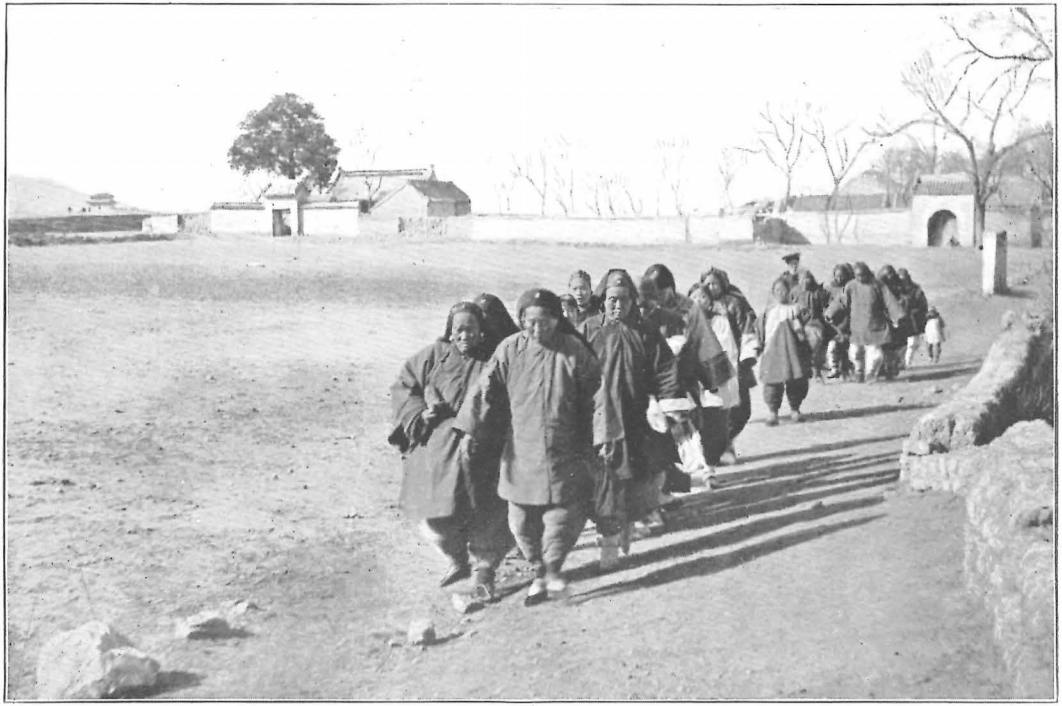

Chinese Christian Women on their way to Church [*Frontispiece*

# OPEN THE WINDOW EASTWARD

## Glimpses of Women's Missionary Work in India and China

BY

GEORGE HAWKER

AUTHOR OF

"The Life of George Grenfell"; "An Englishwoman's Twenty-five Years in Tropical Africa," etc.

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# PREFACE

THIS book has been written at the request of the Officers of the Women's Missionary Association of the Baptist Missionary Society. Having prepared their volume, "Jubilee 1867–1917," which gives an account of the origin and aims of the Baptist Zenana Mission, and a concise history of its developments, it seemed to them desirable that something more should be published, concretely illustrative of the actual work of missionaries in the field. In the following pages an endeavour has been made to meet their wish. I have not attempted a history or a treatise, but merely a series of glimpses of the various phases of women's missionary work in India and China. For particulars concerning the constitution, evolution, personnel and statistics of the mission, the reader is referred to "Jubilee 1867–1917."

My warmest thanks are due, and are here most cordially tendered, to the following friends who have allowed me to exploit their kindness in the interests of my work: the Misses Angus, who have been assiduously helpful, Mrs. George Kerry, the

Rev. C. E. Wilson, B.A., Mr. W. E. Cule, and Dr. Fletcher Moorshead.

Finally, I am indebted, first and last and all the way along, to my missionary sisters, mentioned and unmentioned, militant and triumphant, whose faith and love, and words and works, and smiles and tears, and sweat and blood, and life and death, have produced the pictures which it has been my modest function to frame and hang in the gallery of this book.

GEORGE HAWKER.

Mercers Road, N.
*May*, 1917.

# OPEN
# THE WINDOW EASTWARD

## Chapter One — PIONEERS

"THE hour and the man" is a familiar phrase of large significance, in which is crystallised much of the philosophy of history. To-day it requires no high degree of prophetic inspiration to predict that before this century closes, should the present world-order endure, "The hour and the woman" will be a familiar phrase, the significance of which no enlightened person will be concerned to belittle. It has lately been said in the High Court of Parliament by one whose words echo round the world, that "women have worked out their own salvation." This being so, it is sure as the process of the stars that they, fashioned by nature upon altruistic lines, will work out a great deal more salvation than their own.

The hateful doctrine that "might is right," which the better part of humanity is now denouncing as no doctrine of God, but a doctrine of the devil, has obtained curious acceptance even among the freest and most enlightened nations in one momentous regard. "The government of the people by the people" is a brilliant ideal, the glory of

which pales perceptibly when it is found to mean no more than the government of the people by half the people. Women wanting might have been deprived of right, by men who had the might and supposed themselves to have sufficient reason for ordaining and maintaining the deprivation. But the time has come in which men have somewhat fallen out of conceit with their sole possession of political power. They have failed to prevent the stupendous and agonising catastrophe of the war, and contemplating the appalling magnitude of this failure, they have come to wonder whether, if the gentler half of humanity had possessed the freedom and the power which are their natural rights, this supreme tragedy of the ages might not have been averted. Should the war, which has been called "the war for freedom," issue in a great world-advance toward freedom—not male freedom, but human freedom—the millions of victims will not have died in vain; and the gospel of Him who suffered bonds that bonds might be broken, and died that He might abolish death, will have a new and fairer chance.

Probably no societies formed within the Christian era have been more innocent of political intent than the Indian Zenana Missions, and yet it would be safe to affirm that no woman missionary to the women of India has worked many months without finding that her soul had a controversy with the Government. Moreover, one may venture to believe that when, in the course of time, India has become a great self-governing dominion of the British Empire—which will hardly happen until her womanhood has been enlightened and eman-

cipated—it will be recognised and admitted that the Zenana Missions, with their educational developments, have played an important part in inducing the uplift and onward march toward freedom of a mighty nation. Meanwhile history and not prophecy must be our present concern.

Elizabeth Geale, whose parents were members of the Church of England, was born at Orthes in the South of France, in March, 1818. Her childhood was spent in Devonshire. Of religious bent and independent judgment she early "imbibed Baptist principles," to the great chagrin of her relatives. Consequent domestic friction expedited her removal to London, where she became governess and companion to the young daughter of a lady of title. While residing in London, she was permitted to study medicine in one of the hospitals, thanks to the influence of her father's friend, Sir David Davis, a distinguished physician. This rare privilege was of incalculable value in her after career. In London she was baptized, and in London she did Home Mission work among the poor women and children of her neighbourhood. "On November 16th, 1848, she was married to the Rev. John Sale of Wokingham, who had been accepted for India by the Baptist Missionary Society. They sailed for that land early in the next year, from Liverpool, in a ship which bore the appropriate designation *William Carey*."

Barisal was their destination and the first sphere of their missionary labours. While aiding her husband with loyalty and enthusiasm Mrs. Sale was oppressed by the obvious inaccessibility of the women of Bengal to gospel influences. Their

seclusion, superstitions, and caste restrictions, constituted fortress walls which had hitherto been accounted impregnable. But "faith laughs at impossibilities" and moved by the Holy Spirit this inspired woman advanced to "the pulling down of strongholds." She began where the walls were weakest, visiting the poor women in the villages around Barisal, taking small count of rebuffs, and making conquests by the patient kindness of Christian love. In 1854, greatly daring, Mrs. Sale sought permission of a native gentleman to visit his zenana. After some demur the desired permission was given, and at the appointed time she entered the women's quarters of a well-to-do Indian family. Friendly relations ensued, visits were repeated, and spiritual results obtained. To faith so adventurous other doors began to open; a breach had been made in the fortress walls, never to be closed again. It was an achievement impossible to a man. "The hour and the woman" had arrived.

In 1858 Mrs. Sale removed with her husband to Calcutta, where she again obtained access to zenanas, aided in the first instance by her medical treatment of a servant's child.

During a furlough spent in England in 1860 and 1861, she laboured hard to arouse home interest in the new work for Indian women, but returned without securing organised support. Resuming her labours in Calcutta, "she opened a boarding school for the daughters of native Christian gentlemen who were able to pay for their board and tuition, and carried it on for several years at Intally." In 1868 she and her husband again took up work in

Barisal, and six years later, owing to Mrs. Sale's failing health, they retired from the mission field. In England she was spared to rejoice in the development of missions for which she had opened the way, and to aid the Baptist Zenana Mission by her counsel and advocacy. Shortly after her death in 1898, Dr. T. H. Martin of Glasgow published in the *Missionary Herald* an admirably written appreciation of Mrs. Sale's life and character, entitled "A Christian Pioneer," to which the present writer is much indebted. After referring to the great things already done by the movement which she initiated, he adds, as truly as eloquently, "The influence which such a movement must exert towards the breaking down of religious prejudices and social barriers is already apparent. The very foundations of Pagan society in India have been undermined, and when it falls into ruin a lovelier edifice will be reared, in which Christ will reign."

For ever associated with the name of Mrs. Sale, in Baptist Missionary history, will be that of Mrs. Lewis of Calcutta, wife of the Rev. C. B. Lewis, a Baptist missionary of distinction in ability and service. Mrs. Sale was the pioneer of all the Zenana Missions, but even more than Mrs. Sale was Mrs. Lewis immediately instrumental in the founding of the Baptist Zenana Mission. Having worked with Mrs. Sale in Calcutta, having approved and adopted her methods, Mrs. Lewis came to England on furlough in 1866, determined by the grace of God to stir up the zeal of her Christian sisters at home, and induce them to organise for the support and extension of the Zenana work of which she was able to speak with the authority of personal

experience. Her holiday labours were abundant. She addressed many meetings and published a pamphlet entitled, "A Plea for Zenanas," which exercised great influence, and has become a document of no small historic interest. In this essay Mrs. Lewis gives a succinct and lucid account of woman's life in the cities of Bengal, tells of opening doors, and of dawning interest in the education of women, pleading with cogency not to be resisted for needful help. One or two quotations from Mrs. Lewis's pamphlet will be as advantageous to the reader of this work as to the writer of it.

"It is not easy to describe to persons in this country the conditions of Hindoo domestic society. In England, as a rule, every family sufficiently opulent possesses a habitation peculiar to itself, and on marriage, a son literally 'leaves his father and mother' to establish a home of his own. The house of a respectable Bengali, on the contrary, is seldom the abode of one couple only. It is rather the dwelling-place of an aggregation of families; father and sons, with cousins and grandsons, often residing together in one domestic community. The family inheritance even is not divided amongst the sharers; but a patriarchal bond unites the several members of the household, and preserves the deference and subordination which nature and custom dictate to them.

"In every respectable Hindoo house a range of apartments is found set apart for the occupation of the women. This is called the Zenana, from the Persian word 'Zen,' woman. To this part of the house no man has access, except the fathers, husbands, and sons of the family, and from it no female

member of the family beyond the age of childhood is allowed to pass unguarded. The apartments of the Zenana are usually dreary, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and miserably furnished rooms, so constructed that no curious eye can overlook them, and that their inmates may see as little as possible of the outside world. In some cases the number of women thus immured is very great, and the same patriarchal system which regulates the relation of the men of the family prevails also amongst the women. The aged mother of the household is supreme, and the other women rank according to their husbands' relative positions. How monotonous and wretched a life passed in such circumstances must be, need hardly be remarked. These poor women enjoy little of their husbands' society—they do not even sit or eat with them; and, having received no education—unable to read books—with no knowledge of any useful or elegant art of needlework or other pleasant occupation to beguile the wearisomeness of their lot—they are shut up to utter indolence. The survey of such jewels as they may possess, the care of their little ones, and the discussion of any family gossip, or of whatever items of news find their way to them from the outside—are their only amusements; and great is their delight when a marriage takes place, or when some idolatrous festival or ceremony is celebrated, and they have their share in the stir, the feastings, and the illuminations which attend it. Such occurrences are their gala days and form the only breaks in their monotonous lives."

These paragraphs are taken from the first pages of the "Plea." Near the close occurs the following:

"Up to the present time those engaged in Zenana teaching in connection with the Baptist and London Missionary Societies have given their services to the work gratuitously; Missionaries' wives and daughters being almost the only European agents employed. But now that the demand for instruction is growing very rapidly, it becomes necessary for us to emulate the noble example set by our friends of the Church of England and Free Church Missions, in supporting ladies exclusively devoted to this work."

The final paragraph, written in calm and measured English, is none the less a spiritual trumpet call. "We must not close this paper without reminding our readers that the women of India are believed to number 90,000,000; and those of Bengal alone 20,000,000; and that already the Zenana Mission is not confined to Calcutta; some houses having been entered in Agra, Delhi and also in Bombay. Funds are now needed to enable us to engage all who are qualified and willing to enter on this work, whether they are found in India itself, or among devoted and self-sacrificing young ladies in this country. Surely our appeal on behalf of so many who are ready to perish will not be made to the women of England in vain."

It was not made in vain. Having secured the enthusiastic support of "honourable women who were [Baptists], and of men, not a few," Mrs. Lewis attained the immediate goal of her holiday labours. On May 22nd, 1867, at a meeting held in the Baptist Mission House, John Street, Bedford Row, London, the Baptist Zenana Mission was founded. For the full account of this memorable meeting, and for the

ordered survey of the growth and developments of the Mission the reader is referred to "Jubilee, 1867–1917."

Six months before the founding of the Baptist Zenana Mission in London the Rev. John Sale officiated in Calcutta at the wedding of his wife's friend, Miss Harriet T. Anstie, to the Rev. James Smith of Delhi. Mrs. Sale had urged her friend to enter upon Zenana visiting without even waiting for a careful study of the language, knowing that suitable helpers could be found. Upon arrival in Delhi, very shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Smith proceeded to follow her friend's counsels, and forty years later wrote for the "Baptist Zenana Mission Magazine" an article entitled "Early days of the Baptist Zenana Mission in Delhi."

Among her reminiscences occurs a quaint story which may serve to lighten the serious pages of this book. Mrs. Smith had secured access to the Zenanas of certain persons of distinction, and one of her pupils was "Fakrosaman," a discarded wife of the old emperor. This is how the story runs, as told by Mrs. Smith: "Some time afterwards (*i.e.*, after a visit to the Zenana of Prince Suliman Shah) an accident happened when we were visiting Fakrosaman which might have been serious. Mr. Barnardo, brother of the late excellent Dr. Barnardo, of the 'Homes,' was visiting Delhi and accompanied us to see the imperial tombs at Nizamoodeen. Remarking that I would make a short visit to the Zenana in the old mosque, occupied by Fakrosaman and other old pensioned ladies, I sent a chair outside that he might wait, not knowing that he was curious to see the interior. I walked inside and

found a large number of old acquaintances; but what was my consternation when they suddenly screamed, laughed, and hid themselves under beds and purdahs, for there in the midst, innocent of his breach of etiquette, and puzzled by the outcry, stood good Mr. Barnardo. Of course I explained and caused him to retreat precipitately, with humble apologies to the heartily amused and easily pacified party of women. But it was fortunate for him that we could plead that he was an entire stranger to India and the sacred seclusion of the Zenana." One suspects that in the end "good Mr. Barnardo" suffered more from this experience than the ladies who were "easily pacified."

Mrs. Smith gives many interesting particulars concerning early workers and first converts, and refers to the enormous difficulties which lie in the path of women Mohammedan converts who would fain make open profession of their faith, which comparatively few have done. Let this chapter close with the final sentence of this pioneer's story of the early days: "Yet when we look at the unrelenting hardness of Mahomet's teaching, and the subtle evils by which Hinduism entangles the souls of its devotees, we can rejoice that some are permitted openly to escape, while hundreds more are silent yet true believers in the name of Christ."

## Chapter Two — ZENANA ECHOES

WHEN our missionary sisters entered the grudgingly opened doors of the zenanas, they were constrained, more markedly in some districts than in others, to make haste slowly. In a speech delivered in London in 1881, when the Mission was just fourteen years old, the Rev. R. F. Guyton described the evolution of zenana work proper in the city of Delhi, the scene of his own memorable labours. At first our sisters could attempt little more than the establishing of friendly relations by means of conversation on general topics. Later they were able to give lessons in reading, writing and secular subjects. Then they taught lace-work and other feminine employments, which provided new interests and relieved the monotony of seclusion; and finally, when confidence had been secured and minds opened, they were able to introduce the Scriptures and urge the claims of Christ.

Mr. Guyton was of opinion that this policy of patience was entirely justified, and that more precipitate evangelism would have resulted in exclusion. Since that time zenana doors have been opening ever more swiftly and widely, and if the missionary staff were immensely increased, the members of it and their native assistants would find more than enough to do of actual gospel work.

In reading this address of Mr. Guyton's, and relating it to other records, one is driven to reflect upon the appalling amount of inane and trivial talk which must have afflicted our women missionaries, taxing their patience to the point of exhaustion, in those early days, and, indeed, all the way along. Of course small talk is not peculiar to any race or to either sex, and if the conversation of the world were stenographed for a single day, and the volume of it appraised by some commissioned angel of adequate endurance, it is gravely doubtful whether the talk of women would be adjudged to be vainer or more wearisome than that of men. That men think lightly of women's matters is irrelevant. The angel critic, superior to masculine limitations and unbiased by masculine conceit, would weigh with equal scales.

Admitting all this one must at the same time admit that in the Indian zenana the weeds of vain talk flourish under hot-house conditions, and that our sisters, in this aspect of their manifold endurance, should command our most cordial sympathy. Think of the questions they have had to answer, some of them continually arising with exasperating reiteration: questions as to their unmarried condition, urged with Eastern unrestraint; questions as to the whiteness of their skin—were they bled in infancy, or were they used to wash with magic soap? and that standing problem: How could they, gentle modest women, dare to walk abroad, boldly and unveiled, amid the world of men? Surely also the gossiping confidences of the Indian zenana must sometimes have been even more embarrassing and repellent to Western women than its ruthless

questions. But our sisters have found the grace of their Lord sufficient for endurance and for the maintenance of purity of mind.

And from time to time they have heard talk in the zenanas which was not vain talk, and, upon occasion, words which made all their endurance and all their weariness seem worth while.

Here is an extract from the account of a zenana Bible lesson :

" She was much affected by the xxii. of Luke, and when she came to the Saviour's agony in the garden, she said : ' Oh ! He felt it so much *and yet He went on !* ' " We understand the emotion with which those simple words were heard and recorded, and we read them with a responsive thrill to-day.

That Indian women think, in spite of all their disadvantages, is evidenced by the following notes of a conversation held in a zenana forty years ago. The reader will recognise that speeches of reformers in Parliament and out of it are echoing one of its arguments in this year of grace, 1917.

" The —— and her daughter are both interesting pupils. The —— always seems glad to converse on religious matters, but she thinks that Government has the power to do away with Hinduism, and establish Christianity in this country. It is vain to tell her that Government cannot interfere with our religion. She invariably answers : ' People in authority do anything when it suits their purpose, but when they are not concerned, then they cannot meddle. Was it not a religious rite to burn the wife with her dead husband ? Was not the drown-

ing of infants in the Ganges considered a demand of our religion, and have not the Europeans put a stop to these horrible deeds ? In the same way, cannot they prevent early marriage, which is the cause of more misery than words can express ? What a difference it would make in our society if we women enjoyed half the liberty you ladies do, and cannot the Government aid us in this respect ? Has not the Governor-General the power to make a rule of not receiving the rajahs or any other native gentlemen in his home without their wives and daughters ? Would not our husbands take us out soon enough then, and would not others follow our example, until this unjustifiable system were abolished ? ' "

In Delhi, Miss Fryer (now Mrs. Bray, and happily still living), the first missionary sent out from England by the Baptist Zenana Mission, had a dear Mohammedan pupil, who had come to the point of marriage. So friendly were the relations established with the family, that Miss Fryer and a colleague were permitted to visit her in her most secluded seclusion, and observe some of the weird marriage preparations. They were also guests at the wedding, during which the poor little bride (whose trousseau consisted of eighty suits of rich material, trimmed with gold, silver and lace, which had been three years a-making), fainted under the suffocating weight of her splendour. The missionaries feared that after her marriage their dear pupil would be lost to them. When they were taking leave, they diffidently asked the bridegroom's mother if they might be permitted to visit the bride in her new home, and received the unexpected but delightful

answer: "Oh, yes, do come. She has been your child, and is yours still."

Two missionaries are making a tour of itineration in the Backergunge district. They are seated in the zenana of a friendly babu. Four sweet girls are sitting before them, holding their hands and lamenting in low voices that they will not see them soon again. This is the burden of their talk. "We are shut up in darkness, like birds in a cage; if only some one could come often as you have to-day, we might learn of Jesus and follow in His path; we want to learn, but how can we, with no one to tell us? We know none but God can save; we do want clean hearts; we are fortunate to have heard you to-day; we shall never forget, and yet there is pain in our hearts, and it were better that we had never seen you, for now we must part, and we already love you. Pray for us, do not forget—and oh, do come again!"

The mingled joy and pain which such words wakened in the missionaries' hearts can well be imagined, and it may be hoped that the echo of them will increase the missionary zeal of Christian women at home. For this heart-cry is but one of thousands of like import.

Years later one of these missionaries wrote the story of the conversion of an intelligent Hindu woman whom it was her privilege to lead to Christ. The gist of the narrative may be conveyed in two or three significant quotations. One day this woman said to her teacher: "Oh, that I could know certainly whether what you say is true or not! Sometimes I think your words must be true; again, I remember how ancient our religion is, and

how our forefathers have lived and died in it, and I say it will surely do for me; and then at other times I feel so confused that I am tempted to give up all religion."

Later, after much Bible study: "If my countrywomen would but read this book, their hearts would melt as mine has done." Later still, with tears, when the teacher is on the point of leaving for England: "You, sister, have grasped my hand, and Christ has grasped yours." And last of all this, written in a letter from the scholar in Calcutta to her teacher in England: "Through the great kindness of God I have found peace. Your efforts in my behalf have not been in vain, for the Lord Jesus has found His lost sheep."

Truly, our missionary sisters have often been wearied by vain talk; but they have had their moments of triumph, when words fell upon their ears which it was worth while crossing the world to elicit—words which made glad the heart of God.

## Chapter Three — ZENANA SCHOOLS

FROM the first days the Zenana Mission has been committed to education. If the Indian women are to know Christ, and to live the Christian life, they must be enabled to read the Christian Scriptures. In many instances the missionaries were permitted to teach reading before they were permitted to teach religion. They wrought patiently, bided their time, and had their reward. Glad were they when it was possible for them to visit Indian women, by ones and twos, in their zenanas, and open to them the treasures of the Evangel, the words of which they had come to read for themselves. Often the teachers were surprised and delighted by the quickness of their pupils, which signally belied the crude notion that Indian women were wanting in native intellectual power. But it was all the while obvious how immense would be the advantage if the Christian education of women could begin in childhood, and if the missionary could economise time and strength by teaching many pupils together in a school.

Prayer and faith and the boldness which springs from prayer and faith accomplish wonders, and while the Mission was still in its infancy Zenana Schools came into being. In a letter dated Calcutta, September 9th, 1872, addressed to the Committee at home, for publication, Mrs. C. B. Lewis

says, "You will remember that when that unfortunate Ganesh Shundari's case gave us so much trouble and anxiety, our three zenana schools had to be closed, but this year we have been able to open three others, one of which Mrs. Sanders superintends, while the other two are in Mrs. Dakin's care. The average number of children attending these schools is as nearly as possible one hundred; and I hope that on the first of November, when the Doorga Pooja holidays are over, we shall have yet another in a locality which promises a very large number of children."

The children have to be convoyed to the school and home again by elderly women, employed for this purpose by the mission, as their parents would not allow them to venture into the streets alone. This is not a very costly arrangement, as one poor woman will undertake to attend to about twenty children for two rupees a month, or for something like one shilling weekly. In 1879, the year following her retirement from the field-service of the mission, necessitated by broken health, Mrs. Lewis wrote a vivid description of one of these schools, which is here reproduced in good hope that it will make a lasting impression upon the mind of the reader.

"Had I the gift of word-painting possessed by some, I would take you with me in thought to one of our zenana schools, known from its locality as the 'Mulanga School.' I would there introduce you first to a square court-yard, at one side of which is the usual Dullan. This is a sort of dais, supported by three arches, in which at Poojah times the idols to be worshipped are placed while the

priests stand before them to offer their oblations of flowers, and utter certain montros or prayers, and the spectators stand in the courtyard itself, three steps below.

"In this Dullan it has been our privilege for several years past to assemble some thirty little girls daily, to be taught not only reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, etc., but what is of far more importance, the principles of the Christian religion; and often have we heard from these dear little lips precious passages from God's word, repeated not only with great correctness, but with manifestly a very fair comprehension of their meaning.

