In all the twenty homes there was no sign of idolatry to be seen, but many marks of Christian faith. Several had hymns put up on the walls, or copies of the Commandments. The only exception was in dear old Mrs. Lin’s home, where, greatly to the old lady’s distress, her idiot son was burning incense before the Ten Commandments. She could not make him understand.

“It was strangely solemn to lie awake on that New Year’s night and listen to the crackers, knowing that all the inhabitants of this great city were prostrating themselves before their idol-shrines, amid the smoke of incense, while the smell of gunpowder was strong upon the midnight air. If it is the same in every home in every city all over China, what must be the cumulative sound, and the overclouding of the starlit sky, and what must be the feeling of it all to the great heart of God above? I was glad to think that after all these thousands of years of heathen darkness

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there are at least some homes in this proud Confucian city where the name of Jesus is well known and loved.

“We were up early in the bitter cold of the wintry dawn, but long before seven our guests began to arrive. One by one, all dressed in their best, we met them at the door, and before saying anything to us they made their way as by instinct to the top of the guest-hall, and knelt down on the mats to pay the profoundest Chinese reverence to the Lord—bowing the head to the ground three times. Then we knelt beside them, and committed them by name to Him in prayer, seeking His keeping grace and blessing for each one in this New Year. On rising from their knees, the first thing was to *pai-pai* us—the Chinese polite salutation—and then to *pai-pai* all the assembled guests who had arrived before them. Then came tea and nuts, dried fruit, and little sweetmeats handed round, and a great deal of animated talking in loud and cheerful voices.

“You should have seen the gay appearance of our usually so prosaic abode. The brilliant colour of the young folks’ winter best, and the headdresses of flowers. To us who know them it was very sweet to see so many gathered on that morning solely devoted to family reunions, gathered as one household, the household of God.

“There was dear old Mother Chang and, with her, her ‘sister’—her husband’s second wife—her daughter-in-law, and lots of her great-grandchildren. She is eighty years old to-day, she tells us. They are all bright Christians, and even the little ones, in their radiant attire of red and green and blue, kneel on the mat at the old grannie’s bidding, and pay reverence to the Lord with much apparent appreciation of the importance of the occasion. We let them do it because their parents press it, but the little ones do not understand much about the truth for themselves.

“Here comes little Mrs. Lin, a small, dried-up-looking, chirpy old lady, with the kindest of hearts. Behind her is the old barber’s wife, and the waterman’s wife, with little Mrs. Chow. She is a most true believer, and is now rejoicing in the conversion of her eldest son and her husband, who was before her most bitter persecutor.

“Dear old Mrs. Wang is here, deaf and tottering and eighty-five. She knows very little save that Jesus is her Saviour, but she wants very much to be baptized. With her come poor young Mrs. Li and her pretty, gentle daughter. They are bearing not a little persecution just now from relatives who seem determined to make them worship idols, but they are being kept firm, thank God.

“But I could go on all night and not tell you one-tenth of all that is in our hearts about these loved souls—these children of ours in the faith, who are indeed our joy and crown of rejoicing.

“Sixty women at least and quite as many more children came and went in our guest-hall on New Year’s Day. Not for one moment from half-past six in the morning till seven at night did the stream of guests cease. Our meals throughout the day had to be eaten in instalments, between the coming and going of our guests.

“That night, all alone in this heathen city, dear Mary [Miss Hodgson] and I thought of how New Year’s Day had been spent in the homeland. How our hearts did go out in gratitude to God that to us is given this wonderful, supreme privilege—seeing souls turn to the Lord Jesus, in all their need and longing, amid the darkness, sin and sorrow of this great heathen land.”

XIX

In Stripes

“No darkness is so deep, but white
Wings of the angels through can pierce;
Nor any chain such heaps lies in
But God’s own hand can hold it light;
Nor is there any flame so fierce
But Christ Himself can stand therein.”

H. E. HAMILTON KING

EVERY life won for Christ is a life lost to the enemy of souls, and when a number turn to the Lord it stirs up an opposition which is not of flesh and blood, but is set in motion by the spiritual powers of the realms of darkness. Yet these powers work through human tools. Even as God has ordained that the Gospel be preached by those who have believed unto salvation, and who, being born of the Spirit, are members of Christ; so Satan, the prince of the power of the air, has emissaries who do his bidding; men and women who are subject to his will and work out his cunning devices—for the most part unconsciously, though sometimes by deliberate choice.

“We are not ignorant of his devices,” Paul wrote, but in our day there is an all too prevalent ignorance, not only of his devices, but of his very existence. One of his tactics, practised so often that none who engage in spiritual warfare should be ignorant of it, is to use the jealousy of the human heart, which can easily be incited to action, and which is never far to seek in those who have an innate capacity for leadership, and who have known what it is to hold sway over their fellow mortals.

Almost always the common people hear the Gospel gladly, even as they heard Christ gladly in Galilee, but now, as then, it is true of three-fourths of them that they forget it soon. There is a wave of enthusiasm for a time, and while it lasts their leaders—priests, religious rulers and such as live by the traffic connected

with worship—moved to anger and envy at the thought of losing their power or possessions, exercise their influence to the utmost against the messengers of the Cross.

Geraldine and her colleagues had been conscious of the antagonism of threatening forces from the first, but “strong in the strength which God supplies” they had held on their way unmoved. Now the time had come for a more open and direct attack. It came in Taikang. Howard and Geraldine were still travelling to and fro between the two stations, spending a few weeks in each. Ruth Brook and Mary Hodgson were settled in Taikang, and in both cities they had the help of reliable and zealous Chinese fellow workers.

In Taikang there was a nun, the leader of a large religious society, an influential woman, who took part in public life and had even won cases in the city court of law against men with legal experience. A deep resentment against the missionaries and their Western doctrine smouldered in her heart. Were they not drawing men and women away from the time-honoured Buddhist teaching? She went to see them with a large following of nuns, and acted the part of an interested enquirer. It was a time of drought in Honan, and distress and destitution prevailed. One day she saw in a flash how she could work for the undoing of the hated foreigners. She began to spread a rumour that they had large sums of relief money entrusted to them which they ought to be giving away among the suffering people, and she promised to obtain the money.

While Howard and Geraldine were on one of their visits to Chenchow, she called on the two single ladies, and asked them to lend her a considerable sum of money. They had none to lend, and told her so. She left them, and set a new report whispering through the city and far out into the country districts. Professing to be the missionaries’ friend and confidante, she affirmed that on a certain day every person who called at the mission station would receive the sum of three hundred cash. Everyone knew her and they believed her word.

Howard and Geraldine were back again before the appointed day came. They had heard a rumour of the ruse against them,

and had even talked of leaving Taikang until the affair had blown over, but they had so many friends in the city, and such wonderful opportunities, that they did not consider a move lightly, and the climax took them unawares. Early one morning, barrows and carts began to gather at the gates of the mission premises, and every hour brought a steady stream of people from far and near. They received them politely and explained over and over again that it was all a mistake—they had no money to give away. They tried to talk to the people of other things, but they had come for money—money which they regarded as their right. Their disappointment was bitter, and it gave way to suspicion until gradually evil suggestions were whispered among them. They would have their revenge. The unmarried ladies were in the upstairs room, Howard was out in the front courtyard with the men, and Geraldine in the women's guest-hall. At last the rough elements of the city pressed in among the country people; they poured over the walls, and invaded the whole place, smashing everything they could lay hands on, and carrying off whatever they fancied. They forced their way upstairs to the room where Ruth Brook and Mary Hodgson were, and the ladies had to come down and leave them to despoil that room too. Mary Hodgson slipped over to a friendly Chinese neighbour and escaped all harm, but the crowd mishandled Miss Brook, knocking her about, bruising her and stripping her clothes off with violence. While trying to help her into the guest-hall, Geraldine was attacked by the crowd and treated in the same way. A woman from the country who was carrying a hoe hacked at them and cut Geraldine's head open so that the blood streamed down her neck. She succeeded in holding her torn garments about her, and was standing waiting to be struck down, wondering at her own calm, when she saw a Chinese gentleman pushing through the tumult towards the doorway in which she stood facing the mob. She did not know him, but "I could see at a glance that he was friendly," she wrote afterwards, "and looked at him in surprise as he took his stand at my side. His face was perfectly white. I turned to him and asked his name. 'My name is Wang,' he answered.

“‘I hope, sir,’ I responded, ‘that you will stay beside us until help comes.’”

“‘I intend to stay here,’ was his reply. ‘I will not leave you.’”

“Much interested and wondering who he could be, I looked at him—which was a most improper thing to do—and then looked away again over that raging mob of people. His presence saved our lives, for he stayed beside us and in some measure restrained the violence of the mob until the Mandarin came, and everyone fled before him. Then Mr. Wang disappeared.”

The Mandarin was a fine young Manchu, newly appointed to the city and very zealous in the exercise of his business. He had been out on an official errand when news of the riot reached him, and he was in full Mandarin attire when he leapt in among the people, seized four men by their queues, two in each hand, and shook them soundly, raging all the time in a manner that struck terror into the hearts of the offenders. He came just in time to prevent the men in the front courtyard from stoning Howard, who, though badly cut and bruised, was not seriously injured. The Mandarin’s escort of soldiers filled the court and tied twenty-four of the men they had seized by their queues, making them kneel down to receive their sentence.

Then with true Chinese courtesy the Mandarin turned to the foreigners, taking all the blame for the day’s disorder on himself and humbly confessing his neglect of duty. He sent round to a shop for a hot meal for them, and ordered them to be supplied with clothes, a cart and strong mules, so that they could go at once to a neighbouring station.

Mrs. Ford, the Mary Hodgson of those days, remembers a small incident which shows Geraldine’s thoughtful care of others even in the hour of her own need. “On the day of the riot, Mrs. Taylor sent some medicine to one of the rioters who had been seized by the Mandarin’s men and tied up at the front door of the mission premises. This act seemed to have quite a good effect on the people, who said: ‘These foreigners can’t be so bad after all, if they treat these men like that.’”

As they sat down to eat their meal, surrounded by the broken

remains of their earthly possessions, they realized how wonderfully they had been preserved from violent death, and a well of joy sprang up in their hearts. Geraldine spoke of it at a meeting in London three years later:

“Very briefly I want to speak of another deep and wonderful joy.” (She had spoken first of the joy of complete surrender and of the joy of being where you are most needed.) “These are troublous times in China. I want to tell you one fact that may encourage your hearts in praying for the missionaries out there. Beloved Christian friends, we have known in our experience one hour of joy so deep, so wonderful, that we never expect to know the like again until we see Him face to face, unless indeed He place us again in similar circumstances. After a riot, when our lives had been saved by a miracle, when we were sitting bruised and bleeding amidst the ruins of our home, in that hour, believe me, heaven itself was opened to us, and we tasted then and afterwards a joy so marvellous that I scarcely like to speak about it here, as we realized that we had been permitted to suffer something for Christ’s sake. It just dawned upon us, I cannot tell how; it came like a flash of illuminating light, that we had been counted worthy, not for anything in ourselves, but from His great grace to us, to suffer something for Christ’s sake. No words can tell you the joy which filled our hearts. We have never known anything like it since, and we would not miss that experience out of our lives for all that you could give us.”

There was another joy that came out of the riot, the joy of seeing the fruit it bore in the life of a Chinese scholar. They had a friend in Taikang, a Mr. Tseng, himself a scholar, who had been won for the Lord through the quiet, steady witness of the ignorant barrowman who served them as a gatekeeper. Old Li, having learned to read sufficiently to be able to spell out the loved pages of his New Testament, would sit poring over the book on the doorstep. Mr. Tseng had been interested to see him reading and began to talk with him, and after a time he became a believer. He had a friend, Mr. Wang, one of the leading men of the city, and he did all he could to lead this friend to Christ, but, as Geraldine wrote, “Mr. Wang was not so receptive as

Mr. Tseng had been; he was full of energy, intelligence and strength. Many difficulties and doubts suggested themselves to him as he pondered the story of the Cross; and the fear of consequences, if he became a Christian, raised barriers in the way. He had everything to lose, and he knew it. Gradually he became intellectually convinced, but nothing would persuade him to give his heart to Christ. He seemed to need some further proof of the reality of the Christian faith, and this God gave him." This was the Mr. Wang of whom Geraldine had heard so much, and for whom she had often prayed, but she had not seen him until the day of the riot, when he came and stood beside her, and by his presence kept the angry tumult at bay till the Mandarin arrived. She goes on:

"Far too courteous to speak to us or seem to observe us, Mr. Wang had been watching keenly all that scene. He saw the perfect calmness in which we were kept. He saw that we were able to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, and that no anger or desire for revenge had any place in our hearts. He saw that all we asked from the Mandarin was that he would treat the prisoners he had taken with leniency, and that he would soon bring us back and enable us to resume our work in peace. Watching all this, unknown to us, the Confucian scholar had found something that broke him down, had witnessed a practical evidence of the power and reality of the Christian faith that nothing could gainsay. That night he went home to his house determined to be a Christian.

"Not many weeks after the riot Mr. Wang was earnestly preaching the glad tidings of the love of Christ. Educated and intelligent, he was able to study for himself the Word of God, and he rapidly grew in knowledge and in grace. On one occasion, two months after the riot, my husband had to leave the station on important business, and he invited Mr. Wang to take his place for a few days. He came, and, as a matter of course, took all the services. I had not seen him since the riot, and one evening when he was preaching in the guest-hall, I went out under cover of darkness and looked from a distance through the open window. Never can I forget the moment when first I *saw*, unmistakably,

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in the man who saved us that terrible day, a new brother in Christ Jesus! I stood there in the darkness weeping for very joy until I had to turn away because it was more than one's heart could hold.

"One other such moment I remember in the very house where the riot took place. A month later, when things had quietened down, the Mandarin of the city sent to invite us back in the name of all the leading gentry of the place. We never informed our British Consul about the riot, nor was it written about in any paper, but we did wait upon the Lord in prayer, and He inclined their hearts to bring us back. And what a welcome was prepared! Almost all the Mandarins and gentry of the city turned out to meet us. They came with bands and banners and a great triumphal procession and met us outside the city gate, walking on foot with my husband right through the main streets to our house. The people said it was like welcoming the Viceroy of the province! Thus we were enabled to resume our work, and although we never recovered the things we had lost, and never asked for compensation, the Lord gave us 'much more than this,' for He gave us souls. Chiefly through the labours of our two scholar friends, Mr. Tseng and Mr. Wang, numbers of men were interested, not a few of whom became earnest Christians. A year later, not long before we had to leave on furlough, a little band of nineteen of these were baptized one Sunday morning in the very courtyard where the riot had taken place. We could not go down because my husband was lying dangerously ill with fever, but we heard the singing as our colleague, Mr. Ford, conducted the service. With a full heart, I stepped out for a few moments on to the verandah of the old house and looked into the courtyard below, and there, on the very spot where I had seen my husband beaten down during that riot, and thought he would have been trampled to death, I saw those nineteen men confess their faith in Christ, dear Mr. Wang himself assisting, his face glowing with joy. When I returned to my husband's bedside and knelt in silence as we listened to those songs of praise, I think we scarcely knew whether we were on earth or in heaven."

On the day that they made their triumphal return to Taikang,

honoured and fêted by all the civic dignitaries, one of the attentions the Mandarin had paid them was to command the twenty-four men, who had been held in custody against their return, to kneel in their chains beside the roadway at the city gate.

Howard immediately called at the Mandarin's residence, and asked him as a favour to release the prisoners. The Mandarin, who had intended to exact a stern penalty from them in order to heighten the glory of the return of the injured Westerners, refused with firmness, and said that Howard might make any other request he liked. He insisted that they had no other wish, and, realizing at last that the request was made in sincerity, the Mandarin consented. The prisoners were sent under armed escort and in chains to the Mission compound, and, kneeling there on the courtyard, they knocked their heads on the ground before the much honoured foreigners. They believed that their last hour had come. And then in a public ceremony the Mandarin's representative gave the lives of the men into the missionaries' hands, and they had the joy of unlocking the padlocks which fastened their chains. The men were dumb with astonishment and overwhelmed with gratitude, and again knocked their heads on the ground in a fervour of relief and delight. It was a happy moment, and did much to dispel prejudice against the Christian teaching.

After they had gone, a great feast was served and many polite speeches were made, and before long missionary work began again in Taikang. So the Lord made the wrath of man to praise Him.

XX

Changes

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee."

A. L. WARING

GERALDINE and her husband were to spend another two years working in Honan before the change came which turned their life into new channels; but not quite a year after the riot at Taikang they met with lesser changes. Such things are sometimes sent to loosen roots that have begun to take fast hold of the soil where they have been growing, if transplanting is awaiting them.

Dr. Grattan Guinness with his daughter Lucy was travelling in India, and news reached Geraldine one day that her father was planning a visit to Shanghai, and that he hoped to be able to meet her and Howard there. Almost at the same time her younger brother Whitfield was due to arrive in China as a new worker of the China Inland Mission, so there was a family reunion for a few weeks that spring which brought great refreshment to her. She and Howard took her father to see many places of interest, introducing him to missionary leaders and workers of several societies. She not only enjoyed watching his interest and emotion when he saw with his own eyes "the blue-robed throng," as he called the Chinese, but she delighted in the uplift and inspiration he carried with him to the groups of missionaries he met and addressed on various themes. His visit was a memory for life, vivid, warm and glad. The weeks went by very quickly, and the parting was hard to face. Geraldine felt it deeply, but there was comfort in the fact that Whitfield was to go with them to Honan. It was a special joy to her to be allowed to initiate him into

Chinese life, because "I brought him up, you know," she used to say.

It was a long journey, first up the Yangtze and the Han River, and then over the rough Honan roads by cart. It was midsummer and very hot, but they enjoyed every day of the five weeks together, and it was with pride and pleasure that Geraldine introduced her brother to her Chinese friends in Chowkiakow at the end of the journey.

Then she and Howard went back to their little home in Chenchow and to the joys and burdens of the care of the two churches and of the many they met day by day. The year that followed was very like the years that had gone before, and yet there is no sameness in the service of Christ Jesus. For every new claim there is new grace; for every new need, new mercy. Every day the Lord Himself made the Word to live to their souls, and caused the living waters to flow from their lives to quicken and renew others.

Howard's health had been poor for some months, and as time passed the attacks of fever and dysentery grew more frequent. In the spring of 1898 he sometimes had to lie across forms which they carried out into the courtyard, while he saw his patients, because he had not the strength to sit up. Finally, Geraldine sent a message for her doctor brother, and it was a relief when he and Mr. Joyce arrived and took charge both of the doctor and his patients. At length it became clear that Howard must have a change in order to regain strength. He had been eight years in the interior, and had been through a good deal of hardship and privation. His father, who was in Shanghai at the time, did not think it advisable for him to face an English winter, so they sailed in November, 1898, for Australia, to spend their furlough with the Reed family in Tasmania.

They went ashore in Adelaide, and were welcomed by Dr. Lockhart Morton and Mr. Charles Goode. Mr. Goode took them to his home for the night their ship was to be in harbour, and that evening they went with him to a service in his church at which they both spoke. At the close of the meeting a number of people came up to shake hands with them, and an elderly

gentleman said to Geraldine, "I am so sorry to hear of your recent bereavement." She did not understand what he meant, and thought he must be referring to her mother's stroke, which had made her a cripple for the past seven years. She smiled, and said brightly: "Thank you, but my dear mother is getting on quite nicely, in spite of the paralysis." He looked surprised, and said, "Oh, haven't you heard?" Just then Howard and Mr. Goode came up and explained to Geraldine that her mother had been called away from her earthly limitations into the Lord's presence a few days before they had sailed from China, more than a month earlier.

Geraldine was overwhelmed, and completely broken down.

"Mother—the wonderful mother who had been so much to us and to everybody. I couldn't believe it. The pain of that hour remains across the years. Mother had been everything to me, and she was so fond of Howard, and so glad about our marriage. I can't tell what that loss was," she said fifty years afterwards.

As they went from Adelaide to Melbourne the two days at sea were shadowed by her grief. Few things bring so profound a change in life as a bereavement, and in Geraldine's nature feelings were always uppermost. She was conscious of a poignant desolation. For years she had written letters to her mother telling her everything. There would never again be anyone who had leisure of heart to follow every detail in her life as her mother had done. But it was not only her own loss that so often brought the tears those days. She was feeling, as if she had experienced it herself, the new loneliness that had come to her father. She was deeply concerned for him and for Lucy, and longed to be with them. Howard understood her, and he let her weep, showing his sympathy enough to help, but not so as to intrude. Great love begets understanding. And it was surely the perfect understanding of their Father in heaven which allowed her to hear the news just then, when they had two days alone at sea in which to find the comfort of God and the peace of taking the bereavement as from His hand; time to realize that for a whole month, in our way of counting, the beloved mother had been where there are no more shadows.

When they reached Melbourne the members of the China Inland Mission Council welcomed them with much kindness. They spent a few days there, and were always grateful when they recalled the fellowship with Dr. J. J. Kitchen, whose father had been the first friend to receive Mr. Hudson Taylor when he visited Australia. Their own testimony to the blessing and peace they had experienced through the varying problems of work in Honan came as a message of cheer to the men who stood behind the bands of workers which had been sent to China from Australia.

After another day and a half on the sea, they reached Tasmania. Leila Dennison, by then Mrs. Henry Reed, and her two sisters-in-law, Maggie and Mary Reed, met them, and there was no room for doubt that they were welcome at Mount Pleasant. They spent almost a year in that beautiful, restful home, with the glorious gardens and wealth of fruit trees and flowers, and Howard's health was gradually built up. Geraldine spent much of the time in Tasmania in work on her book, *One of China's Scholars*, the first volume of her *Life of Pastor Hsi*. The task greatly appealed to her. She had a real personal affection for Pastor Hsi, and was convinced that the testimony of his life had a vital message for the Christians of other countries; but besides this, the book, as she had conceived it, gave her an opportunity of sharing with her readers the fascinating things she had learned about China, her people and their customs. Very little had been written in a popular style to make China known, and the theme filled her with enthusiasm. She gave herself to the work with her usual whole-heartedness, spending hours writing and re-writing, as she always did when she worked on a book. But the book was not finished at Mount Pleasant, despite all the quiet and comfort of the months spent there. Perhaps she found, like H. V. Morton, that "the peace is distracting. In the boundless silence the mind swoops and dips and refuses to come to earth. There is nothing to concentrate against." She never really learned the secret which Morton has expressed with humorous exaggeration: "It has been proved time and again that the perfect place for a writer is in the hideous roar of a city, with men making

Mrs. Howard Taylor

a new road under his window in competition with a barrel organ, and on the mat a man waiting for the rent." To Geraldine there was always the pull of the men themselves who were making the road. She felt the burden of indebtedness to all men to bring them into the fellowship in Christ Jesus, or, if they were there, to share with them more of the riches of His grace; and the conflict of claims between the book, which was to speak to the many, and the man who was there and to whom she herself could speak, was often decided in favour of the nearer opportunity. It was to escape the possibility of the rival claim that she sought solitude in which to write, but it meant that she missed that peculiar quality which is born of something "to concentrate against."

Besides the duty of recreation and the work on the book, Howard and Geraldine travelled and spoke at meetings for the China Inland Mission. She said later of this tour: "We have been visiting the centres of the Mission throughout the Australian colonies . . . and we have been greatly encouraged by what we have seen of the blessing of God upon the work."

Late in 1899 Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor joined them, and they travelled together, first in Australia and then, early in 1900, in New Zealand. One who attended a meeting at which Howard and Geraldine were the speakers writes:

"The first time I saw Mrs. Howard Taylor was at an evening service in the Devonport Presbyterian Church, Auckland, N.Z., during the summer [i.e. January] of 1900. Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor were both in the pulpit, and Mrs. Taylor gave the address. Her text was: 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.' It was a heart-searching, unforgettable address, bringing home to us the power, the present power of Christ to save. Mrs. Taylor gave vivid instances from their own experiences in China of the Lord's saving power. As I write I can see the whole scene again—the well-filled church, the people listening intently, Dr. Taylor seated beside Mrs. Taylor as she stood in the pulpit. It was a night to be much remembered."

From New Zealand they sailed to America, where Mr. Hudson

Taylor was due to speak at the Ecumenical Conference in New York. They landed at San Francisco, and went from there to Los Angeles to stay with Mrs. M. P. Ferguson, whom Geraldine described as "one of the most wonderful women I ever met." Mrs. Ferguson had, at the Lord's direct, personal bidding, started missions in a number of cities and towns of the western states as well as in Alaska, Port Said, India, Honolulu and other parts. The work was financed by freewill gifts through miracles of providential intervention, and was carried on with the simplicity of a daring trust in God, coupled with an uttermost devotion to Jesus Christ, which called nothing a sacrifice for the sheer joy of being spent for His sake.

"I die to the good things, for Jesus is calling,
I die to myself to save others from falling,
'I will not go free' while the yoke that is galling
Is keeping the millions from rest.
But—wonder of grace—how my soul is receiving!
To keep was to lose; I got all by my giving;
I lost my own life, but I ne'er had such living;
The joy of my Lord is the best"

is the last verse of a poem by Mrs. Ferguson, and it shows the direction of her life.

Mrs. Ferguson was delighted to have Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor as her guests, and they all felt very much at home at "Peniel." The fellowship was a blessing to Geraldine. She found there a whole staff of workers, almost all women, who, with the most engaging American directness, were doing work which was exactly in accordance with her own ideal. But the way of life which she had looked upon as exceptional was to them a daily commonplace. Given the promises of God and a real experience of His full salvation, it seemed to them the obvious thing to let Him dispose of their lives. Quite unconsciously, they did their visitor the signal service of shaking her out of her tendency to take herself too seriously, and she was influenced by their buoyancy.

One could not but feel invigorated as Mrs. Ferguson, in telling

Mrs. Howard Taylor

of the way the Lord had led her, said, "I am getting used to having nothing to start on, it really makes no difference if God bids you go. That is the point to make sure of. You will get left if you don't." Or again, when she was describing in her inimitable way how she was enabled to send a missionary to Port Said, "I told her plainly I had just twenty-five dollars, but God had the rest."

The stay in Los Angeles was a tonic, and the giving was not all on one side.

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York was a very inspiring experience. Preparations for the gathering had been going on for two years, and fifteen hundred delegates met there from all societies. "It was convened by spiritually minded men; addressed by speakers whom the Lord had signally used; and its influence was profound and far-reaching." The meetings were held in the Carnegie Hall, and the whole vast assembly listened eagerly to the messages given.

Hudson Taylor was one of the veterans, and he held the audience by his very simplicity and humble confidence in God. Howard and Geraldine were there for his sake. His health had been failing a good deal, and they did everything in their power to be helpful to him. They themselves were "just young then, and not of any particular account."

One day Mrs. Livingstone Taylor, of Cleveland, who was staying at one of the leading hotels, invited Howard and Geraldine with Harry Guinness, who was a delegate, to lunch. Just as they had sat down, a caller was announced who had asked to be allowed to speak to Dr. Harry Guinness. Harry left the dining-room, and a few minutes later returned, bringing with him a shy, quiet man of about thirty whom he introduced as Mr. Coleman, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Livingstone Taylor was very glad to have him at her table, and in the course of the meal he told them why he had called.

He had read *The Story of the China Inland Mission*, and was anxious to meet Mr. Hudson Taylor. He had heard that Harry Guinness was at the Conference, and hoped that he would be able to give him an introduction to Mr. Taylor. As it was his



Geraldine in the home at Chenchow.
In their Taikang home, 1896.



Howard and Geraldine Taylor.



North-west to Kansu.

sister who had written the book, he had come in search of him. He had not heard of Howard Taylor, and had no idea of the identity of Mrs. Howard Taylor, so it seemed very wonderful to him that he should be sitting at the same luncheon-table as Hudson Taylor's son and daughter-in-law.

They met him frequently during the Conference days, and the acquaintance very quickly ripened into friendship. One day he handed them \$5,000 for the China Inland Mission, very quietly, as if it were a small matter. He was a silent man—the conversation was mostly on their side; but they felt the power of his personality, and learned to value him highly. The friendship which began in the hotel dining-room developed into a life-long fellowship in the interests of the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Coleman's son says: "Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were my father's closest friends. Both of them helped greatly to enrich his spiritual life, and they gave him a deeper purpose in his business career. They helped to put him in contact with many missions and missionaries otherwise unknown to him, and in this way the trio was a team."

Mr. Coleman liked to give his gifts to the C.I.M. through them whenever they were in the United States, and to some other missions in which they were specially interested. He had confidence in their judgment, and it was a great joy to them to have the privilege of helping him to use the great wealth with which he was entrusted to meet the needs of the Lord's work.

After the Conference in New York, Mr. Coleman was anxious that they should go to Philadelphia and speak there. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor went with him, but Howard and Geraldine were booked to address the Annual Meetings of the C.I.M. in London, and they had to leave the States at once. It was after they had sailed that Mr. Hudson Taylor had the slight stroke which prevented him from speaking in public again for nearly five years. Mrs. Taylor at once made arrangements to leave for England, and they reached London in the June days when the first telegrams with news of the Boxer massacres were coming through from Shanghai. They were an overwhelming shock to Mr. Hudson Taylor, and his wife took him straight to Davos, to

Mrs. Howard Taylor

the home where he had been restored to health once before after a time of great weakness.

As the China news became more and more heartrending, Howard and Geraldine realized that they ought to be with their father, and they went to join him in Switzerland. Mr. Taylor was weak after the stroke he had had in Boston, and the terrible climax of the crisis in China had broken upon him like a tidal wave over a tired swimmer. He had always believed that there was special protection for those who had gone into the interior of China for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Gospel. With the exception of William Fleming, who had been murdered in Kweichow in 1898, no member of the C.I.M. had met death by violence, and now he was borne down by an agonizing question: Had God withdrawn His protecting hand? He would pace up and down his room, the tears streaming down his face, just suffering, not questioning, but wondering how it had come to be so. Geraldine had resumed her work on the life of Pastor Hsi, and in order to let him feel some companionship, she used to sit writing in the room where he walked to and fro in his travail of soul. It was when they were in the room together that he said the words she quoted in his biography. He had walked over to her desk, and stood looking down at her as she was searching through Wells Williams' *The Middle Kingdom* for some reference. He said, "I cannot read . . ." and then, as she looked up at him with deep sympathy in her eyes, "I cannot think. . . . I cannot even pray," and, after another pause, very quietly, "But I can trust."

Howard devoted himself entirely to his father and surrounded him with constant care. They went for walks together, and gradually he was won back to a measure of health.

In the autumn of that year *One of China's Scholars* was published. Mr. Hudson Taylor was well enough by then to write the Foreword, and in it he said that he thought the information given in the book would be of special value at that time: "This book will fulfil its mission if it leads to a larger sympathy for and appreciation of the Chinese." It is impossible now, after almost fifty years of missionary publications concerning China,

to judge of the influence of that first volume of the life of Pastor Hsi. It was reprinted when the second volume appeared in 1903, and had two reprints in the following year. To a very wide reading public, it was certainly the first introduction to the life of a Chinese scholar, and it did much to awaken an intelligent interest in the Chinese Christians as fellow members of the body of Christ, and not simply as the objects of the missionaries' labours.

As soon as the book was out of her hands, Geraldine began work on the second volume, *One of China's Christians*. Three years were to pass before she completed the manuscript, because of the many other forms of service which claimed her, but when it appeared it ran through five reprints within a year, and the name of Pastor Hsi had become almost as well known as that of Hudson Taylor himself, not only in England and America, but also in Switzerland and France, in Germany and Scandinavia.

XXI

He Worketh Still

"All things are possible to God,
To Christ the power of God in me;
Now shed Thy mighty Self abroad,
Let me no longer live, but Thee:
Give me this hour in Thee to prove
The sweet omnipotence of Love."

CHARLES WESLEY

A TOUCH of the most illuminating spiritual instruction comes to us when we look back over the way the Lord has guided and watch the linking of lives through apparently chance contacts. God weaves them into each other on the great loom of circumstances, and though none of us see the whole of His pattern while we are surrounded by the things of time, yet there are moments granted to some, when they catch a glimpse of the threading of His purposes. Part of the eternal weight of glory will be the clear vision of how abundantly He is justified in all His ways.

Some of the contacts made at the Ecumenical Conference in New York had a striking sequel in the lives of Howard and Geraldine, and led to new spheres of service and a steadily broadening stream of influence.

Geraldine had met John R. Mott at the Student Conference at Detroit in 1894, and it was a mutual pleasure to renew the touch in New York and for her to hear him tell of the work to which he was committed. He had been working among students for twelve years, and had travelled round the world, everywhere wonderfully used of God in rousing young people to face the claims of Jesus Christ upon their lives. With Donald Fraser and Robert Wilder, he had raised the flaming standard: *The Evangelization of the World in this Generation*; and through the impact of his ardent personality scores of men and women had gone to the far places of the earth to spend their lives making that motto a practical reality.

Now John R. Mott saw a new need. More ought to be done

in the colleges of America to emphasize the missionary challenge. Their meeting in New York had reminded him of the memorable Sunday morning at Detroit when he had shared the platform with Geraldine Guinness, as she then was, and the thought came to him that she and Howard were the messengers to sound this call.

He wrote in the early autumn of 1900, asking if they could be freed from other claims in order to spend some weeks travelling in the United States, visiting the universities for the Student Volunteer Movement. The letter reached them at Davos, and they laid the proposal before Mr. Hudson Taylor. His heart was stirred by the possibilities which lay in such an opportunity. He had long been burdened by the lack of an adequate response from the "home" Churches to the call of the unreached fields. Perhaps this new door of opportunity would be the answer to many prayers?

Howard and Geraldine sailed for the States in October, and John R. Mott welcomed them in New York. He had a well-prepared plan for them. Howard was to visit the men's colleges, and Geraldine, with a young American lady, Miss Shearman, was to work among the women. The whole time proved an outstanding answer to prayer. In writing of those days, Dr. Mott says of Geraldine: "She was a great spiritual blessing to me when she served our Student Volunteer Movement in the United States and Canada. During that period she made a remarkable contribution to the spirit and missionary life of our two countries."

Miss Shearman, who travelled with Geraldine, says: "I have vivid recollections of my trip with Mrs. Taylor from Vassar to Wellesley. The very flavour of her life and personality as we talked together of the Lord and His Kingdom has remained with me. It has been a great privilege to be associated with her, and her life has been a challenge to me ever since. Her influence in the Student Volunteer Movement meetings made a profound impression upon many, and some who were undergraduates at the time of Mrs. Taylor's meetings have been splendid Christian women ever since."

Miss Atherton Dickey still has vivid recollections:

Mrs. Howard Taylor

"The striking feature of Mrs. Taylor's visit to Bryn Mawr was the impression she made on President M. Carey Thomas. It had been arranged that she should occupy my room on the first floor of a dormitory, and there receive visits from students. Two girls from Goucher College in Baltimore came up to meet her there. Miss Thomas presided at the evening meeting in the chapel, where Mrs. Taylor's simplicity and directness were a contrast to the usual elaborate sermons by visiting pastors. Her lovely English voice, the beauty of her white forehead and dark hair, her unique charm, held the students and the President in a reverent spell.

"Miss Thomas invited her to spend the remaining days of her visit at the Deanery, and also arranged a quiet room where Mrs. Taylor could talk with the students who wished to consult her about their problems. It was a serious-minded group of young women who went to college then, and many of them wished to devote their lives and talents to religious or social work. Mrs. Taylor gave her visitors sympathetic and wise advice, but she did not urge anyone to enlist in the China Inland Mission. Four years later the girls from Goucher and I met in a small Presbyterian mission station in India, and talked of our friend, Geraldine Taylor."

Not everyone recognized the charm of Geraldine's "lovely English voice." A newspaper report of one of her public addresses stated that "Mrs. Howard Taylor was very well understood in spite of her broad English accent." The remark afforded Howard much delighted amusement. Another story he loved to tell describes an incident of this tour when Geraldine was to address a gathering of men students. Possibly under the impression that it was a secular lecture, they settled down to listen with their feet on the backs of the chairs in front of them. The outlook from the speaker's point of view was an audience of soles. It was a little disconcerting, but Geraldine rose to the occasion, and addressed herself to their "souls," determined to make their "soles" disappear. She had not been speaking for fifteen minutes before almost every shoe was out of sight, and the whole audience was hanging on her every word.

She knew that she had this power over her listeners, and she had yielded it to the Lord to be used by the Holy Spirit, but there were occasions when she deliberately made an effort to use it herself to win some listless hearer to become a real listener. In one meeting an elderly man who was sitting very near the platform seemed utterly unmoved by her message. She determined to rouse him, and spoke as if directly to him, exerting all the powers she possessed, but she had to admit to herself that as far as that man was concerned she had failed. Not a flicker of interest showed on his face. After the meeting the old gentleman came forward to speak to her. He was very friendly, and said that he counted it a great privilege to attend such gatherings, although his total deafness made it impossible for him to know anything of what was being said. It was a salutary humiliation to realize how much energy she had expended beside the mark.

Naturally enough, Mr. Coleman made every possible opportunity to see his friends, and they had long talks with him and John R. Mott about the extension of the work of the China Inland Mission in North America. Mr. Mott was deeply impressed by the striking answers to prayer of which Mr. Coleman told them in connection with the C.I.M. work in Toronto, and he entered enthusiastically into his plans for opening a new centre in the United States. When the work in the colleges was broken off for the Christmas vacation, Mr. Mott arranged for Howard and Geraldine to have a holiday in Atlantic City. Mr. Coleman spent Christmas with them there, and John Mott often joined them in talk and prayer about foreign missionary enterprise.

When the invitation to visit the colleges was first given, it was only for the few weeks at the end of the term, but Mr. Coleman now proposed that their stay in America should be extended in order that they might do deputation work for the C.I.M. They went with him to Philadelphia, and encouraged his hope of seeing a centre of the mission opened there. Mr. Frost, the leader of the work in North America, had gone to China to visit the North American workers and strengthen their hands in God after the ordeal of the Boxer year. When he returned in the autumn of 1901 it was to find that Mr. Coleman

Mrs. Howard Taylor

proposed to purchase a beautiful property in Norristown, Philadelphia, as a centre for the C.I.M. in the United States, and that much interest in the Mission had been awakened through Howard and Geraldine. It is characteristic that no reference to their own work appears in the pages of *By Faith*, the Life of Henry Frost which they wrote, and which is also the history of the North American branch of the China Inland Mission.

Their influence was felt both widely and deeply. One month before his appointment to the General Directorship of the China Inland Mission, Mr. D. E. Hoste wrote to Mr. Hudson Taylor from Philadelphia in a letter dated September 11th, 1902: "The acceptance which Howard and Geraldine have been granted in all parts of the country is truly remarkable, and their ministry can be said to mark a new era, not only in the development of interest in the C.I.M., but in missions at large throughout the States."

While that was true of the wider issues, they were also leaving a mark on individuals, who lived a richer, fuller life in consequence.

One who spent many years in China remembers: "I fell in love with Geraldine when I was sixteen, and I have loved her dearly ever since. Though I did not know her personally till I was nineteen, and later did not meet her for twenty years, the love just deepened, and has been one of my most cherished benedictions.

"As she spoke on that evening so long ago, I, in my imagination, followed her vivid story and saw the woman of whom she spoke standing on a sand-bank by the Yangtze. Years afterwards, as I passed a similar spot, with just such another lonely woman standing there, an indescribable rush of gratitude to Geraldine filled me, for her love, and for the immense influence she had had on my life."

That sixteen-year-old girl heard her speak in England, but another young girl, who lived in Canada, writes: "I met Geraldine in Montreal in my early 'teens. Even at that age she was my model because of what I knew of her from her book, *In the Far East*. Then when she so fulfilled my highest ideals, I longed to

be like her, so much so that, having seen her, I attempted for some time, by standing before a mirror, to make my mouth conform to the expression of hers! But apart from adolescent hero-worship, Geraldine has always been and still is the personification of my highest ideals of Christian womanhood. Her books are a constant inspiration and challenge, and are frequently re-read with a stabilizing of courage and hope in these last days."

On April 25th, 1901, Geraldine gave an address at the Methodist Episcopal Conference at New Orleans. Her text was: "My soul, wait thou in silence for God only; for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation" (Psalm 62:1, 2, R.V. marg.). In her introductory words she spoke of the essential need in every life: God only. Then she said: "At a time of conference, we cannot but realize afresh the greatness of the work to which God has called us. We know not fully the purpose of God in calling us together, we know not what the outcome may be, but to some extent we realize the solemnity of our position. Before us the great map of the world lying in darkness, above us the opened heavens and Him who sits upon the throne, saying: 'All power is given unto me . . . go ye therefore.'

"Too often in seeking for help we forget the source of power. 'Power belongeth unto God.' Too often we are taken up with people and with work, with calls made upon us, with what we can do and what we cannot do, with our plans and projects and so on, to the exclusion of Him alone, who is the great Worker. Oh, this morning let us sweep all this away and come to God, face to face with God only, realizing that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. This is our supreme need, not money, friends, openings, sympathy, enthusiasm, good meetings, a going concern; but Himself, the living God, the Fountain of all fullness. Would that the Holy Spirit now, in this quiet hour, might take full possession of our hearts, showing us afresh our great need, showing us afresh our great God."

The last part of her message that day was a study of the theme *God only* in the lives of Abraham, Jacob and Moses. She tried to show "the steps of that faith by which they were gradually drawn away from dependence upon surroundings to walk before

Mrs. Howard Taylor

God alone, and find in Him—enough.” She spoke first of *God only—for the faith of Abraham*, then of *God only—for the fears of Jacob*, and lastly, of *God only—for the work of Moses*. In the passage about Jacob there is a characteristic paragraph:

“I am comforted often that the Lord speaks of Himself as ‘The God of Jacob,’ for I am so like Jacob, prone to wander and get into trouble by dependence upon self, and forgetfulness of Him alone as the Almighty. If God had called Himself the God of Abraham only, you and I might often be cast down, but there is room for us alongside Jacob, and infinite encouragement in that word, ‘Fear not, thou worm, Jacob; with thee I will thresh mountains.’”