"Many of those children can repeat the whole of the Rotna Mala, or 'Necklet of Jewels' (a collection of passages giving the gospel in epitome), as well as knowing a simple catechism and a number of hymns, translations of favourites in general use at home. In this little school, held where gods—the work of men's hands—are wont to be worshipped, several children have learnt to love the Saviour, and there too His praises are daily sung.

"In one corner of this Dullan is a door formed of thick venetians, which is one of the entrances to the inner part of the dwelling. In this abode resides a childless widow, comparatively young; and curiosity at first led her to sit on the inner side of this door during school hours, where she could hear without being seen. Her interest became excited, and she asked the teacher to come to her when disengaged, and teach her to read. This power well acquired, it became comparatively easy for her to sit outside the venetian door, and, with

her books before her, follow the instructions given to the children.

"The Lord in mercy soon opened this desolate heart to receive the love of the precious Saviour, and she became a very happy Christian. She would hurry through the household duties as rapidly as possible, to take her most uncomfortable position on the little step inside the door referred to above, and there, by listening to the instructions given to the children, increased her own little stock of knowledge."

There could be no doubt that this young widow, deprived of her jewels because of her widowhood, had found the Pearl of Great Price and carried it in her bosom. One day she said to Mrs. Sanders, who was visiting her, "My poor deluded Hindoo sisters bow down to idols, but when not in the presence of their so-called gods think nothing about them; but I have got my Jesus in my soul, and I think of him by day and by night, and he never forgets me." Shortly before writing this account Mrs. Lewis had heard of her attendance at wedding festivities, a rare privilege for a widow, and surrounded by other women she had found opportunity of reading to them from the Scriptures, and explaining those parts of the Evangel which were dearest to her, and which she best understood. They were pleased to listen, and said sometimes, "What beautiful words! We never heard the like before! How clever you have become, and what spiritual knowledge you have. It is really marvellous!" Marvellous indeed! The Lord's doing!

Over against this account of zenana schools in the city may be set the following example of

village school work in the neighbourhood of Cuttack, written in 1895.

"In another village we have built a schoolroom of our own. It consists only of a thatched roof on poles over the raised mud platform, a great improvement on the other, because so much more airy. In these simple schoolrooms we gather round us our little scholars, most of them coming from heathen homes, and try to lead their young hearts to love Him Who is the children's Saviour. At present we attempt nothing more than reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; for these schools are all quite new, the oldest established being only eighteen months old. Some of the elder girls will soon be leaving us to get married, and our earnest desire is that they not only learn to love Jesus while they are with us, but that they may learn to read, so that when they leave, and perhaps go to places where they may never hear of Him, they may be able to take Gospels, etc., and so read for themselves. The educational appliances used in these schools are very primitive, and very few in number at that. They consist of a few Khordies, or sticks of earthy chalk used for writing with, a few alphabet cards and primers, and a large alphabet card for class work. With this amount of stock-in-trade one of these schools can be started and carried on for some months. When the children are a little more advanced other things, such as slates, etc., are added by degrees. As soon as they can read fairly well we give them the original translation of the 'Peep of Day' as a reading book; and the story of Jesus and His life and death as told there seems to fascinate the minds and hearts of these

little ones, who have never heard before of such matchless love."

Town and country schools such as those described above still form an important part of the operations of the mission. But where conditions permit elementary schools are conducted on lines more accordant with Western Twentieth Century ideas: schools well-housed, well-equipped, worked by certificated teachers conversant with modern methods: schools which earn Government grants and receive them. Thanks also to the higher educational advantages afforded by the mission, promising pupils who get their first lessons in primitive village schools are enabled to continue their studies until they become qualified for important educational and spiritual service.

Of the more advanced scholastic work of the mission some account will be given in a later chapter.

## Chapter Four — WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

THE doctrine that woman is mentally and morally inferior to man, incapable of independence and born to subjection, is commonly believed in India. The Indian woman accepts it herself. "Her life-long lesson has been well learned, 'We come after the men, and live only for their pleasure.'"

None the less it would be a grave mistake to assume that woman's influence is an unimportant factor in Indian life. The wrongs of woman do not destroy her influence, or even diminish its volume; they only pervert it. Where men keep women down by imposing upon them cruel weights of disability and deprivation, they most surely impede their own ascent. It is obviously the will of God that woman should count for immeasurably much in man's life, and she does. Just in the degree in which she is restrained from helping him, will she be constrained to hinder him. In the scheme of nature woman is no more dependent upon man than man is upon woman. They are made for each other and designed to find their happiness in mutual and social service. Womanhood at its best is as necessary to man's well-being as manhood at its best is to woman's well-being. Ultimately there can be no conflict of interests. For the wrongs of either both must

pay, as they are paying in India and elsewhere, and will continue to pay till the wrongs are redressed.

It is said that the Indian woman is her husband's plaything or his slave. If this is true, it is never the whole truth; for the plaything will surely also be a very subtle player, and the slave of the husband will be the sovereign of his son. The poor little Indian woman-child who comes into the world unwelcomed, and is irrationally regarded as a misfortune and a disappointment by men who owe their existence to women, and fondly hope that women will give them sons, is a pathetic figure. Betrothed in infancy, married when childhood is only just passing into youth, carried off to a strange house to be the property of a husband whom she has never seen, and the servant of his mother, who is not constrained by convention to be kind—she continues to be a pathetic figure. But as soon as she becomes the mother of a son she acquires social importance, respect is accorded to her, and nature and the conditions of her life conspire to concentrate her influence upon him. Living for him with signal devotion she will command his affection; uneducated, but religious, she will imbue him with her superstitions; and though he may graduate at Oxford, the hand of his mother's soul will be upon him till he dies.

Moreover, the Indian mother's domestic dominance in the life of her son is more enduring than is maternal dominance in western lands. Recently, a lady who had formerly served the mission in Calcutta said in public that she had seen a grey-haired Indian gentleman run to obey his mother's command with the unquestioning

alacrity of a well-disposed boy of twelve. And here is the published testimony of another missionary: "The widowed mother of grown-up sons is queen in her own household, and these sons pay her the greatest reverence. I was told by one of the leaders of a native society that it was his custom every morning before entering on the business of the day to visit his aged mother, and, kneeling before her, present an offering and crave her blessing. I believe that hundreds of men are held back to-day from confessing Christ by the influence of the female members of their families."

Force of character tells under all conditions, and may be found in either sex. David Livingstone encountered it in Africa in the person of a young woman who had never seen a book, but who was none the less a clever and redoubtable ruler. Warriors trembled at her frown, and the resolute explorer had to bow to her will. It went against the grain, but what could he do when she, who towered above him in stature, smiled down upon his dudgeon, patted him kindly, and addressed him as "my little man"? It does not follow, therefore, that in India a childless wife must needs be a negligible quantity. She is at a grave disadvantage, but force of character may save her from neglect or contempt.

Dr. Nina Ottmann has written an entertaining and instructive little book entitled "The Stolen God." It is the story of her professional and friendly relations with the household of a certain Rajah. He and his wife are well on in years, and are childless. The Ranee is seriously ill, and Dr. Ottmann is called from a distance to attend her.

She makes repeated and prolonged visits before the necessary operation is consented to and performed. Meanwhile she has good opportunity of studying Indian life in an exalted sphere, and her impressions are extremely interesting. The Rajah is a benevolent ruler and an intelligent and amiable man. His wife is an orthodox believer in the inferiority of woman, but being the stronger personality rules her husband and guides his affairs. The elderly couple are intensely attached to each other. The Rajah will do anything to please his wife, and morning by morning the Ranee drinks from a silver vessel water in which he has washed his feet, in ceremonial recognition of her subjection. Moreover, she will endure physical anguish and risk her life in superstitious observances impelled by the hope of promoting his welfare in this life and beyond. None the less at times, and on poor pretence, she will flout him austerely, reject his kindness, and torment his affectionate soul to the point of distraction.

In scenery and circumstance the little drama is alien, in psychological essentials it is perfectly familiar. The western man reads the story with a smile of recognition. He has heard it all before.

Woman is woman the world over, and her influence upon man is great. But daughters are woman-born as well as sons, and woman's influence upon her own sex is equally momentous. An Indian Christian woman writer declares: "It is the women themselves who are hindering the day of their deliverance; the educated men of India who have learned that 'No nation has ever risen beyond the

level of its women,' are more ready to give than the women to receive."

But even if Indian women's influence were as little as it is great, the obligation to bear to them the evangel of light and freedom would remain valid. Are women not the offspring of God equally with men? Are they not capable of suffering, of love, of faith? Did not Christ die for them? Did He think lightly of them in the days of His flesh? Do they figure poorly in the evangel? Were not His warmest encomiums pronounced upon women? Had He a dearer friend than Mary of Bethany? Disparagers of women on scripture grounds are careful to quote St. Paul, and not his Lord. But St. Paul has refuted their mistaken conclusions by one great oracle nowise doubtful of interpretation. In the kingdom of heaven, which Jesus has opened to all believers, distinctions of sex, as of race, are transcended: "There is neither male nor female."

But Indian women's influence is great. A score or more of years ago an intelligent young man who had accepted the faith and was minded to confess Christ openly, came to one of our Zenana missionaries, seeking sympathy and counsel. His young wife, whom he loved dearly, had declared that if he apostatised from his ancestral faith, and went over to the Christians, she would kill herself. How could he dare to face the responsibility?

Who would be ready with a short and confident reply?

## Chapter Five — VILLAGE ITINERATION

### A Notable Book

THE letters, pamphlets and addresses of many of our women missionaries prove that they are not wanting in literary skill; but the exigencies of their work have generally prevented them from giving us *books*. The more welcome, therefore, is a volume issued last year, entitled, "Among the Women of the Punjab," written by Miss Miriam Young, who is attached to the Mission at Palwal. At present it is an eighteen-penny volume, clearly printed, excellent as a popular edition. But upon reflection the publishers will surely issue it in more dignified form, for this "Record of a Camping Tour" of three months' duration, among the villages in the Palwal district, is a real book, and will take its place in missionary literature as an authentic document of abiding value. It is a vivid chapter in the unending volume of "things as they are." The writer has the true artist's power of vision and expression. She sees clearly, paints with sure strokes, and her pictures are not mere photographs, but interpretations, exhibited in the toned lights of a sympathetic, high purposed, and believing soul.

In these pages Indian village life is lived before the reader. Instinctively one is assured that the

account is as truthful as it is interesting. The present writer is not entitled to speak with authority upon this matter. The more cheerfully therefore he records the judgment of an accomplished friend who finds in this book a perfectly veracious transcript of what she herself observed in India years ago; so much so, indeed, that in reading Miss Young's pages she seems to be living over again the days of her sojourn in the East. It is difficult to conceive of anything which would give a greater spur to interest in our women's work in India than the wide circulation of this notable book.

### Chhoti and Panchi Set Out

The outstanding figure of the story is "Chhoti," an experienced missionary, whose special sphere of ministry is constituted by the four hundred villages within a ten-mile radius of Palwal. Her heart is for ever with her villagers, but often she is detained in the town by the exigencies of the Mission. In November 1912, she and her younger colleague, "Panchi," escape with much joy for a three months' "camping tour." In addition to the principals, the expedition includes two attendant Indian women, a "watchman" (general factotum), and "a grass-cut" (devoted to the horse). They are starting. The tents have gone on before.

"Three of them—Chhoti, Kalivat and Panchi—sat tightly in a row in the somewhat ramshackle cart behind a somewhat ramshackle mare. They were wedged in too tightly to fear falling out. At their feet were various articles of luggage—a magic lantern box, a hurricane lantern, a tin of oil, a few pots and pans, a water vessel and a bundle of

clothes. They left Malwar (Palwal) behind them, perched on its dust-heap, and turned their mare's head towards the south, along the Grand Trunk road."

After experiencing the excitements of the great road, with which readers of Mr. Kipling's "Kim" will be familiar, our campers turn aside into a field track. Here their course is boggy and bumpy and perilous; but presently, without disaster, they are approaching the village of Sīkri, their destined head-quarters for a fortnight. While still a mile away from their camping place, they are recognised by women at work in the cotton fields, who come running to greet them, constrain them, there and then, to sing a *bhajan* (native hymn), and promise to visit the tent. As the cart moves on, they scuttle back to their work.

Arrived, "The three campers got down from their cart and walked across to where their tent was going up. To the right of the tent was Sīkri village, in front was a big pond, and across the pond was the cattle fold. At the back of the tent was a primitive sugar press, not yet working, for the sugar-cane would not be ripe for nearly another month. Overshadowing their encampment was a big *pipal* tree. There had been delay that morning in getting off the tents, so when the campers arrived they had to set to work, tugging at ropes, hanging up curtains, hauling in boxes and beds, and sorting out furniture. A crowd of children swarmed round, inside and outside the tent. The big bearded *lambardar* (a head-man of the village), by whose permission the tent was being pitched, was there to superintend, and he suggested that the Miss

Miss Weaver in a Palki

In a Dug-Out Boat

Ways of working in the South Village District

Sāhiba should bring a cane and beat them all, or should cut off their ears. The far-fetched threat apparently struck terror into their hearts, and for a time they retired to a safe distance. It very soon grew dusk; the children went off home, the men and women also, and the campers were left in peace."

### General Proceedings

Would that it were possible to tarry with them, move on with them, and share their experiences in changing scenes through following weeks and months! But for that the reader must be referred to the book itself. Here, a few words of general description, and one or two suggestive extracts are all that space permits. The tent at Sīkri and other resting places is for the time of sojourn a centre of village interest. In the evenings women and children come in crowds to see pictures, hear singing, ask questions and listen to talk of divine things with divers degrees of interest. In the mornings the missionaries start out to visit neighbouring villages, one of them getting home to receive callers in the afternoon.

Usually they go together. Occasionally they part company and adventure alone. In some villages, especially where Chhoti is known and has friends, they are eagerly welcomed; in others their reception is chilling, and they have to wait for good will, and win it. Now and then guides volunteer service, and the way of their leading is the way out. In most instances they soon find some friendly soul who feels kindly towards them and affords them an opportunity of awakening kindness in other hearts. Their experience illustrates markedly the value of

Medical Missions. In many of the villages one or two persons reside who have had treatment and teaching at the Palwal Hospital, and their gratitude and goodwill secure open doors. When conditions render it possible, they hold school on successive days in the same place, glad of the opportunity of continuous teaching, and cheered by the progress of their scholars.

It is easier for them to find entrance to the zenanas than good attention for their message. A well-to-do woman invites them to her house, apparently accounting it accordant with her dignity or her humour to be visited by "Mems." She welcomes them effusively, assuring her friends that all they say will be Allah's truth, charges them to be attentive, and then obviously lets her own thoughts wander, fingers the stuff of Chhoti's garments while she is speaking, and interrupts a solo to ask whether the singer is married. This question of marriage is a recurrent distraction and embarrassment. But Chhoti's patience and resource are inexhaustible. In her zenana talks she aims at securing the interest of one listener, upon whom she concentrates attention, finding by experience that others in such case are apt to be drawn to listen, if for no other reason than that they do not like to be left out.

But at times they obtain earnest audience, for there is that in the Gospel to which anguish must at least listen. Once, at nightfall, a broken-hearted woman stole into the tent, told her tale of desolation, and finished by pleading with clasped hands "for a little medicine, which she might eat and die." Panchi gave her love and sympathy, and words of eternal life. She would fain have stayed

for ever, but the night deepened, and she had to go.

### Those Horrid Men

Piquant and even dramatic is the vivid account of a public discussion between Panchi and a wily old Mohammedan *Maulvi*. The encounter was not of Panchi's choosing. She was trapped into it by a group of men, under circumstances which made retreat impossible without a notable display of white feather, a form of adornment which women missionaries eschew. She did not retreat, but stuck to her guns with courage, discretion and success. At least that will be the reader's judgment, though Panchi was of another mind, and was vexed with herself for making so poor a figure—a misjudgment due to overstrained nerves.

Chhoti and Panchi accounted themselves to be sent to the women and children of the villages, but upon occasion the men declined to be overlooked, and were present when their absence would have been a boon. Our evangelists were models of patience, even with provoking men. But there are limits to human patience, and once at least they were goaded into indignation, the cordial expression of which commands the reader's warmest sympathy.

The magic lantern was an important part of their field artillery, and it was not always easy to secure suitable site and circumstance for an open air exhibition. Observe how, when site and circumstance are wholly favourable, "the *Tamasha* may be utterly spoilt" by men. "Chhoti and Panchi camped just outside a large and difficult village called Shatīr. They had already had a taste of the

men's manners in the village, their unpleasant jokes and absolute selfishness, and knew that a large show would also be a difficult one. But they did not wish to shirk it, and so miss what might be a great opportunity. Near one of the entrances to the village on a slightly rising piece of ground was a splendid wall, and a magnificent open space in front; the people were eager about the show, and the two campers decided to venture. The hymn-writer speaks of a place 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' The open space at the entrance to Shatīr that evening was just such a place. The wall was all that could be desired; it was in splendid shadow. The space was ample for all who could possibly wish to come. But man, especially man as distinguished from woman, was very vile indeed."

Here follows a closely printed page, describing in detail the rude and obstructive behaviour of a crowd of men who were simply horrid. "It was a shameful exhibition of selfishness and indifference to the wishes of others. Chhoti and Panchi came away tired and disgusted and sick at heart. It had seemed such a splendid opportunity; several hundreds of people and ample room for all to see and hear in comfort; and it had been spoilt by the wretched selfishness of the men."

"Only man is vile," but man is not only vile, and it is pleasing to record that Chhoti and Panchi often received marked kindness at the hands of men, and that in individual instances the message of the women missionaries drew men to their Saviour.

### A Lantern Exhibition

Over against this fiasco may be set the story of another lantern exhibition held in a zenana courtyard at the invitation of two "interesting heretics," mother and daughter, educated Árya Samajists, and great friends of Chhoti and Panchi.

"The little door cut out of the big one was fast shut; there was no possibility of noisy interruptions; and Chhoti was able to show her pictures in luxurious leisure and quiet. The women interrupted frequently with a question or a remark, but they were interruptions which helped rather than hindered.

"Chhoti showed them first a few animal pictures, so that they might grow accustomed to the novelty of the thing, and then passed to the story of the Prodigal Son. It was a story of every-day life to them.

"They saw him setting out, clothed in purple and fine linen, with all his worldly possessions loaded on a string of camels, and they saw him making merry with his dissolute companions in the far-off big city. They saw him reduced to absolute poverty and in the grip of famine. They knew all about famine; it was not so many years since they themselves had experienced it. They saw him helplessly seeking work, and pitied him. But when they saw him—the boy of high birth, reduced to such straits that he became the servant of a sweeper, and went to feed his pigs—they cried out against him in scorn and contempt, for they realised his degradation as perhaps English people cannot who have never seen the East or its pigs. Yet there

was no doubt in their minds whether his father would receive him. 'How otherwise? A father's love is like a mother's.' And they quoted an Indian proverb, 'Pūt kū pūt hojae. Mān kū mān na hoe!':

A son a bad son may become.
A mother a bad mother will not be.

'Father or mother, it is all one,' they said.

"From the thought of such tender, faithful human love, Chhoti led them on to think of a love more tender and faithful still. She showed them scenes from the life of Him Who came seeking the prodigals, and leading them back to the Father's home; and the women looked and listened with interest and respect. The story was partially familiar to them; they were able to join in the hymns which were sometimes used to explain the pictures. Most of Chhoti's pictures were crude, and to European eyes almost ludicrous; the one of the Crucifixion was beautiful in every way. When it was thrown on the screen, the solitary figure of the Christ hanging on the Cross, and His Mother bending low in grief over His feet, they made an exclamation of horror and pity. It was pity for human suffering and human grief; the suffering of the tortured body, the grief of the mother's heart; perhaps they were not able to get much beyond that, but their cry awoke an echo in other hearts.

"Around was dim, dim darkness; above was the dark unfathomable blue of the night sky, pierced by glittering stars. The picture broke the darkness as that cry of pity broke the silence; two isolated

facts in the world of sight and sound. Almost the picture ceased to be a picture; almost it seemed as though one were gazing, not only on a picture, but on the actual tragedy enacted nearly nineteen hundred years ago, the tragedy of human sin breaking against Divine righteousness; and suddenly there shone forth the tremendous thought of the wonderful, unfathomable love of God."

## "After"

But this notice of Miss Young's alluring book is already disproportionately long, and must be shortly concluded. The missionaries returned from their three months' tour, leaving behind them villages echoing with the words and music of *bhajans*; hundreds of women and children, and men not a few, talking with interest of them, and their pictures, and their books, and their teaching; suffering souls who had felt the glow of their love, and seen a glimmer at least of the Love that sent them; women who had not only fingered the skirts of the evangelists, but in much ignorance and with faltering faith had touched the hem of the garment of their Lord; Christian families living in isolation who had been confirmed in the faith and re-inspired by their visit; "Untouchables," who as the missionaries clasped their hands faintly realised that they might not be forgotten of God—all this and much more they left behind, and brought home with them new and incalculable treasure of faith and hope and love. They had no story to tell of great harvests, but readers of the beautiful chapter entitled "Towards the Ideal," will be moved to

share their larger hope for India and for mankind, and will covet their faith and love.

The last chapter, "After," tells with exquisite feeling and tender restraint of how, some few months later, Chhoti passed within the veil. And there is no reason here and now for withholding the English names of those whose work has been described, Chhoti was Miss Mary Coombs of Palwal, who died of cholera, July, 1914, to the unspeakable grief of her colleagues and to the dire loss of the Mission, while Panchi is Miss Miriam Young, whose book is not only a contribution of enduring value to missionary literature, but a memorial of her friend, unique in design, and of exceeding beauty.

## Chapter Six — BOAT-TOURS IN THE BEELS

THERE is a region of Eastern Bengal (Backergunge) in which such "camping-out" as Chhoti and Panchi enjoyed is wholly impracticable. An expanse of country in the neighbourhood of Barisal, popularly called "the Beels," is a district of rivers and canals, and aqueous rice fields and jungle, containing multitudinous villages small and great. The itinerating missionary must visit them by water, and the house-boat, instead of the tent, must be his or her moving home.

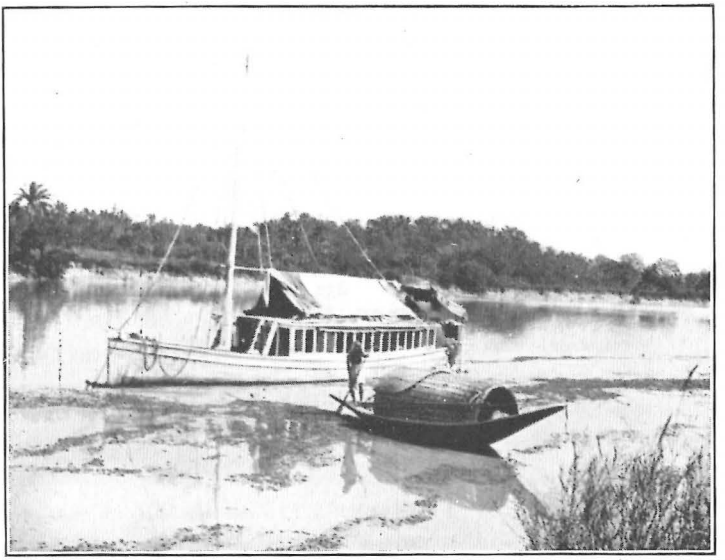
The first attempts at evangelisation in Backergunge were made by Dr. Carey and his colleagues, so that now Christians are found there of the third and fourth generations. The Baptist Churches number more than fifty, with a membership of over seven thousand, a scattered community with headquarters at Barisal.

Home readers of missionary epistles are sometimes puzzled by accounts of touring in the Beels which present rather glaring discrepancies. One letter tells of the poor little, contracted homesteads of the people, each upon its tiny island, to be visited in the dinghy; of churches similarly insulated, the congregations of which come in boats; and of the weariness of living for weeks with scarcely any walking exercise. Another letter tells of how the missionary leaves the house-boat in the early

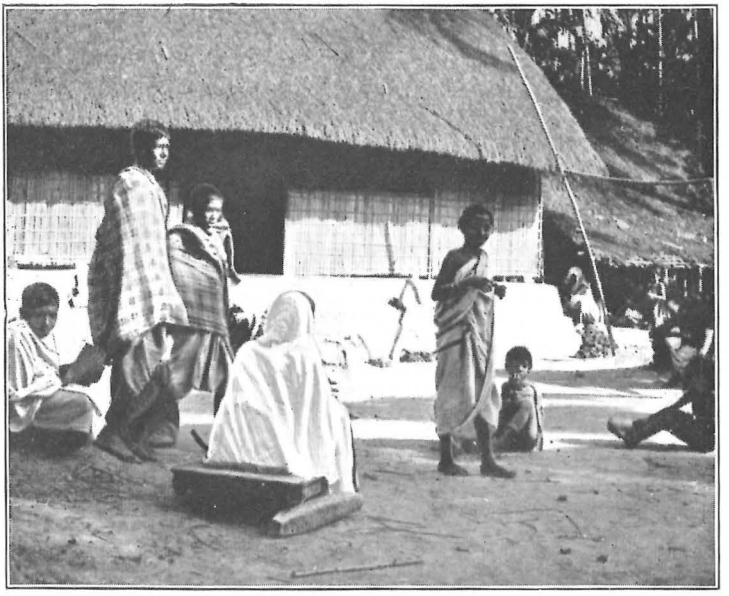
morning, makes long pilgrimages through the jungle, visits a number of great houses, some of them richly and splendidly appointed, is followed by a curious and intrusive crowd of men and boys, and returns to the boat at night worn out with wayfaring in a difficult country. The solution of the critical problems here emerging is as simple as would be the solution of graver problems, arising in connection with more sacred Scriptures, were fuller knowledge vouchsafed to us.

The Beels have their wet season and their dry season, or perhaps, to be more exact, the season in which the waters prevail, and the season in which they abate. In the wet season the rice grows through several feet of water, the mission dinghy swishes through the ripening crop, and twice in the day when the tide rises villages which are not protected by dykes are, for the most part, flooded; hamlets and habitations built on natural or artificial lifts of ground are isolated, visits from house to house must be made by boat, and, haply, belated cows must swim home for milking. Whereas in the dry season the waters retire to their courses, the rice fields are stretches of boggy stubble, and foot journeys through the jungle, as the traveller passes from village to village, are no longer impossible.

Then as to the houses, great and small! The population of the Beels is of course predominantly poor; but in this district a great many landowners and well-to-do babus have their country seats; "ancestral homes" abound, to which return is made, as opportunity serves, by those who leave them for business in Barisal, Calcutta and elsewhere. Some of these homes are splendid, but



In the Beels : The Women's Mission Boat



In the Beel District : A Biblewoman arrives at a Village

many have fallen into decay. "It is surprising," writes one, who formerly laboured in the gospel in the Beels, "to find the immense old ruined houses we come across, where by their joint family system, a regular colony live together. We have large audiences standing or sitting about in the centre courtyard, while we stand in front showing the pictures we have brought with us, to impress Scripture lessons on their minds." And the reason why in one letter we read only of rustic houses and humble folk, and in another about mansions and Zemindars, courtly babus and their women-folk, is a very simple one. In the wet season the missionaries visit the Christian communities, and they are not rich; in the dry season they attempt aggressive warfare, and visit heathen homes high and lowly.

In January, 1888, Mrs. Ellis and Miss Taylor went touring in the Beels, and Miss Taylor described their experiences in a pamphlet entitled "A Month's Evangelistic Work, being a Tour among the Villages of the Backergunge District." A year later Mrs. Ellis made another tour, accompanied this time by Miss Compston (now Mrs. George Kerry) who wrote a second pamphlet, entitled "Short Account of Second Missionary Preaching Tour in the Backergunge District." The narratives are given in diary form, and are replete with matter of spiritual interest. The reader is much impressed by the courteous reception so often accorded to the missionaries in well-to-do heathen homes and by the attention given to their message by women, who in many instances swiftly come to regard them with affection.

Miss Taylor writes: "The Lord has been before

and most wonderfully opened the way to-day. No opposition, so many people—not a single European anywhere—yet we can go fearlessly through the jungle, met everywhere as friends. We have not had to seek for any work, but have been led by the babus from house to house; they themselves turn all the men out and gather the women together for us. We never get this in Calcutta."

And again, the day after: "Such a grand day; our hearts are very, very full of gratitude, for God is leading us on in a most marked way; prayer is being answered, yea, abundantly. By the time we were dressed a babu was waiting to take us off; it was a very long way, but we were well repaid by the crowd of eager faces waiting for us. The man who brought us confessed his wish to become a Christian, saying he did believe in the Saviour, but so many were dependent on him for support, he did not know how to make a public confession. Then we went off to the great Zemindar's house, where the widows, mentioned before, had told us we should find them. Even he let us go through to the women's quarters. Afterwards, we spoke to him, and he acknowledged there was no religion to equal that of Jesus Christ—may he too be saved! Another man came forward, too, anxious for salvation, and with glad hearts we pointed him to Jesus. Another babu took us into the zenana, and gathering all the women into one room, begged us to tell them of Jesus. I asked him if he had no objection to our talking to the women so much of Jesus, and he said: 'Oh no, you can't satisfy me.' We had, indeed, a happy time there. We were delighted to find two girls' schools in this village

got up by themselves, and the girls are well taught. I examined them and gave a gospel and text card to each one that could read.

"By the time this was over, a babu told me that over forty women were waiting in the next place; we were soon amongst them in the courtyard, singing and talking. The women here, in their eagerness, forgot their own laws of propriety, and came out quite boldly before the men. They were quite reluctant to let us go, but it was getting dark; indeed, before we got back to the boat the jackals were showing their faces. When sitting down to worship in the evening with our boatmen, we were told that the Hindu who had been so anxious about salvation in the morning, wanted to join us. We gladly consented, and he came with three others. Mrs. Ellis spoke to them so earnestly; I am sure he will be saved."

Of course the missionaries had their trials. Now and then they must needs cross a bridge consisting of a single tree trunk flung over a ditch or narrow stream—an easy exercise for natives with bare, accustomed feet, but none so easy for English-women. Once they had to sit down on the bridge and shuffle sideways over, to the great entertainment of a crowd of observers. The performance was as little dignified as that of Zacchaeus when he slid down the sycamore tree. But he was careless of dignity in seeking Christ, and they were careless of dignity in serving Him. It is interesting to read further on of how another of these bridges was negotiated. "In one place where only the trunk of a tree was thrown over a small river, the babus politely held up a bamboo, one standing on

either side, so that, holding this impromptu railing, we went over safely."

Of course men were sometimes horrid. On one occasion two old men abused the missionaries roundly in the presence of a large audience, frightening the women and breaking up the meeting. But there was compensation. Later, two sweet girls, nieces of these men, expressed great distress on account of their uncles' rude behaviour, and added, "Jesus Christ suffered much more than that, and you are his disciples, so you will not mind."

Miss Compston writes: "One great hindrance to our work is the flock of men and boys who constitute themselves our body-guard wherever we go. The trouble is that the women will not come out when the men are about." But, later, Miss Compston bears this witness:

"At another house, an intelligent man said to us: 'You are doing a great work, and we love to hear your words. When you spoke of Jesus inviting the weary and heavy-laden, and sinful, the tears came into my eyes.' In the afternoon we were somewhat embarrassed by the crowd of men and boys who followed us, but when we intimated that we would rather not have their company, one of them said deprecatingly: 'Your words are so good; we like to hear too!' What could we say?"

The "Shanti Dut" (Messenger of Peace) is less famous than "the Peace" of the Congo, but her story will one day, we may hope, make good reading. She is the Zenana mission boat of Barisal. In the tours we have been reviewing the women missionaries sailed in a borrowed boat. Shortly afterwards they were given a boat of their own, and it

was in a tour in the "Shanti Dut" that Miss Taylor passed through experiences which enabled her to tell the following dramatic story in an address delivered in London in 1891 :—

"Sometimes quite a trifling circumstance will be sufficient to open up a whole village to us. We were one morning passing down the river on the look-out for work, but it seemed as if there were no villages in sight, only a vast stretch of rice fields on either side of the river. However, in one of these we noticed a group of men eagerly talking, and drawn up close to the bank was a police-boat, with its red flag. At our approach, one of the men came forward, and, hearing we were missionaries, begged an audience. One of their number had, for some trifling offence, got into trouble with the police. A word from us, they said, would suffice for his release. Finding that the man had not wilfully transgressed, we begged the officer, as a personal favour, to release him. Graciously salaaming, he said: 'He is in your hands, I release him,' and moved off. Greatly delighted, the babus standing round began to question us as to our doings in their district and, hearing what our object was, volunteered to conduct us to their own village, which lay, they said, out of sight beyond the rice fields. We started at once, and were led from house to house with the greatest politeness. 'Sit down quietly and hear what the visitors have to say,' was their advice to the women. 'Don't forget to tell the women in my home about the crucifixion,' said a young fellow, as he led us through the jungle. 'Five minutes ago I was afraid of you, and did not wish to come near you, now I love you. Yours are good, true words

from God, and melt our hearts,' one of the women remarked. The men in this village seemed much drawn towards Christianity, and spoke of the impression which had been made upon them at the Barisal preaching hall. We spent four days in this village, of whose existence we should never have known had not God, by a seeming accident, led us to it."

Unhappily, prescribed limitations will not admit of extended reference to the visitation of the Christians in the season when the waters prevail. But one short quotation may be given from an article by Miss M. J. Bion. She had wandered from her proper sphere in Monghyr to enjoy an apostolic holiday in the Beels. She accompanied Miss Bell, and it was their good hap to meet Mr. Carey of Barisal, also on tour. She writes (1911):

"It was pleasant, indeed, to hear the church bell ring out across the waters its call to come and worship, and a pretty and cheering sight to see the numerous small boats, laden with worshippers, as they swiftly made their way through the rice fields. I shall never forget the sight. My thoughts turned sadly to the many still outside the fold, to whom the sound of that bell was no welcome call. The service was an inspiring one, and well attended. About three hundred were present, and, as is the custom, men and boys sat on the right and the women, babies and children on the left. Mr. Carey preached from Mark x. 45. He was just splendid, and the people listened in rapt attention. The men's faces were a study, as they fixed their attention on Mr. Carey and followed his discourse as he led them on from point to point in his clear, forcible

manner, and in such perfect, yet simple Bengali, that all could understand. His influence over these people is great, and his visits must mark red-letter days, judging from what I saw then."

One other incident may be told in brief. It is immensely significant. Passing through the jungle, Mrs. Ellis and Miss Taylor heard a sound of bitter wailing. Approaching the house whence it came, they found a little girl put out of doors to die, not through lack of love, but in deference to cruel superstition. The child was beyond help, and they asked and received permission to pass inside to the weeping women. Seated in the midst of them the missionaries wept with them, and told of the children's Saviour. Weeping was stayed that the sweet words might be received, and then came this witness: "You love us, for you have wept with us; we believe in you." A fortnight later, in another village, a door closed against them was opened by a protesting voice which cried: "Do not fear these mems, for they are our friends. They know how to sympathise with us."

In a well-known, thrilling ballad, Mr. Rudyard Kipling sings:

"Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment seat;
But there is neither east nor west, border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

In like manner "there is neither East nor West," when two tender-hearted women weep together over a dear, dead child, whom one of them has borne in her bosom.

## Chapter Seven — "GOING A-PLAGUING"

ACROSS a quarter of a century comes to mind the echo of a beautiful saying. Dr. Richard Glover of Bristol, one of the staunchest friends of the Zenana Mission, who has often advocated its claims with his own tender and inimitable eloquence, had visited our Mission in China. With the splendid Famine Relief work effected by Messrs. Richards, Jones and others in mind, he spoke of the advantage given to the light of truth when it was borne upon "*the candlestick of mercy.*" And, if memory is not treacherous, it was in the same connection that he popularised in England the story of the Goddess of Mercy, worshipped by women in China, who, having won her way to the open gate of Heaven, paused upon the threshold, looked back upon the suffering world she was about to leave, and, moved with compassion, returned to minister comfort and help.

Our sisters of mercy in the Mission fields of India and China do not worship the Goddess of Mercy, but they worship Him whose glory is reflected in her legend; for whoso believes that He was "the true light, even the light which lighteth every man coming into the world," must realise that His Spirit was the ultimate Inspirer of this exquisite conception. And our sisters are her sisters too. The radiance of her glory plays upon their lives. They have not sacrificed Heaven for mercy's sake, but they have sacrificed Home.

They carry the light of truth, and they well understand the advantage which the truth derives from the " candle-stick of mercy," in the handling of which the innate tenderness of woman's heart makes them assiduous and expert; and the call for mercy is insistent in their lives as it was in the life of their Lord. As He often broke off divine discourse that He might minister to exigent distress, so they are constrained to turn aside from directly spiritual ministry that they may feed the hungry, soften pain, and put up a gallant fight with disease and death.

In a memorable address delivered in London some few years ago, to which fuller reference will be made later on, Miss Isabel Angus said—having described early experiences of itinerating work in the neighbourhood of Delhi:

" Upon another field of labour, Miss Thorn had already entered, when, five years previously, she ministered to the sick and starving in the terrible famine of 1877. That kind of need has again and again forced itself upon our notice in epidemics of plague and cholera. Few have been the winters of late when we have not been obliged to drop the usual routine of teaching—to lay aside the familiar satchel of books and tracts—to take up other implements, and, as we say colloquially, ' go a-plaguing.' "

This quaint, whimsical, light-sounding phrase designates a ministry as grim, exacting and heart-racking as may well be conceived—a ministry the gravity of which none of those engaged in it are capable of underrating. The horrible bubonic plague, unknown in India a score or so of years ago, is now in many districts a recurrent epidemic, like cholera.

Its devastations are tragical, and in fighting it Government and Missionaries find themselves confronted by abysmal ignorance, stubborn prejudice, cruel suspicion and pathetic fatalism. It is hard to know that one's hand is shortened that it cannot save. It is harder still to know that one cannot save, not because one's hand is shortened, but because its service is repelled.

The shadow of the wings of hovering death has fallen upon Bankipur. Miss Angus is "going a-plaguing." We will go with her.

"To-day, as I was starting out, a young man came up for medicine for his sister, ill for twelve days. I sent him to wait for me in front of his house, and followed quickly; but he did not keep the appointment, and but for the help of a neighbour I should not have found the house. Nor did the difficulty cease when I entered. I found the poor child delirious; the symptoms were those of plague, but the father explained that a rash had also developed, and he thought an attack of smallpox was beginning. To add to the evil, all food, even milk, had been carefully kept from her, and her pulse now indicated extreme exhaustion. I was allowed to take the temperature after the friendly neighbour had vouched for my good intentions, and even to prescribe for the bubo, but all persuasions were useless to allow medicine of any kind to be given. Milk she might be allowed by and by, perhaps; but they were waiting the arrival of a Mali (gardener caste), who would diagnose the disease, and if it were smallpox, treat it by waving a flower before the child's eyes. If *he* agreed, they

would send to me in the course of the evening (it was then noon) for medicine. ' And in the meantime the child will die, not of the disease, but of exhaustion.' ' Her mother died two days ago,' was the reply, and we, who have heard the remark made so often of late, know that the conclusion, whether expressed or unspoken, is—' and why should *she* survive ? ' Yet the man was genuinely distressed. ' It is my fate,' he said, when I protested against the delay, the folly of pinning faith to the word of a ' mali,' who, forsooth, was even now delaying his visit ' until the cool of the afternoon.' ' It is in God's hands whether she recover or no,' he said piously. I told him quietly, for I was very anxious not to offend, if thereby I might gain my point, that the last chance of saving the child's life now rested with *him*—it was not fate but ignorance that was to blame. But it was of no avail, and finally I had to come away and leave the child to die."

A year later the shadow had fallen upon Bankipur again, and a sister missionary wrote the following sentences, which form an interesting and even encouraging sequel to the foregoing passage :

" One Sunday, Miss Tresham said that plague had broken out near my new school, and on going the following day I found the rumour to be all too true. Some people had died, and the others had fled in terror to huts in the fields. The district behind the school was quite deserted, every home locked up and not a person to be seen.

" We have not been called to any cases yet, and have had no applications for medicine. On the Tuesday I was inoculated, so am ready at any time

to begin work. Fifty-eight men, women, and children came for inoculation, and it is very nice to see their absolute confidence in Miss Angus. Her work in years past has certainly told, even on these Biharis."

At the time these words were written, Miss Mary Coombs, known to the readers of this book as "Chhoti," whose lamented death has already been recorded, was about her Father's business in the vicinity of Palwal. Her story told here is brief and unadorned, but how full of the tears of things!

"In some villages plague is very bad. Lately I went to one with a population of 1,500, and was sad to find what a hold the disease has on the place; some days six or eight deaths occur. They said all the potters and their families were dead, and that the rest of the people were fleeing away. In one house, where all were down with it, a woman had run off in delirium and died out in the jungle. And the sad thing is, they won't accept any help there. They say: 'It must be the Government who is spreading it; and this inoculation and disinfecting which they advocate is only meant to spread death faster.' They seemed minded to turn me out at first, but got more friendly by degrees."

Let the pen of another sister of mercy give us a glimpse of Gaya in plague time.

"The most influential men of the city, the Eyawals, have been scared during the present outbreak as never before, and there were very few of them who were not driven by fear to leave their comfortable homes, and flee into the country around, so as to be out of the range of infection. Words fail to describe the scared countenances of those

who had nowhere to go, the deserted appearance of the once crowded streets, the weeping and wailing of the bereaved women, beating their breasts with clenched fists, tearing their hair, and dashing their heads against the wall or ground. While some are nearly frantic with fear, there are others who are proportionately callous."

Our final citation is from the narrative of Mrs. Bion of Monghyr, whose daughter was her colleague in consecrated labour.

" Plague is steadily on the increase, and the last week has seen a rapid rise. A girl who was looking forward to getting a gift died a day before the distribution, and one who received her gift died a few days after, while another is now lying ill. I have had to close one school, and I fear the others will not keep open long. A woman and her daughter were taken ill together, and both lay on the same small bed; the daughter died, and the poor mother lay helpless with the corpse by her side. Miss Bion heard of her sad plight, secured help for her and medical treatment, and now she is well.

" The people have found out that it is wisest to vacate a part when the disease breaks out, and as each portion gets infected they desert it and go out into the fields. Some, being too poor to erect any covering to shelter them from the cold and damp night air, either stay where they are and die, or go out and endure great hardships. I appealed to the local government and found it quite ready to help any sufferers. I am, however, realising how difficult it is to help these people, as, owing to their superstitions and firm belief that the ' Sircar log ' (rulers) are killing them, it has needed great tact

and persuasion to induce just a few of the poorest to accept aid which came from the Government. Even when given the materials and told to erect a hut where they liked, nameless fears overcame them. However, a few having been induced to tremblingly accept the aid, I hope others equally needy may be induced to come forward. It is heartrending to see how their ignorance causes them to suffer.

"Lately I visited a house where seven had been attacked. Five had died; one young man had been taken away by his mother, and his wife was lying all alone in an unconscious and dying condition. I called, but she showed no signs of life. The dirt and desolation of that place I shall not quickly forget. The clothing which had been used by the five who had died lay about in heaps; earthen pots lay strewn about; and in one corner, covered up, lay a helpless form, evidently left to die. I was called in to see a girl just across the lane, also down with plague. During the night both the woman and girl died. The burning and removing of all the plague-infested heap was a trying and troublesome business. Later on, a baby-boy was brought forward—the poor woman's child. Now that she was dead no one wanted him. An aunt was willing to take him, but when she found herself being turned out of her own home because the inmates would not let her enter with the child, (saying that the mother's spirit would come in search of him!) she naturally refused to have him. The poor father, who is recovering, but is still very weak, begged me to take him; but this it was impossible for me to do there and then.

" I do so want to help these poor, stricken people, and to show them the love and compassion of Christ, so that they may be drawn to Him. I desire your prayers that strength and grace may be given from on high for this special service."

Is it wonderful that the writer of this narrative should say the next year, when plague again appeared in Monghyr, " After a visit to one these poor stricken souls I return feeling quite depressed and ill; and you can imagine how it gets on one's nerves when this is of almost daily occurrence, and continuing for several months " ?

And yet in the same letter she tells of a visit, with a Biblewoman, to a plague encampment, two miles outside the town, and says, " I spent two days among them and had a good time."

" A good time ! " There is but one explanation. She and her Biblewoman had other company than their own. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego had the same company in the " burning, fiery furnace," and doubtless they " had a good time."

Things are improving, and more recently we have read of crowds coming to be inoculated, and of growing trust in Government measures and missionary ministry. But India is a large place. The light of science travels slowly. Clouds of ignorance and prejudice are dense and difficult to dissipate. And it is likely that from time to time, as the season comes around and the malign spectre stalks abroad, our sisters of mercy will need our prayers and sympathy as they " lay aside the familiar satchel of books and tracts," gird up their hearts, and " go a-plaguing."

## Chapter Eight — FAMINE RELIEF WORK

THE union of the Particular Baptist and the General Baptist Denominations was effected in 1891. In 1892, the year of the B.M.S. Centenary celebrations, the congenial task was assigned to Dr. Clifford of writing a historical review of the General Baptist Mission in Orissa. The work was done with the beautiful efficiency of a writer whose qualifications included fullest knowledge and the ardent and enthusiastic sympathy educed by long years of devout and practical support. It may be safely assumed that no bit of Dr. Clifford's work gave him more joy than his exultant demonstration of the fact that the spiritual fusion of the two denominations had been effected upon the mission field scores of years before it came within the sphere of practical Church politics at home.

When the General Baptists, after much searching of heart, awakened by the prophetic advocacy of the Rev. J. G. Pike, decided that they must form a Foreign Missionary Society ; when they had raised money, and found men and women called and consecrated to the work, they knew not where to begin. Then the Holy Ghost said to them, " Send my missionaries to Serampur, and my servant, your brother Carey, will show them the way of my appointing." They were sent. Carey received them with gratitude and joy. Distinctions of Particular

and General were evaporated by the glow of common love for Christ, and perfect mutual confidence. Carey placed in their hands the Oriya New Testament, which he had been moved already to prepare, and passed them on to the near-at-hand, dark, suffering district of Orissa, where they began to write a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which by the grace of God is not yet closed.

The population of Orissa is afflicted by chronic poverty; consequently, in time of famine, its suffering is the more severe. Dr. Clifford writes, "The terrible famine of 1866 added 1,500 children to the care of our missionaries. That heartrending calamity roused Europe and quickened the interest of the Churches of England in Orissa to an unprecedented extent. More than three-quarters of a million of men perished within six months, in spite of the activity of the relief depôts and the efforts of the Government. A deeper abyss of human misery was rarely, if ever, sounded. Entire villages were swept away. Parents sold their children for a few coppers. Many were abandoned and left to die. The famishing little ones—only fit for the hospital—were entrusted to the physicianly care of the Mission at Cuttack, Piplee, and Berhampore, and many of them survived the disastrous famine shock and were educated and settled in life."

Orissa has often been visited by famine, and the care of famine orphans is a continual service of the Mission. There was famine in Orissa in 1908, and we have a vivid glimpse of Famine Relief work from the pen of Miss Barrass, the daughter of one of the most honoured of General Baptist ministers. Miss Barrass worked in Cuttack from 1880 until some three

years before her death, which occurred in 1915. The sketch from which some extracts are here submitted appeared in the *Baptist Zenana Mission Magazine*, March, 1909, and gives evidence that Miss Barrass wrote with a graphic pen, wrought with patience, vigour and resource, was mercifully endowed with a sense of humour, and withal watched for souls with yearning inspired by the love of God.

The scene is the compound of the Zenana House at Cuttack, where Miss Barrass superintends the dispensing of food under conditions sometimes encouraging and often distracting, on certain days of the week.

"When first these people came to us they appeared to be just an assembly of poor and needy, blind, halt, maimed, diseased, but when we had all settled down a little, it was most interesting to study them one by one and find out their individual temperaments and preferences, which also was a help in dealing with them. Some do not attract much attention; others, for divers reasons, cannot be ignored. One of these is Kesari, the terrible leper woman already referred to, a most obstinate, savage-tempered individual, who requires to be managed with the utmost delicacy and tact. One day she arrived almost first, in one of her most ferocious moods. She had her own place where she sits apart, but on that occasion she flopped down in the place always occupied by those who are not diseased. I asked her sweetly to get up and go to her own seat. She declined. Gently I insisted, but she said it was a great trouble to get up when once she was down, and she couldn't move.

"'But why did you get down here at all?'

" ' I shall sit here to-day ! '

"I said, 'I am ever so sorry for you, but you must go to your own seat.'

"Not for one moment would she budge. She always brings a bundle with her, containing, I suppose, all her worldly goods, so, being unable to manage the lady, I lifted it with the end of my stick and deposited it tenderly and most respectfully under the mango tree where she usually sits, knowing that she must follow, which she did, using very strong language.

"She is a worrying woman, and sometimes makes me feel quite distracted, but I wonder often what I should be like if I had to bear her burden, and I feel the deepest pity for her, which she knows well and trades upon. Sitting in her distant corner she always listens attentively to the address, and loudly expresses her vexation if people near her talk so that she cannot hear. How one longs that she should realise and respond to the Love that is seeking her through pain and misery, and find in it that which would brighten her dreary and suffering life as well as fill her with anticipation of the glorious future."

Next we are introduced to an insinuating old lady who says : " You have given me for the inside, won't you also give me something for the outside ? " and gets a cloth which she ill-deserves. Entertaining also is the picture of Miss Barrass chasing with her stick a naughty old man of eighty, who runs and leaps like a boy, till he subsides into his place, which he ought not to have left, helpless with laughter.