More than two years had been spent in North America, and Howard and Geraldine had travelled widely taking meetings. Besides this, Geraldine had written most of the second volume of the life of Pastor Hsi, *One of China's Christians*. The writing had been done partly in Philadelphia, but chiefly at Camp Diamond, Mr. Coleman's summer “camp” where, in later years, they were so often to find refreshment from the weariness of much travelling and the quiet and leisure which Geraldine found essential for writing.

XXII

All Things . . . to Enjoy

“Lord of the morning-star,
Lord of the singing brook,
Lord of the peaks that to a far
And clear horizon look—

“Lord of the delicate
Faint flush in lighted air,
I with all these would watch and wait
Rejoicing and aware.”

AMY CARMICHAEL

THE year of furlough that Howard and Geraldine had spent in Australia and the two years of extended furlough in North America had been given to meetings and writing. Now that they were leaving the States, their plan was to have a real holiday in preparation for their return to Honan.

For several years Mr. Coleman had intended to visit Europe, Egypt and Palestine, and for some time he had hoped that he might have his two friends as travelling companions; but the important work they had been doing had prevented them from accepting his generous proposal. Now it seemed not only possible, but a beneficial way of gaining the recreation and refreshment of which they stood in need after the strenuous years of their furlough. Everyone concerned saw it in that light, and it was with great zest that they set out on the most thorough holiday they ever had.

They went first to Switzerland, and spent a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, and then followed a very memorable journey. On March 7th, 1903, Howard wrote to his sister: “From the *schönen blauen* Mediterranean we send you very loving greetings. We had a delightful ten days in Italy, specially at Pisa, Florence, Rome and Naples, and now we are crossing to Egypt. There, D.V., we shall spend two weeks, then three in the desert

Mrs. Howard Taylor

of Sinai and six in Palestine, where we want to follow as nearly as we may the very footsteps of our Lord."

There was no need to consider expense at all, for Mr. Coleman had provided amply for the whole tour. He was one who never required the injunction to be generous with the wealth entrusted to him.

Geraldine had always felt a sense of kinship with Egypt and Palestine; her parents' visit there before her birth, of which she had heard so much, had bred in her a feeling of affinity with those lands, their monuments and memories. She remembered, when they planned their tour, that her father had said that the way to see the Sphinx is by moonlight, so they spent the day in Cairo, and when night had come, and the parties of tourists had left the desert to the silent fellowship of the stars, they made their way eagerly over the sands. When the Pyramids loomed close, they left the Arabs and their camels, and drew near.

"We spent most of the night out there; it was wonderful. The Sphinx loses the defacement of the centuries in the moonlight, and you see it as it was. There is a wonderful look of expectation in the face. When Howard and Mr. Coleman climbed the Pyramid, I stayed alone at the foot of the Sphinx in the quietness of the night. You feel as if you were in the old world, looking out on the ages to follow, filled with a quenchless hope.

"We often went again by daylight, but we saw it first at night. Those who only go there in crowds and in sunshine haven't seen the Sphinx at all. I wonder who designed it? Whoever did had a wonderful conception. The expression I saw that night seemed like all humanity turned towards the sunrise—waiting."

Whenever she spoke of those hours, it was as if she withdrew into seclusion of mind. She seemed to claim a special understanding which none but those who had seen as she had seen could be granted. It was typical of her in certain moods. But it is also characteristic that she rejoiced in sharing the experiences and emotions of such hours, and would tell with the eloquence of enthusiasm of her musings that night, and of her thoughts and feelings in the wonderful days that followed.

When they crossed the Red Sea to the wilderness of Sinai, it was early morning, and the rising sun made a shining pathway over the waters. It was to them the divided sea and the road to freedom of the Children of Israel.

Their desert weeks were lived in style. They had five tents and twenty-three camels. One tent was for Mr. Coleman, one for Howard and Geraldine, one for meals, one for a kitchen, and one for the men who formed their escort, and served them. But since each camel had a man to lead it, the tent at their disposal was presumably only for the chief among them.

They began their days early, at four or five o'clock, and after a halt at midday travelled till dark. When the tents were pitched and the stars appeared, they could see them right down to the surface of the sand, a full hemisphere of diamond lights. There was no trace of moisture, and the air was so clear that "you could almost hear the stars shine." But the day did not close with poetry only. A three-course dinner was served for them as they sat in the door of the largest tent, and not even after-dinner coffee was lacking. They were healthily weary after the long day on camel-back, and grateful, peaceful and perfectly happy as they turned into their camp cots under the canvas. The tents were marvellously decorated inside, and had last been used by the Emperor William of Germany himself.

Geraldine was greatly attracted by the camels. She always maintained that they were peculiarly interesting creatures, capable of strong emotions and attachments. Of the sorrow of a mother-animal which had to be parted from its calf she could tell with such pathos that her listeners were moved to tears! Geraldine's camel, led by the dragoman, went first in the line, and she had the sea of sand stretching out before her in inspiring expanses. When she grew accustomed to the roll of the camel's gait, she found she could both read and write in the saddle, and the hours were memorable for their stillness and largeness of leisure. She read the stories relating to the journeyings of the Israelites over those sandy wastes, finding a new reality in the background which became a possession for always.

Oswald Chambers has said that a holiday may be in our life

what a parenthesis is in a sentence. The sentence goes on afterwards with an added meaning. This holiday was that to Geraldine. There was no question of its being other than a parenthesis, which, when it closed, was done with. The sentence would go on, but there would be a touch which was reviving, enriching and full of cheer.

At Sinai they camped for several days, and climbed to the top of the mountain, living the while in the Pentateuch and the ninetieth Psalm. Geraldine was deeply stirred at the sight of the lonely height, with its great rocky bastions speckled red as if sprinkled with blood, and the last five hundred feet white, as it were a great throne. "The Lord came down upon Mount Sinai to the top of the mount." Those stones looked as if they had been in a great fire. "And Mount Sinai was altogether on smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire."

In the midst of the mount was a sheltered valley with a well. It was not difficult to imagine the vast encampment covering the plain, the people awed at the sights and sounds in the mount, perplexed by the long absence of their leader, and finally led astray into idolatrous infidelity. Thinking of it all, she wrote in the margin of her Bible at Exodus 19 Thomas Bradwardine of Canterbury's words: "Thyself, my God, I love; Thyself, for Thyself, above all things. . . . Thyself I desire as a final end. Thyself for Thyself I always and in all things seek, with my heart and whole strength. . . . If Thou didst not bestow on me Thyself Thou bestowest nothing. If I find not Thyself, I find nothing."

From Sinai they journeyed to Beersheba, and then to Hebron, where they exchanged their camels for horses. They still lived in tents during the weeks they spent in Palestine, camping outside places whose names are familiar both from the sacred records and from the many books of travel which have been written about them.

One day, while they were in Jerusalem, Mr. Coleman and Howard took a trip to the Dead Sea. Geraldine spent all that day alone on the site of Gordon's Calvary, reading and pondering the closing chapters of each of the Gospels. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day. Its hours were to her a tryst with her Master,

which made the place intimately her own. She went back there several times before they rode northwards to Bethel.

The Mount of Olives moved her deeply, the place of the Lord's Ascension, the place upon which His feet shall stand in the day when He comes to deliver Zion from her enemies, when the mount shall cleave in two, leaving a great valley running from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, right across the Valley of Kedron. She greatly rejoiced in the last chapter of Zechariah's prophecy, and could picture clearly the living waters which will go out from Jerusalem to vivify the deadness of the salt sea.

Every day was full of interest and deep feeling. Sychar, Carmel, Nazareth, Damascus—to be seeing these places, to be walking about in them, to sleep and wake by a town or on a hillside, the name of which reminded her of the prophets who foretold Messiah's coming, of the days when He Himself went about there doing good, or of a Peter, a Philip, a Paul who proclaimed His salvation; it all fired her soul with a deeper devotion to Him. She would follow Him seeking the lost till He called her home, for, as she wrote in her Bible, "Some day, from some summit we shall hear Him say: 'Come up higher.'"

June, 1903, found them back in London. Geraldine's father had just become engaged to the youngest daughter of his life-long friend, Charles Russell Hurditch, the Founder and Director of the Evangelistic Mission, and editor of thirteen million gospel tracts and papers. The wedding was to take place in July, and, looking back on the brief weeks of her engagement, Grace Grattan Guinness writes: "For me, the kindness and love of his children will never be forgotten. Geraldine and Howard actually came down to St. Leonard's and stayed with their father, entering into all the arrangements for his wedding with the utmost enthusiasm."

Shortly before they went down to the South Coast for the wedding, Dr. Guinness wrote from Harley House, Bow, to his betrothed: "The gardens here are at this moment crowded with friends . . . we have had an excellent meeting, and three of my dear children spoke—Harry, Whitfield and my dear Geraldine. There are just going to be various addresses in the garden from

Mrs. Howard Taylor

out-going missionaries. They have begun, and are singing 'Like a river glorious,' and I have to take the chair at the evening meeting, so that I have but a few moments to write. How I wish you could have heard Geraldine this afternoon, a solemn, thrilling address, which, coming at the close of a long meeting, held the large assembly breathless, and drew tears from many eyes. Truly she is a blessed woman, and she already loves you. . . ."

Howard and Geraldine went straight from the wedding to the Keswick Convention, and it was while they were there that a wire reached them from Mr. Hudson Taylor in Switzerland asking them to "Come to dear mother at once, on account of serious illness." Writing of those weeks a year later, Geraldine said: "That was the first intimation we had of anything amiss. Up to that time Father had been the one we had thought of as needing rest and care. It seemed strange and sad to find her suffering; and the more so that the trouble my husband hoped at first might prove temporary turned out to be of a most critical character."

She then tells in detail the remarkable provision for their need of expert advice. They knew that the best specialist they could consult was a friend from America, who was in Europe that summer to speak before the Medical Association in Madrid. They wired to London to ask his address, and the return wire informed them that he was staying at Chamonix, not fifty miles from where they were. Dr. Howard Kelly was not only one of the most distinguished American specialists, he was also a member of the C.I.M. Council in Philadelphia, and it was a great comfort that he could be with them. They took Mrs. Taylor to Lausanne to Dr. Roux's private hospital. Geraldine spent much time at her bedside, and while Howard was with her she would be with their father at the hotel, for he was himself too ill to be with his wife.

Early in the morning of the day when she was to undergo an operation, she wrote to her husband: "He led them safely, so that they feared not. Dear Geraldine would tell you that I have had a very good night, and am resting happily in the Lord. . . ."



The Hill Country of South-west China.



Frederick Howard Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S.

All is well, so do not be afraid for me. 'Let not your heart be troubled.' If only I could have spared you it all!"

The operation was not performed, for the examination under anæsthetic showed that the cancer had gone too far. There was never any need to tell either Mr. Taylor or the patient herself the nature of the disease. Neither of them asked, taking it for granted that, since the operation did not take place, it was not considered necessary. In the autumn, seeing that his parents were both peaceful in mind and well cared for, Howard and Geraldine went to England again to do deputation work.

At the close of the year they sailed for America, where Geraldine spent two months speaking at Convention meetings and other gatherings. The tour had been planned for them both, but Mr. Hoste was facing a problem in Shanghai concerning which he felt it was essential to hold a General Council; he had asked Mr. Frost and Howard Taylor to come and join them. Howard had become a member of the China Council before they left Honan in 1898. They sailed on January 15th, leaving Geraldine to carry on alone for the six weeks that remained. Her meetings were wonderfully used to call out young men and women as volunteers for service in China. The Secretary of the Mission in North America received more applications from prospective candidates during those six weeks than he had done in the whole of the preceding year.

When she returned to England at the end of February, it was to set out on a long period of similar work there, and the results were again that many young men and women who loved the Lord gave Him their lives to use in China. Her influence, especially on the young, was remarkable and abiding. It was early that summer that she met a fifteen-year-old cousin, who later found her life-service with Mrs. Sircar in the Dipti Mission in India. She tells of the times she met Geraldine: "They have been just one or two, but they meant everything to me. When I was fifteen, I met Geraldine for the first time. She and Cousin Howard came to stay with us in Ireland, and on a never-to-be-forgotten day we had a long excursion to Glendalough and the 'Seven Churches.' Probably no one knew what happened in the heart of

the youngest of the party. I remember that we stood in one of those old ruined buildings praying together, and that in that lovely place Cousin Geraldine prayed for me. From that day I felt God had taken my life in a very special way, I thought then it was for China.

"Cousin Geraldine's early books had been used to be a great blessing to me during my years of preparation, and on the eve of sailing for India came the gift of *The Growth of a Soul*, with just the word I needed written on the fly-leaf, 'The Lord alone did lead him.'

"Twenty-eight years passed. I had heard that Cousin Geraldine had been very ill, but I prayed that I might be allowed to see her once more. A week before I was due to arrive in England, she thought that she was going Home, but the Lord kept her waiting a little longer, and we met. I was able to tell her something of the wonderful works of God, and receive again her blessing."

Miss Thompson's letter has carried us over forty years forward, and is an example which might be multiplied if space permitted of the permanence of the touch of God on young lives through Geraldine's words. She had great facility of expression, and she gave unstintingly of herself, her own inner life, her emotions and thoughts. It was easier for her to do this than it would be for some, because of the histrionic strain which was a natural inheritance. She could make her listeners live with her in the things she was describing, and share in her pleasure or her pain. Like all natural gifts, it had to be steadily yielded to the Holy Spirit of God to be transformed into a spiritual asset. But she did present it to Him as her reasonable service, and simple hearts always responded, rejoiced or wept with her, were stirred, inspired, enriched. Some few mistrusted the emotional element, and steeled themselves to remain unmoved, but her listeners were seldom entirely indifferent.

It was perhaps natural that, seeing the fruit of her work on the public platforms of England and America, the leaders of the C.I.M. should have wished to have her co-operation on the home side. She felt it deeply. Her heart was in China, and every visit

she made there was a profound joy to her; but she saw it as the Master's own appointment that she should serve His purposes for China through writing and speaking about them, and she was always glad to do His bidding.

Geraldine was due to speak at the Keswick Convention in 1904, and immediately afterwards at a Student Conference, so when Howard went to join his parents at Les Chevalleyres on account of the rapid advance of his mother's illness, she could not go with him. It was at Keswick that she received the last letter from the one who had been in a very real sense her second mother. It was a letter she often quoted, both in speaking and writing. "I long that it might be to others the blessing that it was to me." It was written two weeks before her death: "Here in my quiet room I hope to bear you up next week among the thronging multitudes. I am learning lessons of the sweet power of helplessness and dependence, and perhaps you too are learning them, spiritually, in another way. *Oh, that one had always been quite dependent in one's service!* . . . It will be lovely to see you here afterwards, if the Lord will; but I only live by the day now, not knowing what the next day may bring. . . . You will well know the comfort that dear Howard is, and Amy, and dear Father. So tenderly the Lord is dealing with us, there seems nothing to wish for, only to praise.

"Your ever loving
"MOTHER."

Geraldine tells of her arrival at Les Chevalleyres: "It was Friday of last week I set out to come to her. News had already reached us that dear Mother was suffering more than usual, but it appeared that the attack was passing off, as others had done before, so that evening Mrs. Broomhall left her to return to London. We met in Paris the next day. How little we knew what had been passing during the hours of that long night.

"Towards midnight a turn came for the worse. Father and Howard watched her as the hours slowly wore on. She was free from suffering, and kept saying, 'No pain, no pain.' But little by little the difficulty in breathing became very severe. For about

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two hours at daybreak it was so terrible that she begged Father to pray the end might come quickly, and he could not but cry to the Lord to take her to Himself.

“And then He did. At eight o’clock on Saturday morning, July 30th, with her three loved ones near her, she passed through the dark portals into the immediate presence of the King.

“Almost a week has passed since then. Dear Father is wonderfully sustained, though at every mention of her he is moved to tears. . . . When the time came for laying the precious remains in the quiet spot dear Mother herself had chosen, we almost feared that the strain would be too much for his very little strength, but it seemed as if he were carried in the Everlasting Arms.

“He came into the salon where a brief service was held, and went through it without breaking down. Amy and I drove with him afterwards, and Howard walked with the Swiss pastor fully two miles to the grave, many others following. All the men of the village were there, besides friends who had come from Vevey and across the lake. We brought with us a folding chair, and dear Father sat beside the grave while a second short service was held. Afterwards with one long look he turned away, and at the entrance of the cemetery shook hands with each one as they passed out. Since then he has been down again with Howard, to take several photographs of the sacred spot. It is deeply touching to see his loneliness and constant heart-hunger for the loved one who is gone.”

For some weeks they stayed with him, but as he seemed to have regained a degree of strength, and had loving companions with him, Howard and Geraldine spent the last months of the year speaking at meetings all over England and Scotland. Early the following year Mr. Taylor was so much better that his wish to visit China once more could be realized, and after a short stay in London he left with Howard and Geraldine for New York. Nearly fifty-two years earlier he had first set out for China in a sailing ship, but this, his eleventh voyage from Liverpool to Shanghai, was taken on a twenty-four-thousand-ton vessel, and by the courtesy of the Captain they were given two first-class

cabins adjoining one another, although they had second-class tickets.

One of their fellow passengers, then Miss Cecilia Howard, gives a glimpse of their life together on the way over to America:

"In 1905 I went to the U.S.A. to study at the Moody Bible Institute. I travelled with Grace Saxe, and when we got to Liverpool we found that Mr. Hudson Taylor and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor were also sailing on the *Baltic*. Mrs. Howard Taylor invited Miss Saxe and me to join them, and we shared a table and also much loving fellowship on board. After dinner we had wonderful lift in their helpful talks.

"I shall never forget Mrs. Taylor's loving care of her father-in-law. At table her one thought was to help him to get all he needed. Her watchful care guarded him all the way over the ocean. For myself, too, I had all love and care and consideration of my needs in reaching the U.S. I thank God for her touch on my life."

Their tour through the States Geraldine has described briefly in *The Growth of a Work of God*. In recalling it she said: "You can imagine how they entertained dear Father in America in his old age and after his bereavement." All the way, she and Howard ministered to his every need. He never ate a meal that she did not give him with her own hands, and she had often to remind him that it was there before him, waiting to be eaten. But he was full of courage and spiritual blessing. From her girlhood he had been her hero, and now that he was dependent on her, she served him with a daughter's deep devotion.

They reached Shanghai on April 17th, after six and a half years' absence from the land they loved. They had been years filled with work for China in books published, hundreds—possibly thousands—of gatherings addressed, and in the most effectual work of all, daily fervent intercession. It was wonderful to be back again; this too was a gift which God had given her "richly to enjoy."

XXIII

Careful in His Presence

“And let the beauty of Thy benediction
Descend upon us now;
All work our hands have wrought,
All work that shall be brought
To fulness since the days of our affliction
Bless and establish Thou.”

PSALM 90: 17, WAY'S VERSION

IN the chapter of *The Growth of a Work of God* entitled “His Way is Perfect,” Geraldine has told the story of the last weeks of Mr. Hudson Taylor’s earthly pilgrimage, the weeks of travel in China, when he revisited some of the stations in Honan, and entered the capital of Hunan for the first time. Howard and Geraldine went with him wherever he wished to go, as the way opened and his strength sufficed. When asked once if they did not sometimes wish to be doing their own work, she answered, “But dear Father was our charge, we never even thought of leaving him to the care of others.”

Howard’s devotion to his father, and his constant watchfulness as a medical man, remained a beautiful memory to all who saw them during those last months, and Geraldine served him in every way possible.

At the time of Mrs. Hudson Taylor’s passing from service on earth to service in the Lord’s immediate presence a year earlier, Geraldine’s letters, telling of the last year of weariness, pain and spiritual triumph, had been published in *China’s Millions*. Perhaps it was because she knew that she would be called upon to share with the friends of the Mission the experiences through which she was living that she recorded with minute care every detail of the last weeks of Hudson Taylor’s life.

On the Saturday afternoon of June 3rd, 1905, “it was cool and pleasant in the little garden on to which the sitting-room of the mission house in Changsha opened, and tea was served on

the lawn, surrounded by trees and flowers. Father went out and sat in the midst of the guests for an hour or more, evidently enjoying the quiet, happy time. After all had left, Howard persuaded him to go upstairs." While he prepared to go to rest, Geraldine slipped away for a few moments' solitude on the flat roof near his room. "Twilight had fallen then, and darkness veiled the distant mountains and river. Here and there a few glimmering lights dotted the vast expanse of grey-roofed city, all was silent under the star-lit sky. Enjoying the cool and quietness, I stood alone a while, thinking of Father. But oh, how little one realized what was happening even then, or dreamed that in less than one half-hour our loved one would be with the Lord. Was the golden gate already swinging back on its hinges? Were the hosts of welcoming angels gathering to receive his spirit? Had the Master Himself arisen to greet His faithful friend and servant?

"Realizing nothing, I went down. Dear Father was in bed, the lamp burning on the chair beside him. I drew the pillow up more comfortably under his head, and sat down on a low chair close beside him. As he said nothing, I began talking a little about the pictures in the *Missionary Review* lying open on the bed. I was just in the middle of a sentence when dear Father turned his head quickly, and gave a little gasp. He gave no cry, and said no word. He did not look at me or seem conscious of anything. I ran to the door and called Howard, but before he could reach the bedside it was evident that the end had come. It was not death—but the glad, swift entry upon life immortal.

"Tenderly we laid him down, too surprised and thankful to realize for the moment our great loss. There was nothing more to be done. The precious service of months was ended."

She sat there beside him watching and making notes as the Chinese Christians came in to look on his face. He was still in a sense "her charge." She must tell these things to others who would want to know; she must live them to the full. A year later she spoke at the Annual Meetings in London, and referring to her vigil at his side, she said: "No words can describe the peace that settled down upon that room. As he lay there upon

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the pillows he was so perfectly himself, and there was a sweetness and a peace upon his face so wonderful that we could not leave him. Hour after hour we sat there, my dear sister-in-law, Mrs. Whitfield Guinness, and I, while others made the necessary preparations for our sorrowful journey to the coast. But there, sitting beside him, it seemed more like the joy and peace of heaven than anything to do with death. As we watched and wondered, a beautiful change passed over his face. It seemed as if the Lord's own hand smoothed all the weariness from his brow. The tired lines, the long endurance, the weariness of years vanished away. In one short hour he was twenty years younger. He was in the presence of the Lord, and the Lord's own presence was there in that quiet room. 'Jesus Christ is the same.' How those words kept coming over and over again, soothing our stricken hearts. 'Jesus Christ is the same,' the same for us as for dear Father, 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' "

A day or two later she stood among the others at his open grave "by the mighty river at Chinking, where it rolls its waters two miles wide to the sea." Probably she knew she would write of the simple service one day, but she cannot have known that twelve years would pass before she recorded the words, and more than thirteen before they appeared in print. It is well that God holds the key of the unknown future, that we are unburdened by foreknowledge of the waiting years.

Almost immediately Mr. Hoste asked Geraldine and Howard to undertake the compiling of Hudson Taylor's biography. His early experiences had already been published in his own book, *A Retrospect*, and in some detail in Geraldine's *The Story of the China Inland Mission*, but much more could be told, and told very differently now that he himself would not read the record.

Four months were spent in Shanghai gathering material which they could find only there, and the more she realized the greatness of the task entrusted to her, the more Geraldine's zest and interest in the work grew. In September there was a happy interlude, when she entered with her accustomed enthusiasm into the preparations for her brother Whitfield's wedding.

Having said goodbye to the newly-married couple on their

wedding trip in Japan, where they spent a few days with them, Howard and Geraldine went on to America, and worked for six months in Philadelphia on the preparations for writing the book. A great many letters had to be written in order to gather all possible material. Geraldine left no detail to chance. She spent much time in prayer and meditation as well as in work, for she could not write until she was assured that she had received from the Lord the pattern for her work.

While they were in America, Mr. Coleman very generously claimed as the right of a friend the privilege of being allowed to undertake Howard's financial support as long as it should be necessary for them to work on the book. He said he saw it as a profitable investment, if he could make it possible for them to have the quiet and comfort needed for their important service. It gave them a sense of leisure and liberty in the years that followed, when unforeseen events delayed the completion of the manuscript, to know that they were not a financial burden on the funds given to the C.I.M. for China. Geraldine's support had come from a friend of *Regions Beyond* from the time she sailed for China in 1888, and continued to do so for some years, but later Mr. Coleman and some other American friends expressed their wish to minister to them both in money matters, and although their expenses were at times not small, they could always confirm the Psalmist's words, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

In the spring of 1906 they went to England to take part in the Fortieth Anniversary of the C.I.M., the first Annual Meetings since the founder's death. After that, for four years they worked on the first volume of the biography.

Geraldine set about her task with her usual thoroughness. They visited Barnsley and studied every record they could find referring to the Taylor family. Geraldine had long talks with the oldest relatives who were well versed in the family history, and they visited any places which were mentioned to them in these conversations. They went to see old churches, and looked up parish registers; they found the houses where the Taylors had lived and the chapels where they had preached and worshipped.

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They visited Royston and Hull, saw the cottage on Drainside where Hudson Taylor had lodged, and the house which had been his aunt's home. Nothing which could increase her sense of atmosphere and background was neglected.

Their next stage was London. They packed up the contents of Mr. Taylor's study to take with them to Switzerland, where they planned to spend the winter writing. There were between thirty and forty letter-books in which copies of every letter received or sent in matters concerning the Mission were neatly filed, one volume for each year of the Mission's history. The year of *The Hundred* was particularly wonderful. Geraldine herself did not touch any of this great quantity of material. It was Howard's work for many months to go through it all, selecting what he thought would be of use. With the clerical help of one who was then a candidate for China, he compiled a narrative of events containing extracts from letters and giving dates and facts in their chronological sequence. His was the spade work, hers the creative work. But since "it is the labouring man who makes the fulfilment of the vision possible," they were in a very real sense joint-biographers of their father.

While Howard was working steadily through the piles of papers, reducing them to a workable compass, Geraldine made an excursion into the field of research which delayed her work for some months, but which she thought necessary at the time. When she found that Hudson Taylor's forebears had been brought to personal faith in God through the Methodist Revival, and that almost all the men of the family had been local preachers, she began a thorough study of the Methodist Movement. Only those who have tasted of those wells know their fascination. Once live a few weeks with John Wesley in his *Journal*, or follow the fire of revival as it flames out in Charles Wesley and Whitefield and the many who were set ablaze through them, and you have entered upon reaches of inward communion which know neither measure nor end.

One set of books led on irresistibly to others. Having read much of the English Revival in the time of the Wesleys, she went on with movements in Scotland, and was soon deep in the

story of William Burns and Robert Murray M'Cheyne, and weeks and months slipped by. She admitted later in life that all this reading "prolonged the preparation unduly," but she would add as excuse: "My mind goes into things thoroughly; I couldn't take it up and not do it that way."

The early chapters of the first volume of Hudson Taylor could not have been written without a great deal of knowledge of Yorkshire Methodism. As a work of art, the book unquestionably gained, though some thought that that part of the record was not strictly essential to a missionary biography.

If Geraldine's thoroughness was one reason why it took so many years to write this book, another lay in her passion for perfection. She was very exacting with herself, never content with anything shoddy or second best. She would write and rewrite and revise and rewrite before she had her manuscript typed. When it reached that stage, she would revise again, and ask to have the altered typescript retyped. This might be done several times, even as often as eight or ten times. It was a merciful providence that the three friends who worked with her in a secretarial capacity for any length of time were all very devoted to her personally, so that their labour became a labour of love. Writing to one of them, Howard said: "We do greatly value your 'willing, skilful' co-operation. The work is always beautifully done."

Just one brief example of the detailed attention she gave to her typescripts and required of her fellow workers: "As to the MS., I have scribbled suggestions that may seem confusing. I have worked them out more clearly since, and you will see at a glance, by the enclosed sheet of typewriting paper, just what is in my mind. I should like all the pages to be regular, so that we can easily compute the number of words. I think you will be able to get in twenty-seven lines to a full page. The left-hand margin $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the right margin $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch, the margin at the foot of the page need not be more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. All this may sound rather exact, but I want the typescript to look as regular and nice as possible."

Those who loved her appreciated her point of view, but all

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unconsciously she sometimes tried editorial secretaries, dress-makers and others beyond the limit of their patience. The spirit was the same as that which ordained that there should be lily work on the tops of the pillars in Solomon's temple "which gave finish to the work of the pillars." Geraldine could not conceive of anyone being unwilling to do a thing over again if it could be bettered. She simply took it for granted that her fellow workers shared her own limitless "capacity for taking pains," and, for her sake, they did.

While she worked on the first volume of Hudson Taylor's life, she rose at 4.30 a.m., and after a time with her Bible and in prayer she worked at her reading or writing until dinner time. Breakfast was brought to her on a tray. After dinner she went for a walk with Howard, and when they came in they had tea together in her room, then she worked again until supper time. For the evening meal they joined the family. They were living in Switzerland, first at Davos, then at Château d'Ex, and later at their familiar Les Chevalleyres.

Their fellow worker on the book those four years was one whose signature became well known to their large circle of correspondents later in life: C. Helen Beeson. In recalling her contribution to the work, Geraldine spoke very appreciatively of her high standard of efficiency and of the unfailing loyalty of her personal affection. "After forty years she is still just as warm a friend," she said, with a smile of restful assurance that that love would never fail.

But the family was larger than a working team of three, and the story which tells who the others were demands a chapter of its own. To close this chapter, two lines seem appropriate, two simple lines which tell one aspect of the working of the Heavenly Father, whose love we are told to imitate—

"Who never negligently yet
Fashioned an April violet."

As a writer of books, Geraldine was, in that sense, a true daughter of the King.

XXIV

The Growth of a Book

“But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.”

TENNYSON

IF Geraldine worked with meticulous care at her writing, she knew that no labour of hers could give it real abiding value; only the touch of God could do that.

On the night that she finished writing *Pastor Hsi* and laid down her pen, “it was midnight and perfectly still,” she told a friend, “and the words came to me as if spoken by a voice: ‘The servants which had drawn the water knew.’” Yes, she knew it was mere water she had drawn, but she had done it at the Lord’s own bidding, and He would let the miracle of transformation turn the water into strengthening, warming wine, at least to some readers. Long afterwards, in a London drawing-room, when a well-known Christian leader from France spoke with glowing enthusiasm of her books, she said quietly: “But the servants which had drawn the water knew.” It was her word about that; she drew the water, He made it wine.

When, after years of work, she sat looking over the hundreds of typed sheets of the first volume of Hudson Taylor, the question rose in her mind, “Can these bones live?” Her heart answered, “O Lord God, Thou knowest.” Then He said to her, “I will cause breath to enter into them and they shall live.”

She communed with God over every day’s work, often over each sentence, sometimes over the very words. She knew that without Christ she could do nothing. So she received the book from Him, but it was not an easy process. As long as we live on earth, communion with God involves conflict with all the forces ranged against Him. The simplicity of dependence must be

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maintained through a maze of complexity hedging us in on all sides.

Any vital personality tends to become the pivot of a multitude of other lives. Geraldine's was no exception. The common experiences of every day create contacts which draw upon the inner resources. It is impossible to record these things; they are too many and too small, yet they fill the greater part of our days. There were family claims, both from the older generation and the younger, "her own," who expected from her sympathy, advice, letters, talks, companionship. There was a host of friends and fellow workers, and a still larger number of "friends of the Mission." She would take time with each as if no other person existed, and they would often turn from her with a gratifying sense that she understood. And, of course, the more she wrote and the more widely she travelled, the larger her mails grew.

It is possible to live in the pressure of such things, and far more than these, perfectly serene, knowing that nothing happens by chance in a God-guided life, and that there is a sufficiency of grace for every claim. But a human life is limited, and there is always the danger of attempting too much.

In 1904 Geraldine had undertaken more than she was able to carry through. She had been writing the Life of Pastor Hsi, and then had gone straight to a long tour of speaking engagements. A letter from her father shows to what it had led:

"We are so interested to hear of the wide acceptance your book on Pastor Hsi has met, and of its being translated into six languages. It must be a rich reward to you after your toils upon it. I think of your writing it so diligently in Switzerland when we were with you, correcting and re-correcting page after page. I do not wonder that you should feel now the wearing effects of so much labour, and especially of your missionary travels and meetings in America and the United Kingdom. How well I understand that nervous breaking down from which you have suffered. Let it be a warning. There is a limit you should not attempt to pass in exhausting labours. It is not easy to fix it, but experience shows pretty clearly where it is. I have been beyond it at times, when all the foundations of life seemed gone. I cannot

express what that means, and hope you will never know. Most people have no conception how thin the foundations are which keep them above the abyss, where the interests of life exist no more. I tell you this, for you need to be warned. Learn to say 'No' to invitations or calls to labour which destroy the power to labour and the possibility of service. I do think Howard, as your husband—and doctor—should say 'No' for you, and forbid suicidal toils absolutely, firmly, finally. Tell him that with my sincere love."

Howard was nothing loth to accept the charge, and he fulfilled it faithfully for forty years, but to Geraldine it was hard to accept the discipline. She was intense and eager, the task before her was long; she wanted to work till she could work no more. But Howard was wise—otherwise it seemed to her sometimes; and he husbanded her strength so well that at seventy-five she was beginning work on her last biography.

A letter from Howard written in 1934 contains a revealing passage: "Did I ever tell you of a time when my efforts to shield her from overwork were unwelcome? Seeing she was grieved, I asked her: 'Darling, where would you have been by now if I hadn't been taking care of you?' 'In my grave long ago,' she replied."

It was Howard who saw to it that she took daily exercise, that she went to bed early, and had sufficient and regular nourishment. She was not allowed to decide those things for herself. There were occasions when with gleeful pleasure she played truant.

To balance the temptation to overwork, there was often the distraction of other urgent claims on her heart and interest. She could never do anything in haste or superficially. Letters on so absorbing a theme as naming a new little relative, for instance, might take hours of her time. But sometimes the things that drew her from her writing table were of great importance.

The summer of 1906 brought her suddenly face to face with an entirely unexpected responsibility. Her sister Lucy, who had been married some years earlier to Dr. Karl Kumm, was in Northfield, America, with her two little sons. A letter from her dated July 11th, 1906, runs:

“As I write the boys are playing steam-engine, puffing, running and calling to each other. They tremendously enjoy the simple, wild life here.

“Karl sails to-morrow from New York. He has been here about three months now, and, as you know, persuaded us to come across to join him. He is leaving now in order to speak at Keswick, and may return in August, though I do not think he will, for his heart’s desire is to get back to Africa and cross the great Sudan. . . . Do pray for us that he may be kept and guided all the time. I think it would take three years.

“Since we went to Boston I have been writing a little book on the Congo horrors. The subject laid hold of me, and I could not rest till I had done what I could—a little pamphlet of about a hundred pages—I am just finishing it now.

“I heard to-day of the death of Budgett Meakin, and have been much impressed with the brevity of life and shortness of our chance of service. He was not much older than Harry, and was right in the midst of his work. It makes one realize deeply how short the time may be before we too must finish. Oh, how one longs to work in such a way as to use to the utmost the opportunities we have of serving here. Surely He who at the end of His course said, ‘I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do’ will enable us by His Spirit to finish also what He intends for us.”

Exactly a month later, on August 11th, she had “finished what He intended” for her earthly life, and was in His presence.

The news reached Geraldine while she was in London gathering material for her book on Hudson Taylor. It came as a sudden, piercing sorrow, blotting out for the time her interest in the new work. Lucy, who had been vividly alive always and brim full of passionate interest in whatever she found to do; Lucy, who had held large audiences breathlessly intent on any theme which enthused her own mind, and who stirred others to action, not to mere emotion; Lucy—dead. And Karl had not been with her. And the boys—motherless now, and their father away. It was wave upon wave of acute distress. Miss Henrietta Soltau found her sobbing out her heartache on one of the shiny black

sofas of the C.I.M. Home in London. She gave her the comfort of her warm-hearted sympathy, but Geraldine needed another Comforter then, nor did He fail.

Some time after the cable, letters came. A long letter from Lucy herself, written after she knew she had only a few hours left to live, in which she poured out all that was in her heart about her husband and sons. It was a very sacred letter to Geraldine, one she pondered much. It left her with a solemn charge, for Lucy committed to her the two little boys, and asked her to fulfil the things that she had dreamed of doing for them. Little Karl, then only four, she hoped when he was old enough would learn by heart the prophetic passages in Daniel 2, 7 and 9; 1 Thessalonians 4; and 2 Thessalonians 2.

“And I want him to study Revelation, and the Lord’s closing prophecies of the three Gospels. If he will do that for Mother’s sake, when he is fifteen to sixteen, he will understand afterwards why I wanted him to do so. In the later days when he lives he may perhaps see the restored Jewish state, in those unutterable days he may understand and tell.

“Henry will want to help the suffering. He is called to that, I think, perhaps to be a medical man. But that I do not know. I must not write more. I am very restful, very happy in God. How wonderfully good He has been to us and the boys, how can I thank Him? My husband, God’s gift, blessed and beloved beyond words; and then you, Father, Harry, Annie, Whitfield and Janie, whom I have never seen—my love, my heart to them all.

“Good night, dear heart,

“Without fear, yours,

“LUCY.”

On the day she died, when she was too weak to write herself, she dictated a letter to her little sons:

“I am leaving you, darlings. I am waiting for you with Jesus, waiting till you come. Don’t be lonely; you will come. It is only a little while. I want you to be brave.

“I want you to have Auntie Geraldine for your Mamma. She

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

“And now, you both belong to Him. He will safely lead us home. Goodbye, darlings, heart’s darlings. I am waiting for you There.”

For some months Dr. Kumm kept the children with him in England and one of his sisters came from Germany to care for them. It seemed as if Lucy’s wish that Geraldine should mother them was being overruled. She recognized a father’s right to decide, and accepted the arrangements he had made as the answer to her question: Which was to be her first concern, the book, or the boys? She went with Howard to Switzerland, and set to work on the book.

But early in 1907 Karl Kumm wrote: “The Lord is still visiting me with sorrow. Someone has called it ‘a vote of confidence given to us by the Lord.’ . . . Mother is seriously ill. Amanda has been telegraphed for, and has had to return at once to Hanover.” Immediately Howard wired back: “Send the boys to us,” and set out for London to fetch them.

“And so,” Geraldine recollected with a sigh of deep satisfaction, “the boys came.” For six years they were her very own. “I loved them just as I had loved Phœbe and Agnes—there was something special about it,” she went on, and after a long pause, with a tender smile, she remembered aloud: “One day they had been out and came home full of a story they had heard about a mother who had left her baby in a ’bus. I listened, and then said: ‘Do you think a mother could forget her baby in a ’bus?’ ” She had meant to use the opportunity their problem gave her of teaching them the wonderful assertion in Isaiah, “These may forget, yet will not I forget thee.” But when Henry looked up at her with trustful love and answered, “I don’t know if a mother could, but I’m sure an auntie-mother couldn’t,” the lesson slipped from her mind.

At first, when Geraldine realized they were coming, she was seized with dismay. She was deep in the most important work

ever entrusted to her. She was forty-four, and had not had the care of little children since she was sixteen. They were living in a Swiss pension, and their mode of life seemed hardly suitable for two little boys of four and five. How would it all work out? But deeper than the dread of making a failure of a mother's privileges was the unutterable joy of having the boys after all—Lucy's sons, committed to her by Lucy herself in the last solemn hours of her earthly life. She read and reread her letter, and resolved to nurture the lads in the Word of God. Lucy had written, "I get such comfort daily from the Word. How our life is there." Geraldine would teach Lucy's children to find Life there.

From the very first she had them in her room for half an hour every morning. "They came at about seven o'clock, when they were dressed, and they used to sit on my lap, both at the same time. We began the Bible together, and I told them the story from the beginning of Genesis straight on. They were deeply interested, and it was an education to me. They were precious times." She paused as she told the story. "It was a great change in my life, but I can see now that it was the Lord's way of giving me a spell of quiet. We had led a very changeful life, always travelling to conferences and meetings. Now we had to make a home for the children, and it was just what was needed for the work." So what had looked like a rival claim came at last as the very means of providing quietness. The boys had a governess, so they were never a burden, only a joy.

Looking back to those years, Karl, the younger of the two brothers, now the vicar of an Episcopal Church in the United States, writes:

"Aunt Geraldine has always been very dear to me. Who could have known her as intimately as Henry and I did, and not be lastingly influenced by her love of the Bible, her deep and intimate prayer life with God, and her strong Christian convictions. She combined great strength with sweetness. I never knew her to say an impatient word, I never knew her to perform an unkind act wilfully, but I never knew her to relent one iota from what she believed to be her Christian duty, no matter how difficult the task might be. It began, of course, in self-discipline and

the long hours of Bible study and prayer with which every day of her life commenced. One remembers how often she spoke to us of 'feeding on the precious Word of God.' To her, the study of the Scriptures was never a duty, always an experience of God's fullness meeting her need, and what she poured forth in letters and books and in speaking came from that Source.

"It is impossible to write of Aunt Geraldine and omit the dedicated service which Uncle Howard gave. Auntie wrote with fluency and brilliance, but it was Uncle Howard's plodding, faithful work that made that fluency possible. He was the soul of chivalry towards her always. He guarded her from time-consuming and upsetting interruptions which were bound to come to one so widely known.