A sense of humour is one of God's kind gifts, but

it is embarrassing upon occasion, as every devout person who possesses it is aware. The following passage will give point to this reflection :

" I remarked to Jacob one morning that we had been very favoured in having invariably fine weather on relief mornings. Luckyana, perched on the wall close by, said, ' Of course the Lord would never let it rain on you when you are doing such a holy work.' In my own mind I didn't feel so sure that a wet relief morning might not come in as a part of the discipline of life ! (Luckyana is a Hindu, but has had much Christian teaching.) Was it because I had not Luckyana's faith that on the next famine morning the rain poured in torrents, and we spent some most uncomfortable hours in the little cooking place distributing the rice to those who came, one by one, marking their tickets lest some should come twice ? Luckyana, in a cramped position, sheltering from the rain and keeping guard, sighed as he observed to himself, ' The Lord has sent the rain : let it be so, it is His will.' We have had no such morning since, but a few days ago it began to rain rather fast as they were all seated in rows ready for the address. Jacob put up his umbrella, and they all—men, women and children—sat with their various receptacles, baskets, bowls, cake-tins, meat-tins, pie-dishes, hand-basins, and what not, on their heads, to shield them from the rain, and listened with cheerful and quite unusual attention to the story of the raising of Lazarus. I don't think I ever saw anything quite so funny before, especially when they bowed their heads in prayer. I wouldn't have laughed for anything at such a time, but if I had had a fellow-worker near, I should certainly

have had to go away into the house. As it was, being alone, I kept grave."

The patience of Miss Barrass and her helpers was tried by naughty children as well as by naughty old people, but their greatest trial at one time was a woman in wretched condition, who was wanting in wits, but agile as a cat, strong as a man, irrepressible, uncontrollable, never in her place for many minutes together, and a storm centre wherever she appeared. Of course she was evicted; but, flung out of the gate, she leaped back over the wall, and the eviction had to be repeated. After one of their bouts with her the two male helpers were reduced to pitiable limpness, and one of them said that his life had almost gone out of him. But she was vanquished at last, realised "that her place was outside, and humbly received her rice over the wall."

Now for the other side of things! "I overhear a little. One day, one said to another, 'The Lord Jesus has given me food, but He hasn't given me a cloth yet. Won't he give?' The person addressed wasn't sure. On another occasion, when they were all staring about and it appeared to me that no one at all was listening to the prayer, Jacob said, 'Lord, don't let these people, when they go away from here back to their homes, forget Thy Love and what Thou hast done for them.' To my surprise, an old woman, who seemed to be paying no attention, turned to one beside her, and said indignantly, 'Could we forget? It is written in our hearts. He has given us food and clothes, and He died for our sins.'

"Since then I haven't felt so downhearted when

they have been apparently inattentive, but have hoped that they are like little children in absorbing more than older people suppose, also in the varied attention they pay to the address.

" One morning Jacob was speaking very earnestly on the subject of the 'Two Foundations.' They listened with close attention and audible responses. As he went on to speak to them of their sin, and how all their need was met in Christ, tears were streaming down one woman's face, a rather new comer. She said aloud, 'We have not only got food here, we have got this knowledge that we are sinners, and that God will forgive us and save us.' I went to her, and said, 'You understand.' 'Yes,' she said, 'it makes the tears come to my eyes,' And I felt, for a time, overflowing with happiness to know that one heart had been thus touched by the story of Redeeming Love."

It is pathetic to recall that this spell of famine relief work of which Miss Barrass wrote with so much vivacity and tenderness, lasting through many months, involving exposure to trying weather and contact with disease, permanently undermined her health. She was never strong again, and in a few years was forced to retire from the Mission to which she had given her life. Then after a period of suffering, and patience, and such service as remained possible, she passed on, to be greeted by her Lord's " Well done ! " and to enjoy the reward of having part in that higher service which is never hindered by weakness and never shadowed by death.

## Chapter Nine — "DOCTOR SAHIBA"

THE women doctors and the trained nurses of the Baptist Mission in India are now working under the direction of the Medical Mission Auxiliary. But no apology is tendered for devoting a few pages of this volume to women's medical mission work; and that for two reasons. First, the Zenana Medical Mission existed long before the inception of the M.M.A. As early as 1891, Miss Farrer was sent to Bhiwani, where, to-day, the finely-equipped Farrer Hospital is the monument of her long continued, still maintained and greatly prospered medical ministry. And second, though the administration is distinct, the work of the two associations in the field is so inextricably intermingled and interdependent that to consider one is to think of the other. Every woman doctor is an evangelist, and every woman evangelist is a helper in the work of healing, according to the measure of her ability and opportunity.

We read in the Evangel of a woman who "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather worse." Her case is paralleled ten thousand times in every non-Christian land. The accentuation of suffering by the malpractice of ignorance and superstition is a theme from which imagination recoils with shuddering, helpless horror. But the case of the Indian woman differs.

For the most part she has no physician good or bad. Mark this testimony, quoted by Dr. Moorshead in his important and convincing treatise, "The Appeal of Medical Missions." "All Hindu women, whether rich or poor, are utterly neglected in the time of sickness. Prejudices and customs banish medical aid altogether; infectious and other diseases are left to take their own course. Two thousand children, not very long ago, were left to perish from small-pox in the city. A female medical mission, one in every populous centre, is one of the most crying needs of India; an agency that would find its way into those dark, dirty, miserable dwellings where fever, ophthalmia, and other ills spread unchecked."

"Whether rich or poor," says this writer, and the word is according to the lamentable truth. The following infinitely pathetic case, and typical withal, is taken from the pages of Dr. Hodgkin's work, "The Way of the Good Physician." It is adduced in proof of his statement that "a large proportion of special women's work is conducted in the homes of the people, where the woman doctor or nurse alone has access. 'Shortly after I reached India, the tyranny of this custom,' says Dr. Mary Scharlieb, speaking of *pardah*, 'was forcibly brought to my notice by the fact that a Mohammedan girl in labour with her first child got into very serious difficulty, which the ignorant woman who was attending her was quite unable to overcome. Her husband was very tenderly attached to her, and having waited long in vain for her relief, he finally went in search of a male doctor. The dying girl dragged herself off her bed and lay down across the

door of her room. She told her women friends, who stood by in helpless misery, that she could never submit to such dishonour, and that the man doctor would enter the room only over her dead body; and in spite of entreaties both of husband and of friends, the girl lay there until she died.' "

But where the male doctor is barred out in such tragical fashion, the woman doctor obtains access, and is often eagerly sought by rich men whose wives and daughters are suffering, and who are willing to make costly arrangements and pay high fees. Years ago our own Zenana medical missionary, Dr. Nina Ottmann, was able to write an article entitled "Patients in Palaces," in which she described a number of cases attended by her in princely homes. The greater part of the story of one of these cases is here reproduced. Having sketched in outline the character of the Rajah, who was a chivalrous gentleman, tinctured with Western thought, and tenderly solicitous for his sixteen-year-old bride, Dr. Ottmann continues, "The Ranee had a most malignant type of malarial remittent fever. We brought her into the town, a distance of thirty-two miles, because of the difficulty of obtaining medicines, &c. This is an indication of advance, because Zemindars, as a rule, firmly decline to allow their wives to leave their palaces. The best of skill and every human effort was put forward to save the young life, so full of possibilities for good and God.

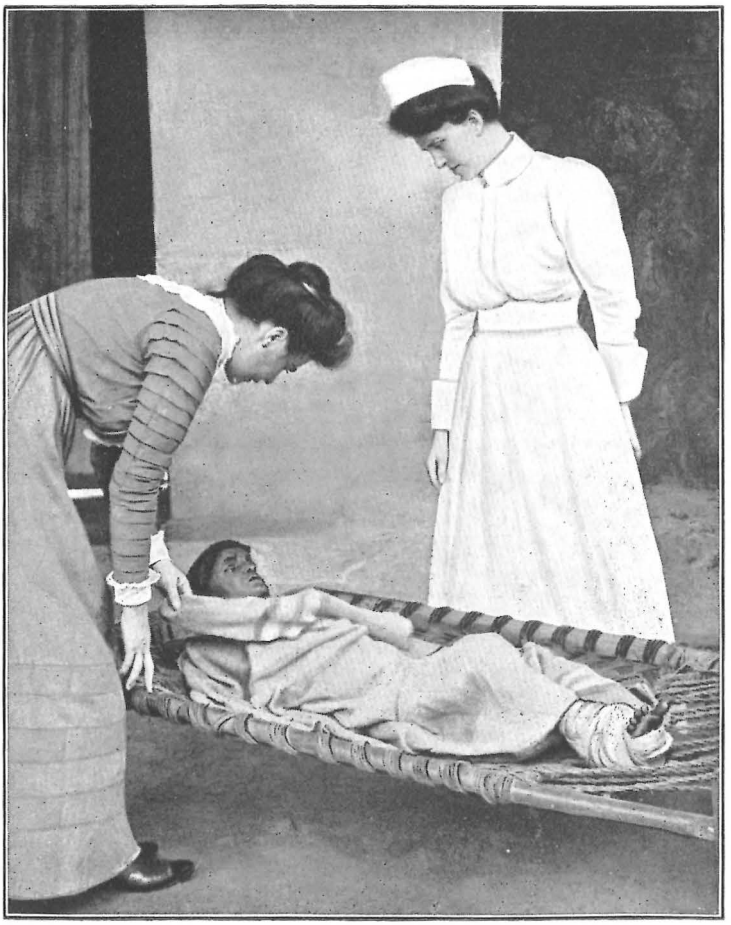
"At the end of the third week the temperature dropped to normal, and we were beginning to rejoice, when suddenly pneumonia set in, and in twelve hours the Ranee was no more. She was a charming

girl, well educated, and alive to all fresh thought. She particularly liked the singing of Christian hymns, and listened well to the Gospel, but of how much impression it made on her I cannot tell. Surely in such grave distress of body, her patient listening will outweigh much else in the judgment. Once again, the night before she died, she asked me to sing. She evidently had a keen mind, and it was wonderfully clear throughout her illness. She asked endless questions, and discussed freshly the merits of my treatment. She evidently had not much faith in Western medicine. Her ludicrous description of Western methods, as she had seen them adopted in her mother's home, and her curious deductions concerning them, often called forth peals of laughter from those who were round her sick bed.

"She attributed her illness to two spirits that had taken possession of her, and with medicines she insisted on the priest's making 'mantras' (exorcising) for her—a very lucrative business for the priests. A dirty bit of twine they sent her to wear one day, and the Rajah had to pay £6 12s. for it.

". . . The Rajah's mother is such a sensible woman, and our hearts warmed to her. She also clung to us. Her son's love for her was very touching. When the little Ranee passed beyond the reach of human aid I was not present, but an urgent message was sent for me to tell whether life was extinct. The Rajah received me and said: 'I think she is dead, but take care of my mother.'

"I can never describe the typical Indian wailing for the dead—nor the effect of it. Every nerve



Women's Medical Work

"For there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth—"

in my body seemed to be on the stretch, and quivered greatly, as the volume of inhuman and awful yells reached my ears. It is an atmosphere for making people crazy, and in the Rajah's household the noise was crescendo and accentuated fortissimo, because of the personal attendants being there. Such hopelessness in the wail! In six hours' time she was buried, the pathway to the burying-ground being strewn with rice and money, the torches and trumpets proclaiming how great a personage had passed from our midst. We shall meet her again. She came from a Southern family whose palace has always been closed to missionaries, and now, though she will never go back to tell them of truth, her personal attendants, who heard eagerly, will be sure to do so. God has strange methods of bringing His knowledge into homes and hearts."

The skilled consecrated fingers of women medical missionaries unlock the doors of palaces; and sometimes they open city gates. The account of how the Mission obtained foothold in Dholpur is told in admirable summary by Dr. Moorshead:

"A few years ago, Dr. Mary Raw, a lady medical missionary in the North of India, was sent by her mission to open a Zenana dispensary in the capital of a native state in the North of India. Up to that time the way had not been open for any missionary to reside in this state, and the only way to accomplish that end seemed to be by sending a lady medical missionary. At first Dr. Raw met with no great encouragement, but presently she was asked to see a patient who was seriously ill, and whose life could only be saved by the performance of a critical operation. Dr. Raw obtained the help of

colleagues from another station, and under conditions farthest removed from the ideal she carried through the operation successfully. The result was remarkable. The recovery of the patient was regarded as a miracle. People began coming to Dr. Raw from all directions. One of the highest officials called to express his pleasure at the commencement of medical work for women, and the people, high and low, begged that the work might be continued. Later on, a site was given for a mission bungalow, and a women's hospital, and a local fund was contributed for the latter. Dr. Raw and her colleague, Nurse Henry, have been called to exercise their professional skill in the palace of the native Ruler, and it has been demonstrated beyond all proof that the mission could have been commended to the sympathies of the people in a no finer way than by this Women's Medical Mission.

"The same story might be told, with varying details, of the work of women doctors all over the mission field, and no words are too strong to describe the invaluable character of this aspect of Medical Missions."

One more instance of opening doors may be told in brief. The full eloquent recital, culled from the *Chronicle* of the L.M.S., is given in "The Way of the Good Physician," p. 88.

A lady doctor, after a long day's work in a village, twelve miles distant from her station, was about to pack up and return, when a cholera patient, borne of four, was laid down at the door of her tent. She toiled for his life all night, but at dawn he died. His kinsmen took away the corpse, without a word of thanks, and the people of the village vowed that

she should never touch their women and children again with hands that had been defiled by contact with the unclean body of an outcaste man. In her weariness and disappointment it seemed to her that she had laboured in vain, and closed doors instead of opening them. But six months later the family of the dead man appeared at the mission station, requesting instruction and explaining their appeal in these terms. "We have come because we have seen what love can do. We never knew till then what love was. You thought we did not care because we did not speak, but our hearts were too full for speech. We want to belong to you." Sequel: A thousand converts from that village forming a new congregation which provides "twelve Christian workers—evangelists, teachers, and Biblewomen."

It was in 1891 that the Zenana Medical Mission, proper, began. But it would be grossly unfair to assume that our women missionaries had been unheedful of the physical distresses of their Eastern sisters until then. The simple medicine chest, manageable by ordinary intelligence, was of course part of the woman missionary's equipment. Moreover, certain of our women missionaries, who had heard the divine call, qualified themselves as best they could, opened dispensaries, and healed the sick. Miss Thorn, who went out in 1875, found immediate scope for her medical knowledge, and Mrs. James Smith writes: "It is difficult to exaggerate the usefulness of the work." In October, 1879, Miss Helen Johnstone began her long career as medical missionary in Agra, her visits being from the first highly appreciated.

The writer, who was taught as a child to reverence the great medical profession, and whose mature experience has confirmed and deepened his reverence, is well aware that doctors look askance at amateur physicians and are great believers in the dictum, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." None the less he is assured that the great majority of the profession, regarding the condition of Indian women, would admit that a little knowledge of elementary medicine and common-sense acquaintance with the rules of hygiene may be of incalculable value over against blank ignorance and grotesque superstition. Moreover, they would also allow that an educated and devoted woman who has been driven by love to the study of medicine, though she has lacked academical privileges and is "unqualified" in the legal sense, may yet have a great deal of knowledge, may acquire a great deal of skill, and may do good beyond all telling.

On the other hand, the woman missionary who has been constrained to play the part of amateur physician will pray most earnestly for the coming of her fully qualified sisters, to deal with suffering in its gravest forms, to establish hospitals, to win public confidence, and to bring Indian women patients and their sympathising men-folk to the feet of the Great Physician by the more signal triumphs of the "healing art divine."

## Chapter Ten — AN INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT SALAMATPUR (PALWAL)

ADVOCATES of the great pagan doctrine that "might is right," robust, aggressive persons, who talk with heartless glibness about "the survival of the fittest" and "the struggle for existence," would pass by with contempt, or criticise with scorn, the ideals and operations of Salamatpur. But surely He, Who "being the holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy," was also the friend and the refuge of the blind and the lame, the broken and the outcast, the sinful and the wretched, looks with peculiar complacency upon this "House of Peace." One would say that He often visits it if that were not too poor an affirmation. He is "At Home" there, in the Spirit, animating, approving, succouring, and seeing of the travail of His soul.

One who knows it well says, "This splendid home of industry for women and girls has an all-Indian reputation and well deserves it. It deals with the flotsam and jetsam, the backwash of poor Indian 'womanity,' and its doors are always open for the woman who wants a home." Here famine orphans are nurtured in body and mind; girls of poor physique, lame or maimed, are patiently instructed and developed; deaf and dumb girls are educated into practical efficiency; girls dismissed from other

schools as unteachable get another chance; young widows with children, and sometimes older ones, are rescued from peril and destitution and empowered to support themselves and their own; and all the while Divine love, operating through consecrated and ministrant women, is playing upon the inmates, seeking and finding their souls.

The average number of "settlers" is about one hundred and twenty. In 1914 twenty were baptized, and ten in the following year. The children are taught by the most modern methods, and wonderful results have been obtained in cases which gave little promise of success. The industries include cotton-growing and other farm work, gardening, fruit-culture, lace-making, needlework—in variety which the pen of man can hardly describe, but which is sufficiently revealed to women readers by the "List of goods obtainable from depots"—and the making of such delicacies as curry powder and chutney. And the wonder of wonders is that it pays. These settlers with all their initial disadvantages are self-supporting and more; for they save money and plenish "bottom drawers." Salamatpur grows its own teachers and nurses as well as its own vegetables, and, as the "bottom drawer" suggests, supplies Christian wives for Christian men. *Apropos* of this last statement, the following quotation from a recent report will be read with interest, and may inspire the reflection that cases occur in which such a retreat as Salamatpur offers would be of infinite value in our own favoured land.

"We have had an unusual number of old girls

Field Workers at Salamatpur

The Playground at Salamatpur

staying with us this year. A girl, run down in health, with a husband out-of-work or away from home, writes asking if she may come back to us for a week or two. We are glad the married daughters should not forget their home, and we are glad to make the acquaintance of our grandchildren—such charming grandchildren some of them. Occasionally a return to the old home is advisable to avert a permanent break in relations which are already strained. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and we know of some homes where peace has been restored through a few weeks' separation. From the wife's point of view it is galling to have to submit to rules again like a schoolgirl; from the husband's point of view it is a nuisance to have to cook one's own dinner; from our point of view it is excellent that Salamatpur should be the indirect means of teaching husband and wife their need of each other."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and would make Jill a dull girl. The authorities at Salamatpur are no friends of dullness. Hobbies are encouraged, and the keeping of pets is one of them. Birds are much favoured, and the construction of a fine aviary was the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream. "It has given boundless pleasure, and we cannot doubt that it has helped toward the general edification of the Salamatpur public. There have been tragedies in the aviary, as, for instance, when the owl made a midnight meal of the Nepalese starling. The settlement was temporarily plunged in deep grief, but soon recovered." Graver was the tragedy when two pet dogs went mad and bit their friends. Thanks to

the resources of the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli, the sufferers took no great harm.

Gardening is so conducted that it is both industry and hobby, and the girls take keen delight in efforts to make their grounds beautiful as well as fruitful. And for a long time the grounds were not shut in by wall or fence. It was desired and intended that it should be obvious to the settlers that in no sense of the word were they imprisoned. If they were minded to run away they could do so without opening a gate. But none was so minded. Salamatpur is now enclosed by a fence, and the story of how this came about, which involves real tragedy, is told vividly enough by one who shared the excitements and troubles of the sad time. "A mad jackal paying us a midnight visit attacked four of us, killed our pet crane, bit our dogs, and rushing in and out amongst the frightened girls and women, gave us two hours of strain and terror before he could be shot. Followed a hasty flight to the Pasteur Institute in Kasauli, and for the one Miss Sahiba left behind a very difficult fortnight. A second mad jackal had been shot in the neighbourhood, others had excited suspicion by their unusually bold and persistent visits; and the girls lay out in the open with beds drawn up in tight rows, all available lamps burning, at the head of every bed a stick or bamboo to serve as weapon in case of need. Salamatpur's nerves were jumping; sleep was difficult; a strong dog or cat jumping on a child's bed reduced the compound to a state of terror. A big burden of work also was left upon Miss Fletcher, but Miss Coombs and Miss Horsfall, as so often in the past, so once again, came to the rescue and shared the burden.

Just as the nerves were learning not to jump, and life was becoming normal, a second shock came. Sosani, a little child of five—one of the four who had been bitten by the jackal—developed hydrophobia and died. She did not suffer much. She would never have been quite normal mentally; one could hardly grieve over her death. But it could not fail to mean a week or two of anxiety and suspense for all.

"Salamatpur has always felt that the 'openness' of the settlement, the absence of walls and gates and bars, is an essential feature of the place. 'I thought I should be coming to another prison,' said a girl who had been expelled from five schools, 'but I came and found it an open garden.' None of us wished to alter the character of the place—to turn the garden into a prison—yet as we realised the danger to which the girls had been and might again be exposed, and saw the effect of it all on their nerves, we reluctantly decided to enclose a large part of our compound by a wall. We were fortunately able to substitute an iron fence for the wall, thus securing safety while preserving an appearance, at least, of openness and freedom. 'Our school has been made to look very nice,' commented one of the girls in a letter. 'It looks like a railway station.' Well, a railway station is better than a prison! A special appeal was sent out for funds to enable us to have this fence put up. Friends both in India and England responded so generously to this appeal that we found ourselves, when all was paid for, with a balance of some Rs.1,400."

Naturally this industrial work has attracted the interest and sympathy of influential friends.

Though Salamatpur stands for practical philanthropy and successful business, the ultimate aims of its gifted and devoted workers, of whom Miss Fletcher may be regarded as "the Mother Superior," are for ever spiritual. The girls who are won for Christ are not only taught to be helpers of one another in things divine, and to prepare for service in other spheres, but as opportunity serves are sent out by twos and threes into neighbouring villages as messengers of the evangel to those still in heathen darkness.

Recent Salamatpur reports are beautiful fragments of missionary literature, which it would be good for all the Christian women of Britain and India to read. Let this brief study close with the closing words of one of them:

"We who live and work here, find the spiritual side of our work meeting us at every turn. We are up against the spiritual problem all the time. The play and the work may be the warp and the woof of the pattern of life; the spiritual is the pattern itself. We see the pattern working itself out day by day in the web. But we cannot altogether show it to you; we can at most only show you the threads, their quality and their colour. These then are the threads, the threads out of which the pattern of life is made in Salamatpur. And for the rest—the Master Weaver sits at His loom, throwing the shuttle."

NOTE.—The "Converts' Home" at Jessore is a kindred institution, in which industrial work has been carried on since March, 1905. Here women converts from Hinduism and Mohammedanism receive Christian instruction and are taught to earn their own living.

## Chapter Eleven

# EDUCATION: DELHI, ENTALLY AND BALLYGUNGE

RATHER more than ten years ago the Hon. John Ferguson of Colombo, a well-known friend of Mission work, with wide knowledge of Eastern life, wrote an article for the *Ceylon Observer*, afterwards reprinted in the *Baptist Zenana Mission Magazine*, with this remarkable title, "Female Education in India and Ceylon: The Need for Girls' Boarding Schools under European Ladies' Supervision Being Multiplied a Thousand-fold." In this essay Mr. Ferguson sounded a note that is becoming dominant in missionary literature to-day. He affirmed it to be "Matter for great regret now, that within the past thirty years at least, the various Missions did not endeavour to keep their schools and work for girls as nearly as possible on a par with those for boys." While the boys in India under instruction numbered five millions, Mr. Ferguson believed that the girls who were being taught did not greatly exceed half a million, an estimate borne out by Blue-Book figures. Yet the salutary social influence of the mission-trained girl was everywhere apparent, and in forty-five years' observation of missions he had never heard of a girls' boarding school that failed in its purpose. He was even tempted to enunciate the hard saying "that no

more boys' schools should be opened by any mission agency until it has overtaken the neglected girls, and shown as many of the latter as of boys in its schools." Since Mr. Ferguson wrote the school attendance of Indian girls has risen to one and a quarter millions. Even that means only that one woman in every ninety-five is literate. But it also means that the educational advance of the Christian missions, our own and others, has been greatly outpaced, and that there is danger that the education of Indian women will, in great measure, pass into non-Christian hands. In this connection, the words of Miss Kheroth M. Bose are sufficiently impressive. "So far Western civilisation has come to the women of India as Christianity. But now that education is becoming general and, alas! outgrowing the resources of missionary bodies, the greatest menace to the future of the country is that its women will be taught in ways which leave no place for religion, and their last state may become worse than their first."

### Delhi

From early days the importance of the girls' boarding school has been recognised by the Baptist Zenana Mission, and it is a matter of rejoicing that in this Jubilee year spacious and finely-appointed new buildings, paid for in part by the subsidies of a sympathetic Government, have been opened in Delhi and Barisal, which will be of great advantage to secondary and higher female education in these important centres. But our concern is rather illustration than discussion, and material of the brightest is immediately to hand.

Some few months after the Delhi school migrated from its old insanitary quarters to its new home in the civil lines, Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, M.A., Sc.D., paid a visit of inspection, and recorded her impressions in a fascinating, lavishly-illustrated little booklet entitled "Girls and How to Grow Them, by One Who Grew." As the publication bears the imprint of the Baptist Mission Press, Calcutta, we may raid its sparkling pages without dread of proceedings for infringement of copyright.

"It was on a clear November morning that we saw over the Zenana School of the Baptist Mission in Delhi. At the far-distant end of the mission compound the blue morning glories were making a perfect riot of beauty, each widely-opened flower seeming to trumpet forth its mellow note of praise; near the ladies' house the chrysanthemums were dressed in russet-brown and red gold like English woods in autumn; while under all the trees were bright groups of little children laughing in the sunshine, rejoicing in 'happy play in grassy places.'

"It was delightful to see the joy of the principal of the school—the fairy godmother who has watched over its fortunes and toiled and prayed for it and laughed and cried over it for twenty-five years—that at last her dream had been accomplished and the children had been moved from the cramped, insanitary quarters that had previously imprisoned the school, to these splendid new buildings in the airy compound. The most casual visitor could not but have been gay in her jocund company. First we visited the hostel. The buildings are arranged on the college plan, opening on quadrangles, the whole most securely though unobtrusively cut off

from the world and its perils by one strong outer gate.

"The hundred or more children are divided into families, and each little group is mothered by an older girl, who is responsible for their morals, manners and even measles (if any). Each family lives in its own little house, a beautiful alcove with a large upper ever-open window; and as the door of this alcove is merely a curtain of dried grass, plenty of fresh air is admitted to fight consumption, that scourge of modern India; whilst at night the whole hundred sleep out in the quadrangle under the matron's eye. The houses for the mistresses are grouped round the inner quadrangle, and their rooms, like those of the children, gaily decorated with treasures arranged according to the whim of the inmate, and bright with quaintly inappropriate texts. Everywhere one sees valiant attempts to make the quads beautiful with gardens, which, after they have been watered and tended for a hundred years or so, will doubtless rival those of Wadham or St. John's. The children live no idle cloistered lives within the hostel walls. They cook and mend and make their own clothes and nurse their sick entirely themselves. A third quadrangle contains a little house built on Indian lines, and here each 'family' in turn has to live for a week, the mother being solely responsible for ordering the stores and arranging the meals for that week, without any extraneous assistance, so that when the time comes, and she finds herself married and called on to look after her own house, she may be fully qualified for her duties.

"The College idea is still further carried out by

the little prayer-room, where any, who wish, may find a place for quiet and meditation.

"Outside the hostel gate in the wide compound, classes are now to be seen sitting under various trees, where they meet until such time as the new school house, with its wide verandahs, assembly hall, and numerous class-rooms, is completed. In the meantime we were allowed to see the geography and history class-rooms in their temporary home."

The cunning and alluring devices of the history and geography rooms, which she describes in detail, tempted Mrs. Stevenson to wish that she might be a schoolgirl again.

"But there was much more to see and hear; the way, for instance, that arithmetic was taught by actually buying things weighed in real live scales with weights, the magnificent Kindergarten work being done, the method of teaching Urdu phonetically, the patent way of teaching English, and all the work in the upper classes.

"Slightly dazed with all that one was trying to take in, one would yet have been sorry to miss hearing all about the Pardah class for Mohammedan girls. While all the boarders of the school are Christians some of the day scholars are Pardah girls, and when instruction is given to them by a man (as is the case with Persian, for instance), he politely sits outside the curtains and instructs unseen pupils! He manages somehow or other to maintain discipline, though if it be true that 'knowledge is of things we see,' he cannot very well know how they are behaving in their unseen world."

(Miss Isabel Angus has lately informed us that these Pardah girls are so keen for their matriculation

course that they will enter the Christian Hostel if they cannot pursue it otherwise.)

After a brief sketch of the history of the school, and a short account of the evolution of the building scheme, Mrs. Stevenson proceeds :

" When we asked about the results, we were told that several girls, seven of whom were now practising, had taken their full medical course at the Agra or Ludhiana medical schools. Seven or eight other pupils became compounders, and over twenty were nurses, so that the time which they spent in their old school, nursing the sick, had not been fruitless. Many others had taken up teaching as a profession ; in fact, the whole school was now staffed by ' old girls ' who had gained their certificates as trained teachers.

" But the great aim of the school has been neither to turn out physicians nor pedagogues, but to get girls for the noblest, the most natural and the merriest of all professions, that of being good-tempered, cheery, capable, gentle, Christian wives and mothers."

### Entally

Taking leave of Delhi, Miss Gange and Mrs. Stevenson, by a flight of thought swifter than aeroplane we arrive at Entally, a suburb of Calcutta, where Miss Payne waits to introduce us to the most famous of our Indian Girls' Boarding Schools. The history of Entally must one day be written. Girls were taught there in the days of William Carey, and Mrs. Sale was busy with the Entally Boarding School for the daughters of Hindu gentlemen when she took leave of her newly-married

friend, Mrs. James Smith, who was proceeding to advance the good cause in Delhi. From a booklet written by Miss Payne some years ago, entitled "Bengali Girls, in School and Out," we learn that though the gates of Entally School are found in a squalid street they open upon a Paradise, where the shade of palm trees, fair gardens, smooth lawns, and a large swimming pond permit the girls to enjoy many open-air delights. The buildings are some of them waxing old, but the new Arthington Hall, built for the higher classes, is at once the fulfilment of hope and the stimulus of desire. Miss Payne's booklet is similar to Mrs. Stevenson's in outward presentment and written with kindred brightness. It shows how at Entally, as at Delhi, the girls are not stupidly Anglicised, but taught to live their own native life, purged and exalted by the Spirit of Christ. They eat and dress in native fashion, while domestic efficiency is as much insisted on as book-learning. Here, also, the methods are modern in all classes from the Kindergarten up. Miss Payne is able to speak with pride and gratitude of the successes of her pupils in Government examinations. For the rest we must be content with a single citation, the concluding passage:

"As missionaries, we follow with prayer and thanksgiving the band of well-equipped Christian teachers who go forth from Entally each year into the towns and villages of Bengal. Who can tell the influence these girls may exert over the children whom they will teach day after day! May they ever realise their high privilege, and use the opportunity given them to lead these little ones from the dumb idols their parents worship, to the living

God who loved them and sent His Son to save them.

"Do not think that all our girls become teachers! In India Christian girls are usually married between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, so sometimes a girl's school life is cut short before she has finished her education. At least forty girls in the school have no parents to make the customary arrangements for them, and the responsible duty of finding suitable husbands rests largely on us.

"One afternoon a Christian gentleman called on me, and after the usual greetings, explained that the object of his visit was to find a wife for his son, a student in the theological class at Serampur College. A fellow-student had a sister in our school, and from her he had heard of Mary, one of our orphan girls, aged about sixteen years; and the father asked permission for his son to visit the girl. I promised a reply later, wrote to some missionaries who knew the family, and, receiving satisfactory answers, told Mary what had happened, and asked whether she would see the gentleman. Fancy asking an English girl such a question! But Mary was born in Bengal, and the next Saturday occurred the first of a number of visits, the result of which can be guessed. . . .

"The student is now a B.M.S. preacher, and his wife sends me bright accounts of their home in Barisal, and of her joy that her husband is being used of God in the furtherance of the Gospel."

The mention of Barisal suggests a citation from the W.M.A. Report, 1915–16, which illustrates in interesting fashion the inter-relations of our educational institutions, and tells of spiritual ingathering.

Miss A. M. Finch, writing of the Girls' Boarding School, says:

"In January, 1915, our five senior girls left. Two went to the Training College at Ballyganj, one to the L.M.S. High School, and two to the High School, Entally. One of the latter gained a Middle English Scholarship of five rupees a month, which has enabled her to pay her own fees at Entally. This year we have two girls who wish to train as teachers, and one who hopes to go to the High School at Entally. She is going to try for the Middle English Scholarship first.

"Seven of our scholars have been baptized during the year. One of these was married the year before, and is now living in a village some miles away from Barisal; another is a student in the Training College at Ballyganj. Both of them expressed a wish to be baptized at Barisal, and it was arranged accordingly. The other five are in school now."

### Ballygunge

The journey from Entally to Ballygunge (Ballyganj) is merely half an hour's walk, and here again a competent friend awaits our coming. Blessings be upon the heads of good women who not only do fine missionary work, but write about it in vivid realistic fashion! By their work they enlighten the heathen, and by their writings they enlighten us. "Ballygunge" is the place-name of the United Missionary Training College, which we owe to the grace of God, "the generosity of the Trustees of the late Mr. Arthington of Leeds," and the genius and enthusiasm of Miss E. M. Dyson, the Principal. In a booklet, charmingly written as

those already reviewed, and of the same feminine shape, *i.e.*, with the page broader than it is long, Miss Dyson gives an account of the immensely important institution which stands for the fulfilment of a cherished dream, and which promises to be of quite incalculable value. It is now realised by the Western world that teachers of elementary schools require not only to be instructed in the subjects which they teach, but also to be instructed in the art of teaching. The discovery of this truth, so long and so strangely hidden, has gone far toward changing the child's early school life from the Purgatory of revolting discipline to the Paradise of natural delight. We pass lightly over the introductory section in which Miss Dyson shows how the conditions of Indian life make such instruction of teachers peculiarly exigent, and how her dream was realised when "the United Missionary Training College for Women Teachers was opened on January 28th, 1910, by the Director of Public Instruction."

Her second section, "Students in Class," we purloin in full:

"'What is the curriculum of the Training College?' is a question we are often asked. To begin with, the training is distinctly professional. We do not expect to teach arithmetic, history, etc., we expect our students to have learnt these subjects up to a certain standard, and we teach them how to present their knowledge in such a manner to the little ones that it may be readily assimilated by them.

"Therefore psychology and special methods of teaching are the most important subjects on which lectures are given, and during lectures the remark

of a former student is often remembered by the lecturers: 'A teacher's training is very difficult—you have to think!' The lecturer often wishes that thinking were not so hard to the Bengali girl, and turns with rather a sigh of relief to hand work. Here the students are, as a rule, quite good, though when one of them has never tried to handle a pencil before she comes in, she finds a year none too long in which to learn perspective, shading, and the making of class illustrations. At the present moment there stands on a College shelf the bust of a student's father modelled in clay by the student from memory and quite on her own initiative, and it is so like the original that everyone recognises it at once.

"School management and hygiene seem fairly popular subjects; but hygiene includes some very practical domestic economy in the way of keeping clean and tidy all the rooms and furniture used by the students. After being a year in College some of the students were asked if certain of the tables were never used. The students were delighted with the compliment, and stored the remark among the traditions of the College. Needlework of course comes into the curriculum of a woman teacher, and drafting and cutting out form part of the curriculum. The Allahabad Exhibition awarded us a medal for needlework. Just now we are paying more attention to sight-singing and voice production. Last year we obtained eleven elementary certificates from the London Sol-fa College and six Intermediate certificates.

"Nature study is a popular lesson, especially when the exigencies of the subject necessitate an exodus from the class-room. The College stands in a garden

which, though small, provides us with a sufficient number and variety of botanical specimens for our nature lessons, and some kinds of insects and other creatures are also sufficiently in evidence. Nature lessons and drawing lessons are therefore sometimes conducted in the garden where the specimens can be observed *in situ*.

"A horse, cow, dog, and cat among quadrupeds; pigeons and a peacock among tame birds; mynahs, crows, kites, sparrows, and occasionally an oriole among wild birds; together with kingfishers, woodpeckers, seven sisters in our next neighbour's garden find us plenty of types for our nature lessons; and bees, butterflies, wasps, ants, beetles, earthworms, and frogs are all among the tribes on our own frontier. Each student has a small garden of her own, and finds a good deal of interest in it. One year a student who was growing cannas among other plants had a visit from a pair of tailor-birds who reared two families there.

"In the garden there is a large shed made of corrugated iron which we have utilised for a practising school, and every week each student gives a set of lessons in the school. We have about a hundred and fifty children on the books reading up to Standard IV. The school is only three years old, so we have no upper classes and the students go for practice to other schools in the neighbourhood; but in the younger classes we can find employment for about ten students at one time.

"The students are kept pretty hard at work in order to get through their course in a year, but we have very few failures. Last year twenty-four out of twenty-six passed the examination. But though

there is plenty of hard work it is not enough to damp the spirits of the students."

Space limits will not permit more than mention of Miss Dyson's account of "Students at Home in College," and her cogent dealing with the question "Why should you support it (Ballygunge)?" The interested reader must secure this booklet and confess that Miss Dyson makes her case good. The W.M.A. and the L.M.S. are jointly responsible for the support of the College, but its doors are open to students of other societies, and this chapter must close with an extract from the 1916 Report of the W.M.A.:

"The report of the Inspectress of Schools for the year as to the work and life in the College is very satisfactory. There have been forty students, thirty-one of whom were presented for examination, of whom twenty-seven passed; half the passes in Bengal this year are from this College.

"The friends in the Wesleyan Mission united in the College work this year, sending five students and lending Miss Burrows."

## Chapter Twelve — INDIA REVIEW AND OUTLOOK

SINCE the present writer has never visited India and has no great knowledge of his subject which is not accessible to any intelligent person who studies the records of the Mission, it will be obviously to the advantage of all concerned, if, in looking backward and forward in this final chapter on India, he uses the vision of eyes more seeing than his own. For thirty-four years the periodical literature of the Mission has been enriched by the occasional contributions of one of its workers whose literary skill, consecration to the cause, enlightened sympathy with the Indian people, and ever widening opportunities of observation have given to her written words exceptional value.

It was far back as 1882 that Miss Isabel M. Angus commenced her missionary life in Delhi, and a brief note of her career will accentuate the reference to her "ever widening opportunities of observation." Five years after her arrival in India she was led to found the work of the Mission in Bhiwani, a native city in the Hissar District of the Punjab. In 1895 she became local corresponding secretary for the North-west, and in 1905 was appointed Indian General Secretary of the Baptist Zenana Mission. In connection with her secretarial work and with the general needs of the Mission she has

resided and worked in Bankipur, Agra and Gaya. Since 1907 her head-quarters have been in Calcutta.

In May, 1889, Miss Angus spoke at the Zenana Breakfast in London, and her address, printed verbatim in the society's magazine, "Our Indian Sisters," was a beautiful and moving appeal, which one hopes may yet be included in a volume of missionary papers; for though delivered so long ago, time and change have in nowise impaired its validity or its appositeness. It dealt with the religious and social needs of India in a fashion notable at once for intuition and compression, and was the utterance of a heart radiant with the light of faith and aglow with the fire of love. One passage shall re-echo here.

"A hundred years ago all the gates to Indian homes were shut and barred; the very road to India—open to the soldier and trader—was closed to the missionary. When William Carey prepared to fight his way to the heathen at all costs, the only woman whom he could and did ask to accompany him refused at first to go. And small wonder! God has since burst the bars, and flinging open the doors has made the way inside, if not easy, at least plain and practicable. Are *we* going to turn aside now, and say that we *will* not, rather than that we *cannot* 'enter in and possess the land.' If so, it is not for us to censure Mrs. Carey; nay, we should rather pay a tribute of honour to her memory, because in the face of privations of which *we* know nothing, and without the stimulus of missionary zeal which fired her husband, she yet started for India."

In May, 1910, Miss Isabel Angus again addressed

the members of the Society at their Annual Breakfast meeting. Naturally, after twenty-seven years' service, her address was largely retrospective. She notes changes of three kinds.

First, changes in the workers and the work, *i.e.*, in the personnel of the workers, the stations occupied and the methods of work. "It is startling to realise that, with the exception of *one* name, the whole staff of our missionaries has changed since I went out" —the exception is Miss Thorn, who after seven more years, "is still continuing her labours in the districts round Delhi."

In the light of recent events, described in the previous chapter, the following paragraphs are of peculiar interest.

"I recall my welcome to the recently-built Mission House in Delhi, in the rear of which stood three native houses just purchased, to which, with much gratulation on the improved accommodation, the school of thirty-six boarders had been transferred. It was our only Girls' Boarding School in those days. The following year we watched with much satisfaction the erection of what *then* seemed noble provision in dormitories and schoolroom. The school has increased in numbers and in the efficiency of its appliances and teaching, and ample additions in building were made, which again are now voted inadequate for the needs of the hundred boarders. Our one school has since grown to five, as those at Intally, Barisal and Bankipur have been successively taken over from the Baptist Mission, and that at Suri has overflowed from Intally.

"Conjointly with provision made for educating the girls of the Christian community, efforts began

to be made to draw under regular influence the non-Christian girls of good family—a school for the low caste being already in existence."

In this matter the Mission in the north-west was but following the lead of Bengal in adopting a method of service which has secured important and lasting results.

Miss Angus notably remarks "that the diverse *needs* of the people among whom our work lay opened up one by one to our perception, and as we realised the *want*, the development fitted to meet it was also made plain. It was not we who planned the attack, rather was it God who opened the doors; and often some want, trivial in itself, made us aware of the opening." The apparently accidental circumstances which led to "the initiation of that *Itinerating work* in the 'regions beyond' each station which we all regard as of such paramount importance" are then described. Famine, cholera and plague called for new and unconventional ministries, while the ensuing mortality led to the introduction of industrial work into our school system.

The story of Bhiwani, told in a few sentences, must not be omitted.

"As years passed on and the Delhi Staff increased in numbers and efficiency, other fields of labour revealed themselves. The casual visit of two ladies to the country seat of some old pupils necessitated a stoppage at Bhiwani, a mere place of call, on the way out. An eager appeal for teaching is made by the people of the place, and the call finds an echo in the heart of a worker who shortly afterwards moves out, accompanied by a native teacher, to take possession of the new station. A school is started,

and, as the work grows, the two rented rooms on the street which formed our headquarters give place to a Mission House. Medical work demands a dispensary and hospital; the gradual growth of a Christian community necessitates a little chapel; and to-day Bhiwani is staffed by five English ladies, teachers and nurses, and two Indian preachers. The evolution and development of other stations—Palwal for instance—has been on similar lines."

The figures introduced by Miss Angus in her "bird's eye view of the growth of the Missions," are now happily out of date, save in one particular. The number of stations occupied in 1910 was twenty: the number is twenty still.

A second change to be noted in these years "is a more important growth, not in buildings and numbers, but *in character and life* among the Indian Christians. . . .

"The third change has been in the Indian nation. . . . India is awake and alert. Western methods of government, of education, of address, even Western manners are on their trial, as never before. It is a change which affects our work also. Female education, partial as it still is, has received a great stimulus. Indian women have graduated and begun to practice in medicine, in law, in other professions, and have thereby forced into belief the hitherto denied fact that women in India are intellectual beings."

An account is then given of a significant gathering in Calcutta, at which the speaker was present in the previous year:

"A 'Convocation of Religions' was held during the Easter vacation, its object being to give an

opportunity for the exposition of the tenets of all faiths and divisions of faiths in India, without controversy or attempt at proselytism. Buddhism, Brahmanism, or Hinduism with its many cults, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Christianity, the religion of the Sikh, and, as far as could be, of the aboriginals were represented; and a large assembly of not less than 2,000 sat for six to eight hours daily for three days. The President was an orthodox Hindu Maharaja; the Vice-President a member of one of the advanced Somajes. Such a Convocation would have been impossible ten years ago; and the open-mindedness and toleration of others' creeds which made it possible is a sign of a change of attitude, even though this tolerance sometimes leans towards religious apathy.

"One of the papers in exposition of Christianity was read, on the second day, by the Indian General Secretary of the Baptist Mission, the Rev. Herbert Anderson. It contained not a definition of Christian doctrine, but a sympathetic sketch of Christ's Life and Death on earth, His purpose in the Incarnation—of the claim He put forth to be the Saviour of mankind, a claim to which the speaker acknowledged to have yielded his all. The paper was listened to throughout with attention such as was given to no other. Two incidents which preceded it were even more remarkable. The Chairman requested Mr. Anderson, who is well known in Calcutta, to open the session *with prayer*. The nearest approach to any religious ceremony had hitherto been the chanting in Sanscrit of the names of the gods, during a Hindu session: and the audience, true to the Oriental habit of sitting for hours

without paying much heed, treated it as merely an item on the programme. They were not prepared for this innovation: but as soon as the invocation to the Father of spirits was heard, the whole assembly rose, and remained standing, until the petition closed in the name of Jesus Christ, and with the words of the prayer which He taught His disciples. It was a unique opportunity. The second incident was the opening speech of the Vice-Chairman, who, referring to the fact that the Convocation was held at the Christian festival of Easter, said: 'On the very day, indeed, when the great founder of Christianity consummated the *world Redemption by His death on the cross, presaging a world unity.*'

"I do not know that during the last ten years, India, as a whole, has been seeking Christianity or has drawn perceptibly nearer accepting it. But I am convinced that with a wistfulness and an earnestness hitherto unparalleled, she is seeking *the Christ.*"

This memorable address draws to a close with words of warning, which lapse of time has underlined. "Opportunities are fleeting, and must be seized and made use of quickly. Five years ago there was much talk of the great opportunity offered in the demand for women teachers, and the chance for *Christian* women to leave their mark on the rising generation. I want you to realise that in India at least that opportunity is already passing out of our hands. . . . We have had our opportunity and have only partially made use of it. It behoves us the more to pay heed to that pathetic appeal, reported from China, 'If only you will send us teachers, now—for a few years—we will do the rest.'"

Constrained to warn, Miss Angus is in nowise pessimistic. The gloomy joy of doleful prescience is denied to workers of her order, and the address ends with a clarion note of confidence in " the right hand of the Lord, glorious in power."

As recently as April of this Jubilee year there appeared in THE HERALD an article, above the signature of Miss Isabel Angus, entitled " Then and Now " ; and the present writer feels that he can do no better for his readers in the matter of " outlook " than reproduce the closing paragraphs.

" In connection with the Jubilee year a great forward movement in the work of the W.M.A. is to be aimed at, as the new aspirations point to wider energies in the near future. In India this movement seems to need extension in three directions :

" (1) The women of the *Christian Community* claim more help. There are districts, like Kharar, Baraut, Dinajpur, where large sections of the Church are held back by the indifference or even the opposition of the wives and mothers whose men folk have accepted the Truth, while they have remained unsought and untaught. Their influence over the children is paramount.

" In many places, especially in Bengal and South India, the apathy of the Christians as a whole has been recognised by the missionaries as the great hindrance to the evangelising of the non-Christian world. The movement known as the ' Evangelistic Campaign ' centres round and will ultimately be dependent upon the arousing of the followers of Christ in this land to a sense of their responsibilities toward God and their fellow countrymen. To this

end the National Mission and the Home Missionary Society have sprung into being.

"(2) The women in *unevangelised areas* around the present Baptist Mission stations (as for instance in North Bengal and Orissa) call again and again for more attention. No one of the present limited staff can be spared to go further afield.

"(3) The urgent claims of *would-be-Christians* call for study and settlement. At the Edinburgh Conference it was stated that in India alone one hundred millions exist for whom no provision has been made by any Missionary Society: and of these, fifty millions, most of them Aboriginal tribes, low caste or non-caste folk, *i.e.*, those who are easily reached and influenced, may be said to be knocking at the door of the Church for admission. Six years have passed away, and the majority of them, save such as have passed beyond human aid, may be reckoned as knocking still. We recognise them among the Doms of Gaya; the importunate Mohammedans of the Jessore district who implore that their women shall be taught in the Converts Home; the eager seekers in the Balangir and Russellkonda districts.

"It is difficult to realise what these figures mean! Fifty million men, women and children—apart from those who show no such eagerness—who could and should be welcomed into the Fold of the Good Shepherd, if only the under shepherds would do their part in collecting and bringing them in.

"And India is only one corner of the vast mission field; only one of the three big countries for which the Mission holds itself in part responsible.

"There is very much cause for thanksgiving

and praise to God in the history of our Society during the fifty years. 'The Lord our God has been with us and blessed us in all the work of our hands.' But the progress in the past is in itself an incentive to greater efforts in the future, for truly, 'there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.' May our thankofferings take the form of pledges of increased earnestness on our part in aiding the great work of the reconciliation of the world to God in Christ!"

Only inexcusable presumption could attempt to emphasize the words of this cultured, consecrated Englishwoman, bearing an honoured name, who has given thirty-four years of her strenuous life to the service of Christ among the women and children of India. Suffice it to express the hope that her message may be accepted in England as an integral part of the burden of the word of the Lord concerning India, with the sequent assurance that His word will not return unto Him void, but will accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.

## Chapter Thirteen

# COUNTRY WORK IN SHANTUNG

THE following sentences are taken from "Jubilee, 1867–1917." "A great development took place in the work of the Society in 1893, when at the request of the Baptist Missionary Society, the first unmarried women workers were sent out to China. Years before a tentative experiment had been made which proved to be premature, but now it seemed clear that the time had come for advance. Miss Kirkland and Miss Shalders responded to the call, and were followed in 1894 by Miss Simpson and Miss Aldridge, all being located in the province of Shantung, where three out of the four are still working for China's women. In 1897 the first woman missionary was sent to Shansi, and in the next year Miss Beckingsale began her labours in Shensi. Thus within four years there were women workers in each of the three provinces."

A recent article in *The Herald*, from the pen of Mrs. Drake, entitled "First Steps in China," supplies an intensely interesting elucidation of this succinct statement. Mrs. Drake tells of how in 1889 her husband "and three other B.M.S. missionaries were designated to Tsow-ping, from that centre to commence work in a district divided into thirteen counties." When her baby was a month old Mrs. Drake began to receive women in her

home for instruction and fellowship. The work grew. Some came from near villages. The needs of remoter villages became insistent. But how could they be met? "Mr. Drake had charge of three and a half counties, and I felt responsible for the women. Mr. Drake thought of a plan. He asked the men interested in Christianity to allow their wives to come and stay with me for Christian instruction. Fifteen women from one county came, very shy and nervous, but a start had been made; then twenty, who were more at their ease, from each of the other counties. Spring and autumn classes were held, lasting from twelve to fourteen days."