"Little memories persist. I can see her, as I write, sitting at a plain, unvarnished table, her papers spread before her, writing. The beauty of the mountains which surrounded her seemed somehow reflected in her face. One knew that not only words but prayers were going into the book. I remember how Uncle Howard made the little wooden blocks which raised the end of her table to a more convenient writing angle, and how much this little act of carefulness meant to Aunt Geraldine. She used to tell her boys, 'Always be as considerate as Uncle Howard.' I'm afraid I have never been able to attain to his immaculate standard of patience and his utter self-forgetfulness in the things he always did for her. He was the kindest person whom I ever knew.

"In many respects the things learned with Auntie have been the most lasting things. The value of what she gave us grows as the years go by. In my experience as a chaplain, for instance, four hundred and sixteen days in combat during the past war in Tunisia and Italy, one had to draw on the deepest resources one had. Nothing counts in the fighting line save what is in a man. If he has courage, if his faith is able to survive the horrors and tragedy of war, it can only be because, within him, by God's grace, have been planted some of the seeds of honour and devotion which enable him to endure. To come through the experiences in North Africa, the invasion of Italy, the Salerno

Beachhead, the terrible attack on Casino, the Anzio Beachhead, the week out to Rome, the fighting north to Leghorn, and finally the assault on the Gothic Line—to have endured all that (only two out of fifteen chaplains in my division did) meant facing death and suffering not once but continually over a period of almost two and a half years. Many childhood lessons returned to mind. The Bible and extemporaneous preaching from the Scriptures were a necessity. Again and again I was grateful for lessons learned at Aunt Geraldine's knees."

They moved about in Switzerland from time to time, sometimes to escape the melting snows, sometimes to a less expensive pension—though they always stayed at the simplest places. One summer they tried settling in England, but in the autumn they were in Switzerland again. People who do not write books themselves (and perhaps some who do, who are differently made) think that to write a book you stay quietly in one place, and through close attention and steady writing produce a book. But not a book of the kind Geraldine was writing. It must be lived into, and lived with, through the varying experiences of life as God sends them. She often felt unequal to the task, but the sense of her own insufficiency only made her the more dependent on God. Early on New Year's morning in 1907, she wrote to her brother in China: "And the book. I could never tell you how helpless I feel. How can it ever be done? With such weakness, dullness, incapacity, a heart so overstrained somehow, a brain that will not work. Times out of number I have been well-nigh overwhelmed, just like Peter beginning to sink, with the consciousness rushing in on all sides of the magnitude of the work."

The Editorial Department of the China Inland Mission in London was waiting and eagerly expecting the completion of the manuscript. The constant changes of address looked strange under the circumstances. Were they living as tourists out there? Naturally, to a family of six a move involved days of packing and unpacking, farewells and arrivals, and the sorting and arranging of the formidable array of books and papers each

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time. Geraldine's health was not very good, and some days she had to spend hours simply resting. Everything seemed to combine to delay the work. Letters from London grew insistent. A preliminary notice of the book had appeared in *China's Millions* in 1906, a year after Geraldine had undertaken the writing of it, which hopefully stated that "while it is too early yet to say when it will be completed, good progress has been made." People enquired after the book, and it was embarrassing to have to go on saying year after year that it would be out soon. At last the Editorial Secretary took the journey to Switzerland to remonstrate with the authors in person. It was a sore trial. After the first long, painful interview, Geraldine said to a friend, "The Mission has lost confidence in us." It was a new experience. She had always been appreciated and held in high esteem by Christian leaders; now she tasted the loneliness of soul which comes with misunderstanding and censure. She turned to her Lord in her hour of need, and He "spoke to her condition" from Isaiah 57:15: "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." She wrote in the margin: "Is. 40:29-31, Matt. 11:29, Phil. 2:3, 5-8, Is. 42:3, Ps. 34:18, Is. 66:1, 2." They are wonderful passages, full of hope and strength for one who has been humbled. She was sad, but there was no trace of resentment. She accepted the rebuke and promised to work on as she could, but another two years passed before she could go home to London with the typed pages of the first volume of the Life of Hudson Taylor, *The Growth of a Soul*.

A year later, in December, 1911, the book was published, and Geraldine recorded in the margin of her Bible little Karl's prayer that evening:

"Please Lord, bless the big book and help it to convert thousands of people and send out lots of missionaries, and thank you for helping Auntie to write it so nicely."

Matthew Arnold's words might be said of the writing of this book, it was "too great for haste." And the General Director of the C.I.M., Mr. D. E. Hoste, said: "It was worth waiting for."

The Growth of a Book

The Lord blessed the book, His Spirit breathed upon it, so that it lived. One day, when Mr. Hoste was tired, and a friend offered to read aloud to him, he took up the Life of Hudson Taylor, and held it out. "Where shall I read?" his friend asked. "Read anywhere you like," he answered. "It is all full of blessing."

But that day lay in the future. Another seven years were to be spent on the second volume; as yet the work was only half done.

XXV

The Lord Gave, the Lord hath Taken Away

"All that He does is good;
His ways when understood
This truth will ever tell—
He hath done all things well.

"Him will we trust and praise,
Perfect are all His ways;
'Tis ours the song to swell—
He hath done all things well."

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS

GERALDINE'S father with his wife and two little sons was living in Bath when she and Howard and the family returned to England, and to be near him they settled there for a time. It meant much to Geraldine to be with him. They had never lived together since she went to China over twenty years earlier. "The Lord gave us those weeks at the last," she said; "it was just His goodness." Dr. Guinness was ill when they came, and was not able to lie down because of the condition of his heart, though his mental vitality was unabated. Geraldine realized that his strength was ebbing daily, and she treasured every hour she could spend with him. One evening she noticed a wonderful light in his face as they talked together of the concerns of the Kingdom of God. The Edinburgh Conference (1910) was in progress, and that absorbed their thoughts. She looked back at him as she left the room that night, and thought that it was almost a transfigured face that smiled at her.

Later the same evening his wife was with him as he sat in his wheeled chair at the study window, looking out over the beautiful city. She too was struck by his radiance: "I noticed a light on his face of unusual brightness as we sat in silence together. He smiled at me and said: 'I am too weak to talk; but I am thinking . . . thinking of the great Missionary Conference at Edinburgh and all that will come out of it; and of my dear children. . . .'"

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Early the next morning Howard went down to see how he was. Geraldine was to follow soon afterwards. Howard was alone in the room with him when he suddenly sat straight up in bed, and raised his arms with a rapturous look. He kept his arms raised for some moments, then they dropped; he fell back upon the pillows; his spirit had passed into the life beyond. He spoke no word; he saw the Lord with gladness, and stayed with Him.

Geraldine was on her way down to see him, and arrived to find him no longer there.

Mrs. Guinness sent a telegram to the Chairman of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference, telling of Dr. Guinness' passing. Dr. John R. Mott was presiding, and he read the telegram to the vast audience that was assembled. Spontaneously they rose, and after Dr. Mott had led them in prayer, they sang the great hymn of praise:

"For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah!"

Mr. Theodore Howard, then the Home Director of the C.I.M. in London, said of Dr. Guinness: "He was without narrowness, a large-hearted lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, of His Word, of His work, of His people." Few more than he have anticipated the day when "From earth's wide bounds, and ocean's farthest coast, through gates of pearl shall stream the countless host, singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!"

There was nothing now to keep Howard and Geraldine in England, and they had a warm invitation from their friend, H. C. Coleman, to cross to America, and spend the summer at Camp Diamond to work there on the second volume of the *Life of Hudson Taylor*.

It was a happy summer with the boys and their governess in the "Cabin" which Mr. Coleman had built specially for them, and their messages at Sunday gatherings left abiding traces in many lives. Mr. H. C. Coleman, Junior, writes:

"As for me, personally, the characteristic which influenced me

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the most about Mrs. Taylor was her great and unceasing ability to find joy and pleasure out of every little thing that happened in life. She was so thoroughly in the will of the Lord for her, that every single little thing was to her a gift from Him.

"Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were at Camp Diamond whenever possible over a period from 1910 to 1938, the last year being after my father's death. They greatly added to the foreign missionary atmosphere of the Camp, and were a blessing to everyone who attended over a long period of years. Mrs. Howard Taylor used to give talks about China on Sunday evenings, which are remembered by many. She also used to give Bible lessons, especially on prophecy, to many young people at Camp who were interested.

"She used to study the stars in the clear mountain air at Camp Diamond. She had a map of the stars which enabled her to learn the constellations and to see them change with the seasons. In fact, her many and varied keen interests are evidence of her youthful spirit right up to the last."

After the summer season, when Camp closed, they stayed on at Camp Diamond Farm. The country air was good for the boys, and the quiet was good for the book. Geraldine never allowed herself to forget Lucy's trust with regard to her sons, and among her papers is the rough draft of a study on the Book of Daniel marked: *To be written for the Boys, D.V.* It is dated November, 1910. The introductory section is worked out, and gives a glimpse of the way she taught her boys, then eight and nine years old.

One can almost see her surrounded by an eager group of American young people at Camp Diamond, as, after leading up to her theme, she set out on the prophetic chapters of Daniel.

Into the peace of their quiet life on the farm came a cable from England summoning Geraldine to London. It was a family trouble, but one which concerned the interests of the Kingdom of God, and it weighed heavily on her heart as she crossed the Atlantic in very stormy weather, and during the weeks that followed. People often turned to Geraldine when a problem grew acute. One who knew her well said of her: "Mrs. Taylor

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is perhaps a little unpractical in some ways, but when it comes to the need for good, sound common sense in a difficult situation, I know of no one who can equal her. Through many years I have never known her to fail in giving the right kind of advice. She is a tremendously sensible saint!"

On her way back to America a travelling companion was reading a novel which had recently appeared—*The Rosary*, by Mrs. Florence Barclay, the Florrie Charlesworth of her school-room days. She felt very curious about the book, and was tempted to read it, but she was fasting from fiction while she wrote the *Life of Hudson Taylor*, and she resisted the impulse. It meant waiting six years. She enjoyed reading *The Rosary* later, though she recognized its limitations.

Early in 1912, Howard and Geraldine and the boys were living in Malvern, and Henry and Karl were weekly boarders at a local school. Once again a surprise broke in upon them, not so distressing as the last, but equally sudden, and one which touched them intimately.

Karl Kumm was in Australia, speaking of the needs of Africa. He had been a widower for six years, and now suddenly he fell in love with a charming young Australian, Gertrude Cato, the daughter of a well-known business man in Melbourne. "He thought she was like Lucy," Geraldine remembered. "She was small and graceful like her, but she was prettier than Lucy."

Dr. Kumm had written to Howard and Geraldine telling them of his engagement, but in the joyous swiftness of the course of events he had omitted to post the letter; so the first news which reached Malvern was a postcard which read: "We are to be married at once, and are coming home *via* the United States." The news was disconcerting in its brevity, and very naturally the question arose: Who is Karl marrying at once? To Geraldine there was a sharp inward struggle. Could she relinquish the boys—Lucy's boys—to an unknown woman whom Karl was marrying with such remarkable haste? But she found peace. She asked for and received the love which believeth and hopeth. She deliberately acted on the assumption that the new mother would be a real mother, and she set herself to prepare the boys to love

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her. Very soon the delayed letter arrived, and with it newspaper cuttings with photographs of the wedding. To some extent they set her heart at rest, and it was she who helped the boys to write their first letters to their new mother. Karl wrote:

“Henry and I are so glad you are leaving America for England next week. We are longing to see you and dear Father. I have just had a little holiday. Several of the boys had sore throats. I was one. So Auntie took me away to the seaside. It was lovely. There were miles and miles of sand, and splendid rocks with pools among them, in which I sailed my ship. Uncle Howard came down next day. We all came home yesterday.

“Very, very much love to you and Father,

“Your own loving little son,

“KARL.”

A little later, a letter from Henry to his father runs:

“I am now looking at a little picture we have of Mother. She does look nice! I can quite believe that she is very much like an angel, and that she makes your loneliness go away. I long with all my heart to see her and you again.”

Perhaps there was as much of Geraldine in the letters as of the children. They show that there was nothing small about her, no desire to have and hold the hearts of the boys, who must now give the first place to another, and the second to her.

At last the day came when Karl Kumm and his bride were due to arrive in Malvern. They all went to the station to meet them. Remembering the moment, Geraldine said: “You can imagine what it was, waiting for the first sight of her. The boys were my very soul. The train came in, Dr. Kumm jumped out, and turned to hand his wife down. As soon as I saw her I knew all our prayers were answered. I saw at once what Karl meant when he said she was like Lucy, she had a lovely gracious spirit, and my heart went out to her.”

Speaking of what it cost her to leave the boys, she said:

“When I parted from them something died within me, and passed into the Lord’s keeping. There is a peculiar joy in having

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children of your own. You live outside yourself, and when it is cut off, you are very solitary. It is different from parting from anybody else."

The real parting did not come yet. They all went together to Newquay for the summer holiday, where there was a great gathering of the Guinness clan. Besides their own party of six, Mrs. Grattan Guinness was there with her two sons; Dr. and Mrs. Harry Guinness, with seven children and a grandchild; Dr. and Mrs. Whitfield Guinness and three children; and sundry other cousins of varying degrees. One of her nephews, now the Vicar of St. John's Church, Tunbridge Wells, recalls something of Geraldine's influence on the young people:

"I remember her taking us out for walks on Sunday and telling us about Jesus Christ, and obviously trying to mould our very tender and unformed affections towards Him. I always picture her as the very essence of gentleness and love, and never in all the years I have known her do I remember even a fleeting glance of anything that was un-Christlike. I came to know her much better some years later, when I went to stay with Uncle Howard and Aunt Geraldine at Burbage, on the moors above Buxton. She was writing the Life of Hudson Taylor. I was fourteen, and had recently given my life to Jesus Christ, and was hoping to become a missionary. I never can forget the depth of her teaching as she showed me the notable passage in Ezekiel 36:22-37. Verses 26 and 27 are underlined in my Bible in a very boyish hand.

"She was always up for a time of prayer when everybody else in the house was asleep. She told us one morning at breakfast that she had read through the whole Book of Revelation that morning, in order to get something in its right perspective, and to get a fresh vision of what the Lord had said to John.

"Then she would be writing in the little room overlooking the stretch of moorland, and there was the sure sense that the book was being prayed over sentence by sentence.

"After breakfast, Uncle Howard used to pray in the front room upstairs. He walked to and fro, holding communion with God. I remember opening the door, and looking in; for he was even then entirely deaf and did not notice that I had interrupted

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him, and the memory of his enjoyment of that communion with God has never left me. His whole face was transfigured with light.

"On Sunday we walked down together to worship in a church in Buxton. I remember Aunt Geraldine kneeling at Communion with the peace of God radiating from her, aware of Christ, entirely oblivious of everything else.

"I came back from that holiday with them with all my boyish spiritual aspirations deepened and strengthened, and with a real understanding of the teaching of holiness—the life which is 'hid with Christ in God'—which Aunt Geraldine had not only unfolded to me, but had lived before me.

"This was in 1917, and Aunt Geraldine made no secret of the fact that she hoped for the return of Christ within the next few years. It was the most living hope of her life, and yet she went on writing that book with minute and exact care, so that it is still speaking to multitudes over twenty years later."

Gordon Guinness' memories of his Aunt Geraldine have carried us forward five years. They were spent writing the second volume of Hudson Taylor's Life. The two volumes took thirteen years. The foregoing chapters show that many other duties and claims divided the time, and sometimes the book had to be laid aside for some weeks. But all those years she was never free from the task in mind and heart.

In the autumn of 1912, Dr. and Mrs. Kumm settled in Tonbridge, and Henry and Karl went to boarding school at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate. When they went away to school, Geraldine noted the date: "Parted, Sept. 14. School began, Sept. 17," and on the same little slip of paper, carefully kept in her Bible, "No, it was quite easy after the first tug, because you see there was always the secret spring. 'Having loved His own which were in the world, *He loved them unto the end.*' His own word to me to-night, Dec. 30, 1912. Henceforth unto Him. Faithful to a supreme sense of duty."

She and Howard were back in Switzerland when she made the note, and she was being upheld by that supreme sense of duty, as she worked day after day at the biography. A year later

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a new helper came to join them in a secretarial capacity. She has written some of her memories of the years that followed:

"In a little note, dated 11th November, 1913, received on the morning of my leaving England for Switzerland, Mrs. Taylor wrote from Corseaux, near Vevey, 'We are thinking much of you as you leave home and travel to us. The Lord give you a good journey, restful in all ways, and Himself bless your going out and coming in. We look forward with thankfulness to welcoming you in this lovely place.'

"My first impression of Mrs. Taylor was her very loving welcome. Although I was a complete stranger to her and Dr. Taylor, she met me with open arms, and then we knelt down together, and Dr. Taylor thanked God for bringing me from England safely, and for meeting their need.

"The rainy season had set in, and in readiness for leaving the Lake of Geneva for the sunny, snow-capped mountains at Château d'Ex, two weeks were spent packing sixteen trunks with letters and other valuable material connected with the life and work of Mr. Hudson Taylor. Arrived at Château d'Ex, work began in earnest, and I soon discovered that for both of them it was 'This one thing I do.'

"To me, the best part of the day came in the evening. After supper Dr. Taylor would conduct prayers, and then, while he read or wrote letters, Mrs. Taylor would share with me a verse or a portion of Scripture which had been a blessing to her in the early morning. The memory of those hours is still the happiest and the most precious of my life.

"Saturday afternoons and Sundays were times of relaxation and rest from the work, and often friends who were spending a holiday in Switzerland would call on Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. They were always welcomed and given the nicest meal it was possible to provide, and no one left without a message from the Word of God. The completion of a chapter of the book was always the occasion for special thanksgiving to God for help given, and also for taking a whole day's holiday. After an early lunch, having strapped knapsacks containing our tea on our backs, we would go for a long walk with our luges, climbing

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to some famous beauty spot in the mountains. There we enjoyed the refreshments amid the glorious scenery all around. The return journey down to the valley was made in double quick time on the luges. These were 'red letter days' which brought both physical refreshment and inspiration for the task yet to be completed."

They were in Switzerland when the First World War broke out. Geraldine has told a little of their early experiences in a small book of devotional messages, *Though War Should Rise*, published in October, 1914.

"Cut off in a lonely Swiss valley, with the war raging near at hand in the great countries round us, we could not help wondering at times what would happen if supplies could no longer reach us from home. Our work detained us. We could not go to England because the books and papers could not go with us; and there could be no question of leaving them.

"Coming down to our little chalet from the dining-room one evening, my husband was surprised to find himself addressed by a bright-looking peasant woman who was entirely unknown to him.

"'I have a hundred and sixty francs for the China Inland Mission,' she said with the greatest simplicity. 'Would it be wise to try to send it to Germany? It is for the Liebenzell branch of the work.'

"Her face, glowing with love in the Lord, brought a surprise of joy to our hearts. But there was more to follow, a bit of loving-kindness all for ourselves.

"'I have been thinking about you too,' she continued. 'Is it not difficult to get money from England? Would it be any help to you to use this sum, and send a cheque for it to Germany or to China?'"

So the Lord provided for their needs and prospered them in their work day by day. No period of Geraldine's life has she recorded so fully in the margins of her Bible as the years from 1915 to 1918. It was perhaps because she was able to have her early hours with the Bible undisturbed day by day in the same

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room that she had leisure to mark the passages through which the Lord instructed or encouraged her. It was perhaps because the pressure of her task grew heavy as the years passed, and the end seemed not yet in sight, that her need was the greater and her seeking met God's giving thus eagerly. Or it may have been that her spirit was burdened by the cumulative need and sorrow of the world at war, and that to face it in such a way as to be a helper of other lives, she was driven to the secret Springs in a special way. She did not remember those years as she told me her life, but her Bible bears witness to much dwelling there.

In the spring of 1915, Geraldine was called to London to her brother Harry's death-bed. She went immediately, and reached his home in time to be with him at the last.

Howard and Miss Agnes Clough, their secretary, followed as soon as they could with the sixteen trunks of papers. They went to Buxton, and for three years lived either there or at Matlock, working all the time. At last, in the spring of 1917, their long labour was accomplished, and the typescript of the book was submitted to the Editorial Department of the C.I.M. For a time they travelled about to meetings and conferences, and then came a very hard blow. In order to keep the second volume uniform with the first, the C.I.M. asked them to reduce the manuscript by two hundred pages. Geraldine was overwhelmed. She saw only one way of doing it: to rewrite each chapter. To her that would involve months of time, hours of prayer, and a great output of both spiritual and physical strength. At first she could not see that it was necessary. The chapters as they stood had been given her by the Lord; must she now accept the verdict of man upon them? She spent much time alone in His presence before she was willing to undertake the stern duty of cutting out things she had written in a travail of soul she could not share with anyone.

In August, 1948, in a dictated letter, she spoke of "the path I unconsciously followed in the books the Lord gave me to write, especially in the two volumes of dear Father's life." She mentioned the "sudden intuitive way in which things 'come,' the waking early in the morning to hear a voice that seems to talk

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with one, the vision of things unseen . . . it made up so much of my life all through those writing years. . . . The whole thing gradually opens out before you, from dim to clearer light, then, a sudden intuition, a flash of certainty, and *there it was!*"

When a book has been given in that intimate, spiritual way, it is hard to relinquish two hundred pages of it. But as soon as she was assured it was the Lord's will for her, she set to work. It took almost a year. Opposite Psalm 44:3, 4, she has written, "Sept. 3, 1918, sending first chapters to the press." At Psalm 119:173, "Let thine hand be ready to help me," is the note: "Yes, that last night, Oct. 30, 1918. 'Begone unbelief my Saviour is near.' v. 151 [which reads], 'Thou art nigh, O Lord.'" And at Psalm 124, opposite verses 6-8, she wrote: "Nov. 1, 1918. Oh, such deep, wonderful inward joy. It is really finished."

When the book appeared at the end of the year, a thousand copies were sold in a few days, and it has been selling steadily ever since. In her personal experience of those years Geraldine had learned to say of much that was a part of her very heart and soul: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

XXVI

Not Quickened, except it Die

“There’s a harvest in a grain of wheat,
If given to God in simple trust,
For though the grain doth turn to dust,
It cannot die. It lives: it must,
For the power of God is behind it.”

SELECTED

WHEN Geraldine had completed the Life of Hudson Taylor, she had written eight of the volumes which came from her pen. There were to be twelve more. She was then fifty-eight years old, but stronger than she had been when she was young, and for the next fifteen years of her life her health was at its best, and her capacity for work at its highest. Five books were published between 1920 and 1930, and seven more after she was seventy years of age. Two of these were biographies, *By Faith*, the Life of H. W. Frost, and *Behind the Ranges*, the Life of J. O. Fraser. Her books cost her long labour and an output of spiritual energy which few readers can estimate. With each one there were special conflicts both within and without to be faced and fought through.

Perhaps one reason why Geraldine’s books lived and worked in other lives is to be found in the way she lived and worked in the writing of them. It is significant that few stop at the writer in speaking of her books. It is not her interpretation of the men and women whose lives were her theme which has influenced her readers, it is the living people themselves. She told of them so that others learned to know them and often followed in the steps of their faith.

There is a missionary who began to read her Bible before daybreak, by the light of a flickering candle on itinerant journeys in Africa, simply because she had seen Hudson Taylor doing it—in the pages of the book—and she longed to experience the enrichment of the early hours of communion as he had done.

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There is a preacher of the Gospel who kept the Life of Hudson Taylor in his vestry and read a passage before going to preach to his people. The China missionary's vital touch with God helped him to meet the needs of a London congregation out of a quickened fellowship with the same Lord.

There is the Principal of a Bible School in New Zealand who read the volumes once every year for over twenty years, because he found there wealth such as a man must have who is called to teach continually.

Or there is the Home Director of the China Inland Mission in London, who finds in repeated readings of the two volumes "perennial refreshment," because the lessons taught there are "not in doctrinal terms, but exemplified in life," so that we may, if we will, "learn to carry a burden for the lost, and pour it out in importunate prayer and evangelistic effort" through the reading of this book. We may learn "the faith which counts on God's faithfulness to His promises which is seen in Hudson Taylor's Life in active test and operation, bringing overdue wages to a doctor's assistant, sustaining a medical student and making possible the beginning of a mission without any organized support. Or if we would learn how to move men through God, how to weld different temperaments and gifts into one cohesive body of Christian workers, the secret is told in the Life of Hudson Taylor, so that men and women in every station in life find help and guidance through reading and rereading it."

A worker among young women in America kept *Hudson Taylor* and *By Faith* in the bookcase by her bedside, and referred to them "as a medical man to his manuals"; and the leader of a work among American naval men read the two-volume Life of Hudson Taylor five times in the five years following his conversion, so that the story moulded his whole life and service.

A medical missionary working on the Nepal Border, asked to tell something of what the book had meant to her when she read it as a student in London University, wrote: "I suppose you want my first impression of the book. I'm afraid it would be difficult, as I've read it over and over again, and I cannot separate first impressions from later ones. The reading of Hudson Taylor's

Life has always brought tremendous blessing to me, and a great heart-longing amounting to an agony sometimes that the Lord should have the utmost from my life, and that I should not have to be ashamed before Him. It does draw out your heart to Him."

Countless similar testimonies might be written telling of inspiration, correction, guidance, commission, which have come to other lives through reading the two volumes on Hudson Taylor. The thirteen years of their prime which Geraldine and Howard gave to working on the book were well spent. But it was not possible to realize it at the time. It is only the perspective of a whole generation by which we are removed from the first issue of the book that reveals the fruitfulness of those years of hidden labour. What the writers felt most strongly when their task was finished was a sense of having lost touch with China. How could they even guess that their long separation from the work they loved was to be the means of sending scores of others to give life-service on the mission field? Many went to China after reading the book, and not a few to other lands, for "the field is the world," and a book written under the guidance of the Lord of the harvest will have in it seed that may reach out to any part of His harvest field. So He used their work to "waken Him workers for the great employ," but Geraldine did not know it then, nor could she fully realize it at any time.

When in March, 1919, she stood by Hudson Taylor's grave in the quiet little enclosed cemetery by the Yangtze at Chinkiang, she was suddenly overwhelmed at the thought of what she had done. "Standing there by Father's grave, how it all swept through me. I have done my best, my very best, poor though it is compared with the reality." No mere book can tell what a man is, still less what a saint of God is, for a saint is a man hidden in God and Christ revealed in that man. It cannot be told in this present time, it will be revealed at the last, when He comes who is our Saviour and Lord, and we know as we are known.

Realizing painfully how inadequate her best had been, Geraldine's entry in her diary on March 25th, 1919, closes: "O Father, Father in heaven—the prayers yet to be answered!"

“Prayer yet to be Answered” is the title of the last chapter of *The Growth of a Work of God*. What were those prayers? Hudson Taylor’s prayers, that through the Mission he had been enabled to establish the Gospel might be carried “to every creature” within the areas of China entrusted to the workers of the C.I.M.; prayers for the conversion of unbelievers, for the continual renewal of the churches founded and for all the workers of the Mission, Chinese and foreign. He had prayed that they might give themselves unstintingly, that they might be delivered out of every temptation to work slackly or live easily, that they might spend themselves serving Christ crucified in a life like the grain of wheat, buried in the earth that it may multiply.

Geraldine too carried these prayers in her heart. She longed earnestly that they might be answered in herself first and in all others no less. Standing at their father’s grave together, she and Howard pledged themselves afresh to abide in Christ, who alone could make the answers possible.

They had come back to China, but not to stay there. The C.I.M. leaders saw it as Geraldine’s chief ministry to write and speak of the work, its needs and possibilities. They had come back to renew their touch with the quickly-changing East. But they could never be in China merely as observers. On the long journeys which lay before them they exercised a many-sided ministry. They did the work of evangelists, they carried the care of the churches on their hearts in prayer, they listened to the problems of their fellow workers, and encouraged and strengthened them. Hours were spent in long conversations with one after another on each station they visited, time was given to prayer with each, and to gatherings for united prayer at conferences which they addressed in every province.

They reported to the leaders in Shanghai much which it was essential they should know, but which it was difficult or impossible for the workers on the field to tell them. They surveyed the field, entering into some areas in much detail with a view to writing about them later.

Geraldine filled notebook after notebook. She wrote on trains, river-steamers, junks, rafts, in springless carts, litters or swinging

sedan-chairs; at wayside inns, mission homes, country chapels, barns, temples, even up on a city wall. She wrote from ice-covered north-western roads or by the waves of the Yellow Sea in summer. She wrote while she heard the rhythm of prayer rising from a revival meeting, while the awful echoes of the great Kansu earthquake still roared in her brain, while the fierce faces of brigands who held Howard in captivity haunted her, and again when her heart was aglow with joy at his release. It is all in the diary, sometimes almost illegible because her fingers were so stiff with cold that she could hardly hold a pencil, often fragmentarily told because it was far more important to live the hour than to record it.

A faithful friend and helper did her the long service of making a typescript copy of all the notebooks. They fill a thousand typed pages. The year it was originally intended that Geraldine and Howard should spend in China was extended to three years, and even a thousand pages give only glimpses of their life. It is well that we have eternity in which to read the Book of Remembrance which is written before the Lord. What part of our earthly life will the heavenly recorders have written? Only the things God wants remembered, probably very different things from those we choose to tell each other in our human short-sightedness, yet we do know in part even now, for we have begun to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

XXVII

Little Ones to Him Belong

"Father, hear us, we are praying,
Hear the words our hearts are saying,
We are praying for our children.
Keep them from the power of evil,
From the secret hidden peril.

"Read the language of our longing,
Read the wordless pleadings thronging;
Holy Father, for our children.

"And wherever they may bide,
Lead them Home at eventide."

AMY CARMICHAEL

IF the years away from China, given to the book, had involved an element of death that issued in quickened life for an uncounted multitude, the more intimate, personal sacrifice which Geraldine had been called upon to make, when she yielded to another the mother's place with Lucy's boys, bore fruit too, and fruit that remained. The completeness of submission with which she learned to accept the limit set to the happy years with Henry and Karl left open in her heart a widening channel for the stream of her sympathy with children and young people. The record of their journeyings from 1919 to 1922 reveals how often she experienced the joy of receiving the confidence of children, and of being made a lasting blessing to them.

Before they reached China, their boat called at Kobe, and they met there an American family living in "a comfortless little Japanese house," where there were four older children and little Lydia, five years old. The journal entry says: "How we loved it all, and they loved us." And she adds a remark one of the children made when they realized that their visitors' boat would leave before the birthday party which had been planned for that

evening: "I do wisht you was in the bunch to-night for the birthday cake and the ice-cream!"

At every station they visited Geraldine noted the names and ages of the missionaries' children and often of those of the Chinese pastor or evangelist too, and she and Howard read them over in the Lord's presence whenever they prayed for their parents. She entered eagerly into plans for their future, and would talk of ways of fitting them for a useful career until nothing seemed impossible. She gave young people wide horizons. True, her wealth of suggestions did not always materialize. She often forgot to reckon with the limitations of the particular boy or girl in question; but it was cheering all the same. Her heart hoped all things and believed all things for everyone.

Christmas, 1919, was spent in her brother Whitfield's home in Kaifeng. She heard there the story of her own little niece and namesake, Mary Geraldine, who had been called away from her earthly home to the heavenly one a year earlier. It moved her deeply as she realized how the Lord had met the restless longing of a child's heart, and the thought came that she should write the story. There is no record in her journal between December 8th, 1919, and January 26th, 1920, except these lines: "Kaifeng next visit. Christmas spent there. No notes. I was absorbed in dear little Mary's life-story."

She sat in an upstairs room day after day writing, and she was given to tell of God's gracious dealing with a little child so that through the record He could speak to thousands of other children. With the exception of the *Life of Pastor Hsi*, none of her books has been translated into more languages, and perhaps this little book more than any other has been the means of leading hearts into assurance of salvation. She called it *Pearl's Secret*. Pearl was Mary's Chinese name.

Wherever she went after that she used to tell children about Mary. In March, 1920, she met a little thirteen-year-old girl, the daughter of missionaries in Korea, who told her that she had just finished reading the second volume of the *Life of Hudson Taylor*. Geraldine invited her to the C.I.M. Home to tea, her journal says, and "had some heart to heart talk with her. She had read

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the MS. of *Pearl's Secret*, and that opened her heart to speak of a record of her own.

“ ‘I have a little red book with a clasp that fastens, and I write in it all my answers to prayer.’

“ ‘When did you begin to keep this record?’

“ ‘Last June.’

“ ‘That is nine months ago. Have you had a good many answers to prayer in that time?’

“ ‘Oh, yes. I have written down a hundred and fifty.’

“ ‘How lovely to have had so many!’

“ ‘Yes; and I haven't written all the little ones.’

“The beautiful brown eyes were full of light, and the sweet smile came and went on her expressive face as she told me all about it. Dear child. She drew me back as we were leaving the drawing-room and said, ‘I do want to be a missionary, and in the *C.I.M.*’ ”

Ten days later, as they were travelling by sleeping-car through central China on their way north, the berth above Geraldine's was occupied, not by a child, but by a young Chinese girl of seventeen, the daughter of a Shanghai gold merchant. Geraldine had a talk with her, taught her a hymn, and explained to her *The Wordless Book*.¹ After saying good night, she wrote: “What a contrast this with the travelling of long ago! Reading in the berth above me, wrapped in her cherry-coloured silk coverlet, is a sweet, attractive girl of the new type. She has been singing softly to herself in a low, musical voice the chorus of the hymn we were talking over together. She seems never to have heard the Gospel before. She wants to be a doctor. She is to learn English and go to America to study medicine. ‘There are so few doctors in China,’ she says. ‘I must help my people.’ We were talking together about the twofold help that people need— healing for the body and for the soul. She understood so well.

¹ A little booklet of which the first page is black, the second red, the third white and the last gold. Nothing is printed in the book, but on the cover are references to verses of Scripture which will lead a seeking soul to find how a sin-stained heart may be cleansed through the blood of Jesus Christ and made fit for fellowship with God in glory.

We told her father about the Methodist Girls' School in Chin-kiang. I do wish she might go there. She has the hymn-sheet and the little wordless book. The Lord bless her."

In June, 1920, they reached Saratsi in the far north, and visited the orphanage run by the Swedish Alliance Mission. Her diary entry is: "What a heart of love! Thank God for such a home and such a mother to care for all these pitiful outcast little ones. We have just been having prayer together after the meeting with the girls. Such a company—sixty little ones, all in nice clean blue gowns sitting on the raised platform on which they sleep at night, and the older girls on benches in front. The Lord was speaking to many of them. We shall see what the outcome will be."

The next day the record was brief:

"Praise the Lord, fifty-one gave their hearts to Jesus. Sunday, June 6, 1920."

The wonderful fact stated so concisely led to the writing of the last chapter of *Pearl's Secret* while she was in Chefoo that summer. It gave her a sequel to the story she had already told so often, which had an appeal to older children. She made it very real and living, and when she put the question: "Is it your secret too?" hundreds of young hearts responded, not only in China, but in America and Australia, and through the little book in other lands. As recently as in 1948, thirty years after Mary left earth for the Saviour's presence, her story was published in Danish, and is now speaking to many, both parents and children and lovers of children, in Denmark and Norway.

In all their journeyings, Geraldine and Howard kept in touch with Henry and Karl. In a letter to Henry, Geraldine tells very fully of a talk she had with another young lad, the son of Swedish missionaries.

"PINCHOW, SHENSI.

"Nov. 13, 1920.

"I wonder whether I can see to write to you by this somewhat dim light? The lamp is on the table at the other side of the room,

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and I am sitting up in bed, writing on my knee. Yesterday we reached this remote station, travelling by cart over the mountains from the Sian plain. The journey, though very rough, was a rest after the many meetings we have been having. And to-day Uncle has made me stay in bed to try to get rid of the lumbago I have been having lately. It is just from over-tiredness, and is much better already.

"Oh, how I wish I could tell you all we are seeing and hearing up here in the great North-west! We are on our way, as you know, to the province of Kansu, bordering on Tibet, and have never yet been quite so far inland in China. This journey will take us all the winter, bringing us to most, if not all, of our stations in this vast and little-occupied field.

"To-day to our great joy letters from you and Karl have reached us, so we feel ever so rich! Your last was written after your return to College. I can hardly take it in that you will soon be a full-fledged medical student! . . . I covet one thing for you in your present life—that it should all be Christ, 'of Him, to Him, through Him.' His coming draws so near. You may never have the privilege of living and preaching Christ among the heathen, but now—this last year at Haverford—you have your opportunity. I do pray that you may be made a help and blessing to others.

"Have you yet had the joy of leading a soul definitely to the Lord? Last week we had such a blessed experience. We were staying with Swedish missionaries, whose young son is a dear boy of thirteen. His mother was taken very ill while we were there, and the boy was dreadfully cut up about it all. Next day, when his mother was better, I said to him:

"How wonderfully the Lord helps at these times and strengthens our hearts, does He not?"

"Yes," he said somewhat doubtfully.

"You do love the Lord, don't you?" I went on.

"Yes," was his reply, still not very decidedly.

"Have you ever definitely given your heart to Him?"

"I do not know that I have."

"If you have, you would know it, dear. If you had given

something to me, I should know that you had given it, and you would not be in any doubt about it.'

"I asked him to bring a Bible, and we turned up one or two passages. He was reading Is. 53:2-6, and I said: 'Will you put in the first personal pronoun singular there, and read "my" and "I" instead of "our" and "we"?' He did this, and I read:

"'He was wounded for *my* transgressions.' He went on, 'He was bruised for *my* iniquities. . . .'

"And then such a wonderful thing happened. He just put his head down on his hands on the table, and began to sob as if in the deepest distress. I did not understand at first, and thought perhaps he was overwrought on account of his mother's illness. Someone came to enquire for her, and I had to go out for a few minutes. When I came back, he was kneeling with his father at the sofa sobbing still. All he could say was, 'Oh, I am such a big sinner!'

"He was under deep conviction of sin. It was a direct work of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, and one waited for that Blessed One to complete what He had begun. Nothing could comfort the lad, and at last I said, putting the open Bible before him, 'There is something here I want you to read.'

"He dried his eyes and read: 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from *all* unrighteousness' (1 John 1:9); and above, 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from *all* sin.'

"'What is that little word?' I asked, pointing to it in both places.

"'All,' he answered, not taking it in.

"'What does it mean?'

"And then again that wonderful thing happened, the Spirit of God flashed into his soul.

"'Why, it means *all*,' he cried, 'all, *all*! I am saved! Jesus has forgiven *all* my sins!'

"For years I have not seen anything like the joy of that conversion. The dear lad did not know what to do, he was so happy.

"'I've never been so happy in all my life,' he cried, 'all my sins are forgiven, I feel like flying!'

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“His father came in, and he rushed into his arms and told him with a radiant face how his sorrow was turned into joy. Another missionary came in, and it was the same story. I had to turn to Isaiah twelve for him, to give expression to his feelings, and he stood there—a new being in a new world—and read it all through to us with the deepest meaning. And how he prayed for his school-mates, a dozen or so boys and girls, children of missionaries, who attended the ‘foreign school’ in the city.

“Well, those prayers were answered. It was Saturday evening when he was converted, and when he went to school on Monday morning he told them at morning prayers what the Lord had done for him. He was just reading the passage in Isa. 53, when all the children broke down just as he had done. The Holy Spirit seemed to come upon them all. It was wonderful, a real revival. And the outcome was, that all in the school who were not yet decided Christians found joy and peace in believing.”

Far away in Kansu, at a country inn, Geraldine gathered the children and taught them what she could in the short time of their stay there. Among them was “a nice, intelligent, serious boy and his little sister of eleven, a bright child with large beautiful eyes, dark pools of light. Both seemed really interested. How one would love to send them to school in Lanchow. The Lord follow with His blessing the seed sown in their hearts.”

She was sometimes able to put into execution the thoughts that came to her when she saw a promising young life. Miss Jennie Hughes, of the Bethel Mission in Shanghai, tells of how she helped four of the girls from the Saratsi orphanage into a wider sphere.

“Mrs. Taylor wrote me when visiting one of the C.I.M. stations in far northern China where there was a large orphanage. She asked if we would be willing for her to bring to us four of the girls in that orphanage, that they might be educated in Bethel and trained for lives of service to God. Of course, I replied that we would gladly take the girls of her choice, and the result was that four girls about twelve years of age came to us. They were all very bright. They went through our High School; one

married a fine Christian businessman, and two others married Christian doctors while they were working as nurses in our hospital. The fourth girl was a thrown-away baby girl. She was the brightest of all, finished High School, and came to the U.S.A., where she entered Chicago Evangelistic Institute and graduated. She has a marvellous voice for song, and that voice has deeply stirred great audiences in this country. She is to-day the Principal of a Girls' High School in west China, doing a great work for God."

In May, 1921, when they were travelling by litter from Kansu to Szechwan, they spent the night at a wayside inn.

"Such a precious time here to-night," she wrote. "There are only five or six families in this little place, but quite a group of men, women and children gathered and listened for an hour or more to the message. Oh, how sweet the name of Jesus sounds! There is no joy like the joy of telling of His love and grace to those who have never heard and whose hearts seem open to the truth. . . . That little blind boy of thirteen, the Lord save and bless him. Dear little lad, he wanted to come into the litter to speak to me again as we were waiting to start. He climbed over the pole, and got in beside me, and sitting there so confidently, went over again and again the five sentences I had been teaching him. He said wistfully, 'Are you coming back?' 'No; but you will perhaps go to Hanchung?' 'Will you be there?' 'Yes, for some time.' 'I will go,' he said. 'I will go to the Gospel Hall, and learn more.'