The other missionaries and their wives worked on the same lines. Women learned to read and were baptized. But the cry arose, "Come to our villages: we want to learn, but we cannot leave home." And so after three or four years of these exacting labours, the over-burdened missionaries' wives "decided to send an appeal to the Baptist Zenana Mission and ask for lady workers in China. This request was not in vain: in 1893 two ladies arrived in Tsing-chow-fu, Miss Kirkland and Miss Shalders; in 1894 two more in Tsow-ping, Miss Simpson and Miss Aldridge. Oh! how glad we were to see them, and what a welcome the women gave them."

The interest of this story is immensely increased when it is observed that Mrs. Drake was formerly Miss Florence Sowerby, the first missionary sent out to China by the B.Z.M., who in her own person beautifully links up the "tentative experiment" with the permanent enterprise, all according to the will of God.

Thirteen years after her arrival in Tsing-chow-fu, Miss Agnes Orr Kirkland wrote a vivid account of that village work in Shantung which she and others were specially called to undertake. The remainder of this chapter will be occupied with the re-telling of Miss Kirkland's story. The itinerary included "seven trips" with a diversion. Miss Kirkland was accompanied by two Chinese sisters in Christ, and in every case careful local preparation had been made for the eagerly anticipated visitation. By way of preface we have striking pen-portraits of the two helpers.

### Mrs. Tsun

"Mrs. Tsun is the wife of a very worthy deacon in our Tsing-chow-fu church. They are a most exemplary couple, out-and-out, most earnest, loyal, simple children of the King. By word and deed, at home or abroad, they give clear witness of being faithful servants of Jesus Christ, and have but one purpose in life—to follow Him. Their ancestors must have been very wealthy, judging from the great solid blocks of stone houses that belong to them, and are now divided up among the present members of the family, our good deacon's being the least imposing. Mrs. Tsun has a living grief, which mellows and makes her quick to sympathise with other hearts that are *pu hu lun* (not whole).

"Her eldest son left home some years ago, and he has never let them know of his whereabouts. Two other sons, with their wives and children, live at home. The second son takes the burden of the farm off his father's shoulders and so sets him free for church work, which occupies him fully. The

third son gives his mother much joy of heart, as he is an earnest Christian and an inspector of boys' village schools in our Chou-ping district just now. Two daughters are married into heathen homes, having been engaged before they knew the truth. This is also a trial to the parents. The two youngest daughters are at home, the elder having just finished the four years' course in the City Boarding School. She has just been appointed teacher of the Tsun-chia-chuang school, with eleven pupils, held in her own home. Such a Christian home as this, open with true hospitality to all, and with such a wide circle of relations and friends coming and going all the time, is surely a theme for praise and prayer.

### Mrs. Yü

"Mrs. Yü is also a self-sacrificing and consecrated worker for the Master. She is familiar with most of the Old and New Testament stories, and has a most persistent way of keeping at her books until able to give out to others what she has read. This sister is always ready to help others, and is often sought after to go and try to make peace where family quarrels have for days and weeks upset all regular work. Mrs. Yü is the head of a large family numbering twenty-six souls, so her sphere is always full of opportunities to display the Christian graces. With her three daughters-in-law and their children —her grandson also has his wife in the old home— it takes much of the oil of love to keep the wheels of the household running smoothly. That she manages to do this I know from my visits among them from time to time,

"A girls' school has just been opened in Mrs. Yü's home with twenty scholars. One of the new teachers has charge, with Mrs. Yü's grandson's wife as helper.

"Mrs. Yü gives a great deal of her time to visiting the villages near her home, and does good, lasting work. Mrs. Tsun and Mrs. Yü are adopted sisters, and they are also a complement to each other in the work, as Mrs. Tsun's forte is prayer, and Mrs. Yü's, 'holding forth the Word of Life' and getting a spirit of interest awakened in those to whom she talks."

## I

At the first station visited the early morning prayer-meeting was eagerly attended by the young women, and all of them took part.

At 9.30 there was service in the chapel, attended by twenty or thirty each day. After the lesson, time was given for testimony, in which Mrs. Tsun and Mrs. Yü spoke of their experience.

These two sisters were hospitably entertained day by day by different Christian families, and the place of entertainment became the place of afternoon service, attended by neighbours who would not come to the chapel.

Their unbound feet attracted much attention, and they were required to cut out patterns for shoes and stockings. Two young girls, daughters of their hosts, sought and received baptism.

## II

The second village was notable as giving to Miss Kirkland her largest class, some fifty strong, partly

explained by the fact that it was the place in which Mrs. Yü resided. The class here is divided into sections, senior and junior, and the work is heavy, for the pupils prepare zealously, and desire to repeat all that they have committed to memory.

Miss Kirkland used to stay in the chapel yard, but the buzz of a dozen boys at their lessons, and the unsubdued voices of the old ladies when their lessons were over, had proved trying to her nerves. So upon this visit, thanks to the kind offices of Mrs. Yü, she found a haven of rest in the house of Mr. Chao, who lived next door to the chapel. During her stay her host became greatly interested in the gospel, and his son, a promising youth of seventeen, who was on the point of leaving school to take up farm work, was induced to continue his studies. Mr. Chao's grandfather had been a student and a man of letters, and Miss Kirkland saw, in this bright boy of good position and powers, possibilities of wide and gracious influence in the days to come.

## III

A long day's journey, beginning in the early morning, brought the missionaries to their next tarrying place, a busy village in which the whole population was occupied in making paper from mulberry bark and twigs. On the way they seized opportunities of speaking to groups of pilgrims, who in the feast time had visited certain temples in pathetic quest of happiness. "All of them at once owned that our road (doctrine) was higher than theirs, but they did not know how to walk in it and to learn was very difficult. After listening to their excuses we offered to teach them one

sentence written on an old Christmas card: 'The Heavenly Father always sees me.' Many read it over and over again, and took the card and a little prayer sheet home with them. So we sow the seed and know it will not be fruitless, as we water it with our tears and prayers." The morning meetings in this village were big, and "nice women came from near villages who were just beginning to walk in the true road." The teaching must needs be very simple, and some old Christians said: "We can understand this kind of preaching, and we won't forget it. If only we could just live it!"—a sentiment which the teachers took to heart.

Two schools had to be examined on this trip, and Miss Kirkland remarks with true missionary feeling and insight: "For every single child learning to read I give a special note of thanks, for I feel sure that this work is levelling the paths for the workers who will come after me to sow the good seed."

## IV

On the fourth trip occurred the "diversion" referred to above. Miss Kirkland took her two assistants by train to Wei-hsien, where they spent three days in attendance at the Conference for women. The train journey, a new experience to Mrs. Tsun and Mrs. Yü, gave them immense pleasure, which sympathy enabled Miss Kirkland to share. "It was a great inspiration to meet in the new Wei-hsien chapel (which seats six hundred and fifty people), with a congregation of over three hundred Chinese sisters, met for ten days' Conference. Twenty subjects, all of momentous importance to

those gathered, were dealt with and discussed by foreign and native workers. 'It was three days of complete happiness,' said the two helpers as they took train for a certain country station, where barrows and carriers awaited them. Darkness was falling as the party arrived at their destination.

"Mr. Wang, at whose house we all stayed, is very anxious to get the women of his home and village to consider their eternal interests, for up till now the church here has consisted mostly of men. It was certainly a beginners' class. I found out those who could read the prayers, and a little hymn, 'Two little eyes look up to God,' and set them to be teachers of two or three who could not read. I decided to hear each one repeat her lesson and explain it, so that they could carry away some seed-thought. From six adjoining villages we had pupils, and the afternoons were spent visiting these places, so that it was a time of sowing. Some of the new learners much impressed me. . . . A deal of hard spade work is needed to break up the ground."

V

"You have already been introduced to Mrs. Tsun's home at Tsun-chai-chuang. At worship, on Sunday, I counted twelve pairs of unbound feet. All these women had hymn-books in their hands, showing a decided rise in the tide of liberty of body and mind, as well as soul enlightenment. Day by day here we had our early prayer-meeting, and fervent supplications rose from the hearts of these earnest souls. Our texts and Scripture portions were a feast to such opened ears, and noon came

all too soon, as they said, 'to make them think of the food that perisheth.'

"Mrs. Tsun took us to visit some of her rich relations, and some of the houses were the largest I have ever been in here. Courtyard after courtyard, with low open-work walls, and all sorts of shrubs and flowers kept in good condition, also curious stones, with creepers winding in and out of the many holes, all showing taste and appreciation of the beautiful. In these Chinese zenanas are shut up refined old ladies and superior young ones. The restrictions are very rigid, and the utmost propriety must be observed, so that work can only be done among these women by our visiting them in their seclusion. Many, many of this class have waited long for workers. Who will come?

"As we turned away from these mansions, Mrs. Tsun said: 'We are not rich, but my daughters have great advantages that these cannot have, with all their wealth. I would rather my girls had true riches of the heart than all else.' We had the happy experience here of opening up new work in a village three miles distant, where some ten women are learning to read. For this we praise God and take courage."

## VI

"An intelligent band of women, mostly old friends, greeted us as we landed at the big door of Mr. Chang's home. They began to upbraid me for being so long in coming to help them to understand more of the Bible. One clever sister (who had been into class and is quite a leader), closing her eyes and stretching forth her arms, as if groping

about for something, said: 'That is our condition, and we get so tired of being in the state of feeling which we do not understand. Do come oftener and help us.' I need not say how glad I should have been to promise this hungry woman what she asked, but instead my heart has just to ache for the hundreds like her in our little churches. Now I felt we must make the most of this golden opportunity, and we started with a good hearty service of prayer and praise."

Here, Miss Kirkland's successful treatment of a lad who was very ill made a great impression, and opened many doors and many hearts. There was much talk of the great soul Physician, and the classes and the meetings made for cheer.

"At this village of Mr. Chang's quite a number of young girls decided to walk in the narrow way. Pray for them."

## VII

In the last visited of the stations Miss Kirkland found inspiration in history rather than in present conditions. "Mr. A. G. Jones lived here in the early days of the mission, and suffered very much at the hands of the villagers, but he overcame, and his work still remains. It is plodding all the time, and the few who are workers here have had strenuous work; but now, they tell me, quite a friendly feeling is pervading the whole village, and we look yet for the rich harvest to follow the sowing time of tears."

Two boys from this village at the Wei-hsien college had lately received great blessing, and their letter, full of joy and yearning for the salvation of their own people, gave the elder ground for a strong

appeal. Most of the mission servants come from this village, and Miss Kirkland has felt it a special burden upon her to reach their families, and influence them for good.

"A large and flourishing boys' school is maintained here, and this autumn we trust to open a girls' school. This will, in a way, bring the good leaven of God's kingdom to spread among the women folk, which is much needed."

This story is eleven years old. Every devout reader will thank God that Miss Kirkland is still engaged in such truly apostolic work. There has been great success in Shantung since 1906. But every success registered means widened opportunity and more exigent appeal. That arrestive picture of the clever woman with closed eyes and groping hands is a picture of "things as they are."

## Chapter Fourteen — BESSIE CAMPBELL RENAUT: MARTYR

ONE day in the late autumn of 1899 a small party of foreigners, travelling inland from Shanghai, approached the boundary line of the province of Shansi. On the hither side of the gate a litter stopped, and a young Englishwoman stepped out, and walked through the portal. Within the border of Shansi, she paused, looked around, and then bowed her head as though absorbed in thought. Presently she resumed her place in the litter, and passed on with the caravan. The meaning of this dumb show is revealed in a letter which this young Englishwoman wrote shortly afterwards.

"The sixth day (of the inland journey) stands out in my memory . . . we crossed the border line into the province of Shansi. . . . I got out of my litter, as I wanted to walk into the province which is to be my home, I hope, for many years, and stood awhile on the other side of the gate to ask God's blessing on my entrance."

How Bessie Campbell Renaut came to this point in her career, and how it fared with her afterwards, will be briefly set forth in this chapter.

Fifth child of Captain and Mrs. Renaut, she was born at Woodford, in Essex, on June 11th, 1871, whence the family removed to Leytonstone while Bessie was still in early childhood. Her school life,

with some interruptions on account of illness, was continued until 1892. Some four years earlier, she was baptized by her minister, the Rev. John Bradford, and joined the Fillebrook Church. In the Sunday School and the Christian Endeavour Society she rendered excellent service, and by intelligence, gentleness, sympathy, and the quiet courage which steadfast faith inspires, won the esteem and affection of those about her, and brought souls to Christ.

Her school days were followed by several years of business life in the city. Happy in her daily duty and her beautiful and fruitful Church life, she yet became conscious of a certain divine unrest. Faint voices from far fields reached her heart, voices with wailing in them, and by and by she heard not only the call of the heathen, but the personal command of Christ. At the close of a Quarterly Missionary Meeting, held at Leytonstone, Bessie Renaut was moved to tell the speaker, the Rev. E. Murray of Cheefoo, that one day, God willing, she would come to China.

The way opened. Having been accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Zenana Mission, she went to the Burnbank Training Home, Glasgow, in January, 1898. Here again the fine quality of her Christian character was revealed; witness this sentence from the letter of a fellow-student: "Her life in the Home was always sweet, because of an even temper, faithful and absolutely conscientious work, and, because loving all, she was beloved by all. I can honestly say I never heard two opinions expressed about Bessie. She was universally respected and loved."

After Burnbank came a short nursing course in

London, and then, encouraged by many expressions of love and confidence, and many benedictions, Bessie Renaut sailed for China. There had been some talk of sending her to India, and she held herself loyally at the disposition of the Society. But an urgent appeal from Mr. and Mrs. Dixon for a Zenana worker to aid them in their remote and difficult station, Hsin-chow, secured response. For this post she was designated, and knew now of a surety that her cherished desire was of the Lord.

With other members of a missionary party she landed at Shanghai on October 21st, 1899, and shortly afterwards started for her up-country journey under the escort of the Rev. A. Sowerby. And so we come to the episode of the Shansi Gate. A few days later the little party received joyous welcome and sweetest hospitality at Tai Yuan Fu, and "on the fifteenth day, about sunset, they 'reached the grey walls and passed under the stone archway into the city' of Hsin-chow.

Bessie Renaut knew that she had been called to one of the most difficult spheres in all the mission field. From its founding, in the days of the great famine, the Shansi Mission had been impeded by the prevalence of the opium habit, by sustained opposition and frequent persecution. But better days seemed to be dawning, and with high hopes and complete consecration she gave herself to her work. Her letters to friends at Leytonstone were full of brightness and inspiration, eagerly looked for, and copied and circulated. While she toiled diligently in the study of the language she was always giving and winning love.

In a tender and noble memorial sermon, preached

by her friend and minister the Rev. John Bradford, and afterwards published together with a brief biography, we get a glimpse of Bessie Renaut as suggestive as it is beautiful.

"A few months ago she was learning the language which the Chinese girls were eager to hear her speak, for they evidently felt towards her a growing affection. They were sitting in the courtyard waiting for the return of Mr. Dixon for the quiet hour of worship, and the pall of night came down ere he returned; and as she sat there with a native Christian by her side, she felt the hands of these Chinese girls searching out her own, and in the touch of a hand which now has vanished, the thrill of a love that never dies passed into the hearts of those Chinese girls."

So life went on till June. Then came tragedy. The blood-red tide of the Boxer Rebellion rolled over Shansi. On June 29th, 1900, news came to Hsin-chow of dire events in Tai Yuan Fu, and the members of the Mission resolved on flight. For nearly a month they were in hiding, the last fortnight being spent in a cave, in which they endured extreme anxiety and privation. Then they were apprehended, taken to the city and lodged in the common jail. From the horrors of this imprisonment they were brought forth to die, and the sharpness of death was increased for them by gratuitous treachery. On August 9th, a military escort arrived from Tai Yuan Fu, under orders to conduct them to the coast. They were placed in carts, and conveyed away from the jail, with what hopes or fears we shall never know. For at the inner gate of the city the procession was stopped by a company

of Boxers ; and the doomed servants of Christ were dragged from their carts, stripped, and slain with the sword. So died the Rev. H. Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, the Rev. W. A. McCurrach and Mrs. McCurrach, Miss Bessie Renaut and the Rev. S. W. Ennals, of the Hsin-chow Mission, and the Rev. T. J. Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, who were on a visit from Tai Yuan Fu.

During their fugitive days the missionaries wrote diaries, which were buried in the cave and afterwards recovered. These documents afford wonderful evidence of how our Lord sustains those who suffer for Him. Two quotations are here given from Bessie Renaut's diary, and a letter enclosed with the diary which must ever remain one of the sacred treasures of the Mission.

" *July 18th.*—This is our twentieth day. Rescue can soon come. God grant it may ! But we have often said we would rather walk with God in the dark than alone in the light, and now we can prove to God our sincerity. He is making us willing. Oh, may He give you all grace to say His will is best ! In prayer for you all. Love to all dear friends.

" *July 21st.*—The man who conducted us here came last night to tell us that the Boxers were in his village, and advised our return to a former one. At 2.45 an attack was made from ground above, great stones and boulders being hurled in at the mouth. The attack was sharp and fearful, but, praise God, is over for the present—most likely only to be renewed. Alas ! one of our native Christians has given his life for his friends. Chang Chih Kou had come to warn us and was captured

as he came. They tied his hands behind him and battered him about badly and cut the side of his throat. He was one of the earliest converts. He is in glory. . . . We may be able to thank him in a day or two. . . . One of the Boxers was wounded —a real Boxer—we are going to wash his wounds. The Christians have all fled, so we do not know how news can come. Moving seems out of the question. We are praying for guidance, and do not expect another attack for a day or two. To-day we are sitting out in the valley, which after so much close confinement is beautiful, but the beauty of it seems mockery—the groans of the wounded man, and the great sharp boulders lying about, make us lift our hearts to God, and pray. Psalm lxx."

So the diary closed. The letter, written eight days earlier, was addressed to Miss Angus, the Secretary of the Zenana Mission.

"*July* 13*th*, 1900.

"DEAR MISS ANGUS,—You will know our circumstances from the diary in which this is enclosed. Give my love to the committee. We have food enough for a few days and water for two; the nearest is a mile of difficult climb, but the gentlemen will try for it, if we are left so long. We have heard almost certain tidings of the execution of all our friends at T'ai-Yuen—all Mrs. Farthing's dear children and many others—and they were taken to the Yamen under pretence of protection, and two days afterwards massacred. Chao Hsien Sheng has been gone fifteen days towards the coast seeking help, our cook about eight, and to-day another evangelist to Kalgan. We are not building on

assistance. God is helping us. He has given us wonderful strength and surefootedness for hard climbing. China's Christians are splendid. Lui Chia Shan villagers have risked their lives for us, and now have had to flee from their village without food and money. All our servants are faithful. With love to you all. Yours sincerely,

"BESSIE RENAUT."

Bessie Renaut and her fellow-martyrs were slain inside the city gate, but afterwards their bodies were cast out, and left exposed to the vile treatment of ruthless rabble. But there was ruth in Hsin-chow, and better-minded citizens, being shamed, took up these despised bodies and gave them decent burial.

"The whirligig of time," which God's hand sets a-spinning, "brings strange revenges." The Governor responsible for the massacres in Shansi was executed for his crimes. The names of the men and women whose bodies were cast out as "the off-scouring of the earth," are accounted illustrious in the cities in which they suffered. Monuments and institutions perpetuate their memory. But, to the glorified spirits of the English martyrs, dearest of all honours and memorials are the records of the fidelity of native Christians in the days of anguish, and the new life which throbs in the Shansi Church to-day. In 1900 the Church members of our Shansi Mission numbered 260 ; to-day they number 635.

Bessie Renaut died when her missionary life in China was only just beginning, and to some minds her story may appear to be one of frustration, waste, and tragical disappointment. But was her life

frustrate? Was her service small? Nay, verily! The Kingdom of Heaven has its own standards of value and success, according to which two mites which make one farthing may outweigh much gold and silver, one day may be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, and a single act of love may merit everlasting memorial.

We read of a certain woman who had an alabaster box of ointment, spikenard, very precious. The box was broken and the ointment poured out for Christ's sake, and the odour of the ointment filled the house.

Bessie Renaut's alabaster box was her own body: the precious ointment was her glorious love. The box was broken, and the ointment poured out for Christ's sake. And, despite every Judas, there was no waste. While God is love, love is not lost; and the odour of this ointment will be wafted down the ages and around the world.

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NOTE.—The tragical events of 1900 necessitated the withdrawal of unmarried women workers from China for a time, "and it was not until 1902 that they were able to resume work in Shantung, and much later in Shensi and Shansi. In 1911 and 1912 the work in the two latter provinces was again interrupted by the Revolution." In 1908 Miss Manger and Miss Wood went to Hsin-chow where they have done excellent work, and last September there was vouchsafed to them the joy of a great harvest. A women's mission, for which long and prayerful preparation had been made, was conducted by Miss Gregg of the C.I.M., and in the course of the Mission the windows of heaven were opened. "The first day," writes Miss Wood, "found our chapel absolutely full. By dint of careful packing and much squeezing we were able to seat 800 women—but alas! this left from 400 to 500 still outside the chapel doors. Some of these went home, and some stayed for a meeting immediately following the first, specially held for those who had failed to get in.

"In the afternoon we had another crowd of eager listeners. That first day over 1,800 women, some of them for the second time, heard Miss Gregg tell of the power and the willingness of the Lord to save each one of them."

On following days the great attendance was maintained, and in reviewing the Mission Miss Wood says: "It has been a harvesting of souls rather than a time of seed-sowing. The latter had been done, and God gave the increase—verily an ingathering worthy of His power and faithfulness! By His grace 99 souls, after a great pouring out of their hearts before God in prayer, and in the confession of sin, took the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and righteousness."

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," much more over 99, and one doubts not that Bessie Renaut and her fellow martyrs are partakers of that joy.

## Chapter Fifteen — POMEGRANATE AND HER BIOGRAPHER

"POMEGRANATE: The Story of a Chinese School Girl" (Morgan and Scott, 1910), is the title of a book written by Jennie Beckingsale, B.A., which will interest and profit any who desire acquaintance with women's missionary work in China. It is a biography, cast in the form of a story, the subject of which is only some twelve years old when the record closes—not with her death, but with her going to her village home for the long vacation, after her first year's experience of the joys and sorrows, failures and triumphs, of life in a city Boarding School.

Written with studied simplicity of style, and designed in the first instance for youthful readers, the story conveys an immense amount of information about Chinese life and manners, and exhibits, in dramatic form, the impact of Christianity upon country folk under varying conditions. While meditating a review of "Pomegranate," it was the good fortune of the present writer to light upon an article written by Miss Beckingsale, "Country Life in Shensi," which gives part of the story in brief, and proves that Pomegranate and her people are flesh and blood folk, bearing their own names, and not the creatures of literary imagination. The remainder of this chapter will be arranged in three

parts: First, a brief notice of Pomegranate's biographer; then, the account of the girl's folk and her home environment, as given in the article mentioned above; and, finally, some glimpses of her school life.

## I.—Her Biographer: Jennie Beckingsale

When news came to London, by cable, on June 22nd, 1913, that Jennie Beckingsale had died in Si-an-fu, of peritonitis, a thrill of sorrow ran through missionary circles, akin to that awakened by the passing of Thomas Comber, in 1887. There is no extravagance in the association of their names. Widely differing as their ministries were in scene and circumstance, these two missionaries had much in common. Complete consecration, tireless energy, intellectual capacity of high order, inexhaustible sympathy, love of children, love of fun, genius for narrative, iron will, dauntless courage, personal charm, were characteristics of both. By consequence they were both loved much, leaned upon heavily, looked to for light and leading, and constrained to answer trust. Perhaps it is not wonderful that both died early. They lived *much* if they did not live *long*. Such service as theirs is not measured by temporal standards; it is merged in the infinite and the eternal. Do we liken Jennie Beckingsale to Thomas Comber? The native Christians in Si-an-fu did better. They called her "a female Paul."

She was born in Cheltenham, and Salem Baptist Church was the spiritual home of her girlhood. Educated at the High School, Cheltenham, she passed on to Oxford, specialised in higher mathematics and science, obtained the degree of B.A. from

Trinity College, Dublin, and became Science Mistress at Gateshead High School. Accepted by the Zenana Mission Committee in April, 1897, she studied for some time in Glasgow, and went out to Fu-yin-'tsun, Shensi, early in 1898. In a very beautiful tribute, inspired by sincere admiration and profound affection, her friend Mrs. Shorrock writes: "Her powers were early put to the test, for before she had completed the prescribed two years of study she was called upon to take full charge of the Fu-yin-'tsun Boarding School, with more than forty girls in residence, and in addition had the oversight of all the women's work in the district. This was just before the Boxer rising of 1900, and it was three and a half years before she returned to Shensi, after a stay of one year in Shantung. There her memory is still treasured by the school-girls of that year.

"On her return to Shensi during the winter of 1903–4, she took up residence in Sianfu, where there was uphill work for some years until her school was established on firm lines. What busy days those were! Up at 7 a.m. for morning prayers, with fifteen minutes' singing practice for the two schools beforehand; then often teaching from 9 till 1 p.m. In the afternoon there would be visits to be paid in the neighbourhood, or to a village, a half hour's walk away; and in the evening she would often give an hour's coaching in mathematics to some senior boys, for her help in her own special subjects was always at the disposal of her colleagues. Another day she would be kept busy for hours with parents to see over the school, or a batch of gay ladies from the city, who would be more interested in the 'foreign' lady's rooms and manner of life than in the 'Doc-

trine' she tried to tell them of. . . . Her holidays were rather a change of work than play, and were often spent in visiting a distant town or group of country stations."

Her trials in the days of the Revolution were severe, but she was enabled to write: "What marvellous preservation we have experienced, when we thought death was our portion—or worse."

When the Relief Expedition arrived in Shensi, though she longed to stay, she determined to go for the sake of others. "It will be a dangerous journey and a very hard one, and I think I could make it easier for some of them." A very noble decision!

Too shortly after her return the deaths of the doctors in the midst of their splendid service came as crushing blows upon her heart, and her own death, so soon following, brought sorrow upon sorrow to her colleagues. But they trusted in God and were not dismayed. Their spirit is revealed in the dream of one of them: "I thought I saw her met at Heaven's gate by Stanley Jenkins and Cecil Robertson, who said, 'Come and see the Master, Who will show you what you can do for Si-an-fu.'"

In the following section of this chapter Miss Beckingsale will be seen, self-portrayed, doing "country work in Shensi." The reader must understand that though Pomegranate is not mentioned until near the close, Chén-chia-kou is her native village, and all the information conveyed in this article is incorporated in her biography proper.

## II.—Her Village and Her Folk

"Chén-chia-kou is a picturesque little settlement of immigrants from Honan. Driven by famine

and poverty from their native province, a band of peasants wandered westward, till in the valley of the Wei river, north of Si-an-fu, they found a new home. Money was scarce and wood was dear, so they chose a gorge in the low hill which forms one bank of the river and excavated dwellings in the clay cliff. These homes often run far back into the earth, having only one opening to the air and light, yet being divided into inner compartments by mud walls which reach half-way to the arched roof.

"On one side of the doorway is the cooking-stove, with its iron cauldron, bellows, and heaps of brush-wood. On the other is the bed—a platform of mud-bricks with a flue underneath by which it may be heated in winter. By this arrangement much of the smoke can escape without entering the inner rooms of the cave; yet by long use the roofs are all blackened with soot, and festooned with filthy cobwebs. The family store of grain from the previous harvest is piled in one corner in a circle of woven matting; a heap of cotton, not yet picked from the pod, lies in another. A branch of yellow corn-cobs (maize) hangs to dry outside the door. A plough, a wheel-barrow, wooden forks and spade, brooms and baskets are hung on the walls or lean in the corners. The family's wardrobe is heaped on the bed, or tied up in bundles from the roof. A flat board placed on supports of mud-brick forms a table, a row of stout sorghum stems laid on two pegs makes a shelf, a few earthen bowls and pots, a bundle of chopsticks, and a couple of little wooden stools complete the furniture of a home in Chén-chia-kou. The more prosperous settlers, who have been able to get together a little money through a succession

of good harvests, have enclosed with a mud wall the space in front of their cave, forming a courtyard, and have also put up a few buildings for stables or extra rooms; yet they prefer to live in the cave itself, as it is cool in summer and warm in winter, and the Chinese have not yet learned the value of ventilation and fresh air.

"Chén-chia-kou is not very easily reached from Si-an-fu, as the Wei river runs between, and must be crossed by a ferry-boat. In the rainy season, when the river is full, there are dangerous back-waters which must be forded; the road itself becomes a sea of mud; the cart may get into a miry pit, and hours may be spent before it can be pulled through. Then the current may be so strong that the ferry-boats, manned by a dozen lusty watermen, take hours to accomplish the journey to and fro, and we may have to wait long on the bank for our turn to mount the creaking planks to the boat, and with seven or eight other carts, and twice as many kicking and squealing mules, and as many men as can find a footing on the barge, we are towed and poled and rowed across the broad, swift stream. On the northern bank we cross a broad sandy stretch before reaching the road which leads westward to Chén-chia-kou. We follow the line of low cliffs, broken by many deep fissures, and adorned with picturesque temples, through a little market-town with walls and gates, till we reach our destination.

"A group of children, bareheaded and barefooted, standing on a projecting corner of the cliff, run to give warning of our approach, and immediately men, women, and children come out to welcome us. We are escorted to the courtyard of the chapel, and

helped to descend from the cart. Willing hands carry our bedding and provision basket inside, and after greeting all our friends we go with them into the chapel, which is itself a cave. It is fairly lofty and very deep, with a door and two windows at the outer end; the preacher's table and chair are placed in the far recesses of the cave, and wooden benches are placed in front for the congregation. There is a doorway covered by a curtain at one side, which leads to the room occupied by the evangelist and his wife; this they have vacated for our use, and the villagers soon leave us to rest and arrange our belongings, promising to return for evening prayers after supper. Our servant unpacks the basket, and is led off to the kitchen (another cave) by the evangelist's wife, while we put up our beds, and make things ready for the night. Only a few gather for the evening worship, as the mothers cannot leave their children, and the animals, too, must be guarded from wolves; but we are promised a good audience on the coming Sunday, as people from surrounding villages will come in to join in the service.

"Next morning we are up betimes, hang a few bright pictures on the wall, chat with the evangelist, and examine his little pupils to see how they have progressed in reading and singing. The teacher himself begs for some new tunes in the sol-fa notation, and we spend some time singing hymns while people are gathering. The news of a foreign visitor has spread fast, and a group of heathen women is seen on the road, peeping into the courtyard. They are invited inside, and stare wonderingly at the Christian women with their hymn-books and Bibles. The service must be made interesting to these

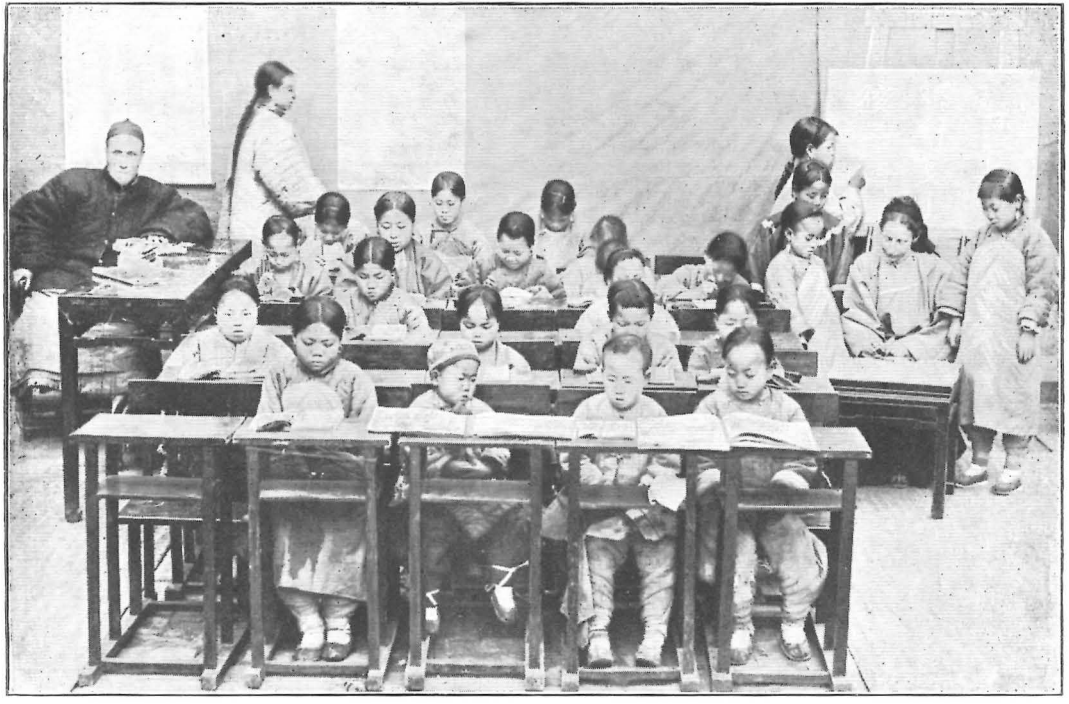
ignorant women, and instructive to those more advanced, so the story, illustrated by a picture, is told, and then deeper lessons are drawn from it, and we try to show our audience something of the truths which underlie the incident. All enjoy the hymns, and we stand to pray, because the heathen women would object to kneeling with us, as they never take this attitude of humiliation and reverence without some very definite obligation, and the Unseen God is at present no reality to them. After the service we try to talk with them and overcome their prejudices, answering their curious questions and establishing friendly relations with them. The women of the place have scattered to prepare the mid-day meal, and presently steaming bowls are brought in for us, and after politely declining to share our meal, the visitors take their leave.

"There is an old couple living at Chén-chia-kou whose name is Fan. The old man is one of our warmest friends and most sincere Christians. He is getting very feeble, but tries still to manage his little farm. Mrs. Fan is a kind-hearted, motherly old woman, the first to welcome us and the last to leave us at night, always inquiring if she can do anything for our comfort. She has not yet been baptized as she is so very ignorant. These people have no children, but long ago they adopted a girl, and brought her up as their own. In due time a marriage was arranged for her, and the young husband came to live with them, contrary to the usual custom, as he had no parents living. A little girl was born and named Pomegranate, but soon the father became restless and dissipated, and finally ran away, leaving his wife and child with old Mr.

Fan. In two years' time the young woman, who was very wilful and undutiful to her adopted parents, declared she would marry again, and, despite their remonstrances, left the Fans and took another husband, leaving her child behind. Little Pomegranate now became the only comfort of the aged pair. When she was about ten years old Mr. Fan brought her to the city boarding-school, with a sack of wheat as a contribution towards her food, begging us to help him to train her up aright. She was homesick at first, but soon settled down in her new surroundings. She is pretty and bright, and has made good progress, though she exhibits her mother's wilfulness, and is not always very considerate of the old people who have brought her up. Her own father has now reappeared after many years' absence, but his wife will not leave her present husband and family. Poor Pomegranate has to suffer much teasing in the village on account of her unhappy parentage, and Mr. and Mrs. Fan are in great trouble about the matter."

## III.—Glimpses of Her School Life

The previous sections of this chapter have lengthened out beyond calculation, and the remainder must be severely compressed. The writer much regrets that he can only mention the delightful account of Pomegranate's journey to the city, made upon her grandfather's wheelbarrow, where she sat beside her school fees—not silver in a bag or a cheque in an envelope, but a sack of corn, big as herself. Perhaps the best general notion of life in a Chinese Boarding School may be derived from



Lesson Time: The Girls' School at Tai Yuan Fu, Shansi

the address which Pomegranate heard on the first morning of her new life.

" When prayers were over, the girls were ready for breakfast, and then the new pupils were shown the class-rooms and the play-ground.

" Presently the school-bell rang, and Miss Lander came in to distribute books and slates and ink-slabs. Each class was called up in turn to receive the necessary things from the stationery cupboard. Pomegranate, among the others, had her slate and pencil, brush-pen, ink-stone, water-jar, and a stick of Indian ink; she also received a new geography and other books, and went back to her class with the rest of the new pupils. After setting the elder girls to work, Miss Lander came into the class-room. At a sign from the teacher the girls stood up.

" ' You are many of you new to our school,' said Miss Lander, ' and I want to speak to you at the beginning of the year, so that you may understand our rules and work may go on happily. You will see a time-table on the wall, with work for every day of the week except Saturday and Sunday. Your teacher will follow this time-table, and you must help her by being punctual and obedient. Teacher Chen is here in my place, and if you offend her, you offend me too. You all know that pupils must be industrious and clean. I want to impress upon you that cleanliness of heart is more important even than cleanliness of body. Be truthful, honest and kind. Never tell a lie even to save yourself from punishment; never take anything which is not your own; remember that the books you are using belong to the school, and be careful not to soil

or tear them; try and help others, and do not tell tales or speak spitefully.

" ' In a little while you will have duties entrusted to you, helping in the kitchen, serving the food, and so on. I expect you to undertake these duties cheerfully; they will fit you for the future, for we must not neglect household work, though we learn to read and write. On Saturday we have no teaching. You will have leisure to bathe, wash your clothes and sew; we want you to run in the yard and play games also, that you may keep in good health. If you are not well I wish you to come to me when school closes at mid-day. No medicine must be taken which does not come from me. Do you all understand ? '

" ' Yes, Teacher Lao,' they replied."

And so Pomegranate's little soul-craft commences a new voyage. Naturally it is not all plain-sailing. Though but a poor rustic girl she is proud and passionate, and unhappily incurs the rather settled frown of a young teacher, who has something to learn in the matters of patience and sympathy. The teacher scolds. Pomegranate resents, and there ensue on her part frequent lapses of behaviour, and a carelessness which results in gross failure at examination, not to be explained by want of brains. All this means trouble. But the grace and wisdom of the head-mistress, whom Pomegranate holds in high esteem, bring the refractory child to a better mind. She puts forth her powers and does well. Other storms arise. In a fit of temper, she spoils a book, tells lies to hide her fault, and is grievously disgraced. But she finds place for repentance, is forgiven, and begins to win respect for character as well as gifts.

The advent of a new pupil, daughter of a rich lady who had been cured of a serious illness by a missionary doctor, caused much flutter in the dove-cote. This young lady with her fine manners, rich raiment, and glittering jewels was much sought after. Pomegranate became her chosen friend. This gave rise to jealousy, which knew how to plant thorns in Pomegranate's pillow.

Her bitterest trial came upon her when she was suspected of stealing a pair of ear-rings which had disappeared. She was innocent, and her innocence was in the end providentially revealed; meanwhile her suffering was as stormy as it was acute. And by the way it should be noted that when a Chinese girl finds her temper uncontrollably disturbed, she retires to bed, and is sympathetically visited by her friends, as one who is enduring affliction. What a blessed custom! It is clear that we western folk have much to learn from the Chinese.

But the storm-tossed soul-craft of poor little Pomegranate was piloted to the desired haven, and there came a day, before her first year's school life ended, upon which she found peace in the love of Jesus.

This preceded the trouble about the ear-rings, which was a sore trial of her early faith. Though she was barely thirteen, negotiations for her betrothal to a Christian youth had already been undertaken. The friendship of an elder fellow-scholar was a great spiritual help to her. We take leave of her in the closing sentences of her biography.

"The result of the examinations was very satisfactory, as the marks gained were above the average. Pomegranate did not get a prize, but she took a good

place in class, and was encouraged by a special word of commendation from Miss Lander.

" She went home at the end of her first year in the city school, with a new ideal of what life ought to be, determined to help her grandparents, and full of good resolutions for the future. Best of all she had taken Jesus as her Master, and was trusting to His help to conquer the faults which had marred her character hitherto."

## Chapter Sixteen — CERTAIN WOMEN AND THEIR STORIES

### I.—Great Forgiveness

IN the days of the great persecution, English missionaries in China exhibited heroism and fidelity unsurpassed in Christian story. But they were British folk with centuries of Christian history behind them, and while we thank God for their triumph we are not surprised that they overcame. Ever memorable is it that as they went to their death they were cheered by the knowledge that native Christians, lately won from heathenism by their labours, were displaying courage and devotion equal to their own. A fugitive in a cave, with the shadow of death falling darkly upon herself and her friends, Bessie Renaut wrote in her farewell letter to Miss Angus : " China's Christians are splendid." The following narrative affords a notable elucidation of this text :

In the summer of 1900 there lived at Cheng-chi-po, a village in the Shao-yang district of Shansi, a Christian family, consisting of father, mother, two small boys, and a baby four months old. The eldest child, a daughter named Pu-tao, was away, a pupil in the boarding school at Tai Yuan Fu. Poor in worldly gear, these humble folk were rich in faith and love, the love of Christ and of one another. Pu-tao

was passing dear to her brave father and her gentle mother, and answered love with love.

When the Boxer fury broke out, this family, with other Christians of their village, sought refuge in a cave difficult of access where they heartened one another with the word of God. Discovered and besieged they were ultimately compelled to leave their refuge, into which their persecutors threw burning branches of trees. As they came out, Pu-tao's father said: "We may die, but we will not recant." The men were promptly murdered and the women dragged away. As they filed along by the edge of a precipice Pu-tao's mother, in a desperate attempt to save her baby, leaped over, and was lost to sight in the gloom of the gorge below. Greatly injured, she still lived, and later crept back with her baby, who was unhurt, to Cheng-chi-po. But every door was closed against her and her little one. For weeks she sought hiding in caves, and in the tall growth of the millet fields, suffering untold anguish. The persecution had generally abated, but it was known that she was at large, and a day was fixed for her doom. It was suspected also that there were others in like case, and as the hunting party started, one implacable old woman called out to her three sons, "Don't leave one devil alive." That day the gates of Heaven opened to receive Pu-tao's mother and the baby at her breast. She died, but she did not recant.

Four years later, Pu-tao, who in the Providence of God escaped death at Tai Yuan Fu, and had lately returned from Pekin, was one of a missionary party who were making their way homeward from Shao-yang to Tai Yuan Fu. Very earnestly she requested

that the hill route might be taken in order that they might pass close to her native village. "I want," she said, "to see the people who murdered my mother, and tell them about the Lord Jesus, and I want to tell them that I quite forgive them all."

The missionary whose narrative is condensed above shall conclude the story in her own words. "We reached the village about noon, and went straight to the home of the Boxers. Pu-tao turned white and faint as I went into the court and asked leave to enter. I suggested her going back, but she was still very earnest in wishing to talk to them. The sons, the actual murderers, were out, but the old woman was in, hardly able to speak for fright. Of course they thought we had come for revenge.

"I told them at once that we had come with none but thoughts of love and pity. Pu-tao soon recovered herself too. She took the old Boxer woman's hand, and told her very sweetly, but with tears in her eyes and a very broken voice, how Jesus always forgave His enemies, and how she, too, quite, quite forgave her! And then she told the gospel very clearly, and our Biblewoman joined in. We showed them Bible pictures, a little crowd having gathered now, and then we went away, for the time pressed, and our mules were waiting. And so ended our two months' country work. We reached Shih-treh that night, and next day were back in Tai Yuan Fu."

"China's Christians are splendid," wrote Bessie Renaut, and had she not reason?

## II.—"Where Two or Three . . ."

Veh-Ta-Sao was a sweet and gentle village girl

of seventeen, when, to her parents' delight, she was married to a clever, educated man, well endowed with this world's goods. To her bitter sorrow Veh-Ta-Sao discovered that her husband was an opium-eater and a gambler. His riches took to themselves wings, and soon her home was bare and poverty stricken, the scene of incessant labour at the loom by which she provided food for her besotted tyrant, who failed not to beat her if she failed to feed him well.

In such plight a baby girl was born to her and promptly drowned at the father's request. "How sad you must have been," said missionary friends to her, years later, when she told her story. And with much emotion she replied, "I consented. When I heard my baby's weak cry as they went to drown her in the yard, I thought to myself, I am glad. Why should she live to suffer as I suffer? If I had had strength I would have killed her myself. It is only since I have become a Christian that I have known my sin, but now—oh, how bitterly I repent my cruelty to my dear little baby. Though I know that the Lord Jesus has forgiven my sin, I cannot forget it."

Shortly after the baby's death a native evangelist brought the gospel to Veh-Ta-Sao's village, and her bruised and desolate heart welcomed with intense eagerness the tidings of the Great Friend, and the Great Love and the Great Home, where tears and pain and death are known no more. With almost incredible perseverance this over-worked woman taught herself to read the New Testament, and when, three years later, one of our Zenana missionaries met her, she had toiled through the gospels and was

pathetically anxious for more light. Complaining of her spiritual loneliness she was incited to "make Christians" of the women of her village, and the next day began to teach her next door neighbour, whose heart the Lord opened. Then these two, with another, gathered together on Sundays for worship, which was conducted on this wise: "Veh-Ta-Sao prayed; then they read in Mark, verse about, and Veh-Ta-Sao told her friends what it meant, as well as she could; then they sang the only hymns they knew: 'He leadeth me,' and 'Jesus loves me'; and then they all prayed the Lord's Prayer together. Sometimes a few women neighbours would look in: sometimes they would listen reverently and sometimes they would mock; but the two young Christians went on with their simple witness for Christ. The girl of eighteen was married not long after to an opium smoker, to her great sorrow. Betrothed early, she had no choice or escape. While in the station class we prayed much, at her request, for her husband, and recently came the good news that he has become a Christian, and is helping in the work."

Such is the story of Veh-Ta-Sao, told in brief. And surely in the picture of her Sunday services, lowliest things are touched with the sublime. The angels who minister to the heirs of salvation were hardly absent when the hearts of these two or three women, gathered together in the name of Christ, trembled ever nearer to their Lord, who, invisible to mortal eyes, was in the midst of them according to His word. "Where Christ is, there is the Church."

### III.—An Opium Patient

Some ten years ago one of the inner courts of the Zenana Mission House in Tai-yuen-fu was requisitioned as a kind of supplementary hospital ward for the treatment of opium patients. Dr. Harold Balme was the physician in attendance, and with wisdom to be commended, made notes of his patients' histories as well as of their symptoms. The story of Mrs. Wang, taken from the pages of his diary, shows, for warning, and instruction, and encouragement, how a strong character can be enthralled by "the opium devil"; how the opium devil can be mastered by Christ; and how in obtaining His mastery our Lord uses the skill of the learned physician, and no less the personality of a strong friend.

"It was not very long before a fourth patient was added, and she was perhaps the most remarkable of all. Old Mrs. Wang was a quaint old body, with a past of a most unattractive description. She had smoked opium for over twenty years, and had successfully finished off one husband many years ago. At that time she seems to have felt a certain amount of remorse, and in response to the relatives' reproachful reminders that he had been 'smoked to death' (or whatever other form their delicate remarks took!) she made an effort to break off. But it was unsuccessful. Not long after Mr. Wang, one of the Church members here, who had been left a widower with a young daughter, was brave enough to seek her hand. She again promised to break off her opium-smoking, once she had the strong arm of Mr. Wang to lean upon, but directly

she became Mrs. Wang she refused to do anything of the sort. When pressed on the subject by her meek and much-enduring husband, she had one unfailing reply: 'If I try to give up the opium, I shall certainly die, and then what about all that money you gave for me?' This argument was quite too much for Mr. Wang, and he would resignedly resume his duties as cook and maid-of-all-work to the household, while his beloved spouse smoked her opium, or stretched herself out on the kang.

"One day her step-daughter, who had grown up to be a fine Christian girl and was now helping in the school, brought home the news of how Si Gu Niang had broken off the habit, and had gone back home quite plump and happy; and once again both she and her father tried to persuade the old lady to do the same. This time, to everyone's amazement, she consented readily, and actually said she had been longing for an opportunity to do so for many months past. This was indeed good news, and so arrangements were quickly made, and old Mrs. Wang took her place with the other patients. She was a weird old thing to look at, with a face all crumpled up like a piece of wash-leather that had been left out in the rain, but with a gorgeous twinkle in one eye that transformed her whole appearance. She was full of the quaintest sayings too, and she would put her old head on one side, like a sparrow who has just spotted a worm, and keep the whole place in fits of laughter. On one occasion, with a broom in hand, she described the marvellous effect which Miss Shekleton's presence had upon her ailments, adding (with an appropriate

gesture, as though she were sweeping everything before her), 'And when she comes in at this door, the old opium-devil goes rushing out at that one!'

"But from the very first it was evident that old Mrs. Wang had been sent to us for a special purpose. Although she must often have heard the old, old story in her own house, she seemed now to drink in everything that was taught her with extraordinary eagerness. Day by day, as these four women were gathered together for reading and prayer, she listened with rapt attention, and very soon began to show clear signs of a changed life. As her supply of opium grew less and less, many old aches and pains revived, but so far from being depressed, her spirits only rose the higher, until one day, when near the end of the treatment, she joyfully refused to touch another pill, saying that the Saviour she was now trusting was all she needed.

"From that time forward she has made steady progress, and to-day her step-daughter tells us that the whole home is changed. Mrs. Wang, cheerful and industrious, begins to do work which she has not touched for years, and all is bright and peaceful."

## IV.—A Convert at Ninety

On the evening of November 11th, 1913, Miss Annie Simpson, of Choutsun, found herself in pensive mood. On the morrow Miss Aldridge was to be married, and though she rejoiced in the prospect of her friend's happiness, she would have been more than human if she had not been a little saddened by the thought of losing the immediate fellowship of one who had been her dear colleague in service for nearly twenty years, and of the touch of loneliness

that must ensue. So by way of provoking cheer for herself and others she sat down and wrote the following delightful story, which the present writer hopes may find new lease of life and further make for cheer in the pages of his book.