"The Lord bless the little lad and bring him safe Home at last!" About a month later, again at an inn, she writes:

"It was getting dark, so I came in and began to write a letter. But some young girls came shyly to the door. I asked them in. After some talk, a number of lads collected outside, so we went out, and for an hour or two these young people listened and learned eagerly. The boys and girls gathered close around me in the light of the inn lamp to read for themselves, and they all repeated hymns and passages of Scripture freely until I had to send them home. Lord, to *Thee* I commit them."

Months later, in Kweichow, on November 10th, 1921, the

diary record is particularly memorable because of some very significant news which had reached her, but Geraldine's closing entry is:

"And bless the little lad in this inn, nine years old. How interested he seemed. Lord, let Thy Holy Spirit work in his heart and lead him on step by step to true knowledge and faith. Thou art able."

The sights they saw on the road in Kweichow, a province which she described as being "opium-cursed more than any part of China we have yet seen," wrung her heart. The destitution and degradation of adults and adolescents were appalling, but "the sufferings of the poor little children are the worst of all to see and bear. Several I passed this morning trying to cover their poor little arms and hands with their rags. Their legs and feet were bare, of course, and they were crying as they shook and shivered with cold, little mites of three or four years old."

The road they were travelling was the one used for the salt traffic. "The little carriers on the road are a sight to move a heart of stone," she notes as she passes them in her sedan chair. "I am sure some of the boys are not more than eight or ten years old. Many of them are under twelve. They carry salt like their fathers and brothers, bent under the piled-up baskets on their backs. Hundreds of boys we met carrying loads no man would dream of carrying at home. And many of them are opium-smokers. We have seen gaunt, haggard-looking boys of fourteen or sixteen, their faces yellow and their eyes gleaming, clutching eagerly at the opium-pipes waiting for them at every inn on the road. They cannot afford opium *and* food, so the food has to go. Oh, the pathetic, sin-cursed faces we have looked into these last two or three days, boys and men, laden like animals, bent under their huge burdens, looking up at us as we pass—faces dazed and stupid, mouths open; cruel, cunning, sensual faces; frightened, hunted, hungry faces; desperate, dare-devil faces; young, pitiful, appealing faces; old, tired, hopeless faces—and every one a soul He loves, for whom He died."

All the crying need which it was impossible to stop and relieve weighed on her spirit. "I can see him still, sitting all alone in the

middle of the road, a tiny, huddled heap of rags, with an empty food basin and a pair of chop-sticks in front of him. We thought he was some beggar's child, gave him some cash and spoke kindly to him, but he was still sitting in the same place when we came out of the tea-shop after having breakfast.

"Where are his parents?' we asked.

"He has no parents.'

"Well, who does he belong to?'

"Nobody.'

"Who looks after him?'

"No one.'

"Oh, isn't there someone who would take him?' I said. 'He looks a nice little fellow. The evangelist and his wife have no children.'

"Just then the poor little thing raised a pitiful face. 'My eyes can see nothing,' he called out weakly. He was blind. Poor little scrap of humanity, five years old, possessing nothing in the world but that empty food-basin and the rags that barely covered him. And we left him there like that. But ever since I have been thinking of him, wondering what could be done. They say there is no one among the Christians who would look after a child like that, but my heart will not rest, and this morning it came to me: 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My little ones, ye did it not unto Me.'"

Did she challenge any of the Kweichow Christians with those words? Did anyone do anything for the little lad? We do not know. Perhaps some who read this may do something for another little one because she wrote it years ago.

She tells of her acquaintance with a little fellow traveller. "I had noticed the boy in the food-shops at various stopping places. He looked such a thorough little scholar, with his long dark blue gown, black satin cap and handsome little upper garment. When I was writing in my chair he came near the window to watch. I showed him my fountain pen, unscrewing it for him to see where the ink is, and from that moment we were friends. At the next stopping place he came running along with a cup of hot tea for me, and his little brother with some sweetmeats.

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Now we are like old friends. We urged the uncle who came for them last night to send them to a Christian school.

“This morning early Chi-ing came running in, just as bright and loving as any boy at home could be. We had another talk while the loads were being packed. I think the Spirit of God is working in his heart. As we came into the village last night I was asking the Lord to send someone to us whom He could bless and save. I feel that He must have sent this little lad.”

On one stage of their journey they had some Miao boys with them, and after separating from them Geraldine wrote: “We miss our Miao boys to-day. How eager they have been to learn. Last night we got in late, long after dark, and very tired. After supper we had meetings, the men in the hall, the women and children in the inn with me. Too tired almost to speak, I was going to our room at last, when two of the boys stopped me at the door.

“‘We want to learn that tune,’ they said.

“Of course, I stayed and sang it with them, over and over again, hardly knowing how to stand or make a sound for fatigue, but they were so keen to get hold of it right. We had had the hymn at our last talk. It was our parting message, and seemed to go home to their hearts.”

So she met them everywhere, the little ones who belong to Him, and loved them with the love He had given her, and taught them as much as she could in the short time she had, about the Saviour who said: “Let the little children come to me; do not hinder them”; and who “took them in His arms, and blessed them lovingly, one by one, laying His hands upon them.”

XXVIII

Not Ashamed

"I cannot tell how silently He suffered,
As with His peace He graced this place of tears;
Or how His heart upon the Cross was broken,
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted,
Forgives our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
And lifts the burden of the heavy-laden,
For yet the Saviour of the world is here."

W. Y. FULLERTON

A RECENT translation has rendered Paul's words in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans: "I am proud of the gospel," but there seems to be a braver note in the "not ashamed" of most other versions, something at once humble and very sure. The words come not so much as a challenge, as with an answer to the taunt of the world and the devil: "Ha, Paul, you the learned, you who sat at the feet of Gamaliel, do you now preach this foolishness?" And in quiet triumph he replies: "Yes, and I am not ashamed of the gospel, it is the power of God."

No missionary of the Cross dare face the contradiction of other religions without that certainty. In view of their claim to sway more millions, to date back to greater antiquity, to be wiser, deeper, subtler, stronger, he must be able to say: "It may seem so to you, but only the gospel of Christ crucified is the power of God."

By this test Geraldine was a true missionary. She believed that the power of God was manifested through the proclaiming of the Gospel with utmost simplicity of heart. This she knew, and in all her touch with lives she proved it.

In the spring of 1919 she and Howard spent two months in Honan. They went to all the places where they had lived and worked in early years, and were filled with rejoicing as they saw the fruit of the preaching of the Word.

One of the first places they visited made Geraldine wish she

could stay there. "How I would love to have that little empty room, like our rooms at Chenchow in the old days: mud floor and walls and thatched roof. I would settle down there among them, learn the language again, study the Word with them, and go out together to make known the glad tidings. In no place have I felt so at home since we reached China this time, in none would I so gladly remain! My heart goes out to them." It was a group of Christian Chinese women, gathered for a Bible school, that had filled her with this desire; but her journal testifies to the fact that there were often places which made the same appeal. She counted it the highest privilege of all to be allowed to tell anyone the Good News for the first time,

Three weeks later they reached Taikang. "Can it be that we are once again in the dear old place of so many memories? I am writing alone in a room opening off the very first part of the premises that we rented. . . . Since then, what hath God wrought! Over three hundred have been baptized in this centre. Yesterday Mr. Ford and a group of twenty leading men came out to meet us with a very loving welcome. Those we know look just the same as ever, it does one's heart good to see them.

"A boys' meeting is going on just now. Howard's voice sounds bright and cheery from the chapel where he is speaking to them. . . . The courtyard is flooded with moonlight, the place is 'silent and aware.'"

As they were leaving to go to Kwangchow, one of the older Chinese leaders said to her: "Oh, pray for us. I know you do not forget, for I am your little child." It was hard to leave after only one week with them.

And yet, Kwangchow drew them. They had never been there, but had heard reports of what the Lord was doing in that district. The first visit in May led to a longer one in November, when Geraldine made copious notes with a view to writing about the work, but they were never used for publication. Everything she saw and heard there was a great joy. On her first visit she wrote: "Yes, *this* is the spirit. Dear, dear people, they are themselves the explanation of much of the wonderful work the Lord is doing in this place. Real love and self-sacrifice, thank God!" And later:

“Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the work of Thy hands.’ It is a wonderful sight: the big church filled to overflowing, gallery and all, and such a volume of sound when the dear people sing. All believers, a thousand to fifteen hundred, are here for the conference. There is such earnestness, such reality.”

Three days later they were present when two hundred who had been baptized during the week of meetings shared in the Lord’s Supper for the first time. “Oh, how the Lord must love them every one; His heart goes out to them infinitely more tenderly, more longingly than mine.” When they united in prayer, the whole congregation rose, and many prayed aloud at the same time: “Blessed sound, like the voice of many waters—no confusion, only reality. No music of cathedral choir can compare with this. Bless the Lord, O my soul!”

If the work and the missionaries in Kwangchow gave her a specially overflowing cup of gladness, it was by no means the only time she tasted of it. She had expected it in Kwangchow, and it had exceeded her expectation, but there was a peculiar joy in finding it unexpectedly: “This has been a wonderful visit—a revelation!” she wrote on February 9th, 1920. “We had never imagined anything like the station and work we found in Kweiki. And it is all the visible expression of this one woman’s soul. How well I remember meeting her for the first time thirty years ago. I wondered then whether she would ever learn the language, and get into touch with the people. I little realized that she was already far more of a missionary than I. She had been out a few months longer, but was so reserved, that I, taken up with dear Katie Mackintosh—my ideal of all a missionary should be—was wholly unconscious of the depth and power, the inward largeness and practical possibilities of this life.”

At a station in Shensi she wrote in November, 1920: “He makes me think of Enoch, he is so fatherly in the midst of all his children, yet truly walking apart with God. ‘And Enoch walked with God . . . three hundred years and begat sons and daughters.’ It is like Yüshan in the early days, only it is ten times larger work. Katie Mackintosh had over a hundred

Christians round her; he has nearly a thousand. But it is the same quiet, strong, capable, gentle handling of things. Only here there is this peculiar atmosphere of prayer—peculiar in that it is so rare.”

At another Shensi station, which they visited in May, 1921, she found a work of which she writes: “I have never seen anything like it before in China or indeed elsewhere. The whole of it—Christians, schoolchildren, teacher, workers, station, home, the entire premises and the spirit of the missionaries all beautiful and fitting, just what one could wish them to be. In every station there have been some things lovely and commendable, some part of the premises attractive and suitable, something in the spirit of the workers that rejoiced one’s heart. But here it is all a lovely whole for which one praises God. And I have learned the secret. It is the natural unconsidered outcome of a life lived in constant fellowship with God.”

Sometimes as they travelled on the roads, they had the joy of leading a soul to Christ themselves. Once when they had not made the stage they had hoped, and had to spend a Sunday at the inn because they never travelled on the Lord’s Day, Geraldine wrote: “We have been all day with the people of the inn and others. . . . A poor man with a withered arm really seems to be trusting now in the Lord Jesus. He has been with us for an hour or two this evening, reading verses from the Bible. He has just left us with several tracts and a heart full of gratitude. O Lord, Thou divine glorious Friend of publicans and sinners, Thou, who seekest the lost until Thou find, let this lost soul be brought home to Thee with rejoicing.

“How blessedly worth while the little trials of the poor inn, bitter cold and dirty, draughty surroundings, if only this precious soul may indeed be saved and kept unto life eternal!”

If it is the essential qualification for missionary service to be assured of the saving power of the Gospel message, there is another test, which to many is a harder one. A true missionary is one who knows Christ in the fellowship of a second “not ashamed,” for the wonderful thing is said of Him that He is “not ashamed to call them brethren” who are being sanctified.

Geraldine had lived for fourteen years in the atmosphere of Hudson Taylor's life and prayers. She expected a high standard of spirituality and devotion of all missionaries, and perhaps a slightly higher one of members of the China Inland Mission. She knew so well what the founder of the work had hoped and believed for his fellow workers. On their long journey through China, Howard and Geraldine lived in scores of mission stations. Sometimes they visited lonely outposts, where the workers had been cut off from intercourse with Western life for months, perhaps years. Some had stood the test, and lived a life that was limited on earth, but rich towards God, and fruitful among men. One and another had grown dull for lack of a friend to sharpen his countenance, or slack because he had none to provoke him to love and good works. Sometimes they attended provincial conferences, where the workers gathered from many stations, and the differences of temperament and outlook were very apparent. Sometimes they stayed in homes where the comfort and convenience of the worker had been allowed to take precedence of the claims of the work. Often there was a patent lack somewhere: lack of tact and sympathy with the Chinese, a lamentable inadequacy in the knowledge of the language, lack of wisdom in dealing with the problems of the work, lack of vision, of faith and enterprise, lack of spirituality, of prayer, of love.

Once when she was sore pressed by things of this nature, Geraldine wrote: "O Lord, help me to set a fair mitre upon their heads." And the Lord helped her, helped them both. He who is "not ashamed to call them brethren" gave them grace to carry the care of their failing fellow workers in prayer, and so to live among them that they were made a blessing. It is Christina Rossetti who said that she knew she had seen a saint because "I saw one like to Christ so luminously." Howard and Geraldine carried with them that radiance, and they brought light to many in the course of their long pilgrimage. It was not least Howard. In all the rigours of the road he remained unfailingly cheerful and strong. His courage had the quality which it has been said can make "a climate within a climate."

Everywhere their first concern was to have fellowship with the Chinese workers. More than one missionary remembers Geraldine's perfect leisureliness in spending time at the gate with the doorkeeper, Bible-woman or evangelist, even though it was at the end of a long, wearisome journey. The missionary hostess was perhaps eager to see them come in and sit down to the specially nice supper which was waiting, and which would not be quite so nice if it had to wait very much longer; but such considerations did not exist. Their eagerness to show sympathy with the Chinese brethren excluded all thought of their personal convenience, and was always given precedence over the convenience of their fellow countrymen. Their love for the Chinese was real, and their joy in them beautiful to see; and if, as was sometimes the case, there was cause for sorrow, they took them into their hearts and their prayers. They were not unconscious of being an example to the missionary, as they practised this principle of putting first the people they had been called to serve and win for the Lord; but the motive of being diligent to be approved unto God, workmen who needed not to be ashamed, was far deeper.

After the two months in Honan in the early summer of 1919, the hottest weeks were spent at Kuling. When they left there, they visited some places in Hunan and then went back to Kwangchow in Honan and to Kaifeng for Christmas, where Geraldine wrote part of *Pearl's Secret*. The next journey was by boat up the Kwangsin River, stopping at all the stations Geraldine had visited with such great interest thirty years earlier. After a tour of stations in North China, most of them worked by Scandinavian missionaries of associate missions, they spent the summer in Peitaiho and Chefoo, speaking at conferences and finishing *Pearl's Secret*. The autumn was given to Shansi and Shensi, and the winter to Kansu.

They were in Lanchow at the time of the great earthquake in which 200,000 people lost their lives; hundreds of thousands lost all their earthly possessions, and stood homeless and terrified in the bitter winter weather, watching the floods sweep in over an unrecognizable landscape. Geraldine has described their personal

experience of the first terrific moments in Chapter VI of *The Call of China's Great North-west*:

"To us, those fatal minutes when the earthquake came were more of a surprise than a terror—one simply did not know what was happening. It was a dark, cold December night, and Mrs. Mann's guests were gathered round a fire in the sitting-room. Her three-year-old daughter was asleep nearby, and Mrs. Moore's little boy of five was in a room across the courtyard. We had just been talking over a passage in the Bible, and were kneeling in prayer, when a strange disturbance began. It seemed to be outside and overhead, like the thundering toward and then above us of a train on an elevated railway. It was bewildering and almost overpowering, but for the moment we went on praying. Then the floor began to move, and we knew! The parents rushed for their children, while the building rocked and the floor swayed so that it was difficult to reach the door. . . . Outside the courtyard was rolling like a rough sea. Sounds of creaking timbers, falling walls, and that indescribable groaning of great roofs continued. As we stood an amazed and silent group in the middle of the courtyard, it went on through minutes that seemed interminable. A little more and the buildings must have come crashing down, burying us beneath the *débris*—just what was taking place elsewhere. Yet we were calm, strangely calm, and were able to reassure the servants and others who had run out of their rooms in terror. Then gradually the earth under our feet steadied, the deafening roar passed away, and the worst was over."

Many of the experiences of their five months in the North-west are given in the book, and it was with a burden on her mind that Geraldine recorded on April 15th, 1921:

"Can it be that we have left Kansu? I did not realize it until in a lovely valley Howard saw on the telegraph post 'Longchow' above the number. Then it swept over me: it lies behind us; every step is taking us further away. Oh, shall we ever come again to this great province that is so dear to our hearts? Lord, Thou who understandest, whose understanding is infinite, one thing I ask of Thee: Let me write it! Give it to me Thyself, from Thine own heart—*The Call of the Great North-west.*"

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But before she could begin writing they had a long journey before them, through brigand-infested mountains clad in a wonder of spring beauty. Geraldine wrote pages about it all. The outstanding experience was their visit to Fengsiang. They were anxious to go there, although the city was beleaguered and was actually under fire. For a time it looked impossible, and a letter from the missionaries in the city told them not to attempt it, though the disappointment to them was very bitter, as they had long looked forward both to the spiritual refreshment of their ministry and to Howard's medical advice. But the Lord overruled, and Geraldine wrote later: "It was wonderful to receive a message from the rebel chieftain that he had ordered that there should be no firing that day from the city wall, lest the Venerable Pastor should be disturbed in the services; wonderful to see the large gathering of Christians; and wonderful, most of all, to witness the devoted labours of the missionaries, who were literally pouring out their lives in service for all kinds of suffering people."

From an inn in Shensi she wrote to Henry Kumm on May 5th, 1921:

"Before the light fades I want to write to you from this lovely place. I wonder whether you would think it quite as lovely as we do? It is just the stable-place of a little wayside inn—our home for the night after a long, hard day's journey. But oh, it is clean, clean and sweet. The corner we are occupying is where the straw is kept. We are under the same roof with the animals, our four mules and others, and this corner has a low front wall and partition, so that it is semi-private. There is no door, of course. But over the big opening we have hung a blanket, and the breeze blows freely in and out above, for the walls do not go up to the roof. Over the brick bed on which we are sitting one catches a lovely glimpse of a tree-clad mountain-top on the far side of the ravine down which rushes the broad, beautiful river we have been following for days. Night after night we have had the poorest inns to put up with—dirt, vermin and evil smells. But here to-night our immediate surroundings are just as pleasing as can be. The mud floor is dry, free from manure and other

refuse, the yard outside is not a cesspool, it is quite decently clean, and the sweet wind blows in and out laden with perfume from the hills, where the wild roses, irises and many other flowers are in the perfection of spring beauty. One draws long breaths of delight and thankfulness, and wishes you were here to enjoy it all with us.

“The long winter in Kansu is over. You know we have been up there for five months—ice-bound months in those high altitudes bordering on Tibet. But oh, how we loved it all! There was no writing by the wayside up there, or in the inns at night. It was all one could do to endure the bitter cold and keep hands and feet from freezing. No province in China holds my heart, despite all its hardships, as does that province now, with its strangely-mingled population, its vast, unmet needs, and its brave, lonely, pioneer missionaries. Oh, pray, please help me in prayer, that I may be enabled to write something that shall move hearts. My own heart is moved about it all. If I could, how gladly would I go back there, to give the rest of life to carrying the glad message of salvation into those vast outlying regions yet unreached. . . .

“We had a letter up there from Mr. Hoste which changed all our plans. You know we were expecting to come straight home, so as to be with you for part at any rate of the vacation. But Mr. Hoste wrote asking us to continue our present work. He feels that such visits to the more distant and lonely stations of the mission are needed, and that the Lord is using them to help and encourage fellow workers. He told us that all our C.I.M. missionaries in the province of Kweichow had sent him a unanimous request that we might go down there before leaving China, and he suggested that we should take eastern Szechwan on our way, and perhaps visit the great southern province of Yünnan.

“So that is why we are not coming home, and we know that you will rejoice, as we do, that the Lord is giving us such precious service, although it means that we must still be parted for another year at least.”

Their third summer in China was spent at a hill resort in Szechwan. When they were leaving there early in September,

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Geraldine wrote: "Yesterday afternoon we left Sintientsi, where we have made the longest stay of any since we reached China two and a half years ago. It has been a very full time, for besides the meetings and preparation for them Howard has written some two hundred letters in the last six weeks, and I have begun and almost completed *The Call of the Great North-west*, thank God."

On November 1st she wrote from Chungking: "Setting out this morning for Kweichow. The book finished and the MS. sent off." She had put much heart into the book, much prayer. She felt very deeply the desperate need of workers in Kansu. The field appealed to her, but in honesty she wrote a whole chapter on the discouraging and depressing aspects of life in the North-west. Naturally, the book was a book for the moment. It was meant to make known a need to any who were ready to respond at once. Some who read it did go, and things are different to-day. Other books have been written since about that interesting region, but Geraldine's was one of the first.

All the time, she prayed earnestly that workers might feel the urgency of the great need, and it was while she was in Kweichow that she had the thrilling joy of seeing the first definite answer to her prayer. Her entry on November 10th is: "Wonderful! God is working. Here in this inn last night, I received Miss Cable's letter. Truly He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Lord, Lord, work on! Let *Thy* work appear unto *Thy* servants."

Mildred Cable herself tells what lay behind that glad *Te Deum*: "The great Missionary Conference was to be held in Shanghai. For the purpose of this Conference extensive surveys had been made and questionnaires had been sent to all the Mission stations to find out how far evangelization of the surrounding territory was an accomplished fact. A volume of considerable size was published, and while this was doubtless put on the shelf and forgotten by most people, a few missionaries had sincerely studied its findings. We were among that number.¹ We were horrified

¹ Mildred Cable and her two friends, Eva and Francesca French. These ladies had been in China for many years, and were doing very successful work at Hwochow in Shansi.

to see that Turkestan and North-west Kansu were completely neglected areas. We heard also that what was being done in what is now generally called the 'Pan-handle' was in the hands of a Christian Chinese doctor, who with a few helpers was doing what he could to make Christ known among the peoples of that land. We felt that God was sending us to that place.

"We heard that Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor had recently paid a visit to the province of Kansu, and while they had not penetrated farther than Liangchow, the farthest China Inland Mission outpost, they had there met the Chinese doctor, and heard a great deal about his work. At this time they were in South China, and our first move in regard to the whole matter was to send a very cautious letter to Mrs. Howard Taylor, asking her what she felt about experienced workers changing their posts and going to the help of the native Church in that place. She replied that she regarded this as a most definite answer to her prayers, and urged that we would consider it seriously, and her delight when we were free to carry out our intention was very great.

"The Chinese doctor, who knew nothing of us, was feeling the burden of the work too much, and he took with him a group of his helpers that New Year to Tibet for a retreat. Here they prayed most earnestly that God would send to them some people who would make possible the carrying on of what they had undertaken. Dr. Kao declared that he prayed for women, as he found he could not get on with British men, they were too assertive. He had also prayed that God's choice would fall on those who were already experienced. . . .

"Needless to say, Mrs. Howard Taylor always felt that the share she had in this gave her a very special interest in all that followed, and I know that through the years we were in the North-west, we had her understanding and support in no ordinary way."

Two years later Mildred Cable wrote from Liangchow: "We go on now to Kanchow . . . and when there we shall settle where to make our temporary headquarters. We spent some time in Pingfan. It is wonderful, truly, to see the women so keen to

hear and learn. Fancy one dear old soul coming in from the country because she had heard there was someone who could tell her of eternal life! There are prepared hearts here. . . . Of course, conditions are hard, it is no use saying they are not, but it is well worth it all. . . . I do not think we shall be settled in one place. These vast tracts of country *must* be won for Christ, and only by someone going can it be done. Ask all your friends who pray for China to remember these untouched places."

Geraldine was in Canada when the letter reached her, speaking daily at meetings, and she often mentioned the needs of Kansu, and told with specially joyous inspiration of the way the Lord had sent "the three ladies" to the North-west.

Meanwhile, she and Howard were in Kweichow for three months. It was their first touch with the work among the aboriginal tribes-people of West China. Geraldine made very detailed notes, intending to write a book on the needs and opportunities of that field. The book was not written. Her note about it says: "The sun has come out, the snow has vanished, everything is basking in warmth and brightness. The Lord grant that the same blessed change may come, in His mercy, all over this province, and especially in the Kopu district. He is able. May He keep us faithful in prayer for this. How could I write a book about the tribes, with the tribes-work in this condition?"

The prayer which their report on the field called forth, added to the faithful labour and prayers of the workers who were serving the Lord there, has so changed the situation that several inspiring books have been published about tribes-work recently, and all the valuable material Geraldine collected while she was there supplied her with the background she needed when she wrote the *Life of J. O. Fraser* seventeen years later.

In February they entered Yünnan, and after only two weeks' journey over the mountains they were captured by brigands. Geraldine has told the story of those weeks of tension in a short book called *With P'u and His Brigands*, but as the book is not in circulation to-day, we tell in another chapter something of what the days meant in her life. It was their last experience of the interior of China for many years. After Howard's release, they

sailed from Hongkong to Shanghai for the Missionary Conference. They stayed a few months there in consultation with Mr. Hoste over all that they had learned of various parts of the field, and then left China to spend ten years speaking and writing for the C.I.M. in America, Australia and England.

Few have travelled more extensively and continuously in China than Howard and Geraldine did those three years, and it is impossible to give any conception of the physical endurance that was involved. Only those who have been in those places know. They were not young; they were in their sixtieth year when they left China in 1922. They had of course taken with them what comforts it was possible to take, but nothing could save them from lying awake all night, in winter because it was so cold that no amount of bedding made them warm enough to go to sleep, or in summer because it was too hot, and the company in the inns, large and small, too lively to allow of rest. They would have to be up very early to pack and set out before daylight, and then there would be hour after hour of jolting slowly along in a cart or swinging in a sedan chair.

But those things were easy compared with the spiritual cares they carried. The burden for souls they met by the way, the pain of realizing how few could ever be told the Good News, was a constant undercurrent from which relief was found only in pouring it out before the Lord. It is peace to commit it to Him, who has—despite all seeming—destroyed the works of the devil.

When they reached stations they were usually met by a special welcome. Feasts were spread in their honour; bands, banners, processions, speeches—all the happy stir so dear to the hearts of the Chinese—had been prepared long before their arrival. It was heart-warming and delightful, but there is a certain strain in having such celebrations repeated every few days or weeks. One must always be equal to the occasion, always be ready with appropriate words of appreciation and surprise. Courtesy came naturally to them both, and they were practised in giving expression to their very genuine joy in all the love they met. Sometimes it came with a touch of relief that they really were welcome. There are several entries like this: "Such love and

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appreciation, it is indeed a token for good for which we praise Him."

There were usually special meetings which they were to address, and always there were new needs to share with the workers, both Chinese and foreign. The notes of conversations with missionaries are very revealing of what conference days must have cost Geraldine. She put down the things they told her without embellishment, probably noting their words while they spoke. And they spoke to her very freely. It must sometimes have been perplexing. One worker would talk enthusiastically of some new method used, or of some Chinese fellow worker. The next would perhaps give the opposite point of view, making what had appeared excellent in the last interview show up as futile. Geraldine, it would seem, listened sympathetically to each in turn, putting down exactly what they said. Much would later be reported to Shanghai, all of it would be prayed over, and some things were thrashed out at the time. It was not the least important part of their ministry to deal with situations of that nature. The insight gained was of untold value to themselves in coming years, and made them yet more useful in the purposes of God.

The life they had lived might have been the answer to George Herbert's prayer: "I beseech God that my life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Jesus, and I am so proud of His service, that I will always call Him 'Jesus, my Master.'" And very surely they, and with them a great company of the saints they had met, are included among those of whom it is written: "God is not ashamed to be called their God."

XXIX

Held as Hostage

“Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

“So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step
Be fellowship with Thee.”

H. BONAR

A MONTH before they were captured by brigands, Geraldine wrote to Karl Kumm, who was then at college: “Imagine a wintry day, with mist and snow and sleet, and the worst road you ever saw, threading valleys, crossing mountains—up and down again by long flights of steep stone steps, frightfully slippery, as the whole road is, with mud and slush; and two sedan chairs plodding on from daylight to dark, the bearers wearing irons under their straw sandals to keep them from falling, and you have our circumstances as I write. The snow is drifting into the chair, and my hand is so cold I can hardly hold the pen, but my heart is happy in Jesus, and warm with thoughts of you. The coolies we meet have their heavy burdens covered with snow. Evidently a pass lies before us, for the steps go on and on, out of sight. My only hope of writing to you is to use the time we have on the road like this, for the days at stations are so full that there is hardly time to read, much less write letters.

“We have just come from Tating, where some dear German ladies connected with our mission have a wonderful work. Six hundred of the tribes-people have been baptized within the last six years, and there are over fourteen hundred members in the church. You can imagine how busy the days have been, for all

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the evangelists from the out-stations came in for meetings and about three hundred of the Christians. Fancy two ladies alone in charge of that great work! They are very brave and devoted. They cannot travel comfortably like this, going to their out-stations. They have to go on horseback or on foot over the mountains to lonely, inaccessible places. They often have to ford rivers and skirt precipices by narrow paths. . . .”

And so the letter runs on, for Geraldine never wearied of telling the marvellous things the Lord had done through the Friedenshort sisters at Tating. She remembered the day years before in St. Chrischona, when she had told Mother Eva of the needs of this area of China, and it had been with mingled feelings she saw the fruit of that conversation. She had not understood the privations it involved to live out the vision they had seen that day as they prayed and talked together, and there was a question in her heart now: Do they feel it costs too much? It was soon put away for ever. Some hours' interview with Sister Johanna—all recorded—set her heart at rest. She found that they gloried in the hardships for the sake of Him who suffered for the whole world.

On February 3rd, 1922, the journal reads: “Just entering Yünnan, and remembering as we do so, dear Mr. McCarthy's love and prayers. He asked the Lord to bring us here and believed that we would come. Now, after travelling through all the provinces in which the Mission is working, we are crossing the border in beautiful sunshine into this great province, scene of a wonderful work of grace. . . .”

“Feb. 4. We are coming down out of the mountains now, on to the far-reaching Yünnan plain. Glorious sunshine floods the firs and flowering bushes on these heights. Below it will be almost summer. . . .”

“Feb. 6. We are passing field after field of opium. On both sides of the road it seems to be all opium, and this when large portions of Kweichow are in a state of semi-famine. The people are forced to grow it in many cases by rapacious officials. . . .”

“Feb. 8. The level plain at last, flat as a table—it might be

Honan. So we near the end of our eight days on the road, nine including Sunday. Kopu seems far away, but the love of the dear people lives in our hearts. These long eight days of travelling we have not come to a place where there was anyone telling of Jesus. Such a comfort to think that in the city to the south of us there are missionaries." That afternoon they reached the city, and from then there is a break in the journal till February 16th, when the page begins:

"Praise the Lord, our hearts are in perfect peace. We are in the hands of these fellows, it is true, with their guns and knives and fierce faces, but we *feel* not in their hands at all, but in the hands of our blessed, ever-present Lord. It is a real joy and rest to know that He has permitted this. Our hearts are warm towards these poor brigands. They smile when they look at us. One of the leaders laughed right out when he heard me singing.

"Just now when a gun was fired, the sharp report brought a thought of joy—what if a shot like that were to set us free from the body to be for ever with the Lord! But perhaps our work is not finished yet. . . .

"It is not an hour since we fell into these brigands' hands. They rushed out upon us from behind some brushwood, firing their guns, and one of the leaders drawing his big knife with shouts of excitement and a face horrible in its fury. My chair was in front, and I got out at once and met them. In the confusion that followed, my only thought was for Mrs. Tai, an attractive-looking young woman who was travelling with us. I stood by her chair holding her hand. When all seemed to be over I got her chair off first and was going to mine, when I turned to see if Howard was coming, and found that they were carrying him the other way. I understood in a moment: a hostage! Several of our fellow travellers tried to push and persuade me into my chair, they almost dragged me by force, the brigands urging too; but I managed to hold my ground, and explained that Dr. Taylor was deaf, and I would not leave him. So we have the comfort of being together, thank the Lord.

"Later. Here we are in an out-of-the-way village. We have taken possession of a courtyard where our escort are sitting round a long, low table. Howard is with them and dear Mr. Li. [An evangelist from Yünnanfu (Kunming), who had come out to meet them.] I have retired to a stone trough in the open stable to write. Our escort say they cannot release us because they are responsible to the whole band. There are four thousand of them, they say; only fifty came out to-day on this business. They are P'u's men, and we shall probably see him to-morrow. It is a great comfort having Mr. Li with us. . . ."

"Feb. 17. How much we seem to have lived through since this time yesterday! Our hearts are kept in perfect peace, truly overflowing with joy in the Lord and love to all around us." As always, the record is full of notes of talks with the women at all the halts they made, and Geraldine's sorrow of heart at the sufferings of the people. Then she continues: "The Bible is living and real in a wonderful way, every part to which one turns speaking to our hearts. Prayer is 'without ceasing,' a continuous joy and rest."

And then follows the story in great detail which she later told more briefly in her little book, *With P'u and His Brigands*. Late that evening, after a long day travelling as the "guests" of hunted men, she wrote: "Here we are, ever so happy, waiting for a visit from P'u Kiang-kuin. Howard is trying to get a little sleep, having had a wakeful night. Mr. Li is sitting near, reading by my little light. Some time, I suppose, supper will appear. Two bowls of rice with a few scraps of pork and vegetables has been all the food we have had to-day, yet I feel so well, and not hungry. Lively conversation goes on all round us, and the baby is crying. After midnight, however, things will quiet down. They did last night." (They had been quartered on a family, and were sharing the room with all its members as well as their own opium-smoking guards.)

"Feb. 18. 7.30 a.m. I have had to leave him! 'What shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . more than conquerors' . . . through Him, in Him alone." P'u had come soon after midnight, and made it clear that he would take their lives if the

Government troops advanced on his men, but they should be released if they could obtain certain terms which he had stated in writing, and which Li was to take to Yünnanfu.

"We all lay down then and slept peacefully. I cannot say there was no fear. We were cold and hungry and very tired, and I was humbled to find how courage wanes under such conditions. But there is something better than natural courage, and thinking of Him who endured to the end for us, Isa. 50:4-7 kept coming to mind, and so I slept and waked and prayed till morning light.

"Then a strange thing happened. P'u had changed his mind and decided that I must go to the city and take the letter, and Li would remain with Howard. Howard urged it, speaking of our chair-bearers, seven men for whose safety we are responsible. They would all be allowed to go with me, and it would mean their deliverance from a situation in which we could not protect them. I cannot write about it. The duty seemed plain. But to go and leave Howard in such real danger. . . . The Lord gave grace for the parting, and I looked my last on my dear one's face blinded with tears. . . .

"Ah, there over the plain, the city wall and gate. And I am reaching it alone. Where is he to-night? Both abiding in the Love and care that never were more tender than now."

With those words her China journal closed, except for some notes about the work in Yünnan taken some weeks later in conference with the missionaries of the province. All the diary pages were probably used in writing the little book, and then destroyed.

For over five weeks more Howard was held by the brigands, and sometimes for a week at a time Geraldine was without a single word of news about him. Once some country people came in who had seen him. "The men looked to me like angels," she wrote. But they could tell her nothing more than that he had been riding on horseback. Then letters came at intervals, reassuring, for he wrote very bravely: "I am very well, thank God, and entirely happy. One's whole heart and mind are at rest in Him." And a couple of weeks later: "You must not

over-estimate my trials; I have much every day to give thanks for, dear Li especially, and for the friendliness and courtesy of the men. You know I love to see people cheerful. Then the weather has been a great mercy, comparatively warm and fine. The shower we had last night hardly wetted our things. The diet too has done me great good, and so has the open-air life and horse exercise. I am sure you would see my figure improved!" Still later in his captivity: "I am certainly in much more rugged health than when we were taken, and I have learned a lesson of considerable importance—the benefit of being hungry for one, two or three hours several times a day. . . . As to trials: the suspense, opium fumes, crowding and vermin, and the monotonous loitering, are among the chief. But God has, as always, been as good as His word: 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.'" Once when the brigand leaders had had a conclave about him, "I was kept free from fear, thank God, though it is painful for a deaf man to be discussed in this sort of corroboree."

Geraldine's days in Yünnanfu were tense and full. There were hours of communion with the Lord over the Bible, of which the marginal notes and dates bear testimony, and she was ever at prayer, as indeed were thousands of others all over China, in America and in England. She and Howard were more widely known than almost any other members of the C.I.M., and a steady volume of intercession was made on their behalf. It accounts surely for the peace and strength which kept their hearts in Christ, and also for the blessing they were to those with whom they lived. The brigand leader who was in charge of Howard became more and more friendly, and later became a Christian with all his house. But at the time, they knew only that any day Howard might be shot, and Geraldine was untiring in her efforts to obtain his release. She had interviews with officials, and grew very familiar with the intricacies of the relations between the "law" and the outlaws of a Chinese provincial government. Her sympathies were with the brigands rather than with the officials, who were often unprincipled men, out to amass wealth while they held power to do it. There was a certain exhilaration in following the changing fortunes of war,

but the strain of suspense about Howard was always there. She wrote to him one evening: "How it goes to my heart that another night is closing in and you are still out there on the mountains. It is a month to-day since we were taken. A whole month you have been herded together with the brigands—eating their food, breathing their atmosphere, and never alone day or night. The Lord would never have allowed it if He had not some special purpose of blessing. He will not fail us."

A week later she wrote: "Early this morning I had a remarkable assurance in prayer that deliverance was at hand. After breakfast I mentioned it to Mr. and Mrs. Allen, it was so definite. In the Psalm we had just been reading, the passage came: 'I will give thanks unto Thee for ever, because Thou hast done it.' *Thou hast done it*—and already I had had the assurance that our prayers were heard and answered, and that you would be with us very soon."

And that night, driven to act contrary to all he had threatened by a sudden change in political events—and behind all such changes are the divine agencies set in motion by the Spirit-born prayers of the saints—"General" P'u asked his prisoner:

"When will you go into the city, to-night or to-morrow morning?"

Howard, who was on his guard, answered: "I do not decide that matter."

"Oh yes; suit your convenience. It shall be whichever you prefer."

"In that case, I will go to-night," he said.

The little book in which Geraldine told the story of their capture and release has only seventy-five pages. Their own experience provides the dramatic unity of the book, but its theme is the sufferings of the people and their need of the message of Salvation. She gives a vivid and lucid account of the political confusion of China at the time, and many readers must have laid the book down with a greater understanding of the pathetic young rebels who were called brigands. They could be cruel desperadoes, and often were; but to know how they came to

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such a pass was to feel for them rather than to condemn them. The book closes with an appeal to the "home" churches to work and pray until the light of the Gospel shines from steady beacons all over that gloriously beautiful but spiritually dark district which was the last they visited in China.

XXX

Life . . . is Energy of Love

"Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

"For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of Love."

RICHARD C. TRENCH

HOWARD and Geraldine reached Shanghai just in time for the great Missionary Conference which was held at the end of April, 1922. Miss Rachel Begbie remembers meeting them there for the first time: "The first thing that arrested my interest in Mrs. Taylor was that she was able to fill an appointment at the last minute for Dr. C. Erdman, who was invited to give the devotional message at the opening of the C.I.M. Conference. The message was taken from Psalm 110, 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power,' and to my mind the whole tenor of the following meetings was changed from the fact that God spoke through His messenger, and manifestly paved the way for the masterly and statesmanlike address delivered by the General Director.

"Later I was a patient at the hospital, and Dr. and Mrs. Taylor stayed on the hospital side of the compound in order to get quiet for her work. She was writing the book about Dr. Taylor's captivity by the brigands, and ten hours were spent on the manuscript each day. The typing was done in the offices, and while I was convalescing Mrs. Taylor asked me to sort the copies, as they had come in rather a mixed condition from the stenographers. I did so, but the work was returned to me because I had not noticed that some of the sheets of paper were heavier than the rest, and Mrs. Taylor wanted to send a 'perfect' copy

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to Mr. Hoste for perusal before sending it to the publishers. Only one of many incidents, but it helped me to exercise more care in the work I did, and the lesson was never forgotten."

The manuscript of *With P'u and His Brigands* was evidently ready for Mr. Hoste's criticism before Howard and Geraldine sailed for America early in July, but as Geraldine refers to working on it later, the General Director probably made suggestions which involved a certain amount of rewriting. Geraldine was very ready to take advice from those she trusted. The manuscript of *The Call of China's Great North-west*, which she had posted to Shanghai to be typed a year earlier, was waiting for her, and she was eager to settle to the revision, which to her was an essential part of writing a book.

Besides these two books, she was weighing in her mind the proposal that she should write another biography. There is a note in her Bible at Matthew 14:29: "Verse 29 for all that lies before. Shanghai, May 31, 1922. 'He said—"Come."' An hour later Mrs. Borden's letter! Heb. 2:16. 'He taketh hold.' Rom. 4:20, 21. 'He is able.'" In the margin of Hebrews 2 she wrote under the same date two other versions of the words "He taketh hold": "He is laying hold," Rotherham, and "Continually reaching a helping hand," Weymouth. Strengthened by the assurance that the helping hand would continually reach her as she stepped out to obey His "Come," she prayed over Mrs. Borden's letter. It told of her desire to have a biography of her son written, which would carry the message of his life and the challenge of his death to other young men and women. Two others had already attempted the work, but Mrs. Borden was not satisfied with their manuscripts. Her heart was now set on Geraldine's writing the Life, and she had been encouraged by Mr. Frost to think that she would undertake the work. Geraldine had two unfinished manuscripts on her hands already, and the original purpose of their visit to China had been their better equipment for extensive deputation work for the C.I.M. She had now to discern whether it was the Lord's will for her to postpone that work for the long period it would cost her to write a biography. She wrote deferring the decision until she had finished the two books on hand.

The sea voyage was a great refreshment to them both, and the opportunity it gave Geraldine to write on paper a few of the letters she had stored in her thoughts was a satisfaction to her. On her journey through China, some hearts had been knit to Geraldine's, as some always were on her journey through life. One of her first leisure hours on board was spent writing what grew to be an eighteen-page letter to two such, to whom she says in closing: "And now, goodbye, my very dear Friends—my children almost. I do feel you belong to us in a special way. Did not the Lord deeply unite our hearts?"

The first paragraphs of the letter show that she settled herself to write with real zest. She always enjoyed writing letters when there was leisure to write at length. "It is indeed a joy to be able to sit down quietly for a little talk with you, if anything on board this rolling ship can be called quiet! . . .

"As I have read these precious letters over to-day, the noisy jangling of the piano, and of laying the tables (I am in the dining saloon), and all the distractions of shipboard life fade away, and one is back again on the beautiful southward slope at K. with its far outlook over the hills and valleys. How I loved it all! How we praise the Lord for letting us really be there, to see with our own eyes the needs and opportunities and something of the blessed work He is doing all round you."

And then for page after page she comments on their letters and asks them questions. Sometimes she gives them advice:

"That reminds me of the little boy you were hoping to rescue. What has been done about him? I am sure the Lord has answered your prayers and not let you make any mistake. One has to think ahead, years ahead, in these cases. It is so easy to sow the seed of future trouble through what may come to look like favouritism and may give rise to jealousy. . . . Alas, we have seen much hindrance to the work arising from foreigners' *protégés*."

Sometimes she simply gives her mind on a matter:

"Mr. Broomhall told us in Shanghai that he had heard from a friend in Australia about funds for school-work at K. . . . This friend is prepared to supply the need financially. But one realizes more and more that money, useful as it is in its place, cannot

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accomplish the results we long and pray for. Sometimes it can even hinder. The Lord give you wisdom to use this talent (for it is that, is it not?) without injury to the spiritual side of the work."

With regard to waiting for a door to open:

"I am praying that you may be guided, and may not hold back if the Lord's time has come. Sometimes we have to knock ourselves at the door He means to open."

About their own guidance she says: "It has been hard for us to leave China. We longed to go back to Yünnan to finish our work there, delayed by the brigands. But the Lord's time for that has not yet come. He seems to be calling us to America for the present. . . . Oh, help us in prayer both for the writing that has to be done and subsequent deputation work. We realize our utter helplessness save as filled and used by Him."

Yes, it had been hard for them to leave China, but the Lord had given her an assurance that she would return. As she was pouring out before Him her longing to be allowed to serve Him there, He spoke to her from Genesis 28:15: "Behold, I am with thee . . . and will bring thee again into this land, for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." More than ten years were to pass before the personal promise to her found fulfilment, but she did return, and to Yünnan.

When they reached Kobe, letters from America met them, and one of them told of a little home that was being prepared for them, so that they would have a place where they could unpack and leave their things when they went away. They had never had any rooms to call their own before. When they arrived at Germantown, it was to find that a little self-contained flat had been built over the C.I.M. offices, joined to the house by a passage. It contained two bedrooms and a sitting-room. Referring to it in a letter written much later, Geraldine said: "We still make our home here at the headquarters of the C.I.M. for the United States. We have two lovely, sunny rooms at the top of the house (up two flights of stairs only). We take our meals with the family, including candidates for China, missionaries on furlough, and others." The flat had been furnished for

them, and was a very great joy. "Mr. Coleman was interested in it," Geraldine remarked once, and the reason why she put it like that grows clear as one reads these words in a letter from Mrs. Coleman: "His gifts were always anonymous by preference. At one time the Treasurer of the C.I.M. added up the total of gifts from my husband over a period of years. He not only would not allow it to be made public, but would not hear it himself." No doubt his interest in the little flat had been of a practical nature, but his left hand was not taken into the secret.

In August they were at Camp Diamond in New Hampshire, only a few miles from the Canadian border. Geraldine described their home in a letter:

"I wish you could see our dear little cabin. The large room has a delightful open fireplace and six windows! Howard works there at a nice big table. . . . Then there is a dressing-room opening out of the big room, and on one side of the dressing-room is my little study, a dear little place with two windows and a big writing table covered with a green cloth. It is all very simple, of course, just logs and planks, with no plaster or paper, and uncovered beams in the roof, and the furniture is in keeping. A shelf runs round the walls on which we put books, etc. . . . It is all so cosy and homelike; we do love it. The view from our verandah on two sides of the cabin is a constant delight: high hills covered with forests, a glimpse of distant blue mountains, and a glorious sweep of sky.

"For meals we go to the dining-hall, where there are a dozen tables to seat four or six, for family parties. There are twelve or fifteen cabins all occupied now; some of them are charming summer homes with six rooms. There is a nice Assembly Hall, where meetings are held on Sundays."

Camp Diamond had been running for twenty years, and Howard and Geraldine had been there with Mr. Coleman as early as 1901. In writing of their contribution to camp life, Mrs. Coleman calls them "the pioneer missionary representatives," and adds: "Their influence has been permanent and constant. . . . We always said that from their cabin 'the voice of prayer

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was never silent.' It was a place where anyone could go in trouble, a sort of footstool, or stepping stone to Heavenly Places.

"People have sometimes asked me if the Taylors would have liked Mr. Coleman so much if he had not become interested in their work. The answer is always the same: Yes. The Taylors being themselves and my husband being himself, they would have liked and loved him, and he them, under any and all circumstances. In a world where we cannot be sure of everything, *we can be sure of the Taylors*. But as it came about that he did become interested in their work (and they in his), the association grew and became a sacrament. Their life is one continual prayer, and their prayers have been instrumental in making Camp Diamond what it became. We can never thank them enough."

With P'u and His Brigands was completed that summer and published in October of that year. The winter was given to speaking engagements and finishing the work on *The Call of China's Great North-west*, which was published in 1924. Geraldine had by that time been given the assurance she had sought about the writing of the Life of William Borden, and from the time she began that book, Mrs. J. J. Robinson, of Louisville, Kentucky, became her fellow worker, as Geraldine would always say.

"I was with Mrs. Taylor only about eight weeks," Mrs. Robinson remembers, "but all through the years, until *By Faith* was finished, she mailed to me all her MSS., and I typed them and returned them to her in Philadelphia or Canada: her own books, one of her father's [still unpublished], her sister's beautiful poems, and many of her own treasured papers. I became acquainted with all her family and loved them every one.

"And dear Dr. Taylor was always so solicitous about their paying me enough for the work I did, so different from most people.

"One of their friends greatly admired *Motherhood*,¹ and wanted several copies of the poems (this was before they were published). Mrs. Taylor planned the kind of paper I should use, the style, the

¹ A book of sonnets by Lucy Guinness Kumm, published by Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd., London, with a Foreword by John Oxenham.

cover, everything, so meticulously, and told me to be sure and charge a good price."

Geraldine's letters about the typing of her sister Lucy's sonnets would fill a small volume. "Meticulously" is indubitably the best word to describe the way in which she chose the kind of machine which was to be hired for this special work, and the kind of type-writer ribbon which would give the best result. It is almost incredible that she found time to be so minutely concerned with the smallest details in the midst of her crowded life. But the circulation of the sonnets belongs to a later period. In 1923, she was beginning work on *Borden's Life*. She confessed that she took it up reluctantly, but before long she was absorbed and enthusiastic.

The writing of that book cost her much. She had to write it three times. The first time Mrs. Borden rejected it and, remembering the disappointment, Geraldine said: "It was one of the best things that ever happened to me. I accepted her criticism, and rewrote it, and she rejected it a second time. Her criticism taught me a great deal. She thought it too conventional and stilted. I knew little about an American student, and wrote from the point of view of an English observer. By the third writing it was very much improved, and was written more from the inside."

It was the passing of the years which made her see the experience dispassionately and admit the full justification of the criticism and delay; at the time it was a very sore trial, as her letters to Mrs. Robinson reveal:

"CAMP DIAMOND.

"May 20, 1924.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—What a joy this co-operation is! The sense of your love and interest helps me ever so much, and I am most thankful for your prayers. . . . We shall be here, D.V., until Sept. 10, when we return to Philadelphia to begin our autumn work. We have had a very busy time here at Camp. Last week and this, my dear husband has written eighty letters with his own hand, and I have been just as hard at work. . . ."

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“PHILADELPHIA.

“Sept. 23, 1925.

“MY DEAR FELLOW WORKER,—The last chapter comes to you by this post. I was just able to finish it before leaving Camp. . . .

“If dear Mrs. Borden and Dr. Frost are led to accept the chapters—the latter half of the book—then after Christmas I shall be re-writing the first half. If these later chapters do not commend themselves to them, then we shall continue our deputation work in the South, D.V., until the spring, when we have in all probability to go to Australia. The book in this case would be given up.

“I would love to be able to tell you of all the blessing that has come to me through the whole experience. It has not been easy, as you will understand, but the Lord has been wonderful in it all, never failing me for a moment, and enabling me to rejoice in Him even in the hardest hours.

“I should love to know how the closing chapters have impressed you. No one else has seen them except Dr. Taylor. Dr. Frost has them now, but has not yet had time to read them. To me they seem—well, just God-given.

“My heart is filled with quiet confidence in Him. Every time I bring the matter to Him in prayer, He strengthens me with fresh promises from His Word. One last week in a very difficult hour was Isa. 66:9, 14! Dr. Frost seems to have little hope that the book will be published, but I look above. I cannot help it, knowing what the Lord has done already in connection with the writing. I do not think He means it to be a blessing only to you and me!

“So we will pray on. ‘A God which *worketh* for him that *waiteth* for Him.’ Thank you for your painstaking help. I never have to look over the chapters for correction of your work, only of my own!

“Good night, my dear Friend. Warm regards to Mr. Robinson and to Mr. and Mrs. Wright. It is a real strength to feel that you are all with us in prayer about the book. If it is to be at all, we just have to *win it* from the Lord. . . .”

The promise in Isaiah 66 which she mentioned in her letter was one she had been given for the second volume of Hudson Taylor's *Life* too. There are three dates in the margin at verse 9: " 'Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord.' May 26, 1918." "Camp Diamond, July 6, 1925" (the date referred to in the letter) and "Philadelphia, May 21, 1935," on the eve of the publication of *The Triumph of John and Betty Stam*. At verse 14 of the same chapter, she has written: "Given me on our return to Germantown from the Southern States, to commence the rewriting of the book, Dec. 26, 1925. 'His understanding is infinite,' and 'Your joy no one shall force away from you.'"

For the book had to be rewritten, but there had been enough in the later chapters which "commended itself" to Mrs. Borden for Geraldine to feel hopeful about being able to make the book what she wished.

When the book was ready for the third time, Howard and Geraldine were just leaving for Australia, and posted the finished typescript to Mrs. Borden from the boat. They sailed without knowing what the final decision would be, and there is a note of humble gratitude in the little entry in Geraldine's Bible opposite Matthew 14:31: "Melbourne, Dec. 22, 1926. The book came!" The words are: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

A year later, back in America, Geraldine wrote to Mrs. Robinson a letter which explains itself:

"Nov. 19, 1927.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,—It is lying before me—the first copy of the book we worked on together that came into my hands. It reached me in Melbourne, almost a year ago. I can see now, so clearly, the little sunny room in which I spent a day, hour after hour, alone with this book. No need to tell *you* all one thought and felt, nor about the prayers that went up and the unutterable thanksgiving.

"And while we have been away, Borden's *Life* has run through its first edition of 5,000 copies. A reprint is coming out in time

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for Christmas, D.V. . . . I do covet for the book a continued place in your prayers. . . .”

“*Jan. 19, 1928.*”

“A second edition of *Borden* was brought out in December for the Christmas sales, and now we have heard that they are going to press with a third, so we have much to be thankful for.”

And all the time Geraldine wrote her books, or travelled about taking meetings with Howard, she never for a day forgot Lucy's charge to her. Henry and Karl were ever in her prayers and in Howard's, and they both wrote to them and shared their life as far as they could. As the boys grew up, the separation of diverging interests and thoughts crept in, but Geraldine loved them the more devotedly, seeking to bridge over all dividing things by the intensity of her own giving. She took an interest in their academic studies and their athletic successes, and entered into their plans for the future. As time went by, she followed eagerly their choice of life-partners, their weddings and the making of their homes. And they, when they could not entirely understand her, still responded to her generous loving, and shared their lives with her and Howard frankly, to the limit of the possible. There was a point with each where it became impossible, the more so as they became mature men and fathers. But Geraldine, as was her way, deliberately shut her eyes to that barrier, and rejoiced in her boys more and more. She already has her reward, for she lives by faith in the calm assurance that “Love perfecteth what it begins” even in human relationships, and she knows that all will be well.

It was a costly secret to learn, and she learned it those years in America: “Ceasing to give, we cease to have, such is the law of Love.” So she gave and went on giving, and the love became her possession for ever.

XXXI

Australia

"From Thine, as then, the healing virtue goes
Into our hearts—that is the Father's plan.
From heart to heart it sinks, it steals, it flows,
From these that know Thee still infecting those."

GEORGE MACDONALD

THERE could hardly have been a better preparation for the extensive deputation work Howard and Geraldine did for the China Inland Mission than the years spent in writing the *Life of Hudson Taylor*. They knew the Mission from its earliest beginnings as few if any others did, except its leaders. They had met personally most of the workers on the field, and had stayed in more than eighty of the central stations in China. They were well acquainted with the councils and leaders in each of the Home centres, and as their deputation work spread farther and farther and continued year after year, they learned to know very many of the friends of the Mission, who shared the work in China by prayer and by their gifts. A large number of these friends were won for the work through Howard and Geraldine themselves, particularly in America, where their meetings were in a real sense pioneering for the C.I.M.

Besides this personal touch with the sphere of the C.I.M. both at home and in China, the principles of the mission were an essential part of their own lives. They had grown up surrounded by the atmosphere of faith and prayer, knowing from childhood that their parents depended upon God for wisdom and guidance, for fellow workers and for the means to support their missions and their families.

In the matter of trusting God for their immediate private needs, they had little experience. They were children of widely-loved and highly-honoured servants of the Lord, and many generous friends counted it a privilege to see to it that they lacked nothing. In writing to a nephew, Howard said once:

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“God is no man’s debtor, and the man who really lives for God, to do the thing that God wants done, is the best paid man in the universe. We know, for we have proved it. Auntie and I have not worked for money, but it has come to us, and we are rich.” They were rich in the Lord, but at the time that letter was written they were in a position to be very generous to many, and he meant the words as they stand, though those who measure wealth in figures might have smiled at Howard Taylor’s estimate of riches.

They entered upon deputation work in a period of expansion on the field in China which made new demands upon the faith of the leaders, calling for much boldness in asking prayer, and steady trust for large supplies of money. The principles laid down by Hudson Taylor in the ‘sixties and ‘seventies, when his vision was two workers for each province in China, had been maintained through the following decades when he went on asking and receiving reinforcements for the growing work. Now, more than twenty years after he had left the guidance of the mission in other hands, the same principles were being applied to entirely new circumstances, and to problems of far larger proportions than those he had met in the early years.

In the early ‘twenties, Mr. Hoste, the General Director of the C.I.M., and his fellow workers on the Mission Executive, noticed that while a large number of valuable workers came to the C.I.M. from Australasia, the home base in the two southern dominions needed strengthening; and it was with a view to meeting this need that Howard and Geraldine were asked to spend a year taking meetings there. They were suitable for the task. They had the tact and graciousness that quickly made contacts, and which made them welcome in every kind of home as well as in most churches. They believed whole-heartedly themselves in the C.I.M., being assured that it had been formed and built up under the guidance of God, and they had the gift of being able to tell the story of the Mission and plead the claims of China effectively, so that hearts were stirred and opened to share in the great enterprise both by prayer and gifts.

By the grace of God and much costly toil, the task with which

they had been entrusted was successfully carried through, and when after ten and a half months of travelling and speaking they left Australia for New Zealand, Geraldine wrote:

“They have been months of testing, of constant travel, and of facing in centre after centre a heavy programme of meetings, for which we in ourselves were utterly insufficient. The opportunities have been wonderful. In South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland and Tasmania there have been more openings than we could accept. Almost everywhere the meetings have been largely attended, and the literature of the Mission has been purchased freely, hundreds of pounds’ worth of books being sold. It has been a joy to meet old friends of the Mission who remember Mr. Hudson Taylor and our meetings here with him twenty-eight years ago. Not a few new friends have been interested and new prayer circles formed to the strengthening of the work.

“One unexpected token for good the Lord gave us at the outset, and another came to gladden our hearts at the close, for the full months in Australia and Tasmania are over, though we can hardly believe it.

“It was in Sydney, a few days after our arrival, that old and valued friends gave us a great surprise. Our coming to Australia, they said, must not be allowed to entail any expense on the Mission. They wished themselves to meet all the cost of travelling, etc., on one condition; and that condition was that when it was necessary to travel at night, we must take sleepers. How often this wonderful provision has strengthened faith and filled our hearts with thanksgiving!

“But there has been one matter connected with the material needs of the Mission, which has cast us much upon God. For it was not long before we came to see very clearly that the coming and going of our Australasian fellow workers called for a C.I.M. home in Sydney, as well as in Melbourne. Sydney is the port from which most of them sail for China, and to which they return, and it is the point of arrival and departure for New Zealand, so that the hospitality of C.I.M. friends in that city has long been in danger of being overtaxed. But, much as we desired

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such a development, our Australian Director, Dr. Kitchen, very properly did not feel that the general funds of the Mission could be drawn upon for the purpose.

“So it was a matter of waiting upon God—digging trenches of prayer, that in His own time He would fill. Month after month there seemed not the slightest advance in the direction hoped for, yet the need was increasingly on one’s heart before the Lord, and the conviction kept growing that somehow we should have the joy of seeing a C.I.M. home opened in Sydney before we were to leave Australia.

“Very encouraging was the increase in the income of the Mission in Australia throughout the year, and the growing interest indicated by a large demand for literature; but still no way seemed to open for the answer to this special prayer.

“And then—just as we were leaving Sydney for a month in Tasmania, we were almost startled at the swiftness with which the Lord worked.

“We were at the Katoomba Convention, up in the Blue Mountains, staying with friends of Mr. Hudson Taylor’s. One of them had spoken repeatedly of her desire to see a home for the Mission in Sydney. We had heard of a house that seemed suitable, and one evening she surprised us by saying quietly that she would like to buy it for the Mission. This was overwhelming! And still more so were the developments that followed. . . . To make a long story short, when the time came Dr. Kitchen was there, able to meet the Sydney Council to consider matters with the generous purchaser of the house, and to carry through the arrangements. When the transaction was completed, he returned quietly to the Council meeting, which he had had to leave for a last interview with the house agents, with the words on his lips, ‘Again they said, “Praise the Lord!”’

“So the house was ours, on lease from our dear friends for half a crown a year! The whole place is in good repair, home-like and attractive, and has the advantage of being quite near the home of Miss Florence Young and the South Sea Evangelical Mission, a sister organization very closely linked with the C.I.M.

“And one thing more. We were just going on board the

steamer for Tasmania, when a letter was put into my hand on the deck. It was found to contain two banknotes from an old friend for £100 each, toward the furnishing of the Stanmore Home. So again they said, 'Praise the Lord!'

"The dedication was indeed a day of gladness. A large company of friends gathered to see the place, and to rejoice with the Mission and its representatives. Dr. Kitchen was there and most of the Sydney Council. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Eaton, who are in charge of the house, were looking radiant in spite of all the hard work entailed in taking possession. One kind friend had put down the linoleums with his own hands, and another, who could not give much in the shape of money, had spent hours of overtime work in whitewashing and painting and making the kitchen and back premises almost the most attractive part of the house. Time fails to tell of all the other mercies connected with the new home, and of all the hopes with which we look forward to its growing and extending usefulness. Will you not join us in asking that it may be, like other centres of the Mission, a place of prayer, and that China in its need to-day may feel the blessing that shall increasingly flow from its ministry?"

The one who had given the generous gift has herself written telling the story of her friendship with Geraldine:

"We had the great privilege of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, with his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, and his beloved wife, in 1899, at our sugar plantation in Queensland. This was where we first made friends. Her beaming smile and gracious ways were just an inspiration to me, for I had been longing and praying to meet someone who was truly filled with God's Holy Spirit. . . . I even tested her one day, to see if she could become annoyed, but she was just as calm and sweet as ever.

"She and her husband came again to stay with us at our mountain home at Katoomba, where the 'Little Keswick' Convention has been held for over forty years. After speaking at the Convention they stayed on with us for a rest, and asked us to unite with them in prayer for the provision of a much-needed

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home in Sydney for C.I.M. missionaries. . . . In God's lavish goodness the exact amount required was offered for a valuable property which was to be sold by auction, and had been on the market for some time. So here was the answer to our united prayers just in the nick of time, and the home and grounds at Stanmore were purchased within about a week. Many Christian friends began to send suitable bits of furniture out of their attics and box-rooms, and some sent new items or money, so you can well imagine how we two revelled together in fitting up everything to its best advantage. It was a real delight to Mrs. Taylor. My dear husband was also greatly gratified and took keen interest in all the developments. He loved to stay for a few days sometimes among the missionaries there, and finally it was from that very place that the Lord called him—in sleep—to come up into His presence."

Another friend remembers those weeks too:

"I was in Sydney on the occasion of the gift of Stanmore to the C.I.M., and we knew that Mrs. Howard Taylor was the prime instrument used of God in the great gift made to the Mission at that time. I was helping to arrange the various things as they were donated or bought, and I have vivid memories of the care and exactness with which Mrs. Taylor arranged several pieces of furniture. It took us nearly half an hour to decide where the hall stand should be placed."

So she was as careful as ever about everything her hand found to do.

Many still remember attending the meetings Howard and Geraldine addressed on the Australian tour. They went to groups of believers of any denomination who would receive them, though it sometimes involved breaking through a strong wall of prejudice. Mr. J. B. Nicholson, of Sydney, wrote of one meeting: "I recollect very distinctly a meeting of Open Brethren in the Victoria Hall, Burwood, Sydney, when, addressing a mixed audience—most improper for a woman to do in the eyes of many, who were rather critical—she held them spellbound as she told them of the great Butter Festival at Kumbum. This must be about twenty years ago, when women were beginning

to wear shorter frocks, but dear Mrs. Taylor stuck to neck-to-ankle dresses." And so she continued to do. It would be impossible to any of us who knew her to think of her in any other kind of garment.

Mrs. Ernest Young, who heard her speak often, writes:

"I shall never forget hearing dear Mrs. Taylor addressing a crowded meeting in the largest Presbyterian Church in Sydney. She began by asking: 'Who sent the first missionary into the world?' And then, to my surprise, in a clear, strong voice, like a bell, the words pealed out: '*God* so loved the world that *He sent . . .*' I feel sure that no one who heard her say those words could ever forget it and the inspired address which followed in the power of the Holy Spirit."

Work of this nature costs, as all work done "for the sake of the name" must do. Letters written at the time give a glimpse of that side:

". . . Our many meetings," Howard wrote to Henry Kumm in April, 1926, "in most if not all the Australian states are being arranged for us by a friend on the spot, which is of course a great help. All we have to do is to speak and to make friends, and to seek to do so in the power and blessing of the Lord."

On Christmas Day of the same year he writes saying how sorry they are that very few letters have been possible:

"The nature of our work is such that unless we put heart and soul into it, we feel that we are 'doing the work of the Lord negligently,' and little would come of it. If *we* don't seem to care, others whom we address will soon forget the messages and the appalling need. And when we do put *all in*, neither time nor strength remains for correspondence or anything else. . . . Long series of meetings have taxed strength to the limit. And not in vain, thank God!

"Yesterday evening we arrived here after four and a half hours' motor-trip, so tired that I slept most of the evening and all night, and was still tired after breakfast. But a morning spent in prayer and preparation refreshed me, and I had a wonderful time at a big meeting this afternoon by God's enabling."

Six weeks later, writing from Tasmania, he says:

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“Our holiday has begun. Alas, it is cut down to a week by circumstances beyond our control. Auntie was sheer tired out when we arrived here two days ago. Yesterday she slept on till noon, and is much the better for it. . . . We have been in Hobart for a week’s meetings, and have been prospered and encouraged. Yesterday I forwarded £60 in gifts to the headquarters. . . . We are not able for as much work now, naturally, as we were; but we love it and rejoice in it.”

At the end of more than ten months in Australia, Howard and Geraldine sailed for New Zealand. They had called at Auckland on their voyage from Canada the year before, and although the monthly prayer gathering at which they spoke that day had not been advertised, Mrs. Chadwick Brown, in whose home it was held, remembers how her drawing-room was crowded long before the meeting was due to begin; twenty years after she exclaims: “Oh, the joy of that welcome, and the praise and prayer to our gracious God, and the hush that fell on the gathering when dear Mrs. Taylor addressed us!”

As the first touch had been like that, it was a pleasure to expect them back for five months’ work in the Dominion. “Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were welcomed everywhere. One Sunday afternoon the Baptist Tabernacle was crowded, and the next day a school-teacher who knew nothing about the C.I.M. brought me £10 as a donation. After three weeks in the Auckland neighbourhood, the party left [Mr. Conway travelled with them as organizing secretary], and very soon Miss Begbie and Mrs. Conway spent hours packing orders for Mrs. Taylor’s books. About £250 for sales passed through our hands, and our stock was exhausted. Later supplies from the secretary in Dunedin were sold out, and we had to order from Melbourne.”

Another friend writes: “It seemed too good to be true that Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were coming to Poroa, and would be our guests for a night. And what delightful guests they were, so considerate, so thoughtful, so appreciative. Their presence was a benediction.

“Mr. H. S. Conway was travelling with them as secretary,

and one of his duties was to put up on the platform a large map of China, suspended by cords. Mrs. Taylor liked this map to be hung perfectly straight and trim, and Mr. Conway used to work at it till it was right. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor insisted on all correspondence being answered the day it was received, or it would have got hopelessly behind. Mr. Conway had also to attend to this.

"A few weeks later I met Dr. and Mrs. Taylor at the Ngaruawahia Easter Conference. Mrs. Taylor was the principal speaker, and she gave several most touching and practical addresses. After one of them, a man at our table in the hotel said: 'It would have moved a heart of stone.'"

It was while they were at the Ngaruawahia Conference that the news reached Geraldine of her brother Whitfield's Home call. Her letters tell what the message meant:

"April 19, 1927.

"... I just long to get away somewhere, quietly, and try to realize what has happened—I mean to realize *his* joy.

"We are in the midst of a crowd—a great conference of young people, some four or five hundred. We have had to speak several times, and now, to-day, are packing to leave for our next engagement. There has been no time really to think. A wave of pain and desolation sweeps over me at times, and then again a great and wonderful gladness. One just longs to be alone with the wonderful *fact*—that the one we love so much is 'at home' for ever 'with the Lord.' ... I must not let myself write on. We have to leave the friends here with whom we have been staying and go on to others to-night, and I must not let the tears come. ..."

To her sister-in-law:

"Sept. 12, 1927.

"... Darling, he is just the same, just the same still, only perfected and glorified. And the Lord is only allowing the present separation and pain to make you fully and for ever one. ... The sorrow of the parting, be it long or short, will soon be over. The glorious fact remains, begun in time, continued to eternity. ..."

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“Without the present test of faith, the heart-ache He only can measure, His perfect plan would be marred. And as we trust Him, He will weave it all in, and the darker threads will bring out unimagined beauty when we see the whole at last.”

In speaking of the work accomplished by Howard and Geraldine, particularly at the Ngaruawahia Convention, Mr. J. O. Sanders, the present Home Director in Australia and New Zealand, says: “Their visit marked quite a distinct missionary revival among the young folks then present, and a large number of them found their way to the mission field.”

Mrs. Conway remembers that “they had meetings without number,” and that “everywhere people were keen to buy their books after they had heard the authors. . . . We continually hear of those who heard the call to China through reading the Life of Hudson Taylor, and I always feel how valuable their lives were if they had been used only to write those two volumes.”

At the very end of their work in New Zealand, Geraldine had to go into hospital for an operation. She had had an enlarged gland in her neck for some time, and after examination the pathologist’s report was serious. Howard was away taking meetings. Geraldine wrote in her pocket diary: “Lord, help and comfort him. . . . Bless *him* in all this with blessing deeper than the pain. ‘But as for me’—Micah 7: 7–9. My reading for to-night. Connect with Ps. 73: 23–28. Just ten years ago, my dear friend David Baron called attention to the words ‘*veran ni*’ (Heb.), *As for me*, four times in this psalm, v. 2, 22, 23, 28. It is enough! El Shaddai!”

In a letter to Henry Kumm, Howard wrote calmly enough: “Auntie has this morning undergone her operation. . . . A good man did it, perhaps the best surgeon in New Zealand. . . . I have not seen her since the operation, left her to sleep it off.” But it was not that he did not feel. He always practised what he once wrote to a nephew: “Always-the-sameness and cheeriness are very great virtues.” He refused to be troubled.

Geraldine was two weeks in hospital, and one who visited her there says: “I couldn’t understand how even there all her heart

was concentrated on the work and the meetings, when one might expect some little mental relaxation from them. When she was leaving Auckland for the States again, I ventured to slip a very tiny bottle of scent into Mrs. Taylor's hand, thinking it would be nice for the long boat journey, but she said: 'Oh, you should not have spent the money.' Had I been able to spend much more in a bigger and more worthy token of esteem, how happy I should have been."

The day before they sailed, Geraldine left the nursing home. Mentioning the experience in a letter from the voyage, she said: "The operation has left a little crookedness of the mouth, which the doctor thinks will quite pass away. At present it makes speaking difficult, so I am glad to be quiet.

"Mr. Hoste's wish is that we should have a little 'furlough' after this spell of work in Australia, six months' rest! It is many years since I have had any relief from the strain of work—constant meetings, travelling or writing—so we are looking forward to a little quiet somewhere, though it may not come immediately. We are a little dreading the cold, as this will be the fourth winter we have had with only one summer. We may go down to South Carolina about Christmas-time. . . . We are both enjoying the voyage very much."

And, as usual, enjoying the voyage very much meant leisure for writing. She wrote a long article for *China's Millions*, telling of their work in Australia and New Zealand. A few paragraphs from the last part give a vivid impression of the work which lay behind them:

"And what shall be said of New Zealand—that land of book-lovers, hospitable homes and responsive hearts! We had thought the demand for C.I.M. literature quite remarkable in Australia, where it had been all the Mission could do to keep up the supply for so many meetings. But in New Zealand, though what was considered ample provision had been made, we were reduced to taking orders literally by the hundred. In one place alone, thirty-six pounds' worth of books were taken in two days' meetings, and the six hundred pounds received for literature might easily have been much more had we had books on hand.

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“So wide were the openings and so great was the amount of work involved, that it would have been impossible to carry out the programme but for the devoted and delightful help of our fellow traveller, Mr. Conway. For more than thirty years we have been workers together in the Mission, and many blessed experiences had we shared in China; but really to come to appreciate a comrade, we have learned, a five months’ tour of the Churches in New Zealand is incomparable. The six or eight services we were able to take between us on Sundays led to large united meetings through the week, the town hall or some other central building often being crowded. Mr. Conway’s arrangements beforehand had been so thorough that the long programme, including visits to no fewer than fifty places, went through like clockwork.

“Another valued privilege was meeting face-to-face friends who have long prayed on behalf of China. Not a few of these we think of with thankfulness, now that these days of opportunity are passed, rejoicing in them as a miner in his nuggets of gold.

“There are other nuggets—precious lives consecrated to God for His work in China. . . . Thinking of these young lives, in the present situation in China, the great and constant needs of the Mission and of the personal experiences that face us all, it is good to remember the noble words of Wesley in his *World Parish*: ‘We should not ask whether the task is compassable, but only whether it is commanded. If the Master’s call be clear we shall find that either on the sea, like Peter, or through the sea, like Israel, we are somehow able to go forward.’ ”

XXXII

Wine Poured Forth

"I want to praise with life renewed,
As I never praised before;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
Rejoicingly outpour."

F. R. HAVERGAL

THE furlough was arranged for them as soon as they landed in America. Dr. Canfield, who was at the time the District Secretary of the C.I.M. of the Pacific South-west district, remembers finding a cottage for them at La Jolla, "one of the most beautiful beach towns along the South California coast." Dr. and Mrs. Karl Kumm lived only a few miles away at Pacific Beach, and the delight of having a house of their own, if only for half a year, was a joy, not only to Howard and Geraldine themselves, but to all those who had touch with them.

"Mrs. Taylor took such pleasure in the fact that she was to keep house. So much of their life had been spent in Mission homes, or as guests in the houses of others while on their long deputation trips, that Mrs. Taylor had done almost no house-keeping, and she seemed to enjoy it as truly as a bride in her twenties might have done. There was an elderly gentleman in the next cottage, whom Dr. and Mrs. Taylor used to have in for an occasional meal. It seemed to be a special delight to her that she could entertain and look after the guest herself."

Geraldine's own letters written from Casa Mia tell something of how the days were spent:

"I never had the opportunity of doing anything in the way of cooking before we came to La Jolla, but I am very much interested in it, and Howard appreciates my efforts! We go out

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to dinner several times a week, and do the rest ourselves. We have a nice woman who comes in one afternoon and cleans the little house thoroughly, and a Chinese laundryman who takes our washing, so we are well off! He is so bright and friendly, and he charges us twenty-five per cent. less than other people because we are missionaries to his country.

"We are learning here, in these quiet days, how much grace it takes just to live the hidden home-life, with its daily round of little details, in the same vital union with the Lord which is needed for activity in wider fields. . . .

"We have had a little earthquake since I wrote the above words! Such a rumbling underground and a shaking of doors and windows! We ran out to see what was happening, but it was soon over. The stars are shining gloriously, and the white waves are breaking on the sand. Our little house is just above the beach, such a lovely spot."

Most of her letters are more filled with the concerns of the one to whom she is writing than of news about themselves, and almost always she is sorry that her busy life prevents her from writing more, or oftener:

"I should love to write fully in return, but time is all-too-short for the pile of correspondence as well as the housekeeping, exercise and rest with which our days are filled. . . . I feel your position and difficulties very keenly, as if they were my own. It is wonderful how the Lord Himself will make contacts and give, not only the opportunities, but the right words to say, if we look to Him in childlike confidence. Perhaps the one thing we need most of all is just to live in the sunshine of His presence, rejoicing in Him. It makes others hungry. It is not theory people need, but something that satisfies. May the Lord so satisfy your own heart in Himself, that the sunshine of your life may draw others to Him."

Both Howard and Geraldine could express their gratitude for even small gifts and services in a way which was exceedingly satisfactory. They made you feel their pleasure. The following letters to Henry Kumm are one example among very many others:

"CASA MIA, LA JOLLA.

"Dec. 20, 1927.

"... I had just written the above when a quick step was heard on the porch and the postman appeared. 'A parcel—a big one! Who can it be from?' As Uncle brought it in, he said in such a pleased voice, 'Oh-ho!'

"Your parcel, darling! Your own dear writing on the bulky package. I need not tell you that we are full of joy and excitement over it. We have not opened it, of course. We are keeping it for Christmas Eve. But it feels so good to have it there. Christmas is a lovely time, isn't it? We are so looking forward to being at Passiflora [Dr. Kumm's home] for the Christmas tree. The children are to stay up for dinner.

"Oh, how we rejoice in the wonderful gift the Lord is giving you! May He spare you long to one another, and give you—as He has indeed given to Uncle Howard—a love that 'seeketh not its own' and 'never faileth.' Uncle had those words engraved inside my engagement ring: 'Love is of God: seeketh not its own: never faileth'; and no words could be truer of the love that for more than forty years has blessed my life.

"But it is getting late, and I must not write on. We are both very well, and find more and more happiness in our little home."

"CASA MIA, LA JOLLA.

"Dec. 26, 1927.

"The beautiful photograph is here beside me. I love it so much! It is a very good likeness of you, and it looks happy—as if you were looking at Joyce! Thank you ever so much for this precious gift, which we will treasure for the rest of life.

"And the socks you sent Uncle are the nicest he ever had, and just the kind he can wear. . . .

"We opened the parcels at Passiflora with all the family party round the Christmas tree. It was such a happy occasion. The tree was, to me, the most beautiful we have ever seen. It was so large that it almost filled the wide corner of the screened porch, and one could feel lost in the branches. Then it was beautifully

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lighted—not too much—just lovely scattered lights that shone like stars through a wood. We drew up a circle of chairs on one side of the tree, and the children sang us sweet little Christmas songs in German, and then we all sang together *Tannenbaum* and *Joy to the world, the Lord is come*. We missed your voice and Karl's, but knew you were with us in spirit. It was a happy time. And the pile of parcels—amazing! Lucy and Buppie carried them round and had the lion's share themselves, the Darlings!

"Last night, Christmas Day, your father and mother came over here, and had supper with us. We spent a very happy evening together, and had prayer for you and Joyce and Karl, after talking about our own early days and beloved parents, for whom too we gave special thanks to God."

It was while they were at La Jolla that Geraldine persuaded Dr. Kumm to allow her to circulate privately her sister Lucy's poems entitled *Motherhood*, and a great deal of correspondence passed between her and Mrs. Robinson, who was doing her typing work. In these letters too her appreciation and her exact carefulness are very marked:

"CASA MIA, LA JOLLA.

"Feb. 18, 1928.

"DEAR UNDERSTANDING FRIEND,—It is lovely to get your letters and to feel that you are a second self in the work. Thank you so much for all you write.

"The new machine is all that could be desired, and the work is perfect. The arrangement of the pages you send me is perfect too. I am most grateful for all the care and love you are putting into it.

"I am anxious to have the book complete, in a form to show Dr. Kumm, as soon as possible. Will you pray with me that if the Lord's time has come, all hindrances in the way of publication may be removed. . . ."

For some time the little book was circulated in typescript only, but at last permission to print was granted, and in May, 1929, after a visit to England, Geraldine wrote:

"Yesterday we landed, on our return from England, and I want you to know at once about our precious little book—that it is at last in the hands of the publisher.

"I wish I could tell you the whole story. The Lord has, I believe, led in it all, and in September next, all being well, *Motherhood* will appear in print.

"Meanwhile, I want a few more copies of your own beautiful kind. You will be interested to know that two of the last three you sent me went to our beloved Queen Mary and the Duchess of York. The third went to John Oxenham. You will be interested in the enclosed letters from the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting, and in the Foreword to the little book, written by John Oxenham. No one asked him to write it—or, at least, I did not, for I should never have ventured to ask so great a favour. He just wrote it himself and sent it to me, saying: 'Change it or tear it up, or use it if you care to do so!'

"On Monday next we go to New York for Karl's wedding, the younger of our two boys. . . . After the wedding we expect to be in Philadelphia for a week, then we return to Canada for the summer. We have brought from England all the material available for my dear brother's biography, and a quiet home is open to us with a friend, about sixty miles from Montreal."

Six months later she says in another letter:

"Alas, I have been a good deal hindered in the main task, the book, lately, but I hope before long to send another chapter. I do so appreciate your corrections in spelling—a weak point with me—and all your suggestions. You are my 'public,' you see, at present."

The publishers, Longmans, Green and Co., had a folder printed to make the poems known, and Howard's sister undertook to scatter these. Referring to her help, Geraldine wrote:

"I love to think of you posting to South Africa, Mexico, India, Canada and California as well as to places nearer home. 'I pray over every one,' you write, and 'to me it is very definitely the Lord's work.' You will understand how this is like balm to my heart. I think I must feel about it as a mother would over her

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little child—such appreciation of the touch of love and understanding from another, especially when she can do so little for the child herself! So you help me to thank God and take courage. . . .

“How well I understand what you write about prayer—the interruptions that come. But it is just here that the Holy Spirit ‘helpeth our infirmities,’ is it not? I find it such a help to prepare the night before for one’s morning hour, by especially committing the matter to the Lord, and by going to bed early.”

Immediately after their holiday at La Jolla, Howard and Geraldine began to do regular deputation work for the C.I.M., but their programme was broken off by the request that Geraldine should write the life of her brother Whitfield.

The C.I.M. had been raised up for the preaching of the Gospel “to every creature” in China, and work which required institutions had come to be regarded as lying outside the scope of the Mission’s special task. It was felt now that the value of medical work as a vital part of evangelism needed to be emphasized, and Geraldine was asked to write the biography with this need in view. Twice she refused. Her brother Whitfield had been to her “more than a brother.” In his early childhood she had mothered him, she had rejoiced in him as a young medical student, and had followed him with thanksgiving through his missionary service, as she saw the simplicity of his unswerving devotion to the Master.

Absorbing claims on her heart and her time had very often kept her from writing to him for long periods, but his letters to her had come with the cheer and strengthening she needed in some of her slow hours of wrestling with words, or in the pressure of much public speaking. To write his life would involve very much that was sacred, and at first she dared not accept. But when she was asked for the third time, she made the decision, and within a few weeks she and Howard were on their way to England to gather the material for the book.

Her letters and one or two of Howard’s tell best what the year or more given to the writing of this book meant in Geraldine’s life:

"S.S. Montcalm.

"May 22, 1929.

". . . And now the task lies ahead. It will not be easy, but I know it will be worth while, and there will be many surprises of Divine help and blessing. It is wonderful the difference it makes really to deal with God—to count upon God."

"CUSHING, NEAR MONTREAL.

"CANADA,

"June 12, 1929.

"By this time the 'Finals' will be over and you will be free in mind. How I would love to be with you *now*—if only I were free too. But we would not be without our work, would we, or without its discipline? . . .

"It is breakfast time almost. I have been up since before 4 a.m. The early morning hours for worship and waiting upon God are precious beyond words. . . .