"Last spring, when I was visiting in one of the villages, I had just finished a lesson with the Christian women, when an old woman came in with bent back, white hair, and wrinkled face, but with keen, bright eyes. She sat down and looked around her, then at me, and asked the usual Chinese questions —how old I was, where I came from, and what was my business there. I told her what I had been doing that morning. She had never heard the Gospel before, so it was all new to her. Some of the women joined in the conversation, and I taught her the text 'God is love,' which in Chinese is literally 'God's heart is just love.' She said it over and over again. I explained it to her, but she looked as if she did not believe it at first.

"It was now dinner-time, and she left with the others; but she returned in the afternoon, still repeating the same words. As she rose to go later on she stopped and, turning, said: 'Are those true words you are telling me?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'true words.' She got to the door, still repeating the words, 'God's heart is just love,' and again questioned me! 'You are sure these are true words?' Again I assured her, 'true words.' She came again the next day, but as I was leaving I asked the Biblewoman to go to see her.

"In May I went again to the village, and my old friend came to greet me, saying joyfully: 'God's heart is just love, *and I believe it*.' I have never

known anyone more interested on first hearing the Gospel, and she was eager to hear more—so eager that she did not want to go home.

"That was my last visit before the summer, but now I have been again this autumn. The old lady asked me to visit her home, and I found there a large family. She has a son seventy-three years of age, who also seemed interested. The Biblewoman and I held a service in her house, and then went out into the threshing floor to hold another service, with quite a crowd of listeners.

"The people were quiet, but they all think that the old lady is mad, for she is constantly repeating: 'God's heart is just love. I am happy beyond telling.' I believe we shall get an entrance into this village through this old woman of ninety hearing the Gospel and going to tell her neighbours. There are other women, too, who go out to the villages trying to win others."

## V.—Back from the Shadowed Gate

When the little daughter of Jairus, twelve years old, sat up and opened her eyes, her hand was held by the hand of Jesus and her eyes were held by the vision of His face. One likes to imagine that the vision never faded, and that she loved to tell of the loving Lord who called her from the dead. Hsiu-feng did not pass the gate of death, but she was hard up against it, and it seemed on the point of opening when she was called back. She did not see Jesus as did the damsel of the Gospel story; yet she saw Him, and believes that it was He who drew her back, that she might bear witness of Him. Miss Shekleton writes:

"There is one girl whom I want specially to write about, Hsiu-feng, about twelve years of age. She came like the other girls to the classes Miss Beckingsale had in our house, and later to mine, and she always listened with a rapt little face. But it was not until last winter that she began to come regularly to chapel; and then, visiting by accident in her street, we came across her family, and they told us what a wonderful change had come over the child. She was a new child, they said, no more bad tempers, no more disobedience, and always talking about a wonderful "Jesus." I had seen her change from a naughty girl in school to a very lovable, gentle one, but I had not known the change to be so deep.

"Soon she set her heart on being baptized, but all her people were quite strangers to Christianity, and opposed it. Later, in June, little Hsiu-feng was attacked with lung trouble, and when I persuaded her people to let her come to the hospital for treatment the doctor pronounced her to be in rapid consumption. We found that one after another of the family had died from this. The child's case was serious, with bad hæmorrhage and fast failing strength, but she was as bright as ever spiritually, and so happy.

"Early last October her grandmother sent for me, for the disease had made a sudden advance and the native doctors had given up the case. A doctor came from our own hospital, but pronounced her past hope. She was in a state of unconsciousness, past taking nourishment, and with failing heart. The relatives were terribly cut up, for although a girl, she was much loved. One of them, who knew a very little of our teaching, asked me to pray to

Jesus, saying, 'she is a Jesus child, you know.' I felt it was hardly wise to pray for life for this child who was already on the borderland, lest as she passed away the disappointment of the heathen relatives should be too bitter. But the Biblewoman and I knelt down beside her, and we both prayed that if it were God's will for her to work for Christ in Sianfu, she might be even yet raised up to do His work. Yet in our hearts we felt, and said as we came out, that to go was surely far better for the poor little pain-racked child.

"There seemed no possibility of her lasting over night, and when I sent for news in the early morning I dreaded the answer. The news was that she showed more strength, but was still unconscious; when I went down, I found that she was indeed better, although terribly racked with cough and very weak. The doctor was amazed, but feared that it was still but a question of hours.

"But strange to say the cure was rapid and complete. The cough and hæmorrhage stopped, strength came back, the lung slowly healed and became normal, so far as a lung with scars in it can become so, and now for months Hsiu-feng has been the rosiest, bonniest of all the pupils!

"It is very wonderful, is it not? No medicine or any 'cure' was attempted, for the recovery was so rapid that it was thought best to let well alone. The neighbourhood and all the school were very deeply impressed, and are so still, and the child herself believes that Jesus gave her back her life to work for Him."

## Chapter Seventeen — IN THE DAYS OF THE SECOND REVOLUTION

THE political storms which have swept over China in recent times have profoundly affected the life and fortunes of our Mission. Seventeen years ago, in the Boxer onslaught upon all things foreign, missionaries, our own and others, were hunted like wild beasts, or led as lambs to the slaughter, and the massacre was no side issue of indiscriminate mob fury. It was directed by authority, and murderers received imperial recognition and reward. Yet the gloom of those darkest days was not unrelieved, and something more than a gleam of promise shone in the magnanimous behaviour of the Governor of Shantung. Whatever judgment history may pass upon the character and career of this extraordinary man, it will never be forgotten by our people that Yuan Shih Kai, risking Imperial displeasure, saved the lives of the Christian missionaries of Shantung, did his best to protect their property, and befriended the native Christians to the limit of his power.

In the great Revolution of 1911, Christian lives were sacrificed, and some of our own missionaries were molested and suffered bodily harm. But these outrages were committed by lawless elements of society, and the higher powers on both sides were friendly to the missions. Memorable is the picture of

a company of missionaries, including Cecil Robertson and Jennie Beckingsale, sitting in a house in Sianfu preparing for death at the hands of a mob, by whom they had already been robbed and rudely entreated. But as God would have it, their suspense was ended by the joyful news that soldiers on the walls were shouting that the protection of the missionaries had been ordained. Well might the soldiers protect Cecil Robertson, and great was their reward; for did he not, with skilful tireless hands of mercy, mend their broken bodies and save hundreds of their lives? No less significant is it that when our gallant brethren organised a relief expedition, pushed their way into the danger zone and brought out to safety their friends, whose lives were imperilled by robber bands in Shensi, they were thanked and honoured by the authorities as having rendered great service to China as well as to their own people.

But it was in the days of the Second Revolution in 1916 that the amazing change of public opinion in relation to Christian missions was most impressively demonstrated. Then our missionaries, men and women, were protectors instead of victims; our mission houses, hospitals and churches were places of refuge in which rich and poor sought shelter from the storm of violence and death. Missionaries were even called upon to act as mediators, and were treated by conflicting factions with emulative respect. In this chapter two or three of our missionary sisters will bear witness of their experiences in this wonderful time. Our first citation is from the Report on women's work at the Tsinanfu Institute, Shantung, 1916.

The reader will not fail to notice the calm restraint of the exquisitely British sentence with which Mrs. Whitewright commences her report:

"There was a good deal of unrest during the spring and summer, and this interfered to some extent with our regular work. On the other hand the unsettled conditions gave us opportunity for being of some help to women of all classes for six weeks. During the revolutionary troubles, seventy women and children of the official classes camped in the lecture hall and other rooms set apart for them. Many of these ladies were old friends and acquaintances, who had formerly been met in the Institute and in their own homes. Opportunity was given to do something to allay their fears and show sympathy with them in their distress. . . . So often we heard them say, 'You are not going away, are you? As long as you stay, we feel safe and are not afraid.' During the time they were here we lent them books, and some were very interested in what they read of the gospel.

"On one occasion, during a special scare, about four hundred women and children from the Mohammedan quarter camped in the main lecture-room and adjoining courtyard for a night. During the greater part of the year the attendances on Monday, 'women's day,' have been very good, and the attention given to evangelistic addresses very encouraging. Some wait after the address is over for the next, as they are eager to hear more of this 'Heavenly doctrine.' . . .

"The total number of visits paid to the Institute was 300,000. Of these, 23,000 were by women, the

number of women visitors being less than usual this year on account of the serious unrest."

In the report quoted above, Mrs. Whitewright says: "We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Payne for help she has given us on 'Women's Day.'" And Mrs. Payne shall be our next witness.

"The spring term was ended abruptly for us by the panic flight of the population, on the fall of Chow T'sun into the hands of the rebels. We were ten miles away at Tsow P'ing, working on the big Fair and having all day crowds of men at the tent and women at the chapel, when the bad news came. In twenty-four hours there were scarcely any women in the city except a handful of Christians fighting their fears and trusting God for help. 'Then did I prove,' said one to me later, 'that there really is power in prayer.' Many fled for their lives, terror-stricken; rich women attired as poor, girls dressed as boys, while the ladies of an official family came to us by night, praying for protection, and thankfully slept on the floor of a room in the Tsow P'ing house. We took them up with us to Tsinan, and they safely reached the coast. They had lost all but saved their lives. . . .

"We had our little daughter with us, and decided to try to get home; but a day or two later Mr. Payne returned to Tsow P'ing to see if he could do anything to help and protect the Christians. It was a stirring time. After passing through the lines of the Rebel and Government troops, he was allowed to enter the guarded gates of Tsow P'ing city, and was received with much joy by the Christians."

Mrs. Payne proceeds to speak of curtailed plans,

caution in travel, and inconvenient incidents, and concludes :

" But no evil has befallen us, and much joy has been given to us this year."

The storm which raged in Shantung raged with equal if not greater violence in Shensi. And on June 2nd, 1916, Miss Shekleton was moved to write to Miss Angus a " reassuring letter " in the course of which she says :

" We are all quite *safe*, taking that word in the Chinese sense, and indeed in the English war-time sense. People are more friendly and courteous than ever, and so far as I am concerned, my front gate is rarely shut, except at night, nor have I soldiers' protection. The hospitals, however, have guards posted outside, as they have a good many of the Yuan Shih Kai wounded soldiers in for treatment. Our own gate—I speak of the city—has the usual board up, announcing it as a house where women are welcomed for the teaching of Christian truth, and a red paper inscription, explaining its neutral character and English ownership ; also the notice sent round by the new conqueror of the city charging soldiers not to molest us. But all these we know would be ' scraps of paper,' but for the moral influence and the fact that we are missionaries.

" The former Governor, as I daresay you heard, was to have been escorted safely to the frontier by the new Governor's brother, Mr. Shorrock bravely going at the request of both to see fair play. But they had got no further than the east suburb when the soldiers of the two escorts—the former Governor's and the new Governor's—began to fight,

while the rest of the soldiers set to work to loot the carts of the travellers. . . . Meanwhile the new Governor hurried the old one into the Shorrocks' house, as the whole province may be said to be thirsting for the old man's blood. A good many of the other officials' families followed to Mr. Shorrock's, others rushed on ahead in their carts in the hope of escape, others ran on foot to hide. Families were separated for days, but the mob was content with looting and did not kill any women or children. Poor Mrs. Shorrock is now almost as crowded out as I was during the first panic in the city. The old Governor lives in their dining-room, and all over the place are soldiers, while the boys' school is full of Tai-tais and their attendants. As the Governor Lu is so hated that wherever he might be found in the city the soldiers and populace would kill him, you can imagine what a problem he and his party are."

The following passage, taken from a letter written by Miss Shekleton some weeks later to another friend, forms an interesting sequel to the foregoing:

"When you wrote you had heard of our stormy times in China, and now, as I write, this part of it is temporarily at peace once more.

"I think the days in which we were able to shelter the terror-stricken women and girls in this house were some of the happiest of my life. It was an object-lesson to the people in the *peace* of Christ. We were all so entirely peaceful—even on the worst nights, when it was uncertain if we should see another morning; and it was a wonder to the people, who put it down to the true reason—'They trust in their God.' But the difficulty for the

Chinese is to grasp the fact that our God is their God too, if only they would return to Him. Some of the ladies staying with me became deeply interested, and I have faith to believe that they will carry the message to their far-scattered homes in China.

"Did I tell you how all the ladies were 'looted' of their silver in their first attempt to escape from the city? I don't think I told you of the offer of £80, in the shape of opium, from one of the general's wives! Opium is so expensive that it is worth almost its weight in silver—her silver was looted, but she had bales of opium of no use to her. I had to explain that it would be impossible for a missionary to take opium and sell it; and she saw how inconsistent it would be, and apologised.

"What will become of poor China without Christ? I ask, when I think of these great aristocratic ladies of China—who *ought* to be the cream of the womanhood—with whom we were brought into such close contact—with their slaves, their opium-eating, the immorality and the deceitfulness, the quarrelling between the many wives, the utter want of daily occupation, and the little children, so charming at the beginning, growing up spoiled, to be like their parents!"

In a most lucid and instructive article entitled "China's Second Revolution" (*vide Herald*, 1916, p. 197), the Rev. E. W. Burt, M.A., describes the change of public opinion which has come about in China since 1900, as "*a moral miracle of the first magnitude.*" Ascribing all the glory to God he goes on to say, "It does look as though *China had at last learnt to recognise the missionary as her truest*

*friend.* Trust and confidence have taken the place of the old hostility and suspicion. Reaction may come—the old cruel misconception may revive." We would fain have been spared that last sombre sentence. And yet how grave reason Mr. Burt had for writing it may be illustrated by a few sentences from another letter of Miss Shekleton's, dated only two months earlier than her reassuring communication to Miss Angus :

" Visiting lately in a house which has become friendly, though not yet interested—a nice middle-class home—the two women told me how firmly they had believed until last summer that we pickled babies in salt, in great jars, which we kept in our store-rooms !

" This is very commonly believed in the city. In the east suburb, opened for twenty years, the foreigners are well known, and the ' wall ' is broken down.

" These women owned the house, and a Christian lodger, an opium patient of mine, rented rooms there. She asked leave for me to come and take a service last year. The landladies cautiously replied that they would like to see the foreign lady first.

" Unknowing of the close inspection I was to undergo, I called at the lodger's invitation. The landladies decided that I did *not* look like a baby-pickler. The ex-opium patient assured them that she knew every hole and corner of my house, and guaranteed my perfect innocence of all cunning and cruel devices ! Consent was given to my having services in their house—it is a long way off—and the harmonium you gave me, carried by the gatekeeper on

his shoulders, the Bible-teacher and myself, processed into the courtyard a week after.

"I have often been there since, but not till a few days ago did I hear from the women themselves how terrified they had been of intercourse with 'foreigners.' There are people who will declare that they themselves have been into the store-rooms of the foreigners, and have seen great jars of salt ranged along the walls of the room, with a little hand or a little foot sticking out!"

As the late Dr. A. T. Pierson well said, we are not responsible for conversion, but we are responsible for contact. Contact of necessity dispels ignorance of the grosser kind, and makes such ghastly and grotesque misconceptions as those cited above impossible. The King's business requireth haste. May the Church of Christ soon effect such contact with the people of China as will banish the spectre of reaction for ever!

## Chapter Eighteen — "THE NEW OPPORTUNITY"

MUCH of what was written in a former chapter upon woman's influence in India is equally true of woman's influence in China. The institutions of the two countries differ in many respects, but the women of both have suffered kindred disabilities and deprivations. They have been kept without education, they have been bought and sold in marriage, they have endured the gross and humiliating injustice involved in polygamy, and they have made undesigned but inevitable reprisals by retarding the onward, upward progress of the men by whom they have been wronged. In China as well as in India, ignorant, superstitious, heathen womanhood has tremendously impeded the evangelisation of men, and has often made the position of the male convert exceeding difficult if not impossible. On the other hand the woman convert in China has given signal proof of her influence by success in winning her husband and her sons for Christ.

Many years ago, when our Zenana mission work in China was still in its infancy, a B.M.S. missionary bore this witness: "'Work has commenced in such and such a village, but it is doubtful if it will stand, for none of the inquirers are women'; or, 'That station will prosper, so many of the Christians

are women.' I have heard remarks such as these so often that they have assumed in my phraseology all the force of proverbs. Many of our best Christians owe their conversion to their wives. Indeed, if a woman accepts Christ as her Saviour and Master, her husband will almost certainly sooner or later follow her example, though he may first persecute her for years. Get the woman and you may be sure you have her husband also. The same, alas, cannot be said when it is the man that is first led into the truth! For some reason or other, in this matter the man has much less influence with the woman than she has with the man."

More recently the case has been concisely put in these terms: "Where the gospel reaches a man an individual has been gained; when it reaches a girl a household has been gained." Surely it were difficult to find a more cogent reason for the largest possible extension of organised women's mission work in China.

And Chinese women are capable of exercising more than domestic influence in Christian life and service. The following passage is quoted from "Half Done: Some Thoughts for Women," a small volume written by the Misses Gollock, and issued by the B.M.S., which costs sixpence, and is worth much fine gold:

"Let us take the words of Mr. Chengting T. Wang, speaker of the Chinese Parliament and a Christian leader in China. He says, 'That we have among us men and women who are in every essential quality competent to assume leadership in the work of the Church has, we believe, been amply demonstrated.' Among the names he cites is that

of Dr. Mary Stone. She went from Central China to America in 1892, and took her medical course at Michigan University. She has now been working for eighteen years as a medical missionary in the Yangtze valley. She has a hundred beds in her hospital, treats thousands of patients annually, conducts a sanatorium, schools, training work, a cripples' home, and is also 'a most enthusiastic and successful evangelist.' She is brought very near to us when we read: 'This resolute little woman seems the picture of health, with rosy cheeks and dark eyes twinkling with humour.' If China can find among her own people women such as this, we need have no fear for her future; but it takes the message of the everlasting Gospel to call them out."

Moreover, the recent political upheavals of China, and the coincident pulsing in the land of the great cosmic woman's movement toward emancipation, have created new conditions which ensure that woman's influence for good or ill will be incalculably greater in the future than it has been in the past, or is to-day.

In 1913 Miss Shekleton wrote an article entitled "Women's Work in China," with the sub-title which stands at the head of this chapter. Having stolen the title of her paper, honesty compels us to make free with its substance.

"Of all the varied phases of the national evolution, which follow each other with such bewildering rapidity, none is more important than the present awakening of the long crushed-down and despised women of China. They ask for liberty and education, for power and political rights, while as yet,

alas, the great majority even of the middle and upper classes are without the training which can enable them to wield power. Sadder still, they lack the Christian purity which can allow them to enjoy greater liberty with safety to themselves.

"The most optimistic of us watch with anxiety mingled with gladness this new awakening of the women of this great nation. We see with the deepest concern that unless devoted Christian women with noble ideals can gain a powerful influence in the guidance of this movement, the newly gained freedom of Chinese women will degenerate into unbridled license, becoming a drawback rather than a help to the progress of the cause of Christ. Yet arrested this movement cannot be, nor could we wish anything but God speed to those pioneers among China's women who would lead them out to a place of freedom where their fine natural powers can find scope and expression.

"The fact faces us that unless the Christian ideal of womanhood is brought to China to be a real power in the land, moulding lives to tender service for those in the home and to unselfish work for others in public life, the latter state of women in China will be worse than the former, and the true moral and social progress of the country will be thrown back indefinitely."

There follows a series of snapshots of the "new woman" of China, a curious oriental caricature of the "new woman" of the West, as we knew her a few years ago, before wisdom and the war had brought her to a nobler mind.

Reflecting on these pictures, the writer continues:

"Behind this at first sight disappointing exterior,

there is the deep pathos of it all—the desire for freedom after suffering centuries of contempt and oppression, the vague knowledge in their hearts that they have fine womanly capabilities, too long cramped and fettered, which crave for outlet—there is our knowledge, too, that in these women there are great possibilities lying dormant, fine spirits, who, touched by the power of Christ may yet be the Elizabeth Frys or the Florence Nightingales of China, pioneers of all that is good and gracious in the future of this great Empire. Native women reformers of tender hearts and keen minds are needed, and in their hands will lie the solution of the salvation of China's womanhood. . . .

"But now, when we have looked at the darker side of the question, so clamant in its call for help to the women of England, we gladly turn to the brighter and more hopeful side. One of our greatest causes for encouragement is that very many of the more enlightened men of China are most deeply anxious that their womankind should take their true place as equals and helpers in the work of the world, and these men will help with all their influence towards this end. More encouraging still is the fact that, owing to the patient, plodding efforts of the Mission schools in all parts of China during past years, there are now trained women who are educated, high-minded, and capable of being leaders. These are the hope of the future, and they are object lessons to all of the power of Christ in the uplift of women."

It occurs to the present writer, thus late, that in a book all about women singularly little has been submitted on the subject of dress. Perhaps the

following passage may be accounted to repair, in some measure, this strange omission.

"Let me give you an account of a Chinese women's meeting, at which we were lately present—the first meeting of a Society to oppose foot-binding, organised by some of the chief ladies of the city. We were asked to the feast with which the proceedings were to begin, but being unable to spare time for this, we arrived just as the serious business was commencing.

"The room was packed and the benches were crowded with ladies, many, as was evident from their not too decorous behaviour, being present at a meeting for the first time in their lives. Gorgeously dressed, they lounged, smoked, and chatted with their slave girls. On and around the platform were the leading ladies of the Society, dressed most variously; a few in imitations of Western costume almost too absurd for description. One wore a dainty lavender satin robe, while a man's hideous felt hat, trimmed with a bunch of red paper roses, incongruously crowned her glossy black hair! Others were brilliantly and tastefully arrayed in old style costumes, pale blue or pink silks, with embroidered skirts and tiny satin shoes. Others again, with severe Republican simplicity, disdained everything but the dark blue calico of daily wear."

The address of the chairwoman, a capable, managing old lady, was fluent, but without grace, and scolding in tone. The second speaker, a young girl, educated and refined, exhibited a pretty shyness, which made her address the more effective.

"Next came Mrs. Ma, once a slave girl, now the wife of a General in the city. This speaker was

quite without education and refinement; she bounced on to the platform gesticulating wildly, and pranced about the daïs as she spoke. Despite her ludicrous appearance, for dress and manners matched each other, the address was vivid and clever, and the applause of the audience quite enthusiastic.

"Then came our turn to speak, and we were able not only to make an appeal on the subject of foot-binding, but to tell the audience something of what we as women owe to Christ. An attempt was now made by the chairwoman to have a resolution moved, to get it seconded, and to persuade the miscellaneous audience to vote. Most, however, thought the proposed 'show of hands' a fresh invitation to clap, and the meeting ended in a tempest of applause. There had been some earnest speeches, spoken with real feeling, and we will hope for practical results in the reform of this cruel custom of foot-binding."

Miss Shekleton then accompanied the ladies of the committee to a large public building, near by, in which many of the chief men of the city were assembled for political discussion. The visitors were conducted to the platform respectfully, their speeches were listened to with warm appreciation, and Miss Shekleton's address, which began with hygienics and led up to Christ, elicited enthusiastic applause. As the ladies withdrew the men upon the platform stood, and remained standing—a significant courtesy.

This very interesting article closes with the following appeal:

"It is intensely important that the Church of

Christ shall be awake to the emergency of the present time, and be niggardly neither with money nor with the talent of its consecrated womanhood. Let the measure of our gratitude to Christ, for all that we as women owe to Christ, be the measure of our earnestness in giving these priceless blessings to the women of China. Let us take our full part in bringing His love and the joy of His service to the homes of this great land at this crisis of its fate."

Since the foregoing sentence was written the war has brought the world to "the crisis of its fate," and we are incited to hope that after the war a new age will be ushered in, and that many old, evil things will be known no more. But two things, ancient and crushing, will survive the cataclysm of the war. No extension of liberty, no advance of education, no development of commerce and the comity of nations, no cunningly devised reconstruction of political or social order will eliminate from human life *sin* and *sorrow*. Hearts will go on breaking in the new age as they went on breaking in the old, and only the pierced hand will bind them up. The new age will bring new opportunities to the gospel, the need of it will be exigent as aforetime, and the duty of those to whom the evangel has been committed, to whom the need is revealed, and to whom the opportunities are vouchsafed, will press for discharge.

The Baptist Mission in Tokio never got beyond the tentative stage; but its scanty annals yield one story which in itself is recompense for outlay and toil. "Dr. Richard Glover records an instance

of a woman who was found searching for our Mission Hall, and asking for direction to 'the place where they mend broken hearts.'"

The quest of broken hearts for mending will go on to the end of the ages, and to the end of the ages the witnesses of Him who suffered heart-break that He might be able to bind up the broken-hearted in every place and through all time, will retain their great commission.

Forty years ago Baldwin Brown published an article in *The Nineteenth Century* controverting the assumption that the proclamation of the evangel was losing its power. The words of the final sentence have ever since remained in the memory of one of his readers, sounding recurrently like chimes of heaven, potent to correct depression, and to charm away gloomy sprites which tempt in doleful hours. These are the words—and may it please God to make them as precious to the readers of this book as they have been to the writer!

"While man sins and suffers, while there is blood-tinged sweat upon his brow, while there is weeping in his home and anguish in his heart, that voice can never lose its music which tells the sin-tormented spirit the tale of the Infinite Pity, and bids it lay its sobbing wretchedness to rest on the bosom of the Infinite Love."

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