"You will be glad to hear that we have come to just the right place for our work. Cushing is very quiet—no town or village even, and few houses in sight. The garden and grounds of the house (the home in which our hostess, Mrs. King, was born, brought up and married) slope away from the big front porch down to the beautiful Ottawa River, a quarter of a mile wide. On all sides are splendid maples and elms, so that we seem almost submerged in green.

"Mrs. King has given us two large rooms with a big old-fashioned desk and bookcase, shelves and drawers and cupboards empty all ready for our stores of books and papers. So we are in clover!"

From Howard

"Aug. 21, 1929.

"I have very good news for you to-day. Yesterday I read aloud the first chapter of your father's biography. I think it quite the best chapter she ever wrote, and that is saying a good deal! Pray, Dear, that she may be sustained and prospered through all.

"It isn't easy. You know she declined on two occasions to

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undertake it. The link between her and her younger brother was most unusually tender. So help her with your prayers. . . .

"From Sept. 3 to 16 we expect to be at Camp Diamond, then Auntie returns here and I recommence the pilgrim life."

One who joined them at Cushing the following summer has told how they spent their days with a realistic touch which is absent from Geraldine's own letters:

"Mrs. King, a former missionary in China, owned a large house in a little rural community about sixty miles from Montreal in Canada. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor had been her guests there while they were writing the first half of *Guinness of Honan*. The following summer Mrs. King offered the use of her home to the Taylors and us. The family consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, my father and myself and an elderly Scotch couple who had done the work of the home in former years. It was a most satisfactory arrangement, as they could devote themselves exclusively to the writing of the book, and my father and I had the privilege of fellowship with them in their leisure time—which I might add was really very meagre. Their schedule ran something like this:

"Breakfast in their own rooms at 8 a.m. They had both been up long before, having their devotions. Then writing till luncheon, Dr. Taylor taking the correspondence, which often ran to ten or more letters a day. Then back to the writing again until late in the afternoon, when there was a halt for exercise or recreation: a walk down the country road or a game of croquet on the front lawn until supper was announced. Dr. Taylor especially relished these games of croquet. He and my father were evenly matched, being good players. Mrs. Taylor and I were also evenly matched, being not so good; this made the score very close. I remember Dr. Taylor's pride when, now and again Mrs. Taylor made a good shot. Though he was on the opposing team, he would cry out with great emphasis, 'Well played! Well played!'

"The evenings were times to which my father and I looked forward, for then, for a brief hour, there would be fellowship with the Taylors. Sometimes they shared with us letters fresh

from China, or they recounted experiences in China or other parts of the world, and earnest prayer would be made for the needs we had thought over together. . . .

"Family devotions ended the day, with the Taylors retiring about 8 o'clock. That summer—three precious months—was a time of spiritual growth in my own life, and of deepening interest in mission work. It is a treasured memory."

From Geraldine

"*March 31, 1930.*

"How well I understand your feeling about the difference it makes *how* a life is written. This one (a biography we had just read), good as it is, seems to me to stop short of the mark, short of really reproducing in some degree the spiritual power of the life itself. It is one thing to tell about it, is it not, and another to make it, in some sense, live again.

"That is what I long for so much in your dear *Father's Life*: that it may live again! But that is what *costs*. It counts, it is the one thing that counts. But no one knows, except the Lord Himself, all that it costs. And that is what takes *time*, as well as life-blood. It cannot be done to order. One has to live—not merely think and write. . . .

"We are both well, very well, though growing older. The burden of weariness is considerable at times. But how true is it that 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' "

From Geraldine to Her Sister-in-law

"*Aug. 2, 1930.*

"The MS. is nearing completion. I hope it is what you and the Mission will approve, though I am often exercised in mind as to this. It is not, I realize, the kind of book that the Mission Executive may have hoped for. It is, however, the outcome of much prayer and all I could put into it of life, labour and love. . . ."

To Her Niece

"*Aug. 2, 1930.*

"If only there were some way of communicating thought and feeling without words at all, wouldn't it be wonderful when we are far from one another? . . .

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"As to the writing, the story is so precious and sacred that I feel the record very inadequate. Yet it has been given, I think, chapter by chapter from the Lord; for I never could have written it myself, and feel utterly unable now to finish it. These last chapters are altogether beyond me. I can only wait on Him and cry to Him. My whole life is a prayer, just now, that He will perfect that which He hath begun. I live in this book and for it in a way no words can tell. He only knows."

"*Aug. 31, 1930.*

"Much that I have desired to put in has been left out as one has been led on in prayer. . . . Let us bear it now upon our hearts that, if it is to be published, every detail may be under the Lord's own guidance.

"Sept. 8. The first part of this letter should have been posted a week ago, but after it was written I found that the closing chapter would not do. I had already written it twice over, but it had to be written a third time. . . . I trust now it has the Lord's message."

From Howard to Mrs. Whitfield Guinness

"*Sept. 2.*

"You will be glad to hear that the concluding chapter is well begun. God knows, and He only, at what cost this beautiful history is being given to His people. I do hope it will commend itself to you. I wish I could talk with you about it. My most important suggestion would be: if you would like to see any important alterations made, might it not be well to let it wait for a second edition? . . . This does not apply to any small verbal corrections, that you could make in consultation with Mr. [now Bishop] Houghton. From past experience I know that any major suggestions would call for the rewriting of a chapter or of several chapters, and that in the immediate future may be impossible.

"If this does not commend itself to you, please feel perfectly free to write whatever you wish. I have made the suggestion because I think you would like to know that long delay and much additional soul-travail may be involved. Geraldine cannot alter an important sentence, as a rule, so as to materially change its

meaning, without rewriting what went before and led up to it and what follows. . . .”

The few alterations which seemed needful were made without reference to Geraldine, as a result of Howard’s appeal, and later letters tell how she felt it. In one letter to her sister-in-law, after thanking her for the understanding and appreciation she had expressed about the biography, she adds:

“It is much upon my heart that we must get a better frontispiece for the book. I am sure that the present one cannot satisfy you, and to me it is a real distress, . . . it gives such a wrong impression. . . .

“There is one other matter about which I want to write to you. The book, our precious book, is lying beside me. I have just finished revising it very carefully for a second printing, should it be needed. . . .

“I find on carefully reading the whole book through that there are places where something is missing, gaps, that leave one with a questioning sort of feeling as to why something has been left out. I feel it painfully. There is a hiatus, a lack, and the loss is very real. I realize why you wished those quotations from letters to be omitted. They are very sacred. But could you, now, do you think, consent to their being replaced as in the original MS.? Believe me, though one can read on as the book now stands, the abruptness in these passages is out of keeping with the rest, and that just where tenderness of touch is most needed. . . .”

The question never had to be answered, for this book was the only one of all Geraldine’s books which did not require a second edition. Perhaps she had put into it a little too much of the earthly inheritance which was to her the joy and rejoicing of her heart. She had often wished to write a tribute to her parents, but she was committed to the C.I.M., and though the suggestion was made that she should write her father’s Life, and it attracted her, she turned from it, knowing that she was called of God to write for China. When she was asked to write her brother’s Life, it seemed to be her opportunity of giving expression to the debt of gratitude to her parents which she bore in her heart.

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And yet, though the book did not have a specially wide circulation, it had a message. Amy Carmichael has said: "Always that which gives imperishable gold to a life (as to a book) is . . . not its success—*never* its success. It is the steadfastness and the integrity of its spirit, the love which inspires it, the note of the eternal which dominates it." Something of all those things had been worked into the pages of *Guinness of Honan*.

XXXIII

In America—for China

"Too eager I must not be to understand.
How should the work the Master goes about
Fit the vague sketch my compasses have planned?
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The house is not for me—it is for Him.
His royal thoughts require many a stair,
Many a tower, many an outlook fair,
Of which I have no thought, and need no care."

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE work of the Kingdom of God has often been likened to building. The Holy Spirit Himself uses the illustration. It is good for us to remember that an essential part of building is the scaffolding, and to recognize that our work must perforce be as passing and as unadmired as scaffolding generally is. Its only beauty lies in its purpose and its adequacy. It must be strong, for lives will depend on it, and it must be built to fit the plan of the house, else the house cannot grow according to the plan. And at last, of course, it must be removed altogether.

There are ardent souls who refuse to have anything to do with mere scaffolding. "I want to work on the building," they say. "I must give my life to that which is permanent and spiritual." However much that "must" throbs in a life, we must all, in this time, work on a scaffolding. As yet our lives are "hid with Christ in God," and our service must be given in ways which will be superseded when that which is perfect is come.

The building has gone up a long way now. How can we work upon it on those high towered places without ladders and ropes and planks and pulleys, we who have no wings? Angels may do otherwise, but not such as we.

But most of us are content enough with the scaffolding and need rather the reminder that the things which are seen are temporal. "Our little systems have their day, they have their

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day and cease to be." Yes, the best of them must cease to be when the King comes and His house is perfected. Those who have worked faithfully on their scaffolding will be just as eager to pull it down then as they once were to put it up. It will have served His purpose, and that is blessedness enough for any human labour.

Deputation work is obviously work that shall cease to be, and it is looking forward to the day when the glory of God's building is revealed that makes it joyful service.

The story has been told of a lady who called on Pastor Albert Lunde, of Oslo, and asked to be admitted to the membership of his church. She told him how for years she had looked for a perfect church, and again and again been disappointed. "But your church, Pastor Lunde, I long to become a member of it." With the wisdom of much experience in the care of souls, he answered her: "If you had found a perfect church, dear madam, it would have been impossible for its pastor to allow you to become a member of it."

No, there are no perfect churches, and still less are there any perfect missionary societies. But both the churches and the missionary societies are needed now for the perfecting of the building of God.

Deputation work for the C.I.M. in the United States was very different from what the months in Australia had been. It is impossible to make any statement about it without immediately realizing the need for a qualifying clause; but, speaking generally, meetings in America were smaller, the speakers were not known, and their theme was usually an entirely new one to their audiences. Of course, there were large meetings—conferences and special gatherings—but for every one such Howard and Geraldine addressed fifty small meetings. In America men and women are weighed in the scales of their own personal worth, and the fact that Geraldine was a Guinness, and Howard the son of Hudson Taylor—usually regarded as interesting points in England—meant nothing to ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who heard them speak in America. But there is a certain freedom in being nobody special to begin with, and after a time

they became known and welcome guests in hundreds of homes and scores of churches. Sometimes—and it was always a peculiar delight—Geraldine met people who had known her father, and in quite unexpected places she came across Harley students who spoke with warmth and loyal gratitude of old days.

The fact that Hudson Taylor's name was often new to their listeners, and that the words, "China Inland Mission," conveyed no more than what they literally imply—one mission among many others in China—was always a challenge to Geraldine. She saw it as a special privilege to be allowed to tell others of the man whose ways in Christ she had been called to follow, and of the work which was the outcome of his faith in God and obedience to Him.

The primary object of the years of travel and speaking was to make known to American believers the urgent spiritual need in China, and to put before them the opportunity of helping to meet that need which fellowship with the C.I.M. offered them. There was a harvest in China waiting for reapers. She spoke of it, and here and there the Lord who was working with her apprehended lives and they rose up and followed Him to those far-away opportunities.

In no way second to the dearth of workers was the need of those who would help together by their supplication, so that the spiritual resources, bound or loosed according to our asking in prayer, might be abundantly outpoured in China.

"We doubt the word that tells us: Ask
And ye shall have your prayer;
We turn our thoughts as to a task,
With will constrained and rare.

"And yet we have; these scanty prayers
Yield gold without alloy:
O God, but he who trusts and dares
Must have a boundless joy!"

Yes, truly, and the testimony borne by the C.I.M. to the faithfulness of God in keeping the promises He has made was

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a vital part of the message which Howard and Geraldine carried to every gathering. Experience had taught them that only a small proportion of those who seemed eager and earnest after a meeting would stand the test of continuance, but they believed so joyously in the efficacy of the prayers of even one righteous man that they were greatly encouraged by every prayer group formed.

Writing from one of the largest cities in Kentucky, a friend says:

"In 1931 Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were here for one week, living with us. We did entertain angels, and *not* unawares. . . . They spoke at a large number of meetings and were greatly admired. They got very many names of people who promised to pray for the Mission. I remember Dr. Taylor said that 'about a dozen would stick.' We started a monthly C.I.M. prayer meeting, which has continued ever since, eighteen years next May. We have become deeply interested in the missionaries, and have been able to send quite a bit of money to the Mission."

Many letters had been written about that week's visit. Originally it had been arranged for October, 1930, but just before the date when they should have gone to Louisville, Geraldine found that the long and intense strain of writing her brother's Life had left her quite exhausted, and that she must rest. It is typical of Howard that his letter explaining this closes: "We love the South, with its warm hearts and generous hospitality. Nothing but sheer impossibility would make us willing to forgo this pleasure to which we have looked forward for a year."

Geraldine's letter is characteristic too:

"BELOVED FRIEND,—YOUR letter, just received, deeply touches our hearts. 'Comfort of love'—there is no comfort like it, is there? And it is His love in the hearts of His children that is so precious.

"Yes, it is I that have failed, alas! and made it necessary to give up our long-looked-forward-to visit to Louisville. It has just been over-weariness. . . .

"We are in the midst of packing to go to Dallas on Monday next. It will be hard to pass without stopping in Kentucky—

a great state which, to us, just means one group of loving friends."

In May, 1931, the visit was arranged once more, and Howard writes: "Except Sunday, one meeting a day will be sufficient, and not much in the way of social engagements. I can do duty for us both, if necessary, though I should be sorry to disappoint friends who were counting on hearing Mrs. Taylor. My only concern is that her programme may be a light one. She usually does twice what is planned for her, so one meeting a day and two on Sunday should be the limit."

Their hostess had evidently asked if they had any particular wishes with regard to meals, for Geraldine wrote a few days before they were due:

"The rest of your home between engagements will be precious. Thank you from our hearts for being willing to take us in. As to the question of your letter: we have no fads, and do not think anything at all about special diets. We enjoy everything that comes, though we do not either of us take coffee. My husband enjoys tea as a true Britisher! . . . The plainer the food the better as far as we are concerned."

Accompanying one of Howard's letters are four points which he had had typed to enclose with notes giving the time of their arrival when they visited new places:

"1. We do not feel free to use hired conveyances on Sunday. Usually someone with a car is willing to carry us, if beyond walking distance. Otherwise we decline invitations for Sunday.

"2. Sunday afternoon free. Meeting morning and evening—two for each of us if practicable, thus reaching four churches. Only one address each in the morning and one in the evening, not Sunday school, etc., in addition.

"3. Monday one meeting for the two of us, morning, afternoon or evening. Tuesday ditto, etc.

"4. If hospitality is offered us in a home, we should be grateful if we might decline invitations to go out to a meal just before

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a meeting, also on Sunday. My deafness makes conversation before a meeting fatiguing, and one wants to be fresh."

Another letter, evidently called forth by a fear on the part of their friends that they might be disappointed by a possible lack of interest in their meetings, reassures them:

"DEAR, DEAR FRIEND.—Please do not let it trouble you that the way does not seem very open for us. We are quite accustomed to such a situation. Our work has long been to *make* friends for the Mission and for China, not only to go where they are already found. Pioneering always has its difficulties, but it is our lot, and we love it. Apart altogether from meetings, we would gladly come just to see you and your husband and your sister's family. I trust that the Lord may refresh our hearts together. If any openings are found for telling of His love and faithfulness in our experience in China, we shall rejoice; and we have often proved that the smaller meetings are the more fruitful."

And the meetings were fruitful. Eighteen years of faithful intercession grew out of them, and, as their hostess wrote, "quite a bit of money" for the Mission. For deputation work means that hearts are stirred to give as well as to pray, even when the meetings are arranged for the C.I.M.

Hudson Taylor founded the China Inland Mission with certain clearly defined principles with regard to funds. He had himself been led to ask no help from man, but to make his needs known to God only. When he organized the Mission, it was on the understanding that no appeals for money should be made on behalf of the C.I.M. either to any person or at any meeting. Even if the chairman of the gathering or some other friend present asked to be allowed to take up a collection, Hudson Taylor would refuse. There were two reasons for this: the C.I.M. was at once undenominational and interdenominational, and Hudson Taylor was careful to avoid accepting for his work supplies which would otherwise be contributed to existing denominational societies. The deeper reason is one which it is easy to misinterpret. It was his real desire that all who served

the Lord in the ranks of the C.I.M. should experience the privilege of entire dependence upon God. Other ways of gathering money for the work of the Kingdom are equally Scriptural and may be equally spiritual, but this way was the "pattern" delivered to him from the Lord for the Mission he founded.

It has been the practice of the C.I.M. from the first, and it was Hudson Taylor's own, to bear testimony to the Father's faithful response to the trust of His children. Deputation speakers for the C.I.M. and the publications of the Mission have often told how God has moved His people to meet the financial needs of the work. It is easy to smile and say: "That is simply an indirect way of asking for money." There is only one answer: it depends entirely on the motive, and only God who searches hearts can say of a certainty whether or not they are pure and true.

Experience shows that the testimony bears fruit financially, and it cannot truthfully be said that speakers at meetings arranged for the C.I.M. ignore the possibility that the Lord may use their message to waken His stewards to serve Him in China. But wherever the workers are loyal to the principles of the Mission, money is never the primary object of their ministry.

Howard and Geraldine were the means of inclining the hearts of very many generous friends to give willingly to the Lord, and there can be no doubt that the donors' joy was greater than theirs who received the gifts, for with gifts comes the responsibility of administering them. It is no light thing to learn how to use the things of time in the light of eternity, in the matter of either giving or of receiving, but there is less danger in giving. Money may be given sacrificially, or it may be given impulsively from a warm, true heart, and it will be blessed of the Lord; but it can be used only under sustained discipline if it is to yield full value for the Kingdom.

As Howard and Geraldine travelled about in the United States, they made many personal friends, and letters from some of them tell things which only those who listened to them or

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worked with them could see. Dr. Ford L. Canfield, writing of them as deputation speakers, says:

“There is one thing which stands out in my mind as a contrast between Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Each was gifted as a speaker, but Dr. Taylor was much more confined to a rather stereotyped message than Mrs. Taylor. In some ways he could adapt himself more quickly than she, but on the platform and before an audience she could suit her message to the occasion very remarkably. I remember a convention for young people when this ability of hers was very noticeable. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were down as prominent speakers, but no word had reached us as to the nature of the rest of the programme. It was a Christian Endeavour Convention, for which a general theme had been chosen. Mrs. Taylor took up the theme and wove her missionary message very effectively around it, making herself and her message a part of the convention.

“On one of the two long deputation trips I made with Dr. and Mrs. Taylor they were speaking continuously for six weeks. As a rule there would be two meetings on Sunday and at least one evening meeting each week night except Saturday. On one of these trips I heard Mrs. Taylor speak over thirty times without repeating a single message. She would repeat illustrations, but would have some fresh Scriptural basis for her message each time, some fresh word from the Lord. It deeply impressed me that at her age she could keep so fresh. I don't recall her using notes.”

However busy they were on these tours, Geraldine would find some time now and then to write to those who needed her most. There have been those who were offended in her for her long silences, but the more the nature of their ministry grows clear, the more wonderful it seems that she wrote as many letters as she did.

On April 15th, 1928, she wrote to Henry Kumm from a city in Idaho:

“It is Sunday evening. Uncle is preaching in the Methodist Episcopal Church across the road, while I have a free hour, no engagement for the first time now on a Sunday evening for

many weeks. It is a real rest to be alone in the house and able to write to you and others. We are keeping well and able for all the travelling and work, I am thankful to say. At first, after the quiet at La Jolla, it was rather overwhelming, but now we are getting back into the way of packing and moving on from place to place, and are better able to stand the late hours.

"We are staying here with a doctor and his wife: she is quite informal, 'Irish' in her disposition, which is a great compliment from me, you know. . . ."

In March, 1931, she wrote from West Texas:

"I wonder whether I can write on this moving train legibly enough for you to read? As we have several hours to spend on the journey, I will try, at any rate." Then page after page in answer to letters written to her, which can have little interest here; but this paragraph may help another beside the one she wrote to that day: "Let nothing crowd out real Bible study and waiting upon God in secret. I have lived long enough to see that life develops along the line of one's early prayers. The Lord does indeed give us, as He has promised, the desire of our hearts. The heart's deepest desire, known to Him, poured out in secret prayer, moulds the outward life more, I believe, than anything else does or can. . . ."

"I look down the long railway carriage—fifteen seats one behind the other, divided by an aisle in the middle—and see the people reading papers, chewing gum, powdering their noses, talking, making love, and, of course, eating candy, and wonder what you would think of this great, young country with its many problems. Outside, the far-reaching plains stretch away, touched with spring green, to the distant hills. Texas is a thousand miles across, and has a population of only six millions. We have been visiting a number of centres out in the western part of the state, toward the border of Mexico, and have been much attracted to the Mexicans we have seen, especially last Sunday when I was speaking to an interesting group through interpretation. Dear people, poor as they are, they contributed, quite unasked, two dollars for the C.I.M.

"This is a big world, and full, full of hungry, needy lives, and

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opportunities to pass on anything we have found of real abiding heart-satisfaction and blessing. It is a revelation to us to find how much the message we have to bring is needed and valued out here. The condition of many of the churches is such that people welcome, even with tears of thankfulness, the assurance that comes from our experiences as a Mission, as to the great realities of faith and the faithfulness of God.

"Our time in Texas draws to a close, though there are many openings we have not been able to take advantage of as yet. Early in May we turn our faces eastwards, stopping at several places for meetings on our return journey to Philadelphia. We shall be speaking at the Canadian 'Keswick,' on a beautiful lake, north of Toronto, in July, D.V. After that we go to Camp Diamond, where I expect to be writing.

"Now I must be drawing to a close, or Mr. Hoste will be justified in saying that when I *do* write it is a book! How delightfully fresh and unusual he is. He spent a week with us in Dallas—never-to-be-forgotten days of blessing.

"We are running through an oil-field just now, and the scaffolding over the wells—tall, pointed pyramids on all hands—shows rich production. It is strange to find quite rough, uneducated men, and women too, settlers on the land out here, who have suddenly become millionaires and multi-millionaires, and do not know what to do with their money!"

"CAMP DIAMOND.

"*Aug. 18, 1931.*

"We are growing old, though we do not realize it as far as any change in our feelings goes. But a few months more will see us both in our seventieth year. We often wonder at our freedom from ill-health of any kind. Of course, we are conscious of some physical limitations—much more weariness than formerly in connection with our work, but we are thankful to be able for a good deal still of study, writing, travelling and meetings."

That summer at Camp Diamond and during the winter months in Philadelphia, Geraldine wrote *Hudson Taylor's Spiritual Secret*.

When she sent the first half of the book to Mrs. Robinson to be typed, she wrote: "We are hoping in this work to condense the two volumes of dear Father's biography into one small book, with a view to bringing out especially the spiritual message of his life. . . . We want to make the precious spiritual truths embedded (in a sense *buried*) in those two large volumes available to everybody in brief, inexpensive form. We shall be so thankful for your help in prayer in this matter."

One of the outstanding evangelical leaders in the States, Dr. V. R. Edman, President of Wheaton College, writes of this book: "To my mind it is one of the greatest classics in Christian biography. For years I have carried a copy with me for my own heart's good and instruction; and I have recommended it to hundreds of Wheaton College students and other young people in various parts of the world. My own life has been deepened immeasurably by the study of the *Secret*."

In the spring of 1932 Howard and Geraldine were in England to attend the Barnsley Centenary of Hudson Taylor's birth, speak at the Annual Meeting of the C.I.M. in London, and to be the hosts of the C.I.M. Swanwick Conference that year. It was a memorable time to many of their friends, and a very crowded one to them.

On the eve of leaving again, Geraldine wrote: "How we are to get through our packing and remaining visits I do not know." But they managed it all, and she wrote again from the ship:

"R.M.S. *Duchess of Richmond*.

"Aug. 5, 1932.

". . . And now we are on board this fine big ship, steaming steadily towards Belfast. The Channel is very quiet, and our cabin spacious and comfortable, so we are looking forward to a good rest and time for letter-writing.

"It was not easy leaving home this morning. So many dear friends came to the station to see us off.

"The last days were very full [here she mentions eight homes of relatives they had visited]. And then there was a second sad visit to Oxford. You remember I went there first after Swanwick

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to attend Veronica Hinkley's funeral. This time it was her mother who was laid to rest in the little cemetery, in the same newly-made grave."

This was a very real bereavement to Geraldine; Edith Hinkley was the Edith Fooks of her East London days.

Her letter ends:

"We are both well, though tired. I feel as if I could sleep for a week. . . ."

And so, after a parenthesis in England, they went back to their work in America. "We became thoroughly Americanized," Geraldine said once. Perhaps all their American friends did not see it so, but that many did and loved them for it is proved by their letters. Here is one from Miss Edith Robertson:

"Dr. and Mrs. Taylor seemed to fit so completely into every situation that we seldom thought of them as not being 'of us.' The English background was evident in their interest in the difference between the English and American use of words, and in the humour of the two countries. Dr. Taylor would often jot down in his little vest-pocket notebook Americanisms and American jokes to share with Henry and Karl Kumm.

"It was in Dr. Kumm's home that we came to know and love the Taylors. It is difficult to express in words the blessing that their friendship has brought to us. Their very presence was a benediction. Their gentleness, their selflessness and outflowing of thoughtfulness for others was as delightful as it was unique. Though much sought after they were humble, fitting into the homes of the lowly as graciously as into the homes of culture and wealth. In fact, Mrs. Taylor told me that some of the most precious times of spiritual fellowship during their extensive travels in many lands had been in homes that boasted little of this world's goods.

"Wherever Dr. and Mrs. Taylor went they were welcome guests. His cheerfulness, adaptability and friendliness and Mrs. Taylor's quiet but deep interest in people and their problems were, it seems to me, their outstanding characteristics. After meetings where they had spoken, people crowded to the front

to speak with them. I noticed that Mrs. Taylor concentrated her attention on the one she was talking with, seemingly oblivious to the others anxiously awaiting their turn. You felt in talking with her that your matters were of deep concern to her—as indeed they were. I have never met another person in whom this characteristic was so marked.

“Their devotion to each other and thoughtful consideration was beautiful to see. As Dr. Taylor was deaf, and used a hearing-aid, Mrs. Taylor was always careful to see that he was kept in touch with the conversation. I can still see his ‘telephone’ as we called it, being passed from one to another, so that he might take part in the conversation, or he would depend on Mrs. Taylor to repeat for him what one and another had said. This often required no little effort on her part, but she was always very gracious about it.

“At one of the last meetings they addressed in this country Dr. Taylor had spoken, and was returning to his seat on the platform. Mrs. Taylor was then introduced, and took her place at the lectern. Just as she was about to begin speaking, Dr. Taylor moved his chair forward, placing the ‘telephone’ in front of her. During the brief time for the necessary adjustment, Mrs. Taylor smiled and said to the audience: ‘It is always a matter of wonder to me that after all these years together my dear husband is still interested in what I have to say!’ The tact with which the incident was handled won the audience even before she began to speak. In a very remarkable way their lives and personalities were beautifully blended. We seldom thought of one without the other.

“I know of one instance when Mrs. Taylor was used to comfort and strengthen one who was going through deep waters, and had come to a time of crisis in her life. The Taylors were guests in her home, and had sensed the unhappiness there. Though both husband and wife were Christians, there were basic conflicts in personality which seemed to present insurmountable difficulties. The health of the wife was broken down under the strain. Seeking spiritual help, she poured out her heart to Mrs. Taylor, who listened with sympathetic understanding. Putting her arm round

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the broken-hearted wife, she said: 'My dear, God has entrusted you with a great sorrow. He knows your heart, He knows He can trust you, for to you His glory is of paramount importance. What the solution of your problem is, God only knows, but of this I am confident, if you keep looking to Him, He will give you strength and wisdom, and in His own time He will work out what will be to His glory and to your ultimate good.'

"Mrs. Taylor was truly God's messenger that day. Time has proved the wisdom of her counsel. The spiritual life of the wife was strengthened, and the many lessons learned through the deep trial have been used by God to help others in similar times of need."

Dr. G. H. Seville, now serving on the staff of the Faith Theological Seminary in Wilmington, Delaware, writes:

"In the Southern States, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were instrumental in making the C.I.M. and its work known to very many who had never even heard of the Mission, and who became interested, supporting by prayer and gifts after their meetings.

"Dr. Taylor was specially used in talks to young people . . . he was very much interested in the young, and was young in spirit himself. . . . He took pains to follow understandingly affairs of the government both national and local in America, and was sincerely interested in all that had to do with the welfare of the country. . . . While in this country, he identified himself with its affairs and people, not always approving all that was said and done, but even by his disapproval, when necessary, showing his desire and willingness to share in the life of those among whom his lot had been cast."

Dr. R. C. McQuilkin, President of the Columbia Bible College, remembers that "one of the things we noticed about Dr. and Mrs. Taylor here in Columbia was their happy and gracious appreciation of everything they saw in the city. It is one of our Lord's own characteristics, namely a joyful entering into everything that surrounds us, and an appreciation of all that is good. . . .

"Another thing which deeply impressed all who knew Dr. Taylor and his wife was the beautiful fellowship and love and

the appreciation of one another. Each entered fully into what the other was saying or doing.

“Columbia is one of those Southern cities that are very denominational. They do not ordinarily welcome missionary speakers outside their own denominations. However, we noticed a great difference when Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor came. We could not fill all the engagements offered. At one time Dr. Taylor spoke in fourteen different churches over a few days. This, of course, was partly due to the name, Hudson Taylor, and the reputation of the China Inland Mission.”

As they travelled about, meeting thousands of people, making contacts which to be of lasting value must be followed up either by themselves or by other workers, Geraldine kept a written record of their visits. It is in very brief form—notes or jottings, not in any sense a diary—but it is a very human document. One seems to share her interest in the lady who had ten children and five grandchildren, and who was only forty-nine. One cannot but smile when she notes that one friend was “hurt because I did not remember her,” or that “Mrs. X’s friend with the big feather was very cordial,” or again at “the oldest and perhaps warmest friend of the Mission, who had a C.I.M. prayer meeting every third Friday and was enthusiastic about giving,” and who said to Geraldine: “No money I spend makes me so happy. I feel like a boy going to a baseball game when I go to the bank to get a draft for the C.I.M.”

Over and over again the notes tell of people who eagerly bought and read the *Life of Hudson Taylor*. Once at a conference, “the pastor was so enthusiastic that before the meeting closed he had the books brought to the platform, and himself sold them to the audience by means of ushers.” On another occasion a real estate broker bought two hundred sets of the two-volume life.

Geraldine’s ready sympathy often drew out confidences, and there are scores of entries similar to the one which says that a “dear woman told me all about her daughter.” One says that they met a gentleman while travelling who was “always expecting his wife to come back,” and another tells of the man who gave \$20 for the Mission, but asked that no receipt be sent,

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because "he did not want his wife to know." Almost more pathetic is the millionaire's wife who apologized for her modest gift, explaining that she had only a small allowance to use as she wished.

Here and there we find little personal touches. One friend "gave me the little handkerchiefs," another "sent me the most beautiful flowers I have ever received," and a third, who was eighty-six years of age and "a lovely soul, full of blessing, is knitting me a scarf with 'prayers in every mesh.'"

Sometimes the homes are a delight because they are full of books, sometimes because of the children, oftenest for the real love which surrounded them from the moment of their arrival. Occasionally there are slight drawbacks, as when the note says: "A house full of canaries."

Ministers, too, differ from one another. We meet the "young Irish minister with a nice, efficient wife, who was casual until he found that his people were interested, and then grew interested himself." At another place there was a "tall, frail young clergyman, who said he just lived on Hudson Taylor's Life," and at yet another the note is: "X drove me to that strange church. The minister so cold. Sunday evening between 30 and 40 people." By way of contrast, another page mentions a large women's meeting: "The Pastor was there. It is a great church, very much like Archibald G. Brown's, a place one would feel at home in."

One might quote indefinitely, for the notes cover a period of ten years and mention hundreds of places in twenty-six different states, and refer by name to well above a thousand people. They show that deputation speakers have all but unlimited opportunities to keep and cultivate the fellowship of hearts, and that these two made it their business to do so. China was always first in their prayers, and when they spoke of China it was out of the abundance of the heart; but if there was a burden pressing on any life they touched, they were first of all the messengers of Christ crucified to the one with a nearer need.

This travelling work was of course not continuous, but they often did it for months at a time, and when they were not travelling, Geraldine was usually writing, and that work was an

almost greater strain upon her. Hers was an intense life always, but she knew the springs of renewal, especially "the comfort of the Scriptures." She loved the words of Romans 15:4 in Weymouth's version: "So that we may always have hope, through *the power of endurance* and the *encouragement* which the Scriptures afford."

It was in fellowship with her Lord she found the fullness which was abundantly sufficient, not only for her own need, but for the multiplicity of daily claims upon her.

XXXIV

Plenteous Grace

“E’en on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit’s help so meet:
E’en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.”

R. M. M’CHYNE

“ONE outstanding impression of the new China, received from the moment of landing in Shanghai and only deepened by visits in other cities, is that China has blossomed since we were here ten years ago, 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 coloured gowns, walking 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. This aspect of the new social order may be superficial, so are the flowers. But one feels their charm none the less.” So Geraldine wrote.

It was to make the acquaintance of this new China that she and Howard sailed from New York in December, 1932, on a Danish cargo boat. It was the only time they passed through the Panama Canal, which was an interesting experience.

“Hardly had we entered it before we were faced with a giant stairway—three great locks—which a large vessel in front of us was ascending. As we waited, it sailed away, some seventy or eighty feet above us, and our turn came next. It is no use to attempt to describe the marvellous mechanism by which we too went up. The chief wonder of it all was that it seemed so easy!

“It was raining, fine misty rain, and the beautiful hills, range

behind range, were shrouded in grey. We passed attractive-looking bungalows amid palms and big trees laden with red flowers. We did not see any crocodiles, but we were told that there were thousands in the jungles around us. It made me think of the African rivers, and I felt as if I were spending a day on the Congo at last, for the canal opened out into lakes, here and there, a mile or more in width. The sense of being in tropical Africa is my chief impression of the canal. Africa was one's first love, long ago, and still has a place in one's heart.

"This is Christmas Day, and we are steaming northward up the long coast of Mexico. The beauty of our surroundings it is impossible to describe—for in perfect weather we are gliding over a summer sea as blue and calm as the clear sky above. . . .

"Of the nights what can I say? To me they are a new and rich delight, for we are under southern skies, and can watch the rising and setting of beautiful unfamiliar constellations. This morning, when I came out on deck at 4 a.m., Sirius and Canopus, brightest of all the fixed stars, were shining in such glory that they made tracks of light across the ocean—only less brilliant than those of Venus and the rising moon, side by side—while the Southern Cross was coming up and Orion setting in all its splendour. For my birthday morning could anything have been more perfect as a setting for the hopes and memories, worship and thanksgiving that welled up from one's heart? Seven decades of 'goodness and mercy' lie behind us now, and it is wonderful to have our faces set toward China once again, and to know that there is no limit to the resources of grace which are ours in Him who came to earth—this little earth—long, long ago, and for whose glorious return we watch and pray."

"Jan. 1, 1933.

"In the sunshine of this New Year's morning my heart comes to you. We are just leaving Los Angeles for Yokohama, three-and-a-half weeks' crossing without seeing land. We are enjoying this homely cargo ship, carrying only three passengers beside ourselves. The Captain is a cheery, pleasant person, and we are good friends with all the Danish crew.

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“The books we have been asked to write will involve much travelling in China and study of new conditions. We need your prayers. . . .” The letter refers to evangelistic work in Paris, and continues: “It is only when one loves that one can help. But what a rest it is that the Lord Himself loves through us—that the very ‘love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.’ Yes, and He suffers too in us—for love must suffer as long as there is sin. We suffer, but it is God Himself who suffers most, just as He loves most; and what a privilege it is to share in some measure His love and His grief.”

The first months in China were spent in Hunan, seeing the great changes in many aspects of Chinese life and of missionary service. In May they travelled to Yünnan, and it was in the capital of that province that they lived for most of the time they were in China. Geraldine wrote there the *Life of Margaret King*. In the Foreword she said:

“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 grey 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; crowded markets and overflowing homes, throngs of country people coming in to buy and sell, flocks of boys and girls going to school or college, gay and sad processions, weddings, funerals, soldiers with military bands, and sometimes shackled prisoners led out to execution.”

And this comes from a letter:

“YÜNNANFU.

“June 10, 1933.

“I am writing alone in the little domain which has been given to me as a workshop—some unoccupied rooms above the street chapel. Here I sleep and write—only going to the Mission House, where dear Uncle is, for lunch and supper and for week-ends. He comes over often—it is not five minutes’ walk away. And

here I have my papers all round me, and can be alone and quiet for hours at a time. It is a wonderful provision of the Love whose understanding is infinite. The windows in these rooms look out to the beautiful hills around the city and to a glorious reach of starlit sky at night. Just now we are in the rainy season, and most days bring a steady downpour. That is why we cannot travel at present and have time for this other work. During the first three months we were in China we collected material for one of the books we have on hand—material that I am working on now. We hope when the beautiful dry weather of autumn comes to be able to visit many centres in this province, to study especially the work among the aboriginal tribes. . . .

“When you pray for us, do ask that there may be constant overflow of the love and grace of God, and that we may be strengthened physically for all the travelling and work. Endless opportunities press upon us. It is not easy to give oneself to study and writing with such needs all round. Pray too that the language may come back to us. We have much to be thankful for in this connection, but cannot give time to study as we long to do. It is such a joy and privilege to be here, if only we were thirty years younger!”

In August, Howard wrote:

“Half of *Margaret King* is written and the rest outlined, and in studying the Tribes I have been remarkably prospered.

“It so happened in the providence of God that the one man in all the world best able to help us with the background is spending the summer here prior to leaving China for good. You may know his name, Dr. Joseph F. Rock. He has been living among the Nasi, second cousins of the Nosu, and expects to produce a monograph on them. He has lent me twenty-three volumes, some of them rare and costly, on the Tribes. These I have carefully studied, giving half the summer to it, and taking copious notes. I could not do so well in the British Museum or the Congressional Library. Some of them are French, and all right here, where the long rainy season delays our travelling—torrential rains and appalling mountain roads.

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"Geraldine is delightfully well and working like a Trojan. We get up early and are able for a long day's work. . . . Pray about our arduous travels here in the autumn and winter, D.V."

When it was all behind them, Geraldine wrote again:

"HONG KONG HARBOUR.

"Feb. 9, 1934.

"At Christmas we were away travelling up in the mountains, visiting the tribal centres north of Yünnanfu. It was some of the toughest and most dangerous travelling we have ever had, but the joy of seeing hundreds of Miao and Nosu and Kopu Christians was a rich reward. Then, unexpectedly, when we came back to Yünnanfu, we found a cablegram awaiting us, asking us to come to the coast for consultation with Mr. Hoste about various matters. A few days later another cable reached us, asking if we could be in Los Angeles for Easter Sunday, for some weeks of 'important meetings.' I wonder whether you know how I shrink from 'important meetings'? But this seemed to be the Lord's guidance for us, so we are on the way. Our weakness does not matter, does it, nor even our emptiness if we are held and used by Him? It is such a joy to find Him really victorious in our inward experience.

"Two delightful ladies and a little girl with lovely flowers came up the companion-ladder as I was writing the above sentence and in here to the little saloon where I am writing, asking for 'Mrs. Taylor.' I did not know them, but they proved to be warm friends through reading some of our books. They had heard that we were on this boat, and came a long way and right across the harbour to see us. I wish I could give you the flowers they brought, and a share of the warm affectionate interest. . . . One of these dear ladies was German, and the other, I think, American. They could only be here for five or ten minutes, for the boat was just sailing, but we felt so drawn to one another, blessedly one in Christ!

"And now we are out of the harbour and are feeling the ocean swell. Are you a good sailor, I wonder? We enjoy all our

journeys, though sometimes one is glad to lie down and be quiet. I think I may this afternoon."

After some days in Shanghai, Howard and Geraldine paid a visit to Kaifeng, the capital of Honan, partly because they were irresistibly drawn to the province which had always been specially their own field, and partly to meet two nephews who were working as missionaries there, James Taylor, a grandson of Hudson Taylor, and Henry Guinness, the son of Geraldine's brother Whitfield. Howard wrote with his unfailing warmth:

"I wish you could have seen Henry last night. He and I were speaking at the service in the crowded hospital chapel—especially for the men and women nurses, coolies and other helpers: a very important service, so much of the real value of the work depends upon them. Henry spoke fluently and naturally, and he can not only speak, he can easily write a letter in Chinese characters!"

To find one of their own family so thoroughly a part of the new China was a very great cheer and pleasure to them, and their fellowship with James Taylor gave much cause for thanksgiving, for he was shouldering the burden of leadership, and giving his life for God in ways not unworthy of his name.

When they sailed from China, the MS. of *Margaret King's Vision* was finished, and Geraldine was looking forward to setting about her work on their second book, but a disappointment was waiting for her in Philadelphia, of which Howard tells in his straightforward way:

"PHILADELPHIA.

"June 25, 1934.

"*Margaret King's Vision* has to be drastically revised (at great cost to Auntie). A whole batch of letters that ought to have been sent to us eighteen months ago came after the book was finished! When your whole soul has been put into a book, that's hard! But Auntie takes it like the saint she is, and no doubt the finished product will be all the better for the soul-travail—gold refined in the fire.

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“Better not refer to this trial. Auntie’s sensitive. The revision of six chapters out of eleven is completed, but the next five may be more difficult. God help her! Pray.”

In her next letter, Geraldine herself referred to it:

“PHILADELPHIA.

“July 8, 1934.

“Here we are in the midst of devastating heat—quite like China—but we cannot leave for Camp Diamond, as our book is ready for the press and there are many matters to settle as to its production. Our Secretary here and his wife both have to be away, he through a breakdown and she after a serious operation, so these details of publication come to us.

“I can enter so deeply into your rest in the Lord in face of disappointment with regard to one’s hopes. When I found that the book I was enabled to complete in China was put back into my hands to be largely rewritten, it was at first no easy experience. Many letters written by Miss King were sent to us after the MS. was finished. I am working now very thankfully on these letters, rewriting all the latter half of the story to bring them in.

“ ‘Give me, my God, I pray
Out of myself to flee,
To hide my life in Thee
And there abide away.’

“Oneness with Christ meets every need, does it not?”

In November, 1934, she wrote in answer to a letter of confession:

“As I thank God for your letter the word that comes to me, for you as well as myself, is Ps. 51:8: ‘Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.’ I live so much in that Psalm, I never seem to get beyond it. Thank you, Darling, for sharing with me some of the deeper experiences. I understand it all so well from my own conflicts,

and I do praise the Lord for setting you free, through these confessions, to forget the past and go on in the joy of His salvation. Oh, may He uphold you with a free spirit, a 'right and steadfast spirit,' accepting the sacrifice of which your letter tells and which I so deeply share on account of my own failures. Your letter has helped me, bringing me nearer to Him who is 'the Truth' as well as 'the Way and the Life.'

"That word is so much with me, 'Thou desirest truth in the inward parts,' and this morning early, as I was praying over it, the thought came with comfort: 'Why, the Lord Jesus, abiding in me according to His promise, is just that—*Truth*, absolute, radiant Truth—in the inward parts.' And, Darling, this is our portion, however failing we may have been, through the blessed indwelling of the Spirit of Truth.

"Oh, may He indeed make us 'to hear joy and gladness'—'the joy of Thy salvation.' He wants His children to rejoice in Himself, even when sorrowing that we are not more like Him. 'With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.' I have been thinking about the wells of salvation lately. Thank God, they are open to us in His Word and in Christian fellowship. There is no desert in which He cannot open our eyes to see a well (Gen. 21:19). . . .

"The days have been very full of travelling and meetings all these past two months. When I look over the programme now, I hardly know how we have got through it. And most of the time Uncle and I have been separated, he going in one direction with younger fellow workers, and I in another. This has been in order that we might reach more places, but we have both felt the loss of the joy and help of being together. I am glad to say that for our last meetings before Christmas we are not to be apart. We go to Boston and Providence, D.V., returning in time to meet Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Fraser, as they travel via the States and Canada to China.

"We are both well, very well. To-morrow is Uncle's birthday—he is seventy-two years young!"

Geraldine had promised to begin work on the history of the North American branch of the China Inland Mission early in

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1935, and in the intervals between their deputation tours she was already working on a very detailed MS. written by Dr. Henry Frost, the Home Director of the C.I.M. in North America, in the form of an autobiography. She had been reluctant to undertake the work, knowing it would involve her in years of labour, years when she could not reasonably expect her strength to increase. Dr. Frost was attached to them both by ties of personal friendship, and he begged her to accept the task. "It shall be your last book," he assured her. "After that we will find you a nice little home somewhere." The prospect of quiet, of staying in one place, and of relief from the strain of writing books, was attractive—but not yet. When she looked up into the Master's face, all wish to rest before He called her to His presence melted away. She knew something of how much she owed, and courage to work was given.

In December, 1934, the cable which told of the death by the sword of the Communists of John and Betty Stam reached the Mission headquarters in Philadelphia. It was a shattering blow, for "we knew them intimately," Geraldine said as she remembered it. As the weeks passed, letters began to come telling the story of those last moments out on the hillside, and then more letters speaking of the influence of their lives.

1935 marked the seventieth anniversary of the founding of the C.I.M., and Howard was called to England to take part in the special meetings arranged to celebrate the jubilee. Geraldine did not go with him, as it was thought wise for her to go on with the work in hand. He was away four months.

It was while she was alone in their little flat in Germantown that the question arose in Geraldine's mind: "Shall I write about John and Betty Stam?" Having prayed for guidance, she made the decision, and between April and the end of June she did the work.

"It was a great experience to me. I wrote it and finished it before Howard came home. It took me three months of steady concentration. It involved studying the records of the Stam and Scott families and took much careful work. And there was the deep pathos of it all. It was heartrending, but a

great blessing to me, it went very deep," she said, remembering.

It was the only time she wrote a book quickly, and that in itself was a joy. With each of her other books something had caused delays. This time there was no hindrance. The book was in circulation by July. It came as a living word to many, "a disposing word." Here are two instances:

"We hope you read the story which was published in the last issue of *The Latin American Evangelist* about the Portuguese farmer who was saved in our hospital. The Holy Spirit used the story of the martyrdom of John and Betty Stam to break the man's rebellious heart. Much as they tried to get him to listen to the message of God's love in Christ Jesus, the nurses did not succeed.

"One day he asked for something to read, and they gave him the Spanish translation of *The Triumph of John and Betty Stam*. All day long he read the book, and the nurses going in and out of his room wondered to see the tears coursing down his cheeks. He was convicted of his impenitence. Could God forgive such a sinner as he? was his question. Presently he was kneeling at his bedside with the student nurse, seeking pardon. Afterwards he said: 'Now I do not mind the pain in my ear for the joy I have in my heart.' Thus, as of old, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Jorma Mannerö, from Finland, now serving the Lord in China in the ranks of the C.I.M., tells what the little book meant in his life:

"Soon after I was converted as a boy of sixteen, my father received a book from England. After reading it, he said to me: 'Here is a very good book; will you promise me to read it?' Then I made one of the inspired mistakes of my life. Had I known what the book was about I would not have promised, but the Lord had His hand in it, and I promised. My father handed me the book, and I read the title page, *The Triumph of John and Betty Stam*, by Mrs. Howard Taylor. The reason why I was unwilling to read this book was that it was about China, and though I anticipated going to some mission-field to serve the Lord, China was the one country on the face of the globe to

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which I was not willing to go. Nothing connected with China had any attraction for me. But I had promised, and I could not break my word. Very reluctantly, I began to read, at first only a page or two a day. As I laid it down I would say to myself: 'This book *must not* have any influence over me; China is still that awful China in spite of it.' But I could not resist the Spirit, and He dominated every page of that book. I read there not only the interesting story of two consecrated lives, but an inspired message of God to my heart. It was a strong appeal to consecrate my life wholly to the Lord. Now I can say that the book revolutionized my life, and I am one of the many who are in China to-day as a result of the writing of *The Triumph of John and Betty Stam*. I translated the book into Finnish, and the edition soon sold out. I know it has been a blessing to many in my country."

That autumn they were in Philadelphia, working on the Life of Dr. Frost. It did not make the task easier that he himself was living there, following the growth of the biography with eager interest. He read the book chapter by chapter as it was written. Although the situation guaranteed accuracy with regard to actual facts, it must have been a check on the biographer's freedom, and would to most people have presented an impossible situation. But once Geraldine had recognized the guidance of God about a book, she refused to count any situation impossible. That there are enablings for all His commands she had proved too often to doubt now.

The work took three years, one reason being the vast amount of material which had to be handled, another her "often infirmities"; for although she still says, "We are well, thank God," at frequent intervals, the records of those years show that there were many days when she cannot have felt well. Writing from Philadelphia early in December, 1936, she said:

"It is strange that when we mean so much to each other we write so seldom—and the fault is mine. I have more than one welcome letter from you here, acknowledged by dear Uncle (who is so good at supplying my deficiencies), but that I have

never answered. I do want to do differently. In these days of quietness and pain (I am laid up with a badly sprained foot and leg) the Lord has been speaking to me about many matters. He has been showing me amongst other things the preciousness of family relationships—the love He has given us which makes up so much of the strength and joy of life. On my part it has had such poor expression, and life's little opportunity is passing so quickly.

“Isn't it wonderful how the Holy Spirit, when He is really in control, makes difficult things easy and (to us) impossible things possible? The very thing in me that makes it, often, difficult to write to those I hold dearest, keeps me silent too, alas, to the One we love best. How often Psalm 32:3, 4, has been my experience—and the rest of the Psalm too, thank God! Oh, the blessedness of being filled afresh with the Holy Spirit, who in spite of all our unworthiness is in us and with us for ever.

“I do not know just how, but in the suffering and quietness (enforced) of the past two weeks, He has taken possession afresh of my whole being, so that everything looks different and nothing is difficult any more. I have been, of late, so weary and ineffective. My writing work has been largely at a standstill, and everything has seemed too much for one's strength. I have put it down to growing old (entering one's seventy-fifth year on Christmas Day, you know!), but now I find it is not that at all. It has been—well, just *not* being filled with the Spirit. But now I see in a new way that the Lord Jesus is willing and able to take the place of self—yes, even at seventy to eighty years of age. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, how glorious and how precious He is! Thank God, there is a Gospel for saints as well as for sinners. Gal. 2:20 never grows old, does it?

“Thank you for your loving sympathy in our loss of our dear friend, Mr. Coleman—a friend of the last thirty-six years. We miss him sorely. There was never a cloud between us, but the Lord who gave him to us in such wonderful friendship is more precious than all His gifts, and He remains.

“We are both wonderfully well, really in perfect health for our age, thank the Lord.”

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“PHILADELPHIA.

“March 28, 1937.

“It is Easter Day, and how I have longed for you, that we might worship and rejoice together! Early this morning—but I cannot tell it—views of truth beyond words. Unfoldings of His eternal purposes—movings of His Spirit. How blessed are such experiences. . . .

“You wrote of hymns, yes, I too greatly delight in hymns. Do you know a special favourite of mine, ‘My soul awake, thy rest forsake’? A morning hymn, full of vision and brightness. . . .”

The long letter then closes: “I must not add, it is bed-time Uncle reminds me, and early to-morrow I begin a fresh chapter. The last, finished yesterday, we lay at His feet with thanksgiving.”

The spring and summer of that year were spent at Cushing, in outward quiet, but the notes Geraldine made in her early hours of meditation show that she was assailed at times inwardly and hard pressed by the enemy. Never on any page is there a note of defeat or of retreat. She found the plenteous grace in Christ, and rallied her strength to resist and to triumph.

Though what she recorded of those early hours is the Holy Place of her sanctuary, she would be the first to open it to any who might find comfort there. There is a Holy of holies known only to her Lord.

The pages which shall be quoted now may bring to some readers the very love of God in its strength. Others will read without receiving. What then? No harm is done, no loss is caused, and to some few there may be great gain.

“CUSHING.

“June 12, 1937.

“‘His inheritance in the saints.’ Eph. 1:18.

“The saints are many, age by age, but each must be a contribution to that inheritance, or fail of God’s purpose and longing. What am I contributing to His inheritance to-day? As in a garden there are many trees and shrubs and flowers, and each contributes

its own nature, beauty, fruitfulness, and the husbandman rejoices in each as well as in the whole. What does He want me to contribute to-day? Lord, enlighten the eyes of my heart, that I may indeed know."

"June 25, 1937.

"[After obtaining the outline of Chapter 19, 'Something Different.']

"I must be patient while the confusion of mind about a chapter lasts. I must quietly absorb all the details, without struggling to place them in order—much—just let them sink in, overlooking nothing, straining nothing. Then, in due time, prayer prevails to bring out the sequence and relation of the facts, and the meaning of it all for us. Praise the Lord!

"In quietness and confidence.

"Your work of *faith*."

"July 8, 1937.

"'There was not a city too high for us.' Deut. 2:36.

"'Go in this thy might . . . have not I sent thee?' Judges 6:14.

"True in the spiritual warfare, and of the remaining chapters of the book.

"1 Thess. 5:23, 24 is no unattainable ideal. The power of the precious blood of Jesus makes it simply real and true for us. His blood has infinitely more power to do this very thing in me than I have ever realized—*Laus Deo!*"

"July 13, 1937.

"It is really wonderful these days, how persistently and with what understanding the Holy Spirit is using the Word of God to strengthen and comfort me. Again and again I realize it as my deepest heart-need is quietly, adequately met in some unexpected way that comes as a surprise. It is so this morning. Oh, the mountains of difficulty I am facing now as I begin Chapter 24. But I am gently, effectively reminded that my Lord understands.

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“‘Have not I commanded thee?’ and then, quite unexpectedly, Is. 35:3, 4: ‘Strengthen ye the weak hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees; saying unto them that are of a fearful heart, *Be strong, fear not; Behold your God . . . He will come and save you.*’ He understands it all better than I do myself. He is sufficient for it all. What can I do but praise Him? He gives and strengthens *faith* about it day by day—‘Alpha and Omega.’”

“July 14, 1937.

“‘With God all things are possible.’ Matt. 19:26.

“O great mountain, thou shalt become a plain!

“With God—*possible*.

“‘Over the past, into the present, for all the future—I trust, I trust, I trust.’ Catherine Booth.”

“July 16, 1937.

“Taking into account all the facts of the case, ‘*Renewed—day by day.*’ 2 Cor. 4:16.

“Yes, the outward man is perishing.

“Yes, the heart would faint.

“Waking late this morning (6.30) after hours of sleeplessness last night, I should have been discouraged—but the Lord Himself *made haste to comfort*. And oh, what wealth opens up from His Word through this truth applied by His Spirit. Uplifting, transforming, overwhelming in grace and glory: *Divine Renewal*.

“‘Transformed by the renewing of your mind.’ Rom. 12:2.

“‘We faint not . . . *though.*’ 4:16.

“‘While we look not at . . . but at . . .’ 4:18.

“‘Strength renewed . . . to walk and not faint.’ Is. 40:31.

“‘Always to pray . . . not to faint.’ Luke 18:1.”

“July 17, 1937.

“‘I will bring *the blind* by a way that *they know not*; in paths that *they know not* will I lead them: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These things *will I do*,

and I will not forsake them.' Is. 42:16. Given me this morning as I face this wilderness of material for Chapters 24 and 25."

"July 20, 1937.

"*'My help cometh from the Lord.'*

"It comes, that is the point!

"Finds me out just where I am. Ps. 119:41, 77.

"Fits the case, meets my need. Ps. 9:14, 46:1.

"I am poor and needy, yet . . . Ps. 40:17, 2 Cor. 1:3."

"July 23, 1937.

"How wonderful! For more than fifty years, I have lived (inwardly) in Phil. 3, and now, this morning, the Lord has brought me so unexpectedly into Phil. 4. It was a summer day, a beautiful July day at Cliff, when Phil. 3:10 was first given to me—there in the wide window of Mother's sitting-room. It has moulded life ever since. And now, fifty-three years later, I am just as conscious of being led into Phil. 4, especially vv. 4-7.

"As the MS. goes out of my hands shortly—while I still face the mountain-high difficulties of the closing chapters, our Lord's attitude at the close of His earthly ministry means so much: utter surrender to and confidence in God, and 'gentleness known unto all men.'"

"Sept. 30, 1937.

"*'Kept by the power of God.'*

"A broken tooth last night, extraction of root to-day. . . . All this would have put me off work; and I was feeling far from well as I sat down at my desk this morning, about 6 a.m.

"Looking up to the Lord, the word came, quietly, 'direct, direct your hearts into . . .' I looked it up. 2 Thess. 3:5. And what a precious ministry of the Spirit followed. Directed into 'the love of God and the patience (or endurance) of Christ.' And it is all connected with *work*, not slackness. The whole passage is just what I need. vv. 3-16."

So with deepening reality she learned to sing:

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“Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art, ‘
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!”

XXXV

Fortitude

“Royal is the sword we wield,
Royal is our battle-field,
Royal is our victory,
Royal shall our triumph be.”

H. BONAR

THERE are moments of inspiration in the life of every true soldier of Christ when the glory of His service shines clearly, and the soul expands with exultant praise. There is strength in the fact of election to fight under His captaincy in the stupendous war against satanic hosts. But we are human and we are tempted: both right things, for they are an essential part of the warfare. It behoves Christ, the Captain of our salvation, to vanquish His enemies with weak weapons to prove finally His conquest of them. It is because of this that He allows those to whom He has entrusted any share in His campaign to be pressed by outward things, and to learn the weakness of their own ineffectual strivings. Where there is faith at all, it is these very experiences which increase faith, and faith is the victory—His victory.

As the years grew heavy upon Geraldine—and upon Howard too, who was one month older than she—things that had been easily borne earlier, weighed wearily. The climb up the last reaches of the hill of life felt very steep, and made the Guide daily more needed and more dear.

One of the hard tests was the assault upon her garrison of peace as the news from China broke in upon her seclusion and security. To know of fearful storms raging where your heart lives, while you are in a quiet haven yourself, calls for a special courage of the mind. Very tenderly the Lord taught her to trust Him for that. She wrote it down as she heard Him say it.

“May 15, 1938. Ventnor. Listen, My own, China shall arise

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in newness of life. China shall be Mine—a peculiar treasure—purified, redeemed. I have My purposes for China. Can you trust them? Remember My wounds, My hands, My feet, My side. Have you misgivings about Me?

“It is not Japan you have to pray about, or the railway, or Honan or Hankow. Am I not watching over the evil? Remember this morning the depth and length and breadth and height. Trust the love that passes knowledge. Come into oneness with purposes you cannot yet understand, because they are My purposes. Is not that enough? Remember Calvary.

“I am lifting China up to a high place on My heart. Let your prayers work with Me. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.

“Oh, Lord, forgive, cleanse, do a deeper work in my heart. Ps. 131. ‘Stilled and quieted.’ Matt. 11. ‘Not offended.’

“Contrast:

<i>“Offended</i>	<i>Humbled</i>
“Matt. 11:6, 24:10.	1 Pet. 5:6
“John 16:1, 4, 12, 22.	Is. 57:15.”

Then there were nearer things. While they were in Philadelphia one winter, they noticed a man selling papers on a street corner which they passed every Sunday when they went to church. His expression was defiant, but they smiled at him, and as Geraldine put it, “one day we ventured to stop and talk to him.” They asked him in to the Mission Home to see them, and gradually overcame his prejudice against all Christians. He was a Communist. After a time he professed conversion, but, watching him, Geraldine was troubled. In October, 1937, she wrote:

“Yesterday, Sunday, was much exercised about our Communist friend. He came and was keenly interested in the passages we read—his response to the Bible is wonderful. But I long for more definite signs of spiritual life. He seems to have forgotten that he confessed Christ as his Saviour at Keswick.¹ But this

¹ Keswick, U.S.A.

morning, how graciously the Lord met and comforted me. The Psalm in M'Cheyne's reading, the 87th. It says all my heart could wish, and the Holy Spirit so definitely opened it up to me this morning in connection with prayer for W. that I cannot, dare not doubt that the Lord has begun a real work in his heart. May He guide and use us as workers together with Him, the God of all patience."

"Nov. 27, 1938.

"Thinking and praying for W.; Howard has gone out in the snow to take him to the men's Bible Class at Bishop Culbertson's Church. 'Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried that grace can restore. . . .' Because He is high enough, God can see deep enough *to love*. Eph. 2:4, 5."

What came of it? Ten years later their "Communist friend" said:

"I used to sell magazines and papers at the corner of one of our Germantown streets, and Dr. and Mrs. Taylor used to pass by on Sunday on their way to church. I did not know they were connected with the China Inland Mission or anything about them, but they always smiled and sometimes stopped to talk some, and they seemed very nice. I was not interested in people who called themselves Christians. The ones I knew were just 'fakers,' and I didn't want that kind of Christianity. But Dr. and Mrs. Taylor seemed different, and I liked them a lot, in fact I thought they were the best I'd ever seen.

"They invited me to come to the China Inland Mission on Sunday afternoons, and they helped me a lot. Sometimes I brought my boy and my girl Violet with me.

"Later on when I was sick I had to go to the Germantown hospital, and Dr. Taylor came over to see me. I had to go to hospital the next year too, and Dr. Taylor always came to see me. They were the best friends I had. They were so nice to the nurses too.

"After my second time in hospital I needed to get built up,

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and Dr. Taylor asked me if I would go down to the Keswick Colony in New Jersey, but I told him I thought the people there were 'fakers.' He was always so quick to answer, and he said: 'All right, if you think they are fakers, why not go and find out for yourself?' I figured out that if he was willing to send me down there, I might as well take him up on it and go. After I was there I soon found out how nice the people were, and what a fine work they were doing with the men in the colony, and I found out too that these friends were real Christians, just like the Taylors, so I thought it would be a good idea to accept the Lord as my Saviour, and I have never regretted it.

"I did not want Dr. and Mrs. Taylor to go to England because I had a 'hunch' war was coming. After they arrived in England I used to hear from Dr. Taylor, but now Mrs. Taylor can't see so well, so I don't hear from her."

Besides things of this nature, there was always the burden of the book, and of increasing limitations, which made the work a long and laborious one. In the summer of 1937, after months of steady concentration without the variety of much social touch with other lives, both Howard and Geraldine were run down in health. Unexpectedly, a relative sent them a gift to use on something extra for themselves. They went away for a week's holiday in the heart of Montreal. Geraldine wrote from there to Miss Beeson:

"My letters to you are sadly few and far between, I know. It is not that I do not want to write, but the pressure of our present task leaves me no time or strength, as you know. The occasion of this present note is that I have had to break off from writing and even thinking about the MS. for a little while, on account of overstrain, partly due to the unusual heat of this summer. I have been laid up with lumbago, sciatica and other rheumatic troubles, and at the same time Dr. Taylor has had a badly inflamed eye. For a week or two we were pretty low, and then an unexpected gift reached us (£5) with the definite request from one who knew nothing about our special need

that we use it for a little change of scene and relaxation. This was such a sweet token of our Father's care, that it greatly cheered us. As soon as we were able for it we packed up and went to Montreal. And how we enjoyed it! The bustle and even the noise of a great city were so refreshing. You see we are Londoners after all."

Back in Cushing after their little holiday in the city, Geraldine wrote to the giver of the gift:

"Howard's eye is almost well now, and my lumbago is disappearing, thank the Lord. Our hearts are full of gratitude to Him and of loving thoughts of you. It is not only the gift which made this holiday possible that is so precious, it is the thoughtfulness of your love for us, now that we are growing old. For we *are!* We are nearing our seventy-fifth birthdays, and are not equal to the long hours of work as formerly. And we are missing the bracing air of Camp Diamond, not to speak of the wonderful fellowship of our dearest friend in this country, who has been one year already in the Better Land. But we are very happy in one another and in the Lord. He does indeed make our cup to run over; and we often speak of His goodness to us all through our lives."

With characteristic care that no wrong impression should be given, Howard added a note:

"Your dear letter and gift were very timely. We were in need of a change, and it decided Geraldine to go away with me for a short holiday. Geraldine was not ill, only tired out, like a missionary needing furlough. To be quite frank, we did not really *need* the money. But your loving suggestion and your generous gift were the deciding points in my Dear One's mind."

Just before they had their trip to Montreal, Geraldine had written one morning:

"Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Can He be? Yes. The mighty One, who moved upon the face of the waters, and out of chaos brought life and beauty and ordered perfection—straitened so that He cannot work thus in me. 'He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.' Straitened by my self-pleasing, neglect, inward indifference, slackness (the

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ungirt loin and untrimmed lamp), my wandering of heart or even unbelief.

“ ‘Blessed are they that mourn.’

“ ‘Create in me . . .’ Ps. 51. ‘My hope is in Thee.’ Ps. 39:7.”

“VENTNOR.

“*May 18, 1938.*

“ ‘Firm (steadfast) unto the end.’ Hebr. 3:6, 14.

“Guided in thought to John 5:13-6:16. Victory to the finish, step by step. His word for me to-day for these last three chapters and for all the revision and publication.”

“*July 11, 1938.*

“ ‘Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.’ Ps. 118:25. Neh. 1:11. Ps. 1:6, 3.

“Final arrangements to be made to-day with Dr. Glover and Mr. Scudder about pictures, binding, loose cover. Lord, it is *Thy* book.”

“*July 18, 1938.*

“ ‘Effectual working.’ Is. 28:29. Eph. 3:7, 4:16. Luke 1:37, 45.

“Lord—the article, the loose cover, the binding, the pictures, the block, the initial letters, the introduction, the folder. My packing, cleaning of clothes, two letters, the parcel.”

No detail was forgotten before the Lord. Was that why she was always wonderfully careful about the least things?

“PHILADELPHIA.

“*Nov. 25, 1938.*

“ ‘Behold I make all things new.’ As we enter our seventy-seventh year. The freshly fallen snow on this bright morning (Howard’s birthday) calls forth the joy and eagerness of the children downstairs. I hear their merry voices, the Lord bless

them! And we are His little children. Lord, renew the freshness, joy and expectation of our hearts in Thyself. 'Newness of life.' 'Life more abundantly'—His purpose for us, even at seventy-six! And His power is behind it. Leaving this week for the West Coast, D.V."

Writing on Christmas Day, her own birthday, she said:

"It has been such a happy day for us, here in our Californian bungalow near the sea. . . . We are here on the West Coast for a series of meetings, and are resting first in a bungalow that has been lent to us for a few weeks. As we have help only one day a week, we are kept pretty busy with practical matters, including cooking. I wish you could see us now in our bright little kitchen, so cosy and homelike."

By Faith: Henry W. Frost and the China Inland Mission had appeared in the early autumn of 1938, just in time for the jubilee of the North American branch of the Mission. It was comforting to realize that the very slowness had made it come in perfect time. The winter of that year and the spring of 1939 were spent doing deputation work in California. It was while they were over in the West that Howard and Geraldine received a letter from Mr. G. W. Gibb, then the General Director of the C.I.M. in Shanghai, asking them to write the Life of J. O. Fraser, who had been suddenly called Home from work he loved among the Lisu of West China and from a position of trust and responsibility in the Mission. Mr. Gibb pointed out that this biography would give them the opportunity of using the valuable material about the Tribes which they had lying by.

Dr. Canfield remembers that the proposal that they should write the book was quickly followed by a letter from London suggesting that they should move over to England to do the work, with a view to settling there for their retirement. "Though they said nothing to us about it, we felt sure that this was a keen disappointment to them. They had spent a good many years on this side and had a great many friends here, and it was all too

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apparent from the situation in Europe that America was a better choice from the standpoint of a peaceful retirement than England. There was not a word of disappointment, much less of murmuring. On their last morning with us at Los Angeles, Mrs. Taylor remarked that she had been thinking of the words in Philippians 3:13: 'Stretching forward to the things which are before.' There is this note in her Bible at Philippians 3:14: "'I press on'—the finish is the thing. So many fail at the end."

In the light of Dr. Canfield's letter, Geraldine's brief notes from those months need no explanation:

"ESCONDIDO.

"Feb. 18-21, 1939.

"Passages given me after Mr. Gibb's letter came:

"Gen. 35. 'Arise, go up to Bethel and dwell there. . . . And God appeared unto Jacob again . . . and blessed him.'

"Is. 50. 'Therefore have I not suffered myself to be overcome . . . therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know. . . .'

"KINGSBURY.

"March 4-7, 1939.

"Matt. 14:29. 'And He said, *Come.*'

"Luke 9:1-4, 22-24. 'Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.'

"The will of God, nothing more, nothing less, nothing else. 'My times are in Thy hand. . . .' Thou sweet, beloved will of God."

"LOS ANGELES.

"April 5, 1939, 5-12 a.m.

"After a long talk with Howard—

"'So He bringeth them to their desired haven. . . .' Ps. 107:30.

“ ‘He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry, and will save them.’ Ps. 145:19.

“ ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul.’ ”

“LOS ANGELES.

“April 26, 1939.

“Lord, a home for our old age, to show forth Thy faithfulness. Ps. 92:12, 91:16, 92:14, 15.”

The next entry in her notebook reads as follows:

“Sailed, Saturday June 10.

“Arrived London, Thursday June 19.

“Wednesday June 28, found the little house.

“To-day, Wednesday July 12, the Lord showed me that July 26 (the date when the house would be available) will be just three months from the day of my prayer in Los Angeles. Only three months from the ‘word’ to its fulfilment.”

“July 31, 1939.

“ ‘The Lord and Giver of Life.’ ‘The Prince of Life.’ ”

“A home may be a place of death, even the home at Bethany, the home of those Jesus loved. On April 26 in Los Angeles, Lord, I asked Thee for a home. But, now, our need is—Life! Life for spirit, soul *and body*; to occupy the home to Thy glory and to finish our task.

“Life is His glory, not death. Lord, I wait for Thy working. ‘He shall ask, and God shall give him life. . . .’ 1 John 5. Lord, I ask—for Howard, for myself. ‘Lazarus, Come forth!’ ‘Loose him, and let him go.’ Stand on Rom. 4:17.”

“Aug. 3, 1939, 5.30–8 a.m.

“ ‘Thy faithfulness’—truly in these days like a gracious mantle wrapping us round and like the infinite blue arching overhead. It has been our experience since the call to England came. We were in California in the midst of a full programme of meetings; and now we are fitted in to life in the dear old home-country

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again, provided with even more for rest and work and comfort than we had asked or thought. . . .”

In a long letter written to set at rest the hearts of loving American friends who were anxious about them, Geraldine has told the story of the Lord’s provision for them in great detail:

“36 THE RIDGEWAY,
“SOUTHBOROUGH,
“KENT.

“*September, 1939.*

“It was in the midst of a serious war scare, as you know, that we arrived in England. The first thing to do, by Government orders, was to procure gas masks, and the second to arrange for residence out of London, as people not needed for definite jobs in the great city might have to evacuate at short notice. Our Mission was arranging for the permanent staff to move in whole or in part to Tunbridge Wells, and the suggestion of our Home Director that we should consider living in that neighbourhood was the more welcome as my cousin, the Rev. H. G. Thompson, is now Vicar of St. Peter’s, Southborough. . . . So to Tunbridge Wells we went, or to Southborough rather, where we were received into the ever-open home of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, near the beautiful Common.

“The first day’s search for rooms was not encouraging. We needed board-residence not only for ourselves, but for my husband’s sister also, who wished to make her home with or near us. . . . Back in California, when the call first came to undertake the work which has necessitated our return to England, we received definite assurance from the Lord that He would provide the little home needed. And it is about His answer to many prayers that I want to tell you. . . .

“Before evening that very first day of our search, Mr. Thompson said: ‘There is just time to take you to one more address not far from here.’ So we stepped into the car again, and he drove us to a little house that had at once a home-like appeal.

. . . We stopped at a gateway into a garden full of roses, and knocked at the door of a little house named *Ebenezer*. The moment we crossed the threshold we knew that it was a home in which the Lord was loved. The name on the gate, and the illuminated texts on the walls, told their own tale. . . .”

Geraldine’s description of the three small rooms, and above all of the view and the delight of the flower-filled garden, witness to her enthusiasm over the least detail of the goodness of God. And then she told how she was wonderfully led to a house nearby, where she had been able to rent very suitable rooms for her sister-in-law, and finishes: “Truly, we have to do with a real Father, a wonderfully understanding Father, in our infinite and almighty God. How He loves to make the cup of His trusting children to run over!

“And even this is not all; for no sooner were we settled into our little home on The Ridgeway than the Lord sent to us a most dear and efficient helper to forward the work that we have in hand. Thirty years ago, when we were writing the first volume of the biography of our dear father [Hudson Taylor], this friend was our secretary, and copied every word of the MS. for the printer. Now, entirely apart from our seeking or her planning, she has been set free for a time from her regular post and has come back to us, more devoted and efficient than ever. And the wonderful thing is that this has been arranged without expense to us, to her or to the Mission—truly the Lord’s doing, and marvellous in our eyes.

“So we do want you to praise the Lord with us for all His goodness in these and many other ways since we returned to England. It has not been unaccompanied with trial. My dear husband has been seriously ill with digestive trouble and sleeplessness. He has lost more than twenty pounds in weight, and has far to go to get back his normal health and joyousness of spirit. . . .

“And now darker days are upon us in another sense, calling for new and ever deeper reliance on the faithfulness of God. The very day we came into this home, the war broke out in Europe which is involving us all. . . .

“How true it is that we do not keep step with the world

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because 'we march to other music!' So let us go forward together with a song of praise, attuned to the glorious heavenly chorus to which our hearts are listening-in—Rev. 19:6, 7 and 11:15-18.

"Yours in the joy of the Lord,
"M. GERALDINE TAYLOR."

In a personal letter written at the same time, she shows more of the innermost:

"SOUTHBOROUGH.

"September 29, 1939.

"More and more we realize that it is the Lord who has brought us home to England at this time, and who has given us this resting place on our pilgrimage. Dwelling-places to us now are more like wayside inns than they used to be; and *Ebenezer* is a very acceptable one. I wish you could share the sunshine and beautiful outlook from my little upstairs room this morning. . . ."

Speaking of Howard's insomnia and very poor health, she went on: "We are grateful for your fellowship in prayer that he may be fully restored, and that we may learn all the lessons, and enter into all the blessing the Lord has for us in the trial. I do love the passage in Hebrews 12, that tells something of the 'needs be' for such experiences. 'God dealeth with you' says so much, 'dealeth with you as with sons, that ye may be. . . .' The end is worth it all—yes, and the process brings Him very near, does it not?

"But I must not write on. The work on the material for the new book is very absorbing. Mr. J. O. Fraser's mother, now over eighty, has given us all his letters to her, from 1908 when he first went to China—an unbroken series—and we are finding them rich in many ways. Truly he went on with the Lord—from faith to faith, from grace to grace. And he was so practical and well-balanced, with just that saving sense of humour which is such an asset spiritually! Do pray for God-guided insight and understanding, as we work on day by day."

At the request of the Home Director of the C.I.M., Geraldine

broke off her work on the biography for a short time that autumn to prepare a small devotional book for Christmas, *The Untroubled Heart*. The seventh chapter especially, "The Secret of Endurance," was the fruit of her own tested experience. It is a meditation on the passage which had spoken to her when the move from America was being weighed, Isaiah 50:4-7, and especially the words "He wakeneth morning by morning," to give strength and encouragement "which are born of the Scriptures." On the morning after the little book reached her in print, she wrote:

"EBENEZER.

"Saturday, December 2.

"[When the little book came.] 'From me is thy fruit found.' 'Be not faithless—but believing.'"

Early in the New Year, she read in the *Sunday School Times* of the Student Foreign Missions Fellowship, and greatly encouraged she notes: "It is on the original Student Volunteer lines, very clear and out and out. So 'God fulfils Himself in many ways.' And perhaps He had this in mind in calling us home to write this book. What better missionary ideal could young people have before them than J. O. Fraser? But He only can give it. 'Lord, let Thy work appear unto Thy servants.' 'Out of weakness were made strong.'"

Howard's health was not improving, and depression very often held him prisoner. It was unlike him, and a sore trouble to Geraldine. But she knew the place of strength. One day in February, 1940, her notebook record is:

"'Not carnal—but mighty through God.' 'The weapons of our warfare.' 2 Cor. 10:4. After leaving my Dear One last night, I came in here and prayed, *prayed*. I appealed to the mercies and compassions of God our Father—'the Father of our spirits.' This morning he came into my room late (6 o'clock) saying, 'Such a good night!' and 'The joy of the Lord has come back to me.'

"Before he came, the word in Lam. 3 had been given to me: 'The mercies of the Lord, *surely* they are new every morning,

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surely His compassions fail not.' ” And underneath she wrote in parentheses: “A whole week of good nights followed. *Laus Deo!*”

On April 15th, 1940, she records with faith's courage: “I receive from Him now these chapters, four and onwards, the growth of a soul through it all. I go upon His word. Is. 51:16. And for my Dear One, too, v. 14. And for the Covering Hand, v. 16. It is done. I receive it in faith now.”

On April 25th: “He hath heard . . . my cry about Chapter Four. I am helped. I will praise.”

On June 3rd, 1940, she looks back over the year in England, and records the fulfilment of all the things she had asked before leaving Los Angeles, and adds to the list a crowning mercy, “and so many friends!” Then she continues:

“Lord, what more can I ask?

“For my Dear One, healing, sleep, restoration. For myself, contentment, fruitfulness—‘pleased with all the Lord provides; weaned from all the world besides.’ For the three homes (their own, Howard's sister's and Miss Beeson's) that Thou wilt indeed *plant us in*—in the affections of our hosts, and in Thy blessing on them in all ways—and that Thou wilt, here, give peace, protecting these houses from danger, sickness and all evil; thus graciously confirming Thy good gifts. ‘No good thing will He withhold.’ Praise the Lord!”

On the eve of her birthday that year she meditates on “access in prayer” and notes: “Believing prayer for my Beloved, asking *life* for him, for spirit, soul and body. ‘According to His divine power hath granted unto us all things that pertain to life and godliness.’

“And then, when he came in (6.45 a.m.) he was quite different from last night—so cheered and full of thankfulness. He said he had had the ‘best night this year.’ He had slept seven hours—wonderful!”

Two days later: “Lessons learned this Christmastide:

“Strength and steadiness in the work.

“Care and thoughtfulness for others.

“Love and fitness for the King.”

And so as the year closed, we see that the Lord had made her

strong to bear all the trials as they came. She had dreaded them, and she felt them, but His grace was sufficient, and she was steadily faithful in seeking His face, looking to Him, so that she was radiant, and her face was not confounded, nor was her Lord ashamed; He won in her His royal victory.

XXXVI

Another shall Gird Thee

"In heav'nly love abiding, no change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding, for nothing changes here.
The storm may roar about me, my heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me, and can I be dismayed?

His wisdom ever waketh, His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh, and I will walk with Him."

A. L. WARING

IT will be remembered that it was late in the summer of 1940 that the German Air Force made their "blitz" attack on Britain. There is no need to write here of those grim months, but it will be of interest to read Geraldine's letter written at the time.

"EBENEZER,

"SOUTHBOROUGH.

"October 16, 1940.

"VERY DEAR FAMILY AND INNER CIRCLE,—Our hearts go out to you in special love and remembrance these days, when we are all compassed with conditions which would cause anxiety but for the peace that passes understanding. . . . Our Lord's words to His enemies and to those who loved Him in earth's blackest night are much with me: 'This is your hour and the power of darkness'; and to His own, 'What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?' . . .

"But you will be wanting some news of us under present conditions. Psalm 23 tells it all. . . . Never have we been more thankful for the love and prayers of which your letters tell. . . . On the direct route as we are between the south coast and the great city, we have plenty of air activity. Yet our hearts are kept in peace. We are both wonderfully well, considering all things. We can hardly believe that we are nearing our seventy-ninth

year, but so it is. What a vista of goodness and mercy! We are still enjoying our little home on The Ridgeway with its rose-garden and wide outlook over wooded hills. These are often lightened up at night by vigilant searchlights, but the stars shine down just as calmly, and the 'All Clear' generally sounds before sunrise fills my little room with brightness. Speaking of sunshine, I have never before known such a perfect summer in England. Days and weeks of lovely weather have cheered us, though they have seemed wasted in part, as one could not be out of doors or go far from home much of the time on account of unfriendly visitors. . . .

"An old friend of mine, saved in our Factory Girls' Classes before I went to China, is just settling into a nice little room in this neighbourhood, after sitting up in a London dugout every night and all night long for five terror-filled weeks. . . .

"We have cause for thanksgiving in my dear husband's improved state of health. He is sleeping better now, and is gaining a little in weight, though you would still notice his loss of about forty pounds. This quiet home just suits him, for he cannot yet join in much activity. Our loved work progresses slowly amid interruptions. Do pray with us that the story, so full of blessing, may be completed to the glory of God and the forwarding of His purposes among the tribes of West China."

This comes from a letter dated January 8th, 1941:

"How many things there are that we would love to talk and pray over together in these days, wonderful days of promise and privilege. We are so glad to be in England in the midst of all the suffering and peril—to take our part in it all through prayer. Intercession is more real to me now than ever—intercession in the light of all we know as to the will and purposes of God.

"'God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth.' How glorious it is to contemplate that mighty movement—salvation, past, present and future—and to realize that we have our part in it, in these days of crisis and completion, by the prayer of faith, giving substance to things hoped for and evidence to things yet unseen!

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"You, I am sure, are alive as we are, to the testimony of Scripture that these are indeed the last days. . . .

"Howard and I are sitting in our little sitting-room beside a cosy fire; it is after supper, and an air-raid has just begun. Our hearts are kept in peace, and we unite in warmest love to you. Daily we pray for you and realize our oneness in all that matters most."

It meant very much to Geraldine that Howard was a little better in health, but he was still far from well, and the joyous spirit which had been characteristic of him always was often clouded. In February, 1941, she noted on a scrap of paper which she kept: "He turned back, put down the kettle and came and took the tray from my hand. Then, after putting the things in their places, as he took up the kettle to go to his room, he turned and said, with the smile I so love to see: 'You always go the second mile with me.' And the dear pale face was radiant."

In April she wrote a long letter to her many friends, giving instances of the Lord's protecting care of the Mission Headquarters in London, and she closes with these paragraphs:

"Some weeks ago we had to leave the dear little home at *Ebenezer* which the Lord provided for us when we first came to Southborough. Our host and hostess, who had become real friends, were both taken seriously ill, and the house had to be closed for a time. This was no little trial, as my husband was very poorly just then, and we did not know which way to turn. To make a long story short, Dr. Taylor was moved to a nursing home not far away, while I transferred our belongings to the new quarters to which the Lord led us. Happily these are also on The Ridgeway. . . . We were thankful to find that a lady whom we knew by sight could give us three rooms in her home with the same outlook as *Ebenezer*, though without attendance.

"All that seems far away, however, because since moving into this new home, we have been through a whole range of unexpected experiences. My Dear One's illness increasing, we had to go to London to consult a specialist. To our surprise, he wanted us to go straight from Harley Street to a hospital, that Dr. Taylor might be under his care for a necessary operation. This took us

to Richmond, where Dr. Taylor was soon installed in a private ward, and I had to look for accommodation. This proved no easy task, as the suburb was crowded with refugees. At last, after going to no fewer than ten addresses, I found an attic-room in a small hotel. And thankful I was, though it meant a climb of sixty stairs to reach it.

"And then after three weeks in the hospital, our return to Southborough was guided by a wisdom higher than our own. A taxi came from Tunbridge Wells to fetch us, as the patient was unable to travel by bus or train, and it was decided that we should leave on Wednesday afternoon instead of waiting till Thursday, as had been suggested. It was a perfect day, and the drive brought no discomfort. It was a joy to be back again in our quiet little home, though sleep that night was broken by the persistent roar of planes passing high over us to London. How terrible that sound becomes when it continues hour after hour. Yes, it was that Wednesday night (April 16) that the great city had one of its worst raids, reaching out to Richmond, among other suburbs. Our surgeon friend was on duty, he wrote us, all that night."

Two days before they left Richmond, Geraldine wrote to Miss Beeson, who was taking more and more of the practical work of their little home into her capable hands:

"This has been a blessed Eastertide in spite of outward distresses. Dr. Taylor has been suffering a good deal, and dreads the journey before him, though he longs to be at home. We shall miss your help this time in the packing and getting off. But I am much more efficient now in *doing* things than when we came to London. It has been so good for me!"

That summer Geraldine herself had to go into hospital for a slight operation, and she sent a note to a friend just beforehand:

"I have been helped to-day by the word, 'Glorify God therefore *in your body*. . . .' 1 Cor. 6:20, with Phil. 1:20, 'Whether by life or by death.'"

In December she wrote to the same friend:

"The greatest trial we have ever had comes to us now, as a

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Mission, in the entry of Japan, yesterday, into the war. Psa. 79 expresses the possibilities. Think of our 300 unprotected foreign children at Chefoo, and of our headquarters for the whole Mission, in Shanghai. 'We are brought very low' is true indeed. But the Lord has just given me Psa. 116 to go with it: 'I was brought low and *He helped me*. Return unto thy rest, O my soul.'"

Naturally, progress with the book was slow, but she was living in the record all the time. In December, 1941, she was working on Chapter 14, one of the chapters which have come as a word from the Lord to many. A note in her early hour notebook reads: "And He is giving me *this Christmas* Chapter 14, for which I have prayed and waited from the beginning, and especially the last nine months since we came to No. 18. A birthday gift: Heb. 11:1. 'Oh, Holy Saviour, fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, just now, for to-day.'"

Life at No. 18 The Ridgeway, was in some ways not as easy as it had been at *Ebenezer*. The rooms were let without service, and Miss Beeson's days were filled with a multitude of duties. The "old friend" to whom Geraldine referred in her letter of October 16th was the Matilda to whom she had been "my best Friend" since the early 'eighties. And now it was Matilda who came to cook for them. Howard's sister had moved to Hertfordshire to look after a brother who had been left a widower and a little helpless, and Geraldine's letters to her give glimpses of the small things which mean much in our lives:

"April 7, 1942.

"I am having a good deal of rheumatism, but am working again at the Fraser MS. with much thankfulness. Matilda was pleased to have your message. She is a real treasure, but suffers a good deal from her arthritis, which is trying to one's temper!"

"May 11, 1942.

"Thank you so much for the long letter received to-day. The only way to answer at once is to write as best I can amid rather distracting surroundings, for my little study is being papered,

and I am turned out bag and baggage into our bedroom. But the sunshine streaming in at the west window is lovely, and Howard is so dear, bringing me up afternoon tea. . . .

"I too am encouraged just now by a sense of fresh commission in my own spirit. In spite of increasing physical limitations (sciatica is a trying companion), I am conscious that He is saying: 'Steady now, keep right on. I have more work yet for you to do.' So I am holding fast to the life-line He has Himself cast to me, the message of Habakkuk, which is my study at present. 'The just shall live by his faith.'

"It is a question of *living*, both for you and for me, a vital question. Are we going to be shelved from usefulness, to fail in service where we are so much needed, to fall short of God's best in the plain path of duty? Or are we quietly going on, through all that comes, to finish the work He has given us to do? . . .

"Difficulties arise in every path, but even those that may be sent by the arch-enemy 'to buffet us' are powerless to harm or hinder as we meet them, not in our own strength, but in the grace the Lord supplies. . . . We must just retire into God Himself, not retire from our work; retire from our fears and feelings, our hurts and disappointments, our plans and preferences, and above all our self-dependence and self-pleasing into the strong refuge of His unchanging will and all-sufficient love. . . .

"We had a delightful visit, though brief, from Bishop and Mrs. Houghton on Saturday. They looked well and so *young* and bright and dear. . . . It is a privilege to go with them and before them in prayer.

"And now I must make ready to go down to supper, it has just struck 6 o'clock. Praying with you in the trial you are so bravely facing, in faith, not fear,

"Your own loving sister,

"GERALDINE."

To one in perplexity she wrote:

"May 14, 1942.

"I can well understand the trial about which you write. But hold steady. We need not work out a plan of deliverance, 'He

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shall act' is the assurance of Ps. 37:5 (in the original). We need not be occupied with the doings of the enemy in any matter. The less we think of him and his ways the better. The Lord will give you wisdom day by day, as you 'look away to Jesus.' Let no fresh emergency lead you to question guidance once given, or go back upon steps taken in faith and obedience. Do not run away, even in thought, from clear duty. God's power and love are on your side as you go on with Him in the work to which He has led and in which you are so much needed."

To a relative:

"April 16, 1942.

"We do so enter into ——'s trial in physical weakness and limitations. I have just had a day of distressing giddiness that made it necessary to lie still with closed eyes for hours. But it was a blessed day, reminding me of John 13:25, 'leaning back, as he was, on Jesus' breast.'

"Oh, the blessedness of these last hours of walking by faith, not by sight. Soon, how soon, the opportunity will be over. Just a little longer we are trusted to watch with Him, through the darkest night. And He is near, counting on our fellowship. 'Could ye not watch with Me?' Yes, Lord, though the shadows deepen, watch for the hour when Thou shalt see of the travail of Thy soul, in every realm of life, and be satisfied.

"I must not add, my eyes have given out a lot and must be spared. But it is all right. I am able to go on with the MS., and Howard is able to read the letters, etc., to me, which is a great help and comfort. 'Little is much, if God is in it. . . .' Blessed to learn and to *prove* this.

"We are both, as you know, in our eightieth year, and full of praise for our quiet little home here, and many, many mercies."

After some time the work grew too heavy for Matilda, and with sorrow she was forced to admit that it would be best for herself and everyone else if she went back to London. The times when Matilda had met her Friend were the high-lights of her long, hard life, and it had been bliss to be living near her so that

she could expect a visit now and then. Matilda had been a laundry-maid in her girlhood, and Geraldine called one day to ask her to do a little washing for them. That was a delight, not only because she would be of use to her dear Mrs. Taylor, but because it led to delivering the clothes when they were ready. "When I took them home to her," she said, with keen retrospective enjoyment, "we used to have some nice talks, and sometimes I used to stay to tea with them." Then after the move to No. 18, she joyfully took charge in the kitchen. But arthritis "got her down," as she put it, and Matilda ruffled often meant that others were put out too, so that at times there was only one member of the household with a calm and heavenly frame.

"Mrs. Taylor was always busy with the book," Matilda remembered, "but she used to go out sometimes, and then I used to go and stand at the gate and look out for her. When I saw her coming, I would go to meet her, and she used to put her arm round my waist and walk along The Ridgeway with me, and say, 'It is nice to see you looking for me.'"

Matilda went back to London in 1945, but she wrote sometimes. Her letters are original both in matter and orthography. She is not given to much piety of language. Once, when she was expressing herself a little drastically upon the state of affairs in the world, someone suggested that things would be different one day when the Lord comes back. "I don't know about that," she answered. "I'm afraid some of you are going to be disappointed. After all, He didn't do much the first time He came, did He?" (meaning in the matter of social uplift). The words were repeated to Geraldine, and on hearing them, her face lit up with a loving smile and she said: "Matilda hasn't much insight into dispensational truth yet."

It was a beautiful relationship, because they were both true to each other as facts and ignored the things which each of them saw as limitations. When asked once what she thought of Mrs. Taylor, Matilda said quietly with a world of patient, faithful loyalty in her eyes: "I love her very much, and I wish I was near her. I've always wished I was near her." And surely, in the land where our dreams come true, Matilda's mansion will be

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near Geraldine's. Heaven wouldn't be quite Heaven otherwise.

To Miss Clough, who for several years had worked with her as her secretary when they were writing the second volume of Hudson Taylor's *Life* Geraldine wrote in December, 1942:

"You will wonder at the paper and writing, and I want to tell you that the Lord is drawing very near to us in a new trial. I have almost lost my sight, Dear, but our hearts are full of praise and thanksgiving. A tiny clot of blood, it seems, has settled in what was my better eye, so that it is almost useless now. The other eye was clouded by a slight hæmorrhage on the retina some months ago. Now I can only dimly see what I am writing, and cannot read at all without a magnifying glass, and then only with difficulty. Such are the facts, dear friend; but the blessing of it all words cannot tell. So rejoice with us, in the love that passes knowledge, and that shines only the more brightly when earthly lights fail. It is so real, how can we but rejoice! The words shine for me to-day, 'Accepted in the Beloved,' 'Complete in Him,' with the connection of each, infinite fullness and blessing.

"The MS. is making progress, only about three more chapters to write now. Pray with us that they may be truly 'given.'"

Looking back to the years in Southborough, Miss Beeson writes: "There was much more of family life for me than in the earlier years I had spent with Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Dr. Taylor was in failing health, and Mrs. Taylor had to care for him so much, and was often so unwell herself that she could not work so long or closely as she had done before. All her thought was for him, and in every little detail she put him first. She had a look and a smile for him that she had for no one else. Not one thing was ever missed that could possibly contribute to his happiness or comfort."

In March, 1943, Geraldine wrote to her sister-in-law:

"Howard is fairly well, I am thankful to say, though more limited in his activities, I think. But he is able to attend to all our business, account-keeping and correspondence, and to help me a great deal with work on the MS., which is a joy to us both. I am working now on the closing chapters, and have

assurance that the Lord will enable us to complete the record before long. How much we have to learn about His unfailing grace made perfect in weakness. 'When I am weak, then am I strong.'"

In war-time the publication of a book took longer than usual, and it was not until the autumn of the following year that *Behind the Ranges* appeared. In 1941 another small book of devotional messages had been published, *Sirs, be of Good Cheer!* It was similar to *The Untroubled Heart*, and met a need at the time. It had a specially wide circulation in Australia.

On April 24th, 1944, Howard and Geraldine celebrated their Golden Wedding Day. It was a peculiarly happy day, because Geraldine came back from three weeks in a nursing home just in time to keep it with Howard. A heart attack with bronchitis had made it necessary for her to have the rest, but she wrote just after their great day: "I am quite better now and gradually regaining strength. Howard is well for him. He cheerfully bears increasing deafness and very broken nights. . . ."

A large number of friends had remembered their jubilee, and they wrote to thank them:

"April 24, 1944.

"DEAR ONES, NEAR AND DISTANT,—Surrounded by letters and telegrams of congratulation, by precious gifts and sheaves of spring flowers that make our little sitting-room a very garden, we do want to send loving thanks to all who have thus shared our Golden Wedding Day. Words fail to tell its gladness in the conscious presence of Him who still turns the water of earth's purest joys into the wine of heaven, and whose faithfulness stands revealed in all the memories of these fifty years.

"With confidence for the yet untrodden way,

"Yours in the love of Christ,

"HOWARD AND GERALDINE TAYLOR."

Other letters written that summer tell better than any mere narrative how life was straitened on earth and enlarged "in the heavenlies":

Mrs. Howard Taylor

“June 25, 1944.

“It is good of you to take so much trouble about looking out and sending off books for Howard. I do not know what he would do without them. He does little now but read or write letters and spend time in prayer. You ask how I am now. I am really quite better, but do not seem to recover strength. I am down to all meals including breakfast, which I lay overnight. I go out a little, and enjoy seeing friends; but I am so quickly tired. My eyes are very dim. I cannot read any more save with a strong magnifying glass. I need this even for my large-type New Testament. But the inner vision remains. . . . I am sorry I have to write so large, it fills up so much paper!

“We are having very disturbed days and nights with Hitler’s most recent messengers. Southborough seems to be in the direct line for most of them, but we are learning in a new way what it is to ‘dwell in the secret place of the Most High.’ Howard is thankful for his deafness these days! . . .”

“Aug. 9, 1944.

“Your letter of this morning touches my heart. It is so dear of you to have us in mind. The reminder of your love does make things brighter. We are both ageing a good deal. You would notice a big difference, I think. But the consolations that are in Christ only deepen. . . .”

“Aug. 20, 1944.

“We are feeling so much with you in the trial and uncertainties of your present experiences, and especially in your going to Lady S. on Tuesday night. My Dear, we would fain keep you safe in a sheltered home; but a wiser Love permits the different way. It must be for the best. The Lord has so much to teach us, for our good and truest happiness, and I have noticed of recent years that some of His hardest lessons come toward the close of life. Are they His finishing touches? Does He want to perfect us in humility, love and patience? Is He seeking to draw us closer to Himself as our All in all?

“Personally, I have found peace and joy in accepting, as from

Himself, painful limitations and even humiliations; yes, much that was very uncongenial to one's former spirit. 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' The blessed rest of the 'meek and quiet spirit,' which is 'in the sight of God of great price.'

"No matter how difficult your hostess is, you will find the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ equal to the occasion. No matter how wounded your heart may be, He will be your Healer and Comforter. And in the difficult situations, He will be to you Wisdom and Grace sufficient.

"Darling, this is just a little sharing of real experience. We do long to be a help in some way. Lovingly commending you to Him who is leading us all on, in these wonderful days, nearer to Himself.

"Yours,
"GERALDINE."

In November, 1944, Geraldine was sitting in her room sorting papers, when she felt a sudden loss of power in her right hand. She mentioned it, but the day closed as usual. Next morning while she was dressing, her strength left her, and slowly she sank down on the floor and consciousness faded. The doctor was called, and said it was a stroke, and that she must be kept quite still for two days. At first her speech was affected and she had entirely lost the use of her right side. On the Sunday following she was taken to a nursing home, the one in which she had spent three weeks in the spring, and it was a comfort to know that the nurses were truly fond of her.

On the Monday night at eleven o'clock, Mr. Aldis heard one of the rockets fall in the neighbourhood, and saw from his window that it must have exploded very near the nursing home. He ran there immediately, and, describing the scene, he said:

"I arrived just as the ambulances were driving up. The house was a sight: the ceiling was down all over the stairs, the floors everywhere were covered with glass, and the furniture was in bits. The door into Mrs. Taylor's room had been blown off its

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hinges, and its panels were smashed. A wardrobe had fallen across the entrance, so it was twenty minutes before anyone could reach her. The ceiling of her room was down in sections, and the whole room was in smithereens; but her bed stood away from the windows between two walls, and she was quite unhurt, sitting up in bed, smiling. We had a word of thanksgiving together. All the patients were taken on stretchers to the Kent and Sussex Hospital. I walked down there to see her at one o'clock in the night, and found her safe in a ward with thirty others. She never murmured and never repined; she simply adjusted herself to her helpless condition."

From the hospital she was moved the next day to St. John's Vicarage, the home of her nephew Gordon. She spent more than a month there, and the family of children have felt since that they have a very special share in Auntie Geraldine.

On December 2nd Howard wrote: "She is now at Gordon's vicarage, cared for night and day by a C.I.M. nurse, Miss May Polhill: such a happy arrangement. (There is no room for a nurse in our tiny apartment.) We have a very clever doctor, and, by our Father's blessing, the patient is doing as well as can be expected. She is comfortable most days, and is as cheerful as ever.

"Fraser's Life is selling well, and many kind appreciations come to us."

From the Vicarage she was taken to another nursing home for about a month. Once a week Mr. Aldis drove Howard over to see her, and the first time they had tea together was a red-letter day. But even the gladness of that occasion paled before the joy it was to them all when she came home again to The Ridgeway. Matilda was still with them at first, and Miss Beeson remembers the next six months as the happiest she spent with them.

A letter from Howard, dated June 5th, 1945, is full of cheer:

"Under the kind care of a very competent doctor, of Nurse Louisa Smith and others, Geraldine is doing very well. She sits up in an armchair, wrapped in blankets, for two or three hours most days; and her cheery patience and gratitude are delightful. How we all love her and praise God, especially her husband.

"We are well off for suitable food, thank God, with our

rations supplemented by parcels from America and Australia. Our hearts are full of gratitude for many mercies."

Many friends called to see Geraldine, and she still wrote notes to a few of her "inner circle" with her left hand. Letters were a pleasure, and books. They read aloud to her, and there was leisure at last simply to enjoy a book without the thought of having one to write herself brooding on her mental horizon.

Never once did Geraldine speak of the paralysis as an affliction to be endured; rather it was a trust to be accepted, and she would have sung with Anna Waring:

"My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me."

XXXVII

The House of Stephanas

“The earth is lonelier now, when he
Who walked with me its ways is gone;
But soon the loneliness is o’er,
The blank forgotten and unknown;
Not long, not long alone!”

H. BONAR

“THE House of Stephanas have set themselves to minister unto the saints . . . they refreshed my spirit.” As Geraldine read those words one morning soon after she reached London in 1939, she wrote: “Thank God, the House of Stephanas is with us still; and surely they were never more needed than in these days when ‘men shall be purified and made white and *tried*,’ as the glorious consummation approaches. How much our Lord Himself must be occupied in the divine task of comforting those that mourn and of giving ‘beauty for ashes.’ It was His work on earth, it is His work still, and the House of Stephanas has the privilege of sharing it in a special way.

“Here in London, in the Nursing Home of the China Inland Mission, we have had the inestimable blessing of falling into their hands. Tired out after months of travelling and meetings in our dear adopted land, and the strain of packing to leave America, we were thankful for our Home Director’s thoughtful suggestion that we should have some weeks of quiet in the Nursing Home.

“A spirit of service in the love of Christ pervades this place, that is healing in the sense that tried spirits need. It is the hallmark of the House of Stephanas, for they set themselves to minister to the saints, and they not only refresh my spirit and yours, but also the spirit of Him who will surely say to them, ‘Ye did it unto Me.’”

The Matron of the nursing home which called forth Geraldine’s warmly grateful tribute was Miss Amy Wilson, a missionary of the C.I.M., who had been prevented from returning to China.

In the summer of 1945 a home was to be opened in Tunbridge Wells of which Amy Wilson was again to be the Matron, or, to use a Saxon word in place of the Latin one, the Mother.

Evacuation orders had made it necessary to close the nursing home in London, and it was while Amy Wilson was keeping house for the home staff of the C.I.M. in Southborough that the Master showed her what her new ministry would be. One of the retired missionaries living in the home became suddenly invalided, and Amy Wilson undertook to care for her. As time passed, several others came who needed help as they faced the last stage of their earthly journey, and Amy Wilson began to wonder if a dream of hers would come true. It had been in her heart for some years to have a home for those who had spent themselves for Christ's sake and the Gospel's in China, where they could wait the Master's call in quietness and security.

Amy Wilson's younger sister, Irene, was drawn, in the inward way which can never be explained, to desire partnership in this service; she too was of the House of Stephanas. But she was doing "essential work" in London, and saw no prospect of release. And then He who "maketh the clouds His chariot" and "rideth upon a swift cloud" suddenly used a most untoward thing to forward His purpose in her life. One of those death-bringing missiles which caused many a heart to fail for fear in the minutes of sickening suspense before they dived to destroy, one night struck the institution which Irene Wilson served, and it came to its end. In one life at least, the words often proved were true again: "Ye meant evil . . . but God meant it for good."

So now these two sisters of the House of Stephanas began to look for a home, and God gave them a house in Boyne Park at Tunbridge Wells for less money than houses were costing just then. He also sent them beds and mattresses, tables and chairs, pictures, curtains, carpets and china from thirty different sources. But He was choosing it all Himself, so it need hardly be said that things matched and fitted exactly. He even made it possible to exchange a gas-cooker, which they had, but did not need, for a vacuum-cleaner and a washing-wringer—things that could not be bought in the England of 1945.

But even a furnished house is not enough, and Amy and Irene Wilson could not do all the work without help; so the help came. At a time when domestic workers were as scarce as primroses in November, a strong young woman rang the door-bell one afternoon, and said, quite simply, that she had come to work there. When the garden hedge wanted cutting, a tramp came to the door asking for a job, "such as hedge-cutting, for instance," and he had his shears with him. These were wonderfully joyful experiences to the House of Stephanas. And at last, in July, 1945, sixty friends gathered to dedicate the home to the Lord, and seven of the tired saints were installed in the beautiful rooms. Two of those first seven were Howard and Geraldine.

Their hostess at No. 18 The Ridgeway had become seriously ill, and had been obliged to ask them to look for other lodgings. Speaking of it, Geraldine said: "We hadn't an idea where to go; we just waited on the Lord about it. And then, one day, the two Miss Wilsons came and invited us to come to 'Kendal,' the home which they were just going to open, and we at once thankfully accepted. The Lord opened the house just at that time, and He had us in view as well as the others. They gave us beautiful rooms. Howard enjoyed his room very much because of the sunshine."

Geraldine was given the best front room with a wide bay window in which she used to sit every afternoon for years with a very exquisite tea-tray beside her. Howard's room was only a few steps across the landing from hers, and they had all their meals together. In a letter to a friend in America, Howard speaks of "the Lord's astonishing arrangement for our welfare," and, having explained about Amy and Irene Wilson and their invitation to them, he continued: "It is an ideal arrangement. One of them is a fully qualified nurse, and they care for my dear wife assiduously and lovingly. We feel it a foretaste of Heaven. Both of us are benefiting in health and greatly appreciate the invalid diet.

"Geraldine sits up in her bay window wrapped in blankets for a couple of hours in the afternoon, and I read to her for several hours every day, to our mutual satisfaction."

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And the sisters of the House of Stephanas feel it has been a privilege to have had them to serve. "Dr. Taylor was always so courteous," one of them said, "and we felt we could tell Mrs. Taylor the things for which we needed help in prayer. She used to pray round the house by rooms, and liked to know where we were sleeping at night so that she could think of us." Naturally, one who has set herself to minister to the old and the ill may be sleeping in almost any room in the house; it is a matter of deciding where the need is greatest. They are like that in the House of Stephanas. But "we get more than we give," they insist, and Kendal is certainly one of the most cheerful homes in England.

Perhaps it is because if one did not laugh one might weep there, for some are blind, and several are deaf, and someone is always bedridden, and the angels call quite often to carry the weariest of them to the Home from which there will be no more going out for ever. So they are gay in the House of Stephanas.

Another reason why it is such a happy house is that everybody helps there. If you had been standing in the hall just before supper-time one day in 1947 you would have seen a little old lady coming downstairs who said with her delightful North-country directness: "Well, dear, I can't see you, because I'm almost blind, and I can't hear what you say unless you shout at me, because I'm deaf, but I'm not dotty yet, thank God!" and after supper, when other members of the family have done some good team work in the scullery, you would have seen her sorting the silver. She could feel the difference between a teaspoon and a dessertspoon, and she loved to be doing her bit.

Earlier in the day, two or three of them had met to help each other with the pages of the C.I.M. prayer-list for the day. One of the deaf ones had read over the names to two who could not see, and they stood shoulder to shoulder as the rearguard of those front-line soldiers in the far-away places. Who can do it with greater understanding than the veterans and the war-invalids?

No reader will imagine, surely, though we leave them out of the story, that there are no difficulties and no dull days, and no moments when the gayest of the House of Stephanas finds the

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ministry costs a good deal? The veterans of the pioneer days are used to much independence of mind, and it requires grace for them to walk the last stretch of road in weakness and growing need of help. It is not easy: but then, why should it be easy? It is blessed, and that is enough.

It was the tender mercy of their Father that prepared this last earthly dwelling-place for Howard and Geraldine, and on the evening of the last day that Geraldine spent recalling the memories of her life she said: "For a whole year Howard was here. He was much appreciated that year. He had all his meals with me, and would leave me at about eight o'clock in the evening. He used to stand in the door and look back and say good night. One evening he said good night as usual, and the next morning before breakfast he had a stroke. He was gone in a week. He lay in a sort of sleep, though he was partly conscious at times. The doctor expected he would recover and live on, but it would have been very difficult for him, he had always been very active. I sat by his bed a good deal the last day or two, when we saw he was sinking. On the last day, August 15th, I sat by him all the morning. In the afternoon he was sleeping heavily—breathing, but not conscious. Amy Wilson was in the room. She and I were alone, bending over him. There was no change. He quietly stopped breathing without a tremor or a movement. I can almost hear it now—the last breath, and then—silence.

"Dear Amy was standing beside me. She did not move or say anything. I wasn't sure if he had fainted. After a minute or two I looked round at her, and she said, 'He is at rest.' It was a wonderful stillness, the Lord seemed to be very near." Geraldine lingered over the memory of that sacred hour, and told it again very slowly: "It was all over without a struggle; he simply stopped breathing. It was as quiet and peaceful as could be. Then, there was silence—silence."

The first sound to break that silence was the voice of a dear brother of the House of Stephanas, W. H. Aldis. He came in, and seeing that the radiant spirit that had lived in Howard's worn frame had slipped away to the glories which are hid from us, he knelt and prayed—nay, he praised. Geraldine did not remember

that; perhaps she had hardly heard it. She went on telling about him who had left her behind for a little while:

“His was a love of over fifty years—yes, over seventy years; devoted, unchanging love, unselfish and ever increasing. I couldn’t wish him back, wouldn’t have recalled him, and yet it seemed as though one’s life ended there. And then, it was all transfigured: ‘Your life is hid with Christ in God.’ And now, he seems nearer really, you know, than before. It is more like the old relationship. All the weakness and weariness gone, and there is the same bright, cheery, loving spirit one had learned to depend on so much. There is the consciousness that he is there, waiting, ‘nearer, dearer than in far years.’

“It isn’t only a big piece of life, it is the whole of life he seems to have shared. He never varied, was always the same, he is still. ‘Them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.’ I’ve been very glad, since, that he is not here; he would have been distressed by all the troubles in the world. It is joy to think of him *There*.”

A year and a half had passed between the day on which he left her and the day she said those words, and it had taken time to learn to say them with the quiet radiance on her face and the note of real joy in her voice. At first she sorrowed much. For a whole year she counted the weeks since he left her, thinking at first that within a month or two, within the year at the longest, she must follow him. But she was kept waiting, waiting, partly perhaps for the sake of this book. The rest of the reason we know not yet.

Gradually she so received the comfort of God that the thought of death was swallowed up in the hope that had illumined her whole life: the hope of His Coming. “We are living in wonderful days, thrilling days,” she often said; “everything is working to a climax.” And then she would ask you to read verses 27 to 29 in the ninth chapter of Romans, and when you reached the words, “cutting it short,” she said: “Ah, that is it, finishing it and cutting it short. He is doing it now.” And if you reminded her that she had been saying that for almost thirty years, and as yet there had not been the “cutting short,” she looked at you

wistfully, wondering at such short-sightedness. "What are thirty years to the God of eternity? Salvation was in His heart and purpose from before the creation of the world. The Gospel is manifestly a divine conception, infinitely beyond human thought. In the accomplishment of His great purpose for the redemption of all things—it embraces all creation—it may be that the world is amongst the heavenly bodies a little stage on which is transacted the heavenly drama of renewal. Earth is like a grain of sand among the constellations. Our mind does not grasp these things at all, they are so great. Oh, we are just at the beginning of His infinite purpose in the work of Redemption! All the discernment of all the Church put together is but like a child at the first page of a great Book. Even the Bible must be baby language really." So she would think aloud the thoughts with which God comforted her. After reading the texts in *Daily Light* for the first evening in December, there was a silence in the room, then slowly she meditated: "All restored . . . all things new . . . and the Church over and above. The whole purpose of God in the first creation of man shall yet be fulfilled, sin so completely put away, that the first intention of the perfect creation of man will be fulfilled, and over and above that, there is the Church with all that it means to the Heart of Christ."

And He who met her heart's need by communing with her of the longing in His own, understood her, and loved her "to the level of every day's most quiet need, by sun and candle light." He sent her letters. Hundreds wrote to her, sympathizing with her in her bereavement, rejoicing with him who had gone before, and remembering. She loved hearing the letters read. They brought back the old days of his youth and vigour, his keen enthusiasm and cheerfulness. What if they brought tears; they brought warmth too, and Geraldine was very glad. Not least it comforted her to know that his nephews had appreciated him as they had done. Howard and Geraldine had often felt a little timidity before the critical judgments of a younger generation. It was rest to her heart as the sentences fell which spoke of ". . . the memory of so beautiful, guileless and loving a life," and continued: "There is much of thoroughness and

attention to detail that I need to learn from his example, but most of all his joy in the Lord, his beautiful contentment in whatever it pleased the Lord to allow." Or this from another nephew: "His simplicity, sincerity and humility impressed me even when I was a boy, though I did not analyse them then. They are three of the greatest gifts a man can have. He had them, all three." A third wrote: "I cannot possibly forget his courtliness and gallantry and love. He was a Christian gentleman *par excellence*. . . . And it would be difficult for me to forget his prayer life. How often I have seen him through the window at No. 18 The Ridgeway, bending over his book of remembrance, absorbed in the great work of prayer. And the detailed interest he took in me was both heartening and challenging."

Others remembered his prayer life. Matilda had seen it at close quarters for several years, and she too wrote:

"I am sitting by my window thinking very, very much of you, my dearest friend, and the dear one who has gone to be with his dearest Lord. I think of him a lot, but I would not wish him back to go through it all again. I think of my dear friend as Enoch, for all those years he sat in his study, he was talking to the Lord, and then the time came when his dear Lord said (as the little girl put it), 'Enoch, you are tired, come Home with Me.'" A little later Matilda sent a message through the deaconess of the Poplar and Berger Tabernacle: "Tell Mrs. Taylor I sit at my little window and look up as Dr. Taylor did."

There were many who had learned to look up with greater confidence through companying with Howard, not least their American friends. John Coleman's letter brought very real comfort—it had the upward look in it: "The news of Dr. Taylor's death has just reached Camp Diamond, and for many of us the place is suddenly changed, for you have both been part of the Camp even in your absence. I hope you will not mind if I tell you that my first thought on hearing the news was: 'Then Dad and Dr. Taylor are together again.' It is just ten years since they were separated, here at Camp."

General Mackenzie's letter took her back to early days: "We first met at Auckland, New Zealand, in 1899, and I treasure a

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photo taken of him on the top of Rangitoto. It was then that I learnt the freshness of his mind and the wide range of his interests. Even the flora of the country was of interest to him. . . .

“Whenever he rose to speak in a meeting it was as if a new tone came over it, that of rejoicing in the Lord always, and of triumphing in His praise.”

Almost every letter referred to the radiant cheer of his personality, his interest in people and events, his unselfishness, his limitless capacity for appreciation of the good he found in the world, and the way he used to rise above his deafness. It meant very much to Geraldine, and her heart could endorse every word, realizing that they were sober compared with the Howard she had known through the long life they had shared, and shared still.

Part of the joy of letters is answering them, and Geraldine could not write. The hand that had held a pen every day for perhaps seventy years lay there at her side, heavy and helpless; and her eyes were too dim to see anything near; she could only vaguely see things at a distance. Now this gave a great opportunity to the House of Stephanas, and in the tender mercy of the Lord, He made them a large family. Several of them came to fill this need in Geraldine's life, chiefly three: Howard's cousin, Mary Taylor; a lady living in Tunbridge Wells called Miss Long; and Miss Beeson. The two first wrote at her dictation. That was a slow way, for letters must first be read and enjoyed and explained, and then the answer dictated sentence by sentence, and the whole re-read now and then to pick up the thread. An hour went by very quickly, and not many could have those letters, but if it was a slow way, it was a satisfactory one to those who received them. The ministry was one which brought its own reward. Miss Long wrote one day:

“I never enter that house without lifting up my heart to the Lord in thanksgiving for His goodness in leading me there, and I never depart without having received a blessing. I am very conscious of my own unworthiness, but I do praise God that even in this very small way I am able to help those saints of His.

“The hour with Mrs. Howard Taylor is always very precious, and when I am with her I feel that the ground on which I tread

is holy. I only wish I could go more often, and that you could receive more letters . . . but please, always remember when you receive a letter from dear Mrs. Howard Taylor in my handwriting, what a real joy it has been to me."

That is surely the spirit of the House of Stephanas.

This passage from a letter from Geraldine to her sister-in-law tells of another helper: "Dear Cousin Mary is helping me to write this note; it is such a joy to see her again this morning after the long absence caused by the severe weather. It must be over three weeks since she was able to come. Others in the house are too busy to help me save with the most necessary correspondence, which has accounted for the lack of letters, letters I fain would write."

The dictated letters were just like herself as a rule. Here is one which her cousin Mary wrote for her to Dr. Strong in America:

"I am much encouraged to think that you are led in praying for me to ask that God may enrich the time He still gives of fellowship with His people. This is indeed my heart's desire. Thoughts come in meditation on His Word that seem to me so precious, but I find it difficult to pass them on or to share them with others. This is partly due to the fact that my eyesight has failed so rapidly, that I cannot even make notes of the things that come to me, often by night. This too is part of the 'all things' He permits, or sends for our good. . . ."

But the pile of letters waiting to be answered was not very much reduced, even after an hour or more of help, and at last there would be only one solution: to send them all to Miss Beeson, who, from long years of practice, knew how to answer them without dictation.

One day in 1947 Geraldine turned to Miss Beeson with another need:

"Dearest Helen, friend of so many years, I want to consult you this morning on a very special task.

"All my life I have had a treasure; a letter from my father, which few if any have ever seen. It seems now that the time has come to use it for the help of others. I cannot tell you all in

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detail, it would take too long. Just this: I need to get the letter copied, typed for the printer. May I trust it to your hands? Upon hearing from you I will send it by registered post, looking for you to return it as soon as possible. . . .

"Letters keep coming which mention your letters written for me with gratitude. . . ."

The letter was published as a booklet called *A Father's Letter*. It was the last book she gave—a very small one, and written over sixty years ago, but there was someone who said of it: "Perhaps it will mean more than all the others." We cannot judge; we shall know in Eternity, and then we shall probably not care to compare one book with another.

She watched the happenings in the world eagerly, realizing that all is working out the purposes of God. On May 15th, 1948, a letter from her ran:

"From a full heart words will hardly come this morning; yet I long to write to you. It is like trying to express the inexpressible. Of course, it is the situation in and round Jerusalem that is occupying one's thoughts to the exclusion of almost anything else. There seems to be a momentary pause in the solemn happenings just to-day. Have you noticed, I wonder, the *Daily Light* readings—I mean the verses that come just for to-day? They broke upon me with wonderful light this morning when I turned to the 15th of May. They seemed to transport me suddenly far above all the confusion, perplexity and sorrow into a realm of triumphant peace and light. The pause in the terrible events seemed transfigured with eternal victory. Words cannot describe it. You will read *Daily Light* for to-day and understand."

Daily Light that day begins: "God shall wipe away all tears . . . there shall be no more death, neither sorrow . . ." and goes on to add promise to promise, each full of the certainty of the final triumph of Light over darkness and of Life over death.

And if Geraldine was eager and alert about the ways of God with regard to Israel, she was deeply concerned too about China. When a letter reached her telling of the fall of Kaifeng, the capital of Honan, before the Communist drive, and of the destruction and carnage in the city, she wrote:

"My heart is silenced. Even to you I know not what to say. Words will not come in face of so terrible a tragedy. . . ." But the letter closed: "Sorrowing, yet always rejoicing. . . ." On December 10th, 1948, her letter said: "Our hearts are more than ever occupied with the news from China. How good it is that 'His children shall have a place of refuge.' 'God is our refuge and strength'—the perpetual present. How blessed it is that there is no past tense there! . . ."

She followed the writing of this book too, and she prayed much about it. It was in August, 1948, that the sub-title "came." When she heard it, she wrote: "How can I write to you about this letter? It fills my heart with thanksgiving, for I can see the Lord's hand in it all. . . . There seems no end to what I want to say, but time fails—especially the time of my dear Cousin Mary, who is writing for me with much understanding and patience. . . . The titles of the chapters interest me greatly, and the sub-title of the book itself appeals to me in an especial way. I like it—nay, I love it. It is just the thing to complete it all. 'Her web of time'—*He wove.*"

When we had looked back at her "Web of Time" together, at the end of the weeks of remembering in December, 1947, she spoke of the words, "Our sufficiency is of God," and "We are His workmanship." "We realize it much more towards the end of life. Our way through life has been feeble, faltering and slow, a restricted following, but He fits it all in, adjusting mistakes, making up for inadequacies. He brings His purposes to pass through weak instruments. We see the failure, the circumscribed vision, and yet it is wonderful how the Lord makes it come to something. 'We are His workmanship.' His plan was communicated little by little, and we followed it stumblingly. He has been wonderful, wonderful."

Sometimes letters came from people Geraldine did not know, who wrote to her after reading one of her books. Among her papers is the rough copy of a letter written to a young man with a foreign name:

"It seems to me, dear friend, that what you need is not so much to find an answer to the many difficulties and objections raised by

unbelievers or that come so persistently to your own thoughts, as to rely in simple childlike trust on the ever-present Saviour. There *are* answers to all the questions that arise, but sometimes it is best to turn away from the problems to the One who says: 'Come *unto Me . . .* and I will give you rest.'

"At your conversion you did turn to Him in faith and He received you, for He promised: 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Rest on that glorious fact, rest in Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. For the present, leave the matters you cannot answer, and rejoice in the certainties you do know and may experience. There is a Psalm that is very precious to me in this connection—so simple, yet so profound—the hundred and thirty-first Psalm. Think of the simile 'as a weaned child,' in the tender care of its mother—just so you are in the loving keeping of our blessed Lord all the time, even when you do not realize His nearness. Oh, it is wonderful when we take and keep the place of childlike dependence, looking to Jesus moment by moment with love and confidence. He can say and make it true, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.'

"I hope that you will write again and let us share your further experiences. Do you follow any regular plan of Bible reading? Nothing is more helpful, and I am sending you the latest 'Notes' of the Scripture Union daily readings.

"Yours with continued interest and prayer,

"M. GERALDINE TAYLOR."

She said, "let us share," and she always said "we" in prayer even when the one with her in the room could not possibly be the other part of the plural form: "Lord, for over four score years we have experienced Thy grace. . . ." It was the habit of a lifetime, and there was no need to change it:

" 'Tis only for a season;
How long we cannot tell,—
A quickly passing season,
And then all will be well.

The House of Stephanas

“We could not guess the purpose
Of parting us below.
But what just now we know not,
We shall hereafter know.”

XXXVIII

The Best is Yet to Be

“Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

“Just when Thou wilt—no choice for me!
Life is a gift to use for Thee:
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ!”

F. R. HAVERGAL

IT was Sunday afternoon at Kendal. Geraldine was seated in her chair in the wide window, and a circle of chairs stood round the room. The household came in quietly till each place was filled, and four visitors were with them. One was a Swiss girl, soon to leave for India as a missionary; two were strong young Germans, prisoners of war who had come in for tea, and though they understood little of its significance, they had asked to be allowed to join in the little service upstairs. Geraldine welcomed them with her gracious, radiant smile, and turning to the fourth visitor said: “It means much to me to have them here.” Last of all, Mr. Aldis came in, and seated himself at a small table spread for the Communion with the sacramental bread and wine.

There seemed to be a specially wonderful meaning in the prayer for the Church militant in that quiet room, and not less in the “comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all that truly turn to Him,” and as the words were uttered, “Lift up your hearts,” we did lift them up unto the Lord, and knew that it was meet and right to give thanks unto our God, and that it was with Angels and Archangels and all the company of heaven that we worshipped Him.

So we kept the feast together, the feast in which we remember Him who died, shedding His blood for us, and there was a hush of peace when the benediction fell with quiet strength, asking

that the very peace of God might keep our hearts and His blessing remain with us always.

And we sang hymns which exalt Him for His great redemption, hymns which caused us to lift up our heads as we look for the dawning of the Day of the Lord. It was in the certainty of that coming Morning that Geraldine waited hour by hour for the sound of His call.

At Whitsuntide, on June 6th, 1949, the call came for her, and in much peace she arose and went. At the service which was held at Kendal on the day of her burial, the Home Director of the China Inland Mission read the words:

“Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those who followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee! . . . So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure the children wept. But Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy.”

*Books by Mrs. Howard Taylor and the
Date of Their First Issue*

<i>In the Far East</i>	1889
<i>The Story of the China Inland Mission. Vol. 1</i>	1892
<i>The Story of the China Inland Mission. Vol. 2</i>	1894
<i>Pastor Hsi, One of China's Scholars</i>	1900
<i>Pastor Hsi, One of China's Christians</i>	1903
<i>Hudson Taylor in Early Years</i>	1911
<i>Though War should Rise</i>	1914
<i>Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission</i>	1918
<i>Pearl's Secret</i>	1920
<i>With P'u and His Brigands</i>	1922
<i>The Call of China's Great North-west</i>	1924
<i>Borden of Yale, '09</i>	1926
<i>Guinness of Honan</i>	1930
<i>Hudson Taylor's Spiritual Secret</i>	1932
<i>Margaret King's Vision</i>	1934
<i>The Triumph of John and Betty Stam</i>	1935
<i>By Faith</i>	1938
<i>The Untroubled Heart</i>	1939
<i>Sirs, Be of Good Cheer</i>	1941
<i>Behind the Ranges</i>	1944
<i>A Father's Letter</i>	1947